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THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

UPON HIS

PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL OPINIONS.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR SHEDD.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

NEW YORK:
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1853.

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ON THE CONSTITUTION

OF

THE CHURCH AND STATE,

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF EACH.

BY

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED FROM THE AUTHOR'S CORRECTED COPY, WITH NOTES,

BY HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, ESQ., M.A.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1853.

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"O that our Clergy did but know and see that their tithes and glebes belong to them as officers and functionaries of the Nationalty,—as clerks, and not exclusively as theologians, and not at all as Ministers of the Gospel;—but that they are likewise ministers of the Church of Christ, and that their claims and the powers of that Church are no more alienated or affected by their being at the same time the Established Clergy, than by the common coincidence of their being justices of the peace, or heirs to an estate, or stockholders! The Romish divines placed the Church above the Scriptures: our present divines give it no place at all.

"But Donne and his great contemporaries had not yet learnt to be afraid of announcing and enforcing the claims of the Church, distinct from, and co-ordinate with, the Scriptures. This is one evil consequence, though most unnecessarily so, of the union of the Church of Christ with the National Church, and of the claims of the Christian pastor and preacher with the legal and constitutional rights and revenues of the officers of the National Clerisy. Our Clergymen, in thinking of their legal rights, forget those rights of theirs which depend on no human law at all."—*Literary Remains.*

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PREFACE TO THE CHURCH AND STATE.

A RECOLLECTION of the value set upon the following little work by its Author,* combined with a deep sense of the wisdom and importance of the positions laid down in it, will, it is hoped, be thought to justify the publication of a few preliminary remarks, designed principally to remove formal difficulties out of the path of a reader not previously acquainted with Mr. Coleridge's writings, nor conversant with the principles of his philosophy. The truth is that, although the Author's plan is well defined and the treatment strictly progressive, there is in some parts a want of detailed illustration and express connection, which weakens the impression of the entire work on the generality of readers. "If," says Mr. Maurice, "I were addressing a student who was seeking to make up his mind on the question, without being previously biased by the views of any particular party, I could save myself this trouble by merely referring him to the work of Mr. Coleridge, on the Idea of Church and State, published shortly after the passing of the Roman Catholic Bill. The hints respecting the nature of the Christian Church which are thrown out in that work are only sufficient to make us wish that the Author had developed his views more fully; but the portion of it which refers to the State seems to me in the highest degree satisfactory. When I use the word satisfactory, I do not mean that it will satisfy the wishes of any person who thinks that the epithets *teres atque rotundus* are the highest that can be applied to a scientific work; who expects an author to furnish him with a complete system which he can carry away in his memory, and after it has received a few improvements from himself, can hawk it about to the pub-

* See *Table Talk*, p. 259, note.

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lic or to a set of admiring disciples. Men of this description would regard Mr. Coleridge's book as disorderly, and fragmentary; but those who have some notion of what Butler meant when he said, that the best writer would be he who merely stated his premisses, and left his readers to work out the conclusions for themselves;—those who feel that they want just the assistance which Socrates offered to his scholars—assistance, not in providing them with thoughts, but in bringing forth into the light thoughts which they had within them before;—these will acknowledge that Mr. Coleridge has only deserted the common highway of exposition, that he might follow more closely the turnings and windings which the mind of an earnest thinker makes when it is groping after the truth to which he wishes to conduct it. To them, therefore, the book is satisfactory by reason of those very qualities which make it alike unpleasant to the formal schoolman and to the man of the world. And, accordingly, scarcely any book, published so recently and producing so little apparent effect, has really exercised a more decided influence over the thoughts and feelings of men who ultimately rule the mass of their countrymen."*

Under these circumstances, the following argument or summary of the fundamental and more complicated portion of the work may be serviceable to the ingenuous but less experienced reader.

I. The constitution of the State and the Church is treated according to the Idea of each. By the Idea of the State or Church is here meant that conception, which is not abstracted from any particular form or mode in which either may happen to exist at any given time, nor yet generalized from any number or succession of such forms or modes, but which is produced by a knowledge or sense of the ultimate aim of each. This idea, or sense of the ultimate aim, may exist, and powerfully influence a man's thoughts and actions, without his being able to express it in definite words, and even without his being distinctly conscious of its indwelling. A few may possess ideas in this meaning;—the generality of mankind are possessed by them. In either case an idea, so understood, is in order of thought always and of necessity

* *Kingdom of Christ*, vol. iii. p. 2. A work of singular originality and power.

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contemplated as antecedent,—a mere conception, strictly defined as an abstraction or generalization from one or more particular forms or modes, is necessarily posterior,—in order of thought to the thing thus conceived. And though the idea is in its nature a prophecy, yet it must be carefully remembered that the particular form, construction, or model, best fitted to render the idea intelligible to a third person, is not necessarily—perhaps, not most commonly—the mode or form in which it actually arrives at realization. For in consequence of the imperfection of means and materials in all the works of man, a law of compensation and a principle of compromise are perpetually active; and it is the first condition of a sound philosophy of State to recognize the wide extent of the one, the necessity of the other, and the frequent occurrence of both.

II. The word State is used in two senses, a larger, in which it comprises, and a narrower, in which it is opposed to, the National Church. A Constitution is the ideal attribute of a State in the larger sense, as a body politic having the principle of its unity within itself; and it is the law or principle which prescribes the means and conditions by and under which that unity is established and preserved. The Constitution, therefore, of this Nation comprises the idea of a Church and a State in the narrower sense, placed in simple antithesis one to another. The unity of the State, in this latter sense, results from the equipoise and interdependence of the great opposite interests of every such State, its Permanence and its Progression. The permanence of a State is connected with the land; its progression with the mercantile, manufacturing, distributive, and professional classes. The first class is subdivided into what our law books have called Major and Minor Barons;—both of these subdivisions, as such, being opposed to the representatives of the progressive interest of the nation, yet the latter of them drawing more nearly to the antagonist order than the former. Upon these facts the principle of the Constitution of the State, in its narrower sense, was established. The balance of permanence and progression was secured by a legislature of two Houses; the first, consisting wholly of the Major Barons or landholders; the second, of the Minor Barons or knights, as the representatives of the remaining landed community, together with the Burgesses, as representing the commercial, manufacturing, distributive, and professional classes—the latter constituting the effectual majority in number. The King,

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in whom the executive power was vested, was in regard to the interests of the State, in its antithetic sense, the beam of the scales.

This is the Idea of that State, not its history; it has been the standard or aim, the *Lex Legum*, which, in the very first law of State ever promulgated in the land, was pre-supposed as the ground of that first law.

III. But the English Constitution results from the harmonious opposition of two institutions, the State, in the narrower sense, and the Church. For as by the composition of the one provision was alike made for permanence, and progression in wealth and personal freedom; to the other was committed the only remaining interest of the State in its larger sense, that of maintaining and advancing the moral cultivation of the people themselves, without which neither of the former could continue to exist.

IV. It was common, at least to the Scandinavian, Keltic, and Gothic, with the Semitic tribes, if not universal in all the primitive races, that in taking possession of a new country, and in the division of the land into heritable estates among the individual warriors or heads of families, a Reserve should be made for the Nation itself. The sum total of these heritable portions is called the Propriety, the Reserve the Nationalty. These were constituent factors of the commonwealth; the existence of the one being the condition of the rightfulness of the other. But the wealth appropriated was not so entirely a property as not to remain, to a certain extent, national; nor was the wealth reserved so exclusively national as not to admit an individual tenure. The settlement of the Nationalty in one tribe only of the Hebrew confederacy, subservient as it was to a higher purpose, was in itself a deviation from the idea, and a main cause of the comparatively little effect which the Levitical establishment produced on the moral and intellectual character of the Jewish people during the whole period of their existence as an independent state.

V. The Nationalty was reserved for the maintenance of a permanent class or order, the Clerisy, Clerks, Clergy, or Church of the Nation. This class comprised the learned of all denominations, the professors of all those arts and sciences, the possession and application of which constitute the civilization of a country. Theology formed only a part of the objects of the National Church. The theologians took the lead, indeed, and deservedly so;—not

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because they were priests, but because under the name of theology were contained the study of languages, history, logic, ethics, and a philosophy of ideas; because the science of theology itself was the root of the knowledges that civilize man, and give unity and the circulating sap of life to all other sciences; and because, under the same name were comprised all the main aids, instruments, and materials of National Education. Accordingly, a certain smaller portion of the functions of the Clerisy were to remain at the fountain-heads of the humanities, cultivating and enlarging the knowledge already possessed, watching over the interests of physical and moral science, and the instructors of all the remaining more numerous classes of the order. These last were to be distributed throughout the country, so as not to leave even the smallest integral division without a resident guide, guardian, and teacher, diffusing through the whole community the knowledge indispensable for the understanding of its rights, and for the performance of the correspondent duties. But neither Christianity, nor *à fortiori*, any particular scheme of theology supposed to be deduced from it, forms any essential part of the being of a National Church, however conducive it may be to its well-being. A National Church may exist, and has existed, without, because before, the institution of the Christian Church, as the Levitical Church in the Hebrew, and the Druidical in the Keltic, constitutions may prove.

VI. But two distinct functions do not necessarily imply or require two different functionaries: on the contrary, the perfection of each may require the union of both in the same person. And in the instance now in question, as great and grievous errors have arisen from confounding the functions of the National Church with those of the Church of Christ, so fearfully great and grievous will be the evils from the success of an attempt to separate them.

VII. In process of time, however, and as a natural consequence of the expansion of the mercantile and commercial order, the students and professors of those sciences and sorts of learning, the use and necessity of which were perpetual to the Nation, but only occasional to the Individuals, gradually detached themselves from the National Clerisy, and passed over, as it were, to that order, with the growth and thriving condition of which their particular emoluments were found to increase in equal proportion. And hence by slow degrees the learned in the several depart-

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ments of law, medicine, architecture and the like, contributed to form under the common name of Professional, an intermediate link between the national clerisy and the simple burgesses.

VIII. But this circumstance can not alter the tenure, or annul the rights, of those who remained, and who, as members of the permanent learned class, were planted throughout the realm as the immediate agents and instruments in the work of increasing and perpetuating the civilization of the nation; and who, thus fulfilling the purposes for which the Nationalty was reserved, are entitled to remain its usufructuary trustees. The proceeds of the Nationalty might, indeed, in strictness, if it could ever be expedient, be rightfully transferred to functionaries other than such as are also ministers of the Church of Christ. But the Nationalty itself can not, without foul wrong to the nation, be alienated from its original purposes; and those who being duly appointed thereto, exercise the functions and perform the duties attached to the Nationalty, possess a right to the same by a title to which the thunders from Mount Sinai might give greater authority, but not additional evidence.

IX. Previously to the sixteenth century, large masses were alienated from the heritable proprieties of the realm, and confounded with the Nationalty under the common name of Church property. At the period of the Reformation a re-transfer of these took place, and rightfully so: but together with, and under pretext of, this restoration to the State of what properly belonged to it, a wholesale usurpation took place of a very large portion of that which belonged to the Church. This was a sacrilegious robbery on the Nation, and a deadly wound on the constitution of the State at large. The balance of the reserved and appropriated wealth of the Nation was deranged, and thus the former became unequal to the support of the entire burthen of popular civilization originally intended to be borne by it.* Barely enough

* "Give back to the Church what the Nation originally consecrated to its use, and it ought then to be charged with the education of the people; but half of the original revenue has been already taken by force from her, or lost to her through desuetude, legal decision, or public opinion: and are those whose very houses and parks are part and parcel of what the Nation designed for the general purposes of the Clergy, to be heard, when they argue for making the Church support, out of her diminished revenues, institutions, the intended means for maintaining which they themselves hold under the sanction of legal robbery!"—*Table Talk*, Pref. p. 237.

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—indeed, less than enough—was left for the effectual maintenance of that primary class of the Clerisy, which had not fallen off into separate professions, but continued to be the proper servants of the public in producing and reproducing, in preserving, promoting and perfecting all the necessary sources and conditions of the civilization of the Nation itself.*

X. Though many things may detract from the comparative fitness of individuals, or of particular classes, for the trust and functions of the Nationalty, there are only two absolute disqualifications;—allegiance to a foreign power, or the acknowledgment of any other visible head of the National Church but the King;—and compulsory celibacy, in connection with, and dependence on, a foreign and extra-national head.

XI. The legitimate objects of the power of the King and the two Houses of Parliament, as constituting the State, in its special and antithetic sense, comprise, according to the idea, all the interests and concerns of the Propriety, and rightfully those alone.

XII. The King, again, is the Head of the National Clerisy, and the supreme trustee of the Nationalty; the power of which in relation to its proper objects is rightfully exercised, according to the idea, by the King and the two Houses of Convocation, and by them alone. The proper objects of this power are mentioned in No. V.

XIII. The Coronation Oath neither does, nor can, bind the conscience of the King in matters of faith. But it binds him to refuse his consent (without which no change in the existing law can be effected) to any measure subverting or tending to subvert the safety and independence of the National Church, or which may expose the realm to the danger of a return of that foreign Usurper, misnamed spiritual, from which it has with so many sacrifices emancipated itself. And previously to the ceremonial act which announces the King the only lawful and sovereign head of both the Church and the State, this oath is administered to him religiously as the representative person and crowned majesty of the Nation;—religiously;—for the mind of the Nation, existing only as an idea, can act distinguishably on the ideal powers alone,—that is, on the reason and conscience.

* See an approach to an expression of the Author's idea of the National Church thus regarded, in the Bishop of London's late Charge, Oct. 1838, p. 2, &c.

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The several other points comprised in the remainder of this work, though of great interest and importance, require neither analysis nor comment for their perfect comprehension. But it will naturally occur to the reader to consider how far the idea of the Church and of its relation to the State presented in these pages coincides with either of the two celebrated systems, those of Hooker and Warburton, which, under one shape or another, have divided the opinions of thinking persons up to the present day.

According to Hooker, the Church is one body,—the essential unity of which consists in, and is known by, an external profession of Christianity, without regard in any respect had to the moral virtues or spiritual graces of any member of that body. "If by external profession they be Christians, then are they of the visible Church of Christ: and Christians by external profession they are all, whose mark of recognizance hath in it those things which we have mentioned, yea, although they be impious idolaters, wicked heretics, persons excommunicable, yea, and cast out for notorious improbity. Such withal we deny not to be the imps and limbs of Satan, even as long as they continue such." (E. P. iii. c. i. s. 7. *Keble's* edit. vol. i. p. 431.)

With this Warburton and Coleridge in general terms agree. (*Alliance*, &c. II. c. ii. s. 2.—*Church and State*, p. 53.) And the words of the nineteenth Article, though apparently of a more restricted import, may be presumed not to mean less.

But, further, Hooker insists that the Church, existing in any particular country, and the State are one and the same society, contemplated in two different relations. "A Commonwealth we name it simply in regard of some regiment or policy under which men live; a Church for the truth of that religion which they profess. * * * When we oppose the Church, therefore, and the Commonwealth in a Christian society, we mean by the Commonwealth that society with relation unto all the public affairs thereof, only the matter of true religion excepted; by the Church, the same society with only reference unto the matter of true religion, without any other affairs besides: when that society, which is both a Church and a Commonwealth, doth flourish in those things which belong unto it as a Commonwealth, we then say, 'the Commonwealth doth flourish;' when in those things which concern it as a Church, 'the Church doth flourish;' when

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in both, then 'the Church and Commonwealth flourish together.'" (E. P. viii. c. i. s. 5. vol. iii. pp. 420–1.)

To this view Warburton, as is well known, is directly opposed. He argues that, although two societies may be so closely related to each other as to have one common *suppositum*,—that is, the same natural persons being exclusively members of each,—the societies themselves, as such, are factitious bodies, and each of them must therefore of necessity be distinct in personality and will from the other. "The artificial man, society, is much unlike the natural; who being created for several ends hath several interests to pursue, and several relations to consult, and may therefore be considered under several capacities, as a religious, a civil, and a rational animal; and yet they all make but one and the same man. But one and the same political society can not be considered in one view, as a religious—in another, as a civil—and in another, as a literary—community. One society can be precisely but one of these communities." (*Alliance*, &c. ii. c. v.) Accordingly Warburton insists, in opposition to Hooker, that the Puritan premiss,—that the Church and the State are distinct and originally independent societies,—was and is the truth; but he denies the Puritan inference, that such independency must therefore be perpetual;—affirming the existence of an alliance between these two societies upon certain terms; and a resulting mutual inter-dependency of one on the other; whereby the consequence from the position of the Puritans—an *imperium in imperio*, or subjugation of the State to the Church,—and the consequence from the position of Hooker—the enslavement of the Church by the State—are equally precluded. The Church subordinates itself to the State upon faith of certain stipulations for support by the latter; and if the State violates, or withdraws from the fulfilment of, those stipulations, the Church is thereby remitted to her original independence.*

Now so far as the distinct inter-dependency of the State and

* It is worthy of remak that, if Warburton had lived in these days, and had adhered to the principles advocated by him in this treatise, he must several years ago have declared the terms of convention between the Church and State in this country violated by the latter, and the alliance of the two at an end. See his third book, and especially the second chapter. It is to be observed, also, that Warburton confounds the Christian with the Established Church as much as Hooker. See B. ii. c. iii. 8.

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the Church is in question, Coleridge agrees with Warburton. But the peculiarity of his system, as expressly laid down in this work and incidentally mentioned in many of his other writings,—a peculiarity fruitful in the most important consequences—is grounded on a distinction taken between the visible Church of Christ, as localized in any Christian country, and the National or Established Church of that country. *Distinction*, be it observed, not separation,—for the two ideas

—bene conveniunt, et in una sede morantur;

they not only may co-exist in the same *suppositum*, but may require an identity of subject in order to the complete development of the perfections of either. According to Coleridge, then, the Christian Church is not a kingdom or realm of this world, nor a member of any such kingdom or realm; it is not opposed to any particular State in the large or narrow sense of the word; it is in no land national, and the national Reserve is not intrusted to its charge. It is, on the contrary, the opposite to the World only; the counterforce to the evils and defects of States, as such, in the abstract,—asking of any particular State neither wages nor dignities, but demanding protection, that is, to be let alone.

With so much therefore of the preceding and all other theories as considers any branch of the Church of Christ, *as such*, in the character of a National Establishment, and arrogates to it, *as such*, upon any ground, worldly riches, rank or power—Coleridge is directly at variance. But we have already seen (v. vi. vii. viii.) that there is, nevertheless, in this and in almost every other country raised above the level of barbarism a Church, which is strictly and indefeasibly National; and in the ideal history herein presented of its origin and primary elements, its endowment, its uses, duties, ends, and objects, its relation to the State, and its present representatives, a solemn warning is recorded of the fatal consequences of either confounding it with, or separating it from, the visible Church of Christ.

The Christian Church is a public and visible community, having ministers of its own, whom the State can neither constitute nor degrade, and whose maintenance amongst Christians is as secure as the command of Christ can make it: for *so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.* (1 Cor. ix. 14.) The National Church is a public and

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visible community, having ministers whom the Nation, through the agency of a Constitution, hath created trustees of a reserved national fund, upon fixed terms and with defined duties, and whom, in case of breach of those terms or dereliction of those duties, the Nation, through the same agency, may discharge. "If the former be *Ecclesia*, the communion of such as are called out of the world, that is, in reference to the especial ends and purposes of that communion; the latter might more expressively have been called *Enclesia*, or an order of men chosen in and of the realm, and constituting an estate of the realm."

Now there is no reason why the ministers of the one Church may not also be ministers of the other: there are many reasons why they should be.

When therefore it is objected that Christ's *kingdom is not of this world*, it is admitted to be true; but the text is shown to have no application in the way of impeachment of the titles, emoluments, or authorities, of an institution which rightfully *is* of this world, and would not answer the end of its constitution if it ceased to belong to, and in a certain sense to sympathize with, the world. When again it is alleged that "the best service which men of power can do to Christ is without any more ceremony to sweep all and leave the Church as bare as in the day it was first born"—"that if we give God our hearts and affections, our goods are better bestowed otherwise,"* the spirit and reason of that allegation are humbly submitted to God's own judgment; but it is at the same time confidently charged in reply, that the notion of the Church, as the established instructress of the people, being improved in efficiency by the reduction of its ministers to a state bordering on mendicancy—can in its flagrant folly be alone attributed to that meanness of thought, which is at once the fruit and the punishment of minds enslaved to party and the world, and rendered indifferent to all truth by an affected toleration of every form of error. When further it is said that the Bishops of the Church of Christ have no vocation to interfere in the legislation of the country, it is granted; but with this parallel assertion, that the Prelates of a National Establishment, charged with the vast and awful task of preserving, increasing, and perpetuating the moral culture of the people, have a call to be present, advise, and vote in the National Council,

* Hooker, B. v lxxiv. 17.

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which can only cease to be a right when the representatives of the dearest national interest are denied a voice in the national assembly; and which is no more impaired by the fact of those Prelates sustaining in their individual persons another and still more sacred character than by their being members of a literary club or a botanical society. When, finally, it is insisted to be contrary to justice to compel those who dissent from a religious system either as to its doctrines or its forms of worship, to contribute to the maintenance of its priests and ministers, it is not denied; but it is withal maintained, that a national dedication of funds for the support of a determinate class of men, with the duty of national civilization to perform, can no more be vacated or qualified by reason of the voluntary secession of such dissenters from that religious system, because the seceders understand the character and obligation of that duty in a way of their own, than the rights of Parliament to levy taxes for the protection of our independence from foreign aggression can be affected by the dogma of rich philanthropists that war is unlawful, and to pay a shilling towards its support an offence against God.

But, after all, it is urged, the funds set apart by the Nation for the support of the National Church are now in fact received by the ministers of the Church of Christ in this country! True; but, according to the idea—and that idea involves a history and a prophecy of the truth—it is not because they are *such* ministers that they receive those funds, but because, being now the only representatives, as formerly the principal constituents, of the National Clerisy or Church, they alone have a commission to carry on the work of national cultivation on national grounds—transmuting and integrating all that the separate professions have achieved in science or art—but, with a range transcending the limits of professional views, or local or temporary interests, applying the product simple and defecated, to the strengthening and subliming of the moral life of the Nation itself.

Such a Church is a principal instrument of the divine providence in the institution and government of human society. But it is not that Church against which we know that Hell shall not prevail.

For when the Nation, fatigued with the weight of dear and glorious recollections, shall resolve to repudiate its corporate existence and character, and to resolve its mystic unity into the

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breathing atoms that crowd the surface of the land,—then the national and ancestral Church of England will have an end. But it can not be destroyed before. It lies within the folds of that marvellous Constitution, which patriots have out-watched the stars to develop and to protect, and is not separable from it. The time may come when it may seem fit to God that both shall perish, forever, or for a season;—and the sure token of that time will be, when the divorce of scientific from religious education shall have had its full work throughout the length and the breadth of the land. Then although the Church *of* England may fall, the Church of Christ *in* England will stand erect; and the distinction, lost now in a common splendor, will be better seen and more poignantly felt by that darkening World to which the Christian Church must become a more conspicuous opposite.

——— οὐ γ ά ρ νιν θνατὰ
φύσις ἀνέρων ἐτικτεν, οὐδὲ
μὴν ποτε λάθα κατακοιμάσει·
μέγας ἐν τ α ύ τ ῃ Θεὸς,
οὐδὲ γηράσκει.

LINCOLN'S INN,
Nov. 29, 1838.

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ON THE

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH AND STATE,

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF EACH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE occasion of this little work will be sufficiently explained by an extract from a letter addressed by me to a friend a few years ago:—"You express your wonder that I, who have so often avowed my dislike to the introduction even of the word, religion, in any special sense, in Parliament, or from the mouth of lawyer or statesman, speaking as such; who have so earnestly contended that religion can not take on itself the character of law without *ipso facto* ceasing to be religion, and that law could neither recognize the obligations of religion for its principles, nor become the pretended guardian and protector of the Faith, without degenerating into inquisitorial tyranny;—that I, who have avowed my belief, that if Sir Matthew Hale's doctrine,† that the Bible was a part of the law of the land, had been uttered by a Puritan divine instead of a Puritan judge, it would have been quoted at this day, as a specimen of Puritanical nonsense and bigotry;—you express your wonder that I, with all these heresies on my head, should yet withstand the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation, as it is called, and join in opposing Sir Francis Burdett's intended Bill for the repeal of the disqualifying statutes! And you conclude by asking: but is this true?

"My answer is: Here are two questions. To the first, namely,

* To the first edition.—*Ed.*

† Hale's expression was "that Christianity is part of the laws of England; and therefore to reproach the Christian religion, is to speak in subversion of the law." *The King v. Taylor.* Ventr. 293, Keble, 607. But Sir Edward Coke had many years before said that "Christianity is part and parcel of the Common Law."—*Ed.*

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is it true that I am unfriendly to what you call Catholic emancipation ?—I reply ; No, the contrary is the truth. There is no inconsistency, however, in approving the thing, and yet having my doubts respecting the manner ; in desiring the same end, and yet scrupling the means proposed for its attainment. When you are called in to a consultation, you may perfectly agree with another physician respecting the existence of the malady and the expedience of its removal, and yet differ respecting the medicines and the method of cure. To your second question, namely, am I unfriendly to the present measure ?—I shall return an answer no less explicit. Why I can not return as brief a one, you will learn from the following pages transcribed, for the greater part, from a paper drawn up by me some years ago, at the request of a gentleman*—(that I have been permitted to call him my friend I place among the highest honors of my life),—an old and intimate acquaintance of the late Mr. Canning's ; and which paper, had it been finished before he left England, it was his intention to have laid before the late Lord Liverpool.

"From the period of the Union with Ireland, to the present hour, I have neglected no opportunity of obtaining correct information from books and from men respecting the facts that bear on the question, whether they regard the existing state of things, or the causes and occasions of it ; nor, during this time, has there been a single speech of any note, on either side, delivered, or reported as delivered in either House of Parliament, which I have not heedfully and thoughtfully perused, abstracting and noting down every argument that was not already on my list, which, I need not say, has for many years past had but few accessions to number. Lastly, my conclusion I have subjected, year after year, to a fresh revisal, conscious but of one influence likely to warp my judgment ; and this is the pain, I might with truth add the humiliation, of differing from men whom I loved and revered, and whose superior competence to judge aright in this momentous cause I knew and delighted to know ; and this aggravated by the reflection, that in receding from the Burkes, Cannings, and Lansdownes, I did not move a step nearer to the feelings and opinions of their antagonists. With this exception, it is scarcely possible, I think, to conceive an individual less under the influences of the ordinary disturbing forces of the judgment

* The Right Honorable John Hookham Frere.—*Ed.*

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than your poor friend: or from situation, pursuits, and habits of thinking, from age, state of health and temperament, less likely to be drawn out of his course by the under-currents of hope, or fear, of expectation or wish. But least of all, by predilection for any particular sect or party; for wherever I look, in religion or in politics, I seem to see a world of power and talent wasted on the support of half-truths, too often the most mischievous, because least suspected, of errors. This may result from the spirit and habit of partisanship, the supposed inseparable accompaniment of a free state, which pervades all ranks, and is carried into all subjects. But whatever may be its origin, one consequence seems to be, that every man is in a bustle, and, except under the sting of excited or alarmed self-interest, scarcely any one in earnest."

I had collected materials for a third part under the title of "What is to be done now?"—consisting of illustrations, from the history of the English and Scottish Churches, of the consequences of the ignorance or contravention of the principles, which I have attempted to establish in the first part of this work; and of practical deductions from these principles, addressed chiefly to the English clergy. But I felt the embers glowing under the white ashes; and, on reflection, I have considered it more expedient that the contents of this volume should be altogether in strict conformity with the title; that they should be, and profess to be, no more and no other than ideas of the constitution in Church and State. And thus I may without inconsistency entreat the friendly reader to bear in mind the distinction enforced in these pages, between the exhibition of an idea, and the way of acting on the same; and that the scheme or diagram best suited to make the idea clearly understood may be very different from the form in which it is or may be most adequately realized. And if the reasonings of this work should lead him to think that a strenuous opponent of the former attempts in Parliament may have given his support to the Bill lately passed into law without inconsistency, and without meriting the name of apostate, it may be to the improvement of his charity and good temper, and not detract a tittle from his good sense or political penetration.

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PART I.

ON THE

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH AND STATE,

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF EACH.

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THERE IS A MYSTERY IN THE SOUL OF STATE,
WHICH HATH AN OPERATION MORE DIVINE
THAN OUR MERE CHRONICLERS DARE MEDDLE WITH.

(Troil. and Cress., Act iii. sc. 3, altered.—*Ed.*)

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ON THE

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH AND STATE,

ACCORDING TO THE IDEA OF EACH.

CHAPTER I.

PREFATORY REMARKS ON THE TRUE IMPORT OF THE WORD, IDEA; AND WHAT THE AUTHOR MEANS BY THE EXPRESSION, "ACCORDING TO THE IDEA."

THE Act lately passed for the admission of Roman Catholics into the Legislature* comes so near the mark to which my convictions and wishes have through my whole life, since earliest manhood, unwaveringly pointed, and has so agreeably disappointed my fears, that my first impulse was to suppress the pages, which I had written while the particulars of the Bill were yet unknown, in compliance with the request of an absent friend, who had expressed an anxiety "to learn from myself the nature and grounds of my apprehension, that the measure would fail to effect the object immediately intended by its authors."

In answer to this I reply that the main ground of that apprehension is certainly much narrowed; but as certainly not altogether removed. I refer to the securities. And, let it be understood, that in calling a certain provision hereafter specified, a security, I use the word comparatively, and mean no more, than that it has at least an equal claim to be so called, with any of those that have been hitherto proposed as such. Whether either one or the other deserve the name; whether the thing itself is possible; I leave undetermined. This premised, I resume my subject, and

* 10 G. IV. c. 7. "An Act for the relief of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects."—*Ed.*

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repeat that the main objection, from which my fears as to the practical results of the proposed Bill were derived, applies with nearly the same force to the Act itself; though the fears themselves have, by the spirit and general character of the clauses, been considerably mitigated. The principle, the solemn recognition of which I deem indispensable as a security, and should be willing to receive as the only security—superseding the necessity, though possibly not the expediency, of any other, but itself by no other superseded—this principle is not formally recognized. It may perhaps be implied in one of the clauses (that which forbids the assumption of local titles by the Romish bishops);* but this implication, even if really contained in the clause, and actually intended by its framers, is not calculated to answer the ends, and utterly inadequate to supply the place, of the solemn and formal declaration which I had required, and which, with my motives and reasons for the same, it will be the object of the following pages to set forth.

But to enable the reader fully to understand, and fairly to appreciate, my arguments, I must previously state (what I at least judge to be) the true idea of a Constitution, and, likewise, of a national Church. And in giving the essential character of the latter, I shall briefly specify its distinction from the Church of Christ, and its contra-distinction from a third form, which is neither national nor Christian, but irreconcilable with, and subversive of, both. By an idea I mean (in this instance) that conception of a thing, which is not abstracted from any particular state, form, or mode, in which the thing may happen to exist at this or at that time; nor yet generalized from any number or succession of such forms or modes; but which is given by the knowledge of its ultimate aim.

Only one observation I must be allowed to add; that this knowledge, or sense, may very well exist, aye, and powerfully influence a man's thoughts and actions, without his being distinctly conscious of the same,-much more without his being com-

* See ss. 24–5–6, prohibiting under a penalty the assumption of the titles of the bishoprics and other ecclesiastical dignities and offices; the exhibition of the *insignia* of Romish priesthood, and the performance of any part of Romish worship or religious service, elsewhere than in the usual chapels. These enactments have been openly violated with impunity from the passing of the Relief Act to this day.—*Ed.*

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petent to express it in definite words. This, indeed, is one of the points which distinguish ideas from conceptions, both terms being used in their strict and proper significations. The latter, that is, a conception, consists in a conscious act of the understanding, bringing any given object or impression into the same class with any number of other objects or impressions by means of some character or characters common to them all. *Concipimus, id est, capimus hoc cum illo*;—we take hold of both at once, we comprehend a thing, when we have learned to comprise it in a known class. On the other hand, it is the privilege of the few to possess an idea: of the generality of men, it might be more truly affirmed that they are possessed by it.

What is here said, will, I hope, suffice as a popular explanation For some of my readers, however, the following definition may not, perhaps, be useless or unacceptable. That which, contemplated objectively (that is, as existing externally to the mind), we call a law; the same contemplated subjectively (that is, as existing in a subject or mind), is an idea. Hence Plato often names ideas laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the ideas in nature.* *Quod in natura naturata lex, in natura naturante idea, dicitur.* By way of illustration take the following. Every reader of Rousseau, or of Hume's Essays, will understand me when I refer to the original social contract, assumed by Rousseau, and by other and wiser men before him, as the basis of all legitimate government. Now, if this be taken as the assertion of an historical fact, or as the application of a conception, generalized from ordinary compacts between man and man, or nation and nation, to an alleged actual occurrence in the first ages of the world; namely, the formation of a first contract, in which men should have covenanted with each other to associate, or in which a multitude should have entered into compact with a few, the one to be governed and the other to govern under certain declared conditions; I shall run little hazard at this time of day in declaring the pretended fact a pure fiction, and the conception of such a fact an idle fancy. It is at once false and foolish.† For what if an original contract

* *Hæ autem (divinæ mentis ideæ) sunt vera signacula Creatoris super creaturas, prout in materie per lineas veras et exquisitas imprimuntur et terminantur.*—Nov. Org. p. ii. 124.—*Ed.*

† I am not indeed certain that some operatical farce, under the name of

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had actually been entered into and formally recorded? Still I can not see what addition of moral force would be gained by the fact. The same sense of moral obligation which binds us to keep it, must have pre-existed in the same force and in relation to the same duties, impelling our ancestors to make it. For what could it do more than bind the contracting parties to act for the general good, according to their best lights and opportunities? It is evident that no specific scheme or constitution can derive any other claim to our reverence, than that which the presumption of its necessity or fitness for the general good shall give it; and which claim of course ceases, or rather is reversed, as soon as this general presumption of its utility has given place to as general a conviction of the contrary. It is true, indeed, that from duties anterior to the formation of the contract, because they arise out of the very constitution of our humanity, which supposes the social state—it is true, that in order to a rightful removal of the institution or law thus agreed on, it is required that the conviction of its inexpediency shall be as general as the presumption of its fitness was at the time of its establishment. This, the first of the two great paramount interests of the social state, that of permanence, demands; but to attribute more than this to any fundamental articles, passed into law by any assemblage of individuals, is an injustice to their successors, and a high offence against the other great interest of the social state, namely, its progressive improvement. The conception, therefore, of an original contract, is, I repeat, incapable of historic proof as a fact, and it is senseless as a theory.

But if instead of the conception or theory of an original social contract, we say the idea of an ever-originating social contract, this is so certain and so indispensable, that it constitutes the whole ground of the difference between subject and serf, between a commonwealth and a slave-plantation. And this, again, is evolved out of the yet higher idea of person in contra-distinction to thing; all social law and justice being grounded on the principle that a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or, with-

a social contract or compact, may not have been acted by the Illuminati and constitution-manufacturers at the close of the eighteenth century; a period which how far it deserved the name, so complacently affixed to it by contemporaries, of "this enlightened age," may be doubted. That it was an age of enlighteners no man will deny.

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out grievous wrong, be treated as such; and the distinction consisting in this, that a thing may be used altogether and merely as the means to an end; but the person must always be included in the end: his interest must form a part of the object, a mean to which he by consent, that is, by his own act, makes himself. We plant a tree and we fell it; we breed the sheep and we shear or we kill it; in both cases wholly as means to our ends; for trees and animals are things. The wood-cutter and the hind are likewise employed as means, but on agreement, and that too an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employer in the end; for they are persons. And the government under which the contrary takes place, is not worthy to be called a state, if, as in the kingdom of Dahomey, it be unprogressive; or only by anticipation, where, as in Russia, it is in advance to a better and more man-worthy order of things. Now, notwithstanding the late wonderful spread of learning through the community, and though the schoolmaster and the lecturer are abroad, the hind and the woodman may, very conceivably, pass from cradle to coffin without having once contemplated this idea, so as to be conscious of the same. And there would be even an improbability in the supposition that they possessed the power of presenting this idea to the minds of others, or even to their own thoughts, verbally as a distinct proposition. But no man, who has ever listened to laborers of this rank, in any alehouse, over the Saturday night's jug of beer, discussing the injustice of the present rate of wages, and the iniquity of their being paid in part out of the parish poor-rates, will doubt for a moment that they are fully possessed by the idea.

In close, though not perhaps obvious connection with this is the idea of moral freedom, as the ground of our proper responsibility. Speak to a young Liberal, fresh from Edinburgh or Hackney or the hospitals, of free-will as implied in free-agency, he will perhaps confess with a smile that he is a necessitarian,—proceed to assure his hearer that the liberty of the will is an impossible conception, a contradiction in terms,* and finish by recommending a

* In fact, this is one of the distinguishing characters of ideas, and marks at once the difference between an idea (a truth-power of the reason) and a conception of the understanding; namely, that the former, as expressed in words, is always, and necessarily, a contradiction in terms.—See *Aids to Reflection*, I. p. 252, (Note).—*Ed.*

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perusal of the works of Jonathan Edwards or Dr. Crombie; or as it may happen, he may declare the will itself a mere delusion, a nonentity, and advise the study of Mr. Lawrence's Lectures. Converse on the same subject with a plain, single-minded, yet reflecting, neighbor, and he may probably say (as St. Augustine* had said long before him, in reply to the question, What is time?) "I know it well enough when you do not ask me." But alike with both the supposed parties, the self-complacent student, just as certainly as with our less positive neighbor; if we attend to their actions, their feelings, and even to their words, we shall be in ill-luck, if ten minutes pass without having full and satisfactory proof that the idea of man's moral freedom possesses and modifies their whole practical being, in all they say, in all they feel, in all they do and are done to; even as the spirit of life, which is contained in no vessel, because it permeates all.

Just so is it with the Constitution.† Ask any of our politicians what is meant by the Constitution, and it is ten to one that he will give a false explanation; as for example, that it is the body of our laws, or that it is the Bill of Rights; or perhaps, if he have read Thomas Payne, he may say that we do not yet possess one; and yet not an hour may have elapsed, since we heard the same individual denouncing, and possibly with good reason, this or that code of laws, the excise and revenue laws, or those for including pheasants, or those for excluding Roman Catholics, as altogether unconstitutional; and such and such acts of Parliament as gross outrages on the Constitution. Mr. Peel, who is rather remarkable for groundless and unlucky concessions, owned that the late Act broke in on the Constitution of 1688: whilst in 1689 a very imposing minority of the then House of Lords, with a decisive majority in the Lower House of Convocation, denounced this very Constitution of 1688, as breaking in on the English Constitution.

But a Constitution is an idea arising out of the idea of a State; and because our whole history from Alfred onwards demonstrates

* Confessiones, Lib. xi. cap. 14.

† I do not say, with the idea: for the constitution itself is an idea. This will sound like a paradox or a sneer to those with whom an idea is but another word for a fancy, a something unreal; but not to those who in the ideas contemplate the most real of all realities, and of all operative powers the most actual.

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the continued influence of such an idea, or ultimate aim, on the minds of our forefathers, in their characters and functions as public men, alike in what they resisted and in what they claimed; in the institutions and forms of polity which they established, and with regard to those, against which they more or less successfully contended; and because the result has been a progressive, though not always a direct or equable, advance in the gradual realization of the idea; and because it is actually, though even because it is an idea not adequately, represented in a correspondent scheme of means really existing; we speak, and have a right to speak, of the idea itself, as actually existing, that is, as a principle existing in the only way in which a principle can exist,—in the minds and consciences of the persons whose duties it prescribes, and whose rights it determines. In the same sense that the sciences of arithmetic and of geometry, that mind, that life itself, have reality; the Constitution has real existence, and does not the less exist in reality, because it both is, and exists as, an idea.

There is yet another ground for the affirmation of its reality; that, as the fundamental idea, it is at the same time the final criterion by which all particular frames of government must be tried: for here only can we find the great constructive principles of our representative system—(I use the term in its widest sense, in which the crown itself is included as representing the unity of the people, the true and primary sense of the word majesty);—those principles, I say, in the light of which it can alone be ascertained what are excrescences, symptoms of distemperature, and marks of degeneration; and what are native growths, or changes naturally attendant on the progressive development of the original germ, symptoms of immaturity perhaps, but not of disease; or at worst, modifications of the growth by the defective or faulty, but remediless, or only gradually remediable, qualities of the soil and surrounding elements.

There are two other characters, distinguishing the class of substantive truths, or truth-powers here spoken of, that will, I trust, indemnify the reader for the delay of the two or three short sentences required for their explanation. The first is, that in distinction from the conception of a thing,—which being abstracted or generalized from one or more particular states, or modes, is necessarily posterior in order of thought to the thing thus conceived,—an idea, on the contrary, is in order of thought

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always, and of necessity contemplated as antecedent. In the idea or principle, life, for instance, the vital functions are the result of the organization; but this organization supposes and pre-supposes the vital principle. The bearings of the planets on the sun are determined by the ponderable matter of which they consist; but the principle of gravity, the law in the material creation, the idea of the Creator, is pre-supposed in order to the existence, yea, to the very conception of the existence, of matter itself.

This is the first. The other distinctive mark may be most conveniently given in the form of a caution. We should be made aware, namely, that the particular form, construction, or model, that may be best fitted to render the idea intelligible, and most effectually serve the purpose of an instructive diagram, is not necessarily the mode or form in which it actually arrives at realization. In the works both of man and of nature—in the one by the imperfection of the means and materials, in the other by the multitude and complexity of simultaneous purposes—the fact is most often otherwise. A naturalist (in the infancy of physiology, we will suppose, and before the first attempts at comparative anatomy),—whose knowledge had been confined exclusively to the human frame, or to that of animals similarly organized, and who by this experience had been led inductively to the idea of respiration, as the *copula* and mediator of the vascular and the nervous systems,—might, very probably, have regarded the lungs, with their appurtenances, as the only form in which this idea, or ultimate aim, was realizable. Ignorant of the functions of the *spiracula* in insects, and of the gills of fish, he would, perhaps, with great confidence degrade both to the class of non-respirants. But alike in the works of nature and the institutions of man, there is no more effectual preservative against pedantry and the positiveness of sciolism, than to meditate on the law of compensation and the principle of compromise; and to be fully impressed with the wide extent of the one, the necessity of the other, and the frequent occurrence of both.

Having (more than sufficiently, I fear) exercised my reader's patience with these preparatory remarks, for which the anxiety to be fully understood is my best excuse, though in a moment of less excitement they might not have been without some claim to attention for their own sake, I return to the idea which forms

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the present subject, the English Constitution, which an old writer calls, "*lex sacra, mater legum*, than which nothing can be proposed more certain in its grounds, more pregnant in its consequences, or that hath more harmonical reason within itself: and which is so connatural and essential to the genius and innate disposition of this nation, it being formed (silkworm-like) as that no other law can possibly regulate it; a law not to be derived from Alured, or Alfred, or Canute, or other elder or later promulgators of particular laws, but which might say of itself,—When reason and the laws of God first came, then came I with them."

As according to an old saying, 'an ill foreknown is half disarmed,' I will here notice an inconvenience in our language, which, without a greater inconvenience, I could not avoid, in the use of the term 'State' in a double sense; a larger, in which it is equivalent to realm and includes the Church, and a narrower, in which it is distinguished *quasi per antithesin* from the Church, as in the phrase, Church and State. But the context, I trust, will in every instance prevent ambiguity.

CHAPTER II.

THE IDEA OF A STATE IN THE LARGER SENSE OF THE TERM, INTRODUCTORY TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE IN THE NARROWER SENSE, AS IT EXISTS IN THIS COUNTRY.

A CONSTITUTION is the attribute of a State, that is, of a body politic having the principle of its unity within itself, whether by concentration of its forces, as a constitutional pure monarchy, which, however, has hitherto continued to be *ens rationale*, unknown in history;* or, with which we are alone concerned, by equipoise and interdependency;—the *lex equilibrii*, the principle prescribing the means and conditions by and under which this balance is to be established and preserved, being the constitution of the State. It is the chief of many blessings derived from the insular character and circumstances of our country, that our

* Spinoza Tract. Pol. cap. vi. *De Monarchia ex rationis præscripto.*

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social institutions have formed themselves out of our proper needs and interests; that long and fierce as the birth-struggle and the growing pains have been, the antagonist powers have been of our own system, and have been allowed to work out their final balance with less disturbance from external forces, than was possible in the continental states.

> Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
> O Albion! O my mother Isle!
> Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
> Glitter green with sunny showers;
> Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
> Echo to the bleat of flocks;
> (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
> Proudly ramparted with rocks;)
> And OCEAN mid his uproar wild
> Speaks safety to his Island-child!
> Hence for many a fearless age
> Has social freedom loved the quiet shore,
> Nor ever proud invader's rage
> Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with gore.*

Now, in every country of civilized men, acknowledging the rights of property, and by means of determined boundaries and common laws united into one people or nation, the two antagonist powers or opposite interests of the State, under which all other state interests are comprised, are those of permanence and of progression.†

* Ode to the Departing Year. Poet. Works, p. 103.—*Ed.*

† Let me call attention to the essential difference between 'opposite' and 'contrary.' Opposite powers are always of the same kind, and tend to union, either by equipoise or by a common product. Thus the + and — poles of the magnet, thus positive and negative electricity, are opposites. Sweet and sour are opposites; sweet and bitter are contraries. The feminine character is opposed to the masculine; but the effeminate is its contrary. Even so in the present instance, the interest of permanence is opposed to that of progressiveness; but so far from being contrary interests, they, like the magnetic forces, suppose and require each other. Even the most mobile of creatures, the serpent, makes a rest of its own body, and, drawing up its voluminous train from behind, on this *fulcrum* propels itself onward. On the other hand, it is a proverb in all languages, that (relatively to man at least) what would stand still must in fact be retrograde.

Many years ago, in conversing with a friend, I expressed my belief that in no instance had the false use of a word become current without some practical ill consequence, of far greater moment than would *primo aspectu*

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It will not be necessary to enumerate the several causes that combine to connect the permanence of a state with the land and the landed property. To found a family, and to convert his wealth into land, are twin thoughts, births of the same moment, in the mind of the opulent merchant, when he thinks of reposing from his labors. From the class of the *novi homines* he redeems himself by becoming the staple ring of the chain, by which the present will become connected with the past, and the test and evidence of permanency be afforded. To the same principle appertain primogeniture and hereditary titles, and the influence which these exert in accumulating large masses of property, and in counteracting the antagonist and dispersive forces, which the follies, the vices, and misfortunes of individuals can scarcely fail to supply. To this, likewise, tends the proverbial obduracy of prejudices characteristic of the humbler tillers of the soil, and their aversion even to benefits that are offered in the form of innovations. But why need I attempt to explain a fact which no thinking man will deny, and where the admission of the fact is all that my argument requires?

On the other hand, with as little chance of contradiction, I may assert that the progression of a State in the arts and comforts of life, in the diffusion of the information and knowledge, useful or necessary for all; in short, all advances in civilization, and the rights and privileges of citizens, are especially connected with, and derived from, the four classes, the mercantile, the manufacturing, the distributive, and the professional. To early Rome, war and conquest were the substitutes for trade and commerce. War was their trade.* As these wars became more frequent, on a larger scale, and with fewer interruptions, the liberties of the

have been thought possible. That friend, very lately referring to this remark, assured me that not a month had passed since then, without some instance in proof of its truth having occurred in his own experience; and added, with a smile, that he had more than once amused himself with the thought of a verbarian Attorney-General, authorized to bring informations *ex officio* against the writer or editor of any work in extensive circulation, who, after due notice issued, should persevere in misusing a word.

* "War in republican Rome was the offspring of its intense aristocracy of spirit, and stood to the state in lieu of trade. As long as there was any thing *ab extra* to conquer, the state advanced: when nothing remained but what was Roman, then, as a matter of course, civil war began."—*Table Talk*, p. 398.—*Ed.*

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plebeians increasing: for even the sugar plantations of Jamaica would (in their present state, at least), present a softened picture of the hard and servile relation, in which the plebeians at one time stood to their patrician superiors.

Italy is supposed at present to maintain a larger number of inhabitants than in the days of Trajan or in the best and most prosperous of the Roman empire. With the single exception of the Ecclesiastical State, the whole country is cultivated like a garden. You may find there every gift of God—only not freedom. It is a country rich in the proudest records of liberty, illustrious with the names of heroes, statesmen, legislators, philosophers. It hath a history all alive with the virtues and crimes of hostile parties, when the glories and the struggles of ancient Greece were acted over again in the proud republics of Venice, Genoa, and Florence. The life of every eminent citizen was in constant hazard from the furious factions of his native city, and yet life had no charm out of its dear and honored walls. All the splendors of the hospitable palace, and the favor of princes, could not soothe the pining of Dante or Machiavel, exiles from their free, their beautiful Florence. But scarcely a pulse of true liberty survives. It was the profound policy of the Spanish and Austrian courts to degrade by every possible means the profession of trade; and even in Pisa and Florence themselves to introduce the feudal pride and prejudice of less happy, less enlightened, countries. Agriculture, meanwhile, with its attendant population and plenty, was cultivated with increasing success; but from the Alps to the Straits of Messina the Italians became slaves.

I have thus divided the subjects of the State into two orders, the agricultural or possessors of land; and the mercantile, manufacturing, distributive, and professional bodies, under the common name of citizens. And I have now to add that by the nature of things common to every civilized country, at all events by the course of events in this country, the first order is subdivided into two classes, which, in imitation of our old law books, we may call the Major and Minor Barons; both these, either by their interests or by the very effect of their situation, circumstances, and the nature of their employment, vitally connected with the permanency of the State, its institutions, rights, customs, manners, privileges, and as such, opposed to the second order, the inhabitants of ports, towns, and cities, who are in like manner and

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from like causes more especially connected with its progression. I scarcely need say, that in a very advanced stage of civilization, the two orders of society will more and more modify and leaven each other, yet never so completely but that the distinct character will remain legible, and to use the words of the Roman Emperor, even in what is struck out the erasure will be manifest. At all times the Franklins, or the lower of the two ranks of which the first order consists, will, in their political sympathies, draw more nearly to the antagonist order than the first rank. On these facts, which must at all times have existed, though in very different degrees of prominence or maturity, the principle of our Constitution was established. The total interests of the country, the interests of the State, were intrusted to a great Council or Parliament, composed of two Houses. The first consisted exclusively of the Major Barons, who at once stood as the guardians and sentinels of their several estates and privileges, and the representatives of the common weal. The Minor Barons, or Franklins, too numerous, and indeed individually too weak, to sit and maintain their rights in person, were to choose among the worthiest of their own body representatives, and these in such number as to form an important though minor proportion of a second House, the majority of which was formed by the representatives of the second order chosen by the cities, ports, and boroughs; which representatives ought on principle to have been elected not only by, but from among, the members of the manufacturing, mercantile, distributive, and professional classes.

These four last-mentioned classes, by an arbitrary but convenient use of the phrase, I will designate by the name of the Personal Interest, as the exponent of all movable and personal possessions, including skill and acquired knowledge, the moral and intellectual stock in trade of the professional man and the artist, no less than the raw materials, and the means of elaborating, transporting, and distributing them.

Thus in the theory of the Constitution it was provided that even though both divisions of the Landed Interest should combine in any legislative attempt to encroach on the rights and privileges of the Personal Interest, yet the representatives of the latter forming the clear and effectual majority of the lower House, the attempt must be abortive; the majority of votes in both Houses being indispensable in order to the presentation of a bill for the

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completory act,—that is, to make it a law of the land. By force of the same mechanism must every attack be baffled that should be made by the representatives of the minor landholders, in concert with the burgesses, on the existing rights and privileges of the peerage, and of the hereditary aristocracy, of which the peerage is the summit and the natural protector. Lastly, should the nobles join to invade the rights and franchises of the Franklins and the Yeomanry, the sympathy of interest, by which the inhabitants of cities, towns, and sea-ports are linked to the great body of their agricultural fellow-commoners, who supply their markets and form their principal customers, could not fail to secure a united and successful resistance. Nor would this affinity of interest find a slight support in the sympathy of feeling between the burgess senators and the county representatives, as members of the same House; and in the consciousness which the former have of the dignity conferred on them by the latter. For the notion of superior dignity will always be attached in the minds of men to that kind of property with which they have most associated the idea of permanence: and the land is the synonyme of country.

That the burgesses were not bound to elect representatives from among their own order, individuals *bona fide* belonging to one or other of the four divisions above enumerated; that the elective franchise of the cities, towns, and ports, first invested with borough-rights, was not made conditional, and to a certain extent at least dependent, on their retaining the same comparative wealth and independence, and rendered subject to a periodical revisal and re-adjustment; that, in consequence of these and other causes, the very weights intended for the effectual counterpoise of the great land-holders, have, in the course of events, been shifted into the opposite scale; that they now constitute a large proportion of the political power and influence of the very class of men whose personal cupidity and whose partial views of the Landed Interest at large they were meant to keep in check;—these things are no part of the Constitution, no essential ingredients in the idea, but apparent defects and imperfections in its realization; which, however, we need neither regret nor set about amending, till we have seen whether an equivalent force has not arisen to supply the deficiency;—a force great enough to have destroyed the *equilibrium*, had not such a transfer

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taken place previously to, or at the same time with, the operation of the new forces. Roads, canals, machinery, the press, the periodical and daily press, the might of public opinion, the consequent increasing desire of popularity among public men and functionaries of every description, and the increasing necessity of public character, as the means or condition of political influence; —I need but mention these to stand acquitted of having started a vague and naked possibility in extenuation of an evident and palpable abuse.

But whether this conjecture be well or ill grounded, the principle of the Constitution remains the same. That harmonious balance of the two great correspondent, at once supporting and counterpoising, interests of the State, its permanence, and its progression; that balance of the Landed and the Personal Interests was to be secured by a legislature of two Houses; the first consisting wholly of barons or landholders, permanent and hereditary senators; the second of the knights or minor barons, elected by, and as the representatives of, the remaining landed community, together with the burgesses, the representatives of the commercial, manufacturing, distributive, and professional classes,— the latter (the elected burgesses) constituting the major number. The King, meanwhile, in whom the executive power is vested, it will suffice at present to consider as the beam of the constitutional scales. A more comprehensive view of the kingly office must be deferred, till the remaining problem (the idea of a national Church) has been solved.

I here again entreat the reader to bear in mind what I have before endeavored to impress on him, that I am not giving an historical account of the legislative body; nor can I be supposed to assert that such was the earliest mode or form in which the national council was constructed. My assertion is simply this, that its formation has advanced in this direction. The line of evolution, however sinuous, has still tended to this point, sometimes with, sometimes without, not seldom, perhaps, against, the intention of the individual actors, but always as if a power, greater and better than the men themselves, had intended it for them. Nor let it be forgotten that every new growth, every power and privilege, bought or extorted, has uniformly been claimed by an antecedent right; not acknowledged as a boon conferred, but both demanded and received as what had always

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belonged to them, though withholden by violence and the injury of the times: and this too, in cases, where, if documents and historical records, or even consistent traditions, had been required in evidence, the monarch would have had the better of the argument. But, in truth, it was no more than a practical way of saying: "this or that is contained in the idea of our government, and it is a consequence of the *lex, mater legum*, which, in the very first law of state ever promulgated in the land, was presupposed as the ground of that first law."

Before I conclude this part of my subject, I must press on the reader's attention, that the preceding is offered only as the constitutional idea of the State. In order to correct views respecting the constitution, in the more enlarged sense of the term, namely, the constitution of the nation, we must, in addition to a grounded knowledge of the State, have the right idea of the national Church. These are two poles of the same magnet; the magnet itself, which is constituted by them, is the constitution of the nation.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

THE reading of histories may dispose a man to satire; but the science of history, history studied in the light of philosophy, as the great drama of an ever-unfolding Providence, has a very different effect. It infuses hope and reverential thoughts of man and his destination. It will, therefore, I trust, be no unwelcome result, if it should be made appear that something deeper and better than priestcraft and priest-ridden ignorance was at the bottom of the phrase, Church and State, and entitled it to be the form in which so many thousands of the men of England clothed the wish for their country's weal. But many things have conspired to draw off attention from its true origin and import, and have led us to seek the reasons for thus connecting the two words in facts and motives that lie nearer the surface. I will mention one only, because, though less obvious than many other causes that have favored the general misconceptien on this point,

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and though its action is indirect and negative, it is by no means the less operative. The immediate effect, indeed, may be confined to the men of education. But what influences these will finally influence all. I am referring to the noticeable fact arising out of the system of instruction, pursued in all our classical schools and universities, that the annals of ancient Greece, and of republican and imperial Rome, though they are, in truth, but brilliant exceptions from history generally, do yet, partly from the depth and intensity of all early impressions, and in part from the number and splendor of individual characters and particular events and exploits, so fill the imagination as almost to be,—during the period when the groundwork of our minds is principally formed, and the direction given to our modes of thinking,—what we mean by history. Hence things, of which no instance or analogy is recollected in the customs, policy, and jurisprudence of Greece and Rome, lay little hold on our attention. Among these, I know not one more worthy of notice than the principle of the division of property, which, if not, as I however think, universal in the earliest ages, was, at all events, common to the Scandinavian, Keltic, and Gothic tribes with the Semitic, or the tribes descended from Shem.

It is not the least among the obligations which the antiquarian and the philosophic statist owe to a tribe of the last-mentioned race, the Hebrew, that in the institutes of their great legislator, who first formed them into a state or nation, they have preserved for us a practical illustration of the principle in question, which was by no means peculiar to the Hebrew people, though in their case it received a peculiar sanction.

To confound the inspiring spirit with the informing word, and both with the dictation of sentences and formal propositions; and to confine the office and purpose of inspiration to the miraculous immission or infusion of novelties, *res nusquam prius visæ vel auditæ*,—these, alas! are the current errors of Protestants without learning, and of bigots in spite of it; but which I should have left unnoticed, but for the injurious influence which certain notions in close connection with these errors have had on the present subject. The notion, I mean, that the Levitical institution was not only enacted by an inspired law-giver, not only a work of revealed wisdom (which who denies?), but that it was a part of revealed religion, having its origin in this particular

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revelation, as a something which could not have existed otherwise; yet, on the other hand, a part of the religion that had been abolished by Christianity. Had these reasoners contented themselves with asserting that it did not belong to the Christian religion, they would have said nothing more than the truth; and for this plain reason, that it forms no part of religion at all in the Gospel sense of the word,—that is, religion as contra-distinguished from law; the spiritual as contra-distinguished from the temporal or political.

In answer to all these notions, it is enough to say that not the principle itself, but the superior wisdom with which the principle was carried into effect, the greater perfection of the machinery, forms the true distinction, the peculiar worth, of the Hebrew constitution. The principle itself was common to Goth and Kelt, or rather, I would say, to all the tribes that had not fallen off to either of the two *aphelia*, or extreme distances from the generic character of man, the wild or the barbarous state; but who remained either constituent parts or appendages of the *stirps generosa seu historica*, as a philosophic friend has named that portion of the Semitic and Japetic races which had not degenerated below the conditions of progressive civilization:—it was, I say, common to all the primitive races, that in taking possession of a new country, and in the division of the land into heritable estates among the individual warriors or heads of families, a reserve should be made for the nation itself.

The sum total of these heritable portions, appropriated each to an individual lineage, I take leave to name the Propriety; and to call the reserve above-mentioned the Nationalty; and likewise to employ the term Wealth in that primary and wide sense which it retains in the term Commonwealth. In the establishment, then, of the landed proprieties, a nationalty was at the same time constituted; as a wealth not consisting of lands, but yet derivative from the land, and rightfully inseparable from the same. These, the Propriety and the Nationalty, were the two constituent factors, the opposite, but correspondent and reciprocally supporting, counterweights of the commonwealth; the existence of the one being the condition and the perfecting of the rightfulness of the other. Now as all polar forces—that is, opposite, not contrary, powers—are necessarily *unius generis*, homogeneous, so in the present instance each is that which it is called, rela-

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tively, by predominance of the one character or quality, not by the absolute exclusion of the other. The wealth appropriated was not so entirely a property as not to remain, to a certain extent, national; nor was the wealth reserved so exclusively national as not to admit of individual tenure. It was only necessary that the mode and origin of the tenure should be different, and, as it were, *in antithesi*. If the one be hereditary, the other must be elective; if the one be lineal, the other must be circulative.

CHAPTER IV.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTER FROM HISTORY, AND PRINCIPALLY FROM THAT OF THE HEBREW COMMONWEALTH.

In the unfolding and exposition of any idea we naturally seek assistance and the means of illustration from the historical instance, in which it has been most nearly realized, or of which we possess the most exact and satisfactory records. Both of these recommendations are found in the formation of the Hebrew Commonwealth. But in availing ourselves of examples from history there is always danger lest that which was to assist us in attaining a clear insight into truth should be the means of disturbing or falsifying it, so that we attribute to the object what was but the effect of flaws or other accidents in the glass through which we looked at it. To secure ourselves from this danger, we must constantly bear in mind that in the actual realization of every great idea or principle there will always exist disturbing forces, modifying the product, either from the imperfection of the agents, or from especial circumstances overruling them; or from the defect of the materials; or lastly, and which most particularly applies to the instances I have here in view, from the co-existence of some yet greater idea, some yet more important purpose, with which the former must be combined, but likewise subordinated. Nevertheless, these are no essentials of the idea, no exemplary parts in the particular construction adduced for its illustration. On the contrary, they are deviations from the idea, which we

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must abstract and put aside before we can make a safe and fearless use of the example.

Such, for instance, was the settlement of the nationalty in one tribe, which, to the exclusion of the other eleven divisions of the Hebrew confederacy, was to be invested with its rights, and to be alone capable of discharging its duties. This was, indeed, in some measure, corrected by the institution of the *Nabim*, or Prophets, who might be of any tribe, and who formed a numerous body, uniting the functions and three-fold character of the Roman Censors, the Tribunes of the people, and the sacred college of Augurs; protectors of the nation and privileged state-moralists, whom Milton has already compared to the orators of the Greek democracies.* Still the most satisfactory justification of this exclusive policy is to be found, I think, in the fact, that the Jewish theocracy itself was but a mean to a further and greater end; and that the effects of the policy were subordinated to an interest far more momentous than that of any single kingdom or commonwealth could be. The unfitness and insufficiency of the Jewish character for the reception and execution of the great legislator's scheme were not less important parts of the sublime purpose of Providence, in the separation of the chosen people, than their characteristic virtues. Their frequent relapses, and the never-failing return of a certain number to the national faith and customs, were alike subservient to the ultimate object, the final cause, of the Mosaic dispensation. Without pain or reluctance, therefore, I should state this provision, by which a particular lineage was made a necessary qualification for the trustees

* The lines which our sage and learned poet puts in the Saviour's mouth, both from their truth and from their appositeness to the present subject, well deserve to be quoted:—

> "Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
> The top of eloquence:—Statists indeed
> And lovers of their country as may seem;
> But herein to our prophets far beneath,
> As men divinely taught and better teaching
> The solid rules of civil government,
> In their majestic, unaffected style,
> Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
> In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt
> What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so."
>
> *Par. Reg.* B. iv.

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and functionaries of the reserved nationalty, as the main cause of the comparatively little effect, which the Levitical establishment produced on the moral and intellectual character of the Jewish people during the whole period of their existence as an independent state.

With this exception, however, the scheme of the Hebrew polity may be profitably used as the diagram or illustrative model of a principle which actuated the primitive races generally under similar circumstances. With this and one other exception, likewise arising out of the peculiar purpose of Providence, namely, the discouragement of trade and commerce in the Hebrew policy, —a principle so inwoven in the whole fabric, that the revolution in this respect effected by Solomon had, perhaps, no small share in the quickly succeeding dissolution of the confederacy,—it may be profitably considered even under existing circumstances.

And first let me observe that with the Keltic, Gothic, and Scandinavian, equally as with the Hebrew, tribes property by absolute right existed only in a tolerated alien; and that there was everywhere a prejudice against the occupation expressly directed to its acquirement, namely, the trafficking with the current representatives of wealth. Even in that species of possession, in which the right of the individual was the prominent relative character, the institution of the Jubilee provided against its degenerating into the merely personal; reclaimed it for the State, that is, for the line, the heritage, as one of the permanent units or integral parts, the aggregate of which constitutes the State, in that narrower and especial sense in which it has been distinguished from the nation. And to these permanent units the calculating and governing mind of the State directs its attention, even as it is the depths, breadths, bays, and windings or reaches of a river that are the subject of the hydrographer, not the water-drops that at any one moment constitute the stream. And on this point the greatest stress should be laid; this should be deeply impressed, and carefully borne in mind, that the abiding interests, the estates, and ostensible tangible properties, not the persons as persons, are the proper subjects of the State in this sense, or of the power of the parliament or supreme council, as the representatives and plenipotentiaries of the State, that is, of the Propriety, and in distinction from the commonwealth, in which I comprise both the Propriety and the Nationalty.

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And here let me further remark that the records of the Hebrew polity are rendered far less instructive as lessons of political wisdom by the disposition to regard the Jehovah in that universal and spiritual acceptation, in which we use the word as Christians. For relatively to the Jewish polity the Jehovah was their covenanted king: and if we draw any inference from the former or Christian sense of the term, it should be this;—that God is the unity of every nation; that the convictions and the will, which are one, the same, and simultaneously acting in a multitude of individual agents, are not the birth of any individual; that when the people speak loudly and unanimously, it is from their being strongly impressed by the godhead or the demon. Only exclude the (by no means extravagant) supposition of a demoniac possession, and then *vox populi vox Dei.** So thought Sir Philip Sidney, who in the great revolution of the Netherlands considered the universal and simultaneous adoption of the same principles as a proof of the divine presence; and on that belief, and on that alone, grounded his assurance of its successful result. And that I may apply this to the present subject, it was in the character of the king, as the majesty or symbolic unity of the whole nation, both of the State and of the persons; it was in the name of the king, in whom both the Propriety and the Nationalty ideally centered, and from whom, as from a fountain, they are ideally supposed to flow; it was in the name of the king, that the proclamation throughout the land, by sound of trumpet, was made to all possessors: *The land is not yours, saith the Lord, the land is mine. To you I lent it.* The voice of the trumpets is not, indeed, heard in this country. But no less intelligibly is it declared by the spirit and history of our laws that the possession of a property, not connected with especial duties, a property not fiduciary or official, but arbitrary and unconditional, was in the sight of our forefathers the brand of a Jew and an alien; not the distinction, nor the right, nor the honor, of an English baron or gentleman.

* "I never said that the *vox populi* was of course the *vox Dei*. It may be; but it may be, and with equal probability *à priori*, *vox Diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of Heaven or Hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will." *Table Talk*, p. 393.—*Ed.*

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CHAPTER V.

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, OR NATIONAL CLERGY, ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION; ITS CHARACTERISTIC ENDS, PURPOSES AND FUNCTIONS; AND OF THE PERSONS COMPREHENDED UNDER THE CLERGY, OR THE FUNCTIONARIES OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

AFTER these introductory preparations, I can have no difficulty in setting forth the right idea of a national Church as in the language of Queen Elizabeth the third great venerable estate of the realm; the first being the estate of the land-owners or possessors of fixed property, consisting of the two classes of the Barons and the Franklins; and the second comprising the merchants, the manufacturers, free artisans, and the distributive class. To comprehend, therefore, the true character of this third estate, in which the reserved Nationalty was vested, we must first ascertain the end or national purpose, for which such reservation was made.

Now, as in the first estate the permanency of the nation was provided for; and in the second estate its progressiveness and personal freedom; while in the king the cohesion by interdependence, and the unity of the country, were established; there remains for the third estate only that interest which is the ground, the necessary antecedent condition, of both the former. These depend on a continuing and progressive civilization. But civilization is itself but a mixed good, if not far more a corrupting influence, the hectic of disease, not the bloom of health, and a nation so distinguished more fitly to be called a varnished than a polished people, where this civilization is not grounded in cultivation, in the harmonious development of those qualities and faculties that characterize our humanity. We must be men in order to be citizens.

The Nationalty, therefore, was reserved for the support and maintenance of a permanent class or order with the following duties. A certain smaller number were to remain at the fountain-

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heads of the humanities, in cultivating and enlarging the knowledge already possessed, and in watching over the interests of physical and moral science; being, likewise, the instructors of such as constituted, or were to constitute, the remaining more numerous classes of the order. The members of this latter and far more numerous body were to be distributed throughout the country, so as not to leave even the smallest integral part or division without a resident guide, guardian, and instructor; the objects and final intention of the whole order being these—to preserve the stores and to guard the treasures of past civilization, and thus to bind the present with the past; to perfect and add to the same, and thus to connect the present with the future; but especially to diffuse through the whole community and to every native entitled to its laws and rights that quantity and quality of knowledge which was indispensable both for the understanding of those rights, and for the performance of the duties correspondent: finally, to secure for the nation, if not a superiority over the neighboring states, yet an equality at least, in that character of general civilization, which equally with, or rather more than, fleets, armies, and revenue, forms the ground of its defensive and offensive power. The object of the two former estates of the realm, which conjointly form the State, was to reconcile the interests of permanence with that of progression—law with liberty. The object of the national Church, the third remaining estate of the realm, was to secure and improve that civilization, without which the nation could be neither permanent nor progressive.

That, in all ages, individuals who have directed their meditations and their studies to the nobler characters of our nature, to the cultivation of those powers and instincts which constitute the man, at least separate him from the animal, and distinguish the nobler from the animal part of his own being, will be led by the supernatural in themselves to the contemplation of a power which is likewise superhuman; that science, and especially moral science, will lead to religion, and remain blended with it,—this, I say, will in all ages be the course of things. That in the earlier ages, and in the dawn of civility, there will be a twilight in which science and religion give light, but a light refracted through the dense and the dark, a superstition;—this is what we learn from history, and what philosophy would have taught us to expect. But I affirm that in the spiritual purpose of the word,

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and as understood in reference to a future state, and to the abiding essential interest of the individual as a person, and not as the citizen, neighbor, or subject, religion may be an indispensable ally, but is not the essential constitutive end, of that national institute, which is unfortunately, at least improperly, styled the Church; a name which in its best sense is exclusively appropriate to the Church of Christ. If this latter be *ecclesia*, the communion of such as are called out of the world, that is, in reference to the especial ends and purposes of that communion; this other might more expressively have been entitled *enclesia*, or an order of men chosen in and of the realm, and constituting an estate of that realm. And in fact, such was the original and proper sense of the more appropriately named clergy. It comprehended the learned of all names, and the clerk was the synonyme of the man of learning. Nor can any fact more strikingly illustrate the conviction entertained by our ancestors respecting the intimate connection of this clergy with the peace and weal of the nation, than the privilege formerly recognized by our laws, in the well-known phrase, "benefit of clergy."

Deeply do I feel, for clearly do I see, the importance of my theme. And had I equal confidence in my ability to awaken the same interest in the minds of others, I should dismiss as affronting to my readers all apprehension of being charged with prolixity, while I am laboring to compress in two or three brief chapters the principal sides and aspects of a subject so large and multilateral as to require a volume for its full exposition;—with what success will be seen in what follows, commencing with the Churchmen, or (a far apter and less objectionable designation), the national Clerisy.

The Clerisy of the nation, or national Church, in its primary acceptation and original intention, comprehended the learned of all denominations, the sages and professors of the law and jurisprudence, of medicine and physiology, of music, of military and civil architecture, of the physical sciences, with the mathematical as the common organ of the preceding; in short, all the so-called liberal arts and sciences, the possession and application of which constitute the civilization of a country, as well as the theological. The last was, indeed, placed at the head of all; and of good right did it claim the precedence. But why? Because under the name of theology or divinity were contained the interpreta-

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tion of languages, the conservation and tradition of past events, the momentous epochs and revolutions of the race and nation, the continuation of the records, logic, ethics, and the determination of ethical science, in application to the rights and duties of men in all their various relations, social and civil; and lastly, the ground-knowledge, the *prima scientia* as it was named,—philosophy, or the doctrine and discipline of ideas.*

Theology formed only a part of the objects, the theologians formed only a portion of the clerks or clergy, of the national Church. The theological order had precedency indeed, and deservedly; but not because its members were priests, whose office was to conciliate the invisible powers, and to superintend the interests that survive the grave; nor as being exclusively, or even principally, sacerdotal or templar, which, when it did occur, is to be considered as an accident of the age, a mis-growth of ignorance and oppression, a falsification of the constitutive principle, not a constituent part of the same. No, the theologians took the lead, because the science of theology was the root and the trunk of the knowledges that civilized man, because it gave unity and the circulating sap of life to all other sciences, by virtue of which alone they could be contemplated as forming, collectively, the living tree of knowledge. It had the precedency because, under the name theology, were comprised all the main

* That is, of knowledges immediate, yet real, and herein distinguished in kind from logical and mathematical truths, which express not realities. but only the necessary forms of conceiving and perceiving, and are therefore named the formal or abstract sciences. Ideas, on the other hand, or the truths of philosophy, properly so called, correspond to substantial beings, to objects the actual subsistence of which is implied in their idea, though only by the idea revealable. To adopt the language of the great philosophical Apostle, they are *spiritual realities that can only spiritually be discerned*, and the inherent aptitude and moral preconfiguration to which constitutes what we mean by ideas, and by the presence of ideal truth and of ideal power, in the human being. They, in fact, constitute his humanity. For try to conceive a man without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth, of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An animal endowed with a memory of appearances and of facts might remain. But the man will have vanished, and you have instead a creature, *more subtle than any beast of the field*, but likewise *cursed above every beast of the field; upon the belly must it go and dust must it eat all the days of its life.* But I recall myself from a train of thoughts little likely to find favor in this age of sense and selfishness.

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aids, instruments, and materials of national education, the *nisus formativus* of the body politic, the shaping and informing spirit, which, educing or eliciting the latent man in all the natives of the soil, trains them up to be citizens of the country, free subjects of the realm. And lastly, because to divinity belong those fundamental truths, which are the common ground-work of our civil and our religious duties, not less indispensable to a right view of our temporal concerns, than to a rational faith respecting our immortal well-being. Not without celestial observations can even terrestrial charts be accurately constructed. And of especial importance is it to the objects here contemplated, that only by the vital warmth diffused by these truths throughout the many, and by the guiding light from the philosophy, which is the basis of divinity, possessed by the few, can either the community or its rulers fully comprehend, or rightly appreciate, the permanent distinction and the occasional contrast between cultivation and civilization; or be made to understand this most valuable of the lessons taught by history, and exemplified alike in her oldest and her most recent records—that a nation can never be a too cultivated, but may easily become an over-civilized, race.

CHAPTER VI.

SECESSIONS OR OFFSETS FROM THE NATIONAL CLERISY.—USURPATIONS AND ABUSES PREVIOUS TO THE REFORMATION.—HENRY VIII.—WHAT HE MIGHT AND SHOULD HAVE DONE.—THE MAIN END AND FINAL CAUSE OF THE NATIONALTY; AND THE DUTIES, WHICH THE STATE MAY DEMAND OF THE NATIONAL CLERISY.—A QUESTION, AND THE ANSWER TO IT.

As a natural consequence of the full development and expansion of the mercantile and commercial order, which in the earlier epochs of the constitution only existed, as it were, potentially and in the bud; the students and possessors of those sciences, and those sorts of learning, the use and necessity of which were indeed constant and perpetual to the nation, but only accidental and occasional to individuals, gradually detached themselves from

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the Nationalty and the national clergy, and passed to the order, with the growth and thriving condition of which their emoluments were found to increase in equal proportion. Rather, perhaps, it should be said that under the common name of professional, the learned in the departments of law, medicine, and the like, formed an intermediate link between the established clergy and the burgesses.

This circumstance, however, can in no way affect the principle, nor alter the tenure, nor annul the rights of those who remained, and who, as members of the permanent learned class, were planted throughout the realm, each in his appointed place, as the immediate agents and instruments in the great and indispensable work of perpetuating, promoting, and increasing the civilization of the nation, and who thus fulfilling the purposes for which the determinate portion of the total wealth from the land had been reserved, are entitled to remain its trustees and usufructuary proprietors. But I do not assert that the proceeds from the Nationalty can not be rightfully vested, except in what we now mean by clergymen and the established clergy. I have everywhere implied the contrary. But I do assert, that the Nationalty can not rightfully, and that without foul wrong to the nation it never has been, alienated from its original purposes. I assert that those who, being duly elected and appointed thereto, exercise the functions, and perform the duties, attached to the Nationalty possess collectively an inalienable, indefeasible title to the same; and this by a *jus divinum*, to which the thunders from Mount Sinai might give additional authority, but not additional evidence.

COROLLARY.—During the dark times, when the *incubus* of superstition lay heavy across the breast of the living and the dying; and when all the familiar tricksy spirits in the service of an alien, self-expatriated and anti-national priesthood were at work in all forms and in all directions to aggrandize and enrich a *kingdom of this world;* large masses were alienated from the heritable proprieties of the realm, and confounded with the Nationalty under the common name of Church property. Had every rood, every pepper-corn, every stone, brick, and beam been re-transferred and made heritable at the Reformation, no right would have been invaded, no principle of justice violated. What the State by law—that is, by the collective will of its functionaries

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at any one time assembled—can do or suffer to be done; that the State by law can undo or inhibit. And in principle, such bequests and donations were vicious *ab initio*, implying in the donor an absolute property in land, unknown to the constitution of the realm, and in defeasance of that immutable reason which, in the name of the nation and the national majesty, proclaims:—"The land is not yours; it was vested in your lineage in trust for the nation." And though, in change of times and circumstances, the interest of progression, with the means and motives for the same —hope, industry, enterprise—may render it the wisdom of the State to facilitate the transfer from line to line, still it must be within the same scale and with preservation of the balance. The most honest of our English historians, and with no superior in industry and research, Mr. Sharon Turner, has labored successfully in detaching from the portrait of our first Protestant king the layers of soot and blood, with which pseudo-Catholic hate and pseudo-Protestant candor had coated it. But the name of Henry VIII. would have outshone that of Alfred, and with a splendor which not even the ominous shadow of his declining life would have eclipsed, had he retained the will and possessed the power of effecting, what in part he promised and proposed to do; that is, if he had availed himself of the wealth and landed masses that had been unconstitutionally alienated from the State, namely, transferred from the scale of heritable lands and revenues, to purchase and win back whatever had been alienated from the opposite scale of the Nationalty;—wrongfully alienated; for it was a possession, in which every free subject in the nation has a living interest, a permanent, and likewise a possible personal and reversionary interest;—sacrilegiously alienated; for it had been consecrated τῷ θεῷ οἰκείῳ, to the potential divinity in every man, which is the ground and condition of his civil existence, that without which a man can be neither free nor obliged, and by which alone, therefore, he is capable of being a free subject or a citizen: and if, I say, having thus righted the balance on both sides, Henry had then directed the Nationalty to its true national purposes (in order to which, however, a different division and sub-division of the kingdom must have superseded the present barbarism, which forms an obstacle to the improvement of the country, of much greater magnitude than men are generally aware); and the Nationalty had been distributed in propor-

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tionate channels to the maintenance;—1, of the universities and great schools of liberal learning;—2, of a pastor, presbyter, or parson* in every parish;—3, of a schoolmaster in every parish, who in due time, and under condition of a faithful performance of his arduous duties, should succeed to the pastorate; so that both should be laborers in different compartments of the same field, workmen engaged in different stages of the same process, with such difference of rank, as might be suggested in the names pastor and sub-pastor, or as now exists between rector and curate, elder and deacon. Both alike, I say, being members and ministers of the national Clerisy or Church, working to the same end, and determined in the choice of their means and the direction of their labors by one and the same object—namely, the production and reproduction, the preservation, continuance, and perfection, of the necessary sources and conditions of national civilization; this being itself an indispensable condition of national safety, power and welfare, the strongest security and the surest provision, both for the permanence and the progressive advance of whatever as laws, institutions, tenures, rights, privileges, freedoms, obligations, and the like, constitutes the public weal:—these parochial clerks being the great majority of the national clergy, the comparatively small remainder being principally† *in ordine ad hos, Cleri doctores ut Clerus populi.*

I may be allowed, therefore, to express the final cause of the whole by the office and purpose of the greater part; and this is,

* *Persona κατ' ἐξοχήν; persona exemplaris;* the representative and exemplar of the personal character of the community or parish; of their duties and rights, of their hopes, privileges and requisite qualifications, as moral persons, and not merely living things. But this the pastoral clergy can not be other than imperfectly; they can not be that which it is the paramount end and object of their establishment and distribution throughout the country that they should be—each in his sphere the germ and *nucleus* of the progressive civilization—unless they are in the rule married men and heads of families. This, however, is adduced only as an accessory to the great principle stated in a following page, as an instance of its beneficial consequences, not as the grounds of its validity.

† Considered, I mean, in their national relations, and in that which forms their ordinary, their most conspicuous purpose and utility; for God forbid, I should deny or forget that the sciences, and not only the sciences both abstract and experimental, but the *literæ humaniores*, the products of genial power, of whatever name, have an immediate and positive value even in their bearings on the national interests.

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to form and train up the people of the country to be obedient, free, useful, organizable subjects, citizens, and patriots, living to the benefit of the State, and prepared to die for its defence. The proper object and end of the national Church is civilization with freedom; and the duty of its ministers, could they be contemplated merely and exclusively as officiaries of the national Church, would be fulfilled in the communication of that degree and kind of knowledge to all, the possession of which is necessary for all in order to their civility. By civility I mean all the qualities essential to a citizen, and devoid of which no people or class of the people can be calculated on by the rulers and leaders of the State for the conservation or promotion of its essential interests.

It follows, therefore, that in regard to the grounds and principles of action and conduct, the State has a right to demand of the national Church that its instructions should be fitted to diffuse throughout the people legality, that is, the obligations of a well-calculated self-interest, under the conditions of a common interest determined by common laws. At least, whatever of higher origin and nobler and wider aim the ministers of the national Church, in some other capacity, and in the performance of other duties, might labor to implant and cultivate in the minds and hearts of their congregations and seminaries, should include the practical consequences of the legality above mentioned. The State requires that the basin should be kept full, and that the stream which supplies the hamlet and turns the mill, and waters the meadow-fields, should be fed and kept flowing. If this be done the State is content, indifferent for the rest, whether the basin be filled by the spring in its first ascent, and rising but a hand's-breadth above the bed; or whether drawn from a more elevated source, shooting aloft in a stately column, that reflects the light of heaven from its shaft, and bears the *Iris, cœli decus, promissumque Jovis lucidum* on its spray, it fills the basin in its descent.

"In what relation then do you place Christianity to the national Church?" Though unwilling to anticipate what belongs to a part of my subject yet to come, namely, the idea of the Catholic or Christian Church, I am still more averse to leave this question, even for a moment, unanswered. And this is my answer.

In relation to the national Church, Christianity, or the Church,

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of Christ, is a blessed accident,* a providential boon, a grace of God, a mighty and faithful friend, the envoy indeed and liege subject of another State, but which can neither administer the laws nor promote the ends of this other State, which is not of the world, without advantage, direct and indirect, to the true interests of the States, the aggregate of which is what we mean by the world, that is, the civilized world. As the olive-tree is said in its growth to fertilize the surrounding soil, to invigorate the roots of the vines in its immediate neighborhood, and to improve the strength and flavor of the wines; such is the relation of the Christian and the national Church. But as the olive is not the same plant with the vine, or with the elm or poplar (that is, the State), with which the vine is wedded; and as the vine with its prop may exist, though in less perfection, without the olive, or previously to its implantation;—even so is Christianity, and *à fortiori* any particular scheme of theology derived and supposed by its partisans to be deduced from Christianity, no essential part of the being of the national Church, however conducive or even indispensable it may be to its well-being. And even so a national Church might exist, and has existed, without, because before the institution of, the Christian Church;—as the Levitical Church in the Hebrew constitution, and the Druidical in the Keltic, would suffice to prove.

But here I earnestly entreat that two things may be remembered—first, that it is my object to present the Idea of a national Church, as the only safe criterion by which the judgment can decide on the existing state of things; for when we are in full and clear possession of the ultimate aim of an institution, it is comparatively easy to ascertain in what respects this aim has been attained in other ways arising out of the growth of the nation, and the gradual and successive expansion of its germs; in what respects the aim has been frustrated by errors and diseases in the body politic; and in what respects the existing institution still answers the original purpose, and continues to be a mean to necessary or important ends, for which no adequate substitute can be found. First, I say, let it be borne in mind that my object has been to present the idea of a national Church, not the his-

* Let not the religious reader be offended with this phrase. I mean only that Christianity is an aid and instrument, which no State or realm could have produced out of its own elements, which no State had a right to expect. It was, most awfully, a GOD-SEND!

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tory of the Church established in this nation. Secondly, that two distinct functions do not necessarily imply or require two different functionaries: nay, the perfection of each may require the union of both in the same person. And in the instance now in question, great and grievous errors have arisen from confounding the functions; and fearfully great and grievous will be the evils from the success of an attempt to separate them—an attempt long and passionately pursued, in many forms, and through many various channels, by a numerous party which has already the ascendency in the State; and which, unless far other minds and far other principles than those which the opponents of this party have hitherto allied with their cause, are called into action, will obtain the ascendency in the nation.

I have already said that the subjects, which lie right and left of my road, or even jut into it, are so many and so important that I offer these pages but as a catalogue of texts and theses, which will have answered their purpose if they excite a certain class of readers to desire or to supply the commentary. But there will not be wanting among my readers men who are no strangers to the ways in which my thoughts travel; and the jointless sentences that make up the following chapter or inventory of regrets and apprehensions will suffice to possess them of the chief points that press on my mind.

The commanding knowledge, the power of truth, given or obtained by contemplating the subject in the fontal mirror of the idea, is in Scripture ordinarily expressed by *vision*: and no dissimilar gift, if not rather in its essential characters the same, does a great living poet speak of, as

> The vision and the faculty divine.

Indeed of the many political ground-truths contained in the Old Testament, I can not recall one more worthy to be selected as the moral and *l'envoy* of a Universal History, than the text in Proverbs,* *Where no vision is, the people perisheth.*

It is now thirty years since the diversity of reason and the understanding, of an idea and a conception, and the practical importance of distinguishing the one from the other, were first made evident to me. And scarcely a month has passed during this long interval in which either books, or conversation, or the expe-

* xxix. 18.

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rience of life, have not supplied or suggested some fresh proof and instance of the mischiefs and mistakes derived from that ignorance of this truth, which I have elsewhere called the queen-bee in the hive of error.

Well and truly has the understanding been defined—*facultas mediata et mediorum*—the faculty of means to medial ends, that is, to such purposes or ends as are themselves but means to some ulterior ends.

My eye at this moment rests on a volume newly read by me, containing a well-written history of the inventions, discoveries, public improvements, docks, railways, canals, and the like, for about the same period, in England and Scotland. I closed it under the strongest impressions of awe, and admiration akin to wonder. We live, I exclaimed, under the dynasty of the understanding: and this is its golden age.

It is the faculty of means to medial ends. With these the age, this favored land, teems: they spring up, the armed host—*seges clypeata*—from the serpent's teeth sown by Cadmus:—

——— *mortalia semina, dentes.*

In every direction they advance, conquering and to conquer. Sea and land, rock, mountain, lake and moor, yea nature and all her elements, sink before them, or yield themselves captive! But the ultimate ends? Where shall I seek for information concerning these? By what name shall I seek for the historiographer of reason? Where shall I find the annals of her recent campaigns? the records of her conquests? In the facts disclosed by the Mendicity Society? In the reports on the increase of crimes, commitments? In the proceedings of the police? Or in the accumulating volumes on the horrors and perils of population?

O voice, once heard
Delightfully, increase and multiply!
Now death to hear! For what can we increase
Or multiply,* *but woe, crime, penury.*

Alas! for a certain class, the following chapter will, I fear, but too vividly show *the burden of the valley of vision*,—even the burden upon the crowned isle, *whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth*;—who *stretcheth out* her *hand over the sea*,—*and she is the mart of nations!*†

* P. L. x. 729.—*Ed.*

† Isaiah, xxii. xxiii.

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CHAPTER VII.

REGRETS AND APPREHENSIONS.

THE National Church was deemed in the dark age of Queen Elizabeth, in the unenlightened times of Burleigh, Hooker, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Lord Bacon, a great venerable estate of the realm; but now by all the intellect of the kingdom it has been determined to be one of the many theological sects or communities established in the realm; yet distinguished from the rest by having its priesthood endowed, *durante bene placito*, by favor of the Legislature, that is, of the majority, for the time being, of the two Houses of Parliament. The Church being thus reduced to a religion, religion *in genere* is consequently separated from the Church, and made a subject of Parliamentary determination, independently of this Church. The poor are withdrawn from the discipline of the Church. The education of the people is detached from the ministry of the Church. Religion becomes a noun of multitude, or *nomem collectivum*, expressing the aggregate of all the different groups of notions and ceremonies connected with the invisible and supernatural. On the plausible (and in this sense of the word unanswerable) pretext of the multitude and variety of religions, and for the suppression of bigotry and negative persecution, national education is to be finally sundered from all religion, but speedily and decisively emancipated from the superintendence of the national Clergy. Education is to be reformed, and defined as synonymous with instruction. The axiom of education so defined is—knowledge being power, those attainments, which give a man the power of doing what he wishes in order to obtain what he desires, are alone to be considered as knowledge, or to be admitted into the scheme of national education. The subjects to be taught in the national schools are to be—reading, writing, arithmetic, the mechanic arts, elements and results of physical science, but to be taught, as much as possible, empirically. For all knowledge being de-

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rived from the senses, the closer men are kept to the fountain-head, the more knowing they must become.

Popular ethics consist of a digest of the criminal laws, and the evidence requisite for conviction under the same: lectures on diet, on digestion, on infection, and the nature and effects of a specific *virus* incidental to and communicable by living bodies in the intercourse of society. And note, that in order to balance the interests of individuals and the interests of the State, the dietetic and peptic text-books are to be under the censorship of the Board of Excise.

Then we have game laws, corn laws, cotton factories, Spital-fields, the tillers of the land paid by poor rates, and the remainder of the population mechanized into engines for the manufactory of new rich men;—yea, the machinery of the wealth of the nation made up of the wretchedness, disease, and depravity of those who should constitute the strength of the nation! Disease, I say, and vice, while the wheels are in full motion; but at the first stop the magic wealth-machine is converted into an intolerable weight of pauperism. But this partakes of history. The head and neck of the huge serpent are out of the den: the voluminous train is to come. What next? May I not whisper as a fear, what senators have promised to demand as a right? Yes! the next in my filial bodings is spoliation;—spoliation of the Nationalty, half thereof to be distributed among the land-owners, and the other half among the stock-brokers, and stock-owners, who are to receive it in lieu of the interest formerly due to them.

But enough. I will ask only one question. Has the national welfare, have the weal and happiness of the people, advanced with the increase of the circumstantial prosperity? Is the increasing number of wealthy individuals that which ought to be understood by the wealth of the nation? In answer to this, permit me to annex the following chapter of contents of the moral history of the last 130 years.

A. A declarative act respecting certain parts of the Constitution, with provisions against further violation of thes ame, erroneously intituled, The Revolution of 1688.

B. The mechanico-corpuscular theory raised to the title of the mechanic philosophy, and espoused as a revolution in philosophy, by the actors and partisans of the (so-called) Revolution in the State.

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C. Result illustrated, in the remarkable contrast between the acceptation of the word Idea, before the Restoration, and the present use of the same word. Before 1660, the magnificent Son of Cosmo was wont to discourse with Ficini, Politian, and the princely Mirandula on the ideas of will, God, freedom. So Philip Sidney, the star of serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, communed with Spenser on the idea of the beautiful; and the younger Algernon—soldier, patriot, and statesman—with Harrington, Milton, and Nevil on the idea of the State: and in what sense it may be more truly affirmed, that the People, that is, the component particles of the body politic, at any moment existing as such, are in order to the State, than that the State exists for the sake of the People.

As to the present use of the word.

Dr. Holofernes, in a lecture on metaphysics, delivered at one of the Mechanics' Institutions, explodes all ideas but those of sensation; and his friend, Deputy Costard, has no idea of a better flavored haunch of venison than he dined off at the London Tavern last week. He admits (for the Deputy has travelled) that the French have an excellent idea of cooking in general; but holds that their most accomplished *maîtres de cuisine* have no more idea of dressing a turtle than the Parisian *gourmands* themselves have any real idea of the true taste and color of the fat.

D. Consequences exemplified. A state of nature, or the Ouran Outang theology of the origin of the human race, substituted for the first ten chapters of the Book of Genesis; rights of nature for the duties and privileges of citizens; idealess facts, misnamed proofs from history, grounds of experience, and the like, for principles and the insight derived from them. Our state-policy a Cyclops with one eye, and that in the back of the head; our measures become either a series of anachronisms, or a truckling to events instead of the science, that should command them; for all true insight is foresight. (Take as documents, the measures of the British Cabinet from the Boston Port-Bill, March, 1774; but particularly from 1789 to the Union with Ireland, and the Peace of Amiens.) Meantime, behold the true historical feeling, the immortal life of the nation, generation linked to generation by faith, freedom, heraldry, and ancestral fame, languishing, and giving place to the superstitions of wealth and newspaper reputation.

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E. Talents without genius: a swarm of clever, well-informed men: an anarchy of minds, a despotism of maxims. Hence despotism of finance in government and legislation—of vanity and sciolism in the intercourse of life—of presumption, temerity, and hardness of heart in political economy.

F. The guess-work of general consequences substituted for moral and political philosophy, and its most familiar exposition adopted as a text-book in one of the Universities, and cited as authority in the Legislature. Hence *plebs pro senatu populoque;* and the wealth of the nation (that is, of the wealthy individuals thereof), and the magnitude of the revenue mistaken for the well-being of the people.

G. Gin consumed by paupers to the value of about eighteen millions yearly: government by clubs of journeymen; by saint and sinner societies, committees, institutions; by reviews, magazines, and, above all, by newspapers; lastly, crimes quadrupled for the whole country, and in some counties decupled.

Concluding address to the Parliamentary leaders of the Liberalists and Utilitarians.

I respect the talents of many, and the motives and character of some, among you too sincerely to court the scorn which I anticipate. But neither shall the fear of it prevent me from declaring aloud, and as a truth which I hold it the disgrace and calamity of a professed statesman not to know and acknowledge, that a permanent, nationalized, learned order, a national Clerisy or Church is an essential element of a rightly constituted nation, without which it wants the best security alike for its permanence and its progression; and for which neither tract societies nor conventicles, nor Lancasterian schools, nor mechanics' institutions, nor lecture-bazaars under the absurd name of universities, nor all these collectively, can be a substitute. For they are all marked with the same asterisk of spuriousness, show the same distemper-spot on the front, that they are empirical specifics for morbid symptoms that help to feed and continue the disease.

But you wish for general illumination: you would spur-arm the toes of society: you would enlighten the higher ranks *per ascensum ab imis.* You begin, therefore, with the attempt to popularize science: but you will only effect its plebification. It is folly to think of making all, or the many, philosophers, or even men of science and systematic knowledge. But it is duty and

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wisdom to aim at making as many as possible soberly and steadily religious; inasmuch as the morality which the State requires in its citizens for its own well-being and ideal immortality, and without reference to their spiritual interest as individuals, can only exist for the people in the form of religion. But the existence of a true philosophy, or the power and habit of contemplating particulars in the unity and fontal mirror of the idea,—this in the rulers and teachers of a nation is indispensable to a sound state of religion in all classes. In fine, religion, true or false, is and ever has been the centre of gravity in a realm, to which all other things must and will accommodate themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUBJECT RESUMED, NAMELY, THE PROPER AIMS AND CHARACTERISTIC DIRECTIONS AND CHANNELS OF THE NATIONALTY.—THE BENEFITS OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH IN TIME PAST.—THE PRESENT BENEFICIAL INFLUENCES AND WORKINGS OF THE SAME.

THE deep interest which, during the far larger portion of my life since early manhood, I have attached to these convictions has, I perceive, hurried me onwards as in a rush from the letting forth of accumulated waters by the sudden opening of the sluice gates. It is high time that I should return to my subject. And I have no better way of taking up the thread of my argument than by re-stating my opinion, that our eighth Henry would have acted in correspondence with the great principles of our constitution, if, having restored the original balance on both sides, he had determined the Nationalty to the following objects: 1st, to the maintenance of the Universities and the great liberal schools: 2dly, to the maintenance of a pastor and schoolmaster in every parish: 3dly, to the raising and keeping in repair of the churches, schools, and other buildings of that kind; and, lastly, to the maintenance of the proper, that is, the infirm poor, whether from age or sickness: one of the original purposes of the national reserve being the alleviation of those evils, which in the best forms of worldly States must arise, and must have been foreseen as arising,

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from the institution of individual properties and primogeniture. If these duties were efficiently performed, and these purposes adequately fulfilled, the very increase of the population (which would, however, by these very means have been prevented from becoming a vicious population) would have more than counterbalanced those savings in the expenditure of the Nationalty occasioned by the detachment of the practitioners of Law, Medicine, and the like from the national clergy. That this transfer of the national reserve from what had become national evils to its original and inherent purpose of national benefits, instead of the sacrilegious alienation which actually took place—that this was impracticable, is historically true: but no less true is it philosophically, that this impracticability,—arising wholly from moral causes, that is, from loose manners and corrupt principles—does not rescue this wholesale sacrilege from deserving the character of the first and deadliest wound inflicted on the constitution of the kingdom: which term, constitution, in the body politic, as in bodies natural, expresses not only what has been actually evolved from, but likewise whatever is potentially contained in, the seminal principle of the particular body, and would in its due time have appeared but for emasculation or disease. Other wounds, by which indeed the constitution of the nation has suffered, but which more immediately concern the constitution of the Church, I shall perhaps find another place to mention.

The mercantile and commercial class, in which I here comprise all the four classes that I have put in antithesis to the landed order, the guardian and depository of the permanence of the realm, as more characteristically conspiring to the interests of its progression, the improvement and general freedom of the country—this class, as I have already remarked, in the earlier states of the constitution existed but as in the bud. Yet during all this period of potential existence, or what we may call the minority of the burgess order, the National Church was the substitute for the most important national benefits resulting from the same. The National Church presented the only breathing-hole of hope. The Church alone relaxed the iron fate by which feudal dependency, primogeniture, and entail would otherwise have predestined every native of the realm to be lord or vassal. To the Church alone could the nation look for the benefits of existing knowledge, and for the means of future civilization. Lastly, let it never be

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forgotten, that under the fostering wing of the Church the class of free citizens and burghers were reared. To the feudal system we owe the forms, to the Church the substance, of our liberty. I mention only two of many facts that would form the proof and comment of the above; first, the origin of towns and cities in the privileges attached to the vicinity of churches and monasteries, and which, preparing an asylum for the fugitive vassal and oppressed franklin, thus laid the first foundation of a class of freemen detached from the land;—secondly, the holy war, which the national clergy, in this instance faithful to their national duties, waged against slavery and villenage, and with such success, that in the reign of Charles II., the law* which declare every native of the realm free by birth had merely to sanction an *opus jam consummatum*. Our Maker has distinguished man from the brute that perishes, by making hope first an instinct of his nature, and, secondly, an indispensable condition of his moral and intellectual progression:

> For every gift of noble origin
> Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

But a natural instinct constitutes a right, as far as its gratification is compatible with the equal rights of others. And this principle may be expanded and applied to the idea of the National Church.

