













M.DCCC.LI.

FEBRUARY, APRIL, JUNE.

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THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

VOLUME V.

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Plusieurs choses certaines sont contredites : plusieurs fausses passent sans contradiction : ni la contradiction n'est marque de fausseté, ni l'incontradiction n'est marque de vérité.

Omnis res argumentando confirmatur.

PASCAL. (*Pensées*.)

CIC. DE INV.

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Whisper Tull  
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## ERRATA.

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- Page 25, line 34, *for as being only, read only as.*
- 36, " 34, (Of notes.) *Insert a comma between Rámánuja and Ramápati.*
- 46, " 5, (Of notes.) *For رحمت read رحمت*
- 47, " 13, ( " " ) *For باع read باغ*
- 50, " 11, ( " " ) *For ch. v., read ch. 7, v. 198.*
- 52, " 8, *for भंज and गंज, read भंजा and गंजा.*
- " " 13, (Of notes.) *For gánjá (the 2d), read ganjá.*
- 57, " 30, *for ई, read हे.*
- 58, " 12, *for constitutes, read constitute.*
- 61, " 2, (Of note.) *For Major C. Smyth, read Mr. W. C. Smyth.*
- 114, " 34, *for mere depressed, read more depressed.*
- 125, " 18, *for grand lovers of the human affections, read grand lovers, &c.*
- 128, " 1, *for most sensitive minds, read least sensitive minds.*
- 321, " 3 *from bottom, for muswers, read masters.*
- 324, " 9, *for gaib, read gate.*
- " " 16, *for caropabilities, read capabilities.*
- " " 3 *from bottom, for till, read tell.*
- 325, " 10, *Dele at.*
- " " 4 *from bottom, for this, read thus.*
- 329, " 16, *after submission, insert to.*
- 331, " 13 *from bottom, dele though.*
- 332, " 15, *for moore, read model.*
- 334, " 3 *from bottom, for to clib, read tocht.*
- 427, " 12 *from bottom, for Saeclo, read Sacchi.*
- 428, " 7 *from bottom, for flushed, read slashed.*
- 439, " 12, *for tilted, read lilted.*
- 480, " 21, *for truth-loving, read turtle-loving.*
- 515, " 28, *for suspend, read suppend.*
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## P R E F A C E.

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Four years have now elapsed, since the First Number of this Magazine was introduced to public notice. At the commencement of its eighth volume some explanation of its past history and future prospects appears requisite.

The *Benares Magazine* was projected, about the month of August, 1818, by two gentlemen, who were joint Editors during the first year of its issue. Its present conductor had then no further interest in it than as an occasional contributor, and a sharer in the losses which, it was expected, would accrue. He had no voice whatever in the selection of articles, and of those which he himself offered, more than one he believes to have been very properly rejected.

Doubtless, as he thankfully acknowledges, the literary success which the Magazine may be considered to have now attained, owes much to the judgment and the talent of its earliest managers. Its present Editor has but one thing touching them which he need lament,—that their valuable assistance has now for a very long period been altogether withheld from him.

Indeed, had he ever foreseen the amount of labour and anxiety which the sole Editorship of a periodical of such extent would bring upon him, in addition to sufficiently onerous official duties; the inconsiderable aid which future volumes would derive from pens which, for a period, were the mainstays of the undertaking; the serious defections by death and other casualties which he would have from time to time to deplore; and the difficult, and often delicate, offices inseparable from the preparation of a lengthened series of papers for the press; he would have hesitated to assume



what the event has proved to be often a very embarrassing position.

It would be exceedingly ungrateful, however, did he not acknowledge the general good temper and placidity of his contributors, and the indulgence which they have extended to him, when he has been compelled to differ from them.

But still, it must be told, the prosecution of his task assumes new and more formidable difficulties every half-year that it is proceeded with. *Some* offences a Magazine Editor, however carefully scrupulous, is sure to incur the charge of; inasmuch as he must now and then encounter some literary Quixote, who will pique himself upon a point, and quarrel over a comma. By such, however, the Editor thankfully confesses that he has been very rarely troubled; and though, with the limited assistance at his disposal, the loss of any thing available is a consideration, he has no reason to apprehend that any exasperations which he regrets the occasion of will be felt to be of much importance either by the readers of the *Benares Magazine*, or by himself.

And, on the whole, he has only thanks to render the several coadjutors of his efforts, to produce a serial which may aspire to range with the higher periodical literature of Europe, and yet bear distinct indications of its Indian habitat. The press of London, he is proud to say, has rendered its ample tribute to a series of papers on the N. W. Provinces, of which he had the honour to circulate the first impression; and the liberality which he has experienced from the principal local Reviewers has cheered him up to this time, and encourages him to proceed.

Acrimony and personalities have occasionally been launched at himself and others whose contributions he has adopted, or whose proceedings he has found occasion to illustrate, by a scurrilous hireling of the Fourth Estate in the Upper Provinces. Of these he may dispose in the language of the greatest of our British Apologists:—

“I will not deny but that the best apology against false accusers is silence and sufferance, and honest deeds set against dishonest words. And that I could at this time most easily and securely, with the least loss of reputation, use no other defence, I need not despair to win belief; whether I consider both the foolish contriving and ridiculous aiming of these slanderous bolts, shot so wide of any suspicion to be fastened upon me, that I have oft with inward contentment perceived my friends congratulating themselves on my innoceuce, and my enemies ashamed of their partner’s folly; or whether the examples of men either noble or religious, who have sate down lately with a meek and quiet silence and sufferance under many libellous endorsements, may be a rule to others, I might well appease myself to put up any reproaches, in such an honourable society of sufferers, using no defence.”

But such *brochures* have been, he believes, but rarely uttered, and only by the most vulgar and least significant of the newspapers; and the courtesy and fair treatment which he has received from others, who least assimilate with him in many of his opinions, he will ever advert to as a standing testimony to the literary candour of the Journalists of these Presidencies.

But still, as he said before, his difficulties increase upon him. Certainly in many, and perhaps in any other country, a periodical which had received, during four successive years, encomiums on the ability of its articles and the inflexibility of its *morale*, would have attained, at any rate, a remunerative circulation, and perhaps, also, some margin, which might admit of suitable acknowledgements to its most valuable contributors. And there was a time when the Editor thought himself justified in holding out such prospects to those willing to co-operate with him. They have not, however, been realized. The fact is, the obstacles which environ any serial, with peculiar limitation to India, are of a nature

such as to preclude the probability of any considerable return. Were all who have been registered as subscribers to the *Benares Magazine* now among us, and in the habit of receiving it, it would be already a property of considerable value; but it is not, and could not be so in this land of changes; in the course of four years, for every accession which had been made to its circulation, deaths or removals have soon introduced an effectual counteractive, and thus its *absolute* advance, from the first day of its issue, has been almost *nil*.

On the other hand, though the circulation of the Magazine remains much as it was when it came under the management of its present Editor, its finance has sustained heavy and unlooked-for damage. The deficit upon the first year was so large as to be one of many causes which induced the original enterprizers to withdraw from their responsibility; but encouragement was offered to the present Editor to persevere, by several friends of literature and the Church, who volunteered to undertake a limited amount of loss, should any arise in succeeding years. The Editor contemplates with the sincerest sorrow of heart of how many of these excellent persons he was bereft, before there was an opportunity of their completing their engagements.

This is only one of many causes—some of them of too delicate a nature for the Editor to do more than allude to,—which have tended to embarrass the finance of the Magazine. But though the balance at present due to his press is much larger than he can regard with satisfaction, he takes the present opportunity of advising his constituents, that would they obligingly favour him with their subscriptions, due for the present, or the past, and in some few instances for previous years, he would at once feel relieved of all carefulness on this topic, and indeed, he believes he may add, of all prospect of individual sacrifice.

The Editor is far from simulating that there have been no obstructions which may account for the small amount of

credit which the Magazine's ledger shews him to have received in favour of the issues of the current year. When he considers the several irregularities in the appearance of the numbers, entailed by the loss of long and elaborate articles, removals, domestic trials, and other circumstances quite beyond his control, he acknowledges that some apprehension may have most justly been entertained upon the prudence of making an advance of payment. Where such may have existed, he trusts the possession of the half volume now introduced will annul them; and he pledges himself to the completion of the eighth volume as early as is consistent with that research and tone which he shall ever consider matters much more important, in a publication designed to edify, than the mere observance of days.

In fact, he discovers that it is a matter impossible for him, with the amount of assistance on which he can calculate, to pretend to any great punctuality as to his day of publication, and at the same time to be duly observant of the quality of what he renders.

For it must be recollected that the highly educated class in India is not literary by profession. Scarcely a man, of any superiority of intellect, who has not his own arduous and important duties to render to the State, or to the Church, or to the rising generation. What is done by them to edify, by means of the press, is accomplished with much sacrifice of self-indulgence in a country where the inducements to relax are excessive. A really substantial periodical literature, the Editor believes, can hardly be sustained here with the un-deviating regularity which is not only possible, but quite easy, in England and in Germany; for the simple reason that the only men we have who could sustain it have most exacting occupations of quite another character; whereas, in the European States, there are a class of most efficient men to whom literature is a livelihood. And this opinion is perhaps already proved by the career of the few indi-

genous publications conducted with what a certain class of critics call "readiness and spirit;" the meaning of this being that they come out regularly on the first of every month. They do—but on the other hand, with the exception of a few extremely talented articles, in the earlier numbers of the "Monthlies," on Indian affairs, and an occasional *poemetto* of great beauty, they have perhaps seldom, in their original articles, risen much above mediocrity, or pretended to higher exertions either of genius or research that such as might render them of the quality of a third or fourth rate English Magazine.

As in its introduction, so in its continuance, the *Benares Magazine* has other and higher objects.

It aims at a conservancy, in religion and right-mindedness, of the treasure old and good which our fathers have bequeathed to us. It purports to convey really accurate and important information, on the disciplines, the institutions, and the people of India and the East. Subordinate to these primary designs, it would evince a liking for, and an appreciation of, the amenities of literature. When such provision fails, it must die of inanition.

But its Editor entertains no such apprehensions. He may truly say that, considering the large withdrawals from the co-operation which he calculated upon when he commenced his undertaking, he has fared wonderfully well, and far better than he had hoped. And still "one goeth and another cometh." With a variety of the most acceptable contributions to his recent numbers he has been favoured by authors on whose assistance he had never calculated.

He has nevertheless abundance to occupy the comparatively small portion of his time which may with justice and propriety be dedicated to reviewing. And recollecting that that act has often exhausted heretofore the most extensive and versatile genius;—that the regularity of the labour occa-

sioned Bayle a dangerous illness, and was the death of Dr. Maty;\* he is far from sanguine about the future, without a more steady supply than that with which his friends at present undertake to furnish him.

For the time to come, he will do his utmost to prepare a half-volume in a similar style to that which he now offers, once a quarter. The subscriptions for the current year, will of course hold, and entitle to the next issue, which will complete the eighth Volume. Afterwards he will feel less embarrassed if the constituents of the Magazine will receive it in half-volumes, at the rate of four Rupees each, without any further or more definite engagement, on his part or on theirs.

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\* D'Israeli:—*Curiosities of Literature*, I. 3.

November 29th, 1852.





THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

I.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES OF  
THE BENGAL PRESIDENCY.

“There is one great question to which we should look in all our arrangements—What is to be their final result on the character of the people? Is it to be raised, or is it to be lowered?”\*

Such was the momentous question propounded by one of the Company's most illustrious servants at the close of his official career, to the members of that Government over which he presided. In no part of India can a better and more satisfactory answer be furnished than in the North-Western Provinces. Besides the physical benefits conferred on the people—the operations visible on the face of the country, the roads and bridges, the line of canals intersecting the Western districts—the minor works of agricultural utility constructed with Government money—the municipal and sanitary regulations, that diffuse health and comfort throughout the towns and cities;—there are still a number of systematic improvements which, independent of temporal advantages, may be fairly expected to elevate the national mind. Postal communication has been extended to the remotest and most sequestered portions of every district; rights have been ascertained, defined, and registered;—violence has been repressed by the eradication of the motives which lead to it;—lawless tribes have been reclaimed to industry by the cer-

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\* Minute by Sir T. Munro, Governor of Madras, dated 31st December, 1824.



tainty of reaping the fruits of their labours;—the peasant has been taught to feel that his little property is respected and recorded by the Government;—the proprietors of the soil have found that their ancestral customs and privileges have been understood and maintained. The scrutiny required for the attainment of these ends has been fraught with further results, both in the mass of information which has been educed, and in the investigations to which it has led. To the enquiries made into the rights of the people, we owe most of the complete and varied statistical information which has been laid before the public. To the spirit of enquiry thus evoked may be attributed the census, the population returns, the educational statistics, and lastly, the creation of a vernacular literature. The publication of countless legal treatises, of practical compilations explanatory of the system of Government, and of the principles of finance and taxation which affect every individual member of the State—have all tended to foster the growth of intelligent independence. But it is evident, that the success of all the pains which have been taken to define rights, to collect useful information, and to present it in a popular dress—must greatly depend on the fitness or otherwise of the people to appreciate the one and to comprehend the other. Elementary knowledge is necessary for the reception of those influences which the civilizing and humanizing measures of the Government are calculated to diffuse. As might naturally be expected, therefore, endeavours have been made not only to impart a complete education to a few, but also to stimulate the general progress of elementary education, and to encourage the people to acquire the rudiments of practical knowledge. If the principle be admitted, that the improvement and elevation of the native character should be one of the objects aimed at by the British rule, there can be little doubt that popular education ought to be one of the means employed. And in these Provinces there exist special reasons to hope, that if merely the simplest education could be generally imparted to the mass of the people, the results would be palpable and immediate.

Now, what has been, and what may, be done, for the promotion of popular education in the North-Western Provinces?

Thirteen Government Schools and three Colleges were at various dates and places founded in these Provinces under the orders of the Council of Education at Calcutta. The Colleges are, comparatively speaking, old established institu-

tions. The Delhi College has passed its 57th year, the Agra College its 27th year. Contrasted with the modernism of other institutions, the Benares College may also claim the title of "time-honored," having numbered its 58th anniversary.

The superintendence of all these institutions, and the disposal of the educational funds, amounting to about two lacs per annum, was transferred from the Supreme to the Local Government in 1843.

Most of the Schools were shortly abandoned—chiefly on the ground that they did not yield results commensurate with the outlay expended. At the present time, but three survive; namely, those at Bareilly, Saugor and Jubbulpore. The Colleges appear to be kept up with vigour and efficiency, and they are likely to produce local effects of real magnitude. The respective spheres and relative importance are best set forth in the following extract from the Educational Report for 1847-48, page 1.

"At Benares, Dr. Ballantyne perseveres in his useful and successful labors to influence the minds of the learned Brahmins who frequent that city. By his acquaintance with the Sanscrit language and writings, he is able to meet them on their own ground, and he uses the power which this gives him, to expose the sophistries or errors of their philosophical systems, and to induce his pupils to study the same subjects with the superior sight which can be thrown upon them by European science and literature.

"At Agra, the seat of the Local Government, and in the immediate presence of the Boards which preside over the administration of the several Civil Departments, amongst a population which is neither peculiarly Hindoo nor Mohamedan, but may be characterized as official and mercantile, Mr. Middleton addresses himself to raise up a class of men who are well qualified to take their part in the practical duties of life. The sciences are particularly, though by no means exclusively, studied. Mathematics and natural philosophy are the branches of learning in which the pupils attain the highest proficiency, though their acquaintance with English literature is also considerable.

"At Delhi, Dr. A. Sprenger, from his acquaintance with the Arabic language and literature, has enjoyed peculiar facilities for obtaining an influence over the minds of the educated Mohamedans, who form the great majority of the upper classes in that city. The youths in the Oriental Department of the College have continued to study European subjects, either scientific or literary, through the agency of the Delhi Vernacular Translation Society, of which he has been the main supporter."

It is evident, that the locality of the Colleges at Delhi and Benares has been most judiciously chosen. Benares being the fixed abode of heathen bigotry—the great centre of written as well as personal communication—the fountain-head from which flow the now sluggish and contracted streams of the once wide-spread and potent Hindooism—must ever possess peculiar attraction for the Missionary,

the Philanthropist, and the Teacher. And at Delhi, the "mother of dead" dynasties, where a nucleus of educated men, the representatives of that science and philosophy which the Moslem conquerors carried with them from Araby to Ind—there are offered valuable opportunities of imparting to Mahomedan learning a healthful life, and of turning it into beneficent channels. Moreover, it is to the successive Principals of this College that the Delhi Vernacular Society owes its origin and support; and the publications of this Society have enriched the Urdù language and literature with a fund of sound and useful European knowledge. It is scarcely however necessary to point out that these institutions address themselves mainly to the educated classes. The scope of their operations is undeniably important. They will influence those who form the nobility of the intellectual realm, and through them they may affect remotely and indirectly the "third estate," the intellectual commons. They may also send forth qualified persons to instruct the people. But popular education is too important an end to be entrusted to indirect means, or to be left to eventual or fortuitous accomplishment. It should be compassed by some direct method, powerfully applied. Views of this nature were expressly enunciated by the Local Government, when the superintendence of education was first committed to its charge. It was at once perceived, that education should be extended to the mass of the people who live beyond the precincts of the great towns, and beyond the reach of collegiate influence. Nor was it forgotten, that in the rural villages dwell those classes, whose industry sustains the fabric of this Empire.

When Educational measures were first contemplated in Bengal, Lord W. Bentinck wisely held, that the first step would be to ascertain precisely what the native method of education might be—what indigenous means were available—what was the extent and density of popular ignorance. This idea was carried out by the appointment of Mr. W. Adam. That gentleman's enquiries extended over only five districts—one of which was supposed to offer the best, and another the worst specimen of indigenous education. It is not necessary here to describe the nature of the investigations; suffice it to say, that their result fully realized the investigator's hope "of giving to alleged facts the sacred and salutary character of truths."\* The Government of the North-Western Pro-

\* Vide Adam's Third Report, Sec. 2.

vinces determined to usher in its plans of popular enlightenment by a similar enquiry conducted on a more extended scale. Preliminary or rather experimental investigations having been made in the districts of Agra and Futtehpore, copies of Mr. Adam's Third Report (which had been specially reprinted) were distributed among the revenue authorities of each district, accompanied with directions for the preparation of reports after the model thus prescribed. The returns for all the districts in the Provinces were received by the close of the year 1848. Abstracts of the several reports having been from time to time published, the public is now in possession of first-rate educational statistics for this portion of the Presidency. The information is at present scattered and disjointed, nor have the figures as yet been arranged\* in such a manner that the main facts might be easily discernible. But although the numerous Reports have not been brought together in a tabular shape, yet the germ and detail is to be found in them. And thus there is presented a body of facts far exceeding in variety and precision the information possessed for the Lower Provinces, and perhaps superior to the information possessed for any part of India,—far more complete than any similar intelligence collected in England, and almost equal to the statements issued from the statistical bureaux on the Continent. The results of the enquiries thus elaborately recorded may be shortly told. And the narrative, though brief, is pregnant with saddening—almost dispiriting facts—that bring up before the mind's eye a dreary prospect of a boundless intellectual desert, unrelieved by a single oasis. The following particulars may serve to illustrate some of the most important points elucidated by the information which has been collected.

There are 80,000 mouzahs, that is, villages or townships, in the North-Western Provinces. Out of these only about 4,000 have schools. Thus there are 76,000 villages without any school at all. There are 7,632 primary schools to a population of 23,199,668—that is, there is *one* primary school to every 3,029 inhabitants. Now, in the principal countries of Europe, the number of inhabitants to each primary school ranges from 500 to 800.† Thus, in these Pro-

\* It appears from the Educational Report for 1848-49, that the information will be recast, and be published in one General Table.

† The numerical comparison would stand in detail thus:—

In Prussia there is one primary school to every	653 inhabitants.
Austrian Empire, .. .. .	850 ..
Saxony, .. .. .	800 ..

vinces, the number of primary schools in proportion to the population is four times, and occasionally six times less than in the principal nations of Europe. The total number of scholars attending these schools is 65,163. This gives one scholar to every 356 inhabitants. Now, in England, there is one scholar to every fourteen inhabitants; and it has been justly said of England, that "her lower orders are, as a mass, more ignorant and less civilized than those of any other large Protestant country of Europe." In Switzerland and Saxony, there is one scholar to about every five inhabitants. In Prussia, one to every six. These are perhaps the best educated countries in the world. But the numerical contrast between five or six, or even fourteen, and three hundred and fifty-six, is most startling.\* The village schools may be classed under the four heads of Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian and Hindi schools. The education given in the two first classes of schools is simply absurd. The pupils generally learn a few words by rote, which they do not understand. The Arabic, even if it were efficiently taught, would be acquired only by a few Mussulmans. The Sanskrit schools are of course designed exclusively for Brahmins; and the instruction, when it is intelligibly communicated, has for its sole object an acquaintance with the ritual of sacred observances. So, it is vain to hope that any of these schools can advance popular education.

The third class, viz. the Persian schools, are somewhat less useless. But then again the instruction is not practical, and is chiefly sought for by aspirants for Government employ. The fourth class, viz. the Hindi schools, are calculated to become most useful, and may be made to subserve most effectually the spread and advancement of indigenous education. But, although the instruction (consisting of account-keeping; arithmetic, mensuration, elementary reading and such like,) is very useful as far as it goes, yet at

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In Bavaria, . . . . .	508 inhabitants.
Baden, . . . . .	700 "
Switzerland, . . . . .	480 "
France, . . . . .	568 "
N. W. P. of Bengal Presidency, . . . . .	3029 "

\* There are (if the figures can be relied on) some European nations which are overshadowed with quite as deep, or even a deeper darkness. The proportion in Spain has been given as 1 to every 350, in Portugal 1 to every 109, in the Russian Empire 1 to every 794. The above calculations, however, were made from returns some years prior to the present date, and the results are not entitled to implicit confidence.

present it is rudely and indifferently given. The supporters of the first three classes of schools are not anxious to accept assistance, and are most unwilling to tolerate modifications and improvements; whereas the Hindi schools are readily open both to advice and assistance. The Urdu language, which, next after the Hindi, is the most popular tongue, is not taught at all in any school. The teachers are usually ill paid, and seldom independent. In the Hindi schools, their acquirements are such as might be expected of men who derive a bare subsistence from scanty and precarious earnings. School-houses there are none. To European notions this would be a fatal defect. But in tropical climes education does not so much stand in need of an outward tabernacle. Here the shade of a tree, the verandah of a house, a court-yard, the portico of a temple or mosque, may all or either of them supply "sufficient school-room for the parish." Then as to the pupils, they chiefly belong to the Brahmin, Kayett and Bunniah castes. A scanty residue is made up of a few Rajpoots—and a small though motley assemblage from what are mentioned in the returns as "miscellaneous castes," that is, those inferior castes which form the last link in the social chain.

The great landholding tribes,—the agricultural community, in fact,—are almost untouched by a single ray of intellectual light.

Female education is a thing unknown. Other kinds of education are *borne down* by apathy—this has antipathy *contending against it*. It has been remarked by an eminent writer, that "there is no instance of a mother who can read and write whose children are not able to do so likewise. To give instruction to girls is thus to open a school in the bosom of every family." The time can hardly be anticipated when Indian children will receive maternal instruction. At present, native prejudices in the North-West are actively directed against anything in the shape of female education.\*

Truly, the Government was justified in asserting that "the investigation has proved beyond a doubt that the mass of the population is in a state of the grossest ignorance," and that even were the desire for knowledge awakened, there at present exist no means for its gratification.\*

When instructions were first issued for the conduct of the enquiry, the revenue authorities were urged to remember that it was "their duty to do all in their power to

promote the education of the people." General encouragement was afforded by the public officers; and doubtless much indirect influence was in this way brought to bear. Useful class-books were compiled under the patronage of Government, and distributed for cheap and sometimes gratuitous circulation. A systematic superintendence was also exercised over the schools in one or two districts of the Agra division.

But as yet the sinews of war were wanting—no fresh grants had been obtained; and the already existing funds were nearly absorbed in the established institutions. At length, when the enquiries were completed, a substantial sum (to what amount the Reports do not state) was granted by the Court of Directors. This grant has enabled Government to introduce an organized plan into eight districts—that is, about one-fourth of the whole Provinces.\* The principles of the scheme may be thus briefly summed up. All the districts in these Provinces are divided into *tuhseeldarees* or revenue divisions, which are quite different from the *thanah* divisions common in Bengal. In each of the districts selected for this interesting experiment, there will be established a Government village school; that is, one school in each *tuhseeldarce*. In these schools useful instruction suited to an agrestic population will be imparted in the Hindi and Urdu languages. They will serve as models, and afford encouragement to the neighbourhood. They will receive promising youths from the schools already established, and from them any deserving pupils will obtain admission to the more advanced institutions. Throughout the *tuhseeldarees* there will be appointed visitors, who will tender their advice to the inhabitants with regard to founding schools—procure competent teachers and necessary books—examine the existing schools—cheer up the oft-neglected pedagogues—bring forward the most industrious boys—recommend for rewards and for admission into the Government seminaries. Over these visitors will be placed a *Zillah* Visitor, who will control and invigorate the proceedings of his subordinates, distribute the amount placed at his disposal for prizes—500 Rupees per annum—and furnish annual statements. The operations of all the districts will be superintended by a Visitor General, who will correspond directly with Government. The earnest co-ope-

\* The chosen localities are the five districts of the Agra Division, the district of *Alighurh* (of the Meerut Division) which adjoins the Agra Division—and the districts of *Bareilly* and *Shahjehanpore* in the Rohilcund Division.

tion of all the revenue authorities is strictly enjoined. It is laid down at the outset, that the present scheme is intended rather as an incitement to the task of self-instruction, than a method of furnishing a State education. Also it is hoped and expected, that a scheme like the present will come home to the hearts and minds of a people whose complicated rights and tenures of land require for their preservation some degree of knowledge in their possessors, and who live under a system which supplies them with the keenest inducements for, and almost forces upon them the necessity of elementary education.

No allusion has been made to teaching through the medium of the English tongue. In this part of India, indeed, the idea of making English a vehicle of *popular* instruction, has been chased away like an empty vision by the broad sunlight of common sense. But from recent reports it appears, that the ghost of this dead theory has been conjured up again at Bombay\*—although, in that very Presidency, the capabilities of the vernacular have been eminently manifested by the fact of lectures on Chemistry being delivered in Guzerati. It is not necessary here to combat the arguments which have been advanced for the universal diffusion of Anglicized education. Suffice it to say, that the notion of employing any other tongue than the vernacular in the village class-rooms, is tacitly repudiated in the scheme under notice.

A very little consideration would show, that the agriculturists of these Provinces are in a position which renders it extremely desirable that they should at least be able to read, write, cipher and measure land. It is well known that while a large portion of the land in the North-West is held by great proprietors, a still larger portion is held in common tenure by cultivating communities. The constitution of these communities, handed down through a line of almost traditional ancestors, that has weathered many a storm and outlived many a conquest, is very elaborate—to European ideas incredibly so. The British revenue system, augmenting as it does the general responsibility of all landholders, has bound the members of the fraternity together with the closest ties of mutual and reciprocal liability. Forethought and intelligence are now-a-days of vital importance to the prosperity, nay the existence, of the brotherhood. The diffusion of elementary knowledge would result in vast and palpable improvements in the management of these estates.



Further, a most complete system of landed registration has been carried out. Every field in the country has been mapped. The rent and holdings of the meanest cultivator has been recorded. Village accounts are kept with the utmost precision and regularity. In the papers prepared when the thirty years' Revenue Settlement was made is embodied a mass of valuable facts regarding every estate. And in the Collector's Office may be traced into the minutest details the history of every village. It is clear that every agriculturist, as he loves his homestead, his paternal acres, his hereditary rights, should learn to measure his own grounds, to write his own accounts, to read the entries affixed to his own name. At the same time, while he has by every thing that is nearest and dearest to him the best inducement to learn, he has every motive to deter him from delay or neglect in learning. The landed community are therefore fortunate in that they are subject to a fiscal system, which presses hardly on the ignorant, and affords the most fostering encouragement to the educated. Their political condition rouses them to that state of mental activity which is most favorable for the prosecution of study. If they *must* at first learn for the purposes of self-preservation, it is not unreasonable to hope that they *will* afterwards learn for the indirect attractions which knowledge universally possesses for the mind of man.

The soil then is fertile;—how shall the ground be broken up and the seed sown? Already the first measure towards the furnishing of the needful supply (namely, the ascertainment of the actual deficit) has been taken. It is painfully certain, that the people as yet have not the least idea of bringing up their children in the paths of wisdom; and that even if such an idea were by any chance conceived, there have as yet been no means or appliances for carrying it out. But now that the highest authorities have manifested so great an interest in the matter, the most prompt and effectual aid would no doubt be rendered to any district or pergunnah or even village that signified a desire for education. Let the headmen of a township or the principal inhabitants of a district only notify to the Collector that they wish for competent teachers, for intelligent counsel, for practical school-books, for prizes, and other encouragements for the most deserving children—and most surely the required assistance would be joyfully and vigorously rendered.

Formerly, the desire and the means alike were wanting:—and now let the desire only be conceived, and the means are at hand, and bountifully offered. But the question *now* is,

how shall the torpid mind be moved with nobler aspirations—how shall the *elixir vitæ* be poured over the deadened energies—how shall the people be made to wish for education? If the system which is now introduced into eight districts, were extended over the whole country, would popular education be generally diffused—would sobriety and intelligence light up the houses of the peasantry? Would a school be founded in every village—would the villagers send their children to the school? It will be observed, that the scheme in question contemplates no compulsion, nor even wholesale and entire assistance. It proceeds on the *voluntary* principle. The way and the means are pointed out to the people; but they follow the one and adopt the other at their own option—with their own energies—at their own expense. The means now at the disposal of the Government may doubtless effect much, but it can hardly be hoped that through them alone even the most elementary education can be made general. Has the voluntary principle alone ever triumphed over national ignorance? “Look over the isles, and see hath there ever been such a thing?” Has a people ever educated itself? The same reasons which make a people ignorant, make them unwilling to learn. The two causes, ignorance and indifference, mutually react on each other. *A priori* considerations, independent of the lessons of experience would show that education cannot be safely entrusted to the hands of those who most require it. Education has never flourished in any country without State intervention. In England, the voluntary system, though backed by the most open-handed private charity, has failed signally. Those nations that have succeeded in educating their population have charged their Governments with the task, and have adopted a system the very reverse of the voluntary. This system, for want of a better name, in contradistinction to the *voluntary* one, might be styled the *compulsory* system.

It may be not amiss to observe this system a little closer, and to mark the different degrees to which it has been enforced.

In Russia, educational organization has reached the highest state of perfection. The principles on which it is based are shortly these;—The State *compels* all its members and subjects to educate their children—or in other words, the State compels every parish to establish a school, and obliges every parent in the parish to send his children to the school, unless he can prove to the civil authorities that he is making proper and adequate provision for the educa-

tion of his children. The amount and extent of the education, both secular and religious, may be regulated by the parishes, that is, by the people themselves; with this proviso, that the State shall fix the *minimum*. The State will charge itself with the training of teachers for the people; but no person shall exercise the profession of teacher except those whom the State shall have declared to be duly qualified.

The parishes must select teachers for their schools from the body of men authorized by the Government. With this restriction the appointment of a teacher rests with the parish; but his dismissal *must* be sanctioned by the State authorities. The State regulates the *minimum* of the teachers' salaries, which the parishes may augment, but not reduce. The State exercises a general supervision over school and class-books, and possesses a discretionary veto in the introduction of new works. In all other respects, educational matters are entrusted to the management of the parochial committees. The same rules are equally applicable to the municipal or town schools. But there are two exceptional cases which occasion a slight deviation from, or expansion of, the above principles. These are the manufacturing districts and the feudal districts. The latter districts are those which belong to great proprietors—in contradistinction to the great majority of districts, which are in the hands of small proprietors. In the manufacturing districts, children cannot be employed in factories at all till nine years of age, and not even then unless they have obtained a certificate of scholastic proficiency. The great manufacturers, however, are at liberty to compromise their compliance with this rule, by establishing schools for their factory children, subject to the same conditions as all other schools. In the feudal estates, the landlord *must* educate the children of his tenantry; but he is allowed the same discretion therein, as the parochial committees.

These principles are most rigidly carried out by central boards, county committees, and periodical inspection—obedience is enforced, with penalties to be imposed by the civil magistrates.

The same system, principles, and obligations prevail throughout the Austrian Empire, the principalities of Lower Germany (viz. Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, Nassau), the cantons of Switzerland, and the kingdoms of Saxony and Denmark.

In these countries then the compulsion is complete, searching, and universal; the State undertaking the duty of bring-

ing up the people in the way they should go :—and these are the nations which have made the greatest progress in popular education. In this category are blended all shades of political opinion, religious belief, and popular freedom. In it are to be found the extremes of Protestantism and Romanism, radicalism and conservatism, despotism and liberty. Austria is despotic, Switzerland republican, Prussia constitutional, the German States revolutionary. In it are to be met with the most notable instances of people differing on every other conceivable point, but agreeing on this one, namely, the necessity of State interposition and legal compulsion, for the purposes of popular education.

But there are countries in which compulsion is resorted to, but not such a thorough-going compulsion as that above described. In France, each parish is obliged by law to provide sufficient school-room for its inhabitants, but it is optional with the residents to send their children to the school. The State reserves to itself the right of inspection. The Government undertakes the training of teachers, and regarding their appointment, removal, salaries, and qualification, has framed rules similar to those in force throughout Russia and Germany. A system similar to the French prevails in Holland. By means of the most strenuous and mighty efforts, by engrafting their educational principles on the minds and hearts of the people, the French and Dutch Governments have succeeded in raising their standard nearly as high as that exhibited in those countries where a greater amount of compulsion has been used. The educational statistics of France and Holland are nearly as satisfactory as those of Switzerland and Prussia.

In the countries above enumerated, in all of which compulsion has more or less been employed, the lower orders are at least twice as well educated as in England, where the people are at liberty to educate their children or not, as they please. These are the only countries that have used compulsion, and the only countries that have succeeded in educating the people. If this position be correct, it may not unfairly be inferred from European experience, that popular education *requires* the strong arm of the law to be exerted in its favour—that without this support it will languish and even die away. Hence doubts may arise as to the possibility of dispelling the dark night of ignorance which hangs over the people of India, unless the State should actively interfere and adopt compulsion in some form or other, however modified. The question would naturally suggest itself as to what

amount or degree of compulsion would be beneficial, effectual, and practicable. To examine this question with reference to the North-Western Provinces, the various modes adopted by European nations might be reviewed, and their applicability to the inhabitants of these Provinces might be considered.

To begin with the more modified form of compulsion. Would it be desirable that a law should be enacted to the effect that every town and village *must* provide sufficient school-room for its inhabitants, and *must* maintain a competent teacher for every school thus provided? In this country, the term "mouzah" might correspond to *parochial*; the term "muhulla" to *municipal* divisions. If the question were put to an assemblage of landholders, great and small, and their opinions sounded upon the matter, they would probably reply that they had no objection to provide some place or other for the "pätshala" or school, and that the "choupäl" or village town-hall, was always at the service of the teacher and his pupils—that as regards the teachers' maintenance they would give him a jägír or landed grant rent-free,—*provided* that Government would remit its revenue assessed on the land thus granted away. In good truth, there would be no difficulty about the providing of school-room under any circumstances—although this point in Europe is found to be a knotty one. In a cold climate, roof and shelter are primary considerations. But in this climate, a court-yard, a verandah, a chábütia, a banyan or peepul tree, would make excellent school-rooms, especially during the first four hours of the day, which in this country are *the* school hours. As to the jägír plan, there can be no doubt that this would be the best mode of remuneration, both as regards the donors and the recipients. But the proviso attached thereto, viz. the remission of assessment, would create a serious difficulty. The grant could not well be less than 4 acres. Now, the land assessment falls at the rate of about one rupee and four annas per acre, consequently the annual remission would amount to 5 rupees per annum for every mouzah. This upon 80,000 mouzahs would give a sum of Rupees 400,000, or four lacs per annum.

This sum, on a total land revenue of 4 millions, would be 1 per cent. It may be reasonably doubted whether the already overburdened finances could bear such a sacrifice. Then, on the other hand, *could* the proprietors afford to grant the land *without* remission of assessment? There are on the average about 300 cultivated acres to a mouzah. Four acres would therefore fall at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{3}$  per cent. It

may be estimated that the land revenue absorbs one-third of the gross produce of the soil. The propriety therefore of imposing any additional burden on a community already heavily taxed, may be questioned. And it should not be forgotten, that by resigning the rents of the jàgir land, the landholding community would be giving up an annual sum of three times as great as 4 lacs, viz. 12 lacs, or £120,000. And the above considerations, if at all applicable to bodies of small resident proprietors, who would be resigning profits for the education of *their own* children, would *à fortiori* be still more applicable to large *non-resident* proprietors who would be resigning profits for the sake of educating the children of their tenantry.

But it yet remains to be considered whether the "wards" or other municipal divisions of towns and cities could be compelled to provide school-rooms and teachers for their inhabitants. In this case, several difficulties would not be felt in the villages. In a city, some regular school-house at a certain cost must be provided, and the teacher must receive some salary payable in cash. To defray these expenses, a rate must be levied on all residents. Now, there is nothing which the people of this country more dislike than compulsory subscriptions of this kind. The trouble which has been experienced in introducing the "chokedaree" or municipal police system into towns and cities, will amply show how abhorrent the idea of enforced payments is to the native mind.

The next step would be to fix a minimum standard of education—to secure the qualifications and maintain the position of the teachers, and to establish a system of periodical inspection. When the standard of instructions came to be fixed, an idea would perhaps begin to float about in the popular mind, that Government was meditating some proselytizing scheme. But this idea would soon be dissipated, when the people found that they had themselves a share in the management of the schools and the appointment of the teachers, when the nature of the education intended to be given became palpably apparent, (as it soon would do,) and when the many instances of purely secular education being imparted by the State came to be considered. Nor would the people object to being obliged to nominate their teachers out of a body of men holding authorized diplomas and pronounced qualified by the Government;—and to obtain the sanction of Government or its officers to the removal or suspension of the teacher. A system of public inspection might

easily be established—provided that the cost thereof could be defrayed. To secure the qualifications of teachers, it would be absolutely necessary that Government should train up young men in normal schools or Colleges of its own. In Europe this is a most expensive department in an educational system. But in European countries, where some union and sympathy exist in religious matters, between the Government and the people, a system of national and normal education involves religious and moral training; and this it is which makes the normal schools and Colleges so expensive. But in India, where unfortunately the Government cannot sympathize with its subjects in religious matters, it is impossible to include religious or even moral training in popular education—a lower kind of education, which may conduce to temporal welfare, is all that can be attempted. The mind of the people may be raised, and it may be hoped that moral elevation will gradually follow in the train of humanizing knowledge and disciplined habits. If this consideration holds good, it is evident that the expense of normal schools in India would be insignificant when compared with that of normal schools in Europe. The Government Schools and Colleges already established would no doubt furnish some teachers; and a great number of candidates, worthy of acceptance, would spontaneously offer themselves. Thus in many instances the requisite qualifications might be secured without the cumbersome machinery of normal schools. But with reference to the great number of teachers required (which would be nearly 80,000 at least) it would be necessary that some means at first should be employed for the training of qualified persons. Suppose a normal school were set up in every *tahseeldaree*, or, on the average, six schools to every district—in 31 districts there would be 186 schools—say that the erection of each school building cost £10 (at least), then the total outlay on this head would be £1,860. Then suppose the annual maintenance of each school cost £50 (*viz.* £20 masters' salary; £10 assistants' ditto; £20 books and sundries), the total expenditure on this score would be £9,150 annually. If each of these schools could take 100 pupils, and the period of pupilage be extended to three years, then the 186 schools would, in three years, bring up 18,600 teachers, for purposes of popular education.

The number of the normal seminaries in Europe evinces the interest taken by the Continental Governments in this matter. In France there are 92 institutions of this description, in Prussia 42; in Saxony (to a population of less than two

millions) 8; in Switzerland (to a population of little more than two millions) there are 13. Even in England there are 12—and in the North-West Provinces, with its population of twenty-three millions, if the Government Schools and Colleges be reckoned as normal institutions, there would be only 6;—and if these be excluded, then the number would be represented by a cipher. In the European normal schools the industrial training forms a peculiar feature, which should not be passed over without notice.\* Habits of manual labour are not held to disqualify teachers for their intellectual duties—on the contrary, a Spartan exercise in out-door toil and menial occupation is rigorously maintained as an eminent characteristic of the normal discipline. In Prussia the industrial is co-ordinate with the intellectual department. In the great Weisensefels College, among a staff of Principal, Professors, assistant teachers, &c. is to be found a “gardener.” In Saxony, the certificates of physical capacity demanded of candidates for admission might be mistaken for the requirements of a recruit preparatory to enlisting. To the normal colleges of Switzerland are superadded the advantages of agricultural seminaries. To all or nearly all is attached a considerable quantity of land in accordance with the emphatic recommendation of the great teacher Velen. In the normal institutions of France, perhaps, the industrial principle has not commanded so much attention, but it has been most earnestly carried out among that truly apostolical community of Frères Chrétiens. In England also this idea is understood and reduced to practice in the normal Colleges of Battersea and Stanley Grove. It would be superfluous to dilate on the excellent effect which this training must produce on the teachers of the aptitude with which it endows them both for sympathizing with the people and for passing contentedly and cheerfully through the meanest routine of village existence. Now, it is not to be supposed that a precisely similar system of industrial training could be introduced into normal schools in India, where prejudices of caste and religion would oppose unsurmountable obstacles to employment in menial occupations and such like. Still the spirit displayed, and the example set by European nations in this respect should not be forgotten when educational plans come to be matured for these or any other provinces of India. The landholders and cultivators will not pay much heed to a set of educated teachers whose feelings they do not understand, and whose qualifications

\* Vide Kay's work on the Social Condition of the People.



perhaps they do not in consequence, appreciate—certainly not *so* much heed as they would pay to men whose occupations, path in life, hopes and prospects, were similar to their own—and it is specially necessary to bear this in mind, when it is proposed to supply the people with actuating motives through the medium of the interest which they naturally take in agricultural matters. The *jàgìr* system affords the means of securing exactly what is wanted—namely, the assimilation of feeling and interest between the teachers and the taught. No fastidiousness of caste, no bigotry of superstition would interpose here. The highest castes, that “walk delicately” through life, such as Brahmins, who would consider their hands polluted by the touch of agricultural implements, would readily accept a tract of land the cultivation of which they would supervise. The teacher’s dependence on and subsistence from the land would at once enlist his sympathies in agricultural matters, and enable him to impart elementary instruction suited to village society with a practical “*gusto*,” quite edifying to his rustic hearers. The engrafting of science upon Indian agriculture, seems a distant thing—and a very Utopian kind of reality. Yet one day perhaps training of this nature might be added to the normal course, and the schools might thus become nurseries of agricultural skill, with lands attached to them for this purpose.