Among the primary ends of a State (in that highest sense of the word, in which it is equivalent to the nation, considered as one body politic, and therefore including the National Church), there are two, of which the National Church (according to its idea) is the especial and constitutional organ and means. The one is, to secure to the subjects of the realm, generally, the hope, the chance of bettering their own or their children's condition. And though during the last three or four centuries, the National Church has found a most powerful surrogate and ally for the effectuation of this great purpose in her former wards and foster-

* The Author means the Act passed at the Restoration, 12 C. II. c. 24. "And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villenage was virtually abolished (though copyholds were preserved) by the statute of Charles II., there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation," &c. Blackstone ii. c. vi. 96.—*Ed.*

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children, that is, in trade, commerce, free industry, and the arts; yet still the Nationalty, under all its defalcations, continues to feed the higher ranks by drawing up whatever is worthiest from below, and thus maintains the principle of hope in the humblest families, while it secures the possessions of the rich and noble. This is one of the two ends. The other is, to develop in every native of the country those faculties, and to provide for every native that knowledge and those attainments, which are necessary to qualify him for a member of the State, the free subject of a civilized realm. I do not mean those degrees of moral and intellectual cultivation which distinguish man from man in the same civilized society, much less those that separate the Christian from the this-worldian; but those only that constitute the civilized man in contra-distinction from the barbarian, the savage, and the animal.

I have now brought together all that seemed requisite to put the intelligent reader in full possession of (what I believe to be) the right idea of the National Clergy, as an estate of the realm. But I can not think my task finished without an attempt to rectify the too frequent false feeling on this subject, and to remove certain vulgar errors—errors, alas! not confined to those whom the world call the vulgar. *Ma nel mondo non è se non volgo*, says Machiavel. I shall make no apology, therefore, for interposing between the preceding statements and the practical conclusion from them the following paragraph extracted from a work long out of print,* and of such very limited circulation that I might have stolen from myself with little risk of detection, had it not been my wish to show that the convictions expressed in the preceding pages are not the offspring of the moment, brought forth for the present occasion; but an expansion of sentiments and principles publicly avowed in the year 1817.

Among the numerous blessings of the English Constitution, the introduction of an established Church makes an especial claim on the gratitude of scholars and philosophers; in England, at least, where the principles of Protestantism have conspired with the freedom of the government to double all its salutary powers by the removal of its abuses.

That the maxims of a pure morality, and those sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found hard to

* Biog. Lit.—*Ed.*

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learn and more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as common-place; this is a fact which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading desk. Yet he who should confine the efficiency of an established Church to these can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a *nucleus*, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate, imitation; this inobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant Church Establishment, this it is which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with a faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, can not estimate at too high a price. *It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.* The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbor and family-man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich-landholder while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness or at best of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamors of the farmers against Church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergymen would inevitably at the next renewal of the lease be paid to the landholder, while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the Church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family that may have a member educated for the Church or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being foreclosed and immovable, it is, in fact, the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert? But I have yet to expect the proof that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by

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forcing the latter to become either Trullibers or salaried placemen. Nay, I do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion that whatever reason of discontent the farmers may assign, the true cause is that they may cheat the parson but can not cheat the steward: and that they are disappointed if they should have been able to withhold only two pounds less than the legal claim, having expected to withhold five.

CHAPTER IX.

PRACTICAL CONCLUSION: WHAT UNFITS FOR, AND WHAT EXCLUDES FROM, THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

THE Clerisy, or National Church, being an estate of the realm, the Church and State, with the King as the sovereign head of both, constituting the body politic, the State in the larger sense of the word, or the nation dynamically considered (*ἐν δυνάμει κατὰ πνεῦμα*, that is, as an ideal, but not the less actual and abiding, unity); and in like manner, the Nationalty being one of the two constitutional modes or species, of which the common wealth of the nation consists; it follows by immediate consequence, that of the qualifications and preconditions for the trusteeship, absolutely to be required of the order collectively, and of every individual person as the conditions of his admission into this order, and of his capability of the usufruct or life-interest of any part or parcel of the Nationalty, the first and most indispensable, that without which all others are null and void, is, that the national Clergy and every member of the same from the highest to the lowest, shall be fully and exclusively citizens of the State, neither acknowledging the authority, nor within the influence, of any other state in the world;—full and undistracted subjects of this kingdom, and in no capacity, and under no pretences, owning any other earthly sovereign or visible head but the King, in whom alone the majesty of the nation is apparent, and by whom alone the unity of the nation in will and in deed is symbolically expressed and impersonated.

The full extent of this first and absolutely necessary qualifica-

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tion will be best seen in stating the contrary, that is, the absolute disqualifications, the existence of which in any individual, and in any class or order of men, constitutionally incapacitates such individual and class or order from being inducted into the national trust: and this on a principle so vitally concerning the health and integrity of the body politic, as to render the voluntary transfer of the Nationalty, whole or in part, direct or indirect, to an order notoriously thus disqualified, a foul treason against the most fundamental rights and interests of the realm, and of all classes of its citizens and free subjects, the individuals of the very order itself, as citizens and subjects, not excepted. Now there are two things, and but two, which evidently and predeterminably disqualify for this great trust: the first absolutely; and the second,—which in its collective operation, and as an attribute of the whole class, would, of itself, constitute the greatest possible unfitness for the proper ends and purposes of the National Church, as explained and specified in the preceding paragraphs, and the heaviest drawback from the civilizing influence of the national Clergy in their pastoral and parochial character—the second, I say, by implying the former, becomes likewise an absolute ground of disqualification. It is scarcely necessary to add, what the reader will have anticipated, that the first absolute disqualification is allegiance to a foreign power: the second, the abjuration—under the command and authority of this power, and as by the rule of their order its professed lieges (*alligati*)—of that bond, which more than all other ties connects the citizen with his country; which beyond all other securities affords the surest pledge to the State for the fealty of its citizens, and that which (when the rule is applied to any body or class of men, under whatever name united, where the number is sufficiently great to neutralize the accidents of individual temperament and circumstances) enables the State to calculate on their constant adhesion to its interests, and to rely on their faith and singleness of heart in the due execution of whatever public or national trust may be assigned to them.

But I shall, perhaps, express the nature of this security more adequately by the negative. The marriage tie is a bond the preclusion of which by an antecedent obligation, that overrules the accidents of individual character and is common to the whole order, deprives the State of a security with which it can not dis-

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pense. I will not say that it is a security which the State may rightfully demand of all its adult citizens, competently circumstanced, by positive enactment: though I might shelter the position under the authority of the great publicists and state lawyers of the Augustan age, who, in the *Lex Papia Poppæa** enforced anew a principle common to the old Roman Constitution with that of Sparta. But without the least fear of confutation, though in the full foresight of vehement contradiction, I do assert that the State may rightfully demand of any number of its subjects united in one body or order the absence of all customs, initiative vows, covenants and by-laws in that order, precluding the members of such body collectively and individually from affording this security. In strictness of principle, I might here conclude the sentence, though as it now stands it would involve the assertion of a right in the State to suppress any order confederated under laws so anti-civic. But I am no friend to any rights that can be disjoined from the duty of enforcing them. I therefore at once confine and complete the sentence thus:—The State not only possesses the right of demanding, but is in duty bound to demand, the above as a necessary condition of its intrusting to any order of men, and to any individual as a member of a known order, the titles, functions, and investments of the National Church.

But if any doubt could attach to the proposition, whether thus stated or in the perfectly equivalent converse, that is, that the existence and known enforcement of the injunction or prohibitory by-law, before described, in any order or incorporation constitutes an *à priori* disqualification for the trusteeship of the Nationalty, and an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of such an order or of any members of the same as a national Clergy,—such doubt will be removed, as soon as this injunction, or vow exacted and given, or whatever else it may be, by which the members of the order, collectively and as such, incapacitate themselves from affording this security for their full, faithful, and unbiassed application of a national trust to its proper and national purposes, is found in conjunction with, and aggravated by, the three following circumstances: First, that this incapacitation originates in, and forms part of, the allegiance of the order to a foreign sov-

* A.U.C. 762.—*inditi custodes, et lege Papia Poppæa præmiis inducti, ut, si a privilegiis parentum cessaretur, velut parens omnium populus vacantia teneret.* Tac. Ann. iii. 28.—*Ed.*

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ereignty: secondly, that it is notorious that the canon or prescript, on which it is grounded, was first enforced on the secular clergy universally, after long and obstinate reluctation on their side, and on that of their natural sovereigns in the several realms, to which as subjects they belonged; and that it is still retained in force, and its revocation inflexibly refused, as the direct and only adequate means of supporting that usurped and foreign sovereignty, and of securing by virtue of the expatriating and insulating effect of its operation the devotion and allegiance of the order* to their visible head and sovereign: and thirdly, that the operation of the interdict precludes one of the most constant and influential ways and means of promoting the great paramount end of a National Church, the progressive civilization of the community.

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

And now let me conclude these preparatory notices by compressing the sum and substance of my argument into this one sentence. Though many things may detract from the comparative fitness of individuals or of particular classes for the trust and functions of the Nationalty, there are only two absolute disqualifications: and these are, allegiance to a foreign power, or the acknowledgment of any other visible head of the Church, but our sovereign lord the King: and compulsory celibacy in connection with, and in dependence on, a foreign and extra-national head.

* For the fullest and ablest exposition of this point, I refer to the Rev. Joseph Blanco White's "Practical and Internal Evidence against Catholicism," and to that admirable work, "*Riforma d'Italia*," written by a professed and apparently sincere Roman Catholic, a work which well merits translation. I know no work so well fitted to soften the prejudices against the theoretical doctrines of the Latin Church, and to deepen our reprobation of what it actually, and practically is in all countries where the expediency of keeping up appearances, as in Protestant neighborhoods, does not operate.

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CHAPTER X.

ON THE KING AND THE NATION.

A TREATISE? why, the subjects might, I own, excite some apprehension of the sort. But it will be found like sundry Greek treatises among the tinder-rolls of Herculaneum, with titles of as large promise, somewhat largely and irregularly abbreviated in the process of unrolling. In fact, neither my purpose nor my limits permit more than a few hints which may prepare the reader for some of the positions assumed in the second part of this volume.

Of the King with the two Houses of Parliament, as constituting the State (in the especial and antithetic sense of the word) I have already spoken: and what remains is only to determine the proper and legitimate objects of its superintendence and control. On what is the power of the State rightfully exercised? Now, I am not arguing in a court of law; and my purpose would be grievously misunderstood if what I say should be taken as intended for an assertion of the fact. Neither of facts, nor of statutory and demandable rights do I speak: but exclusively of the State according to the idea. And in accordance with the idea of the State, I do not hesitate to answer that the legitimate objects of its power comprise all the interests and concerns of the propriétage, both landed and personal, and whether inheritably vested in the lineage or in the individual citizen; and these alone. Even in the lives and limbs of the lieges the King, as the head and arm of the State, has an interest of property: and in any trespass against them the King appears as plaintiff.

The chief object, for which men, who from the beginning existed as a social bond, first formed themselves into a state and on the social super-induced the political relation, was not the protection of their lives but of their property. The natural man is too proud an animal to admit that he needs any other protection for his life than what his own courage and that of his clan can

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bestow. Where the nature of the soil and climate has precluded all property but personal, and admitted that only in its simplest forms, as in Greenland for instance,—there men remain in the domestic state and form neighborhoods, not governments. And in North America the chiefs appear to exercise government in those tribes only which possess individual landed property. Among the rest the chief is the general, a leader in war; not a magistrate. To property and to its necessary inequalities must be referred all human laws, that would not be laws without and independent of any conventional enactment; that is, all State-legislation.*

Next comes the King, as the head of the National Church or Clerisy, and the protector and supreme trustee of the Nationalty: the power of the same in relation to its proper objects being exercised by the King and the Houses of Convocation, of which, as before of the State, the King is the head and arm. And here if it had been my purpose to enter at once on the development of this position, together with the conclusions to be drawn from it, I should need with increased earnestness remind the reader that I am neither describing what the National Church now is, nor determining what it ought to be. My statements respect the idea alone as deduced from its original purpose and ultimate aim: and of the idea only must my assertions be understood. But the full exposition of this point is not necessary for the appreciation of the late Bill which is the subject of the following part of the volume. It belongs indeed to the chapter with which I had intended to conclude this volume, and which, should my health permit, and the circumstances warrant it, it is still my intention to let follow the present work—namely, my humble contribution toward an answer to the question, What is to be done now? For the present, therefore, it will be sufficient, if I recall to the reader's recollection that formerly the national Clerisy, in the two Houses of Convocation duly assembled and represented, taxed themselves. But as to the proper objects, on which the authority of the Convocation with the King as its head was to be exercised,—these the reader will himself without difficulty decipher by referring to what has been already said respecting the proper and distinguishing ends and purposes of a National Church.

* See The Friend, II. p. 185.—*Ed.*

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I pass, therefore, at once to the relations of the Nation, or the State in the larger sense of the word, to the State especially so named, and to the Crown. And on this subject again I shall confine myself to a few important, yet, I trust, not common nor obvious, remarks respecting the conditions requisite or especially favorable to the health and vigor of the realm. From these again I separate those, the nature and importance of which can not be adequately exhibited but by adverting to the consequences which have followed their neglect or inobservance, reserving them for another place: while for the present occasion I select two only; but these, I dare believe, not unworthy the name of political principles, or maxims, that is, *regulæ quæ inter maximas numerari merentur.* And both of them forcibly confirm and exemplify a remark, often and in various ways suggested to my mind, that with, perhaps, one* exception, it would be difficult in the whole compass of language to find a metaphor so commensurate, so pregnant, or suggesting so many points of elucidation, as that of body politic, as the exponent of a State or Realm. I have little admiration for the many-jointed similitudes of Flavel, and other finders of moral and spiritual meanings in the works of art and nature, where the proportion of the likeness to the difference not seldom reminds me of the celebrated comparison of the morning twilight to a boiled lobster.† But the correspondence between the body politic and the body natural holds even in the detail of application. Let it not, however, be supposed that I expect to derive any proof of my positions from this analogy. My object in thus prefacing them is answered, if I have shown cause for the use of the physiological terms by which I have sought to render my meaning intelligible.

The first condition then required, in order to a sound constitution of the body politic, is a due proportion of the free and permeative life and energy of the nation to the organized powers brought within containing channels. What those vital forces that seem to bear an analogy to the imponderable agents, magnetic, or galvanic, in bodies inorganic, if indeed, they are not the same in a higher energy and under a different law of action—what these, I say, are in the living body in distinction from the

* That namely of the WORD (*John* i. 1) for the Divine Alterity; the *Deus Alter et Idem* of Philo; *Deitas Objectiva.*

† Hudibras, pt. ii. c. 2, v. 29.—*Ed.*

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fluids in the glands and vessels—the same, or at least holding a like relation, are the indeterminable, but yet actual, influences of intellect, information, prevailing principles and tendencies (to which we must add the influence of property, or income, where it exists without right of suffrage attached thereto), to the regular, definite, and legally recognized powers in the body politic. But as no simile runs on all four legs (*nihil simile est idem*), so here the difference in respect of the body politic is, that in sundry instances the former, that is, the permeative, species of force is capable of being converted into the latter, of being as it were organized and rendered a part of the vascular system, by attaching a measured and determinate political right or privilege thereto.

What the exact proportion, however, of the two kinds of force should be, it is impossible to predetermine. But the existence of a disproportion is sure to be detected sooner or later by the effects. Thus: the ancient Greek democracies, the hot-beds of art, science, genius, and civilization, fell into dissolution from the excess of the former, the permeative power deranging the functions, and by explosions shattering the organic structures, which they should have enlivened. On the contrary, the Republic of Venice fell by the contrary extremes. For there all political power was confined to the determinate vessels, and these becoming more and more rigid, even to an ossification of the arteries, the State, in which the people were nothing, lost all power of resistance *ad extra*.

Under this head, in short, there are three possible sorts of malformation to be noticed. The first is, the adjunction or concession of direct political power to personal force and influence, whether physical or intellectual, existing in classes or aggregates of individuals, without those fixed or tangible possessions, freehold, copyhold, or leasehold, in land, house, or stock. The power resulting from the acquisition of knowledge or skill, and from the superior development of the understanding is, doubtless, of a far nobler kind than mere physical strength and fierceness; the one being peculiar to the animal man, the other common to him with the bear, the buffalo, and the mastiff. And if superior talents, and the mere possession of knowledges, such as can be learned at Mechanics' Institutions, were regularly accompanied with a will in harmony with the reason, and a consequent subordination of

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the appetites and passions to the ultimate ends of our being;—if intellectual gifts and attainments were infallible signs of wisdom and goodness in the same proportion, and the knowing and clever were always rational;—if the mere facts of science conferred or superseded the softening humanizing influences of the moral world, that habitual presence of the beautiful or the seemly, and that exemption from all familiarity with the gross, the mean, and the disorderly, whether in look or language, or in the surrounding objects, in which the main efficacy of a liberal education consists;—and if, lastly, these acquirements and powers of the understanding could be shared equally by the whole class, and did not, as by a necessity of nature they ever must do, fall to the lot of two or three in each several group, club, or neighborhood;—then, indeed, by an enlargement of the Chinese system, political power might not unwisely be conferred as the *honorarium* or privilege on having passed through all the forms in the national schools, without the security of political ties, without those fastenings and radical fibres of a collective and registrable property, by which the citizen inheres in and belongs to the commonwealth, as a constituent part either of the Proprietage, or of the Nationalty; either of the State or of the National Church. But as the contrary of all these suppositions may be more safely assumed, the practical conclusion will be—not that the requisite means of intellectual development and growth should be withholden from any native of the soil, which it was at all times wicked to wish, and which it would be now silly to attempt: but that the gifts of the understanding whether the boon of a genial nature, or the reward of more persistent application, should be allowed fair play in the acquiring of that proprietorship, to which a certain portion of political power belongs as its proper function. For in this way there is at least a strong probability that intellectual power will be armed with political power, only where it has previously been combined with and guarded by the moral qualities of prudence, industry, and self-control. And this is the first of the three kinds of mal-organization in a state;—namely, direct political power without cognizable possession.

The second is, the exclusion of any class or numerous body of individuals, who have notoriously risen into possession, and the influence inevitably connected with known possession, under pretence of impediments that do not directly or essentially affect the

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character of the individuals as citizens, or absolutely disqualify them for the performance of civic duties. Imperfect, yet oppressive and irritating, ligatures these that peril the trunk, the circulating current of which they would withhold, even more than the limb which they would fain excommunicate.

The third and last is, a gross incorrespondency, in relation to our own country, of the proportion of the antagonist interests of the body politic in the representative body, in the two Houses of Parliament, to the actual proportion of the same interests and of the public influence exerted by the same in the nation at large. Whether in consequence of the gradual revolution which has transferred to the *magnates* of the landed interest so large a portion of that borough representation which was to have been its counterbalance; whether the same causes which have deranged the *equilibrium* of the landed and the *moneyed interests in the

* *Moneyed*, used arbitrarily, as in preceding pages the words, *Personal* and *Independent*, from my inability to find any one self-interpreting word, that would serve for the generic name of the four classes, on which I have stated the interest of progression more especially to depend, and with it the freedom which is the indispensable condition and propelling force of all national progress: even as the counter-pole, the other great interest of the body politic, its permanency, is more especially committed to the landed order, as its natural guardian and depository. I have therefore had recourse to the convenient figure of speech, by which a conspicuous part or feature of a subject is used to express the whole; and the reader will be so good as to understand, that the moneyed order in this place comprehends and stands for the commercial, manufacturing, distributive, and professional classes of the community.

Only a few days ago, an accident placed in my hand a work of which, from my very limited opportunities of seeing new publications, I had never before heard,—Mr. Crawfurd's History of the Indian Archipelago—the work of a wise as well as of an able and well-informed man. Need I add that it was no ordinary gratification to find that in respect of certain prominent positions, maintained in this volume, I had unconsciously been fighting behind the shield of one whom I deem it an honor to follow. But the sheets containing the passages having been printed off, I avail myself of this note to insert the sentences from Mr. Crawfurd's History, rather than lose the confirmation which a coincidence with so high an authority has produced on my own mind, and the additional weight which my sentiments will receive in the judgment of others. The first of the two extracts the reader will consider as annexed to pp. 39, 40 of this volume; the second to the paragraph (p. 76) on the protection of property, as the end chiefly proposed in the formation of a fixed government, quoted from a work of my own, published ten or eleven years before the appearance of Mr. Crawfurd's

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Legislature have not likewise deranged the balance between the two unequal divisions of the landed interest itself, namely, the Major Barons, or great land-owners, with or without title, and the great body of the agricultural community, and thus given to the real or imagined interests of the comparatively few the imposing name of the interest of the whole, the landed interest;—these are questions, to which the obdurate adherence to the jail-crowding game-laws (which during the reading of the Litany, I have sometimes been tempted to include, by a sort of *sub intelligé*, in the petitions—*from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness; from battle, murder, and sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us!*) to which the old corn-laws, and the exclusion of the produce of our own colonies from our distilleries, during the war, against the earnest recommendation of the government; the retention of the statutes against usury, and other points of minor importance or of less safe handling, may seem at a first view to suggest an answer in the affirmative; but which, for reasons before assigned, I shall leave unresolved, content if only I have made the principle itself intelligible.

The following anecdote, for I have no means of ascertaining its truth, and no warrant to offer for its accuracy, I give not as a fact in proof of an overbalance of the landed interest, but as an indistinctly remembered hearsay, in elucidation of what is meant by the words. Some eighteen or twenty years ago—for so long I

History, which I notice in order to give the principle in question that probability of its being grounded in fact, which is derived from the agreement of two independent minds. The first extract Mr. Crawfurd introduces by the remark that the possession of wealth, derived from a fertile soil, encouraged the progress of absolute power in Java. He then proceeds—

EXTRACT I.

The devotion of a people to agricultural industry, by rendering themselves more tame and their property more tangible, went still farther towards it: for wherever agriculture is the principal pursuit, there it may certainly be reckoned, that the people will be found living under an absolute government.—Vol. iii. p. 24.

EXTRACT II.

In cases of murder, no distinction is made (in the ancient laws of the Indian Islanders) between wilful murder and chance-medley. It is the loss, which the family or tribe sustains, that is considered, and the pecuniary compensation was calculated to make up that loss.—Ib. p. 128.

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think it must have been, since the circumstance was first related to me—my illustrious (alas! I must add, I fear, my late) friend, Sir Humphrey Davy, at Sir Joseph Banks's request, analyzed a portion of an East Indian import, known by the names of cutch, and *terra Japonica;* but which he ascertained to be a vegetable extract, consisting almost wholly of pure tannin: and further trials, with less pure specimens, still led to the conclusion that the average product would be seven parts in ten of the tanning principle. This discovery was *communicated to the trade; and on inquiry made at the India House, it was found that this cutch could be prepared in large quantities, and imported at a price which, after an ample profit to the importers, it would very well answer the purposes of the tanners to give. The trade itself, too, was likely to be greatly benefited and enlarged by being rendered less dependent on particular situations; while the reduction of

* And (if I recollect right, though it was not from him, that I received the anecdote) by a friend of Sir Humphrey's, whom I am proud to think my friend likewise, and by an elder claim:[1]—a man whom I have seen now in his harvest-field, or the market, now in a committee-room with the Rickmans and Ricardos of the age; at another time with Davy, Wollaston, and the Wedgewoods; now with Wordsworth, Southey, and other friends not unheard of in the republic of letters; now in the drawing-rooms of the rich and the noble, and now presiding at the annual dinner of a village benefit society; and in each seeming to be in the very place he was intended for, and taking the part to which his tastes, talents, and attainments gave him an admitted right. And yet this is not the most remarkable, not the individualizing, trait of my friend's character. It is almost overlooked in the originality and raciness of his intellect; in the life, freshness and practical value of his remarks and notices, truths plucked as they are growing, and delivered to you with the dew on them, the fair earnings of an observing eye armed and kept on the watch by thought and meditation; and above all, in the integrity or entireness of his being (*integrum et sine cera vas*), the steadiness of his attachments, and the activity and persistency of a benevolence, which so graciously pressed a warm temper into the service of a yet warmer heart and so lights up the little flaws and imperfections, incident to humanity in its choicest specimens, that were their removal at the option of his friends (and few have, or deserve to have so many), not a man among them but would vote for leaving him as he is.

This is a note digressive; but, as the height of the offence is, that the garnish is too good for the dish, I shall confine my apology to a confession of the fault.

[1] The late excellent Thomas Poole of Nether Stowey, Somerset.—*Ed.*

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the price at which it could be offered to the foreign consumer, acting in conjunction with the universally admitted superiority of the English leather, might be reasonably calculated on as enabling us to undersell our foreign rivals in their own markets. Accordingly, an offer was made on the part of the principal persons interested in the leather trade to purchase, at any price below the sum that had been stated to them as the highest or extreme price, as large a quantity as it was probable that the Company would find it feasible or convenient to import in the first instance. Well! the ships went out, and the ships returned, again and again: and no increase in the amount of the said *desideratum* appearing among the imports, enough only being imported to meet the former demand of the druggists, and (it is whispered) of certain ingenious transmuters of Bohea into Hyson, —my memory does not enable me to determine whether the inquiry into the occasion of this disappointment was made, or whether it was anticipated by a discovery that it would be useless. But it was generally understood that the tanners had not been the only persons, whose attention had been drawn to the qualities of the article, and the consequences of its importation; and that a very intelligible hint had been given to persons of known influence in Leadenhall-street, that in case any such importation were allowed, the East India Company must not expect any support from the landed interest in Parliament at the next renewal, or motion for the renewal of their Charter. The East India Company might reduce the price of bark, one half or more; and the British navy, and the grandsons of our present senators, might thank them for thousands and myriads of noble oaks, left unstript in consequence—this may be true; but no less true is it, that the free merchants would soon reduce the price of good tea in the same proportion, and monopolists ought to have a feeling for each other.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE RELATIONS OF THE POTENTIAL TO THE ACTUAL.—THE OMNIPOTENCE OF PARLIAMENT;—OF WHAT KIND.

So much in explanation of the first of the two conditions* of the health and vigor of a body politic: and far more, I must confess, than I had myself reckoned on. I will endeavor to indemnify the reader by despatching the second in a few sentences, which could not so easily have been accomplished without the explanations given in the preceding paragraphs. For as we have found the first condition in the due proportion of the free and permeative life of the state to the powers organized, and severally determined by their appropriate containing or conducting nerves, or vessels; the second condition is a due proportion of the potential, that is, latent or dormant power to the actual power. In the first condition, both powers alike are awake and in act. The balance is produced by the polarization of the actual power, that is, the opposition of the actual power organized to the actual power free and permeating the organs. In the second, the actual power, *in toto*, is opposed to the potential. It has been frequently and truly observed that in England, where the ground plan, the skeleton, as it were, of the government is a monarchy, at once buttressed and limited by the aristocracy (the assertions of its popular character finding a better support in the harangues and theories of popular men, than in state-documents and the records of clear history), a far greater degree of liberty is, and long has been, enjoyed than ever existed in the ostensibly freest, that is, most democratic commonwealths of ancient or of modern times;—greater, indeed, and with a more decisive predominance of the spirit of freedom than the wisest and most philanthropic statesmen of antiquity, or than the great Commonwealth's-men (the stars of that narrow interspace of blue sky between the black

* See *ante*, p. 78.—*Ed.*

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clouds of the first and second Charles's reigns), believed compatible, the one with the safety of the State, the other with the interests of morality.

Yes! for little less than a century and a half Englishmen have collectively and individually lived and acted with fewer restraints on their free agency than the citizens of any known* republic, past or present. The fact is certain. It has been often boasted of, but never, I think, clearly explained. The solution must, it is obvious, be sought for in the combination of circumstances, to which we owe the insular privilege of a self-evolving Constitution: and the following will, I think, be found the main cause of the fact in question. Extremes meet—an adage of inexhaustible exemplification. A democratic republic and an absolute monarchy agree in this; that, in both alike, the nation or people delegates its whole power. Nothing is left obscure, nothing suffered to remain in the idea, unevolved and only acknowledged as an existing, yet indeterminable right. A Constitution such states can scarcely be said to possess. The whole will of the body politic is in act at every moment. But in the Constitution of England according to the idea (which in this instance has demonstrated its actuality by its practical influence, and this too though counter-worked by fashionable errors and maxims, that left their validity behind in the law-courts, from which they were borrowed) the nation has delegated its power, not without measure and circumscription, whether in respect of the duration of the trust, or of the particular interests intrusted.

The omnipotence of Parliament, in the mouth of a lawyer, and understood exclusively of the restraints and remedies within the competence of our law-courts, is objectionable only as bombast. It is but a puffing pompous way of stating a plain matter of fact. Yet in the times preceding the Restoration even this was not universally admitted. And it is not without a fair show of reason that the shrewd and learned author of "The Royalist's Defence,"

* It will be thought, perhaps, that the United States of North America should have been excepted. But the identity of stock, language, customs, manners, and laws scarcely allows me to consider this an exception: even though it were quite certain both that it is and that it will continue such. It was, at all events, a remark worth remembering, which I once heard from a traveller (a prejudiced one, I must admit), that where every man may take liberties, there is little liberty for any man;—or, that where every man takes liberties, no man can enjoy any.

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printed in the year 1648 (a tract of 172 pages, small quarto, from which I now transcribe), thus sums up his argument and evidences :

" Upon the whole matter clear it is, the Parliament itself (that is, the King, the Lords, and Commons) although unanimously consenting, are not boundless : the Judges of the realm by the fundamental law of England have power to determine which Acts of Parliaments are binding and which void," p. 48.—That a unanimous declaration of the Judges of the realm that any given Act of Parliament was against right reason and the fundamental law of the land (that is, the constitution of the realm), would render such Act null and void, was a principle that did not want defenders among the lawyers of elder times. And in a state of society in which the competently informed and influential members of the community (the national Clerisy not included), scarcely perhaps trebled the number of the members of the two Houses, and Parliaments were so often tumultuary congresses of a victorious party rather than representatives of the State, the right and power here asserted might have been wisely vested in the judges of the realm : and with at least equal wisdom, under change of circumstances, has the right been suffered to fall into abeyance. " Therefore let the potency of Parliament be that highest and uttermost, beyond which a court of law looketh not : and within the sphere of the Courts *quicquid Rex cum Parliamento voluit, fatum sit!*"

But if the strutting phrase be taken, as from sundry recent speeches respecting the fundamental institutions of the realm it may be reasonably inferred that it has been taken, that is, absolutely, and in reference, not to our courts of law exclusively, but to the nation, to England with all her venerable heir-looms, and with all her germs of reversionary wealth,—thus used and understood, the omnipotence of Parliament is an hyperbole that would contain mischief in it, were it only that it tends to provoke a detailed analysis of the materials of the joint-stock company, to which so terrific an attribute belongs, and the competence of the shareholders in this earthly omnipotence to exercise the same. And on this head the observations and descriptive statements given in the fifth chapter of the old tract, just cited, retain all their force ; or if any have fallen off, their place has been abundantly filled up by new growths. The degree and sort of knowl-

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edge, talent, probity, and prescience, which it would be only too easy, were it not too invidious, to prove from acts and measures presented by the history of the last half-century, are but scant measure even when exerted within the sphere and circumscription of the constitution, and on the matters properly and peculiarly appertaining to the State according to the idea;—this portion of moral and mental endowment placed by the side of the *plusquam*-gigantic height and amplitude of power, implied in the unqualified use of the phrase, omnipotence of Parliament, and with its dwarfdom intensified by the contrast, would threaten to distort the countenance of truth itself with the sardonic laugh of irony.*

The non-resistance of successive generations has ever been, and with evident reason, deemed equivalent to a tacit consent, on the part of the nation, and as finally legitimating the act thus acquiesced in, however great the dereliction of principle, and breach of trust, the original enactment may have been. I hope, therefore, that without offence I may venture to designate the Septennial Act as an act of usurpation, tenfold more dangerous to the true liberty of the nation than the pretext for the measure, namely, the apprehended Jacobite leaven from a new election, was at all likely to have proved: and I repeat the conviction which I have expressed in reference to the practical suppression of the Convocation, that no great principle was ever invaded or trampled on, that did not sooner or later avenge itself on the country, and even on the governing classes themselves, by the consequence of the precedent. The statesman who has not learned this from history has missed its most valuable result, and might in my opinion as profitably, and far more delightfully, have devoted his hours of study to Sir Walter Scott's Novels.†

* I have not in my possession the morning paper in which I read it, or I should with great pleasure transcribe an admirable passage from the present King of Sweden's Address to the Storthing, or Parliament of Norway, on the necessary limits of Parliamentary power, consistently with the existence of a constitution. But I can with confidence refer the reader to the speech, as worthy of an Alfred. Every thing indeed that I have heard or read of this sovereign, has contributed to the impression on my mind, that he is a good and a wise man, and worthy to be the king of a virtuous people, the purest specimen of the Gothic race.

† This would not be the first time that these fascinating volumes had been recommended as a substitute for history—a ground of recommenda-

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But I must draw in my reins. Neither my limits permit, nor does my present purpose require, that I should do more than exemplify the limitation resulting from that latent or potential power, a due proportion of which to the actual powers I have stated as the second condition of the health and vigor of a body politic, by an instance bearing directly on the measure which in the following section I am to aid in appreciating, and which was the occasion of the whole work. The principle itself,—which, as not contained within the rule and compass of law, its practical manifestations being indeterminable and inappreciable *à priori*, and then only to be recorded as having manifested itself, when the predisposing causes and the enduring effects prove the unific mind and energy of the nation to have been in travail; when they have made audible to the historian that voice of the people which is the voice of God;—this principle, I say (or the power, that is the subject of it), which by its very essence existing and working as an idea only, except in the rare and predestined epochs of growth and reparation, might seem to many fitter matter for verse than for sober argument,—I will, by way of compromise, and for the amusement of the reader, sum up in the rhyming prose of an old Puritan poet, consigned to contempt by Mr. Pope, but whose writings, with all their barren flats and dribbling common-place, contain nobler principles, profounder truths, and more that is properly and peculiarly poetic, than are to be found in his own works.* The passage in question, however, I found occupying the last page on a flying-sheet of four leaves, entitled *England's Misery and Remedy, in a judicious*

tion, to which I could not conscientiously accede; though some half-dozen of these Novels, with a perfect recollection of the contents of every page, I read over more often in the course of a year than I can honestly put down to my own credit.

* If it were asked whether I consider the works of the one of equal value with those of the other, or hold George Withers to be as great a writer as Alexander Pope,—my answer would be that I am as little likely to do so, as the querist would be to put no greater value on a highly wrought vase of pure silver from the hand of a master, than of an equal weight of copper ore that contained a small per centage of separable gold scattered through it. The reader will be pleased to observe that in the passage here cited, the "State" is used in the largest sense, and as synonymous with the realm, or entire body politic, including Church and State in the narrower and special sense of the latter term.

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Letter from an Utter-Barrister to his Special Friend, concerning Lieut-Col. Lilburne's Imprisonment in Newgate; and I beg leave to borrow the introduction, together with the extract, or that part at least, which suited my purpose.

"Christian Reader, having a vacant place for some few lines, I have made bold to use some of Major George Withers his verses out of *Vox Pacifica, page* 199.

"Let not your King and Parliament in one,
Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
Which is most worthy to be thought upon:
Nor think they are, essentially, the State.
Let them not fancy, that th' authority
And privileges upon them bestown,
Conferr'd are to set up a majesty,
A power, or a glory, of their own!
But let them know, 'twas for a deeper life,
Which they but represent——
That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veil'd tho' it be, than Parliament and King."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRECEDING POSITION EXEMPLIFIED.—THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE CORONATION OATH, IN RESPECT OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH.—IN WHAT ITS MORAL OBLIGATION CONSISTS.—RECAPITULATION.

And here again the "Royalist's Defence" furnishes me with the introductory paragraph: and I am always glad to find in the words of an elder writer, what I must otherwise have said in my own person—*otium simul et auctoritatem.*

"All Englishmen grant, that arbitrary power is destructive of the best purposes for which power is conferred: and in the preceding chapter it has been shown, that to give an unlimited authority over the fundamental laws and rights of the nation, even to the King and two Houses of Parliament jointly, though nothing so bad as to have this boundless power in the King alone, or in the Parliament alone, were nevertheless to deprive Englishmen of the security from arbitrary power, which is their birth-right.

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"Upon perusal of former statutes it appears, that the members of both Houses have been frequently drawn to consent, not only to things prejudicial to the Commonwealth, but (even in matters of greatest weight), to alter and contradict what formerly themselves had agreed to, and that, as it happened to please the fancy of the present Prince, or to suit the passions and interests of a prevailing faction. Witness the statute by which it was enacted that the proclamation of King Henry VIII. should be equivalent to an Act of Parliament; another declaring both Mary and Elizabeth bastards; and a third statute empowering the King to dispose of the Crown of England by will and testament. Add to these the several statutes in the times of King Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, setting up and pulling down each other's religion, every one of them condemning even to death the profession of the one before established."—*Royalist's Defence*, p. 41.

So far my anonymous author, evidently an old Tory lawyer of the genuine breed, too enlightened to obfuscate and incense-blacken the shrine, through which the kingly idea should be translucent, into an idol to be worshiped in its own right; but who, considering both the reigning Sovereign and the Houses, as limited and representative functionaries, thought he saw reason, in some few cases, to place more confidence in the former than in the latter; while there were points, which he wished as little as possible to trust to either. With this experience, however, as above stated (and it would not be difficult to increase the catalogue), can we wonder that the nation grew sick of Parliamentary religions;—or that the idea should at last awake and become operative, that what virtually concerned their humanity and involved yet higher relations than those of the citizen to the State, duties more awful, and more precious privileges, while yet it stood in closest connection with all their civil duties and rights, as their indispensable condition and only secure ground—that this was not a matter to be voted up or down, off or on, by fluctuating majorities;—that it was too precious an inheritance to be left at the discretion of an omnipotency which had so little claim to omniscience? No interest this of a single generation, but an entailed boon too sacred, too momentous, to be shaped and twisted, pared down or plumped up, by any assemblage of Lords, Knights, and Burgesses for the time being;—men perfectly

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competent, it may be, to the protection and management of those interests in which, as having so large a stake, they may be reasonably presumed to feel a sincere and lively concern, but who, the experience of ages might teach us, are not the class of persons most likely to study or feel a deep concern in the interests here spoken of, in either sense of the term Church;—that is, whether the interests be of a kingdom *not of the world*, or those of an estate of the realm, and a constituent part, therefore, of the same system with the State, though as the opposite pole. The results at all events have been such, whenever the representatives of the one have assumed the direct control of the other, as gave occasion long ago to the rhyming couplet, quoted as proverbial by Luther:—

Cum mare siccatur, cum Dæmon ad astra levatur,
Tunc clero laicus fidus amicus erit.

But if the nation willed to withdraw the religion of the realm from the changes and revolutions incident to whatever is subjected to the suffrages of the representative assemblies, whether of the State or of the Church, the trustees of the Proprietage or those of the Nationalty, the first question is, how this reservation is to be declared and by what means to be effected? These means, the security for the permanence of the established religion, must, it may be foreseen, be imperfect; for what can be otherwise that depends on human will? but yet it may be abundantly sufficient to declare the aim and intention of the provision. Our ancestors did the best it was in their power to do. Knowing by recent experience that multitudes never blush, that numerous assemblies, however respectably composed, are not exempt from temporary hallucinations and the influences of party passion; that there are things, for the conservation of which—

Men safelier trust to heaven, than to themselves,
When least themselves, in storms of loud debate,
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them, when returned.

Knowing this, our ancestors chose to place their reliance on the honor and conscience of an individual, whose comparative height, it was believed, would exempt him from the gusts and shifting

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currents that agitate the lower region of the political atmosphere. Accordingly, on a change of dynasty they bound the person, who had accepted the crown in trust,—bound him for himself and his successors by an oath to refuse his consent (without which no change in the existing law can be effected) to any measure subverting or tending to subvert the safety and independence of the National Church, or which exposed the realm to the danger of a return of that foreign usurper, misnamed spiritual, from which it had with so many sacrifices emancipated itself. However unconstitutional therefore the royal *veto* on a Bill presented by the Lords and Commons may be deemed in all ordinary cases, this is clearly an exception. For it is no additional power conferred on the King; but a limit imposed on him by the constitution itself for its own safety. Previously to the ceremonial act, which announces him the only lawful and sovereign head of both the Church and the State, the oath is administered to him religiously as the representative person and crowned majesty of the nation. Religiously, I say;—for the mind of the nation, existing only as an idea, can act distinguishably on the ideal powers alone—that is, on the reason and conscience.

It only remains then to determine what it is to which the Coronation oath obliges the conscience of the King. And this may be best done by considering what in reason and in conscience the nation had a right to impose. Now that the nation had a right to decide for the King's conscience and reason, and for the reason and conscience of all his successors, and of his and their counsellors and ministers, laic and ecclesiastic, on questions of theology, and controversies of faith,—for example, that it is not allowable in directing our thoughts to a departed Saint, the Virgin Mary for instance, to say, *Ora pro nobis, beata Virgo*, though there might, peradventure, be no harm in saying, *Oret pro nobis, precor, beata Virgo;* whether certain books are to be holden canonical; whether the text, *They shall be saved as through fire*, refers to a purgatorial process in the body, or during the interval between its dissolution and the day of judgment; whether the words, *This is my body*, are to be understood literally, and if so, whether it is by consubstantiation with, or transubstantiation of, bread and wine; and that the members of both Houses of Parliament, together with the Privy Councillors and all the Clergy, shall abjure and denounce the theory last mentioned—this I ut-

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terly deny. And if this were the whole and sole object and intention of the oath, however large the number might be of the persons who imposed or were notoriously favorable to the imposition, so far from recognizing the nation in their collective number, I should regard them as no other than an aggregate of intolerant mortals, from bigotry and presumption forgetful of their fallibility, and not less ignorant of their own rights than callous to those of succeeding generations. If the articles of faith therein disclaimed and denounced were the substance and proper intention of the oath, and not to be understood, as in all common sense they ought to be, as temporary marks, because the known accompaniments, of other and legitimate grounds of disqualification; and which only in reference to these, and only as long as they implied their existence, were fit objects of political interference; it would be as impossible for me, as for the late Mr. Canning, to attach any such sanctity to the Coronation oath as should prevent it from being superannuated in times of clearer light and less heat. But that these theological articles, and the open profession of the same by a portion of the King's subjects as parts of their creed, are not the evils which it is the true and legitimate purpose of the oath to preclude, and which constitute and define its obligation on the royal conscience; and what the real evils are, that do indeed disqualify for offices of national trust, and give the permanent obligatory character to the engagement —this,—in which I include the exposition of the essential characters of the Christian or Catholic Church; and of a very different Church, which assumes the name; and the application of the premisses to an appreciation on principle of the late Bill, now the law of the land,—will occupy the remaining portion of the volume.

And now I may be permitted to look back on the road we have passed: in the course of which, I have placed before the reader a small part indeed of what might, on a suitable occasion, be profitably said; but it is all that for my present purpose I deem it necessary to say respecting three out of the five themes that were to form the subjects of the first part of this little work. But let me avail myself of the pause to repeat my apology to the reader for any *extra* trouble I may have imposed on him, by employing the same term, the State, in two senses; though I flatter myself I have in each instance so guarded it as to leave

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scarcely the possibility that a moderately attentive reader should understand the word in one sense, when I had meant it in the other, or confound the State as a whole and comprehending the Church, with the State as one of the two constituent parts, and in contra-distinction from the Church.

BRIEF RECAPITULATION.

First then, I have given briefly, but, I trust, with sufficient clearness, the right idea of a State, or body politic; the word State being here synonymous with a constituted realm, kingdom, commonwealth, or nation; that is, where the integral parts, classes, or orders are so balanced, or interdependent, as to constitute, more or less, a moral unit, an organic whole; and as arising out of the idea of a State, I have added the idea of a Constitution, as the informing principle of its coherence and unity. But in applying the above to our own kingdom (and with this qualification the reader is requested to understand me as speaking in all the following remarks), it was necessary to observe, and I willingly avail myself of this opportunity to repeat the observation,—that the Constitution, in its widest sense as the constitution of the realm, arose out of, and in fact consisted in, the co-existence of the constitutional State (in the second acceptation of the term) with the King as its head, and of the Church, that is, the National Church, with the King likewise as its head; and lastly of the King, as the head and majesty of the whole nation. The reader was cautioned therefore not to confound it with either of its constituent parts; that he must first master the true idea of each of these severally; and that in the *synopsis* or conjunction of the three the idea of the English constitution, the constitution of the realm, will rise of itself before him. And in aid of this purpose and following this order, I have given according to my best judgment, first, the idea of the State in the second or special sense of the term; of the State-legislature; and of the two constituent orders, the Landed, with its two classes, the Major Barons, and the Franklins; and the Personal, consisting of the mercantile, or commercial, the manufacturing, the distributive and the professional; these two orders corresponding to the two great all-including interests of the State,—the Landed, namely, to the permanence,—the Personal to the progression.

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The possessions of both orders, taken collectively, form the* Proprietage of the realm. In contra-distinction from this, and as my second theme, I have explained (and it being the principal object of this work, more diffusely) the Nationalty, its Nature and purposes, and the duties and qualifications of its trustees and functionaries. In the same sense in which I at once oppose and conjoin the Nationalty to the Proprietage; in the same *antithesis* and conjunction I use and understand the phrase, Church and State. Lastly, I have essayed to determine the constitutional idea of the Crown, and its relations to the nation, to which I have added a few sentences on the relations of the nation to the State.

To the completion of this first part of my undertaking, two subjects still remain to be treated of—and to each of these I shall devote a small section; the title of the first being, "On the idea of the Christian Church;" that of the other, "On a third Church;" the name of which I withhold for the present, in the expectation of deducing it by contrast from the contra-distinguishing characters of the former.

* To convey his meaning precisely is a debt which an Author owes to his readers. He therefore who, to escape the charge of pedantry, will rather be misunderstood than startle a fastidious critic with an unusual term, may be compared to the man who should pay his creditor in base or counterfeit coin, when he had gold or silver ingots in his possession, to the precise amount of the debt; and this under the pretence of their unshapeliness and want of the mint impression.

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IDEA OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

"We (said Luther) tell our God plainly: If he will have his Church, then he must look how to maintain and defend it; for we can neither uphold nor protect it. And well for us, that it is so! For in case we could, or were able to defend it, we should become the proudest asses under heaven. Who is the Church's protector, that hath promised to be with her to the end, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her? Kings, Diets, Parliaments, Lawyers? Marry, no such cattle."—*Luther's Table Talk with additions.—Ed.*

THE practical conclusion from our inquiries respecting the origin and idea of the National Church, the paramount end and purpose of which is the continued and progressive civilization of the community (*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*), was this: that though many things may be conceived of a tendency to diminish the fitness of particular men, or of a particular class, to be chosen as trustees and functionaries of the same; though there may be many points more or less adverse to the perfection of the establishment; there are yet but two absolute disqualifications: namely, allegiance to a foreign power, or an acknowledgment of any other visible head of the Church but our sovereign lord the King; and compulsory celibacy in connection with, and dependence on, a foreign and extra-national head. I now call the reader to a different contemplation, to the idea of the Christian Church.

Of the Christian Church, I say, not of Christianity. To the ascertainment and enucleation of the latter, of the great redemptive process which began in the separation of light from Chaos (*Hades*, or the indistinction) and has its end in the union of life with God, the whole summer and autumn and now commenced winter of my life have been dedicated. *Hic labor, hoc opus est*, on which alone I rest my hope that I shall be found not to have lived altogether in vain. Of the Christian Church only, and of this no further than is necessary for the distinct understanding

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of the National Church, it is my purpose now to speak: and for this purpose it will be sufficient to enumerate the essential characters by which the Christian Church is distinguished.

I.—The Christian Church is not a kingdom, realm (*royaume*), or state (*sensu latiori*), of the world, that is, of the aggregate or total number of the kingdoms, states, realms, or bodies politic (these words being, as far as the present argument is concerned, perfectly synonymous), into which civilized man is distributed; and which, collectively taken, constitute the civilized world. The Christian Church, I say, is no state, kingdom, or realm of this world; nor is it an estate of any such realm, kingdom, or state; but it is the appointed opposite to them all collectively—the sustaining, correcting, befriending opposite of the World; the compensating counterforce to the inherent* and inevitable evils and defects of the State, as a State, and without reference to its better or worse construction as a particular state; while whatever is beneficent and humanizing in the aims, tendencies, and proper objects of the State, the Christian Church collects in itself as in a *focus*, to radiate them back in a higher quality; or to change the metaphor, it completes and strengthens the edifice of the State, without interference or commixture, in the mere act of laying and securing its own foundations. And for these services the Church of Christ asks of the State neither wages nor dignities. She asks only protection and to be let alone. These indeed she demands; but even these only on the ground that there is nothing in her constitution or in her discipline inconsistent with the interests of the State, nothing resistent or impedimental to the State in the exercise of its rightful powers, in the fulfilment of its appropriate duties, or in the effectuation of its legitimate objects. It is a fundamental principle of all legis-

* It is not without pain that I have advanced this position, without the accompanying proofs and documents which it may be thought to require, and without the elucidations which I am sure it deserves; but which are precluded alike by the purpose and the limits of the present work. I will, however, take this opportunity of earnestly recommending to such of my readers as understand German, Lessing's *Ernst und Falk: Gespräche für Freymäurer*. They will find it in vol. vii. of the Leipsic edition of Lessing's Works. I know no finer example of the point, elegance, and exquisite, yet effortless, precision and consciousness of Lessing's philosophic and controversial writings. I remember nothing that is at once like them, and equal to them, but the Provincial Letters of Pascal.

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lation, that the State shall leave the largest portion of personal free agency to each of its citizens, that is compatible with the free agency of all, and not subversive of the ends of its own existence as a state. And though a negative, it is a most important distinctive, character of the Church of Christ, that she asks nothing for her members as Christians, which they are not already entitled to demand as citizens and subjects.

II.—The Christian Church is not a secret community. In the once current (and well worthy to be re-issued) terminology of our elder divines, it is objective in its nature and purpose, not mystic or subjective, that is, not like reason or the court of conscience, existing only in and for the individual. Consequently the Church here spoken of is not *the kingdom of God which is within, and which cometh not with observation*,* but is most observable,—*a city built on a hill*, and not to be hid—an institution consisting of visible and public communities. In one sentence it is the Church visible and militant under Christ. And this visibility, this publicity, is its second distinctive character.

III.—The third character reconciles the two preceding and gives the condition, under which their co-existence in the same subject becomes possible. Antagonist forces are necessarily of the same kind. It is an old rule of logic, that only concerning two subjects of the same kind can it be properly said that they are opposites. *Inter res heterogeneas non datur oppositio;* that is, contraries can not be opposites. Alike in the primary and the metaphorical use of the word, rivals (*rivales*) are those only who inhabit the opposite banks of the same stream.

Now, in conformity to the first character, the Christian Church is not to be considered as a counterpole to any particular State, the word being here taken in the largest sense. Still less can it, like the National Clerisy, be opposed to the State in the narrower sense. The Christian Church, as such, has no Nationalty intrusted to its charge. It forms no counter-balance to the collective Heritage of the realm. The phrase, Church and State, has a sense and a propriety in reference to the National Church alone. The Church of Christ can not be placed in this conjunction and *antithesis* without forfeiting the very name of Christian. The true and only contra-position of the Christian Church is to the World. Her paramount aim and object, indeed, is an-

* Luke xvii. 20. 21. See ib. xxi 28, 31.—*Ed.*

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other world, not a world to come exclusively, but likewise another world that now is,* and to the concerns of which alone the epithet spiritual can, without a mischievous abuse of the word, be applied. But as the necessary consequence and accompaniments of the means by which she seeks to attain this especial end, and as a collateral object, it is her office to counteract the evils that result by a common necessity from all bodies politic, the system or aggregate of which is the world. And observe that the *nisus*, or counter-agency, of the Christian Church is against the evil results only, and not (directly, at least, or by primary intention) against the defective institutions that may have caused or aggravated them.

But on the other hand, by virtue of the second character, the Christian Church is to exist in every kingdom and state of the world, in the form of public communities, and is to exist as a real and ostensible power. The consistency of the first and second character depends on, and is fully effected by, the third character of the Church of Christ; namely,—

The absence of any visible head or sovereign, and by the non-existence, nay the utter preclusion, of any local or personal centre of unity, of any single source of universal power. This fact may be thus illustrated. Kepler and Newton, substituting the idea of the infinite for the conception of a finite and determined world, assumed in the Ptolemaic astronomy, superseded and drove out the notion of a one central point or body of the universe. Finding a centre in every point of matter and an absolute circumference nowhere, they explained at once the unity and the distinction that co-exist throughout the creation by focal instead of central bodies: the attractive and restraining power of the sun or focal orb, in each particular system, supposing and resulting from an actual power, present in all and over all, throughout an indeterminable multitude of systems. And this, demonstrated as it has been, by science, and verified by observation, we rightly name the true system of the heavens. And even such is the scheme and true idea of the Christian Church. In the primitive times, and as long as the churches retained the form given them by the Apostles and Apostolic men, every community, or in the words of a Father of the second century (for the pernicious fashion of assimilating the Christian to the Jewish, as afterward to the

* See Appendix to this Treatise.—*Ed.*

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Pagan, ritual by false analogies was almost coeval with the Church itself), every altar had its own bishop, every flock its own pastor, who derived his authority immediately from Christ, the universal Shepherd, and acknowledged no other superior than the same Christ, speaking by his spirit in the unanimous decision of any number of bishops or elders, according to his promise, *Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.**

* Questions of dogmatic divinity do not enter into the purpose of this work; and I am even anxious not to give it a theological character. It is, however, within the scope of my argument to observe that, as may be incontrovertibly proved by other equivalent declarations of our Lord, this promise is not confined to houses of worship and prayer-meetings exclusively. And though I can not offer the same justification for what follows, yet the interest and importance of the subject will, I trust, excuse me if I remark that, even in reference to meetings for divine worship, the true import of these gracious, soul-awing words is too generally overlooked. It is not the comments or harangues of unlearned and fanatical preachers that I have in my mind, but sermons of great and deserved celebrity, and divines whose learning, well-regulated zeal, and sound Scriptural views are as honorable to the Church, as their piety, beneficence, and blameless life, are to the Christian name, when I say that passages occur which might almost lead one to conjecture that the authors had found the words, "I will come and join you," instead of, *I am in the midst of you*,—passages from which it is at least difficult not to infer that they had interpreted the promise, as of a corporal co-presence instead of a spiritual immanence (*ὅτι μένει ἐν ἡμῖν*) as of an individual coming in or down, and taking a place, as soon as the required number of petitioners was completed; as if, in short, this presence, this actuation of the I AM (*εἰμι ἐν μέσῳ αὐτῶν*), were an after-consequence, an accidental and separate result and reward of the contemporaneous and contiguous worshiping—and not the total act itself, of which the spiritual Christ, one and the same in all the faithful, is the originating and perfective focal unity. Even as the physical life is in each limb and organ of the body, all in every part; but is manifested as life, by being one in all and thus making all one: even so with Christ, our spiritual life. He is in each true believer, in his solitary prayer and during his silent communion in the watches of the night, no less than in the congregation of the faithful; but he manifests his indwelling presence more characteristically, with especial evidence, when many, convened in his name, whether for prayer or for council, do through him become one.

I would that these preceding observations were as little connected with the main subject of this volume, as to some they will appear to be. But as the mistaking of symbols and analogies for metaphors has been a main occasion and support of the worst errors in Protestantism; so the understanding the same symbols in a literal or phenomenal sense, notwithstanding the

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Hence the unitive relation of the churches to each other, and of each to all, being equally actual indeed, but likewise equally ideal, that is, mystic and supersensual, as the relation of the

most earnest warnings against it, the most express declarations of the folly and danger of interpreting sensually what was delivered of objects super sensual—this was the rank wilding, on which *the prince of this world*, the lust of power and worldly aggrandizement, was enabled to graft, one by one, the whole branchery of Papal superstition and imposture. A truth not less important might be conveyed by reversing the image;—by representing the Papal monarchy as the stem or trunk circulating a poison-sap through the branches successively grafted thereon, the previous and natural fruit of which was at worst only mawkish and innutritious. Yet among the dogmas or articles of belief that contra-distinguish the Roman from the Reformed Churches, the most important and, in their practical effects and consequences, the most pernicious I can not but regard as refracted and distorted truths, profound ideas sensualized into idols, or at the lowest rate lofty and affecting imaginations, safe while they remained general and indefinite, but debased and rendered noxious by their application in detail; for example, the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, or the sympathy between all the members of the universal Church, which death itself doth not interrupt, exemplified in St. Anthony and the cure of sore eyes, St. Boniface and success in brewing, and other such follies. What the same doctrines now are, used as the pretexts and shaped into the means and implements of priestly power and revenue: or rather, what the whole scheme is of Romish rites, doctrines, institutions, and practices, in their combined and full operation, where it exists in undisputed sovereignty, neither repressed by the prevalence, nor modified by the light, of a purer faith, nor holden in check by the consciousness of Protestant neighbors and lookers-on;—this is a question which can not be kept too distinct from the former. And, as at the risk of passing for a secret favorer of superannuated superstitions, I have spoken out my thoughts of the Roman theology, so, and at a far more serious risk of being denounced as an intolerant bigot, I will declare what, after a two years' residence in exclusively Popish countries, and in situations and under circumstances that afforded more than ordinary means of acquainting myself with the workings and the proceeds of the machinery, was the impression left on my mind as to the effects and influences of the Romish (most un-Catholic) religion,—not as even according to its own canons and authorized decisions it ought to be; but, as it actually and practically exists. This impression, and the convictions grounded thereon, which have assuredly not been weakened by the perusal of Mr. Blanco White's most affecting statements, and by the recent history of Spain and Portugal, I can not convey more satisfactorily to myself than by repeating the answer, which I long since returned to the same question put by a friend, that is to say,—

When I contemplate the whole system, as it affects the great fundamental principles of morality, the *terra firma*, as it were, of our humanity;

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whole Church to its one invisible Head, the Church with and under Christ, as a one kingdom or state, is hidden: while in all its several component monads (the particular visible churches I mean), Cæsar receiving the things that are Cæsar's, and confronted by no rival Cæsar, by no authority, which existing locally, temporally, and in the person of a fellow-mortal, must be essentially of the same kind with his own, notwithstanding any attempt to belie its true nature under the perverted and contradictory name of spiritual, sees only so many loyal groups, who, claiming no peculiar rights, make themselves known to him as Christians, only by the more scrupulous and exemplary performance of their duties as citizens and subjects. And here let me add a few sentences on the use, abuse, and misuse of the phrase, spiritual power. In the only appropriate sense of the words, spiritual power is a power that acts on the spirits of men. Now the spirit of a man, or the spiritual part of our being, is the intelligent will: or (to speak less abstractly) it is the capability, with which the Father of Spirits hath endowed man of being determined to action by the ultimate ends, which the reason alone can present. The understanding, which derives all its materials from the senses, can dictate purposes only, that is, such ends as are in their turn means to other ends. The ultimate ends, by which the will is to be determined, and by which alone the will, not corrupted, *the spirit made perfect*, would be determined, are called, in relation to the reason, moral ideas. Such are the ideas of the eternal, the good, the true, the holy, the idea of God as the absoluteness and reality (or real ground) of all these, or as the

then trace its operation on the sources and conditions of national strength and well-being; and lastly, consider its woful influences on the innocence and sanctity of the female mind and imagination, on the faith and happiness, the gentle fragrancy and unnoticed ever-present verdure of domestic life,—I can with difficulty avoid applying to it what the Rabbins fable of the fratricide Cain, after the curse: that *the firm earth trembled wherever he strode, and the grass turned black beneath his feet.*

Indeed, if my memory does not cheat me, some of the mystic divines, in their fond humor of allegorizing, tell us that in *Gen.* iv. 3–8, is correctly narrated the history of the first apostate Church, that began by sacrificing amiss, impropriating the fruit of *the ground* or temporal possessions under spiritual pretexts; and ended in slaying the shepherd brother who brought *the firstlings of his fold*, holy and without blemish, to the Great Shepherd, and presented them as *new creatures*, before the Lord and Owner of the flocks.

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Supreme Spirit in which all these substantially are, and are one: lastly, the idea of the responsible will itself; of duty, of guilt, or evil in itself without reference to its outward and separable consequences.

A power, therefore, that acts on the appetites and passions, which we possess in common with the beasts, by motives derived from the senses and sensations has no pretence to the name; nor can it without the grossest abuse of the word be called a spiritual power. Whether the man expects the *auto de fe*, the fire and fagots, with which he is threatened, to take place at Lisbon or Smithfield, or in some dungeon in the centre of the earth, makes no difference in the kind of motive by which he is influenced; nor of course in the nature of the power which acts on his passions by means of it. It would be strange indeed if ignorance and superstition, the dense and rank fogs that most strangle and suffocate the light of the spirit in man, should constitute a spirituality in the power which takes advantage of them!

This is a gross abuse of the term, spiritual. The following, sanctioned as it is by custom and statute, yet (speaking exclusively as a philologist and without questioning its legality) I venture to point out as a misuse of the term. Our great Church dignitaries sit in the Upper House of the Convocation as Prelates of the National Church: and as Prelates may exercise ecclesiastical power. In the House of Lords they sit as Barons and by virtue of the baronies which, much against the will of those haughty prelates, our Kings forced upon them: and as such, they exercise a Parliamentary power. As Bishops of the Church of Christ only can they possess, or exercise (and God forbid! I should doubt, that as such, many of them do faithfully exercise) a spiritual power, which neither King can give, nor King and Parliament take away. As Christian Bishops, they are spiritual pastors, by power of the spirits ruling the flocks committed to their charge; but they are temporal Peers and Prelates.

The fourth Character of the Christian Church, and a necessary consequence of the first and third, is its universality. It is neither Anglican, Gallican, nor Roman, neither Latin nor Greek. Even the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England is a less safe expression than the Church of Christ in England: though the Catholic Church in England, or (what would be still better), the Catholic Church under Christ throughout Great Britain and

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Ireland is justifiable and appropriate: for through the presence of its only Head and Sovereign, entire in each and one in all, the Church Universal is spiritually perfect in every true Church, and of course in any number of such Churches, of which from circumstance of place, or the community of country or of language, we have occasion to speak collectively. I have already, here and elsewhere, observed, and scarcely a day passes without some occasion to repeat the observation, that an equivocal term, or a word with two or more different meanings, is never quite harmless. Thus, it is at least an inconvenience in our language that the term church, instead of being confined to its proper sense, kirk, *ædes Kyriacæ*, or the Lord's house, should likewise be the word by which our forefathers rendered the *Ecclesia*, or the ἔκκλητοι, or *evocati*, the called out of the world, named collectively; and likewise our term for the clerical establishment. To the Called at Rome—to the Church of Christ at Corinth, or in Philippi—such was the language of the Apostolic age; and the change since then has been no improvement. The true Church of England is the National Church or Clerisy. There exists, God be thanked! a Catholic and Apostolic Church in England: and I thank God also for the constitutional and ancestral Church of England.

These are the four distinctions, or peculiar and essential marks, by which the Church with Christ as its head is distinguished from the National Church, and separated from every possible counterfeit, that has, or shall have, usurped its name. And as an important comment on the same, and in confirmation of the principle which I have attempted to establish, I earnestly recommend for the reader's perusal the following transcript from Henry More's modest Inquiry, or True Idea of Antichristianism.

"We will suppose some one prelate, who had got the start of the rest, to put in for the title and authority of Universal Bishop: and for the obtaining of this sovereignty, he will first pretend that it is unfit that the visible Catholic Church, being one, should not be united under one visible head, which reasoning, though it makes a pretty show at first sight, will yet, being closely looked into, vanish into smoke. For this is but a quaint concinnity urged in behalf of an impossibility. For the erecting such an office for one man, which no one man in the world is able to perform, implies that to be possible which is indeed impossible.

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Whence it is plain that the head will be too little for the body; which therefore will be a piece of mischievous assymetry or inconcinnity also. No one mortal can be a competent head for that Church which has a right to be Catholic, and to overspread the face of the whole earth. There can be no such head but Christ, who is not mere man, but God in the Divine humanity, and therefore present with every part of the Church, and every member thereof, at what distance soever. But to set some one mortal Bishop over the whole Church, were to suppose that great Bishop of our spirit absent from it, who has promised that he *will be with her to the end of the world.* Nor does the Church Catholic on earth lose her unity thereby. For rather hereby only is or can she be one.*

"Such and so futile is the first pretence. But if this will not serve the turn, there is another in reserve. And notwithstanding the demonstrated impossibility of the thing, still there must be one visible head of the Church universal, the successor and vicar of Christ, for the slaking of controversies, for the determination of disputed points! We will not stop here to expose the weakness of the argument (not alas! peculiar to the sophists of Rome, nor employed in support of Papal infallibility only), that this or that must be, and consequently is, because sundry inconveniences would result from the want of it; and this without considering whether these inconveniences have been prevented or removed by its alleged presence; whether they do not continue in spite of this pretended remedy or antidote; whether these inconveniences were intended by Providence to be precluded, and not rather for wise purposes permitted to continue; and lastly, whether the remedy may not be worse than the disease, like the sugar of lead administered by the empiric, who cured a fever fit by exchanging it for the dead palsy. Passing by this sophism, therefore, it is sufficient to reply that all points necessary are so plain and so widely known, that it is impossible that a Christian, who seeks those aids which the true Head of the Church has promised shall never be sought in vain, should err therein from lack of knowing better. And those who, from defects of head or heart, are blind

* As rationally might it be pretended that it is not the life, the *rector spiritus præsens per totum et in omni parte*, but the crown of the skull, or some one convolute of the brain, that causes and preserves the unity of the body natural.

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to this widely diffused light, and who neither seek nor wish those aids, are still less likely to be influenced by a minor and derivative authority. But for other things, whether ceremonies or conceits, whether matters of discipline or of opinion, their diversity does not at all break the unity of the outward and visible Church, as long as they do not subvert the fundamental laws of Christ's kingdom nor contradict the terms of admission into his Church, nor contravene the essential characters by which it subsists and is distinguished as the Christian Catholic Church."

To these sentiments, borrowed from one of the most philosophical of our learned elder divines, I have only to add an observation as suggested by them ;—that as many and fearful mischiefs have ensued from the confusion of the Christian with the National Church, so have many and grievous practical errors, and much un-Christian intolerance, arisen from confounding the outward and visible Church of Christ, with the spiritual and invisible Church, known only to the Father of all Spirits. The perfection of the former is to afford every opportunity, and to present no obstacle, to a gradual advancement of the latter. The different degrees of progress, the imperfections, errors and accidents of false perspective, which lessen indeed with our advance—our spiritual advance—but to a greater or lesser amount are inseparable from all progression ; these, the interpolated half-truths of the twilight, through which every soul must pass from darkness to the spiritual sunrise, belong to the visible Church as objects of hope, patience, and charity alone.

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ON THE THIRD POSSIBLE CHURCH,

OR THE

CHURCH OF ANTICHRIST.

Ecclesia Cattolica non, ma il Papismo denunciamo, perchè suggerito dal interesse, perchè fortificato dalla menzogna, perchè radicato dal piu abbominevole despotismo, perchè contrario al diritto e ai titoli incommunicabili di Cristo, ed alla tranquillità d'ogni Chiesa e d'ogni Stato.—SPANZOTTI.

Thus, on the depluming of the Pope, every bird had his own feather: in the partage whereof, what he had gotten by sacrilege, was restored to Christ; what by usurpation, was given to the King, the (National) Church and the State; what by oppression, was remitted to each particular Christian.—*Fuller's Church History of Britain, Book* v.

ON THE CHURCH, NEITHER NATIONAL NOR UNIVERSAL.

If our forefathers were annoyed with the cant of over-boiling zeal, arising out of the belief, that the Pope is Antichrist, and likewise (*sexu mutato*) the Harlot of Babylon: we are more endangered by the twaddle of humid charity, which (some years ago at least) used to drizzle, a something between mist and small rain, from the higher region of our Church atmosphere. It was sanctioned, I mean, both in the pulpit and the senate by sundry dignitaries, whose horror of Jacobinism during the then panic of property led them to adopt the principles and language of Laud and his faction. And once more the Church of Rome, in contrast with Protestant dissenters, became "a right dear, though erring sister." And the heaviest charge against the Romish Pontificate was, that the Italian politics and nepotism of a series of Popes had converted so great a good into an intolerable grievance. We were reminded that Grotius and Leibnitz had regarded a visible head of the Catholic Church as most desirable; that they, and with them more than one Primate of our own

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Church, yearned for a conciliating settlement of the differences between the Romish and Protestant Churches; and mainly in order that there might exist really, as well as nominally, a visible head of the Church Universal, a fixt centre of unity. Of course the tenet that the Pope was in any sense the Antichrist predicted by Paul was decried as fanatical and Puritanical cant.

Now it is a duty of Christian charity to presume that the men, who in the present day employ this language, are, or believe themselves to be, Christians; and that they do not privately think that St. Paul, in the two celebrated passages of his First and Second Epistles to the Church at Thessalonica (I. iv. 13–18; II. ii. 1–12), practised a *ruse de guerre*, and meant only by throwing the fulfilment beyond the life of the present generation, and by a terrific detail of the horrors and calamities that were to precede it, to damp the impatience, and silence the objections, excited by the expectation and the delay of our Lord's personal re-appearance. Again: as the persons, of whom I have been speaking, are well-educated men and men of sober minds, it may be safely taken for granted that they do not understand by Antichrist any nondescript monster, or suppose it to be the proper name or designation of some one individual man or devil exclusively. The Christians of the second century, sharing in a delusion that prevailed over the whole Roman Empire, believed that Nero would come to life again, and be Antichrist: and I have been informed that a learned clergyman of our own times, endowed with the gift of prophecy by assiduous study of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, asserts the same thing of Napoleon Bonaparte.

But, as before said, it would be calumnious to attribute such pitiable fanaticism to the parties here in question. And to them I venture to affirm that if by Antichrist be meant—what alone can rationally be meant—a power in the Christian Church, which in the name of Christ, and at once pretending and usurping his authority, is systematically subversive of the essential and distinguishing characters and purposes of the Christian Church: then, if the Papacy, and the Romish hierarchy as far as it is Papal, be not Antichrist, the guilt of schism in its most aggravated form lies on the authors of the Reformation. For nothing less than this could have justified so tremendous a rent in the Catholic Church with all its foreseen most calamitous consequences. And

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so Luther himself thought; and so thought Wicliff before him. Only in the conviction that Christianity itself was at stake,—that the cause was that of Christ in conflict with Antichrist,—could, or did, even the lion-hearted Luther with unquailed spirit avow to himself;—I bring not peace, but a sword into the world.

It is my full conviction, a conviction formed after a long and patient study of the subject in detail;—and if in support of this competence I only add that I have read, and with care, the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas, and compared the system with the statements of Arnauld and Bossuet, the number of those who in the present much-reading, but not very hard-reading, age would feel themselves entitled to dispute my claim, will not, perhaps, be very formidable;—it is, I repeat, my full conviction that the rites and doctrines, the *agenda et credenda*, of the Roman Catholics, could we separate them from the adulterating ingredients combined with, and the use made of, them by the sacerdotal Mamelukes of the Romish monarchy for the support of the Papacy and Papal hierarchy, would neither have brought about, nor have sufficed to justify, the convulsive separation under Leo X. Nay, that if they were fairly, and in the light of a sound philosophy, compared with either of the two main divisions of Protestantism, as it now exists in this country, that is, with the fashionable doctrines and interpretations of the Arminian and Grotian school on the one hand, and with the tenets and language of the modern Calvinists on the other, an enlightened disciple of John and of Paul would be perplexed which of the three to prefer as the least unlike the profound and sublime system he had learned from his great masters. And in this comparison I leave out of view the extreme sects of Protestantism, whether of the frigid or of the torrid zone, Socinian or fanatic.

During the summer of last year, I made the tour of Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine as far as Bergen, and among the few notes then taken, I find the following:—"Every fresh opportunity of examining the Roman Catholic religion on the spot, every new fact that presents itself to my notice, increases my conviction that its immediate basis and the true grounds of its continuance are to be found in the wickedness, ignorance, and wretchedness of the many; and that the producing and continuing cause of this deplorable state is, that it is the interest of the Romish priesthood that so it should remain, as the surest, and, in fact,

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only support of the Papal sovereignty and influence against the civil powers, and the reforms wished for by the more enlightened governments, as well as by all the better informed and wealthier class of Roman Catholics generally. And as parts of the same policy, and equally indispensable to the interests of the Papal Crown, are the ignorance, grossness, excessive number and poverty of the lower ecclesiastics themselves, the religious orders included. When I say the Pope, I understand the Papal hierarchy, which is, in truth, the dilated Pope: and in this sense only, and not of the individual priest or friar at Rome, can a wise man be supposed to use the word."—Cologne, July 2, 1828.

I feel it as no small comfort and confirmation to know that the same view of the subject is taken, the same conviction entertained, by a large and increasing number in the Roman Catholic communion itself, in Germany, France, Italy, and even in Spain; and that no inconsiderable portion of this number consists of men who are not only pious as Christians, but zealous as Roman Catholics; and who would contemplate with as much horror a reform from their Church, as they look with earnest aspirations and desires towards a reform in the Church. Proof of this may be found in the learned work intituled *Disordini morali e politici della Corte di Roma*—evidently the work of a zealous Romanist, and from the ecclesiastical erudition displayed in the volumes, probably a priest. Nay, from the angry aversion with which the foul heresies of those sons of perdition, Luther and Calvin, are mentioned, and his very faint and qualified censure of the persecution of the Albigenses and Waldenses, I am obliged to infer that the writer's attachment to his communion was zealous even to bigotry.

The disorders denounced by him are:—

1. The pretension of the Papacy to temporal power and sovereignty, directly or as the pretended consequence of spiritual dominion; and as furnishing occasion to this, even the retention of the primacy in honor over all other Bishops, after Rome had ceased to be the metropolis of Christendom, is noticed as a subject of regret.

2. The boast of Papal infallibility.

3. The derivation of the Episcopal power from the Papal, and the dependence of Bishops on the Pope, rightly named the evil of a false centre.

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4. The right of exercising authority in other dioceses besides that of Rome.

5. The privilege of reserving to himself the greater causes—*le cause maggiori*.

6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Of conferring any and every benefice in the territory of other Bishops; of exacting the Annates, or First Fruits; of receiving appeals; with the power of subjecting all churches in all parts, to the ecclesiastical discipline of the church of Rome; and lastly, the dispensing power of the Pope.

11. The Pope's pretended superiority to an Ecumenical Council.

12. The exclusive power of canonizing Saints.

Now, of the twelve abuses here enumerated, it is remarkable that ten, if not eleven, are but expansions of the one grievance—the Papal power as the centre, and the Pope as the one visible head and sovereign of the Christian Church.

The writer next enumerates the personal instruments of these abuses:—1. The Cardinals. 2. The excessive number of the priests and other ecclesiastics. 3. The Regulars, Mendicant Orders, Jesuits, and the rest. Lastly, the means employed by the Papacy to found and preserve its usurped power, namely:—

1. The institution of a Chair of Canon Law, in the University of Bologna, the introduction of Gratian's Canons, and the forged decisions. 2. The prohibition of books, wherever published. 3. The Inquisition; and 4. The tremendous power of excommunication;—the last two in their temporal inflictions and consequences equalling, or rather greatly exceeding, the utmost extent of the punitive power exercised by the temporal sovereign and the civil magistrate, armed with the sword of the criminal law.

It is observable that the most efficient of all the means adopted by the Roman Pontiffs, namely, the celibacy of the clergy, is omitted by this writer;—a sufficient proof that he was neither a Protestant nor a philosopher, which in the Italian states, and, indeed, in most Romish Catholic countries, is the name of courtesy for an infidel.

One other remark in justification of the tenet avowed in this chapter, and I shall have said all I deem it necessary to say on the third form of a Church. That erection of a temporal monarch under the pretence of a spiritual authority, which was not possible in Christendom but by the extinction or entrancement of the spirit of Christianity, and which has therefore been only

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partially attained by the Papacy—this was effected in full by Mohammed, to the establishment of the most extensive and complete despotism, that ever warred against civilization and the interests of humanity. And had Mohammed retained the name of Christianity, had he deduced his authority from Christ as his principal, and described his own Khalifate and that of his successors as vicarious, there can be no doubt that to the Mussulman theocracy, embodied in the different Mohammedan dynasties, would belong the name and attributes of Antichrist. But the Prophet of Arabia started out of Paganism an unbaptized Pagan. He was no traitor in the Church, but an enemy from without, who levied war against its outward and formal existence, and is, therefore, not chargeable with apostasy from a faith which he had never acknowledged, or from a Church to which he had never appertained. Neither in the Prophet nor in his system, therefore, can we find the predicted Antichrist, that is, a usurped power in the Church itself, which, in the name of Christ, and pretending his authority, systematically subverts or counteracts the peculiar aims and purposes of Christ's mission; and which, vesting in a mortal his incommunicable headship, destroys and exchanges for the contrary the essential contra-distinguishing marks or characters of his kingdom on earth. But apply it, as Wicliff, Luther,*

* And (be it observed) without any reference to the Apocalypse, the canonical character of which Luther at first rejected, and never cordially received. And without the least sympathy with Luther's suspicions on this head, but on the contrary receiving this sublime poem as the undoubted work of the Apostolic age, and admiring in it the most perfect specimen of symbolic poetry, I am as little disposed to cite it on the present occasion;—convinced as I am and hope shortly to convince others, that in the whole series of its magnificent imagery there is not a single symbol, that can be even plausibly interpreted of either the Pope, the Turks, or Napoleon Bonaparte. Of charges not attaching to the moral character, there are few, if any, that I should be more anxious to avoid than that of being an affecter of paradoxes. But the dread of other men's thoughts shall not tempt me to withhold a truth, which the strange errors grounded on the contrary assumption render important. And in the thorough assurance of its truth I make the assertion, that the perspicuity, and (with singularly few exceptions even for us) the uniform intelligibility, and close consecutive meaning, verse by verse, with the simplicity and grandeur of the plan, and the admirable ordonnance of the parts, are among the prominent beauties of the Apocalypse. Nor do I doubt that the substance and main argument of this drama *sui generis* (the Prometheus of Eschylus comes the nearest to the

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and indeed all the first Reformers did to the Papacy, and Papal hierarchy; and we understand at once the grounds of the great Apostle's premonition, that this Antichrist could not appear till

kind) were supplied by John the Evangelist: though I incline with Eusebius to find the poet himself in John, an Elder of the Church of Ephesus.

It may remove, or at least mitigate, the objections to the palliative language in which I have spoken of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, if I remind the reader that that Church dates its true origin from the Council of Trent. Widely differing from my valued and affectionately respected friend, the Rev. Edward Irving, in his interpretations of the Apocalypse and the Book of Daniel, and no less in his estimation of the latter, and while I honor his courage as a Christian minister, almost as much as I admire his eloquence as a writer, yet protesting against his somewhat too adventurous speculations on the Persons of the Trinity and the Body of our Lord,—I have great delight in extracting from his "*Sermons, Lectures, and Discourses*," vol. iii. p. 870, and declaring my cordial assent to the following just observations: namely,—"that after the Reformation had taken firmer root, and when God had provided a purer Church, the Council of Trent did corroborate and decree into unalterable laws and constitutions of the Church all those impostures and innovations of the Roman See, which had been in a state of uncertainty, perhaps of permission or even of custom; but which every man till then had been free to testify against, and against which, in fact, there never wanted those in each successive generation who did testify. The Council of Trent ossified all those ulcers and blotches which had deformed the Church, and stamped the hitherto much doubted and controverted prerogative of the Pope with the highest authority recognized in the Church." Then first was the Catholic converted and particularized into the Romish Church, the Church of the Papacy.

Not less cordially do I concur with Mr. Irving in his remark in the following page. For I too, "am free to confess and avow moreover, that I believe the soil of the Catholic Church, when Luther arose, was of a stronger mould, fitted to bear forest trees and cedars of God, than the soil of the Protestant Church in the times of Whitfield and Wesley, which (*though sown with the same word*) hath brought forth only stunted undergrowths, and creeping brushwood." I too, "believe, that the faith of the Protestant Church in Great Britain had come to a lower ebb, and that it is even now at a lower ebb, than was the faith of the Papal Church when the Spirit of the Lord was able to quicken in it and draw forth out of it such men as Luther, and Melancthon, and Bullinger, Calvin, Bucer, and Latimer, and Ridley, and a score others whom I might name."

And now, as the conclusion of this long note, let me be permitted to add a word or two of Edward Irving himself. That he possesses my unqualified esteem as a man, is only saying that I know him, and am neither blinded by envy nor bigotry. But my name has been brought into connection with his on points that regard his public ministry; and he himself has publicly distinguished me as his friend on public grounds; and in proof of my confidence in his regard, I have not the least apprehension of forfeiting it by a

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after the dissolution of the Latin empire, and the extinction of the Imperial power in Rome—and the cause why the Bishop of Constantinople, with all imaginable good wishes and disposition

frank declaration of what I think. Well, then! I have no faith in his prophesyings; small sympathy with his fulminations; and in certain peculiarities of his theological system as distinct from his religious principles I can not see my way. But I hold, withal, and not the less firmly for these discrepancies in our moods and judgments, that Edward Irving possesses more of the spirit and purposes of the first Reformers; that he has more of the head and heart, the life, the unction, and the genial power of Martin Luther than any man now alive; yea, than any man of this and the last century. I see in Edward Irving a minister of Christ after the order of Paul; and if the points, in which I think him either erroneous, or excessive and out of bounds, have been at any time a subject of serious regret with me, this regret has arisen principally or altogether from the apprehension of their narrowing the sphere of his influence, from the too great probability that they may furnish occasion or pretext for withholding or withdrawing many from those momentous truths, which the age especially needs, and for the enforcement of which he hath been so highly and especially gifted. Finally, my friend's intellect is too instinct with life, too potential, to remain stationary; and assuming, as every satisfied believer must be supposed to do, the truth of my own views, I look forward with confident hope to a time when his soul shall have perfected her victory over the dead letter of the senses and its apparitions in the sensuous understanding; when the halcyon Ideas shall have alit on the surging sea of his conceptions,

Which then shall quite forget to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

But to return from the personal, for which I have little taste at any time, and the contrary when it stands in any connection with myself;—in order to the removal of one main impediment to the spiritual resuscitation of the Church it seems to me indispensable that in freedom and unfearing faith, with that courage which can not but flow from the inward and life-like assurance, *that neither death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord*, the rulers of our Church and our teachers of theology should meditate and draw the obvious, though perhaps unpalatable, inferences from the following two or three plain truths:—First, that Christ, *the Spirit of Truth*, has promised to be with his Church even to the end:—secondly,—that Christianity was described as a tree to be raised from the seed, so described by Him who brought the seed from Heaven and first sowed it:—lastly,—that in the process of evolution there are in every plant growths of transitory use and duration. "The integuments of the seed, having fulfilled their destined office of protection, burst and decay. After the leaves have unfolded, the cotyledons, that had performed their functions, wither and drop off."[1] The husk is a genuine growth of

[1] Smith's Introduction to Botany.

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to do the same, could never raise the Patriarchate of the Greek empire into a Papacy. The Bishops of the other Rome became the slaves of the Ottoman, the moment they ceased to be the subjects of the Emperor.

I will now proceed to the Second Part, intended as a humble aid to a just appreciation of the measure, which under the auspices of Mr. Peel and the Duke of Wellington is now the law of the land. This portion of the volume was written while the measure was yet *in prospectu;* before even the particular clauses of the Bill were made public. It was written to explain and vindicate my refusal to sign a petition against any change in the scheme of law and policy established at the Revolution. But as the arguments are in no respect affected by this circumstance; nay, as their constant reference to, and dependence on, one fixed general principle, which will at once explain both why I find the actual Bill so much less objectionable than I had feared, and yet so much less complete and satisfactory than I had wished, will be rendered more striking by the reader's consciousness that the arguments were suggested by no wish or purpose either of attacking or supporting any particular measure; it has not been thought necessary or advisable to alter the form. Nay, if I am right in my judgment that the Act lately passed, if characterized by its own contents and capabilities, really is—with or without any such intention on the part of its framers—a stepping-stone, and nothing more; whether to the subversion or to the more perfect establishment of the Constitution in Church and State, must be determined by other causes;—the Act in itself being equally fit for either,—and offering the same facilities of transit to both friend and foe, though with a foreclosure to the first comer;—if this be a right, as it is my sincere judgment and belief, there is a propriety in retaining the language of anticipation. *Mons adhuc parturit:* the *ridiculus mus* was but an omen.

the staff of life; yet we must separate it from the grain. It is, therefore, the cowardice of faithless superstition, if we stand in greater awe of the palpable interpolations of vermin; if we shrink from the removal of excrescences that contain nothing of nobler parentage than maggots of moth or chafer. Let us cease to confound oak-apples with acorns; still less, though gilded by the fashion of the day, let us mistake them for golden pippins or renates.[1]

[1] The fruit from a pippin grafted on a pippin, is called a rennet, that is, renate (*re-natus*) or twice-born.

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PART II.;

OR,

AIDS TO A RIGHT APPRECIATION OF THE ACT

ADMITTING ROMAN CATHOLICS TO SIT IN BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

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'Αμέλει, μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι·
λέξω δ' ὑπὲρ 'Ετερογνωμόνων, ἃ μοι δοκεῖ·
καί τοι δέδοικα πολλά· τούς τε γὰρ τρόπους
-ῆς ξυμπολίτων οἶδα χαίροντας σφόδρα,
ἐάν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογῇ καὶ τὴν πόλιν,
ἀνὴρ ἀλαζών, καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα·
κἀνταῦθα λανθάνουσ' ἀπεμπολώμενοι.

Aristoph. Acharn. 367, *&c.* (*leviter mutata.*)

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I ESTIMATE the beauty and benefit of what is called "a harmony in fundamentals, and a conspiration in the constituent parts of the body politic," as highly as any one. If I met a man who should deny that an *imperium in imperio* was in itself an evil, I would not attempt to reason with him: he is too ignorant. Or if, conceding this, he should deny that the Romish Priesthood in Ireland does in fact constitute an *imperium in imperio*, I yet would not argue the matter with him: for he must be a bigot. But my objection to the argument is, that it is nothing to the purpose. And even so with regard to the arguments grounded on the dangerous errors and superstitions of the Romish Church. They may be all very true; but they are nothing to the purpose. Without any loss they might pair off with "the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo," and "our Catholic ancestors, to whom we owe our Magna Charta," on the other side. If the prevention of an evil were the point in question, then indeed! But the day of prevention has long passed by. The evil exists: and neither rope, sword, nor sermon, neither suppression nor conversion, can remove it. Not that I think slightingly of the last; but even those who hope more sanguinely than I can pretend to do respecting the effects ultimately to result from the labors of missionaries, the dispersion of controversial tracts, and whatever other lawful means and implements it may be in our power to employ—even these must admit that if the remedy could cope with the magnitude and inveteracy of the disease, it is wholly inadequate to the urgency of the symptoms. In this instance it would be no easy matter to take the horse to the water; and the rest of the proverb you know. But why do I waste words? There is and can be but one question: and there is and can be but one way of stating it. A great numerical majority of the inhabitants of one integral part of the realm profess a religion hostile to that professed by the majority of the whole realm: and a religion, too, which the latter regard, and have good reason

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to regard, as equally hostile to liberty and the sacred rights of conscience generally. In fewer words, three fourths of his Majesty's Irish subjects are Roman Catholics, with a Popish priesthood, while three fourths of the sum total of his Majesty's subjects are Protestants. This with its causes and consequences is the evil. It is not in our power, by any immediate or direct means, to effect its removal. The point, therefore, to be determined is: Will the measures now in contemplation be likely to diminish or to aggravate it? And to the determination of this point on the probabilities suggested by reason and experience, I would gladly be aidant, as far as my poor mite of judgment will enable me.

Let us, however, first discharge what may well be deemed a debt of justice from every well-educated Englishman to his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects of the Sister Island. At least, let us ourselves understand the true cause of the evil as it now exists. To what and to whom is the present state of Ireland mainly to be attributed? This should be the question: and to this I answer aloud, that it is mainly attributable to those who, during a period of little less than a whole century, used as a substitute what Providence had given into their hand as an opportunity; who chose to consider as superseding the most sacred duty a code of law, which could have been excused only on the plea that it enabled them to perform it. To the sloth and improvidence, the weakness and wickedness, of the gentry, clergy, and governors of Ireland, who persevered in preferring intrigue, violence, and selfish expatriation to a system of preventive and remedial measures, the efficacy of which had been warranted for them, alike by the whole provincial history of ancient Rome, *cui pacare subactos summa erat sapientia;* and by the happy results of the few exceptions to the contrary scheme unhappily pursued by their and our ancestors.

I can imagine no work of genius that would more appropriately decorate the dome or wall of a Senate-house, than an abstract of Irish history from the landing of Strongbow to the battle of the Boyne, or to a yet later period, embodied in intelligible emblems —an allegorical history-piece designed in the spirit of a Rubens or a Buonarroti, and with the wild lights, portentous shades, and saturated colors of a Rembrandt, Caravaggio, and Spagnoletti. To complete the great moral and political lesson by the historic

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contrast, nothing more would be required, than by some equally effective means to possess the mind of the spectator with the state and condition of ancient Spain, at less than half a century from the final conclusion of an obstinate and almost unremitting conflict of two hundred years by Agrippa's subjugation of the Cantabrians, *omnibus Hispaniæ populis devictis et pacatis*. At the breaking up of the Empire the West Goths conquered the country and made division of the land. Then came eight centuries of Moorish domination. Yet so deeply had Roman wisdom impressed the fairest characters of the Roman mind, that at this very hour, if we except a comparatively insignificant portion of Arabic derivatives, the natives throughout the whole Peninsula speak a language less differing from the *Romana rustica* or provincial Latin of the times of Lucan and Seneca, than any two of its dialects from each other. The time approaches, I trust, when our political economists may study the science of the provincial policy of the ancients in detail, under the auspices of hope, for immediate and practical purposes.

In my own mind I am persuaded that the necessity of the penal and precautionary statutes, passed under Elizabeth and the three succeeding reigns, is to be found as much in the passions and prejudices of the one party as in the dangerous dispositions of the other. The best excuse for this cruel code is the imperfect knowledge and mistaken maxims common to both parties. It is only to a limited extent that laws can be wiser than the nation for which they are enacted. The annals of the first five or six centuries of the Hebrew nation in Palestine present an almost continued history of disobedience, of laws broken or utterly forgotten, of maxims violated, and schemes of consummate wisdom left unfulfilled. Even a yet diviner seed must be buried and undergo an apparent corruption before—at a late period—it shot up and could appear in its own kind. In our judgments respecting actions we must be guided by the idea, but in applying the rule to the agents by comparison. To speak gently of our forefathers is at once piety and policy. Nor let it be forgotten that only by making the detection of their errors the occasion of our own wisdom do we acquire a right to censure them at all.

Whatever may be thought of the settlement that followed the battle of the Boyne and the extinction of the war in Ireland, yet when this had been made and submitted to, it would have been

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the far wiser policy, I doubt not, to have provided for the safety of the Constitution by improving the quality of the elective franchise, leaving the eligibility open, or like the former limited only by considerations of property. Still, however, the scheme of exclusion and disqualification had its plausible side. The ink was scarcely dry on the parchment-rolls and proscription-lists of the Popish Parliament. The crimes of the man were generalized into attributes of his faith; and the Irish Roman Catholics collectively were considered accomplices in the perfidy and baseness of King James. Alas! his immediate adherents had afforded too great color to the charge. The Irish massacre was in the mouth of every Protestant, not as an event to be remembered, but as a thing of recent expectation, fear still blending with the sense of deliverance. At no time, therefore, could the disqualifying system have been enforced with so little reclamation of the conquered party, or with so little outrage on the general feeling of the country. There was no time, when it was so capable of being indirectly useful as a sedative in order to the application of the remedies directly indicated, or as a counter-power reducing to inactivity whatever disturbing forces might have interfered with their operation. And had this use been made of these exclusive laws, and had they been enforced as the precursors and negative conditions, but above all as *bona fide* accompaniments of a process of emancipation, properly and worthily so named, the code would at this day have been remembered in Ireland only as when recalling a dangerous fever of our boyhood we think of the nauseous drugs and drenching-horn, and congratulate ourselves that our doctors now-a-days know how to manage these things less coarsely. But this angry code was neglected as an opportunity, and mistaken for a substitute: *et hinc illæ lacrymæ!*

And at this point I find myself placed again in connection with the main, and which I contend to be the pertinent, question; namely, the evil being admitted, and its immediate removal impossible, is the admission of Roman Catholics into both Houses of the Legislature likely to mitigate or to aggravate it? And here the problem is greatly narrowed by the fact that no man pretends to regard this admissibility as a direct remedy or specific antidote for the disease under which Ireland labors. No! it is to act, we are told, as introductory to the direct remedies. In

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short, this emancipation is to be, like the penal code which it repeals, a sedative, though in the opposite form of an anodyne cordial, that will itself be entitled to the name of a remedial measure in proportion as it shall be found to render the body susceptible of the more direct remedies that are to follow. Its object is to tranquillize Ireland. Safety, peace, and good neighborhood, influx of capital, diminution of absenteeism, industrious habits, and a long train of blessings will follow. But the indispensable condition, the *causa causarum et causatorum*, is general tranquillity. Such is the language held by all the more intelligent advocates and encomiasts of emancipation. The sense of the question therefore is, will the measure tend to produce tranquillity?

Now it is evident that there are two parties to be satisfied, and that the measure is likely to effect this purpose accordingly as it is calculated to satisfy reasonable men of both. Reasonable men are easily satisfied; would they were as numerons as they are pacable! We must, however, understand the word comparatively as including all those on both sides, who, by their superior information, talents, or property, are least likely to be under the dominion of vulgar antipathies, and who may be rationally expected to influence (and in certain cases, and in alliance with a vigorous government, to overrule) the feelings and sentiments of the rest.

Now the two indispensable conditions under which alone the measure can permanently satisfy the reasonable, that is, the satisfiable, of both parties, upon the supposition that in both parties such men exist and that they form the influencive class in both, are these: first, that the Act for the repeal of the exclusive statutes and the admission of Roman Catholics to the full privileges of British subjects shall be grounded on some determinate principle, which involving interests and duties common to both parties as British subjects, both parties may be expected to recognize, and required to maintain inviolable; second, that this principle shall contain in itself an evident, definite, and unchangeable boundary, a line of demarkation, a *ne plus ultra*, which in all reasonable men and lovers of their country shall preclude the wish to pass beyond it, and extinguish the hope of so doing in such as are neither.

But though the measure should be such as to satisfy all rea-

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sonable men, still it is possible that the number and influence of these may not be sufficient to leaven the mass, or to overrule the agitators. I admit this; but instead of weakening what I have here said, it affords an additional argument in its favor. For if an argument satisfactory to the reasonable part should nevertheless fail in securing tranquillity, still less can the result be expected from an arbitrary adjustment that can satisfy no part. If a measure grounded on principle, and possessing the character of an *ultimatum* should still, through the prejudices and passions of one or of both of the parties, fail of success, it would be folly to expect it from a measure that left full scope and sphere to those passions; which kept alive the fears of the one party, while it sharpened the cupidity of the other. With confidence, therefore, I re-assert that only by reference to a principle, possessing the characters above enumerated, can any satisfactory measure be framed, and that if this should fail in producing the tranquillity aimed at, it will be in vain sought in any other.

Again, it is evident that no principle can be appropriate to such a measure, which does not bear directly on the evil to be removed or mitigated. Consequently, it should be our first business to discover in what this evil truly and essentially consists. It is, we know, a compound of many ingredients. But we want to ascertain what the base is that communicates the quality of evil, of political evil, of evil which it is the duty of a statesman to guard against, to various other ingredients, which without the base would have been innoxious; or though evils in themselves, yet evils of such a kind as to be counted by all wise statesmen among the tares, which must be suffered to grow up with the wheat to the close of the harvest, and left for the Lord of the harvest to separate.

Further: the principle, the grounding and directing principle of an effectual enactment, must be one on which a Roman Catholic might consistently vindicate and recommend the measure to Roman Catholics. It must, therefore, be independent of all differences purely theological. And the facts and documents, by which the truth and practical importance of the principle are to be proved or illustrated, should be taken by preference from periods anterior to the division of the Latin Church into Romish and Protestant. It should be such, in short, that an orator might with strict historical propriety introduce the framers and extorters

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of Magna Charta pleading to their Roman Catholic descendants in behalf of the measure grounded on such a principle, and invoking them in the name of the Constitution, over the growth of which they had kept armed watch, and by the sacred obligation to maintain it which they had entailed on their posterity.

This is the condition under which alone I could conscientiously vote, and which being fulfilled, I should most zealously vote for the admission of lay Roman Catholics, not only to both Houses of the Legislature, but to all other offices below the Crown without any exception. Moreover, in the fulfilment of this condition, in the solemn recognition and establishment of a principle having the characters here specified, I find the only necessary security—convinced that this, if acceded to by the Roman Catholic community, would in effect be such, and that any other security will either be hollow, or frustrate the purpose of the Law.

Now this condition would be fulfilled, the required principle would be given, provided that the law for the repeal of the sundry statutes affecting the Roman Catholics were introduced by, and grounded on, a declaration, to which every possible character of solemnity should be given, that at no time and under no circumstances has it ever been, nor can it ever be compatible with the spirit or consistent with the safety of the British Constitution to recognize in the Roman Catholic priesthood, as now constituted, a component Estate of the realm, or persons capable, individually or collectively, of becoming the trustees and usufructuary proprietors of that elective and circulative property, originally reserved for the permanent maintenance of the National Church. And further, it is expedient that the preamble of the Act should expressly declare and set forth that this exclusion of the members of the Romish Priesthood (comprehending all under oaths of canonical obedience to the Pope as their ecclesiastical sovereign) from the trusts and offices of the National Church, and from all participation in the proceeds of the Nationalty, is enacted and established on grounds wholly irrelative to any doctrines received and taught by the Romish Church as articles of faith, and protested against as such by the Churches of the Reformation; but that it is enacted on grounds derived and inherited from our ancestors before the Reformation, and by them maintained and enforced to the fullest extent that the circumstances of the times permitted, with no other exceptions and interruptions than those

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effected by fraud, or usurpation, or foreign force, or the temporary fanaticism of the meaner sort.

In what manner the enactment of this principle should be effected is of comparatively small importance, provided it be distinctly set forth as that great constitutional security, the known existence of which is the ground and condition of the right of the Legislature to dispense with other less essential safeguards of the constitution, not unnecessary, perhaps, at the time of their enactment, but of temporary and accidental necessity. The form, I repeat, the particular mode in which the principle should be recognized, the security established, is comparatively indifferent. Let it only be understood first, as the provision, by the retention of which the Legislature possesses a moral and constitutional right to make the change in question; as that, the known existence of which permits the law to ignore the Roman Catholics under any other name than that of British subjects; and secondly, as the express condition, the basis of a virtual compact between the claimants and the nation, which condition can not be broken or evaded without subverting (morally) the articles and clauses founded thereon.