But to quit this digression and revert to the subject in hand, namely, the adaptation of European ideas to Indian education—provision must of course be made for public superintendence.

A system of public inspection might be established as follows: an inspector might be appointed for each district, and a superintending inspector for every division of five districts. As the duties of these officers would involve much travelling about, the salaries of the former class could not well be fixed at less than £400—of the latter class at not less than £800 per annum. Thirty-one inspectors would cost £12,400;—six superintendents £4,800—total £17,200 per annum. These inspectors might also superintend the normal schools, and examine for the requisite diplomas to be obtained by all teachers previous to entering on their duties.

The last step would be wholesale compulsion, similar to that resorted to by some of the European nations. A statute would be enacted obliging all parents to send their children to school: or to provide domestic instruction. The law would be enforced by some kind of penalty, such as

fines, to be awarded by the magistrate. But the requisite surveillance, the scrutiny, the supervision, would have to be undertaken and maintained by the regular educational officers. The inspectors would see that the law was obeyed—the criminal authorities would only punish proved disobedience. If the duties of surveillance were to the smallest extent entrusted to the police, education might be made the instrument of oppression, and thereby become odious to the people. All informations would be laid by the inspectors regarding infractions of the law, and all proceedings would of necessity be initiated by them, and by no one else. But in this as in all other cases, the beneficial working of the law would greatly depend on the disposition of the people to sympathize with the object contemplated. If every one, or even a considerable number, were resolved to evade the legal obligation, then of course a vast establishment would be required—a Fouchè or Metternich system of police would be introduced into the Educational Department, and a bug-bear raised up in the bosom of every family. But if the law were administered with mildness, benevolence, and discretion, then the well-disposed would be encouraged, the wavering conciliated: the recalcitrant few coerced by the legal sanction, and by the moral weight of public opinion. In the rural districts, regard must be had to the agricultural seasons. There are between four and five months in the year during which the children are all employed in the fields. During such periods compulsory education would be worse than futile. But during certain portions of the year, the rustic community would not be unwilling that their children should all receive instruction: and the inspectors might not find it impracticable to enforce attendance for the whole of such seasons. Instances of disobedience might be easily detected. The teacher would of necessity be a willing, well-informed, and trust-worthy witness. He could not well conceal negligence on the part of the parents, because non-attendance would always be evident from the child's want of proficiency. Nor on the other hand could he impute non-attendance improperly, because the allegation might be tested or controverted by the child's progress and conduct. Thus the fact of such a power being vested with the inspector and the magistrates, (however much it might be held in abeyance,) would powerfully influence the minds of the masses; and the judicious and opportune exercise of it might enforce the greatest practicable amount of attendance, without either harassing the people or imposing invidious

and onerous duties on the officers of Government. It is manifest, that in the working of such a scheme, much would be left to the energy and discretion of the inspectors, and if they were to be saddled with this duty, in addition to those already enumerated, subordinate assistance would be required. Suppose each inspector were to be allowed two assistants on an united salary of £100 per annum, this for 31 districts would amount to an annual sum of £3,100.

Now, if the plan thus faintly indicated were carried into execution, the main items of expense would stand as follows:

Revenue remitted on landed grants to village school-masters, .. .. .	£ 40,000
Erection of buildings for normal schools at a cost of .. .. .	1,860
Maintenance of ditto, .. .. .	9,150
Salaries of inspectors (with superintendents), ..	17,200
————— assistants, .. .. .	3,100
Total, .. .. .	£ 81,310

One item, namely, expenditure for erection of buildings, is an outlay, and not a regular expense. Suppose £860 were devoted to repairs, then deduct £1,000, and the total annual cost would stand at £80,310. In this somewhat vague computation no account has been taken of sundry expenses, and all the items have been calculated at the lowest figure. From the hypothetical data assumed above, it might be deduced that the annual cost would not amount to less than £100,000. This sum would be about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the gross revenue, namely,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  millions.

It has been previously explained, that in estimating the number of children of a school-going age, female children must be excluded from the calculation. The proportion of males fit for instruction, to the whole population, has been generally assumed as about  $\frac{1}{12}$ . This fraction of a population numbering between 23 and 24,000,000 (twenty-three and twenty-four millions), would represent about two millions. A certain provision for the education of these two millions in the manner above sketched, would involve an expenditure amounting to  $\frac{1}{45}$  of the revenue.

But—to return from the regions of hypothesis and conjecture to the domain of sober fact and reality—it may be urged in conclusion, that the present experiment, the first of its kind, to raise the standard of popular education in the

eight districts, merits the attention and sympathy of all earnest and philanthropic men. The "high duties" and "great destiny" of the British in the East are perhaps oftener expatiated upon than understood. But here is a real endeavour to fulfil both. If successful it may lay the foundation of further plans, it may prove the commencement of a series of measures which would make the people wise and understanding. "We wish it good luck in the Name of the Lord."

## II.

## M. DE TASSY'S HISTORY OF HINDI LITERATURE.\*

To write the history of a literature is a large undertaking. Of the qualifications requisite for such a task we shall not venture a strict enumeration. Fulness of knowledge is one thing indispensable; but, after all, it supplies only the materials. To erect the structure demands the rarest and most nicely-balanced endowments of intellect, improved by the highest culture. Literary history, in the widest signification of the term, may be said to involve greater difficulties than any other species of composition. We are quite safe in affirming that it is more practicable to present an accurate political account of a nation than it is to give a philosophical delineation of that nation's mind, as exhibited in its letters. But to digest a mere *analysis* of a literature,—and such should have been the title of the work, ambitiously called a history, which we have taken in hand to examine,—is an enterprize which very moderate ability, if coupled with diligence, need not fear to approach. For instance, to form an estimate of the literary character of the people of modern Hindūstān from a careful survey of their writings, will probably be considered by most persons as an attempt of no very arduous character to an intelligent and industrious European. The attempt has been made by M. de Tassy, and, as we shall shew, he has made good no other claim than that of having

\* Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani par M. Garcin de Tassy, Professeur à l'École Spéciale des Langues Orientales Vivantes, Membre de l'Institut de France, et des Sociétés Asiatiques de Paris, de Londres, de Calcutta, de Madras et de Bombay, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, etc. etc. etc.

Tome I. Biographie et Bibliographie. Paris, M.DCCC.XXXIX.  
Tome II. Extraits et Analyses. M.DCCC.XLVII.

been the first to occupy an unexplored territory. In this age of exhaustive research, any thing is deemed more tolerable than to be superficial: and, in dealing with the work of this orientalist, if we happen to subject it to a test more rigorous than it can well endure, the fault is not ours. It may be as well to premise that, as the "History of Hindu'í\* and Hindústání Literature,"—whose merits the indolence or indifference of Indianists has hitherto left uncanvassed,—furnishes no scope for criticism of a high order, we shall have to content ourselves with simply pointing out in what respects it is defective and incorrect, when measured by a comparatively humble standard of excellence.

Professor de Tassy, as the reader is probably aware, is a scholar whose reputation is as wide as Europe. And this reputation he has achieved by the devotion of upwards of a quarter of a century to the languages of this and other eastern countries. The honourable attention with which his zeal has been rewarded is sufficiently attested by the proud string of titles, winding up with a suggestive "etc. etc. etc.," appended to his name. The publications upon which the Professor rests his fame embrace a considerable variety of topics, and bear testimony to somewhat more than ordinary laboriousness. But we have no intention of speaking of any of these except the one whose title stands at the head of these remarks.

The "Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani" belongs to the miscellaneous catalogue of publications, of all degrees of merit, which have appeared under the auspices of the Oriental Translation Committee. The fact of the respectable patronage which our author has secured,—to say nothing of his work being dedicated to the Queen,—should serve to inspire us with a proper degree of caution. But we are by no means disposed to discharge our critical conscience by a few phrases of indiscriminate commendation or cheap contempt. And we hope to be able, alike when we applaud and censure, to give proof that we have duly pondered the subject on which we venture to sit in judgment.

\* The pandits draw no other distinction between the words *Hindí* and *Hindu'í* than that the first is used by the well-informed (who sometimes employ *Hindu'í* also), and the second by villagers (who employ *Hindu'áni* as well). The last form slightly changed (or *Hindwáni*) seems to have been at one time of more respectable usage than at present. See Sir H. M. Elliot's *Historians of India*, Vol. I. p. 266. And cf. p. 259. The form *Hind-dái* is confined to the Muhammadans, from whom *Hindu'í* was borrowed. No specific appellation seems ever to have been known to the natives for the old *Hindí*. The word *Hindí* is no doubt as old as the word *Hindu'í*.

The native authorities\* which M. de Tassy has laid under contribution for his first volume, are the following : the *Tazkira-i-Shuqará-c-Hind* of Fath-i-*Alí* Khán Husainí Gurdezi,† the *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím* of Khalíl,‡ one of Mus'haffí's Biographies of *Rekhta* Poets, the *Nikátu-sh-shuará* of Mír Taqí, the *Gulshan-i-Hind* of Lutf, and two Anthologies of Urdú Poetry, the *Díwán-i-Jahán* and *Guldasta-i-Nishát*. The *Árá'ish-i-Mahfil* of Afsos is also occasionally referred to. Other sources of information, of which the author has availed himself, are : Professor Wilson's Sketch of the Religious Sects of the Hindús, and Mackenzie Collection, Ward's work on the Hindús, Stewart's Descriptive Catalogue of Tipú Sultán's Library, the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and catalogues of the same Society's library, of the library of the College of Fort William, and of several other collections of books, at Haidarábád and elsewhere.

Of the preface to the first volume,|| which preface comprises a careful digest of all our author's researches in this field, it is impossible not to think rather favourably, in spite of its enthusiasm and its sterility. But let us pass on to the body of the volume.

Few mistakes can be grave, in a biographical work, than those of confounding distinct individuals into one, and of multiplying a single person into a plurality. Of such, a number occur in the "Histoire." Some of them, as will appear, are to be ascribed to defects in the authorities accessible to the compiler, rather than to his negligence.

The two *Ashuftas*, p. 82, are the same person. See Zuká's *Tazkira*, or Qásim's, or Sarwar's.

The two *Barqs*, p. 106, are also one person. M. de Tassy would have seen that such was the case, if he had compared

\* M. de Tassy, (p. 165,) mistranslating *Alí Ibráhím*, attributes a *tazkira* to Mír Fakhru-d-dín Máhir instead of his father, Ashraf *Alí* Khán Fighán. A long account of Fighán's work, which its author was engaged fifteen years in compiling, may be found in the *Ibratu-l-'áqil* of Saudá. A fact like this may be, in itself, of no immense moment, yet if these matters are thought to deserve recording at all, it must be as well that they should be recorded correctly. By the bye, is the Professor quite sure that Mír Muhammad *Alí* Tirmizi (p. 359) wrote a biography of poets ?

† For an account of this author see Qásim's *Tazkira*.

‡ See Mr. N. Bland's Essay on Persian *Tazkiras*, Journal Royal Asiatic Soc., No. xvii., Part 2, p. 159.

§ For we hear from pretty good authority that he has written two.

|| This volume has been translated, after a fashion, into Urdú. We have prepared a critique on this work, and had intended to give it as an appendix to this paper, which, however, having considerably exceeded the limits that we first contemplated, we shall reserve the other for the present.

the four couplets of the *Barq's* poetry, which he has translated from the *Diwán-i-Jahán*, with the four couplets given by Mus'hafí, and by him attributed to Miyán Sháh Jíu Barq. They correspond precisely, verse for verse. Another oversight, and equally unaccountable with the last, is to be noticed with regard to the poet in question. The author calls him "Gulám-i-Hamdání Barc, disciple de Mushafí." The authority here followed is Vení Náráyana, whose words are بوق تخلص غلام ہمدانی مصحفی کے شاگرد, i. e., *Barq* (by) title, pupil of *Ghulám-i-Hamdání Mus'hafí*.

The *Fakhr* at p. 165 turns out to be the same individual as *Máhir*, p. 320. Our author follows the *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím* in the one case, and *Mus'hafí* in the other. It is but justice to add, that *Khalíl* distinctly states *Fakhr* to be the poet's literary designation.

The first *Hazín* given by M. de Tassy, p. 225, is the same as *Báqir Hazín*, p. 226. Two of the three couplets quoted by *Mus'hafí* as belonging to the first,—whose name he does not know,—are cited by *Fath-i-Áú Khán* and *Khalíl*, and by them ascribed to the second. The *Gulshan-i-Bekhár* confirms this attribution.

*Muhammad Raushan Josh* (*Joshish recte*), p. 270, is no other than the *Joshish* of the following page.

*Kallan\** (*Kallú recte*) *Hajjám*, p. 286, is the same person as *Hajjám*, p. 213.

*Khalí!* (p. 296,) the author of the *Intikháb-i-sultániya*, a history of the kings of *Dihlí*, we find, on referring to the preface of the work, to be identical with *Ashk*, pp. 75 seqq. For this mistake M. de Tassy is indebted to the catalogue of the library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

*Muhtarim*, p. 364, and *Makhrim*, p. 324, are the same individual. The first name was incorrectly written, it is to be presumed, in M. de Tassy's MS. of the *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím*.

• At p. 416, one *Muhammad Sarmad* is represented as the author of the *Khulása-i-sultání*, which we find to be simply an amplification of the *Ahkámu-n-nisá*, by *Ghulám-i-Ahmad*, p. 193. Both of these works are in the Asiatic Society's library at Calcutta, and are erroneously catalogued under one title, which is the last. The origin of the appellation *Sarmad* it is difficult to account for. In the prefaces to both works, their

\* The same mistake is made in the name of the poet next succeeding in alphabetical order. The *Guldasta-i-Nishát*, which is in both cases professedly followed, has *Kallú* (corrupted, probably, from काला black), a very common *urf* or *alias*, in India.

author, Ghulám-i-Ahmad, styles himself *صمد* i. e., Slave of the Eternal. It is possible that *samad* was here stupidly taken by Stewart's native assistant to be part of a name or title.\* Where the *Muhammad* came from we are at a loss to conjecture.

The two *Shaidás*, pp. 461 and 462, are but one person. For proof of this identification compare together Mus'hafí's *Tazkira*, the *Guldasta-i-Nishát*, and the *Gulshan-i-Bekhár*.—Further, *Shaidá's* alias is Khwája *Hingá*,—not *Hengá*.

*Mír Siráju-d-dín Tamkín*, p. 500, is no other than the *Tamkín* of the preceding page. The error here committed should be set to the account of Mannú Lála.

*Chandá* (*recte*), p. 141, is the same person as *Mah-liqá*, p. 319. See Zuká's *Tazkira*, or Qásim's. And it is not impossible that *Mahbúb*, p. 319, and *Majzúb*, p. 324, are also one. Cf., further, *Maqtúl*, p. 316, with *Maftún* (1st), p. 317; and *Safdarí*, p. 436, with *Safdar* (*recte Safdari*—see Khalíl), same page.

Under *Pismil* (2d), p. 129, M. de Tassy understands Benares and Muhammadábád to be two places. Muhammadábád is, or rather was, (for the name did not stick,) the Musalmán name for the Holy City. The followers of Islám have in like manner desecrated Vrindávana by the designation of Múminábád.

In p. 114 an instance occurs of the confounding of two persons into one. The author has mixed up *Muhammad Ashraf Khán Hakím* with *Muhammad Panáh† Khán Hakím*.

At the foot of p. 223, is the following note with regard to *Sháh Hátim*: “Je pense que cet écrivain est le même que *Mír et Fath Alí Huçainî* nomment *Muhammad Hátim*, qu'ils disent natif de Dehli, et dont ils citent un bon nombre de vers.” If M. de Tassy had examined his authorities a little more attentively, he would have been enabled to assert with positiveness the identity which he speaks of as being only a surmise. Four of the couplets attributed by Khalíl to *Hátim Dihlaví*,—that is, *Sháh Hátim*,—correspond with four of the couplets quoted by Fath-i-Alí Khán as belonging to *Muhammad Hátim Hátim*.

M. de Tassy says of *Túlib-i-Husain Rásikh* (p. 407): “J'ignore si c'est le même écrivain dont Béní Naráyan cite un gazal sous le nom seul de *Rásikh*.” Now, Vení Naráyaṇa

\* *Descriptive Catalogue*, p. 183.

† *Sháh*, mistakenly, in the “*Histoire*.”



gives specimens of the poetry of two *Rásikhs*, one of whom he calls *Tálib-i-Husain*, whilst he expressly acknowledges his ignorance of the name of the other. Our author refuses his credit to such explicitness of statement as this, in the compiler of the *Díwán-i-Jahán*, and yet places perfect confidence in *Mannú Lála*, a much less trustworthy guide, and one who has betrayed him into not a few errors of the last importance.

We have already given one instance of a troublesome alias :

but the surname *Ghasíqá* (گھسیقا from گھسیتنا 'to drag'), by which *Rukuu-d-dín Ishq*, (p. 247,) is generally known, has caused M. de Tassy more annoyance than any other appellation in his book; and he does not seem even to suspect that it designates only one person instead of four.—At p. 72 we read that *Alí Azam Khán 'Ashiq* "fut un des disciples spirituels d'Agáh Scháh Ghacita," etc. The Persian sentence thus strangely rendered runs thus: از مریدان معارف آگاه شاه گھسیقا است. *Agáh* is of course a part of the qualifying term معارف آگاه, signifying 'acquainted with true knowledge.'—At p. 173, the same person is called, in the text, "Scháh Ghentá," the "Agáh" being omitted, although, in the original, معارف آگاه precedes the name in this case as well as in the last. Then follows this foot-note: "Ce mot est écrit peu lisiblement dans les manuscrits. Je crois néanmoins qu'il y a گھینتا, mot hindoustani qui signifie cochon. Si on lit گھتیا, comme dans le manuscrit du *Gulschan-i Hind*, ce mot signifie alors bois de lit, bière."—At p. 247 the text gives "*Scháh Kahtiyá* ou *Kahtiyayí*," and the following annotation is added at the bottom of the page: "گھتیائی est un adjectif dérivé de گھتیا qui signifie bière (*cercueil*) et lit. Mannú Lál a écrit ce mot گھیتا"\*—Finally, at p. 325 the same individual is spoken of as "le célèbre spiritualiste Scháh Kahtia."

\*The arrangement observed in Muhammadan collections of memoirs is generally alphabetical, regard being had, not to the real names of writers, but to their poetical appellations, when such have been assumed. M. de Tassy's work is, very properly, disposed on similar principles. It is, consequently, indispensable that the *takhalluses*,—which are the only clue to reference,—be given correctly. Among M. de Tassy's mistakes in regard to these titular names are the following :

\* Mannú Lála has گھسیقا in his *Guldasta-i-Nishát*. This work is printed, and there is only one edition of it.

*Fidwí* (Azím Beg "Saudá"), p. 173, should be *Fidáí*. This error is Mus'hafí's, originally. But "*Saudá*" is not a part of *Fidáí*'s name. Our copy of Mus'hafí states that *Fidáí* was a سوداگر (*saudágar*) or merchant. This word was probably curtailed of its final syllable in M. de Tassy's MS.

"*Mashsháq*," p. 329, should be changed to *Mushtáq*, if Mus'hafí and the Gulshan-i-Bekhár may be relied on. In the verses quoted in the former work, ad. loc., the word *Mushtáq* is given as a *takhallus*. Further, it is to this *Mushtáq* that Mannú Lála, (for he calls him, in full, *Mushtáq-i-Álí Khán Mushtáq*), as cited in a foot-note to p. 372, alludes, and not to his titular homonyme of Azímábád, as our author imagines.

The literary surname of *Mír-i-Mírán*, or *Nawázish Khán*, p. 344, is *Bhed*, according to M. de Tassy's own shewing. Why, then, has not *Bhed* the preference to *Mír-i-Mírán*, in the settling of his alphabetical position? Again, our author appends "*Záhir*" to Khán, as a portion of the name.

Our MSS. of Fath-i-Álí Khán's *Tazkira* give ظهراً از دكهن است, i. e., apparently—(*zahiran*)—he is of the South.

Jáisi (p. 259) and Sabzwári (p. 334) are neither poetical titles nor personal designations; and are consequently out of place where they stand, according to M. de Tassy's system of arrangement. (See pp. 169 and 359, under Fath-i-Álí and Muhammad Álí.) The *takhallus* of the person intended by the first appellation is, we believe, Muhammad. In the *Husni-ikhtilát*, a historical work, by the second person, there is no intimation of its author's having assumed a poetical surname.

For "*Amání*," of Azímábád, (p. 56,) read *Imámí*; for "*Qúdir*," (p. 134,) read *Qúdirí*, and for "*Fazl*," (p. 170,) read *Fazlí*, unoptionally; for "*Ghauwási*," (p. 186,) read *Ghauwás*; for "*Musíbat*," (p. 353,) read *Musíb*; for "*Shágird*," (p. 456,) read *Shákir*; for "*Surúr*," at the top of p. 489, read *Sarwar*; and for "*Zakú*," (p. 546,) read *Zuká*.

A number of names, strictly so called, and aliases, require correction. For example:

"*Mirzá Hasan Rizáí*," p. 46, should be changed to *Mirzá Husain Rizá*. In the same page, l. 20, for "*Talab Álí*" read *Tálib-i-Álí Khán*.

The name "*Gadá-e Álí*," p. 130, is explained as follows, in a foot-note: "گدا علی *l'âne d'Álí*." A beggar turned into a donkey! The transformation is quite Ovidian.

"Huzúr (*Bál Kámand*)," p. 236, should be *Huzúr (Bála Mukunda)*.\*

For *Hardab* (p. 263, l. 7), read *Haradeva*; and for *Mahais*, (p. 318,) read *Mahes'a*.

The word "*Pírzáda*," p. 322, seems to be erroneously regarded as part of *Mahzún's* name.

The name of *Munshí*, (p. 369,) the author of the *Qissa-i-Khusrawán-i-Ajam*, an abridged translation, in *Rekhta* verse, of the *Sháh Náma*, is *Múlachanda*,—not "*Mú-kamand*." *Mannú Lála*, M. de Tassy's only authority in this instance, gives the name correctly.

For "*Aisar*," (p. 394, l. 16,) read *Is'warí*. For "*'Ashiq-i-Álí*," (p. 499, l. 11,) read *Abbás-i-Qulí*. See *Zuká's* and *Sarwar's* *Tazkiras*. And for "*Gurúhári*," (p. 505, l. 10,) read *Girúdhári*.

\* *Muqirr Khán Umr*," p. 514, should be changed to *Muqatabar Khán Umr*. See *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím*. In the same page, for "*Unkar Bhat*," read *Omkóra Bhatta*.

Here, as well as anywhere else, notice may be taken of our author's conversion of several unfortunate Musalmáns into mere Islamized Hindús. At p. 47 we have "*'Árifu-d-dín Álí Khán Gobin*;" at p. 410, "*Muhammad Chánd Gobind*;" and at p. 443, "*Mír (Muhammad) Násir Gobind*." These singular hybrid denominations are all owing to the initial

گویند (*goyand*, 'they say,' 'it is said') of the sentences following the names, being mistaken,—from an imperfection in the diacritical points of the medial ی—for a part of the names themselves. At the third instance of this blunder one may well be surprised, inasmuch as, although an "infidel," on embracing Muhammadanism, often adopts a name or names indicative of his change of faith, a title, and especially that of *Mír*, is, we believe, very rarely, if ever, acquired. The error in question occurs twice in the names of veritable Hindús. At p. 271 *Joshi's* father is called "*Jaswant Náyar Gobind*." For "*Náyar*" read *Náyara*, and connect the inceptive گویند with what follows. *Ráqim*, p. 419, is called "*Nand Ráyan Gobind*."† For *Nand Ráyan*

\* *बासमुकुन्द*, a common appellation of the juvenile *Krishna*.

† Great as this error may appear, it is nevertheless a most venial one. We have repeatedly seen the names *سنتوکه رآه* (*Santoeha Ráya*) and *سیوک رآم* (*Sevaka Rána*) so written, in *shikasta* without the diacritical points, as to be quite undistinguishable.

substitute *Bindrāban* (corrupted from वृन्दावन), and dispose of *goyand* as before.

Change "*Arām Azāda*," p. 90, to *Rāma Sinha Azāda*. See Sarwar's *Tazkira*, or *Zukū's*. Here Mannū Lāla is again to be blamed for misleading our author.

*Dilāwar Khān Berang* (p. 116),—(the younger brother of *Yakrang* (p. 538)—see Qāsīm's *Tazkira*, or Sarwar's, or *Zukū's*)—our author calls a Hindú. The name itself might have sufficed, one would think, to indicate that its bearer was a Musalmán.

At p. 191, the name "*Gairdhar*" is explained by "गिर्धर *celui qui soutient le discours*;" and at p. 21 of Vol. II., by "*porte-montagne*." M. de Tassy, who tacitly professes to reproduce in the unmistakable algorithm of the Sanskrit whatever Hindú term he meets with in the ambiguous Persian character, should have written the word of which his last rendering is the correct one, thus—गिरिधर. The other rendering would require गीर्धर, (if there were any such word in Sanskrit,) which the Persian composition does not authorize.

The name of *Miskin Azimábád* (p. 313) is *Tejamalla*, not *Tajamarah*. Our copy of *Khan's* Biography is here very distinct.

The fair *Vaishnaví* now, *Mírā Bāí*, is (proh pudor!) transformed, (p. 315,) into a male. M. de Tassy could not have read more than a part of Professor Wilson's "*Sketch*," and was evidently unacquainted with the *Bhaktā-māla*, when he wrote his first volume.

At p. 90, we read, under *Azfarí*: "Il habita d'abord Dehli, vint ensuite à Calcutta, avec Mand-rāj, puis retourna à Dehli." Vení *Nárayāna* says, in the plainest Urdú: دہلی کے رہنے والے مندراج سے کلکتے میں تشریف لاکر شاہجہان آباد کو معاودت فرمائی. *Mandrāj*, i. e., *Madras*, is taken by M. de Tassy to be a personal noun. He says that the poet in question came to Calcutta along with Monsieur the Town of *Madras*! Moreover, we believe that, after a personal noun, *se* is never used in the sense of *with*.

In a foot-note to p. 241 are the words کلاونت بچی, which are represented, in the text, by "un *kaldwant* ou musicien nommé *Bachí*." The person referred to, who was the object of *Ilhám's* satire, was a musician's daughter بچی, and not a musician of the name of "*Bachí*." Further, a feminine vo-

cable like *bachchí*, could hardly belong, as a name, to any other than a female,—to a “musicienne,” in this instance.

At p. 333, we read of Mír Hidáyat-i-Ālī Máíl: “Dès sa plus tendre jeunesse il fut enclin à la poésie hindoustani, au moyen de laquelle il pouvait donner un libre essor à l’expression de ses sentiments religieux.” The original (?) of this, a part of which is given below, informs us that Máíl was said to be much given to promiscuous loves, and for that reason he inclined neither to marry nor to perfect himself in the art of poetry:

گویند بسیار شاغل بعشق مجازی است بدین جهت مائل  
بتاهل و تکمیل این فن نمی شود.

In the notice of *Naját*, p. 382, “*Amī Hájī Ahmad Ālī Qiyámat*” is given as a name and titles. But “*Amī*” (*ammī* recte) is no part of either. It signifies *my uncle*, in which relation *Qiyámat* stood to *Khalíl* (whom M. de Tassy is translating), who speaks in the first person.

A proper name, at p. 526, l. 12, is turned into *royal favours*. The *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím* gives *گویند در زمان عالم گیر بادشاه* *بهندوستان آمده مستفید از شاه گلشن گردید*, the French intended to convey which runs as follows: “On dit qu’il vint dans l’Hindoustan sous le règne d’Alanguir (Aurangzeb), et qu’il eut part à ses faveurs royales.”\* The *Sháh-i-Gulshant* of the Persian text—metamorphosed *Gullice* into “*faveurs royales*,”—is mentioned by the Professor not half a page previously.

At p. 80, l. 19, the word *bimát* (see the Dictionary) is given as part of a name. *Majzúb*, p. 324, was the adopted son of *Saudú*. *Sábit* (the second), p. 433, was a pupil of *Jafar-i-Ālī Hasrat*, and *grandson* of *Nawwáb Diler Khán*.

*Mannú Lála*, in his *Guldasta-i-Nishát*, cites some verses as belonging to a *Hazín*; and M. de Tassy, (p. 227,) by some logical process best known to himself, assigns these verses to *Shaikh Muhammad Ālī Hazín*. Besides this, there is an anecdote current at Benares, where the *Shaikh* resided, to the effect that he was singularly averse to *Rekhta* poetry, and was never known to write a couplet of it. Be this as it may, there seems no ground for classing him among the *Urdú* poets.

\* This passage occurs also in M. de Tassy’s edition of *Walf*, Preface, p. xi.

† *Walf*’s preceptor, ghostly, as well as poetical. *Zuká’s* and *Sarwar’s Tazkiras*. In the *Hamecha Bahár* he ranks as a poet. M. de Tassy’s estimate of *Walf* is, we may mention, peculiar and extravagant.

Some erroneous renderings, of miscellaneous character, shall next be specified.

P. 20, l. 24. "Ses vers hindoustani ne sont point sans mérite, et ils ne sont pas moindres en nombre que ceux de son frère aîné." The original states that he wrote poetry, Hindî, and Persian, not inferior to his elder brother's:

شعر ہندی و فارسی کم از برادر بزرگ نمی گوید.

P. 45, l. 6. "Quant à Ahmadî, comme il tenait de ses ancêtres le droit d'être payeur du pargana de Zimaniya, et de commander un escadron de cavalerie, il fut employé, en cette qualité, par le nabâb de Gâzîpûr, Fazl-i Alî Khân." This purports to be a translation of the latter part of the passage given below, from which all that we learn is that Ahmadî was brought up by the Nawwâb : احمدی تخلص اسمش شیخ احمد وارث اما مشارالیه از اسلاف خود بشیوہ مالگذاری پرگنہ زمانہ و رسالہ داری إتصاف داشته از تربیت یافتگان نواب فضل علی خان غازیپوری است.

P. 92, l. 8. "C'était un militaire qui s'occupait de poésie et qui avait soumis ses gazal à Mus'haffî." We give the Persian, from Mus'haffî. جوانی بود سپاہی ہمیشہ یک قول خود در آنولہ ہمیش فقیر خواندہ بود سہ شعرار و انتخواب افتادہ : which should be translated: "He was a young man, by profession a soldier. At Ahwala he read one of his ghazals before this beggar (i. e., the writer). Three couplets have been selected from it."

P. 132, l. 11. We here read that Venî Nârâyana "fut attaché apparemment comme secrétaire" to Abû-l-Qâsim : اور اس خاکسار کو بیہی آنکی خدمت میں نیاز ہی and at p. 469, l. 17, that he stood apparently in the same relation to Shuhrat : اس خاکسار کو آنکی خدمت میں نیاز ہی. Agâin, at p. 180, l. 19, we read, under Ghâlib, "Il paraît qu' Alî Ibrâhîm avait été attaché à son service, apparemment comme secrétaire:" این خاکسار را بخدمت آن سید والاتبار نیازمند است. And yet at p. 206, l. 4, an expression similar to the above is translated by "très-lié." None of these phrases denote anything more than acquaintance.

The phrase است از قدما است is translated, at p. 193, l. 16, by "le style ancien." See the same mistake at p. 61, l. 26, and at p. 323, l. 5. At p. 436, l. 20, our author only surmises—

and the surmise is erroneous—that a similar expression, viz., از زمرهٔ سلف است, bears the same signification. The poets spoken of are themselves old, as well as their style.

P. 205, l. 11; p. 426, l. 17; p. 506, l. 3. At these places three several persons are represented in the French as having made use of a new style of composition. The phrase نو مشق, in the original authorities, simply indicates that these writers were *novices in their profession*.

At p. 275, l. 10, *Kabir* is defined by “le plus grand” (which is *Akbar*) instead of by *great*. At p. 438, l. 20, “*Miyat*” “hundred” is rendered by “*mille*.” At p. 355, l. 11, and at p. 530, l. 8, the word ارشد “well-conducted,”—a term of endearment,—is translated by “*légitime*.”

At p. 456, we are presented with a new description of verse, called *salásat*. M. de Tassy must have read سلامت “facility” with a اشت.

Our author does not invariably translate from English with the most scrupulous exactitude:—or, is it that his delicacy is more scrupulous than his accuracy? Let the reader judge whether this excuse can avail in regard to the second of the two extracts following:—

<p>As. Res., Vol. XVII., p. 308. A living man has nothing to do with heaven and hell, but when the body has become dust, what is the difference between a jackass and a dead saint?</p>	<p>P. 103, l. 34. Un homme vivant n'a rien à faire avec le ciel et l'enfer; quand le corps est devenu poussière, quelle est la différence entre un saint et un criminel: (!)</p>
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Again:

<p>As. Res. Vol. XVI., p. 62. If the Creator dwell in Tabernacles, whose residence is the universe?</p>	<p>P. 119, l. 18. Le Créateur peut-il résider dans des temples, lui qui remplit tout l'univers?</p>
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Occasionally, the title of a book is badly given. For example, at p. 130 our author speaks of a *Masnaví* called the “*Dáinok nábnah*,” on which he makes the following learned observation: “*دینوک نامه* Je ne suis pas bien sûr de la lecture de ce titre. Si on le prononce comme je l'ai fait, il signifie *Livre de la fin de décembre*. (!!!)\* Ce serait, dans ce

\* The ingenuity of this calls to our mind the following extract from the *Miratu-l-khayál*, of which we append our own version, lest M. de Tassy should take a different view of it:

بباید دانست که موسیقی لفظ سریانی است مو در اصطلاح آن  
طایفه پورارا. بند و سیقی بمعنی گره آمده یعنی صاحب این  
سن و ده بود هوا میزند

cas, un poëme sur Phiver." The word *dínwak*, though not in the dictionaries, is a much commoner corruption, in Hindí, than *dínak*, of the Persian *díwak* "white-ant."

At p. 480, for रसनव read रसाणव.

The well-known *Fázil Alí Prakás'a*, a work on rhetoric, by S'uka Deva Mis'ra, M. de Tassy,—following Ward,—cites (p. 479) by the not very recognizable name of "*Phádilálí-Prakáscha*."

At p. 475, M. de Tassy, after enumerating the works of S'iva Náráyaṇa, goes on to say: "J' ignore si c'est la collection de tous ces ouvrages qui porte le titre de *Sant Saran*. Quoi qu'il en soit, le savant professeur Wilson a un exemplaire manuscrit de ce dernier ouvrage en trois volumes in-fol. Il se compose de poèmes et d'hymnes hindí des Siva-Náráyanái; il est écrit en caractères nágari."\* The expression *santa s'araya*, "(with) the saints (is our) protection," is used by the S'iva Náráyanáis, at the beginning of their books, (and of their letters to one another,) in the same manner as orthodox Hindús employ *S'ri Ganes'áyat namah*, &c. Our author's mistake reminds us of the person who, on being left a large legacy of French books (of Joseph Miller's Repertory of Euclitæ, which is, we believe, our authority), marvelled at so large a proportion of the volumes being written by one "T. m."

The name Chandú Lála, (p. 454,) is translated, with a query, "chéri du singe"!

For "*Lok úkat ras jagat*," p. 474, read *Lokokti rasayukti*.

"You must know that the word *músiqi* (μουσική) is Syriac. In the dialect of that tribe they call the air *mu*, and *siqi* has obtained the sense of a knot;—that is to say, the adept in that art ties knots on the air."

And a little further on, we read that the sage Pithághúris (Pythagoras), who is called by the author a disciple of Solomon, deduced the elements of Music from the harmony of the spheres!

و بعضی برآنند که حکیم فیثاغورس اصول موسیقی را از اصوات  
افلاک استنباط نموده

\* M. de Tassy has not a monopoly of the blunders in regard to Hindí literature. Herr Albrecht Weber, (who, by his marks of interrogation, would seem to confess his inability to distinguish Sanskrit from Bhashá), in his catalogue of the Walker MSS. at Oxford, attributes the *Kavi-priyá* to Indrajit, its author's patron; and is in doubt as to the subject of the *Rasika-priyá*, against which he writes "Rhetorisch?" Ward, again, in his work on the Hindús, (Edition of 1822, Vol. II., p. 480,) gives *Kavi-priyá* as the author of the *Rámachandriká*!

† These very words are taken by Stewart, Descriptive Catalogue, p. 180, to be the title of a book!



At p. 487, *سرى رادھا مادھو بہار*, the title of a book, is translated—"Sri Râdhâ aux doux amusements." The word *माधव*, a proper name,\*—that of Kṛishṇa,—is plainly mistaken for *मधु*, *honey*.

At p. 515, we find "*Bhûgola Sâro Likhyaṭe*" given as the title of a book. A slight knowledge of Sanskrit would here have stood our author in good stead. At pp. 118, 276, and 278, *Bijuk* occurs for *Bijaka*. At pp. 291 and 292, we find "*Kavi Parya*" and "*Racik Priya*" for *Kavi Priyâ* and *Rasika Priyâ*. These titles are of course translated incorrectly; and so is the title *Amritadhâra*, p. 120. The first two are *Tal-purushu* compounds, and the third a *Bahuvrîhi*.

Both M. de Tassy (p. 120) and his authority (See *As. Res.*, vol. XVII., p. 193) are mistaken about *Bhartrihari*,—(corrupted by vernacular usage into *Bharthari* and *Bharathari*),—who is not the *author* of the compositions sung by *sârangiys*, but the *hero* of them. The Professor's remarks on the possible antiquity of these compositions are curious in the extreme.

At p. 405, the famous Mahimna Stotra of Pushpadanta,\* in Sanskrit, is given, with the expression of a doubt, as a Hindî work. At p. 507, Tipû Sultân is represented as an Urdû author. We have examined the MSS., on the strength of which, as described in a catalogue, M. de Tassy places this "Saul among the prophets;" and we have ascertained that they are not *written by him*, but *dedicated to him*. Nothing, we believe, has yet been found to invalidate the statement of Major Stewart, (*Descriptive Catalogue*, Preface, p. 5,) that no complete work of the Sultân's composition has been discovered. The celebrated Sâqî-nâma of Zuhûri, (p. 554,) is not in *Rekhta*, but in *Persian*. The Kalpa Sûtra, (p. 581,) is spoken of as if it were Hindî. Professor Wilson (*Mackenzie Collection*, Vol. II., p. 115), though he places it in a miscellaneous chapter, headed "Hindî books," yet expressly declares it to be Prâkrit, which specification M. de Tassy, trusting to the heading, takes no notice of. The Kalpa Sûtra is now to be met with in an English dress.

The Sanskrit original of the Baitâla Pachîsî is supposed by M. de Tassy, (Preface, p. viii., and p. 484,) to be lost. The Professor could not, then, have seen the translation from the Hindî†

\* The flower-toothed,—originally the name of a Gandharva.

† Probably, judging from the peculiar felicity of its style and the various learning displayed in the comments, from the pen of Professor Wilson.

in the London Asiatic Journal for 1816 and 1817, in the notes to which there is distinct reference made to the original. See also *As. Res.*, vol. X., p. 412; *Calcutta Oriental Magazine* for March, 1824, p. 63; and *Mackenzie Collection*, vol. I., p. 112. Further, the English version of these tales by Rájá Káli Kṛishṇa is not from the *Vraja Bháshá*, but from the edition in common Hindi published under the auspices of Gilchrist. Our author is also inaccurate, (p. 209,) in saying that Sir William Jones's translation of the *History of Nádir Sháh* is in *English*.

So far as M. de Tassy possessed materials, he deserves the credit of having made a very diligent use of them.\* But there are *tazkiras* of Rekhta poets, procurable without much difficulty in Hindústán, which would have enabled our author to increase the Muhammadan department of his work to twice or three times its present size. A number of these works we have adverted to incidentally in the course of these remarks.† Several others we know only by name, among which is the biography of Akhtar of Lakhnau, which treats of both Persian and Urdú writers, and is said to contain upwards of five thousand memoirs. But its author refuses to let it be either printed or transcribed. But after all, only a small part of the little worth knowing about Urdú literature,—for to acquire it involves much more labour than it requites,—can be gathered from these works.‡ Any one who proposes to write

\* In the *Gulzar-i-Ibráhim* are accounts of Mir Madadu-l-lah and Khwája Bakhsh Muntazir which are not noticed in the "*Histoire*."—The account of Wálí, p. 523, is by Vení Náráyana,—not Ali Ibráhim.

And here we may mention two translations, not spoken of in the "*Histoire*," of Urdú works into English. For a translation of the *Hidáyatu-l-Islám* see pp. 239 seqq. of the (*Calcutta*) *Oriental Magazine* for Sept. 1823; and for the *Mazhab-i-Ishq* in English see pp. 75 seqq. of the *Calcutta Literary Gazette* for 1832.

† In Qásim's *Tazkira* is some valuable information, as far as it goes,—if it may be depended on,—touching the oldest writers of Urdú. The first Rekhta poets are there said to be Turku-l-lah, called Muhammad Kása-les, and Sádí Dakhní. With regard to the latter it is also stated that Saudá, in his *tazkira*, confounds him with the Persian Sádí, and unwarrantably ascribes verses of his composition to the bard of Shiráz. In the January number of the *Journal Asiatique* for 1843, a long paper by M. de Tassy will be found, in which he declares, (p. 27,) on the authority of Qásim's *tazkira*, that the fact of the Persian Sádí's being the first Urdú writer is a "*fait désormais incontestable*." Qásim was a pupil of Saudá, and it is no wonder if he adopted the errors and whims of his master. The authority of Zuká, the author of a *tazkira*, may be added to the above. But see the *Tabaqát-i-shuqrá-e-Hind*, p. 48; and the *Faráidu-d-dahr*, p. 339.

‡ M. de Tassy, in the continuation of his work, should consult, besides Urdú memoirs, all the Biographies of Persian poets that he can obtain access to; and the Persian histories of India should also be perused to some extent.

a faithful history of Urdú literature down to the present time,\* must visit India in person. So little demand is there in Europe for printed works in the Indian languages,—to say nothing of MSS.,—that we suppose that, of the lithographed volumes which the Muhammadan presses of Lakhnau, Dihilí, and Agra, throw off yearly by the thousand, not one in twenty ever finds its way out of this country. As for Hindí literature, M. de Tassy has a most inadequate idea of its immense extent.† Before us, as we write, lies a catalogue of upwards of a thousand Bháshá works (in MSS.),—(about ten times the number specified by M. de Tassy),—more than half of which we have seen and handled. The only work that has yet come in our way, that would yield any assistance, analogous to that derived from *razkiras*, to the investigator of Hindí literature, is the *Sujána Charitra* by *Súdána Kavi*, which

\* We find not a word in the “*Histoire*” about *A'tish*, *Zauq*, *Múmin*, *Chirkín*, *Sáhib*, *Nazír*, *'A'rif*, *Ihsán* (*Háfi'z* *Abdu-r-rahmán Khán*), and *Irfán*; and next to nothing about *Ghúlib*, *Násikh* and *Tapán*,—a few of the famous names, in the present age, in the Muhammadan literature of India. We question whether the *Fasána-e-Ajálil* of *Surúr*,—a work which is almost universally esteemed by learned natives above the *Chahár Darvesh*,—be yet known in Europe.

† M. de Tassy, at p. 14 of his “*Rudiments de la langue hindoui*,” after speaking of there being no “*Hindui*” grammar before his own, adds: “*Pour remplir cette lacune, je donne ces rudiments, pour lesquels j'ai mis à contribution l'ouvrage élémentaire que je viens de citer (Price's Grammar), ainsi que celui de Lallú-Lála, en ajoutant, aux formes que ces deux ouvrages ont indiquées, celles que vingt années d'étude m'ont fait trouver, et les observations que la lecture des principaux écrivains hindoui m'a fournies.*” The assertion is a rash one on the part of M. de Tassy that he has read the principal Hindí writers. At p. 309 of the first volume of the “*Histoire*” he confesses that he has never seen the *Sata Saí* of *Vihári Lála*, and his conjectures about it are all wrong. A number of popular works, beside the last named, (which is accompanied by a *fiká* by the Editor, called the *Lála Chandriká*), published years ago by *Lallú Lála*, are unknown to him. Such are the *Vrinda Sata Saí*, *Sudáma Charitra* of *Haladhara*, *Sarasa-rasa*, and *Mádhava-vilása*. And did he ever see the *Vinaya Patriká*, which has been published at *Calcutta* (by *Lallú Lála*), at *Agra*, and at *Ghazipur*? Many of *Tulasí-dás's* works, by the bye, he does not even give the names of; and *Bháshá* publications, in the *Devanágari* and *Bangáli* characters, of the *Calcutta Bará-bázar*, which are new to him, might be pointed out by the dozen. And are the writings of *Chánda*, or of *Kes'ava-dása*, or the *Sujána Hazára*, or the *Padmavatí* by *Malik Muhammad* of *Jáis*, included among the works of the “*principaux écrivains hindoui*” which the Professor claims to have read? We will give the names of a few Hindí poets of celebrity whom our author probably now hears of for the first time. An acquaintance with a small fraction of them would have prompted a very different selection from that which is given in the second volume. *Abhimanu*, *Agra*, *A'nanda-ghana*, *Bhúshana*, *Chintámani*, *Dayá*, *Dayáta*, *Deví-dása*, *Harihara*, *Harivans'á*, *Kálidás'a*, *Mandana*, *Nanda-Lála*, *Prahláda*, *Prema*, *Premi*, *Ráma-Krishna*, *Rámánuja Itamapati*, *S'ambhu*, *S'rídihara*; *Dayá-lála*, *Dína-dayála Giri*, *Gaja-rája*, *Ganes'a*, *Mani-deva*, *Prema-Sakhí*, *Ráma-Sakhe*, *Sardár*, *S'yáma-sundara*, *Vis'va-nátha Sinha*.

makes mention of upwards of 200 Bháshá poets. The date of this work is Samvat 1804.

But M. de Tassy's work, (we mean the first volume of it)—in spite of all its faults, whose name is Legion, and with which, in the plenitude of our superiour advantages, (residing in India and hedged about by Maulavis and Pandits,) we have taken the liberty of making ourselves somewhat merry,—is a production of which its author, considering the circumstances under which he wrote it, has no reason to be ashamed. It deserves better of the world of letters than may perhaps be inferred from our comments; and nothing would give us greater pleasure than to be assured that it has found a place in the library of every orientalist. The good points of the work are patent and undeniable, and we have limited ourselves to the exposure of its demerits solely for the purpose of rendering the results of the Professor's researches better deserving of the confidence of his readers.

We have now reached the second volume, which consists of analyses and extracts. But first of all comes a preface of 32 pages, which is devoted chiefly to definitions of the different kinds of composition employed in Úrdú and Hindí. The first branch of these definitions is treated very satisfactorily. But is not the term *fard* (p. xxv.) incorrectly explained?\* The subject of Hindí compositions is, on the contrary, most

\* فرد دو مصرع كى شعر كو كهتے ہیں مطلقاً خواہ دوہون مصرع  
میں قافیہ ہو خواہ ایک میں اور اُسکو بیت بھی کہتے ہیں لیکن  
ان دونوں ناموں میں اسقدر فرق ہے کہ شعر کے تنها ہونے کی  
صورت میں فرد نام رکھا جاتا ہے اور بیت خواہ تنها ہو خواہ  
منجملہ اور اشعار کے جیسے کہ ایک شعر غزل یا قصیدہ یا قطعہ  
کا مثلاً پس فرد خاص ہی اور بیت عام

*Intikhab divānoshā, p. 3.*

I. e., 'A piece of poetry consisting of two hemistichs is called a *fard*—absolutely,—whether there be rhyme in both the hemistichs, or in one. And it is also called *bait*. But the difference between these two names is this, that when the poetry [of two lines] is complete in a detached shape, the name of *fard* is applied; and *bait*, whether it be solitary or (one) in a collection,—in a piece of poetry such as a *ghazal*, *qasida*, or *qita*, for instance. Hence *fard* is special, and *bait* general.'

The word *tuk*, (p. xii.) though sometimes used as a synonyme of *misrā'*, i. e., for *hemistich*, much more commonly means *rhyme*. *Charana* and *pāda* are the terms generally employed to denote the half of a *chaupái*, the quarter of a *dohá*, etc.

superficially handled; and we have *rágas* and *ráginís* mixed up in strange confusion with the proper matter of the chapter. Again, of common Sanskrit metres, which occur in a single well-known Hindí work, Gokulanátha's translation of the Mahábhárata, we have marked twenty-seven that are not mentioned by M. de Tassy. Of less common ones we have counted about the same number. Metres peculiar to the Hindí, and having pure Hindí names, exist by scores; and in this preface one finds but a very small number of them. Indeed, we do not believe the Professor ever saw a work on Bháshá prosody. At all events, there is none spoken of in his first volume, and there is no allusion to any in the second. We give below the names of a few works which will be of service to any one desirous of investigating the subject here adverted to.\*

We now come to the translations. And first in order among them stands the *Bhakta-mála*,† or "Garland of Devotees." This work consists of short sets of memorial verses, of the most enigmatical character, if unaccompanied by elucidations, and is written in a rather difficult dialect of the Hindí. Several commentaries have been composed on it, the best known of which are those of Krishna-dása, in prose, and of Priyá-dása, in verse.‡ It is from the former, as in part published, together with the mixed text of Nábhá Jíṣ

\* The Chhandornava by Bhikari-dása, the Vritti-vichára by Das'aratha, the Chhanda-ratnávali, Vritti-tarangini, and Vritti-dípa by Ráma Saháya, the Rúpavilása by Rúpa Saháya, the Kávyárnava by Saugrúna Simha; the Suvritta-hára, Ganodipiká, Chhanda-kaumudi, and Uhashá-pingala. Jháma Ráma, Sukha Deva Mis'ra, Jivana Páthaka, Bháma, S'ripati, Nárayana-dása, Itasika-mohana, &c., &c., have also written on Prosody. The 20th chapter of the Vidyá-darpana treats of the same subject.

† In very many MSS. we find (incorrectly, perhaps) *Bhakti-mála*, or "Garland of Piety." M. de Tassy (Preface, p. xxix.) strangely enough translates *Bhakti-mála* by "Traité sur les saints," and remarks that *mála* or *málá*, at the end of the titles of books, corresponds to *risálu*, as used in Muhammadan literature. See some interesting observations, by Mr. C. P. Brown, on the fanciful names given by the Hindús to their writings, at p. 41 of the London Asiatic Journal for September 1837.

‡ In the *Kavita* metre, and called the *Bhakti-rasa-bodhini*. On this commentary remarks, made by their author *drishánta* 'illustrations,' (in some copies—*bhakti-mála-prasaṅga*) have been written, in various measures, by Vaishnava-dása. Besides these the writer of this paper has four other works explanatory of the *Bhakta-mála*.

§ M. de Tassy remarks as follows, at p. 42, on Nábhá Jí: "Premier auteur des vers qui font la base du *Bhakti-mál*, et qui se réduisent, à ce qu'il paraît, au vers initial et final de chaque chhappai. Les autres vers des chhappais, ainsi que le prouvent le texte précédent et le chhappai sur Prithiráj, sont de Krishnadás." A *per saltum* process, this, with a witness, as shall be shewn. The first assumption on which the Professor's sequitur is based is this, that because a commentator cites only the first verse in a set of verses which he

and Náráyana-dása, by Captain Price, in the first volume of his "Hindee and Hindoostanee Selections," that M. de Tassy has made his choice of extracts. These extracts (pp. 1—76) we shall now examine. And in order that the reader may be able to judge for himself, without having to refer to books that may not be conveniently at hand, we shall take the trouble,—both with reference to the present work and to whatever follows,—of giving the original of every passage to which we object as not being a proper translation. In our own version we have aimed at nothing beyond fidelity. The reader will observe,—at all events in the case of the Bhakta-mála and Sundara Kánda,—that we do not bring forward picked and insulated instances, but a fair sample of the mass. This fact, indeed, is certified by the very extent of our specimens.

In the following passage,—the novelties in the rendering of which, unknown to the original, are not a few,—we may just mention that M. de Tassy turns *faith* into *works*, and makes Kabír despise both, instead of inculcating the indispenableness of the former to the value of the latter. Kabír was not so *very* far off from Christian verity.

कृपे.

कबीर कानि राखी नहों वर्णाश्रम षट्दर्शनी ॥  
 भक्ति विमुख जो धर्म ताहि अधरम करि गायो ॥  
 जोग यज्ञ व्रत दान भजन विन तुच्छ दिखायो ॥  
 हिंदू तुरक प्रमाण रमैनी शबदी साखी ॥  
 पक्षपात नहिं वचन सबहिके हित की भाषी ॥

annotates, the remaining verses of the set are by a different hand! In the second place, the Krishna-dása mentioned in the couplets on Prithivírája, is not "celui qui a développé et commenté le texte primitif du *Bhakta-mál'*"

(p. 37), but Krishna-dása, (called paihári or paubári : Sans. पयोहारी), the well-known religious guide of the last Hindú King of Dihli, to whom a section is devoted by Nábhá Ji, near the beginning of his work. Here, then, is an anachronism of upwards of 400 years; for Prithivírája was killed in the end of the 12th century, and Krishna-dása's comment on the Bhakta-mála is dated, according to Wilson, 1769 Samvat, or A. D. 1713. The two other Krishna-dásas besides Paihári, who are spoken of in the Bhakta-mála, would have conspired to throw our translator into a perfect "trivium of irresolutions," had he known of them. He is, further, his own authority for his statement that Krishna-dása did any thing more for the Bhakta-mála than write a commentary on it. The text of the work was never before ascribed to any one except Nábhá Ji and Náráyana-dása.

आरूढ़ दशा द्वै जगत पर मुखदेखी नाहिन भनी ॥

कबीर कानि राखी नहीं बर्णाश्रम घटदशनी ॥

P. 1. Chhappai.\* Kabir n'a pas laissé pénétrer dans ses oreilles la distinction des castes, ni celle des six systèmes de philosophie.†

Il a déclaré que les pratiques sans la foi n'étaient pas de bonnes œuvres. Il a montré la futilité de la pénitence, des sacrifices, des austérités, des aumônes expiatoires,‡ des pratiques extérieures du culte.

Ses ramainis, ses sabbis et ses sakhis§ ont été appréciés par les Hindous aussi bien que par les Musulmans.¶ Ses discours n'offrent pas de partialité, il a parlé pour tous.

Dans sa position élevée, on n'a pas vu qu'il ait tourné le visage vers le monde périssable.

Kabir n'a pas laissé pénétrer dans ses oreilles la distinction des castes, ni celle des six systèmes de philosophie.

The reader may amuse himself, if disposed, by collating the above rendering with the following :

Kabir had no (particular) regard¶ for the castes and states, nor for the six classes of religionists.\*\* Observances [such as are] opposed to faith

\* Ceci est un chant populaire. (!) une sorte d'hymne en l'honneur de Kabir. On donne à ces chants le nom de *mâl* मूल (*lecte* ; (!) on les attribue à Nâbhâ Jî. Le récit qui le développe porte le nom de *tikâ* टीका *commentaire*. On doit celui dont je donne ici la traduction à Krischnadâs.

† On sait qu'il y a en effet chez les Hindous six différents systèmes de philosophie, systèmes qui sont exposés dans différents ouvrages.

‡ Les mots en lettres italiques sont des additions explicatives au texte.

§ Noms particuliers aux poèmes composés par Kabir

¶ " Dans le texte on nomme les Musulmans *turcs* तरक, comme on le fait vulgairement en Europe. Il paraît que cette appellation est commune dans l'Inde. Sânda la met aussi dans la bouche de la femme d'un banyân dans la satire contre Fidwî." The word *Turk* (or, more commonly, *Turuk*) is never used by one Musalman to another, and is employed by a Hindû only as a term of abuse.

¶ The word कान in the original is mistaken by M. de Tassy for काण ; and this is not the only instance in which he confounds similar letters. At p. 215, l. 15, he mistakes तरके (he leaped) for तड़के (in the morning) ; and at p. 228, l. 26, बानि (disposition), for बाणी (speech). Again, at p. 5, l. 22, our translator, not bearing in mind the interchangeableness of र and ल, has magnified a bullock-load (बलदभर) of rûpîs into a city-full ; and has crowded them all into a house ! See also a passage further on, from the *Sinhâsana Battisî*.

\*\* Such is the interpretation, current among the Kabir Panthis, and, (we believe), vulgar Hindûs of Hindûstân generally, of the term *shaidars'ana*,— a term by which the learned understand, not this, but the six schools of philosophy. The first of the following couplets, accordant with the vulgar view, is a common proverb. Of the second verse of this distich there are various readings, of which we give a couple :

he declared to be improper; (and) he showed that penance, sacrifice, fasting, and charity, without faith, are nugatory. Hindús and Muhammadans approve (his) *ramainís*, *s'abdís* and *sákhís*,—impartial utterances,—(which) he delivered for the welfare of all. Rising superiour to the mundane condition [i. e., to the interests of this world], he spoke not flattery. Kabír, etc.

In the next passage, M. de Tassy, in despite of grammar, turns a prayer into a positive assertion. How far the particulars, whether of a precatory or of a dogmatic character, correspond in the original and in M. de Tassy's version, our own version will perhaps enable the reader to judge.

पद.

राय श्री रनछोर दीजै द्वारिका को वास ।  
 ब्रह्म चक्र गदा पदुम से मिटै यमकी वास ॥  
 सकल तीरथ गोमतीके रहत नित्य निवास ।  
 ब्रह्म भालरि भ्रांभ वाजे सदा सुखकी रास ॥  
 तज्यौ देश अरु बेस हू असि तज्यौ राना राज ।  
 दास मोरा सरन आई तुम्हें अइ सब लाज ॥

योगी जंगम सेवड़ा सन्यासी दरवेश ।  
 छटवा दर्शन ब्राह्मण उन में मीन न भेष ॥

Or:

एते मुक्ति न पावहीं दुर्लभ हरिके देश ॥

Or:

बिना प्रेम पङ्गुचै नहीं दुर्लभ है वह देश ॥

ते तीनों देवता मिलिके ब्रह्मांड में हौ दरशन जानवे पाषंड  
 बनावत भय ।

योगी जंगम सेवरा सन्यासी दरवेश ।  
 छटए कहिए ब्राह्मण हौ घर हौ उपदेश ॥  
 दस सन्यासी बारहि योगी चौदहि सेख बखान ।  
 बौध अठारहिं जंगम अठारहिं चौबिस सेवरा जान ॥

• *Rájá Vis'wanátha Sinha's Tiká on Kabír's Ramainís :  
 fifth dohá of the third Ramainí.*

Two other passages, of similar import, the one from *Ráma Jivana's* comment on the *Bhaktá-mála*, and the other from the *Mukti-mála* of *Dharmma-dása*, a work of great repute and some antiquity, we are obliged, by want of room, to omit.



पद.

सजन सुधि ज्यों जानो त्यों हीजै ।

तुम विन मेरे और न कोई छपा करौ तौ कीजै ॥

सीस न भूख रैन नहिं निद्रा यह तन पस पस हीजै ।

मीराके प्रभु गिरधर नागर मिलि विकुरन नहिं कीजै ॥

P. 26. Pad.\*—Ranachhor m'a permis d'habiter Dwarika, où la crainte de Yama est anéantie par la conque, le disque, la massue et le lotus (attributs de Krischna).

Tous les lieux de pèlerinage de la Gomti sont habités constamment : la conque et les cymbales à franges y retentissent ; on y exécute le joyeux divertissement du rās.

Pour moi, j'ai abandonné mon pays, j'ai laissé ma position. Hélas ! j'ai quitté le roi et son royaume. Mirā est ta servante ; elle est venue se réfugier vers toi, elle t'appartient tout entière.

Autre Pad.—O mon ami, puisque vous connaissez mon affection, agréez-la.—Ne m'accordez pas d'autre faveur que le don de vous-même ; c'est cela seul que je désire.—Par l'effet de la faim que j'ai supportée pendant le jour, et de l'insomnie qui m'a atteint durant la nuit, mon corps maigrit à chaque instant. O amiable Krischna, puisque vous m'avez permis de venir auprès de vous, ne m'abandonnez plus.

Here is the passage as we read it :

1. O sovereign Rana-chhor, give me the habitation of Dwáraká, (where) the fear of Yama is effaced by thy conch, discus, mace, and lotos. The perpetual abodes of all the holy places on the Gomati are (there) ; † (and there) the conch, tabor, and cymbal, [the producers of] a fund of pleasure, continually sound. My (native) country I have left, and also my [queenly] apparel ; (and) in like manner the Ráná, (and his) kingdom. Mirá, thy servant, has come (to thee) for sanctuary. Now is all her shame upon thee [that is, all disgrace that she may suffer will be on thy head].

2. Take thought (of me), O beloved, in such measure as thou knowest [me to be worthy]. Except thee I have no other [protector]. Take pity on me [then, if] thou wilt. Appetite by day I have not, nor sleep by night ; (and) momentarily is (this) body wasting away. O Lord of Mirá, gracious Giridhara, joining, part not from, me. ‡

M. de Tassy must have drawn a long "bow at a venture"—with what success we shall see—when he excogitated the drawcansir of the "long sword," in his rendering of the following :

\* Ces pads sont de Mirá (Bái).

† That is, there is at any time as much merit in going to Dwáraká as there is in visiting all the places of pilgrimage on the Gomati. M. de Tassy, at the foot of p. 37, defines the word *Gomati* by "tourneyante" !

‡ These verses have been translated somewhat differently by Professor H. Wilson. See *As. Res.*, Vol. XVI., p. 100 ; and "Two Lectures," p. 31.

दोहा.

तनक न रही विरक्तता लगी दृगनकी घाय ।

कङ्कं माल बटुवा कङ्कं कङ्कं गीता कङ्कं छाप ॥

एक कनक अह कामिनी ए लंबी तरवार ।

जात रहे हरि मिलन को लियो बीच ही मार ॥

P. 34. D. Elle n'est restée qu'un peu de temps; elle s'est séparée de moi en un clin d'œil. Voilà son collier et sa bourse à bétel. Là elle chante; ici *mon cœur en éprouve* l'impression.—C'est une femme au teint doré de la classe la plus estimée; et je suis un homme méritant de porter une longue épée.—J'allais demeurer auprès de Hari, lorsqu' au milieu de mon chemin ce coup *de l'amour* m'a atteint.

Our version will scarcely be recognized as aiming at the same passage :

(His) indifference did not endure for a moment, when the ogle (of her) eye struck (him). Here was (his) rosary, there (his) wallet;\* here (his Bhagawad) Gitá, there (his) stamp.† Gold, (for) one, and woman (also),—these are a long-reaching sword. He was going to meet Hari, (but) she slew him on the way.

Bully Bottom never was more utterly "translated" than the nine unlucky kings in the following passage, whose very names have been sublimed into categories of the unsubstantial, in M. de Tassy's interpretative alembic.

दृष्ये.

भक्तनिको आदर अधिक राजवंस में इन कियो ॥

लघु मथुरा मेरता भक्त अति जैमल पोषे ॥

टोड़े भजननिधान रामचन्द हरिजन तोषे ॥

अभैराम इकरस नेम निवाहे भारी ॥

करम सिंह सुरतान बीरम भूपति व्रतधारी ॥

ईश्वर अक्षैराय मलकान्हर मधुकर नृप सरवसु दियो ॥

भक्तनिको आदर अधिक राजवंस में इन कियो ॥

P. 39. C. Parmi les fils de rājās, Madhukar est un de ceux qui traitèrent le plus respectueusement les adorateurs de *Wischnu*.

Il nourrissait les dévots à *Wischnu* de Mathura et de Mertá, qui étaient dans le besoin, et qui combattaient, victorieusement *contre leurs passions*. Les serviteurs de Rāma et de Hari étaient satisfaits de le voir

\* In which devotees carry a small idol.

† For making sectarian marks on the body.

détruire les édifices du culte *consacrés à d'autres dieux*. Karam Singh,\* sans crainte, accomplit selon son désir un vœu envers Râma, lui héros aux bonnes pensées, roi du monde et exécuteur des rites sacrés. Et Kânhar (Krischna) le Seigneur, souverain immortel, héros invisible, accorda toutes ses *favours* au roi Madhukar.

Parmi les fils, etc.

We restore the kings to what of substantiality the original accords them, thus :

These (persons, named below) of the race of kings paid especial honour to devotees. Jaya Malla (of) Meratâ,—a little Mathurâ [in sanctity],—greatly cherished the votaries [of Vishnu]. At Torâ, Râmachandra, a receptacle of devotion, delighted the servants of Hari. Abhayarâma practised unintermittedly an arduous observance [touching the pious]. Karmma Sinha, Sultân, and Birama, kings, (were) performers of [certain] practices [with relation to the saints]. I's'wara, Akshaya Râya, Kânharâ Malla, and Madhukara,† kings, gave all their substance [to ascetics].

What *does* M. de Tassy mean by a “ fils stérile ?” We do not find the “ sterile boy” in the passage following.

पद.

जो सुख होई भक्तघर आए ।  
 सो सुख होत नहीं बड़ संपति बांकाहि बेटा जाए ॥  
 जो सुख भक्तनको चरणोदक पीवत गात लगाए ।  
 सो सुख सपने झं नहि पैयत कोटिक तीरघ न्हाए ॥  
 जो सुख भक्तनको मुख देखत उपजत दुख बिसराए ।  
 सो सुख होत न कबहं कामिहि कामिनि घर लपटाए ॥  
 जो सुख होत भक्तवचनन सुनि नैनन्ह नीर बहाए ।  
 सो सुख कबहं न पैयत घर निज पूतको पूत खिलाए ॥  
 जो सुख होत मिलत साधुनके छिन छिन रङ्ग बढ़ाए ।  
 सो सुख होत न रङ्ग यासको लङ्ग सुमेरुहि पाए ॥

P. 40. Pad. Le vrai bonheur ne se trouve que dans la maison des adorateurs de *Wischnu* ; hors de là les plus grandes richesses sont comme un fils stérile.—Il possède de bonheur, celui qui boit par dévotion de l'eau qui a servi à laver les pieds des vaisnavas, et il obtient le salut. Le bonheur qui ne se trouve pas dans le sommeil, ni en se baignant dans des millions d'endroits sacrés, a lieu en voyant le visage des adorateurs

\* Il paraît que c'est de Madhukar qu'il s'agit ici sous cet autre nom. (1)

† Of the age of Akbar Shâh. Prolegomena to the Kavi-priyâ.

*de Wischnu* ; il fait oublier la peine qui s'est manifestée.—Le bonheur n'est pas même attaché au sein d'une femme vertueuse et affectionnée.—Lorsqu'on le possède, on verse des larmes en entendant les discours des adorateurs de *Wischnu*. \*\*\*—Si ce bonheur était départi aux *sādhs*, leur apparence serait changée,\* et le pauvre Vyâça trouverait Lanka et Méru.†

M. de Tassy's "fils stérile" must be the "son of the barren woman" (with a family likeness). Our rendering differs in other essential particulars, as the reader will observe.

Such pleasure as is (felt) from entering the abode of a devotee is not (experienced) from (obtaining) great riches ; nor by a barren woman from giving birth to a son. The pleasure which (is derived) from drinking the water of the feet of the saints and applying it to the body, (one) does not obtain, even in a dream, from bathing at myriads of hallowed-places. Such pleasure as arises from beholding the faces of devotees,—producing oblivion of pain,—an amorous man never (enjoys) from pressing a woman to his bosom. The pleasure which is (or results) from hearing the discourses of ascetics (and so) filling the eyes with tears [of joy], one does not receive from feeding in one's own house the son of a son. Such pleasure as proceeds from meeting with the saints (and so) every moment increasing one's love (for them), would not be to the poor Vyâsa‡ from obtaining even Lanká and (mount) Sumeru [both of which are fabled to be of gold].

In the next passage M. de Tassy misrepresents Rai-dása as calling on God to glorify Rai-dása, instead of imploring Him to shed abroad the glory of Himself.

पद.

देवाधिदेव तुम सरन आया ।

परम सुखकौ मूल जाकी नाहीं समतूल सो चरनमूल पाया ॥

लियौ विविध जोनि वास यमकौ अगम वास तुम्हारे भजन  
विन भ्रमत फिरि ।

माया मोह विषय रस लम्पट यह दुख दुस्तर तिरछी ॥

तिहारे नाम विश्वास छाडिये आनकी आस संसारी धर्म  
मेरौ‡ मन न दीजै ।

रैदास दासकी सेवा मानि हो देवा पतितपावन नाम  
प्रगट कीजै ॥

P. 68. Pad. O dieu des dieux, vous êtes déjà venu à mon secours. Vous êtes la racine du bonheur suprême qui n'a pas d'égale. J'ai trouvé cette

\* C'est-à-dire, "ils seraient heureux."

† Les deux principaux lieux sacrés de l'Inde brahmanique. (1)

‡ Madhukara's spiritual director.

§ We supply this word from very good MSS.

racine en embrassant vos pieds. J'ai habité dans le sein de plusieurs femmes,\* sans pouvoir éviter la crainte de la mort. Tant que je ne me suis pas livré à votre culte, j'ai erré çà et là dans l'irrésolution. J'ai nagé dans la douleur infranchissable du charme de l'illusion et du goût erroné pour les choses visibles. Aujourd'hui, à cause de la foi en votre nom, je dois m'abstenir de penser à toute autre chose, et ne pas me mettre en peine de la justice du monde. Agréez, ô Dieu, l'adoration de votre serviteur Raïdâs. Rendez son nom célèbre, vous qui purifiez le pécheur.

Rai-dâsa—not so anxious about self-glorification as his translator imagines, really speaks as follows :

O supreme God of gods, I have come for sanctuary (with) thee. The root of supreme happiness, and without compare, (namely) the soles of thy feet, have I obtained. In various wombs have I dwelt, and I have been greatly terrified by Yama, (for,) being without thy worship, I have wandered about. [Though] engrossed by illusion, ignorance, and the relish of sensual objects, I have crossed over distresses hard to be passed. Give not to my mind hope in another, [nor attachment to] worldly duties,—[nor aught, indeed] save reliance on thy name. O God, accepting the devotion of (thy) servant Rai-dasa, publish abroad (thy) name as the Purifier of Sinners.†

Next after the extracts from the Bhakta-mâla follow 139 pages devoted to the Prema-sâgara. As this is a work of no great difficulty, and, more especially, as there is an English translation of it,—of some merit, in point of accuracy,—by Captain W. Hollings, we need not be detained by M. de Tassy's version of certain chapters of it. But we cannot pass on without taking serious exception to the manner in which the author descants, with the aid of quotations, through 56 pages, on the analogy between certain points in the story of Krishna and in the history of our Lord. These disquisitions rest upon the unfounded supposition of T. Maurice,—which M. de Tassy endorses,—that from the earliest years of Christianity traditions concerning our Saviour have been current in India, and have served as the ground-work for numerous legends of the favourite *avatâra* of the modern Hindûs. The names of Krishna and of Christ, to begin with, are, as usual, placed side by side, that we may see how very much the one looks like the other. So do the Sikhs bring Râma and Râhîm‡ into discordant union; and we are told that the poet

\* Allusion à la métempsycose.

† For a version of these verses by Prof. Wilson, see *As. Res.*, Vol. XVI., p. 84.

‡ See Cunningham's *History of the Sikhs*, p. 364: or Kabîr, who says—

ای رحیم رحمت کر تجھ پر رحم کرے جو کوئی  
رام رحیم ایکٹی کر مانو تو رحمت نہی ہوئی

*Alif-nâma.*

Shelley was once identified by an Owenite with the Shiloh of Scripture.\* The historical correspondences adduced by M. de Tassy are, in our view, almost on a par with these verbal resemblances. And we were not a little surprised at them,—with their savour of irreverence,—after reading the Professor's protest (Preface, p. iii.) with regard to sundry passages in his work, for which passages he apologizes by reminding the reader that he is only a translator. We dismiss this unpleasant topic with a recommendation of caution to M. de Tassy, if,—to say nothing of graver imputations,—he would not be ranked in the school of Vallancey, Oliver, and Wilford.

We next come to the Sundara Kānda of Tulasi-dāsa's Rāmāyana.† And here, as well as in the Bhakta-māla, we find the translator occasionally off the scent as to the purport of the original. So far as regards the division of sentences, M. de Tassy has, in his version, very judiciously taken the liberty to depart from the pointing laid down by Price. We have been still bolder, and have neglected Price's punctuation altogether; at the same time, however, being duly grateful for his excellent text, which is the best we have seen. We proceed with our extracts.

करि मत्त भट कोटिन्ह विकट तनु नगर चङ्गं दिखि रचहीं ।  
 कङ्क महिष मानुष धेनु खर अज खग निशाचर भक्षहीं ॥  
 यहि लागि तुलसीदास इनकी कथा संक्षेप हि कही ।  
 रघुवीर शर तीरथ सरित तनु त्यागि गति पैहै सही ॥

\* See Medwin's Life of Shelley, Vol. I., p. 103.

† M. de Tassy, (Vol. I., p. 509,) in stating that Tulasi-dāsa began his Rāmāyana at Benares, follows Prof. Wilson (As. Res., XVI., p. 50), who would seem not to have observed Tulasi-dāsa's own declaration that he commenced it at Ayodhya.

संवत सोरह सै इकतोसा । करौ कथा हरिपद धरि सीसा ॥  
 नौमी भौमवार मधुमासा । अवधपुरी यह चरित प्रकासा ॥

Rāmāyana, p. 25, Badari Lāla's edition, Benares, 1850.

See also the *Tulasi-dāsa-charitra*.

‡ M. de Tassy observes, at p. 10 of the "Rudiments de la langue Hindoui,"—which was published the same year with the second volume of his "Histoire,"—that he has found in the Rāmāyana only a single Persian (or Arabic) word, viz., **باج**. To take no account of **सही**, a word of doubtful origin, and passing by **नीका** on the same grounds, we ourselves have met, in the Sundara Kānda alone, with the words *be-hāl*, *be-chāra*, *khavar*, and *gard*. And does

P. 219. Des millions de guerriers ivres,\* au corps redoutable, gardaient des quatre côtés cette ville, où vivaient, au milieu des hommes, des buffles, des vaches, des ânes, des brebis, des chacals. Tel est le tableau raccourci que Tulci-dâs présente de ces choses. Sur ces entre-faites Râma laissant pour le moment le pèlerinage des étangs et des rivières, alla droit dans sa marche.

We find nothing of Râma's "leaving his pilgrimages" in this passage, which we would render as follows:—

Furious elephants and myriads of warriors, with formidable bodies, are guarding the four sides of the city. Here and there Râkshasas are devouring buffaloes, men, cows, asses, goats, and birds. The story of these (Râkshasas) Tulasî-dâsa has narrated summarily. Abandoning their bodies [i. e., dying, or, rather, perishing] at the [touch of the] arrow of Raghuvîra [which, in its purifying influence, resembles] a sanctifying stream, they will assuredly obtain salvation.

From M. de Tassy's version of the following he would seem to have an odd notion of a claim to "béatitude céleste."

दोहा.

तातस्वर्ग अपवर्ग सुख धरी तुला एक अंग ।

तुलै न ताहि सकल मिषि जो सुख सब सत संग ॥

P. 220. D. Tu as pesé *ma faute*, ô mon père, et tu m'as donné le bonheur de la béatitude céleste. Ne faut-il pas, *en effet*, que tout ce qui arrive en fait de bonheur et de perte, soit exactement pesé dans cette circonstance?

The matters weighed against each other are very different in our view of the passage, which we would render thus:—

O father, (if one should) place in one member (i. e., scale) of the balance the pleasures of Heaven and of absolute emancipation, they all united would not counterpoise this—(viz.) the enjoyment of a moment's interview with (this) excellent (person).

The strange matters that our translator has found in the passage which we next quote would make Tulasî-dâsa stare if he heard of them.

चौपाई.

तरुपल्लव महं रहा सुकाई । करै विचार करौं का भाई ॥

तेहि अबसर रावण तहँ आवा । संग नारि बड किये बनावा ॥

not *kih* occur in every page? In the Bâla Kânda we have remarked *ambârt*, *andêsha*, *arvâr*, (4 times,) *bâgh* (6 times,) *bakhshish*, *bâzâr* (twice), *darbâr*, *darôj*, *siroza*, *gharib*, (3 times,) *ghanim*, *jahân*, *jahâz jins* (twice), *kûghaz*, *hînâra*, *khabar*, *lâiq* (twice), *nishân* (21 times!), *ruk* (twice), *sâhib* (three times), *karn*, *shahnâi* (three times), *shayq*, *tâj*, *zin* (twice), &c. &c. If, with all these words staring the reader of the Râmâyana in the face, M. de Tassy found only the one he mentions—*how much* of the book can he have read? And *how* must he have read what he did read!

\* C'est-à-dire furieux, braves.

बड़ विधि खल सीतहि समुभावा । साम दाम भय भेद दिखावा ॥  
 कह रावण सुनु सुमुखि सयानी । मन्दोदरी आदि सब रानी ॥  
 तव अनुचरी करौ पन मोरा । एक वार बिलोकु मम ओरा ॥  
 तृण धरि ओट कहति वैदेही । सुमिरि अवधपति परम  
 सनेही ॥

सुनु दशमुख खद्योतमकासा । कबडं कि नखिनी करहिं  
 विकासा ॥

अस मन समुझु कहति जानकी । खल सुधि नहिं रघुवीर  
 बाणकी ॥

शठ सूने हरि आनेसि मोही । अधम निलज्ज लाज नहिं  
 तोही ॥

दोहा.

आपुहि सुनि खद्योत सम रामहिं भानु समान ।

परुष वचन सुनि काहि अमि बोला अति रिसियान ॥

P. 223. C. Il se cacha parmi les branches des arbres, se demandant à lui-même ce qu'il devait faire. Sur ces entrefaites Râwana vint en cet endroit pour tâcher de persuader cette femme infortunée. Ce méchant prince, pour lui faire peur, lui montra une corde noire et un cercle de fer. "Tu es belle et sensée, lui dit Râwana; écoute. Je ferai tes suivantes de Mandodari et de toutes les autres reines; je te le promets. Regarde donc au moins une fois de mon côté." Sita considérant comme de l'herbe la faveur de Râwana, lui répondit en pensant au roi d'Aoude son excellent mari: "Écoute, ô Râwana. L'éclat du soleil ne saurait être comparé à celui du lotus qui fleurit sur l'étang. Comprends dans ton esprit ce que Sita te dit. Tu ne penses donc pas, ô méchant, aux flèches terribles de Râma. Homme insensé, enflé d'orgueil, après m'avoir enlevée, tu oses t'approcher de moi! homme vil et méprisable, n'as-tu pas honte de me tourmenter ainsi?"

D. Râwana entendant comparer Râma à l'éclat du soleil, et dire qu'il était pareil à cet astre; ayant donc entendu ce fâcheux discours, il tira son épée, et dit à Sita dans un accès de colère; etc.

The "black cord" and the "circle of iron" which M. de Tassy's imagination conjured up to terrify the "unfortunate woman," vanish, along with the unfortunateness, in our version—which runs thus:—

\* Ou peut-être, "demandant à Bibhischan;" car il y a dans le texte: "Il réfléchit: que ferai-je, ô mon frère?"



Among the leaves of the tree he remained concealed, (and) reflected—“What shall I do, O brother?”\* At that juncture Rávana, (richly) adorned, came thither, (and) with him (his) women. In many ways did the miscreant admonish Sítá; (for) he exhibited [or employed, the four recognized methods† of encountering an opponent, viz.]—conciliation, offers, intimidation, and the sowing of dissension. “Listen, O handsome-faced (and) sage (lady),” said Rávana: “I will make Mandodari (and) all (my) other queens thy attendants,—[such is] my promise,—[if thou wilt but] once look towards me.” Vaidehí, placing [a blade of] grass [before her eyes as] a screen, [for a virtuous Hindú matron must at least affect to look upon no man except her husband], and calling to mind the lord of Ayodhyá (her) great (i. e., devoted) friend, (thus replied): “Hear, O Ten-faced. Does the light of the fire-fly ever cause the lotus to expand?‡ Understand thus (in thy) mind,” says the daughter of Janaka. “O reprobate, (hast thou) no knowledge of the shafts of Raghuvíra? Thou didst abduct and bring me (hither), wretch! from an empty place [i. e., unguarded habitation].§ Vile, shameless (fellow), hast thou no [sense of] shame?”

D. Hearing himself likened to a fire-fly, (and) Rávana likened to the sun,—hearing (this) reproachful language, Rávana, drawing his sword in great anger, exclaimed; &c.

The solitary Ráma of the following verses M. de Tassy supplies (gratis) with a bevy of concubines.

### चौपाई.

राम वियोग कहा सुनु सीता । मोकहं सकल भयेउ विपरीता ॥  
नूतन किशलय मनजं ह्यज्ञानू । काल निशा सम शशि सम भानू ॥

\* An expression used in taking counsel with oneself, when in perplexity or distress. See also p. 227, near the bottom. This form of apostrophising oneself reminds us of Launcelot Gobbo. “My conscience says,—‘No; take heed, honest Launcelot: take heed, honest Gobbo;’ or, as aforesaid, ‘honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.’”—*Merchant of Venice*.

† What these four methods are held to be, the following authorities will certify.

साम्ना दानेन भेदेन समस्तैरथ वा पृथक् ।

विजेतुं प्रयतेतारोन्न युद्धेन कदाचन ॥

*Manu, ch. v.*

साम दानञ्च भेदश्च दण्डश्चेति चतुष्टयम् ।

*Kámandakiya Niti-súra.*

भेदो दण्डः साम दानमित्युपायचतुष्टयम् ॥

*Amara Kosha.*

‡ I. e., Canst thou, who art so immeasurably inferiour to my husband, hope to affect my heart?

§ Or,—(for the equivocal is untranslatable)—thou didst bring me (hither), wretch, in the absence of Hari (from home).

कुवलय विपिन कुम्भवन सरिसा । बारिद तप्त तेष जनु बरिसा ॥  
 जेहि तर रहैं करत सो पीरा । उरग श्वास सम चिबिध समीरा ॥  
 कहेते नहिं दुख घटि ककु होई । काहि कहैं यह जान न कोई ॥  
 सत्य प्रेमकर मम अरु तोरा । जानति प्रिया एक मन मोरा ॥  
 सो मन रहत सदा तोहि पांही । जानु प्रीतिवश इतने छि मांही ॥

P. 229. C. "Écoute donc, Sita, *ajouta-t-il*, l'expression de la douleur qu'éprouve Râma de ton absence. *Voici ce qu'il dit dans sa lettre* : Que sont pour moi toutes les concubines qui m'entourent ? La plante peut-elle être comparée à son rejeton, la nuit noire à la lune, celle-ci au soleil ? Un espace couvert de lotus est-il semblable à un étang sur lequel flottent de simples graminées ?\* L'eau produite† par les nuages est-elle pareille à l'huile la plus excellente ? Comme l'haleine du serpent au triple‡ souffle, je rends jaune l'arbre sous lequel je demeure. Ma douleur ne diminuera pas en la faisant connaître. Pourquoi, d'ailleurs, la dirais-je ? Personne ne peut comprendre ce que j'éprouve. Rends-moi amour pour amour. Sache, en effet, ô ma bien-aimée, quelle est mon unique pensée. Mon esprit est toujours à tes pieds ; connais à cela la force de mon amour."

Râma has neither concubines, nor pen and ink to write a letter, in our version, which here follows :

"Hear, O Sita" (said Hanuman) " (what) Râma said (about his) separation (from thee) : 'All (things) have to me become reversed. The new sprouts (are), as it were, fire [dances]; the night like death; the [cool-rayed] moon like the [scorching] sun; a cluster of water-lilies like a plump of lances; (and) the clouds rain as it were hot oil. Whatever tree I rest (under) gives me pain. The zephyr with its three attributes [of coolness, fragrance and mildness,]§ is like the breath of a serpent. My grief does not abate by (my) telling it. To whom shall I tell it?— (for) no one can understand (it). My sincere love and thine, (my) beloved and my heart only know. That heart remains ever near thee. Know in (i. e., from) this (that I am) subject (to thy) love.'"

We are glad to be able to vindicate our friend Tulasî-dâsa from the imputation of indelicacy in respect of the next extract.