I do not assert that the provision here stated is an absolute security. My positions are,—first, that it may with better reason and more probability be proposed as such, than any other hitherto devised; secondly, that no other securities can supersede the expediency and necessity of this, but that this will greatly diminish or altogether remove the necessity of any other: further, that without this the present measure can not be rationally expected to produce that tranquillity, which it is the aim and object of the framers to bring about; and lastly, that the necessity of the declaration, as above given, formally and solemnly to be made and recorded, is not evacuated by this pretext, that no one intends to transfer the Church Establishment to the Romish priesthood, or to divide it with them.

One thing, however, it is of importance that I should mention, namely, that the existing state of the elective franchise* in Ire-

* Although, since the text was written, the forty shilling freeholders no longer possess the elective franchise, yet as this particular clause of the Act already has been, and may hereafter be, made a pretext for agitation, the paragraph has been retained, in the belief that its moral uses have not been altogether superseded by the retraction of this most unhappy boon.

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land, in reference to the fatal present of the Union ministry to the landed interest, that true Deianira shirt of the Irish Hercules, is altogether excluded from the theme and purpose of this disquisition. It ought to be considered by the Legislature, abstracted from the creed professed by the great majority of these nominal freeholders. The recent abuse of the influence resulting from this profession should be regarded as an accidental aggravation of the mischief, which displayed rather than constituted its malignity. It is even desirable that it should be preserved separate from the Roman Catholic Question, and in no necessary dependence on the fate of the Bill now on the eve of presentation to Parliament. Whether this be carried or be lost, it will still remain a momentous question, urgently calling for the decision of the Legislature —whether the said extension of the elective franchise has not introduced an uncombining and wholly incongruous ingredient into the representative system, irreconcilable with the true principle of election, and virtually disfranchising the class, to whom, on every ground of justice and of policy, the right unquestionably belongs; under any circumstances overwhelming the voices of the rest of the community; in ordinary times concentering in the great land-owners a virtual monopoly of the elective power; and in times of factious excitement depriving them even of their natural and rightful influence.

These few suggestions on the expediency of revising the state of the representation in Ireland are, I am aware, but a digression from the main subject of the Chapter. But this in fact is already completed, as far as my purpose is concerned. The reasons, on which the necessity of the proposed declaration is grounded, have been given at large in the former part of the volume. Here, therefore, I should end; but that I anticipate two objections of sufficient force to deserve a comment and form the matter of a concluding paragraph.

First, it may be objected that, after abstracting the portion of evil which may be plausibly attributed to the peculiar state of landed property in Ireland, there are evils directly resulting from the Romanism of the most numerous class of the inhabitants, besides that of an extra-national priesthood, and against the political consequences of which the above declaration provides no security. To this I reply, that as no bridge ever did or can possess the demonstrable perfections of the mathematical arch, so

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can no existing State adequately correspond to the idea of a State. In nations and governments the most happily constituted there will be deformities and obstructions, peccant humors and irregular actions, which affect indeed the perfection of the State, but not its essential forms; which retard, but do not necessarily prevent, its progress;—casual disorders which, though they aggravate the growing pains of a nation, may yet, by the vigorous counteraction which they excite, even promote its growth. Inflammation in the extremities and unseemly boils on the surface must not be confounded with exhaustive misgrowths, or the poison of a false life in the vital organs. Nay,—and this remark is of special pertinency to the present purpose—even where the former derive a malignant character from their co-existence with the latter, yet the wise physician will direct his whole attention to the constitutional ailments, knowing that when the source, the *fons et fomes, veneni* is sealed up, the accessories will either dry up of themselves, or, returning to their natural character rank among the infirmities which flesh is heir to; and either admit of a gradual remedy, or where this is impracticable, or when the medicine would be worse than the disease, are to be endured as *tolerabiles ineptiæ*, trials of patience, and occasions of charity. I have here had the State chiefly in view: but a member of the Church in England will to little purpose have availed himself of his free access to the Scriptures, will have read at least the Epistles of St. Paul with a very unthinking spirit, who does not apply the same maxims to the Church of Christ; who has yet to learn that the Church militant is *a floor whereon wheat and chaff are mingled together;* that even grievous evils and errors may exist that do not concern the nature or being of a Church, and that they may even prevail in the particular Church, to which we belong, without justifying a separation from the same, and without invalidating its claims on our affection as a true and living part of the Church Universal. And with regard to such evils we must adopt the advice that Augustine (a man not apt to offend by any excess of charity) gave to the complainers of his day —*ut misericorditer corripiant quod possunt, quod non possunt patienter ferant, et cum delectione lugeant, donec aut emendet Deus, aut in messe eradicet zizania et paleas ventilet.*

Secondly, it may be objected that the declaration, so peremptorily by me required, is altogether unnecessary; that no one

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thinks of alienating the Church property, directly or indirectly; that there is no intention of recognizing the Romish Priests in law, by entitling them as such to national maintenance, or in the language of the day by taking them into the pay of the State: in short, that the National Church is no more in danger than the Christian. And is this the opinion, the settled judgment, of one who has studied the signs of the times? Can the person who makes these assertions, have ever read a certain pamphlet by Mr. Croker?—or the surveys of the counties, published under the authority of the now extinct Board of Agriculture? Or has he heard, or attentively perused, the successive debates in both Houses during the late agitation of the Roman Catholic question? If he have—why then, relatively to the objector, and to as many as entertain the same opinions, my reply is:—the objection is unanswerable.

GLOSSARY TO THE APPENDED DIALOGUE.

As all my readers are not bound to understand Greek, and yet, according to my deepest convictions, the truths set forth in the following combat of wit between the man of reason and the man of the senses have an interest for all, I have been induced to prefix the explanations of the few Greek words, and words minted from the Greek:

Cosmos—world. *Toutos** *cosmos*—this world. *Heteros*—the other, in the sense of opposition to, or discrepancy with, some former; as heterodoxy, in opposition to orthodoxy. *Allos*—an other simply and without precluding or superseding the one before mentioned. *Allocosmite*—a denizen of another world.

Mystes, from the Greek μύω—one who muses with closed lips, as meditating on ideas which may indeed be suggested and awakened, but can not, like the images of sense and the conceptions of the understanding, be adequately expressed by words.

Where a person mistakes the anomalous misgrowths of his own individuality for ideas or truths of universal reason, he may, without impropriety, be called a mystic, in the abusive sense of the

* *Euphoniæ gratia.—Ed.*

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term; though pseudo-mystic or phantast would be the more proper designation. Heraclitus, Plato, Bacon, Leibnitz, were mystics in the primary sense of the term; Iamblichus and his successors, phantasts.

Ἔπεα ζώοντα—living words.—The following words from Plato may be Englished;—"the commune and the dialect of gods with or toward men;" and those attributed to Pythagoras;—"the verily subsistent numbers or powers, the most prescient (or provident) principles of the earth and the heavens."

And here, though not falling under the leading title, Glossary, yet, as tending to the same object of fore-arming the reader for the following dialogue, I transcribe two or three annotations, which I had pencilled (for the book was lent to me by a friend who had himself borrowed it), on the margins of a volume, recently published, and intituled, "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." They will, at least, remind some of my old school-fellows of the habit for which I was even then noted: and for others they may serve, as a specimen of the *Marginalia*, which, if brought together from the various books, my own and those of a score others, would go near to form as bulky a volume as most of those old folios, through which the larger portion of them are dispersed.*

HISTORY OF ENTHUSIASM.

I.

"Whatever is practically important on religion or morals, may at all times be advanced and argued in the simplest terms of colloquial expression."—p. 21.†

NOTE.

I do not believe this. Be it so, however. But why? Simply, because, the terms and phrases of the theological schools have, by their continual iteration from the pulpit, become colloquial. The science of one age becomes the common sense of a succeeding. The author adds—"from the pulpit, perhaps, no other style should at any time be heard." Now I can conceive no more direct means of depriving Christianity of one of its peculiar attributes, that of enriching and enlarging the mind, while it

* See the Author's Literary Remains.—*Ed.*

† 7th edit.

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purifies and in the very act of purifying the will and affections, than the maxim here prescribed by the historian of enthusiasm. From the intensity of commercial life in this country, and from some other less creditable causes, there is found even among our better educated men a vagueness in the use of words, which presents, indeed, no obstacle to the intercourse of the market, but is absolutely incompatible with the attainment or communication of distinct and precise conceptions. Hence in every department of exact knowledge, a peculiar nomenclature is indispensable. The anatomist, chemist, botanist, mineralogist, yea, even the common artisan and the rude sailor discover that "the terms of colloquial expression," are too general and too lax to answer their purposes, and on what grounds can the science of self-knowledge, and of our relations to God and our own spirits, be presumed to form an exception? Every new term expressing a fact, or a difference, not precisely and adequately expressed by any other word in the same language, is a new organ of thought for the mind that has learned it.

II.

"The region of abstract conceptions, of lofty reasonings, of magnificent images, has an atmosphere too subtle to support the health of true piety. * * * In accordance with this, the Supreme * * in his word reveals barely a glimpse of his essential glories. By some naked affirmations we are, indeed, secured against grovelling notions of the divine nature; but these hints are incidental, and so scanty, that every excursive mind goes far beyond them in its conception of the infinite attributes."—p. 26.

NOTE.

By "abstract conceptions" the Author means what I should call ideas, which as such I contra-distinguish from conceptions, whether abstracted or generalized. But it is with his meaning, not with his terms, that I am at present concerned. Now that the personeity of God, the idea of God as the I AM, is presented more prominently in Scripture than the (so called) physical attributes, is most true; and forms one of the distinctive characters of its superior worth and value. It was by dwelling too exclusively on the infinites that the ancient Greek philosophers, Plato excepted, fell into Pantheism, as in later times did Spinoza. "I

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forbid you," says Plato, "to call God the infinite! If you dare name him at all, say rather the measure of infinity." Nevertheless, it would be easy to place *in synopsi* before the Author such a series of Scripture passages as would incline him to retract his assertion. The Eternal, the Omnipresent, the Omniscient, the one absolute Good, the Holy, the Living, the Creator as well as Former of the Universe, the Father of Spirits—can the Author's mind go far beyond these? Yet these are all clearly affirmed of the Supreme One in the Scriptures.

III.

The following pages from p. 26 to p. 36 contain a succession of eloquent and splendid paragraphs on the celestial orders, and the expediency or necessity of their being concealed from us, lest we should receive such overwhelming conceptions of the divine greatness as to render us incapable of devotion and prayer on the Scripture model. "Were it," says the eloquent writer, "indeed permitted to man to gaze upwards from step to step, and from range to range, of these celestial hierarchies, to the lowest steps of the Eternal Throne, what liberty of heart would afterwards be left him in drawing near to the Father of Spirits?" But the substance of these pages will be found implied in the following reply to them.

NOTE.

More weight with me than all this Pelion upon Ossa of imaginary hierarchies has the single remark of Augustine, that there neither are nor can be but three essential differences of being, namely, the absolute, the rational finite, and the finite irrational; that is, God, man, and brute. Besides, the whole scheme is un-Scriptural, if not contra-Scriptural. Pile up winged hierarchies on hierarchies, and outblaze the Cabalists, and Dionysius the Areopagite; yet what a gaudy vapor for a healthful mind is the whole conception (or rather phantasm) compared with the awful hope holden forth in the Gospel, to be one with God in and through the Mediator Christ, even the living, co-eternal Word and Son of God!

But through the whole of this eloquent declamation I find two errors predominate, and both, it appears to me, dangerous errors. First, that the rational and consequently the only true ideas of

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the Supreme Being are incompatible with the spirit of prayer and petitionary pleading taught and exemplified in the Scriptures. Second, that this being the case, and "supplication with arguments and importunate requests" being irrational and known by the supplicant to be such, it is nevertheless a duty to pray in this fashion. In other words, it is asserted that the Supreme Being requires of his rational creatures, as the condition of their offering acceptable worship to him, that they should wilfully blind themselves to the light, which he had himself given them, as the contra-distinguishing character of their humanity, without which they could not pray to him at all; and that drugging their sense of the truth into a temporary doze, they should make believe that they know no better! As if the God of Truth and Father of all lights resembled an oriental or African despot, whose courtiers, even those whom he had himself enriched and placed in the highest rank, are commanded to approach him only in beggars' rags and with a beggarly whine!

I on the contrary find "the Scripture model of devotion," the prayers and thanksgiving of the Psalmist, and in the main of our own Church Liturgy, perfectly conformable to the highest and clearest convictions of my reason. (I use the word in its most comprehensive sense, as comprising both the practical and the intellective, not only as the light but likewise as the life which is the light of man. *John* i. 3.) And I do not hesitate to attribute the contrary persuasion principally to the three following oversights: First (and this is the queen-bee in the hive of error), the identification of the universal reason with each man's individual understanding, subjects not only different but diverse, not only *allo*geneous but *hetero*geneous. Second, the substitution of the idea of the infinite for that of the absolute. Third and lastly, the habit of using the former as a sort of superlative synonyme of the vast or indefinitely great. Now the practical difference between my scheme and that of the Essayist, for whose talents and intentions I feel sincere respect, may perhaps be stated thus:

The Essayist would bring down his understanding to his religion: I would raise up my understanding to my reason, and find my religion in the *focus* resulting from their convergence. We both alike use the same penitential, deprecative and petitionary prayers; I in the full assurance of their congruity with my reason, he in a factitious oblivion of their being the contrary.

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The name of the author* of the Natural History of Enthusiasm is unknown to me and unconjectured. It is evidently the work of a mind at once observant and meditative. And should these notes meet the Author's eye, let him be assured that I willingly give to his genius that respect which his intentions without it would secure for him in the breast of every good man. But in the present state of things, infidelity having fallen into disrepute even on the score of intellect, yet the obligation to show a reason for our faith having become more generally recognized, as reading and the taste for serious conversation have increased, there is a large class of my countrymen disposed to receive, with especial favor, any opinions that will enable them to make a compromise between their new knowledge and their old belief. And with these men the Author's evident abilities will probably render the work a high authority. Now it is the very purpose of my life to impress the contrary sentiments. Hence these notes :—

DIALOGUE BETWEEN DEMOSIUS AND MYSTES.†

My dear ——,

In emptying a drawer of rose-leaf bags, old (but, too many of them) unopened letters, and paper scraps, or brain fritters, I had my attention directed to a sere and ragged half-sheet by a gust of wind, which had separated it from its companions, and whisked it out of the window into the garden.—Not that I went after it. I have too much respect for the numerous tribe, to which it belonged, to lay any restraint on their movements, or to put the Vagrant Act in force against them. But it so chanced that some after-breeze had stuck it on a standard rose-tree, and there I found it, as I was pacing my evening walk alongside the lower ivy-wall, the bristled runners from which threaten to entrap the top branch of the cherry-tree in our neighbor's kitchen-garden. I had been meditating a letter to you, and as I ran my eye over this fly-away tag-rag and bob-tail, and bethought me that it was a by-blow of my own, I felt a sort of fatherly remorse, and yearning toward it, and exclaimed, "If I had a frank for ——, this should help to make up the ounce." It was far too decrepit to travel *per se*—besides that the seal would have

* Mr. Isaac Taylor.—*Ed.*

† See *ante*, p. 100.—*Ed.*

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looked like a single pin on a beggar's coat of tatters—and yet one does not like to be stopped in a kind feeling, which my conscience interpreted as a sort of promise to the said scrap, and therefore (frank or no frank) I will transcribe it. A dog's leaf at the top was worn off, which must have contained, I presume, the syllable Ve—

——— "Rily," quoth *Demosius* of *Toutoscosmos*, Gentleman, to *Mystes* the Allocosmite, "thou seemest to me like an out-of-door patient of St. Luke's wandering about in the rain without cap, hat, or bonnet, poring on the elevation of a palace, not the house that Jack built, but the house that is to be built for Jack, in the suburbs of the city, which his cousin-german, the lynx-eyed Dr. Gruithuisen has lately discovered in the moon. But through a foolish kindness for that face of thine, which whilome belonged to an old school-fellow of the same name with thee, I would get thee shipped off under the Alien Act, as a *non ens*, or pre-existent of the other world to come."—To whom *Mystes* retorted ;—"Verily, friend *Demosius*, thou art too fantastic for a genuine *Toutoscosmos* man ; and it needs only a fit of dyspepsy, or a cross in love to make a Heterocosmite of thee ; this same *Heteroscosmos* being in fact the endless shadow which the *Toutoscosmos* casts at sunset. But not to alarm or affront thee, as if I insinuated that thou wert in danger of becoming an Allocosmite, I let the whole of thy courteous address to me pass without comment or objection, save only the two concluding monosyllables and the preposition (*pre*) which anticipates them. The world in which I exist is another world indeed, but not to come. It is as present as (if that be at all) the magnetic planet, of which, according to the astronomer Halley, the visible globe which we inverminate is the case or travelling-trunk ;—a neat little world where light still exists *in statu perfuso*, as on the third day of the creation, before it was polarized into outward and inward, that is, while light and life were one and the same, neither existing formally, yet both *eminenter :* and when herb, flower, and forest rose as a vision, *in proprio lucido*, the ancestor and unseen yesterday of the sun and moon. Now, whether there really is such an Elysian *mundus mundulus* encased in the macrocosm, or great world, below the adamantine vault that supports the mother waters, which support the coating crust of that *mundus*

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immundus on which we and others less scantily furnished from nature's storehouse crawl, delve, and nestle—(or, shall I say the Lyceum, where walk *οἱ τούτου κόσμου φιλόσοφοι*)—Dr. Halley, may, perhaps, by this time have ascertained; and to him and the philosophic ghosts, his compeers, I leave it. But that another world is enshrined in the microcosm I not only believe, but at certain depths of my being, during the more solemn Sabbaths of the spirit, I have holden commune therewith, in the power of that faith, which is *the substance of the things hoped for*, the living stem that will itself expand into the flower, which it now foreshows. How should it not be so, even on grounds of natural reason, and the analogy of inferior life? Is not nature prophetic up the whole vast pyramid of organic being? And in which of her numberless predictions has nature been convicted of a lie? Is not every organ announced by a previous instinct or act? The *larva* of the stag-beetle lies in its *chrysalis* like an infant in the coffin of an adult, having left an empty space half the length it occupies; and this space is the exact length of the horn which distinguishes the perfect animal, but which, when it constructed its temporary *sarcophagus*, was not yet in existence. Do not the eyes, ears, lungs of the unborn babe give notice and furnish proof of a transuterine, visible, audible, atmospheric world? We have eyes, ears, touch, taste, smell; and have we not an answering world of shapes, colors, sounds, and sapid and odorous bodies? But likewise—(alas! for the man for whom the one has not the same evidence of fact as the other)—the Creator has given us spiritual senses, and sense-organs—ideas I mean—the idea of the good, the idea of the beautiful, ideas of eternity, immortality, freedom, and of that which contemplated relatively to will is holiness, in relation to life is bliss. And must not these too infer the existence of a world correspondent to them? *There is a light*, said the Hebrew sage, *compared with which the glory of the sun is but a cloudy veil:* and is it an *ignis fatuus* given to mock us and lead us astray? And from a yet higher authority we know, *that it is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.* And are there no objects to reflect it? Or must we seek its *analogon* in the light of the glow-worm, that simply serves to distinguish one reptile from all the rest, and lighting, inch by inch, its mazy path through weeds and grass, leaves all else before, and behind, and around it in darkness? No! Another

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and answerable world there is; and if any man discern it not, let him not, whether sincerely or in contemptuous irony, pretend a defect of faculty as the cause. The sense, the light, and the conformed objects are all there and for all men. The difference between man and man in relation thereto results from no difference in their several gifts and powers of intellect, but in the will. As certainly as the individual is a man, so certainly should this other world be present to him: yea, it is his proper home. But he is an absentee and chooses to live abroad. His freedom and whatever else he possesses which the dog and the ape do not possess, yea, the whole revenue of his humanity, is derived from this;—but with the Irish land-owner in the theatres, gaming-houses, and maitresseries of Paris, so with him. He is a voluntary absentee. I repeat it again and again,—the cause is altogether in the will: and the defect of intellectual power, and "the having no turn or taste for subjects of this sort," are effects and consequences of the alienation of the will, that is, of the man himself. There may be a defect, but there was not a deficiency, of the intellect. I appeal to facts for the proof. Take the science of political economy. No two professors understand each other;—and often have I been present where the subject has been discussed in a room full of merchants and manufacturers, sensible and well-informed men: and the conversation has ended in a confession that the matter was beyond their comprehension. And yet the science professes to give light on rents, taxes, income, capital, the principles of trade, commerce, agriculture, on wealth, and the ways of acquiring and increasing it, in short on all that most passionately excites and interests the *Toutoscosmos* men. But it was avowed that to arrive at any understanding of these matters requires a mind gigantic in its comprehension, and microscopic in its accuracy of detail. Now compare this with the effect produced on promiscuous crowds by a Whitfield, or a Wesley;—or rather compare with it the shaking of every leaf of the vast forest to the first blast of Luther's trumpet. Was it only of the world to come that Luther and his compeers preached? Turn to Luther's Table Talk, and see if the larger part be not of that other world which now is, and without the being and working of which the world to come would be either as unintelligible as *Abracadabra*, or a mere reflection and elongation of the world

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of sense—Jack Robinson between two looking-glasses, with a series of Jack Robinsons *in sæcula sæculorum*."

"Well, but what is this new and yet other world? The brain of a man that is out of his senses? A world fraught with castles in the air, well worthy the attention of any gentleman inclined to idealize a large property?"

"The sneer on that lip, and the arch shine of that eye, friend *Demosius*, would almost justify me, though I should answer that question by retorting it in a parody. What, quoth the owlet, peeping out of his ivy-bush at noon, with his blue fringed eye-curtains dropped, what is this light which is said to exist together with this warmth we feel, and yet is something else? But I read likewise in that same face, when thou wast beginning to prepare that question, a sort of misgiving from within, as if thou wert more positive than sure that the reply, with which you would accommodate me, is as wise as it is witty. Therefore, though I can not answer your question, I will give you a hint how you may answer it for yourself. Learn the art and acquire the habit of contemplating things abstractedly from their relations. I will explain myself by an instance. Suppose a body floating at a certain height in the air, and receiving the light so equally on all sides as not to occasion the eye to conjecture any solid contents. And now let six or seven persons see it at different distances and from different points of view. For A it will be a square; for B a triangle; for C two right-angled triangles attached to each other; for D two unequal triangles; for E it will be a triangle with a *trapezium* hung on to it; for F it will be a square with a cross in it ⊠; for G it will be an oblong quadrangle with three triangles in it ⊼; and for H three unequal triangles.

Now it is evident that not one of all these is the figure itself (which in this instance is a four-sided pyramid), but the contingent relations of the figure. Now transfer this from geometry to the subjects of the real (that is, not merely formal or abstract) sciences,—to substances and bodies, the *materia subjecta* of the chemist, physiologist and naturalist, and you will gradually (that is, if you choose and sincerely will it) acquire the power and the disposition of contemplating your own imaginations, wants, appetites, passions, and opinions, on the same principles, and distinguish that which alone is and abides from the accidental and im-

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permanent relations arising out of its co-existence with other things or beings.

My second rule or maxim requires its *prolegomena*. In the several classes and orders that mark the scale of organic nature, from the plant to the highest order of animals, each higher implies a lower as the condition of its actual existence ;—and the same position holds good equally of the vital and organic powers. Thus, without the first power, that of growth, or what Bichat and others name the vegetive life or productivity, the second power, that of totality and locomotion (commonly but most infelicitously called irritability) could not exist, that is, manifest its being. Productivity is the necessary antecedent of irritability, and in like manner irritability of sensibility. But it is no less true that in the idea of each power the lower derives its intelligibility from the higher : and the highest must be presumed to inhere latently or potentially in the lowest, or this latter will be wholly unintelligible, inconceivable ;—you can have no conception of it. Thus in sensibility we see a power that in every instant goes out of itself, and in the same instant retracts and falls back on itself: which the great fountains of pure *Mathesis*, the Pythagorean and Platonic geometricians, illustrated in the production or self-evolution of the point into the circle. Imagine the going-forth and the retraction as two successive acts, the result would be an infinity of angles, a growth of zig-zag. In order to the imaginability of a circular line, the extroitive and the retroitive must co-exist in one and the same act and moment, the curve line being the product. Now what is ideally true in the generations or productive acts of the intuitive faculty (of the pure sense, I mean, or inward vision—the *reine Anschauung* of the German philosophers) must be assumed as truth of fact in all living growth, or wherein would the growth of a plant differ from that of a crystal ? The latter is formed wholly by apposition *ab extra :* in the former the movement *ab extra* is in order of thought consequent on, and yet coinstantaneous with, the movement *ab intra*. Thus, the specific character of sensibility, the highest of the three powers, is found to be the general character of life, and supplies the only way of conceiving, the only insight into the possibility of, the first and lowest power. And yet, even thus, growth taken as separate from, and exclusive of, sensibility would be unintelligible, nay, contradictory. For it would be an

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act of the life, or productive form of the plant, having the life itself as its source (since it is a going forth from the life), and likewise having the life itself as its object, for in the same instant it is retracted: and yet the product (that is, the plant) exists not for itself, by the hypothesis that has excluded sensibility. For all sensibility is a self-finding; whence the German word for sensation or feeling is *Empfindung*, that is, an inward finding. Therefore sensibility can not be excluded: and as it does not exist actually, it must be involved potentially. Life does not yet manifest itself in its highest dignity, as a self-finding; but in an evident tendency thereto, or a self-seeking;—and this has two epochs or intensities. Potential sensibility in its first epoch, or lowest intensity, appears as growth: in its second epoch, it shows itself as irritability or vital instinct. In both, however, the sensibility must have pre-existed, or rather pre-inhered, though as latent: or how could the irritability have been evolved out of the growth (as in the *stamina* of the plant during the act of impregnating the *germen*):—or the sensibility out of the irritability,—as in the first appearance of nerves and nervous bulbs in the lower orders of the insect realm? But, indeed, evolution as contra-distinguished from apposition, or superinduction *ab aliunde*, is implied in the conception of life: and is that which essentially differences a living fibre from a thread of *asbestos*, the floscule or any other of the moving fairy shapes of animalcular life from the frost-plumes on a window pane.

Again: what has been said of the lowest power of life relatively to its highest power—growth to sensibility, the plant to the animal—applies equally to life itself relatively to mind. Without the latter the former would be unintelligible, and the idea would contradict itself. If there had been no self-retaining power, a self-finding would be a perpetual self-losing. Divide a second into a thousand, or if you please, a million of parts, yet if there be an absolute chasm separating one moment of self-finding from another, the chasm of a millionth of a second would be equal to all time. A being that existed for itself only in moments, each infinitely small and yet absolutely divided from the preceding and following, would not exist for itself at all. And if all beings were the same, or yet lower, it could not be said to exist in any sense, any more than light would exist as light, if there were no eyes or visual power: and the whole conception would break up into

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contradictory positions—an intestine conflict more destructive than even that between the two cats, where one tail alone is said to have survived the battle. The conflicting factors of our conception would eat each other up, tails and all. *Ergo:* the mind, as a self-retaining power, is not less indispensable to the intelligibility of life as a self-finding power, than a self-finding power, that is, sensibility, to a self-seeking power, that is, growth. Again: a self-retaining mind—that is, memory (which is the primary sense of mind, and the common people in several of our provinces still use the word in this sense),—a self-retaining power supposes a self-containing power, a self-conscious being. And this is the definition of mind in its proper and distinctive sense, a subject that is its own object,—or where A contemplant is one and the same subject with A contemplated. Lastly,—(that I may complete the ascent of powers for my own satisfaction, and not as expecting, or in the present habit of your thoughts even wishing you to follow me to a height, dizzy for the strongest spirit, it being the *apex* of all human, perhaps of angelic, knowledge to know that it must be: since absolute ultimates can only be seen by a light thrown backward from the penultimate; *John* i. 18)—lastly, I say, the self-containing power supposes a self-causing power; *causa sui*, *αἰτία ὑπερούσιος*. Here alone we find a problem which in its very statement contains its own solution—the one self-solving power, beyond which no question is possible. Yet short of this we dare not rest; for even *O ΩN*, the Supreme Being, if contemplated abstractly from the Absolute Will, whose essence it is to be causative of all being, would sink into a Spinozistic deity. That this is not evident to us arises from the false notion of reason as a quality, property, or faculty of the real: whereas reason is the supreme reality, the only true being in all things visible and invisible; the *pleroma*, in whom alone God loveth the world! Even in man will is deeper than mind: for mind does not cease to be mind by having an antecedent; but will is either the first (*τὸ ἀεὶ πρόπρωτον*, *τὸ nunquam positum, semper supponendum*), or it is not will at all.

And now for the practical rules which I promised, or the means by which you may educate in yourself that state of mind which is most favorable to a true knowledge of both the worlds that now are, and to a right faith in the world to come.

I. Remember that whatever is, lives. A thing absolutely

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lifeless is inconceivable, except as a thought, image, or fancy, in some other being.

II. In every living form, the conditions of its existence are to be sought for in that which is below it; the grounds of intelligibility in that which is above it.

III. Accustom your mind to distinguish the relations of things from the things themselves. Think often of the latter as independent of the former, in order that you may never think of the former apart from the latter, that is, mistake mere relations for true and enduring realities: and with regard to these seek the solution of each in some higher reality. The contrary process leads demonstrably to atheism, and though you may not get quite so far, it is not well to be seen travelling on the road with your face towards it.

I might add a fourth rule: Learn to distinguish permanent from accidental relations. But I am willing that you should for a time take permanent relations as real things—confident that you will soon feel the necessity of reducing what you now call things into relations, which immediately arising out of a somewhat else may properly be contemplated as the products of that somewhat else, and as the means by which its existence is made known to you. But known as what? not as a product; for it is the somewhat else, to which the product stands in the same relation as the words which you are now hearing bear to my living soul. But if not as products, then as productive powers: and the result will be that what you have hitherto called things will be regarded as only more or less permanent relations of things, having their derivative reality greater or less in proportion as they are regular or accidental relations; determined by the pre-established fitness of the true thing to the organ and faculty of the percipient, or resulting from some defect or anomaly in the latter.

With these convictions matured into a habit of mind, the man no longer seeks, or believes himself to find, true reality except in the powers of nature; which living and actuating powers are made known to him, and their kinds determined, and their forces measured, by their proper products. In other words, he thinks of the products in reference to the productive powers, τοῖς ὄντως ὑπάρχουσιν ἀριθμοῖς ἢ δυνάμεσι, ὡς ταῖς προμαθεσιάταις ἀρχαῖς τοῦ πάντος οὐράνου καὶ γῆς, and thus gives to the former (to the prod-

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ucts, I mean) a true reality, a life, a beauty, and a physiognomic expression. For him they are the ἔπεα ζώοντα, ὁμιλία καὶ ἡ διάλεκτος θεῶν πρὸς ἀνθρώπους. The Allocosmite, therefore (though he does not bark at the image in the glass, because he knows what it is), possesses the same world with the Toutocosmites; and has, besides, in present possession another and better world, to which he can transport himself by a swifter vehicle than Fortunatus's wishing cap.

Finally, what is reason? You have often asked me; and this is my answer:

> Whene'er the mist that stands 'twixt God and thee
> Defecates to a pure transparency,
> That intercepts no light and adds no stain—
> There reason is, and there begins her reign!

But, alas!

> ——————— *tu stesso ti fai grosso*
> *Col falso immaginar, sì che non vedi*
> *Ciò che vedresti se l'avessi scosso.*
>
> DANTE, *Par. Canto* i. 88.

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A LAY SERMON,

ADDRESSED TO

THE HIGHER AND MIDDLE CLASSES,

ON THE

EXISTING DISTRESSES AND DISCONTENTS. 1817.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S LAST CORRECTIONS AND NOTES,

BY

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, ESQ., M.A.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1853.

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Ἐὰν μὴ ἐλπίζητε, ἀνέλπιστον οὐκ εὑρήσετε, ἀνεξερεύνητον ὂν καὶ ἄπορον.

HERACLITUS.

If ye do not hope, ye will not find: for in despairing ye block up the mine at its mouth, ye extinguish the torch, even when ye are already in the shaft.

God and the world we worship still together,
Draw not our laws to Him, but His to ours;
Untrue to both, so prosperous in neither,
The imperfect will brings forth but barren flowers!
Unwise as all distracted interests be,
Strangers to God, fools in humanity:
Too good for great things and too great for good,
While still "*I dare not*" waits upon "*I would.*"

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INTRODUCTION.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN! You, I mean, who fill the higher and middle stations of society! The comforts, perchance the splendors, that surround you, designate your rank, but can not constitute your moral and personal fitness for it. Be it enough for others to know that you are its legal,—but by what mark shall you stand accredited to your own consciences, as its worthy,—possessors? Not by common sense or common honesty; for these are equally demanded of all classes, and therefore mere negative qualifications in your rank of life, or characteristic only by the aggravated ignominy consequent on their absence. Not by genius or splendid talent; for these, as being gifts of nature, are objects of moral interest for those alone, to whom they have been allotted. Nor yet by eminence in learning; for this supposes such a devotion of time and thought, as would in many cases be incompatible with the claims of active life. Erudition is, doubtless, an ornament that especially beseems a high station: but it is professional rank only that renders its attainment a duty.

The mark in question must be so far common, that we may be entitled to look for it in you from the mere circumstance of your situation, and so far distinctive, that it must be such as can not be expected generally from the inferior classes. Now either there is no such criterion in existence, or the *desideratum* is to be found in an habitual consciousness of the ultimate principles, in reference to which you think and act. The least that can be demanded of the least favored among you is an earnest endeavor to walk in the light of your own knowledge; and not, as the mass of mankind, by laying hold on the skirts of custom. Blind followers of a blind and capricious guide, forced likewise (though

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oftener, I fear, by their own improvidence,* than by the lowness of their estate) to consume life in the means of living, the multitude may make the sad confession—

Tempora mutantur; nos et mutamur in illis,

unabashed. But to Englishmen in the enjoyment of a present competency, much more to such as are defended against the

* A truth, that should not however be said, save in the spirit of charity, and with the palliating reflection, that this very improvidence has hitherto been, though not the inevitable, yet the natural result of poverty and the Poor Laws. With what gratitude I venerate my country and its laws, my humble publications from the Fears in Solitude, printed in 1798 (Poet. Works, p. 107), to the present discourse, bear witness.—Yet the Poor Laws and the Revenue!—if I permitted myself to dwell on these exclusively, I should be tempted to fancy that the domestic seals were put in commission and intrusted to Argus, Briareus, and Cacus, as lords of the commonalty. Alas! it is easy to see the evil; but to imagine a remedy is difficult in exact proportion to the experience and good sense of the seeker. That excellent man, Mr. Perceval, whom I regard as the best and wisest statesman this country has possessed since the Revolution—(I judge only from his measures and the reports of his speeches in Parliament, for I never saw him)—went into the Ministry, with the design as well as the wish of abolishing lotteries. I was present at a table, when this intention was announced by a venerable relative of the departed statesman, who loved and honored the man, but widely dissented from him as a politician. Except myself, all present were partisans of the Opposition; but all avowed their determination on this score alone, as a great moral precedent, to support the new minister. What was the result? Two lotteries in the first year instead of one! The door of the cabinet has a quality the most opposite to the ivory gate of Virgil. It suffers no dreams to pass through it. Alas! as far as any wide scheme of benevolence is concerned, the inscription over it might seem to be the Dantean

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!

We judge harshly because we expect irrationally. But on the other hand, this disproportion of the power to the wish will, sooner or later, end in that tame acquiescence in things as they are, which is the sad symptom of a moral *necrosis* commencing. And commence it will, if its causes are not counteracted by the philosophy of history, that is, by history read in the spirit of prophecy;—if they are not overcome by the faith which, still rekindling hope, still re-enlivens charity. Without the knowledge of man, the knowledge of men is a hazardous acquisition. What insight might not our statesmen acquire from the study of the Bible merely as history, if only they had been previously accustomed to study history in the same spirit, as that in which good men read the Bible!

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anxious future, it must needs be a grievous dishonor (and not the less grievous, though perhaps less striking, from its frequency) to change with the times, and thus to debase their motives and maxims, the sacred household of conscience, into slaves and creatures of fashion. *Thou therefore art inexcusable, O man!* (Rom. ii. 1) if thou dost not give to thyself *a reason for the faith that is in thee:* if thou dost not thereby learn the safety and the blessedness of that other Apostolic precept, *Whatsoever ye do, do it in faith.* Your habits of reflection should at least be equal to your opportunities of leisure, and to that which is itself a species of leisure,—your immunity from bodily labor, from the voice and lash of the imperious ever-recurring this day. Your attention to the objects that stretch away below you in the living landscape of good and evil, and your researches into their existing or practicable bearings on each other, should be proportional to the elevation that extends and diversifies your prospect. If you possess more than is necessary for your own wants, more than your own wants ought to be felt by you as your own interests. You are pacing on a smooth terrace, which you owe to the happy institutions of your country,—a terrace on the mountain's breast. To what purpose, by what moral right, if you continue to gaze only on the sod beneath your feet? Or if converting means into ends, and with all your thoughts and efforts absorbed in selfish schemes of climbing cloudward, you turn your back on the wide landscape, and stoop the lower, the higher you ascend.

The remedial and prospective advantages that may be rationally anticipated from the habit of contemplating particulars in their universal laws; its tendency at once to fix and to liberalize the morality of private life, at once to produce and enlighten the spirit of public zeal; and let me add, its especial utility in recalling the origin and primary purport of the term, generosity,* to the heart and thoughts of a populace tampered with by sophists and incendiaries of the revolutionary school; these advantages I have felt it my duty and have made it my main object to press on your serious attention during the whole period of my literary labors from earliest manhood to the present hour. Whatever may

* *A genere:* the qualities either supposed natural and instinctive to men of noble race, or such as their rank is calculated to inspire, as disinterestedness, devotion to the service of their friends and clients, frankness, and the like.

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have been the specific theme of my communications, and whether they related to criticism, politics, or religion, still principles, their subordination, their connection, and their application, in all the divisions of our tastes, duties, rules of conduct and schemes of belief, have constituted my chapter of contents.

It is an unsafe partition which divides opinions without principle from unprincipled opinions: and if the latter are not followed by correspondent actions, we are indebted for the escape, not to the agent himself, but to his habits of education, to the sympathies of superior rank, to the necessity of character, often, perhaps, to the absence of temptation from providential circumstances or the accident of a gracious nature. These, indeed, are truths of all times and places; but I seemed to see especial reason for insisting on them in our own times. A long and attentive observation had convinced me that formerly men were worse than their principles, but that at present the principles are worse than the men.

Few are sufficiently aware how much reason most of us have, even as common moral livers, to thank God for being Englishmen. It would furnish grounds both for humility towards Providence, and for increased attachment to our country, if each individual could but see and feel how large a part of his innocence he owes to his birth, breeding, and residence in Great Britain. The administration of the laws; the almost continual preaching of moral prudence; the pressure of our ranks on each other, with the consequent reserve and watchfulness of demeanor in the superior ranks, and the emulation in the subordinate; the vast depth, expansion and systematic movements of our trade; and the consequent interdependence, the arterial or nervelike network of property, which make every deviation from outward integrity a calculable loss to the offending individual himself from its mere effects, as obstruction and irregularity; and lastly, the naturalness of doing as others do:—these and the like influences, peculiar, some in the kind and all in the degree, to this privileged island, are the buttresses, on which our foundationless well-doing is upholden even as a house of cards, the architecture of our infancy, in which each is supported by all.

Well then may we pray, *Give us peace in our time, O Lord!* Well for us if no revolution, or other general visitation, betray the true state of our national morality! But above all, well will

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it be for us if even now we dare disclose the secret to our own souls! Well will it be for as many of us as have duly reflected on the Prophet's assurance, *that we must take root downwards, if we would bear fruit upwards;* if we would bear fruit, and continue to bear fruit, when the foodful plants that stand straight, only because they grow in company, or whose slender surface-roots owe their whole steadfastness to their intertanglement, have been beaten down by the continued rains, or whirled aloft by the sudden hurricane. Nor have we far to seek for whatever it is most important that we should find. The wisdom from above has not ceased for us. *The principles of the oracles of God* (Heb. v. 12) are still uttered from before the altar;—oracles, which we may consult without cost;—before an altar where no sacrifice is required, but of the vices which unman us; no victims demanded, but the unclean and animal passions, which we may have suffered to house within us, forgetful of our Baptismal dedication,—no victim, but the spiritual sloth, or goat, or fox, or hog, which lay waste the vineyard that the Lord had fenced and planted for himself.

I have endeavored in my previous discourse to persuade the more highly gifted and educated part of my friends and fellow-Christians, that as the New Testament sets forth the means and conditions of spiritual convalescence, with all the laws of conscience relative to our future state and permanent being; so does the Bible present to us the elements of public prudence, instructing us in the true causes, the surest preventives, and the only cures, of public evils. The authorities of Raleigh, Clarendon, and Milton must at least exempt me from the blame of singularity, if undeterred by the contradictory charges of paradoxy from one party and of adherence to vulgar and old-fashioned prejudices from the other, I persist in avowing my conviction, that the inspired poets, historians and sententiaries of the Jews, are the clearest teachers of political economy: in short, that their writings* are the statesman's best manual, not only as contain-

* To which I should be tempted with Burke to annex that treasure of prudential wisdom, the Ecclesiasticus. I not only yield, however, to the authority of our Church, but reverence the judgment of its founders in separating this work from the list of the canonical books, and in refusing to apply it to the establishment of any doctrine, while they caused it to be "read for example of life and instruction of manners." Excellent, nay, in-

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ing the first principles and ultimate grounds of State-policy whether in prosperous times or in those of danger and distress, but as supplying likewise the details of their application, and as being a full and spacious repository of precedents and facts in proof.

Well therefore (again and again I repeat to you), well will it be for us if we have provided ourselves from this armory while *yet the day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity* appears at far distance and only *in the valley of vision:* if we have humbled ourselves and have confessed our thin and unsound state, even while *from the uttermost parts of the earth we were hearing songs of praise and glory to the upright nation.* (Is. xxii. 5, xxiv. 16.)

valuable as this book is in the place assigned to it by our Church, that place is justified on the clearest grounds. For not to say that the compiler himself candidly cautions us against the imperfections of his translation, and its no small difference from the original Hebrew, as it was written by his grandfather, he so expresses himself in his prologue as to exclude all claims to inspiration or divine authority in any other or higher sense than every writer is entitled to make, who having qualified himself by the careful study of the books of other men had been drawn on to write something himself. But of still greater weight practically, are the objections derived from certain passages of the book, which savor too plainly of the fancies and prejudices of a Jew of Jerusalem; for example, c. l. 25, 26, and of greater still the objections drawn from other passages, as from c. xli. which by implication and obvious inference are nearly tantamount to a denial of a future state, and bear too great a resemblance to the ethics of the Greek poets and orators in the substitution of posthumous fame for a true resurrection and a consequent personal endurance; the substitution in short, of a nominal for a real immortality. Lastly the prudential spirit of the maxims in general in which prudence is taught too much on its own grounds instead of being recommended as the organ or vehicle of a spiritual principle in its existing worldly relations. In short, prudence ceases to be wisdom when it is not to the filial fear of God, and to the sense of the excellence of the divine laws, what the body is to the soul. Now in the work of the son of Sirach, prudence is both body and soul.

It were perhaps to be wished, that this work, and the Wisdom of Solomon had alone received the honor of being accompaniments to the inspired writings, and that these should, with a short precautionary preface and a few notes have been printed in all our Bibles. The remaining books might without any loss have been left for the learned or for as many as were prompted by curiosity to purchase them, in a separate volume. Even of the Maccabees not above a third part can be said to possess any historic value, as authentic accounts.

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But if indeed *the day of treading down* is present, it is still in our power to convert it into a time of substantial discipline for ourselves, and of enduring benefit to the present generation and to posterity. The splendor of our exploits, during the late war, is less honorable to us than the magnanimity of our views, and our generous confidence in the victory of the better cause. Accordingly, we have obtained a good name, so that the nations around us have displayed a disposition to follow our example and imitate our institutions; too often I fear even in parts where from the difference of our relative circumstances the imitation had little chance of proving more than mimicry. But it will be far more glorious, and to our neighbors incomparably more instructive, if in distresses to which all countries are liable we bestir ourselves in remedial and preventive arrangements which all nations may more or less adopt; inasmuch as they are grounded on principles intelligible to all rational, and obligatory on all moral, beings; inasmuch as, having been taught by God's word, exampled by God's providence, commanded by God's law, and recommended by promises of God's grace, they alone can form the foundations of a Christian community. Do we love our country? These are the principles by which the true friend of the people is contradistinguished from the factious demagogue. They are at once the rock and the quarry. On these alone and with these alone is the solid welfare of a people to be built. Do we love our own souls? These are the principles, the neglect of which writes hypocrite and suicide on the brow of the professing Christian. For these are the keystone of that arch on which alone we can cross the current of life and death with safety on the passage; with peace in the retrospect; and with hope shining upon us from through the cloud toward which we are travelling. Not, my Christian friends! by all the lamps of worldly wisdom clustered in one blaze can we guide our paths so securely as by fixing our eyes on this inevitable cloud, through which all must pass, which at every step becomes darker and more threatening to the children of this world, but to the children of faith and obedience still thins away as they approach, to melt at length and dissolve into that glorious light, from which as so many gleams and reflections of the same falling on us during our mortal pilgrimage, we derive all principles of true and lively knowledge, alike in science and in morals, alike in communities and in individuals.

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It has been my purpose throughout the following discourse to guard myself and my readers from extremes of all kinds: I will therefore conclude this Introduction by enforcing the maxim in its relation to our religious opinions, out of which, with or without our consciousness, all our other opinions flow as from their spring-head and perpetual feeder. And that I might neglect no innocent mode of attracting or relieving the reader's attention, I have moulded my reflections into the following

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A feeling of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in spring and in autumn. But in spring it is the melancholy of hope: in autumn it is the melancholy of resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the spring and the autumn and the melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April:

Qual ramicel a rano,
Tal da pensier pensiero
In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror, and which accorded with the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes, with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-

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way of a lone chapelry: and we sat face to face each on the stone bench alongside the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: "Even thus," said he, "like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do despair and hope meet for the first time in the porch of death!" "All extremes meet," I answered; "but yours was a strange and visionary thought." "The better then doth it beseem both the place and me," he replied. "From a visionary wilt thou hear a vision? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain. Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my vision." I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

> Which stole on his thoughts with its twofold sound,
> The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sank away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place he sat an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one, an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furlows from the service of the body, which the soul may sometimes obtain even in this its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side on an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of

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light could enter, untinged by the *medium* through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing in and out in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder, what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head; for that the place, into which I had entered, was the temple of the only true religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcised, me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night; only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, which held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me:—Read and believe: these are mysteries! At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

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As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused cry of "This is the temple of Superstition!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel maltreatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet by mortals could be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them; and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not; but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. My name, she replied, is Religion.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manner to those of the living idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts of each to the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life: though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now, with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed

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on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be Sensuality; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanor and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster Blasphemy. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on till we reached an ample chamber, which seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the *torso* of a statue, which had neither base, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved, Nature. To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble. Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the holiest recess of the temple of Superstition. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest, he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—"Who then is at the head to guide them?" He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied—"No one; —the string of blind men goes on forever without any beginning:

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for although one blind man can not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplies the want of sight." I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror ;—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind ; and lo ! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder shape and face of which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of Superstition—and in the terror I awoke.

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A LAY SERMON, &c.

Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.—ISAIAH xxxii. 20.

On all occasions the beginning should look toward the end; and most of all when we offer counsel concerning circumstances of great distress, and of still greater alarm. But such is my business at present, and the common duty of all whose competence justifies the attempt. And therefore, my Christian friends and fellow-Englishmen, have I *in a day of trouble and of treading down and of perplexity* taken my beginning from this assurance of an inspired messenger to *the devisers of liberal things* (xxxiii. 8), who confident in hope are fearless in charity. For to enforce the precept involved in this gladsome annunciation of the Evangelical herald, to awaken the lively feeling which it breathes, and to justify the line of conduct which it encourages, are the end to which my present efforts are directed—the ultimate object of the present address, to which all the other points, therein discussed, are but introductory and preparative. *Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.* It is the assurance of a Prophet, and therefore surety itself to all who profess to receive him as such. It is a command in the form of a promise, which at once instructs us in our duty and forecloses every possible objection to its performance. It is at once our guide and our pioneer—a breeze from Heaven, which at one and the same time determines our path, impels us along it, and removes beforehand each overhanging cloud that might have conspired with our own dimness to bewilder or to dishearten us. Whatever our own despondence may whisper, or the reputed masters of political economy may have seemed to demonstrate, neither by the fears and scruples of the one, or by the confident affirmations of the other,

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let us be deterred. They must both be false if the Prophet is true. We will still in the power of that faith which can *hope even against hope* continue to sow beside all waters: for there is a blessing attached to it by God himself, to whose eye all consequences are present, on whose will all consequences depend.

But I had also an additional motive for the selection of this verse. Easy to be remembered from its briefness, likely to be remembered from its beauty, and with not a single word in it which the malignant ingenuity of faction could pervert to the excitement of any dark or turbulent feeling, I chose it both as the text and title of this discourse, that it might be brought under the eye of many thousands who will know no more of the discourse itself than what they read in the advertisements of it in our public papers.

In point of fact it was another passage of Scripture, the words of another Prophet, that originally occasioned this address by one of those accidental circumstances, which so often determine the current of our thoughts. From a company among whom the distresses of the times and the disappointments of the public expectations had been agitated with more warmth than wisdom, I had retired to solitude and silent meditation. A Bible chanced to lie open on the table, my eyes were cast idly on the page for a few seconds, till gradually as a mist clears away, the following words became visible, and at once fixed my attention. *We looked for peace, but no good came; for a time of health, and behold, trouble.* —I turned to the beginning of the chapter: it was the eighth of the Prophet Jeremiah, and having read it to the end, I repeated aloud the verses which had become connected in my memory by their pertinency to the conversation, to which I had been so lately attending: namely, the 11th, 15th, 20th, and 22d.

They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. We looked for peace, but no good came: for a time of health, and behold, trouble! The harvest is past, the summer is ended: and we are not saved. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?

These impassioned remonstrances, these heart-probing interrog-

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atories, of the lamenting Prophet do indeed anticipate a full and alas! a too faithful statement of the case, to the public consideration of which we have all of late been so often and so urgently invited, and the inward thought of which our very countenances betray as by a communion of alarm. In the bold painting of Scripture language, *all faces gather blackness*,—the many at the supposed magnitude of the national embarrassment, the wise at the more certain and far more alarming evil of its moral accompaniments. Peace has come without the advantages expected from peace, and on the contrary with many of the severest inconveniences usually attributed to war. *We looked for peace, but no good came; for a time of health, and behold, trouble! The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.* The inference therefore contained in the preceding verse is unavoidable. Where war has produced no repentance, and the cessation of war has brought neither concord nor tranquillity, we may safely cry aloud with the Prophet: *They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace:* and proceed to answer the three questions in the answers to which the Prophet instructs us to seek the solution of the problem. First, who are they who have hitherto prescribed for the case, and are still tampering with it? What are their qualifications? What has been their conduct? Second, what is the true seat and source of the complaint,—the ultimate causes as well as the immediate occasions? And lastly, what are the appropriate medicines? Who and where are the true physicians?

First, who are those that have been ever loud and foremost in their pretensions to a knowledge both of the disease and the remedy? The answer to this question is contained in a preceding part of the chapter from which I extracted the text, where the Prophet Isaiah enumerates the conditions of a nation's recovery from a state of depression and peril. *The vile person*, he tells us, must *no more be called liberal*, nor the *churl be said to be bountiful. For the vile person will speak villany, and his heart will work iniquity to practise hypocrisy and to utter error against the Lord; to make empty the soul of the* needy, *and he will cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the churl are evil; he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the poor with lying words, even when the needy speaketh aright.*

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But the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand. (xxxii. 5, 6, 7, 8.)

Such are the political empirics, mischievous in proportion to their effrontery and ignorant in proportion to their presumption, the detection and exposure of whose true characters the inspired statesman and patriot represents as indispensable to the re-establishment of the general welfare, while his own portrait of these impostors whom in a former chapter (ix. 15) he calls, *the tail* of the nation, and in the following verse, demagogues *that cause the people to err*, affords to the intelligent believer of all ages and countries the means of detecting them, and of undeceiving all whose own malignant passions have not rendered them blind and deaf and brutish. For these noisy and calumnious zealots, whom (with an especial reference indeed to the factious leaders of the populace who under this name exercised a tumultuary despotism in Jerusalem, at once a sign and a cause of its approaching downfall), St. John beheld in the Apocalyptic vision* as a compound of locust and scorpion, are not of one place or of one season. They are the perennials of history: and though they may disappear for a time, they exist always in the egg and need only a distempered atmosphere and an accidental ferment to start up into life and activity.

It is worth our while, therefore, or rather it is our duty to examine with a more attentive eye this representative portrait drawn for us by an infallible master, and to distinguish its component parts each by itself so that we may combine without confusing them in our memory; till they blend at length into one physiognomic expression, which whenever the counterpart is ob-

* My own conception of this canonical book is, that it narrates in the broad and inclusive form of the ancient Prophets (that is, in the prophetic power of faith and moral insight irradiated by inspiration) the successive struggles and final triumph of Christianity over the Paganism and Judaism of the then Roman Empire, typified in the fall of Rome, the destruction of the Old and the symbolical descent of the New Jerusalem. Nor do I think its interpretation even in detail attended with any insuperable difficulties.

It was once my intention to have translated the Apocalypse into verse, as a poem, holding a mid place between the epic narrative and the choral drama: and to have annexed a commentary in prose:—an intention long and fondly cherished, but during many years deferred from an unfeigned sense of my deficiency; and now there remains only the hope and the wish, or rather a feeling between both.

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truded on our notice in the sphere of our own experience, may be at once recognized, and enable us to convince ourselves of the identity by a comparison of feature with feature.

The passage commences with a fact which to the inexperienced might well seem strange and improbable; but which being a truth nevertheless of our own knowledge, is the more striking and characteristic. Worthless persons of little or no estimation for rank, learning, or integrity, not seldom profligates, with whom debauchery has outwrestled rapacity, easy because unprincipled, and generous because dishonest, are suddenly cried up as men of enlarged views and liberal sentiments, our only genuine patriots and philanthropists: and churls, that is, men of sullen tempers and surly demeanor; men tyrannical in their families, oppressive and troublesome to their dependents and neighbors, and hard in their private dealings between man and man; men who clench with one hand what they have grasped with the other; these are extolled as public benefactors, the friends, guardians, and advocates of the poor! Here and there indeed we may notice an individual of birth and fortune,

(For great estates enlarge not narrow minds)

who has been duped into the ranks of incendiaries and mob-sycophants by an insane recklessness, and the wretched ambition of figuring as the Triton of the minnows. Or we may find, perhaps, a professional man of showy accomplishments but of a vulgar taste, and shallow acquirements, who in part from vanity, and in part as means of introduction to practice, will seek notoriety by an eloquence well calculated to set the multitude agape, and excite *gratis* to over-acts of sedition or treason which he may afterwards be retained to defend. These however are but exceptions to the general rule. Such as the Prophet has described, such is the sort of men; and in point of historic fact it has been from men of this sort, *that profaneness is gone forth into all the land*.—(Jeremiah xxiii. 15.)

In harmony with the general character of these false prophets are the particular qualities assigned to them. First, a passion for vague and violent invective, an habitual and inveterate predilection for the language of hate, and rage, and contumely, an ungoverned appetite for abuse and defamation. *The vile will talk villany*.

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But the fetid flower will ripen into the poisonous berry, and the fruits of the hand follow the blossoms of the slanderous lips. *His heart will work iniquity.* That is, he will plan evil, and do his utmost to carry his plans into execution. The guilt exists already; and there wants nothing but power and opportunity to condense it into crime and overt act. *He that hateth his brother is a murderer*, says St. John: and of many and various sorts are the brother-haters, in whom this truth may be exemplified. Most appropriately for our purpose, Isaiah has selected the fratricide of sedition, and with the eagle eye and practised touch of an intuitive demonstrator he unfolds the composition of the character, part by part, in the secret history of the agent's wishes, designs and attempts, of his ways, his means, and his ends. The agent himself, the incendiary and his kindling combustibles, had been already sketched by Solomon in the rapid yet faithful outline of a master in the art; *The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness and the end of his talk mischievous madness.*—(Eccles. x. 13.) If in the spirit of prophecy,* the wise ruler had been present to our own times, and their procedures; if while he sojourned *in the valley of vision* he had actually heard the very harangues of our reigning demagogues to the convened populace; could he have more faithfully characterized either the speakers or the speeches? Whether in spoken or in printed addresses, whether in periodical journals or in yet cheaper implements of irritation, the ends are the same, the process is the same, and the same is their general line of conduct. On all occasions,—but most of all and with a more bustling malignity whenever any public distress inclines the lower classes to turbulence, and renders them most apt to be alienated from the government of their country;—in all places and at every opportunity pleading to the poor and ignorant,—nowhere and at no time are they found

* Solomon has himself informed us that beyond wealth and conquest, and as of far greater importance to him, in his arduous office of king and magistrate, he had *sought through knowledge of wisdom to lay hold on folly;* —that is, by the study of man to arrive at a grounded knowledge of men, and through a previous insight into the nature and conditions of good to acquire by inference a thorough comprehension of the evil that arises from its deficiency or perversion. And truly in all points of prudence, public and private, we may accommodate to the royal Preacher his own words: (Eccles. ii. 12.) *What can the man say that cometh after the King? Even that which hath been said already.*

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actually pleading for them. Nor is this the worst. They even plead against them. Yes!—sycophants to the crowd, enemies of the individuals, and well-wishers only to the continuance of their miseries, they plead against the poor and afflicted, under the weak and wicked pretence that we are to do nothing of what we can, because we can not do all that we would wish. Or if this sophistry of sloth (*sophisma pigri*) should fail to check the bounty of the rich, there is still the sophistry of slander in reserve to chill the gratitude of the poor. If they can not dissuade *the liberal from devising liberal things*, they will at least blacken the motives of his beneficence. If they can not close the hand of the giver, they will at least embitter the gift in the mouth of the receivers. Is it not as if they had said within their hearts:—"The sacrifice of charity has been offered indeed in spite of us; *but with bitter herbs shall it be eaten!*—(Exod. xii. 8.) Imagined wrongs shall make it distasteful. We will infuse vindictive and discontented fancies into minds, already irritable and suspicious from distress: till the fever of the heart shall coat the tongue with gall and spread wormwood on the palate?"

However angrily our demagogues may disclaim all intentions of this kind, such has been their procedure, and it is susceptible of no other interpretation. We all know that the shares must be scanty, where the thing to be divided bears no proportion to the number of the claimants. Yet He, who satisfied a multitude in the wilderness with a few loaves and fishes, is still present to his Church. Small as the portions are, if they are both given and taken in the spirit of his commands, a blessing will go with each; and *the handful of meal shall not fail, until the day when the Lord bringeth back plenty on the land.* But no blessing can enter where envy and hatred are already in possession; and small good will the poor man have of the food prepared for him by his more favored brother, if he have been previously taught to regard it as a mess of pottage given to defraud him of his birthright.

If then to promise medicine and to administer poison; if to flatter in order to deprave; if to affect love to all and show pity to none; if to exaggerate and misderive the distress of the laboring classes in order to make them turbulent, and to discourage every plan for their relief in order to keep them so; if to skulk from private infamy in the mask of public spirit, and make the

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flaming patriot privilege the gamester, the swindler, or the adulterer; if to seek amnesty for a continued violation of the laws of God by an equal pertinacity in outraging the laws of the land; if these characterize the hypocrite, we need not look far back or far round for faces, wherein to recognize the third striking feature of this prophetic portrait. When therefore the verifying facts press upon us in real life; when we hear persons, the tyranny of whose will is the only law in their families, denouncing all law as tyranny in public;—persons, whose hatred of power in others is in exact proportion to their love of it for themselves; when we behold men of sunk and irretrievable characters, to whom no man would intrust his wife, his sister, or his purse, having the effrontery to propose that we should intrust to them our religion and our country; when we meet with patriots, who aim at an enlargement of the rights and liberties of the people by inflaming the populace to acts of madness that necessitate fetters;—pretended heralds of freedom and actual pioneers of military despotism; we will call to mind the words of the prophet Isaiah, and say to ourselves: *This is no new thing under the sun!* We have heard it with our own ears, and it was declared to our fathers, and in the old time before them, that one of the main characteristics of demagogues in all ages is, *to practise hypocrisy.*

Such, I assert, has been the general line of conduct pursued by the political empirics of the day: and your own recent experience will attest the truth of the assertion. It was affirmed likewise at the same time, that as the conduct, such was the process: and I will seek no other support of this charge, I need no better test both of the men and their works, than the plain question: Is there one good feeling to which they do—is there a single bad passion to which they do not—appeal? If they are the enemies of liberty in general, inasmuch as they tend to make it appear incompatible with public quiet and personal safety, still more emphatically are they the enemies of the liberty of the press in particular; and therein of all the truths human and divine which a free press is the most efficient and only commensurate means of protecting, extending, and perpetuating. The strongest, indeed, the only plausible, arguments against the education of the lower classes are derived from the writings of these incendiaries; and if for our neglect of the light that hath been vouchsafed to us beyond measure, the land should be visited with

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a spiritual dearth, it will have been in no small degree occasioned by the erroneous and wicked principles which it is the trade of these men to propagate. Well therefore has the Prophet made it the fourth mark of these misleaders of the multitude, not alone *to utter error*, but *to utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry*. Alas! it is a hard and a mournful thing that the press should be constrained to call out for the harsh curb of the law against the press. For how shall the law pre-distinguish the ominous scritch owl from the sacred notes of augury, from the auspicious and friendly birds of warning? And yet will we avoid this seeming injustice, we throw down all fence and bulwark of public decency and public opinion. Already has political calumny joined hands with private slander, and every principle, every feeling, that binds the citizen to his country, the spirit to its Creator, is in danger of being undermined. Not by reasoning,—for from that there is no danger; but by the mere habit of hearing them reviled and scoffed at with impunity. Were we to contemplate the evils of a rank and unweeded press only in its effects on the manners of the people, and on the general tone of thought and conversation, the greater love we bore to literature, and to all the means and instruments of human improvement, the more anxiously should we wish for some Ithuriel spear that might remove from the ear of the ignorant and half-learned, and expose in their own fiendish shape, those reptiles, which inspiring venom and forging illusions as they list,

> ——— thence raise,
> At least distemper'd discontented thoughts,
> Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires.

I feel, my friends! that even the strong and painful interest which the peculiar state of the times, and almost the occurrences of the hour create, can scarcely counterbalance the wearisome aversion inspired by the deformity and palpableness of the subject itself. As the plan originates in the malignant restlessness of desperate ambition or desperate circumstances, so are its means and engines a drag-net of fraud and delusion. *The instruments also of the churl are evil, he deviseth wicked devices with lying words*. He employs a compound poison, of which the following are the main ingredients, the proportions varying as the case requires, or the wit of the poisoner suggests. It will be enough

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rapidly to name and number the components, as in a catalogue. 1. Bold, warm, and earnest assertions, it matters not whether supported by facts or not, nay, though they should involve absurdities and demonstrable impossibilities; as for example, that the amount of the sinecure places given by the executive power would suffice to remove all distress from the land. He is a bungler in the trade, and has been an indocile scholar of his dark master, the father of lies, who can not make an assertion pass for a fact with an ignorant multitude. The natural generosity of the human heart which makes it an effort to doubt, the confidence which apparent courage inspires, and the contagion of animal enthusiasm, will insure the belief. Even in large assemblies of men highly educated, it is too often sufficient to place impressive images in juxtaposition; and the constitutive forms of the mind itself aided by the power of habit will supply the rest. For we all think by causal connections. 2. Startling particular facts, which, dissevered from their context, enable a man to convey falsehood while he says truth. 3. Arguments built on passing events and deriving an undue importance from the feelings of the moment. The mere appeal, however, to the auditors whether the arguments are not such that none but an idiot or a hireling could resist, is an effective substitute for any argument at all. For mobs have no memories. They are in nearly the same state as that of an individual when he makes (what is termed) a bull. The passions, like a fused metal, fill up the wide interstices of thought, and supply the defective links: and thus incompatible assertions are harmonized by the sensation, without the sense, of connection. 4. The display of defects, without the accompanying advantages, or *vice versa*. 5. Concealment of the general and ultimate result behind the scenery of local and particular consequences. 6. Statement of positions that are true only under particular conditions, to men whose ignorance or fury, make them forget that these conditions are not present, or lead them to take for granted that they are. 7. Chains of questions, especially of such questions as the persons best authorized to propose are ever the slowest in proposing; and objections, intelligible of themselves, the answers to which require the comprehension of a system. 8. Vague and common-place satire, stale as the wine in which flies were drowned last summer, seasoned by the sly tale and important anecdote of yesterday, that came

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within the speaker's own knowledge! 9. Transitions from the audacious charge, not seldom of as signal impudence "as any thing was ever carted for," to the lie pregnant and interpretative; the former to prove the orator's courage, and that he is neither to be bought, nor frightened; the latter to flatter the sagacity of the audience.

——— δῆλός ἐστιν αὐτόθεν
Ἐν πανουργίᾳ τε καὶ θράσει καὶ κοβαλικεύμασιν.

10. Jerks of style, from the lunatic trope, ῥήμαθ' ἱπποβάμονα, πολλάς τε ἁλινδήθρας ἐπῶν, to the buffoonery and "red-lattice phrases" of the *canaglia*, σκῶῤ συσκεδῶν βόρβορον τε πόλυν καὶ κακίας καὶ συκοφαντίας; the one in ostentation of superior rank and acquirements (for where envy does not interfere, man loves to look up); the other in pledge of heartiness and good fellowship. 11. Lastly, and throughout all, to leave a general impression of something striking, something that is to come of it, and to rely on the indolence of men's understandings and the activity of their passions for their resting in this state, as the brood-warmth fittest to hatch whatever serpents' egg opportunity may enable the deceiver to place under it. Let but mysterious expressions* be aided by significant looks and tones, and you may cajole a hot and ignorant audience to believe any thing by saying nothing, and finally to act on the lie which they themselves have been drawn in to make. This is the *pharmacopœia* of political empirics, here and everywhere, now and at all times. These are the drugs administered, and the tricks played off by the mountebanks and zanies of patriotism; drugs that will continue to poison as long as irreligion secures a predisposition to their influence; and artifices that, like stratagems in war, are never the less successful for having succeeded a hundred times before. They *bend their tongues as a bow: they shoot out deceits as arrows: they are prophets of the deceit of their own hearts: they cause*

* Vide North's *Examen*, p. 20; and The Knights of Aristophanes. A version of this comedy, abridged and modernized, would be a most seasonable present to the public. The words quoted above from this play and The Frogs, may be rendered freely in the order in which they occur: thus,

1. Thence he is illustrious, as a man of all waters, a bold fellow, and one who knows how to tickle the populace.
2. Phrases on horseback, curvetting and careering words.
3. Scattering filth and dirt, malice and sycophantic tales.

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the people to err by their dreams and their lightness: they make the people vain, they feed them with wormwood, they give them the water of gall for drink; and the people love to have it so. And what is the end thereof? (JEREM. *passim.*)

Isaiah answers for me in the concluding words of the description;—*To destroy the poor even when the needy speaketh aright;*—that is, to impel them to acts that must end in their ruin by inflammatory falsehoods, and by working on their passions till they lead them to reject the prior convictions of their own sober and unsophisticated understandings. As in all the preceding features so in this, with which the prophetic portrait is completed, our own experience supplies both proof and example. The ultimate causes of the present distress and stagnation are in my opinion complex and deeply seated; but the immediate occasion is too obvious to be overlooked but by eyes at once red and dim through the intoxication of factious prejudice, that maddening spirit which pre-eminently deserves the title of *vinum dæmonum* applied by an ancient Father of the Church to a far more innocent phrenzy. It is demonstrable that taxes, the product of which is circulated in the country from which they are raised, can never injure a country directly by the mere amount; but either from the time or circumstances under which they are raised, or from the injudicious mode in which they are levied, or from the improper objects to which they are applied. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, the pasture and the cornfield; but it may likewise force upward the moisture from the fields of industry to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sandwaste. The corruptions of a system can be duly appreciated by those only who have contemplated the system in that ideal state of perfection exhibited by the reason; the nearest possible approximation to which under existing circumstances it is the business of the prudential understanding to realize. Those, on the other hand, who commence the examination of a system by identifying it with its abuses or imperfections, degrade their understanding into the pander of their passions, and are sure to prescribe remedies more dangerous than the disease. Alas! there are so many real evils, so many just causes of complaint in the constitutions and administration of all governments, our own not excepted, that it

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becomes the imperious duty of the true patriot to prevent, as much as in him lies, the feelings and efforts of his fellow-countrymen from losing themselves on a wrong scent.

If then we are to master the ideal of a beneficent and judicious system of finance as the preliminary to all profitable insight into the defects of any particular system in actual existence, we could not perhaps find an apter illustration than the gardens of southern Europe would supply. The tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation; while the hundred rills hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade would give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. For taxation itself is a part of commerce, and the Government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing-house, carrying on in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the ship-builder, the clothier, the iron-founder, and the like. As long as a balance is preserved between the receipts and the returns of Government in their amount, quickness, and degree of dispersion; as long as the due proportion obtains in the sums levied to the mass in productive circulation, so long does the wealth and circumstantial prosperity of the nation,—(its wealth, I say, not its real welfare; its outward prosperity, but not necessarily its happiness)—remain unaffected, or rather they will appear to increase in consequence of the additional *stimulus* given to the circulation itself by the reproductive action of all large capitals, and through the check which taxation, in its own nature, gives to the indolence of the wealthy in its continual transfer of property to the industrious and enterprising. If different periods be taken, and if the comparative weight of the taxes at each be calculated, as it ought to be, not by the sum levied on each individual, but by the sum left in his possession, the settlement of the account will be in favor of the national wealth, to the amount of all the additional productive labor sustained or excited by the taxes during the intervals between their efflux and their re-absorption.

But on the other hand, in a direct *ratio* to this increase will be the distress produced by the disturbance of this balance, by the loss of this proportion; and the operation of the distress will be at least equal to the total amount of the difference between the taxes still levied, and the *quantum* of aid withdrawn from indi-

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viduals by the abandonment of others, and of that which the taxes, that still remain, have ceased to give by the altered mode of their re-dispersion. But to this we must add the number of persons raised and reared in consequence of the demand created by the preceding state of things, and now discharged from their occupations: whether the latter belong exclusively to the executive power, as that of soldiers and the like, or from those in which the laborers for the nation in general are already sufficiently numerous. Both these classes are thrown back on the public, and sent to a table where every seat is pre-occupied. The employment lessens as the number of men to be employed is increased; and not merely in the same, but from additional causes and from the indirect consequences of those already stated, in a far greater *ratio*. For it may easily happen, that the very same change, which had produced this depression at home, may from equivalent causes have embarrassed the countries in commercial connection with us. At one and the same time the great customer at home wants less, and our customers abroad are able to buy less. The conjoint action of these circumstances will furnish, for a mind capable of combining them, a sufficient solution of the melancholy fact. They can not but occasion much distress, much obstruction, and these again in their reaction are sure to be more than doubled by the still greater and universal alarm, and by the consequent check of confidence and enterprise, which they never fail to produce.

Now it is a notorious fact, that these causes did all exist to a very extraordinary degree, and that they all worked with united strength, in the late sudden transition from war to peace. It was one among the many anomalies of the late war, that it acted, after a few years, as a universal stimulant. We almost monopolized the commerce of the world. The high wages of our artisans and the high prices of agricultural produce intercirculated. Leases of no unusual length not seldom enabled the provident and thrifty farmer to purchase the estate he had rented. Everywhere might be seen roads, railways, docks, canals, made, making, and projected; villages swelling into towns, while the metropolis surrounded itself, and became (as it were) set with new cities. Finally, in spite of all the waste and havoc of a twenty years' war the population of the empire was increased by more than two millions. The efforts and war-expenditure of the

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nation, and the yearly revenue, were augmented in the same proportion: and to all this we must add a fact of the utmost importance in the present question, that the war did not, as was usually the case in former wars, die away into a long-expected peace by gradual exhaustion and weariness on both sides, but plunged to its conclusion by a concentration, we might almost say, by a spasm of energy, and consequently by an anticipation of our resources. We conquered by compelling reversionary power into alliance with our existing and natural strength. The first intoxication of triumph having passed over, this our agony of glory was succeeded of course by a general stiffness, and relaxation. The antagonist passions came into play; financial solicitude was blended with constitutional and political jealousies, and both, alas! were exacerbated by personal imprudences, the chief injury of which consisted in their own tendency to disgust and alienate the public feeling. And with all this, the financial errors and prejudices even of the more educated classes, in short, the general want or imperfection of clear views and a scientific insight into the true effects and influences of taxation, and the mode of its operation, became now a real misfortune, and opened an additional source of temporary embarrassment. Retrenchment could no longer proceed by cautious and calculated steps; but was compelled to hurry forward, like one who crossing the sands at too late an hour finds himself threatened by the inrush of the tide. Nevertheless, it was a truth susceptible of little less than mathematical demonstration, that the more, and the more suddenly, the revenue was diminished by the abandonment of the war-taxes, the greater would be the disturbance of the balance:* so that the agriculturalist, the manufacturer, or the

* The disturbance of this balance may be illustrated thus:—Suppose a great capitalist to have founded in a large market-town a factory that gradually increasing employed at length from five to six hundred workmen; and that he had likewise a second factory at a distance from the former (in the Isle of Man for instance) employing half that number, all of the latter having been drafted from and still belonging to the first parish. After some years we may further suppose, that a large proportion of the housekeepers and tradesmen might have a running account with the capitalist, many with him, as being their landlord, and still more for their stock. The workmen would in like manner be for the greater part on the books of the tradesfolks. As long as this state of things continued, all would go on well,—nay, the town would be more prosperous with every increase of the

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tradesman,—(all in short but annuitants and fixed stipendiaries) —who during the war having paid as five had fifteen left behind, would shortly have less than ten after having paid but two and a half. What then the pressure on the country must be, when we add to the above the operation of the return to cash payments, without any change made in the intrinsic value of the coin, and so as in effect to reimpose the amount of taxes, nominally remitted, may be easily understood.

But there is yet another circumstance, which I must not pass by unnoticed. In the best of times—or what the world calls such—the spirit of commerce will occasion great fluctuations, some falling while others rise, and therefore in all times there will be a large sum of individual distress. Trades likewise have their seasons, and at all times there is a very considerable number of artificers who are not employed on the average more than seven or eight months in the year: and the distress from this cause is great or small in proportion to the greater or less degree of dissipation and improvidence prevailing among them. But besides this, that artificial life and vigor of trade and agriculture, which was produced or occasioned by the direct or indirect influences of the late war, proved by no means innoxious in its effects. Habit and the familiarity with outward advantages,

factory. The balance is preserved. The circulations counterpoise each other, or rather they are neutralized by interfluence. But some sudden event leads or compels the capitalist to put down both factories at once and with little or no warning; and to call in all the moneys owing to him, and which by law had the preference to all other debts. What would be the consequence? The workmen are no longer employed, and can not at once pay up their arrears to the tradesmen; and though the capitalist should furnish the latter with goods at half-price, and make the same abatement in their rent, these deductions would afford little present relief: while, in the meantime the discharged workmen from the distant factory would fall back on the parish, and increase the general distress. The balance is disturbed. Put the country at large for the parishioners, and the government in all departments of expenditure for the capitalist and his factories: and nearly such is the situation in which we are placed by the transition from the late war to the present peace. But the difference is this. The town may never recover its temporary prosperity, and the capitalist may spend his remaining fortune in another country; but a nation, of which the Government is an organic part with perfect interdependence of interests, can never remain in a state of depression thus produced, but by its own fault: that is from moral causes.

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which takes off their dazzle; sense of character; and above all, the counterpoise of intellectual pursuits and resources; are all necessary preventives and antidotes to the dangerous properties of wealth and power with the great majority of mankind. It is a painful subject: and I leave to your own experience and recollection the assemblage of folly, presumption, and extravagance, that followed in the procession of our late unprecedented prosperity; the blind practices and blending passions of speculation in the commercial world, with the shoal of ostentatious fooleries and sensual vices which the sudden influx of wealth let in on our farmers and yeomanry. Now though the whole mass of calamity consequent on these aberrations from prudence should in all fairness be attributed to the sufferer's own conduct; yet when there supervenes some one common cause or occasion of distress which pressing hard on many furnishes a pretext to all, this too will pass muster among its actual effects, and assume the semblance and dignity of national calamity. Each unfortunate individual shares during the hard times in the immunities of a privileged order, as the most tottering and ruinous houses equally with those in best repair are included in the same brief after an extensive fire. The change of the moon will not produce a change of weather, except in places where the atmosphere has from local and particular causes been predisposed to its influence. But the former is one, placed aloft and conspicuous to all men; the latter are many and intricate, and known to few. Of course it is the moon that must bear the entire blame of wet summers and scanty crops. All these, however, whether they are distresses common to all times alike, or though occasioned by the general revolution and stagnation, yet really caused by personal improvidence or misconduct, combine with its peculiar and inevitable effects in making the cup overflow. The latter class especially, as being in such cases always the most clamorous sufferers, increase the evil by swelling the alarm.

The main causes of the present exigencies are so obvious, and lie so open to the common sense of mankind, that the laboring classes saw the connection of the change in the times with the suddenness of the peace, as clearly as their superiors, and being less heated with speculation, were in the first instance less surprised at the results. To a public event of universal concern there will often be more attributed than belongs to it; but never

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in the natural course of human feelings will there be less. That the depression began with the peace would have been of itself a sufficient proof with the many that it arose from the peace. But this opinion suited ill with the purposes of sedition. The truth, that could not be precluded, must be removed: and *when the needy speaketh aright*, the more urgent occasion is there for the *wicked device* and the lying words. Where distress is felt, tales of wrong and oppression are readily believed, to the sufferer's own disquiet. Rage and revenge make the cheek pale and the hand tremble worse than even want itself: and the cup of sorrow overflows by being held unsteadily. On the other hand nothing calms the mind in the hour of bitterness so efficaciously as the conviction that it was not within the means of those above us, or around us, to have prevented it. An influence, mightier than fascination, dwells in the stern eye of necessity, when it is fixed steadily on a man; for together with the power of resistance it takes away its agitations likewise. This is one mercy that always accompanies the visitations of the Almighty when they are received as such. If therefore the sufferings of the lower classes are to supply air and fuel to their passions, and are to be perverted into instruments of mischief, they must be attributed to causes that can be represented as removable; either to individuals who have been previously rendered unpopular, or to whole classes of men, accordingly as the immediate object of their seducers may require. What, though nothing should be more remote from the true cause? What, though the invidious charge should be not only without proof, but in the face of strong proof to the contrary? What, though the pretended remedy should have no possible end but that of exasperating the disease? All will be of little or no avail if these truths have not been administered beforehand. When *the wrath is gone forth, the plague is already begun. Wrath is cruel*, and where is there a deafness like that of an outrageous multitude? *For as the matter of fire is, so it burneth.* Let the demagogue but succeed in maddening the crowd, he may bid defiance to demonstration, and direct the madness against whom it pleaseth him. *A slanderous tongue has disquieted many, and driven them from nation to nation; strong cities hath it pulled down and overthrown the houses of great men.* (Ecclus. xxviii. 14.)

We see in every promiscuous public meeting the effect produced

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by the bold assertion that the present hardships of all classes are owing to the number and amount of pensions and sinecures. Yet from the unprecedented zeal and activity in the education* of the poor, of the thousands that are inflamed by, and therefore give credit to, these statements, there are few without a child at

* With all due humility we contended that the war in question had likewise its golden side. The anomalous occasions and stupendous events of the contest had roused us, like the blast of a trumpet from the clouds; and as many as were capable of thinking were roused to thought. It had forced on the higher and middle classes—say, rather on the people at large, as distinguished from the mere populace—the home truth, that national honesty and individual safety, private morals and public security, mutually grounded each other, that they were twined at the very root, and could not grow or thrive but in intertwine: and we of Great Britain had acquired this instruction without the stupefying influences of terror or actual calamity. Yet that it had operated practically, and in a scale proportional to the magnitude of the occasion, the late and present condition of manners and intellect among the young men at Oxford and Cambridge, the manly sobriety of demeanor, the submission to the routine of study in almost all, and the zeal in the pursuit of knowledge and academic distinction in a large and increasing number, afford a cheering testimony to such as were familiar with the state of the two Universities forty or even thirty years ago, with the moral contrast which they presented, at the close of the last, and during the former half of the present reign; while a proof of still greater power, and open to the observation of all men, is supplied by the predominant anxiety concerning the education and principles of their children in all the respectable classes of the community, and the unexampled scale, in consequence, of the very numerous large and small volumes composed or compiled for the use of parents. Nor here did the salutary influence stop. We had been compelled to know and feel that the times in which we had to act or suffer were the *Saturnalia* of revolution; and fearful evidence had been given us at the cost of our unfortunate neighbors, that a vicious and ignorant population was a magazine of combustibles left roofless, while madmen and incendiaries were letting off their new invented blue lights and fire-rockets in every direction. The wish sprang up and spread throughout England that every Englishman should be able to read his Bible, and have a Bible of his own to read. The general wish organized itself into act and plan: a discovery, the living educt of one man's genius and benevolence, rendered the execution practicable and even easy; and the god-like idea began and is proceeding to realize itself with a rapidity yet steadfastness, which nothing could make possible or credible, but such a conviction effected by an experience so strange and awful, and acting on that volunteer spirit, that instinct of fervid yet orderly co-operation, which most of all our honorable characteristics distinguishes, secures, enriches, strengthens and elevates the people of Great Britain.—[*From an Essay published in the Courier, July*, 1816.]

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home, who could prove their impossibility by the first and simplest rules of arithmetic; there is not one, perhaps, who taken by himself and in a cooler mood, would stand out against the simple question,—whether it was not folly to suppose that the lowness of his wages or his want of employment could be occasioned by the circumstance, that a sum (the whole of which, as far as it is raised by taxation, can not take a yearly penny from him) was dispersed and returned into the general circulation by annuitants of the Treasury instead of annuitants of the Bank, by John instead of Peter; however blamable the regulation might be in other respects? What then? the *hypothesis* allows of a continual reference to persons, and to all the uneasy and malignant passions which personalities are of all means the best fitted to awaken. The grief itself, however grinding it may be, is of no avail to this end; it must first be converted into a grievance. Were the audience composed chiefly of the lower farmers and the peasantry, the same circumstance would for the same reason have been attributed wholly to the Clergy and the system of tithes; as if the corn would be more plentiful if the farmers paid their whole rent to one man, instead of paying nine parts to the landlords and the tenth to the tithe-owners! But let the meeting be composed of the manufacturing poor, and then it is the machinery of their employers that is devoted to destruction: though it would not exceed the truth if I affirmed, that to the use and perfection of this very machinery the majority of the poor deluded destroyers owe their very existence, owe to it that they ever beheld the light of heaven!

Even so it is with the capitalists and store-keepers, who by spreading the dearness of provisions over a larger space and time prevent scarcity from becoming real famine, the frightful lot at certain and not distant intervals of our less commercial forefathers. These men by the mere instinct of self-interest are not alone birds of warning, that prevent waste; but as the raven of Elijah, they bring supplies from afar. But let the incendiary spirit have rendered them birds of ill omen: and it is well if the deluded malecontents can be restrained from levelling at them missiles more alarming than the curse of the unwise that alighteth not. *There be three things* (says the wise son of Sirach) *that mine heart feareth, the slander of a city, the gathering together of an unruly multitude, and a false accusation: all these*

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are worse than death. But all these are the *arena*, and the chosen weapons of demagogues. Wretches! they would without remorse detract the hope which is the subliming and expanding warmth of public credit, destroy the public credit which is the vital air of national industry, convert obstruction into stagnation, and make grass grow in the exchange and the market-place; if so they might but goad ignorance into riot, and fanaticism into rebellion! They would snatch the last morsel from the poor man's lips to make him curse the Government in his heart —alas! to fall at length, either ignominiously beneath the strength of the outraged law, or (if God in his anger, and for the punishment of general depravity, should require a severer and more extensive retribution) to perish still more lamentably among the victims of its weakness.

Thus, then, I have answered at large to the first of the three questions proposed as the heads and divisions of this address. I am well aware that our demagogues are not the only empirics who have tampered with the case. But I felt unwilling to put the mistakes of sciolism, or even those of vanity and self-interest, in the same section with crime and guilt. What is omitted here will find its place elsewhere; the more readily, that having been tempted by the foulness of the ways to turn for a short space out of my direct path, I have encroached already on the second question; that, namely, which respects the ultimate causes and immediate occasions of the complaint.

The latter part of this problem I appear to myself to have solved fully and satisfactorily. To those who deem any further or deeper research superfluous, I must content myself with observing, that I have never heard it denied that there is more than a sufficiency of food in existence. I have, at least, met with no proof that there is or has been any scarcity, either in the materials of all necessary comforts, or any lack of strength, skill, and industry to prepare them. If we saw a man in health pining at a full table because there was not *the savory meat there which he loved*, and had expected, the wanton delay or negligence of the messenger would be a complete answer to our inquiries after the occasion of this sullenness or inappetence; but the cause of it we should be tempted to seek in the man's own undisciplined temper, or habits of self-indulgence. So far from agreeing therefore with those who find the causes in the occa-

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sions, I think the half of the question already solved of very unequal importance with that which yet remains for solution.

The immediate occasions of the existing distress may be correctly given with no greater difficulty than would attend any other series of known historic facts; but toward the discovery of its true seat and sources, I can but offer a humble contribution. They appear to me, however, resolvable into the *overbalance* of the commercial spirit in consequence of the absence or weakness of the counter-weights;* this overbalance considered as displaying itself, 1, in the commercial world itself: 2, in the agricultural: 3, in the Government: and, 4, in the combined influence of all three on the more numerous and laboring classes.

Of the natural counter-forces to the *impetus* of trade, the first that presents itself to my mind, is the ancient feeling of rank and ancestry, compared with our present self-complacent triumph over these supposed prejudices. Not that titles and the rights of precedence are pursued with less eagerness by us than by our forefathers. The contrary is the case; and for this very cause, because they inspire less reverence. In the old times they were valued by the possessors and revered by the people as distinctions of nature, which the Crown itself could only ornament, but not give. Like the stars in heaven, their influence was wider and more general, because for the mass of mankind there was no hope of reaching, and therefore no desire to appropriate them. That many evils as well as advantages accompanied this state of things I am well aware: and likewise that many of the latter have become incompatible with far more important blessings. It would therefore be sickly affectation to suspend the thankful-

* I entreat attention to the word, over-balance. My opinions would be greatly misinterpreted if I were supposed to think hostilely of the spirit of commerce to which I attribute the largest proportion of our actual freedom, and at least as large a share of our virtues as of our vices. Still more anxiously would I guard against the suspicion of a design to inculpate any number or class of individuals. It is not in the power of a minister or of a cabinet to say to the current of national tendency, Stay here! or, Flow there! The excess can only be remedied by the slow progress of intellect, the influences of religion, and irresistible events guided by Providence. In the points, even, which I have presumed to blame, by the word Government I intend all the directors of political power, that is, the great estates of the realm, temporal and spiritual, and not only the Parliament, but all the elements of Parliament.

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ness due for our immunity from the one in an idle regret for the loss of the other. But however true this may be, and whether the good or the evil preponderated, still, this reverence for ancientry in families acted as a counterpoise to the grosser superstition of wealth. Of the efficiency of this counter-influence I can offer negative proof only: and for this we need only look back on the deplorable state of Holland in respect of patriotism and public spirit at and before the commencement of the French Revolution.

The limits and proportions of this address allow little more than a bare reference to this point. The same restraint I must impose on myself in the following. For under this head I include the general neglect of all the austerer studies; the long and ominous eclipse of philosophy; the usurpation of that venerable name by physical and psychological empiricism; and the non-existence of a learned and philosophic public, which is perhaps the only innoxious form of an *imperium in imperio*, but at the same time the only form which is not directly or indirectly encouraged. So great a risk do I incur of malignant interpretation, and the assertion itself is so likely to appear paradoxical even to men of candid minds, that I should have passed over this point, most important as I know it to be; but that it will be found stated more at large, with all its proofs, in a work on the point of publication. The fact is simply this. We have—lovers, shall I entitle them? —or must I not rather hazard the introduction of their own phrases, and say, *amateurs* or *dilettanti*, as musicians, botanists, florists, mineralogists, and antiquarians? Nor is it denied that these are ingenuous pursuits, and such as become men of rank and fortune. Neither in these or in other points do I complain of any excess in the pursuits themselves; but of that which arises from the deficiency of the counterpoise. The effect is the same. Every work, which can be made use of either to immediate profit or immediate pleasure, every work which falls in with the desire of acquiring wealth suddenly, or which can gratify the senses, or pamper the still more degrading appetite for scandal and personal defamation, is sure of an appropriate circulation. But neither philosophy or theology in the strictest sense of the words, can be said to have even a public existence among us. I feel assured that if Plato himself were to return and renew his sublime lucubrations in the metropolis of Great Britain, a handi-

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craftsman from a laboratory, who had just succeeded in disoxydating an earth,—*silex*, or lime, for instance,—would be thought the more respectable, nay, the more illustrious person of the two. Nor will it be the least drawback from his honors, that he had never even asked himself, what law of universal being nature uttered in this *phænomenon:* while the character of a visionary would be the sole remuneration of the man, who from the insight into that law had previously demonstrated the necessity of the fact. As to that which passes with us under the name of metaphysics, philosophic elements, and the like, I refer every man of reflection to the contrast between the present times and those shortly after the restoration of ancient literature. In the latter we find the greatest men of the age, statesmen, warriors, monarchs, architects in closest intercourse with philosophy. I need only mention the names of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Picus Mirandola, Ficinus and Politian; the abstruse subjects of their discussion, and the importance attached to them, as the requisite qualifications of men placed by Providence as guides and governors of their fellow-creatures. If this be undeniable, equally notorious is it that at present the more effective a man's talents are, and the more likely he is to be useful and distinguished in the highest situations of public life, the earlier does he show his aversion to the metaphysics and the books of metaphysical speculation, which are placed before him: though they come with the recommendation of being so many triumphs of modern good sense over the schools of ancient philosophy. Dante, Petrarch, Spenser, Philip and Algernon Sidney, Milton and Barrow were Platonists. But all the men of genius, with whom it has been my fortune to converse, either profess to know nothing of the present systems, or to despise them. It would be equally unjust and irrational to seek the solution of this difference in the men; and if not, it can be found only in the philosophic systems themselves. And so in truth it is. The living of former ages communed gladly with a life-breathing philosophy: the living of the present age wisely leave the dead to take care of the dead.

But whatever the causes may be, the result is before our eyes. An excess in our attachment to temporal and personal objects can be counteracted only by a pre-occupation of the intellect and the affections with permanent, universal, and eternal truths. Let no man enter, said Plato, who has not previously disciplined his

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mind by geometry.* He considered this science as the first purification of the soul, by abstracting the attention from the accidents of the senses. We too teach geometry; but that there may be no danger of the pupil's becoming too abstract in his conceptions, it has been not only proposed, but the proposal has been adopted, that it should be taught by wooden diagrams. It pains me to remember with what applause a work, that placed the inductions of modern chemistry in the same rank with the demonstrations of mathematical science, was received even in a mathematical University. I must not permit myself to say more on this subject, desirous as I am of showing the importance of a philosophic class, and of evincing that it is of vital utility, and even an essential element in the composition of a civilized community. It must suffice, that it has been explained in what respect the pursuit of truth for its own sake, and the reverence yilded to its professors, has a tendency to calm or counteract the pursuit of wealth; and that therefore a counterforce is wanting wherever philosophy is degraded in the estimation of society. "What are you" (a philosopher was once asked) "in consequence of your admiration of these abstruse speculations?" He answered: "What I am, it does not become me to say; but what thousands are, who despise them, and even pride themselves on their ignorance, I see—and tremble!"

There is a third influence, alternately our spur and our curb, without which all the pursuits and desires of man must either exceed or fall short of their just measure. Need I add, that I mean the influence of religion? I speak of that sincere, that entire interest, in the undivided faith of Christ which demands the first-fruits of the whole man, his affections no less than his outward acts, his understanding equally with his feelings. For be assured, never yet did there exist a full faith in the divine Word (by whom not immortality alone, but light and immortality were brought into the world), which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the mind, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions. If acquiescence without insight; if warmth without light; if an immunity from doubt given and guaranteed by a resolute ignorance; if the habit of taking for granted the words of a catechism, remembered or for-

* Οὐδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω.—*Ed.*

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gotten; if a sensation of positiveness substituted—I will not say, for certainty, but—for that calm assurance, the very means and conditions of which it supersedes; if a belief that seeks the darkness, and yet strikes no root, immovable as the limpet from its rock, and like the limpet fixed there by the mere force of adhesion;—if these suffice to make us Christians, in what intelligible sense could our Lord have announced it as the height and consummation of the signs and miracles which attested his Divinity, that *the Gospel was preached to the poor?* In what sense could the Apostle affirm that believers have received, not indeed the wisdom of this world that comes to naught, but the wisdom of God, that we might know and comprehend the things that are freely given to us of God? or that every Christian, in proportion as he is indeed a Christian, has received the Spirit that searcheth all things, yea, *the deep things of God himself?* On what grounds could the Apostle denounce even the sincerest fervor of spirit as defective, where it does not bring forth fruits in the understanding?* Or again: if to believe were enough, why are we commanded by another Apostle, that, *besides this, giving all diligence we should add to our faith manly energy and to manly energy knowledge?* (2 Pet. i. 5.) Is it not especially significant, that in the divine economy, as revealed to us in the New Testament, the peculiar office of Redemption is attributed to the Word, that is, to the intelligential wisdom which from all eternity is with God, and is God; that in Him is life, and the life is the light of men?

In the present day we hear much, and from men of various creeds, of the plainness and simplicity of the Christian religion: and a strange abuse has been made of these words, often indeed with no ill intention, but still oftener by men who would fain transform the necessity of believing in Christ into a recommendation to believe him. The advocates of the latter scheme grew out of a sect that were called Socinians, but having succeeded in disbelieving far beyond the last foot-marks of the Socini, have chosen to designate themselves by the name of Unitarians. But this is a name, which, in its proper sense, can belong only to their antagonists: for unity or unition, and indistinguishable unicity or oneness, are incompatible terms: while, in the exclusive sense in

* Brethren! be not children in understanding: howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

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which they mean the name to be understood, it is a presumptuous boast, and an uncharitable calumny. Their true designation, which simply expresses a fact admitted on all sides, would be that of Psilanthropists,* or assertors of the mere humanity of Christ. It is the interest of these to speak of the Christian religion as comprised in a few plain doctrines, and containing nothing not intelligible, at the first hearing, to men of the narrowest capacities. Well then (it might be replied), we are disposed to place a full reliance on the veracity of the great Founder of the Christian religion, and likewise, which is more than you yourselves are on all occasions willing to admit—on the accuracy and competence of the writers, who first recorded his acts and sayings. We have learned from you, whom,—and we now wish to hear from you —what we are to believe. In answer to this request we are referred to a particular fact or incident, recorded of Jesus, by his biographers, the object and purpose of which was, we are told, to produce belief of certain doctrines. And what are these? Those without the previous belief of which, no man would, or rather, according to St. Paul's declaration, could become a convert to Christianity; doctrines, which it is certain that Christ's immediate disciples believed, not less confidently, before they had acknowledged his mission, than they did afterwards. Religion and politics, they tell us, require but the application of a common sense, which every man possesses, to a subject in which every man is concerned. To be a musician, an orator, a painter, or even a good mechanician, presupposes genius: to be an excellent artisan or mechanic requires more than an average degree of talent; but to be a legislator or a theologian, or both at once, demands nothing but common sense! Now, I willingly admit that nothing can be necessary to the salvation of a Christian which is not in his power. For such, therefore, as have neither the opportunity nor the capacity of learning more, sufficient,

* New things justify new terms. *Novis in rebus licet nova nobis verba confingere.*—We never speak of the unity of attraction, or of the unity of repulsion; but of the unity of attraction and repulsion in each one corpuscle. The essential diversity of the ideas, unity and sameness, was among the elementary principles of the old logicians; and the sophisms grounded on the confusion of these terms have been ably exposed by Leibnitz, in his critique on Wissowatius, the acutest, perhaps, of all the learned Socinian divines, when Socinian divines were undeniably men of learning.

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doubtless, will be the belief of those plain truths, and the fulfilment of those commands, which to be incapable of understanding, is to be a man in appearance only. But even to this scanty creed the disposition of faith must be added: and let it not be forgotten that though nothing can be easier than to understand a code of belief, four fifths of which consist in avowals of disbelief, and the remainder in truths, concerning which (in this country at least) a man must have taken pains to learn to have any doubt; yet it is by no means easy to reconcile this code of negatives with the declarations of the Christian Scriptures. On the contrary, it requires all the resources of verbal criticism, and all the perverse subtlety of special pleading, to work out a plausible semblance of correspondency between them. It must, however, be conceded that a man may consistently spare himself the trouble of the attempt, and leave the New Testament unread, after he has once thoroughly persuaded himself that it can teach him nothing of any real importance that he does not already know. St. Paul, indeed, thought otherwise. For though he too teaches us, that in the religion of Christ there is *milk for babes:* yet he informs us at the same time, that there is *meat for strong men:* and to the like purpose one of the Fathers has observed that in the New Testament there are shallows where the lamb may ford, and depths where the elephant may swim. The Apostle exhorts the followers of Christ to the continual study of the new religion, on the ground that in the mystery of Christ, which in other ages was not made known to the sons of men, and in the riches of Christ which no research could exhaust, there were contained all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom. Accordingly in that earnestness of spirit, which his own personal experience of the truth inspired, he prays with a solemn and a ceremonious fervor, that being *strengthened with might in the inner man, they may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height*, of that living principle at once the giver and the gift of that anointing faith, which in endless evolution *teaches us of all things, and is truth!* For all things are but parts and forms of its progressive manifestation, and every new knowledge but a new organ of sense and insight into this one all-inclusive verity, which, still filling the vessel of the understanding, still dilates it to a capacity of yet other and yet greater truths, and thus makes the soul feel its poverty by the very amplitude of

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its present, and the immensity of its reversionary wealth. All truth indeed is simple, and needs no extrinsic ornament. And the more profound the truth is, the more simple: for the whole labor and building up knowledge is but one continued process of simplification. But I can not comprehend, in what ordinary sense of the words the properties of plainness and simplicity can be applied to the Prophets, or to the writings of St. John, or to the Epistles of St. Paul; or what can have so marvellously improved the capacity of our laity beyond the same class of persons among the primitive Christians; who, as we are told by a fellow-Apostle, found in the writings last mentioned many passages hard to be understood, which the *unlearned* as well as the unstable, were in danger of wresting and misinterpreting. I can well understand, however, what is and has been the practical consequence of this notion. It is this very consequence, indeed, that occasioned the preceding remarks, makes them pertinent to my present subject, and gives them a place in the train of argument requisite for its illustration. For what need of any after-recurrence to the sources of information concerning a religion, the whole contents of which can be thoroughly acquired at once, and in a few hours? An occasional remembrancing may, perhaps, be expedient; but what object of study can a man propose to himself in a matter of which he knows all that can be known, all at least, that it is of use to know? Like the first rules of arithmetic, its few plain and obvious truths may hourly serve the man's purposes, yet never once occupy his thoughts. But it is impossible that the affections should be kept constant to an object which gives no employment to the understanding. The energies of the intellect, increase of insight, and enlarging views, are necessary to keep alive the substantial faith in the heart. They are the appointed fuel to the sacred fire. In the state of perfection all other faculties may, perhaps, be swallowed up in love; but it is on the wings of the Cherubim, which the ancient Hebrew doctors interpreted as meaning the powers and efforts of the intellect, that we must first be borne up to the pure empyrean: and it must be Seraphs and not the hearts of poor mortals, that can burn unfuelled and self-fed. *Give me understanding* (exclaimed the royal Psalmist) *and I shall observe thy law with my whole heart. Teach me knowledge and good judgment. Thy commandment is exceeding broad: O how I love thy*

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law!' it is my meditation all the day. The entrance of thy words giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple. I prevented the dawning of the morning: mine eyes prevent the night-watches, that I might meditate upon thy word. Now where the very contrary of this is the opinion of many, and the practice of most, what results can be expected but those which are actually presented to us in our daily experience?