\* Le texte porte कुम्भवन, que je pense être le pluriel de *kunta*, nom indien du cois *barbata*.

† A la lettre : "chauffée, fondue, etc."

‡ "Peut-être dans le sens poétique latin, comme dans l'expression d'Horace, *ars triplex*." *Exegi monumentum* would be an illustration just about as much in point.

§ For our own rendering of the zephyr's "ars triplex" an authority is here given.

अनेन ज्ञैत्यं सौरभ्यं मान्द्यं च विवक्षितम् ।

*Mallinâtha's Tikâ on the Raghuvans'a.*

## चौपाई.

कह लक्ष्मण कवन तैं कीसा । केहि के बल घालेसि वन खीसा ॥  
 कीधैं अबण सुनेसि नहि मोही । देखैं अति अशुद्ध शठ तोही ॥  
 मारेसिनिश्चरकेहि अपराधा । कऊ शठतोहिन प्राणकीसाधा ॥  
 सुनु रावण ब्रह्माण्ड निकाया । पाइ जासु बल विरचित माया ॥  
 जाके बल विरञ्चि हरि ईसा । पाखत हरत सृजत दशसीसा ॥  
 जा बल सीस धरे सहसानन । अण्डकोश समेत गिरि कानन ॥  
 धरे जो विविध देह सुरचाता । तुम से शठन शिखावन दाता ॥  
 हर कोदण्ड कठिन जेइ भंज । तोहि समेत नृपदलमद गंज ॥  
 खर दूषण विराध अरु बाधी । वधे सकल अतुलित बलशाली ॥

दोहा.

जाके बललवलेश तैं जितेउ चराचर भारि ।

तासु द्रुत हैं जाहिकी हरि आनेऊ प्रिय नारि ॥

P. 235. C. "Qui es-tu, ô Hanumân, lui dit le roi de Lankâ, et par quel pouvoir as-tu terrassé *mon armée*, en ricanant et en faisant un grand bruit? Tu m' entends de tes oreilles, et cependant, ô insensé, je te vois très-rassuré. Pour quel crime as-tu tué les *râkschaças*? Mais dis-moi, ô insensé, ne tiens-tu pas à la vie?" "Écoute, Râwana, répondit Hanumân. J' ai arraché l'œuf de Brahma.\* (!!!) Par sa puissance j'ai produit l'illusion (*mâyâ*); c'est par la même force que Brahma, Wischnu et Siva créent, conservent et détruisent; c'est par la même force qu'on peut avoir une tête à mille visages, et être dépourvu d'autres parties du corps.† Je t' apprendrai, ô insensé, que celui que les suras protègent peut se revêtir de différents corps. Celui qui a brisé l'arc tendu de Siva, et qui par son moyen a *défait* l'armée ivre de *ganja* ‡, celui-là, en employant des broussailles et au moyen de sa queue, détruira les guerriers les plus forts qui n'ont pas d'égaux.

D. "Je suis le messager de Râma. C'est par la plus petite portion de sa force que je vaincrai, nettoyant la terre, et que je viendrai prendre sa femme chérie."

\* "Quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?"

† "Je traduis ainsi pour ne pas rendre un mot que notre délicatesse réprovoque."—When this intimation met our eye we involuntarily prepared to do homage to the modesty of France, and were about to skip the obnoxious passage in the original,—not wishing to have our moral sense gratuitously shocked. But reflecting again how crotchety a thing is the "*bienséance*" of our Gallic neighbours—[vide supra, where M. de Tassy renders the English word "*jackass*" by the French word "*criminel*"—for decency's sake]—we ventured to read on. The result of our rashness (*horresco referens*) may be learned from the text. Sidney Smith was hardly more superfluously alarmed by the Rev. John Styles's merciless *times*.

‡ "Liqueur enivrante faite avec la fleur de chanvre." Very true (if spelled *gânjâ*)—but unluckily nothing to the purpose. M. de Tassy's *gânjâ* is a "*gin-palace*."

The indelicate "parties du corps" of M. de Tassy's version turn into the far-famed "Mundane Egg"\*—the vaulted universe—when regarded as in our version, which we annex.

"Who art thou, O monkey?" said the lord of Lankā; "(and) by whose power (or assistance) hast thou devastated (my) forest? What! hast thou not heard (of) me (with thy) ears, (that) I see thee very fearless, wretch? For what offence (of theirs) hast thou slain the Rākshasas? Say, villain, hast thou no regard for (thy) life?" "Hear, O Rāvāna," (replied Hanumān.) "He,† by whose aid (when) obtained, Māyā set in order the assemblage of worlds; by whose aid, O Ten-headed, Virincha, Hari, and Is'a, make, preserve, and destroy; by whose aid the Thousand-faced [i. e., the serpent S'eshaṅāga] supports [on his] head the world [literally, the egg (shaped)-receptacle] with (its) mountains and woods; who assumed various bodies [or forms], [to become] protector of the Suras and giver of instruction to fools like you; who broke the strong bow of Hara, (and) crushed the pride of the regal host together with your own (pride); (who) slew Khara and Dúshana, Virādha and Báli,‡—all (of them) endowed with matchless power;—D. By a mere atom of whose assistance—[or rather, by whose divine *permission*]—thou hast subdued all (things) that move or move not;—of *Him*,—whose beloved spouse thou hast abducted and brought (hither), am I the messenger "

The self-devotion of Hanumān in the matter of his tail, is a heroic feature which we find only in M. de Tassy's version of the passage following.

दोहा.

कपिकर ममता पूँछ पर सबहिं कहा समुझाइ ।

तेस बोरि पट बांधि पुनि पावक देऊ लगाइ ॥

चौपाई.

पूँछहीन बन्दर जब जाइहि । तब ब्रूठ निज नाथहि लै आइहि ॥

जिन्हकी कीन्हैसि अमित बढ़ाई । देखौ धौ तिन्हकी प्रभुताई ॥

वचन सुनत कपि मन मुसुकाना । भई सहाय शरद मै जाना ॥

P. 238. D. Hanumān, qui affectionnait sa queue, dit alors à tous, en tâchant de les persuader: "Attachez à ma queue une étoffe imbibée d'huile, puis mettez-y le feu."

\* See Manu—Ch. I., v. 12—13.

† I. e., Brahma.

‡ For the first three of these Rākshasas see the A'ranya Kānda, and for the last see the Kishkindhā Kānda, *passim*. It is out of those unhappy goblins that M. de Tassy forms for the divine Rāma a set of bushes,—birch, we presume,—for the castigation of his enemies, and a *tasi* to keep his friend Hanumān in countenance.

C. "Insensés, lorsque le singe sera sans queue, pourrez-vous le traîner avec votre corde?" A mesure qu'il rendait sa queue démesurément longue, les râkschaças disaient : " Voyons jusqu' où ira son pouvoir." Hanumân ayant entendu leur langage, riait en lui-même, en pensant que les rayons du soleil de la saison nommée sârad le favoriseraient.

Alas that such noble self-sacrifice may not be preserved in our version, which must run as follows :

D. " A monkey loves his tail," said (Râvana) to all, instructing [them how to proceed] : " [therefore] dipping a cloth in oil, and binding it [on his tail], then set fire to it."

C. " When the monkey shall go (away) tail-less, (continued Râvana), then the wretch will bring his lord (here), whom he has magnified unmeasuredly. I would, forsooth, behold his lordship." Hanumân, on hearing (these) words, smiled in his heart, [saying], " I learn [from this] that Saraswatî has become (my) helper."\*

M. de Tassy's petition of the minister, &c., to Râvana, that he would cease to frighten them out of their peace of mind, does not appear in the following extract as we read it.

दोहा.

सचिव वैद्य गुरु तीनि जौ बोलहिं प्रिय प्रभु पास ।

राज धर्म तन तीनिकर हीइ बेग हीं नास ॥

चौपाई.

सोइ राबणकहं बनी सहाई । अस्तुति करहिं सुनाइ सुनाई ॥

P. 251. D. " Le ministre, le médecin, le gurû, ces trois personnages ont exprimé à mon seigneur et mari la crainte qu' ils éprouvent. Exercez donc la justice publique, et l'équité envers tous, autrement vous périrez sans retard."

C. Ainsi dit à Râvana l'épouse qu'il affectionnait; elle lui fit entendre ces paroles, en les accompagnant de bénédictions.

We render this as follows:

If minister, physician, and spiritual director, [all] three, speak assentient [i. e., flattering—words], [through] fear of [their] lord, [then] will the destruction of kingdom, merit, and body [or health], [all] three, very speedily follow.

C. These (i. e., the minister, &c.) became assistance to [i. e., seconded the views of] Râvana, (and) reiterated his praises.†

Such, then, is the French version of Tulasî-dâsa, whose writings must be, to the Professor's thinking, a very store-house of ineptitude. And it is no exaggeration to assert that the re-

\* I. e., She has suggested the line of conduct towards me just now recommended, and has inspired Râvana with a desire to see Râma, &c., &c., the result of which may be that I shall have an opportunity of setting fire to the city, and that Râma will come here, &c., &c.

† While translating the extracts above given, we have consulted four commentaries.

semblance which this version bears to the original, rests at its title. *Insigne, recens, adhuc indictum ore alio*, would be no inapposite motto for it. M. de Tassy's bungling is here so egregiously palpable that we could not conscientiously strain courtesy so far as to pass it by without expostulation. A more extraordinary jumble of bewildering obscurations, grotesque distortions, and "errabund guesses,"—trenching not unfrequently on the verge of downright nonsense, and as often presenting but a shadowy semblance of significance,—was never sent out into the world to try conclusions with the credulity of a confiding public. If the passages we have cited above do not go to prove the most licentious abuse of the licences of interpretation, we have been beating the air. The difficulties that our orientalist had to encounter in the task on which he adventured, were far too formidable for the meagre measure of his advantages and his ingenuity. That he is but slenderly conversant with the Hindí of *poetry* every page of the version in question amply attests; and to risk a translation of Tulasí-dása, under such circumstances, is, at least, most perilous handling. But, really, what dire necessity could have impelled M. de Tassy to hazard an endeavour to the exigencies of which he ought to have known that he was grievously wanting? We can conjecture none. It must have been an ill-advised dependence upon his own powers that betrayed him into taking a step so intrepid. Intrepidity may be pardonable occasionally, but presumption never. These conclusions will no doubt be resented; but it will be quite another thing to disprove them.

The *Sinhásana Battísí*, to which M. de Tassy has allotted upwards of thirty pages, is, by universal acknowledgment, one of the very easiest works in the Urdúized Hindí. Here, at all events, we expected accuracy. Whether or not we have invariably found it, may be ascertained from the following passages.

सुनते ही वह गिड़गिड़ाने लगा रहे सहे होत्र ओ हवास  
और भी जाते रहे जानके डर से चबरा हम उसका होंठों पर  
आ रहा निम्नत और जारी से बारे छूट गया।

P. 278. Cet homme alors, hors de lui, se mit à jeter des cris de terreur. Craignant pour ses jours, son souffle de vie vint sur ses lèvres; aussi finit-on par le laisser en proie à ses pleurs et à ses cris.

Instead of becoming the victim of his own tears—"proie à ses pleurs"—our reading of the passage makes the man indebted to them for his liberty. Thus: \*

On hearing (this) he began to beseech. His remaining presence of mind and senses still more (than before) departed. Being agitated in terrou of his life, his breath [i. e., his *spirit*—the *prāna* on which life depends] came to his lips [on its way to leave his body]. Through his entreaties and lamentations he was at last released.

Disregarding the character of the “r” in the word, M. de Tassy next turns a Peri of Paradise into a *tumble* from Paradise.

यह राजा सुनकर बड़त खुश हुआ और कहने लग  
शायद ये पुतलियां खुदा ने अपने हाथ से बनाइयां हैं या इन्द्र  
के यहाँ की परियां हैं ।

P. 282. Le roi fut fort satisfait de cette manière de voir, et pensa que peut-être ces figures avaient été faites pour son avantage par Dieu lui-même, ou bien qu'elles étaient tombées du ciel d' Indra.

We read the passage as follows :

The king, hearing this, was much gratified, and said,—It may be God formed these images with his own hand; or else they are *paris* (i. e., here, nymphs,—*Apsarases*,) of Indra's abode.

Then he swamps a minstrel in his own song.

पण्डित वेद पढ़ने लगे और गन्धर्व गीत गाने लगे ।

P. 282. Des pandits se mirent à lire les Védas, et à chanter le gandarb-guit.\*

We emancipate the “gandarb,” and orthographize his name, thus :

Pandits began to repeat the Veda, and Gandharvas (i. e., celestial choristers) began to sing songs.

The speaker of what next follows by no means lays claim to such an extensive acquaintance with his collocutor's past history as M. de Tassy makes him arrogate.

तुम जैसे इस दुनिया में कड़ोड़हा पड़े हैं तुमने इतने ही में  
मग़र हीकर अपनेतईं भुला दिया ।

P. 284. “Vous êtes venu au monde des millions de fois ; mais chaque fois vous avez été orgueilleux, vous vous êtes oublié vous-même ;” &c.

The very grammar—(for who would say ‘*tum hain* ?’)—might have warned him against rendering the passage otherwise than in some such way as the following :

Myriads (of men) like you occur in the world. Have you,—being elated by so little,—entirely forgotten yourself ?

\* Ou l'hymne des gandharbas.

In the next passage, also, he gives credit for more knowledge than is laid claim to.

जितने इन्हें ये सब उसने पढ़े थे यहाँ तक कि मौतका भी  
अहवाल कह देता।

P. 286. Il avait étudié toutes les sciences au point qu' il pouvait même expliquer ce que c' était que la mort.

The man did not pretend to treat Death according to its *quid*, but only according to its *quando*. Thus :

He had read all the sciences that there were so far that he could have declared even the circumstances of [i. e., could have foretold the time, etc., of one's] death.

Then he treats a man's baptism as a part of his baptismal designation.

वैशनी से बेटा जो ऊँचा उसका नाम चन्द्र रखा।

P. 286. Le fils de la femme vaïcya se nommait Chandr-rakhâ.

The term 'rakhâ' is the ordinary one for the bestowal of the name. Read :

The son that was (born) from the Vais'ni he named Chandra.

We must again defend our author against the accusations of his translator. See how M. de Tassy renders, and animadverts on, the following :

फिर उसका पुत्र बोला कि लक्ष्मी किस कामकी है जो साथ सामान न हो और जो सामान हो तो राजा कहावे और सब कोई सिर निवारों सरनजाम हो तो दुर्जन डरें और संसार में शोभा पाये जो लक्ष्मी ऊँई और जग में शोभा न पाई तो उस पुरुषका जन्म लेना निर्फल है तुम वह लक्ष्मल लो जो संसार में शोभा दे इतने में उसके बेटेकी बड़ बोली कि तुम वह लक्ष्मल लो जो आभूषण दे कि गहनेके पहनने से ली अप्सरा मञ्जुलूम हो जो राजा भी पहने तो अति सुन्दरी दिखाई ई और विपत पड़े तो बेंच बेंच बड़त सा धन ले और जितना मांगोगे उतना उस से पाओगे और कितना बिसाओगे।

P. 306. " Ensuite son fils lui dit : A quoi bon la richesse, si on n'a pas un rang qui soit en rapport avec elle ? Mais si on a ce rang, qu'on soit appelé roi, que tous les souverains inclinent la tête devant vous, enfin que les ennemis vous craignent, alors on trouve la gloire en ce



monde. Au contraire la vie de celui qui possède la richesse, mais qui n'obtient pas l'illustration, est sans fruit. Ainsi il faut prendre le rubis qui donne l'illustration.\*

"A son tour sa bru dit : Prenez le *deuxième* rubis, et laissez les autres ; car on sait que c'est aux danseuses qu'il appartient de se parer de bijoux. Quant à la femme vertueuse qui s'en pare, elle déploie par là sa beauté, mais elle s'expose à tomber dans l'adversité. En vendant *ce que produira ce rubis*, vous en retirerez un grand prix, puisque autant vous demanderez, autant vous aurez ; ainsi que ne pourrez-vous pas obtenir ?

We would render the passage thus :

Then his son said : "Of what avail is money, if with (it) there be not the paraphernalia [which,—and not the mere money in his chest,—constitutes a man's claim to the respect of all beholders] ? And if there be (these) appliances, then one will be called a king, and all will bow the head. If there be possessions [in the shape, not of inconvertible money, but of enjoyable commodities], then will (one's) enemies fear, and one will obtain lustre in the world. If money be obtained (by a man) and not lustre in the world [in addition], then is the birth of that man fruitless. Take (then) that ruby which will give lustre in the world."

At the same time his son's wife said : "Take that ruby which will give ornaments ; for a woman from wearing jewels will seem an *apsaras* (i. e., nymph of heaven). If a widow even put (them) on, she will appear very beautiful ; and if misfortune befall, then one may get much riches by selling (them). Besides, you will get from it (i. e., the ruby) as much as you shall ask for ;—and what a deal you will squander !

Let us now turn to the *Árá'ish-i-Mahfil*, extracts from which, to the extent of 102 pages, M. de Tassy next gives. The *Árá'ish-i-Mahfil*, though hardly more than a mere compilation, has great merit in point of language, and ranks but very little below the *Chahár Darwesh*, *Ganj-i-khúbí*, and *Gul-i-Bakáwalí*, among prose works of the by-gone classic period of Urdú literature. Its style is easy and elegant, as well as correct. Its historical value is, however, of the slightest. M. de Tassy's translations from this work are, in general, sufficiently well done to satisfy the requirements of ordinary criticism. Urdú is, in fact, the Professor's strong-hold. And it would have been well had he never trusted himself out of

\* "Il est évident qu'il s'agit ici du premier rubis. L'auteur confond l'illustration, l'éclat moral, avec l'éclat de la parure, l'éclat des joyaux."—The confusion, begging M. de Tassy's pardon, is not in the author. The son advises his father to take that ruby which, like *Fortunatus's* wishing-cap, would give whatever you desire, provided it be in the specific shape of equipages, &c., &c., from which one obtains lustre in the eyes of the groundlings. This was the *second* jewel. Missing the sense, M. de Tassy fancies that the advice is to take the *first* gem, which gave its owner the command of the mines of *Goleconda*,—to deck himself in diamonds, and thus obtain a *moral* lustre through the aid of a *physical* one ; and he accuses the author of confounding the two lustres with one another. It will be noticed that it is the *son's* wife who makes choice of the first ruby,—that which produces gems.

it. But here, too, as before remarked, we find room for emendation. For instance :

رنگت اُسکی عاشقوں کے چہرے کی زردی زیادہ چمکاتی ہی اور  
ہوا آتش عشق کو دونا بھڑکاتی ہی

P. 315. La brillante couleur des fleurs fait un frappant contraste avec la pâleur du visage des amants, et leur parfum excite vivement\* le feu de l'amour.

Now, there is here no "contraste," for the flower spoken of is a yellow one—the usual colour of a love-sick Hindú ; and the writer means to say :

Its colour heightens the pallid hue of the countenances of lovers, and the air exasperates to a two-fold pitch the fire of love.

M. de Tassy next makes the author,—in spite of his express declaration to the contrary,—degrade the chariot to the level of what corresponds in rank to our pony-phæton.

چار پہیونکی رتھ † وہ اس سے کہیں بہتر ہی بد نسبت اُسکے اونچے  
نیچے سے کم گرتی ہی ہچکولا بھی اُس میں تھوڑا لگنا ہی امیراُمرا  
کی سواری کے قابل ہوتی ہی فی الواقع بعضی تو ایسی ہی خوش  
دول سبک نقاشی ہوتی ہی نہ دیکھنے والے نقش دیوار بن جاتے  
ہیں

P. 322. Le rath ‡ à quatre roues n'est pas préférable à la gâri. Comparé au premier, ce dernier véhicule, en effet, ne lui est pas inférieur. Dans le rath, de même que dans la gâri, les cahots se font peu sentir. Il est digne d'être la voiture des amirs et des ouras. Dans le fait quelques-unes de ces voitures sont si bien faites et si légères, elles ont de si jolies peintures, que les gens qui les voient en sont stupéfaits, comme la figure peinte sur un mur.

Instead of saying *no* better, the author says *far* better. Thus :

The four-wheeled *rath* (or car) is *far* better than this (i. e., the *gâri*). In comparison with it, it falls (or leans) less [to one side] from [any] unevenness [of the roads], and there is also less jolting felt in it. It is adapted for the conveyance of noblemen. Indeed, some (of these cars) are of such beautiful forms and so delicately embellished, that the beholders become like pictures on the wall (i. e., motionless with amazement).

\* A la lettre, "deux fois plus qu'ordinairement."

† The word *rath* is now masculine both in Urdú and Hindí.

‡ Autre espèce de chariot. C'est le nom des anciens chars de guerre indiens. On donne aussi ce nom au char du soleil.

Then M. de Tassy makes out that Dilhi is celebrated for female beauty "sans art," whereas in fact the author says it is a very *file* to polish home-spun beauties up to the artistic mark.

یہ بات مشہور ہے کہ خاص ملک دہلی بے پہنِ حُسن کے حق میں خاصیت صوبوں کی رکھتا ہے جو سیم تنِ نکسال باہر یہاں آتا ہے ترش ترشا کر چند روز کے بیچ حُسن میں کھرا ہو جاتا ہے

P. 328. Il est bien connu que la province de Dehli est particulièrement célèbre pour ce qui concerne la beauté sans art. Les femmes étrangères au corps d'argent qui viennent à Dehli dans leur jeune âge, perdent en quelque jours leur caractère maussade, et acquièrent une aimable beauté.

We read the passage thus :

It is a notable fact that the district of Dihli proper possesses the property of a file with respect to unadorned beauty. The unpolished [lit., foreign to the mint, i. e., not yet submitted to its processes], silver-bodied (i. e., fair—person) who comes here, in the course of a few days, being polished [lit., pared or clipped], becomes most excellent in (point of) beauty.

Then the author is made to say that ordinary butcher's meat is procurable in abundance, when he is really saying that *game* is so plentiful as to render butcher's meat nearly superfluous.

پھر گوشت اور ترکاری کسکو غرض ہے کہ منگوائے اور کھائے مگر بضرورت یا بسبب عادت سوائے اسکے پھول پھل ہر ایک موسم کے خوشبو خوش ذائقہ باقراط میسر آتے ہیں

P. 341. Et aussi ceux qui ont l'habitude de se nourrir de viande de boucherie ou de végétaux, ou qui en mangent par besoin, en trouvent en abondance ; ainsi que, dans toutes les saisons, des fleurs de bonne odeur et des fruits de bon goût.

We read this as follows :

Who has occasion, then, [since game is so plentiful,] to send for [butcher's] meat, and vegetables, and eat them, except from necessity—[if he be so abjectly poor as not to be able to buy the game which is so abundant and cheap] or habit? Besides this, flowers and fruits,—of every season,—of pleasant odour and delicious flavour, are procurable in plenty.

In the following passage, the "Lankapur"—unknown to Indian Geography,—must (with a self-sacrifice like Hanuman's,) surrender its tail in order to save the grammar. The 'pur' is a postposition.

لنکا پر چڑھ گیا

P. 367. Il attaqua Lankápur.

Properly :

He made an assault upon Lanká.

M. de Tassy's "prostituée," in the next extract, must be a French one. She is not found in the Urdú.

پر خرپوزہ حد بُرا اور پھیکا صورت حرام

P. 368. Mais le melon muscat est très-mauvais et insipide, et, comme la prostituée, son extérieur promet plus qu'il n'est en effet.

Expelling the intruder, we render the sentence thus :

But the musk-melon is extremely bad, and insipid, its appearance [which promises better things] being deceptive.

If the word for *oil-cake*, in the next passage, had been the verb to *drink*—as M. de Tassy supposes, then he was bound to represent his worshippers as drinking the oblations first and offering them afterwards. To save his sense he sacrifices his grammar.

اکثر لوگ پنجشنبہ کو فاتحہ کے واسطے وہاں جاتے ہیں اور  
بیشتر عوام الناس فاتحہ اُن کی گز بننے پر دلاتے ہیں

P. 372. Beaucoup de gens y vont le jeudi faire des oblations ; celles des gens du peuple consistent en mélasse, qu'ils boivent ensuite.

Reading *piná* as 'oil-cake,' we render this as follows :

Many people go there on Thursday for prayer ; and frequently the common people cause prayer to be offered to him (viz., to Shaikh Miná) over [oblations of] treacle and oil-cake.

M. de Tassy ignores the merit of a modern Archimedes, in the following passage :

آخر کنارے کی بستی کو آتشی شیشے سے جلاتا ہوا چل نکلا

P. 402. Puis il bombarda les habitations de la rive et partit.

The *átishí-shísha* is a 'burning-glass'—and the rendering should run thus :

At last, setting fire (as he went), with a burning-glass, to the village on the bank, he departed.

The remainder of the second volume (pp. 412—605) consists of satires, ghazals, and other compositions of no great compass, and a number of analyses of masnavís,\* love-tales,

\* Among these is Mír Taqí's *Daryá-i-Ishq*, which M. de Tassy,—and Major C. Smyth, who has published it,—mistake for the *Shuala-i-Ishq*.

&c., &c. These pieces, which are, with one or two exceptions, from the Urdú, we have no time at present to scrutinize. In the meantime, however, we are prepared to believe that they are as faithfully executed as any thing that precedes them. So long as M. de Tassy confines himself to translating from the Urdú, he generally acquits himself well enough; but whenever he ventures upon the Hindi,—notwithstanding his twenty years of application to it,—his hand seems to lose all its cunning. *Tractent fabrilis fabri.* His great obstacle is, obviously, the want of acquaintance with the Sanskrit, which he seems to reason about very much as the Dutch Professor in the Vicar of Wakefield does about Greek: “You see me, young man: I never learned Greek, and I don’t find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor’s cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short, as I don’t know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.”

In drawing up these remarks on the “*Histoire de la Littérature Hindoui et Hindoustani*,” we have made use of only a small portion of the materials which we had collected for our purpose. We imagine, however, that we have done enough to sustain all the objections we have intimated. When the third volume of the work shall appear (and we trust its appearance will not be precipitate), we may perhaps resume our examination.

BENARES: *November 5th*, 1850.

F. E. H.

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Both of these masnavís have been printed at Lucknow. The *Shuab-i-Ishq* commences as follows:

محبت نے ظلمت سے کارہا ہی نور نہ ہوتی محبت نہ ہوتا ظہور

## III. •

## A CHAIN OF ODD LINKS.

1478—1728.

## I.—BALDESSARE CASTIGLIONE.

*The Court he practised not the courtier's art.—Dryden.*

BALDESSARE CASTIGLIONE, a man who could deserve the distinctive title of *the courtly*, in an age and country where arts and arms and honour had their chief residence in Courts, was born on the 6th December, 1478, at the family mansion of Casatico, in the Mantuan. His father, a valiant gentleman, eked out a diminished estate with the considerable though capricious gains of military service. His mother was a lady of the high house of Gonzaga, supreme in Mantua. Those who hold that great qualities descend to men from the mother, will find corroboration of the opinion in the gentle but firm character and strong talents of Luigia Gonzaga. Her celebrated son to his last hour paid her more deference than he used even to princes; to her he addressed a large number of letters still extant, which are among the most precious and unsuspected witnesses that a student of the affairs of that eventful age can consult.

As we review Castiglione's career, almost its chief peculiarity is his success, his almost insolent prosperity—a prosperity that raised no envy. It was said of him that he never had but two enemies—a prince who had failed to secure his services, and a lady whose love he could not return. As the young man proceeded from the mastery of one accomplishment or science to the same eminence in another—as he stepped from triumph to triumph, and from honour to honour, he was accompanied by the anticipations and congratulations of the very persons he excelled. His rivals solicited for him, and sang his praises. This popularity was not either, as one might suppose, the result of that sort of facile tolerance of the faults and vices of others, which is commonly found to assist the success of the spoiled children of society. Castiglione marched on to his moral and social victories by the aid principally of his very self-respect. His character was in truth far from stiff, but it was always erect and stately. Both princes and courtiers felt that they honoured themselves in distinguishing him. Besides, his temper was so even, his manners so fascinating, his accomplishments so various, his wit so bright, his information so vast, his taste so

perfect, that it was soon found that to possess Castiglione in a given court or city was to gain for society there so many more sunny days in the year. Add to this already considerable catalogue of felicitous endowments, that Castiglione was not the mere useless though brilliant ornament of a prince's court. He was the most efficient negotiator of his age—the age of Machiavel—in all that adroit and world-wise Italy. But it was still his happy gift to elevate his every occupation, and to remain separate and individual even in the most formal and beaten routine. “*Quella sua grave e nobile des-trezza,*” (as Serassi describes it,) was as singular amid the serpentine and unscrupulous diplomacy of that age, as his rough and unsparing soldiership was in its somewhat prudential warfare. But, indeed, a mere glance at the portrait of Castiglione\*—(we have now before us an engraving of him by Rados, after a Spanish painter)—would do more than pages of description to shew how much the *Cortegiano*, as enacted by him, differs from our notion of a courtier—founded, as this probably is, on traditions of Whitehall or Versailles, under Charles II., or Louis XIV. In Castiglione an immense columnar forehead is crowned by short waved hair. His large and rather prominent eyes have a bold vivacious fixedness in them, the most unlikely imaginable to be found in the head of a thorough-paced politician. Many have remarked the hard subtilty common to the eyes of nearly all Raphael's and Titian's wonderful Popes, Cardinals, or Senators, and which should, one would think, have been alone as monitory as the rattle in the snake's tail. But we feel that the eyes of Castiglione must have needed the long grave beard descending low on his black velvet doublet, to qualify their too audacious gleams. His attitude is superbly rendered: he is standing, drawn up to all his height, but with such a grip of the ground, and yet luxurious all the while with ease and grace.

The history of Castiglione† is too prominent in that of his times to need minute record here; besides, we pretend to no more than giving a rude profile of his remarkable character.

\* There are several portraits of Count Castiglione in existence:—1st, by Raffaele, in the Louvre. 2nd, by Julio Romano, in the Borghese palace at Rome. 3rd, by an unknown Spanish painter (this represents him in later life); and 4th, by Julio Romano; (this represents him as one in a group of poets at the foot of Parnassus,) at Mantua.

† There is a full life of Castiglione by the Abate Serassi—(it is to this account that we are principally indebted); or it may be collected in sparkling fragments from the pages of Roscoe's *Leo X.*

The best examination of his writings is that of the poet Parini.

Castiglione served many princes in succession, and (a point of no little singularity in that age) without ever incurring the charge either of treachery or ingratitude. His first master was Lodovico Sforza, until that accomplished prince's overthrow by the French. He then followed his own kinsman, the Marquis of Mantua, throughout the unfortunate Neapolitan campaign until the great defeat of the Garigliano; after which, with the Marquis's permission, he attached himself to Guidubaldo da Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, whose notice he had attracted at Rome. He remained at his court of Urbino, then accounted the most elegant in Europe, during the life of that Duke, and for many years of his successor's reign, Francesco Maria da Rovere. Later on, he re-entered the service of the Marquis of Mantua, and continued in that of his son, the Marquis Federigo. From him Castiglione was demanded by the Pope Clement VII. for employment in various delicate and difficult services. Not one of these various masters but shewed his sense of Count Baldessare's merit by munificent rewards. From the Duke d'Urbino he received the castle and domain of Nuvellara, in the district of Pesaro, with the title of Count. From the Marquis of Mantua he obtained a pension of 1,200 crowns; and from Pope Leo X. another of 200 golden crowns. He was also knighted by our King Henry VII. Lastly, the Emperor Charles V. invested him with the splendid temporalities of the Spanish See of Avila.

In the course of his career Castiglione performed several embassies—including one to our Henry VII., and one to the Emperor Charles V.—with honour and success. His administrative talents also were conspicuously shewn on the occasion of the death of Guidubaldo d'Urbino. Grave discontents were excited in that State by the destined transfer of its sovereignty to the house of Rovere; and Castiglione was accordingly chosen to assume the temporary government of the most unsettled district. He succeeded, not merely in repressing all external disorder, but in fully conciliating the minds of the people to welcome the young Francesco Maria.

His military services, too, though not of the first order, were respectable. He had acquitted himself with credit, although on the losing side, at the famous battle of the Garigliano, which secured Naples to the "Great Captain." He afterwards assisted at the campaign against the redoubted Cæsar Borgia, in which the latter lost Cesena, Forli and



Imola. Baldessare received, at this period, an injury in the foot, from which it was long before he entirely recovered. Later on, he held a principal command in the army of the Church, which the Pope, Julius II., had sent, under the Duke of Urbino, against the Venetians. In this campaign Castiglione distinguished himself greatly by his impetuous valour, and not by that alone; for he was enabled, after the taking of Ravenna, to write thus to his mother:—"We have caused infinite woes to this poor Ravenna; but for my part I did as little harm as I could. I cannot help seeing that every body but myself is something the richer by its fall, but I do not repent of my forbearance." From the fatigues and privations of this campaign he contracted a severe illness, from which, however, he recovered in time to witness the happy conclusion of the war after the recovery of Bologna. His last military employment, which extended over a period of some years, was the command of a body of troops, including 50 men at arms, appropriated to the protection of the Mantuan frontiers from the incursions, then almost incessant, of marauders—disbanded soldiers, for the most part, of the various mercenary bands which had been engaged on one side or other in the late war. The Count, who was wont to put his heart into all his occupations, and had no idea of playing at soldiers, did ample justice to the difficult trust. He succeeded, principally by his fearless example, in converting his troops to his own way of thinking; and it was not long before the predatory bands, whether French or German, who had hitherto lived pretty well at free quarters throughout the rich country, learned to make a vast distinction between the generality of Italian soldiery and the hard-riding and fierce fighting *uomini del Conte*.

In love, Count Baldessare's happiness was as great, though shorter-lived, than in war, literature, or diplomacy. He espoused, at Mantua, in 1515, a lovely and gentle girl, and one of the richest heiresses and most cultivated minds in the peninsula;—Ippolita, daughter of Count Guido Torello and of Francesca Bentivoglio. After three short years of wedded happiness this loved and loving lady died in childbirth, in her twentieth year. Her husband was in Rome, whither he had gone on an important mission to Pope Leo X., from the Marquis of Mantua, when the sad tidings reached him. He was almost inconsolable; and was long unequal to pursuing the difficult negotiations he had set on foot. He married again. A short time before the young Count's death, she had received from her husband his fine por-

trait by Raphael;\* in return she sent the following lines, which well express the proud tenderness which she was known to feel: †

Sola tuos vultus referens, Raphaelis imago  
 Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas.  
 Huic ego delicias facio, arrideoque jocularque,  
 Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat,  
 Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur  
 Dicere velle aliquid et tua verba loqui.  
 Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutat;  
 Hoc solor longos, decipioque dies.

Castiglione feasted his grief by procuring Giulio Romano to erect a stately mausoleum in the Church *delle Grazie* at Mantua. He himself furnished the pathetic inscription: ‡

Non ego nunc vivo, conjux dulcissima : vitam  
 Corpore namque tuo fata meam abstulerunt ;  
 Sed vivam, tumulo cum tecum condar in isto,  
 Iungenturque tuis ossibus ossa mea.

HIPPOLYTE TAURELLE,

*Quæ in ambiguo reliquit  
 Utrum pulchrior an castior fuerit.*

*Primos juvenæ ænos vixit*

BALDESSAR CASTIGLIONE,

*Inevitabiliter mærens, posuit  
 Anno Dom: MDXX.*

In the year 1525, Count Castiglione proceeded to Spain, where he remained until his death, as Ambassador from Pope Clement VII., to the Emperor. He proved to be exactly the minister fitted to conciliate the stately nation to which he was accredited; and the respect he inspired both in prince and people, soon became well known in Europe. The self-respecting politeness, which never derogated, ended by acquiring, it was observed, a certain dominion over the mind of Charles V.: and, even in the height of that prince's irritation at the insincerity of the Pontiff himself, always secured the most distinguished attentions for his Ambassador. Suddenly, in the autumn of 1527, the astounding news reached Madrid of the sack of Rome, by the army of the Constable de Bourbon, and that Clement was beleaguered in the castle of St. Angelo. Castiglione's

\* That now in the Louvre.

† These elegant lines are, in the opinion of some, the composition of Baldezzare himself—being the sentiments of his young wife's letter verified, in not unnatural complacency, by her husband. (*Vide Roscoe, chap. xx.*) The contrary, however, is the more general and probable opinion.

‡ This is not given by Roscoe, Hallam or Serassi: it is found in Valéry.

conduct was now in the highest degree energetic and loyal ; without allowing himself to be shackled by the redoubled courtesies and personal kindness of the Emperor, he took the extremest measures to drive Charles from his prey. He procured that nearly all the prelates in Spain should cease at once all divine offices in their Cathedrals, and proceed in funereal procession to demand from their absolute monarch the liberation of their spiritual head. Such an appalling sensation was in fact thus produced in Spain, that Charles was forced to bow to it, and to assume at least the appearance of a dismay answering to that of his subjects. Still, as far as the Count was concerned, this bold conduct only procured him additional respect and kindness even from the Emperor. On the other hand, by a strange fate, the Pope bitterly upbraided him for not having given forewarning of a blow which had in fact been unpremeditated. This was Castiglione's death-stroke. Since the loss of his beloved Countess he had lived only in his high reputation, and this he considered now stricken to death. His abilities indeed shewed no diminution, and he survived to write his vindication, in a long letter to the Secretary Valdes, (a master-piece of argument, and the finest piece of Italian prose extant) but he himself was broken-hearted. The Emperor's deference, and the almost reverence of all classes of Spaniards—clergy, nobles and people—could not revive the illusions which had made him content to live ; and he died, shortly after, at Toledo, on the 2nd February, 1529. Italy anxiously reclaimed his remains : and the Emperor's solemn affirmation to Lodovico Strozzi, who was commissioned to transport them to Mantua :—“ *Yo vos digo que es muerto uno de los mejores caballeros del mundo,*” expressed the judgment of all Spain, of all Italy, and of the Pontiff himself, as well as the monarch's own.

The ashes of Castiglione were finally laid, under the care of Madama Luigia, who, contrary to nature and to her hopes, (as is expressed in the epitaph\* composed for her by Bembo)

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\* Baldessari Castilioni, Mantuano, omnibus naturæ dotibus, plurimis bonis artibus ornato ; Græcis literis erudito ; in Latinis et Etruscis etiam poeta ; oppido Nebulariæ in Pisaurum ob virt. militar. donato ; duabus obitibus legationibus, Britannicæ et Romanæ, Hispaniensem cum ageret, ac res Clementis VII. Pont. max. procuraret ; quatuorque libros de instituendâ Regum familiâ perscripisset ; postremò cum Carolus V. Imperator, Episcopum Abulæ creari mandasset ; Toleti vitâ functo magni apud hæc gentes nominis. Qui vixit annos L, mens II, diem I, Aloysia Mantua, contra votum superstes, filio bene-merito posuit Anno Domini MDXXIX.

survived her son, by the side of those of his departed wife. He was only 50 years of age when he died. His Countess had left him an only son, who lived to be much respected, the Count Camillo.

Even so slight a sketch as this is of Castiglione would be imperfect without some notice of his writings. His greatest work is, doubtless, the *Cortegiano*. If Italians were qualified to judge of an Italian author, and if a catena of commendation by the most celebrated writers of the peninsula, from Ariosto and Tasso\* to Alfieri and Parini, could be held sufficient proof of the judgment of Italy, Castiglione's literary rank would be assured. Italians call his book the *Libro d'oro*. But Englishmen are not so easily fobbed off. Mr. D'Israeli (the elder—*tanto nomini semper assurgo*) puts all Italian testimonies out of court at once, with a sneer at the people who could "have reason to pride themselves in producing the *Cortegiano* of Castiglione." It is true that M. Valéry, with greater acuteness, perceived that the circumstance lent itself more readily to the contrary argument; and that a nation might justly pride itself on having produced such an ideal of that ordinarily foolish personage, a courtier, that perhaps, save the author of it himself and our own Sir Philip Sidney, few have ever realized it in action. This graceful French writer remarks:—"The celebrated work of Castiglione, instead of being limited to the use of courts, has been extended by the progress of civilization to the whole human species. The advice he gives respecting conduct, manners, and the necessity of speaking modestly of one's self, is applicable to all well-bred persons. The beauty and good fame of his court-lady (Donna di Palazzo) are advantages to which every woman in the world may aspire. The *Cortegiano* has become a pleasing book of morals and literature, which must be acceptable to cultivated minds of all conditions: it paints with fidelity the opinions and manners of the time, political pro-

\* Some of our readers may know the beautiful Canzone:—

*Lagrima, voce, e vita a'bianchi marmi*. This is said to have been solicited from Tasso by Count Camillo Castiglione, the son of Balthasar.

Ariosto writes:—

..... Io era degli antichi amici  
 Del Papa, innanzi che virtudo o sorte  
 Lo sublimasse al sommo degli officij  
 E prima che gli aprissero le porte  
 I Fiorentini, quando il suo Giuliano  
 Si ripard nella Feltresca corte;  
 Ove col formator del Cortigiano  
 Col Bembo e gli altri sacri al divo Apollo  
 Facea l'esilio suo men duro e strano.

ceedings, military habits, national prejudices, disorders of the clergy, the subtle and gallant conversational *gulimatias* of the little courts of Italy; it contains many shrewd thoughts, and some excellent remarks on taste and style." There is certainly no enthusiasm, or exaggeration in this praise; and it gives, indeed, only an inadequate estimate of the most amusing, as well as elegant, book on *manners*\* ever written. For the fact is, that the *Cortegiano*, with all its refinement, is exceedingly entertaining. It would be quite curious to investigate the extent to which anecdotists, punsters, and diners-out have been wont to furnish themselves with good things out of Castiglione's treasury. Of course it is likely that many of his tales and jokes are themselves derived from still more ancient wits; but at least they always acquire point and grace in his hands.