There is one class of men* who read the Scriptures, when they

* Whether it be on the increase, as a sect, is doubtful. But it is admitted by all—nay, strange as it may seem, made a matter of boast,—that the number of its secret adherents, outwardly of other denominations, is tenfold greater than that of its avowed and incorporated followers. And truly in our cities and great manufacturing and commercial towns, among lawyers and such of the tradesfolk as are the ruling members in bookclubs, I am inclined to fear that this has not been asserted without good ground. For, Socinianism in its present form, consisting almost wholly in attack and imagined detection, has a particular charm for what are called shrewd knowing men. Besides, the vain and half-educated, whose Christian and surnames in the title-pages of our magazines, lady's diaries, and the like, are the successors of the shame-faced Critos, Phileleutheroses, and Philaletheses in the time of our grandfathers, will be something: and now that Deism has gone out of fashion, Socinianism has swept up its refuse. As the main success of this sect is owing to the small proportion which the affirmative articles of their faith (*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*) bear to the negative (that is their belief to their disbelief), it will be an act of kindness to the unwary to bring together the former under one point of view. This is done in the following catalogue, the greater part if not the whole of which may be authenticated from the writings of Mr. Belsham.

1. They believe in one God, professing to differ from other Christians only in holding the Deity to be unipersonal, the Father alone being God, the Son a mere, though an inspired and highly gifted, man, and the Holy Spirit either a synonyme of God, or of the divine agency, or of its effects.

2. They believe men's actions necessitated, and consistently with this affirm that the Christian religion (that is, their view of it) precludes all remorse for our sins, they being a present calamity, but not guilt.

3. They believe the Gospels though not written by inspiration, to be authentic histories on the whole: though with some additions and interpolations. And on the authority of these writings confirmed by other evidence, they believe in the resurrection of the man Jesus Christ, from the dead.

4. On the historic credibility of this event they believe in the resurrection of the body, which in their opinion is the whole man, at the last day: and differ from other Churches in this only, that while other Christians believe, that all men will arise in the body, they hold that all the bodies that had been men will arise.

5. A certain indefinite number of mankind thus renewed to life and con-

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do read them, in order to pick and choose their faith: or (to speak more accurately) for the purpose of plucking away live-asunder, as it were from the divine organism of the Bible, textuary mor-

sciousness, it is the common belief of them all, will be placed in a state of happiness and immortality. But with respect to those who have died in the calamitous condition of unreformed sinfulness (to what extent it is for the supreme Judge to decide) they are divided among themselves. The one party teach, that such unhappy persons will be raised only to be re-annihilated: the other party contend, that there will be a final restoration of all men, with a purgatory or state of remedial discipline, the severity and duration of which will be proportioned to the kind, degree, and obstinacy of the disease, and of which therefore every man is left to his own conjectural hopes and fears: with this comfort however to the very worst (that is, most unfortunate and erroneous of mankind) that it will be all well with them at last. In this article they differ from the Papists in having no hell, and in placing their purgatory after, instead of before, the day of judgment.

6. Lastly, as they hold only an intellectual and physical, and not a moral, difference in the actions and characters of men, they not being free agents, and therefore not more responsible beings than the true beasts, although their greater powers of memory and comparison render them more susceptible of being acted on by prospective motives—(and in this sense they retain the term, responsibility, after having purified it by the ex-inanition of its old, and the transfusion of a new, meaning)—and as they with strict consequence, merge all the attributes of Deity in power, intelligence, and benevolence (mercy and justice being modes, or rather perspective views, of the two latter; the holiness of God meaning the same or nothing at all; and his anger, offence, and hatred of moral evil, being mere metaphors and figures of speech addressed to a rude and barbarous people) they profess to hold a Redemption—not however by the Cross of Christ, except as his death was an evidence of his sincerity, and the necessary preliminary to his Resurrection; but—by the effects which this fact of his Resurrection, together with his example, and his re-publication of the moral precepts (taught indeed long before, but as they think, not so clearly, by Moses and the Prophets) were calculated to produce on the human mind. So that if it had so happened, that a man had been influenced to an innocent and useful life by the example, precepts, and martyrdom of Socrates, Socrates, and not Christ, would have been his Redeemer.

These are all the positives of the modern Socinian Creed, and even these it was not possible to extricate wholly from the points of disbelief. But if it should be asked, why this resurrection, or re-creation is confined to the human animal, the answer must be,—that more than this has not been revealed. And so far all Christians will join assent. But some have added, and in my opinion much to their credit, that they hope it may be the case with the brutes likewise, as they see no sufficient reason to the contrary. And truly, upon their scheme, I agree with them. For if man be no other or nobler creature essentially, than he is represented in their system, the

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sels and fragments for the support of doctrines which they had learned beforehand from the higher oracle of their own natural common-sense. *Sanctas Scripturas frustant ut frustrent.* Through the gracious dispensations of Providence a complexity of circumstances may co-operate as antidotes to a noxious principle, and realize the paradox of a very good man under a very evil faith. It is not denied that a Socinian may be as honest, useful, and benevolent a character as any of his neighbors; and if he thinks more and derives a larger portion of his pleasures from intellectual sources, he is likely to be more so. But in such instances (and that they are not infrequent, I am, from my own experience, most willing to bear witness), the fruit is from the grafts, not from the tree. The native produce is, or would be, an intriguing, overbearing, scornful and worldly disposition; and in point of fact, it is the only scheme of religion that inspires in its

meanest reptile, that maps out its path on the earth by lines of slime, must be of equal worth and respectability, not only in the sight of the Holy One, but by a strange contradiction even before man's own reason. For remove all the sources of esteem and the love founded on esteem, and whatever else pre-supposes a will and therein a possible transcendence to the material world; mankind, as far as my experience has extended (and I am less than the least of many whom I could cite as having formed the very same judgment), are on the whole distinguished from the other beasts incomparably more to their disadvantage, by lying, treachery, ingratitude, massacre, thirst of blood, and by sensualities which both in sort and degree it would be libelling their brother-beasts to call bestial, than to their advantage by a greater extent of intellect. And what indeed, abstracted from the free-will, could this intellect be but a more showy instinct of more various application indeed, but far less secure, useful, or adapted to its purposes, than the instinct of birds, insects, and the like. In short, as I have elsewhere observed, compared with the wiles and factories of the spider, or with the cunning of the fox, it would be but a more efflorescent, and for that very cause a less efficient, salt to preserve the hog from putrefying before its destined hour.

Well may the words of Isaiah be applied and addressed to the teachers and followers of this sect, or rather, I would say, to their tenets as personified—*The word of the Lord was unto them, precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, that they might go and fall backward, and be broken and spared. Wherefore, hear the word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people! Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement! Your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand. For your bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.*—xxviii.

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adherents a contempt for the understandings of all who differ from them.* But be this as it may, and whatever be its effects, it is not probable that Christianity will have any direct influence on men who pay it no other compliment than that of calling by its name the previous dictates and decisions of their own mother-wit.

Still, however, the more numerous class is of those who do not trouble themselves at all with religious matters, which they resign to the clergyman of the parish. But whilst not a few among these men consent to pray and hear by proxy; and whilst others, more attentive to the prudential advantages of a decorous character, yield the customary evidence of their Church-membership; but, this performed, are at peace with themselves, and

> ——— think their Sunday's task
> As much as God or man can fairly ask;—

there exists amongst the most respectable laity of our cities and great towns, an active, powerful, and enlarging minority, whose industry, while it enriches their families, is at the same time a support to the revenue, and not seldom enlivens their whole neighborhood: men whose lives are free from all disreputable infirmities, and of whose activity in the origination, patronage, and management both of charitable and of religious associations, who must not have read or heard? and which who that has, will dare deny to be most exemplary? After the custom of our forefathers, and their pure household religion, these, in so many respects estimable persons, are for the greater part in the habit of having family-prayer, and a portion of Scripture read every morning and evening. In this class, with such changes or substitutions as the peculiar tenets of the sect require, we must include the sensible, orderly and beneficent Society of the Friends. Here then, if anywhere (that is, in any class of men; for the present argument is not concerned with individuals), we may expect to find Christianity tempering commercial avidity and sprinkling its holy damps on the passion of accumulation. This, I say, we might expect to find, if an undoubting belief in the

* A Calvinist, or Moravian, for instance, would lament over a disbeliever in their peculiar tenets, as over one from whom the gift of faith had been hitherto withholden; but would readily join in attestation of his talents, learning, good morals, and all natural gifts.—1827.

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threats and promises of Revelation, and a consequent regularity of personal, domestic, and social demeanor, sufficed to constitute that Christianity, the power and privilege of which is so to renew and irradiate the whole intelligential and moral life of man, as to overcome the *spirit of the world*. If this, the appointed test, were found wanting, should we not be forced to apprehend, nay, are we not compelled to infer, that the spirit of prudential motive, however ennobled by the magnitude and awfulness of its objects,* and though as the termination of a lower,—it may be

* And in this alone, Paley, by a use of terms altogether arbitrary, places the distinction between prudence and virtue, the former being self-love in its application to the sum of pain and pleasure that is likely to result to us, as the consequence of our actions, in the present life only; while the latter is the same self-love, that together with the present consequences of our actions, takes in likewise the more important enjoyments or sufferings which, accordingly as we obey or disobey His known commands, God has promised to bestow, or threatened to inflict, on us in the life to come.[1] According to this writer, it becomes the duty of a rational free agent (it would be more pertinent to say, of a sentient animal capable of forecast) to reduce his will to an habitual coincidence with his reason, on no other ground, but because he believes that God is able and determined either to gratify or to torment him. Thus, the great principle of the Gospel, that we are bound to love our neighbors as ourselves and God above all, must, if translated into a consistency with this theory of enlightened self-love, run thus: On the ground of our fear of torment and our expectation of pleasure from an infinitely powerful Being, we are under a prudential obligation of acting towards our neighbors as if we loved them equally with ourselves; but ultimately and in very truth to love ourselves only. And this is the work, this the system of moral and political philosophy cited as highest authority in our Senate and Courts of Judicature! And (still worse!) this is the text-book for the moral lectures at one of our Universities, justly the most celebrated for scientific ardor and manly thinking. It is not without a pang of filial sorrow that I make this acknowledgment, which nothing could have extorted from me but the strongest conviction of the mischievous and debasing tendencies of that wide-spread system, in which the Works of Paley (his Sermons excepted) act not the less perni-

[1] "And from this account of obligation it follows, that we are obliged to nothing but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by; for nothing else can be a violent motive to us. As we should not be obliged to obey the laws or the magistrate, unless rewards or punishments, pleasure or pain, somehow or other, depended upon our obedience; so neither should we, without the same reason, be obliged to do what is right, to practise virtue, or to obey the commands of God."—Paley, Moral and Polit. Phil, b. ii. c. 2, *et passim*.

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the commencement (and not seldom the occasion) of a higher state,—is not, even in respect of morality itself, that abiding and continuous principle of action, which is either one with the faith spoken of by St. Paul, or its immediate offspring. It can not be that spirit of obedience to the commands of Christ, by which the soul dwelleth in him, and he in it; and which our Saviour himself announces as a *being born again*. And this indispensable act, or influence, or impregnation, of which, as of a divine tradition, the eldest philosophy is not silent; which flashed through the darkness of the pagan mysteries; and which it was therefore a reproach to a master in Israel, that he had not already known; this is elsewhere explained, as a seed which, though of gradual development, did yet potentially contain the essential form not merely of a better, but of another life;—amidst all the frailties and transient eclipses of mortality making, I repeat, the subjects of this regeneration not so properly better as other men, whom therefore the world could not but hate, as aliens. Its own native growth, to whatever height it had been improved by cultivation (whether through the agency of blind sympathies, or of an intelligent self-interest, the two best guides to the loftiest points to which the worldly life can ascend), the world has always been ready and willing to acknowledge and admire. *They are of the world: therefore speak they out of the heart of the world* (ἐκ τοῦ κόσμου) *and the world heareth them.*—(1 John iv.)

To abstain from acts of wrong and violence, to be moreover industrious, useful, and of seemly bearing, are qualities presupposed in the Gospel code, as the preliminary conditions, rather than the proper and peculiar effects, of Christianity. But they are likewise qualities so palpably indispensable to the temporal interests of mankind that, if we except the brief frenzies of revolutionary riot, there never was a time, in which the world did not profess to reverence them: nor can we state any period, in which a more than ordinary character for assiduity, regularity, and charitableness did not secure the world's praise and favor, and were not calculated to advance the individual's own worldly interests: pro-

cious part, because the most decorous and plausible. The fallacious sophistry of the grounding principle in this whole system has been detected by Des Cartes, and Bishop Butler; and of late years, with great ability and originality, by Mr. Hazlitt.

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vided only, that his manners and professed tenets were those of some known and allowed body of men.

I ask then, what is the fact? We are—and, till its good purposes, which are many, have been all achieved, and we can become something better, long may we continue such!—a busy, enterprising, and commercial nation. The habits attached to this character must, if there exist no adequate counterpoise, inevitably lead us, under the specious names of utility, practical knowledge, and so forth, to look at all things through the *medium* of the market, and to estimate the worth of all pursuits and attainments by their marketable value. In this does the spirit of trade consist. Now would the general experience bear us out in the assertion, that amid the absence or declension of all other antagonist forces, there is found in the very circle of the trading and opulent themselves, in the increase, namely, of religious professors among them, a spring of resistance to the excess of the commercial *impetus*, from the impressive example of their unworldly feelings evidenced by their moderation in worldly pursuits? I fear, that we may anticipate the answer wherever the religious zeal of such professors does not likewise manifest itself by the glad devotion of as large a portion of their time and industry, as the duty of providing a fair competence for themselves and their families leaves at their own disposal, to the comprehension of those inspired writings and the evolution of those pregnant truths, which are proposed for our earnest, sedulous research, in order that by occupying our understandings they may more and more assimilate our affections. I fear, that the inquiring traveller would more often hear of zealous religionists who have read (and as a duty too and with all due acquiescence) the prophetic, *Woe to them that join house to house and lay field to field, that they may be alone in the land!*—and yet find no object deform the beauty of the prospect from their window or even from their castle turrets so annoyingly, as a meadow not their own, or a field under plowing with the beam-end of the plow in the hands of its humble owner! I fear that he must too often make report of men lawful in their dealings, Scriptural in their language, alms-givers, and patrons of Sunday-schools, who are yet resistless and overawing bidders at all land auctions in their neighborhood, who live in the centre of farms without leases, and tenants without attachments! Or if his way should lie through our great

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towns and manufacturing districts, instances would grow cheap with him of wealthy religious practitioners, who never travel for orders without cards of edification in prose and verse, and small tracts of admonition and instruction, all "plain and easy, and suited to the meanest capacities;" who pray daily, as the first act of the morning and as the last of the evening, *Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil!* and employ all the interval with an edge of appetite keen as the scythe of death in the pursuit of yet more and yet more of a temptation so perilous, that (as they have full often read, and heard read without the least questioning, or whisper of doubt) no power short of omnipotence could make their deliverance from it credible or conceivable. Of all denominations of Christians, there is not one in existence or on record whose whole scheme of faith and worship was so expressly framed for the one purpose of spiritualizing the mind and of abstracting it from the vanities of the world, as the Society of Friends, not one, in which the members are connected, and their professed principles enforced, by so effective and wonderful a form of discipline. But in the zeal of their founders and first proselytes for perfect spirituality they excluded from their system all ministers specially trained and educated for the ministry, with all professional theologians: and they omitted to provide for the raising up among themselves any other established class of learned men, as teachers and schoolmasters for instance, in their stead. Even at this day, though the Quakers are in general remarkably shrewd and intelligent in all worldly concerns, yet learning, and more particularly theological learning, is more rare among them in proportion to their wealth and rank in life, and holden in less value, than among any other known sect of Christians. What has been the result? If the occasion permitted, I could dilate with pleasure on their decent manners and decorous morals, as individuals, and their exemplary and truly illustrious philanthropic efforts as a Society. From all the gay and tinsel vanities of the world their discipline has preserved them, and the English character owes to their example some part of its manly plainness in externals. But my argument is confined to the question, whether religion in its present state and under the present conceptions of its demands and purposes does, even among the most religious, exert any efficient force of control over the commercial spirit, the excess of which we have attributed not

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to the extent and magnitude of the commerce itself, but to the absence or imperfection of its appointed checks and counter-agents. Now as the system of the Friends in its first intention is of all others most hostile to worldly-mindedness on the one hand; and as, on the other, the adherents of this system both in confession and practice confine Christianity to feelings and motives; they may be selected as representatives of the strict, but unstudied and uninquiring, religionists of every denomination. Their characteristic propensities will supply, therefore, no unfair test for the degree of resistance, which our present Christianity is capable of opposing to the cupidity of a trading people. That species of Christianity I mean, which, as far as knowledge and the faculties of thought are concerned,—which, as far as the growth and grandeur of the intellectual man is in question—is to be learnt *ex tempore!* A Christianity poured in on the *catechumen* all and all at once, as from a shower-bath: and which, whatever it may be in the heart, yet for the understanding and reason is from boyhood onward a thing past and perfected. If the almost universal opinion be tolerably correct, the question is answered. But I by no means appropriate the remark to the wealthy Quakers, or even apply it to them in any particular or eminent sense, when I say, that often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honored company of Christian Mammonists appears to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the *eye of the needle*, without stop or halt, both beast and baggage.

Not without an uneasy reluctance have I ventured to tell the truth on this subject, lest I should be charged with the indulgence of a satirical mood and an uncharitable spleen. But my conscience bears me witness, and I know myself too near the grave to trifle with its name, that I am solely actuated by a sense of the exceeding importance of the subject at the present moment. I feel it an awful duty to exercise the honest liberty of free utterance in so dear a concernment as that of preparing my country for a change in its external relations, which must come sooner or later; which I believe to have already commenced; and that it will depend on the presence or absence of a corresponding change in the mind of the nation, and above all in the aims and ruling

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opinions of our gentry and moneyed men, whether it is to cast down our strength and prosperity, or to fix them on a firmer and more august basis. "Surely to every good and peaceable man it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; * * * but when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say and what he shall conceal."*

That my complaints, both in this and in my former Lay Sermon, concerning the same errors, are not grounded on any peculiar notions of mine, the following remarks of a great and good man, not less illustrious for his piety and fervent zeal as a Christian, than for his acuteness and profundity as a philosopher, may, perhaps, be accepted as proof.

"Prevailing studies," he observes, "are of no small consequence to a state, the religion, manners, and civil government of a country ever taking some bias from its philosophy, which affects not only the minds of its professors and students, but also the opinions of all the better sort, and the practice of the whole people, remotely and consequentially indeed, though not inconsiderably. Have not the doctrines of necessity and materialism, with the consequent denial of man's responsibility, of his corrupt and fallen nature, and of the whole scheme of Redemption by the incarnate Word gained ground during the general passion for the corpuscularian and experimental philosophy which hath prevailed about a century? This indeed might usefully enough have employed some share of the leisure and curiosity of inquisitive persons. But when it entered the seminaries of learning, as a necessary accomplishment and as the most important part of knowledge, by engrossing men's thoughts and fixing their minds so much on corporeal objects, it hath, however undesignedly, not a little indisposed them for spiritual, moral, and intellectual matters. Certainly, had the philosophy of Pythagoras and Socrates prevailed in this age, we should not have seen interest take so general and fast hold on the minds of men. But while the employment of the mind on things purely intellectual is to most men irksome, whereas the sensitive powers by our constant use of them acquire strength, the objects of sense are too often counted the chief good. For these things men fight, cheat, and scramble. Therefore, in order to tame mankind and introduce a sense

* Milton. Reason of Church Government, B. ii. Introd.—*Ed.*

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of virtue, the best human means is to exercise their understanding, to give them a glimpse of a world superior to the sensible ; and while they take pains to cherish and maintain the animal life, to teach them not to neglect the intellectual.

"It might very well be thought serious trifling to tell my readers that the greatest men had ever a high esteem for Plato ; whose writings are the touchstone of a hasty and shallow mind ; whose philosophy, the admiration of ages, supplied patriots, magistrates, and lawgivers to the most flourishing states, as well as Fathers to the Church, and Doctors to the Schools. In these days the depths of that old learning are rarely fathomed : and yet it were happy for these lands, if our young nobility and gentry instead of modern maxims would imbibe the notions of the great men of antiquity. But in this free-thinking time, many an empty head is shook at Aristotle and Plato : and the writings of these celebrated ancients are by most men treated on a level with the dry and barbarous lucubrations of the Schoolmen. It may, however, be modestly presumed that there are not many among us, even of those that are called the better sort, who have more sense, virtue, and love of their country than Cicero, who in a letter to Atticus could not forbear exclaiming, *O Socrates et Socratici viri! nunquam vobis gratiam referam.* Would to God, many of our countrymen had the same obligations to those Socratic writers! Certainly, where the people are well educated, the art of piloting a state is best learnt from the writings of Plato. But among a people void of discipline and a gentry devoted to vulgar cares and views, Plato, Pythagoras, and Aristotle themselves, were they living, could do but little good."

Thus, then, of the three most approved antagonists to the spirit of barter, and the accompanying disposition to overvalue riches with all the means and tokens thereof—of the three fittest and most likely checks to this tendency, namely, the feeling of ancient birth and the respect paid to it by the community at large ; a genuine intellectual philosophy with an accredited, learned, and philosophic class ; and, lastly, religion ; we have found the first declining, the second not existing, and the third efficient, indeed, in many respects and to many excellent purposes, only not in this particular direction : the religion here spoken of, having long since parted company with that inquisitive and bookish theology which tends to defraud the student of

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his worldly wisdom, inasmuch as it diverts his mind from the accumulation of wealth by pre-occupying his thoughts in the acquisition of knowledge. For the religion of best repute among us holds all the truths of Scripture and all the doctrines of Christianity so very transcendent, or so very easy, as to make study and research either vain or needless. It professes, therefore, to hunger and thirst after righteousness alone, and the rewards of the righteous; and thus habitually taking for granted all truths of spiritual import leaves the understanding vacant and at leisure for a thorough insight into present and temporal interests: which, doubtless, is the true reason why its followers are in general such shrewd, knowing, wary, well-informed, thrifty, and thriving men of business. But this is likewise the reason, why it neither does nor can check or circumscribe the spirit of barter; and to the consequent monoply which this commercial spirit possesses, must its overbalance be attributed, not the extent or magnitude of the commerce itself.

Before I enter on the result assigned by me as the chief ultimate cause of the present state of the country, and as the main ground on which the immediate occasions of the general distress have worked, I must entreat my readers to reflect that the spirit of trade has been a thing of insensible growth; that whether it be enough, or more or less than enough, is a matter of relative, rather than of positive, determination; that it depends on the degree in which it is aided or resisted by all the other tendencies that co-exist with it; and that in the best of times this spirit may be said to live on a narrow *isthmus*, between a sterile desert and a stormy sea, still threatened and encroached on either by the too much or the too little. As the argument does not depend on any precise accuracy in the dates, I shall assume it to have commenced as an influencing part of the national character, with the institution of the public funds in the reign of William III., and from the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, to have been hurrying onward to its *maximum*, which it seems to have attained during the late war. The short interruptions may be well represented as a few steps backward, that it might leap forward with an additional *momentum*. The words, old and modern, then and now are applied by me, the former to the interval between the Reformation and the Revolution; and the latter to the whole pe-

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riod since the Revolution; the one from 1460 to 1680, the other from 1680 to the present time.

Having premised this explanation, I can now return an intelligible answer to a question, that will have risen in the reader's mind during his perusal of the last three or four pages. How, it will be objected, does all this apply to the present times in particular? When was the industrious part of mankind not attached to the pursuits most likely to reward their industry? Was the wish to make a fortune, or, if you prefer an invidious phrase, the lust of lucre, less natural to our forefathers than to their descendants? If you say that though a not less frequent, nor less powerful passion with them than with us, it yet met with a more frequent and more powerful check, a stronger and more advanced boundary-line in the religion of old times, and in the faith, fashion, habits, and authority of the religious: in what did this difference consist; and in what way did these points of difference act? If indeed the antidote in question once possessed virtues which it no longer possesses, or not in the same degree, what is the ingredient, either added, omitted, or diminished since that time, which can have rendered it less efficacious now than then?

Well! (I might reply) grant all this: and let both the profession and the professors of a spiritual principle, as a counterpoise to the worldly weights at the other end of the balance, be supposed much the same in one age as in the other. Assume for a moment, that I can establish neither the fact of its present lesser efficiency, nor any points of difference capable of accounting for it. Yet it might still be a sufficient answer to this objection, that as the commerce of the country, and with it the spirit of commerce, has increased fifty-fold since the commencement of the latter period, it is not enough that the counterweight should be as great as it was in the former period: to remain the same in its effect, it ought to have become very much greater. But though this be a consideration not less important than it is obvious, yet I do not purpose to rest in it. I affirm that a difference may be shown, and of no trifling importance as to that one point, to which my present argument is confined. For let it be remembered that it is not to any extraordinary influences of the religious principle that I am referring, not to voluntary poverty, or sequestration from social and active life, or schemes of mortification. I speak of religion merely as I should of any worldly object, which,

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as far as it employs and interests a man, leaves less room in his mind for other pursuits: except that this must be more especially the case in the instance of religion, because beyond all other interests it is calculated to occupy the whole mind, and employ successively all the faculties of man; and because the objects which it presents to the imagination as well as to the intellect can not be actually contemplated, much less can they be the subject of frequent meditation, without dimming the lustre and blunting the rays of all rival attractions. It is well known, and has been observed of old, that poetry tends to render its devotees* careless of money and outward appearances, while philosophy inspires a contempt of both as objects of desire or admiration. But religion is the poetry and philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imaginative and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea. But in order to produce a similar effect it must act in a similar way; it must reign in the thoughts of a man and in the powers akin to thought, as well as exercise an admitted influence over his hopes and fears, and through these on his deliberate and individual acts.

Now as my first presumptive proof of a difference (I might almost have said, of a contrast) between the religious character of the period since the Revolution, and that of the period from the accession of Edward VI. to the abdication of James II., I refer to the sermons and to the theological works generally of the latter period. It is my full conviction that in any half-dozen sermons of Donne, or Taylor, there are more thoughts, more facts and images, more excitements to inquiry and intellectual effort, than are presented to the congregations of the present day in as many churches or meetings during twice as many months. Yet both

* *Hic error tamen et levis hæc insania quantas*
Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis avarus
Non temere est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;
Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo; vivit siliquis et pane secundo:
Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi.
HORAT. EPIST. II. I. 118.

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these were the most popular preachers of their times, were heard with enthusiasm by crowded and promiscuous audiences, and the effect produced by their eloquence was holden in reverential and affectionate remembrance by many attendants on their ministry, who, like the pious Isaac Walton, were not themselves men of much learning or education. In addition to this fact, think likewise on the large and numerous editions of massy, closely printed folios: the impressions so large and the editions so numerous, that all the industry of destruction for the last hundred years has but of late sufficed to make them rare. From the long list select those works alone, which we know to have been the most current and favorite works of their day: and of these again no more than may well be supposed to have had a place in the scantiest libraries, or perhaps with the Bible and Common Prayer Book to have formed the library of their owner. Yet on the single shelf so filled we should find almost every possible question, that could interest or instruct a reader whose whole heart was in his religion, discussed with a command of intellect that seems to exhaust all the learning and logic, all the historical and moral relations, of each several subject. The very length of the discourses, with which these rich souls of wit and knowledge fixed the eyes, ears, and hearts of their crowded congregations, are a source of wonder now-a-days, and (we may add) of self-congratulation, to many a sober Christian, who forgets with what delight he himself has listened to a two hours' harangue on a loan or tax, or at the trial of some remarkable cause or culprit. The transfer of the interest makes and explains the whole difference. For though much may be fairly charged on the revolution in the mode of preaching as well as in the matter, since the fresh morning and fervent noon of the Reformation, when there was no need to visit the conventicles of fanaticism in order to

> See God's ambassador in pulpit stand,
> Where they could take notes from his look and hand;
> And from his speaking action bear away
> More sermon than our preachers use to say;

yet this too must be referred to the same change in the habits of men's minds, a change that involves both the shepherd and the flock: though like many other effects, it tends to reproduce and strengthen its own cause.

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The last point to which I shall appeal, is the warmth and frequency of the religious controversies during the former of the two periods; the deep interest excited by them among all but the lowest and most ignorant classes; the importance attached to them by the very highest; the number, and in many instances the transcendent merit, of the controversial publications—in short, the rank and value assigned to polemic divinity. The subjects of the controversies may or may not have been trifling; the warmth with which they were conducted, may have been disproportionate and indecorous; and we may have reason to congratulate ourselves that the age in which we live, is grown more indulgent and less captious. The fact is introduced not for its own sake, but as a symptom of the general state of men's feelings, and as an evidence of the direction and main channel, in which the thoughts and interests of men were then flowing. We all know that lovers are apt to take offence and wrangle with each other on occasions that perhaps are but trifles, and which assuredly would appear such to those who had never been under the influence of a similar passion. These quarrels may be no proofs of wisdom; but still in the imperfect state of our nature the entire absence of the same, and this too on far more serious provocations, would excite a strong suspicion of a comparative indifference in the feelings of the parties toward each other, who can love so coolly where they profess to love so well. I shall believe our present religious tolerancy to proceed from the abundance of our charity and good sense, when I can see proofs that we are equally cool and forbearing as litigators and political partisans. And I must again entreat my reader to recollect that the present argument is exclusively concerned with the requisite correctives of the commercial spirit, and with religion therefore no otherwise than as a counter-charm to the sorcery of wealth: and my main position is, that neither by reasons drawn from the nature of the human mind, nor by facts of actual experience, are we justified in expecting this from a religion which does not employ and actuate the understandings of men, and combine their affections with it as a system of truth gradually and progressively manifesting itself to the intellect; no less than as a system of motives and moral commands learnt as soon as heard, and containing nothing but what is plain and easy to the lowest capacities. Hence it is that objects, the ostensible principle of

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which I have felt it my duty to oppose,* and objects, which and the measures for the attainment of which possess my good wishes and have had the humble tribute of my public advocacy and applause—I am here alluding to the British and Foreign Bible Society—may yet converge, as to the point now in question. They may, both alike, be symptoms of the same predominant disposition to that coalition-system in Christianity, for the expression of which theologians have invented or appropriated the term, Syncretism :† although the former may be an ominous, the latter an auspicious symptom; though the one may be worse from bad, while the other is an instance of good educed from evil. Nay, I will dare confess that I know not how to think otherwise, when I hear a Bishop of the Church publicly exclaim, —(and not viewing it as a lesser inconvenience to be endured for the attainment of a far greater good, but as a thing desirable and to be preferred for its own sake)—No notes! No comment! Distribute the Bible and the Bible only among the poor!—a declaration which from any lower quarter I should have been under the temptation of attributing either to a fanatical notion of immediate illumination superseding the necessity of human teaching, or to an ignorance of difficulties which (and what more worthy?) have successfully employed all the learning, sagacity, and unwearied labors of great and wise men, and eminent servants of Christ, during all the ages of Christianity, and will doubtless continue to yield new fruits of knowledge and insight to a long series of followers.‡

* See Statesmans Manual, I. p. 460.

† *Clementia Evangelica* (writes a German theologian of the last century) *quasi matrona habenda est, purioris doctrinæ custos, mitis quidem, at sedula tamen, at vigilans, at seductorum impatiens. Iste vero Syncretismus, quem Laodiceni apud nos tantopere collaudant, nusquam a me nisi meretrix audiet, fidei vel pigræ vel status sui ignaræ proles, postea autem indolis secularis genetrix, et quacum nec sincera fides, nec genuina caritas commorari feret.*

The true Gospel spirit of toleration we should regard as a matron, a kind and gentle guardian indeed of the pure doctrine, but sedulous, but vigilant, but impatient of seducers. This Syncretism on the contrary, which the Laodiceans among us join in extolling so highly, shall nowhere hear from me other or better name than that of harlot, the offspring of a belief either slothful or ignorant of its own condition, and then the parent of worldly-mindedness, and with whom therefore neither sincere faith nor genuine charity will endure to associate.

‡ I am well aware that by these open avowals, that with much to honor

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Though an overbalance of the commercial spirit is involved in the deficiency of its counterweights; yet the facts that exemplify the mode and extent of its operation will afford a more direct and satisfactory kind of proof. And first I am to speak of this overbalance as displayed in the commercial world itself. But as this is the first, so is it for my present purpose the least important point of view. A portion of the facts belonging to this division of the subject I have already noticed; and for the remainder let the following suffice as the substitute or representative. The moral of the tale I leave to the reader's own reflections. Within the last sixty years or perhaps a somewhat larger period (for I do not pretend to any nicety of dates, and the documents are of easy access), there have occurred at intervals of about twelve or thirteen years each, certain periodical revolutions of credit. Yet revolution is not the precise word. To state the thing as it is, I ought to have said, certain gradual expansions of credit ending in sudden contractions, or, with equal propriety, ascensions to a certain utmost possible height, which has been different in each successive instance; but in every instance the attainment of this its *ne plus ultra* has been instantly announced by a rapid series of explosions (in mercantile language, a crash) and a consequent precipitation of the general system. For a short time this Icarian credit, or rather this illegitimate offspring of confidence, to which it stands in the same relation as Phaeton to his parent god in the old fable, seems to lie stunned by the fall; but soon recovering, again it strives upward, and having once more regained its mid region,

> ——————thence many a league,
> As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
> Audacious;—

till at the destined zenith of its vaporous exaltation,

> All unawares, fluttering its pennons vain,—
> Plumb down it drops.—

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and praise in many, there is something to correct in all, parties, I shall provoke many enemies and make never a friend. If I dared abstain, how gladly should I have so done! Would that the candid part of my judges would peruse, or re-peruse the affecting and most eloquent introductory pages of Milton's second book of his "Reason of Church Government urged, &c.," and give me the credit, which my conscience bears me witness I am entitled to claim, for all the moral feelings expressed in that exquisite passage.

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Or that I may descend myself to the cool element of prose,—alarm and suspicion gradually diminish into a judicious circumspectness; but by little and little circumspection gives way to the desire and emulous ambition of doing business: till impatience and incaution on the one side, tempting and encouraging headlong adventure, want of principle, and confederacies of false credit on the other, the movements of trade become yearly gayer and giddier, and end at length in a *vortex* of hopes and hazards, of blinding passions and blind practices, which should have been left where alone they ought ever to have been found, among the wicked lunacies of the gaming-table.

I am not ignorant that the power and circumstantial prosperity of the nation has been increasing during the same period, with an accelerated force unprecedented in any country, the population of which bears the same proportion to its productive soil; and partly, perhaps, even in consequence of this system. By facilitating the means of enterprise, it must have called into activity a multitude of enterprising individuals and a variety of talent that would otherwise have lain dormant: while by the same ready supply of excitements to labor, together with its materials and instruments, even an unsound credit has been able within a short time to* substantiate itself. I shall perhaps be told too, that the very evils of this system, even the periodical crash itself, are to be regarded but as so much superfluous steam ejected by the escape pipes, and safety valves of a self-regulating machine: and lastly, that in a free and trading country all things find their level.

I have as little disposition as motive to recant the principles, which in many forms and through various channels I have labored

* If by the display of forged Bank notes a speculator should establish the belief of his being a man of large fortune, and gain a temporary confidence in his own paper-money; and if by large wages so paid he should stimulate a number of indolent Highlanders to bring a tract of waste land into profitable cultivation, the promissory notes of the owner, which derived their first value from a delusion, would end in representing a real property, and this their own product. A most improbable case! In its accidental features, I reply, rather than in its essentials. How many thousand acres have been reclaimed from utter unproductiveness, how many doubled in value, by the agency of notes issued beyond the *bona fide* capital of the bank or firm that circulated them, or at best on capital afloat and insecure.

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to propagate; but there is surely no inconsistency in yielding all due honor to the spirit of trade, and yet charging sundry evils which weaken or reverse its blessings on the over-balance of that spirit, taken as the paramount principle of action in the nation at large. Much I still concede to the arguments for the present scheme of things, as adduced in the preceding paragraph: but I likewise see, and always have seen, much that needs winnowing. Thus instead of the position, that all things find, it would be less equivocal and far more descriptive of the fact to say, that things are always finding their level: which might be taken as the paraphrase or ironical definition of a storm. But persons are not things—but man does not find his level. Neither in body nor in soul does the man find his level. After a hard and calamitous season, during which the thousand wheels of some vast manufactory had remained silent as a frozen waterfall, be it that plenty has returned and that trade has once more become brisk and stirring: go, ask the overseer, and question the parish doctor, whether the workman's health and temperance with the staid and respectful manners best taught by the inward dignity of conscious self-support, have found their level again! Alas! I have more than once seen a group of children in Dorsetshire, during the heat of the dog-days, each with its little shoulders up to its ears, and its chest pinched inward, the very habit and fixtures, as it were, that had been impressed on their frames by the former ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unfuelled winters. But as with the body, so or still worse with the mind. Nor is the effect confined to the laboring classes, whom by an ominous but too appropriate change in our phraseology we are now accustomed to call the laboring poor. I can not persuade myself that the frequency of failures with all the disgraceful secrets of fraud and folly, of unprincipled vanity in expending and desperate speculation in retrieving, can be familiarized to the thoughts and experience of men, as matters of daily occurrence, without serious injury to the moral sense: more especially in times when bankruptcies spread, like a fever, at once contagious and epidemic; swift too as the travel of an earthquake, that with one and the same chain of shocks opens the ruinous chasm in cities that have an ocean between them!—in times, when the fate flies swifter than the fear, and yet the report, that follows the flash, has a ruin of its own and arrives but to multiply the blow!—when princely capitals are often but

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the telegraphs of distant calamity: and still worse, when no man's treasure is safe who has adopted the ordinary means of safety, neither the high nor the humble; when the lord's rents and the farmer's store, intrusted perhaps but as yesterday, are asked after at closed doors!—but worst of all, in its moral influences as well as in the cruelty of suffering, when the old laborer's savings, the precious robberies of self-denial from every day's comfort; when the orphan's funds; the widow's livelihood; the fond confiding sister's humble fortune; are found among the victims to the remorseless mania of dishonest speculation, or to the desperate cowardice of embarrassment, and the drunken stupor of a usurious selfishness which for a few months' respite dares incur a debt of guilt and infamy, for which the grave itself can plead no statute of limitation. Name to me any revolution recorded in history, that was not followed by a depravation of the national morals. The Roman character during the Triumvirate, and under Tiberius; the reign of Charles II. and Paris at the present moment,—are obvious instances. What is the main cause? The sense of insecurity. On what ground then dare we hope that with the same accompaniment, commercial revolutions should not produce the same effect, in proportion to the extent of their sphere?

But these blessings—with all the specific terms, into which this most comprehensive phrase is to be resolved? Dare we unpack the bales and cases so marked, and look at the articles, one by one? Increase of human life and increase of the means of life, it is true, reciprocally cause and effect: and the genius of commerce and manufacture has been the cause of both to a degree that may well excite our wonder. But do the last results justify our exultation likewise? Human life, alas! is but the malleable metal, out of which the thievish picklock, the slave's collar, and the assassin's *stiletto* are formed as well as the clearing axe, the feeding plow-share, the defensive sword, and the mechanic tool. But the subject is a painful one: and fortunately the labors of others, with the communications of medical men concerning the state of the manufacturing poor, have rendered it unnecessary. I will rather (though in a strict method it should, perhaps, be reserved for the following head) relate a speech made to me near Fort Augustus, as I was travelling on foot through the Highlands of Scotland. The speaker was an elderly and re-

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spectable widow, who expressed herself with that simple eloquence, which strong feeling seldom fails to call forth in humble life, but especially in women. She spoke English, as indeed most Highlanders do who speak it at all, with a propriety of phrase and a discrimination of tone and emphasis that more than compensated for the scantiness of her vocabulary. After an affecting account of her own wrongs and ejectment (which however, she said, bore with comparative lightness on her, who had saved up a wherewithal to live, and was blessed with a son well to do in the world), she made a movement with her hand in a circle, directing my eye meanwhile to various objects as marking its outline: and then observed, with a deep sigh, and a suppressed and slow voice which she suddenly raised and quickened after the first drop or cadence:—"Within this space—how short a time back! there lived a hundred and seventy-three persons: and now there is only a shepherd, and an underling or two. Yes, Sir! One hundred and seventy-three Christian souls, man, woman, boy, girl, and babe; and in almost every home an old man by the fireside, who would tell you of the troubles before our roads were made; and many a brave youth among them who loved the birth-place of his forefathers, yet would swing about his broad sword and want but a word to march off to the battles over sea: aye, Sir, and many a good lass, who had a respect for herself! Well! but they are gone, and with them the bristled bear,* and the pink haver,† and the potato plot that looked as gay as any flower-garden with its blossoms! I sometimes fancy that the very birds are gone, all but the crows and the gleads! Well, and what then? Instead of us all, there is one shepherd man, and it may be a pair of small lads—and a many, many sheep! And do you think, Sir! that God allows of such proceedings?"

Some days before this conversation, and while I was on the shores of Loch Katrine,‡ I had heard of a sad counterpart to the

* A species of barley. † A species of oats.

‡ The lake so widely celebrated since then by a poet, to whose writings a larger number of persons have owed a larger portion of innocent, refined, and heart-bettering amusement, than perhaps to any favorite of the Muses recorded in English literature: while the most learned of his readers must feel grateful for the mass of interesting and highly instructive information scattered throughout his works, in which respect Southey is his only rival.

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widow's tale, and told with a far fiercer indignation, of a "Laird who had raised a company from the country round about, for the love that was borne to his name, and who gained high preferment in consequence: and that it was but a small part of those that he took away whom he brought back again. And what were the thanks which the folks had both for those that came back with him, some blind, and more in danger of blindness; and for those that had perished in the hospitals, and for those that fell in battle, fighting for or beside him? Why that their fathers were all turned out of their farms before the year was over, and sent to wander like so many gipsies, unless they would consent to shed their gray hairs, at ten pence a day, over the new canals. Had there been a price set upon his head, and his enemies had been coming upon him, he needed but have whistled, and a hundred brave lads would have made a wall of flame round about him with the flash of their broad-swords! Now if the French should come among us, as (it is said) they will, let him whistle to his sheep and see if they will fight for him!" The frequency with which I heard, during my solitary walk from the end of Loch-Lomond to Inverness, confident expectations of the kind expressed in his concluding words—nay, far too often eager hopes mingled with vindictive resolves—I spoke of with complaint and regret to an elderly man, whom by his dress and way of speaking I took to be a schoolmaster. Long shall I recollect his reply: "O, Sir, it kills a man's love for his country, the hardships of life coming by change and with injustice!" I was sometime afterwards told by a very sensible person who had studied the mysteries of political economy, and was therefore entitled to be listened to, 'that more food was produced in consequence of this revolution, that the mutton must be eaten somewhere, and what difference where? If three were fed at Manchester instead of two at Glencoe or the Trosachs, the balance of human enjoyment was in favor of the former.' I have passed through many a manufacturing town since then, and have watched many a group of old and young, male and female, going to, or returning from, many a factory, but I could never yet persuade myself to be of his opinion. Men, I still think, ought to be weighed not counted. Their worth ought to be the final estimate of their value.

Among the occasions and minor causes of this change in the views and measures of our land-owners, and as being itself a con-

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sequent on that system of credit, the outline of which was given in a preceding page, the universal practice of enhancing the sale price of every article on the presumption of bad debts, is not the least noticeable. Nor, if we reflect that this additional per centage is repeated at each intermediate stage of its elaboration and distribution from the grower or importer to the last retailer inclusively, will it appear the least operative. Necessary, and therefore justifiable, as this plan of reprisal by anticipation may be in the case of each individual dealer, yet taken collectively and without reference to persons, the plan itself would, I suspect, startle an unfamiliarized conscience, as a sort of nondescript piracy, not promiscuous in its exactions only because by a curious anomaly it grants a free pass to the offending party. Or if the law maxim, *volentibus non fit injuria*, is applicable in this case, it may perhaps be described more courteously as a Benefit Society of *all* the careful and honest men in the kingdom to pay the debts of the dishonest or improvident. It is mentioned here, however, as one of the appendages to the twin paramount causes, the paper currency and the national debt, and for the sake of the conjoint results. Would we learn what these results are;—what they have been in the higher, and what in the most numerous, class of society? Alas! that some of the intermediate rounds in the social ladder have been broken and not replaced, is itself one of these results. Retrace the progress of things from 1792 to 1813, when the tide was at its height, and then as far as its rapidity will permit, the ebb from its first turn to the dead low-water mark of the last quarter. Then see whether the remainder may not be generalized under the following heads. Fluctuation in the wages of labor, alternate privation and excess (not in all at the same time, but successively in each) consequent improvidence, and over all discontent and a system of factious confederacy:—these form the history of the mechanics and lower ranks of our cities and towns. In the country a peasantry sinking into pauperism, step for step with the rise of the farmer's profits and indulgences. On the side of the landlord and his compeers, we shall find the presence of the same causes attested by answerable effects. Great as their almost magical effects*

* During the composition of this sheet I have had and availed myself of the opportunity of perusing the Report of the Board of Agriculture for the year 1816. The numerous reflections, which this most extraordinary

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were on the increase of prices in the necessaries of life, they were still greater, disproportionally greater, in all particles of show and luxury. With few exceptions, it soon became difficult, and at length impracticable, for the gentry of the land, for the possessors of fixed property to retain the rank of their ancestors, or their own former establishments, without joining in the general competition under the influence of the same trading spirit. Their dependents were of course either selected from or driven into the same eddy; while the temptation of obtaining more than the legal interest for their principal became more and more strong with all persons who, neither trading nor farming, had lived on the interest of their fortunes. It was in this latter class that the rash, and too frequently, the unprincipled projector found his readiest dupes. Had we but the secret history of the building speculations only in the vicinity of the metropolis, too many of its pages would supply an afflicting but instructive comment. That both here, and in all other departments, this increased *momentum* in the spirit of trade has been followed by results of the most desirable nature, I have myself,* exerted my best powers to evince, at a period when to present the fairest and most animating features of the system, and to prove their vast and charm-like influence on the power and resources of the nation appeared a duty of patriotism. Nothing, however, was advanced incompatible with the position, which even then I did not conceal, and which from the same sense of

volume excited in my mind, I can not even touch on in this closing sheet of a Work that has already extended far beyond my original purpose. But had I perused it at the commencement, I should still have felt it my duty to direct the main force of my animadversions against the demagogue class of State-empirics. I was not, indeed, ignorant of the aid, which they derived from other quarters:—nor am I now ashamed of not having anticipated its extent. There is, however, one communication (p. 208 to 227) from Mr. Mosely, from which, with the abatement only of the passage on tithes, I can not withhold my entire admiration. It almost redeems the remainder of the Report.

* In a variety of articles published at different periods in the Morning Post and Courier; but with most success in the Essay, before cited, on Vulgar Errors on Taxation, which had the advantage of being transferred almost entire to the columns of a daily paper, of the largest circulation, and from thence, in larger or smaller extracts, to several of our provincial journals. It was likewise reprinted in two of the American Federalist papers: and a translation appeared, I have been told, in the Hamburgh *Correspondenten.*

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duty I am now attempting to display; namely, that the extension of the commercial spirit into our agricultural system, added to the over-balance of the same spirit, even within its own sphere; aggravated by the operation of our revenue laws; and finally reflected in the habits, and tendencies of the laboring classes; is the groundwork of our calamity, and the main predisposing cause, without which the late occasions would some of them not have existed, and the remainder not have produced the present distresses.

That agriculture requires principles essentially different from those of trade; that a gentleman ought not to regard his estate as a merchant his cargo, or a shopkeeper his stock,—admits of an easy proof from the different tenure of landed property,* and from the purposes of agriculture itself, which ultimately are the same as those of the State of which it is the offspring. For I do not include in the name of agriculture the cultivation of a few vegetables by the women of the less savage hunter tribes. If the continuance and independence of the State be its object, the final causes of the State must be its final causes. Let us suppose the negative ends of a State already attained, namely,

* The very idea of individual or private property in our present acceptation of the term, and according to the current notion of the right to it, was originally confined to movable things: and the more movable, the more susceptible of the nature of property. Proceeding from the more to the less perfect right; we may bring all the objects of an independent ownership under five heads:—namely, 1, precious stones, and other jewels of as easy transfer:—2, precious metals, and foreign coin taken as weight of metal:—3, merchandise, by virtue of the contract between the importer and the sovereign in whose person the unity and integrity of the commonwealth were represented; that is, after the settled price had been paid by the former for the permission to import, and received by the latter under the further obligation of protecting the same:—4, the coin of the country in the possession of the natural subject; and last of all, and in certain cases, the live stock, the *peculium a pecude*. Hence, the minds of men were most familiar with the term in the case of Jews and aliens: till, gradually, the privileges attached to the vicinity of the bishops and mitred abbots prepared an asylum for the fugitive vassal and the oppressed franklin, and thus laid the first foundations of a fourth class of freemen, that of citizens and burghers. To the feudal system we owe the forms, to the Church the substance of our liberty. As comment take, first, the origin of towns and cities; next, the holy war waged against slavery and villenage, and with such success that the law had barely to sanction *opus jam consummatum* at the Restoration.

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its own safety by means of its own strength, and the protection of person and property for all its members, there will then remain its positive ends :—1, to make the means of subsistence more easy to each individual :—2, to secure to each of its members the hope* of bettering his own condition or that of his children :—3, the development of those faculties which are essential to his humanity, that is, to his rational and moral being. Under the last head I do not mean those degrees of intellectual cultivation which distinguish man from man in the same civilized society, but those only that raise the civilized man above the barbarian, the savage, and the brute. I require, however, on the part of the State, in behalf of all its members, not only the outward means of knowing their essential duties and dignities as men and free men, but likewise, and more especially, the discouragement of all such tenures and relations as must in the very nature of things render this knowledge inert, and cause the good seed to perish as it falls. Such at least is the appointed aim of a State : and at whatever distance from the ideal mark the existing circumstances of a nation may unhappily place the actual statesman, still every movement ought to be in this direction. But the negative merit of not forwarding—the exemption from the crime of necessitating—the debasement and virtual disfranchisement of any class of the community, may be demanded of every State under all circumstances : and the Government that pleads difficulties in repulse or demur of this claim impeaches its own wisdom and fortitude. But as the specific ends of agriculture are the maintenance, strength, and security of the State, so (I repeat) must its ultimate ends be the same as those of the State : even as the ultimate ends of the spring and wheels of a watch must be the same as that of the watch. Yet least of all things must we overlook or conceal, that morally and with respect to the character and conscience of the individuals, the

* The civilized man gives up those stimulants of hope and fear, the mixture or alternation of which constitutes the chief charm of the savage life: and yet his Maker has distinguished him from the brute that perishes, by making hope an instinct of his nature and an indispensable condition of his moral and intellectual progression. But a natural instinct constitutes a natural right, as far as its gratification is compatible with the equal rights of others. Hence our ancestors classed those who were incapable of altering their condition from that of their parents, as bondsmen or villeins, however advantageously they might otherwise be situated.

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blame of unfaithful stewardship is aggravated in proportion as the difficulties are less, and the consequences, lying within a narrow field of vision, are more evident and affecting. An injurious system, the connivance at which we scarcely dare more than regret in the Cabinet or Senate of an Empire, may justify an earnest reprobation in the management of private estates: provided always, that the system only be denounced, and the pleadings confined to the court of conscience. For from this court only can the redress be awarded. All reform or innovation, not won from the free agent by the presentation of juster views and nobler interests, and which does not leave the merit of having effected it sacred to the individual proprietor, it were folly to propose, and worse than folly to attempt. Madmen only would dream of digging or blowing up the foundation of a house in order to employ the materials in repairing the walls. Nothing more can be asked of the State, no other duty is imposed on it, than to withhold or retract all extrinsic or artificial aids to an injurious system; or at the utmost to invalidate in extreme cases such claims as have arisen indirectly from the letter or unforeseen operations of particular statutes: claims that instead of being contained in the rights of its proprietary trustees are encroachments on its own rights, and a destructive trespass on a part of its own inalienable and untransferable property—I mean the health, strength, honesty, and filial love of its children.

It would border on an affront to the understandings of the members of our Landed Interest, were I to explain in detail what the plan and conduct would be of a gentleman;* if, as the result of his own free conviction the marketable produce of his estates were made a subordinate consideration to the living and moral growth that is to remain on the land—I mean a healthful, callous-handed but high-and-warm-hearted tenantry, twice the number of the present landless, parish-paid laborers, and ready to march off at the first call of their country with a Son of the

* Or (to put the question more justly as well as more candidly), of the land-owners collectively:—for who is not aware of the facilities that accompany a conformity with the general practice, or of the numerous hindrances that retard, and the final imperfection that commonly awaits, a deviation from it? On the distinction between things and persons all law human and divine is grounded. It consists in this: that the former may be used as mere means; but the latter must not be employed as the means to an end without directly or indirectly sharing in that end.

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House at their head, because under no apprehension of being (forgive the lowness of the expression) marched off at the whisper of a land-taster:—if the admitted rule, the paramount self-commandment, were comprised in the fixed resolve—I will improve my estate to the utmost; and my rent-roll I will raise as much as, but no more than, is compatible with the three great ends (before enumerated) which being those of my country must be mine inclusively:—this, I repeat, it would be more than superfluous to particularize. It is a problem, the solution of which may be safely intrusted to the common sense of every one who has the hardihood to ask himself the question. But how encouraging even the approximations to such a system, of what fair promise the few fragmentary samples are, may be seen in the Report of the Board of Agriculture for 1816, p. 11, from the Earl of Winchelsea's communication, in every paragraph of which wisdom seems to address us in behalf of goodness.

But the plan of my argument requires the reverse of this picture. I am to ask what the results would be, on the supposition that agriculture is carried on in the spirit of trade; and if the necessary answer coincide with the known general practice, to show the connection of the consequences with the present state of distress and uneasiness. In trade, from its most innocent form to the abomination of the African commerce nominally abolished after a hard-fought battle of twenty years, no distinction is or can be acknowledged between things and persons. If the latter are part of the concern, they come under the denomination of the former. Two objects only can be proposed in the management of an estate considered as stock in trade—first, that the returns shall be the largest, quickest, and securest possible; and secondly, with the least out-goings in the providing, overlooking and collecting the same,—whether it be expenditure of money paid for other men's time and attention, or of the tradesman's own, which are to him money's worth, makes no difference in the argument. Am I disposing of a bale of goods? The man whom I most love and esteem must yield to the stranger that outbids him; or if it be sold on credit, the highest price, with equal security, must have the preference. I may fill up the deficiency of my friend's offer by a private gift, or loan; but as a tradesman, I am bound to regard honesty and established character themselves, as things, as securities, for which the known unprincipled dealer may offer

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an unexceptionable substitute. Add to this, that the security being equal, I shall prefer, even at a considerable abatement of price, the man who will take a thousand chests or bales at once, to twenty who can pledge themselves only for fifty each. For I do not seek trouble for its own sake; but among other advantages I seek wealth for the sake of freeing myself more and more from the necessity of taking trouble in order to attain it. The personal worth of those, whom I benefit in the course of the process, or whether the persons are really benefited or no, is no concern of mine. The market and the shop are open to all. To introduce any other principle in trade, but that of obtaining the highest price with adequate security for articles fairly described, would be tantamount to the position that trade ought not to exist. If this be admitted, then what as a tradesman I can not do, it can not be my duty, as a tradesman, to attempt: and the only remaining question in reason or morality is—what are the proper objects of trade. If my estate be such, my plan must be to make the most of it, as I would of any other mode of capital. As my rents will ultimately depend on the quantity and value of the produce raised and brought into the best market from my land, I will intrust the latter to those who bidding the most have the largest capital to employ on it: and this I can not effect but by dividing it into the fewest tenures, as none but extensive farms will be an object to men of extensive capital and enterprising minds. I must prefer this system likewise for my own ease and security. The farmer is of course actuated by the same motives as the landlord: and, provided they are both faithful to their engagements, the object of both will be: 1, the utmost produce that can be raised without injuring the estate; 2, with the least possible consumption of the produce on the estate itself; 3, at the lowest wages; and 4, with the substitution of machinery for human labor wherever the former will cost less and do the same work. What are the modest remedies proposed by the majority of correspondents in the last Report of the Board of Agriculture? 'Let measures be taken that rents, taxes, and wages be lowered, and the markets raised! A great calamity has befallen us from importation, the lessened purchases of Government, and, "the evil of a superabundant harvest" of which we deem ourselves the more entitled to complain, because "we had been long making 112 shillings per quarter of our corn," and of all other arti-

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cles in proportion. As the best remedies for this calamity, we propose that we should pay less to our landlords, less to our laborers, nothing to our clergyman, and either nothing or very little to the maintenance of the Government and of the poor; but that we should sell at our former prices to the consumer!"—In almost every page we find deprecations of the Poor Laws: and I hold it impossible to exaggerate their pernicious tendency and consequences as at present generally worked. But let it not be forgotten, that in agricultural districts three fourths of the Poors' Rates are paid to healthy, robust, and (O sorrow and shame!) industrious, hard-working paupers in lieu of wages—(for men can not at once work and starve); and therefore if there are twenty housekeepers in the parish, who are not holders of land, their contributions are so much bounty money to the latter. But the Poor Laws form a subject, which I should not undertake without trembling, had I the space of a whole volume to allot to it. Suffice it to say that this enormous mischief is undeniably the offspring of the commercial system. In the only plausible work, that I have seen, in favor of our Poor Laws on the present plan, the defence is grounded; first, on the expediency of having labor cheap, and estates let out in the fewest possible portions—in other words, of large farms and low wages—each as indispensable to the other, and both conjointly as the only means of drawing capital to the land, by which alone the largest surplus is attainable for the State; that is, for the market, or in order that the smallest possible proportion of the largest possible produce may be consumed by the raisers and their families:—secondly, on the impossibility of supplying, as we have supplied, all the countries of the civilized world (India perhaps and China excepted), and of underselling them even in their own market if our working manufacturers were not secured by the State against the worst consequences of those failures, stagnations, and transfers, to which the different branches of trade are exposed, in a greater or less degree, beyond all human prevention; or if the master manufacturers were compelled to give previous security for the maintenance of those whom they had, by the known law of human increase, virtually called into existence.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not myself admit this impossibility. I have already denied, and I now repeat the denial, that these are necessary consequences of our extended commerce.

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On the contrary, I feel assured that the spirit of commerce is itself capable of being at once counteracted and enlightened by the spirit of the State, to the advantage of both. But I do assert, that they are necessary consequences of the commercial spirit un-counteracted and un-enlightened, wherever trade has been carried to so vast an extent as it has been in England. I assert too, that, historically and as matter of fact, they have been the consequence of our commercial system. The laws of Lycurgus, like those of the inspired Hebrew Legislator, were anti-commercial: those of Numa and Solon were at least uncommercial. Now I ask myself, what the impression would have been on the Senate of the Roman or the Athenian Republic, if the following proposal had been made to them and introduced by the following preamble. "Conscript Fathers (or Senators of Athens!), it is well known to you, that circumstances being the same and the time allowed proportional, the human animal may be made to multiply as easily, and at as small an expense, as your sheep or swine: which is meant, perhaps, in the fiction of our philosophers, that souls are out of all proportion more numerous than the bodies, in which they can subsist and be manifested. It is likewise known to you, Fathers! that though in various States various checks have been ordained to prevent this increase of births from becoming such as should frustrate or greatly endanger the ends for which freemen are born; yet the most efficient limit must be sought for in the moral and intellectual prerogatives of men, in their foresight, in their habituation to the comforts and decencies of society, in the pride of independence; but above all in the hope that enables men to withstand the tyranny of the present impulse, and in their expectation of honor or discredit from the rank, character, and condition of their children. Now there are proposed to us the speedy means of at once increasing the number of the rich, the wealth of those that are already such, and the revenues of the State: and the latter, Fathers! to so vast an amount, that we shall be able to pay not only our own soldiers but those of the monarchs whom we may thus induce to become our allies. But for this it will be requisite and indispensable that all men of enterprise and sufficiency among us should be permitted, without restraint, to encourage, and virtually to occasion, the birth of many myriads of free citizens, who from their childhood are to be amassed in clusters and employed as parts of

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a mighty system of machinery. While all things prove answerable to the schemes and wishes of these enterprisers, the citizens thus raised and thus employed by them will find an ample maintenance, except in those instances where the individual may have rendered himself useless by the effects of his own vices. It must not, however, be disguised from you, that the nature of the employments and the circumstances to which these citizens will be exposed, will often greatly tend to render them intemperate, diseased, and restless. Nor has it been yet made a part of the proposal, that the employers should be under any bond to counteract such injurious circumstances by education, discipline, or other efficient regulations. Still less may it be withholden from your knowledge, O Fathers of the State, that should events hereafter prove hostile to all or to any branch of these speculations, to many or to any one of the number that shall have devoted their wealth to the realization of the same—and the light, in which alone they can thrive, is confessedly subject to partial and even to total eclipses, which there are no means of precisely foretelling—the guardian planets to whose conjunction their success is fatally linked, will at uncertain periods, for a longer or shorter time, act in malignant oppositions—then, Fathers, the principals are to shift for themselves, and leave the disposal of the calamitous, and therefore too probably turbulent, multitude, now unemployed and useless, to the mercy of the community, and the solicitude of the State; or else to famine, violence, and the vengeance of the laws!"

If, on the maxims of ancient prudence, on the one hand not enlightened, on the other not dazzled, by the principles of trade, the immediate answer would have been:—"We should deem it danger and detriment, were we to permit so indefinite and improvident increase even of our slaves and Helots: in the case of free citizens, our countrymen, who are to swear to the same laws, and worship at the same altars, it were profanation! May the gods avert the omen!"—if this, I say, would have been their answer, it may be safely concluded that the connivance at the same scheme, much more that the direct encouragement of it, must be attributed to that spirit which the ancients did not recognize, namely, the spirit of commerce.

But I have shown that the same system has gradually taken possession of our agriculture. What have been the results? For

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him who is either unable or unwilling to deduce the whole truth from the portion of it revealed in the following extract from Lord Winchelsea's Report, whatever I could have added would have been equally in vain. His Lordship speaking of the causes which oppose all attempts to better the laborers' condition, mentions, as one great cause, the dislike which the farmers in general have to seeing the laborers rent any land. Perhaps (he continues), "one of the reasons for their disliking this is, that the land, if not occupied by the laborers, would fall to their own share; and another I am afraid is, that they rather wish to have the laborers more dependent upon them; for which reasons they are always desirous of hiring the house and land occupied by a laborer, under pretence, that by those means the landlord will be secure of his rent, and that they will keep the house in repair. This the agents of estates are too apt to give into, as they find it much less trouble to meet six than sixty tenants at a rent-day, and by these means avoid the being sometimes obliged to hear the wants and complaints of the poor. All parties therefore join in persuading the landlord, who it is natural to suppose (unless he has time and inclination to investigate the matter very closely) will agree to this their plan, from the manner in which it comes recommended to him: and it is in this manner that the laborers have been dispossessed of their cow-pastures in various parts of the midland counties. The moment the farmer obtains his wish, he takes every particle of the land to himself, and re-lets the house to the laborer, who by these means is rendered miserable; the poor rate increased; the value of the estate to the land-owner diminished; and the house suffered to go to decay; which once fallen the tenant will never rebuild, but the landlord must, at a considerable expense. Whoever travels through the midland counties, and will take the trouble of inquiring, will generally receive for answer, that formerly there were a great many cottagers who kept cows, but that the land is now thrown to the farmers; and if he inquires still farther, he will find that in those parishes the poor rates have increased in an amazing degree, more than according to the average rise throughout England." In confirmation of his Lordship's statement I find in the Agricultural Reports, that the county, in which I read of nothing but farms of 1000, 1500, 2000, and 2500 acres, is likewise that in which the poor rates are most numerous, the distresses of the poor most

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grievous, and the prevalence of revolutionary principles the most alarming. But if we consider the subject on the largest scale and nationally, the consequences are, that the most important rounds in the social ladder are broken, and the hope which above all other things distinguishes the free man from the slave, is extinguished. The peasantry therefore are eager to have their children add as early as possible to their wretched pittances, by letting them out to manufactories; while the youths take every opportunity of escaping to towns and cities. And if I were questioned, as to my opinion, respecting the ultimate cause of our liability to distresses like the present, the cause of what has been called a vicious (that is excessive) population with all the furies that follow in its train—in short, of a state of things so remote from the simplicity of nature, that we have almost deprived Heaven itself of the power of blessing us; a state in which without absurdity, a superabundant harvest can be complained of as an evil, and the recurrence of the same a ruinous calamity,—I should not hesitate to answer—"the vast and disproportionate number of men who are to be fed from the produce of the fields, on which they do not labor."

What then is the remedy;—who are the physicians? The reply may be anticipated. An evil which has come on gradually, and in the growth of which all men have more or less conspired, can not be removed otherwise than gradually, and by the joint efforts of all. If we are a Christian nation, we must learn to act nationally as well as individually, as Christians. We must remove half truths, the most dangerous of errors (as those of the poor visionaries called Spenceans), by the whole truth. The Government is employed already in retrenchments; but he who expects immediate relief from these, or who does not even know that if they do any thing at all, they must for the time tend to aggravate the distress, can not have studied the operation of public expenditure.

I am persuaded that more good would be done, not only ultimate and permanent, but immediate, good, by the abolition of the lotteries accompanied by a public and Parliamentary declaration of the moral and religious grounds that had determined the Legislature to this act; of their humble confidence of the blessing of God on the measure; and of their hopes that this sacrifice to principle, as being more exemplary from the present pressure

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on the revenue of the State, would be the more effective in restoring confidence between man and man;—I am deeply convinced, that more sterling and visible benefits would be derived from this one solemn proof and pledge of moral fortitude and national faith, than from retrenchments to a tenfold greater amount. Still more, if our legislators should pledge themselves at the same time that they would hereafter take counsel for the gradual removal or counteraction of all similar encouragements and temptations to vice and folly, that had, alas! been tolerated hitherto, as the easiest way of supplying the exchequer. And truly, the financial motives would be strong indeed, if the revenue laws in question were but half as productive of money to the state as they are of guilt and wretchedness to the people.

Our manufacturers must consent to regulations; our gentry must concern themselves in the education as well as in the instruction of their natural clients and dependents, must regard their estates as secured indeed from all human interference by every principle of law, and policy, but yet as offices of trust, with duties to be performed, in the sight of God and their country. Let us become a better people, and the reform of all the public (real or supposed) grievances, which we use as pegs whereon to hang our own errors and defects, will follow of itself. In short, let every man measure his efforts by his power and his sphere of action, and do all he can do. Let him contribute money where he can not act personally: but let him act personally and in detail wherever it is practicable. Let us palliate where we can not cure, comfort where we can not relieve: and for the rest rely upon the promise of the King of Kings by the mouth of his Prophet, *Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.*

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SPECIMENS

OF THE

TABLE TALK

OF THE LATE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1853.

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PREFACE.

It is nearly fourteen years since I was, for the first time, enabled to become a frequent and attentive visitor in Mr. Coleridge's domestic society. His exhibition of intellectual power in living discourse struck me at once as unique and transcendent; and upon my return home, on the very first evening which I spent with him after my boyhood, I committed to writing, as well as I could, the principal topics of his conversation, in his own words. I had no settled design at that time of continuing the work, but simply made the note in something like a spirit of vexation that such a strain of music as I had just heard, should not last forever. What I did once, I was easily induced by the same feeling to do again; and when, after many years of affectionate communion between us, the painful existence of my revered relative on earth was at length finished in peace, my occasional notes of what he had said in my presence had grown to a mass, of which these volumes contain only such parts as seem fit for present publication. I know, better than any one can tell me, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendor and individuality of Mr. Coleridge's conversation. How should it be otherwise? Who could always follow to the turning-point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper; they live—if they can live anywhere—in the memories alone of those who witnessed them. Yet I would fain hope that these pages will prove that all is not lost;—that something of the wisdom, the learning, and the eloquence. of a great man's

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social converse, has been snatched from forgetfulness, and endowed with a permanent shape for general use. And although, in the judgment of many persons, I may incur a serious responsibility by this publication; I am, upon the whole, willing to abide the result, in confidence that the fame of the loved and lamented speaker will lose nothing hereby, and that the cause of Truth and of Goodness will be every way a gainer. This sprig, though slight and immature, may yet become its place, in the Poet's wreath of honor, among flowers of graver hue.

If the favor shown to several modern instances of works nominally of the same description as the present were alone to be considered, it might seem that the old maxim, that nothing ought to be said of the dead but what is good, is in a fair way of being dilated into an understanding that every thing *is* good that has been said by the dead. The following pages do not, I trust, stand in need of so much indulgence. Their contents may not, in every particular passage, be of great intrinsic importance; but they can hardly be without some, and, I hope, a worthy interest, as coming from the lips of one at least of the most extraordinary men of the age; while to the best of my knowledge and intention, no living person's name is introduced, whether for praise or for blame, except on literary or political grounds of common notoriety. Upon the justice of the remarks here published, it would be out of place in me to say any thing; and a commentary of that kind is the less needed, as, in almost every instance, the principles upon which the speaker founded his observations are expressly stated, and may be satisfactorily examined by themselves. But, for the purpose of general elucidation, it seemed not improper to add a few notes, and to make some quotations from Mr. Coleridge's own works; and in doing so, I was in addition actuated by an earnest wish to call the attention of reflecting minds in general to the views of political, moral, and religious philosophy contained in those works, which, through an extensive but now decreasing prejudice, have hitherto been deprived of that acceptance with the public which their great preponderating merits deserve, and will, as I believe, finally obtain. And I can truly say, that if, in the course of the perusal of this little work, any one of its readers shall gain a clearer insight into the deep and pregnant principles, in the light of which Mr. Coleridge was accustomed to regard God and the World,—I shall look upon the

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publication as fortunate, and consider myself abundantly rewarded for whatever trouble it has cost me.

A cursory inspection will show that these volumes lay no claim to be ranked with Boswell's in point of dramatic interest. Coleridge differed not more from Johnson in every characteristic of intellect, than in the habits and circumstances of his life, during the greatest part of the time in which I was intimately conversant with him. He was naturally very fond of society, and continued to be so to the last; but the almost unceasing ill health with which he was afflicted, after fifty, confined him for many months in every year to his own room, and, most commonly, to his bed. He was then rarely seen except by single visitors; and few of them would feel any disposition upon such occasions to interrupt him, whatever might have been the length or mood of his discourse. And indeed, although I have been present in mixed company where Mr. Coleridge has been questioned and opposed, and the scene has been amusing for the moment—I own that it was always much more delightful to me to let the river wander at its own sweet will, unruffled by aught but a certain breeze of emotion which the stream itself produced. If the course it took was not the shortest, it was generally the most beautiful; and what you saw by the way was as worthy of note as the ultimate object to which you were journeying. It is possible, indeed, that Coleridge did not, in fact, possess the precise gladiatorial power of Johnson: yet he understood a sword-play of his own; and I have, upon several occasions, seen him exhibit brilliant proofs of its effectiveness upon disputants of considerable pretensions in their particular lines. But he had a genuine dislike of the practice in himself or others; and no slight provocation could move him to any such exertion. He was, indeed, to my observation, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the Truth—the ideal Truth—in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications. To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality;—where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and overruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more;—to leave this species of converse—if con-

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verse it deserves to be called—and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression, deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse,—without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward forever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-colored rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way,—so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!

There were, indeed, some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visitor was narrow and ungenial. I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but upon

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such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation;—

> And so, his senses gradually wrapt
> In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
> And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
> That sangest like an angel in the clouds!

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the general character of Mr. Coleridge's conversation was abstruse or rhapsodical. The contents of the following pages may, I think, be taken as pretty strong presumptive evidence that his ordinary manner was plain and direct enough; and even when, as sometimes happened, he seemed to ramble from the road, and to lose himself in a wilderness of digressions, the truth was, that at that very time he was working out his foreknown conclusion through an almost miraculous logic, the difficulty of which consisted precisely in the very fact of its minuteness and universality. He took so large a scope, that, if he was interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object; although, perhaps, a few steps more would have brought you to a point, a retrospect from which would show you the pertinence of all he had been saying. I have heard persons complain that they could get no answer to a question from Coleridge. The truth is, he answered, or meant to answer, so fully, that the querist should have no second question to ask. In nine cases out of ten he saw the question was short or misdirected; and knew that a mere *yes* or *no* answer could not embrace the truth—that is, the whole truth—and might, very probably, by implication, convey error. Hence that exhaustive, cyclical mode of discoursing in which he frequently indulged; unfit, indeed, for a dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visitor,—but which, to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction. Mr. Coleridge's affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth. He was to them as an old master of the Academy or Lyceum. The more time he took, the better pleased were such visitors; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever

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difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre!

Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect of the hearer was very great; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple and easy; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves; but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. Upon this point it is very happily, though, according to my observation, too generally, remarked, by one whose powers and opportunities of judging were so eminent that the obliquity of his testimony in other respects is the more unpardonable:—"Coleridge, to many people —and often I have heard the complaint—seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest,—viz., when the compass and huge circuit by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. * * * * However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from his language."* True: his mind was a logic-vice; let him fasten it on the tiniest flourish of an error, he never slacked his hold till he had crushed body and tail to dust. He was *always* ratiocinating in his own mind, and therefore sometimes seemed incoherent to the partial observer. It happened to him as to Pindar, who in modern days has been called a rambling rhapsodist, because the connections

* Tait's Mag., Sept. 1834, p. 514.

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of his parts, though never arbitrary, are so fine that the vulgar reader sees them not at all. But they are there nevertheless, and may all be so distinctly shown, that no one can doubt their existence; and a little study will also prove that the points of contact are those which the true genius of lyric verse naturally evolved, and that the entire Pindaric ode, instead of being the loose and lawless outburst which so many have fancied, is, without any exception, the most artificial and highly wrought composition which Time has spared to us from the wreck of the Greek Muse. So I can well remember occasions, in which, after listening to Mr. Coleridge for several delightful hours, I have gone away with divers splendid masses of reasoning in my head, the separate beauty and coherency of which I deeply felt, but how they had produced, or how they bore upon, each other, I could not then perceive. In such cases I have mused sometimes even for days afterward upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it seemed, "the fire would kindle," and the association, which had escaped my utmost efforts of comprehension before, flash itself all at once upon my mind with the clearness of noonday light.

It may well be imagined that a style of conversation so continuous and diffused as that which I have just attempted to describe, presented remarkable difficulties to a mere reporter by memory. It is easy to preserve the pithy remark, the brilliant retort, or the pointed anecdote; these stick of themselves, and their retention requires no effort of mind. But where the salient angles are comparatively few, and the object of attention is a long-drawn subtle discoursing, you can never recollect, except by yourself thinking the argument over again. In so doing, the order and the characteristic expressions will for the most part spontaneously arise; and it is scarcely credible with what degree of accuracy language may thus be preserved, where practice has given some dexterity, and long familiarity with the speaker has enabled or almost forced you to catch the outlines of his manner. Yet with all this, so peculiar were the flow and breadth of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, that I am very sensible how much those who can best judge will have to complain of my representation of it. The following specimens will, I fear, seem too fragmentary, and therefore deficient in one of the most distinguishing properties of that which they are designed to represent; and this

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is true. Yet the reader will in most instances have little difficulty in understanding the course which the conversation took, although my recollections of it are thrown into separate paragraphs for the sake of superior precision. As I never attempted to give dialogue—indeed, there was seldom much dialogue to give—the great point with me was to condense what I could remember on each particular topic into intelligible *wholes*, with as little injury to the living manner and diction as was possible. With this explanation, I must leave it to those who still have the tones of "that old man eloquent" ringing in their ears, to say how far I have succeeded in this delicate enterprise of stamping his winged words with perpetuity.

In reviewing the contents of the following pages, I can clearly see that I have admitted some passages which will be pronounced illiberal by those who, in the present day, emphatically call themselves liberal—*the* liberal. I allude of course to Mr. Coleridge's remarks on the Reform Bill and the Malthusian economists. The omission of such passages would probably have rendered this publication more generally agreeable, and my disposition does not lead me to give gratuitous offence to any one. But the opinions of Mr. Coleridge on these subjects, however imperfectly expressed by me, were deliberately entertained by him; and to have omitted, in so miscellaneous a collection as this, what he was well known to have said, would have argued in me a disapprobation or a fear, which I disclaim. A few words, however, may be pertinently employed here in explaining the true bearing of Coleridge's mind on the politics of our modern days. He was neither a Whig nor a Tory, as those designations are usually understood; well enough knowing, that, for the most part, half-truths only are involved in the Parliamentary tenets of one party or the other. In the common struggles of a session, therefore, he took little interest; and as to mere personal sympathies, the friend of Frere and of Poole, the respected guest of Canning and of Lord Lansdowne, could have nothing to choose. But he threw the weight of his opinion—and it was considerable—into the Tory or Conservative scale, for these two reasons:—First, generally, because he had a deep conviction that the cause of freedom and of truth is now seriously menaced by a democratical spirit, growing more and more rabid every day, and giving no doubtful promise of the tyranny to come; and secondly, in particular, be-

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cause the national Church was to him the ark of the covenant of his beloved country, and he saw the Whigs about to coalesce with those whose avowed principles lead them to lay the hand of spoliation upon it. Add to these two grounds, some relics of the indignation which the efforts of the Whigs to thwart the generous exertions of England in the great Spanish war had formerly roused within him; and all the constituents of any active feeling in Mr. Coleridge's mind upon matters of state are, I believe, fairly laid before the reader. The Reform question in itself gave him little concern, except as he foresaw the present attack on the Church to be the immediate consequence of the passing of the Bill; "for let the form of the House of Commons," said he, "be what it may, it will be, for better or for worse, pretty much what the country at large is; but once invade that truly national and essentially popular institution, the Church, and divert its funds to the relief or aid of individual charity or public taxation—how specious soever that pretext may be—and you will never thereafter recover the lost means of perpetual cultivation. Give back to the Church what the nation originally consecrated to its use, and it ought then to be charged with the education of the people; but half of the original revenue has been already taken by force from her, or lost to her through desuetude, legal decision, or public opinion; and are those whose very houses and parks are part and parcel of what the nation designed for the general purposes of the clergy, to be heard, when they argue for making the Church support, out of her diminished revenues, institutions, the intended means for maintaining which they themselves hold under the sanction of legal robbery?" Upon this subject Mr. Coleridge did indeed feel very warmly, and was accustomed to express himself accordingly. It weighed upon his mind night and day; and he spoke upon it with an emotion which I never saw him betray upon any topic of common politics, however decided his opinion might be. In this, therefore, he was *felix opportunitate mortis; non enim vidit——;* and the just and honest of all parties will heartily admit over his grave, that as his principles and opinions were untainted by any sordid interest, so he maintained them in the purest spirit of a reflective patriotism, without spleen, or bitterness, or breach of social union.*

* These volumes have had the rather singular fortune of being made the

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It would require a rare pen to do justice to the constitution of Coleridge's mind. It was too deep, subtle, and peculiar, to be fathomed by a morning visitor. Few persons knew much of it

subject of three several reviews before publication. One of them requires notice.

The only materials for the Westminster Reviewer were the extracts in the Quarterly; and his single object being to abuse and degrade, he takes no notice of any even of these, except those which happen to be at variance with his principles in politics or political economy. To have reflected on the memory of Coleridge for not having been either a Benthamite or a Malthusian economist, might perhaps have been just and proper, and the censure certainly would have been borne by his friends in patience. The Westminster Review has, of course, just as good a right to find fault with those who differ from it in opinion as any other Review. But neither the Westminster nor any Review has a right to say that which is untrue, more especially when the misrepresentation is employed for the express purpose of injury and detraction. Among a great deal of coarse language unbecoming the character of the Review or its editor, there is the following passage:—"The trampling on the laboring classes is the religion that is at the bottom of his heart, for the simple reason that he (Coleridge) is himself supported out of that last resource of the enemies of the people, the Pension List." And Mr. Coleridge is afterward called a "Tory pensioner," "a puffed up partisan," &c.

Now the only pension, from any public source or character whatever, received by Mr. Coleridge throughout his whole life was the following:—

In 1821 or 1822, George the Fourth founded the Royal Society of Literature, which was incorporated by charter in 1825. The King gave a thousand guineas a year out of his own private pocket to be distributed among ten literary men, to be called Royal Associates, and to be selected at the discretion of the Council. It is true that this was done under a Tory Government; but I believe the Government had no more to do with it than the Westminster Review. It was the mere act of George the Fourth's own princely temper. The gentlemen chosen to receive this bounty were the following:—

Samuel Taylor Coleridge;
Rev. Edward Davies;
Rev. John Jamieson, D.D.;
Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus;
Thomas James Mathias;
James Millingen;
Sir William Ouseley;
William Roscoe;
Rev. Henry John Todd;
Sharon Turner.

I have been told that a majority of these persons—all the world knows that three or four at least of them—were Whigs of strong water; but probably

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in any thing below the surface; scarcely three or four ever got to understand it in all its marvellous completeness. Mere personal familiarity with this extraordinary man did not put you in possession of him; his pursuits and aspirations, though in their mighty range presenting points of contact and sympathy for all, transcended in their ultimate reach the extremest limits of most men's imaginations. For the last thirty years of his life, at least, Coleridge was really and truly a philosopher of the antique cast. He had his esoteric views; and all his prose works, from the "Friend" to the "Church and State," were little more than feelers, pioneers, disciplinants, for the last and complete exposition of them. Of the art of making books he knew little, and cared less; but had he been as much an adept in it as a modern novelist, he never could have succeeded in rendering popular or even tolerable, at first, his attempt to push Locke and Paley from their common throne in England. A little more working in the trenches might have brought him closer to the walls with less personal damage; but it is better for Christian philosophy as it is, though the assailant was sacrificed in the bold and artless attack. Mr. Coleridge's prose works had so very limited a sale, that although published in a technical sense, they could scarcely be said to have ever become *publici juris*. He did not think them such himself, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Aids to Reflection," and generally made a particular remark if he met any person who professed or showed that he had read the

no one ever before imagined that their political opinions had any thing to do with their being chosen Royal Associates. I have heard and believe that their only qualifications were literature and misfortune; and so the King wished. This annual donation of £105 a year was received by Mr. Coleridge during the remainder of George the Fourth's life. In the first year of the present reign the payment was stopped without notice, in the middle of a current quarter; and was not recontinued during Coleridge's life. It is true that this resumption of the royal bounty took place under a Whig Government; but I believe the Whigs can not justly claim any merit with the Westminster Review for having advised that act; on the contrary, to the best of my knowledge, Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, and some other members of the Whig ministry, disapproved and regretted it. But the money was private money, and they could of course have no control over it.

If the Westminster Reviewer is acquainted with any other public pension, Tory, Whig, or Radical, received by Mr. Coleridge, he has an opportunity every quarter of stating it. In the meantime, I must take the liberty of charging him with the utterance of a calumnious untruth.—H. N. C.

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"Friend," or any of his other books. And I have no doubt that had he lived to complete his great work on "Philosophy reconciled with Christian Religion," he would without scruple have used in that work any part or parts of his preliminary treatise, as their intrinsic fitness required. Hence, in every one of his prose writings there are repetitions, either literal or substantial, of passages to be found in some others of those writings; and there are several particular positions and reasonings, which he considered of vital importance, reiterated in the "Friend," the "Literary Life," the "Lay Sermons," the "Aids to Reflection," and the "Church and State." He was always deepening and widening the foundation, and cared not how often he used the same stone. In thinking passionately of the principle, he forgot the authorship—and sowed beside many waters, if peradventure some chance seedling might take root and bear fruit to the glory of God and the spiritualization of man.

His mere reading was immense; and, the quality and direction of much of it well considered, almost unique in this age of the world. He had gone through most of the Fathers, and, I believe, all the Schoolmen of any eminence; while his familiarity with all the more common departments of literature in every language is notorious. The early age at which some of these acquisitions were made, and his ardent self-abandonment in the strange pursuit, might, according to a common notion, have seemed adverse to increase and maturity of power in after-life; yet it was not so; he lost, indeed, forever, the chance of being a popular writer; but Lamb's *inspired charity-boy* of twelve years of age continued to his dying day, when sixty-two, the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples, far and near. Had Coleridge been master of his genius, and not, alas! mastered by it;—had he less romantically fought a single-handed fight against the whole prejudices of his age, nor so mercilessly racked his fine powers on the problem of a universal Christian philosophy—he might have easily won all that a reading public can give to a favorite, and have left a name—not greater or more enduring indeed—but—better known, and more prized, than now it is, among the wise, the gentle, and the good, throughout all ranks of society. Nevertheless, desultory as his labors, fragmentary as his productions, at present may seem to the cursory observer—my undoubting belief

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is, that in the end it will be found that Coleridge did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant. He has been melted into the very heart of the rising literatures of England and America; and the principles he has taught are the master-light of the moral and intellectual being of men, who, if they shall fail to save, will assuredly illustrate and condemn, the age in which they live. As it is, they 'bide their time.

I might here properly end what will, perhaps, seem more than enough of preface for such a work as this; but I know not how I could reconcile with the duty which I owe to the memory of Coleridge a total silence on the charges which have been made against him by a distinguished writer in one of the monthly publications. I allude, of course, to the papers which have appeared since his death in several numbers of Tait's Magazine. To Mr. Dequincey (for he will excuse my dropping his other name) I am unknown; but many years ago I learned to admire his genius, his learning, his pure and happy style—every thing, indeed, about his writing except the subject. I knew, besides, that he was a gentleman by birth and in manners, and I never doubted his delicacy or his uprightness. His opportunities of seeing Mr. Coleridge were at a particular period considerable, and congeniality of powers and pursuits would necessarily make those opportunities especially valuable to the critical reminiscent. Coleridge was also his friend, and moreover the earth lay freshly heaped upon the grave of the departed!

Now, to all the incredible meannesses of thought, allusion, or language, perpetrated in these papers, especially the first, in respect of any other person, man or *woman*, besides Mr. Coleridge himself—I say nothing. Let me in silent wonder pass them by on the other side. I wish nothing but well to the writer. But even had I any interest in his punishment, what could be added to that which a returning sense of honor and gentlemanly feeling must surely at some time or other inflict on such a spirit as his!

Nor, even with regard to Coleridge, is this the time or place—if it were ever or anywhere worth the while—to expose the wild mistakes and the monstrous caricature prevailing throughout the lighter parts of Mr. Dequincey's reminiscences. That with such a subject before him, such a writer should descend so very low as he has done, is indeed wonderful; but I suppose the eloquence and acuteness of the better parts of these papers were thought to

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require some garnish, and with the taste shown in its selection it would be idle to quarrel. Two points only call for remark. The first is, Mr. Dequincey's charge of plagiarism, which he worthily introduces in the following manner :

" Returning late (August, 1807) from this interesting survey, we found ourselves without company at dinner ; and being thus seated tête-à-tête, Mr. Poole propounded the following question to me, which I mention, because it furnished me with the first hint of a singular infirmity besetting Coleridge's mind : ' Pray, my young friend, did you ever form any opinion, or rather, did it ever happen to you to meet with any rational opinion or conjecture of others, upon that most irrational dogma of Pythagoras about beans ! You know what I mean : that monstrous doctrine in which he asserts that a man might as well, for the wickedness of the thing, eat his own grandmother as meddle with beans.'— ' Yes,' I replied ; ' the line is in the Golden Verses. I remember it well.'

" P. ' True : now our dear excellent friend Coleridge, than whom God never made a creature more divinely endowed, yet, strange it is to say, sometimes steals from other people, just as you or I might do ; I beg your pardon,—just as a poor creature like myself might do, that sometimes have not wherewithal to make a figure from my own exchequer : and the other day at a dinner-party, this question arising about Pythagoras and his beans, Coleridge gave us an interpretation, which, from his manner, I suspect not to have been original. Think, therefore, if you have anywhere read a plausible solution.'

" ' I have : and it was in a German author. This German, understand, is a poor stick of a man, not to be named on the same day with Coleridge : so that, if it should appear that Coleridge has robbed him, be assured that he has done the scamp too much honor.'

" P. ' Well : what says the German ?'

" ' Why, you know the use made in Greece of beans in voting and balloting ? Well : the German says that Pythagoras speaks symbolically ; meaning that electioneering, or, more generally, all interference with political intrigues, is fatal to a philosopher's pursuits and their appropriate serenity. Therefore, says he, followers of mine, abstain from public affairs as you would from parricide.'

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"P. 'Well, then Coleridge *has* done the scamp too much honor; for, by Jove, that is the very explanation he gave us!'

"Here was a trait of Coleridge's mind, to be first made known to me by his best friend, and first published to the world by me, the foremost of his admirers! But both of us had sufficient reasons," &c.

As Mr. Dequincey has asserted that all this dialogue took place twenty-eight years ago, I waive all objections to its apparent improbability. And I know nothing about this "poor stick" of a German, whose name, by-the-by, Mr. Dequincey does not mention; but this I know, that I was a little boy at Eton in the fifth form, some six or seven years after this dialogue is said to have taken place, and I can testify, what I am sure I could bring fifty of my contemporaries at a week's notice to corroborate, that this solution of the Pythagorean abstinence from beans was regularly taught us in school, as a matter of course, whenever occasion arose. Whether this great discovery was a *peculium* of Eton, I know not; nor can I precisely say that Dr. Keate, and the present Provost of King's, and the Bishop of Chester, and other assistant masters (for they all had the secret), did not in fact learn it from this German; but I exceedingly doubt their doing so, unless Mr. Dequincey will assure me that there was an English translation of the German book, if the book was in German, existing at that time. If I am asked whence the interpretation came, I must confess my ignorance; except that I very well remember that in Lucian's "*Vitarum auctio*," a favorite school treatise of ours, upon the bidder demanding of Pythagoras, who is put up to sale, why he had an aversion to beans, the philosopher says that he has no such aversion; but that beans are sacred things, first, for a physical reason there mentioned; but principally, because, among the Athenians, all elections for offices in the government took place by means of them. Of the correctness of this interpretation, if the Golden Verses were in fact genuine, which they are not, we might, indeed, well doubt; for there are numerous authorities which would lead us to believe that the practice of voting by beans or ballot was long subsequent to the time of Pythagoras, to whom in all probability the cheirotonia or natural mode of election by a show of hands was alone known. But let that pass. Mr. Coleridge, it seems, at a dinner-party of country gentlemen in Somersetshire, mentioned

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this solution of the difficulty—a solution commonly taught at Eton then, and, as far as I can learn, for fifty years before, and I believe also at Westminster, Winchester, &c.—not to say a word of Oxford or Cambridge;—and, because he did not refer to a "poor stick" of a German, of whom and his book we even now know nothing, "the foremost of Coleridge's admirers" publishes the tale as "the first hint he received of a singular infirmity besetting Coleridge's mind!" Very sharp, learned, and charitable at least; but let us go on.

Mr. Dequincey says, that Coleridge in one of his Odes describes France as—

"Her footsteps insupportably advancing;"—(*sic.*)

and his charge is not that the words were borrowed without marks of quotation, but—that Coleridge "thought fit positively to deny that he was indebted to Milton" for them. Now, without any view of defending Mr. Coleridge upon such grounds, but simply to show the universal carelessness with which Mr. Dequincey has made all these insinuations, I must observe that there is no such line in Coleridge's Ode; the word "footsteps" is neither in Samson Agonistes nor the Ode; the line in the first being,—

"When insupportably his foot advanced;"

and in the second, simply,

"When, insupportably advancing."

But this is unimportant. That these latter words were in Milton was a mere fact about which, with a book-shelf at hand, there could of course be no dispute;—if, therefore, Mr. Coleridge denied that he was *indebted* to Milton for them, I believe (as who in the world, but this "foremost of admirers," would not believe?)—that he meant to deny any distinct consciousness of their Miltonic origin, at the moment of his using them in his Ode. A metaphysician like Mr. Dequincey can explain what every common person, who has read half a dozen standard books in his life, knows,—that thoughts, words, and phrases, not our own, rise up day by day, from the depths of the passive memory, and suggest themselves as it were to the hand, without any effort of recollection on our part. Such thoughts are indeed not natural born, but they are denizens at least; and Coleridge could

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have meant no more. And so it seems that in Shelvocke's Voyage, there is a passage showing how "Hatley, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was due to an albatross, which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition." This Mr. Dequincey considers the germ—a prolific one to be sure—of the Ancient Mariner; and he says that upon a question being put to Mr. Coleridge by him on the subject, Mr. Coleridge "disowned so slight an obligation." If he did, I firmly believe he had no recollection of it.

What Mr. Dequincey says about the Hymn in the vale of Chamouni is just. This glorious composition, of upwards of ninety lines, is truly indebted for many images and some striking expressions to Frederica Brun's little poem. The obligation is so clear that a reference to the original ought certainly to have been given, as Coleridge gave in other instances. Yet, as to any ungenerous wish on the part of Mr. Coleridge to conceal the obligation, I for one totally disbelieve it; the words and images that are taken are taken bodily and without alteration, and not the slightest art is used—and a little would have sufficed—to disguise the fact of any community between the two poems. The German is in twenty lines; and I print them here with a very bald English translation, that all my readers may compare them as a curiosity with their glorification in Coleridge:—

Aus tiefem Schatten des schweigenden Tannenhains
Erblick' ich bebend dich, Scheitel der Ewigkeit,
Blendender Gipfel, von dessen Höhe
Ahndend mein Geist ins Unendliche schwebet!

Wer senkte den Pfeiler tief in der Erde Schooss,
Der, seit Jahrtausenden, fest deine masse stützt?
Wer thürmte hoch in des Aethers Wölbung
Mächtig und kühn dein umstrahltes Antlitz?

Wer goss Euch hoch aus des ewigen Winters Reich,
O Zackenströme, mit Donnergetös, herab?
Und wer gebietet laut mit der Allmacht Stimme:
"Hier sollen ruhen die starrenden Wogen!"

Wer zeichnet dort dem Morgensterne die Bahn?
Wer kränzt mit Blüthen des ewigen Frostes Saum?
Wem tönt in schrecklichen Harmonieen,
Wilder Arveiron, dein Wogentümmel?

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Jehovah! Jehovah! kracht's im berstenden Eis;
Lavinendonner rollen's die Kluft hinab:
Jehovah! rauscht's in den hellen Wipfeln,
Flüstert's an reiselnden Silberbächen.

CHAMOUNI AT SUNRISE.

To KLOPSTOCK.

Out of the deep shade of the silent fir-grove, trembling I survey thee, mountain-head of eternity, dazzling (blinding) summit, from whose height my dimly perceiving spirit floats into the everlasting (or hovers, is suspended in the everlasting).

Who sank the pillar deep into the lap of earth, which, for centuries past, props (or sustains) thy mass? Who upreared (*thürmte*, up-towered) high in the vault of ether mighty and bold thy beaming countenance? (*umstrahltes*, beamed around.)

Who poured you from on high out of eternal winter's realm, O jagged streams (*Zackenströme*) downward with thunder noise? And who commanded loud, with the voice of Omnipotence, "Here shall the stiffening billows rest?"

Who marks out there the path for the morning star? Who wreaths with blossoms the edge (skirt, border) of eternal frost? To whom, wild Arveiron, does thy wave-commotion (or wave-dizziness, hurly-burly, or tumult of waves, *Wogentümmel*) sound in terrible harmonies?

Jehovah! Jehovah! crashes in the bursting ice; avalanche thunders roll it down the chasm (cleft, ravine). Jehovah! rustles (or murmurs) in the bright tree-tops: it whispers in the purling silver brooks.

Mr. Dequincey proceeds thus:—"All these cases amount to nothing at all as cases of plagiarism, and for that reason expose the more conspicuously that obliquity of feeling which could seek to decline the very slight acknowledgments required. But now I come to a case of real and palpable plagiarism; yet that too of a nature to be quite unaccountable in a man of Coleridge's attainments."

I will leave all the rest to the pen of Julius Hare.

"I have been speaking on the supposition that the charges of plagiarism and insincerity brought by the Opium-eater against Coleridge are strictly, accurately, true—that Coleridge is guilty to the full amount and tale of the offences imputed to him. Even in this case, it indicates a singular obliquity of feeling, thus to drag them forth and thrust them forward. But are they true? Doubtless,—seeing that he who thrusts them forward can only do it out of a painful and rankling love of truth and

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justice ; seeing that the voice which comes forth from his mask proclaims him to be the 'foremost of Coleridge's admirers.' Reader, be not deluded and put to sleep by a name ; look into the charges ; sift them. Among them, the accuser himself acknowledges that there is only one of any moment, the others having been lugged in to swell the counts of the indictment, through a somewhat over-anxious fear—a fear which would have been deemed malicious in any one but the foremost of his admirers—lest any tittle that could tell against Coleridge should be forgotten. One case, however, there is, he assures us, 'of real and palpable plagiarism :' so, lest 'some cursed reviewer,' eight hundred or a thousand years hence, should 'make the discovery,' he determines to prevent him by forestalling him, and states it in full, as in admirership bound. The dissertation in the *Biographia Literaria* 'on the reciprocal relations of the *esse* and the *cogitare*' is asserted to be a translation from an essay in the volume of Schelling's *Philosophische Schriften*. True : the Opium-eater is indeed mistaken in the name of the book ; but that is of little moment, except as an additional mark of audacious carelessness in impeaching a great man's honor. The dissertation, as it stands in the *Biographia Literaria*, III, pp. 336–350, is a literal translation from the introduction to Schelling's system of *Transcendental Idealism ;* and though the assertion that there is no attempt in a single instance to appropriate the paper, by developing the arguments, or by diversifying the illustrations, is not quite borne out by the fact, Coleridge's additions are few and slight. But the Opium-eater further says, that 'Coleridge's essay is prefaced by a few words, in which, aware of his coincidence with Schelling, he declares his willingness to acknowledge himself indebted to so great a man, in any case where the truth would allow him to do so ; but in this particular case, insisting on the impossibility that he could have borrowed arguments which he had first seen some years after he had thought out the whole hypothesis *proprio marte*.' That Coleridge never can have been guilty of such a piece of scandalous dishonesty is clear even on the face of the charge : he never could have applied the word *hypothesis* to that which has nothing hypothetical in it. The Opium-eater also is much too precise in his use of words to have done so, if he had known or considered what he was talking about. But he did not ; and owing to this sloven-

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require some garnish, and with the taste shown in its selection it would be idle to quarrel. Two points only call for remark. The first is, Mr. Dequincey's charge of plagiarism, which he worthily introduces in the following manner :

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" ' Why, you know the use made in Greece of beans in voting and balloting ? Well : the German says that Pythagoras speaks symbolically ; meaning that electioneering, or, more generally, all interference with political intrigues, is fatal to a philosopher's pursuits and their appropriate serenity. Therefore, says he, followers of mine, abstain from public affairs as you would from parricide.'

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"P. 'Well, then Coleridge *has* done the scamp too much honor; for, by Jove, that is the very explanation he gave us!'

"Here was a trait of Coleridge's mind, to be first made known to me by his best friend, and first published to the world by me, the foremost of his admirers! But both of us had sufficient reasons," &c.

As Mr. Dequincey has asserted that all this dialogue took place twenty-eight years ago, I waive all objections to its apparent improbability. And I know nothing about this "poor stick" of a German, whose name, by-the-by, Mr. Dequincey does not mention; but this I know, that I was a little boy at Eton in the fifth form, some six or seven years after this dialogue is said to have taken place, and I can testify, what I am sure I could bring fifty of my contemporaries at a week's notice to corroborate, that this solution of the Pythagorean abstinence from beans was regularly taught us in school, as a matter of course, whenever occasion arose. Whether this great discovery was a *peculium* of Eton, I know not; nor can I precisely say that Dr. Keate, and the present Provost of King's, and the Bishop of Chester, and other assistant masters (for they all had the secret), did not in fact learn it from this German; but I exceedingly doubt their doing so, unless Mr. Dequincey will assure me that there was an English translation of the German book, if the book was in German, existing at that time. If I am asked whence the interpretation came, I must confess my ignorance; except that I very well remember that in Lucian's "*Vitarum auctio*," a favorite school treatise of ours, upon the bidder demanding of Pythagoras, who is put up to sale, why he had an aversion to beans, the philosopher says that he has no such aversion; but that beans are sacred things, first, for a physical reason there mentioned; but principally, because, among the Athenians, all elections for offices in the government took place by means of them. Of the correctness of this interpretation, if the Golden Verses were in fact genuine, which they are not, we might, indeed, well doubt; for there are numerous authorities which would lead us to believe that the practice of voting by beans or ballot was long subsequent to the time of Pythagoras, to whom in all probability the cheirotonia or natural mode of election by a show of hands was alone known. But let that pass. Mr. Coleridge, it seems, at a dinner-party of country gentlemen in Somersetshire, mentioned

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ly rashness of assertion, he has brought forward a heavy accusation, which is utterly false and groundless, the distorted offspring of a benighted memory under the incubus of—what shall we say?—*an ardent admiration*. Not a single word does Coleridge say about the originality of his essay one way or other. It is not prefaced by any remark. No mention is made of Schelling within a hundred pages of it, further than a quotation from him in page 329, and a reference to him in page 332. In an earlier part of the work, however, where Coleridge is giving an account of his philosophical education, there does occur a passage (pp. 262–266) about his obligations to Schelling, and his coincidences with him. This, no doubt, is the passage which the Opium-eater had in his head; but strangely indeed has he metamorphosed it. For Coleridge's vindication it is necessary to quote it somewhat at length:—

"'It would be a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn my readers, that an identity of thought, or even similarity of phrase, will not be at all times a certain proof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelling, or that the conceptions were originally learned from him. Many of the most striking resemblances, indeed, all the main and fundamental ideas, were born and matured in my mind before I had ever seen a page of the German philosopher. God forbid that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honors so unequivocally his right, not only as a great and original genius, but as the founder of the philosophy of Nature, and as the most successful improver of the Dynamic system. To Schelling we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honor enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges, by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, *let whatever shall be found in this or any future work of mine, that resembles or coincides with the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to him; provided that the absence of direct references to his books, which I could not at all times make*

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with truth, as designating citations or thoughts actually derived from him, and which I trust would, after this general acknowledgment, be superfluous, be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism.'

"Yet the charge which he thus earnestly deprecates has been brought against him; and that, too, by a person entitling himself the foremost of his admirers! Heaven preserve all honest men from such forward admirers! The boy who rendered *nil admirari, not to be admired*, must have had something of prophecy in him, when he pronounced this to be an indispensable recipe for happiness. Coleridge, we see, was so far from denying or shuffling about his debts to Schelling, that he makes over every passage to him on which the stamp of his mind could be discovered. Of a truth, if he had been disposed to purloin, he never would have stolen half a dozen pages from the head and front of that very work of Schelling's which was the likeliest to fall into his reader's hands; and the first sentence of which one could not read without detecting the plagiarism. Would any man think of pilfering a column from the porch of St. Paul's? The high praise which Coleridge bestows on Schelling would naturally excite a wish, in such of his readers as felt an interest in his philosophy, to know more of the great German. The first books of his they would take up would be his *Natur-Philosophie* and his *Transcendental Idealism;* these are the works which Coleridge himself mentions; and the latter, from its subject, would attract them the most. For the maturer exposition of Schelling's philosophy, in the *Zeitschrift für spekulative Physik*, is hardly to be met with in England, having never been published except in that journal; and being still no more than a fragment. Indeed, Coleridge himself does not seem to have known it; and Germany has, for thirty years, looked in vain expectation for the doctrine of the greatest of her philosophers.

"But, even with the fullest conviction that Coleridge can not have been guilty of intentional plagiarism, the reader will probably deem it strange that he should have transferred half a dozen pages of Schelling into his volume without any reference to their source. And strange it undoubtedly is! The only way I see of accounting for it, is from his practice of keeping note-books or journals of his thoughts, filled with observations and brief dissertations on such matters as happened to strike him, with a sprink-

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ling now and then of extracts and abstracts from the books he was reading. If the name of the author from whom he took an extract was left out, he might easily, years after, forget whose property it was; especially when he had made it in some measure his own, by transferring it into his own English. That this may happen I know from my own experience, having myself been lately puzzled by a passage which I had translated from Kant some years ago, and which cost me a good deal of search before I ascertained that it was not my own. Yet my memory in such minutiæ is tolerably accurate, while Coleridge's was notoriously irretentive. That this solution is the true one, may, I think, be collected from the references to Schelling, in pages 329 and 332. In both these places we find a couple of pages translated, with some changes and additions from the latter part of Schelling's *Abhandlungen zur Erläuterung des Idealismus der Wissenchaftslehre*. In neither place are we told that we are reading a translation. Yet that the author can not be conscious of any intentional plagiarism is clear, from his mentioning Schelling's name, and, in the latter place, even that of this particular work. Here, again, I would conjecture, that the passages must have been transcribed from some old note-book; only in these instances, Schelling's name was marked down at the end of the first extract, and at the beginning of the second; and so the end of the first extract is ascribed to him, and he is cited at the beginning of the second.

"There is also another passage about the mystics, in pages 250--254, acknowledged to be translated from a recent continental writer, which comes from Schelling's pamphlet against Fichte. In this case, Coleridge knew that he was setting forth what he had borrowed from another: for he had not long been acquainted with this work of Schelling's, as may be gathered from his way of speaking of it in p. 266, and from his saying, in p. 264, that Schelling has *lately* avowed his affectionate reverence for Behmen. Schelling's pamphlet had appeared eleven years before; but, perhaps, it did not find its way to England till the peace; and Coleridge, having read it but recently, inferred that it was a recent publication. These passages form wellnigh the sum of Coleridge's loans from Schelling; and, with regard to these, on the grounds here stated, though I do not presume to rank myself among the foremost of his admirers, I readily acquit him

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of all suspicion of ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism."*

A single word more. It is said that Mr. Coleridge was "an unconscionable plagiary, *like Byron*."† With submission, nothing could possibly be more unlike. The charge against Lord Byron, —not his own affected one, but the real one, is this,—that having borrowed liberally from particular passages, and being deeply, although indefinably, indebted to the spirit of the writings of Wordsworth and Coleridge—yes, and of Southey, too—he not only made no acknowledgment—*that* was not necessary—but upon the principle of the *odisse quem læseris* he took every opportunity, and broke through every decency of literature, and even common manners, to malign, degrade, and, as far as in him lay, to destroy the public and private characters of those great men. He did this in works published by himself in his own lifetime, and what is more, he did it in violation of his knowledge and convictions to the contrary; for his own previous written and

* British Magazine, January, 1835.

† Edinburgh Review, cxxiii. Of course, I have no intention of answering the criticisms or correcting all the mistakes of the Edinburgh Reviewer; but one of his remarks deserves notice. He quotes two passages, the one beginning—"Negatively, there may be more of the philosophy of Socrates in the Memorabilia of Xenophon," &c. (p. 262), and the other beginning —"Plato's works are logical exercises for the mind," &c. (p. 276), and says they are contradictory. They might, perhaps, have been more clearly expressed; but no contradiction was intended, nor do the words imply any. Mr. C. meant in both, that Xenophon had preserved most of the *man* Socrates; that he was the best Boswell; and that Socrates, as a *persona dialoga*, was little more than a poetical phantom in Plato's hands. On the other hand, he says that Plato is more *Socratic*, that is, more of a philosopher in the Socratic *mode* of reasoning (Cicero calls the Platonic writings generally, *Socratici libri*); and Mr. C. also says, that in the metaphysical disquisitions Plato is Pythagorean, meaning, that he worked on the supposed ideal or transcendental principles of the extraordinary founder of the Italian school.

And I can not forbear expressing my surprise that the Edinburgh Reviewer—so imperfectly acquainted with Mr. Coleridge's writings as he evidently is—should have permitted himself the use of such language as that "Coleridge was an unconscionable plagiary," and that "he *pillaged* from himself and others;"—charges, which a little more knowledge of his subject, or a little less reliance on the already exposed misrepresentations of a magazine, would surely have prevented him from flinging out so hastily against the memory of a great man.—*Ed.*

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spoken admiration of the genius of those whom he so traduced and affected to contemn, was, and still is, on record; so that well might one of his invulnerable antagonists say:—"Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn, and that the one would have *nihilipilified* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both."*

Now, let the *taking* on the part of Coleridge be allowed,—need I, after the preceding passage cited by Mr. Hare, expressly draw the contrast as to the *manner?* Verily, of Lord Byron, morally and intellectually considered, it may be said:—

> Si *non alium* late spirasset odorem,
> Laurus erat.

It was in my heart to have adverted to one other point of a different and graver character, in respect of which the unfeeling petulance and imperfect knowledge of Mr. Dequincey have contributed to make what he says upon it a cruel calumny on Coleridge. But I refrain. This is not the place. A time will come when Coleridge's Life may be written without wounding the feelings or gratifying the malice of any one;—and then, among other misrepresentations, that as to the origin of his recourse to opium will be made manifest; and the tale of his long and passionate struggles with, and final victory over, the habit, will form one of the brightest as well as most interesting traits of the moral and religious being of this humble, this exalted Christian.

—But how could this writer trust to the discretion of Coleridge's friends and relatives? What, if a justly provoked anger had burst the bounds of compassion! Does not Mr. Dequincey well know that with regard to this as well as every other article in his vile heap of personalities, the little finger of recrimination would bruise his head in the dust?—

Coleridge—blessings on his gentle memory!—Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would have beaten calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr.

* Southey's Essays, Moral and Political. Vol. ii., Letter concerning Lord Byron.

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Sinned against a thousand times more than sinning, he himself suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, while the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labors, his genius, and his sacrifice. *Necesse est tanquum immaturam mortem ejus defleam; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, qua tanti viri mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest child of the Reverend John Coleridge, Vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, and master of Henry the Eighth's Free Grammar School in that town. His mother's maiden name was Ann Bowdon. He was born at Ottery on the 21st of October, 1772, "about eleven o'clock in the forenoon," as his father the Vicar has, with rather a curious particularity, entered it on the register.

He died on the 25th of July, 1834, in Mr. Gillman's house, in the Grove, Highgate, and is buried in the old churchyard, by the roadside.

ΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΕΑΙ ΖΩΟΥΣΙΝ ΑΗΔΟΝΕΣ——.

H. N. C.

Lincoln's Inn, 11th May, 1835.

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TABLE TALK.

DECEMBER 29, 1822.

CHARACTER OF OTHELLO—SCHILLER'S ROBBERS—SHAKSPEARE—SCOTCH NOVELS—LORD BYRON—JOHN KEMBLE—MATHEWS.

OTHELLO must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time.* Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was the struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago!—O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honor was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honor was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian state, though it had superseded him.

Schiller has the material Sublime;† to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their

* Caballeros Granadinos,
Aunque Moros, hijos d'algo.—*Ed.*

† This expression—"material sublime," like a hundred others which have slipped into general use, came originally from Mr. Coleridge, and was by him, in the first instance, applied to Schiller's Robbers.—See act iv. sc. 5.—*Ed.*

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mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or mediater; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, every thing assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

I think Old Mortality and Guy Mannering the best of the Scotch novels.

It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist *in rerum naturâ?*

I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence—for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party, in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterward; Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said,—"Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rheumatise, and can not stay." "Add *ism!*" dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

Kemble would correct any body, at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Mathews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the King. The King was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said,—"I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—'he, a poor actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box.' I said, 'Take some, pray; you will obleege me.' Upon which Kemble

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replied,—'It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;' and took a pinch."

It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time, by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the "Remorse;" and was in the midst of Alhadra's description* of the death of her husband, when a

* "ALHADRA. This night your chieftain arm'd himself,
And hurried from me. But I followed him
At distance, till I saw him enter *there!*
NAOMI. The cavern?
ALHADRA. Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.
After a while I saw the son of Valdez
Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.
There was another and a longer pause;
And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords!
And soon the son of Valdez reappeared:
He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seem'd as he were mirthful! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband.
NAOMI. Thou calledst him?
ALHADRA. I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. What saidst thou?
No! no! I did not dare call Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came! After that pause,
O Heaven! I heard a groan, and follow'd it:
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was light,
A hideous light! his torch lay on the ground;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink:
I spake; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm! it was his last—his death-groan!
NAOMI. Comfort her, Allah!
ALHADRA. I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that can not be remember'd,
Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan!
But I had heard his last;—my husband's death-groan!
NAOMI. Haste! let us onward!
ALHADRA. I look'd far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment;
And it was stain'd with blood. Then first I shriek'd;
My eyeballs burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,

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scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out,—"Please, ma'am, master says, Will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?"

JANUARY 1, 1823.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE—PERMANENCY AND PROGRESSION OF NATIONS—KANT'S RACES OF MANKIND.

PRIVILEGE is a substitution for Law, where, from the nature of the circumstances, a law can not act without clashing with greater and more general principles. The House of Commons must, of course, have the power of taking cognizance of offences against its own rights. Sir Francis Burdett might have been properly sent to the Tower for the speech he made in the House;* but when afterward he published it in Cobbett, and they took cognizance of it as a breach of privilege, they violated the plain distinction between privilege and law. As a speech in the House, the House could alone animadvert upon it, consistently with the effective preservation of its most necessary prerogative of freedom of debate; but when that speech became a book, then

> And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
> Turn'd into blood—I saw them turn to blood!
> And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
> When on the further brink I saw his sword,
> And it said, Vengeance!—Curses on my tongue!
> The moon hath mov'd in heaven, and I am here,
> And he hath not had vengeance!—Isidore!
> Spirit of Isidore! thy murderer lives!
> Away, away!"—Act iv. sc. 3.

* March 12, 1810. Sir Francis Burdett made a motion in the House of Commons for the discharge of Gale Jones, who had been committed to Newgate by a resolution of the House on the 21st of February preceding. Sir Francis afterward published in Cobbett's Political Register, of the 24th of the same month of March, a "Letter to his Constituents, denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England," and he accompanied the letter with an argument in support of his position. On the 27th of March a complaint of breach of privilege, founded on this publication, was made in the House by Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lethbridge, and after several long debates, a motion that Sir Francis Burdett should be committed to the Tower, was made on the 5th of April, 1810, by Sir Robert Salisbury, and carried by a majority of 38.—*Ed.*

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the law was to look to it; and there being a law of libel, commensurate with every possible object of attack in the state, privilege, which acts, or ought to act, only as a substitute for other laws, could have nothing to do with it. I have heard that one distinguished individual said,—"That he, for one, would not shrink from affirming, that if the House of Commons chose to *burn* one of their own members in Palace Yard, it had an inherent power and right by the constitution to do so." This was said, if at all, by a moderate-minded man; and may show to what atrocious tyranny some persons may advance in theory, under shadow of this word privilege.

There are two principles in every European and Christian state: Permanency and Progression.* In the civil wars of the seventeenth century in England, which are as new and fresh now as they were a hundred and sixty years ago, and will be so forever to us, these two principles came to a struggle. It was natural that the great and the good of the nation should be found in the ranks of either side. In the Mohammedan states, there is no principle of permanence; and, therefore, they sink directly. They existed, and could only exist, in their efforts at progression; when they ceased to conquer, they fell in pieces. Turkey would long since have fallen, had it not been supported by the rival and conflicting interests of Christian Europe. The Turks have

* See this position stated and illustrated in detail in Mr. Coleridge's work, "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the Idea of each," page 38. Well acquainted as I am with the fact of the comparatively small acceptation which Mr. Coleridge's prose works have ever found in the literary world, and with the reasons, and, what is more, with the causes of it, I still wonder that this particular treatise has not been more noticed: first, because it is a little book; secondly, because it is, or at least nineteen twentieths of it are, written in a popular style; and thirdly, because it is the *only* work that I know or have ever heard mentioned, that even attempts a solution of the difficulty in which an ingenious enemy of the Church of England may easily involve most of its modern defenders in Parliament, or through the press, upon their own principles and admissions. Mr. Coleridge himself prized this little work highly, although he admitted its incompleteness as a composition:—"But I don't care a rush about it," he said to me, "as an author. The saving distinctions are plainly stated in it, and I am sure nothing is wanted to make them *tell*, but that some kind friend should steal them from their obscure hiding-place, and just tumble them down before the public as *his own*."—*Ed.*

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no church; religion and state are one; hence there is no counterpoise, no mutual support. This is the very essence of their Unitarianism. They have no past; they are not an historical people; they exist only in the present. China is an instance of a permanency without progression. The Persians are a superior race: they have a history and a literature; they were always considered by the Greeks as quite distinct from the other barbarians. The Afghans are a remarkable people. They have a sort of republic. Europeans and Orientalists may be well represented by two figures standing back to back: the latter looking to the east, that is, backwards; the former looking westward or forwards.

Kant assigns three great races of mankind. If two individuals of distinct races cross, a third, or *tertium aliquid*, is *invariably* produced, different from either, as a white and a negro produce a mulatto. But when different varieties of the same race cross the offspring is according to what we call chance; it is now like one, now like the other parent. Note this, when you see the children of any couple of distinct European complexions,—as English and Spanish, German and Italian, Russian and Portuguese, and so on.

JANUARY 3, 1823.

MATERIALISM—GHOSTS.

EITHER we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts.* We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we say

* "Try to conceive a *man* without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite. An *animal* endowed with the memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the *man* will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field, but likewise cursed above every beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat, all the days of its life."—*Church and State*, p. 54, n.

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from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us, that makes the difference.

Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says:—"And God said, Let us make man in *our image*, after *our likeness*." And in the next chapter, he repeats the narrative:—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then he adds these words,—"*and man became a living soul*." Materialism will never explain these last words.

Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called ghost-like. It is visibility without tangibility; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same; because two different things can not properly have the same definition. A *visible substance* without susceptibility of impact, I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance, the bodily eye *can not* see it; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen is, in fact, *not* seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation; but here, in truth, sensation produces, as it were, the external object.

In certain states of the nerves, however, I do believe that the eye, although not consciously so directed may, by a slight convulsion, see a portion of the body, as if opposite to it. The part actually seen will by common association seem the whole; and the whole body will then constitute an external object, which explains many stories of persons seeing themselves lying dead. Bishop Berkeley once experienced this. He had the presence of mind to ring the bell, and feel his pulse; keeping his eye still fixed on his own figure right opposite to him. He was in a high fever, and the brain-image died away as the door opened. I observed something very like it once at Grasmere; and was so conscious of the cause, that I told a person what I was experiencing, while the image still remained.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. These visible and intangible shadows, without substances to cause them, are absurd.

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JANUARY 4, 1823.

CHARACTER OF THE AGE FOR LOGIC—PLATO AND XENOPHON—GREEK DRAMA—KOTZEBUE—BURKE.

This is not a logical age. A friend lately gave me some political pamphlets of the time of Charles I. and the Cromwellate. In them the premisses are frequently wrong, but the deductions are almost always legitimate; whereas, in the writings of the present day, the premisses are commonly sound, but the conclusions false. I think a great deal of commendation is due to the University of Oxford, for preserving the study of logic in the schools. It is a great mistake to suppose geometry any substitute for it.

Negatively, there may be more of the philosophy of Socrates in the Memorabilia of Xenophon than in Plato: that is, there is less of what does not belong to Socrates; but the general spirit of, and impress on left by, Plato, are more Socratic.

In Æschylus religion appears terrible, malignant, and persecuting: Sophocles is the mildest of the three tragedians, but the persecuting aspect is still maintained: Euripides is like a modern Frenchman, never so happy as when giving a slap at the gods altogether.

Kotzebue represents the petty kings of the islands in the Pacific ocean exactly as so many Homeric chiefs. Riches command universal influence, and all the kings are supposed to be descended from the gods.

I confess I doubt the Homeric genuineness of *δακρυόεν γελάσασα*.* It sounds to me much more like a prettiness of Bion or Moschus.

The very greatest writers write best when calm, and exerting themselves upon subjects unconnected with party. Burke rarely shows all his powers unless where he is in a passion. The French

* *ὡς εἰπὼν, ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε*
παῖδ' ἑὸν· ἡ δ' ἄρα μιν κηώδει δέξατο κόλπῳ,
δακρυόεν γελάσασα.—Iliad, Z'., vi. 482.

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Revolution was alone a subject fit for him. We are not yet aware of all the consequences of that event. We are too near it.

Goldsmith did every thing happily.

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

A rogue is a roundabout fool; a fool *in circumbendibus*.

JANUARY 6, 1823.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL—CHRISTIANITY—EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS—THE LOGOS—REASON AND UNDERSTANDING.

ST. JOHN had a twofold object in his Gospel and his Epistles: to prove the divinity, and also the actual human nature and bodily suffering, of Jesus Christ; that he was God and Man. The notion that the effusion of blood and water from the Saviour's side was intended to prove the real *death* of the sufferer, originated, I believe, with some modern Germans, and seems to me ridiculous: there is, indeed, a very small quantity of water occasionally in the præcordia; but in the pleura, where wounds are not generally mortal, there is a great deal. St. John did not mean, I apprehend, to insinuate that the spear-thrust made the *death*, merely as such, certain or evident, but that the effusion showed the human nature. "I saw it," he would say, "with my own eyes. It was real blood, composed of lymph and crassamentum, and not a mere celestial ichor, as the Phantasmists allege."

I think the verse of the three witnesses (1 John, v. 7) spurious; not only because the balance of external authority is against it, as Porson seems to have shown, but also because, in my way of looking at it, it spoils the reasoning.

St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel, while St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

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Whatever may be thought of the genuineness or authority of any part of the book of Daniel, it makes no difference in my belief in Christianity; for Christianity is within a man, even as he is a being gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.

I do not believe St. Paul to be the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Luther's conjecture is very probable, that it was by Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew. The plan is too studiously regular for St. Paul. It was evidently written during the yet existing glories of the Temple. For three hundred years the church did not affix St. Paul's name to it; but its apostolical or catholic character, independently of its genuineness as to St. Paul, was never much doubted.

The first three Gospels show the history, that is, the fulfilment of the prophecies, in the facts. St. John declares explicitly the doctrine, oracularly, and without comment, because, being pure reason, it can only be proved by itself. For Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence. St. Paul writes more particularly for the dialectic understanding; and proves those doctrines which were capable of such proof by common logic.

St. John used the term ὁ *Λόγος* technically. Philo-Judæus had so used it several years before the probable date of the composition of this Gospel; and it was commonly understood among the Jewish Rabbis at that time, and afterward, of the manifested God.

Our translators, unfortunately, as I think, render the clause *πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν*,* "*with* God;" that would be right if the Greek were *σὺν τῷ Θεῷ*. By the preposition *πρὸς*, in this place, is meant the utmost possible *proximity*, without *confusion;* likeness, without sameness. The Jewish Church understood the Messiah to be a divine person. Philo expressly cautions against any one's supposing the Logos to be a mere personification or symbol. He says, the Logos is a substantial, self-existent Being.

* John, ch. i. v. 1, 2.

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The Gnostics, as they were afterward called, were a kind of Arians; and thought the Logos was an after-birth. They placed *Ἄβυσσος and Σιγή (the Abyss and Silence) before him. Therefore it was that St. John said, with emphasis, ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος —"In the *beginning* was the Word." He was begotten in the first simultaneous burst of Godhead, if such an expression may be pardoned, in speaking of eternal existence.

The understanding suggests the materials of reasoning: the reason decides upon them. The first can only say, This *is*, or *ought* to be so. The last says, It *must* be so.*

APRIL 27, 1823.

KEAN—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH—SIR H. DAVY—ROBERT SMITH—CANNING—NATIONAL DEBT—POOR-LAWS.

KEAN is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello.

Sir James Mackintosh is the king of the men of talent. He is a most elegant converser. How well I remember his giving breakfast to me and Sir Humphry Davy, at that time an unknown young man, and our having a very spirited talk about Locke and Newton, and so forth! When Davy was gone, Mackintosh said to me, "That's a very extraordinary young man; but he is gone wrong on some points." But Davy was, at that time at least, a man of genius; and I doubt if Mackintosh ever heartily appreci-

* I have preserved this, and several other equivalent remarks, out of a dutiful wish to popularize, by all the honest means in my power, this fundamental distinction; a thorough mastery of which Mr. Coleridge considered necessary to any sound system of psychology; and in the denial or neglect of which, he delighted to point out the source of most of the vulgar errors in philosophy and religion. The distinction itself is implied throughout almost all Mr. C.'s works, whether in verse or prose; but it may be found minutely argued in the "Aids to Reflection," I. p. 248, &c. 1831.—*Ed.*

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ated an eminently original man. He is uncommonly powerful in his own line; but it is not the line of a first-rate man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off any thing worth preserving. You might not improperly write on his forehead, "Warehouse to let!" He always dealt too much in generalities for a lawyer. He is deficient in power in applying his principles to the points in debate. I remember Robert Smith had much more logical ability; but Smith aimed at conquest by any gladiatorial shift; whereas Mackintosh was uniformly candid in argument. I am speaking now from old recollections.

Canning is very irritable, surprisingly so for a wit who is always giving such hard knocks. He should have put on an ass's skin before he went into Parliament. Lord Liverpool is the single stay of this ministry; but he is not a man of a directing mind. He can not ride on the whirlwind. He serves as the isthmus to connect one half of the cabinet with the other. He always gives you the common sense of the matter, and in that it is that his strength in debate lies.

The national debt has, in fact, made more men rich than have a right to be so, or, rather, any ultimate power, in case of a struggle, of actualizing their riches. It is, in effect, like an ordinary, where three hundred tickets have been distributed, but where there is, in truth, room only for one hundred. So long as you can amuse the company with any thing else, or make them come in successively, all is well, and the whole three hundred fancy themselves sure of a dinner; but if any suspicion of a hoax should arise, and they were all to rush into the room at once, there would be two hundred without a potato for their money; and the table would be occupied by the landholders, who live on the spot.

Poor-laws are the inevitable accompaniments of an extensive commerce and a manufacturing system. In Scotland they did without them, till Glasgow and Paisley became great manufacturing places, and then people said, "We must subscribe for the poor, or else we shall have poor-laws." That is to say, they

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enacted for themselves a poor-law in order to avoid having a poor-law enacted for them. It is absurd to talk of Queen Elizabeth's act as creating the poor-laws of this country. The poor-rates are the consideration paid by, or on behalf of, capitalists, for having labor at demand. It is the price, and nothing else. The hardship consists in the agricultural interest having to pay an undue proportion of the rates; for although, perhaps, in the end, the land becomes more valuable, yet, at the first, the land-owners have to bear all the brunt. I think there ought to be a fixed revolving period for the equalization of rates.

APRIL 28, 1823.

CONDUCT OF THE WHIGS—REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE conduct of the Whigs is extravagantly inconsistent. It originated in the fatal error which Fox committed, in persisting, after the first three years of the French revolution, when every shadow of freedom in France had vanished, in eulogizing the men and measures of that shallow-hearted people. So he went on gradually, further and further departing from all the principles of English policy and wisdom, till at length he became the panegyrist, through thick and thin, of a military phrenzy, under the influence of which the very name of liberty was detested. And thus it was that, in course of time, Fox's party became the absolute abettors of the Bonapartean invasion of Spain, and did all in their power to thwart the generous efforts of this country to resist it. Now, when the invasion is by a Bourbon, and the cause of the Spanish nation neither united, nor, indeed, sound in many respects, the Whigs would precipitate this country into a crusade to fight up the cause of a faction.

I have the honor of being slightly known to my Lord Darnley. In 1808–9, I met him accidentally, when, after a few words of salutation, he said to me, "Are you mad, Mr. Coleridge?"—"Not that I know, my Lord," I replied; "what have I done which argues any derangement of mind?"—"Why, I mean," said he, "those essays of yours 'On the Hopes and Fears of a People invaded by foreign Armies.' The Spaniards are absolutely conquered; it is absurd to talk of their chance of resisting."—"Very well, my Lord," I said, "we shall see. But will your Lordship

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permit me, in the course of a year or two, to retort your question upon you, if I should have fair grounds for so doing?"—"Certainly!" said he; "that is fair!" Two years afterward, when affairs were altered in Spain, I met Lord Darnley again, and, after some conversation, ventured to say to him, "Does your Lordship recollect giving me leave to retort a certain question upon you about the Spaniards? Who is mad now?"—"Very true, very true, Mr. Coleridge," cried he; "you are right. It is very extraordinary. It was a very happy and bold guess." Upon which I remarked, "I think '*guess*' is hardly a fair term. For has any thing happened that has happened, from any other causes, or under any other conditions, than such as I laid down beforehand?" Lord Darnley, who was always very courteous to me, took this with a pleasant nod of his head.

Many votes are given for reform in the House of Commons, which are not honest. While it is well known that the measure will not be carried in Parliament, it is as well to purchase some popularity by voting for it. When Hunt and his associates, before the Six Acts, created a panic, the ministers lay on their oars for three or four months, until the general cry, even of the opposition, was, "Why don't the ministers come forward with some protective measure?" The present ministry exists on the weakness and desperate character of the opposition. The sober part of the nation are afraid of the latter getting into power, lest they should redeem some of their pledges.

APRIL 29, 1823.

CHURCH OF ROME.

THE present adherents of the church of Rome are not, in my judgment, Catholics. We are the Catholics. We can prove that we hold the doctrines of the primitive church for the first three hundred years. The Council of Trent made the Papists what they are.* A foreign Romish bishop† has declared, that

* See Aids to Reflection, I. p. 239. note.

† Mr. Coleridge named him, but the name was strange to me, and I have been unable to recover it.—*Ed.*

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the Protestants of his acquaintance were more like what he conceived the enlightened Catholics to have been before the Council of Trent, than the best of the latter in his days. Perhaps you will say, this bishop was not a *good* Catholic. I can not answer for that. The course of Christianity and the Christian church may not unaptly be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud, and gravel, and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other, the water flows purely, and separated from the filth, in a deeper and narrower course on one side of the rock, and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broader current, and then cries out, "*We* are the river!"

A person said to me lately, "But you will, for civility's sake, *call* them *Catholics*, will you not?" I answered, that I would not; for I would not tell a lie upon any, much less upon so solemn an occasion. The adherents of the church of Rome, I repeat, are not *Catholic* Christians. If they are, then it follows that we Protestants are heretics and schismatics, as, indeed, the Papists very logically, from their own premisses, call us. And "*Roman* Catholics" makes no difference. Catholicism is not capable of degrees or local apportionments. There can be but one body of Catholics, *ex vi termini*. To talk strictly of *Irish* or *Scotch Roman* Catholics is a mere absurdity.

It is common to hear it said, that, if the legal disabilities are removed, the Romish church will lose ground in this country. I think the reverse: the Romish religion is, or, in certain hands, is capable of being made, so flattering to the passions and self-delusions of men, that it is impossible to say how far it would spread, among the higher orders of society especially, if the secular disadvantages now attending its profession were removed.*

* Here, at least, the prophecy has been fulfilled. The wisdom of our ancestors, in the reign of King William III., would have been jealous of the daily increase in the numbers of the Romish church in England, of which every attentive observer must be aware. See *Sancti Dominici Pallium*, in vol. ii. p. 80, of Mr. Coleridge's poems.—*Ed.*

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APRIL 30, 1823.

ZENDAVESTA—PANTHEISM AND IDOLATRY.

THE Zendavesta must, I think, have been copied in parts from the writings of Moses. In the description of the creation, the first chapter of Genesis is taken almost literally, except that the sun is created *before* the light, and then the herbs and the plants after the sun; which are precisely the two points they did not understand, and therefore altered as errors.*

There are only two acts of creation, properly so called, in the Mosaic account—the material universe and man. The intermediate acts seem more as the results of secondary causes, or, at any rate, of a modification of prepared materials.

Pantheism and idolatry naturally end in each other; for all extremes meet. The Judaic religion is the exact medium, the true compromise.

MAY 1, 1823.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STORIES OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS—PHANTOM PORTRAIT—WITCH OF ENDOR—SOCINIANISM.

THERE is a great difference in the credibility to be attached to stories of dreams and stories of ghosts. Dreams have nothing in them which is absurd and nonsensical; and, though most of the coincidences may be readily explained by the diseased system of the dreamer, and the great and surprising power of association, yet it is impossible to say whether an inner sense does not really exist in the mind, seldom developed, indeed, but which may have a power of presentiment.† All the external senses have their

* The Zend, or Zendavesta, is the sacred book ascribed to Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the founder or reformer of the Magian religion. The modern edition or paraphrase of this work, called the Sadda, written in the Persian of the day, was, I believe, composed about three hundred years ago.—*Ed.*

† See this point suggested and reasoned with extraordinary subtlety in the third essay, marked (B), in the Appendix to the Statesman's Manual, or first Lay Sermon, I. p. 482 &c. One beautiful paragraph I will venture to quote:—"Not only may we expect that men of strong religious feelings, but little religious knowledge, will occasionally be tempted to regard such oc-

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correspondents in the mind; the eye can see an object before it is distinctly apprehended;—why may there not be a corresponding power in the soul? The power of prophecy might have been merely a spiritual excitation of this dormant faculty. Hence you will observe that the Hebrew seers sometimes seem to have required music. Every thing in nature has a tendency to move in cycles; and it would be a miracle if, out of such myriads of cycles moving concurrently, some coincidences did not take place. No doubt, many such take place in the daytime; but then our senses drive out the remembrance of them, and render the impression hardly felt; but when we sleep, the mind acts without interruption. Terror and the heated imagination will, even in the daytime, create all sorts of features, shapes, and colors, out of a single object, possessing none of them in reality.

But ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another—if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible—convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it

currences as supernatural visitations; but it ought not to surprise us if such dreams should sometimes be confirmed by the event, as though they had actually possessed a character of divination. For who shall decide how far a perfect reminiscence of past experiences (of many, perhaps, that had escaped our reflex consciousness at the time)—who shall determine to what extent this reproductive imagination, unsophisticated by the will, and undistracted by intrusions from the senses, may or may not be concentred and sublimed into foresight and presentiment? There would be nothing herein either to foster superstition on the one hand, or to justify contemptuous disbelief on the other. Incredulity is but Credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the Habitual and the Fashionable."—*Ed.*

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into his wise head to endeavor to convert a Tom-Painish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion, the ghost, in the face, and said, "I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., "that is enough. I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By ——," ejaculated A., "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time, deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. The very instant he believed it *to be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

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* "Last Thursday my uncle, S. T. C., dined with us, and —— and —— came to meet him. I have heard him more brilliant, but he was very fine, and delighted both —— and —— very much. It is impossible to carry off, or to commit to paper, his long trains of argument; indeed, it is not always possible to understand them, he lays the foundation so deep, and views every question in so original a manner. Nothing can be finer than the principles which he lays down in morals and religion. His deep study of Scripture is very astonishing; —— and —— were but as children in his hands, not merely in general views of theology, but in nice verbal criticism. He thinks it clear that St. Paul did not write the Epistle to the Hebrews, but that it must have been the work of some Alexandrian Greek, and he thinks Apollos. It seemed to him a desirable thing for Christianity that it should have been written by some other person than St. Paul; because, its inspiration being unquestioned, it added another independent teacher and expounder of the faith.

"We fell upon ghosts, and he exposed many of the stories physically and metaphysically. He seemed to think it impossible that you should really see with the bodily eye what was impalpable, unless it were a shadow; and if what you fancied you saw with the bodily eye was in fact only an impression of the imagi-

* What follows in the text within commas was written about this time, and communicated to me by my brother, John Taylor Coleridge.

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nation, then you were seeing something *out of your senses*, and your testimony was full of uncertainty. He observed how uniformly, in all the best-attested stories of spectres, the appearance might be accounted for from the disturbed state of the mind or body of the seer, as in the instances of Dion and Brutus. Upon ———'s saying that he *wished* to believe these stories true, thinking that they constituted a useful subsidiary testimony of another state of existence; Mr. C. differed, and said he thought it a dangerous testimony, and one not wanted; it was Saul, with the Scriptures and the Prophet before him, calling upon the witch of Endor to certify him of the truth! He explained very ingeniously, yet very naturally, what has often startled people in ghost stories—such as Lord Lyttelton's—namely, that when a real person has appeared habited like the phantom, the ghost-seer has immediately seen two, the real man and the phantom. He said that such *must* be the case. The man under the morbid delusion sees with the eye of the imagination, and sees with the bodily eye too; if no one were really present, he would see the spectre with one, and the bed-curtains with the other. When, therefore, a real person comes, he sees the real man as he would have seen any one else in the same place, and he sees the spectre not a whit the less: being perceptible by different powers of vision, so to say, the appearances do not interfere with each other.

"He told us the following story of the Phantom Portrait:—

* "'A stranger came recommended to a Merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time, with the

* This is the story which Mr. Washington Irving has dressed up very prettily in the first volume of his "Tales of a Traveller," pp. 84–119; professing in his preface that he could not remember whence he had derived the anecdote.—*Ed.*

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head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed; that it was an oversight; and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—'My father,' said he, 'was at Hamburgh on business, and while dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor, but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburgh. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace: at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, when-

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ever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown to him.' "

I have no doubt that the Jews believed generally in a future state, independently of the Mosaic law. The story of the witch of Endor is a proof of it. What we translate "*witch*," or "familiar spirit," is, in the Hebrew, Ob, that is, a bottle or bladder, and means a person whose belly is swelled like a bottle by divine inflation. In the Greek it is ἐγγαστριμυθος, a ventriloquist. The text (1 Sam. ch. xxviii.) is a simple record of the facts, the solution of which the sacred historian leaves to the reader. I take it to have been a trick of ventriloquism, got up by the courtiers and friends of Saul, to prevent him, if possible, from hazarding an engagement with an army despondent and oppressed with bodings of defeat. Saul is not said to have seen Samuel; the woman only pretends to see him. And then what does this Samuel do? He merely repeats the prophecy known to all Israel, which the true Samuel had uttered some years before. Read Captain Lyon's account of the scene in the cabin with the Esquimaux bladder, or conjurer; it is impossible not to be reminded of the witch of Endor. I recommend you also to look at Webster's admirable treatise on Witchcraft.

The pet texts of a Socinian are quite enough for his confutation with acute thinkers. If Christ had been a mere man, it would have been ridiculous in *him* to call himself "the Son of man;" but being God and man, it then became, in his own assumption of it, a peculiar and mysterious title. So, if Christ had been a mere man, his saying, "My Father is greater than I," (John, xv. 28) would have been as unmeaning. It would be laughable enough, for example, to hear me say, "My 'Remorse' succeeded,

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indeed; but Shakspeare is a greater dramatist than I." But how immeasurably more foolish, more monstrous, would it not be for a *man*, however honest, good, or wise, to say, "But Jehovah is greater than I!"

MAY 8, 1824.

PLATO AND XENOPHON—RELIGIONS OF THE GREEKS—EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES—MILTON—VIRGIL.

PLATO'S works are logical exercises for the mind. Little that is positive is advanced in them. Socrates may be fairly represented by Plato in the more moral parts; but in all the metaphysical disquisitions it is Pythagoras. Xenophon's representation of his master is quite different.

Observe the remarkable contrast between the religion of the tragic and other poets of Greece. The former are always opposed in heart to the popular divinities. In fact, there are the popular, the sacerdotal, and the mysterious religions of Greece, represented roughly by Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus. The ancients had no notion of a *fall* of man, though they had of his gradual degeneracy. Prometheus, in the old mythus, and for the most part in Æschylus, is the Redeemer and the devil jumbled together.

I can not say I expect much from mere Egyptian antiquities. Every thing really, that is, intellectually, great in that country seems to me of Grecian origin.

I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry,—that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.

Milton's Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style in prose is quite as characteristic of him as a philosophic republican, as Cowley's is of *him* as a first-rate gentleman.

If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?

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JUNE 2, 1824.

GRANVILLE PENN AND THE DELUGE—RAINBOW.

I CONFESS I have small patience with Mr. Granville Penn's book against Buckland. Science will be superseded, if every phenomenon is referred in this manner to an actual miracle. I think it absurd to attribute so much to the Deluge. An inundation, which left an olive-tree standing, and bore up the ark peacefully on its bosom, could scarcely have been the sole cause of the rents and dislocations observable on the face of the earth. How could the tropical animals, which have been discovered in England and in Russia in a perfectly natural state, have been transported thither by such a flood? Those animals must evidently have been natives of the countries in which they have been found. The climates must have been altered. Assume a sudden evaporation upon the retiring of the Deluge to have caused an intense cold, the solar heat might not be sufficient afterward to overcome it. I do not think that the polar cold is adequately explained by mere comparative distance from the sun.

You will observe, that there is no mention of rain previously to the Deluge. Hence it may be inferred that the rainbow was exhibited for the first time after God's covenant with Noah. However, I only suggest this.

The Earth, with its scarred face, is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity.

JUNE 5, 1824.

ENGLISH AND GREEK DANCING—GREEK ACOUSTICS.

THE fondness for dancing in English women is the reaction of their reserved manners. It is the only way in which they can throw themselves forth in natural liberty. We have no adequate conception of the perfection of the ancient tragic dance. The pleasure which the Greeks received from it had for its basis Difference; and the more unfit the vehicle, the more lively was

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the curiosity and intense the delight at seeing the difficulty overcome.

The ancients certainly seem to have understood some principles in acoustics which we have lost, or at least, they applied them better. They contrived to convey the voice distinctly in their huge theatres by means of pipes, which created no echo or confusion. Our theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden—are fit for nothing: they are too large for acting, and too small for a bull-fight.

JUNE 7, 1824.

LORD BYRON'S VERSIFICATION, AND DON JUAN.

How lamentably the *art* of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day!—by Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular, among those of eminence for other qualities. Upon the whole, I think the part of Don Juan in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best, that is, the most individual thing, in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures.*

* Mr. Coleridge particularly noticed, for its classical air, the 32d stanza of this Canto (the third):—

> "A band of children, round a snow-white ram,
> There wreathe his venerable horns with flowers,
> While, peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,
> The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers
> His sober head, majestically tame,
> Or eats from out the palm, or playful lowers
> His brow, as if in act to butt, and then,
> Yielding to their small hands, draws back again."

But Mr. C. said that *then* and *again* made no rhyme to his ear. Why should not the old form *agen* be lawful in verse? We wilfully abridge ourselves of the liberty which our great poets achieved and sanctioned for us in innumerable instances.—*Ed.*

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JUNE 10, 1824.

PARENTAL CONTROL IN MARRIAGE—MARRIAGE OF COUSINS—DIFFERENCE OF CHARACTER.

Up to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

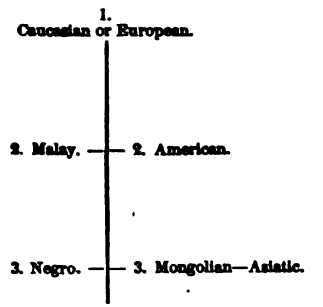
If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the marriage of first cousins; but the church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough upon such a point.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

FEBRUARY 24, 1827.

BLUMENBACH AND KANT'S RACES—IAPETIC AND SEMITIC—HEBREW—SOLOMON.

Blumenbach makes five races; Kant, three. Blumenbach's scale of dignity may be thus figured:—



There was, I conceive, one great Iapetic original of language, under which Greek, Latin, and other European dialects, and perhaps Sanscrit, range as species. The Iapetic race, *Ἰάονες*,

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separated into two branches; one, with a tendency to migrate southwest—Greeks, Italians, &c.; and the other, northwest—Goths, Germans, Swedes, &c. The Hebrew is Semitic.

Hebrew, in point of force and purity, seems at its height in Isaiah. It is most corrupt in Daniel, and not much less so in Ecclesiastes, which I can not believe to have been actually composed by Solomon, but rather suppose to have been so attributed by the Jews, in their passion for ascribing all works of that sort to their *grand monarque*.

MARCH 10, 1827.

JEWISH HISTORY—SPINOZISTIC AND HEBREW SCHEMES.

THE people of all other nations but the Jewish seem to look backward, and also to exist for the present; but in the Jewish scheme every thing is prospective and preparatory; nothing, however trifling, is done for itself alone, but all is typical of something yet to come.

I would rather call the book of Proverbs Solomonian than as actually a work of Solomon's. So I apprehend many of the Psalms to be Davidical only, not David's own compositions.

You may state the Pantheism of Spinosa, in contrast with the Hebrew or Christian scheme, shortly, as thus:—

Spinosism.

W—G=0; *i. e.* The World without God is an impossible idea.
G—W=0; *i. e.* God without the World is so likewise.

Hebrew or Christian scheme.

W—G=0; *i. e.* The same as Spinosa's premiss.
But G—W=G; *i. e.* God without the World is God the self-subsistent.

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MARCH 12, 1827.

ROMAN CATHOLICS—ENERGY OF MAN AND OTHER ANIMALS—SHAKESPEARE IN MINIMIS—PAUL SARPI—BARTRAM'S TRAVELS.

I HAVE no doubt that the real object closest to the hearts of the leading Irish Romanists is the destruction of the Irish Protestant church, and the re-establishment of their own. I think more is involved in the manner than the matter of legislating upon the civil disabilities of the members of the church of Rome; and, for one, I should be willing to vote for a removal of those disabilities, with two or three exceptions, upon a solemn declaration being made legislatively in Parliament, that at no time, nor under any circumstances, could or should a branch of the Romish hierarchy, as at present constituted, become an estate of this realm.*

Internal or mental energy, and external or corporeal modificability, are in inverse proportions. In man, internal energy is greater than in any other animal; and you will see that he is less changed by climate than any animal. For the highest and lowest specimens of man are not one half as much apart from each other as the different kinds even of dogs, animals of great internal energy themselves.

For an instance of Shakspeare's power *in minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in King John. How individual and comical he is with the four words allowed to his dramatic life![†] And pray look at Skelton's Richard Sparrow also!

* See Church and State, p. 125.

† "*Enter Lady* FALCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

BAST. O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honor up and down?
BAST. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?
LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

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Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent deserves your study. It is very interesting.

The latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit every way.*

MARCH 18, 1827.

THE UNDERSTANDING.

A PUN will sometimes facilitate explanation; as thus,—the understanding is that which *stands under* the phenomenon, and gives it objectivity. You know *what* a thing is by it. It is also worthy of remark, that the Hebrew word for the understanding, *Bineh*, comes from a root meaning *between* or *distinguishing*.

MARCH 18, 1827.

PARTS OF SPEECH—GRAMMAR.

THERE are seven parts of speech, and they agree with the five grand and universal divisions into which all things finite, by which I mean to exclude the idea of God, will be found to fall; that is, as you will often see it stated in my writings, especially in the Aids to Reflection:—†

	Prothesis.	
	1.	
Thesis.	Mesothesis.	Antithesis.
2.	4.	3.
	Synthesis.	
	5.	

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. *Good leave, good Philip.*

BAST. Philip?—Sparrow! James,

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more. [*Exit* GURNEY."

The very *exit Gurney* is a stroke of James's character.—*Ed.*

* "Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the extensive Territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Choctaws, &c. By William Bartram." Philadelphia, 1791. London, 1792, 8vo. The expedition was made at the request of Dr. Fothergill, the Quaker physician, in 1773, and was particularly directed to botanical discoveries.—*Ed.*

† Works, I. p. 218.

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Conceive it thus :—

1. Prothesis, the noun-verb, or verb-substantive, *I am*, which is the previous form, and implies identity of being and act.

2. Thesis, the noun.
3. Antithesis, the verb.

Note, each of these may be converted; that is, they are only opposed to each other.

4. Mesothesis, the infinitive mood, or the indifference of the verb and noun, it being either the one or the other, or both at the same time, in different relations.

5. Synthesis, the participle, or the community of verb and noun. Being and acting at once.

Now, modify the noun by the verb; that is, by an act, and you have—

6. The adnoun, or adjective.

Modify the verb by the noun; that is, by being, and you have—

7. The adverb.

Interjections are parts of sound, not of speech. Conjunctions are the same as prepositions; but they are prefixed to a sentence, or to a member of a sentence, instead of to a single word.

The inflections of nouns are modifications as to place; the inflections of verbs, as to time.

The genitive case denotes dependence; the dative, transmission. It is absurd to talk of verbs governing. In Thucydides, I believe, every case has been found absolute.*

* Nominative absolute:—*θεῶν δὲ φόβος ἢ ἀνθρώπων νόμος οὐδεὶς ἀπείργε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἐν ὁμοίῳ καὶ σεβειν καὶ μὴ——τῶν δὲ ἁμαρτημάτων οὐδεὶς ἐλπίζων μέχρι τοῦ δίκην γενέσθαι βιοὺς ἂν τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀντιδοῦναι.*—Thuc., ii. 53.

Dative:—*εἰργομένοις αὐτοῖς τῆς θαλάσσης καὶ κατὰ γῆν πορθουμένοις ἐνεχείρησάν τινες πρὸς Ἀθηναίους ἀγαγειν τὴν πόλιν.*—Thuc., viii. 24.

This is the Latin usage.

Accusative.—I do not remember an instance of the proper accusative absolute in Thucydides; but it seems not uncommon in other authors:—

ὦ ξεῖνε, μὴ θαύμαζε πρὸς τὸ λιπαρὲς
τέκν' εἰ φανέντ' ἄελπτα μηκύνω λόγον.

Soph. Œd., C. 1119.

Yet all such instances may be nominatives; for I can not find an example of the accusative absolute in the masculine or feminine gender, where the difference of inflection would show the case.—*Ed.*

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The inflections of the tenses of a verb are formed by adjuncts of the verb-substantive. In Greek it is obvious. The E is the prefix significative of a past time.*

JUNE 15, 1827.

MAGNETISM—ELECTRICITY—GALVANISM.

PERHAPS the attribution or analogy may seem fanciful at first sight; but I am in the habit of realizing to myself Magnetism as length; Electricity as breadth or surface; and Galvanism as depth.

JUNE 24, 1827.

SPENSER—CHARACTER OF OTHELLO—HAMLET—POLONIUS—PRINCIPLES AND MAXIMS—LOVE—MEASURE FOR MEASURE—BEN JONSON—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—VERSION OF THE BIBLE—SPURZHEIM—CRANIOLOGY.

SPENSER's Epithalamion is truly sublime; and pray mark the swan-like movement of his exquisite Prothalamion.† His atten-

* There is in existence a Greek grammar compiled by Mr. Coleridge, out of an old printed one, with much original matter, for the use of one of his children when very young. Some valuable parts of it will find a place in the collection of Mr. Coleridge's literary and critical remains, the preparing of which for the press has been committed to my care. But the almost incredible labor expended in this little work, of a kind not justifying publication, is a truly marvellous monument of minute logical accuracy and the tenderest parental love.—*Ed.*

† How well I remember this Midsummer-day! I shall never pass such another. The sun was setting behind Caen Wood, and the calm of the evening was so exceedingly deep that it arrested Mr. Coleridge's attention. We were alone together in Mr. Gillman's drawing-room, and Mr. C. left off talking, and fell into an almost trance-like state for ten minutes while contemplating the beautiful prospect before us. His eyes swam in tears, his head inclined a little forward, and there was a slight uplifting of the fingers, which seemed to tell me that he was in prayer. I was awe-stricken, and remained absorbed in looking at the man, in forgetfulness of external nature, when he recovered himself, and after a word or two fell by some secret link of association upon Spenser's poetry. Upon my telling him that I did not very well recollect the Prothalamion, "Then I must read you a bit of it," said he, and, fetching the book from the next room, he recited

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tion to metre and rhythm is sometimes so extremely minute, as to be painful even to my ear; and you know how highly I prize good versification.

I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no predisposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with any thing of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the lights he had; whereas jealousy can never be strictly right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the Winter's Tale, or even to Leonatus, in Cymbeline! The jealousy of the first proceeds from an evident trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leonatus in accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed.

Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and, at the same time, strictly natural, that Hamlet, who all the play seems reason itself, should be impelled, at last, by mere accident, to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so.

the whole of it in his finest and most musical manner. I particularly bear in mind the sensible diversity of tone and rhythm with which he gave:—

"Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song,"

the concluding line of each of the ten strophes of the poem.

When I look upon the scanty memorial which I have alone preserved of this afternoon's converse, I am tempted to burn these pages in despair. Mr. Coleridge talked a volume of criticism that day, which, printed verbatim as he spoke it, would have made the reputation of any other person but himself. He was, indeed, particularly brilliant and enchanting, and I left him at night so thoroughly *magnetised*, that I could not for two or three days afterward reflect enough to put any thing on paper.—*Ed.*

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A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or, if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. While he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels,* he is admirable: but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see, Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him.

A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.

In the scene with Ophelia, in the third act,† Hamlet is beginning with great and unfeigned tenderness; but, perceiving her reserve and coyness, fancies there are some listeners, and then, to sustain his part, breaks out into all that coarseness.

Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact.‡

* Act i. sc. 3. † Sc. 1.

‡ Mr. Coleridge was a great master in the art of love, but he had not studied in Ovid's school. Hear his account of the matter:—

"Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world, and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterance of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within,—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life, even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age can not take away, and which in all our lovings is *the* love; I mean, that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; that quiet perpetual seeking which the

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Measure for Measure is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakspeare's plays. It is a hateful work, although Shakspearian throughout. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable.

I am inclined to consider The Fox as the greatest of Ben Jonson's works. But his smaller works are full of poetry.

Monsieur Thomas and The Little French Lawyer are great favorites of mine among Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. How those plays overflow with wit! And yet I scarcely know a more deeply tragic scene anywhere than that in Rollo, in which Edith pleads for her father's life, and then, when she can not prevail, rises up and imprecates vengeance on his murderer.*

presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding again, seeks on; lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience: it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same, or the correspondent, excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty."—(Poet. Works, p. 304.)—*Ed.*

* Act iii. sc. 1:—

"ROLLO. Hew off her hands!
HAMOND. Lady, hold off!
EDITH. No! hew 'em;
Hew off my innocent hands as he commands you!
They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—
Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee, then?
Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus, then,
Thou boldly bloody tyrant,
And to thy face, in heav'n's high name defy thee!
And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,—

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Our version of the Bible is to be loved and prized for this, as for a thousand other things,—that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this hold-fast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions. Hence the French have lost their poetical language; and Blanco White says the same thing has happened to the Spanish. By-the-way, I must say, dear Mr. Sotheby's translation, in the Georgics, of

"Solve mares; mitte in venerem pecuaria primus;"
"Loose the fierce savage to the genial bed;"

and

"Frigidus in venerem senior;"*
"Nor urge reluctant to laborious *love*"—

are the most ludicrous instances I remember of the modern slip-slop.

I have the perception of individual images very strong, but a dim one of the relation of place. I remember the man or the tree, but where I saw them I mostly forget.†

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,—
When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,
Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,
Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee,—
When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,
Thy people's fears, and curses, and my loss,
My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee——
ROLLO. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father;
Fly and redeem his head!
EDITH. May then that pity," &c.

* Virg. Georg. iii. 64, and 97.

† There was no man whose opinion in morals, or even in a matter of general conduct in life, if you furnished the pertinent circumstances, I would have sooner adopted than Mr. Coleridge's; but I would not take him as a guide through streets or fields, or earthly roads. He had much of the geometrician about him; but he could not find his way. In this, as in many other peculiarities of more importance, he inherited strongly from his learned and excellent father, who deserves, and will, I trust, obtain, a separate notice for himself when his greater son's life comes to be written. I believe the beginning of Mr. C.'s liking for Dr. Spurzheim was the hearty good-humor with which the Doctor bore the laughter of a party, in the presence of which he, unknowing of his man, denied any *Ideality*, and awarded an unusual share of *Locality*, to the majestic silver-haired head of my dear uncle and father-in-law. But Mr. Coleridge immediately shielded the craniologist under the distinction preserved in the text, and, perhaps, since that time, there may be a couple of organs assigned to the latter faculty.—*Ed.*

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Craniology is worth some consideration, although it is merely in its rudiments and guesses yet. But all the coincidences which have been observed could scarcely be by accident. The confusion and absurdity, however, will be endless, until some names or proper terms are discovered for the organs, which are not taken from their mental application or significancy. The fore-part of the head is generally given up to the higher intellectual powers; the hinder part to the sensual emotions.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockeys for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

Some folks apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last, a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said—"How majestic!"—(It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—"Thank you, sir! that *is* the exact word for it"—when he added, *eodem flatu*)—"Yes, how very *pretty*!"

JULY 8, 1827.

BULL AND WATERLAND—THE TRINITY.

Bull and Waterland are the classical writers on the Trinity.* In the Trinity there is, 1. Ipseity. 2. Alterity. 3. Community. You may express the formula thus:

* Mr. Coleridge's admiration of Bull and Waterland as high theologians was very great. Bull he used to read in the Latin Defensio Fidei Nicænæ, using the Jesuit Zola's edition of 1784, which, I think, he bought at Rome. He told me once, that when he was reading a Protestant English bishop's work on the Trinity, in a copy edited by an Italian Jesuit in Italy, he felt proud of the Church of England, and in good-humor with the Church of Rome.—*Ed.*

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God, the absolute Will or Identity,=
Prothesis.
The Father=Thesis. The Son=Antithesis. The Spirit=
Synthesis.

The author of the Athanasian Creed is unknown. It is, in my judgment, heretical in the omission, or implicit denial, of the Filial subordination in the Godhead, which is the doctrine of the Nicene Creed, and for which Bull and Waterland have so fervently and triumphantly contended; and by not holding to which, Sherlock staggered to and fro between Tritheism and Sabellianism. This Creed is also tautological, and, if not persecuting, which I will not discuss, certainly containing harsh and ill-conceived language.

How much I regret that so many religious persons of the present day think it necessary to adopt a certain cant of manner and phraseology as a token to each other. They must *improve* this and that text, and they must do so and so in a *prayerful* way; and so on. Why not use common language? A young lady the other day urged upon me that such and such feelings were the *marrow* of all religion; upon which I recommended her to try to walk to London upon her marrow-bones only.

JULY 9, 1827.

SCALE OF ANIMAL BEING.

In the very lowest link in the vast and mysterious chain of Being, there is an effort, although scarcely apparent, at individualization; but it is almost lost in the mere nature. A little higher up, the individual is apparent and separate, but subordinate to any thing in man. At length, the animal rises to be on a par with the lowest power of the human nature. There are some of our natural desires which only remain in our most perfect state on earth as means of the higher powers' acting.*

* These remarks seem to call for a citation of that wonderful passage transcendent alike in eloquence and philosophic depth, which the readers of the Aids to Reflection have long since laid up in cedar:—

"Every rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves

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JULY 12, 1827.

POPEDOM—SCANDERBEG—THOMAS A BECKET—PURE AGES OF GREEK, ITALIAN, AND ENGLISH—LUTHER—BAXTER—ALGERNON SIDNEY'S STYLE—ARIOSTO AND TASSO—PROSE AND POETRY—THE FATHERS—RENFURT—JACOB BEHMEN.

WHAT a grand subject for a history the Popedom is! The Pope ought never to have affected temporal sway, but to have lived retired within St. Angelo, and to have trusted to the super-

death behind it or under it. The metal at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto,—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back, in spirit, to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian 'of the generations of the heaven and earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.' And who that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow; and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk, that fold in their tiny flocks on the honeyed leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity, and not say to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching Humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighborhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance! No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labor for any thing below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet:—

"'Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!'"
Works, I. pp. 180, 181.—*Ed.*

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stitious awe inspired by his character and office. He spoiled his chance when he meddled in the petty Italian politics.

Scanderbeg would be a very fine subject for Walter Scott; and so would Thomas à Becket, if it is not rather too much for him. It involves in essence the conflict between arms, or force, and the men of letters.

Observe the superior truth of language, in Greek, to Theocritus inclusively; in Latin, to the Augustan age exclusively; in Italian, to Tasso exclusively; and in English, to Taylor and Barrow inclusively.

Luther is, in parts, the most evangelical writer I know, after the apostles and apostolic men.

Pray read with great attention Baxter's Life of himself. It is an inestimable work.* I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.

I am not enough read in Puritan divinity to know the particular objections to the surplice, over and above the general prejudice against the *retenta* of Popery. Perhaps that was the only ground,—a foolish one enough.

In my judgment Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden. Read Algernon Sidney; his style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards. What a gentleman he was!

* This, a very thick folio of the old sort, was one of Mr. Coleridge's text-books for English church history. He used to say that there was *no* substitute for it in a course of study for a clergyman or public man, and that the modern political Dissenters, who affected to glory in Baxter as a leader, would read a bitter lecture on themselves in every page of it. In a marginal note I find Mr. C. writing thus: "Alas! in how many respects does my lot resemble Baxter's! But how much less have my bodily evils been, and yet how very much greater an impediment have I suffered them to be! But verily Baxter's labors seem miracles of supporting grace."—*Ed.*

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Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful seems to me a poor thing; and what he says upon Taste is neither profound nor accurate.

Well! I am for Ariosto against Tasso; though I would rather praise Ariosto's poetry than his poem.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose = words in their best order;—poetry = the *best* words in the best order.

I conceive Origen, Jerome, and Augustine, to be the three great fathers in respect of theology, and Basil, Gregory, Nazianzen, and Chrysostom, in respect of rhetoric.

Renfurt possessed the immense learning and robust sense of Selden, with the acuteness and wit of Jortin.

Jacob Behmen remarked, that it was not wonderful that there were separate languages for England, France, Germany, &c.; but rather that there was not a different language for every degree of latitude. In confirmation of which, see the infinite variety of languages among the barbarous tribes of South America.

JULY 20, 1827.

NON-PERCEPTION OF COLORS.

WHAT is said of some persons' not being able to distinguish colors, I believe. It may proceed from general weakness, which will render the differences imperceptible, just as the dusk or twilight makes all colors one. This defect is most usual in the blue ray, the negative pole.

I conjecture that when finer experiments have been applied, the red, yellow, and orange rays will be found as capable of communicating magnetic action as the other rays, though, perhaps, under different circumstances. Remember this, if you are alive twenty years hence, and think of me.

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JULY 21, 1827.

RESTORATION—REFORMATION.

THE elements had been well shaken together during the civil wars and interregnum under the Long Parliament and Protectorate; and nothing but the cowardliness and impolicy of the Nonconformists, at the Restoration, could have prevented a real reformation on a wider basis. But the truth is, by going over to Breda with their stiff flatteries to the hollow-hearted king, they put Sheldon and the bishops on the side of the constitution.

The Reformation in the sixteenth century narrowed reform. As soon as men began to call themselves names, all hope of further amendment was lost.

JULY 23, 1827.

WILLIAM III.—BERKELEY—SPINOSA—GENIUS—ENVY—LOVE.

WILLIAM THE THIRD was a greater and much honester man than any of his ministers. I believe every one of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James.

Berkeley can only be confuted, or answered, by one sentence. So it is with Spinosa: his premisses granted, the deduction is a chain of adamant.

Genius may co-exist with wildness, idleness, folly, even with crime; but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is κάκιστος καὶ δικαιότατος θεός, as I once saw it expressed somewhere in a page of Stobæus: it dwarfs and withers its worshipers.

The man's desire is for the woman, but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.*

* "A woman's friendship," I find written by Mr. C. on a page dyed red with an imprisoned rose leaf, "a woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or

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AUGUST 29, 1827.

JEREMY TAYLOR—HOOKER—IDEAS.

JEREMY TAYLOR is an excellent author for a young man to study for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

I must acknowledge, with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little over-credited for his judgment.

Take, as an instance of an idea,* the continuity and coincident distinctness of nature; or this: vegetable life is always striving to be something that it is not; animal life to be itself. Hence, in a plant, the parts, the root, the stem, the branches, leaves, &c., remain, after they have each produced or contributed to produce a different *status* of the whole plant: in an animal nothing of the previous states remains distinct, but is incorporated into, and constitutes progressively, the very self.

friendly acts; while women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions, of attachment."—*Ed.*

* The reader who has never studied Plato, Bacon, Kant, or Coleridge, in their philosophic works, will need to be told that the word Idea is not used in this passage in the sense adopted by "Dr. Holofernes, who, in a lecture on metaphysics, delivered at one of the Mechanics' Institutions, explodes all *ideas* but those of sensation; while his friend, deputy Costard, has no *idea* of a better-flavored haunch of venison than he dined off at the London Tavern last week. He admits (for the deputy has travelled) that the French have an excellent *idea* of cooking in general; but holds that their most accomplished *maîtres de cuisine* have no more *idea* of dressing a turtle, than the Parisian gourmands themselves have any *real idea* of the true *taste* and *color* of the fat."—Church and State, p. 65. No! what Mr. Coleridge meant by an Idea in this place may be expressed in various ways out of his own works. I subjoin a sufficient definition from the Church and State, p. 31. "That which contemplated *objectively* (that is, as existing *externally* to the mind), we call a law; the same contemplated *subjectively* (that is, as existing in a subject or mind), is an idea. Hence Plato often names Ideas, Laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the ideas in nature. 'Quod in natura *naturata* Lex, in natura *naturante* Idea dicitur.'" A more subtle limitation of the word may be found in the last paragraph of Essay [E] in the Appendix to the Statesman's Manual, I. p. 494.—*Ed.*

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AUGUST 30, 1827.

PAINTING.

PAINTING is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

APRIL 13, 1830.

PROPHECIES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT—MESSIAH—JEWS—THE TRINITY.

IF the prophecies of the Old Testament are not rightly interpreted of Jesus our Christ, then there is no prediction whatever contained in it of that stupendous event—the rise and establishment of Christianity—in comparison with which, all the preceding Jewish history is as nothing, With the exception of the book of Daniel, which the Jews themselves never classed among the prophecies, and an obscure text of Jeremiah, there is not a passage in the Old Testament which favors the notion of a temporal Messiah. What moral object was there for which such a Messiah should come? What could he have been but a sort of virtuous Sesostris or Bonaparte?

I know that some excellent men—Israelites without guile—do not, in fact, expect the advent of any Messiah; but believe or suggest that it may possibly have been God's will and meaning, that the Jews should remain a quiet light among the nations for the purpose of pointing at the doctrine of the unity of God. To which I say, that this truth of the essential unity of God has been preserved and gloriously preached, by Christianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews; the Persians, the Hindoos, the Chinese, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is, indeed, a light; but it is as the light of the glow-worm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

It has been objected to me, that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether

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as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers in the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this,—that I more clearly see that the doctrine of Trinal Unity, is an absolute truth transcending my human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say: Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in this doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God, and in one God only,—reason about it as you may.

What all the churches of the East and West, what Romanist and Protestant, believe in common, that I call Christianity. In no proper sense of the word can I call Unitarians and Socinians believers in Christ; at least, not in the only Christ of whom I have read or know any thing.

APRIL 14, 1830.

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS—JEWS IN POLAND.

THERE is no hope of converting the Jews in the way and with the spirit unhappily adopted by our church; and, indeed, by all other modern churches. In the first age, the Jewish Christians undoubtedly considered themselves as the seed of Abraham, to whom the promise had been made; and, as such, a superior order. Witness the account of St. Peter's conduct in the Acts,* and the Epistle to the Galatians.† St. Paul protested against this, so far as it went to make Jewish observances compulsory on Christians who were not of Jewish blood; and so far as it in any way led to bottom the religion on the Mosaic covenant of works; but he never denied the birthright of the chosen seed: on the contrary, he himself evidently believed that the Jews would ultimately be restored; and he says,—If the Gentiles have been so

* Chap. xv. † Chap. ii.

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blest by the rejection of the Jews, how much rather shall they be blest by the conversion and restoration of Israel! Why do we expect the Jews to abandon their national customs and distinctions? The Abyssinian church said that they claimed a descent from Abraham; and that, in virtue of such ancestry, they observed circumcision: but declaring withal, that they rejected the covenant of works, and rested on the promise fulfilled in Jesus Christ. In consequence of this appeal, the Abyssinians were permitted to retain their customs.

If Rhenferd's Essays were translated—if the Jews were made acquainted with the real argument—if they were addressed kindly, and were not required to abandon their distinctive customs and national type, but were invited to become Christians *as of the seed of Abraham*—I believe there would be a Christian synagogue in a year's time. As it is, the Jews of the lower orders are the very lowest of mankind; they have not a principle of honesty in them; to grasp and be getting money forever is their single and exclusive occupation. A learned Jew once said to me, upon this subject:—"O sir! make the inhabitants of Hollywell-street and Duke's Place Israelites first, and then we may debate about making them Christians."*

In Poland, the Jews are great landholders, and are the worst of tyrants. They have no kind of sympathy with their laborers and dependents. They never meet them in common worship.

* Mr. Coleridge had a very friendly acquaintance with several learned Jews in this country, and he told me that, whenever he had fallen in with a Jew of thorough education and literary habits, he had always found him possessed of a strong natural capacity for metaphysical disquisitions. I may mention here the best known of his Jewish friends, one whom he deeply respected, Hymen Hurwitz.

Mr. C. once told me that he had for a long time been amusing himself with a clandestine attempt upon the faith of three or four persons whom he was in the habit of seeing occasionally. I think he was undermining, at the time he mentioned this to me, a Jew, a Swedenborgian, a Roman Catholic, and a New Jerusalemite, or by whatsoever other name the members of that somewhat small, but very respectable church, planted in the neighborhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, delight to be known. He said he had made most way with the disciple of Swedenborg, who might be considered as a convert; that he had perplexed the Jew, and had put the Roman Catholic into a bad humor; but that upon the New Jerusalemite he had made no more impression than if he had been arguing with the man in the moon.—*Ed.*

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Land, in the hand of a large number of Jews, instead of being what it ought to be, the organ of permanence, would become the organ of rigidity in a nation; by their intermarriages within their own pale, it would be in fact perpetually entailed. Then, again, if a popular tumult were to take place in Poland, who can doubt that the Jews would be the first objects of murder and spoliation?

APRIL 17, 1830.

MOSAIC MIRACLES—PANTHEISM.

In the miracles of Moses there is a remarkable intermingling of acts which we should now-a-days call simply providential, with such as we should still call miraculous. The passing of the Jordan, in the 3d chapter of the book of Joshua, is perhaps the purest and sheerest miracle recorded in the Bible; it seems to have been wrought for the miracle's sake and so thereby to show to the Jews—the descendants of those who had come out of Egypt—that the *same* God who had appeared to their fathers, and who had by miracles, in many respects providential only, preserved them in the wilderness, was *their* God also. The manna and quails were ordinary provisions of Providence, rendered miraculous by certain laws and qualities annexed to them in the particular instance. The passage of the Red Sea, was effected by a strong wind, which, we are told, drove back the waters; and so on. But then, again, the death of the first-born was purely miraculous. Hence, then, both Jews and Egyptians might take occasion to learn, that it was *one and the same God* who interfered specially, and who governed all generally.

Take away the first verse of the book of Genesis, and then what immediately follows is an exact history or sketch of Pantheism. Pantheism was taught in the mysteries of Greece; of which the Cabeiric were the purest and the most ancient.

APRIL 18, 1830.

POETIC PROMISE.

In the present age, it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favorable, that a young man will turn out a

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great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Tennyson's sonnets, such as I have seen, have many of the characteristic excellences of those of Wordsworth and Southey.

APRIL 19, 1830.

It is a small thing that the patient knows of his own state; yet some things he *does* know better than his physician.

I never had, and never could feel, any horror at death, simply as death.

Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

APRIL 30, 1830.

NOMINALISTS AND REALISTS—BRITISH SCHOOLMEN—SPINOSA.

The result of my system will be to show, that, so far from the world being a goddess in petticoats, it is rather the devil in a strait waistcoat.

The controversy of the Nominalists and Realists was one of the greatest and most important that ever occupied the human mind. They were both right, and both wrong. They each maintained opposite poles of the same truth; which truth neither of them saw, for want of a higher premiss. Duns Scotus was the head of the Realists; Ockham,* his own disciple, of the Nominalists.

* John Duns Scotus was born in 1274, at Dunstone, in the parish of Emildune, near Alnwick. He was a fellow of Merton College, and Professor of Divinity at Oxford. After acquiring an uncommon reputation at his own university, he went to Paris, and thence to Cologne, and there *died* in 1308, at the early age of thirty-four years. He was called the Subtle Doctor, and found time to compose works which now fill twelve volumes in folio.—See the Lyons edition, by Luke Wadding, in 1639.

William Ockham was an Englishman, and died about 1347; but the place

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Ockham, though certainly very prolix, is a most extraordinary writer.

It is remarkable, that two thirds of the eminent schoolmen were of British birth. It was the schoolmen who made the languages of Europe what they now are. We laugh at the quiddities of those writers now, but, in truth, these quiddities are just the parts of their language which we have rejected; while we never think of the mass which we have adopted, and have in daily use.

Spinosa, at the very end of his life, seems to have gained a glimpse of the truth. In the last letter published in his works,

and year of his birth are not clearly ascertained. He was styled the Invincible Doctor, and wrote bitterly against Pope John XXII. We all remember Butler's account of these worthies:—

> "He knew what's what, and that's as high
> As metaphysic wit can fly;
> In school divinity as able
> As he that hight Irrefragable,
> A second Thomas, or at once
> To name them all, another *Dunse;*
> Profound in all the Nominal
> And Real ways beyond them all;
> For he a rope of sand could twist
> As tough as learned Sorbonist."
>
> HUDIBRAS, part i. canto i. v. 149.

The Irrefragable Doctor was Alexander Hales, a native of Gloucestershire, who died in 1245. Among his pupils at Paris was Fidanza, better known by the name of Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor. The controversy of the Realists and the Nominalists can not be explained in a note; but in substance, the original point of dispute may be thus stated: The Realists held *generally* with Aristotle, that there were universal *ideas* or essences impressed upon matter, and coëval with and inherent in their objects. Plato held that these universal forms existed as exemplars in the Divine Mind previously to and independently of matter; but both maintained, under one shape or other, the real existence of universal forms. On the other hand, Zeno and the old Stoics denied the existence of these universals, and contended that they were no more than mere terms and nominal representatives of their particular objects. The Nominalists were the followers of Zeno, and held that universal forms are merely modes of conception, and exist solely in and for the mind. It does not require much reflection to see how great an influence these different systems might have upon the enunciation of the higher doctrines of Christianity.—*Ed.*

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it appears that he began to suspect his premiss. His *unica substantia* is, in fact, a mere notion—a *subject* of the mind, and no *object* at all.

Plato's works are preparatory exercises for the mind. He leads you to see, that propositions involving in themselves a contradiction in terms, are nevertheless true; and which, therefore, must belong to a higher logic—that of ideas. They are self-contradictory only in the Aristotelian logic, which is the instrument of the understanding. I have read most of the works of Plato several times with profound attention, but not all his writings. In fact, I soon found that I had read Plato by anticipation. He was a consummate genius.*

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt as to animal magnetism. Von Spix, the eminent naturalist, makes no doubt of the matter, and talks coolly of giving doses of it. The torpedo affects a third or external object, by an exertion of its own will; such a power is not properly electrical; for electricity acts invariably under the same circumstances. A steady gaze will make many persons of fair complexions blush deeply. Account for that.†

* "This is the test and character of a truth so affirmed (a truth of the reason, an Idea)—that in its own proper form it is *inconceivable*. For to *conceive*, is a function of the understanding, which can be exercised only on subjects subordinate thereto. And yet to the forms of the understanding all truth must be reduced that is to be fixed as an object of reflection, and to be rendered *expressible*. And here we have a second test and sign of a truth so affirmed, that it can come forth out of the moulds of the understanding only in the disguise of two contradictory conceptions, each of which is partially true, and the conjunction of both conceptions becomes the representative or *expression* (the *exponent*) of a truth *beyond* conception and inexpressible. Examples: *before* Abraham WAS, I AM. God is a circle, the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere. The soul is all in every part."—Aids to Reflection, I. p. 252, Note. See also *Church and State*, p. 33.—*Ed.*

† I find the following remarkable passage in p. 301, vol. i., of the richly annotated copy of Mr. Southey's Life of Wesley, which Mr. C. bequeathed as his "darling book and the favorite of his library" to its great and honored author and donor:—

"The coincidence throughout of all these Methodist cases with those of the Magnetists makes me wish for a solution that would apply to all. Now

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MAY 1, 1830.

FALL OF MAN—MADNESS—BROWN AND DARWIN—NITROUS OXYDE.

A FALL of some sort or other—the creation, as it were, of the non-absolute—is the fundamental postulate of the moral history of man. Without this hypothesis, man is unintelligible; with it, every phenomenon is explicable. The mystery itself is too profound for human insight.

this sense or appearance of a sense of the distant, both in time and space, is common to almost all the *magnetic* patients in Denmark, Germany, France, and North Italy, to many of whom the same or a similar solution could not apply. Likewise, many cases have been recorded at the same time, in different countries, by men who had never heard of each other's names, and where the simultaneity of publication proves the independence of the testimony. And among the Magnetizers and Attesters are to be found names of men, whose competence in respect of integrity and incapability of intentional falsehood is fully equal to that of Wesley, and their competence in respect of physio- and psychological insight and attainments, incomparably greater. Who would dream, indeed, of comparing Wesley with a Cuvier, Hufeland, Blumenbach, Eschenmeyer, Reil, &c.? Were I asked what *I* think, my answer would be,—that the evidence enforces skepticism and a *non liquet*;—too strong and consentaneous for a candid mind to be satisfied of its falsehood, or its solvability on the supposition of imposture or casual coincidence;—too fugacious and unfixable to support any theory that supposes the always potential, and, under certain conditions and circumstances, occasionally active, existence of a correspondent faculty in the human soul. And nothing less than such an hypothesis would be adequate to the *satisfactory* explanation of the facts;—though that of a *metastasis* of specific functions of the nervous energy, taken in conjunction with extreme nervous excitement, *plus* some delusion, *plus* some illusion, *plus* some imposition, *plus* some chance and accidental coincidence, might determine the direction in which the skepticism should vibrate. Nine years has the subject of Zoomagnetism been before me. I have traced it historically, collected a mass of documents in French, German, Italian, and the Latinists of the sixteenth century, have never neglected an opportunity of questioning eye-witnesses, *ex. gr.* Tieck, Treviranus, De Prati, Meyer, and others of literary or medical celebrity, and I remain where I was, and where the first perusal of Klug's work had left me, without having moved an inch backward or forward. The reply of Treviranus, the famous botanist, to me, when he was in London, is worth recording:—'Ich habe gesehen was (ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf *ihren* erzählung,' &c. 'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on *your* telling; and in all reason, therefore, I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on *mine*.'" —*Editor.*

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Madness is not simply a bodily disease. It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness: that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist—it does resist—for a long time; but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad forever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. I think it was Bishop Butler, who said, that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment.

Brown's and Darwin's theories are both ingenious; but the first will not account for sleep, and the last will not account for death: considerable defects you must allow.

It is said that every excitation is followed by a commensurate exhaustion. That is not so. The excitation caused by inhaling nitrous oxyde is an exception at least; it leaves no exhaustion on the bursting of the bubble. The operation of this gas is to prevent the decarbonating of the blood; and, consequently, if taken excessively, it would produce apoplexy. The blood becomes black as ink. The voluptuous sensation attending the inhalation is produced by the compression and resistance.

MAY 2, 1830.

PLANTS—INSECTS—MEN—DOG—ANT AND BEE.

PLANTS exist *in* themselves. Insects *by*, or by means of, themselves. Men, *for* themselves. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or, a better word, instinctivity, in insects.

You may understand by *insect*, life in sections—diffused generally over all the parts.

The dog alone, of all brute animals, has a στόργη, or affection *upwards* to man.

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The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends, than the elephant.*

MAY 3, 1830.

BLACK COLONEL.

WHAT an excellent character is the black Colonel in Mrs. Bennett's "Beggar Girl!"†

If an inscription be put upon my tomb, it may be that I was an enthusiastic lover of the church; and as enthusiastic a hater of those who have betrayed it, be they who they may.‡

MAY 4, 1830.

HOLLAND AND THE DUTCH.

HOLLAND and the Netherlands ought to be seen once, because no other country is like them. Every thing is artificial. You will be struck with the combinations of vivid greenery, and water, and building; but every thing is so distinct and rememberable, that you would not improve your conception by visiting the country a hundred times over. It is interesting to see a country and a nature *made*, as it were, by man, and to compare it with God's nature.§

* I remember Mr. C. was accustomed to consider the ant as the most intellectual, and the dog as the most affectionate, of the irrational creatures, so far as our present acquaintance with the facts of natural history enables us to judge.—*Ed.*

† This character was frequently a subject of pleasant description and enlargement with Mr. Coleridge; and he generally passed from it to a high commendation of Miss Austen's novels, as being in their way perfectly genuine and individual productions.—*Ed.*

‡ This was a strong way of expressing a deep-rooted feeling. A better and a truer character would be, that Coleridge was a lover of the church, and a defender of the faith. This last expression is the utterance of a conviction so profound, that it can patiently wait for time to prove its truth.—*Ed.*

§ In the summer of 1828, Mr. Coleridge made an excursion with Mr. Wordsworth in Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine, as far as Bergen. He

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If you go, remark (indeed you will be forced to do so, in spite of yourself), remark, I say, the identity (for it is more than proximity) of a disgusting dirtiness in all that concerns the dignity of, and reverence for, the human person; and a persecuting painted cleanliness in every thing connected with property. You must not walk in their gardens; nay, you must hardly look into them.

The Dutch seem very happy and comfortable, certainly; but it is the happiness of *animals*. In vain do you look for the sweet breath of hope and advancement among them.*

In fact, as to their villas and gardens, they are not to be compared to an ordinary London merchant's box.

came back delighted, especially with his stay near Bonn, but with an abiding disgust at the filthy habits of the people. Upon Cologne, in particular, he avenged himself in the two following pieces:—

I.

In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fang'd with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well-defined and genuine stinks!—
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;—
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

As I am a rhymer,
And now at least a merry one,
Mr. Mum's Rudesheimer
And the church of St. Geryon,
Are the two things alone
That deserve to be known
In the body-and-soul-stinking town of Cologne.—*Ed.*

* "For every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."
WORDSWORTH.

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MAY 5, 1830.

RELIGION GENTILISES—WOMEN AND MEN—BIBLICAL COMMENTATORS—WALKERITE CREED.

You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone* gentilize if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.

A woman's head is usually over ears in her heart. Man seems to have been designed for the superior being of the two; but as things are, I think women are generally better creatures than men. They have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost forever.

I never could get much information out of the biblical commentators. Cocceius has told me the most; but he, and all of them, have a notable trick of passing *siccissimis pedibus* over the parts which puzzle a man of reflection.

This Walkerite creed* is a miscellany of Calvinism and Quakerism; but it is hard to understand it.

MAY 7, 1830.

HORNE TOOKE—DIVERSIONS OF PURLEY—GENDER OF THE SUN IN GERMAN.

HORNE TOOKE was pre-eminently a ready-witted man. He had that clearness which is founded on shallowness. He doubted nothing; and, therefore, gave you all that he himself knew, or meant, with great completeness. His voice was very fine, and his tones exquisitely discriminating. His mind had no progression or development. All that is worth any thing (and that is but little) in the Diversions of Purley, is contained in a short pamphlet-letter which he addressed to Mr. Dunning; then it was

* Meaning, I believe, that of the New Jerusalemites, or people of the New Church, hereinbefore mentioned.—*Ed.*

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enlarged to an octavo, but there was not a foot of progression beyond the pamphlet; at last a quarto volume, I believe, came out; and yet, verily, excepting Morning Chronicle lampoons and political insinuations, there was no addition to the argument of the pamphlet. It shows a base and unpoetical mind to convert so beautiful, so divine a subject as language, into the vehicle or make-weight of political squibs. All that is true in Horne Tooke's book is taken from Lennep, who gave it for so much as it was worth, and never pretended to make a system of it. Tooke affects to explain the origin and whole philosophy of language by what is, in fact, only a mere accident of its history. His abuse of Harris is most shallow and unfair. Harris, in the Hermes, was dealing—not very profoundly, it is true—with the philosophy of language, the moral and metaphysical causes and conditions of it, &c. Horne Tooke, in writing about the formation of words only, thought he was explaining the philosophy of language, which is a very different thing. In point of fact, he was very shallow in the Gothic dialects. I must say, all that *decantata fabula* about the genders of the sun and moon in German seems to me great stuff. Originally, I apprehend, in the *Platt-Deutsch* of the north of Germany there were only two definite articles—*die* for masculine and feminine, and *das* for neuter. Then it was *die sonne*, in a masculine sense, as we say with the same word as article, *the* sun. Luther, in constructing the *Hoch-Deutsch* (for really his miraculous and providential translation of the Bible was the fundamental act of construction of the literary German), took for his distinct masculine article the *der* of the *Ober-Deutsch*, and thus constituted the three articles of the present High German, *der*, *die*, *das*. Naturally, therefore, it would then have been, *der sonne;* but here the analogy of the Greek grammar prevailed; and as *sonne* had the arbitrary feminine termination of the Greek, it was left with its old article *die*, which, originally including masculine and feminine both, had grown to designate the feminine only. To the best of my recollection, the Minnesingers and all the old poets always use the sun as masculine; and, since Luther's time, the poets feel the awkwardness of the classical gender affixed to the sun so much, that they more commonly introduce Phœbus or some other synonyme instead. I must acknowledge my doubts, whether, upon more accurate investigation, it can be shown that there ever was a nation that

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considered the sun in itself, and apart from language, as the feminine power. The moon does not so clearly demand a feminine as the sun does a masculine sex; it might be considered negatively or neuter;—yet, if the reception of its light from the sun were known, that would have been a good reason for making her feminine, as being the recipient body.

As our *the* was the German *die*, so I believe our *that* stood for *das*, and was used as a neuter definite article.

The *Platt-Deutsch* was a compact language like the English, not admitting much agglutination. The *Ober-Deutsch* was fuller and fonder of agglutinating words together, although it was not so soft in its sounds.

MAY 8, 1830.

HORNE TOOKE—JACOBINS.

HORNE TOOKE said that his friends might, if they pleased, go as far as Slough—he should go no farther than Hounslow; but that was no reason why he should not keep them company so far as their roads were the same. The answer is easy. Suppose you know, or suspect, that a man is about to commit a robbery at Slough, though you do not mean to be his accomplice, have you a moral right to walk arm in arm with him to Hounslow, and, by thus giving him your countenance, prevent his being taken up? The history of all the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

Enlist the interests of stern morality and religious enthusiasm in the cause of political liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible; but the Jacobins played the whole game of religion, and morals, and domestic happiness, into the hands of the aristocrats. Thank God! that they did so. England was saved from civil war by their enormous, their providential, blundering.

Can a politician, a statesman, slight the feelings and the con-

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victions of the whole matronage of his country? The women are as influential upon such national interests as the men.

Horne Tooke was always making a butt of Godwin; who, nevertheless, had that in him which Tooke could never have understood. I saw a good deal of Tooke at one time: he left upon me the impression of his being a keen, iron man.

MAY 9, 1830.

PERSIAN AND ARABIC POETRY—MILESIAN TALES.

I MUST acknowledge I never could see much merit in the Persian poetry, which I have read in translation. There is not a ray of Imagination in it, and but a glimmering of Fancy. It is, in fact, so far as I know, deficient in truth. Poetry is certainly something more than good sense, but it must be good sense, at all events, just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least.

Arabian poetry is a different thing. I can not help surmising that there is a good deal of Greek fancy in the Arabian Nights' Tales. No doubt we have had a great loss in the Milesian Tales.* The Book of Job is pure Arab poetry of the highest and most antique cast.

* The Milesiacs were so called, because written or composed by Aristides of Miletus, and also because the scene of all or most of them was placed in that rich and luxurious city. Harpocration cites the sixth book of this collection. Nothing, I believe, is now known of the age or history of this Aristides, except what may be inferred from the fact that Lucius Cornelius Sisenna translated the tales into Latin, as we learn from Ovid:—

Junxit Aristides *Milesia crimina* secum—

and afterward,

Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos:—

Fasti. ii. 412–443.

and also from the incident mentioned in the *Plutarchian* life of Crassus, that after the defeat at Carrhæ, a copy of the Milesiacs of Aristides was found in the baggage of a Roman officer, and that Surena (who, by the by, if history has not done him injustice, was not a man to be over-scrupulous

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Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel,* "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

MAY 11, 1830.

SIR T. MONRO—SIR R. RAFFLES—CANNING.

Sir Thomas Monro and Sir Stamford Raffles were both great men; but I recognize more genius in the latter, though, I believe, the world says otherwise.

I never found what I call an idea in any speech or writing of ———'s. Those enormously prolix harangues are a proof of weakness in the higher intellectual grasp. Canning had a sense of the beautiful and the good; ——— rarely speaks but to abuse, detract, and degrade. I confine myself to institutions of course, and do not mean personal detraction. In my judgment, no man can rightly apprehend an abuse till he has first mastered the idea of the use of an institution. How fine, for example, is the idea of the unhired magistracy of England, taking in and linking together the duke to the country gentleman in the primary distribution of justice, or in the preservation of order and execution of law at least throughout the country! Yet ——— never seems to have thought of it for one moment, but as connected with brewers, and barristers, and tyrannical Squire Westerns! From what I saw of Horner, I thought him a superior man in real intellectual greatness.

Canning flashed such a light around the constitution, that it was difficult to see the ruins of the fabric through it.

in such a case) caused the book to be brought into the senate-house of Seleucia, and a portion of it read aloud, for the purpose of insulting the Romans, who, even during war, he said, could not abstain from the perusal of such *infamous compositions*, c. 32. The immoral character of these tales, therefore, may be considered pretty clearly established; they were the Decameron and Heptameron of antiquity: but I regret their loss for all that.—*Ed.*

* Chap. xxxvii. v. 3.

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MAY 12, 1830.

SHAKSPEARE—MILTON—HOMER

SHAKSPEARE is the Spinozistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of prescience; he stands *ab extra*, and drives a fiery chariot and four, making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in. Shakspeare's poetry is characterless; that is, it does not reflect the individual Shakspeare; but John Milton himself is in every line of the Paradise Lost. Shakspeare's rhymed verses are excessively condensed,—epigrams with the point everywhere; but in his blank dramatic verse he is diffused, with a linked sweetness long drawn out. No one can understand Shakspeare's superiority fully until he has ascertained, by comparison, all that which he possessed in common with several other great dramatists of his age, and has then calculated the surplus which is entirely Shakspeare's own. His rhythm is so perfect, that you may be almost sure that you do not understand the real force of a line, if it does not run well as you read it. The necessary mental pause after every hemistich or imperfect line is always equal to the time that would have been taken in reading the complete verse.

I have no doubt that instead of

——— the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach—

in Cymbeline,* it ought to be read thus:—

——— the *grimed* stones
Upon the *umber'd* beach.

So, in Henry V.,† instead of

His mountain (or mounting) sire on mountains standing—

it ought to be read—"his *monarch* sire,"—that is, Edward the Third.

I have no doubt whatever that *Homer* is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the Iliad.‡ Of course there was *a* Homer,

* Act i. sc. 7. † Act ii. sc. 4.

‡ Mr. Coleridge was a decided Wolfian in the Homeric question, but he had never read a word of the famous Prolegomena, and knew nothing of

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and twenty besides. I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the Iliad, from the metrical ballads, and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the Cid. There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poetry. There is a subjectivity of the poet, as of Milton, who is himself before himself in every thing he writes; and there is a subjectivity of the *persona*, or dramatic character, as in all Shakspeare's great creations, Hamlet, Lear, &c.

MAY 14, 1830.

REASON AND UNDERSTANDING—WORDS AND NAMES OF THINGS.

UNTIL you have mastered the fundamental difference, in kind, between the reason and the understanding as faculties of the human mind, you can not escape a thousand difficulties in philosophy. It is pre-eminently the *Gradus ad Philosophiam*.

The general harmony between the operations of the mind and heart, and the words which express them in almost all languages, is wonderful; while the endless discrepances between the names of *things* is very well deserving notice. There are nearly a hundred names in the different German dialects for the alder-tree. I believe many more remarkable instances are to be found in Arabic. Indeed, you may take a very pregnant and useful distinction between *words* and mere arbitrary *names* of *things*.

Wolf's reasoning, but what I had told him of it in conversation. Mr. C. informed me, that he adopted the conclusion contained in the text upon the first perusal of Vico's Scienza Nuova; "not," he said, "that Vico has reasoned it out with such learning and accuracy as you report of Wolf, but Vico struck out all the leading hints, and I soon filled up the rest out of my own head."—*Ed.*

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MAY 15, 1830.

THE TRINITY—IRVING.

THE Trinity is, 1. The Will; 2. The Reason or Word; 3. The Love, or Life. As we distinguish these three, so we must unite them in one God. The union must be as transcendent as the distinction.

Mr. Irving's notion is tritheism,—nay, rather, in terms, tridemonism. His opinion about the sinfulness of the humanity of our Lord is absurd, if considered in one point of view; for body is not carcass. How can there be a sinful carcass? But what he says is capable of a sounder interpretation. Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to any thing which he thought he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequences would be, that he would fall into grievous errors. Sometimes he has five or six pages together of the purest eloquence, and then an outbreak of almost madman's babble.*

MAY 16, 1830.

ABRAHAM—ISAAC—JACOB.

How wonderfully beautiful is the delineation of the characters of the three patriarchs in Genesis! To be sure, if ever man could, without impropriety, be called, or supposed to be, "the friend of God," Abraham was that man. We are not surprised that Abimelech and Ephron seem to reverence him so profoundly. He was peaceful, because of his conscious relation to God; in other respects he takes fire, like an Arab sheik, at the injuries suffered by Lot, and goes to war with the combined kinglings immediately.

Isaac is, as it were, a faint shadow of his father Abraham. Born in possession of the power and wealth which his father had

* The admiration and sympathy which Mr. Coleridge felt and expressed towards the late Mr. Irving, at his first appearance in London, were great and sincere; and his grief at the deplorable change which followed was in proportion. But, long after the tongues shall have failed and been forgotten, Irving's name will live in the splendid eulogies of his friend.—See *Church and State*, p. 114, n.—*Ed.*

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acquired, he is always peaceful and meditative; and it is curious to observe his timid and almost childish imitation of Abraham's stratagem about his wife.* Isaac does it beforehand, and without any apparent necessity.

Jacob is a regular Jew, and practises all sorts of tricks and wiles, which, according to our modern notions of honor, we can not approve. But you will observe that all these tricks are confined to matters of prudential arrangement, to worldly success and prosperity (for such, in fact, was the essence of the birthright); and I think we must not exact from men of an imperfectly civilized age the same conduct as to mere temporal and bodily abstinence which we have a right to demand from Christians. Jacob is always careful not to commit any violence; he shudders at bloodshed. See his demeanor after the vengeance taken on the Shechemites.† He is the exact compound of the timidity and gentleness of Isaac, and of the underhand craftiness of his mother Rebecca. No man could be a bad man who loved as he loved Rachel. I dare say Laban thought none the worse of Jacob for his plan of making the ewes bring forth ring-streaked lambs.

MAY 17, 1830.

ORIGIN OF ACTS—LOVE.

If a man's conduct can not be ascribed to the angelic, nor to the bestial within him, what is there left for us to refer to but the fiendish? Passion without any appetite is fiendish.

The best way to bring a clever young man, who has become skeptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him *think* to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

* Gen. xxvi. 6. † Gen. xxxiv.

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MAY 18, 1830.

LORD ELDON'S DOCTRINE AS TO GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS—DEMOCRACY.

LORD ELDON'S doctrine, that grammar-schools, in the sense of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, must necessarily mean schools for teaching Latin and Greek, is, I think, founded on an insufficient knowledge of the history and literature of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson uses the term "grammar" without any reference to the learned languages.

It is intolerable when men who have no other knowledge, have not even a competent understanding of that world in which they are always living, and to which they refer every thing.

Although contemporary events obscure past events in a living man's life, yet, as soon as he is dead, and his whole life is a matter of history, one action stands out as conspicuous as another.

A democracy, according to the prescript of pure reason, would, in fact, be a church. There would be focal points in it, but no superior.

MAY 20, 1830.

THE EUCHARIST—ST. JOHN XIX. 11—GENUINENESS OF THE BOOKS OF MOSES—DIVINITY OF CHRIST—MOSAIC PROPHECIES.

No doubt, Chrysostom, and the other rhetorical fathers, contributed a good deal, by their rash use of figurative language, to advance the superstitious notion of the Eucharist;* but the beginning had been much earlier. In Clement, indeed, the mystery is treated as it was treated by Saint John and Saint Paul; but in Hermas we see the seeds of the error, and more clearly in Irenæus; and so it went on till the idea was changed into an idol.

The errors of the Sacramentaries on the one hand, and of the Romanists on the other, are equally great. The first have vola-

* Mr. Coleridge made these remarks upon my quoting Selden's well-known saying (Table Talk), "that transubstantiation was nothing but rhetoric turned into logic."

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tilized the Eucharist into a metaphor; the last have condensed it into an idol.

Jeremy Taylor, in his zeal against transubstantiation, contends that the latter part of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel has no reference to the Eucharist. If so, St. John wholly passes over this sacred mystery, for he does not include it in his notice of the last supper. Would not a total silence of this great apostle and evangelist upon this mystery be strange? A mystery, I say; for it *is* a mystery; it is the only mystery in our religious worship. When many of the disciples left our Lord, and apparently on the very ground that this saying was hard, he does not attempt to detain them by any explanation, but simply adds the comment, that his words were spirit. If he had really meant that the Eucharist should be a mere commemorative celebration of his death, is it conceivable that he would let these disciples go away from him upon such a gross misunderstanding? Would he not have said, "You need not make a difficulty; I only mean so and so."

Arnauld, and the other learned Romanists, are irresistible against the low sacramentary doctrine.