The following story, though not always so well told, forms part, perhaps, of every jest-book extant:—"A doctor of our acquaintance happened to cross the market-place just as a poor wretch, who had been condemned to run the gauntlet twice round it, was undergoing his punishment. Our friend could not help feeling for the culprit, who, though his back and shoulders were streaming with blood, persisted in walking as leisurely as if he were merely taking a pleasant airing: at last he could not resist crying out:—"Faster, faster, my lad, and get this bad business over." The sufferer stopped, and turned round, and stood for a moment without speaking, but staring as if in astonishment. At last he said:—"When *you* are flogged, you are free to walk at your own pace, but in the present instance, if you please, I'll go at mine." (*Cortegiano*, p. 212). It is not easy to say to how many celebrities, (from Bassompierre downwards) in France alone, the idea which renders the subjoined passage so piquant has not been attributed: . . . "but, if you think differently, let me beg you to wait until you have had the opportunity to witness a disputation, in which he who takes the side of ~~arms~~ shall be as free to use *them* for his arguments, as those who maintain the superiority of letters are to employ letters in their own cause. For I am very certain that, if each class were to contend with its own particular weapons, the winners would not be your literary men." (*Cortegiano*,

\* He said "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Cortegiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it."

p. 111.) The most partial admirers of Baron Munchausen must acknowledge the inferiority of that nobleman, both in originality and imagination, to Count Castiglione,\* injured as the following story (in its main features common to both) is in our translation:—"One of our Lucchese merchants averred to me the other day," said the magnifico Julian, "that once, when he was in Poland, he had an idea of purchasing a considerable investment of sables, thinking to make great profit of them in Italy. The difficulty was, that the furs could only be procured in Muscovy, and that Poland and Muscovy were then at war. By means, however, of some Polish friends, he arranged to meet some Muscovite merchants at the Dnieper, which is there the boundary of the two countries, on a given day. They were to bring their skins and he his money. My friend, accordingly, proceeded punctually to the appointed place on the banks of the Dnieper, which he found all frozen over as hard as rock. The Muscovites, an uncivilized and suspicious race, and rendered still more so by the existing war, would not trust themselves within the breach of the river of their customer. But, as soon as by an interchange of signals the two parties had recognized each other, the Muscovites began to shout across the river the price they expected for their furs; but the cold was so extreme that their words, before they

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\* Readers of Rabelais will remember how, *en haute mer*, *Pantagruel* *ouït diversus parolles desgelées*, and how his pilot explained the phenomenon:—"Seigneur, de rien ne vous effrayez. Icy est le confin de la mer Glaciale sus laquelle feut au commencement de l'hyver dernier passé grosse et felonne bataille, entre les Arimaspiens et les Nephelibates. Lors gelarent en Paer les parolles et cris des hommes et femmes, les chapus des masses, les hurtits des harnois, des bordes, les hanoissements des chevaulx, et tout aultre effroy de combat. A ceste heure la rigueur de l'hyver passée, advnante la serénité et temperie du bon temps, elles fondent et sont ouyes."

"Par Dieu," dist Panurge, "je l'en croy."

If seeing is believing, Panurge was right, for he had the privilege of seeing and handling, as well as hearing these "thawed words." "Tenez, tenez," dist Pantagruel, "voyez-en cy qui encore ne sont desgelées." Lors nous jecta sus le tillac pleines mains de parolles gelées, et sembloient dragée perlée de diverses couleurs. Nous y veismos des mots de gueule, des mots de sinople, des mots d'azur, des mots de sable; des mots dorez. Les quels estre queleque peu eschauffez entre nos mains fondoient comme neiges; et les oyons realement, mais ne les entendions. Car c'estoit language barbare.

As between Rabelais and Castiglione the property in this extravaganza rests undoubtedly with the latter. Although the *Cortigiano* was not published until 1528, it had been seen by Bembo and other friends of the author in the year in which it was written, viz. 1518; and a complete copy indeed was in the following year (1519) presented by the author to the celebrated Vittoria Colonna.

The 4th book of the *Gargantua*, on the other hand, was not published until 1552, and could not have been written before 1543.

could reach the other bank, where the Lucchese and his interpreters stood, congealed, and stuck there frozen fast in the air. The Poles, then, seeing how the matter stood, thought the best plan would be to light a fire just under the words. In their judgment, the voices of the Muscovites had arrived warm as nearly as possible half-way across the stream, before being intercepted by the frost. There could be no fear of the ice not being firm enough to sustain the largest fire, so they lit a blazing one, and in less than an hour the words, that had been all this time frozen, began to thaw and then to come rumbling down, like snow from the Alps in May, until at last they were heard quite distinctly, although the Muscovites themselves had long ago gone away in disgust. Nevertheless, as, in my friend's opinion, the words asked a great deal too much for the furs, he declined dealing with them, and so made his way back to Warsaw." (*Cortegiano*, p. 217.)

Castiglione's letters to his mother, Madama Luigia Gonzaga, have been already alluded to; but there are a large number, extant though not collected, addressed by him to Leo X., Bembo, Vittoria Colonna, Raphael, &c., which deserve far more attention than they appear to have attracted.\* Castiglione was intimate with and honoured by all the eminent *litterati* of the revival. Michael Angelo condescended to seek his counsel; it was he who brought Giulio Romano to Mantua; Raphael attached more value to his judgment than to that of any man then living. It was no "monumental flattery" by which Bembo numbered Count Castiglione amongst the Italian and Latin poets (*Græcis literis erudito; in Latinis et Etruscis etiam poetæ*); for competent judges in our day have ranked his poetry, especially the Latin, with that of Sannazaro. M. Valéry indeed considers his poem "on the discovery of the "Cleopatra," equal to the master-pieces of the Augustan æge.

\* One, however, is well known, in which he represents to Leo X., the infinite destruction of antique remains which was then every day perpetrated by builders and others:—Ma perche ci doleremo noi dei Goti, Vandali, e d'altri tali perfidi nemici, se quelli, li quali dovevano, come padri e tutori, difendere queste povere reliquie di Roma, essi medesimi hanno lungamente atteso a distruggerle. Quanti Pontefici, dico, hanno atteso a ruinare tempj antichi statue, archi, e altri edifizj gloriosi! Quanti hanno comportato, che solamente per pigliar terra pozzolona si siono scavati dei fondamenti, onde in poco tempo poi gli edifizj sono venuti in terra! Quanto calce si è fatta di statue ed altri ornamenti antichi! che arderei dire che tutta questa Roma nuova che ora si vede, quanto grande ch'ella sia, quanto bella, quanto ornata di palagi, chiese, ed altri edifizj che la scopriano, tutta è fabbricata di calce di marmi antichi.

There only remains to be said a word or two upon the graver points of character. As to the public features of citizenship, there can be no question as to Castiglione's conduct. All the duties of an Italian to his country, of a soldier, diplomatist, statesman to his Prince, he performed, we have seen, with conspicuous excellence. What sort of a son, husband, and father he was we may also know, both from his outward acts, and from the singular love and devotion he could inspire in his wife, mother and son. But whether he did his duty as fully by his own soul is not so clear. Indeed, it may not be denied, judging absolutely, that Count Castiglione did depress religion from her due prominence both in his life and writings; but judging comparatively, and by our light, we should grant large margin for the almost inevitable influences of the time and country. It is certain that the author of the *Cortegiano*, though in familiarity with so splendid and profligate a Pontiff as Leo X., preserved his religion living, if not active. Here, however, a fearful deficiency must not be dissembled: his faith, if it never fainted, far too often slept. Still his example may have somewhat served religion, for he was always reverent; and his writings taught much good if not the highest. Most men, at any rate, must forget themselves strangely before they can censure very severely one who lived without a vice, and died without an enemy.

## II.—PIERRE CHARPENTIER.

BEFORE day light on the morning of the 24th August, 1572, a man of about middle age might have been seen running, only half-dressed, through those streets of Paris which skirt the north bank of the river. His haste, and the caution which seemed to temper it, were neither of them misplaced. It was St. Bartholomew's day. The fugitive had been at one time, on the point of turning down the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*: if he had done so, he might have beheld a shapeless lump of human flesh, which the Duc de Guise and a Parisian mob had just trampled out of all likeness to the great Coligni. If, again, he had turned down the street *de la Petite Monnaie*, he might have seen a namesake\* of his own

\* *Jacques Charpentier*. This man, who already in 1566 possessed posts of some dignity in the University of Paris, was ambitious of succeeding to the



employ, like so many others on that day, the pretence of religious zeal to gratify private revenge—the victim in this particular case being no less a man than the illustrious Pierre la Ramée (Ramus). Although our fugitive escaped the horror and peril of these two rencounters, it was not without some hair-breadth escapes, and being more than once fired at, that he reached the hotel of M. de Bellièvre, then Minister of Finance, afterwards Chancellor. Here he found protection, and here he was joined, two days later, by his family, who until then had not ventured into the bloody streets. The massacre, indeed, lasted a whole week, and there fell in it, in Paris alone, more than ten thousand persons.

We have not selected the dangers of this individual as our subject from the smallest sympathy with his character,—but for the curious way in which his story illustrates the tendency of persecution to propagate itself. Paris had scarcely re-assumed an appearance of quiet—a Huguenot could scarcely yet emerge from his hiding-place without being shot, or stabbed, by the first man he might meet—when our friend, so lately a fugitive, and so nearly a victim, came boldly forward to justify the massacre both as to principle and execution.

PIERRE CHARPENTIER was born in 1529 at Thoulouse, where he studied law. He removed to Geneva, where he embraced Calvinism a little before Calvin's death, and, as professor of law there, obtained some vogue. After the death of Calvin, he came to differences with Theodore Beza; and the quarrel soon became so lively that Charpentier thought it safest to decamp, which, with his wife and children, he at once did; and with such discretion that, according to Bayle, not a single one of his numerous creditors had an opportunity of bidding him farewell. He next visited Strasbourg, where he taught for some time; but finally came to Paris,

chair of mathematics which Dampestre-Cosel was willing (for a consideration) to resign in his favour. Ramus, however, opposed Charpentier's election on the not unreasonable ground that he (Charpentier) could not cipher. This objection, though supported by the Parliament of Paris, was overruled by the Council of State. Charpentier, thus elected, could not in his success forgive Ramus's opposition. Instead of learning arithmetic, which would have been, for a professor of mathematics, the most becoming way of revenging himself, he took (it is generally believed) the opportunity of St. Bartholomew's day to "eliminate" his rival.

Some, it is true, have acquitted Jacques Charpentier of much hand in Ramée's death, and consider this latter rather to have fallen victim to the hostility excited by his innovation on the French pronunciation of the Latin word *quonquam*. Ramus had introduced the sound of *couanconam* (*Gallic: enuntiatum*) instead of that of *Kankam*. This account would almost entitle Ramus to rank amongst those whom D'Isernel calls the "martyrs of a diphthong."

just in time to witness the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which had, indeed, such a narrow escape of destroying in him its own future apologist.

That a Huguenot should voluntarily bear witness in favour of the sharp justice by which he himself had so nearly perished, was conduct much too magnanimous not to meet with grateful approbation from the judges. The Court conceived that Charpentier was well competent to bear the first brunt of foreign indignation, and did him the justice to think that he was worthy of the trust. He was accordingly attached to the mission with which his patron Bellièvre was charged; and in addition to large promises for the future, he was at once gratified with a considerable retaining fee. Whilst therefore M. de Bellièvre proceeded to defend the late massacre before the Swiss Cantons, by citing passages in the life of Calvin, and from the writings of Beza, Charpentier diverged to his old place of residence, Strasbourg. It must be confessed, that he led the forlorn-hope of infamy right gallantly. He at once offered himself to vindicate the late conduct of the French Court in public disputation, and in the meanwhile published on the 15th Sept. (i. e. exactly three weeks after St. Bartholomew's day) his famous *Letter to François Portus Cadiuis*, both in French and Latin. In this letter he sets forth that the persecutions of the Churches in France were occasioned not by the fault of those who professed "*la Religion*," but of those who supported the traitorous faction called "*la Cause*." This distinction is the foundation of his theory of persecution. He says, that the Huguenots are of two kinds—the Huguenots of religion, sincere and pacific, who ought not to be, and never were, persecuted (unless from their own culpable imprudence in not sufficiently distinguishing themselves from their dangerous co-religionists)—and the Huguenots of politics (*Huguenots plus de malcontentement que de Huguenoterie*), for whom no kind of persecution can be too severe. He ranks Albrac, Sorel, and others in the first class: he considers Theodore Beza by far the most dangerous and hateful in the second. He refreshes himself indeed by some very animated and elaborate abuse of this famous personage, in the course of which he at last gets rather wild, sadly diluting thereby the effect of some hard hits previously delivered. He calls Beza the *trumpet of Saba*; and compliments his prudence in stirring up strife and bloodshed *from a distance*, because it is dangerous to approach such things too near. He then analyzes, after a fashion, Beza's well-known treatise (*De hereticis*

*a civili magistratu puniendis*) written in answer to poor Castalio's "*Quo jure quove fructu hæretici gladio puniendi?*" and shews wherein the difference between Beza's principles of persecution and his own consists. Beza puts, it is true, like himself, the sword in the hand of the *civil magistrate*, but only in the same way as the Jews put it in the hands of Pontius Pilate, that he might be their executioner: So the Genevese theologians anxiously dispense the *magistrates* from any care as to the verification of the crime; the province of the latter is merely dutifully to punish the heretic when the pastors shall have found him guilty. But Charpentier reclaims this jurisdiction in its totality for the state, denying to clergymen any greater right to partake in the good work of persecution as sleuth-hounds than as butchers.

Possessing only a short and hostile abstract of Charpentier's letter, we find it difficult to extract a statement of his own views, rational and consistent enough, to appear authentic. There is no doubt that he considered himself as quite liberal and enlightened as compared with Beza. He complacently cites the conduct of Trajan, who considered that the cause of order must be maintained at any cost; but who would not persecute merely for a religious opinion, as if that Emperor had been his model. Having established thus his pretensions to the credit of tolerance quite to his own conviction, he takes advantage of his supposed liberal reputation to denounce all insubordination with a bloody unction that seems, even in that age, to have taken people rather aback. The most curious feature of his theory is the part he awards in it to religion, for he claims its sanction even on his most savage procedures. The motto (of the medal struck to commemorate the *stragem Ugonottorum*) PIETAS ARMAVIT JUSTITIAM may perhaps have been suggested by him. Only with him the "piety" does not seem to consist solely in a conviction of the superior sanctity of a cause—of its conducing to obedience to the Gospel; but, still more, in its policy, and practicability—in its promotion of political order. The late massacre might perhaps have been *theoretically* defensible on state principles alone; but, inasmuch as there is amongst men a strong prejudice against the use of treachery and profuse blood-shed on mere worldly occasions, he considers that all the advantages promised by such a *coup d'état* would have been more wisely foregone as attended with too much odium. But most fortunately the nominal *casus belli* was religion, and therefore all hypocrisy became pious, and every weapon was sanctified. It is not matter of much

surprise that Charpentier contrived to find in the exceptional tragedies of old Jewish history cases which might in a manner seem the natural examples to his rule. If Beza could compare the assassination of the great Duke of Guise to the death of Goliath, and make a David of the weak villain Poltrot, we should rather congratulate Charpentier on having discovered so fair a precedent for the Bartholomew slaughter as Jehu's extirpation of the Baal-worshippers.

In short, his views on persecution may be thus stated. Three conditions are requisite to make a massacre justifiable. It must be on account of religion; it must be carried out by the government, or dominant party in the state, with a likelihood of being conclusive; and it must be *thorough*:—dabbling in persecution he looks upon with contempt, if not with horror.

Charpentier's letter was answered in the March following by Portus. The line of reply adopted was first to expose the shameful nature of Charpentier's antecedents, then to shew that the circumstances of the late massacre did not fulfil even its apologist's conditions for lawfulness, inasmuch as the Huguenots had not been (at the time of the massacre) conspirators or disorderly, but quiet servants of their king as of their God—peaceable, satisfied and loyal. It lastly insists on the treachery of the act, its cruelty and cowardice.

It is to be remarked, that even this indignant answer hardly attempts to deny that such a slaughter as it attempts to stigmatize might, under circumstances but little different, have been not only permissible but bounden. In fact Charpentier's doctrine, though all it had of new was the hardihood with which all its consequences were accepted, was likely to gratify the secret hearts of many. Kings and ministers would naturally favour, though they might not avow, a doctrine calculated to extend their jurisdiction into the region of faith. For instance, it may be doubted whether our own Elizabeth, who shewed such stern countenance to the ambassador Fénelon, might not, nevertheless, have found complacency in a theory which sanctioned the course which her father certainly pursued, and which she sometimes seemed not disinclined to continue. All heads of political parties, indeed, would think twice of proscribing a creed qualified, if they should ever in their turn attain to power, to become an equally useful servant to *them*. Perhaps the Pope and the principal Calvinist preachers were the only powers to whom the principle of Charpentier's defence was likely to be offensive. But the Pope overlooked the encroachment on

his prerogative involved in the principle, in his joy at the particular occasion to which it was applied; and, though the "Lctter" was read with horror and indignation at Geneva, yet it furnished some of the most illustrious of the Calvinists\* with precious hints.

\* For instance Lipsius and Knox.

Justus Lipsius, first a Catholic, then a Protestant, and finally in his old age again a Romanist, was (especially in his Protestant days) a furious bigot. In his *POLITICORUM* he prescribes *Ure et secu* as specific for dissent. It is true that in his *DE UNA RELIGIONE*, elicited by Coornhert's indignant exposure of the horrid tenet, he declared those ominous words were not to be taken literally, but merely stood for *strong measures*.

John Knox develops Charpentier's doctrine with a prudence entirely of the school of Loyola. He advises Protestants when in a decided minority to hold themselves quiet and unobtrusive, but, when they are strong enough, to put down all gainsayers with an armed hand. Of course he has an apposite Old Testament illustration:—"While the posterity of Abraham were few in number, and while they sojourned in different countries, they were merely required to avoid all participation in the idolatrous rites of the heathen, but as soon as they had prospered into a kingdom, and had obtained possession of Canaan, they were strictly charged to suppress idolatry, and to destroy all monuments and incentives."

But there was a man cotemporary with Knox and Lipsius, with Charpentier, Beza and Calvin, (and therefore liable to the same influence from a debased public opinion) to whose truly great and good character it is a refreshment and joy to turn. **DIEDERICK COORNHERT** (mentioned above) was born at Amsterdam in 1522, in a humble station. He married early in life a young and beautiful but penniless lady, related to the noble family Van Brederode. The immediate consequence of this romantic union was a necessity of procuring a livelihood. Coornhert accordingly adopted the profession of an engraver, and reaching eminence in it almost at once, soon became confessedly the first of his art in Holland. He was the master of Goltzius, and de Gheim; and it is to him we owe the still esteemed series of engravings by which Martin Van Heemskirk's paintings are best known. This artist-life is the first stage in Coornhert's career.

We next see him a great scholar. Finding his ignorance of the learned languages an obstacle to his full comprehension of the religious questions of the day, he turned the full torrent of his energies to the mastery of the classic tongues, and soon proved his progress by translations into the Dutch of Cicero's *Offices*, and some of the works of Seneca and Boëthius. The fame attained by these efforts gained him the patronage of the great city of Haarlem, in which he soon rose to the highest office—that of Pensionary.

From this time begins Coornhert's political career. Of course, with such a character as his, he could choose no side but that of liberty, and of this cause he soon became one of the ablest supporters. Nearly all the celebrated state-papers of the Patriot party were from his pen. He was chosen for many of the most difficult and dangerous negotiations. It was he too (so rich were his natural gifts) who at this time presented Holland with the words and air of her magnificent national anthem "*Wilhelmus van Nassouwen*." He was now far too important an opponent to escape Spanish vengeance. He was arrested and imprisoned at the Hague in 1568.

This part of his story might be a chapter of romance. His fond wife, partaking the general belief that his death alone, without long and cruel tortures, would not satisfy his foes, used all her efforts to attract the infection of the plague, which then prevailed, that she might communicate the pesti-

The court of France shewed itself honourably grateful to its advocate. Charpentier was appointed a Counsellor of State with the office of King's Advocate; and other emoluments were bestowed on him so as to make his worldly position one of great ease. But the proverbial zeal of a renegade would not suffer him to enjoy in peace the profits of his conversion. He soon became conspicuous among the ultras of the League—*plus royaliste que le roi, plus Catholique que le Pape*. Even after the accession and triumph of Henri IV. he could not resign himself to see Huguenots and Catholics living together in peace and mutual respect. At last he carried his protest against this state of things to such an injudicious length that, being detected in a traitorous

lence to her husband, and so partake with him a speedy death. This wild effort of conjugal devotion was happily unsuccessful, and her husband never ceased his exertions until he had converted her to a more Christian frame of mind. His own disregard of danger he proved by the composition in prison, amongst many devotional pieces, of his *Comedy of Fortune or Praises of my Prison*. When his trial at last took place, his defence was so unexpectedly eloquent and commanding, as to take the auditors, judges and all, actually by storm; and in the sort of stupified hesitation produced by it he was liberated. The States of Holland now raised Coornhert to the dignity of Secretary of State; but he, always consistent in sparing his life by his creed, soon renounced his high office rather than countenance the violence and extortion of an ally, the Count de la Marek. He exiled himself to Cleves, where he supported himself by his old art of engraving, at the same time that he continued to serve his country and the Reformed religion by his writings.

It is from this time that dates Coornhert's public action on religion. He was a zealous Reformer, but then he was not an intolercant one, and hence was in danger of proscription by both parties. A biographer says:—"The fact is, that Coornhert did not march under the banner of any defined religious party, so that he was disavowed by all. Although a most decided follower of the Reformation, he did not approve all the doctrines nor go all the lengths of Beza and Calvin; he soon became, accordingly, a mark for the sworn hatred of their partizans. On the other hand, he is the first of the twenty-four individuals excepted by name in the Proclamation by which the Spanish Governor *Requesens* offered indemnity to all who within a fixed time might apply for and obtain Catholic absolution." Yet Coornhert had only just published his admirable treatise:—*On what God commands and what He permits*, in reproof of the bloody dogma (*Ure et seca*) of Lipsius.

Had Coornhert been only a little less inspired with the very spirit of Christianity, he might have attained as commanding a position, and concluded his life as prosperously, as either Luther, Knox or Calvin. But as he was, there was no resting-place for the sole of his foot. Driven from Cleves he sought an asylum at Delft; but, banished thence also, he endeavoured to find a home in Amsterdam, where he had once so blamelessly exercised almost the highest power. But neither was this to be his rest. It was in vain that the celebrated Arminius, whom the Consistory had appointed to examine and refute the writings of Coornhert, declared that he himself had, on the contrary, been converted by them; Coornhert was again forced to depart. Once more he tried Delft, but entrance was debarred him to the inhospitable city; so he finally betook himself to the little town of Gouda, where, on the 29th Oct. 1590, he died.

correspondence with Spain, he was tried, convicted, and broken on the wheel.\*

If the miserable man had been gifted with a short scope of prophecy, we may imagine that the hardest circumstance in his cruel death would have been, that he was thereby prevented from beholding and justifying the assassination (which too soon followed) of the great Henry by Ravallac.

### III.—NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

NICHOLAS Poussin, perhaps the least known of very great painters, † was born in June 1594, at the village of Les Andelys, near Rouen. The inferiority of this artist's popularity to his deserts may be accounted for by two circumstances. Gaspard Dughet, his brother-in-law, assumed, in gratitude and reverence for Nicholas, his surname of *Poussin*, and has himself illustrated it by an immense number of noble landscapes, whose cool verdure has refreshed and fascinated the eyes of the multitude in every land. As if one name was unable to bear the double burden of such celebrity, the renown of Gaspard Poussin has kept too much of the sun from his greater relative. But a fault inhering in Nicholas's painting has had a still more depressing influence on his reputation. He was an inveterate innovator in pigments, and the consequences were in his case more disastrous than with Da Vinci or our own Reynolds. We have testimony that his paintings rivalled, when fresh, the best of Tintoretto's in brilliant mo-

He died, like a true Christian warrior, in his harness. On his very death-bed he finished his *Treatise against the Capital Punishment of heretics*; but his Dutch translation of the New Testament wanted still something of completion

\* Bayle, who has not treated poor Charpentier at all mercifully in other respects, exempts him from this painful and ignominious consummation. It must, indeed, be confessed that there is considerable confusion between the several cotemporary Charpentiers, who were many of them remarkable enough to have their names and many of their acts recorded, but none of whom were so eminent as to attract a careful biographer.

† Curiously enough, even the nature of his pretensions is commonly misunderstood. People consider themselves to render ample justice to his pencil by recognizing the elegance and poetic grace of his *Vintages* or *Dances of Nymphs and Satyrs*. Only really good judges are aware that Nicholas Poussin's great glory is as a painter of *landscapes with figures and architecture*, and that as such he is quite unapproached by his famous brother-in-law, by Salvator Rosa, or even by Claude le Lorrain.

dulation of hue; but now, alas! few of his hundred works are even so well preserved as the fine Bacchanal pieces in our National Gallery; and even, with regard to these, one may watch half a summer's day and not see a single visitor do more than glance at the swarthy and lurid tone which obscures two of the most exquisite scenes ever inspired by Theocritus or Horace.

Nicholas Poussin may, with a little licence, be called the Keats of painting. Both these artists luxuriated to the degree of riot in all forms of physical beauty. Greek art especially affected each with a degree of pleasure that was absolutely poignant; and their minds found at once the richest feast, and sweetest restorative in the classic scenes of Grecian History, or the imaginary but "intelligible forms of ancient poets." Both, indeed, were almost Pagan in their adoration of antique beauty, and there was something Pagan in the sadness with which the contemplation of mortality and decay affected both: yet neither had a fear of death. Poussin mourns over his faltering hand and bedimmed eye (because they betray his efforts at the reproduction of his ever lovely conceptions) in terms very affecting, but the idea of death he regards indulgently, almost tenderly. He had been a fond husband, and an ardent friend; and friends and wife had all preceded him to the tomb.

A nobleman once asked Poussin's advice, what most fitting memorial of Rome—in painting or in sculpture—he should take to his own country. They were walking at the time, after Poussin's wont, in those sad fields without the modern, though far within the bounds of the ancient city. The painter stooped, and gathered from beneath his feet a handful of wild grass and dust amidst which glittered some minute fragments of porphyry and granite:—"There," he said, "there, my lord, lock that up carefully, and you will have old Rome herself in your cabinet." His letters and the sayings preserved of him are nearly all pensive if not sad. He said once:—"We have nothing of our own: it is all hired. Happy they who can pay their rent!" He called Rome "the city where no one has a friend;" and declared that "the use of a home was to die in." Poussin seems to have had not one obvious vice, but every charity. A certain suave melancholy was the ground of his character. In his early years, this shadow, though he had much envy and poverty to encounter, was of a warmer brown; whilst, in the worst of times, it was not in the power of pain, or loneliness, or old age to make him morose. He was



never in fact gloomy, though but seldom altogether cheerful; whilst it is true that levity disconcerted him to a degree that made it cruel to joke at all coarsely in his presence. It was some weeks before he recovered from a present which Scarron, with the kindest intention, once made him of a volume of his "Buffooneries." This unusual sensitiveness may be in part attributed to the deep sense of responsibility—of accountableness which always accompanied and often oppressed him. This solemn feeling appears in the answer which, towards the close of his life, he made to one who asked him 'upon which of his qualities (as a painter) he now, upon reflection, chiefly valued himself?'—"I never *neglected* anything."

Poussin's person and features were not ill-matched to his serious and lofty temper: and his portrait was considered by Lavater to indicate a mind of the very highest and rarest order.

It is a very general opinion that the genius of Poussin can only be adequately appreciated or usefully studied (owing to the faulty pigments he used) from the engravings of his works; but, for our part, we have lingered for many a charmed hour by his dim and yet glorious canvas. A majority of his best works have, of course, found their way to England, especially to the galleries of the Dukes of Rutland and Bedford, and of Lord Ellesmere. There are three admirable pictures by him in the National Gallery.

Nicholas Poussin died, honoured but friendless, at Rome, on the 19th Nov. 1665. His death enriched some Norman relatives too ignoble to value, and too uneducated to vindicate the immense legacy of his renown.

#### IV.—COTTON MATHER.

COTTON MATHER published 382 works; he left many manuscripts; he kept with great perseverance a minute diary, of which his unfailing self-confidence gives us great assurance that it is candid. He may be said to have been born, to have lived and died, in public. He was for nearly half a century a prominent politician, and was concerned in very important acts. We possess reports on his life, speeches, sermons, and publications, by eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses. Hundreds of writers, of his own and other countries, have examined and judged his character and career. What then

is missing to enable us to form a correct idea of this celebrated man?

Yet with all this information we know nothing of Cotton Mather. Whether he was a good or bad man, personally ambitious or devoted to religion, is almost irrecoverably lost in a mist of conflicting statements. We give a few of them. Bancroft, the well-known historian of the United States, says:—"The ministers (amongst whom the Mathers were of most note) desirous of unjust influence, could build their hope of it only on error: and the struggle for greater freedom of mind—the struggle against superstition, and against the slavish interpretation of the Bible—was one with the struggle against their dominion in the state." He calls him "an infatuated man;" talks of "his boundless vanity;" and asks:—"Was Cotton Mather *honestly* credulous? Ever ready to dupe himself, he limited his credulity only by the probable credulity of others. He changes, or omits to repeat, his statements without acknowledging error, and with a clear intention of conveying false impressions. He is an example how far selfishness, under the form of vanity and ambition, can blind the higher faculties, stupify the judgments, and dupe consciousness itself." Griswold, after "damning" Mather's works and powers with very "faint praise," in the course of which he declares him to have "had too little genius to comprehend great truths," and that "his statements are not to be relied on where he had any interest in misrepresenting acts, or the characters of persons, and that his style abounds with puerilities, puns, and grotesque conceits," thus concludes:—"His intellectual character, however, was better than his moral; for he was wholly destitute of any high religious principles, and was ambitious, intriguing and unscrupulous." President Quincy writes:—"Cotton Mather must be transmitted as an individual of ungovernable passions and of questionable principles; credulous, intriguing and vindictive; often selfish as to his ends; at times little scrupulous in the use of means; wayward, aspiring and vain; rendering his piety dubious by display, and the motives of his public services suspected, by the obtrusiveness of his claims to honour and place." Mr. Upham says:—"Cotton Mather combined an almost incredible amount of vanity and credulity with a high degree of cunning and policy; an inordinate love of temporal power and distinction, with every outward manifestation of piety and Christian humility; a proneness to fanaticism and superstition, with amazing acquisitions of knowledge." Similar

judgments have been passed by diligent inquirers of other lands, viz. M. M. de Tocqueville, Philarète Chasles and Michel Chevalier. This latter talks of "*l'ambition astucieuse d'un ministre nommé Cotton Mather.*" M. Philarète Chasles says:—"Comme types principaux de la première époque de la civilisation Américaine on voit apparaître le fameux Increase Mather et son fils (Cotton Mather) deux figures plus froides que celle de Calvin, plus sanglantes que celle de Knox."

This is to be "well-abused," it must be owned; but Cotton Mather has hosts of defenders quite as thorough-going, quite as out-spoken as his foes.

In the year 1700, in *Cotton Mather's* life-time, a number of gentlemen of Boston published a joint answer to an attack on him by Robert Cunliff. In this reply they say:—"We cannot but bless God that ever we knew Mr. Cotton Mather. He was born and bred in this town, where he has for more than twenty years together been a public preacher of the Gospel. And we do verily believe, that there is not so much as one man that has any knowledge of him, but what will own that they look upon him to be a worthy, good man, a scholar, and a gentleman, who would not write any thing that is false, or do any ill thing upon any terms; and that he spends his life in studies, that he might do good to all sorts of men." He was called in one funeral sermon:—"The glory of learning and the ornament of Christianity." In another (by Dr. Cobman) are these words:—"His printed works will not convey to posterity, nor give to strangers, a just idea of the real worth and great learning of the man. His works will indeed inform all that read them of his great knowledge, and singular piety, his zeal for God, and holiness and truth, and his desire of the salvation of precious souls." The Rev. Mr. Prince, author of "*Christian History*," says of Cotton Mather:—"So much erudition, such high degrees of piety, and such an active life in doing good, united in the same person, are very rarely seen among the sons of men." M. Weiss writes:—"Les vertus de Cotton Mather le rendent un objet de vénération pour ses compatriotes, et les magistrats n'entreprenaient rien sans le consulter. Après une vie remplie de bonnes œuvres, et d'utiles travaux, il mourut, &c. . . ."

What sort of man, then, was Cotton Mather? An analysis of the testimony does but little to clear the matter. If the witnesses on one side seem on a rigid examination open to a charge of partizanship, so do those on the other to an imputation of hostile prejudice. It appears on examination, that (of

the witnesses in the case contemporary with, or but a little following, Mather) the balance of testimony is greatly in his favor. But the weight of this fact is impaired by the reflection that Cotton Mather was the prominent champion of important principles and of large interests in Church and State—that these principles and interests were during his life, and mainly owing to his exertions, victorious and dominant—and that it was as natural that the majority in New England, thus triumphant, should praise Cotton Mather after his death with regard to certain acts, as that in his life they should have supported him in them.

On the other hand, in modern times the tide of opinion has turned. Very few writers\* of late years have had the courage to renew the old declaration of faith in Cotton Mather. But then it has been also remarked, that most of the men who now lead the American judgment are Unitarians; and it is just from this body, eminent for their talents and influence, that Cotton Mather's most virulent assailants are drawn.

It is thus seen that Mather's contemporaries, numbering many who must have been intimately acquainted with the hundred indications, which give the tone to character, but are yet too minute for history, were for the most part strongly in his favor: whilst posterity who may be supposed to possess the advantage of impartiality, and a point of view less impeded by personal interests, have declared themselves, with a very few exceptions, violently against him. With which of these two so widely discrepant opinions, or at what point between them, is truth?

To enable our readers to form their own decision on this point, we give a very short sketch of Cotton Mather's career. Even at the risk of being bald, it shall be impartial.

Cotton Mather was born at Boston, U. S., on the 12th February, 1662.† Much of the influence which he soon exercised in New England may be said to have been his by an hereditary title. His grandfathers, John Cotton and Ri-

\* Of these few the boldest unquestionably, and perhaps the ablest, is Dr. E. Pond, Professor of Theology in Bangor, Maine. There is a very full and not unsuccessful vindication of Cotton Mather by this writer in the *Biblical Repository* for 1842, to which we have been much indebted.

† It may lessen our surprise at the astounding differences which exist in opinion as to Cotton Mather's character, to find that historians are not agreed as to the dates of his birth and death. Griswold places his birth in 1660, and his death in 1724. Weiss makes the two epochs 1663 and 1728; and Dr. Pond, whom we have followed, gives 1662 and 1729.

chard Mather, especially the first,\* were men of weight and character amongst those of their own country and creed. Dr. Increase Mather, the Father of Cotton, played a very conspicuous part indeed in Transatlantic politics. Of abilities perhaps at least equal to his son's, he used them with greater tact, and his manners were, when he chose, ingratiating. Fond of power, he was unwearied in compassing it, but most sincere in his desire to serve his country, and fully convinced that none other could serve it so effectually. It was inevitable that such a man should be charged with ambition and vanity, and should have many and bitter enemies. He had also, however, numerous and powerful friends. The Puritans of the mother-country gave him all their weight in his contest for power in the colonies. The famous Richard Baxter loved and honoured him, and chose him as one of the witnesses of his last hours. Increase Mather succeeded also in acquiring considerable credit with the King (William III.), who delegated to him much of the royal patronage in Massachusetts. It thus came to pass that the Mathers were considered, both in England and America, as principal representatives of the English, the Royalist, and the Puritan interests in New England. It was a natural consequence that they should be opposed with the usual party weapons by the Native-American (or patriot) party, as well as by all those who suffered from the superiority of the Calvinists. In those days the two forces were unequally matched; and for upwards of half a century the party of the Mathers was almost omnipotent in Massachusetts. But the irresistible tendency of the age was against them; and both Increase† and Cotton Mather lived to see the turn of the political tide.

\* It was of him that Benjamin Woodbridge wrote (A. D. 1653) the well-known lines:—

A living, breathing Bible! tables where  
Both covenants at large engraven were.  
Gospel and Law in's heart had each its column,  
His head an index to the Sacred volume;  
His very name a title-page, and next  
His life a commentary on the text.  
O what a monument of glorious worth  
When in a new edition he comes forth,  
Without *errata*, may we think he'll be  
In leaves and covers of Eternity!

† The *New England Courant*, established in 1721 by James and Benjamin Franklin, having spoken of "religious knaves as the worst of all knaves," was of course accused of "abusing the ministers of religion in a manner which was intolerable." Increase Mather, then upwards of 80, wrote concerning this matter:—"I can well remember when the civil government

Until the year 1692, when Increase Mather returned from his English agency, he may be considered as, on the whole, the leader of this party; but after the cold reception he then experienced, he appears to have retired in a measure from public affairs, and to have left the leadership entirely with his son. Cotton Mather had, however, from a very youth exercised influence, and been treated with consideration, almost amounting to adulation.\* At the age of 22 he was ordained minister of the North Church, the principal congregation, in Boston, as his father's colleague. Before this time, by the most industrious application of strong talents to various branches of study, he had acquired vast and diversified though inaccurate knowledge, and very serviceable, if inelegant, scholarship. He continued his assiduity, without break or pause, year after year, until he might really be said to have become (in the words of his panegyrist) "the principal ornament of his country, and the greatest scholar that ever was bred in it." This power and love of labour was the greatest quality in Cotton Mather's mind. He was very deficient in taste and judgment. His style is barbarous in the extreme, even for that age and country. Of his 383 publications scarcely three are ever (and they but seldom) now referred to. Still many of them, doubtless, did service in their day; † yet, if they had occupied their author to the exclusion of other duties, his considerable powers must needs have been called wasted. But this was not so. It was truly remarked by Dr. Colman, that a stranger to all of him save his works, would assume that all his time had been devoted to them; whilst a friend, acquainted with the innumerable

would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel." *Vide Bancroft's History of U. S.*, Vol. III., p. 375.

\* The following *judicious* remarks were addressed to Cotton Mather when a youth of 16 by President Oakes:—"Another is named Cotton Mather. What a name! But, my hearers, I confess that I am wrong. I should have said, *what names!* I shall say nothing of his reverend father, since I dare not praise him to his face; but should he resemble and represent his venerable grandfathers John Cotton and Richard Mather, in piety, learning, elegance of mind, solid judgment, prudence, and wisdom, he will bear away the palm. And I trust that, in this youth Cotton and Mather will be united and flourish again."—*Dr. E. Pond, in the Biblical Repository for 1842.*

† Dr. Franklin (Benjamin) bears this testimony, to the effect of Cotton Mather's *Essay to do Good*, in a letter to Dr. Samuel Mather:—"Permit me to mention one little instance, which, though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy I met with a book, entitled *Essays to do Good*, which I think was written by your father, . . . and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

calls upon his time both in his social and ministerial capacity, must wonder where he found the time to write; and whilst, lastly, his continual prominence in public acts made it marvellous that he had ever a moment for his parishioners, his friends, or for his studies. As a pastor of a particular congregation, he appears to have been exemplary. There remain only his more public actions to be glanced at. The two points on which he encountered most odium are:—the retaining the distinction between the Churches and parishes; and his connection with the witch-tragedies.

We will not attempt to decide these questions; but a short reference to them seems necessary. A number of the ministers of Boston and the neighbourhood had, early in Increase Mather's career, attempted to modify the order of the New England Churches as established by the Cambridge platform. These ministers denied the necessity of inquiring into the reality of a man's regeneration before admitting him to the communion—they denied the necessity of an explicit covenanting with God in the face of the Church—they conceived that members of a congregation or parish, although not accepted communicants, had a right to concur in the election of pastors—they referred admission to the sacraments solely to the prudence and conscience of the minister; and held that each Church (or rather congregation) was competent to choose its own pastor, without soliciting the approbation of any neighbouring Churches. All these innovations Increase and Cotton Mather strenuously, and for the most part successfully, opposed. The recorded circumstances of this struggle permit, and the invariable bent of human nature prompts, the belief that from this arose the chief part of the hostility which has pursued the Mathers. Yet there is nothing in this ground of dissension to excite so general and profound emotion as has attended the other accusation to which Cotton Mather is liable—that of having encouraged or excited the so-called "witch persecution." We must never forget, in weighing the terrific records of these events, how naturally this persecution inherited from the witch trials of England (which descend almost to the same period) and from those of Urbain Grandier and others, in modern times, in France. Yet the American tragedy is, after all, the latest in point of time; it is attended with the most revolting circumstances of cruelty; and the evidence which supported it was weaker, and more evidently fraudulent, than had ever before, perhaps, availed to defend such public and wholesale

atrocities. We give some few details\* in a note; but as our only present object is to enable readers to form a not unfair estimate of Cotton Mather's character, we will here only discuss *his connection* with the sad proceedings.

A small district in the state of Massachusetts was disturbed by reports of (first) a single family (that of a minister) being grievously troubled by supernatural visitations, supposed to be occasioned by an old Irish woman. After some time, during which great notoriety had been attracted to the afflicted, attended perhaps with certain distinctions or advantages to the witnesses, the number of cases increased. Numbers began to be possessed; numbers were accused of being the accursed causes of the possession. At last the excitement mounted to a pitch of rage and terror which demanded blood. The indulgence in the excitement of bloodshed soon begot a thirst for it, and an indignation against all that tended to disappoint the horrid passion. The object seemed not to punish witches, but those that denied witchcraft; at least, it was remarked, that all those who confessed to be parties in a diabolical compact, were unpunished, whilst for some time none of the accused, who denied their guilt, escaped. On one day eight persons were hanged at Salem for witchcraft: five (amongst whom was a clergyman) on another. And still the number of possessed persons who did not seem to suffer much from their affliction, of confessed witches, who obtained pardon and almost favour, and of accused persons who, obstinately asserting their innocence, were tortured, imprisoned or executed, continued to increase. This was, indeed, the case so long as the crown lawyers, and the ministers, presided alone over the inquiries. But when the chamber of representatives assembled, and their proceed-

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*Martha Carrier* was condemned in great part by the evidence of her two sons, which evidence was only extracted from them by the process of tying them together "neck and heels, until the blood was ready to gush from them."

An old man *Jacobs* was in the same way condemned, on the evidence of *Margaret Jacobs* his granddaughter. She retracted her confession almost immediately in these words:—"Through the magistrate's threatenings, and "my own vile heart, I confessed things contrary to my conscience and knowledge. But, oh! the terrors of a wounded conscience who can bear?"

The magistrates rejected the retraction, and, confining her for trial, proceeded to hang her grandfather.

*Samuel Wardwell* had confessed himself "a witch," and was safe; but from shame or penitence he retracted his confession, and "speaking the truth boldly, was hanged, not for witchcraft, but for denying witchcraft."

Cotton Mather meanwhile complained that he was met "continually with all sorts of objections and objectors against the work doing at Salem." *Vide Bancroft, Vol. III, pp. 74-9.*



ings, of greater humanity and enlightenment, obtained the glad assent of the great body of the people, the excitement began to droop, and, after a short stand made by some of those who had been most prominent in the persecution, entirely died away. It is worthy of remark, too, that Connecticut and even the west of Massachusetts were not invaded by the horrible mania. And it is still more curious that such persons accused of witchcraft, as escaped to the neighbouring states, were not reclaimed for trial, as would have assuredly been done in the ordinary cases of recognized crime.

Our immediate concern, however, is with the question how far is Cotton Mather compromised, as to his character for piety and ability, by this stupid and bloody persecution? It is acknowledged on all hands, that he was consenting in principle to the judicial conduct of the tragedy, and that he was cognizant, or the originator, of most of the extra-judicial acts which maintained and propagated the savage epidemic. Though he did not originate the movement, and though he was throughout fully supported by many ministers and men of character and standing, he was, doubtless, on the whole, the leader of the agitation. He commanded its van in the advance, and the rear in its retreat. But what amount of blame has he merited for this? Mr. Bancroft asks:—"Was Cotton Mather *honestly* credulous?" and he would very confidently answer the question in the negative. But what does he mean by "*honestly*?"\* If he means:—Was Cotton Mather *really and truly* credulous? we cannot entertain a doubt of it. If, throughout the harrowing period, almost every day of which he signalized by some speech, sermon, publication, or public act, breathing the most thorough conviction, he was incredulous, the very name of Cotton Mather should be for ever spit upon as that of one of the foulest monsters that ever defiled the air with his breath. But it is surely evident that he believed implicitly. Thousands who possessed most of his means of perceiving the imposture, but who were exposed to the same contagion of terror and credulity, partook his belief. Some, and able men too,† in England, who had

\* Samuel Johnson has the same expression, on much the same subject, and makes it intelligible:—

"They who allow their passions to confound the distinctions between right and wrong are *criminal*. They may be convinced; but they have not come *honestly by their conviction*."

† The famous Richard Baxter edited an English edition of Cotton Mather's "Discourse" on witchcraft, on which occasion the great Puritan declared

no interest, either of profit or vanity, in maintaining the delusion, subscribed to it entirely. But if Mr. Bancroft is merely asserting that Mather's credulity, though real, was not free from guilt, inasmuch as a high degree of conscientiousness would have preserved him from it, we fear he cannot be gainsayed. We know that it is a fashionable doctrine—that a sincere conviction of the justifiableness of an act exonerates the actor from just blame; but this opinion appears to us so far from being a sound, that it is scarcely a rational one.\* Every sentiment we entertain, every opinion we harbour, nay every idea that accosts us, imposes a measure of responsibility. But especially should we, when the nature of the moot point is such that our decision may affect others, take care to search out on which side our interest lies, that we may throw into the opposite scale the counterpoise of a just suspicion. Now it is here, as it seems to us, that Cotton Mather was culpable. A man much less fond, than he confessedly was, of power and distinction, would be unable to maintain indifference to the rich food for vanity and ambition which a prominent part in this persecution supplied; and an absolutely honest man would have endeavoured to redress this inevitable bias by more jealous deliberation. Did Cotton Mather evince a desire to guard against his own partiality by any thing like reluctance to entertain evidence on the side of his

that the evidence is strong enough to convince all "but a very obdurate Sadducee."

\* Jeremy Taylor long ago summed up this matter:—"Friar Clement, the Jacobin, thinks it lawful to kill the king; the poor *demoiselle* Fanchette thinks it unlawful to spit in the Church; but it happened one day that she did it *against her conscience*; and the friar *with his conscience* and a long knife killed the king. If the question be here, *who sinned most*: the disparity is infinite; and the poor woman was to be *chidden for doing against her conscience*, and the friar to be *hanged for doing according to his*."

A corollary from the absurd notion (which the above delicious parallel has not really sufficed to abolish) is, that to call attention to the crimes of men famous for their religion, is an almost impious thing. We must here again borrow the club of a giant. Dr. Johnson says:—"That writer may justly be condemned as an enemy to goodness who suffers fondness or interest to confound right with wrong, or to shelter the faults, which even the wisest and best have committed, from that ignominy which guilt ought *always* to suffer, and with which it should be *more deeply* stigmatized when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncommon worth; since we shall be in danger of beholding it without abhorrence, unless its turpitude be laid open, and the eye secured from the deception of surrounding splendour." And old Oliver's remark may here be not quite irrelevant:—"A man's great zeal for religion no more warrants the guilty acts he may in his zeal commit; than his own assertion, that he is moved solely by zeal for God proves that he is so."—*Cromwell's Rebuke to the Scotch Clergy*.

interest? or by an anxiety to give full weight to the opposite arguments? Quite the contrary. He was absolutely intolerant of opposition, not only on the subject of the reality of modern witchcraft, but of the guilt of particular accused persons. "In short, he was credulous, because he wished and tried to believe, and succeeded.

Yet, though Cotton Mather was not innocent in this matter, and though the consequences of his conduct were most shocking, it by no means follows that he was hypocritical in his professed devotion to religion. It may be pretended that, if his Christianity had been of the watchful, zealous, uncompromising kind he would have had it thought, it must have preserved him from such faults. But this severe dogma appears to be contradicted by every day's experience, and to be not necessarily correct even in theory. Many a literary man spells like a washerwoman without having any definite repugnance to orthography. Doubtless he fell deplorably, but less from a voluntary lapse than because he trusted that he stood immovably firm. In short we concede to his enemies that Cotton Mather is another of many instances of a prayerful and devoted Christian becoming culpably concerned in enormous crimes; but we readily acknowledge to his friends, that his printed works, his private diary, and the general tenour of his long and active life prove that men neither humble, nor averse to severity, may be quite remarkable among their species for zeal for God, beneficence to men, and solicitude for their own souls.

Cotton Mather died in all the assurance of faith on the 13th Feb. 1729.

It would be too presumptuous to pronounce upon Cotton Mather's writings from such an imperfect acquaintance with them as we can alone boast. Indeed, his only works of which we have read the whole are "The Essays to Do Good," and the "Magnalia." On these, however, we *have* acquired the right to say a word or two. They bear, certainly, on their very front, proofs of the credulity and vanity as well as the learning and piety of their author; but the feeling with which we rise from their perusal is, on the whole, respect, if not admiration. They are at any rate readable—a quality which the present age cannot afford to despise. There is a buoyancy of self-satisfaction in Cotton Mather's treatment of the heaviest and most common-place subject, which makes us gratefully forgive his extravagance of eulogy and insolence of censure: as for his self-praise itself, and the ineffable conceit of his humility, we get quite comfortable over it—it

is impossible to quarrel with such a man. Then his topics are for the most part highly entertaining. Few children, from five years upwards, but would desert "Jack the Giant-killer" or "Aladdin" for the more thrilling pages of the *Liber Memorabilium*, which forms the 6th book of his "Magnalia." This part of that work, reprinted in a somewhat modernized garb, would, we are sure, have immense success amongst our rising generation, or in such rustic places of England as may have defended their love of marvels and spectres, of prodigies and judgments, against the invasion of railroads and art-unions. But there are things in the Magnalia of which it would be unpardonable presumption to speak thus flippantly. There is much that is highly excellent—something that might be of use to many a reader, to many a critic. Missionaries, especially in this country, might derive advantage from some of the sagacious suggestions contained in the long and interesting account of John Eliot (in the 3rd book of the Magnalia) and from the appeal which follows it; whilst of the "Essays to Do Good," it may be truly said that they are well-named. Even the composition of this little work may deserve exemption from the unfavorable opinion we have above expressed of Cotton Mather's English style. Some of his contemporaries in England wrote with full as much pedantry and stiffness as these Essays betray; whilst these occasionally reach a strength, and pointedness, and aptness in quotation, nearer to Bacon than to Burnet. The only instance of Cotton Mather's besetting credulity that occurs in them (Preface, p. 19) shall form, as being also an unfavorable sample of his style, the conclusion of our notice.

"The author is very strongly persuaded that, there is a day very near at hand when books of such tendency as this will be the most welcome thing imaginable to many thousands of readers, and have more than one edition. Yea, great will be the army of them that publish them! MDCCXVI. is coming!

"A vast variety of new ways to do good will be invented; paths which no fowl of best flight at noble designs has yet known; and which the vulture's most piercing eye hath not yet seen; and where the lions of strongest resolution have never passed."

## IV.

## THE BENARES SANSKRIT COLLEGE.

THE work of Education has been in no time or place an easy one. Experience proves that many persons who assume the office of public instructors are but indifferently qualified for the task. It is true that the defects of the teacher are, as regards the upper ranks, in a great measure supplied by those other influences to which his pupils are open. The intelligence which pervades that portion of society is imperceptibly communicated to the young who breathe its atmosphere. Defects in the teacher's skill and method are, however, more prejudicial in the case of pupils drawn from the lower orders, in proportion to the lack of those counterbalancing advantages out of school, of which their position in society deprives them.

But if skill and science are so important to the efficiency of an English teacher instructing English children, it is obvious that the same qualities must be even more essential in the case of the European instructor who has to deal with Indian youths. The English teacher and his English pupils are influenced to a great degree by the same moral and social training. The same manners, customs, habits, idioms, language, and imagery are common to both. Both worship the same God, revere the same sacred writings, love the same country, venerate the same great names, and cherish the same historical recollections. In the case of the European teacher of Indian scholars, all these conditions are reversed. Manners, customs, religion, and national feelings all tend to separate the one from the other. In these circumstances, it must be difficult to create a real and efficient sympathy between the parties. The pupils may be overawed by authority, or attracted by the kindness of their teacher; or those of a maturer age may be incited to diligence in their studies by the prospects of advancement which proficiency in the studies opens up: but in ordinary cases, they must be far from feeling that sympathy for their foreign teacher and enthusiasm for his instructions, which would conduce so powerfully to their progress in knowledge. The more a teacher can succeed in inspiring his pupils with this sympathy and this enthusiasm, the more efficient, *ceteris paribus*, must his labours prove. These remarks apply with considerable force to those numerous institutions in which the pupils are taught English; but they apply with still greater force to institutions such as that which forms the subject

of this paper. How needful is it that the head of such a seminary should possess the skill to touch every spring in the minds of his pupils, by which their attention and interest may be excited and maintained.

The Benares Sanskrit College was established by the Government, and opened in 1791, at the period when the Benares province was administered by Mr. Jonathan Duncan, and if we mistake not, on that gentleman's suggestion. The object of its institution was, partly, to preserve and revive the ancient and sacred literature of the Hindus.\* This object, properly regarded, we consider to be in itself a proper and laudable one. It is necessary that those who seek to develop in the most perfect manner the mind of any nation should be acquainted with that nation's mental history as exhibited in the course of its literature. It is also highly expedient that every people should be instructed through the medium of its own national literature, so far as that literature may be sound and useful. It is nothing more than the natural course of things that the inhabitants of every country should be nourished with the intellectual products of their own land, which, except in so far as they are mingled with any deleterious elements, must be at least more acceptable, if not better fitted for the development of their powers, than any supplies of exotic growth. It is, further, of the greatest consequence that a language so copious and polished as the Sanskrit, should be extensively cultivated with a view to the improvement of those vernacular dialects, of which it is in so great a degree the parent.

But while, on these and similar grounds, we would strongly advocate the cultivation of Sanskrit literature, we think that the manner in which during the first half century of its existence, the ponderous machinery of the Benares College was brought to bear upon this object, is not such as will now find many supporters.† The system pursued for the greater part of this long period was one which permitted native ideas to take their own course to their own ends, without any attempt

\* See the quotation in the next note for a *full* statement of the objects of the institution.

† "The Benares Sanskrit College, according to the letter of Mr. Duncan, the Resident at Benares, dated 24th December, 1798, was founded, 'for the cultivation of the laws, literature, and (as inseparably connected with the two former) religion of the Hindoos.' The discipline of the College to be conformable in all respects to the Dharma Sastra in the chapter on education. The 2nd book of Menu contains the whole system of discipline.

"These terms appear to contain the germ of nothing beyond the conciliating of the natives of India, by paying a graceful compliment to their lan-

to impress on them a more salutary direction. The pupils were instructed by the Pundits of the institution in precisely the same branches of learning which the latter would have taught, if unconnected with Government. The sound and unsound portions of Hindu learning were equally inculcated. Not only did grammar, with the partially sound Ptolemaic astronomy of the Siddhantas, the subtle logic of the Nyaya, and the elegant though fantastic poetry of Kalidasa and his followers, form subjects of instruction; but the pantheism of the Vedanta, the atheism of the Sankhya, and the absurdities of judicial astrology (so rich a source of gain to the initiated Brahman) were inculcated with equal authority.

It is however a problem of much difficulty to lay down the principles on which such an institution should be reformed; and to reconstruct it on such a basis as to carry out the objects in view. The Pundits, who must be the instruments of any such changes, as well as the students who are to be the subjects of any improved system of instruction, are both of them naturally and strongly prejudiced in favour of their ancestral learning, which, as they conceive, admits of no improvement. It is this learning which gains them all their estimation in native society, and by this "craft that they have their wealth." Even the partial substitution of any foreign novelty must therefore be distasteful to them. But, at the same time, we must recollect that they form a class whom, from their high estimation and influence among the whole Hindu community, it is in the highest degree important to enlighten and improve, and most of all at Benares, the chief seat and centre of their intellectual and spiritual power. This task, therefore, should not be abandoned before it has had a fair trial under the most favourable circumstances, and with the best appliances we can command, and has been found impracticable. We shall now see what has been attempted of late, and with what success.

The new system of combining some instruction in European science and knowledge with native learning, had been for some time, we believe, contemplated, but scarcely any thing had been done, when the College was transferred from the superintendence of the General Committee of Public

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guage and literature, and of perhaps providing better educated Pundits to act as legal counsellors than could otherwise have been always met with. For many years all the efforts of the various gentlemen who took an interest in the College, appear to have been directed to the increasing of its efficiency in these respects."—*Dr. Ballantyne's report for 1846, pp. 34, 35, of the Gen. Report on the Educatr. N. W. P., for 1846-47.*

Instruction in Calcutta, to that of the Government of the N. W. Provinces. It is not our intention to narrate all the steps by which the improved system has been introduced. Suffice it to say, that instruction still continues to be given in all the branches of Hindu learning in which it had been previously communicated, with the exception of astrology. The same native professors who teach the astronomy of the Siddhantas, used also to teach this gainful system of superstition; and their classes were in consequence well attended. As soon as they were forbidden to teach astrology, the number of their pupils became suddenly and greatly decreased. Even now, instruction is given on several systems of theology, philosophy, and ceremonial law, which contain as much error as truth. These are the Vedanta, a system of pantheistic doctrine; the Sankhya, which, in one of its modifications (that of Kapila), not only maintains the eternity of matter, but its spontaneous evolution, independently of any plastic agency on the part of the Supreme Spirit; and Hindu law, which is not only a body of jurisprudence, but prescribes all the superstitious ceremonies of the Brahminical religion. The Nyaya system itself is not a mere system of logic, but lays down many principles of metaphysics and physics, of which not a few, such as the tenet of the eternity of matter, and other dogmas relating to the composition of material bodies, are erroneous. It is now time, however, that we should see what has been done by the present Principal, Dr. Ballantyne, in improving the system of tuition in the College under his charge.

The leading feature of Dr. Ballantyne's system is to instruct the Sanskrit students through the medium of what is found in their own philosophical books, and, where that fails, by casting European knowledge, as much as possible, into the moulds furnished by the indigenous literature. The first part of this scheme is not new, as regards its principle; but the application of this principle has been greatly extended; and this, of itself, constitutes no inconsiderable title to originality. It is well known that the late Mr. Lancelot Wilkinson, formerly Political Agent at Sehore, in Malwa, made very successful use of the Hindu astronomical works called Siddhantas, in inculcating sound ideas of the system of the Universe, in opposition to the absurd cosmography of the Puranas. The Siddhantas, it is true, fall short of the truth, and in some respects teach what is absolutely false, being the work of men who had advanced no farther than the Ptolemaic system; but their rational and scientific views



are prodigiously in advance of the puerilities of the Puranas ; and Mr. Wilkinson found that when the native astronomical student had mastered the principles of the Siddhantas, a foundation was laid on which he was led to build the further truths which the Copernican system teaches in refutation and supercession of the older theory.\* The step in advance which Dr. Ballantyne has taken, is to recognize whatever is true in the metaphysical philosophy of the Hindus, (as embodied in the six systems entitled, in Sanskrit, Darsanas) and especially in the system entitled the Nyaya ; to indicate its correspondences, so far as these exist, with the various branches of European philosophy, and the points wherein the defects or errors of the former are supplied or corrected by the latter ; and thus, by a method of conciliation, both soothing and rational, to allay opposition, disarm prejudice, and lead on the willing pupil to embrace truth in all its purity and fulness. The kindly spirit, the chastened enthusiasm, the laborious research, the fertility of resource, the ingenuity of illustration, and the variety of application with which Dr. Ballantyne carries out the details of a design, for the prosecu-

\* The following account of the success of Mr. Wilkinson's efforts is copied from an able Minute by Mr. D. F. McLeod, one of the members of the Local Committee of Education at Benares.

5. The first, and perhaps the only occasion, on which, in so far as I know, views more or less similar had been laid before the Indian public, was in 1834, when the late Mr. Wilkinson, then Political Agent at Sehoré, published in the October No. of the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*, a paper recommending, and giving some account of the efforts he had made to employ, as a means of conveying correct mathematical and astronomical instruction, the Siddhantas of the Hindoos, accompanying the recital with a statement of his views on the subject generally—and to this paper, in connection with this subject, as now happily revived under circumstances I trust much more auspicious, I would invite attention.

6. The secluded position of that gentleman, afforded to but few the opportunity of witnessing the results of his able, enthusiastic, and most philanthropic exertions, and as I was myself one of these few, and for a period of five years, circumstances threw me frequently into contact with him, I can assert of my own knowledge, that the effects of the system adopted by him, were in a manner electrical. The most inveterate Pundits were won over in a manner truly surprising ; one of them, who had been engaged to read the Poorâns to an assembly of Hindoos, avowed in my presence that he could not have the face to read before him the chapter treating of the fabulous creation and form of the earth and heavenly bodies. Two of their number wrote treatises in Hindec and Mahratti, on the comparison of the Copernican, Ptolemaic, and Siddhantic systems ; all who could obtain the privilege of access appeared anxious to co-operate ; learned discussions by letter arose upon "the new philosophy" between them and the Pundits of Benares, Nagpûr, Puna, and other places ; and a large part of Malwa and Central India, including some of the children and dependents of the petty native chiefs of those parts, appeared to be flocking in for instruction, attracted by the rising fame of the Junta at Sehoré, when the lamented death of Mr. Wilkinson virtually terminated the undertaking in its-bud.

tion of which his signal metaphysical acumen so well qualifies him, is truly admirable. Dr. Ballantyne's singular fitness for his very peculiar labours is the more remarkable that he entered on his office at a mature age; and commenced with, we believe, no very profound knowledge of Sanscrit literature. His views, as is natural in such circumstances, have been continually receiving new developments,—so far at least as their application goes,—as a gradually enlarging acquaintance with the Hindu systems, and further experience and reflection have led him onwards.

We must now give some account of Dr. Ballantyne's method of procedure, as explained in his own report for 1848, which is largely cited in the General Report published by Government, N. W. P.

After giving some specimens, translated into English, of the examination questions proposed to the Sanscrit students on the Vedanta, Sankhya and Nyaya philosophies, which in several most important points are at variance with each other, and are, nevertheless, all studied by orthodox Brahmins, the Principal makes the following remarks on the singular absence of independent thought in young men who are habituated to thread with interest and intelligence the most subtle mazes of metaphysics :

67. Before presenting any other questions, it may be well to make some remarks on these. One of the first reflections likely to be suggested by a perusal of these questions is this, that the pupils are taught by one Pundit to establish, of course by irresistible arguments, positions which the Pundit in the next lecture-room teaches him to assail and carry by arguments equally irresistible; and this reflection naturally suggests two questions—does not this keep the Sanscrit College in a state of feud? and what is the state of the student's mind after he has gone through the incongruous curriculum? The first question is easily answered. Provided the pupil reads with a given teacher, that teacher seems to have not the slightest objection to his reading with any of the other teachers. With the view of determining, in some measure, the result of the course of discipline on the minds of the students, I proposed to the senior students the following question.

68. "As the three systems of philosophy which you have studied in the College professedly dispute each other's positions, and cannot therefore all be entirely in the right, tell me whether you adopt any one of them to the exclusion of the others; or, provided you really have formed any opinion of your own at all, whether you adopt, eclectically, something from each."

69. The answers were generally to the effect that all the three systems were reconcilable with Scripture, and that what appeared in any of them to be a deviation from the truth, was in reality only an accommodation to the weakness of the human understanding, which renders it necessary in the first instance to communicate the truth under the garb of error; just as a mother, in pointing out the moon to her child,

speaks of it as the shining circle at the end of her finger, which is intelligible to the child, while the mention of its being distant by thousands of leagues would have hopelessly bewildered him. This is plausible; but the habit of viewing the same assertion as true at one moment and false the next, has apparently helped to lead to the existing remarkable indifference as to what is true in itself. Truth, under such circumstances, becomes a matter of taste, concerning which "non est disputandum," except in so far as this disputation may furnish matter of amusement or display.

Dr. Ballantyne then proceeds to give his views of the way in which the Hindu systems may be turned to account in the work of soundly educating those who are familiar with them.

We are not here enquiring into these curious philosophical systems as a mere matter of curiosity. The question of questions in regard to them is here—how, and how far, they are capable of being turned to account.

70. Of the three leading schools, the *Vedanta*, the *Sankhya*, and the *Nyaya*, the first, being an attempt to reconcile Hindoo Scripture with Philosophy, obviously, does not promise much to aid us. The second is as nearly as possible a system of Nihilism, though its advocates protest against imputing that character to it. It contains much that is ingenious, and not a little (as Professor Wilson and others have shown) that has been only recently excogitated in Europe. But as a system, it tends to nothing that we can have any interest in promoting. We cannot make its plan, therefore, the ground-work of any curriculum of our own. The *Nyaya*, on the other hand, is a very fair, and in some respects admirable attempt on the part of certain speculative philosophers, who had made perhaps as many observations and experiments, as they had opportunities of making, to present a complete and consistent physical as well as metaphysical theory of the universe. Of this system, therefore, I have chiefly made use, in laying the foundations of an attempt to present to the students of the Sanscrit College an equally comprehensive view of the universe, divested of those errors in their own *Nyaya* which modern observation and experiment have shewn to be such, and giving somewhat of its due prominence to the physical departments of science, which were much less prominent in the original exposition of the *Nyaya* doctrine than its metaphysics, to which the physics were entirely subordinated, as they have ever since remained. While their system professes to embrace the universe, it really neglects all that forms the subject-matter of the physical sciences; and consequently its professors look down with self-complacent superiority upon the cultivators of physical science, and with indifference upon its results. The case of astronomy presents only an apparent exception to this rule, for it is for astrological purposes alone that the bulk of the Brahmins value astronomy. Here as in other departments the knowledge that they have, furnishes too often the main obstacle to their acquiring more. But this is only an additional reason why we should take care to ascertain what it is they have; for whatever they possess of truth, will remain an obstacle, until we make it an ally.

The following observations exhibit Dr. Ballantyne's accurate appreciation of the present condition of the Hindu

mind among the learned class, and the ingenious and philosophical methods which he applies to awaken dormant curiosity and interest, by touching some hidden spring accessible only to the initiated. The italics are ours.

71. The Hindoo mind, for a long period, has been in what Whewell calls the "commentatorial stage," a stage in which originality is forbidden and shunned. This would seem to present one of the occasions when a just appreciation of the history of an analogous period may be fairly expected to throw light upon the prospect of the future, on its undesirable probabilities, and its more desirable possibilities, possible only if they be properly anticipated. To this consideration I shall have occasion to revert. In continuation of the purely Sanscrit portion of the examination, I subjoin some of the questions on Grammar, Rhetoric, Law, Mathematics and Astronomy. An inspection of these will show that there is here occasion not so much for the Baconian Instruments intended to "originate motion," as for those that "direct" it when once originated—the centripetal force, or wooden yoke, of dogmatic authority, having long since converted, what at the outset was onward progress, into the narrow yet interminable orbit of an ox in an oil-mill.

83. Being curious to see what the students would make of a case for which they could find no precedent in their law-books, I proposed the case which Reid cites as an example of an insoluble dilemma,—of the sophist Protagoras and his scholar.\* Just as I expected, they tried it by every one of their technical rules in succession, never doubting, but that one or other of them must fit.

\* As what follows here will not be fully intelligible to those who do not happen to know what the exact case proposed, was, we give it from Dr. Reid's "Brief account of Aristotle's Logic, p. 704, of Sir W. Hamilton's Edition of Reid's works.

"Enathlus, a rich young man, desirous of learning the art of pleading, applied to Protagoras, a celebrated sophist, to instruct him, promising a great sum of money as his reward; one-half of which was paid down; the other half he bound himself to pay as soon as he should plead a cause before the judges, and gain it. Protagoras found him a very apt scholar; but, after he had made good progress, he was in no haste to plead causes. The master, conceiving that he intended by this means to shift off his second payment, took, as he thought, a sure method to get the better of his delay. He sued Enathlus before the judges; and having opened his cause at the bar, he pleaded to this purpose: 'O most foolish young man, do you not see that, in any event, I must gain my point! for if the judges give sentence for me, you must pay by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is fulfilled, and you have no plea left for your delay, after having pleaded and gained a cause.' To which Enathlus answered: 'O most wise master, I might have avoided the force of your argument, by not pleading my own cause. But giving up this advantage, do you not see that whatever sentence the judges pass, I am safe! If they give sentence for me, I am acquitted by their sentence; if against me, the condition of our bargain is not fulfilled, by my pleading a cause, and losing it.' The judges, thinking the arguments unanswerable on both sides, put off the cause to a long day."

We add Sir W. Hamilton's annotation.

84. When they found, to their great surprise, that this was not the case, they betook themselves to the unusual task of unaided thought; and whilst one decided that the judge must decree in favor of the pupil, another said that he must decree in favor of the master, and a third that he had better dismiss the case without giving any opinion on the matter, which last is the resolution that the Greek judges are related to have come to. The law Pundit, to whom these opinions were submitted, took two days to consider the case, which he also tried in vain by his body of rules which never had failed him before. At this he made no secret of his admiration, but at last he hit upon a solution not uncreditable in my opinion to his sagacity, viz., that the pupil was decidedly entitled to a verdict in his favor, and that then this would furnish good ground for a new action in which the teacher must needs gain his point. I mention this as illustrating (what I wish I could illustrate by instances of a characterless slight) *the lively and salutary excitement which may be created among the Pundits when any thing that they really take an interest in, is presented to them in such a way as to compel them to step out of the beaten track.* Unfortunately, in regard to those subjects respecting which their knowledge is most defective, the difficulty is to get them to take any real interest at all. The method which I have found to answer best, is *to take as a starting point some established point in their own philosophy, and to show how the philosophers of Europe have followed up the enquiry.*

85. For example, I found that the Pundits entertained a very low opinion of the European Logic, some account of which had been supplied to them from the popular work of Abercrombie. On this subject I perceived that all my explanations were thrown away, until it occurred to me to enquire carefully *whether the knowledge of my hearers did not stop short at some point between which and the knowledge that I wished to communicate, there remained some gap to be filled up, before they could discern that the one was but the continuation of the other.* The result was extremely satisfactory. The Pundits, gratified by the admission that their own view of the process of inference is correct, so far as it goes, laid aside their jealous hostility, which was succeeded by lively curiosity to know how the thing could be carried further—and thus was obtained, what was wanted, an unprejudiced hearing for what was to be brought forward. It is worth noticing that, the very apparatus of technical rules—the “barbara celarent,” &c., which now repels so many in Europe, was hailed at once as an earnest of there being something valuable in the treatise shown to them. The contrivance of significant vowels and indicatory consonants was at once recognized as akin to that of Panini in his institutes of Sanscrit Grammar, and the fact that the system had been matured more than two thousand years ago, invested it with another charm in their eyes.

86. These things appear to be worth bearing in mind, for they would seem to indicate that the likeliest way to get the Pundits to lend an unhostile ear to what we have got to say, is to lead them from the very

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“This story is, by the Greek authors, generally told of the Rhetorician Corax (Crow) and his pupil Tisias. The puzzled judges, in lieu of a decision on the case, angrily pronounced of plaintiff and defendant—*Κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ὄν* (*plaguy egg of a plaguy crow!*). Hence the proverb.”

What a nut this for our Sudder judges to crack!

*point to which their correct knowledge has attained, as much as possible, by the steps which the European mind itself took in reaching its present conclusions after starting from an analogous point.* For example, having secured the attention of a set of Pundits to the Aristotelian Logic, and having thereby gained something of additional respect in their eyes, I explained to them the design and character of the *Novum Organon*, and pointed out which division of their own philosophy,—a division avowedly the least satisfactory of all as hitherto treated by their own authors,—is represented by this great work. I have found no work the general description of which has more excited the curiosity of the most intelligent of my Pundit auditors than this. Of the way in which we are making use of it, I shall have to speak when narrating the studies of the Anglo-Sanscrit class. Bacon himself, though as a classic he will always be read, yet is out of date in Europe as the actual guide in scientific investigation. The employment of his own instrument has enabled subsequent enquiries to detect his own deviations from the right track of discovery: but this very fact, if it be carefully kept in view and properly made use of, gives additional value to his writings as an instrument for promoting the intellectual advancement of India.

87. It is rather a novelty in the Sanscrit College to find a competition among the Vidyarthis for the loan of the Library copy of "Whately's Logic." For some time previously, in consequence of Bāpū Deva's "Mathematical Instructions," "Euclid," "Hall," "Peacock," &c., have been in such request, that I have had again and again to listen, with apparent sympathy, and extreme inward satisfaction, to the complaints of my estimable coadjutor the Head Master, to the effect that the mathematical book-stores of the English Department are plundered by the intruders of the Sanscrit College in a way that is most irregular and inconvenient; for he cannot ask for a mathematical book without being told that some Pundit or other has got it. Would that it were so in every branch of science in which we have hitherto outstripped our keen-witted Brahmanic brethren.

The quiet humour of para. 87, where the Principal describes the Head Master's dismay and his own delight at the eager demand for books on English Algebra, is inimitable.

The citations above given refer to Dr. Ballantyne's manner of dealing with the Brahminical students to whom Sanscrit forms the chief object of study, and some of whom have only been induced to read English by his persuasion. The following paragraphs, on the other hand, refer to the more miscellaneous class of Hindu youths, whose primary study is English, but whom the Principal has sought to introduce to such a knowledge of the Hindu philosophy as shall enable them to judge sufficiently of its character, and prevent their being awed by the pretensions of the Pundits, from the necessity of holding "*omne ignotum pro magnifico.*"

42. It is a fact to be lamented that the advanced scholars of the English and of the Sanscrit Colleges, though speaking the same Vernacular, are mutually unintelligible when the conversation turns on the subject of their studies. The technical terms with which they are

respectively familiar, being the product of opposite theories, are not convertible by one who is not conversant with both. The consequence is, that the Pundits, in full reliance upon a dogmatic, and as they think, inspired philosophy, which has stood the discussion (such as it has yet encountered) of centuries, look with calm superiority on the pretensions of a more modest philosophy, which avows that it is only progressing towards perfection which it cannot hope to reach. Whilst on the other hand, our English students, struck by the imposing methodical completeness of the Brahmanic systems, which they cannot comprehend in detail, and bewildered in every attempt to cope with the dialectical subtlety of the Pundits, who, they see perfectly, though unintelligible to the English student, are quite intelligible to each other, become possessed by an uneasy feeling, that there is more, if they could but come at it, in the Sanscrit philosophy than is dreamt of in ours. Hence comes the apparent anomaly that a man who can expound the Newtonian astronomy consults his astrologer with the same deference as the most ignorant villager; and confusedly believes in his heart, what the Jesuit editors of the "Principia" only professed with their lips, that the earth stands still, though the hypothesis of its motion may suffice to account for the phenomena. Hence it is also, that although acquainted with the theory of eclipses, and able to calculate them by European formulae, he would not on any account neglect to perform the ceremonies ordained for the purpose of helping the luminary out of the jaws of his mythological enemy, the trunkless demon of the ascending node. The only way to remedy this, is to put such a one in a position to judge for himself by making him sufficiently well acquainted with both sides of the case. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that a decision in our favour carries tenfold moral force with it when it is known that the person so deciding knows not merely what he embraces, but also, thoroughly, what he deliberately abandons.

43. With the view of enabling the students of the English department to meet half way the Sanscrit students who have begun the study of English, two steps were taken during the past year. The one was the preparation of an English commented version of the Sanscrit School Grammar (the *Laghu Kaumadi*), an edition of which, with a Hindee version and references, is being printed for the use of the Sanscrit College, at the expense of the Delhi Vernacular society. The other was the delivery of a set of lectures on the *Nyaya* Philosophy.

49. In the lectures on the *Nyaya* above adverted to, the text-book adopted was the brief compendium of the system entitled the *Tarka Sangraha*. I took sentence by sentence, first giving the original (which my hearers were able partly to understand), then a translation; and then a commentary, pointing out the correspondence of each part to the several divisions of European Science, and noticing anything analogous in the speculations of antiquity that occurred to me as likely to do good, either by showing that the same truths had been hit upon, or the same errors for a time adhered to, *out of India as well as in it*.

50. These lectures were listened to with marked interest, the subject being one which the students are ambitious of understanding—one which can easily be made clear to them with the aid of explanation in English,—and one which the Pundits have not the most distant conception of the possibility of explaining in an exoteric fashion. Just in the same way, the Pundits not only (as I mentioned in the Report for 1846) shook their heads at the idea of giving the Sanscrit Grammar

in simple Hindee, but denied that it was practicable. Now that that work has been partly executed, and partly printed, they declare that the edition will save a world of trouble to the rising generation.

The following estimate of Dr. Ballantyne's labours is from the pen of Mr. D. F. McLeod, member of the Local Committee of Public Instruction at Benares, and an able and zealous promoter of native improvement. We quote from his minute as given in the General Report.

1. Most cordially do I hope that this Report may receive the earnest attention, which it appears to me eminently to deserve; \* \* \* \* \* more especially as in conjunction with those which have immediately preceded it, it develops the principles and gradual progress (in its application) of what I believe may be considered as an almost entirely novel theory of education, as applied to India, or any other nation similarly circumstanced in respect to its instructors, or at all events one, which in one important respect differs greatly from that which prevails in our other educational Institutions generally.

2. Those who have heretofore had the direction of Educational measures in this country—whether on the part of individuals, associations, or the Government, appear to have acted for the most part on the principle of regarding the Hindoo mind, for all practical purposes, as a "tabula rasa" in respect to any pre-conceived ideas, and pre-established system of literature, philosophy, or science, either useful, valuable in themselves, or esteemed such by the people with whom we have to deal: and the effects of this appear to me to have been highly prejudicial in many ways; as I think a survey of the general results at our presidencies, as well as elsewhere, will satisfy most candid observers.

3. It has tended to segregate from the mass of their countrymen the élèves of our Schools and Colleges; and these, finding that they have no longer ideas in common with those of their brethren who have not been similarly educated, but are rather contemned by a large portion of them, at the same time that they are conscious of being more favorably regarded by the members of the ruling nation, and more nearly assimilating to them in sentiments, have very generally evinced a disposition to regard the former with contempt, and to imitate the least commendable of the peculiarities of the latter; a self-sufficient assumption of superiority taking the place of the humility, which a mere entrance within the portals of the vast field of knowledge might be expected to produce. It has also greatly incapacitated these youths for the task of communicating to their countrymen the knowledge which they have themselves acquired, even if other circumstances favored the endeavour; so that except to whatever extent circumstances may in any locality have given extension to the direct study of English, little or no progress has as yet been made towards inoculating the mass with the knowledge of the west; and lastly, it has entirely repelled from us, by wounding their self-esteem and pride of learning, those classes who possess, and who, except their position be more stratagetically stormed, I doubt not will long continue to possess, almost unbounded influence over the large majority of the nation.

4. How all this may be reversed; how the student of the European school may be brought to understand, appreciate, and sympathize with the oriental scholar, and the latter with the former; how the



analogous or identical truths of the systems respectively pursued by each may be traced out and established as common starting-points; and how the learned amongst our subjects may be conciliated and gradually won over to our cause, and their great erudition and philosophical training brought to bear with effect and power upon the researches which we most value, and they themselves led, by attaining to an apprehension of our views, ultimately to acknowledge our superiority; all this is, I apprehend, exhibited with rare ability, in the accompanying report, and the manner in which these views have, to a certain extent, been already carried out, most satisfactorily shown; and surely such considerations, affecting the very foundations of at least one of the systems of education to be pursued by us, cannot be regarded by any, and least of all by the members of our Committee, as matters unimportant or immaterial. For myself, I regard it as an honor to participate in the work of promoting them.

Dr. Ballantyne has published a number of valuable works for the use of the College, of which we cannot give an account in detail. We shall however mention the chief of them. One is the Vidyā Chakra, or Circle of the Sciences, of which four parts have appeared, and which is intended to furnish the Sanscrit students with a brief synopsis of the whole field of European science. Translations (with the text) of the Tattwa Samāsa, a Sankhya text-book, and of the Tarka Sangraha, a Manual of the Nyaya philosophy, have also been printed by Dr. Ballantyne, "with the view of introducing the pupils in the English department of the Benares College to the philosophical terminology current among their learned fellow-countrymen the pandits." Another work of great utility executed by the Principal is, an English version of the Laghu Kaumudi (a Sanskrit Grammar), the value of which will be estimated by those who are aware what a laborious task it is to master what may be called the algebraical formulæ, which represent the rules of Sanskrit Grammar. Of this two parts have appeared. A Hindee version of the same Grammar is in progress, which will greatly facilitate the study to native students. We shall also doubtless have soon to welcome other and perhaps even more valuable results of Dr. Ballantyne's ability and research in the several departments of Hindu philosophy.

Dr. Ballantyne is thus, if we may be allowed the figure, engaged in rearing an intellectual structure in the Hindu style of architecture—indigenous forms and indigenous materials being to certain extent retained, while they are further developed into greater elegance, fairer proportions, and more massive firmness, and at the same time ample halls and shapely niches are prepared to receive all the garniture with which Oriental subtlety or Occidental power of

thought may eventually enrich them. We had, a few years ago, indulged the fond vision that a material building of a corresponding character would have been constructed for the reception of the Government institution, and the permanent abode of the renascent science and literature of the Hindu Athens. We imagined,—and our view was confirmed by the opinion of a late Engineer Officer of well known taste in architecture,—that the elements of the Hindu style would have admitted of being combined and developed in a form suitable to the object of the proposed structure. The employment of Hindu architectural forms in new and improved combinations would, we considered, have been at once a graceful concession to Hindu national feeling, in the most appropriate spot, and perhaps also the means of calling forth the Hindu taste for art in a congenial and natural direction.

This fondly cherished vision has been doomed to disappointment; and a stately Gothic structure has now arisen as the superb but uncongenial abode of the Hindu Minerva. Such an opportunity having been lost, we can only hope that, at some not very distant date, when Christianity has begun to number among her converts the rich, the learned, and the scientific of the Indian metropolis, native genius may turn to the indigenous style to supply the elements of design for the construction of ecclesiastical edifices: for why should the Gothic style be imposed on those to whom it is not native, and who may be able to develop a Christian art of their own?

While we hail in Dr. Ballantyne's teaching and labours a propædæutic discipline, well calculated, as we humbly conceive, with the Divine blessing, to prepare the minds of the learned Hindus, and, through them, of the rest of the people, for the reception of Christianity;—we may be allowed, (without disparagement to the many excellent and devoted Missionaries who are now engaged in the conflict with heathenism), to express an earnest wish that we had many among the direct propagators of Christian truth who were fitted equally with Dr. Ballantyne, (or in some degree approaching him,) to command the respect and admiration of learned Hindus, by their knowledge of Sanskrit literature, and their grasp of Hindu philosophy. We willingly concede the far superior sway exerted over men's minds by moral power, arising from earnest zeal and devoted goodness, compared with mere intellectual accomplishment. But we can see no reason whatever why we should not seek to have both combined

in the case of a few of the heralds of the Cross, especially in the very citadel of the trident-bearing Siva the Destroyer. We believe that now no prejudice exists against bringing all the resources of learning and disciplined reason to bear on the bulwarks of false religion. If any such prejudice did exist, it might not be difficult to vindicate such a course from the reproach of savouring of the "wisdom of words," and "of this world," which the Apostle so strongly denounces; and to shew that it rather comes under the category of "being made all things to all men," and of "pleasing our neighbour for his good to edification," which the same Apostle as distinctly enjoins.

We have but one word to add, to guard ourselves against the risk of being supposed the advocates of any particular and exclusive system of native education. The task we proposed to ourselves was, to give an account of the interesting and meritorious labours of Dr. Ballantyne in a very peculiar sphere. Benares, however, does not constitute the whole of India; nor is even Benares itself peopled exclusively with Brahminical students of Sanskrit; though both the place and the class exercise a very extensive and important influence over Hindustan. We do not mean, even by implication, to disparage the labours of others, either servants of Government or Missionaries, (among which latter class the able, devoted, and energetic Dr. Duff may be named as the Coryphæus,) who, taking advantage of the demand for a knowledge of the English language, especially in the metropolis and its environs, have converted it into a means of enlightening Hindu youth, with brilliant success. On the contrary, we wish to see all these institutions, whether Government or Missionary, sending forth annually, their hundreds or thousands of thoroughly instructed and intelligent, and, we hope, in many instances, moral and religious scholars. We desire to see the Agra, Delhi, and Benares Government Colleges, as well as the Missionary institution of Jyenarayan at Benares, becoming every year more and more efficient, both in their English and Oriental departments; and we hail, with peculiar pleasure, the early establishment at Agra of a Missionary College projected by the Church Missionary Society, under the superintendence of two accomplished Clergymen, Graduates of the Oxford and Dublin Universities; the primary object of which will be, to impart to Native youths an effective English education, with instruction in the truths of Christianity.