The sacrament of baptism applies itself and has reference to the faith or conviction, and is, therefore, only to be performed once: it is the light of man. The sacrament of the Eucharist is the symbol of *all* our religion: it is the life of man. It is commensurate with our will, and we must, therefore, want it continually.

The meaning of the expression, *εἰ μὴ ἦν σοι δεδομένον ἄνωθεν*, "except it were given thee *from above*," in the 19th chapter of St. John, v. 11, seems to me to have been generally and grossly mistaken. It is commonly understood as importing that Pilate could have no power to deliver Jesus to the Jews unless it had been given him *by God*, which, no doubt, is true; but if that is the meaning, where is the force or connection of the following clause, *διὰ τοῦτο*, "*therefore* he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." In what respect were the Jews more sinful in delivering Jesus up, *because* Pilate could do nothing except by God's leave? The explanation of Erasmus and Clarke, and

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some others, is very dry-footed. I conceive the meaning of our Lord to have been simply this, that Pilate would have had no power or jurisdiction—ἐξουσίαν—over him, if it had not been given by the Sanhedrim, the ἄνω βουλή, and *therefore* it was that the Jews had the greater sin. There was also this further peculiar baseness and malignity in the conduct of the Jews. The mere assumption of Messiahship, as such, was no crime in the eyes of the Jews; they hated Jesus, because he would not be *their sort* of Messiah; on the other hand, the Romans cared not for his declaration that he was the Son of God; the crime in *their* eyes was his assuming to be a king. Now, here were the Jews accusing Jesus before the Roman governor of *that* which, in the first place, they knew that Jesus denied, in the sense in which they urged it, and which, in the next place, had the charge been true, would have been so far from a crime in their eyes, that the very gospel history itself, as well as all the history to the destruction of Jerusalem, shows it would have been popular with the whole nation. They wished to destroy him, and for that purpose charge him falsely with a crime which yet was no crime in their own eyes, if it had been true; but only so as against the Roman domination, which they hated with all their souls, and against which they were themselves continually conspiring!

Observe, I pray, the manner and sense in which the high-priest understands the plain declaration of our Lord, that he was the Son of God.* "I adjure thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God," or, "the Son of the Blessed," as it is in Mark. Jesus said—"I am,—and hereafter ye shall see the Son of man (or me) sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Does Caiaphas take this explicit answer as if Jesus meant that he was full of God's spirit, or was doing his commands, or walking in his ways, in which sense Moses, the prophets, nay, all good men, were and are the sons of God? No, no! He tears his robes in sunder, and cries out, "He hath spoken blasphemy. What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy." What blasphemy, I should like to know, unless the assuming to be the "Son of God" was assuming to be of the *divine nature?*

* Matt. xxvi. v. 63. Mark xiv. 61.

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One striking instance of the genuineness of the Mosaic books is this,—they contain precise prohibitions, by way of predicting the consequences of disobedience,—of all those things which David and Solomon actually did, and gloried in doing,—raising cavalry, making a treaty with Egypt, laying up treasure, and polygamizing. Now, would such prohibitions have been fabricated in those kings' reigns, or afterward? Impossible.

The manner of the predictions of Moses is very remarkable. He is like a man standing on an eminence, and addressing people below him, and pointing to things which he can, and they can not, see. He does not say, You will act in such and such a way, and the consequences will be so and so; but, So and so will take place, *because* you will act in such a way!

MAY 21, 1830.

TALENT AND GENIUS—MOTIVES AND IMPULSES.

TALENT, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.

Motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. A due mean of motive and impulse is the only practicable object of our moral philosophy.

MAY 23, 1830.

CONSTITUTIONAL AND FUNCTIONAL LIFE—HYSTERIA—HYDRO-CARBONIC GAS—BITTERS AND TONICS—SPECIFIC MEDICINES.

IT is a great error in physiology not to distinguish between what may be called the general or fundamental life—the *principium vitæ*, and the functional life—the life in the functions. Organization must presuppose life as anterior to it: without life, there could not be or remain any organization; but then there is also *a* life in the organs, or functions, distinct from the other. Thus, a flute presupposes,—demands, the existence of a musician as anterior to it, without whom no flute could ever have existed; and yet again without the instrument there can be no music!

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It often happens that, on the one hand, the *principium vitæ*, or constitutional life, may be affected without any, or the least imaginable, affection of the functions; as in inoculation, where one pustule only has appeared, and no other perceptible symptom, and yet this has so entered into the constitution, as to indispose it to infection under the most accumulated and intense contagion; and, on the other hand, hysteria, hydrophobia, and gout, will disorder the functions to the most dreadful degree, and yet often leave the life untouched. In hydrophobia, the mind is quite sound; but the patient feels his muscular and cutaneous life forcibly removed from under the control of his will.

Hysteria may be fitly called *mimosa*, from its counterfeiting so many diseases,—even death itself.

Hydro-carbonic gas produces the most death-like exhaustion, without any previous excitement. I think this gas should be inhaled by way of experiment in cases of hydrophobia.

There is a great difference between bitters and tonics. Where weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargizing the irritability. But where weakness proceeds from the opposite cause of relaxation, there tonics are good; because they brace up and tighten the loosened string. Bracing is a correct metaphor. Bark goes near to be a combination of a bitter and a tonic; but no perfect medical combination of the two properties is yet known.

The study of specific medicines is too much disregarded now. No doubt, the hunting after specifics is a mark of ignorance and weakness in medicine, yet the neglect of them is proof also of immaturity; for, in fact, all medicines will be found specific in the perfection of the science.

MAY 25, 1830.

EPISTLES TO THE EPHESIANS AND COLOSSIANS—OATHS.

THE Epistle to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of what might be called St. Paul's diocess.

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It is the divinest composition of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity;—first, those doctrines peculiar to Christianity, and then those precepts common to it with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.

The present system of taking oaths is horrible. It is awfully absurd to make a man invoke God's wrath upon himself, if he speaks falsely; it is, in my judgment, a sin to do so. The Jews' oath is an adjuration by the judge to the witness: "In the name of God, I ask you." There is an express instance of it in the high-priest's adjuring or exorcising Christ by the living God, in the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew, and you will observe that our Lord answered the appeal.*

You may depend upon it, the more oath-taking, the more lying, generally, among the people.

MAY 27, 1830.

FLOGGING.

I HAD *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately took me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? to which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he.—"Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me,—wisely, as I think,—soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

* See this instance cited, and the whole history and moral policy of the common system of judicial swearing examined with clearness and good feeling, in Mr. Tyler's late work on Oaths.—*Ed.*

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MAY 28, 1830.

THE AMERICANS.

I DEEPLY regret the anti-American articles of some of the leading reviews. The Americans regard what is said of them in England a thousand times more than they do any thing said of them in any other country. The Americans are excessively pleased with any kind of favorable expressions, and never forgive or forget any slight or abuse. It would be better for them if they were a trifle thicker-skinned.

The last American war was to us only something to talk or read about; but to the Americans it was the cause of misery in their own homes.

I, for one, do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood,—identity in these makes men of one country.

MAY 29, 1830.

BOOK OF JOB.

THE Book of Job is an Arab poem, antecedent to the Mosaic dispensation. It represents the mind of a good man not enlightened by an actual revelation, but seeking about for one. In no other book is the desire and necessity for a Mediator so intensely expressed. The personality of God, the I AM of the Hebrews, is most vividly impressed on the book, in opposition to Pantheism.

I now think after many doubts, that the passage,* "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c., may fairly be taken as a burst of determination, a *quasi* prophecy. "I know not *how* this can be; but in spite of all my difficulties, this I *do* know, that I *shall* be recompensed."

It should be observed, that all the imagery in the speeches of the men is taken from the East, and is no more than a mere representation of the forms of material nature. But when God

* Chap. xix. 25, 26.

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speaks the tone is exalted, and almost all the images are taken from Egypt, the crocodile, the war-horse, and so forth. Egypt was then the first monarchy that had a splendid court.

Satan, in the prologue, does not mean the devil, our Diabolus. There is no calumny in his words. He is rather the *circuitor*, the accusing spirit, a dramatic attorney-general. But after the prologue, which was necessary to bring the imagination into a proper state for the dialogue, we hear no more of this Satan.

Warburton's notion, that the Book of Job was of so late a date as Ezra, is wholly groundless. His only reason is this appearance of Satan.

MAY 30, 1830.

TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I WISH the Psalms were translated afresh; or, rather, that the present version were revised. Scores of passages are utterly incoherent as they now stand. If the primary visual images had been oftener preserved, the connection and force of the sentences would have been better perceived.*

* Mr. Coleridge, like so many of the elder divines of the Christian church, had an *affectionate* reverence for the moral and evangelical portion of the Book of Psalms. He told me that, after having studied every page of the Bible with the deepest attention, he had found no other part of Scripture come home so closely to his inmost yearnings and necessities. During many of his latter years he used to read ten or twelve verses every evening, ascertaining (for his knowledge of Hebrew was enough for that) the exact visual image or first radical meaning of every noun substantive; and he repeatedly expressed to me his surprise and pleasure at finding that in nine cases out of ten the bare primary sense, if literally rendered, threw great additional light on the text. He was not disposed to allow the prophetic or allusive character so largely as is done by Horne and others; but he acknowledged it in some instances in the fullest manner. In particular, he rejected the local and temporary reference which has been given to the 110th Psalm, and declared his belief in its deep mystical import with regard to the Messiah. Mr. C. once gave me the following note upon the 22d Psalm, written by him, I believe, many years previously, but which, he said, he approved at that time. It will find as appropriate a niche here as anywhere else:—

"I am much delighted and instructed by the hypothesis, which I think

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MAY 31, 1830.

ANCIENT MARINER—UNDINE—MARTIN—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MRS. BARBAULD once told me that she admired the Ancient Mariner very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a geni starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date-shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the geni's son.*

probable, that our Lord in repeating *Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani*, really recited the whole or a large part of the 22d Psalm. It is impossible to read that psalm without the liveliest feelings of love, gratitude, and sympathy. It is, indeed, a wonderful prophecy, whatever might or might not have been David's notion when he composed it. Whether Christ did audibly repeat the whole or not, it is certain, I think, that he did it mentally, and said aloud what was sufficient to enable his followers to do the same. Even at this day, to repeat in the same manner but the first line of a common hymn, would be understood as a reference to the whole. Above all, I am thankful for the thought which suggested itself to my mind while I was reading this beautiful psalm, namely, that we should not exclusively think of Christ as the Logos united to human nature, but likewise as a perfect man united to the Logos. This distinction is most important in order to conceive, much more, appropriately to *feel*, the conduct and exertions of Jesus."—*Ed.*

* "There he found, at the foot of a great walnut-tree, a fountain of a very clear running water, and alighting, tied his horse to a branch of a tree, and sitting down by the fountain, took some biscuits and dates out of his portmanteau, and, as he ate his dates, threw the shells about on both sides of him. When he had done eating, being a good Mussulman, he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and said his prayers. He had not made an end, but was still on his knees, when he saw a geni appear, all white with age, and of a monstrous bulk; who, advancing towards him with a cimeter in his hand, spoke to him in a terrible voice thus:—'Rise up, that I may kill thee with this cimeter as you have killed my son!' and accompanied these words with a frightful cry. The merchant being as much frightened at the hideous shape of the monster as at these threatening words, answered him trembling:—'Alas! my good lord, of what crime can I be guilty

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I took the thought of "*grinning for joy*," in that poem, from poor Burnett's* remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me,—"You grinned like an idiot?" He had done the same.

Undine is a most exquisite work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character, before she receives a soul, is marvellously beautiful.†

towards you that you should take away my life?'—'I will,' replies the geni, 'kill thee, as thou hast killed my son!'—'O heaven!' says the merchant, 'how should I kill your son? I did not know him, nor ever saw him.'—'Did not you sit down when you came hither?' replies the geni. 'Did not you take dates out of your portmanteau, and, as you ate them, did not you throw the shells about, on both sides?'—'I did all that you say,' answers the merchant, 'I can not deny it.'—'If it be so,' replied the geni, 'I tell thee that thou hast killed my son; and the way was thus: when you threw the nutshells about, my son was passing by; and you threw one of them into his eye, which killed him; *therefore* I must kill thee.'—'Ah! my good lord, pardon me!' cried the merchant.—'No pardon,' answers the geni, 'no mercy! Is it not just to kill him that has killed another?'—'I agree to it,' says the merchant; 'but certainly I never killed your son; and if I have, it was unknown to me, and I did it innocently; therefore I beg you to pardon me, and suffer me to live.'—'No, no,' says the geni, persisting in his resolution, 'I must kill thee, since thou hast killed my son;' and then taking the merchant by the arm, threw him with his face upon the ground, and lifted up his cimeter to cut off his head!"—The Merchant and the Geni, First Night.—*Ed.*

* A Unitarian preacher, whose name will find its place in the Life of Coleridge.—*Ed.*

† Mr. Coleridge's admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He read it several times in German, and once in the English translation, made in America, I believe; the latter he thought inadequately done. I think he must have read the English Undine, which I have, published in 1824, by E. Littell, Philadelphia. Mr. C. said there was something in Undine even beyond Scott,—that Scott's best characters and conceptions were *composed*; by which I understood him to mean that Baillie Nicol Jarvie, for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author's power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to be the conflux of the spoils of a city. But Undine, he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination, what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea.—*Ed.*

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It seems to me, that Martin never looks at nature except through bits of stained glass. He is never satisfied with any appearance that is not prodigious. He should endeavor to school his imagination into the apprehension of the true idea of the Beautiful.*

This wood-cut of Slay-good† is admirable, to be sure; but this new edition of the Pilgrim's Progress is too fine a book for it. It should be much larger, and on sixpenny coarse paper.

The Pilgrim's Progress is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and a different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colors.‡

* Mr. Coleridge said this, after looking at the engravings of Mr. Martin's two pictures of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Celestial City, published in the beautiful edition of the Pilgrim's Progress by Messrs. Murray and Major, in 1830. I wish Mr. Martin could have heard the poet's lecture: he would have been flattered, and at the same time, I believe, instructed; for in the philosophy of painting Coleridge was a master.—*Ed.*

† P. 350, by S. Mosses, from a design by Mr. W. Harvey. "When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one *Feeble-mind* in his hand, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters."—*Ed.*

‡ I find written on a blank leaf of my copy of this edition of the P.'s P. the following note of Mr. C.:—"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to *my* judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the Pilgrim's Progress. It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologiæ evangelicæ* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired. June 14, 1830."—*Ed.*

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JUNE 1, 1830.

PRAYER—CHURCH-SINGING—HOOKER—DREAMS.

THERE are three sorts of prayer :—1. Public; 2. Domestic; 3. Solitary. Each has its peculiar uses and character. I think the church ought to publish and authorize a directory of forms for the latter two. Yet I fear the execution would be inadequate. There is a great decay of devotional unction in the numerous books of prayers put out now-a-days. I really think the hawker was very happy, who blundered New Form of Prayer into New *former* Prayers.*

I exceedingly regret that our church pays so little attention to the subject of congregational singing. See how it is! In that

* "I will add, at the risk of appearing to dwell too long on religious topics, that on this my first introduction to Coleridge he reverted with strong compunction to a sentiment which he had expressed in earlier days upon prayer. In one of his youthful poems, speaking of God, he had said,—

—— "'Of whose all-seeing eye
Aught to demand were impotence of mind.'

This sentiment he now so utterly condemned, that, on the contrary, he told me, as his own peculiar opinion, that the act of praying was the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable; praying, that is, with the total concentration of the faculties; and the great mass of worldly men and of learned men, he pronounced absolutely incapable of prayer."—*Tait's Magazine*, September, 1834, p. 515.

Mr. Coleridge within two years of his death very solemnly declared to me his conviction upon the same subject. I was sitting by his bedside one afternoon, and he fell, an unusual thing for him, into a long account of many passages of his past life, lamenting some things, condemning others, but complaining withal, though very gently, of the way in which many of his most innocent acts had been cruelly misrepresented. "But I have no difficulty," said he, "in forgiveness; indeed, I know not how to say with sincerity the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which asks forgiveness *as we forgive*. I feel nothing answering to it in my heart. Neither do I find, or reckon, the most solemn faith in God as a real object, the most arduous act of the reason and will; O no! my dear, it is *to pray, to pray* as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon—that is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare on earth. *Teach* us to pray, O Lord!" And then he burst into a flood of tears, and begged me to pray for him. O what a sight was there!—*Ed.*

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particular part of the public worship in which, more than in all the rest, the common people might, and ought to join—which, by its association with music, is meant to give a fitting vent and expression to the emotions,—in that part we all sing as Jews; or, at best, as mere men, in the abstract, without a Saviour. You know my veneration for the Book of Psalms, or most of it; but with some half-dozen exceptions, the Psalms are surely not adequate vehicles of Christian thanksgiving and joy! Upon this deficiency in our service, Wesley and Whitfield seized; and you know it is the hearty congregational singing of Christian hymns which keeps the humbler Methodists together. Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany, the hymns are known by heart by every peasant: they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God, like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind. No doubt this defect in our service proceeded from the dread which the English Reformers had of being charged with introducing any thing into the worship of God but the text of Scripture.

Hooker said, that by looking for that in the Bible which it is impossible that *any book* can have, we lose the benefits which we might reap from its being the *best* of all books.

You will observe, that even in dreams, nothing is fancied without an antecedent *quasi* cause. It could not be otherwise.

JUNE 4, 1830.

JEREMY TAYLOR—ENGLISH REFORMATION.

Taylor's* was a great and lovely mind; yet how much and injuriously was it perverted by his being a favorite and follower

* Mr. Coleridge placed Jeremy Taylor among the four great geniuses of old English literature. I think he used to reckon Shakspeare and Bacon, Milton and Taylor, four-square, each against each. In mere eloquence, he thought the Bishop without any fellow. He called him Chrysostom. Further, he loved the man, and was anxious to find excuses for some weak parts in his character. But Mr. Coleridge's assent to Taylor's views of many of the fundamental positions of Christianity was very lim-

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of Laud, and by his intensely Popish feelings of church authority. His Liberty of Prophesying is a work of wonderful eloquence and skill; but if we believe the argument, what do we come to? Why, to nothing more or less than this, that—so much can be said for every opinion and sect, so impossible is it to settle any thing by reasoning or authority of Scripture—we must appeal to some positive jurisdiction on earth, *ut sit finis controversarium*. In fact, the whole book is the precise argument used by the Papists to induce men to admit the necessity of a supreme and infallible head of the church on earth. It is one of the works which pre-eminently gives countenance to the saying of Charles or James II., I forget which:—"When you of the Church of England contend with the Catholics, you use the arguments of the Puritans; when you contend with the Puritans, you immediately adopt all the weapons of the Catholics." Taylor never speaks with the slightest symptom of affection or respect of Luther, Calvin, or any other of the great reformers—at least, not in any of his learned works; but he *saints* every trumpery monk or friar, down to the very latest canonizations by the modern Popes. I fear you will think me harsh, when I say that I believe Taylor was, perhaps unconsciously, half a Socinian in heart. Such a strange inconsistency would not be impossible. The Romish church has produced many such devout Socinians. The cross of Christ is dimly seen in Taylor's works. Compare him in this particular with Donne, and you will feel the difference in a moment. Why is not Donne's volume of sermons reprinted at Oxford?*

ited; and, indeed, he considered him as the least sound in point of doctrine of any of the old divines, comprehending within that designation the writers to the middle of Charles II.'s reign. He speaks of Taylor in The Friend in the following terms:—"Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without reluctance, to the most eloquent, and one of the most learned, of our divines; a rigorist, indeed, concerning the authority of the church, but a latitudinarian in the articles of its faith; who stretched the latter almost to the advanced posts of Socinianism, and strained the former to a hazardous conformity with the assumptions of the Roman hierarchy." III. p. 395.

I may take this opportunity of stating that a new edition of The Friend is in preparation, the text of which will present the numerous corrections made at different times by Mr. Coleridge in his own copy, and will be accompanied by many very interesting notes expressive of his own views and feelings—*Ed.*

* Why not, indeed! It is really quite unaccountable that the sermons

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In the reign of Edward VI., the Reformers feared to admit almost any thing on human authority alone. They had seen and felt the abuses consequent on the Popish theory of Christianity; and I doubt not they wished and intended to reconstruct the religion and the church, as far as was possible, upon the plan of the primitive ages. But the Puritans pushed this bias to an absolute bibliolatry. They would not put on a corn-plaster without scraping a text over it. Men of learning, however, soon felt that this was wrong in the other extreme, and indeed united itself to the very abuse it seemed to shun. They saw that a knowledge of the Fathers, and of early tradition, was absolutely necessary; and unhappily, in many instances, the excess of the Puritans drove the men of learning into the old Popish extreme of denying the Scriptures to be capable of affording a rule of faith without the dogmas of the church. Taylor is a striking instance how far a Protestant might be driven in this direction.

JUNE 6, 1830.

CATHOLICITY—GNOSIS—TERTULLIAN—ST. JOHN.

In the first century catholicity was the test of a book or epistle —whether it were of the Evangelicon or Apostolicon—being canonical. This catholic spirit was opposed to the gnostic or peculiar spirit—the humor of fantastical interpretation of the old Scriptures into Christian meanings. It is this gnosis, or *knowingness*, which the Apostle says puffeth up—not *knowledge*, as we translate it. The Epistle of Barnabas, of the genuineness of which I have no sort of doubt, is an example of this gnostic spirit. The Epistle to the Hebrews is the only instance of gnosis in the canon : it was written evidently by some apostolical man before the destruction of the Temple, and probably at Alexandria. For

of this great divine of the English church should be so little known as they are, even to very literary clergymen of the present day. It might have been expected that the sermons of the greatest preacher of his age, the admired of Ben Jonson, Selden, and all that splendid band of poets and scholars, would even as curiosities have been reprinted, when works which are curious for nothing are every year sent forth afresh under the most authoritative auspices. Dr. Donne was educated at both Universities, at Hart Hall, Oxford, first, and afterward at Cambridge, but at what college, Walton does not mention.—*Ed.*

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three hundred years and more, it was not admitted into the canon, especially not with the Latin church, on account of this difference in it from the other Scriptures. But its merit was so great, and the gnosis in it is so kept within due bounds, that its admirers at last succeeded, especially by affixing St. Paul's name to it, to have it included in the canon; which was first done, I think, by the Council of Laodicea, in the middle of the fourth century. Fortunately for us it was so.

I beg Tertullian's pardon; but among his many *bravuras*, he says something about St. Paul's autograph. Origen expressly declares the reverse.

It is delightful to think that the beloved Apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost oracular utterance of the mysteries of the Christian religion;* while to St. Paul was committed the task of explanation, defence, and assertion of all the doctrines, and especially of those metaphysical ones touching the will and grace; for which purpose his active mind, his learned education, and his Greek logic, made him pre-eminently fit.

JUNE 7, 1830.

PRINCIPLES OF A REVIEW—PARTY SPIRIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING what you say, I am persuaded that a review would amply succeed, even now, which should be started upon a published code of principles, critical, moral, political, and religious; which should announce what sort of books it would review, namely, works of *literature*, as contra-distinguished from all that offspring of the press, which in the present age supplies food for the craving, caused by the extended ability of reading without any correspondent education of the mind, and which formerly was done by conversation; and which should really give a fair account of what the author *intended* to do, and in his own words, if possible; and in addition, afford one or two fair specimens of the execution—itself never descending for one moment

* "The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the form of reason itself, in all things purely rational and moral."—*Statesman's Manual*, I. p. 446.

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to any personality. It should also be provided before the commencement with a dozen powerful articles upon fundamental topics, to appear in succession. By such a plan I raised the sale of the Morning Post from an inconsiderable number to 7,000 a day, in the course of one year. You see the great reviewers are now ashamed of reviewing works in the old style, and have taken up essay-writing instead. Hence arose such publications as the Literary Gazette, which are set up for the purpose—not a useless one—of advertising new books of all sorts for the circulating libraries. A mean between the two extremes still remains to be taken. I profoundly revere Blanco White; his Doblado's Letters are exquisite; but his Review* was commenced without a single apparent principle to direct it, and with the absurd disclaimer of certain public topics of discussion.

Party men always hate a slightly differing friend more than a downright enemy. I quite calculate on my being one day or other holden in worse repute by many Christians than the Unitarians and open infidels. It must be undergone by every one who loves the truth for its own sake beyond all other things.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

JUNE 10, 1830.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF BUNYAN—LAUD—PURITANS AND CAVALIERS—PRESBYTERIANS, INDEPENDENTS, AND BISHOPS.

SOUTHEY's Life of Bunyan is beautiful. I wish he had illustrated that mood of mind which exaggerates, and still more, mistakes, the inward depravation, as in Bunyan, Nelson, and others, by extracts from Baxter's Life of himself. What genuine superstition is exemplified in that bandying of texts and half-texts, and demi-semi-texts, just as memory happened to suggest them, or chance brought them before Bunyan's mind! His tract, entitled, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners,"† is a study for a

* The London Review, of which two numbers appeared in 1828, 1829.—*Ed.*

† Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, in a faithful Account of the Life and Death of John Bunyan, &c.

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philosopher. Is it not, however, an historical error to call the Puritans dissenters? Before St. Bartholomew's day they were essentially a part of the church, and had as determined opinions in favor of a church establishment as the bishops themselves.

Laud was not exactly a Papist, to be sure; but he was on the road, with the church with him, to a point, where declared Popery would have been inevitable. A wise and vigorous Papist king would very soon, and very justifiably too, in that case, have effected a reconciliation between the churches of Rome and England, when the line of demarkation had become so very faint.

The faults of the Puritans were many; but surely their morality will, in general, bear comparison with that of the Cavaliers after the Restoration.

The Presbyterians hated the Independents much more than they did the bishops, which induced them to co-operate in effecting the Restoration.

The conduct of the bishops towards Charles, while at Breda, was wise and constitutional. They knew, however, that when the forms of the constitution were once restored, all their power would revive again as of course.

JUNE 14, 1830.

STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

INTENSE study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar*, in point of style.

JUNE 15, 1830.

RABELAIS—SWIFT—BENTLEY—BURNET.

RABELAIS is a most wonderful writer. Pantagruel is the Reason; Panurge the Understanding,—the pollarded man, the man with every faculty except the reason. I scarcely know an example

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more illustrative of the distinction between the two. Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this; as it was, he was indebted to the King's protection for his life. Some of the commentators talk about his book being all political; there are contemporary politics in it, of course, but the real scope is much higher and more philosophical. It is in vain to look about for a hidden meaning in all that he has written; you will observe, that after any particularly deep thrust, as the Papimania,* for example, Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appear unconscious of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He every now and then flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist. The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I can not say much.

Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*,—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.

Yet Swift was rare. Can any thing beat his remark on King William's motto,—*Recepit, non rapuit*,—"that the Receiver was as bad as the Thief?"

The effect of the Tory wits attacking Bentley with such acrimony has been to make them appear a set of shallow and incompetent scholars. Neither Bentley nor Burnet suffered from the hostility of the wits. Burnet's "History of his own Times" is a truly valuable book. His credulity is great, but his simplicity is equally great; and he never deceives you for a moment.

JUNE 25, 1830.

GIOTTO—PAINTING.

THE fresco paintings by Giotto† and others, in the cemetery at Pisa, are most noble. Giotto was a contemporary of Dante; and

* B. iv. c. 48. "Comment Pantagruel descendit en l'Isle de Papimanes." See the five following chapters, especially c. 50; and note also c. 9 of the fifth book; "Comment nous fut monstré Papegaut à grande difficulté."—*Ed.*

† Giotto, or Angiolotto's birth is fixed by Vasari in 1276, but there is

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it is a curious question, whether the painters borrowed from the the poet, or *vice versâ*. Certainly M. Angelo and Raffael fed their imaginations highly with these grand drawings, especially M. Angelo, who took from them his bold yet graceful lines.

People may say what they please about the gradual improvement of the Arts. It is not true of the substance. The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed: manual dexterity may, indeed, be improved by practice.

Painting went on in power till, in Raffael, it attained the zenith, and in him too it showed signs of a tendency downwards by another path. The painter began to think of overcoming difficulties. After this the descent was rapid, till sculptors began to work inveterate likenesses of periwigs in marble,—as see Algarotti's tomb in the cemetery at Pisa,—and painters did nothing but copy, as well as they could, the external face of nature. Now, in this age, we have a sort of reviviscence,—not, I fear, of the power, but of a taste for the power, of the early times.

JUNE 26, 1830.

SENECA.

You may get a motto for every sect in religion, or line of thought in morals or philosophy, from Seneca; but nothing is ever thought *out* by him.

some reason to think that he was born a little earlier. Dante, who was his friend, was born in 1265. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he entirely eclipsed, as Dante testifies in the well-known lines in the Purgatorio:—

> "O vana gloria dell' umane posse!
> Com' poco verde in sù la cima dura,
> Se non è giunta dall' etati grosse!
> Credette Cimabue nella pintura
> Tener lo campo: ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
> Sì che la fama di colui oscura."—C. xi. v. 91.

His six great frescoes in the cemetery at Pisa are upon the sufferings and patience of Job.

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JULY 2, 1830.

PLATO—ARISTOTLE.

Every man is born an Aristotelian or a Platonist. I do not think it possible that any one born an Aristotelian can become a Platonist; and I am sure no born Platonist can ever change into an Aristotelian. They are the two classes of men, beside which it is next to impossible to conceive a third. The one considers reason a quality, or attribute; the other considers it a power. I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea. There is a passage, indeed, in the Eudemian Ethics which looks like an exception; but I doubt not of its being spurious, as that whole work is supposed by some to be. With Plato ideas are constitutive in themselves.*

Aristotle was, and still is, the sovereign lord of the understanding;—the faculty judging by the senses. He was a conceptualist, and never could raise himself into that higher state which was natural to Plato, and has been so to others, in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths.

Yet what a mind was Aristotle's—only not the greatest that ever animated the human form!—the parent of science, properly so called, the master of criticism, and the founder or editor of logic! But he confounded science with philosophy, which is an error. Philosophy is the middle state between science, or knowledge, and sophia, or wisdom.

* Mr. Coleridge said the Eudemian Ethics; but I half suspect he must have meant the Metaphysics, although I do not know that *all* the fourteen books under that title have been considered non-genuine. The Ἠθικὰ Εὐδήμεια are not Aristotle's. To what passage in particular allusion is here made, I can not exactly say; many might be alleged, but not one seems to express the true Platonic idea, as Mr. Coleridge used to understand it; and as, I believe, he ultimately considered ideas in his own philosophy. Fourteen or fifteen years previously, he seems to have been undecided upon this point. "Whether," he says, "ideas are regulative only, according to Aristotle and Kant, or likewise *constitutive*, and one with the power and life of nature, according to Plato and Plotinus (ἐν λόγῳ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων), is the highest problem of philosophy, and not part of its nomenclature."—Essay (E) in the Appendix to the *Statesman's Manual*, I. p. 500.—*Ed.*

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JULY 4, 1830.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON—MONEYED INTEREST—CANNING.

I SOMETIMES fear the Duke of Wellington is too much disposed to imagine that he can govern a great nation by word of command, in the same way in which he governed a highly disciplined army. He seems to be unaccustomed to, and to despise, the inconsistencies, the weaknesses, the bursts of heroism followed by prostration and cowardice, which invariably characterize all popular efforts. He forgets that, after all, it is from such efforts that all the great and noble institutions of the world have come; and that, on the other hand, the discipline and organization of armies have been only like the flight of the cannon-ball, the object of which is destruction.*

The stock-jobbing and moneyed interest is so strong in this country, that it has more than once prevailed in our foreign councils over national honor and national justice. The country gentlemen are not slow to join in this influence. Canning felt this very keenly, and said he was unable to contend against the city train-bands.

JULY 8, 1830.

BOURRIENNE.

BOURRIENNE is admirable. He is the French Pepys,—a man with right feelings, but always wishing to participate in what is going on, be it what it may. He has one remark, when comparing Bonaparte with Charlemagne, the substance of which I have attempted to express in "The Friend,"† but which Bourrienne has condensed into a sentence worthy of Tacitus, or Machiavel, or Bacon. It is this; that Charlemagne was above his age,

* Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
WALLENSTEIN, part i. act i. sc. 4.

† Works, II. p. 82.

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while Bonaparte was only above his competitors, but under his age! Bourrienne has done more than any one else to show Bonaparte to the world as he really was,—always contemptible except when acting a part, and that part not his own.

JULY 8, 1830.

JEWS.

THE other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and, looking very gravely at me, said, in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *ogh clo*, as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed, and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes bags—an Isaiah of Hollywell-street. He would close the window; I opened it; he closed it again: upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, "Son of Abraham! thou smellest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance. Dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

JULY 24, 1830.

THE PAPACY AND THE REFORMATION—LEO X.

DURING the middle ages, the papacy was nothing, in fact, but a confederation of the learned men in the west of Europe against the barbarism and ignorance of the times. The pope was chief

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of this confederacy; and so long as he retained that character exclusively, his power was just and irresistible. It was the principal means of preserving for us and for all posterity all that we now have of the illumination of past ages. But as soon as the pope made a separation between his character as premier clerk in Christendom and as a secular prince—as soon as he began to squabble for towns and castles—then he at once broke the charm, and gave birth to a revolution. From that moment those who remained firm to the cause of truth and knowledge became necessarily enemies to the Roman see. The great British schoolmen led the way; then Wicliffe rose, Huss, Jerome, and others. In short, everywhere, but especially throughout the north of Europe, the breach of feeling and sympathy went on widening; so that all Germany, England, Scotland, and other countries, started like giants out of their sleep at the first blast of Luther's trumpet. In France one half of the people, and that the most wealthy and enlightened, embraced the Reformation. The seeds of it were deeply and widely spread in Spain and in Italy; and as to the latter, if James I. had been an Elizabeth, I have no doubt at all that Venice would have publicly declared itself against Rome. It is a profound question to answer, why it is that, since the middle of the sixteenth century, the Reformation has not advanced one step in Europe?

In the time of Leo X., atheism, or infidelity of some sort, was almost universal in Italy among the high dignitaries of the Romish church.

JULY 27, 1830.

THELWALL—SWIFT—STELLA.

JOHN THELWALL had something very good about him. We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay, Citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of

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discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

I think Swift adopted the name of Stella, which is a man's name with a feminine termination, to denote the mysterious epicene relation in which poor Miss Johnston stood to him.

JULY 28, 1830.

INIQUITOUS LEGISLATION.

THAT legislation is iniquitous which sets law in conflict with the common and unsophisticated feelings of our nature. If I were a clergyman in a smuggling town, I would *not* preach against smuggling. I would not be made a sort of clerical revenue officer. Let the government, which by absurd duties fosters smuggling, prevent it itself, if it can. How could I show my hearers the immorality of going twenty miles in a boat, and honestly buying with their money a keg of brandy, except by a long deduction which they could not understand? But were I in a place where wrecking went on, see if I would preach on any thing else!

JULY 29, 1830.

SPURZHEIM AND CRANIOLOGY.

SPURZHEIM is a good man, and I like him; but he is dense, and the most ignorant German I ever knew. If he had been content with stating certain remarkable coincidences between the moral qualities and the configuration of the skull, it would have been well; but when he began to map out the cranium dogmatically, he fell into infinite absurdities. You know that every intellectual act, however you may distinguish it by name, in respect to the originating faculties, is truly the act of the entire

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man: the notion of distinct material organs, therefore, in the brain itself, is plainly absurd. Pressed by this, Spurzheim has at length been guilty of some sheer quackery; and ventures to say that he has actually discovered a different material in the different parts or organs of the brain, so that he can tell a piece of benevolence from a bit of destructiveness, and so forth. Observe, also, that it is constantly found, that so far from there being a concavity in the interior surface of the cranium answering to the convexity apparent on the exterior, the interior is convex too. Dr. Baillie thought there was something in the system, because the notion of the brain being an extendible net, helped to explain those cases where the intellect remained after the solid substance of the brain was dissolved in water.*

That a greater or less development of the forepart of the head is generally coincident with more or less reasoning power, is certain. The line across the forehead also, denoting musical power, is very common.

AUGUST 20, 1830.

FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1830—CAPTAIN B. HALL AND THE AMERICANS.

THE French must have greatly improved under the influence of a free and regular government (for such it in general has been since the restoration), to have conducted themselves with

* "The very marked *positive* as well as comparative, magnitude and prominence of the bump entitled *benevolence* (see Spurzheim's *map of the human skull*) on the head of the late Mr. John Thurtell, has wofully unsettled the faith of many ardent phrenologists, and strengthened the previous doubts of a still greater number into utter disbelief. On *my* mind this fact (for a *fact* it is) produced the directly contrary effect; and inclined me to suspect, for the first time, that there may be some truth in the Spurzheimian scheme. Whether future craniologists may not see cause *to new-name* this and one or two others of these convex gnomons, is quite a different question. At present, and according to the present use of words, any such change would be premature; and we must be content to say, that Mr. Thurtell's benevolence was insufficiently modified by the unprotrusive and unindicated convolutes of the brain, that secrete honesty and common sense. The organ of destructiveness was indirectly *potentiated* by the absence or imperfect development of the glands of reason and conscience in this '*unfortunate gentleman.*'"—*Aids to Reflection*, I. p. 202. n.

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so much moderation in success as they seem to have done, and to be disposed to do.

I must say I can not see much in Captain B. Hall's account of the Americans but weaknesses—some of which make me like the Yankees all the better. How much more amiable is the American fidgetiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world.*

* "There exists in England a *gentlemanly* character, a *gentlemanly* feeling very different even from that, which is the most like it—the character of a well-born Spaniard, and unexampled in the rest of Europe. This feeling *originated* in the fortunate circumstance, that the titles of our English nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldest sons only. From this source, under the influences of our constitution and of our astonishing trade, it has diffused itself in different modifications through the whole country. The uniformity of our dress among all classes above that of the day-laborer, while it has authorized all ranks to assume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the same time inspired the wish to conform their manners, and still more their ordinary actions in social intercourse, to their notions of the gentlemanly; the most commonly received attribute of which character is a certain generosity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower classes on the higher, occasioned and favored by this resemblance in exteriors, by this absence of any cognizable marks of distinction, have rendered each class more reserved and jealous in their general communion: and, far more than our climate or natural temper, have caused that haughtiness and reserve in our outward demeanor, which is so generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I respect it under all its forms and varieties, from the House of Commons[1] to the gentlemen in the one shilling gallery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a support; but it is a wretched substitute for it. Its *worth*, as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its *value* as a social advantage. These observations are not irrelevant: for to the want of reflection that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the same causes have not existed to produce them; and lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that

[1] This was written long before the Reform Act.—*Ed.*

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As to what Captain Hall says about the English loyalty to the person of the King—I can only say, I feel none of it. I respect the man, while, and only while, the king is translucent through him: I reverence the glass case for the Saint's sake within; except for that, it is to me mere glaziers' work,—putty, and glass, and wood.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1830.

ENGLISH REFORMATION.

THE fatal error into which the peculiar character of the English Reformation threw our Church, has borne bitter fruit ever since,—I mean that of its clinging to court and state, instead of cultivating the people. The church ought to be a mediator between the people and the government, between the poor and the rich. As it is, I fear the church has let the hearts of the common people be stolen from it. See how differently the Church of Rome—wiser in its generation—has always acted in this particular. For a long time past the Church of England seems to me to have been blighted with prudence, as it is called I wish with all my heart we had a little zealous imprudence.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1830.

DEMOCRACY—IDEA OF A STATE—CHURCH.

IT has never yet been seen, or clearly announced, that democracy, as such, is no proper element in the constitution of a state. The idea of a state is undoubtedly a government ἐκ τῶν ἀρίστων —an aristocracy. Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.

conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain doubtful, whether the various solid advantages which they have derived from our protection and just government were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemptuous and insolent demeanor of the English, as individuals."—*Friend*, II. p. 499.

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A state, in idea, is the opposite of a church. A state regards classes, and not individuals; and it estimates classes, not by internal merit, but external accidents; as property, birth, &c. But a church does the reverse of this, and disregards all external accidents, and looks at men as individual persons, allowing no gradation of ranks, but such as greater or less wisdom, learning, and holiness ought to confer. A church is, therefore, in idea, the only pure democracy. The church, so considered, and the state, exclusively of the church, constitute together the idea of a state in its largest sense.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1830.

GOVERNMENT—FRENCH GENDARMERIE.

ALL temporal government must rest on a compromise of interests and abstract rights. Who would listen to the county of Bedford, if it were to declare itself disannexed from the British empire, and to set up for itself?

The most desirable thing that can happen to France, with her immense army of gens d'armes, is, that the service may at first become very irksome to the men themselves, and ultimately, by not being called into real service, fall into general ridicule, like our trained bands. The evil in France, and throughout Europe, seems now especially to be, the subordination of the legislative power to the direct physical force of the people. The French legislature was weak enough before the late revolution; now it is absolutely powerless, and manifestly depends even for its existence on the will of a popular commander of an irresistible army. There is now in France a daily tendency to reduce the legislative body to a mere deputation from the provinces and towns.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1830.

PHILOSOPHY OF YOUNG MEN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

I DO not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the young men who were my contemporaries, fixed certain principles in their minds, and followed them out to their legiti-

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mate consequences, in a way which I rarely witness now. No one seems to have any distinct convictions, right or wrong; the mind is completely at sea, rolling and pitching on the waves of facts and personal experiences. Mr. —— is, I suppose, one of the rising young men of the day; yet he went on talking, the other evening, and making remarks with great earnestness, some of which were palpably irreconcilable with each other. He told me that facts gave birth to, and were, the absolute ground of principles; to which I said, that unless he had a principle of selection, he would not have taken notice of those facts upon which he grounded his principle. You must have a lantern in your hand to give light, otherwise all the materials in the world are useless, for you can not find them, and if you could, you could not arrange them. "But then," said Mr. ——, "*that* principle of selection came from facts!"—"To be sure!" I replied; "but there must have been again an antecedent light to see those antecedent facts. The relapse may be carried in imagination backwards forever,—but go back as you may, you can not come to a man without a previous aim or principle." He then asked me what I had to say to Bacon's Induction: I told him I had a good deal to say, if need were; but that it was perhaps enough for the occasion to remark, that what he was very evidently taking for the Baconian *In*duction, was mere *De*duction—a very different thing.*

SEPTEMBER 22, 1830.

THUCYDIDES AND TACITUS—POETRY—MODERN METRE.

THE object of Thucydides was to show the ills resulting to Greece from the separation and conflict of the spirits or elements of democracy and oligarchy. The object of Tacitus was to demonstrate the desperate consequences of the loss of liberty on the minds and hearts of men.

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket: let him borrow, and

* As far as I can judge, the most complete and masterly thing ever done by Mr. Coleridge in prose, is the analysis and reconcilement of the Platonic and Baconian methods of philosophy, contained in The Friend, II. pp. 437 to 472. No edition of the Novum Organum should ever be published without a transcript of it.—*Ed.*

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so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

Really, the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly understood, that dumb bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections.

SEPTEMBER 23, 1830.

LOGIC.

THERE are two kinds of logic: 1. Syllogistic. 2. Criterional. How any one can by any spinning make out more than ten or a dozen pages about the first, is inconceivable to me; all those absurd forms of syllogisms are one half pure sophisms, and the other half mere forms of rhetoric.

All syllogistic logic is—1. *Se*clusion; 2. *In*clusion; 3. *Con*clusion; which answer to the understanding, the experience, and the reason. The first says, this *ought* to be; the second adds, this *is;* and the last pronounces, this *must* be so. The criterional logic, or logic of premisses, is, of course, much the most important; and it has never yet been treated.*

The object of rhetoric is persuasion,—of logic, conviction,—of grammar, significancy. A fourth term is wanting, the rhematic, or logic of sentences.

* Mr. Coleridge's own treatise on Logic is unhappily left imperfect. But the fragment, such as it is, will be presented to the world in the best possible form which the circumstances admit, by Mr. Joseph Henry Green, who, beyond any of Mr. C.'s friends, is intimately acquainted with his principles and ultimate aspirations in philosophy generally, and in psychology in particular.—*Ed.*

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SEPTEMBER 24, 1830.

VARRO—SOCRATES—GREEK PHILOSOPHY—PLOTINUS—TERTULLIAN.

WHAT a loss we have had in Varro's mythological and critical works! It is said that the works of Epicurus are probably among the Herculanean manuscripts. I do not feel much interest about them, because, by the consent of all antiquity, Lucretius has preserved a complete view of his system. But I regret the loss of the works of the old Stoics, Zeno and others, exceedingly.

Socrates, as such, was only a poetical character to Plato, who worked upon his own ground. The several disciples of Socrates caught some particular points from him, and made systems of philosophy upon them according to their own views. Socrates himself had no system.

I hold all claims set up for Egypt having given birth to the Greek philosophy, to be groundless. It sprang up in Greece itself, and began with physics only. Then it took in the idea of a living cause, and made Pantheism out of the two. Socrates introduced ethics, and taught duties; and then, finally, Plato asserted, or re-asserted, the idea of a God, the maker of the world. The measure of human philosophy was thus full, when Christianity came to add what before was wanting—assurance. After this again, the Neo-Platonists joined Theurgy with philosophy, which ultimately degenerated into magic and mere mysticism.

Plotinus was a man of wonderful ability, and some of the sublimest passages I ever read are in his works.

I was amused the other day with reading in Tertullian, that spirits or demons dilate and contract themselves, and wriggle about like worms—*lumbricis similes*.

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1830.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH LAKES.

The five finest things in Scotland are—1. Edinburgh; 2. The antechamber of the Fall of Foyers; 3. The view of Loch Lomond from Inch Tavannach, the highest of the islands; 4. The Trosachs; 5. The view of the Hebrides from a point, the name of which I forget. But the intervals between the fine things in Scotland are very dreary;—whereas, in Cumberland and Westmoreland there is a cabinet of beauties,—each thing being beautiful in itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley, to another, is itself a beautiful thing again. The Scotch lakes are so like one another, from their great size, that in a picture you are obliged to read their names; but the English lakes, especially Derwent Water, or rather the whole vale of Keswick, is so rememberable, that after having been once seen, no one ever requires to be told what it is when drawn. This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance, we have two lakes with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place.

The land imagery of the north of Devon is most delightful.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1830.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP OPPOSED—MARRIAGE—CHARACTERLESSNESS OF WOMEN.

—— once said, that he could make nothing of love, except that it was friendship accidentally combined with desire. Whence I conclude that he was never in love. For what shall we say of the feeling which a man of sensibility has toward his wife with her baby at her breast! How pure from sensual desire! yet how different from friendship!

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

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Luther has sketched the most beautiful picture of the nature, and ends, and duties of the wedded life I ever read. St. Paul says it is a great symbol, not mystery, as we translate it.*

"Most women have no character at all," said Pope,† and meant it for satire. Shakspeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife,—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you, and feel with you.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1830.

MENTAL ANARCHY.

Why need we talk of a fiery hell? If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel, from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought!

OCTOBER 5, 1830.

EAR AND TASTE FOR MUSIC DIFFERENT—ENGLISH LITURGY—BELGIAN REVOLUTION.

In politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Ros-

* Καὶ ἔσονται οἱ δύο εἰς σάρκα μίαν. τὸ μυστήριον τοῦτο μέγα ἐστίν. ἐγὼ δὲ λέγω εἰς Χριστὸν καὶ εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.—Ephes., c. v. 31, 32.

† "Nothing so true as what you once let fall—
'Most women have no character at all,'—
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, and fair."
Epist. to a Lady, v. 1.

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sini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

I never distinctly felt the heavenly superiority of the prayers in the English liturgy, till I had attended some kirks in the country parts of Scotland.

I call these strings of school-boys or girls which we meet near London—walking advertisements.

The Brussels riot—I can not bring myself to dignify it with a higher name—is a wretched parody on the last French revolution. Were I King William I would banish the Belgians, as Coriolanus banishes the Romans in Shakspeare.* It is a wicked rebellion without one just cause.

OCTOBER 8, 1830.

GALILEO, NEWTON, KEPLER, BACON.

GALILEO was a great genius, and so was Newton; but it would take two or three Galileos and Newtons to make one Kepler.† It is in the order of Providence, that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then that the patient and collective mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illumining guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific genius upon record, than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ulti-

* "You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain *with your uncertainty!*"

Act iii. sc. 3.

† Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. John Kepler was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571.—*Ed.*

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mate apprehension of the law* of the mean distances of the planets as connected with the periods of their revolutions round the sun. Gravitation, too, he had fully conceived; but, because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up, in allegiance, as he says, to Nature. Yet the idea vexed and haunted his mind; "*Vexat me et lacessit*," are his words, I believe.

We praise Newton's clearness and steadiness. He *was* clear and steady, no doubt, while working out, by the help of an admirable geometry, the idea brought forth by another. Newton had his ether and could not rest in—he could not conceive—the idea of a law. He thought it a physical thing after all. As for his chronology, I believe, those who are most competent to judge, rely on it less and less every day. His lucubrations on Daniel and the Revelations seem to me little less than mere raving.

Personal experiment is necessary, in order to correct our own observation of the experiments which Nature herself makes for us—I mean the phenomena of the universe. But then observation is, in turn, wanted, to direct and substantiate the course of experiment. Experiments alone can not advance knowledge, without observation: they amuse for a time, and then pass off the scene and leave no trace behind them.

Bacon, when like himself—for no man was ever more inconsistent—says, "*Prudens quæstio—dimidium scientiæ est.*"

OCTOBER 20, 1830.

THE REFORMATION.

At the Reformation, the first reformers were beset with an almost morbid anxiety not to be considered heretical in point of doctrine. They knew that the Romanists were on the watch to fasten the brand of heresy upon them whenever a fair pretext could be found; and I have no doubt it was the excess of this

* Namely, that the squares of their times vary as the cubes of their distances.—*Ed.*

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fear which at once led to the burning of Servetus, and also to the thanks offered by all the Protestant churches, to Calvin and the Church of Geneva, for burning him.

NOVEMBER 21, 1830.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

——— NEVER makes a figure in quietude. He astounds the vulgar with a certain enormity of exertion; he takes an acre of canvass, on which he scrawls every thing. He thinks aloud: every thing in his mind, good, bad, or indifferent, out it comes; he is like the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud. He is pre-eminently a man of many thoughts, with no ideas: hence he is always so lengthy, because he must go through every thing to see any thing.

It is a melancholy thing to live when there is no vision in the land. Where are our statesmen to meet this emergency? I see no reformer who asks himself the question, *What* is it that I propose to myself to effect in the result?

Is the House of Commons to be re-constructed on the principle of a representation of interests, or of a delegation of men? If on the former, we may, perhaps, see our way; if on the latter, you can never, in reason, stop short of universal suffrage; and in that case, I am sure that women have as good a right to vote as men.*

* In Mr. Coleridge's masterly analysis and confutation of the physiocratic system of the early French revolutionists, in The Friend, he has the following passage in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. "Rousseau, indeed, asserts that there is an inalienable sovereignty inherent in every human being possessed of reason; and from this the framers of the Constitution of 1791 deduce, that the people itself is its own sole rightful legislator, and at most dare only recede so far from its right as to delegate to chosen deputies the power of representing and declaring the general will. But this is wholly without proof; for it has been already fully shown, that, according to the principle out of which this consequence is attempted to be drawn, *it is not* the actual man, but the abstract reason alone, that is the sovereign and rightful lawgiver. The confusion of two things so different is so gross an error, that the Constituent Assembly could scarcely proceed a step in their declaration of rights, without some glaring inconsistency. Children are ex-

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MARCH 20, 1831.

GOVERNMENT—EARL GREY.

GOVERNMENT is not founded on property, taken merely as such, in the abstract; it is founded on *unequal* property; the inequality is an essential term in the position. The phrases—higher, middle, and lower classes, with reference to this point of representation—are delusive; no such divisions as classes actually exist in society. There is an indissoluble blending and interfusion of persons from top to bottom; and no man can trace a line of separation through them, except such a confessedly unmeaning and unjustifiable line of political empiricism as 10*l.* householders. I can not discover a ray of principle in the government plan,—not a hint of the effect of the change upon the balance of the estates of the realm,—not a remark on the nature of the constitution of England, and the character of the property of so many

cluded from all political power; are they not human beings in whom the faculty of reason resides? Yes; but in *them* the faculty is not yet adequately developed. But are not gross ignorance, inveterate superstition, and the habitual tyranny of passion and sensuality, equally preventives of the development, equally impediments to the rightful exercise, of the reason, as childhood and early youth? Who would not rely on the judgment of a well-educated English lad, bred in a virtuous and enlightened family, in preference to that of a brutal Russian, who believes that he can scourge his wooden idol into good-humor, or attributes to himself the merit of perpetual prayer, when he has fastened the petitions which his priest has written for him on the wings of a windmill? Again: women are likewise excluded; a full half, and that assuredly the most innocent, the most amiable half, of the whole human race is excluded, and this too by a Constitution which boasts to have no other foundations but those of universal reason! Is reason, then, an affair of sex? No! but women are commonly in a state of *dependence*, and are not likely to exercise their reason with freedom. Well! and does not this ground of exclusion apply with equal or greater force to the poor, to the infirm, to men in embarrassed circumstances, to all, in short, whose maintenance, be it scanty or be it ample, depends on the will of others? How far are we to go? Where must we stop? What classes should we admit? Whom must we disfranchise? The objects concerning whom we are to determine these questions are all human beings, and differenced from each other by *degrees* only, these degrees too oftentimes changing. Yet the principle on which the whole system rests is, that reason is not susceptible of degree. Nothing, therefore, which subsists wholly in degrees, the changes of which do not obey any necessary law, can be objects of pure science, or determinable by mere reason." Works, II. pp: 180–1—*Ed.*

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millions of its inhabitants. Half the wealth of this country is purely artificial,—existing only in and on the credit given to it by the integrity and honesty of the nation. This property appears, in many instances, a heavy burden to the numerical majority of the people, and they believe that it causes all their distress: and they are now to have the maintenance of this property committed to their good faith—the lamb to the wolves!

Necker, you remember, asked the people to come and help him against the aristocracy. The people came fast enough at his bidding; but, somehow or other, they would not go away again when they had done their work. I hope Lord Grey will not see himself or his friends in the woful case of the conjurer, who, with infinite zeal and pains, called up the devils to do something for him. They came at the word, thronging about him, grinning, and howling, and dancing, and whisking their long tails in diabolic glee; but when they asked him what he wanted of them, the poor wretch, frightened out of his wits, could only stammer forth,—"I pray you, my friends, be gone down again!" At which the devils, with one voice, replied,—

"Yes! yes! we'll go down! we'll go down!—
But we'll take *you* with us to sink or to drown!"*

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* Mr. Coleridge must have been thinking of that "very pithy and profitable" ballad by the Laureate, wherein is shown how a young man "would read unlawful books, and how he was punished:"—

"The *young* man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door,
Which as he read on grew more and more.

"And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the devil came in.

"'What wouldst thou with me?' the wicked one cried;
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

"'What wouldst thou with me?' cried the author of ill;
But the wretched young man was silent still," &c.

The catastrophe is very terrible; and the moral, though addressed by the

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JUNE 25, 1831.

GOVERNMENT—POPULAR REPRESENTATION.

THE three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation are,—1. Security to possessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and 3. Hope to all.

A nation is the unity of a people. King and parliament are the unity made visible. The king and the peers are as integral portions of this manifested unity as the commons.*

In that imperfect state of society in which our system of representation began, the interests of the country were pretty exactly commensurate with its municipal divisions. The counties, the towns, and the seaports, accurately enough represented the only interests then existing; that is to say,—the landed, the shop-keeping or manufacturing, and the mercantile. But for a century past, at least, this division has become notoriously imperfect, some of the most vital interests of the empire being now totally unconnected with any English localities. Yet now, when the evil and the want are known, we are to abandon the accommodations which the necessity of the case had worked out for itself,

poet to young men only, is quite as applicable to old men, as the times show.

> "Henceforth let all young men take heed
> How in a conjurer's books they read!"
>
> *Southey's Minor Poems*, vol. iii. p. 92.—*Ed.*

* Mr. Coleridge was very fond of quoting George Withers's fine lines:—

> "Let not your king and parliament in *one*,
> Much less apart, mistake themselves for that
> Which is most worthy to be thought upon;
> Nor think *they* are, essentially, The STATE.
> Let them not fancy that th' authority
> And privileges upon them bestown,
> Conferr'd are to set up a majesty,
> A power, or a glory, of their own!
> But let them know, 'twas for a deeper life,
> Which they but *represent*—
> That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,
> Veil'd though it be, than parliament and king!"—*Ed.*

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and begin again with a rigidly territorial plan of representation! The miserable tendency of all is to destroy our nationality, which consists, in a principal degree, in our representative government, and to convert it into a degrading delegation of the populace. There is no unity for a people but in a representation of national interests; a delegation from the passions or wishes of the individuals themselves is a rope of sand.

Undoubtedly it is a great evil that there should be such an evident discrepance between the law and the practice of the constitution in the matter of the representation. Such a direct, yet clandestine, contravention of solemn resolutions and established laws is immoral, and greatly injurious to the cause of legal loyalty and general subordination in the minds of the people. But then a statesman should consider that these very contraventions of law in practice point out to him the places in the body politic which need a remodelling of the law. You acknowledge a certain necessity for indirect representation in the present day, and that such representation has been instinctively obtained by means contrary to law; why then do you not approximate the useless law to the useful practice, instead of abandoning both law and practice for a completely new system of your own?

The malignant duplicity and unprincipled tergiversations of the specific Whig newspapers are to me detestable. I prefer the open endeavors of those publications which seek to destroy the church, and introduce a republic in effect; there is a sort of honesty in *that* which I approve, though I would with joy lay down my life to save my country from the consummation which is so evidently desired by that section of the periodical press.

JUNE 26, 1831.

NAPIER—BONAPARTE—SOUTHEY.

I HAVE been exceedingly impressed with the pernicious precedent of Napier's History of the Peninsular War. It is a specimen of the true French military school; not a thought for the justice of the war,—not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion. All is looked at as a

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mere game of exquisite skill, and the praise is regularly awarded to the most successful player. How perfectly ridiculous is the prostration of Napier's mind, apparently a powerful one, before the name of Bonaparte; I declare I know no book more likely to undermine the national sense of right and wrong in matters of foreign interference than this work of Napier's.

If A. has a hundred means of doing a certain thing, and B. has only one or two, is it very wonderful, or does it argue very transcendent superiority, if A. surpasses B.? Bonaparte was the child of circumstances, which he neither originated nor controlled. He had no chance of preserving his power but by continual warfare. No thought of a wise tranquillization of the shaken elements of France seems ever to have passed through his mind; and I believe that at no part of his reign could he have survived one year's continued peace. He never had but one object to contend with—physical force; commonly the least difficult enemy a general, subject to courts-martial and courts of conscience, has to overcome.

Southey's History* is on the right side, and starts from the right point; but he is personally fond of the Spaniards, and in bringing forward their nationality in the prominent manner it deserves, he does not, in my judgment, state with sufficient clearness the truth, that the nationality of the Spaniards was not founded on any just ground of good government or wise laws, but was, in fact, very little more than a rooted antipathy to all strangers as such. In this sense every thing is national in Spain. Even their so-called Catholic religion is exclusively national in a genuine Spaniard's mind; he does not regard the religious professions of the Frenchman or Italian at all in the same light with his own.

JULY 7, 1831.

PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS—OLD WOMEN.

THE darkest despotisms on the Continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English gov-

* Mr. Coleridge said that the conclusion of this great work was the finest specimen of historic eulogy he had ever read in English;—that it was more than a campaign to the duke's fame.—*Ed.*

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ernment. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of encouragement and patronage such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of art, in a genial and extended sense, with the commercial maxim—*Laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself might have languished in a garret for any thing that would have been done for him here.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:—1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

JULY 24, 1831.

PICTURES.*

Observe the remarkable difference between Claude and Teniers in their power of painting a vacant space. Claude makes his whole landscape a *plenum*: the air is quite as substantial as

* All the following remarks in this section were made at the exhibition of ancient masters at the British Gallery in Pall Mall. The recollection of those two hours has made the rooms of that Institution a melancholy place for me. Mr. Coleridge was in high spirits, and seemed to kindle in his mind at the contemplation of the splendid pictures before him. He did not examine them all by the catalogue, but anchored himself before some three or four great works, telling me that he saw the rest of the gallery *potentially*. I can yet distinctly recall him, half leaning on his old simple stick, and his hat off in one hand, while with the fingers of the other he went on, as was his constant wont, figuring in the air a commentary of small diagrams, wherewith, as he fancied, he could translate to the eye those relations of form and space which his words might fail to convey with clearness to the ear. His admiration for Rubens showed itself in a sort of joy and brotherly fondness; he looked as if he would shake hands with his pictures. What the company, which by degrees formed itself round this silver-haired, bright-eyed, music-breathing old man, took him for, I can not guess; there was probably not one there who knew him to be that Ancient Mariner, who

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any other part of the scene. Hence there are no true distances, and every thing presses at once and equally upon the eye. There is something close and almost suffocating in the atmosphere of some of Claude's sunsets. Never did any one paint air, the thin air, the absolutely apparent vacancy between object and object, so admirably as Teniers. That picture of the Archers* exemplifies this excellence. See the distances between these ugly louts! how perfectly true to the fact!

But oh! what a wonderful picture is that Triumph of Silenus!† It is the very revelry of hell. Every evil passion is there that could in any way be forced into juxtaposition with joyance. Mark the lust, and, hard by, the hate. Every part is pregnant with libidinous nature, without one spark of the grace of Heaven. The animal is triumphing—not over, but—in the absence, in the non-existence, of the spiritual part of man. I could fancy that Rubens had seen in a vision—

> "All the souls that damned be
> Leap up at once in anarchy,
> Clap their hands and dance for glee!"

That landscape‡ on the other side is only less magnificent than dear Sir George Beaumont's, now in the National Gallery. It has the same charm. Rubens does not take for his subjects grand or novel conformations of objects; he has, you see, no precipices, no forests, no frowning castles, nothing that a poet would take at all times, and a painter take in these times. No; he gets some little ponds, old tumble-down cottages, that ruin-

held people with his glittering eye, and constrained them, like three years' children, to hear his tale. In the midst of his speech, he turned to the right hand, where stood a very lovely young woman, whose attention he had involuntarily arrested;—to her, without apparently any consciousness of her being a stranger to him, he addressed many remarks, although I must acknowledge they were couched in a somewhat softer tone, as if he were soliciting her sympathy. He was, verily, a gentle-hearted man at all times; but I never was in company with him in my life, when the entry of a woman, it mattered not who, did not provoke a dim gush of emotion, which passed like an infant's breath over the mirror of his intellect.—*Ed.*

* "Figures shooting at a Target," belonging, I believe, to Lord Bandon. —*Ed.*

† This belongs to Sir Robert Peel.—*Ed.*

‡ "Landscape with setting Sun,"—Lord Farnborough's picture.—*Ed.*

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ous château, two or three peasants, a hay-rick, and other such humble images, which, looked at in and by themselves, convey no pleasure and excite no surprise; but he—and he Peter Paul Rubens alone—handles these every-day ingredients of all common landscapes as they are handled in nature; he throws them into a vast and magnificent whole, consisting of heaven and earth and all things therein. He extracts the latent poetry out of these common objects—that poetry and harmony which every man of genius perceives in the face of nature, and which many men of no genius are taught to perceive and feel after examining such a picture as this. In other landscape painters the scene is confined, and, as it were, imprisoned; in Rubens the landscape dies a natural death; it fades away into the apparent infinity of space.

So long as Rubens confines himself to space and outward figure—to the mere animal man with animal passions—he is, I may say, a god among painters. His satyrs, Silenuses, lions, tigers, and dogs, are almost godlike; but the moment he attempts any thing involving or presuming the spiritual, his gods and goddesses, his nymphs and heroes, become beasts, absolute, unmitigated beasts.

The Italian masters differ from the Dutch in this—that in their pictures ages are perfectly ideal. The infant that Raffael's Madonna holds in her arms can not be guessed of any particular age; it is Humanity in infancy. The babe in a manger in a Dutch painting is a fac-simile of some real new-born bantling; it is just like the little rabbits we fathers have all seen with some dismay at first burst.

Carlo Dolce's representations of our Saviour are pretty, to be sure; but they are too smooth to please me. His Christs are always in sugar candy.

That is a very odd and funny picture of the Connoisseurs at Rome* by Reynolds.

* "Portraits of distinguished Connoisseurs painted at Rome," belonging to Lord Burlington.—*Ed.*

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The more I see of modern pictures, the more I am convinced that the ancient art of painting is gone, and something substituted for it—very pleasing, but different, and different in kind, and not in degree only. Portraits by the old masters—take for example the pock-fritten lady by Cuyp*—are pictures of men and women: they fill, not merely occupy, a space; they represent individuals, but individuals as types of a species. Modern portraits—a few by Jackson and Owen, perhaps, excepted—give you not the man, not the inward humanity, but merely the external mark, that in which Tom is different from Bill. There is something affected and meretricious in the Snake in the Grass,† and such pictures, by Reynolds.

JULY 25, 1831.

CHILLINGWORTH—SUPERSTITION OF MALTESE, SICILIANS, AND ITALIANS.

It is now twenty years since I read Chillingworth's book;‡ but certainly it seemed to me that his main position, that the mere text of the Bible is the sole and exclusive ground of Christian faith and practice, is quite untenable against the Romanists. It entirely destroys the conditions of a church, of an authority residing in a religious community, and all that holy sense of brotherhood which is so sublime and consolatory to a meditative Christian. Had I been a Papist, I should not have wished for a more vanquishable opponent in controversy. I certainly believe Chillingworth to have been in some sense a Socinian. Lord Falkland, his friend, said so in substance. I do not deny his skill in dialectics; he was more than a match for Knott§ to be sure.

* I almost forget, but have some recollection that the allusion is to Mr. Heneage Finch's picture of a Lady with a Fan.—*Ed.*

† Sir Robert Peel's.—*Ed.*

‡ "The Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Salvation; or, an Answer to a Booke entitled 'Mercy and Truth; or, Charity maintained by Catholics,' which pretends to prove the contrary."

§ Socinianism, or some inclination that way, is an old and clinging charge against Chillingworth. On the one hand, it is well known that he subscribed the articles of the Church of England in the usual form, on the 20th of July, 1638; and on the other, it is equally certain that within two years immediately previous, he wrote the letter to some unnamed correspondent, beginning, "Dear Harry," and printed in all the Lives of Chilling-

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I must be bold enough to say, that I do not think that even Hooker puts the idea of a church on the true foundation.

The superstition of the peasantry and lower orders generally in Malta, Sicily, and Italy, exceeds common belief. It is unlike the superstition of Spain, which is a jealous fanaticism, having reference to their catholicism, and always glancing on heresy. The popular superstition of Italy is the offspring of the climate, the old associations, the manners, and very names of the places. It is pure paganism, undisturbed by any anxiety about orthodoxy, or animosity against heretics. Hence, it is much more good-natured and pleasing to a traveller's feelings, and certainly not a whit less like the true religion of our dear Lord, than the gloomy idolatry of the Spaniards.

I well remember, when in Valetta in 1805, asking a boy who waited on me, what a certain procession, then passing, was, and his answering with great quickness, that it was Jesus Christ, *who lives here* (*sta di casa qui*), and when he comes out it is in the shape of a wafer. But, "Eccellenza," said he, smiling and correcting himself, "non è Cristiano."*

worth, in which letter he sums up his arguments upon the Arian doctrine in this passage:—"In a word, whosoever shall freely and impartially consider of this thing, and how on the other side the ancient fathers' weapons against the Arians are in a manner only places of Scripture (and these now for the most part discarded as importunate and unconcluding), and how in the argument drawne from the authority of the ancient fathers they are almost always defendants, and scarse ever opponents, *he shall not choose but confesse, or at least be very inclinable to beleeve, that the doctrine of Arrius is eyther a truth, or at least no damnable heresy.*" The truth is, however, that the Socinianism of Chillingworth, such as it may have been, had more reference to the doctrine of the redemption of man than of the being of God.

Edward Knott's real name was Matthias Wilson.—*Ed*

* The following anecdote related by Mr. Coleridge, in April, 1811, was preserved and communicated to me by my brother, I. T. Coleridge:—

"As I was descending from Mount Ætna with a very lively talkative guide, we passed through a village (I think called) Nicolozzi, when the host happened to be passing through the street. Every one was prostrate; my guide became so; and, not to be singular, I went down also. After resuming our journey, I observed in my guide an unusual seriousness and long silence, which, after many *hums* and *hahs*, was interrupted by a low

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JULY 30, 1831.

ASGILL—THE FRENCH.

ASGILL was an extraordinary man, and his pamphlet* is invaluable. He undertook to prove that man is literally immortal; or, rather, that any given living man might probably never die. He complains of the cowardly practice of dying. He was expelled from two Houses of Commons for blasphemy and atheism, as was pretended—I really suspect because he was a stanch Hanoverian. I expected to find the ravings of an enthusiast, or the sullen snarlings of an infidel; whereas I found the very soul of Swift—an intense, half self-deceived humorism. I scarcely remember elsewhere such uncommon skill in logic, such lawyer-like acuteness, and yet such a grasp of common sense. Each of his paragraphs is in itself a whole, and yet a link between the pre-

bow, and leave requested to ask a question. This was of course granted, and the ensuing dialogue took place. Guide. 'Signor, are you then a Christian?' Coleridge. 'I hope so.' G. 'What! are all Englishmen Christians?' C. 'I hope and trust they are.' G. 'What! are you not Turks? Are you not damned eternally?' C. 'I trust not, through Christ.' G. 'What! you believe in Christ then?' C. 'Certainly.' This answer produced another long silence. At length my guide again spoke, still doubting the grand point of my Christianity. G. 'I'm thinking, Signor, what is the difference between you and us, that you are to be certainly damned?' C. 'Nothing very material; nothing that can prevent our both going to heaven, I hope. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' G. (interrupting me) 'Oh, those damned priests! what liars they are! But (pausing) we can't do without them; we can't go to heaven without them. But tell me, Signor, what *are* the differences?' C. 'Why, for instance, we do not worship the Virgin.' 'And why not, Signor?' C. 'Because, though holy and pure, we think her still a woman, and, therefore, do not pay her the honor due to God.' G. 'But do you not worship Jesus, who sits on the right hand of God?' C. 'We do.' G: 'Then why not worship the Virgin, who sits on the left?' C. 'I did not know she did. If you can show it me in the Scriptures, I shall readily agree to worship her.'—'Oh,' said my man, with uncommon triumph, and cracking his fingers, 'sicuro, Signor! sicuro, Signor!'"—*Ed.*

* "An argument proving that, according to the covenant of eternal life revealed in the Scriptures, man may be translated from hence without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated, till he had passed through death." Asgill died in the year 1738, in the King's Bench prison, where he had been a prisoner for debt thirty years.—*Ed.*

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ceding and following; so that the entire series forms one argument, and yet each is a diamond in itself.

Was there ever such a miserable scene as that of the exhibition of the Austrian standards in the French House of Peers the other day?* Every other nation but the French would see that it was an exhibition of their own falsehood and cowardice. A man swears that the property intrusted to him is burnt, and then, when he is no longer afraid, produces it, and boasts of the atmosphere of "*honor*," through which the lie did not transpire.

Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder—each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed.

AUGUST 1, 1831.

As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

I will defy any one to answer the arguments of a St. Simonist, except on the ground of Christianity—its precepts and its assurances.

AUGUST 6, 1831.

THE GOOD AND THE TRUE—ROMISH RELIGION.

THERE is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially

* When the allies were in Paris in 1815, all the Austrian standards were reclaimed. The answer was that they had been burnt by the soldiers at the Hôtel des Invalides. This was a lie. The Marquis de Semonville confessed with pride that he, knowing of the fraud, had concealed these standards, taken from Mack at Ulm in 1805, in a vault under the Luxemburg palace. "An inviolable asylum," said the Marquis, in his speech to the peers, "formed in the vault of this hall, has protected this treasure from every search. Vainly, during this long space of time, have the most authoritative researches endeavored to penetrate the secret. It would have been culpable to reveal it, as long as we were liable to the demands of haughty foreigners. No one in this atmosphere of honor is capable of so great a weakness," &c.—*Ed.*

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women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few, indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake. Yet without the latter, the former may become, as it has a thousand times been, the source of persecution of the truth,—the pretext and motive of inquisitorial cruelty and party zealotry. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is ultimately identical—is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends.

Look through the whole histories of countries professing the Romish religion, and you will uniformly find the leaven of this besetting and accursed principle of action—that the end will sanction any means.

AUGUST 8, 1831.

ENGLAND AND HOLLAND.

THE conduct of this country to King William of Holland has been, in my judgment, base and unprincipled beyond any thing in our history since the times of Charles the Second. Certainly, Holland is one of the most important allies that England has; and we are doing our utmost to subject it, and Portugal, to French influence, or even dominion! Upon my word, the English people, at this moment, are like a man palsied in every part of his body but one, in which one part he is so morbidly sensitive that he can not bear to have it so much as breathed upon, while you may pinch him with a hot forceps elsewhere without his taking any notice of it.

AUGUST 8, 1831.

IRON—GALVANISM—HEAT.

IRON is the most ductile of all hard metals, and the hardest of all ductile metals. With the exception of nickel, in which it is dimly seen, iron is the only metal in which the magnetic power is visible. Indeed, it is almost impossible to purify nickel of iron.

Galvanism is the union of electricity and magnetism, and, by

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being continuous, it exhibits an image of life;—I say, an image only: it is life in death.

Heat is the mesothesis or indifference of light and matter.

AUGUST 14, 1831.

NATIONAL COLONIAL CHARACTER AND NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

THE character of most nations in their colonial dependences is in an inverse ratio of excellence to their character at home. The best people in the mother-country will generally be the worst in the colonies; the worst at home will be the best abroad. Or, perhaps, I may state it less offensively thus:—The colonists of a well-governed country will degenerate; those of an ill-governed country will improve. I am now considering the natural tendency of such colonists if left to themselves; of course, a direct act of the legislature of the mother-country will break in upon this. Where this tendency is exemplified, the cause is obvious. In countries well-governed and happily-conditioned, none, or very few, but those who are desperate through vice or folly, or who are mere trading adventurers, will be willing to leave their homes and settle in another hemisphere; and of those who do go, the best and worthiest are always striving to acquire the means of leaving the colony, and of returning to their native land. In ill-governed and ill-conditioned countries, on the contrary, the most respectable of the people are willing and anxious to emigrate for the chance of greater security and enlarged freedom; and, if they succeed in obtaining these blessings in almost any degree, they have little inducement, on the average, to wish to abandon their second and better country. Hence, in the former case, the colonists consider themselves as mere strangers, sojourners, birds of passage, and shift to live from hand to mouth, with little regard to lasting improvement of the place of their temporary commerce; while, in the latter case, men feel attached to a community to which they are individually indebted for otherwise unattainable benefits, and for the most part learn to regard it as their abode, and to make themselves as happy and comfortable in it as possible. I believe that the internal condition and character of the English and French West India islands of the last century amply

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verified this distinction; the Dutch colonists most certainly did, and have always done.

Analogous to this, though not founded on precisely the same principle, is the fact, that the severest naval discipline is always found in the ships of the freest nations, and the most lax discipline in the ships of the most oppressed. Hence, the naval discipline of the Americans is the sharpest; then that of the English;* then that of the French (I speak as it used to be); and on board a Spanish ship, there is no discipline at all.

* This expression needs explanation. It *looks* as if Mr. Coleridge rated the degree of liberty enjoyed by the English, *after* that of the citizens of the United States; but he meant no such thing. His meaning was, that the form of government of the latter was more democratic, and formally assigned more power to each individual. The Americans, as a nation, had no better friend in England than Coleridge; he contemplated their growth with interest, and prophesied highly of their destiny, whether under their present or other governments. But he well knew their besetting faults and their peculiar difficulties, and was most deliberately of opinion that the English had, for 130 years last past, possessed a measure of individual freedom and social dignity which had never been equalled, much less surpassed, in any other country, ancient or modern. There is a passage in Mr. Coleridge's latest publication (*Church and State*), which clearly expresses his opinion upon this subject:—"It has been frequently and truly observed, that in England, where the ground-plan, the skeleton, as it were, of the government is a monarchy, at once buttressed and limited by the aristocracy (the assertions of its popular character finding a better support in the harangues and theories of popular men, than in state documents, and the records of clear history), a far greater degree of liberty is and long has been enjoyed, than ever existed in the ostensibly freest, that is, most democratic, commonwealths of ancient or modern times; greater, indeed, and with a more decisive predominance of the spirit of freedom, than the wisest and most philanthropic statesmen of antiquity, or than the great commonwealth's-men,—the stars of that narrow interspace of blue sky between the black clouds of the first and second Charles's reign—believed compatible, the one with the safety of the state, the other with the interest of morality. Yes! for little less than a century and a half, Englishmen have, collectively and individually, lived and acted with fewer restraints on their free-agency than the citizens of any known republic, past or present."—P. 85.) Upon which he subjoins the following note:—"It will be thought, perhaps, that the United States of North America should have been excepted. But the identity of stock, language, customs, manners, and laws, scarcely allow us to consider this an exception, even though it were quite certain both that it is and that it will continue such. It was at all events a remark worth remembering, which I once heard from a traveller (a prejudiced one, I must

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AUGUST 15, 1831.

ENGLAND—HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

I CAN not contain my indignation at the conduct of our government towards Holland. They have undoubtedly forgotten the true and well-recognized policy of this country in regard to Portugal in permitting the war-faction in France to take possession of the Tagus, and to bully the Portuguese upon so flimsy—indeed, false—a pretext;* yet, in this instance, something may be said for them. Miguel is such a wretch, that I acknowledge a sort of morality in leaving him to be cuffed and insulted; though, of course, this is a poor answer to a statesman who alleges the interest and policy of the country. But, as to the Dutch and King William: the first, as a nation, the most ancient ally, the *alter idem* of England, the best deserving of the cause of freedom, and religion, and morality, of any people in Europe; and the second, the very best sovereign now in Christendom, with, perhaps, the single exception of the excellent King of Sweden;† was ever any thing so mean and cowardly as the behavior of England! The Five Powers have, throughout this conference, been actuated exclusively by a selfish desire to preserve peace—I should rather say, to smother war—at the expense of a most valuable but inferior power. They have over and over again acknowledged the justice of the Dutch claims, and the absurdity of the Belgian pretences; but as the Belgians were also as impudent as they were iniquitous—as they would not yield *their* point, why, then—that peace may be preserved—the Dutch must yield theirs! A foreign prince comes into Belgium, pending these negotiations, and takes an unqualified oath to maintain the Belgian demands: what could King William or the Dutch do, if they ever thereaf-

admit), that where every man may take liberties, there is little liberty for any man; or, that where every man takes liberties, no man can enjoy any."—(P. 86.)—*Ed.*

* Meaning, principally, the whipping, so richly deserved, inflicted on a Frenchman called Bonhomme, for committing a disgusting breach of common decency in the cathedral of Coimbra, during divine service in Passion-Week.—*Ed.*

† "Every thing that I have heard or read of this sovereign has contributed to the impression on my mind, that he is a good and a wise man, and worthy to be the king of a virtuous people, the purest specimen of the Gothic race."—*Church and State*, p. 88, n.—*Ed.*

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ter meant to call themselves independent, but resist and resent this outrage to the uttermost? It was a crisis in which every consideration of state became inferior to the strong sense and duty of national honor. When, indeed, the French appear in the field, King William retires. "I now see," he may say, "that the powers of Europe are determined to abet the Belgians. The justice of such a proceeding I leave to their conscience and the decision of history. It is now no longer a question whether I am tamely to submit to rebels and a usurper; it is no longer a quarrel between Holland and Belgium: it is an alliance of all Europe against Holland—in which case I yield. I have no desire to sacrifice my people."

When Leopold said that he was called to "*reign over* four millions of noble Belgians," I thought the phrase would have been more germane to the matter, if he had said that he was called to "*rein in* four million restive asses."

AUGUST 20, 1831.

GREATEST HAPPINESS PRINCIPLE—HOBBISM.

O. P. Q., in the Morning Chronicle, is a clever fellow. He is for the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number, and for the longest possible time! So am I; so are you, and every one of us, I will venture to say, round the tea-table. First, however, what does O. P. Q. mean by the word *happiness?* and, secondly, how does he propose to make other persons agree in *his* definition of the term? Don't you see the ridiculous absurdity of setting up *that* as a principle or motive of action, which is, in fact, a necessary and essential instinct of our very nature—an inborn and inextinguishable desire? How can creatures susceptible of pleasure and pain do otherwise than desire happiness? But *what* happiness? That is the question. The American savage, in scalping his fallen enemy, pursues *his* happiness naturally and adequately. A Chickasaw or Pawnee Bentham, or O. P. Q., would necessarily hope for the most frequent opportunities possible of scalping the greatest possible number of savages, for the longest possible time. There is no escaping this absurdity, unless you come back to a standard of reason and duty, imperative upon

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our merely pleasurable sensations. Oh! but, says O. P. Q., I am for the happiness of *others!* Of others! Are you, indeed? Well, I happen to be one of those *others;* and, so far as I can judge from what you show me of your habits and views, I would rather be excused from your banquet of happiness. *Your* mode of happiness would make *me* miserable. To go about doing as much *good* as possible to as many men as possible, is, indeed, an excellent object for a man to propose to himself; but then, in order that you may not sacrifice the real good happiness of others to your particular views, which may be quite different from your neighbor's, you must do *that* good to others, which the reason, common to all, pronounces to be good for all. In this sense your fine maxim is so very true as to be a mere truism.

So you object, with old Hobbes, that I do good actions *for* the pleasure of a good conscience; and so, after all, I am only a refined sensualist! Heaven bless you, and mend your logic! Don't you see that, if conscience, which is in its nature a consequence, were thus anticipated, and made an antecedent—a party instead of a judge—it would dishonor your draught upon it—it would not pay on demand? Don't you see that, in truth, the very fact of acting with this motive properly and logically destroys all claim upon conscience to give you any pleasure at all?

AUGUST 22. 1831.

THE TWO MODES OF POLITICAL ACTION.

THERE are many able and patriotic men in the House of Commons—Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and some others. But I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom—I know not in which the failure is—to take their stand upon duty, and to appeal to all men as men—to the Good and the True, which exist for *all*, and of which *all* have an apprehension. They always set to work—especially, his great eminence considered, Sir Robert Peel—by addressing themselves to individual interests; the measure will be injurious to the linen-drapers, or to the bricklayers; or this clause will bear hard on bobbinet or poplins, and so forth. Whereas their adversaries, the demagogues,

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always work on the opposite principle: they always appeal to men as men; and, as you know, the most terrible convulsions in society have been wrought by such phrases as, *Rights of Man, Sovereignty of the People*, &c., which no one understands, which apply to no one in particular, but to all in general.* The devil works precisely in the same way. He is a very clever fellow; I have no acquaintance with him, but I respect his evident talents. Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome every thing; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of this generation.

AUGUST 24, 1831.

TRUTHS AND MAXIMS.

THE English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding—between a principle and a maxim—an eternal truth and a mere conclusion generalized from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss-roses all red, concludes from his own experience and that of others, that all moss-roses are red. That is a maxim with him—the *greatest* amount of his knowledge upon the

* "It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical:* facts only, and cool common sense, are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize, to connect by remotest analogies, to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings."—*Statesman's Manual*, I. p. 444.

"It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none but the unread in history will deny, that, in periods of popular tumult and innovation, the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity with the feelings of a people, and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts, disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting."—*Statesman's Manual*, I. p. 444, n.

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subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss-rose; after which the maxim is good for nothing. Again, suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time; he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is, a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety. Now, compare this, in its highest degree, with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third. This, demonstrated of one triangle, is seen to be eternally true of all imaginable triangles. This is a truth perceived at once by the intuitive reason, independently of experience. It is, and must ever be so, multiply and vary the shapes and sizes of triangles as you may.

It used to be said that four and five *make* nine. Locke says that four and five *are* nine. Now, I say, that four and five *are not* nine, but that they will *make* nine. When I see four objects which will form a square, and five which will form a pentagon, I see that they are two different things; when combined, they will form a third different figure, which we call nine. When separate, they *are not* it, but will *make* it.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1831.

DRAYTON AND DANIEL.

Drayton is a sweet poet, and Selden's notes to the early part of the Polyolbion are well worth your perusal. Daniel is a superior man; his diction is pre-eminently pure;—of that quality which I believe has always existed somewhere in society. It is just such English, without any alteration, as Wordsworth or Sir George Beaumont might have spoken or written in the present day.

Yet there are instances of sublimity in Drayton. When deploring the cutting down of some of our old forests, he says, in language which reminds the reader of Lear, written subsequently, and also of several passages in Mr. Wordsworth's poems:—

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——"Our trees so hack'd above the ground,
That where their lofty tops the neighboring countries crown'd,
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,
As for revenge to heaven each held a withered hand."*

That is very fine.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1831.

MR. COLERIDGE'S SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY.

My system, if I may venture to give it so fine a name, is the only attempt I know ever made to reduce all knowledges into harmony. It opposes no other system, but shows what was true in each; and how that which was true in the particular, in each of them became error, *because* it was only half the truth. I have endeavored to unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror. I show to each system that I fully understand and rightly appreciate what that system means; but then I lift up that system to a higher point of view, from which I enable it to see its former position, where it was, indeed, but under another light and with different relations;—so that

* Polyol., vii.

"He (Drayton) was a poet by nature, and carefully improved his talent; one who sedulously labored to deserve the approbation of such as were capable of appreciating, and cared nothing for the censures which others might pass upon him. 'Like me that list,' he says,

——"'My honest rhymes
Nor care for critics, nor regard the times.'

And though he is not a poet *virum volitare per ora*, nor one of those whose better fortune it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers,—yet what he deemed his greatest work will be preserved by its subject. Some of his minor poems have merit enough in their execution to insure their preservation; and no one who studies poetry as an art, will think his time misspent in perusing the whole, if he have any real love for the art he is pursuing. The youth who enters upon that pursuit without a feeling of respect and gratitude for these elder poets, who, by their labors, have prepared the way for him, is not likely to produce any thing himself that will be held in remembrance by posterity."—*The Doctor*, &c., c. 36, P. i.

I heartily trust that the author or authors, as the case may be, of this singularly thoughtful and diverting book will in due time continue it. Let some people say what they please, there has not been the fellow of it published for many a long day.—*Ed.*

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the fragment of truth is not only acknowledged, but explained. Thus the old astronomers discovered and maintained much that was true; but, because they were placed on a false ground, and looked from a wrong point of view, they never did, they never could, discover the truth—that is, the whole truth. As soon as they left the earth, their false centre, and took their stand in the sun, immediately they saw the whole system in its true light, and their former station remaining, but remaining as a part of the prospect. I wish, in short, to connect by a moral *copula* natural history with political history; or, in other words, to make history scientific, and science historical—to take from history its accidentality, and from science its fatalism.

I never from a boy could under any circumstances feel the slightest dread of death as such. In all my illness I have ever had the most intense desire to be released from this life, unchecked by any but one wish, namely to be able to finish my work on Philosophy. Not that I have any author's vanity on the subject: God knows that I should be absolutely glad, if I could hear that the thing had already been done before me.

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can *think* with all my ordinary vigor in the midst of pain; but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluctance and shrinking from action. I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

OCTOBER 26, 1831.

KEENNESS AND SUBTLETY.

Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

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OCTOBER 27, 1831.

DUTIES AND NEEDS OF AN ADVOCATE.

THERE is undoubtedly a limit to the exertions of an advocate for his client. He has a right, it is his bounden duty, to do every thing which his client might honestly do, and to do it with all the effect which any exercise of skill, talent, or knowledge of his own may be able to produce. But the advocate has no right, nor is it his duty to do that for his client which his client in *foro conscientiæ* has no right to do for himself; as, for a gross example, to put in evidence a forged deed or will, knowing it to be so forged. As to mere confounding witnesses by skilful cross-examination, I own I am not disposed to be very strict. The whole thing is perfectly well understood on all hands, and it is little more in general than a sort of cudgel-playing between the counsel and the witness, in which, I speak with submission to you, I think I have seen the witness have the best of it as often as his assailant. It is of the utmost importance in the administration of justice that knowledge and intellectual power should be as far as possible equalized between the crown and the prisoner, or plaintiff and defendant. Hence especially arises the necessity for an order of advocates,—men whose duty it ought to be to know what the law allows and disallows; but whose interest should be wholly indifferent as to the persons or characters of their clients. If a certain latitude in examining witnesses is, as experience seems to have shown, a necessary mean towards the evisceration of the truth of matters of fact, I have no doubt, as a moralist, in saying, that such latitude within the bounds now existing is justifiable. We must be content with a certain quantum in this life, especially in matters of public cognizance; the necessities of society demand it; we must not be righteous overmuch, or wise overmuch; and, as an old father says, in what vein may there not be a plethora when the Scripture tells us that there may under circumstances be too much of virtue and of wisdom?

Still, I think that, upon the whole, the advocate is placed in a position unfavorable to his moral being, and, indeed, to his intellect also, in its higher powers. Therefore, I would recommend an advocate to devote a part of his leisure time to some study of the metaphysics of the mind, or metaphysics of theology; some-

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thing, I mean, which shall call forth all his powers, and centre his wishes in the investigation of truth alone, without reference to a side to be supported. No studies give such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting. Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow while they sharpen.

NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

ABOLITION OF THE FRENCH HEREDITARY PEERAGE.

I CAN not say what the French Peers *will* do; but I can tell you what they *ought* to do. "So far," they might say, "as our feelings and interests as individuals are concerned in this matter —if it really be the prevailing wish of our fellow-countrymen to destroy the hereditary peerage—we shall, without regret, retire into the ranks of private citizens: but we are bound by the provisions of the existing constitution to consider ourselves collectively as essential to the well-being of France; we have been placed here to defend what France, a short time ago at least, thought a vital part of its government; and if we did not defend it, what answer could we make hereafter to France itself, if she should come to see, what we think to be an error, in the light in which we view it? We should be justly branded as traitors and cowards, who had deserted the post which we were especially appointed to maintain. As a House of Peers, therefore,—as one substantive branch of the legislature,—we can never, in honor or in conscience, consent to a measure of the impolicy and dangerous consequences of which we are convinced.

"If, therefore, this measure is demanded by the country, let the king and the deputies form themselves into a constituent assembly; and then, assuming to act in the name of the total nation, let them decree the abolition. In that case, we yield to a just, perhaps, but revolutionary act, in which we do not participate, and against which we are upon the supposition quite powerless. If the deputies, however, consider themselves so completely in the character of delegates as to be at present absolutely pledged to vote without freedom of deliberation, let a concise but perspicuous

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summary of the ablest arguments that can be adduced on either side be drawn up, and printed, and circulated throughout the country, and then, after two months, let the deputies demand fresh instructions upon this point. One thing, as men of honor, we declare beforehand—that, come what will, none of us who are now peers will ever accept a peerage created *de novo* for life."

NOVEMBER 20, 1831.

CONDUCT OF MINISTERS ON THE REFORM BILL.

THE present ministers have, in my judgment, been guilty of two things pre-eminently wicked, *sensu politico*, in their conduct upon this Reform Bill. First, they have endeavored to carry a fundamental change in the material and mode of action of the government of the country by so exciting the passions, and playing upon the necessary ignorance of the numerical majority of the nation, that all freedom and utility of discussion by competent heads, in the proper place, should be precluded. In doing this they have used, or sanctioned the use of, arguments which may be applied with equal or even greater force to the carrying of any measure whatever, no matter how atrocious in its character or destructive in its consequences. They have appealed directly to the argument of the greater number of voices, no matter whether the utterers were drunk or sober, competent or not competent; and they have done the utmost in their power to raze out the sacred principle in politics of a representation of interests, and to introduce the mad and barbarizing scheme of a delegation of individuals. And they have done all this without one word of thankfulness to God for the manifold blessings of which the constitution as settled at the Revolution, imperfect as it may be, has been the source or vehicle or condition to this great nation, —without one honest statement of the manner in which the anomalies in the practice grew up, or any manly declaration of the inevitable necessities of government which those anomalies have met. With no humility, nor fear, nor reverence, like Ham the accursed, they have beckoned, with grinning faces, to a vulgar mob, to come and insult over the nakedness of a parent; when it had become them, if one spark of filial patriotism had burnt

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within their breasts, to have marched with silent steps and averted faces to lay their robes upon his destitution!

Secondly, they have made the *king* the prime mover in all this political wickedness: they have made the *king* tell his people that they were deprived of their rights, and, by direct and necessary implication, that they and their ancestors for a century past had been slaves: they have made the king vilify the memory of his own brother and father. Rights! There are no rights whatever without corresponding duties. Look at the history of the growth of our constitution, and you will see that our ancestors never upon any occasion stated, as a ground for claiming any of their privileges, an abstract right inherent in themselves; you will nowhere in our parliamentary records find the miserable sophism of the Rights of Man. No! They were too wise for that. They took good care to refer their claims to custom and prescription, and boldly—sometimes very impudently—asserted them upon traditionary and constitutional grounds. The Bill is bad enough, God knows; but the arguments of its advocates, and the manner of their advocacy, are a thousand times worse than the bill itself; and you will live to think so.

DECEMBER 3, 1831.

RELIGION.

A RELIGION, that is, a true religion, must consist of ideas and facts both; not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere philosophy; nor of facts alone without ideas of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded, for then it would be mere history.

DECEMBER 17, 1831.

UNION WITH IRELAND—IRISH CHURCH.

I AM quite sure that no dangers are to be feared by England from the disannexing and independence of Ireland at all comparable with the evils which have been, and will yet be, caused to England by the union. We have never received one particle

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of advantage from our association with Ireland, while we have in many most vital particulars violated the principles of the British constitution, solely for the purpose of conciliating the Irish agitators, and endeavoring—a vain endeavor—to find room for them under the same government. Mr. Pitt has received great credit for effecting the union; but I believe it will sooner or later be discovered that the manner in which, and the terms upon which, he effected it, made it the most fatal blow that ever was levelled against the peace and prosperity of England. From it came the Catholic Bill. From the Catholic Bill has come this Reform Bill. And what next?

The case of the Irish Church is certainly anomalous, and full of practical difficulties. On the one hand, it is the only church which the constitution can admit; on the other, such are the circumstances, it is a church that can not act as a church towards five sixths of the persons nominally and legally within its care.

DECEMBER 18, 1831.

A STATE—PERSONS AND THINGS—HISTORY.

THE difference between an inorganic and an organic body lies in this:—In the first—a sheaf of corn—the whole is nothing more than a collection of the individual parts or phenomena. In the second—a man—the whole is the effect of, or results from, the parts; it—the whole—is every thing, and the parts are nothing.

A state is an idea intermediate between the two—the whole being a result from, and not a mere total of, the parts; and yet not so merging the constituent parts in the result but that the individual exists integrally within it. Extremes, especially in politics, meet. In Athens, each individual Athenian was of no value, but taken altogether, as Demus, they were every thing in such a sense that no individual citizen was any thing. In Turkey there is the sign of unity put for unity. The sultan seems himself the state; but it is an illusion: there is in fact in Turkey no state at all: the whole consists of nothing but a vast collection of neighborhoods.

When the government and the aristocracy of this country had

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subordinated *persons* to *things*, and treated the one like the other,—the poor, with some reason, and almost in self-defence, learned to set up *rights* above *duties*. The code of a Christian society is, *Debeo, et tu debes*—of heathens or barbarians, *Teneo teneto et tu, si potes.**

If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

DECEMBER 27, 1831.

BEAUTY—GENIUS.

THE old definition of beauty in the Roman school of painting was, *il più nell' uno*—multitude in unity; and there is no doubt that such is the principle of beauty. And as one of the most characteristic and infallible criteria of the different ranks of men's intellects, observe the instinctive habit which all superior minds have of endeavoring to bring, and of never resting till they have brought into unity the scattered facts which occur in conversation, or in the statements of men of business. To attempt to argue any great question upon facts only is absurd; you can not state any fact before a mixed audience, which an opponent as

* "And this, again, is evolved out of the yet higher idea of *person* in contra-distinction from *thing*, all social law and justice being grounded on the principle that a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or, without grievous wrong, be treated as such; and the distinction consisting in this, that a thing may be used altogether, and merely as the *means* to an end; but the person must always be included in the *end;* his interest must always form a part of the object,—a *mean* to which he, by consent, that is, by his own act, makes himself. We plant a tree, and we fell it; we breed the sheep, and we shear, or we kill it,—in both cases wholly as means to *our* ends: for trees and animals are *things*. The woodcutter and the hind are likewise employed as *means;* but on agreement, and that too an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employer in the *end;* for they are *persons*. And the government under which the contrary takes place is not worthy to be called a state, if, as in the kingdom of Dahomey, it be unprogressive; or only by anticipation, where, as in Russia, it is in advance to a better and more *manworthy* order of things."—*Church and State*, pp. 32, 33.

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clever as yourself can not with ease twist towards another bearing, or at least meet by a contrary fact, as it is called. I wonder why facts were ever called stubborn things: I am sure they have been found pliable enough lately in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Facts, you know, are not truths; they are not conclusions; they are not even premisses, but in the nature and parts of premisses. The truth depends on, and is only arrived at by, a legitimate deduction from *all* the facts which are truly material.

DECEMBER 28, 1831.

CHURCH—STATE—DISSENTERS.

Even to a church,—the only pure democracy, because in it persons are alone considered, and one person *à priori* is equal to another person,—even to a church discipline is an essential condition. But a state regards classes, and classes as they represent classified property; and to introduce a system of representation which must inevitably render all discipline impossible, what is it but madness—the madness of ignorant vanity and reckless obstinacy.

I have known, and still know, many dissenters, who profess to have a zeal for Christianity; and I dare say they have. But I have known very few dissenters indeed whose hatred to the Church of England was not a much more active principle of action with them than their love of Christianity. The Wesleyans, in uncorrupted parts of the country, are nearly the only exceptions. There never was an age since the days of the apostles in which the catholic spirit of religion was so dead, and put aside for love of sects and parties, as at present.

JANUARY 1, 1832.

GRACEFULNESS OF CHILDREN—DOGS.

How inimitably graceful children are in general before they learn to dance!

There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous

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dogs and little children. I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

JANUARY 28, 1832.

IDEAL TORY AND WHIG.

THE ideal Tory and the ideal Whig (and some such there have really been) agreed in the necessity and benefit of an exact balance of the three estates: but the Tory was more jealous of the balance being deranged by the people; the Whig, of its being deranged by the Crown. But this was a habit, a jealousy only; they both agreed in the ultimate preservation of the balance; and accordingly, they might each, under certain circumstances, without the slightest inconsistency, pass from one side to the other, as the ultimate object required it. This the Tories did at the Revolution, but remained Tories as before.

I have half a mind to write a critical and philosophical essay on Whiggism, from Dryden's Achitophel (Shaftesbury), the first Whig (for, with Dr. Johnson's leave, the devil is no such cattle), down to ——, who, I trust, in God's mercy to the interests of peace, union, and liberty in this nation, will be the last. In it I would take the last years of Queen Anne's reign as the zenith, or palmy state, of Whiggism in its divinest *avatar* of common sense, or of the understanding, vigorously exerted in the right direction on the right and proper objects of the understanding; and would then trace the rise, the occasion, the progress, and the necessary degeneration of the Whig spirit of compromise, even down to the profound ineptitudes of their party in these days. A clever fellow might make something of this hint. How Asgill would have done it!

FEBRUARY 22, 1832.

THE CHURCH.

THE church is the last relic of our nationality. Would to God that the bishops and the clergy in general could once fully understand that the Christian church and the national church are as

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little to be confounded as divided! I think the fate of the Reform Bill, in itself, of comparatively minor importance; the fate of the national church occupies my mind with greater intensity.

FEBRUARY 24, 1832.

MINISTERS AND THE REFORM BILL.

I COULD not help smiling, in reading the report of Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords, the other night, when he asked Lord Wicklow whether he seriously believed that he, Lord Grey, or any of the ministers, intended to subvert the institutions of the country. Had I been in Lord Wicklow's place, I should have been tempted to answer this question something in the following way:—

"Waiving the charge in an offensive sense of personal consciousness against the noble earl, and all but one or two of his colleagues, upon my honor, and in the presence of Almighty God, I answer, Yes! You have destroyed the freedom of Parliament; you have done your best to shut the door of the House of Commons to the property, the birth, the rank, the wisdom of the people, and have flung it open to their passions and their follies. You have disfranchised the gentry, and the real patriotism of the nation; you have agitated and exasperated the mob, and thrown the balance of political power into the hands of that class (the shopkeepers) which, in all countries and in all ages, has been, is now, and ever will be, the least patriotic and the least conservative of any. You are now preparing to destroy forever the constitutional independence of the House of Lords; you are forever displacing it from its supremacy as a co-ordinate estate of the realm; and whether you succeed in passing your bill by actually swamping our votes by a batch of new peers, or by frightening a sufficient number of us out of our opinions by the threat of one, —equally you will have superseded the triple assent which the constitution requires to the enactment of a valid law, and have left the king alone with the delegates of the populace!"

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MARCH 8, 1832.

DISFRANCHISEMENT.

I AM afraid the conservative party see but one half of the truth. The mere extension of the franchise is not the evil; I should be glad to see it greatly extended;—there is no harm in that *per se;* the mischief is that the franchise is nominally extended, but to such classes, and in such a manner, that a practical disfranchisement of all above, and a discontenting of all below, a favored class are the unavoidable results.

MARCH 17, 1832.

GENIUS FEMININE—PIRATES.

———'s face is almost the only exception I know to the observation, that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind—is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius. Look at the face of old Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance, how delicate the shape of his temples!

I think it very absurd and misplaced to call Raleigh and Drake, and others of our naval heroes of Elizabeth's age, pirates. No man is a *pirate*, unless his contemporaries agree to call him so. Drake said, "The subjects of the King of Spain have done their best to ruin my country: *ergo*, I will try to ruin the King of Spain's country." Would it not be silly to call the Argonauts pirates in our sense of the word?

MARCH 18, 1832.

ASTROLOGY—ALCHEMY.

IT is curious to mark how instinctively the reason has always pointed out to men the ultimate end of the various sciences, and how immediately afterward they have set to work, like children, to realize that end by inadequate means. Now they applied to

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their appetites, now to their passions, now to their fancy, now to the understanding, and lastly to the intuitive reason again. There is no doubt but that astrology of some sort or other would be the last achievement of astronomy: there must be chemical relations between the planets; the difference of their magnitudes compared with that of their distances is not explicable otherwise; but this, though, as it were, blindly and unconsciously seen, led immediately to fortune-telling and other nonsense. So alchemy is the theoretic end of chemistry; there must be a common law, upon which all can become each and each all; but then the idea was turned to the coining of gold and silver.

MARCH 20, 1832.

REFORM BILL—CRISIS.

I HAVE heard but two arguments of any weight adduced in favor of passing this Reform Bill, and they are in substance these: —1. We will blow your brains out if you don't pass it; 2. We will drag you through a horsepond if you don't pass it;—and there is a good deal of force in both.

Talk to me of your pretended crisis! Stuff! A vigorous government would in one month change all the data for your reasoning. Would you have me believe that the events of this world are fastened to a revolving cycle with God at one end and the devil at the other, and that the devil is now uppermost! Are you a Christian, and talk about a crisis in that fatalistic sense!

MARCH 31, 1832.

JOHN, CHAP. III. VER. 4—DICTATION AND INSPIRATION—GNOSIS—NEW TESTAMENT CANON.

I CERTAINLY understand the τί ἐμοὶ καὶ σοὶ γύναι, in the second chapter* of St. John's Gospel, as having *aliquid increpationis* in it—a mild reproof from Jesus to Mary for interfering in his ministerial acts by requests on her own account. I do not think that γύναι was ever used by child to parent as a common mode

* Verse 4.

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of address: between husband and wife it was; but I can not think that μῆτηρ and γύναι were equivalent terms in the mouth of a son speaking to his mother. No part of the Christopædia is found in John or Paul; and after the baptism there is no recognition of any maternal authority in Mary. See the two passages where she endeavors to get access to him when he is preaching:—"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother:"* and also the recommendation of her to the care of John at the crucifixion.

There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation; they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Balaam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation; but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of those worthies inspired. It is my profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation. All religion is revealed;—*revealed* religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets; revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul;—but is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his own natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral, and even physical temperament? We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books on the judgment of men for whom no miraculous judgment is pretended, nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believe to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves? Surely the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern him as a *man*, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from him who made both heart and soul.—Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes: you read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there which you can not reconcile with immediate dictation, by the Holy Spirit of God, without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible

* Mark, chap. iii. ver. 35.

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as the best of all books, but still as a book, and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it—not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.

Tertullian, I think, says he had seen the autograph copies of some of the apostles' writings. The truth is, the ancient church was not guided by the mere fact of the genuineness of a writing in pronouncing it canonical;—its catholicity was the test applied to it. I have not the smallest doubt that the epistle of Barnabas is genuine; but it is not catholic; it is full of the γνῶσις, though of the most simple and pleasing sort. I think the same of Hermas. The church would never admit either into the canon, although the Alexandrians always read the Epistle of Barnabas in their churches for three hundred years together. It was upwards of three centuries before the Epistle to the Hebrews was admitted, and this on account of its γνῶσις; at length, by help of the venerable prefix of St. Paul's name, its admirers, happily for us, succeeded.

So little did the early bishops and preachers think their Christian faith wrapped up in, and solely to be learned from, the New Testament—indeed, can it be said that there was any such collection for three hundred years?—that I remember a letter from ——* to a friend of his, a bishop in the East, in which he most evidently speaks of the *Christian* Scriptures as of works of which the bishop knew little or nothing.

APRIL 4, 1832.

UNITARIANISM.

I MAKE the greatest difference between *ans* and *isms*. I should deal insincerely with you if I said that I thought Unitarianism was Christianity. No; as I believe and have faith in the doctrine, it is not the truth in Jesus Christ; but God forbid that I

* I have lost the name which Mr. Coleridge mentioned.—*Ed.*

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should doubt that you, and many other Unitarians, as you call yourselves, are, in a practical sense, very good Christians. We do not win heaven by logic.

By-the-by, what do you mean by exclusively assuming the title of Unitarians? As if Tri-Unitarians were not necessarily Unitarians as much (pardon the illustration) as an apple-pie must of course be a pie! The schoolmen would, perhaps, have called you Unicists; but your proper name is Psilanthropists—believers in the mere human nature of Christ.

Upon my word, if I may say so without offence, I really think many forms of Pantheistic Atheism more agreeable to an imaginative mind than Unitarianism as it is professed in terms: in particular, I prefer the Spinosistic scheme infinitely. The early Socinians were, to be sure, most unaccountable logicians; but, when you had swallowed their bad reasoning, you came to a doctrine on which the *heart*, at least, might rest for some support. They adored Jesus Christ. Both Lælius and Faustus Socinus laid down the adorability of Jesus in strong terms. I have nothing, you know, to do with their logic. But Unitarianism is, in effect, the worst of one kind of Atheism, joined to the worst of one kind of Calvinism, like two asses tied tail to tail. It has no covenant with God; and looks upon prayer as a sort of self-magnetizing—a getting of the body and temper into a certain *status*, desirable *per se*, but having no covenanted reference to the Being to whom the prayer is addressed.

APRIL 5, 1832.

MORAL LAW OF POLARITY.

It is curious to trace the operation of the moral law of polarity in the history of politics, religion, &c. When the maximum of one tendency has been attained, there is no gradual decrease, but a direct transition to its minimum, till the opposite tendency has attained its maximum; and then you see another corresponding revulsion. With the Restoration came in all at once the mechanico-corpuscular philosophy, which, with the increase of manufactures, trade, and arts, made every thing in philosophy, religion, and poetry, objective; till, at length, attachment to

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mere external worldliness and forms got to its maximum,—when out burst the French revolution; and with it every thing became immediately subjective, without any object at all. The Rights of Man, the Sovereignty of the People, were subject and object both. We are now, I think, on the turning point again. This Reform seems the *ne plus ultra* of that tendency of the public mind which substitutes its own undefined notions or passions for real objects and historical actualities. There is not one of the ministers—except the one or two revolutionists among them—who has ever given us a hint, throughout this long struggle, as to *what* he really does believe will be the product of the bill; what sort of House of Commons it will make for the purpose of governing this empire soberly and safely. No; they have actualized for a moment a wish, a fear, a passion, but not an idea.

APRIL 7, 1832.

EPIDEMIC DISEASE—QUARANTINE.

THERE are two grand divisions under which all contagious diseases may be classed:—1. Those which spring from organized living beings, and from the life in them, and which enter, as it were, into the life of those in whom they reproduce themselves—such as small-pox and measles. These become so domesticated with the habit and system, that they are rarely received twice. 2. Those which spring from dead organized, or unorganized matter, and which may be comprehended under the wide term *malaria*.

You may have passed a stagnant pond a hundred times without injury; you happen to pass it again, in low spirits and chilled, precisely at the moment of the explosion of the gas: the malaria strikes on the cutaneous, or veno-glandular system, and drives the blood from the surface; the shivering fit comes on, till the musculo-arterial irritability reacts, and then the hot fit succeeds; and, unless bark or arsenic—particularly bark, because it is a bitter as well as a tonic—be applied to strengthen the veno-glandular, and to moderate the musculo-arterial, system, a man may have the ague for thirty years together.

But if, instead of being exposed to the solitary malaria of a

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pond, a man, travelling through the Pontine Marshes, permits his animal energies to flag, and surrenders himself to the drowsiness which generally attacks him, then blast upon blast strikes upon the cutaneous system, and passes through it to the musculo-arterial, and so completely overpowers the latter, that it can not react, and the man dies at once, instead of only catching an ague.

There are three factors of the operation of an epidemic, or atmospheric disease. The first and principal one is the predisposed state of the body; secondly, the specific *virus* in the atmosphere; and, thirdly, the accidental circumstances of weather, locality, food, occupation, &c. Against the second of these we are powerless; its nature, causes, and sympathies are too subtle for our senses to find data to go upon. Against the first, medicine may act profitably. Against the third, a wise and sagacious medical police ought to be adopted; but, above all, let every man act like a Christian, in all charity, and love, and brotherly kindness, and sincere reliance on God's merciful providence.

Quarantine can not keep out an atmospheric disease; but it can, and does always, increase the predisposing causes of its reception.

APRIL 10, 1832.

HARMONY.

ALL harmony is founded on a relation to rest—on relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound a harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures, all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest.

The clerisy of a nation, that is, its learned men, whether poets, or philosophers, or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole, without them.

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APRIL 21, 1832.

INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTIONS—MODERN STYLE.

THERE have been three silent revolutions in England :—first, when the professions fell off from the church; secondly, when literature fell off from the professions; and, thirdly, when the press fell off from literature.

Common phrases are, as it were, so stereotyped now by conventional use, that it is really much easier to write on the ordinary politics of the day in the common newspaper style, than it is to make a good pair of shoes. An apprentice has as much to learn now to be a shoemaker as ever he had; but an ignorant coxcomb, with a competent want of honesty, may very effectively wield a pen in a newspaper office, with infinitely less pains and preparation than were necessary formerly.

APRIL 23, 1832.

GENIUS OF THE SPANISH AND ITALIANS—VICO—SPINOSA.

THE genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humor and so little wit in their literature. The genius of the Italians, on the contrary, is acute, profound, and sensual, but not subtle; hence, what they think to be humorous is merely witty.

To estimate a man like Vico, or any great man who has made discoveries and committed errors, you ought to say to yourself :—"He did so and so in the year 1690, a Papist, at Naples. Now, what would he not have done if he had lived now, and could have availed himself of all our vast acquisitions in physical science ?"

After the *Scienza Nuova*, read Spinosa, *De Monarchia ex rationis præscripto.** They differed—Vico in thinking that society tended to monarchy; Spinosa in thinking it tended to

* Tractatus Politici, c. vi.

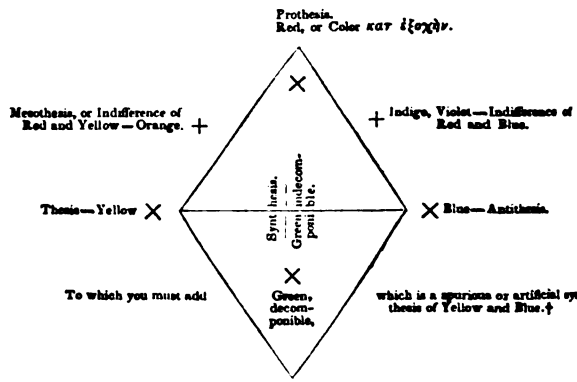
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democracy. Now, Spinosa's ideal democracy was realized by a contemporary—not in a nation, for that is impossible, but in a sect—I mean by George Fox and his Quakers.*

APRIL 24, 1832.

COLORS.

COLORS may be best expressed by a heptad, the largest possible formula for things finite, as the pentad is the smallest possible form. Indeed, the heptad of things finite is in all cases reducible to the pentad. The adorable tetractys, or tetrad, is the formula of God; which again is reducible into, and is, in reality, the same with, the Trinity. Take colors thus :—



APRIL 28, 1832.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM—EPIC POEM.

THE destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of

* Spinosa died in 1677; Fox in 1681.—*Ed.*

† I trust this touch of the *polar* logic will not frighten the general reader. The students of Mr. Coleridge's latter works are familiar enough with it; and the scheme is as simple as it is beautiful and comprehensive.—*Ed.*

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Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they must be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the Paradise Lost. But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendor than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi;* and yet there must be a mythology, or a *quasi*-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies—the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five; but, alas! *venturum expectat.*

APRIL 29, 1832.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI—BLACK.

I NEVER said that the *vox populi* was of course the *vox Dei*. It may be; but it may be, and with equal probability, *à priori*, *vox Diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of heaven or hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will.

Black is the negation of color in its greatest energy. Without lustre, it indicates or represents vacuity, as, for instance, in the dark mouth of a cavern; add lustre, and it will represent the highest degree of solidity, as in a polished ebony box.

In finite forms there is no real and absolute identity. God alone is identity. In the former, the prothesis is a bastard prothesis, a quasi identity only.

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APRIL 30, 1832.

ASGILL AND DE FOE.

I KNOW no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and De Foe's irony often finer than Swift's.

MAY 1, 1832.

HORNE TOOKE—FOX AND PITT.

HORNE TOOKE's advice to the Friends of the People was profound:—"If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful."

Fox and Pitt constantly played into each other's hands. Mr. Stewart of the Courier, a very knowing person, soon found out the gross lies and impostures of that club as to its numbers, and told Fox so. Yet, instead of disclaiming them and exposing the pretence, as he ought to have done, Fox absolutely exaggerated their numbers and sinister intentions; and Pitt, who also knew the lie, took him at his word, and argued against him triumphantly on his own premisses.

Fox's Gallicism, too, was a treasury of weapons to Pitt. He could never conceive the French right without making the English wrong. Ah! I remember—

> —— it vex'd my soul to see
> So grand a cause, so proud a realm
> With Goose and Goody at the helm;
> Who long ago had fall'n asunder
> But for their rivals' baser blunder,
> The coward whine and Frenchified
> Slaver and slang of the other side!

MAY 2, 1832.

HORNER.

I CAN not say that I thought Mr. Horner a man of genius. He seemed to me to be one of those men who have not very extended

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minds, but who know what they know very well—shallow streams, and clear because they are shallow. There was great goodness about him.

MAY 3, 1832.

ADIAPHORI—CITIZENS AND CHRISTIANS.

—— is one of those men who go far to shake my faith in a future state of existence: I mean, on account of the difficulty of knowing where to place him. I could not bear to roast him; he is not so bad as all that comes to: but then, on the other hand, to have to sit down with such fellow in the very lowest pot-house of heaven, is utterly inconsistent with the belief of that place being a place of happiness for me.

In two points of view, I reverence man; first, as a citizen, a part of, or in order to, a nation; and secondly, as a Christian. If men are neither the one nor the other, but a mere aggregation of individual bipeds, who acknowledge no national unity, nor believe with me in Christ, I have no more personal sympathy with them than with the dust beneath my feet.

MAY 21, 1832.

PROFESSOR PARK—ENGLISH CONSTITUTION—DEMOCRACY—MILTON AND SIDNEY.

PROFESSOR PARK talks* about its being very *doubtful* whether the constitution described by Blackstone ever in fact existed. In the same manner, I suppose, it is doubtful whether the moon is made of green cheese, or whether the souls of Welshmen, do, in point of fact, go to heaven on the backs of mites. Black-

* In his "Dogmas of the Constitution, four Lectures on the Theory and Practice of the Constitution, delivered at the King's College, London," 1832. Lecture I. There was a stiffness, and an occasional uncouthness in Professor Park's style; but his two works, the one just mentioned, and his "Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code," are full of original views and vigorous reasonings. To those who wished to see the profession of the law assume a more scientific character than for the most part it has hitherto done in England, the early death of John James Park was a very great loss.—*Ed.*

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stone's was the age of shallow law. Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as *such*, exclude each the other: but if the elements are to interpenetrate, how absurd to call a lump of sugar, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon! nay, to take three lumps, and call the first, hydrogen; the second, oxygen; and the third, carbon! Don't you see that each is in all, and all in each?

The democracy of England, before the Reform Bill, was, where it ought to be, in the corporations, the vestries, the joint-stock companies, &c. The power, in a democracy, is in focal points, without a centre; and, in proportion as such democratical power is strong, the strength of the central government ought to be intense—otherwise the nation will fall to pieces.

We have just now incalculably increased the democratical action of the people, and, at the same time, weakened the executive power of the government.

It was the error of Milton, Sidney, and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a purely aristocratical government, defecated of all passion, and ignorance, and sordid motive. The truth is, such a government would be weak from its utter want of sympathy with the people to be governed by it.

MAY 25, 1832.

DE VI MINIMORUM—HAHNEMANN—LUTHER.

MERCURY strongly illustrates the theory *de vi minimorum*. Divide five grains into fifty doses, and they may poison you irretrievably. I don't believe in all that Hahnemann says; but he is a fine fellow, and, like most Germans, is not altogether wrong, and like them also, is never altogether right.

Six volumes of translated selections from Luther's works, two being from his Letters, would be a delightful work. The translator should be a man deeply imbued with his Bible, with the English writers from Henry the Seventh to Edward the Sixth, the Scotch divines of the 16th century, and with the old racy German.*

* Mr. Coleridge was fond of pressing this proposed publication;—"I can scarcely conceive," he says in The Friend, "a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those that were writ-

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Hugo de Saint Victor,* Luther's favorite divine, was a wonderful man, who, in the 12th century, the jubilant age of papal dominion, nursed the lamp of Platonic mysticism in the spirit of the most refined Christianity.

JUNE 9, 1832.

SYMPATHY OF OLD GREEK AND LATIN WITH ENGLISH—ROMAN MIND—WAR.

If you take Sophocles, Catullus, Lucretius, the better parts of Cicero, and so on, you may, with just two or three exceptions, arising out of the different idioms as to cases, translate page after page into good mother English, word by word, without altering the order; but you can not do so with Virgil or Tibullus; if you attempt it you will make nonsense.

There is a remarkable power of the picturesque in the fragments we have of Ennius, Actius, and other very old Roman writers. This vivid manner was lost in the Augustan age.

Much as the Romans owed to Greece in the beginning, while their mind was, as it were, tuning itself to an after-effort of its own music, it suffered more in proportion by the influence of Greek literature subsequently, when it was already mature, and ought to have worked for itself. It then became a superfetation upon, and not an ingredient in, the national character. With the exception of the stern pragmatic historian and the moral satirist, it left nothing original to the Latin Muse.†

ten from the Warteburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, *hearty* mother tongue of the original. A difficult task I admit, and scarcely possible for any man, however great his talents in other respects, whose favorite reading has not lain among the English writers from Edward the Sixth to Charles the First." I. p. 130, n.—*Ed.*

* This celebrated man was a Fleming, and a member of the Augustinian Society of St. Victor. He died at Paris in 1142, aged forty-four. His age considered, it is sufficient praise for him that Protestants and Romanists both claim him for their own on the subject of transubstantiation.—*Ed.*

† Perhaps it left letter-writing also. Even if the Platonic epistles are taken as genuine, which Mr. Coleridge, to my surprise, was inclined to believe, they can hardly interfere, I think, with the uniqueness of the truly incomparable collections from the correspondence of Cicero and Pliny.—*Ed.*

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A nation to be great, ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself—as Greece by Persia; and Rome by Etruria, the Italian states, and Carthage. I remember Commodore Decatur saying to me at Malta, that he deplored the occupation of Louisiana by the United States, and wished that province had been possessed by England. He thought that if the United States got hold of Canada by conquest or cession, the last chance of his country becoming a great compact nation would be lost.

War in republican Rome was the offspring of its intense aristocracy of spirit, and stood to the state in lieu of trade. As long as there was any thing *ab extra* to conquer, the state advanced; when nothing remained but what was Roman, then, as a matter of course, civil war began.

JUNE 10, 1832.

CHARM FOR CRAMP.

When I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's foot when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus:—

> Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!
> Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep;
> Crosses three we make to ease us,
> Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution:—

> The devil is tying a knot in my leg;
> Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg!—
> Crosses three, &c.

And really, upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm, that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds.

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I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side; but I can not say I ever tried it for *that*.

JULY 7, 1832.

GREEK—DUAL, NEUTER PLURAL, AND VERB SINGULAR—THETA.

It is hardly possible to conceive a language more perfect than the Greek. If you compare it with the modern European tongues, in the points of the position and relative bearing of the vowels and consonants on each other, and of the variety of terminations, it is incalculably before all in the former particulars, and only equalled in the last by the German. But it is in variety of termination alone that the German surpasses the other modern languages as to sound; for, as to position, nature seems to have dropped an acid into the language when a-forming, which curdled the vowels, and made all the consonants flow together. The Spanish is excellent for variety of termination; the Italian, in this particular, the most deficient. Italian prose is excessively monotonous.

It is very natural to have a dual, duality being a conception quite distinct from plurality. Most very primitive languages have a dual, as the Greek, Welsh, and the native Chilese, as you will see in the Abbé Raynal.

The neuter plural governing, as they call it, a verb singular is one of the many instances in Greek of the inward and metaphysic grammar resisting successfully the tyranny of formal grammar. In truth, there may be *multeity* in things; but there can only be *plurality* in persons.

Observe also that, in fact, a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one, that is to say, the same word with the accusative. The reason is—a *thing* has no subjectivity, or nominative case: it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.

It is extraordinary that the Germans should not have retained or assumed the two beautifully discriminated sounds of the soft and hard theta; as in, *thy thoughts—the thin ether that*, &c.

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How particularly fine the hard theta is in an English termination, as in that grand word—Death—for which the Germans gutturize a sound that puts you in mind of nothing but a loathsome toad.

JULY 8, 1832.

TALENTED.

I REGRET to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you can not stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.*

Never take an iambus as a Christian name. A trochee, or tribrach, will do very well. Edith and Rotha† are my favorite names for women.

JULY 9, 1832.

HOMER—VALCKENAER.

I HAVE the firmest conviction that *Homer* is a mere traditional synonyme with, or figure for, the Iliad. You can not conceive for a moment any thing about the poet, as you call him, apart from that poem. Difference in men there was in degree, but not in kind; one man was, perhaps, a better poet than another; but he was a poet upon the same ground and with the same feelings as the rest.

The want of adverbs in the Iliad is very characteristic. With

* They do; and I dare say, since Mr. Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies,"—the best English, upon the whole, he has yet written,—we shall have "*eventuate*" in next year's Annuals, &c.—*Ed.*

† Rotha is a beautiful name indeed, and now finding its way southward from the lovely stream from which it was taken.—*Ed.*

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more adverbs there would have been some subjectivity, or subjectivity would have made them.

The Greeks were then just on the verge of the bursting forth of individuality.

Valckenaer's treatise on the interpolation of the Classics by the later Jews and early Christians is well worth your perusal as a scholar and critic.*

JULY 13, 1832.

PRINCIPLES AND FACTS—SCHMIDT.

I HAVE read all the famous histories, and, I believe, some history of every country and nation that is, or ever existed; but I never did so for the story itself as a story. The only thing interesting to me was the principles to be evolved from, and illustrated by, the facts.† After I had gotten my principles, I pretty gener-

* I confess I do not know which of the numerous works of this splendid scholar Mr. Coleridge meant. There is not, to my recollection, any treatise of Valckenaer's bearing such a title in terms, although there are one or two which might comprehend the subject. I believe to this day many of Valckenaer's compositions remain unpublished.—*Ed.*

† "The true origin of human events is so little susceptible of that kind of evidence which can *compel* our belief; so many are the disturbing forces which, in every cycle or ellipse of changes, modify the motion given by the first projection; and every age has, or imagines it has, its own circumstances, which render past experience no longer applicable to the present case; that there will never be wanting answers, and explanations, and specious flatteries of hope, to persuade and perplex its government, that the history of the past is inapplicable to *their* case. And no wonder, if we read history for the facts, instead of reading it for the sake of the general principles, which are to the facts as the root and sap of a tree to its leaves: and no wonder if history so read should find a dangerous rival in novels; nay, if the latter should be preferred to the former, on the score even of probability. I well remember that, when the examples of former Jacobins, as Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, and the like, were adduced in France and England, at the commencement of the French consulate, it was ridiculed as pedantry and pedant's ignorance to fear a repetition of usurpation and military despotism at the close of the *enlightened eighteenth century!* Even so in the very dawn of the late tempestuous day, when the revolutions of Corcyra, the proscriptions of the reformers Marius, Cæsar, &c., and the direful effects of the levelling tenets in the peasants' war in Germany (differenced from the tenets of the first French constitution only by the mode of wording them, the figures

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ally left the facts to take care of themselves. I never could remember any passages in books, or the particulars of events, except in the gross. I can refer to them. To be sure, I must be a different sort of man from Herder, who once was seriously annoyed with himself, because, in recounting the pedigree of some German royal or electoral family, he missed some one of those worthies and could not recall the name.

Schmidt* was a Romanist; but I have generally found him candid, as indeed almost all the Austrians are. They are what is called *good Catholics*, but, like our Charles the Second, they never let their religious bigotry interfere with their political well-doing. Kaiser is a most pious son of the church, yet he always keeps his papa in good order.

JULY 20, 1832.

PURITANS AND JACOBINS.

It was God's mercy to our age that our Jacobins were infidels and a scandal to all sober Christians. Had they been like the old Puritans, they would have trodden church and king to the dust—at least for a time.

For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance,—that, with all my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine.

of speech being borrowed in the one instance from theology, and in the other from modern metaphysics), were urged on the convention and its vindicators; the magi of the day, the true citizens of the world, the *plus-quam perfecti* of patriotism, gave us set proofs that similar results were impossible, and that it was an insult to so philosophical an age, to so enlightened a nation, to dare direct the public eye towards them as to lights of warning."—*Statesman's Manual*, I. pp. 442, 443.

* Michael Ignatius Schmidt, the author of the History of the Germans. He died in the latter end of the last century.—*Ed.*

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JULY 21, 1832.

WORDSWORTH.

I HAVE often wished that the first two books of the Excursion had been published separately, under the name of "The Deserted Cottage." They would have formed, what indeed they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the language.

Can dialogues in verse be defended? I can not but think that a great philosophical poet ought always to teach the reader himself as from himself. A poem does not admit argumentation, though it does admit development of thought. In prose there may be a difference; though I must confesss that, even in Plato and Cicero, I am always vexed that the authors do not say what they have to say at once in their own persons. The introductions and little urbanities are, to be sure, very delightful in their way; I would not lose them; but I have no admiration for the practice of ventriloquizing through another man's mouth.

I can not help regretting that Wordsworth did not first publish his thirteen books on the growth of an individual mind—superior, as I used to think, upon the whole, to the Excursion. You may judge how I felt about them by my own poem upon the occasion.* Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man,—a subject of eye, ear, touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture

* Poet. Works, VII. p. 158. It is not too much to say of this beautiful poem, and yet it is difficult to say more, that it is at once worthy of the poet, his subject, and his object:—

"An Orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted."—*Ed.*

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of the present state of degeneracy and vice; thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position, which is peculiarly, perhaps I might say exclusively, fitted for him. His proper title is, *Spectator ab extra*.

JULY 23, 1832.

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution: it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. Before 1793, I clearly saw, and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery, of the whole affair.* When some

* "Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams!
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd,
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
With bleeding wounds: forgive me, that I cherish'd
One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,
Where Peace her jealous home had built;
A patriot race to disinherit
Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
And with inexpiable spirit
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
O France, that mockest Heaven, adult'rous, blind,
And patriot only in pernicious toils,
Are these thy boasts, champion of human-kind!
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey—

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one said, in my brother James's presence,* that I was a Jacobin, he very well observed,—"No! Samuel is no Jacobin; he is a hot-headed Moravian!" Indeed, I was in the extreme opposite pole.

JULY 24, 1832.

INFANT SCHOOLS.

I HAVE no faith in act-of-parliament reform. All the great—the permanently great—things that have been achieved in the world, have been so achieved by individuals, working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way: the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronized by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are

> To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
> From freemen torn—to tempt and to betray?
>
> "The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
> They burst their manacles, and wear the name
> Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
> O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
> Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
> But thou nor swell'st the victor's train, nor ever
> Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
> Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
> (Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee),
> Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
> And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
> *Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,*
> *The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!*"
>
> France, an Ode, Poet. Works, VII. p. 106.—*Ed.*

* A soldier of the old cavalier stamp, to whom the King was the symbol of the majesty, as the Church was of the life, of the nation, and who would most assuredly have taken arms for one or the other against all the houses of commons or committees of public safety in the world.—*Ed.*

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domestic charities on the increase among families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient—a choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage-home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made; and they have made and are making a good many, God knows.

JULY 25, 1832.

MR. COLERIDGE'S PHILOSOPHY—SUBLIMITY—SOLOMON—MADNESS—C. LAMB.

THE pith of my system is, to make the senses out of the mind—not the mind out of the senses, as Locke did.

Could you ever discover any thing sublime, in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek literature? I never could. Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

I should conjecture that the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were written, or, perhaps, rather collected, about the time of Nehemiah. The language is Hebrew with Chaldaic endings. It is totally unlike the language of Moses on the one hand, and of Isaiah on the other.

Solomon introduced the commercial spirit into his kingdom. I can not think his idolatry could have been much more, in regard to himself, than a state protection or toleration of the foreign worship.

When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.

Charles Lamb translated my motto, *Sermoni propriora*, by—*properer for a sermon!*

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JULY 28, 1832.

FAITH AND BELIEF.

THE sublime and abstruse doctrines of Christian belief belong to the church; but the faith of the individual, centred in his heart, is or may be collateral to them.* Faith is subjective. I throw myself in adoration before God; acknowledge myself his creature,—simple, weak, lost; and pray for help and pardon through Jesus Christ; but when I rise from my knees, I discuss the doctrine of the Trinity as I would a problem in geometry; in the same temper of mind, I mean, not by the same process of reasoning, of course.

AUGUST 4, 1832.

DOBRIZHOFFER.†

I HARDLY know any thing more amusing than the honest German Jesuitry of Dobrizhoffer. His chapter on the dialects is

* Mr. Coleridge used very frequently to insist upon the distinction between belief and faith. He once told me, with very great earnestness, that if he were that moment convinced—a conviction the possibility of which, indeed, he could not realize to himself—that the New Testament was a forgery from beginning to end—wide as the desolation in his moral feelings would be, he should not abate one jot of his faith in God's power and mercy through some manifestation of his being towards man, either in time past or future, or in the hidden depths where time and space are not. This was, I believe, no more than a vivid expression of what he always maintained, that no man had attained to a full faith who did not *recognize* in the Scriptures a correspondence to his own nature, or see that his own powers of reason, will, and understanding were preconfigured to the reception of the Christian doctrines and promises.—*Ed.*

† "He was a man of rarest qualities,
Who to this barbarous region had confined
A spirit with the learned and the wise
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined;
From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honor'd name.

"It was his evil fortune to behold
The labors of his painful life destroy'd;

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most valuable. He is surprised that there is no form for the infinitive, but that they say,—I wish (go, or eat, or drink, &c.), interposing a letter by way of copula,—forgetting his own German and English, which are, in truth, the same. My dear daughter's translation of this book* is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother English by any thing I have read for a long time.

> His flock which he had brought within the fold
> Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
> And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd
> By blind and suicidal power o'erthrown.
> So he the years of his old age employ'd,
> A faithful chronicler, in handing down
> Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.
>
> "And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene,
> In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
> Of sad remembrance: and the empress queen,
> That great Teresa, she did not disdain
> In gracious moods sometimes to entertain
> Discourse with him, both pleasurable and sage:
> And sure a willing ear she well might deign
> To one whose tales may equally engage
> The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.
>
> "But of his native speech, because well-nigh
> Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,
> In Latin he composed his history;
> A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught
> With matter of delight and food for thought.
> And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen
> By whom his tomes to speak our tongue were taught,
> The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,
> As when he won the ear of that great empress queen.
>
> "Little he deem'd, when with his Indian band
> He through the wilds set forth upon his way,
> A poet then unborn, and in a land
> Which had proscribed his order, should one day
> Take up from thence his mortalizing lay,
> And shape a song that, with no fiction dress'd,
> Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,
> And sinking deep in many an English breast,
> Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest."
>
> *Southey's Tale of Paraguay*, Canto iii. st. 16.

* "An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen years a Missionary in that country."—Vol. ii. p. 176.

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AUGUST 6, 1832.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH—CRITERION OF GENIUS—DRYDEN AND POPE.

I HAVE generally found a Scotchman with a little literature very disagreeable. He is a superficial German or a dull Frenchman. The Scotch will attribute merit to people of any nation rather than the English; the English have a morbid habit of petting and praising foreigners of any sort, to the unjust disparagement of their own worthies.

You will find this a good gauge or criterion of genius,—whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's Achitophel and Zimri,—Shaftesbury and Buckingham; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse; whereas, in Pope's Timon, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirized. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare, with Hazlitt's round and round imitations of them.

AUGUST 7, 1832.

MILTON'S DISREGARD OF PAINTING.

IT is very remarkable that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor, indeed, of painting as an art; while every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet it is curious that, in one passage in the Paradise Lost, Milton has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. I mean those lines,—

> "now half appear'd
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brinded mane;—" &c.*

an image which the necessities of the painter justified, but which

* Par. Lost, book vii. ver. 468.

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was wholly unworthy, in my judgment, of the enlarged powers of the poet. Adam bending over the sleeping Eve, in the Paradise Lost,* and Dalilah approaching Samson, in the Agonistes,† are the only two proper pictures I remember in Milton.

AUGUST 9, 1832.

BAPTISMAL SERVICE—JEWS' DIVISION OF THE SCRIPTURE—SANSCRIT.

I THINK the baptismal service almost perfect. What seems erroneous assumption in it to me, is harmless. None of the services of the church affect me so much as this. I never could attend a christening without tears bursting forth at the sight of the helpless innocent in a pious clergyman's arms.

The Jews recognized three degrees of sanctity in their Scriptures:—first, the writings of Moses, who had the *αὐτοψία*; secondly, the Prophets; and, thirdly, the Good Books. Philo,

* ——— "so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest," &c.—Book v. ver. 8.

† "But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber-scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind!"

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amusingly enough, places his works somewhere between the second and third degrees.

The claims of the Sanscrit for priority to the Hebrew as a language, are ridiculous.

AUGUST 11, 1832.

HESIOD—VIRGIL—GENIUS METAPHYSICAL—DON QUIXOTE.

I LIKE reading Hesiod, meaning the Works and Days. If every verse is not poetry, it is, at least, good sense, which is a great deal to say.

There is nothing real in the Georgics, except, to be sure, the verse.* Mere didactics of practice, unless seasoned with the personal interests of the time or author, are inexpressibly dull to me. Such didactic poetry as that of the Works and Days followed naturally upon legislation, and the first ordering of municipalities.

All genius is metaphysical; because the ultimate end of genius is ideal, however it may be actualized by incidental and accidental circumstances.

Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.

* I used to fancy Mr. Coleridge *paulo iniquior Virgilio*, and told him so; to which he replied, that, like all Eton men, I swore *per Maronem*. This was far enough from being the case; but I acknowledge that Mr. C.'s apparent indifference to the tenderness and dignity of Virgil excited my surprise.—*Ed.*

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AUGUST 12, 1832.

MALTHUSIANISM.

Is it not lamentable—is it not even marvellous—that the monstrous practical sophism of Malthus should now have gotten complete possession of the leading men of the kingdom! Such an essential lie in morals—such a practical lie in fact, as it is too! I solemnly declare that I do not believe that all the heresies, and sects, and factions which the ignorance, and the weakness, and the wickedness of man have ever given birth to, were altogether so disgraceful to man as a Christian, a philosopher, a statesman, or citizen, as this abominable tenet. It should be exposed by reasoning in the form of ridicule. Asgill or Swift would have done much; but, like the Popish doctrines, it is so vicious a tenet, so flattering to the cruelty, the avarice, and sordid selfishness of most men, that I hardly know what to think of the result.

AUGUST 14, 1832.

STEINMETZ—KEATS.

Poor dear Steinmetz is gone—his state of sure blessedness accelerated; or, it may be, he is buried in Christ, and there in that mysterious depth grows on to the spirit of a just man made perfect! Could I for a moment doubt this, the grass would become black beneath my feet, and this earthly frame a charnel-house. I never knew any man so illustrate the difference between the feminine and the effeminate.

A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. ——— and myself in a lane near Highgate. ——— knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way he came back, and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!"—"There is death in that hand," I said to ———, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.

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AUGUST 16, 1832.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL—BOWYER.

THE discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan;—all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holydays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val. Le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption, that he growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

AUGUST 18, 1832.

ST. PAUL'S MELITA.

THE belief that Malta is the island on which St. Paul was wrecked is so rooted in the common Maltese, and is cherished with such a superstitious nationality, that the Government would run the chance of exciting a tumult, if it, or its representatives, unwarily ridiculed it. The supposition itself is quite absurd. Not to argue the matter at length, consider these few conclusive facts:—The narrative speaks of the "barbarous people," and "barbarians,"* of the island. Now, our Malta was at that time fully peopled and highly civilized, as we may surely infer from Cicero and other writers.† A viper comes out from the sticks

* Acts, xxviii. 2 and 4.

† Upwards of a century before the reign of Nero, Cicero speaks at considerable length of our Malta in one of the Verrine orations.—See Act ii. lib. iv. c. 46. "Insula est Melita, judices," &c. There was a town, and Verres had established in it a manufactory of the fine cloth or

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upon the fire being lighted: the men are not surprised at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god, from the harmless attack. Now in our Malta there are, I may say, no snakes at all; which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul's having cursed them away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shows that the scene is in the Adriatic.

The Maltese seem to have preserved a fondness and taste for cotton stuffs, the *Melitensia vestis*, for which the island is uniformly celebrated:—

"Fertilis est Melite sterili vicina Cocyræ
Insula, quam Libyci verberat unda freti."

Ovid. Fast. iii. 567.

And Silius Italicus has—

———"telaque *superba*
Lanigera Melite."

Punic. xiv. 251.

Yet it may have been cotton after all—the present product of Malta. Cicero describes an *ancient* temple of Juno situated on a promontory near the town, so famous and revered, that, even in the time of Masinissa, at least 150 years B.C., that prince had religiously restored some relics which his admiral had taken from it. The plunder of this very temple is an article of accusation against Verres; and a deputation of Maltese (*legati Melitenses*) came to Rome to establish the charge. These are all the facts, I think, which can be gathered from Cicero; because I consider his expression of *nudatæ urbes*, in the working up of this article, a piece of rhetoric. Strabo merely marks the position of Melita, and says that the lap-dogs called κυνίδια Μελιταῖα were sent from this island, though other writers attribute them to the other Melite in the Adriatic—(Lib. vi.) Diodorus, however, a Sicilian himself by birth, gives the following remarkable testimony as to the state of the island in his time, which, it will be remembered, was considerably before the date of St. Paul's shipwreck. "There are three islands to the south of Sicily, each of which has a city or town (πόλιν), and harbors fitted for the safe reception of ships. The first of these is Melite, distant about 800 stadia from Syracuse, and possessing several harbors of surpassing excellence. Its inhabitants are rich and luxurious (τοὺς κατοικοῦντας ταῖς οὐσίαις εὐδαίμονας). There are artisans of every kind (παντοδαποὺς ταῖς ἐργασίαις); the best are those who weave cloth of a singular fineness and softness. The houses are worthy of admiration for their superb adornment with eaves and brilliant white-washing (οἰκίας ἀξιολόγους καὶ κατεσκευασμένας φιλοτίμως γείσσοις καὶ κονιάμασι περιττότερον)."—Lib. v. c. 12. Mela (ii. c. 7), and Pliny (iii. 14), simply mark the position.—*Ed.*

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architecture from the time of the knights—naturally enough occasioned by the incomparable materials at hand.*

AUGUST 19, 1832.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN—BEST STATE OF SOCIETY.

It may be doubted whether a composite language like the English is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For "the pomp and *prodigality* of Heaven," the Germans must have said, "*the spendthriftness*."† Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon.

That is the most excellent state of society in which the patriotism of the citizens ennobles, but does not merge, the individual energy of the man.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

GREAT MINDS ANDROGYNOUS—PHILOSOPHER'S ORDINARY LANGUAGE.

In chemistry and nosology, by extending the degree to a certain point, the constituent proportion may be destroyed, and a new kind produced.

I have known *strong* minds with imposing, undoubting, Cobbett-like manners, but I have never met a *great* mind of this sort. And of the former, they are at least as often wrong as right. The truth is, a great mind must be androgynous. Great minds—Swedenborg's for instance—are never wrong but in consequence of being in the right, but imperfectly.

* The passage which I have cited from Diodorus shows that the origin was much earlier.—*Ed.*

† Verschwendung, I suppose.—*Ed.*

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A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions, in general conversation or writings *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbors and his cook go by it.

JANUARY 2, 1833.

JURIES—BARRISTERS' AND PHYSICIANS' FEES—QUACKS—CÆSAREAN OPERATION—INHERITED DISEASE.

I CERTAINLY think that juries would be more conscientious, if they were allowed a larger discretion. But, after all, juries can not be better than the mass out of which they are taken. And if juries are not honest and single-minded, they are the worst, because the least responsible, instruments of judicial or popular tyranny.

I should be sorry to see the honorary character of the fees of barristers and physicians done away with. Though it seems a shadowy distinction, I believe it to be beneficial in effect. It contributes to preserve the idea of a profession, of a class which belongs to the public,—in the employment and remuneration of which no law interferes, but the citizen acts as he likes *in foro conscientiæ*.

There undoubtedly ought to be a declaratory act, withdrawing expressly from the St. John Longs and other quacks the protection which the law is inclined to throw around the mistakes or miscarriages of the regularly-educated practitioner.

I think there are only two things wanting to justify a surgeon in performing the Cæsarean operation: first, that he should possess infallible knowledge of his art; and, secondly, that he should be infallibly certain that he is infallible.

Can any thing be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin or want of caution?

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In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

JANUARY 3, 1833.

MASON'S POETRY.

I CAN not bring myself to think much of Mason's poetry. I may be wrong; but all those passages in the Caractacus which we learn to admire at school, now seem to me one continued *falsetto*.

JANUARY 4, 1833.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION—ALL AND THE WHOLE.

NATURALLY one would have thought that there would have been greater sympathy between the northern and northwestern States of the American Union and England, than between England and the Southern States. There is ten times as much English blood and spirit in New-England as in Virginia, the Carolinas, &c. Nevertheless, such has been the force of the interests of commerce, that now, and for some years past, the people of the North hate England with increasing bitterness, while, among those of the South, who are Jacobins, the British connection has become popular. Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern States? I think not. In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the States arises. The American Union has no *centre*, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indians' land, the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the States as splendid masses, to be used, by and by, in the composition of two or three great governments.

There is a great and important difference, both in politics and metaphysics, between *all* and *the whole*. The first can never be ascertained as a standing quantity; the second, if comprehended by insight into its parts, remains forever known. Mr.

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Huskisson, I thought, satisfactorily refuted the ship-owners; and yet the shipping interest, who must know where the shoe pinches, complain to this day.

JANUARY 7, 1833.

NINTH ARTICLE—SIN AND SINS—OLD DIVINES—PREACHING EXTEMPORE.

"VERY far gone," is *quam longissime* in the Latin of the ninth article,—as far gone as possible, that is, as was possible for *man* to go; as far as was compatible with his having any redeemable qualities left in him. To talk of man's being *utterly* lost to good, is absurd; for then he would be a devil at once.

One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties in religion,—and with a pernicious tendency to Antinomianism,—is to confound *sin* with *sins*. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God, is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she, and all men and women, are of a sinful nature, and that without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace she can not be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper.* .

No article of faith can be truly and duly preached without necessarily and simultaneously infusing a deep sense of the indispensableness of a holy life.

How pregnant with instruction, and with knowledge of all sorts, are the sermons of our old divines! in this respect, as in so many others, how different from the major part of modern discourses!

* In a marginal scrap Mr. C. wrote:—"What are the essential doctrines of our religion, if not sin and original sin, as the necessitating occasion, and the redemption of sinners by the Incarnate Word as the substance of the Christian dispensation? And can these be intelligently believed without knowledge and steadfast meditation? By the unlearned they may be worthily received, but not by the unthinking and self-ignorant Christian."—*Ed.*

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Every attempt, in a sermon, to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian.

No doubt, preaching, in the proper sense of the word, is more effective than reading; and, therefore, I would not prohibit it, but leave a liberty to the clergyman who feels himself able to accomplish it. But, as things now are, I am quite sure I prefer going to church to a pastor who reads his discourse; for I never yet heard more than one preacher without book, who did not forget his argument in three minutes' time; and fall into vague and unprofitable declamation, and, generally, very coarse declamation too. These preachers never progress; they eddy round and round. Sterility of mind follows their ministry.

JANUARY 20, 1833.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

When the Church at the Reformation ceased to be extra-national, it unhappily became royal instead; its proper bearing is intermediate between the crown and the people, with an inclination to the latter.

The present prospects of the Church weigh heavily on my soul. Oh! that the words of a statesman-like philosophy could win their way through the ignorant zealotry and sordid vulgarity of the leaders of the day!

FEBRUARY 5, 1833.

UNION WITH IRELAND.

If any modification of the Union takes place, I trust it will be a total divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. I am sure we have lived a cat-and-dog life of it. Let us have no silly saving of one crown and two legislatures; that would be preserving all the mischiefs without any of the goods, if there are any, of the Union.

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I am deliberately of opinion, that England, in all its institutions, has received injury from its union with Ireland. My only difficulty is as to the Protestants, to whom we owe protection. But I can not forget that the Protestants themselves have greatly aided in accelerating the present horrible state of things, by using that as a remedy and reward which should have been to them an opportunity.*

If the Protestant Church in Ireland is removed, of course the Romish Church must be established in its place. There can be no resisting it in common reason.

How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man —but one really great man—who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! But truly there is no vision in the land, and the people accordingly

* "Whatever may be thought of the settlement that followed the battle of the Boyne and the extinction of the war in Ireland, yet when this had been made and submitted to, it would have been the far wiser policy, I doubt not, to have provided for the safety of the constitution by improving the quality of the elective franchise, leaving the eligibility open, or, like the former, limited only by considerations of property. Still, however, the scheme of exclusion and disqualification had its plausible side. The ink was scarcely dry on the parchment-rolls and proscription-lists of the Popish parliament. The crimes of the man were generalized into attributes of his faith; and the Irish Catholics collectively were held accomplices in the perfidy and baseness of the king. Alas! his immediate adherents had afforded too great color to the charge. The Irish massacre was in the mouth of every Protestant, not as an event to be remembered, but as a thing of recent expectation, fear still blending with the sense of deliverance. At no time, therefore, could the disqualifying system have been enforced with so little reclamation of the conquered party, or with so little outrage on the general feeling of the country. There was no time when it was so capable of being indirectly useful as a *sedative*, in order to the application of the remedies directly indicated, or as a counter-power, reducing to inactivity whatever disturbing forces might have interfered with their operation. And had this use been made of these exclusive laws, and had they been enforced as the precursors and negative conditions,—but, above all, as *bona fide* accompaniments of a process of *emancipation*, properly and worthily so named, the code would at this day have been remembered in Ireland only as when, recalling a dangerous fever of our boyhood, we think of the nauseous drugs and drenching-horn, and congratulate ourselves that our doctors now-a-days know how to manage these things less coarsely. But this angry code was neglected as an opportunity, and mistaken for a *substitute*; et hinc illæ lacrymæ!"—*Church and State*, pp. 121, 122.

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perisheth. See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle, and acts up to it, rests all his body in it, and has faith in it. Our ministers—true Whigs in that—have faith in nothing but expedients *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can *they* have, who, in the space of a month, recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?

I sometimes think it just possible that the dissenters may once more be animated by a wiser and nobler spirit, and see their dearest interest in the Church of England as the bulwark and glory of Protestantism, as they did at the Revolution. But I doubt their being able to resist the low factious malignity to the Church, which has characterized them as a body for so many years.

FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

FAUST—MICHAEL SCOTT, GOETHE, SCHILLER, AND WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE I had ever seen any part of Goëthe's Faust,* though, of course, when I was familiar enough with Marlowe's, I con-

* "The poem was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goëthe's Schriften, Wien und Leipzig, bey J. Stahel and G. J. Goschen*, 1790. This edition is now before me. The poem is entitled, *Faust, ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort. It commences with the scene in Faust's study, *antè*, p. 17, and is continued, as now, down to the passage, ending, *antè*, p. 26, line 5. In the original, the line—

"'Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet,'

ends the scene.

The next scene is one between Faust and Mephistopheles, and begins thus:

"'Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist,'

i. e. with the passage (*antè*, p. 70) beginning, 'I will enjoy, in my own heart's core, all that is parcelled out among mankind,' &c. All that intervenes, in later editions, is wanting. It is thenceforth continued, as now, to the end of the cathedral scene (*antè*, p. 170), except that the whole scene in which Valentine is killed is wanting. Thus, Margaret's prayer to the Virgin, and the cathedral scene, come together, and form the conclusion of the work. According to Döring's Verzeichniss, there was no new edition of Faust

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ceived and drew up the plan of a work, a drama, which was to be, to my mind, what the Faust was to Goëthe's. My Faust was old Michael Scott; a much better and more likely original than Faust. He appeared, in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after-times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward—but in order to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned, and thrown into solitary confinement: this constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, can not study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning! away with study! to the winds with all pretences to knowledge! We *know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon I began to tempt him. I made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft, and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light; his appetites and his curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the devil, and the devil comes at his call. My devil was to be, like Goëthe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. I had many a trick for him to play, some

until 1807. According to Dr. Sieglitz, the first part of Faust first appeared, in its present shape, in the collected edition of Goëthe's works, which was published in 1808."—*Hayward's Translation of Faust*, second edition, note, p. 215.

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better, I think, than any in the Faust. In the meantime, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day more keenly feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks; one thing is as easy as another to the devil. "What next, Michael?" is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse: he commands women and wine; but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a recipe to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the devil's finger turns over a page for him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper—"Try *that*, Michael!" The horror increases; and Michael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess,—in the mid-career of which he sees Agatha, my Margaret, and immediately endeavors to seduce her. Agatha loves him; and the devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael's attempts to ruin her, and implores him not to act so as to forfeit her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which his affections are called forth against his appetites, and, love-born, the idea of a redemption of the lost will dawns upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the devil; and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting him to every imaginable horror and agony, I made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace.

The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology; but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust; he is a ready-made conjurer from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles

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and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.

The young men in Germany and England who admire Lord Byron prefer Goëthe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goëthe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character: the first as author of the Robbers—a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime; and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as the Robbers, and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama, the Wallenstein—not the intense drama of passion—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. The Wallenstein is the greatest of his works; it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays—a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself; just as you may in Don Quixote, which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was that Goëthe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works after the Wallenstein you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in the Bride of Messina, and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise the Robbers and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goëthe is most excellent. It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like the Wilhelm Meister the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goëthe's prose style ap-

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proaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect.

Although Wordsworth and Goëthe are not much alike, to be sure, upon the whole, yet they both have this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators *ab extra*—feeling *for*, but never *with*, their characters. Schiller is a thousand times more *hearty* than Goëthe.

I was once pressed, many years ago, to translate the Faust; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composition of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make; and, secondly, I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of Faust.

I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version, and I think it done in a very manly style; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French can't help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs.

FEBRUARY 17, 1833.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—BEN JONSON—MASSINGER.

In the romantic drama, Beaumont and Fletcher are almost supreme. Their plays are in general most truly delightful. I could read the Beggar's Bush from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is! The Little French Lawyer is excellent. Lawrit is conceived and executed from first to last in genuine

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comic humor. Monsieur Thomas is also capital. I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of the Two Noble Kinsmen are Shakspeare's. Beaumont and Fletcher's plots are, to be sure, wholly inartificial; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue. How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays!* Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Simpson? There are whole scenes in their edition which I could with certainty put back into their original verse, and more that could be replaced in their native prose. Was there ever such an absolute disregard of literary fame as that displayed by Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher?†

In Ben Jonson you have an intense and burning art. Some of his plots, that of the Alchymist, for example, are perfect. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher would, if united, have made a great dramatist indeed, and yet not have come near Shakspeare; but no doubt Ben Jonson was the greatest man after Shakspeare in that age of dramatic genius.

The styles of Massinger's plays and the Samson Agonistes are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of dramatic

* I believe Mr. Dyce could edit Beaumont and Fletcher as well as any man of the present or last generation; but the truth is, the limited sale of the late editions of Ben Jonson, Shirley, &c., has damped the spirit of enterprise among the respectable publishers. Still I marvel that some cheap reprint of B. and F. is not undertaken.—*Ed.*

† "The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works, or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seemed to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation."

* * * * * *

"Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard 'grew immortal in his own despite.'"—*Biog. Lit.*, III. p. 166.

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poetry may oscillate. Shakspeare in his great plays is the mid-point. In the Samson Agonistes, colloquial language is left at the greatest distance, yet something of it is preserved, to render the dialogue probable: in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation, by the vein of poetry.

There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakspeare round, that we can not even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the Remorse, and, when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight, Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike; nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; while no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shaksperian idiom. I suppose it is because Shakspeare is universal, and, in fact, has no *manner;* just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than Nature herself.

FEBRUARY 20, 1833.

HOUSE OF COMMONS APPOINTING THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

I WAS just now reading Sir John Cam Hobhouse's answer to Mr. Hume, or some other of that set, upon the point of transferring the patronage of the army and navy from the Crown to the House of Commons. I think, if I had been in the House of Commons, I would have said, "that, ten or fifteen years ago, I should have considered Sir J. C. H.'s speech quite unanswerable,—it being clear constitutional law that the House of Commons has not, nor ought to have, any share, directly or indirectly, in the appointment of the officers of the army or navy. But now that the King had been reduced, by the means and procurement of the Honorable Baronet and his friends, to a puppet, which, so far from having any independent will of its own, could not resist a measure which it hated and condemned, it became a matter of grave consideration whether it was not necessary to vest the appointment of such officers in a body like the House of Commons, rather than in a junta of ministers, who were obliged to make common cause with the mob and democratic press for the sake of keeping their places."

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MARCH 9, 1833.

PENAL CODE IN IRELAND—CHURCHMEN.

THE penal code in Ireland, in the beginning of the last century, was justifiable, as a temporary means of enabling government to take breath and look about them; and if right measures had been systematically pursued in a right spirit, there can be no doubt that all, or the greater part, of Ireland, would have become Protestant. Protestantism under the Charter Schools was greatly on the increase in the early part of that century, and the complaints of the Romish priests to that effect are on record. But, unfortunately, the drenching-horn was itself substituted for the medicine.

There seems to me, at present, to be a curse upon the English church, and upon the governors of all institutions connected with the orderly advancement of national piety and knowledge; it is the curse of prudence, as they miscall it—in fact, of fear.

Clergymen are now almost afraid to explain in their pulpits the grounds of their being Protestants. They are completely cowed by the vulgar harassings of the press and of our Hectoring sciolists in Parliament. There should be no *party* politics in the pulpit, to be sure; but every church in England ought to resound with national politics,—I mean the sacred character of the national church, and an exposure of the base robbery from the nation itself—for so indeed it is*—about to be committed by these

* "That the maxims of a pure morality, and those sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found it hard to learn, and more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as *common-place;* this is a phenomenon which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading-desk. Yet he who should confine the efficiency of an established church to these, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation; *this* unobtrusive,

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ministers, in order to have a sop to throw to the Irish agitators, who will, of course, only cut the deeper, and come the oftener. You can not buy off a barbarous invader.

MARCH 12, 1833.

CORONATION OATHS.

Lord Grey has, in Parliament, said two things: first, that the Coronation Oaths only bind the king in his executive capacity; and, secondly, that members of the House of Commons are bound to represent by their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents, and not their own. Put these two together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the Coronation oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the king *can not* do any thing, against the doing of which the oaths

continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, can not estimate at too high a price. 'It can not be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.'—The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell nor in the wilderness, but a neighbor and family man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or, at best, of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamors of the farmer against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder; while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being *foreclosed* and immovable, it is, in fact, the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert?—But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers* or salaried *placemen*."—*Church and State*, p. 71.

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bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*.

MARCH 14, 1833.

DIVINITY—PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

DIVINITY is essentially the first of the professions, because it is necessary for all at all times; law and physic are only necessary for some at some times. I speak of them, of course, not in their abstract existence, but in their applicability to man.

Every true science bears necessarily within itself the germ of a cognate profession, and the more you can elevate trades into professions the better.

MARCH 17, 1833.

MODERN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WHAT solemn humbug this modern political economy is. What is there true of the little that is true in their dogmatic books which is not a simple deduction from the moral and religious credenda and agenda of any good man, and with which we were not all previously acquainted, and upon which every man of common sense instinctively acted? I know none. But what they truly state, they do not truly understand in its ultimate grounds and causes; and hence they have sometimes done more mischief by their half-ignorant and half-sophistical reasonings about, and deductions from, well-founded positions, than they could have done by the promulgation of positive error. This particularly applies to their famous ratios of increase between man and the means of his subsistence. Political economy, at the highest, can never be a pure science. You may demonstrate that certain properties inhere in the arch, which yet no bridge-builder *can* ever reduce into brick and mortar; but an abstract conclusion in a matter of political economy, the premisses of which neither exist now, nor ever will exist within the range of the wildest imagination, is not a truth, but a chimera—a practical falsehood. For there are no theorems in political economy—but

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problems only. Certain things being actually so and so, the question is, *how* to *do* so and so with them. Political *philosophy*, indeed, points to ulterior ends, but even those ends are all practical; and if you desert the conditions of reality, or of common probability, you may show forth your eloquence or your fancy, but the utmost you can produce will be a Utopia or Oceana.

You talk about making this article cheaper by reducing its price in the market from 8*d*. to 6*d*. But suppose, in so doing, you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralized thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another; your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundred-fold?

All is an endless fleeting abstraction; *the whole* is a reality.

MARCH 31, 1838.

NATIONAL DEBT—PROPERTY TAX—DUTY OF LANDHOLDERS.

What evil results to this country, taken at large, from the National Debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burden to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders; it owes to itself only. Suppose the interest to be owing to the Emperor of Russia, and then you would feel the difference of a debt in the proper sense. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money, or money's worth, raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry.*

* See the splendid essay in The Friend II. p. 208, on the vulgar errors respecting taxes and taxation.

"A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial

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I should like to see a well-graduated property tax, accompanied by a large loan.

One common objection to a property tax is, that it tends to diminish the accumulation of capital. In my judgment, one of the chief sources of the bad economy of the country now is the enormous aggregation of capitals.

When shall we return to a sound conception of the right to property—namely, as being official, implying and demanding the performance of commensurate duties! Nothing but the most horrible perversion of humanity and moral justice, under the specious name of political economy, could have blinded men to this truth as to the possession of land,—the law of God having connected indissolubly the cultivation of every rood of earth with the maintenance and watchful labor of man. But money, stock, riches by credit, transferable and convertible at will, are under

harangues against some proposed impost, said, 'The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood.' This blood, however, was circulating in the meantime through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact, in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.

"But a fuller and fairer symbol of taxation, both in its possible good and evil effects, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the earth. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, to the pasture, and the corn-field; but it may, likewise, force away the moisture from the fields of tillage, to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The gardens in the south of Europe supply, perhaps, a not less apt illustration of a system of finance judiciously conducted, where the tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation, and the hundred rills, hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade, give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. For taxation itself is a part of commerce, and the government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing house, carrying on, in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the shipbuilder, the clothier, the iron-founder," &c., &c.—*Ed.*

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no such obligations; and, unhappily, it is from the selfish autocratic possession of *such* property, that our landholders have learned their present theory of trading with that which was never meant to be an object of commerce.

APRIL 5, 1833.

MASSINGER—SHAKSPEARE—HIERONIMO.

To please me, a poem must be either music or sense; if it is neither, I confess I can not interest myself in it.

The first act of the Virgin Martyr is as fine an act as I remember in any play. The Very Woman is, I think, one of the most perfect plays we have. There is some good fun in the first scene between Don John, or Antonio, and Cuculo, his master;* and can any thing exceed the skill and sweetness of the scene between him and his mistress, in which he relates his story?†

* Act iii. sc. 2.

† Act iv. sc. 3:—

"ANT. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbor by, bless'd with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And bless'd the home a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,
I sued and served: long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.
ALM. How feelingly he speaks! (*Aside.*) And she loved you too!
It must be so.
ANT. I would it had, dear lady;
This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.
ALM. Were your bloods equal?
ANT. Yes, and I thought our hearts too.
ALM. Then she must love.

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The Bondman is also a delightful play. Massinger is always entertaining; his plays have the interest of novels.

But, like most of his contemporaries, except Shakspeare, Massinger often deals in exaggerated passion. Malefort senior, in the Unnatural Combat, however he may have had the moral will to be so wicked, could never have actually done all that he is represented as guilty of, without losing his senses. He would have been in fact mad. Regan and Goneril are the only pictures of the unnatural in Shakspeare; the pure unnatural—and you will observe that Shakspeare has left their hideousness unsoftened or diversified by a single line of goodness or common human frailty.

ANT. She did—but never me; she could not love me,
She would not love, she hated; more, she scorn'd me,
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me.
ALM. An ill woman!
Belike you found some rival in your love, then?
ANT. How perfectly she points me to my story!
(*Aside.*)
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.
And, but for honor to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,
I should say something unbeseeming me.
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me.
ALM. Pray you take me with you.
Of what complexion was she?
ANT. But that I dare not
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,
She look'd not much unlike—though far—far short,
Something, I see, appears—your pardon, madam—
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes could cozen
And so she would look sad; but yours is pity,
A noble chorus to my wretched story;
Hers was disdain and cruelty.
ALM. Pray heaven,
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story.
(*Aside.*)" &c.—*Ed.*

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Whereas in Edmund, for whom passion, the sense of shame as a bastard, and ambition, offer some plausible excuses, Shakspeare has placed many redeeming traits. Edmund is what, under certain circumstances, any man of powerful intellect might be, if some other qualities and feelings were cut off. Hamlet is, inclusively, an Edmund, but different from him as a whole, on account of the controlling agency of other principles which Edmund had not.

Remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains, as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.

The parts pointed out in Hieronimo as Ben Jonson's bear no traces of his style; but they are very like Shakspeare's; and it is very remarkable that every one of them reappears in full form and development, and tempered with mature judgment, in some one or other of Shakspeare's great pieces.*

* By Hieronimo Mr. Coleridge meant The Spanish Tragedy, and not the previous play, which is usually called The First Part of Jeronimo. The Spanish Tragedy is, upon the authority of Heywood, attributed to Kyd. It is supposed that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Hieronimo, and hence it has been surmised that certain passages and whole scenes connected with that character, and not found in some of the editions of the play, are, in fact, Ben Jonson's own writing. Some of these supposed interpolations are among the best things in the Spanish Tragedy; the style is singularly unlike Jonson's, while there are turns and particular images which do certainly seem to have been imitated by or from Shakspeare. Mr. Lamb at one time gave them to Webster. Take this passage in the fourth act:—

"Hieron. What make you with your torches in the dark?
Pedro. You bid us light them, and attend you here.
Hieron. No! you are deceived; not I; you are deceived.
Was I so mad to bid light torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.
Pedro. Then we burn daylight.
Hieron. [Let it be burnt; night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,

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APRIL 7, 1833.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—GIFFORD'S MASSINGER—SHAKSPEARE—THE OLD DRAMATISTS.

I THINK I could point out to a half-line what is really Shakspeare's in Love's Labor Lost, and some other of the non-genuine plays. What he wrote in that play is of his earliest manner,

Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;
And all those stars that gaze upon her face
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.]
PEDRO. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow
Make you speak you know not what.
HIERON. [Villain! thou liest, and thou dost naught
But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad:
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques;
I'll prove it thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was murder'd!
She should have shone then: search thou the book:
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know, had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death,"] &c.

Again, in the fifth act:—

"HIERON. But are you sure that they are dead?
CASTILE. Ay, slain too sure.
HIERON. What, and yours too?
VICEROY. Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.
HIERON. Nay, then I care not—come, we shall be friends;
Let us lay our heads together.
See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.
VICEROY. O damned devil! how secure he is!
HIERON. Secure! why dost thou wonder at it?
[I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I've seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch
Than ever sate under the crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,
I can not look with scorn enough on death.]

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having the all-pervading sweetness which he never lost, and that extreme condensation which makes couplets fall into epigrams, as in the Venus and Adonis, and Rape of Lucrece.* In the drama alone, as Shakspeare soon found out, could the sublime poet and profound philosopher find the conditions of a compromise. In the Love's Labor Lost there are many faint sketches of some of his vigorous portraits in after-life—as for example, in particular, of Benedict and Beatrice.†

Gifford has done a great deal for the text of Massinger, but not so much as might easily be done. His comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporary dramatists is obtuse indeed.‡

KING. What! dost thou mock us, slave? Bring tortures forth.
HIERON. [Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you.
You had a son, as I take it, and your son
Should have been married to your daughter: ha! was it not so?
You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew.
He was proud and politic—had he lived,
He might have come to wear the crown of Spain:
I think 'twas so—'twas I that killed him;
Look you—this same hand was it that stabb'd
His heart—do you see this hand?
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him—
A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden—
One that did force your valiant son to yield,"] &c.—*Ed.*

* "In Shakspeare's *Poems* the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the drama, they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly, and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend, and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice."—*Biog. Lit.* III. p. 381.

† Mr. Coleridge, of course, alluded to Biron and Rosaline; and there are other obvious prolusions, as the scene of the mask with the courtiers, compared with the play in A Midsummer Night's Dream.—*Ed.*

‡ See his Introduction to Massinger, vol. i. p. 79, in which, among other most extraordinary assertions, Mr. Gifford pronounces that *rhythmical modulation is not one of Shakspeare's merits!* The whole of the passage to which I allude seems to me to be the grossest miscarriage to be found in the writings of this distinguished critic. It is as bad as any thing in Seward, Simpson, & Co.—*Ed.*

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In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labor, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.

The old dramatists took great liberties in respect of bringing parties in scene together, and representing one as not recognizing the other under some faint disguise. Some of their finest scenes are constructed on this ground. Shakspeare avails himself of this artifice only twice, I think—in Twelfth Night, where the two are with great skill kept apart till the end of the play, and in the Comedy of Errors, which is a pure farce, and should be so considered. The definition of a farce is, an improbability, or even impossibility, granted in the outset: see what odd and laughable events will fairly follow from it.

APRIL 8, 1833.

STATESMEN—BURKE.

I NEVER was much subject to violent political humors or accesses of feelings. When I was very young I wrote and spoke very enthusiastically; but it was always on subjects connected with some grand general principle, the violation of which I thought I could point out. As to mere details of administration, I honestly thought that ministers, and men in office, must, of course, know much better than any private person could possibly do; and it was not till I went to Malta, and had to correspond with official characters myself, that I fully understood the extreme shallowness and ignorance with which men, of some note too, were able, after a certain fashion, to carry on the government of important departments of the empire. I then quite assented to Oxenstiern's saying, *Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*

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Burke was, indeed, a great man. No one ever read history so philosophically as he seems to have done. Yet, until he could associate his general principles with some sordid interest, panic of property, Jacobinism, &c., he was a mere dinner-bell. Hence you will find so many half-truths in his speeches and writings. Nevertheless, let us heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness. He would have been more influential if he had less surpassed his contemporaries, as Fox and Pitt, men of much inferior minds, in all respects.

APRIL 9, 1833.

PROSPECT OF MONARCHY OR DEMOCRACY—THE REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I HAVE a deep, though paradoxical conviction, that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy; that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king.* As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will, in all likelihood, become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalized as it is, and will be, by the predominance of democracy in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government; and, perhaps, they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

You see how this House of Commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it—low, vulgar, meddling with every thing, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at every thing noble, refined, and truly NATIONAL! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the ruin and the spoil of the old institutions of the land. As for the House of Lords, what is the use of ever so much fiery spirit, if there be no principle to guide and to sanctify it?

* This is backing Vico against Spinosa. It must, however, be acknowledged, that at present the prophet of democracy has a good right to be considered the favorite.—*Ed.*

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APRIL 10, 1833.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—CAPTAIN B. HALL—NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATES —DEMOCRACY WITH SLAVERY—QUAKERS.

THE possible destiny of the United States of America—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope; Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humoring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanor, on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but, in my judgment, his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has, and must of necessity have?

What you say about the quarrel in the United States is sophistical. No doubt taxation may, and perhaps in some cases must, press unequally, or apparently so, on different classes of people in a state. In such cases there is a hardship; but, in the long run, the matter is fully compensated to the over-taxed class. For example, take the householders in London, who complain so bitterly of the house and window-taxes. Is it not pretty clear that, whether such householder be a tradesman, who indemnifies himself in the price of his goods—or a letter of lodgings, who does so in his rent—or a stockholder, who receives it back again in his dividends—or a country gentleman, who has saved so much fresh levy on his land or his other property—one way or other, it comes

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at last pretty nearly to the same thing, though the pressure for the time may be unjust and vexatious, and fit to be removed? But when New-England, which may be considered a state in itself, taxes the admission of foreign manufactures, in order to cherish manufactures of its own, and thereby forces the Carolinians, another state of itself, with which there is little intercommunion, which has no such desire or interest to serve, to buy worse articles at a higher price, it is altogether a different question; and is, in fact, downright tyranny of the worst, because of the most sordid, kind. What would you think of a law which should tax every person in Devonshire for the pecuniary benefit of every person in Yorkshire? And yet that is a feeble image of the actual usurpation of the New-England deputies over the property of the Southern States.

There are two possible modes of unity in a state; one by absolute co-ordination of each to all, and of all to each; the other by subordination of classes and offices. Now, I maintain that there never was an instance of the first, nor can there be, without slavery as its condition and accompaniment, as in Athens. The poor Swiss cantons are no exception.

The mistake lies in confounding a state, which must be based on classes, and interests, and unequal property, with a church, which is founded on the person, and has no qualification but personal merit. Such a community *may* exist, as in the case of the Quakers; but, in order to exist, it must be compressed and hedged in by another society,—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo.*

The free class in a slave state is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power, and distinction, and supremacy.

APRIL 11, 1838.

LAND AND MONEY.

Land was the only species of property which, in the old time, carried any respectability with it. Money alone, apart from some

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tenure of land, not only did not make the possessor great and respectable, but actually made him at once the object of plunder and hatred. Witness the history of the Jews in this country in the early reigns after the Conquest.

I have no objection to your aspiring to the political principles of our old Cavaliers; but embrace them all fully, and not merely this and that feeling, while in other points you speak the canting foppery of the Benthamite or Malthusian schools.

APRIL 14, 1838.

METHODS OF INVESTIGATION.

THERE are three ways of treating a subject:—

In the first mode you begin with a definition, and that definition is necessarily assumed as the truth. As the argument proceeds, the conclusion from the first proposition becomes the base of the second, and so on. Now, it is quite impossible that you can be sure that you have included all the necessary, and none but the necessary, terms in your definition; as, therefore, you proceed, the original speck of error is multiplied at every remove; the same infirmity of knowledge besetting each successive definition. Hence you may set out, like Spinosa, with all but the truth, and end with a conclusion which is altogether monstrous; and yet the mere deduction shall be irrefragable. Warburton's "Divine Legation" is also a splendid instance of this mode of discussion, and of its inability to lead to the truth: in fact, it is an attempt to adopt the mathematical series of proof, in forgetfulness that the mathematician is sure of the truth of his definition at each remove, because he *creates* it, as he can do, in a pure figure and number. But you can not *make* any thing true which results from, or is connected with, real externals; you can only *find* it out. The chief use of this first mode of discussion is to sharpen the wit, for which purpose it is the best exercitation.

2. The historical mode is a very common one: in it the author professes to find out the truth by collecting the facts of the case, and tracing them downwards; but this mode is worse than the other. Suppose the question is as to the true essence and charac-

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ter of the English constitution. First, where will you begin your collection of facts? where will you end it? What facts will you select, and how do you know that the class of facts which you select are necessary terms in the premisses, and that other classes of facts, which you neglect, are not necessary? And how do you distinguish phenomena which proceed from disease or accident, from those which are the genuine fruits of the essence of the constitution? What can be more striking, in illustration of the utter inadequacy of this line of investigation for arriving at the real truth, than the political treatises and constitutional histories which we have in every library? A Whig proves his case convincingly to the reader who knows nothing beyond his author; then comes an old Tory (Carte, for instance), and ferrets up a hamperful of conflicting documents and notices which prove *his* case *per contra*. A. takes this class of facts; B. takes that class; each proves something true, neither proves *the* truth, or any thing like *the* truth; that is, the whole truth.

3. You must, therefore, commence with the philosophic idea of the thing, the true nature of which you wish to find out and manifest. You must carry your rule ready made, if you wish to measure aright. If you ask me how I can know that this idea—my own invention—is the truth, by which the phenomena of history are to be explained, I answer, in the same way exactly that you know that your eyes were made to see with; and that is, because you *do* see with them. If I propose to you an idea or self-realizing theory of the constitution, which shall manifest itself as an existence from the earliest times to the present,—which shall comprehend within it *all* the facts which history has preserved, and shall give them a meaning as interchangeably causals or effects;—if I show you that such an event or reign was an obliquity to the right hand, and how produced, and such other event or reign a deviation to the left, and whence originating,—that the growth was stopped here, accelerated there,—that such a tendency is, and always has been, corroborative, and such other tendency destructive, of the main progress of the idea towards realization;—if this idea, not only like a kaleidoscope, shall reduce all the miscellaneous fragments into order, but shall also minister strength, and knowledge, and light, to the true patriot and statesman, for working out the bright thought, and bringing the glorious embryo to a perfect birth;—then, I think,

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I have a right to say that the idea which led to this is not only true, but the truth, the only truth. To set up for a statesman upon historical knowledge only, is about as wise as to set up for a musician by the purchase of some score flutes, fiddles, and horns. In order to make music, you must know how to play; in order to make your facts speak truth, you must know what the truth is which *ought* to be proved,—the ideal truth,—the truth which was consciously or unconsciously, strongly or weakly, wisely or blindly, intended at all times.*

APRIL 18, 1833.

CHURCH OF ROME—CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY.

In my judgment, Protestants lose a great deal of time in a false attack, when they labor to convict the Romanists of false doctrines. Destroy the *Papacy*, and help the priests to wives, and I am much mistaken if the doctrinal errors, such as there really are, would not very soon pass away. They might remain *in terminis*, but they would lose their sting and body, and lapse back into figures of rhetoric and warm devotion, from which they, most of them,—such as transubstantiation, and prayers for the dead and to saints,—originally sprang. But so long as the Bishop of Rome remains Pope, and has an army of Mamelukes all over the world, we shall do very little by fulminating against mere doctrinal errors. In the Milanese, and elsewhere in the north of Italy, I am told there is a powerful feeling abroad against the Papacy. That district seems to be something in the state of England in the reign of our Henry the Eighth.

* I have preserved this passage, conscious, the while, how liable it is to be misunderstood, or at least not understood. The readers of Mr. Coleridge's works generally, or of his "Church and State" in particular, will have no difficulty in entering into his meaning; namely, that no investigation in the non-mathematical sciences can be carried on in a way deserving to be called philosophical, unless the investigator have in himself a mental initiative, or, what comes to the same thing, unless he set out with an intuition of the ultimate aim or idea of the science or aggregation of facts to be explained or interpreted. The analysis of the Platonic and Baconian methods in "The Friend," to which I have before referred, and the "Church and State," exhibit respectively a splendid vindication and example of Mr. Coleridge's mode of reasoning on this subject."—*Ed.*

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How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman. And can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible! and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c., prove it abundantly.

The Papal church has had three phases,—anti-Cæsarean, extra-national, anti-christian.

APRIL 20, 1833.

ROMAN CONQUESTS OF ITALY.

THE Romans would never have subdued the Italian tribes if they had not boldly left Italy and conquered foreign nations; and so, at last, crushed their next-door neighbors by external pressure.

APRIL 24, 1833.

WEDDED LOVE IN SHAKSPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARY DRAMATISTS—TENNYSON'S POEMS.

EXCEPT in Shakspeare, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists. In Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, it really is on both sides little better than sheer animal desire. There is scarcely a suitor in all their plays, whose *abilities* are not discussed by the lady or her waiting-women. In this, as in all things, how transcendent over his age and his rivals was our sweet Shakspeare!

I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems, which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without

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considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes for success, prescribe to Tennyson,—indeed, without it he can never be a poet in act,—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. He would, probably, thus get imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre, without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses.

MAY 1, 1833.

I THINK with some interest upon the fact that Rabelais and Luther were born in the same year.* Glorious spirits! glorious spirits!

——"Hoc utinam inter
Heroas natum me!"

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,"

says Dryden, and true so far as this, that genius of the highest kind implies an unusual intensity of the modifying power, which, detached from the discriminative and reproductive power, might conjure a platted straw into a royal diadem: but it would be at least as true, that great genius is most alien from madness,—yea, divided from it by an impassable mountain,—namely, the activity of thought and vivacity of the accumulative memory, which are no less essential constituents of "great wit."

MAY 4, 1833.

COLONIZATION—MACHINERY—CAPITAL.

COLONIZATION is not only a manifest expedient, but an imperative duty on Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonization, such as was that of the Scotch to America; a colonization of Hope, and

* They were born within twelve months of each other, I believe; but Luther's birth was in November, 1484, and that of Rabelais is generally placed at the end of the year preceding.—*Ed.*

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not such as we have alone encouraged and effected for the last fifty years—a colonization of Despair.

The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the mere *arte facta* of life actually cheaper: thus, money and all other things being supposed the same in value, a silk gown is five times cheaper now than in Queen Elizabeth's time; but machinery can not cheapen, in any thing like an equal degree, the immediate growths of nature or the immediate necessaries of man. Now the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so, as in giving cotton dresses to maid-servants, and penny-gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!

I think this country is now suffering grievously under an excessive accumulation of capital, which, having no field for profitable operation, is in a state of fierce civil war with itself.

MAY 6, 1833.

ROMAN CONQUEST—CONSTANTINE—PAPACY AND THE SCHOOLMEN.

THE Romans had no national clerisy; their priesthood was entirely a matter of state, and, as far back as we can trace it, an evident stronghold of the Patricians against the increasing powers of the Plebeians. All we know of the early Romans is, that after an indefinite lapse of years, they had conquered some fifty or sixty miles round their city. Then it is that they go to war with Carthage, the great maritime power, and the result of that war was the occupation of Sicily. Thence they, in succession, conquered Spain, Macedonia, Asia Minor, &c., and so at last contrived to subjugate Italy, partly by a tremendous back blow, and partly by bribing the Italian States with a communication of their privileges, which the now enormously enriched conquerors possessed over so large a portion of the civilized world. They were ordained by Providence to conquer and amalgamate the ma-

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terials of Christendom. They were not a national people; they were truly—

Romanos rerum dominos—

—and that's all.

Under Constantine, the spiritual power became a complete reflex of the temporal. There were four patriarchs, and four prefects, and so on. The Clergy and the Lawyers, the Church and the State, were opposed.

The beneficial influence of the Papacy upon the whole has been much over-rated by some writers; and certainly no country in Europe received less benefit and more harm from it than England. In fact, the lawful kings and parliaments of England were always essentially Protestant in feeling for a national church, though they adhered to the received doctrines of the Christianity of the day; and it was only the usurpers, John, Henry IV., &c., that went against this policy. All the great English schoolmen, Scotus Erigena,* Duns Scotus, Ockham, and others, those morning stars of the Reformation, were heart and soul opposed to Rome, and maintained the Papacy to be Antichrist. The Popes always persecuted, with rancorous hatred, the national clerisies, the married clergy, and disliked the universities which grew out of the old monasteries. The papacy was, and is essentially extra-national, and was always so considered in this country, although not believed to be anti-christian.

MAY 8, 1833.

CIVIL WAR OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—HAMPDEN'S SPEECH.

I KNOW no portion of history which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles

* John Scotus, or Erigena, was born, according to different authors, in Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; but I do not find any account making him an Englishman of Saxon blood. His death is uncertainly placed in the beginning of the ninth century. He lived in well-known intimacy with Charles the Bald of France, and died about A.D. 874. He resolutely resisted the doctrine of transubstantiation, and was publicly accused of heresy on that account. But the King of France protected him.—*Ed.*

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I., because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of that age saw *the* truth, the whole truth; there was not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a violent exaggeration of each party for the time. The King became a martyr, and the Parliamentarians traitors, and *vice versâ*. The great reform brought into act by and under William the Third combined the principles truly contended for by Charles and his Parliament respectively: the great revolution of 1831 has certainly, to an almost ruinous degree, dislocated those principles of government again. As to Hampden's speech,* no doubt it means a declaration of passive obedience to the sovereign, as the creed of an English Protestant individual; every man, Cromwell and all, would have said as much; it was the anti-papistical tenet, and almost vauntingly asserted on all occasions by Protestants up to that time. But it implies nothing of Hampden's creed as to the duty of Parliament.

MAY 10, 1833.

REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WELL, I think no honest man will deny that the prophetic denunciations of those who seriously and solemnly opposed the Reform Bill are in a fair way of exact fulfilment! For myself,

* On his impeachment with the other four members, 1642. See the "Letter to John Murray, Esq., *touching* Lord Nugent," 1833. It is extraordinary that Lord N. should not see the plain distinction taken by Hampden, between not obeying an unlawful command, and rebelling against the King because of it. He approves the one, and condemns the other. His words are, "to *yield obedience to* the commands of a King, if against the true religion, against the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, is another sign of an ill subject:—To *resist* the lawful power of the King; to raise insurrection against the King; admit him adverse in his religion; *to conspire against his sacred person, or any ways to rebel, though commanding things against our consciences in exercising religion, or against the rights and privileges of the subject*, is an absolute sign of the disaffected and traitorous subject."—*Ed.*

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I own I did not expect such rapidity of movement. I supposed that the first parliament would contain a large number of low factious men, who would vulgarize and degrade the debates of the House of Commons, and considerably impede public business; and that the majority would be gentlemen more fond of their property than their politics. But really, the truth is something more than this. Think of upwards of 160 members voting away two millions and a half of tax on Friday,* at the bidding of whom, shall I say? and then no less than 70 of those very members rescinding their votes on the Tuesday next following, nothing whatever having intervened to justify the change, except that they had found out that at least seven or eight millions more must go also upon the same principle, and that the revenue was cut in two! Of course I approve the vote of recission, however dangerous a precedent; but what a picture of the composition of this House of Commons!

MAY 13, 1833.

FOOD—MEDICINE—POISON—OBSTRUCTION.

1. THAT which is digested wholly, and part of which is assimilated, and part rejected, is—Food.

2. That which is digested wholly, and the whole of which is partly assimilated, and partly not, is—Medicine.

3. That which is digested, but not assimilated, is—Poison.

4. That which is neither digested nor assimilated, is—Mere Obstruction.

As to the stories of slow poisons, I can not say whether there was any, or what, truth in them; but I certainly believe a man may be poisoned by arsenic a year after he has taken it. In fact, I think that is known to have happened.

* On Friday, the 26th of April, 1833, Sir William Ingilby moved and carried a resolution for reducing the duty on malt from 28*s.* 8*d.* to 10*s.* per quarter. One hundred and sixty-two members voted with him. On Tuesday following, the 30th of April, seventy-six members only voted against the recission of the same resolution.—*Ed.*

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MAY 14, 1833.

WILSON—SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS—LOVE.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S character of Charles Lamb in the last Blackwood, *Twaddle on Tweed-side*,* is very sweet indeed, and gratified me much. It does honor to Wilson, to his head and his heart.

How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries and my mental conflicts! Yet what a waste, what a reckless spending, of talent, ay, and of genius too, in his I know not how many years' management of Blackwood! If Wilson cares for fame, for an enduring place and prominence in literature, he should now, I think, hold his hand, and say, as he well may,—

> "*Militavi* non sine gloria:
> Nunc arma defunctumque *bello*
> Barbiton hic paries habebit."

Two or three volumes collected out of the magazine by himself would be very delightful. But he must not leave it for others to do; for some recasting and much condensation would be required; and literary executors make sad work in general with their testators' brains.†

I believe it possible that a man may, under certain states of the moral feeling, entertain something deserving the name of

* "Charles Lamb ought really not to abuse Scotland in the pleasant way he so often does in the sylvan shades of Enfield; for Scotland loves Charles Lamb; but he is wayward and wilful in his wisdom, and conceits that many a Cockney is a better man even than Christopher North. But what will not Christopher forgive to genius and goodness! Even Lamb, bleating libels on his native land. Nay, he learns lessons of humanity even from the mild malice of Elia, and breathes a blessing on him and his household in their bower of rest."

Some of Mr. Coleridge's poems were first published with some of C. Lamb's at Bristol, in 1797. The remarkable words on the title-page have been aptly cited in the New Monthly Magazine for February, 1835, p. 198: "Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ et similium junctarumque Camœnarum—*quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas.*" And even so it came to pass after thirty-seven years more had passed over their heads.—*Ed.*

† True; and better fortune attend Mr. Coleridge's own!—*Ed.*

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love towards a male object—an affection beyond friendship, and wholly aloof from appetite. In Elizabeth's and James's time it seems to have been almost fashionable to cherish such a feeling; and perhaps we may account in some measure for it by considering how very inferior the women of that age, taken generally, were in education and accomplishment of mind to the men. Of course there were brilliant exceptions enough; but the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher—the most popular dramatists that ever wrote for the English stage—will show us what sort of women it was generally pleasing to represent. Certainly the language of the two friends, Musidorus and Pyrocles, in the Arcadia, is such as we could not now use except to women; and in Cervantes the same tone is sometimes adopted, as in the novel of the Curious Impertinent. And I think there is a passage in the New Atalantis* of Lord Bacon, in which he speaks of the possibility of such a feeling, but hints the extreme danger of entertaining it, or allowing it any place in a moral theory. I mention this with reference to Shakspeare's sonnets, which have been supposed by some to be addressed to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon calls† the most beloved man of his age, though his licentiousness was equal to his virtues. I doubt this. I do not think that Shakspeare, merely because he

* I can not fix upon any passage in this work to which it can be supposed that Mr. Coleridge alluded, unless it be the speech of Joabin the Jew; but it contains nothing coming up to the meaning in the text. The only approach to it seems to be:—"As for masculine love, they have no touch of it; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there; and to speak generally, as I said before, I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs."—*Ed.*

† "William Earl of Pembroke was next, a man of another mould and making, and of another fame and reputation with all men, being the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." . . . . . "He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses." —*Hist. of the Rebellion*, book i. He died in 1630, aged fifty years. The dedication by T. T. (Thomas Thorpe) is to "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.;" and Malone is inclined to think that William Hughes is meant. As to Mr. W. H. being the *only* begetter of these sonnets, it must be observed, that at least the last twenty-eight are beyond dispute addressed to a woman. I suppose the twentieth sonnet was the particular one conceived by Mr. C. to be a blind; but it seems to me that many others may be so construed, if we set out with a conviction that the real object of the poet was a woman.—*Ed.*

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was an actor, would have thought it necessary to veil his emotions towards Pembroke under a disguise, though he might probably have done so, if the real object had perchance been a Laura or a Leonora. It seems to me that the sonnets could only have come from a man deeply in love, and in love with a woman; and there is one sonnet which, from its incongruity, I take to be a purposed blind. These extraordinary sonnets form, in fact, a poem of so many stanzas of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression—continuous, if you regard the lover's soul—distinct, if you listen to him as he heaves them, sigh after sigh.

These sonnets, like the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are characterized by boundless fertility and labored condensation of thought, with perfection and sweetness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterward, habit and consciousness of power teach more ease—*præcipitandum liberum spiritum.*

Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence.

MAY 15, 1833.

WICLIFFE—LUTHER—REVERENCE FOR IDEAL TRUTHS—JOHNSON THE WHIG—ASGILL—JAMES I.

WICLIFFE'S genius was, perhaps, not equal to Luther's; but really, the more I know of him from Vaughan and Le Bas, both of whose books I like, I think him as extraordinary a man as Luther upon the whole. He was much sounder and more truly catholic in his view of the Eucharist than Luther. And I find, not without some pleasure, that my own view of it, which I was afraid was original, was maintained in the tenth century; that is to say, that the body broken has no reference to the human body of Christ, but to the Caro Noumenon, or symbolical Body, the Rock that followed the Israelites.

There is now no reverence for any thing; and the reason is,

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that men possess conceptions only, and all their knowledge is conceptional only. Now, as to conceive is a work of the mere understanding, and as all that can be conceived may be comprehended, it is impossible that a man should reverence that to which he must always feel something in himself superior. If it were possible to conceive God in a strict sense, that is, as we conceive a horse or a tree, even God himself could not excite any reverence, though he might excite fear or terror, or perhaps love, as a tiger, or a beautiful woman. But reverence, which is the synthesis of love and fear, is only due from man, and indeed only excitable in man, towards ideal truths, which are always mysteries to the understanding, for the same reason that the motion of my finger behind my back is a mystery to you now—your eyes not being made for seeing through my body. It is the reason only which has a sense by which ideas can be recognized, and from the fontal light of ideas only can a man draw intellectual power.

Samuel Johnson,* whom, to distinguish him from the Doctor, we may call the Whig, was a very remarkable writer. He may be compared to his contemporary De Foe, whom he resembled in many points. He is another instance of King William's discrimination, which was so much superior to that of any of his ministers. Johnson was one of the most formidable advocates for the Exclusion Bill, and he suffered by whipping and imprisonment under James accordingly. Like Asgill, he argues with great apparent candor and clearness till he has his opponent within reach, and then comes a blow as from a sledge-hammer. I do not know where I could put my hand upon a book containing so much sense and sound constitutional doctrine as this thin folio of Johnson's Works; and what party in this country would read so severe a lecture in it as our modern Whigs?

* Dryden's Ben Jochanan, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. He was born in 1649, and died in 1703. He was a clergyman. In 1686, when the army was encamped on Hounslow Heath, he published "A humble and hearty address to all English Protestants in the present Army." For this he was tried and sentenced to be pilloried in three places, pay a fine, and be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. An attempt was also made to degrade him from his orders, but this failed through an informality. After the Revolution he was preferred.—*Ed.*

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A close reasoner and a good writer in general may be known by his pertinent use of connectives. Read that page of Johnson; you can not alter one conjunction without spoiling the sense. It is a linked strain throughout. In your modern books, for the most part, the sentences in a page have the same connection with each other that marbles have in a bag; they touch without adhering.

Asgill evidently formed his style upon Johnson's, but he only imitates one part of it. Asgill never rises to Johnson's eloquence. The latter was a sort of Cobbett-Burke.

James the First thought that, because all power in the State seemed to proceed *from* the crown, all power therefore remained *in* the crown;—as if, because the tree sprang from the seed, the stem, branches, leaves, and fruit, were all contained in the seed. The constitutional doctrine as to the relation which the king bears to the other components of the State is in two words this: —He is the representative of the whole of that of which he is himself a part.

MAY 17, 1833.

SIR P. SIDNEY—THINGS ARE FINDING THEIR LEVEL.

When Sir Philip Sidney saw the enthusiasm which agitated every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands against Philip and D'Alva, he told Queen Elizabeth that it was the Spirit of God, and that it was invincible. What is the spirit that seems to move and unsettle every other man in England and on the Continent at this time? Upon my conscience, and judging by St. John's rule, I think it is a special spirit of the devil—and a very vulgar devil too!

Your modern political economists say that it is a principle in their science—that all things *find* their level;—which I deny; and say, on the contrary, that the true principle is, that all things are *finding* their level—like water in a storm.

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MAY 18, 1833.

GERMAN—GOETHE—GOD'S PROVIDENCE—MAN'S FREEDOM.

GERMAN is inferior to English in modifications of expression of the affections, but superior to it in modifications of expression of all objects of the senses.

Goëthe's small lyrics are delightful. He showed good taste in not attempting to imitate Shakspeare's Witches, which are threefold—Fates, Furies, and earthly Hags o' the caldron.

Man does not move in cycles, though nature does. Man's course is like that of an arrow; for the portion of the great cometary ellipse which he occupies is no more than a needle's length to a mile.

In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In moral history, God's necessity or providence is shown in man's freedom.

JUNE 8, 1833.

DON MIGUEL AND DON PEDRO—WORKING TO BETTER ONE'S CONDITION—NEGRO EMANCIPATION—FOX AND PITT—REVOLUTION.

THERE can be no doubt of the gross violations of strict neutrality by this government in the Portuguese affair; but I wish the Tories had left the matter alone, and not given room to the people to associate them with that scoundrel Don Miguel. You can never interest the common herd in the abstract question; with them, it is a mere quarrel between the men; and though Pedro is a very doubtful character, he is not so bad as his brother; and besides, we are naturally interested for the girl.

It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and

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properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England, or a part of England, or some other country;—namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labor even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,—to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham, and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe St. Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. I think, tailors will not work at all on that day; the printers, as I have heard, not till the afternoon; and so on. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it.

Must not the ministerial plan for the West Indies lead necessarily to a change of property, either by force or dereliction? I can't see any way of escaping it.

You are always talking of the *rights* of the negroes. As a rhetorical mode of stimulating the people of England *here*, I do not object; but I utterly condemn your frantic practice of declaiming about their rights to the blacks themselves. They ought to be forcibly reminded of the state in which their brethren in Africa still are, and taught to be thankful for the providence which has placed them within the reach of the means of grace. I know no right except such as flows from righteousness; and as every Christian believes his righteousness to be imputed, so must his right be an imputed right too. It must flow out of a duty, and it is under that name that the process of humanization ought to begin and to be conducted throughout.

Thirty years ago, and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavored to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into

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Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises. The consequence was, a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had travelled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds for fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification—the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gambolling on the very brink of a volcano.

JUNE 15, 1833.

VIRTUE AND LIBERTY—EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS—ERASMUS—LUTHER.

THE necessity for external government to man is in an inverse ratio to the vigor of his self-government. Where the last is most complete, the first is least wanted. Hence, the more virtue the more liberty.

I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence; and I hardly believe that the writings of the old Stoics, now lost, could have been deeper. Undoubtedly it is, and must be, very obscure to ordinary readers; but some of the difficulty is accidental, arising from the form in which the Epistle appears. If we could now arrange this work in the way in which we may be sure St. Paul would himself do, were he now alive, and preparing it for the press, his reasoning would stand out clearer. His accumulated parentheses would be thrown into notes, or extruded to the margin. You will smile, after this, if I say that I think I understand St. Paul; and I think so, because, really and truly, I recognize a cogent consecutiveness in the argument—the only evidence I know that you understand any book. How different is the style of this intensely passionate argument from that of the catholic circular charge called the Epistle to the Ephesians!—and how different that of both from the style of the

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Epistles to Timothy and Titus, which I venture to call *ἐπιστολαὶ Παυλοειδεῖς*.

Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament is clear and explanatory; but you can not expect any thing very deep from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther—not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius.

JUNE 17, 1833.

NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

HAVE you been able to discover any principle in this Emancipation Bill for the Slaves, except a principle of fear of the abolition party struggling with a fear of causing some monstrous calamity to the empire at large! Well! I will not prophesy; and God grant that this tremendous and unprecedented act of positive enactment may not do the harm to the cause of humanity and freedom which I can not but fear! But yet, what can be hoped, when all human wisdom and counsel are set at naught, and religious faith—the only miraculous agent among men—is not invoked or regarded! and that most unblessed phrase—the Dissenting *interest*—enters into the question.

JUNE 22, 1833.

HACKET'S LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS—CHARLES I.—MANNERS UNDER EDWARD III., RICHARD II., AND HENRY VIII.

WHAT a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams is! You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil War, than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period.

Charles seems to have been a very disagreeable personage during James's life. There is nothing dutiful in his demeanor.

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I think the spirit of the court and nobility of Edward III. and Richard II. was less gross than that in the time of Henry VIII.; for in this latter period the chivalry had evaporated, and the whole coarseness was left by itself. Chaucer represents a very high and romantic style of society among the gentry.

JUNE 29, 1833.

HYPOTHESIS—SUFFICTION—THEORY—LYELL'S GEOLOGY—GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE—GERARD DOUW'S "SCHOOLMASTER" AND TITIAN'S VENUS—SIR J. SCARLETT.

It seems to me a great delusion to call or suppose the imagination of a subtile fluid, or molecules penetrable with the same, a legitimate hypothesis. It is a mere *suffiction*. Newton took the fact of bodies falling to the centre, and upon that built up a legitimate hypothesis. It was a supposition of something certain. But Descartes's vortices were not an hypothesis; they rested on no fact at all; and yet they did, in a clumsy way, explain the motions of the heavenly bodies. But your subtile fluid is pure gratuitous assumption; and for what use? It explains nothing.

Besides, you are endeavoring to deduce power from mass, in which you expressly say there is no power but the *vis inertiæ*: whereas the whole analogy of chemistry proves that power produces mass.

The use of a theory in the real sciences is to help the investigator to a complete view of all the hitherto discovered facts relating to the science in question; it is a collected view, *θεωρία*, of all he yet knows, in *one*. Of course, while any pertinent facts remain unknown, no theory can be exactly true; because every new fact must necessarily, to a greater or less degree, displace the relation of all the others. A theory, therefore, only helps investigation; it can not invent or discover. The only true theories are those of geometry, because in geometry all the premisses are true and unalterable. But, to suppose that, in our present exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the facts, any theory in chemistry or geology is altogether accurate, is absurd—it can not be true.