J. M.

## V.

## NOTES ON THE LANDED TENURES IN THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES.

*“L’auteur de l’institution est demeuré inconnu.”*

Thus does the Baron Barchou de Penhoën end his learned disquisition on the village republics of the East.\* Monsieur le Baron is quite right; nobody knows who was the author of the Indian village institution; and for a very sufficient reason, at all events, so far as our North-Western Provinces are concerned; for they never had any living author. The Indian village system in the North-West cannot justly be called an *institution* at all; it is just a *status*, growing out of peculiar circumstances, and existing because of its obedience to those circumstances. Its author is *necessity*, that fruitful mother of invention, and the secret of its growth and stability is to be found in its powers of assimilation to her rough nutriment and self-adaptation to her stern decrees. The Indian village struggles on amidst outward violence and inward convulsion, not by virtue of any refined and complex economy, but thanks to certain elastic and long-living qualities, which in the social as well as in the animal world consist best with a low degree of organization. Philosophers may dream about the “force of organization,” which has withstood “historical bouleversements” and “political cataclysms;”†—for our parts, we believe it is just the absence of any artificial organization that has kept our village system alive. The agricultural communities form the Polypi of the social world, the link between living and mere vegetating organization; their peculiarity is that they can survive any thing. Cut them in pieces, disperse or batter them, they still go on living, and prosper not the less. And thus it is that, whilst kings, empires, and dynasties, have passed away, the humble village community remains.

It does not follow that because the village system is simple, there has been any lack of honest wit in its growth and development. The fact is, that our early village worthies, though the children rather than the parents of the constitution to which they belonged, were long-headed and wary politicians. Like cautious seamen in rough weather, whose

\* *L’Inde sous la domination Anglaise par le Baron Barchou de Penhoën. Paris—1844.*

† *L’Inde sous la domination, &c. Vol. 1, Chap. 4, p. 66.*

chief care is to keep their craft well to the wind, they preferred security to progress. There is an honest policy running through all their proceedings which we cannot help admiring, and to which we would gladly draw the attention of our readers.

A village, so called in the revenue parlance of the North-Western Provinces, is a tract of land with fixed name and boundaries, whether it contain what in England is properly called a village or not. It may be inhabited, or it may be *be-charagh*, (without a lamp,) as those estates are called which contain no human habitation; it may contain one cluster of houses or many. When the sturdy *coloni* from the far North had taken their stand in the country, the land gradually became parcelled out amongst the settlers. The forests fell before increasing numbers, and branches from each parent stock peopled hamlets on every side. The country became dotted with fort-like homesteads, each homestead with its little oasis of cultured land, and with its herds and flocks grazing in the farther jungle. Centuries passed away: time after time the Mahometan tents whitened new fields of conquest; India bowed and fell before the fierce sons of the prophet; but the Indian village system stood unhurt. The people surrendered their political rights; but it was only to cling more closely to their social and domestic institutions. If the truth must be told, the patriotism of our Indian "village Hampdens" is of a somewhat contracted nature; like the vicar of Bray, so long as they get their share of the loaves and fishes, they care very little who may be the dispenser thereof. It suited the earlier Mahometans to treat their new subjects well. As time rolled on, the Emperor Akber came, and India's Doom's-day Book was compiled. Every village was enrolled in the imperial register; the name of its dependent hamlets, and the amount of its tribute was fairly entered; and that distribution of landed property into *mehals* or estates, which had so long existed, and which still exists, was recorded in imperishable characters. To this day, or at all events up to the period of the late great settlement, the books of Akber were consulted in cases affecting landed property, and the revenue forms and terms then introduced are still known amongst us. Akber was the friend of the village communities, who, under his vigorous yet paternal rule, had little to desire. They had lost what they little prized, national superiority; they held fast what they dearly valued, family union and stability. When worse days came, their foes were of their own house-

hold, and such of the communities as lost their independence, fell rather by the treachery of their own members than by any foreign violence. The chiefs who enslaved them were of their own flesh and blood.

Under these varied fortunes, then, it was that the simple patriarchal form of village government flourished. The heads of each large family or tribe, assisted by the common voice of the brotherhood, held undisputed sway, each in their own domain. Feuds or differences were settled by the members of the village council (or *punchayet*), sitting, not as judges, but as arbitrators between man and man, and carrying out their awards rather by the force of opinion than by the actual arm of the law. To the minds of men in this simple state, the "*vox populi*" is indeed the "*vox Dei*," and men who would yield to nothing else, would yet listen to the voice of the majority; for however he might despise law, no Indian yet ever quite despised public opinion.

So far then as the regulation of landed property is concerned, there is a common law well known and dear to the people. Happily for them and for us, our revenue legislators have become aware of this, and have at last enlisted the sympathies of the people in their favour, simply by acting in accordance with those sympathies rather than in spite of them. We say happily, for one thing is certain; if we would rule the people of India well and wisely, we must rule them in their own way. Legal fictions, John Roes and Richard Does, may suit John Bull, (though even he is getting rather restive under them,) but they will not do here. "I have tried every thing," said a young magistrate to William Frazer, the lamented Commissioner of Delhi, "I have imprisoned, fined, and taken security from the people of — pergunch, but I can't keep them quiet." "Did you ever try," asked Frazer, "to let them alone?" Now, this is just the treatment which the Indian village system requires, *to be let alone*. A policy which has stood for twelve centuries, whilst half a dozen governments have tumbled into the dust, will outlive anything except needless and officious interference. For us to set to work to improve or alter these institutions, would be about as wise as it would be for the native Indian communities to attempt to regulate the British constitution. The one and the other are alike the offspring of circumstances, rather than of design, and both should be left to work out unaided and unfettered the part which Providence has assigned to them.

It is obvious, that in societies such as we have been describing, where union is strength, unity must at all events be maintained. But, as division of interest enters more or less into all human affairs, the question soon arose, how can general union be made best to consist with individual freedom and independence? It happens that the idiosyncrasy of the Indian agriculturist was well suited to the solving of this problem. His was not an astute mind clinging with sophisticated tenacity to his own rights, and careless of carrying the affections of others along with him; nor yet, on the other hand, was his a soft yielding nature to give himself blindly up to the leading of other men. His character was a compound of self-will and unselfishness. Let us see with how much strong sense and sound mother wit he could act when occasion required it. We will take for an example this very matter of dividing the land. But first we must ask our readers whether they ever walked through a Derbyshire pottery. If so, they may remember that a day's work of a pottery-turner is reckoned at so many dozens. Now dishes and plates are counted twelve to a dozen; but when you come to jugs, you will find one gigantic fellow set down as a dozen, whilst thirty-six little jugs equal in value to the single monster, will be put down as a dozen also. This plan is adopted in order to keep up an uniformity of prices in the accounts.\* As a mere counting-house transaction, there is nothing very remarkable in this; but its coincidence with an arrangement many centuries old in India for the division of the land is curious. Most Indian villages contain three or more kinds of land, well known to the people, and appreciated by them. These divisions may have reference to the nature of the soil, the facilities of irrigation, or to the relative position of the land to the village. Let us suppose this last division, when the land will be estimated thus:—

First.—The land close to the homestead.

Second.—The middle circle of land.

Third.—The outer circle.†

The first quality being well manured and easily watched and watered, is the most valuable. The second quality of

\* See Chamber's Edinburgh Journal, Nov. 1848, for a good description of this mode of keeping accounts.

† The first is called *Darah*, *Gohānce*, *Goonduh*.

The second *Munjha*, *Manj*.

The third *Burhar* or *Har*. In the Denares province, these circles are called 1st, *Goindh*; 2nd, *Bichkur*, and 3rd, *Palo*.

land is farther a field, has fewer advantages, and a less value. The third quality of land, remote from the village, is still less valuable. Now, when a proprietor of land claims a separation of his share, he may naturally expect to have a slice of each quality of land. If poor land be given him, he will require that the deficiency in quality be made up in quantity. A valuation and appraisement such as must be made is obviously a work of complication and difficulty, even supposing all parties to be desirous to act fairly and cordially; but, amongst a set of violent and suspicious men, the difficulty and delay of the process becomes increased indefinitely. To remedy this evil, some long-headed patriarch devised the very scheme which we have described as prevailing at the Derbyshire potteries. Like the pottery masters with their imaginary dozens, the villagers set up a standard measure of imaginary *begahs*, and divide the estate accordingly. In the Central Doab there is a word in use, *touzee*, or *towjee* as the rustics pronounce it, which signifies a division, a separate part. From this word the village imaginary begah was named a *touzee begah*, because it was the begah or land-measure used for making a division of the land. An estate was divided into several, (say a hundred,) of these imaginary begans. The relative value of each of the three (or more) sorts of soil was set down—for instance, one *towjee begah* was declared equal to four ordinary begahs of land of the first quality—to six ordinary begahs of land of the second quality—or to eight begahs of the land of the third quality. It was then ruled by common consent, that the shares of the brethren should be computed henceforth in *Towjee Begahs*. In future the sharers, instead of claiming so many *biswas* or *anas*—i. e. so many fractions of a begah or of a rupee, would state their rights in *towjee begahs*. The result of this was, that when a division was claimed, it remained with the village to apportion off just what land was most convenient to spare to the claimant. He could not demand, as he might have done but for the custom of *Towjee Bhaut*, a slice of the best land, or of each sort, a bit of each field, or of every hamlet; all he could claim was so many *Towjee begahs*, and those he would get in whatever shape was most convenient to the community at large. This custom tended to check capricious men from demanding a separation of the land on insufficient cause, and helped to prevent disputes and keep the brethren together. It had the disadvantage of being too artificial to last amidst all the reverses of fortune to which the village communities were



liable, and though once widely prevailing, is now seldom found. We have detailed this little trait of village policy to shew what the village genius is, how capable of simple yet effectual expedients for successful self-management.

So far we have tried in our "Notes" to give some account of the landed proprietors in the North-Western Provinces, of their rise, progress, and policy, whether domestic or social. Now, though an Indian landed proprietor may be and is a very different kind of animal from his European congener, the man of old oaks, elms and park gates, he has still in his own way very considerable *landed* duties, rights, and dignities. We have already said that he forms one of a lordly brotherhood, not the mere member of a corporation. He has no equals in the village, save those of his own tribe. Lord of the soil, his authority is paramount; and the other village officers, such as the accountant or watchman, are virtually his servants. But, in most estates, we shall find besides the superior proprietors, a large and important agricultural class of persons, who hold lands by an inferior title in tenant-right. Every one knows that in India all sorts of offices and occupations descend from father to son almost by right. Hereditary cultivators are just as common as hereditary barbers, washermen, or carpenters. It would require more time and learning than we can command to define how these cultivating non-proprietory classes were regarded by former governments. We have our own impressions on the subject, and they lead us to believe that the merely cultivating tribes whose plough-share was not readily convertible into a sword, met with very scurvy treatment under the Mahometan rule; and we see reason to suppose that they were generally considered as mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water," the Helots of the agricultural classes. The British Government early found the difficulty of drawing a line between these hereditary cultivators, and the mere depressed of the proprietary classes; and, no wonder, for many cultivators were proprietors, and many proprietors were cultivators. Hence, we may trace in our early revenue laws an evident anxiety to protect the tenant classes, mixed with considerable doubt and hesitation as to how far they ought to be protected. It was and is a difficult subject to deal with; for if the mere cultivators are made independent of the proprietor, the superior holder is placed in a false position; he has the responsibilities of a land-owner without the power. On the other hand, if the cultivators are made mere tenants at will, a most important body of men, the

very sinews of the state, are crushed. We are treating the matter as one of policy. It is not easy to argue the abstract justice of the case until we obtain clearer light than has yet been thrown on the origin and on the condition of the tenant classes under former Governments. On the whole, it is probable that policy and justice go together in this as in other cases; and we are disposed to stand up for the tenant-right. Some protection must be given to this useful and industrious class. We do not find many Dukes of Devonshire or Bedford amongst our eastern landlords, who, to tell the truth, are much more likely to kick a tenant out of his mud hut, than to build a villa or model-cottage for him. Besides all this, the Government, as lord paramount, has a hold over the landed proprietors, and can justly demand that the ancient hereditary cultivators shall not be disturbed, so long as he pays his rent. Some such provision was ostensibly made by former Governments; and we are right to protect and encourage in every legal manner the peasantry of the country. Nor are they slow to learn and to appreciate the privileges of their position. In most districts, the Collector on his daily journey to cutcherry is followed by cultivators, with petitions in their hands, calling upon him to settle their disputes with the proprietors of the land. One man has a bunch of green corn or of young trees, which have been forcibly plucked up by some domineering landlord, and which are prominently displayed "*ad misericordiam*" to the district chief; before the cutcherry stands a group of men with their ploughs and oxen intended to catch the eye of the functionary, and to shew how the owners have been ejected from their land. For one hour that the Revenue Collector spends in securing the Government revenue, he and his numerous subordinates spend six hours in the service of the people, and particularly in arbitrating between landlord and tenant. The expositions of the law in such cases, put forth authoritatively by the Government of late years, throw as much light as possible on a somewhat obscure subject. The commentary is better than the text, for the law itself between landlord and tenant is, however copious, neither clear nor explicit.

We should be glad to see a short stringent Act to define the rights of the zemindar and the ryot—*Anglice*, the landlord and tenant. A very few words might settle questions which now give anxiety and uncertainty to the proprietors as well as the under-tenants of the land. We may just mention for example, difficulties which may occur under existing rules.

What period of time gives a tenant a prescriptive right of tenancy? \* Under what circumstances can a landlord raise his rents? What remedy can a landlord take against an impracticable tenant who allows the land to become deteriorated by neglect? Can a tenant under any circumstances transfer his rights to another; for instance, if he go on a pilgrimage or be afflicted with an incurable disease? † Hitherto, (we speak of the Upper Provinces,) questions of this nature have easily settled themselves, because tenants have been in demand, and the landlords would as readily have parted with their cattle as with their ryots. But now we are on the eve of great changes;—the population cut short by the years of famine in 1837 and 1838, is rapidly recovering itself, and we shall soon have the great Canal forming a second valley of the Ganges, down the back-bone of the Doab. Every day the value of the tenant-right is increasing, the landlord watches the rising families of tenants with unmixed pride no longer, but begins to feel jealous of every man who absorbs a part of the profits of the land.

We have said this much about the tenant-right without saying who these tenants are. To tell the truth, the ethnography of the tribes of Hindoo cultivators has puzzled wiser heads than our's.

So far as we can learn, the lower tribes sprang from *més-alliances* between the members of the higher ones. In many villages, those who are now mere cultivators under a superior proprietor, were once proprietors themselves, or are directly descended from such ex-proprietors. Their ancestors or

\* The terms in use to denote cultivators possessed of tenant-rights are as various as the customs by which the extent of these rights are estimated. They are sometimes called *mouzaasi* or hereditary, *chupperbund* or householders, *kudson* or ancient,—cultivators from other villages are called *pai-kasht*. Under existing rules, they cannot be summarily dispossessed by the proprietor of the land any more than the resident ryots. We have to remark of all this class that they have no power to sell, or under ordinary circumstances to transfer their interest in the land to another; but on the demise of a tenant cultivator, his nearest heir succeeds.

† We are not aware that it has ever been ruled by sufficient authority what is the longest period that may elapse (short of course of a year) between the date of a cultivator's ejection by a landlord from his holding, and the date at which a petition for redress must be filed in the summary suit department. As it is, tenants often wait to see what the season promises to be; and if they see no sign of rain, hold themselves in readiness to resist all demands for rent. If the landlord makes his own arrangements for tilling the tenant's former holding, and then late in the season a good fall of rain comes, the tenants rush in to the Collector to complain of ouster. To prevent this, different rules prevail in different places. In this as in other cases one uniform mode of procedure is desirable.

they themselves failed to pay their revenue, the inexorable sale law came into operation, and the proprietary interest passed away from men of blood and family to the man of money bags. Thank Heaven! the evil days have gone by when such transfers of property, disinheriting hundreds at a blow, were common. But, their mark remains behind like the trail of the serpent full of venom and misfortune. Villages inhabited by large bodies of high spirited men, such as the Brahmins or Rajpoots, whose rights in the land have been sold for revenue default, form the plague-spot in our administration. They are a continual thorn in the side of every revenue or police officer in their neighbourhood. The great object of the dispossessed clan is by continual worrying, by opposition both active and passive, by threats and violence, to bring the purchaser of their rights to terms, so as to leave them still virtually in their ancient position as proprietors. If this object be attained, well and good; if not, a perpetual civil war rages in the village. The nearest police station, and sooner or later, the Magistrate's court, is filled with complaints of affray, assault, arson. Every body in authority is against the ex-proprietors, from the Magistrate down to the village-watchman; but they are strong in numbers, and in the sympathies of their neighbours. If they torment the criminal authorities, they drive the revenue officers to despair;—summary suits for balances of rent, complaints of illegal attachment, exaction, and ouster, come in thick as hail; until every body in the Collector's court wishes that these unruly tenants were—anywhere but in their district. The upshot of all this is, either that the purchaser gives up his bargain in despair, or that he buys over one part of the proprietary clan to his own interest, when the heads of the opposition party generally find their way into jail, and their descendants gradually subside into a reckless indigent peasantry. But, we repeat, thank Heaven, the causes which led to such evils have been removed. No man henceforth in the North-Western Provinces will fall from the rank of a proprietor to that of a tenant, except by his own fault, or by the operation of misfortunes which may overtake and subdue man under any system of government. The class of tenants just described should be treated by the ruling powers with firmness, yet with consideration, and should be encouraged to retrieve their fortunes by habits of industry. Holding generally large tracts of land, there is plenty of room for them to thrive if only they will learn to be thrifty; and the sooner they are taught that lawless habits end in ruin,

and that to attain success in life they must deserve it, the better it will be for all parties. We may dismiss this unfortunate class of tenants with the remark, that their habits of life and domestic economy do not readily accommodate themselves to their fallen fortunes, and that in consequence they are almost always in debt and difficulties, and living on the verge of a predatory and lawless career.

Next to them come the large families of the same blood, who from whatever cause lost their proprietary rank and independence centuries ago. Such communities often live in contented subordination to their superior, paying perhaps a fixed rent for their estate, which they levy amongst themselves; and on the whole are not much worse off than the communities of cultivating proprietors.

After the Brahmin and Rajpoot cultivator in point of blood, but far superior to them in agricultural skill and industry, come the Jat and Kachi tribes. Then follow a variety of families who are seldom found as proprietors, but who cultivate the soil in patches of varying extent in almost every village. Some of these nearly monopolize peculiar crops; as for instance the Kahar or bearer caste, who generally grow the *singhara* in pools, and hemp in light soils, as well as the ordinary cereals. Taking these cultivators in the mass, they are, as we might expect, a lower race, perhaps morally, and certainly physically, than the owners of the land. Centuries of subordination to village tyranny have left these men servile, timid, and deceitful. They are however more sinned against than sinning; humble, patient, and industrious; but withal slippery and cunning. Living from hand to mouth, depending more or less on the favor of the village proprietor and his creature the village accountant, we must not expect to find amongst them the severer virtues of our race. It is no small credit to them to say, that though often driven to satisfy their hunger by parching the unripe crops in the corner of a field, yet they generally pay their rents honestly. Their houses surround the fort in which the heads of the village dwell, and stretch out to the edge of the cultivation. The coarsest bread, with the rare addition of a little sugar or ghee, satisfies their hunger. A cloth round their loins made in the village loom, and a rough woollen blanket made by the village shepherd for winter, completes their ordinary dress. A few brass pots, rude ploughs and well-ropes, form their capital; a few toil-worn bullocks with perhaps a milch cow or buffalo form their live-stock. The early dawn sees thousands of these hard-working men plodding forth to their

daily task in winter; the summer moon shines on their labors all night long. Like the patriarch of old, "in the day the drought consumes them and the frost by night, and the sleep departs from their eyes."

Yet, thanks to the blessing of a *fixed rent*, these cultivators form on the whole a happy and contented race. The payments made by them whether in money or kind cannot be raised at the discretion of any one; nor if their rent is paid can they be removed from their land. However much this may limit the value of the superior proprietary right, no man, who has observed the working classes in India, can doubt the efficacy of a fixed moderate rent to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. It has been prettily written by some one, that "no man who owns a tree and loves it can be desolate." Words cannot describe the comfort and comparative independence which the holding and owning, by, however, a vile sort of ownership, a little plot of ground brings to millions of our eastern subjects. All that volume of affection which the Englishman bestows upon his fireside, the Irishman on his pig and potato-ground, the Scotchman on his heather-clad mountains;—all that the Frenchman feels or professes to feel for Paris and "*la belle France*," or the American for the star-spangled banner,—in short, all the feelings which in other lands centre in family love or patriotic pride, are concentrated by the Indian peasant on his land. Beyond it, beyond the range of his own village, and the nearest mart for village produce, he seldom bestows a thought. Little cares he who rules the land, so long as he is left in secure possession of his little speck of it. The fierce strife which so often scorches the souls of the land-owners, the vexatious law-suits, the wearisome attendance in courts of law, all this the tenant, under ordinary circumstances, escapes. If his life be one of toil and privation, it is sweetened by the love which he bears to his land, land which his father ploughed before him, and his sons should plough when he has passed away.

India is the land of contrasts. We know of none more striking than the contrast between agricultural appliances and agricultural results. An Englishman, fresh perhaps from the loams of Yorkshire or the clays of Essex, sees a miserable looking peasant with a single cloth round his loins creeping out late in June with what looks like a crooked stick on his shoulder, and urging before him a couple of bullocks, which for size and condition a donkey on Hampstead Heath might despise. The country around

is like a desert of sand, the wind like the blast from a furnace. However, a shower of rain falls, the bullocks are hitched on to the crooked stick, and begin to scratch the sand in little unequal rings, not a bit like the honest ankle-deep furrows of England. But, what is the result of this simple process, so little resembling the three horse ploughing, patent scari-fying, bone-dust and guano doctoring of our home soil? Why, in November, if our Englishman goes again to the scene of the operations which appeared to him so contemptible, he will find himself in a forest of vegetation, and unable to see his way amidst fields of *jowar* or *bajera*, each plant standing nine feet high, and each ear of the corn weighing half a pound avoirdupoise. The grain ground and made into coarse heavy cakes supplies the food of the cultivator till the spring harvest furnishes him with wheat, pulse and barley. It becomes us not to speak with disrespect of agriculturists who knew the use of the drill-plough, and understood well the rotation of crops, at a time when England was a wilderness. If the proceedings of the peasantry in India, especially for the crop which grows almost spontaneously amidst the heat and moisture of the rainy season, be rude and simple, they yet display both skill and perseverance in the harder labors which raise their early or spring crops. The industrial energies of the human race are perhaps in no part of the world more fully developed than in villages of Jats or Kachis, whether proprietors, or mere tenants. Go when you will amongst their rich and well-manured fields, you find men, women and children at work. Lands prepared by them (we speak now particularly of the Kachi or other gardening tribes) will bear comparison with any that could be shewn in the gardens at Chatsworth or Kew. Acres and acres of rich soil, naturally tenacious but improved by incessant tillage, are annually prepared for sugar-cane and poppy cultivation, every lump as big as a hazel-nut being pulverized by repeated ploughings, or by thumping with a short wooden club, if other means fail. No living being works harder than the Kachi. In October he sows wheat or barley; in March or April he harvests it and puts in a crop of water-melons or gourds; these by constant irrigation will be ripe in June, when comes the autumnal crop of millet, &c. And here again we meet with a contrast;—the finest, stoutest, and most powerful of the inhabitants, produce the worst crops. This is easily accounted for by the pride of high caste which withers whatsoever it touches. Some of the Brahmins and Rajpoots are too proud to handle a plough. The Brahmin is unwilling

to destroy animal life with the plough-share or in spreading out manure ; above all, he fears lest with the goad he should shed the blood of the sacred ox. The Rajpoot avoids the plough for the same reasons after he has assumed the *juneo* or sacred thread round his neck, and sometimes postpones or entirely avoids this investiture in consequence. But, pride of caste, like other sorts of pride, is modified a good deal by circumstances ; and this agricultural exclusiveness, which is observed strictly by the people of the rich Benares Province, who can afford to be supercilious, is little regarded to the north of Allahabad, where from various causes the demand for labor is greater.

The prevailing modes of cultivation in the N. W. Provinces have been well described in a late pamphlet by Mr. Coverley Jackson.\* We gather the following memoranda as to the average hire of labor and rent in Upper India from Mr. Jackson's Statistics, modified by our own observations elsewhere.

#### *Rent.*

Money rent varies from 15 Rs. an acre to 1 Rs. 4 As. Average rents may be set down thus—

Land of the 1st quality. The very best land, in which tobacco, poppy, carraway seeds, safflower and garden stuffs are grown, lets at 3 Rs. per village begah, or 15 Rs. per acre.

Land of the 2nd quality. From 12 Rs. 8 As. per acre to 7 Rs. 8 As. Crops as in first quality, or wheat.

Land of the 3rd quality. From 5 Rs. to 1-4 per acre. In this land all the more ordinary cereals, also sugar-cane, indigo, and cotton are produced. Garden ground is seldom rented so low as this, except where there are no good masonry wells for irrigation. The proportion of each quality of land is about as follows :

- 1st Quality, 2½ per cent.
- 2nd Quality, 6½ per cent.
- 3rd Quality, 91 per cent.

#### *Labor.*

*Ploughing* in light sandy soils may be done at the rate of about one-half acre per diem ; the hire of ploughman,

\* Statistics of Agra by C. C. Jackson, Esq., C. S., Collector and Magistrate ; Agra, 1850. In which will be found not only much useful statistical and agricultural information, but also some very just remarks on the injury which our mode of civil procedure may entail upon the landed proprietors ; of which subject more hereafter.



plough, and a pair of small bullocks, being about four anas. A working day for one pair of bullocks is from sun-rise to noon.

- *Irrigation.*—One pair of bullocks in six hours, with three men, will irrigate 1-5th of an acre.\*

*Weeding.*—In a country like India, where vegetation is so rapid, the weeds would destroy the autumnal crop but for constant weeding. Average hire of men, women and boys, one with another is a little more than 1½ ana per diem.

*Reaping.*—The laborer gets one sheaf in twenty, and takes care to bind good heavy ones for his own use, which the owner winks at, unless he be more than usually churlish. But customs vary, the general rule being that the reaper gets 8 to 10 lbs. weight of ears of corn for his day's work.

Rent payable by the ryots or tenants to the superior land-holders is either in money or kind. Payments in kind are becoming less common every year, and prevail most in the wilder parts of the country. In unhealthy rough parts (such as the belt of jungle under our mountain ranges for instance) the tenant gets two-thirds or even three-fourths of the crop; in more favored places his share is about one-half of the produce. The landlord's share is given to him as it stands, or divided at the granary, as may be most convenient; sometimes it is converted into money by appraisement. Like most purely agricultural folk, the ryot has an eye for valuation which, when there is nothing to give it a bias, is unerring; he can tell to a few pounds weight the out-turn of a crop of standing corn. One custom is curious and worthy of mention, as throwing light on the manners of the people. A proprietor, who has a good opinion of his tenant's honesty, will allow him to cut and store his grain without any restriction. When the harvest is over, the landlord takes as his share, whatever the tenant gives him. This settlement "*in foro conscientie*" is called *Ram Kotulea* or god's store, i. e., a share given fairly as in the sight of God.

It will at once strike our readers that there are grave objections to a system of rent which discourages exertion; for few men work heartily to improve the land when another is to share immediately in the produce. The system of payments in kind leads also to tedious disputes. Its good point is, that in catchy uncertain spots or seasons the landlord and

\* It is supposed that the water is 36 feet below the surface, and that one superficial inch of water is led over the land. The cost of the apparatus and labor of man and beast per diem will be about 8 or 10 anas.

tenant take all risks together.\* The ryots, such as we have attempted to describe them, form the bulk of the labouring agricultural population, and far exceed in number the men who are mere farm-servants, or what we should call *labourers* at home. Farm-servants are found generally in the employ of the higher proprietary classes. Ploughmen, mostly of the *chumar* or leather-working caste, do all sorts of rough out-of-door work, and receive about two rupees monthly hire, and about ten pounds weight of grain for each plough at the time of the spring and autumnal harvests. If they are used also for domestic work in-doors, a small gratuity is given occasionally, and a suit of clothes at family weddings. The village potter, ironsmith, carpenter, barber, and washerman, get a large handful of ears of corn at the time of cutting the harvest, and about ten pounds weight of the grain for each plough in the village when housed.

Below these again there is a class of agricultural slaves.† We use the word *slaves* for these domestic servants, either descended from parents of their own class, or the children of poor people adopted by the wealthy; but they are in reality free to go where they please, and only stay with their master so long as it suits their own pleasure. In return for all sorts of domestic service they get food, clothes and protection, marry amongst their own class, and are not much worse off than the rest of the laboring poor.

As a general rule, the lower castes are ready to do any service suited to their capacity which the village proprietor requires; they attend his wedding processions, run messages, and are ready to serve him on all occasions. Perhaps one of the most striking points of resemblance between Eastern and Western politics is the sort of serf-like feeling displayed by the lower agricultural tribes on the one hand, and the patronizing care of them shewn on the other by their feudal superior the Zemindar. In well ordered villages, where the natural manners of the people are still in full operation, there is a real feeling of identity of interest between the higher

\* The plan of taking rents in kind is sometimes called indifferently Kunkoot or Bhutai; but the meaning of these terms is, strictly speaking, different. Kunkoot means appraisement of produce—Bhutai (from Bhaut, division) means division of produce.

† These are called *khana-zad*, born in the family; or *Goolam*, slave; *sirkaroe*, i. e. belonging to the head of the establishment; *chela* or *chera*, dependent; *Koteya*, who get food in lieu of wages; *Ruhooa*, destitute persons taken to stay in a family; (from *ruhna* to remain.) The females are called *loundie*, *bandhees*, *bundoor*, *dasee*, and *cherse*—concubines of this class are called *Sureet*.

and lower classes, and they are ready to fight the battles, attest the falsehoods, and further the devices one of another.

Such then are the peasants of the East, or of that part of it which falls within the scope of our observations. Compared with the peasantry of Europe, their lot is fortunate enough, so far as material prosperity and physical comfort are concerned. If they suffer from a burning sun, they avoid the severer privations which are caused by the cold of northern countries. If their food be coarse and simple, so is their taste; if their clothing be scanty, it is yet sufficient. If a famine once or twice a century decimate the population, they avoid the continual dearth of Europe. If their houses be rude and ill furnished, they are at all events rent-free and roomy enough. The English laborer, poor fellow, whilst he sweats over another man's fields, is looking gloomily forward to the time when his strength will fail to keep him longer out of "the Union,"—the Indian laborer is happily free from such dismal forebodings. Go into his house, except just before the harvest season, (when he is now and then on short commons) and you will see piles of large earthen jars full of grain, and very often a good cow or buffalo to give milk and *ghee* to the family.

Would that we could give as good an account of the *morale* of these people as we honestly can of their *physique*. They may perhaps be less dissolute on the whole and less brutal than the looser part of the European poor, but we shall look in vain amongst them for the rugged honesty of the English labourer, the native polish of the French *paysan*, or the simplicity of the Italian *contadino*. Of the Indian peasantry we fear it must be said, emphatically, "the truth is not in them." A lie seems to come to their lips almost more naturally than the truth. This is much from an habitual and hereditary servile and timid spirit, over taught to prefer the expedient to the right. But how can moral right be found in the mazes of a wrong religion—when the fountain-head is corrupt, where shall we look for the clear stream of truth and virtue? 'Tis sad to know that so debased is the state of millions of men, men patient, laborious, and frugal,—fit for better things. Sadder still will it be, if we quietly acquiesce in the moral depravity around us. Be it far from us to fold the hands in patient indifference, to turn away our heads and hearts with scorn;—such is never our duty as men, as Englishmen, as Christians. For what purpose has Providence brought us mysteriously, almost miraculously, to the height upon which we stand, if we dare not to look

around us, to look forward and to see India awakening from the torpor of ages, flinging away her ancient superstitions, and accepting from her conquerors the blessings of truth? Every Englishman in India has his mission. True, we cannot all sow the good seed; our secular engagements, our public duties forbid it. But who or what shall hinder us from breaking, (so far as God may help,) the stubborn soil? When God said "Let there be light," the glorious work was all His own; yet were there (may we believe) thousands of ministering spirits to roll away the bands of night. So when the blessed Light shall shine on India (and who can tell how soon the clouds may be dispersed) how many labourers may be called to prepare her soil for the heavenly influence! There is work for every man and woman amongst us. Our actions, our motives, are scrutinized by thousands of observant and intelligent men. Who can say how the silent eloquence of a virtuous life shall speak to their souls? But it is not only by example and by influence, those grand lovers of the human affections, that we may hope to move these heathen hearts—we may do more than this, we may exert ourselves directly for the benefit of the people. To give one instance: the natives are ignorant; and it has been too much the fashion to despise their own existing educational resources, and to take for granted that nothing short of a miracle can elevate native morals and manners. Now, why should we not try to improve the native schools, and thus to give the popular mind a better direction? We cannot enter here on the vast question of national education; but may just remind our readers, that where there is a will to be useful a way will be found. The local Government has set us all the example, and, superior to the senseless prejudices of former days, has stooped to visit and to inspect the indigenous schools. Every one may, if he please, help on this good work. And, if it be granted that knowledge is better than ignorance, science better than quackery, then surely it is a noble work to shape aright the rising mind of the country, to give a true direction thereto instead of a false direction, bread instead of a stone. As we cannot dispense with the village schools, why not strive to improve those nurseries of the Hindoo soul? Why not put useful books instead of trash into the hands of the young? Once the taste for sound pabulum felt, the healthy appetite will grow with what it devours. Tales about fabulous gods, demons and puppet-kings will be thrown aside when the true lights of history and science dawn upon the mind. If any human means can, under the

blessing of the Omnipotent, prepare His way, the means of education are not to be neglected. We cannot give all the instruction we would, our eyes, our son's eyes, may not see the light of God break forth upon India, but, we repeat it, this is no reason for refusing to dispel the darkness.

If we would discharge our duty to our neighbours and ourselves, we must be up and doing. To stand aloof, lest by meddling with heathen schools we defile ourselves, is not to follow the example of the great Missionary, who going forth to instruct the heathen world, made himself "all things to all men if by any means he might save some."

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SONGS OF CHILDHOOD.—No. 8.

And what hath my merry child to send  
Across the round world, to its other end?—  
Thy Father there dwelleth all lonesomely,  
And often he thinketh,—and thinketh—of thee.

"Oh! send my love!"—"Tis written, my boy;  
But hast thou nought else from thy mine of joy?  
"Oh yes"—said the child—"send this!—and this!"—  
And he gave;—and gave at random, I wis.

On silvery leaflets the graver's skill  
Had imagery stamped at gay fancy's will;—  
There were things of the earth,—and things of the air,—  
Things true and things fabled; things common, things rare:  
From the glittering heap the child's hand drew  
A flower in blossom,—a bird that flew.

Oh the mystery of chance!  
How it often apeth choice!  
In its random-seeming dance  
How the heart's wish finds a voice!  
Who could wish for aught more glad  
Than the burnished open flower?—  
Who could think of aught less sad  
Than the bird on wing of power?—  
Bright as flowers in their pride,  
Glad as birds that seek the sky,  
Are the hopes expanding wide  
O'er the bud of infancy.

## VI.

## TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.\*

FEW poets have made more remarkable advances towards excellence in various lines of composition than Alfred Tennyson. His earliest published ballads gave scarcely a promise of the graceful volume which soon succeeded them; and except they had been incorporated with subsequent collections of his poems, we should have imagined there to be but little in them but what their author himself might wish forgotten. His second publication was replete enough with lively portraiture and controlled expression, and those several "tricks of strong imagination" which are the creation of "scething brains and shaping fantasies," to place it beyond a doubt that its author might aspire to the very highest rank among our writers of the lesser lyric. Indeed, excellencies were so universally apparent and acknowledged, that even unaccountable blemishes, and violations of good taste, became models for a school which still enlists the names of the very best (as well as the most execrable) poets of the day. In a few years appeared another work, from the same hand; of larger pretensions, greater singularity, more artful construction, and, we think we may add, more extraordinary power;—The Princess—wherein a strange originality of incident and design is rendered effective by firm delineation and discriminate management of material. Still no gleam of holy light and sanctifying thought appears developed in all the elegance and truth which attest the training of imaginative genius; Tennyson had yet to learn that—perhaps the deepest of all poetic lessons, "*it is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all things, and the living will lay it to heart.*"

The influence of grief on the poetic temperament has been ably discriminated by our most illustrious critic.† Being a growing passion, and indulged, and loved, it "keeps its object perpetually in its eye; presents it in its most pleasurable views; repeats all the circumstances which attend it, even to the last minuteness; goes back to every particular enjoyment, to dwell on each, and to find a thousand new perfections in all, that were not sufficiently understood before." The rudest

\* IN MEMORIAM. London, Moxon, 1850.

† BURKE. On the Sublime and Beautiful, Sec. V.

and most sensitive minds, under such an influence, can hardly fail to express themselves in a poetic way; and this is not difficult to account for, if poetry be, as we imagine, the indirect expression of overpowering, but impeded feelings; impeded, in their direct expression, partly by their own strength and intensesness, and partly from that instinctive delicacy which avoids the exposure of what can seldom experience a full sympathy.

On these principles it may, we think, be accounted for that the removal of an accomplished and much-loved friend, memorialized in the work now under review, has skilled its author in the poet's true vocation, and discovered the fountains of faith and piety from whence, under whatsoever creed, the purest inspiration has always welled.

The key-note to which "In Memoriam" is set rings in the introductory stanzas with a vigour and sustention which Tennyson, we presume, designs to characterize the tones to which his harp has been strung, at intervals of holy thought, during the last fifteen or sixteen years. If this be so, it is a gratifying, and at the same time an encouraging evidence of the tenacity of the impressions, and the permanence of the emotions which first kindled the religious life in his soul. The poem is constructed in such a fragmentary way, the moods of mind are, seemingly, so various, the continuity so often interrupted, the thread so tenuous, that one might miss discerning it except for the intimation on the title-page—it appears to us to be very unlikely that these links of verse, elegiac, descriptive, and philosophical, are the embodiment of any constructed plan, or the issue of a few sustained efforts;—rather should we take them to be the growth of an enduring sorrow, which long time having occasionally chequered the voluptuousness of a glowing fancy, has, after protracted yearnings, found the spring of true comfort and resignation to consist in realizing the union of spirits militant and triumphant, and of the Lord with the Church. Under such an inspiration, (if we may so far speculate on the structure of the work) the author has brought together a long series of musings, having no other unities than those of object and origin; dedicating all, in this beautiful preface, to signalize the final triumph of religion over him.

**Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace  
Believing where we cannot prove;**

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
 Thou madest Life in man and brute ;  
 Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;  
 He thinks he was not made to die ;  
 And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood thou :  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;  
 They have their day, and cease to be :  
 They are but broken lights of thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know :  
 For knowledge is of things we see ;  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music, as before

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;  
 We mock thee when we do not fear :  
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;  
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;  
 What seemed my worth since I began ;  
 For merit lives from man to man,  
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair ;  
 I trust he lives in thee, and there,  
 I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;  
 Forgive where they fail in truth,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.



Such a work as we conceive and represent this to be, evidently admits of but slight analysis. It enshrines only, or at any rate principally, the disjointed emotions of affectionate reminiscence. A reviewer must feel that, with respect to it immediately, his aim must be directed towards a simple vindication of his delight at its pure and elevated sentiment. It must be regarded more as a collection of fugitive verse, than as the embodiment of any single and measured purpose. Still it is impossible not to feel what a powerful resource the true poet possesses for allaying the anguish of social loss, by using his art to repress and temper emotions which might act too violently on his finely-set sensibilities, were there no such solace as that alleged in these thoughtful lines, of the truth of which the whole volume now before us is the evidence.

I sometimes hold it half a sin  
 To put in words the grief I feel ;  
 For words, like Nature, half reveal  
 And half conceal the soul within

But, for the unquiet heart and brain  
 A use in measured language lies ;  
 The sad, mechanic exercise  
 Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I wrap me o'er,  
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
 But that great grief that these unfold  
 Is given in outline, and no more.

We admit, as a recent admirable critic has observed,\* that there is a tendency in poetry to ennoble and embellish the records of venerable men, by combining dignity of expression with the harmonious flow of metrical numbers. And so far, beyond question, Tennyson has availed himself of the facilities of his art to impart a grace and interest to a memory he so long has cherished. But in "In Memoriam," he has left us a study that for the development of deep admiration, a sobriety of diction and modesty of detail are more effective than laboured portraiture and overcharged minuteness. The imagination, perhaps, is the keenest instrument for awakening pleasurable emotions ; and the sympathies, moreover, are rather enlisted by observation *on* those who are past our mortal vision, than by description *of* them ; and

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\* COL. MURE. On the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.

therefore both imagination and sympathy are artistically moved by the chastened enthusiasm of the stanzas which we next present:—

I leave thy praises unexpress'd  
 In verse that brings myself relief,  
 And by the measure of my grief  
 I leave thy greatness to be guessed ;

What practice howsoe'er expert  
 In fitting aptest words to things,  
 Or voice the richest-toned that sings  
 Hath power to give thee as thou wert !

I care not in these fading days  
 To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
 And round thee with the breeze of song  
 To stir a little dust of praise :

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
 And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
 The world which credits what is done  
 Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;  
 But somewhere, out of human view,  
 Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
 Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

Similarly suggestive, from the employment of a similar principle (though injured, we think, by Tennyson's ancient, and now hardly venial sins, a quaintness of idiom, and a want of structural exactness,) is a happy amplification of Chaucer's accurate remarks, that though "oft timē the gentrie of the body benimeth the gentrie of the soul," yet

"Thou maicst well seine (this is in soth)  
 That he is gentill, because he doth  
 As longeth to a gentilman."

In an age of self-designated *gents* and gentlefolk, such sentiments as are here expressed have a practical pungency as severe as anything in the farewell order of the admirable, though eccentric soldier who has just laid down his great and memorable command;—a command whose achievements had been neither more distinguished, nor conservative of the prestige of the British name, though our bayonets had bristled through an affronting enemy, and trophies been the guerdon of our prowess in the field.

The churl in spirit up and down  
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all  
 To who may grasp a golden ball  
 By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

The churl in spirit, how'er he veil  
 His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
 Will let his coltish nature break  
 At seasons, thro' the gilded pale :

For who can always act ? but he,  
 To whom a thousand memories call,  
 Not being less, but more than all  
 The gentleness he seemed to be

So wore his outward best, and join'd  
 Each office of the social hour,  
 To noble manners, as the flower  
 And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness, or spite,  
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
 Drew in the expression of an eye,  
 Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse  
 The grand old name of gentleman,  
 Defamed by every charlatan  
 And soiled by all ignoble use.