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Mr. Lyell's system of geology is just half the truth, and no more. He affirms a great deal that is true, and he denies a great deal which is equally true; which is the general characteristic of all systems not embracing the whole truth. So it is with the rectilinearity or undulatory motion of light;—I believe both;—though philosophy has as yet but imperfectly ascertained the conditions of their alternate existence, or the laws by which they are regulated.

Those who deny light to be matter, do not therefore deny its corporeity.

The principle of the Gothic architecture is Infinity made imaginable. It is no doubt a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style; but then it depends much more on execution for its effect. I was more than ever impressed with the marvellous sublimity and transcendent beauty of King's College Chapel.* It is quite unparalleled.

* Mr. Coleridge visited Cambridge upon the occasion of the scientific meeting there in June, 1833. "My emotions," he said, "at revisiting the university, were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were upon the whole very pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body. The bed on which I slept—and slept soundly too—was, as near as I can describe it, a couple of sacks full of potatoes tied together. I understand the young men think it hardens them. Truly, I lay down at night a man, and rose in the morning a bruise." He told me "that the men were much amused at his saying that the fine old Quaker philosopher Dalton's face was like All Soul's College." The two persons of whom he spoke with the greatest interest were Mr. Faraday and Mr. Thirlwall, saying of the former, "that he seemed to have the true temperament of genius, that carrying-on of the spring and freshness of youthful, nay, boyish feelings, into the matured strength of manhood!" For, as Mr. Coleridge had long before expressed the same thought,—"To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the Ancient of days and all his works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat, this characterizes the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar;

> "'With sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
> And man and woman,—

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I think Gerard Douw's "Schoolmaster," in the Fitzwilliam Museum, the finest thing of the sort I ever saw;—whether you look at it at the common distance, or examine it with a glass, the wonder is equal. And that glorious picture of the Venus—so perfectly beautiful and perfectly innocent—as if beauty and innocence *could not* be disassociated! The French thing below is a curious instance of the inherent grossness of the French taste.* Titian's picture is made quite bestial.

I think Sir James Scarlett's speech for the defendant, in the late action of Cobbett *v.* The Times, for a libel, worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome; though, to be sure, some of his remarks could not have been very palatable to his clients.

I am glad you came in to punctuate my discourse, which I fear has gone on for an hour without any stop at all.

JULY 1, 1833.

MANDEVILLE'S FABLE OF THE BEES—BESTIAL THEORY—CHARACTER OF BERTRAM—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S DRAMAS—ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES—MILTON.

If I could ever believe that Mandeville really meant any thing more by his Fable of the Bees than a *bonne bouche* of solemn raillery, I should like to ask those man-shaped apes who have

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent. And therefore is it the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow fall on water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling, from the time that he has read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure

"To snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white—then gone forever!"

The Friend. II. p. 104.—*Ed.*

* I wish this criticism were enough to banish that vile miniature into a drawer or cupboard. At any rate, it might be detached from the glorious masterpiece to which it is now a libellous pendent.—*Ed.*

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taken up his suggestions in earnest, and seriously maintained them as bases for a rational account of man and the world—how they explain the very existence of those dexterous cheats, those superior charlatans, the legislators and philosophers, who have known how to play so well upon the peacock-like vanity and follies of their fellow-mortals.

By-the-by, I wonder some of you lawyers (*sub rosa*, of course) have not quoted the pithy lines in Mandeville upon this Registration question :—

> "The lawyers, of whose art the basis
> Was raising feuds and splitting cases,
> *Oppos'd all Registers*, that cheats
> Might make more work with dipt estates;
> As 'twere unlawful that one's own
> Without a lawsuit should be known!
> They put off hearings wilfully,
> To finger the refreshing fee;
> And to defend a wicked cause
> Examined and survey'd the laws,
> As burglars shops and houses do,
> To see where best they may break through."

There is great Hudibrastic vigor in these lines; and those on the doctors are also very terse.

Look at that head of Cline, by Chantrey! Is that forehead, that nose, those temples, and that chin, akin to the monkey tribe? No, no. To a man of sensibility no argument could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust.

I can not agree with the solemn abuse which the critics have poured out upon Bertram in "All's Well that Ends Well." He was a young nobleman in feudal times, just bursting into manhood, with all the feelings of pride of birth and appetite for pleasure and liberty natural to such a character so circumstanced. Of course he had never regarded Helena otherwise than as a dependent in the family; and of all that which she possessed of goodness, and fidelity, and courage, which might atone for her inferiority in other respects, Bertram was necessarily in a great measure ignorant. And after all, her *primâ facie* merit was the

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having inherited a prescription from her old father the Doctor, by which she cures the King,—a merit which supposes an extravagance of personal loyalty in Bertram, to make conclusive to him in such a matter as that of taking a wife. Bertram had surely good reason to look upon the king's forcing him to marry Helena as a very tyrannical act. Indeed, it must be confessed that her character is not very delicate, and it required all Shakspeare's consummate skill to interest us for her ; and he does this chiefly by the operation of the other characters,—the Countess, Lafeu, &c. We get to like Helena from their praising and commending her so much.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies the comic scenes are rarely so interfused amidst the tragic as to produce a unity of the tragic on the whole, without which the intermixture is a fault. In Shakspeare, this is always managed with transcendent skill. The Fool in Lear contributes in a very sensible manner to the tragic wildness of the whole drama. Beaumont and Fletcher's serious plays or tragedies are completely hybrids,—neither fish nor flesh, —upon any rules, Greek, Roman, or Gothic ; and yet they are very delightful notwithstanding. No doubt, they imitate the ease of gentlemanly conversation better than Shakspeare, who was unable *not* to be too much associated to succeed perfectly in this.

When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus ; in youth and middle age I preferred Euripides ; now in my declining years I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus—simplicity of design, I mean—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists : he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions,—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on, which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs ! I think the famous *Εὐίππου ξένε*, in the Œdipus

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Coloneus,* cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the Hippolytus—Ἔρως, Ἔρως,† and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the Hecuba, which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished;—I mean where the chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture.‡

* Εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας
ἵκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνὸν—κ. τ. λ. v. 668.

Ἔρως, Ἔρως, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων
στάζεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν
ψυχᾷ χάριν, οὓς ἐπιστρατεύσει,
μή μοι ποτὲ σὺν κακῷ φανείης,
μήδ' ἀρρύθμος ἔλθοις· κ. τ. λ. v. 527.

‡ I take it for granted that Mr. Coleridge alluded to the chorus,—

Σὺ μέν, ὦ πατρὶς Ἰλιὰς,
τῶν ἀπορθήτων πόλις
οὐκέτι λέξει· τοῖον Ἑλ-
λάνων νέφος ἀμφί σε κρύπτει,
δορὶ δῃ, δορὶ πέρσαν· κ. τ. λ. v. 899.

Thou, then, oh, natal Troy! no more
The city of the unsack'd shalt be,
So thick from dark Achaia's shore
The cloud of war hath covered thee.
Ah! not again
I tread thy plain—
The spear—the spear hath rent thy pride;
The flame hath scarr'd thee deep and wide;
Thy coronal of towers is shorn,
And thou most piteous art—most naked and forlorn!

I perish'd at the noon of night!
When sleep had seal'd each weary eye;
When the dance was o'er,
And harps no more
Rang out in choral minstrelsy.
In the dear bower of delight
My husband slept in joy:
His shield and spear
Suspended near,
Secure he slept: that sailor band
Full sure he deem'd no more should stand
Beneath the walls of Troy.
And I too, by the taper's light,
Which in the golden mirror's haze
Flash'd its interminable rays,

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There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to *like* and even admire an exhibition of power very different in kind from any thing of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid too, and I dare say he admired both as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy can not enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation.

Bound up the tresses of my hair,
That I Love's peaceful sleep might share.

I slept; but, hark! that war-shout dread,
Which rolling through the city spread;
And this the cry,—"When, sons of Greece,
When shall the lingering leaguer cease;
When will ye spoil Troy's watch-tower high,
And home return?"—I heard the cry,
And, starting from the genial bed,
Veiled, as a Doric maid, I fled,
And knelt, Diana, at thy holy fane,
A trembling suppliant—all in vain.

They led me to the sounding shore—
Heavens! as I passed the crowded way
My bleeding lord before me lay—
I saw—I saw—and wept no more,
Till, as the homeward breezes bore
The bark returning o'er the sea,
My gaze, oh Ilion, turn'd on thee!
Then, frantic, to the midnight air,
I cursed aloud the adulterous pair:—
"They plunge me deep in exile's woe;
They lay my country low:
Their love—no love! but some dark spell,
In vengeance breath'd, my spirit fell.
Rise, hoary sea, in awful tide,
And whelm that vessel's guilty pride;
Nor e'er, in high Mycene's hall,
Let Helen boast in peace of mighty Ilion's fall."

J. T. C.—*Ed.*

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JULY 3, 1833.

STYLE—CAVALIER SLANG—JUNIUS—PROSE AND VERSE—IMITATION AND COPY.

THE collocation of words is so artificial in Shakspeare and Milton, that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your forefinger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of their finished passages.*

A good lecture upon style might be composed, by taking on the one hand the slang of L'Estrange, and perhaps even of Roger North,† which became so fashionable after the Restoration as a mark of loyalty; and on the other, the Johnsonian magniloquence or the balanced metre of Junius; and then showing how each extreme is faulty, upon different grounds.

It is quite curious to remark the prevalence of the Cavalier slang style in the divines of Charles the Second's time. Barrow could not of course adopt such a mode of writing throughout, because he could not in it have communicated his elaborate thinkings and lofty rhetoric; but even Barrow not unfrequently lets slip a phrase here and there in the regular Roger North way —much to the delight, no doubt, of the largest part of his audience and contemporary readers. See particularly, for instances of this, his work on the Pope's supremacy. South is full of it.

* "The amotion or transposition will alter the thought, or the feeling, or at least the tone. They are as pieces of mosaic work, from which you can not strike the smallest block without making a hole in the picture."—*Quarterly Review*, No. ciii. p. 7.

† But Mr. Coleridge took a great distinction between North and the other writers commonly associated with him. In speaking of the Examen and the Life of Lord North, in The Friend, Mr. C. calls them "two of the most interesting biographical works in our language, both for the weight of the matter, and the *in*curiosa felicitas of the style. The pages are all alive with the genuine idioms of our mother tongue. A fastidious taste, it is true, will find offence in the occasional vulgarisms, or what we now call *slang*, which not a few of our writers, shortly after the Restoration of Charles the Second, seem to have affected as a mark of loyalty. These instances, however, are but a trifling drawback. They are not *sought for*, as is too often and too plainly done by L'Estrange, Collyer, Tom Brown, and their imitators. North never goes out of his way, either to seek them or to avoid them; and, in the main, his language gives us the very nerve, pulse, and sinew of a hearty, healthy, conversational *English*."—P. 330.—*Ed.*

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The style of Junius is a sort of metre, the law of which is a balance of thesis and antithesis. When he gets out of his aphorismic metre into a sentence of five or six lines long, nothing can exceed the slovenliness of the English. Horne Tooke and a long sentence seem the only two antagonists that were too much for him. Still the antithesis of Junius is a real antithesis of images or thought; but the antithesis of Johnson is rarely more than verbal.

The definition of good Prose is—proper words in their proper places—of good Verse—the most proper words in their proper places. The propriety is in either case relative. The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning, and no more; if they attract attention to themselves, it is, in general, a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, understanding the author perfectly, without once taking notice of the medium of communication; it is as if he had been speaking to you all the while. But in verse you must do more; there the words, the *media*, must be beautiful, and ought to attract your notice—yet not so much and so perpetually as to destroy the unity which ought to result from the whole poem. This is the general rule, but, of course, subject to some modifications, according to the different kinds of prose or verse. Some prose may approach towards verse, as oratory, and therefore a more studied exhibition of the *media* may be proper; and some verse may border more on mere narrative, and there the style should be simpler. But the great thing in poetry is, *quocunque modo*, to effect a unity of impression upon the whole; and a too great fulness and profusion of point in the parts will prevent this. Who can read with pleasure more than a hundred lines or so of Hudibras at one time? Each couplet or quatrain is so whole in itself, that you can't connect them. There is no fusion—just as it is in Seneca.

Imitation is the mesothesis of Likeness and Difference. The difference is as essential to it as the likeness; for without the difference, it would be Copy or Fac-simile. But, to borrow a term from astronomy, it is a librating mesothesis: for it may verge more to likeness, as in painting, or more to difference, as in sculpture.

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JULY 4, 1833.

DR. JOHNSON—BOSWELL—BURKE—NEWTON—MILTON.

DR. JOHNSON'S fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *bow-wow* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced; for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke, and Burke was a great and universal talker; yet now we hear nothing of this, except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off.* Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was a great courtier; and after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than in writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life †

Newton *was* a great man, but you must excuse me if I think that it would take many Newtons to make one Milton.

* Burke, I am persuaded, was not so continuous a talker as Coleridge. Madame de Staël told a nephew of the latter, at Coppet, that Mr. C. was a master of monologue, *mais qu'il ne savait pas le dialogue.* There was a spice of vindictiveness in this, the exact history of which is not worth explaining. And if dialogue must be cut down in its meaning to small talk, I, for one, will admit that Coleridge, among his numberless qualifications, possessed it not. But I am sure that he could, when it suited him, converse as well as any one else, and with women he frequently did converse in a very winning and popular style, confining them, however, as well as he could, to the detail of facts or of their spontaneous emotions. In general, it was certainly otherwise. "You must not be surprised," he said to me, "at my talking so long to you—I pass so much of my time in pain and solitude, yet everlastingly thinking, that, when you or any other persons call on me, I can hardly help easing my mind by pouring forth some of the accumulated mass of reflection and feeling, upon an apparently interested recipient." But the principal reason, no doubt, was the habit of his intellect, which was under a law of discoursing upon all subjects with reference to ideas or ultimate ends. You might interrupt him when you pleased, and he was patient of every sort of conversation except mere personality, which he absolutely hated.—*Ed.*

† This was said, I believe, to the late Sir James Mackintosh.—*Ed.*

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JULY 6, 1833.

PAINTING—MUSIC—POETRY.

It is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life. Or, take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation, of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower-vase of Van Huysum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children.*

Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I like Beethoven and Mozart—or else some of the aerial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina† and Carissimi. And I love Purcell.

* This passage, and those following, will evidence, what the readers even of this little work must have seen, that Mr. Coleridge had an eye, almost exclusively, for the ideal or universal in painting and music. He knew nothing of the details of handling in the one, or of rules of composition in the other. Yet he was, to the best of my knowledge, an unerring judge of the merits of any serious effort in the fine arts, and detected the leading thought or feeling of the artist, with a decision which used sometimes to astonish me. Every picture which I have looked at in company with him, seems now, to my mind, translated into English. He would sometimes say, after looking for a minute at a picture, generally a modern one, "There's no use in stopping at this; for I see the painter had no idea. It is mere mechanical drawing. Come on; *here* the artist *meant* something for the mind." It was just the same with his knowledge of music. His appetite for what he thought good was literally inexhaustible. He told me he could listen to fine music for twelve hours together, and go away *refreshed*. But he required in music either thought or feeling; mere addresses to the sensual ear he could not away with; hence his utter distaste for Rossini, and his reverence for Beethoven and Mozart.—*Ed.*

† Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born about 1529, and died in 1594. I believe he may be considered the founder or reformer of the Italian church music. His masses, motets, and hymns, are tolerably well known among lovers of the old composers; but Mr. Coleridge used to speak with delight of some of Palestrina's madrigals which he heard at Rome.

Giacomo Carissimi composed about the years 1640–1650. His style has been charged with effeminacy; but Mr. C. thought it very graceful and chaste. Henry Purcell needs no addition in England.—*Ed.*

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The best sort of music is what it should be—sacred; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the devil.

Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did.

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonizing my thoughts, and in animating, and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing Christabel is not that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind;* but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one.† Besides, after this continuation of Faust, which they tell me is very poor, who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations? Let us except Don Quixote, however, although the second part of that transcendent work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

JULY 8, 1833.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I AM clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the pur-

* I should not have thought it necessary, but for the opinion expressed in Fraser's Magazine for October, 1834, p. 394, to remark here, that the verses published in the European Magazine, No. lxvii., and dated April, 1815, purporting to be a conclusion of Christabel, are not by Mr. Coleridge. With deference to the critic, I must take the liberty to say that they have not a particle of the spirit of the genuine poem; and that the metre and rhythm are copied by one whose eye was better than his ear. Besides, Coleridge's Bracy was not Merlin, neither was his Geraldine the Lady of the Lake. In fact, the genuine poem was well known, by recitation and transcription, nearly twenty years before its publication; and the writer of the conclusion had, of course, seen it. I believe I could name the Avellaneda of Christabel—but he is now gone, and it would reflect no credit upon his memory.—*Ed.*

† "The thing attempted in Christabel is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight—and the success is complete."—*Quarterly Review*, No. ciii., p. 29.

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pose of moving at ease in the best English society,—mind, I don't call the London exclusive clique the best English society,—the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools and Oxford and Cambridge is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is visible positively in some men, and only negatively in others. The first *offend* you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education; in the others you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up are not *added* to their good qualities.

I more than doubt the expediency of making even elementary mathematics a part of the routine in the system of the great schools. It is enough, I think, that encouragement and facilities should be given; and I think more will be thus effected than by compelling all. Much less would I incorporate the German or French, or any modern language, into the school-labors. I think that a great mistake.*

AUGUST 4, 1833.

SCOTT AND COLERIDGE.

DEAR Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this;—that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree, called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations,—just as a bright pan of brass, when beaten, is said to attract the

* "One constant blunder"—I find it so pencilled by Mr. C. on a blank page of my copy of the "Bubbles from the Brunnens"—"of these New Broomers—these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves—with more geniality even *because* it is *not* a part of their compelled school-knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c. will be generally found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Ilissus, Hebrus, Orontes, &c.; inasmuch as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius; or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook, than the Periegesis. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c., with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons; and be that comparison the criterion."—*Ed.*

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swarming of bees; whereas, for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle, in Herodotus, as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay* on a man who lived in past time :—I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all, past, present, or future—but beside, or collaterally.

AUGUST 10, 1833.

NERVOUS WEAKNESS—HOOKER AND BULL—FAITH.

A PERSON nervously weak, has a sensation of weakness which is as bad to him as muscular weakness. The only difference lies in the better chance of removal.

The fact, that Hooker and Bull in their two palmary works respectively are read in the Jesuit Colleges, is a curious instance of the power of mind over the most profound of all prejudices.

There are permitted moments of exultation through faith, when we cease to feel our own emptiness save as a capacity for our Redeemer's fulness.

AUGUST 14, 1833.

QUAKERS—PHILANTHROPISTS—JEWS.

A QUAKER is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrespective zeal, every decency and every right opposed to his course.

* I know not when or where; but are not all the writings of this exquisite genius the effusions of one whose spirit lived in past time? The place which Lamb holds, and will continue to hold, in English literature, seems less liable to interruption than that of any other writer of our day.—*Ed.*

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I have never known a trader in philanthropy, who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations,—men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labor, and time, on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

When I read the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of the Epistle to the Romans to that fine old man Mr. ——, at Ramsgate, he shed tears. Any Jew of sensibility must be deeply impressed by them.

The two images farthest removed from each other which can be comprehended under one term, are, I think, Isaiah*—"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth!"—and Levi of Holywell-street —"Old clothes!"—both of them Jews, you'll observe. *Immane quantum discrepant!*

AUGUST 15, 1833.

SALLUST—THUCYDIDES—HERODOTUS—GIBBON—KEY TO THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

I CONSIDER the two works of Sallust which have come down to us entire, as romances founded on facts; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In Thucydides, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading

* I remember Mr. Coleridge used to call Isaiah his ideal of the Hebrew prophet. He studied that part of the Scripture with unremitting attention and most reverential admiration. Although Mr. C. was remarkably deficient in the technical memory of words, he could say a great deal of Isaiah by heart, and he delighted in pointing out the hexametrical rhythm of numerous passages in the English version:—

"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, | O earth: for the Lord hath spoken,
I have nourished and brought up children, | and they have rebelled against me.
The ox knoweth his owner, | and the ass his master's crib:
But Israel doth not know, | my people doth not consider."—*Ed.*

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the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilized world in his time: his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer, and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing as of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides, that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

The difference between the composition of a history in modern and ancient times is very great; still there are certain principles upon which a history of a modern period may be written, neither sacrificing all truth and reality, like Gibbon, nor descending into mere biography and anecdote.

Gibbon's style is detestable; but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between: in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations, from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog:—the figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discolored; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candle-light. And then to call it a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! Was there ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire. How miserably deficient is the narrative

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of the important reign of Justinian! And that poor skepticism, which Gibbon mistook for Socratic philosophy, has led him to misstate and mistake the character and influence of Christianity in a way which even an avowed infidel or atheist would not and could not have done. Gibbon was a man of immense reading; but he had no philosophy; and he never fully understood the principle upon which the best of the old historians wrote. He attempted to imitate their artificial construction of the whole work—their dramatic ordonnance of the parts—without seeing that their histories were intended more as documents illustrative of the truths of political philosophy than as mere chronicles of events.

The true key to the declension of the Roman empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words:—the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation.

AUGUST 16, 1833.

DR. JOHNSON'S POLITICAL PAMPHLETS—TAXATION—DIRECT REPRESENTATION—UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE—RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE—HORNE TOOKE—ETYMOLOGY OF THE FINAL *ive*.

I LIKE Dr. Johnson's political pamphlets better than any other parts of his works:—particularly his Taxation no Tyranny is very clever and spirited, though he only sees half of his subject, and that not in a very philosophical manner. Plunder—Tribute—Taxation—are the three gradations of action by the sovereign on the property of the subject. The first is mere violence, bounded by no law or custom, and is properly an act only between conqueror and conquered, and that, too, in the moment of victory. The second supposes Law; but Law proceeding only from, and dictated by, one party, the conqueror; law, by which he consents to forego his right of plunder upon condition of the conquered giving up to him, of their own accord, a fixed commutation. The third implies compact, and negatives any right to plunder,—taxation being professedly for the direct benefit of the party taxed, that, by paying a part, he may, through the labors and superintendence of the sovereign, be able to enjoy the rest in

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peace. As to the right to tax being only commensurate with direct representation, it is a fable, falsely and treacherously brought forward by those who know its hollowness well enough. You may show its weakness in a moment, by observing that not even the universal suffrage of the Benthamites avoids the difficulty;—for although it may be allowed to be contrary to decòrum that women should legislate, yet there can be no reason why women should not choose their representatives to legislate;—and if it be said that they are merged in their husbands, let it be allowed where the wife has no separate property; but where she has a distinct taxable estate, in which her husband has no interest, what right can her husband have to choose for her the person whose vote may affect her separate interest?—Besides, at all events, an unmarried woman of age, possessing one thousand pounds a year, has surely as good a moral right to vote, if taxation without representation is tyranny, as any ten-pounder in the kingdom. The truth of course is, that direct representation is a chimera, impracticable in fact, and useless or noxious if practicable.

Johnson had neither eye nor ear; for nature, therefore, he cared, as he knew, nothing. His knowledge of town life was minute; but even that was imperfect, as not being contrasted with the better life of the country.

Horne Tooke was once holding forth on language, when, turning to me, he asked me if I knew what the meaning of the final *ive* was in English words. I said I thought I could tell what he, Horne Tooke himself, thought. "Why, what?" said he. "*Vis*," I replied; and he acknowledged I had guessed right. I told him, however, that I could not agree with him; but believed that the final *ive* came from *ick—vicus*, οἶκος; the root denoting collectivity, and that it was opposed to the final *ing*, which signifies separation, particularity, and individual property, from *ingle*, a hearth, or one man's place or seat: οἶκος, *vicus*, denoted an aggregation of *ingles*. The alteration of the *c* and *k* of the root into the *v* was evidently the work of the digammate power, and hence we find the *icus* and *ivus* indifferently as finals in Latin. The precise difference of the etymologies is apparent in these

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phrases:—The lamb is sportive; that is, has a nature or habit of sporting: the lamb is sporting; that is, the animal is now performing a sport. Horne Tooke upon this said nothing to my etymology; but I believe he found that he could not make a fool of me, as he did of Godwin and some other of his butts.

AUGUST 17, 1833.

"THE LORD" IN THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE PSALMS, ETC.—SCOTCH KIRK AND IRVING.

It is very extraordinary, that in our translation of the Psalms, which professes to be from the Hebrew, the name Jehovah—'O Ὢν—The Being, or God—should be omitted, and, instead of it, the Κύριος, or Lord, of the Septuagint, be adopted. The Alexandrian Jews had a superstitious dread of writing the name of God, and put Κύριος not as a translation, but as a mere mark or sign—every one readily understanding for what it really stood. We, who have no such superstition, ought surely to restore the Jehovah, and thereby bring out in the true force the overwhelming testimony of the Psalms to the divinity of Christ, the Jehovah, or manifested God.*

* I find the same remark in the late most excellent Bishop Sandford's diary, under date 17th December, 1827:—"Χαίρετε ἐν τῷ Κυρίῳ. Κύριος idem significat quod יהוה apud Hebræos. Hebræi enim nomine יהוה sanctissimo nempe Dei nomine, nunquam in colloquio utebantur, sed vice ejus אדני pronuntiabant, quod LXX. per Κύριος exprimebant."—*Remains of Bishop Sandford*, vol. i. p. 207.

Mr. Coleridge saw this work for the first time many months after making the observation in the text. Indeed, it was the very last book he ever read. He was deeply interested in the picture drawn of the Bishop, and said that the mental struggles and bodily sufferings indicated in the Diary had been his own for years past. He conjured me to peruse the Memoir and the Diary with great care:—"I have received," said he, "much spiritual comfort and strength from the latter. O! were my faith and devotion, like my sufferings, equal to that good man's! He felt, as I do, how deep a depth is prayer in faith."

In connection with the text, I may add here, that Mr. C. said, that long before he knew that the late Bishop Middleton was of the same opinion, he had deplored the misleading inadequacy of our authorized version of the expression, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως in the Epistle to the Colossians, i. 15; ὅς ἐστιν εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἀοράτου, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως. He rendered

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I can not understand the conduct of the Scotch Kirk with regard to poor Irving. They might with ample reason have visited him for the monstrous indecencies of those exhibitions of the spirit; perhaps the Kirk would not have been justified in overlooking such disgraceful breaches of decorum: but to excommunicate him on account of his language about Christ's body was very foolish. Irving's expressions upon this subject are ill-judged, inconvenient, in bad taste, and in terms false; nevertheless, his apparent meaning, such as it is, is orthodox. Christ's body—as mere body, or rather carcass (for body is an associated word), was no more capable of sin or righteousness than mine or yours;—that his *humanity* had a *capacity* of sin, follows from its own essence. He was of like passions as we, and was tempted. How *could* he be tempted, if he had no formal capacity of being seduced?

AUGUST 18, 1833.

MILTON'S EGOTISM—CLAUDIAN—STERNE.

In the Paradise Lost—indeed, in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

Claudian deserves more attention than is generally paid to him. He is the link between the old classic and the modern way of thinking in verse. You will observe in him an oscillation between the objective poetry of the ancients and the subjective mood of the moderns. His power of pleasingly reproducing the same thought in different language is remarkable, as it is in Pope.

the verse in these words:—Who is the manifestation of God the invisible, the begotten antecedently to all creation;" observing, that in πρωτότοκος there was a double superlative of priority, and that the natural meaning of "*first-born of every creature*,"—the language of our version,—afforded no premiss for the causal ὅτι in the next verse. The same criticism may be found in the Statesman's Manual, I. p. 462. n; and see Bishop Sandford's judgment to the same effect, vol. i. p. 165.—*Ed.*

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Read particularly the Phœnix, and see how the single image of renascence is varied.*

I think highly of Sterne; that is, of the first part of Tristram Shandy; for as to the latter part, about the widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting; and the Sentimental Journey is poor sickly stuff. There is a great deal of affectation in Sterne, to be sure; but still the characters of Trim and the two Shandies† are most individual and delightful. Sterne's morals are bad, but I don't think they can do much harm to any one whom they would

* Mr. Coleridge referred to Claudian's first Idyll:—

"Oceani summo circumfluus æquore lucus
Trans Indos Eurumque viret," &c.

See the lines—

"Hic neque concepto fetu, nec semine surgit;
Sed pater est prolesque, sibi, nulloque creante
Emeritos artos fœcunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.
. . . .
Et cumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabæum
Componit bustumque sibi partumque futurum.
. . . .
O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulcris
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere leto,
Accipe principium rursus.
. . .
Parturiente rogo——
. . . .
Victuri cineres——
. . .
Qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem,
Succeditque novus——
. . .
O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires; præbetur origo
Per cinerem; moritur te non pereunte senectus."—*Ed.*

† Mr. Coleridge considered the character of the father, the elder Shandy, as by much the finer delineation of the two. I fear his low opinion of the Sentimental Journey will not suit a thorough Sterneist; but I could never get him to modify his criticism. He said, "The oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive the *great* difference between Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other."—*Ed.*

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not find bad enough before. Besides, the oddity and erudite grimaces under which much of his dirt is hidden, take away the effect for the most part; although, to be sure, the book is scarcely readable by women.

AUGUST 20, 1833.

HUMOR AND GENIUS—GREAT POETS GOOD MEN—DICTION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT VERSION—HEBREW—VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.

MEN of humor are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, among other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare.

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking *at* such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.

I quite agree with Strabo, as translated by Ben Jonson in his splendid dedication of the Fox,* that there can be no great poet who is not a good man, though not, perhaps, a *goody* man. His heart must be pure; he must have learned to look into his own heart, and sometimes to look *at* it; for how can he who is ignorant of his own heart know any thing of, or be able to move, the heart of any one else?

I think there is a perceptible difference in the elegance and correctness of the English in our versions of the Old and New

* Ἡ δὲ (ἀρετὴ) ποιητοῦ συνέζευκται τῇ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου· καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητὴν, μὴ πρότερον γενηθέντα ἄνδρα ἀγαθόν.—Lib. i. p. 33, folio.

"For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look towards the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet without first being a good man."

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Testaments. I can not yield to the authority of many examples of usages which may be alleged from the New Testament version. St. Paul is very often most inadequately rendered, and there are slovenly phrases which would never have come from Ben Jonson, or any other good prose writer of that day.

Hebrew is so simple, and its words are so few and near the roots, that it is impossible to keep up any adequate knowledge of it without constant application. The meanings of the words are chiefly traditional. The loss of Origen's Heptaglott Bible, in which he had written out the Hebrew words in Greek characters, is the heaviest which biblical literature has ever experienced. It would have fixed the sounds as known at that time.

Brute animals have the vowel sounds; man only can utter consonants. It is natural, therefore, that the consonants should be marked first, as being the framework of the word; and no doubt a very simple living language might be written quite intelligibly to the natives without any vowel sounds marked at all. The words would be traditionally and conventionally recognized, as in short-hand; thus: *Gd crtd th hvn nd th rth.* I wish I understood Arabic; and yet I doubt whether to the European philosopher or scholar it is worth while to undergo the immense labor of acquiring that or any other Oriental tongue, except Hebrew.

AUGUST 23, 1833.

GREEK ACCENT AND QUANTITY.

THE distinction between accent and quantity is clear, and was, no doubt, observed by the ancients in the recitation of verse. But I believe such recitation to have been always an artificial thing, and that the common conversation was entirely regulated by accent. I do not think it possible to *talk* any language without confounding the quantity of syllables with their high or low tones;* although you may *sing* or *recitative* the difference well

* This opinion, I need not say, is in direct opposition to the conclusion of Foster and Mitford, and scarcely reconcilable with the apparent mean-

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enough. Why should the marks of accent have been considered exclusively necessary for teaching the pronunciation to the Asiatic or African Hellenist, if the knowledge of the acuted syllable did not also carry the stress of time with it? If ἄνθρωπος was to be pronounced in common conversation with a perceptible distinction of the length of the penultima, as well as of the elevation of the antepenultima, why was not that long quantity also marked? It was surely as important an ingredient in the pronunciation as the accent. And although the letter omega might, in such a word, show the quantity, yet what do you say to such words as λελόγχασι, τύψασα, and the like—the quantity of the penultima of which is not marked to the eye at all? Besides, can we altogether disregard the practice of the modern Greeks? Their confusion of accent and quantity in verse is of course a barbarism, though a very old one, as the *versus politici* of John

ing of the authorities from the old critics and grammarians. Foster's opponent was for rejecting the accents, and attending only to the syllabic quantity; Mr. C. would, *in prose*, attend to the accents only as indicators of the quantity, being unable to conceive any practical distinction between time and tone in common speech. Yet how can we deal with the authority of Dionysius of Halicarnassus alone, who, on the one hand, discriminates quantity so exquisitely as to make four degrees of *shortness* in the penultimates of ὁδός, ῥόδος, τρόπος, and στρόφος, and this expressly ἐν λόγοις ψιλοῖς, or plain prose, as well as in verse; and on the other hand declares, according to the evidently correct interpretation of the passage, that the difference between music and ordinary speech consists in the number only, and not in the quality of tones:—τῷ Ποσῷ διαλλάττουσα τῆς ἐν ᾠδαῖς καὶ ὀργάνοις, καὶ οὐχὶ τῷ Ποιῷ. (Περὶ Συν. c. 11!) The extreme sensibility of the Athenian ear to the accent in prose is, indeed, proved by numerous anecdotes, one of the most amusing of which, though, perhaps, not the best authenticated as a fact, is that of Demosthenes in the Speech for the Crown, asking, "Whether, O Athenians, does Æschines appear to you to be the mercenary (μισθωτὸς) of Alexander, or his guest or friend (ξένος)?" It is said that he pronounced μισθωτὸς with a false accent on the antepenultima, as μίσθωτος, and that upon the audience immediately crying out, by way of correction, μισθωτὸς, with an emphasis, the orator continued coolly—ἀκούεις ἃ λέγουσι—"You yourself hear what they say!" Demosthenes is also said, whether affectedly or in ignorance, to have sworn in some speech by Ἀσκλήπιος, throwing the accent falsely on the antepenultima, and that, upon being interrupted for it, he declared, in his justification, that the pronunciation was proper, for that the divinity was ἤπιος, mild. The expressions in Plutarch are very striking:—"Θόρυβον ἐκίνησεν, ὤμνυε δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀσκληπιὸν, προπαροξύνων Ἀσκλήπιον, καὶ παρεδείκνυεν αὑτὸν ὀρθῶς λέγοντα· εἶναι γὰρ τὸν θεὸν ἤπιον· καὶ ἐπὶ τούτῳ πολλάκις ἐθορυβήθη."—*Dec. Orat.*—*Ed.*

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Tzetzes* in the twelfth century, and the Anacreontics prefixed to Proclus, will show; but these very examples prove *à fortiori*, what the common pronunciation in prose then was.

AUGUST 24, 1833.

CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS—MOCK EVANGELICALS—AUTUMN DAY.

I AM never very forward in offering spiritual consolation to any one in distress or disease. I believe that such resources, to be of any service, must be self-evolved in the first instance. I am something of the Quaker's mind in this, and am inclined to *wait* for the spirit.

The most common effect of this mock evangelical spirit, especially with young women, is self-inflation and busy-bodyism.

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!

* See his Chiliads. The sort of verses to which Mr. Coleridge alluded are the following, which those who consider the scansion to be accentual, take for tetrameter catalectic iambics, like—

(ὡς ἠδὺ και | νοῖς πράγμασιν | καὶ δεξιοῖς | ὁμιλεῖν—)

ὁπόσον δύ | ναιτο λαβεῖν | ἐκέλευε | χρυσίον.
Κροῖσον κινεῖ πρὸς γέλωτα βαδίσει καὶ τῇ θέᾳ.
Ὁ Αρτακάμας βασιλεὺς Φρυγίας τῆς μεγάλης.
Ἡρόδοτος τὸν Γύγην δὲ ποιμένα μὲν οὐ λέγει.
Ἡ Ἐρέχθέως Πρόκρις τε καὶ Πραξιθέας κόρη.
Ἀννίβας, ὡς Διόδωρος γράφει καὶ Δίων ἅμα.—*Chil.* 1.

I'll climb the frost | y mountains high | , and there I'll coin | the weather; I'll tear the rain | bow from the sky | , and tie both ends | together.

Some critics, however, maintain these verses to be trochaics, although very loose and faulty.—See Foster, p. 113. A curious instance of the early confusion of accent and quantity may be seen in Prudentius, who shortens the penultima in *eremus* and *idola*, from ἔρημος and εἴδωλα.

Cui jejuna *eremi* saxa loquacibus
Exundant scatebris, &c.—*Cathemer*, v. 89.

—— cognatumque malum, pigmenta, Camœnas,
Idola, conflavit fallendi trina potestas.
Cont. Symm., 47.—*Ed.*

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AUGUST 25, 1833.

ROSETTI ON DANTE—LAUGHTER—FARCE AND TRAGEDY.

ROSETTI's view of Dante's meaning is in great part just, but he has pushed it beyond all bounds of common sense. How could a poet—and such a poet as Dante—have written the details of the allegory as conjectured by Rosetti? The boundaries between his allegory and his pure picturesque are plain enough, I think, at first reading.

To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be—surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.

AUGUST 28, 1833.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT—MODERN DIPLOMATISTS.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT, brother of the great traveller, paid me the following compliment at Rome. "I confess, Mr. Coleridge, I had my suspicions that you were here in a political capacity of some sort or other; but upon reflection I acquit you. For in Germany, and, I believe, elsewhere on the continent, it is generally understood that the English government, in order to divert the envy and jealousy of the world at the power, wealth, and ingenuity of your nation, makes a point, as a *ruse de guerre*, of sending out none but fools of gentlemanly birth and connections as diplomatists to the courts abroad. An exception is, perhaps, sometimes made for a clever fellow, if sufficiently libertine and unprincipled." Is the case much altered now, do you know?

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What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are. I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French —all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war: of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little, and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the Paradise Lost,* and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his Noah's Flood :—

> "And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
> As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.
> The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
> And to the Ark leads down the lioness;
> The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
> And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow," &c.

Hereupon Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the fore-ground. "Ah! no doubt, my lord," said Canning; "your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almost all our ambassadors were distinguished men.† Read Lloyd's State Worthies.

* Genesis, c. vi. vii. Par. Lost, book xi. v. 728, &c.

† Yet Diego de Mendoza, the author of Lazarillo de Tormes, himself a veteran diplomatist, describes his brethren of the craft, and their duties, in the reigns of Charles the Emperor and Philip the Second, in the following terms :—

> "O embajadores, puros majaderos,
> Que si los reyes quieren engañar,
> Comienzan por nosotros los primeros.

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The third-rate men of those days possessed an infinity of knowledge, and were intimately versed, not only in the history, but even in the heraldry, of the countries in which they were resident. Men were almost always, except for mere compliments, chosen for their dexterity and experience—not, as now, by Parliamentary interest.

The sure way to make a foolish ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments? Your art diplomatic is stuff—no truly great man now would negotiate upon any such shallow principles.

AUGUST 30, 1833.

MAN CAN NOT BE STATIONARY—FATALISM AND PROVIDENCE.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He can not stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.

The conduct of the Mohammedan and Western nations on the subject of contagious plague illustrates the two extremes of error on the nature of God's moral government of the world. The Turk changes Providence into fatalism; the Christian relies upon it—when he has nothing else to rely on. He does not practically rely upon it at all.

> *Nuestro mayor negocio es, no dañar*
> *Y jamas hacer cosa, ni dezilla,*
> *Que no corramos riesgo de enseñar.*"

What a pity it is that modern diplomatists, who, for the most part, very carefully observe the precept contained in the last two lines of this passage, should not equally bear in mind the importance of the preceding remark—*that their principal business is just to do no mischief.—Ed.*

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SEPTEMBER 2, 1833.

CHARACTERISTIC TEMPERAMENT OF NATIONS—GREEK PARTICLES—LATIN COMPOUNDS — PROPERTIUS — TIBULLUS — LUCAN — STATIUS—VALERIUS FLACCUS—CLAUDIAN—PERSIUS—PRUDENTIUS—HERMESIANAX.

THE English affect stimulant nourishment—beef and beer. The French, excitants, irritants—nitrous oxyde, alcohol, champagne. The Austrians, sedatives—hyoscyamus. The Russians, narcotics—opium, tobacco, and beng.

It is worth particular notice how the style of Greek oratory, so full, in the times of political independence, of connective particles, some of passion, some of sensation only, and escaping the classification of mere grammatical logic, became, in the hands of the declaimers and philosophers of the Alexandrian era, and still later, entirely deprived of this peculiarity. So it was with Homer as compared with Nonnus, Tryphiodorus, and the like. In the latter there are in the same number of lines fewer words by one half than in the Iliad. All the appoggiaturas of time are lost.

The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as *belligerentes*, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanctioned them, as *omnipotens*, and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation, and of too rigid a character, to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has.

I can not quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was

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wretched, to be sure; still the Pharsalia is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan* was.

I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say, I have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic mode of thought.

I call Persius hard—not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived,† he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

Prudentius‡ is curious for this—that you see how Christianity forced allegory into the place of mythology. Mr. Frere [*ὁ φιλόκαλος, ὁ καλοκαγαθός*] used to esteem the Latin Christian poets of Italy very highly, and no man in our times was a more competent judge than he.

How very pretty are those lines of Hermesianax in Athenæus about the poets and poetesses of Greece!§

SEPTEMBER 4, 1833.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM—EPIC POEM—GERMAN AND ENGLISH—MODERN TRAVELS—PARADISE LOST.

I HAVE already told you that in my opinion the destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now left for an epic poem of the highest kind. Yet, with all its great capabilities, it has this one grand defect—that, whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a per-

* Lucan died by the command of Nero, A.D. 65, in his twenty-sixth year. I think this should be printed at the beginning of every book of the Pharsalia.—*Ed.*

† Aulus Persius Flaccus died in the 30th year of his age, A.D. 62.—*Ed.*

‡ Aurelius Prudentius Clemens was born A.D. 348, in Spain.—*Ed.*

§ See the fragment from the Leontium:

Οἶην μὲν φίλος υἱὸς ἀνήγαγεν Οἰαγροιο
Ἀγριόπην, Θρῇσσαν στειλάμενος κιθάρην
Αἰδόθεν κ. τ. λ. Athen. xiii. s. 71.—*Ed.*

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sonal interest,—in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.

In my judgment, an epic poem must either be national or mundane. As to Arthur, you could not by any means make a poem on him national to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius, took a mundane theme—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women exclusively. Pope satirizes Milton for making God the Father talk like a school divine.* Pope was hardly the man to criticize Milton. The truth is, the judgment of Milton in the conduct of the celestial part of this story is very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as directly acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no affection. It is truly the Voice or the Word of the Lord, coming to, and acting on, the subject Chaos. But, as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the Filial Alterity, and in *those addresses* slips in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, or thought, or sentiment. Indeed, although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater objectivity to the Father and the Son than he would have justified in argument. He was very wise in adopting the strong anthropomorphism of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the Paradise Lost with Klopstock's Messiah, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

The conquest of India by Bacchus might afford scope for a very brilliant poem of the fancy and the understanding.

* "Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school divine."
1 Epist. 2d book of Hor., v. 99.

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It is not that the German can express external imagery more *fully* than English; but that it can flash more images *at once* on the mind than the English can. As to mere power of expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the English. Pray, read a very pleasant and acute dialogue in Schlegel's Athenæum between a German, a Greek, a Roman, Italian, and a Frenchman, on the merits of their respective languages.

I wish the naval and military officers who write accounts of their travels would just spare us their sentiment. The Magazines introduced this cant. Let these gentlemen read and imitate the old captains and admirals, as Dampier, &c.

OCTOBER 15, 1833.

THE TRINITY—INCARNATION—REDEMPTION—EDUCATION.

THE Trinity is the Idea: the Incarnation, which implies the Fall, is the Fact: the redemption is the mesothesis of the two—that is—the Religion.

If you bring up your children in a way which puts them out of sympathy with the religious feelings of the nation in which they live—the chances are, that they will ultimately turn out ruffians or fanatics—and one as likely as the other.

OCTOBER 23, 1833.

ELEGY—LAVACRUM PALLADOS—GREEK AND LATIN PENTAMETER—MILTON'S LATIN POEMS—POETICAL FILTER—GRAY AND COTTON.

ELEGY is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It *may* treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject *for itself*; but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself. As he will feel regret for the past or desire for the future, so sorrow and love become the principal themes of elegy. Elegy presents every thing as lost and gone, or absent and future. The elegy is the exact opposite of the Homeric epic, in which all is purely external and objective, and the poet is a mere voice.

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The true lyric ode is subjective too; but then it delights to present things as actually existing and visible, although associated with the past, or colored highly by the subject of the ode itself.

I think the Lavacrum Pallados of Callimachus very beautiful indeed, especially that part about the mother of Tiresias and Minerva.* I have a mind to try how it would bear translation; but what metre have we to answer in feeling to the elegiac couplet of the Greeks?

I greatly prefer the Greek rhythm of the short verse to Ovid's, though, observe, I don't dispute his taste with reference to the genius of his own language. Augustus Schlegel gave me a copy of Latin elegiacs on the King of Prussia's going down the Rhine, in which he had almost exclusively adopted the manner of Propertius. I thought them very elegant.

You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verses; but you will not persuade me that, if these poems had come down to us *as* written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful.

I once thought of making a collection,—to be called "The Poetical Filter,"—upon the principle of simply omitting from the old pieces of lyrical poetry which we have, those parts in which the whim or the bad taste of the author or the fashion of his age prevailed over his genius. You would be surprised at the number of exquisite *wholes* which might be made by this simple operation, and, perhaps, by the insertion of a single line or half a line, out of poems which are now utterly disregarded on account of some odd or incongruous passages in them;—just as whole volumes of Wordsworth's poems were formerly neglected or laughed at, solely because of some few wilfulnesses, if I may so call them, of that great man—while at the same time five sixths of his poems would have been admired, and indeed popular, if they had appeared without those drawbacks, under the name of Byron, or Moore, or Campbell, or any other of the fashionable favorites of

* Παῖδες, Ἀθαναία νύμφαν μίαν ἐν ποκα θήβαις
πουλύ τι καὶ πέρι δὴ φίλατο τῶν ἑτέραν,
ματέρα Τειρεσίαο, καὶ οὔποκα χωρὶς ἔγεντο· κ. τ. λ. v. 57, &c.

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the day. But he has won the battle now, ay! and will wear the crown, while English is English.

I think there is something very majestic in Gray's Installation Ode; but as to the Bard and the rest of his lyrics, I must say I think them frigid and artificial. There is more real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter.*

* Let me borrow Mr. Wordsworth's account of, and quotation from, this poem:—

"Finally, I will refer to Cotton's 'Ode upon Winter,' an admirable composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as 'a palsied king,' and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate on the part of the poet, extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. He retires from the foe into his fortress, where—

"'a magazine
Of sovereign juice is cellared in;
Liquor that will the siege maintain
Should Phœbus ne'er return again.'

Though myself a water-drinker, I can not resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling, than, in its preceding passages, the poem supplies of her management of forms.

"'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,
And thaws the jelli'd blood of Age;
Matures the Young, restores the Old,
And makes the fainting coward bold.

"'It lays the careful head to rest,
Calms palpitations in the breast,
Renders our lives' misfortunes sweet;
* * * * *

"'Then let the *chill* Sirocco blow,
And gird us round with hills of snow;
Or else go whistle to the shore,
And make the hollow mountains roar:

"'While we together jovial sit
Careless, and crown'd with mirth and wit;

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NOVEMBER 1, 1833.

HOMERIC HEROES IN SHAKSPEARE—DRYDEN—DR. JOHNSON—SCOTT'S NOVELS—SCOPE OF CHRISTIANITY.

COMPARE Nestor, Ajax, Achilles, &c., in the Troilus and Cressida of Shakspeare, with their namesakes in the Iliad. The old heroes seem all to have been at school ever since. I scarcely know a more striking instance of the strength and pregnancy of the Gothic mind.

Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels *get* hot by driving fast.

Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

"'We'll think of all the friends we know,
And drink to all worth drinking to;
When, having drunk all thine and mine,
We rather shall want healths than wine.

"'But where friends fail us, we'll supply
Our friendships with our charity;
Men that remote in sorrows live
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

"'We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
And those that languish into health,
Th' afflicted into joy, th' oppress'd
Into security and rest.

"'The worthy in disgrace shall find
Favor return again more kind,
And in restraint who stifled lie
Shall taste the air of liberty.

"'The brave shall triumph in success,
The lovers shall have mistresses,
Poor unregarded virtue, praise,
And the neglected poet, bays.

"'Thus shall our healths do others good,
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;
For, freed from envy and from care,
What would we be but what we are?'

Preface to the editions of Mr. W.'s Poems, in 1815 *and* 1820.—*Ed.*

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Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *viva voce* in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I can not see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in the Rambler may be pointed out to which you can not attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is better than his writings in general.

When I am very ill indeed I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then *read*. I can not at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

Unless Christianity be viewed and felt in a high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action!

Let a young man separate I from Me as far as he possibly can, and remove Me till it is almost lost in the remote distance. "I am Me," is as bad a fault in intellectuals and morals as it is in grammar, while none but one—God—can say, "I am I," or, "That I am."

NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

TIMES OF CHARLES I.

How many books are still written and published about Charles the First and his times! Such is the fresh and enduring interest of that grand crisis of morals, religion, and government! But these books are none of them works of any genius or imagination; not one of these authors seems to be able to throw himself back into that age; if they did, there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides.

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DECEMBER 21, 1833.

MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT—PROPHECY—LOGIC OF IDEAS AND OF SYLLOGISMS.

When I reflect upon the subject of the messenger of the covenant, and observe the distinction taken in the prophets between the teaching and suffering Christ,—the Priest, who was to precede, and the triumphant Messiah, the Judge, who was to follow, —and how Jesus always seems to speak of the Son of Man in a future sense, and yet always at the same time as identical with himself; I sometimes think that our Lord himself in his earthly career was the Messenger; and that the way is *now still preparing* for the great and visible advent of the Messiah of Glory. I mention this doubtingly.

What a beautiful sermon or essay might be written on the growth of prophecy!—from the germ, no bigger than a man's hand, in Genesis, till the column of cloud gathers size, and height, and substance, and assumes the shape of a perfect man; just like the smoke in the Arabian Nights' tale, which comes up and at last takes a geni's shape.*

The logic of ideas is to that of syllogisms as the infinitesimal calculus to common arithmetic; it proves, but at the same time it supersedes.

JANUARY 1, 1834.

W. S. LANDOR'S POETRY—BEAUTY—CHRONOLOGICAL ARRANGEMENT OF WORKS.

What is it that Mr. Landor wants, to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally

* The passage in Mr. Coleridge's mind was, I suppose, the following:— "He (the fisherman) set it before him, and while he looked at it attentively, there came out a very thick smoke, which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it. The smoke ascended to the clouds, and, extending itself along the sea, and upon the shore, formed a great mist, which, we may well imagine, did mightily astonish the fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it re-united itself, and became a solid body, of which there was formed a geni twice as high as the greatest of giants."—*Story of the Fisherman.*—Ninth Night.—*Ed.*

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deficient in that modifying faculty which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagination in its highest form,—that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English.

The Useful, the Agreeable, the Beautiful, and the Good, are distinguishable. You are wrong in resolving Beauty into Expression or Interest; it is quite distinct; indeed, it is opposite, although not contrary. Beauty is an immediate presence, between (*inter*) which and the beholder *nihil est*. It is always one and tranquil; whereas the interesting always disturbs and is disturbed. I exceedingly regret the loss of those essays on Beauty which I wrote in a Bristol newspaper. I would give much to recover them.*

After all you can say, I still think the chronological order the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.

JANUARY 3, 1834.

TOLERATION—NORWEGIANS.

I HAVE known books written on Tolerance, the proper title of which would be—intolerant or intolerable books on tolerance. Should not a man who writes a book expressly to inculcate tolerance learn to treat with respect, or at least with indulgence, articles of faith which tens of thousands ten times told of his fel-

* I preserve the conclusion of this passage, in the hope of its attracting the attention of some person who may have local or personal advantages in making a search for these essays, upon which Mr. C. set a high value. He had an indistinct recollection of the subject, but told me that, to the best of his belief, the essays were published in the Bristol Mercury, a paper belonging to Mr. Gutch. The years in which the inquiry should be made would be, I presume, 1807 and 1808.—*Ed.*

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low-subjects or his fellow-creatures believe with all their souls, and upon the truth of which they rest their tranquillity in this world, and their hopes of salvation in the next,—those articles being at least maintainable against his arguments, and most certainly innocent in themselves?—Is it fitting to run Jesus Christ in a silly parallel with Socrates—the Being whom thousand millions of intellectual creatures, of whom I am an humble unit, take to be their Redeemer, with an Athenian philosopher, of whom we should know nothing except through his glorification in Plato and Xenophon?—And then to hitch Latimer and Servetus together! To be sure, there was a stake and a fire in each case, but where the rest of the resemblance is I can not see. What ground is there for throwing the odium of Servetus's death upon Calvin alone?—Why, the mild Melancthon wrote to Calvin,* expressly to testify his concurrence in the act, and no doubt he spoke the sense of the German reformers; the Swiss churches *advised* the punishment in formal letters, and I rather think there are letters from the English divines, approving Calvin's conduct!—Before a man deals out the slang of the day about the great leaders of the Reformation, he should learn to throw himself back to the age of the Reformation, when the two great parties in the church were eagerly on the watch to fasten a charge of heresy on the other. Besides, if ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the fire, it was Michael Servetus. He was a rabid enthusiast, and did every thing he could in the way of insult and ribaldry to provoke the feeling of the Christian church. He called the Trinity *triceps monstrum et Cerberum quendam tripartitum*, and so on.

Indeed, how should the principle of religious toleration have been acknowledged at first? It would require stronger arguments than any which I have heard as yet, to prove that men in authority have not a right, involved in an imperative duty, to deter those under their control from teaching or countenancing doctrines which they believe to be damnable, and even to punish with death those who violate such prohibition. I am sure that Bellarmine would have had small difficulty in turning Locke round his fingers' ends upon this ground. A *right* to protection

* Melancthon's words are:—"Tuo judicio prorsus assentior. Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus juste fecisse quod hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicata, *interfecerunt*."—14th Oct., 1554.—*Ed.*

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I can understand; but a *right* to toleration seems to me a contradiction in terms. Some criterion must in any case be adopted by the state; otherwise it might be compelled to admit whatever hideous doctrine and practice any man or number of men may assert to be his or their religion, and an article of his or their faith. It was the same pope who commanded the Romanists of England to separate from the national church, which previously their own consciences had not dictated, nor the decision of any council, and who also commanded them to rebel against Queen Elizabeth, whom they were bound to obey by the laws of the land; and if the pope had authority for one, he must have had it for the other. The only true argument, as it seems to me, apart from Christianity, for a discriminating toleration, is, that *it is of no use* to attempt to stop heresy or schism by persecution, unless, perhaps, it be conducted upon the plan of direct warfare and massacre. You *can not* preserve men in the faith by such means, though you may stifle for a while any open appearance of dissent. The experiment has now been tried, and it has failed; and that is by a great deal the best argument for the magistrate against a repetition of it.

I know this,—that if a parcel of fanatic missionaries were to go to Norway, and were to attempt to disturb the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of the fine independent inhabitants of the interior of that country, I should be right glad to hear that the busy fools had been quietly shipped off—anywhere. I don't include the people of the seaports in my praise of the Norwegians; I speak of the agricultural population. If that country could be brought to maintain a million more of inhabitants, Norway might defy the world; it would be αὐταρκης and impregnable; but it is much underhanded now.

JANUARY 12, 1834.

ARTICLES OF FAITH—MODERN QUAKERISM—DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT—SECTARIANISM—ORIGEN.

I HAVE drawn up four, or perhaps five, articles of faith, by subscription, or rather by assent, to which I think a large comprehension might take place. My articles would exclude Unitarians,

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and, I am sorry to say, members of the church of Rome, but with this difference,—that the exclusion of the Unitarians would be necessary and perpetual; that of the members of the church of Rome depending on each individual's own conscience and intellectual light. What I mean is this:—that the Romanists hold the faith in Christ—but unhappily they also hold certain opinions, partly ceremonial, partly devotional, partly speculative, which have so fatal a facility of being degraded into base, corrupting, and even idolatrous practices, that if the Romanist will make *them* of the essence of his religion, he must of course be excluded. As to the Quakers, I hardly know what to say. An article on the sacraments would exclude them. My doubt is, whether baptism and the eucharist are properly any *parts* of Christianity, or not rather Christianity itself; the one, the initial conversion or light; the other, the sustaining and invigorating life; both together the φῶς καὶ ζωή, which are Christianity. A line can only begin once; hence, there can be no repetition of baptism; but a line may be endlessly prolonged by continued production; hence the sacrament of love and life lasts forever.

But really there is no knowing what the modern Quakers are or believe, excepting this—that they are altogether degenerated from their ancestors of the seventeenth century. I should call modern Quakerism, so far as I know it as a scheme of faith, a Socinian Calvinism. Penn himself was a Sabellian, and seems to have disbelieved even the historical fact of the life and death of Jesus: most certainly Jesus of Nazareth was not Penn's Christ, if he had any. It is amusing to see the modern Quakers appealing now to history for a confirmation of their tenets and discipline—and by so doing, in effect abandoning the stronghold of their founders. As an *imperium in imperio*, I think the original Quakerism a conception worthy of Lycurgus. Modern Quakerism is like one of those gigantic trees which are seen in the forests of North America,—apparently flourishing, and preserving all its greatest stretch and spread of branches; but when you cut through an enormously thick and gnarled bark, you find the whole inside hollow and rotten. Modern Quakerism, like such a tree, stands upright by help of its inveterate bark alone. *Bark* a Quaker, and he is a poor creature.*

* *Stick* is better.

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How much the devotional spirit of the church has suffered by that necessary evil, the Reformation, and the sects which have sprung up subsequently to it! All our modern prayers seem tongue-tied. We appear to be thinking more of avoiding an heretical expression or thought than of opening ourselves to God. We do not pray with that entire, unsuspecting, unfearing, child-like profusion of feeling, which so beautifully shines forth in Jeremy Taylor and Andrewes, and the writings of some of the older and better saints of the Romish church, and particularly of that remarkable woman St. Theresa.* And certainly Protestants, in their anxiety to have the historical argument on their side, have brought down the origin of the Romish errors too late. Many of them began, no doubt, in the apostolic age itself; I say errors, not heresies, as that dullest of the fathers, Epiphanius, calls them. Epiphanius is very long and fierce upon the Ebionites. There may have been real heretics under that name; but I believe that, in the beginning, the name was on account of its Hebrew meaning, given to, or adopted by, some poor mistaken men—perhaps of the Nazarene way—who sold all their goods and lands, and were then obliged to beg. I think it not improbable that Barnabas was one of these chief mendicants, and that the collection made by St. Paul was for them. You should read Rhenferd's account of the early heresies. I think he demonstrates about eight of Epiphanius's heretics to be mere nicknames given by the Jews to the Christians. Read "Hermas, or the Shepherd," of the genuineness of which and of the epistle of Barnabas I have no doubt. It is perfectly orthodox, but full of the most ludicrous tricks of gnostic fancy—the wish to find the New Testament in the *Old*. This gnosis is perceptible in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but kept exquisitely within the limits of propriety. In the others it is rampant, and most truly "puffeth up," as St. Paul said of it.

What between the sectarians and the political economists, the English are denationalized. England I see as a country, but the English nation seems obliterated. What could redintegrate us again? Must it be another threat of foreign invasion?

* She was a native of Avila in Old Castile, and a Carmelite nun. Theresa established an order which she called the "Reformed," and which became very powerful. Her works are divided into ten books, of which her autobiography forms a remarkable part. She died in 1582, and was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622.—*Ed.*

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I never can digest the loss of most of Origen's works: he seems to have been almost the only very great scholar and genius combined among the early Fathers. Jerome was very inferior to him.

JANUARY 20, 1834.

SOME MEN LIKE MUSICAL GLASSES—SUBLIME AND NONSENSE—ATHEIST.

SOME men are like musical glasses;—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

Well! that passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense.

How did the Atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies?

FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

PROOF OF EXISTENCE OF GOD—KANT'S ATTEMPT—PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

ASSUME the existence of God,—and then the harmony and fitness of the physical creation may be shown to correspond with and support such an assumption;—but to set about *proving* the existence of a God by such means is a mere circle, a delusion. It can be no proof to a good reasoner, unless he violates all syllogistic logic, and presumes his conclusion.

Kant once set about proving the existence of God, and a masterly effort it was.* But in his later great work, the "Critique of the Pure Reason," he saw its fallacy, and said of it—that *if* the existence could be *proved* at all, it must be on the grounds indicated by him.

I never could feel any force in the arguments for a plurality of worlds, in the common acceptation of that term. A lady once asked me—"What then could be the intention in creating so

* In his essay, "*Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration des Daseyns Gottes.*"—"The only possible argument or ground of proof for a demonstration of the existence of God." It was published in 1763; the "Critique" in 1781.—*Ed.*

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many great bodies, so apparently useless to us?" I said—I did not know, except perhaps to make dirt cheap. The vulgar inference is *in alio genere*. What in the eye of an intellectual and omnipotent Being is the whole sidereal system to the soul of one man for whom Christ died?

MARCH 1, 1834.

A REASONER.

I AM by the law of my nature a reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying any thing merely as a fact—merely as having happened. It must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. My mind is always energic—I don't mean energetic; I require in every thing what, for lack of another word, I may call *propriety*,—that is, a reason why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time.

MARCH 5, 1834.

SHAKSPEARE'S INTELLECTUAL ACTION—READING IN MACBETH—CRABBE AND SOUTHEY—PETER SIMPLE AND TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

SHAKSPEARE'S intellectual action is wholly unlike that of Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter see the totality of a sentence or passage, and then project it entire. Shakspeare goes on creating, and evolving B. out of A., and C. out of B., and so on, just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems forever twisting and untwisting its own strength

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Perhaps the true reading in Macbeth* is—*blank height* of the

> "Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor heaven peep through the *blanket* of the dark!" Act i. sc. 5.

* But, after all, may not the ultimate allusion be to so humble an image as that of an actor peeping through the curtain on the stage?—*Ed.*

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dark—and not "blanket." "Height" was most commonly written, and even printed, *hēt*.

I think Crabbe and Southey are something alike; Crabbe's poems are founded on observation and real life—Southey's on fancy and books. In facility they are equal, though Crabbe's English is of course not upon a level with Southey's, which is next door to faultless. But in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high imagination; he gives me little or no pleasure; yet, no doubt, he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature. I read all sorts of books with some pleasure, except modern sermons and treatises on political economy.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple."* That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember. And "Tom Cringle's Log" in Blackwood is also most excellent.

MARCH 15, 1834.

CHAUCER—SHAKSPEARE—BEN JONSON—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER—DANIEL—MASSINGER.

I TAKE unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age.† How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!

* Mr. Coleridge said, he thought this novel would have lost nothing in energy if the author had been more frugal in his *swearing*.—*Ed.*

† Eighteen years before, Mr. Coleridge entertained the same feelings towards Chaucer:—"Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself."—*B. Lit.* III. p. 166.—*Ed.*

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I can not in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the Canterbury Tales, being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *ĕ* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocĕan* and *nation*, &c., as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language, if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty, even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done:—Strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I don't want this myself; I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language; but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned, even by black letterati, for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity.

Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavor to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. He is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new creation. Read Daniel*—the admirable Daniel—in his "Civil Wars," and "Triumphs of Hymen." The style

* "This poet's well-merited epithet is that of the '*well-languaged Daniel*;' but, likewise, and by the consent of his contemporaries, no less than of all succeeding critics, the 'prosaic Daniel.' Yet those who thus designate this wise and amiable writer, from the frequent incorrespondency of his diction with his metre, in the majority of his compositions, not only deem them valuable and interesting on other accounts, but willingly admit that there are to be found throughout his poems, and especially in his *Epistles* and in his *Hymen's Triumph*, many and exquisite specimens of that style, which, as the neutral ground of prose and verse, is common to both."—*Biog. Lit.*, III. p. 425.

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and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use; it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson's blank verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger's is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. And I said, he is of no age—nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind: his observation and reading, which were considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures.*

As for editing Beaumont and Fletcher, the task would be one *immensi laboris*. The confusion is now so great, the errors so enormous, that the editor must use a boldness quite unallowable in any other case. All I can say as to Beaumont and Fletcher is, that I can point out well enough where something has been lost, and that something so and so was probably in the original; but the law of Shakspeare's thought and verse is such, that I feel convinced that not only could I detect the spurious, but supply the genuine, word.

MARCH 20, 1834.

LORD BYRON AND H. WALPOLE'S "MYSTERIOUS MOTHER"—LEWIS'S "JAMAICA JOURNAL."

LORD BYRON, as quoted by Lord Dover,† says, that the "Mysterious Mother" raises Horace Walpole above every author living

* Mr. Coleridge called Shakspeare "*the myriad-minded man*," ἀνηρ μυριονους—"a phrase," said he, "which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople. I might have said, that I have *reclaimed*, rather than borrowed it, for it seems to belong to Shakspeare *de jure singulari, et ex privilegio naturæ*."—See *B. Lit.*, III. p. 375. I have sometimes thought that Mr. C. himself had no inconsiderable claim to the same appellation.—*Ed.*

† In the memoir prefixed to the correspondence with Sir H. Mann, Lord Byron's words are:—"He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the 'Mys-

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in his, Lord Byron's, time. Upon which I venture to remark, first, that I do not believe that Lord Byron spoke sincerely; for I suspect that he made a tacit exception in favor of himself at least; secondly, that it is a miserable mode of comparison which does not rest on difference of kind. It proceeds of envy, and malice, and detraction, to say that A. is higher than B., unless you show that they are *in pari materiâ*;—thirdly, that the "Mysterious Mother" is the most disgusting, detestable, vile composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it. As to the blank verse, it is indeed better than Rowe's and Thomson's, which was execrably bad:—any approach, therefore, to the manner of the old dramatists, was of course an improvement; but the loosest lines in Shirley are superior to Walpole's best.

Lewis's "Jamaica Journal" is delightful; it is almost the only unaffected book of travels or touring I have read of late years. You have the man himself, and not an inconsiderable man,—certainly a much finer mind than I supposed before from the perusal of his romances, &c. It is by far his best work, and will live and be popular. Those verses on the Hours are very pretty; but the Isle of Devils is, like his romances,—a fever dream—horrible, without point or terror.

APRIL 16, 1834.

SICILY—MALTA—SIR F. HEAD—SIR ALEXANDER BALL.

I FOUND that every thing in and about Sicily had been exaggerated by travellers, except two things—the folly of the government and the wretchedness of the people. *They* did not admit of exaggeration.

Really, you may learn the fundamental principles of political

terious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance, and the last tragedy, in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may."—*Preface to Marino Faliero.* Is not "Romeo and Juliet" a love-play?—But why reason about such insincere, splenetic trash?—*Ed.*

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economy in a very compendious way, by taking a short tour through Sicily, and simply reversing in your own mind every law, custom, and ordinance you meet with. I never was in a country in which every thing proceeding from man was so exactly wrong. You have peremptory ordinances *against* making roads, taxes on the passage of common vegetables from one miserable village to another, and so on.

By-the-by, do you know any parallel in modern history to the absurdity of our giving a legislative assembly to the Sicilians? It exceeds any thing I know. This precious legislature passed two bills before it was knocked on the head: the first was, to render lands inalienable; and the second, to cancel all debts due before the date of the bill.

And then, consider the gross ignorance and folly of our laying a tax upon the Sicilians! Taxation in its proper sense can only exist where there is a free circulation of capital, labor, and commodities throughout the community. But to tax the people in countries, like Sicily and Corsica, where there is no internal communication, is mere robbery and confiscation. A crown taken from a Corsican living in the sierras would not get back to him again in ten years.

It is interesting to pass from Malta to Sicily—from the highest specimen of an inferior race, the Saracenic, to the most degraded class of a superior race, the European.

But what can Sir Francis Head, in the "Bubbles,"* mean by

* I have the following note by Mr. C. on this work:—

"How can I account for the Anglo-gentlemanly, sensible, and kindly mind breathing forth everywhere in the first half of this volume, as contrasted with the strange, *one-sided* representation of our public schools and universities in the other, which representation, with a full admission on my part of their defects, or rather *deficiencies*, or still rather their *paucities*, amounts to a double lie—a lie by exaggeration, and a lie by omission. And as to the universities—even relatively to Oxford thirty years ago, such a representation would have been slander—and relatively to Cambridge as it now is, is blasphemy. And then how perfectly absurd is the writer's attribution of the national debt of seven or eight hundred millions to the predominance of classical taste and academic talent. And his still stranger ignorance, that without the rapidly increasing national debt, Great Britain could never have become that monstrous mammon-bloated Dives, or wooden idol of stuffed purse-men, in which character the writer thinks it so worthy of his admiration.

"In short, at one moment, I imagine that Mr. Frere, or ——, or any

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talking of the musical turn of the Maltese? Why, when I was in Malta, all animated nature was discordant! The very cats caterwauled more horribly and pertinaciously there than I ever heard elsewhere. The children will stand and scream inarticulately at each other for an hour together, out of pure love to dissonance. The dogs are deafening, and so throughout. Musical indeed! I have hardly gotten rid of the noise yet.

No tongue can describe the moral corruption of the Maltese when the island was surrendered to us. There was not a family in it in which a wife or a daughter was not a kept mistress. A marquis of ancient family applied to Sir Alexander Ball to be appointed his valet. "My valet!" said Ball; "what can you mean, sir?" The marquis said, he hoped he should then have had the honor of presenting petitions to his excellency. "Oh, that is it, is it!" said Sir Alexander: "my valet, sir, brushes my clothes, and brings them to me. If he dared to meddle with matters of public business, I should kick him down stairs."

In short, Malta was an Augean stable, and Ball had all the inclination to be a Hercules.* His task was most difficult, although his qualifications were remarkable. I remember an English officer of very high rank soliciting him for the renewal of a pension to an abandoned woman who had been notoriously treacherous to us. That officer had promised the woman as a matter of course—she having sacrificed her daughter to him. Ball was determined, as far as he could, to prevent Malta from being made a nest of home patronage. He considered, as was the fact, that there was a contract between England and the Maltese. Hence

other Etonian, or *alumnus* of Westminster or Winchester, might be the author; at another, I fall back to Joseph Hume, Dr. Birkbeck, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen." Perhaps if the author of the "Bubbles" had not *finished his classical studies at fourteen*, he might have seen reason to modify his heavy censure on Greek and Latin. As it is, it must be borne with patience.—*Ed.*

* I refer the reader to the five concluding essays of The Friend, as a specimen of what Mr. C. might have done as a biographer if an irresistible instinct had not devoted him to profounder labors. As a sketch—and it pretends to nothing more—is there any thing more perfect in our literature than the monument raised in those essays to the memory of Sir Alexander Ball!—and there are some touches added to the character of Nelson, which the reader, even of Southey's matchless Life of our hero, will find both new and interesting.—*Ed.*

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the government at home, especially Dundas, disliked him, and never allowed him any other title than that of Civil Commissioner. We have, I believe, nearly succeeded in alienating the hearts of the inhabitants from us. Every officer in the island ought to be a Maltese, except those belonging to the immediate executive: £100 per annum to a Maltese, to enable him to keep a gilt carriage, will satisfy him where an Englishman must have £2000.

MAY 1, 1834.

CAMBRIDGE PETITION TO ADMIT DISSENTERS.

THERE are, to my grief, the names of some men to the Cambridge petition for admission of the Dissenters to the University, whose cheeks I think must have burned with shame at the degrading patronage and befouling eulogies of the democratic press, and at seeing themselves used as the tools of the open and rancorous enemies of the church. How miserable to be held up for the purpose of inflicting insult upon men, whose worth, and ability, and sincerity you well know,—and this by a faction banded together like obscene dogs, and cats, and serpents, against a church which you profoundly revere! The *time*—the *time*—the *occasion* and the *motive* ought to have been argument enough, that, even if the measure were right or harmless in itself, not *now*, nor with such as *these*, was it to be effected!

MAY 3, 1834.

CORN-LAWS.

THOSE who argue that England may safely depend upon a supply of foreign corn, if it grow none or an insufficient quantity of its own, forget that they are subjugating the necessaries of life itself to the mere luxuries or comforts of society. Is it not certain that the price of corn abroad will be raised upon us as soon as it is once known that we *must* buy?—and when that fact is known, in what sort of a situation shall we be? Besides this, the argument supposes that agriculture is not a positive good to the nation, taken in and by itself, as a mode of existence for the

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people, which supposition is false and pernicious; and if we are to become a great horde of manufacturers, shall we not, even more than at present, excite the ill-will of all the manufacturers of other nations! It has been already shown, in evidence which is before all the world, that some of our manufacturers have acted upon the accursed principle of deliberately injuring foreign manufacturers, if they can, even to the ultimate disgrace of the country and loss to themselves.

MAY 19, 1834.

CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

How grossly misunderstood the genuine character of the Christian Sabbath, or Lord's day, seems to be even by the church! To confound it with the Jewish Sabbath, or to rest its observance upon the fourth commandment, is in my judgment heretical, and would so have been considered in the primitive church. That cessation from labor on the Lord's day could not have been absolutely incumbent on Christians for two centuries after Christ, is apparent; because during that period the greater part of the Christians were either slaves or in official situations under Pagan masters or superiors, and had duties to perform for those who did not recognize the day. And we know that St. Paul sent back Onesimus to his master, and told every Christian slave, that, being a Christian, he was free in his mind indeed, but still must serve his earthly master, although he might laudably seek for his personal freedom also. If the early Christians had refused to work on the Lord's day, rebellion and civil war must have been the immediate consequences. But there is no intimation of any such cessation.

The Jewish Sabbath was commemorative of the termination of the great act of creation; it was to record that the world had not been from eternity, nor had arisen as a dream by itself, but that God had created it by distinct acts of power, and that he had hallowed the day or season in which he rested or desisted from his work. When our Lord arose from the dead, the old creation was, as it were, superseded, and the new creation then began; and therefore the first day and not the last day, the

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commencement and not the end, of the work of God was solemnized.

Luther, in speaking of the *good by itself*, and the good *for its expediency alone*, instances the observance of the Christian day of rest,—a day of repose from manual labor, and of activity in spiritual labor,—a day of joy and co-operation in the work of Christ's creation. "Keep it holy"—says he—"for its use' sake, both to body and soul! But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it—to do any thing that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty."

The early church distinguished the day of Christian rest so strongly from a fast, that it was unlawful for a man to bewail even *his own sins*, as such only, on that day. He was to bewail the sins of *all*, and to pray as one of the whole of Christ's body.

And the English Reformers evidently took the same view of the day as Luther and the early church. But, unhappily, our church, in the reigns of James and Charles the First, was so identified with the undue advancement of the royal prerogative, that the Puritanical Judaizing of the Presbyterians was but too well seconded by the patriots of the nation, in resisting the wise efforts of the church to prevent the incipient alteration in the character of the day of rest. After the Restoration, the bishops and clergy in general adopted the view taken and enforced by their enemies.

By-the-by, it is curious to observe, in this semi-infidel and Malthusian Parliament, how the Sabbatarian spirit unites itself with a rancorous hostility to that one institution which alone, according to reason and experience, can insure the continuance of any general religion at all in the nation at large. Some of these gentlemen, who are for not letting a poor laboring man have a dish of baked potatoes on a Sunday, *religionis gratia*—God forgive that audacious blasphemy!—are foremost among those who seem to live but in vilifying, weakening, and impoverishing the national church. I own my indignation boils over against such contemptible fellows.

I sincerely wish to preserve a decent quiet on Sunday. I would prohibit compulsory labor, and put down operas, theatres,

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&c., for this plain reason: that if the rich be allowed to play, the poor will be forced—or, what comes to the same thing—will be induced to work. I am not for a Paris Sunday. But to stop coaches, and let the gentleman's carriage run, is monstrous.

MAY 25, 1834.

HIGH PRIZES AND REVENUES OF THE CHURCH.

YOUR argument against the high prizes in the church might be put strongly thus:—Admit that in the beginning it might have been fairly said, that some eminent rewards ought to be set apart for the purpose of stimulating and rewarding transcendent merit; what have you to say now, after centuries of experience to the contrary? *Have* the high prizes been given to the highest genius, virtue, or learning? Is it not rather the truth, as Jortin said, that twelve votes in a contested election will do more to make a man a bishop than an admired commentary on the twelve minor prophets? To all which and the like I say again, that you ought not to reason from the abuse, which may be rectified, against the inherent uses of the thing. *Appoint* the most deserving, and the prize *will* answer its purpose. As to the bishops' incomes, in the first place, the nett receipts—that which the bishops may spend—have been confessedly exaggerated beyond measure; but, waiving that, and allowing the highest estimate to be correct, I should like to have the disposition of the episcopal revenue in any one year by the late or the present Bishop of Durham, or the present Bishops of London or Winchester, compared with that of the most benevolent nobleman in England, of any party in politics. I firmly believe that the former give away, in charity of one kind or another, public, official, or private, three times as much in proportion as the latter. You may have a hunks or two, now and then; but so you would, much more certainly, if you were to reduce the incomes to two thousand pounds per annum. As a body, in my opinion, the clergy of England do, in truth, act as if their property were impressed with a trust, to the utmost extent that can be demanded by those who affect, ignorantly or not, that lying legend of a tripartite or quadripartite division of the tithe by law.

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MAY 31, 1834.

SIR C. WETHERELL'S SPEECH—NATIONAL CHURCH—DISSENTERS—PAPACY—UNIVERSITIES.

I THINK Sir Charles Wetherell's speech before the Privy Council very effective. I doubt if any other lawyer in Westminster Hall could have done the thing so well.

The National Church requires, and is required by, the Christian Church, for the perfection of each: for, if there were no national church, the mere spiritual church would either become, like the papacy, a dreadful tyranny over mind and body, or else would fall abroad into a multitude of enthusiastic sects, as in England in the seventeenth century. It is my deep conviction that, in a country of any religion at all, liberty of conscience can only be permanently preserved by means, and under the shadow of, a national church—a political establishment connected with, but distinct from, the spiritual church.

I sometimes hope that the rabid insolence and undistinguished despotism of temper of the Dissenters may at last awaken a jealousy in the laity of the Church of England; but their apathy and inertness are, I fear, too profound—too providential.

Whatever the papacy may have been on the continent, it was always an unqualified evil to this country. It destroyed what was rising of good, and introduced a thousand evils of its own. The papacy was, and still is, essentially extra-national; it affects, *temporally*, to do that which the spiritual Church of Christ can alone do—to break down the natural distinctions of nations. Now, as the Roman papacy is in itself local and peculiar, of course this attempt is nothing but a direct attack on the political independence of other nations.

The institution of Universities was the single check on the papacy. The pope always hated and maligned the universities. The old cœnobitic establishments of England were converted—perverted, rather—into monasteries and other monking receptacles. You see it was at Oxford that Wicliffe alone found protection and encouragement.

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JUNE 2, 1834.

SCHILLER'S VERSIFICATION—GERMAN BLANK VERSE.

SCHILLER'S blank verse is bad. He moves in it as a fly in a glue-bottle. His thoughts have their connection and variety, it is true, but there is no sufficiently corresponding movement in the verse. How different from Shakspeare's endless rhythms!

There is a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault. Lessing had the best notion of blank verse. The trochaic termination of German words renders blank verse in that language almost impracticable. We have it in our dramatic hendecasyllable; but then we have a power of interweaving the iambic close *ad libitum*.

JUNE 14, 1834.

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION—DUKE OF WELLINGTON—CORONATION OATH.

THE Roman Catholic Emancipation Act—carried in the violent, and, in fact, unprincipled manner it was—was, in effect, a Surinam toad; and the Reform Bill, the Dissenters' admission to the Universities, and the attack on the Church, are so many toadlets, one after another detaching themselves from their parent brute.

If you say there is nothing in the Romish religion, sincerely felt, inconsistent with the duties of citizenship and allegiance to a territorial Protestant sovereign, *cadit quæstio*. For if *that* is once admitted, there can be no answer to the argument from numbers. Certainly, if the religion of the majority of the *people* be innocuous to the interests of the *nation*, the majority have a natural right to be trustees of the nationalty—that property which is set apart for the nation's use, and rescued from the gripe of private hands. But when I say, *for the nation's use*, I mean the very reverse of what the radicals mean. They would convert it to relieve taxation, which I call a private, personal, and perishable use. A nation's uses are immortal.

How lamentable it is to hear the Duke of Wellington expressing himself doubtingly on the abominable sophism that the Cor-

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onation Oath only binds the King as the executive power—thereby making a Highgate oath of it. But the Duke is conscious of the ready retort which his language and conduct on the Emancipation Bill afford to his opponents. He is hampered by that affair.

JUNE 20, 1834.

CORN-LAWS—MODERN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In the argument on the Corn-Laws there is a μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος. It may be admitted that the great principles of Commerce require the interchange of commodities to be free; but commerce, which is barter, has no proper range beyond luxuries or conveniences;—it is properly the complement to the full existence and development of a state. But how can it be shown that the principles applicable to an interchange of conveniences or luxuries apply also to an interchange of necessaries? No state can be such properly, which is not self-subsistent at least; for no state that is not so, is essentially independent. The nation that can not even exist without the commodity of another nation, is in effect the slave of that other nation. In common times, indeed, pecuniary interest will prevail, and prevent a ruinous exercise of the power which the nation supplying the necessary must have over the nation which has only the convenience or luxury to return; but such interest, both in individuals and nations, will yield to many stronger passions. Is Holland any authority to the contrary? If so, Tyre and Sidon and Carthage were so! Would you put England on a footing with a country which can be overrun in a campaign, and starved in a year?

The entire tendency of the modern or Malthusian political economy is to denationalize. It would dig up the charcoal foundations of the temple of Ephesus to burn as fuel for a steam-engine!

JUNE 21, 1834.

Mr. ———, in his poem, makes trees coeval with Chaos;—which is next door to Hans Sachse,* who, in describing Chaos, said it was so pitchy dark that even the very *cats* ran against each other!

* Hans Sachse was born 1494, and died 1576.—*Ed.*

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JUNE 23, 1834.

SOCINIANISM—UNITARIANISM—FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

FAUSTUS SOCINUS worshiped Jesus Christ, and said that God had given him the power of being omnipresent. Davidi, with a little more acuteness, urged that mere audition or creaturely presence could not possibly justify worship from men;—that a man, how glorified soever, was no nearer God in essence than the vulgarest of the race. Prayer, therefore, was inapplicable. And how could a *man* be a mediator between God and man? How could a *man*, with sins himself, offer any compensation for, or expiation of, sin, unless the most arbitrary caprice were admitted into the counsels of God?—And so, at last, you see, it was discovered by the better logicians among the Socinians, that there was no such thing as sin at all.

My faith is this:—God is the Absolute Will: It is his Name and the meaning of it. It is the Hypostasis. As begetting his own Alterity, the Jehovah, the Manifested—He is the Father; but the Love and the Life—the Spirit—proceeds from both.

I think Priestley must be considered the author of modern Unitarianism. I owe, under God, my return to the faith, to my having gone much further than the Unitarians, and so having come round to the other side. I can truly say, I never falsified the Scripture. I always told them that their interpretations of the Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that, if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbor as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then, plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could counterbalance that. "What care I," I said, "for the Platonisms of John, or the Rabbinisms of Paul?—My conscience revolts!" That was the ground of my Unitarianism.

Always believing in the government of God, I was a fervent Optimist. But as I could not but see that the present state of things was not the best, I was necessarily led to look forward to some future state.

You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy

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and the Imagination in this way,—that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in Hudibras:—

> "The sun had long since in the lap
> Of Thetis taken out his nap,
> And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
> From black to red began to turn."*

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell' uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakspeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle,† the poet, by one touch from himself—

* Part ii. c. 2, v. 29.

† ——"Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; *far off their coming shone;*
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen."—P. L. b. vi. v. 749, &c.

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—— "far off their coming shone!"—

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image, from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate,—the reader is brought back to the single image by—

> "He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
> Of Hell resounded."*

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in Lear throughout.

At the very outset, what are we to think of the soundness of this modern system of political economy, the direct tendency of every rule of which is to denationalize, and to make the love of our country a foolish superstition?

JUNE 28, 1834.

MR. COLERIDGE'S SYSTEM—BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA—DISSENTERS.

You may not understand my system, or any given part of it, —or, by a determined act of wilfulness, you may, even though perceiving a ray of light, reject it in anger and disgust:—But this I will say,—that if you once master it, or any part of it, you

* ——"and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded."—P. L., b. i. v. 300, &c.

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can not hesitate to acknowledge it as the truth. You can not be skeptical about it.

The metaphysical disquisition at the end of the first volume of the "Biographia Literaria" is unformed and immature; it contains the fragments of the truth, but it is not fully thought out. It is wonderful to myself to think how infinitely more profound my views now are, and yet how much clearer they are withal. The circle is completing; the idea is coming round to, and to be, the common sense.

The generation of the modern worldly Dissenter was thus: Presbyterian, Arian, Socinian, and last, Unitarian.

Is it not most extraordinary to see the Dissenters calling themselves the descendants of the old Nonconformists, and yet clamoring for a divorce of Church and State? Why—Baxter and the other great leaders would have thought a man an atheist who had proposed such a thing. *They* were rather for merging the State *in* the Church. But these our modern gentlemen, who are blinded by political passion, give the kiss of alliance to the harlot of Rome, and walk arm-in-arm with those who deny the God that redeemed them, if so they may but wreak their insane antipathies on the National Church! Well! I suppose they have counted the cost, and know what it is they would have, and can keep.

JULY 5, 1834.

LORD BROOKE—BARROW AND DRYDEN—PETER WILKINS AND STOTHARD—FIELDING AND RICHARDSON—BISHOP SANDFORD—ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION.

I DO not remember a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke (Fulke Greville) to a lady of quality on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such that it might have been written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart and so exquisite a taste.

Barrow often debased his language merely to evidence his loyalty. It was, indeed, no easy task for a man of so much genius, and such a precise mathematical mode of thinking, to adopt

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even for a moment the slang of L'Estrange and Tom Brown; but he succeeded in doing so sometimes. With the exception of such parts, Barrow must be considered as closing the first great period of the English language. Dryden began the second. Of course there are numerous subdivisions.

Peter Wilkins is to my mind a work of uncommon beauty; and yet Stothard's illustrations have *added* beauties to it. If it were not for a certain tendency to affectation, scarcely any praise could be too high for Stothard's designs. They give me great pleasure. What an exquisite image is that of Peter's Glum fluttering over the ship, and trying her strength in lifting the stores! I believe that Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. Davis's story is an imitation of Peter Wilkins; but there are many beautiful things in it; especially his finding his wife crouching by the fireside—she having, in his absence, plucked out all her feathers—to be like him!

It would require a very peculiar genius to add another tale, *ejusdem generis*, to Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins. I once projected such a thing; but the difficulty of a pre-occupied ground stopped me. Perhaps La Motte Fouqué might effect something; but I should fear that neither he, nor any other German, could entirely understand what may be called the "*desert island*" feeling. I would try the marvellous line of Peter Wilkins, if I attempted it, rather than the *real* fiction of Robinson Crusoe.

What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word, I think the Œdipus Tyrannus, the Alchemist, and Tom Jones the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick-room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day in May.

I have been very deeply interested in the account of Bishop Sandford's life, published by his son. He seems to have been a thorough gentleman upon the model of St. Paul, whose manners were the finest of any man's upon record.

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I think I could have conformed to the then dominant church before the Reformation. The errors existed, but they had not been riveted into peremptory articles of faith before the Council of Trent. If a Romanist were to ask me the question put to Sir Henry Wotton,* I should content myself by answering, that I could not exactly say when my religion, as he was pleased to call it, began—but that it was certainly some sixty or seventy years before *his*, at all events—which began at the Council of Trent.

JULY 10, 1834.

EUTHANASIA.

I AM dying, but without expectation of a speedy release. Is it not strange that very recently by-gone images, and scenes of early life, have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those two realities of this phantom world! I do not add Love,—for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as *one?* I say *realities;* for reality is a thing of degrees, from the Iliad to a dream; *καὶ γάρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστι.* Yet, in a strict sense, reality is not predicable at all of aught below Heaven. "Es enim *in cœlis*, Pater noster, qui tu vere *es!*" Hooker wished to live to finish his Ecclesiastical Polity; so I own I wish life and strength had been spared to me to complete my Philosophy. For, as God hears me, the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in my heart was to exalt the glory of his name; and, which is the same thing in other words, to promote the improvement of mankind. But *visum aliter Deo*, and his will be done

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*** This note may well finish the present specimens. What follows was for the memory of private friends only. Mr. Cole-

* "Having, at his being in Rome, made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him, one evening to hear their vesper music at church; the priest, seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper—'Where was your religion to be found before Luther?' To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit—'My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now—in the written word of God.'"—*Isaak Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton.*

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ridge was then extremely ill; but certainly did not believe his end to be quite so near at hand as it was.—*Ed.*

The following Recollections of Mr. Coleridge, written in May, 1811, have been also communicated to me by my brother, Mr. Justice Coleridge :—

"20TH APRIL, 1811, AT RICHMOND.

"We got on politics, and he related some curious facts of the prince and Perceval. Then, adverting to the present state of affairs in Portugal, he said that he rejoiced not so much in the mere favorable turn as in the end that must now be put to the base reign of opinion respecting the superiority and invincible skill of the French generals. Brave as Sir John Moore was, he thought him deficient in that greater and more essential manliness of soul which should have made him not hold his enemy in such fearful respect, and which should have taught him to care less for the opinion of the world at home.

"We then got, I know not how, to German topics. He said that the language of their literature was entirely factitious, and had been formed by Luther from the two dialects, High and Low German; that he had made it, grammatically, most correct, more so, perhaps, than any other language: it was equal to the Greek, except in harmony and sweetness. And yet the Germans themselves thought it sweet. Klopstock had repeated to him an ode of his own to prove it, and really had deceived himself, by the force of association, into a belief that the harsh sounds, conveying, indeed, or being significant of, sweet images or thoughts, were themselves sweet. Mr. C. was asked what he thought of Klopstock. He answered, that his fame was rapidly declining in Germany; that an Englishman might form a correct notion of him by uniting the moral epigram of Young, the bombast of Hervey, and the minute description of Richardson. As to sublimity, he had, with all Germans, one rule for producing it;—it was, to take something very great, and make it very small in comparison with that which you wish to elevate. Thus, for example, Klopstock says,—'As the gardener goes forth, and scatters from his basket seed into the garden; so does the Creator scatter worlds with his right hand.' Here *worlds*, a large object, are

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made small in the hands of the Creator ; consequently, the Creator is very great. In short, the Germans were not a poetical nation in the very highest sense. Wieland was their best poet : his subject was bad, and his thoughts often impure ; but his language was rich and harmonious, and his fancy luxuriant. Sotheby's translation had not at all caught the manner of the original. But the Germans were good metaphysicians and critics : they criticized on principles previously laid down ; thus, though they might be wrong, they were in no danger of being self-contradictory, which was too often the case with English critics.

" Young, he said, was not a poet to be read through at once. His love of point and wit had often put an end to his pathos and sublimity ; but there were parts in him which must be immortal. He (Mr. C.) loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him.

" Returning to the Germans, he said that the state of their religion, when he was in Germany, was really shocking. He had never met one clergyman a Christian ; and he found professors in the universities lecturing against the most material points in the Gospel. He instanced, I think, Paulus, whose lectures he had attended. The object was to resolve the miracles into natural operations ; and such a disposition evinced was the best road to preferment. He severely censured Mr. Taylor's book, in which the principles of Paulus were explained and insisted on with much gratuitous indelicacy. He then entered into the question of Socinianism, and noticed, as I recollect, the passage in the Old Testament : ' The people bowed their faces, and *worshiped* God and the king.' He said, that all worship implied the presence of the object worshiped : the people worshiped, bowing to the sensuous presence of the one, and the conceived omnipresence of the other. He talked of his having constantly to defend the Church against the Socinian Bishop of Llandaff, Watson. The subject then varied to Roman Catholicism, and he gave us an account of a controversy he had had with a very sensible priest in Sicily on the worship of saints. He had driven the priest from one post to another, till the latter took up the ground, that, though the saints were not omnipresent, yet God, who was so, imparted to them the prayers offered up, and then they used their interference with Him to grant them. ' That is, father,' said C. in reply, ' excuse my seeming levity, for I mean no impiety ; that is—I have a deaf and dumb wife, who yet un-

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derstands me, and I her, by signs. You have a favor to ask of me, and want my wife's interference; so you communicate your request to me, who impart it to her, and she, by signs back again, begs me to grant it.' The good priest laughed and said, '*Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur!*'

"We then got upon the Oxford controversy, and he was decidedly of opinion that there could be no doubt of Copleston's complete victory. He thought the Review had chosen its points of attack ill, as there must doubtless be in every institution so old much to reprehend and carp at. On the other hand, he thought that Copleston had not been so severe or hard upon them as he might have been; but he admired the critical part of his work, which he thought very highly valuable, independently of the controversy. He wished some portion of mathematics was more essential to a degree at Oxford, as he thought a gentleman's education incomplete without it, and had himself found the necessity of getting up a little when he could ill spare the time. He every day more and more lamented his neglect of them when at Cambridge.

"Then glancing off to Aristotle, he gave a very high character of him. He said that Bacon objected to Aristotle the grossness of his examples, and Davy now did precisely the same to Bacon; both were wrong; for each of those philosophers wished to confine the attention of the mind in their works to the *form* of reasoning only by which other truths might be established or elicited, and therefore the most trite and commonplace examples were in fact the best. He said that during a long confinement to his room he had taken up the Schoolmen, and was astonished at the immense and acute knowledge displayed by them; that there was scarcely any thing which modern philosophers had proudly brought forward as their own which might not be found clearly and systematically laid-down by them in some or other of their writings. Locke had sneered at the Schoolmen unfairly, and had raised a foolish laugh against them by citations from their *Quid libet* questions, which were discussed on the eves of holidays, and in which the greatest latitude was allowed, being considered mere exercises of ingenuity. We had ridiculed their *quiddities*, and why? Had we not borrowed their *quantity* and their *quality*, and why then reject their *quiddity*, when every school-boy in logic must know, that of every thing may be asked, *Quantum*

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est? *Quale est?* and *Quid est?* the last bringing you to the most material of all points, its individual being. He afterward stated, that in a History of Speculative Philosophy, which he was endeavoring to prepare for publication, he had proved, and to the satisfaction of Sir James Mackintosh, that there was nothing in Locke which his best admirers most admired, that might not be found more clearly and better laid down in Descartes or the old Schoolmen; not that he was himself an implicit disciple of Descartes, though he thought that Descartes had been much misinterpreted.

"When we got on the subject of poetry and Southey, he gave us a critique of the Curse of Kehama, the fault of which he thought consisted in the association of a plot and a machinery so very wild with feelings so sober and tender: but he gave the poem high commendation, admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindoo monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that Kehama went on from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, while Kailyal gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet, by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden. This he thought the very great merit of the poem.

"When we walked home with him to the inn, he got on the subject of the Latin Essay for the year at Oxford,* and thought some consideration of the corruption of language should be introduced into it. It originated, he thought, in a desire to abbreviate all expression as much as possible; and no doubt, if in one word, without violating idiom, I can express what others have done in more, and yet be as fully and easily understood, I have manifestly made an improvement; but if, on the other hand, it becomes harder, and takes more time to comprehend a thought or image put in one word by Apuleius than when expressed in a whole sentence by Cicero, the saving is merely of pen and ink, and the alteration is evidently a corruption."

* On Etymology.

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APRIL 21—RICHMOND.

"Before breakfast we went into Mr. May's delightful book-room, where he was again silent in admiration of the prospect. After breakfast we walked to church. He seemed full of calm piety, and said he always felt the most delightful sensations in a Sunday churchyard—that it struck him as if God had given to man fifty-two springs in every year. After the service he was vehement against the sermon, as common-place, and invidious in its tone towards the poor. Then he gave many texts from the lessons and gospel of the day, as affording fit subjects for discourses. He ridiculed the absurdity of refusing to believe every thing that you could not understand; and mentioned a rebuke of Dr. Parr's to a man of the name of Frith, and that of another clergyman to a young man, who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand:—'Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know.'

"As we walked up Mr. Cambridge's meadows towards Twickenham, he criticized Johnson and Gray as poets, and did not seem to allow them high merit. The excellence of verse, he said, was to be untranslatable into any other words without detriment to the beauty of the passage;—the position of a single word could not be altered in Milton without injury. Gray's personifications, he said, were mere printer's devils' personifications—persons with a capital letter—abstract qualities with a small one. He thought Collins had more genius than Gray, who was a singular instance of a man of taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, without imagination. He contrasted Dryden's opening of the 10th satire of Juvenal with Johnson's:—

'Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from Ganges to Peru,'

which was as much as to say,—

'Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind.'

"After dinner he told us a humorous story of his enthusiastic fondness for Quakerism when he was at Cambridge, and his attending one of their meetings, which had entirely cured him. When the little children came in, he was in raptures with them, and descanted upon the delightful mode of treating them now, in comparison to what he had experienced in childhood. He lamented the haughtiness with which Englishmen treated all foreigners

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abroad, and the facility with which our government had always given up any people which had allied itself to us at the end of a war; and he particularly remarked upon our abandonment of Minorca. These two things, he said, made us universally disliked on the continent; though, as a people, most highly respected. He thought a war with America inevitable; and expressed his opinion that the United States were unfortunate in the prematureness of their separation from this country, before they had in themselves the materials of moral society—before they had a gentry and a learned class—the former looking backwards, and giving the sense of stability—the latter looking forwards, and regulating the feelings of the people.

"Afterward, in the drawing-room, he sat down by Professor Rigaud, with whom he entered into a discussion of Kant's System of Metaphysics. The little knots of the company were speedily silent: Mr. C.'s voice grew louder; and abstruse as the subject was, yet his language was so ready, so energetic, and so eloquent, and his illustrations so very neat and apposite, that the ladies even paid him the most solicitous and respectful attention. They were really entertained with Kant's Metaphysics! At last I took one of them, a very sweet singer, to the piano-forte; and, when there was a pause, she began an Italian air. She was anxious to please him, and he was enraptured. His frame quivered with emotion, and there was a titter of uncommon delight on his countenance. When it was over, he praised the singer warmly, and prayed she might finish those strains in heaven!

"This is nearly all, except some anecdotes, which I recollect of our meeting with this most interesting, most wonderful man. Some of his topics and arguments I have enumerated, but the connection and the words are lost. And nothing that I can say can give any notion of his eloquence and manner—of the hold which he soon got on his audience—of the variety of his stores of information—or, finally, of the artlessness of his habits, or the modesty and temper with which he listened to, and answered, arguments contradictory to his own.—J. T. C."

END OF VOL. VI.

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