But our selections must not suggest that "In Memoriam" is exclusively, or even principally dedicated to the perpetuation of personal mourning, or the record of subdued, though affectionate panegyric, or we shall leave a most unjust impression of the tone and variety of a very thoughtful and finished work. The poem abounds with charming portraiture, picturesque landscape, and exhilarating convictions of the sympathy and clemency of the Spirits made perfect. A firm assurance of the Communion of Saints, and the yearnings of the glorified Church for the righteous perseverance of those still compassed about with infirmities, imparts a healthy glow to reminiscences which the mind, but for such alleviations, would hardly venture to encounter. This idea is eloquently developed in a series of touching canticles. One of these we subjoin—in our judgment, so exquisitely written and contrasted, as to make it difficult to decide which is the more admirable, the elegance of the form, or the pathos of the sentiment.

Could we forget the widowed hour,  
 And look on spirits breathed away  
 As on a maiden in the day  
 Whon first she wears her orange flower !

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise  
 To take her latest leave of home,  
 And hopes and light regrets that come  
 Make April of her tender eyes ;

'And doubtful joys the father move,  
 And tears are on the mother's face,  
 As parting with a long embrace  
 She enters other realms of love ;

Her office thro' to rear, to teach,  
 Becoming as is meet and fit  
 A link among the days, to knit  
 The generations each to each ;

And doubtless unto thee is given  
 A life that bears immortal fruit  
 In such great offices as suit  
 The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
 How often shall her own fireside  
 Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
 How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
 And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
 Till even those that missed her most,  
 Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
 Till growing winters lay me low ;  
 My paths are in the fields I know,  
 And thine in undiscovered lands.

To another class belong some terse and vigorous passages directed against the philosophical heresy of the present, no less than of very remote ages—we need hardly mention that we allude to Pantheism—a form of belief which, considering the periods and the extent of its prevalence, may be presumed to have attractions for the metaphysical intellect. Pantheism, which, so far as the Vedantic theology extends, appears to be its precise parallel, is the belief that there is one spiritual substance, existing from itself, and all other

God is not a person, but the personality of all beings ;—that *pure evil* consists in this—the conviction of subjective personality ;—that God, being the Eternal Personality, hath from eternity permitted that “ same and yet another,” (*das andere seinere*) namely, Nature, to proceed out of Him, in order that he might be eternally conscious of Himself as the Spirit of the Universe ; which Spirit being in man, it is no longer the man which lives in that individual, but God Himself personally in him. The writer previously quoted, though not an advocate, is a sufficiently lukewarm reprovcr of the less objectionable pantheistic doctrines. And yet he confesses that if Hegel’s principles be carried to their proper consequences, the existence of a personal Deity, either in the world or apart from the world, must be cast away and reduced (*versenkt*) to the bare knowledge possessed by mankind. The expectation of individuality after death is, he adds, derided as a sensuous and selfish illusion ; morality is limited to a disposition to merge *self* in the abyss of the Absolute Substance ;—God’s goodness consists in satisfying His own desire of activity, by constant expansion into individual existence ; God’s love, in possessing Himself in them ;—God’s justice, in a power to display the nothingness of all which has thus come to be—that is to say, (on Meplhistopheles’s principle, *all that is deserves not to be*) in annihilating it again. “ Surely,” he continues with laudable severity, “ the God of Plato is preferable to this modern Saturn, who thus feeds upon his own children.”

Or take a different, though no less mischievous expounder of the same system, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson,\* the Ther-

\* The sophistries of this rash and ill-judging declaimer are ably exposed in a recent production of real sagacity, ALTON LOCKE. We hope on a future occasion again to call our readers’ attention to these brilliant volumes. At present, we must confine ourselves to the rich scene descriptive of the effect of an “ Emersonian ” oration on the work-a-day intellects of Cross-thwaite, and Sandy Mackaye.

“ As for the devil,” continued the orator after some similar remarks, “ Novalis, indeed, had gone so far as to suspect him to be a necessary illusion. Novalis was a mystic, and tainted with the old creeds. The illusion was not necessary—it was disappearing before the fast-approaching meridian light of philosophic religion. Like the myths of Christianity, it had grown up in an age of superstition, when men, blind to the wondrous order of the universe, believed that supernatural beings, like the Homeric Gods, actually interfered in the affairs of mortals. Science had revealed the irrevocability of the laws of nature—was man alone to be exempt from them ? No. The time would come when it would be as obsolete an absurdity to talk of the temptation of a friend, as it was now to talk of the weir-wolf, or the angel of the thunder-cloud. The metaphor might remain, doubtless, as a metaphor, in the domain of poetry, whose office was to realize, in objective sym-

sites of the order, by whose licentious conclusions and unbridled words we learn that "the brothel" as well as "the drawing room" is a school for those who would rise to the highest condition of man. We may read in his tortuous and extravagant periods that "of the universal mind each individual man is only one more incarnation;"—that "the genius and creative principle of all eras" is in each man's "own mind;"—that "genius watches the monad through all his masks as he performs the metempsychosis of nature; detects through the fly, through the caterpillar, through the grub, through the egg, the constant individual; through countless individuals, the fixed species; through many species, the genus; through all genera, the steadfast type; through all the kingdoms of organized life, the eternal unity." He will tell us that "within man is the soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty; to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE." The whole fabric of society, according to this philosopher, is purely phantasmagorical; for every other soul is only one's "separated self;" a slip from a "common nature" to which "in all conversation between two persons,—tacit reference is made as to a third party;" which "is not social,"

bold, the subjective ideas of the human intellect; but philosophy, and the pure sentiment of religion, which found all things, even God himself, in the recesses of its own enthusiastic heart, must abjure such a notion. . . . . I may thank the Upper Destinies that they have not made me as other men are—that they have endowed me with nobler instincts, a more delicate conformation than the thief; but I have my part to play, and he has his. Why should we wish to be other than the All-wise has made us?

"'Fine doctrine that,' grumbled Sandy, 'gin ye've first made up your mind wi' the Pharisee that ye are no like ither men.'

"'Shall I pray then? For what? I will coax none, flatter none—not even the Supreme! I will not be absurd enough to wish to change that order, by which sun and stars, saints and sinners, alike fulfil their destinies. There is one comfort, my friends, coax and flatter as we will, he will not hear us.'

"'Pleasant, for puir deevils like us!' quoth Mackayo.

"'Well, but,' asked Crossthaite, 'was not that man, at least, splendid?'

"'An' hoo much o' thao gran' objectives an' subjectives did ye comprehend', then, Johnnie, my man?'

"'Quite enough for me,' answered John, in a somewhat nettled tone.

"'An' sae did I.'

"'But you ought to hear him often. You can't judge of his system from one sermon, in this way.'

"'Seestem! an' what's that like?'

"'Why he has a plan for uniting all sects and parties, on the one broad fundamental ground of the unity of God as revealed by science——'

"'Verra like uniting o' men by just pu'ing aff their class, and telling 'em, There, ye're a' brithers noo, on the one broad fundamental principle o' want o' breeks.'"

but "impersonal," and "God." Then as to the genius to which our metaphysicist ascribes such strange propensities, what is it? One could never dream who aspires only that "knowledge in part," and "sight through a glass darkly," which an Apostle has witnessed to be characteristic of our mortal tenement;—it is no less than "Omniscience flowing into the intellect." Through the ineffable union of man and God in every act of the soul, the simplest person who worships God becomes God," with the "sources of nature in his own mind, if only the sentiment of duty is there." We confess that we discern in these audacious and destructive speculations only a revival and an exaggeration of that Eastern Theosophy which makes the fruit of disinterested religion a perception of the Supreme Soul in all beings, and of all beings in the Supreme Soul; which identifies the Eternal Self-existent in repose with the quiescent *Brahm*, and the same Eternal as the source of all with the *Atma* or Spirit; and regarding the universe as a mere evolution from His substance, reckons a nothing, and an illusion, to be the fertile Mother of all the vast diversity which our faculties witness.

We may as well say, as a school of his disciples seems to be growing up, and enlisting many who are, by office, within the Church, that it is not without reason that Mr. Emerson classes Coleridge with Spinoza, as a sage for his humour. We admit that Coleridge did not go to all the lengths of those mystics who were, beyond all question, his masters in philosophy—for, as M. Victor Cousin has sagaciously observed, "England is a very considerable island; in England every thing stops short at certain limits, nothing is there developed on a great scale."\* Nevertheless, a man who could express "affectionate reverence" for the ridiculous ravings of the inspired cobbler, Jacob Behmen; who found "genial coincidence" in Schelling's Natur-Philosophie and transcendental Idealism, and could deliberately write, "we begin with the I KNOW MYSELF in order to end with the absolute I AM:—we proceed from the SELF, in order to lose and find all self in God,"—can be surely no luminary for a believer in the declaration, that even to the sons of God, it doth not yet appear what they shall be.

Perhaps the most satisfactory confutation of all these presumptuous theories is that the human heart instinctively repudiates them—that not an individual, even among those

who hold them hardest, can commend them to the experience which he gathers of himself and his locality. The testimony of our abstract intuitions, so far from corroborating such speculations, requires correction from the very opposite error: so far are we, in our pristine moods, from imagining the fusion of all life in its original source, that we positively shrink from the idea that any existence whatever can be reft of its individuality. It might be plausibly maintained, we think, that the very ancient and universal tenet of transmigration may be traced to this inherent feeling of the endurance, and segregation of the life once bestowed. Theorizing men, acknowledging a voice within them testifying to their own immortality, and also admitting generally that the idea of life is incapable of dissolution,\* came to consider the diversified phases of creatures cognizant of that idea as various probationary receptacles of intelligences which no amount of error could annihilate, but which must live for ever either in trial or beatitude. It is true that experience by various developments lent its silent witness against these abstractions; but it was only when that voice had been overborne, by speculations as supersensual, that the opposite doctrine of the absorption of all existence in its primal fount could commend itself to the intellect. But considering what we are, or may be, and the convergence of physics and metaphysics, when Truth is the real centre sought, it is not more certain that there is that in nature to put to naught the phantasm of the immortality of *all* life, than that intuition can so far pierce the veil, as to corroborate the immortality which only faith has brought to light.

Those of our readers who have a sense for these reflections will be glad to see them exhibited in a more graceful vehicle than our ill-assorted prose. For such we introduce the following finely balanced stanzas.

The wish that of the living whole,  
 No life may fail beyond the grave;  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul!

\* Ὁ δὲ γε θεός, ὄμαι, ἔφη ὁ Σωκράτης, καὶ αὐτὸ τὸ τῆς ζωῆς εἶδος καὶ εἴ τι ἄλλο ἀθάνατόν ἐστι, παρὰ πάντων ἂν ὁμολογηθεῖη μηδέποτε ἀπόλλυσθαι.—**PLÆDO.**



Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear ;

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
 That slope thro' darkness up to God ;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

—  
 'So careful of the type ?' but no.  
 From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone  
 She cries, 'a thousand types are gone :  
 I care for nothing, all shall go.

Thou makest thine appeal to me :  
 I bring to life, I bring to death :  
 The spirit does but mean the breath :  
 I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies  
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed,  
 And love Creation's final law—  
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
 Who battled for the True, the Just,  
 Be blown about the desert dust,  
 Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more. A monster then, a dream,  
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
 That tare each other in their slime,  
 Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile then as frail !  
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless !  
 What hope of answer, or redress ?  
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Of the reminiscences which the student enjoys, none, perhaps, are more delightful than those of years when his intellectual strength was ripened by the healthy impulses of University residence. We are not inclined to be unqualified panegyrists of every antiquated form of collegiate discipline ; and certain it is that as elsewhere, so to a large extent in the Universities of England, where young men first feel their freedom from those restraints and penalties by which sin is checked and indifference parried under the practical stringency of school training, there is, and ever will be, a serious amount of moral evil, and a nurture of endowments only too partial. Nevertheless, if it be supposed that a degree of vice or hebetude exists, beyond what must be calculated on in any other disposition of a society so miscellaneous both in principles and in intellect, we consider that impression as wholly unfounded and erroneous. We doubt if it would be possible to construct a different method for training a couple of thousand young men of the higher classes, which could be hoped to fulfil the end desired so well as that which has place at Oxford and at Cambridge. The ends defined by the act of incorporation of the University of Oxford are "the maintenance of good and godly literature and the virtuous education of youth;" and "to give greater force and strength for the better increase of learning, and the further suppressing of vice." And of these ends we think all experience tends to confirm the fulfilment by that system of internal self-legislation which the University has exercised time out of mind. A good deal has been said of late on what are not subjects of collegiate instruction, and what may be, or must be learned elsewhere. But it is seldom recollected that a course which does not extend over above thirty months, reckoning the whole period of terminal residence and tutorial instruction from the Matriculation act to the Bachelor's degree, is not sufficient to embrace the whole, or even more than a very limited segment of the whole cycle of human learning. Collegiate residence is, and most properly, rather an opportunity for the accurate education of the mind, than a period for communicating the complement of useful knowledge: its curriculum has been arranged as the most meet foundation for a large ulterior

superstructure, not for the actual accomplishment of those several attainments which the duties of after-life may make incumbent. And if we mistake not, the wisdom of the discipline will be placed beyond dispute by a fair scrutiny of the past. It is undeniable that of all the great intellects who have enlightened England and her possessions by their genius or their erudition, a very vast proportion indeed have been initiated for their future offices by the learning of the schools. The array of glorious reputations thus attached to our national Universities must often act as a salutary stimulus to the noble emulations which their arrangements encourage by those periodical opportunities for distinction in which the least successful will always feel

“non tam

Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum est.”

The whole tone of society, in the better, and we believe by far the larger class of the alumni, is regulated by systems which, wherever natural parts conspire with them, ensure the achievement of vigour, corporeal, intellectual and spiritual. It is by no means true, as we believe, that any class of men who could be reckoned fairly representative of the University at large are signalized by any thing like that degree of contemptible ignorance in every thing beyond the mere subjects of examination which is sometimes represented. On the contrary, our acquaintance ranged among those whose equals in general intelligence and information we have seldom found elsewhere, and *never*, combined with a large amount of scholarly erudition. The picture which Tennyson draws of the pursuits of rising eminence in the genial diversity of academic life,—its buoyant enthusiasm, its hallowing associations, its active elasticity and healthy colloquies, has that higher charm than mere beauty, the charm of intrinsic, though embellished truth. No doubt, as we so often hear, education is a progressive science, and improvements will constantly suggest themselves, as the social tone advances, and the mind ascends to higher discernments and inductions: but still our ancient seats of education, stirred, as it may be owned they have been, to fresh and widening spheres of study by the numerous seminaries which so honourably compete with them, merit only in a higher measure, the willing eulogium of the venerable Dr. Parr; “Be their imperfections what they may, I am acquainted with no other situations where young men can be so largely stored with principles which may enable them to detect the fal-

lacy, and to escape the contamination of those metaphysical novelties, which are said to have gained a wide and dangerous ascendancy on the Continent. After the recent downfall, and amidst the rapid decay, of similar institutions in foreign countries, our Universities are the MAIN PILLARS, not only of the learning, and perhaps the science, but of the virtue and piety (whether seen or unseen) which yet remain among us.”\*

I past beside the reverend walls  
 In which of old I wore the gown ;  
 I roved at random through the town,  
 And saw the tumult of the halls ;

And heard once more in college fanes  
 The storm their high-built organs make,  
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
 The measured pulse of racing cars  
 Among the willow ; paced the shore.  
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
 The same, but not the same ; and last,  
 Up that long walk of lines I past  
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
 I linger'd ; all within was noise  
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
 That crash'd the glass, and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band  
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
 And labour, and the changing mart,  
 And all the frame-work of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
 But send it slackly from the string ;  
 And one would pierce an outer ring,  
 And one an inner, here and there ;

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\* Quoted by A MEMBER OF CONVOCATION in a pamphlet, *The Legality of the present Academical System of the University of Oxford re-asserted against the new Columns of the Edinburgh Review.* Oxford, 1832.

And last the master-bowman, he  
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,  
 And music in the bounds of law,  
 To those conclusions where we saw  
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise :  
 And over those etherial eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo.

Our last extract shall embrace a delicately-pointed sketch of Mary, in the first moments of her charmed wonder and adoration at the revival of her brother Lazarus.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
 Nor other thoughts her mind admits  
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
 And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede,  
 All other, when her ardent gaze  
 Roves from the living brother's face,  
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
 Borne down by gladness so complete,  
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
 — With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest, whose lives are faithful prayers,  
 Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
 What souls possess themselves so pure,  
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

Here we may conclude. It will be apparent from our selections that in "In Memoriam" there is much less objectionable mannerism and tricky artifice than in Mr. Tennyson's former publications ; and it is a pleasant thing to know that notwithstanding all the strife of parties and the blistering controversies, and the perpetual hurly-burly of mechanical and economical progress, there is still an appetite among the people of England for imaginative description, and reflective sobriety, and the sacred and soothing

influences of the moral muse. It speaks well for the principles and the taste of our countrymen, that so far from having lost popularity by the work which we now close with such sincere commendation, Tennyson has won thereby, by the award of all except those miserable critics and parodists who figure with charivaris and buffooneries, a higher eminence among the gifted of his day. And there cannot yet be much cause to dread the scathe of a cold utilitarianism, when thousands will listen with open ears to a poet's "reachings and graspings" at the supra-mundane existence; when a zest is felt for the enchanting union of harmonious cadence with divine philosophy, and a sympathy awakened by such tender elegiacs as Meleager might have woven into his garland, and Nazianzen have consecrated to the memory of Casarius.

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 TEARS.—No. 6.
 

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*"I good be; now —I not cry now!"*

My child! have I so wronged thine infant sense  
 That thou shouldst deem tears constitute offence?  
 Alas! how multiplied were every woe  
 Our frailty knows, if it were really so!  
 Close linked with guilt, too, were each deepest bliss  
 Which finds in tears the tongue it else must miss.—  
 Tears are the body's blessed ministry  
 Unto the soul when lab'ring helplessly,  
 O'erwrought, or with excess of joy or sadness.—  
 Tears soothe each grief. And tears, too, comfort gladness.

SPHYNX.

January, 1847.

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## VII.

## THE NEW URDU VERSION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

*Rejoinder to the Observations of the Rev. W. Smith ; contained in Part II. of " Thoughts suggested by a recent article on the Indian Liturgy."*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The reply of the Rev. W. Smith to certain strictures upon his Translation of the Prayer Book, which appeared in the *Calcutta Review*, seems to call for some rejoinder on the part of the writer of those strictures.

Our grand object in approaching this subject is to contribute in our humble measure towards the advancement of Christianity, by advocating as complete an accommodation of the Liturgy as possible, to the position and ideas of the people of India: we shall therefore, avoiding all personal considerations, endeavour to confine ourselves to a fair estimate of the Rev. W. Smith's defence; and if any errors or overstatements have been made in the Review alluded to, we shall regard as a privilege the opportunity now afforded us of avowing and withdrawing them.

We shall take up Mr. Smith's attempted refutations in his own order.

FIRST, then. It was objected in the *Indian Liturgy* "that the clause 'we have done those things which we ought not to have done,' was rendered by *jo ham ko karná lázim na thá, so ham ne kiyá*—literally, 'and that which it was not incumbent upon us to do we have done!' which might include any thing beyond the commands of God, either good or bad. This equivocalness might, of course, have been easily avoided."

We see no reason to withdraw this criticism, which is perfectly just. *Lázim na thá* may mean either, *incumbent on us not to do, or not incumbent on us to perform*. The meaning of the clause will entirely depend on that of the noun supplied to the pronoun *jo*. This will be evident by the following amplification, in which it is applied to things good, bad, and indifferent.

I. *Jo gunáh ham ko karná lázim na thá, so ham ne kiyá.*

II. *Jo sawáb ham ko karná lázim na thá, so ham ne kiyá.*

III. *Jo íhsán ka kám ham ko karná lázim na thá, so ham ne kiyá.*

The first example signifies, "That sin which we ought not to have done," &c. Sin, being, in the first principles of mo-

rality, that which it is incumbent *not to do*, there is no danger, in this instance, of using the phrase *lázim na thá*, in its other meaning, viz. *not incumbent*.

The *second* example will signify, "Those meritorious acts which it was *not incumbent* on us to do, we have performed." Meritorious acts could not in the nature of things be incumbent *not to do*; therefore, the other meaning, viz. "*not incumbent to perform*," must necessarily be the one intended in this case.

So the *third*, which refers to something indifferent, will, on the same principle, signify "we have shown that kindness, which it was *not incumbent* on us to have done."

We have the best native authority for asserting that the Urdu usage varies as here indicated.

In the sentence objected to, the simple transposition of the negative would have rendered the meaning clear, *e. g.* "aur jo ham ko na karná lázim thá," &c. We do not say that this is the most forcible rendering that might be adopted, but at least it avoids ambiguity.

The couplet adduced by Mr. Smith in defence of his rendering, is not in point. "Na thá lázim tuihe yih bewafái." *Bewafái*, or "faithlessness" being necessarily that which it is incumbent *not to do*, the meaning of the Poet is quite plain; and so would that of the Translator have been, had he inserted *bewafái*, *gunáh*, or any other word signifying an improper action. It is not enough that there be an *implied* reference to evil. The sentence is imperfect, and indeed ambiguous, unless that reference be distinctly supplied.

SECOND. The "Indian Liturgy" contains the following remark: "The fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer transposes the original order thus; "aur jis tarah ki ham apne taqsíron ko muáf karte hain, tú hamári taqsíron ko muáf kar." The primary idea, and chief stress, are thus laid upon the petitioner's forgiving spirit, which in the Greek and English is a simple pendant upon the main supplication for forgiveness. The original relation of the two clauses should not be altered."

We still hold to this opinion, and would press it also on the Translators of the New Testament. We have ourselves felt, in the use of the vernacular petition thus transposed, the impropriety of the present arrangement, which is equivalent to, "And in such manner as we forgive those who trespass against us, do Thou forgive our trespasses." The earnest cry for forgiveness should, as placed by our Saviour, come first. We have high native authority for



repeating that the Urdu idiom is equally good in the one case as in the other.

We do not understand the Rev. W. Smith's remarks on this point. He finds it difficult to reconcile our views regarding this transposition, with our expressed approval of Chrysostom's rigid enforcement of the pendant clause. But where is the inconsistency? Neither the Reviewer, nor Chrysostom, sought to break the divine link which joins the petition with the condition attached thereto. His only object was to give them that relative position which they occupy in the inspired Form. The Rev. Gentleman's pleasantry at the expense of the word *pendant*, is surely somewhat out of place in so serious a matter.

THIRD. The "Indian Liturgy" proceeds: "*Deliver us from evil*" is rendered 'Bure se buchá.' This use of 'bure' as an adjectival noun, is inadmissible. The Translator probably wished to keep close to the Greek, *τοῦ πονηροῦ*; but no such object would justify a gross breach of idiom."

To refute this remark, the Translator adduces couplets from two "Native Writers;" in which the phrase "occurs in the very same way as in the Prayer Book."

To this it may be replied *first*, that the use of *bure* in the passages quoted is not by any means the same as in the Lord's Prayer. They are reproduced below, for convenient comparison.\* It will be observed that in the first, by a poetical ellipsis, the word *raqib*, and in the second the term *gham* is omitted; the meaning thus being in the former, "Deliver me from an evil rival," and in the latter "Deliver me from such evil grief." But in the Lord's Prayer there is no antecedent whatever; unless, indeed, "*Temptation*" be regarded as such, to which however we are not aware that any Commentator refers the word "*evil*."

*Secondly*; even if the usage in the verses quoted, were strictly analogous, it might safely be replied, that the expression was a poetical license, not to be admitted in prose.

*Thirdly*; after considerable enquiry, we have been unable to ascertain that the native poets noticed here (and elsewhere,) by the Rev. W. Smith, would be regarded as authorities by the classical writers of Delhi or Lucknow, and we should therefore hesitate to admit their usage as con-

\* FIRST. Raqib i bad-andesh hai bad balá, Iláho, mujhe tu bure se bachá.  
SECOND. Rahta hai gham mudám mere aath, ai Khuda; Gham to bahut burá hai, bure se mujhe bachá.

clusive. It is possible for even *native* provincial writers to admit provincialisms into their compositions.

For these reasons, we still reject *bure*. It has invariably been corrected by the natives we have shown the passage to, as a *mistake* for *buráí*.

FOURTH. It was stated in the Review: "There is a very inelegant use of the word *kamál*, both here, and throughout the book; thus 'kamál muqaddas kalám,' 'kamál rahím Bap,' 'kamál azíz Beta.' It is a noun signifying *perfection*, and is sometimes used adjectively in construction with another noun; but it is a solecism to use it, as qualifying an adjective; and its frequent appearance in such position is objectionable, if not offensive; while the superlative force, proposed by its adoption, might have been secured in other ways."

With reference to this, and the preceding remark, the Rev. W. Smith reads the Reviewer a lecture on the necessity of modesty and caution, and taunts him with "confidently expressing himself on subjects that he *as* evidently knows little about." With all due modesty and deference, yet with confidence, we adhere to our criticism, and appeal to the tribunal of native authority against the correctness of the expressions above quoted. But if the Translator accept the challenge, two conditions must be observed. *First*, the example to be produced must correspond *exactly* with those quoted above, e. g. with *kamál azíz Beta*. It is not enough that *kamál* be found in construction with an adjective; because adjectives are sometimes used *alone*, instead of nouns. In the passage to be produced, *kamál* must, as in the Urdu Prayer Book, precede an adjective, which itself shall qualify a noun immediately following it. *Second*, the authority must be a good one.

In connexion with the above may be noticed "the phrase *kamál chain*, which the Reviewer catered among others opposed to the genius of Urdu composition." We still hold it to be at the least a very inelegant expression. The verse which Mr. Smith has brought forward in its defence, is not exactly in point; for *kamál* is often used adverbialiter, and we hold (on native authority) that in the case produced, it must be construed with the verb, or the sentence at large, not as the adjective of *chain*.\* Very different is the usage reprobated by the Reviewer, viz. "ki terí kalisiyá

\* "Kamál chain aur áram se guzartí hai:" that is "(their days) are passed completely, in peace and rest."

díndárí ke kamál chain men terí bandagí... kiya kare." Here *kamál* cannot possibly be construed otherwise than as an adjective qualifying *chain*.

FIFTH. We still object to the phrase *shouq dilátá hai* for "moveth us." It expresses both less and much more than the original. But the Reviewer admitted that to give the meaning properly a change of language would be needed. It was in fact one of those passages which to his apprehension proved that the Translator should be allowed some degree of license in transferring into Urdu the English idea.

SIXTH. "To set forth his most worthy praise," the Reviewer writes, "is most literally rendered *uske bahut hí láúy kí taríf karen*, which gives the idea of the praise (concrete,) rendered by us, being most worthy of God's acceptance,—not that praise (abstract) is most fitting to be rendered to God. 'Uskí wájibí taríf karen,' would express the idea, though weakly."

The Translator contents himself with impugning the phrase proposed by the Reviewer. There is no question that the phrase itself is a correct one; we admit, however, on farther consideration, that it is not adequate to the meaning of the original, but is open to the same, if not to greater objection\* than the present one; signifying, viz., that the praise it refers to, is exactly what it ought to be. We still think that "the beautiful sentiment of the English original must be cast into another mould to reproduce its strength in Urdu."

SEVENTH. The use of the words *عاجم* and *جامع*. The Rev. W. Smith quotes the Reviewer as if he held that these were "opposed to the genius of Urdu composition." But on referring to the article he will find the only objection to be, that they are *extremely rare* terms: and as such, we still hold their introduction into the Urdu Prayer Book as objectionable. The form *عاجم* is in fact known to very few; and the only advantage the Translator anticipates from its use is, that it is a very disguised form of *عام*, which he is afraid of as a "very common or low word." But his fears in this respect are quite gratuitous. Every Urdu scholar will bear testi-

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\* That is, if the *ki*, in *láúy kí taríf*, which the Translator represents to be an error of the transcriber, or the printer, be removed. This *ki* occurs in all the editions both in the Roman and Persian character, and both in the morning and evening services; and its erasure much improves the passage.

mony that there is not a less low and vulgar word in the Dictionary; and that instead of being generally, or indeed chiefly, used to signify "common people," it is the usual and correct phrase for styling any thing as *general, universal, or collective*.\* Mr. Smith has correctly specified the only analogous sense of the word جامع current in India; viz., *masjid-i-Jami*, i. e. Cathedral: and this we fancy will be the kind of idea, if any, attached to such expressions as *kali-siya jami, din-i-jami*, &c., by all except the learned. We shall revert again to what follows, viz. "The word itself being thus known" (i. e. as applying to a "*chief mosque*"), the different shade (!) of meaning that we attach to it is easily explained to our "Christians."

Of the numerous phrases quoted by the Reviewer as "opposed to the genius of Urdu composition," the Translator apparently justifies a few, by alleging that in the former translation, the words employed were more difficult or inappropriate. He does not allude to the oft-repeated expression of *mazhûb iman*,† or to *shilâb maâzûl, nihayet sachcha, laiq wâlâ*, &c., at all.

We still think that "*tahammul karnâ*," does not give the exact meaning of "*spare*," as used by a suppliant. A judge or ruler might treat a suppliant criminal with the greatest *forbearance, longsuffering and clemency*, (*tahammul*), and yet not absolutely *spare* him. But it was chiefly to the word as being an *unnecessarily difficult* one that the Reviewer alluded.‡

EIGHTH. The "constant use," of *diyâ chahiye, kiyâ chahiye*, &c., was denounced by the Reviewer as "inelegant and

\* It is constantly used in metaphysical and logical works; and also in common parlance for such phrases as a "*general order*," a "*circular letter*," i. e. one addressed generally or collectively to all authorities, or parties concerned.

† Notwithstanding Mr. Smith's tacit acknowledgment that this use of *mazhûb* is not justifiable; it is possible that the Reviewer may have denounced it too strongly as "*violently unidiomatic*." It is certainly not used by any good writer, yet it is probable that in certain circumstances, and with certain combinations, it might be admissible: e. g. ایمان مستحکم اور مضبوط;

but its use should be avoided. That it can be well dispensed with, we have had good proof lately afforded us, in hearing at Almorah an excellent Urdu sermon on the *very subject of Faith*, accompanied by un-liturgical prayers adapted to the sermon, in both of which the idea of "*strong faith*" was of frequent occurrence; and the expression *mazhûb* was, we think, only once introduced, and that with such qualification as to take much from its objectionableness.

‡ Moreover, the phrase "*Ham se tahammul kar*," is very unusual, if not quite unidiomatical.

objectionable." The Translator holds "that the Urdu use of these forms is precisely the contrary to what he states." The Reviewer perhaps too much forgot that in many points Urdu idiom is very varying, and he may possibly have laid down that as a general canon which is a mere point of individual taste. In such event, he must submit to the rebuke administered by the Rev. W. Smith "that the Reviewer is not an oracle in these matters, though he frequently delivers himself as such;" and he therefore withdraws the criticism so far as it refers to the *frequent repetition* of such phrases.\* In the following, and he believes in other, instances, the participial form has, however, been *erroneously* used, viz., in the Sacramental exhortation :

"Áí ázízo Khudáwánd meñ piváro jo hamare naját denewále Masíh ke badan aur lahu kî pák Sákrimint meñ sharík hua chahíte ho tum ko ghaur kiyá chahiye." We have it on the best native authority that the construction here should either have been "*tum ko ghaur karní chahiye,*" or omitting the *tumko*, simply *ghaur kiya chahiye*. So in the VI<sup>th</sup> of the Articles of Religion, "to kisi se is amar kî talab na kiyá chahiye, ki, &c.;" the sentence ought either to have run thus "is amar *ki talab na karní chahiye,*" or *amar* should have been in the accusative.

NINTH. The Reviewer stated, "The present tense is frequently employed without the auxiliary (hai, thá, &c.): and the sense, which was intended as indicative and absolute, is thus made conditional. In these cases, which occur chiefly in the latter part of the work, the sense is entirely defective." The Translator replies that he has "looked over the latter part of the work, and cannot find one instance of the kind, and will thank any one to do so." With this challenge the only difficulty we feel in complying, is to select from the instances which crowd upon us. We present a few specimens from various parts of the volume.

Let us begin with a Collect,—that for Easter Day. "We humbly beseech thee, that, as by thy special grace preventing us thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by thy continual help, &c.;" translated—"Ham ájizi se terí minnat karte hain, ki jistarah tu *peshtar se* fazl khás karke nek irade hamare dilon meñ *paida karta*, usí tarah hum terí har dam kî madad se," &c. : thus transforming the words *dost put*, into

\* We have before us an elegant Urdu translation by the late Moulvie Imanat-olla, of the Fort William College, in which this phrase where frequently required, is occasionally elegantly varied.

*might put*; or rather in connection with the phrase *peshtar se* (which apparently represents "*preventing us!*") into "*might have previously put.\**"

Let us proceed to the Communion Service; "when God *calleth* you, are ye not ashamed to say, we will not come?" is thus rendered, "Jab Khuda tumhári dawát karta, to kyá uske rad karne men tumhen sharm nahin áti?" that is, "when God *might call you,*" or "*if God called you.*"

We shall select a specimen now from the Burial Service. "Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." "Rúh kahta hai ki Hain we apni mehnaton se áram *paté.*" that is, "they *might rest,* or *if they rested,* &c., from their labours." This is the less pardonable as the translation in the New Testament gives the *hain*, and therefore the correct indicative sense.†

But not to weary the reader with interminable instances, we shall close with a specimen from the Articles; the latter part of the XVII<sup>th</sup>.

"So for curious and carnal persons, looking the Spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's Predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the Devil *doth thrust* them either unto desperation, or into wretchedness of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation." Thus rendered: "Par jasús taba aur nafsání logon ko jin men Masíh ka ruh nahin unke nazar ke samhne khudá kí murád i muqaddam ka hukm sadá rahná barí khaufnáq khwári hái jisse Shaitán úben yá náummedí men *dáltá* ya aisi mahaz gandí chál kí befikri men jiske darmiyán náummedí se kuchh kám khatrá nahin hai *phansútá.*" There is no auxiliary either before or after the verbs in italics, which could be supplied to put them in the indicative mood; their meaning therefore remains conditional, and thus instead of

\* The only auxiliary in the whole passage is the one at the beginning of the above extract, which we have included purposely to show that it cannot possibly have any prospective influence on *paída karta.*

† This is by no means a solitary instance, where by improving upon the existing translation of the Bible, Mr. Smith has injured the sense. More than one native stumbled at the third Commandment, which is repeatedly given thus; خداوند اپنے خدا کا نام تو بیجا نہ لینا which seemed to them to mean, "*Master! take not the name &c.*" In the Bible, when they perceived that the pronoun stood at the beginning of the sentence, they at once apprehended the meaning. It is true that a person accustomed to the Old Testament style would not probably misunderstand this; but it is not less true that the phraseology is *unnecessarily ambiguous* to others.

*doth thrust*, we have “*might thrust*,” and “*might entangle*.” There are other noticeable points in this sentence; but we simply direct attention to the words “*Khudá kí murád i muqaddam ka hukm*, which is plain Hindustanee for the order or sentence of God’s *chief desire, or intent* ;” now this we are assured is the salvation of the world, for “*He desireth not the death of a sinner* :” yet the keeping of this before the eyes of sinners, is represented as a cause of desperation instead of hope.

As the Translator challenges us to produce a passage “scarcely intelligible,” we shall just refer him to the beginning of the same Article, which runs thus;—“*Zindagání kí murád i muqaddam Khudá ká abadí iráda hai*.” None of the natives to whom we have shown this has been able to make any sense whatever out of it, even after perusing the context and the whole Article. The only meaning which appears to them at all likely is, that “the *chief object of life* is God’s everlasting purpose, &c.” It is vain to say of the arbitrary signs here put for *Predestination to Life*, that “the different *shade* of meaning we attach to them is easily explained to our Christians;” while we are holding ourselves, and them also, up to the ridicule of the Mahomedans and Hindoos, by the use of such unmeaning expressions to denote some of the most solemn verities of religion. Equally unintelligible is the use of تقدس in Article XXXVI. for the *Consecration* of Bishops. This word has a strictly neuter meaning, and signifies *holiness, sanctity* : yet “the Book of the *Consecration* of Archbishops and Bishops,” is translated, *Usqíf aur bare usqíf ke taqaddus . . kí kutáb* ; i. e. “the book of (or—regarding,) the holiness of Archbishops, &c. !” So farther down, “*whosoever are consecrated or ordered*,” is translated “*jo . . . taqaddus yá taqarrur kiye gaye*,” which is perfectly meaningless; for what could be made out of the idea “whatever holiness or appointment was made?” So, on the other hand, the term for *original sin*, *khalqí gunah*, is distinct enough; for it implies that sin is *khalqí*, i. e. a part of our creation,—created by God! True, we can “easily explain to our Christians the different shade of meaning that we attach to “this expression;” but do we not meanwhile discredit our Faith\* among those who are without; and is there no

\* An intelligent and highly qualified Native, the Arabic Professor in the College at Agra, was scandalized (among others) at this imputation, and suggested the word *asálí* (اصلی گناه) as more appropriate and devoid of any

danger, by using misnomers, of misleading our native Christians themselves?

We are unwilling to extend this paper by producing (as we easily might,) other instances of passages "scarcely intelligible; but we must not omit the following curious proof of how completely a very simple sentence may be darkened by a slight obscurity. Two venerable bearded Moulvees, of high qualifications, puzzled over the following passage in the Marriage Service:—

ای خدا تو نے اپنی بری قدرت سے سب چیزیں نیست سے  
ہست کیں اور دوسری چیزوں کی ترتیب دینے بعد یہ تھرایا  
کہ مرد سے الخ

They gravely discussed what "other things" (*dúsrí chízen*) the Translator could allude to, when he had just specified *all* existent things (*sab chízen*.) They speculated whether he might not allude to some remote thing in the Christian system, and at last fairly gave the passage up! When informed that the clause referred to the ordering of other things previous to the appointment that woman should take her beginning from man &c., they declared that they never could have discovered this meaning from the terms and construction employed.\*

NINTH. The Reviewer holds that "the English idiom has been copied even in the use of copulatives, and frequently to the injury of the Urdu style. Thus—

<i>Urdu.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Gharíb ájiz taab aur tabedár dil.	Humble, penitent, lowly, and obedient heart.
Ek púrí kámil aur káfi qurbáni nazar aur jarímání.(?)	A full, perfect, and sufficient, sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction."

We repeat that in neither of these instances is the arrangement of the copulatives elegant, and in the latter the sentence is far from idiomatic or clear.

The Rev. W. Smith has entirely mistaken the object of the Reviewer's remarks; and has busied himself to no pur-

evil import; and this, while he was entirely unaware that the term he proposed, exactly corresponded with the English *original*.

\* The following version would at any rate give the meaning of the English words, "who also (after other things set in order) didst appoint that out of man, &c."

اور پھر جب اور باتوں کی ترتیب کر لی یہ تھرایا کہ مرد سے الخ



pose to prove that the *omission* of copulatives, on certain occasions, is consonant with the Urdu idiom; a fact which the Reviewer never doubted. Mr. Smith does not seem to have remembered that there are other ways in which the copulatives of an Urdu sentence may be supplied or arranged.

But even placing *elegancy* out of the question, this practice of so exactly copying the English idiom, even to the disposal of the copulatives, may be the occasion sometimes of obscurity or even mistake. Thus in the *Te Deum*, "To thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, &c." is thus given :

سارے فرشتے آسمان اور اُسکی تمام قوتیں تجھکو پکارتے ہیں

A learned Moulvee proposed to alter it thus :

آسمان کے سارے فرشتے اور اُسکے الخ<sup>or</sup> سارے فرشتے آسمان کے:

because he thought that the passage meant "all the *angels of Heaven*, &c." Had the copulative been placed between the two words, all chance of mistake would have been avoided.

Take another instance, from the Marriage Service. "Thirdly, it was ordained for the mutual society, help and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other." "Tisre yih isliye muqarrar huá ki do tarafah mel madad aur áram hásil ho jo ki, &c." Not only is the omission of some connecting link between *mel* and *madad* inelegant, but it spoils the sense; as is evident from a Native of high qualifications, supposing that it meant "mel *yane* madad aur áram;"—"society, *that is*, help and comfort;" which word *yane* he proposed to supply!

On the Rev. W. Smith's general remarks we shall only adventure one or two brief observations. The following passage recorded by him, is too remarkable to be passed over.

"It is, also, to be borne in mind (what the Reviewer seems "most unaccountably to have forgotten,) that the Prayer Book is not intended for natives *as such*—be they Hindús or Musalmáns; . . . but for native *Christians* who must from the nature of the case (and it does not seem undesirable that it should be so) have, to a greater or less extent, a religious *bolí* or phraseology, differing from the *idolatrous* Hindús, and *Unitarian* Musalmáns;—a *bolí*, too, which in due course of time will become to them as familiar. . . . as the language of our English Bible. . . is to us. . . ." And upon the criticism of the Reviewer, that the present Urdu Prayer book "is not calculated to win its way among the native communities:" Mr. Smith adds the following note: "Who ever intended that *it should*, while the native com-

“munities are in their present state? A *Christian Prayer Book* is surely intended for *Christians*, not for *Unbelievers*.”

No doubt there is much sound truth in these remarks: but we deprecate the possibility of certain opposite, and not less important, maxims being obscured and lost sight of by the exclusive contemplation of the other side. The views presented above betray, according to our conception of the subject, a too confined scope as regards the future. The enlarged aspiration of the earnest believer, realizes in the distance the ingathering of the heathen and Mahomedan into the Christian Church: and leads to preparations corresponding therewith. Such a mental realization, at the least, will obviate the possibility of any stumbling-blocks being, without the most absolute necessity, thrown in the path of the crowding multitudes who shall one day, we know not how soon, seek the way to our temples. It is not the voice of Faith to say, *When that day comes, we shall make preparation for it*. Our wisdom lies in so ordering all our arrangements, that they shall, at all events, present the smallest possible obstacles to the accession contemplated. Nor is this a mere theoretical and visionary inculcation; on the contrary, it is quite plain that in as far as the prospective accommodation here advocated is successfully carried out, in so far have we actually accommodated our system to the present necessities of those without, and, we might add, of our Christians also. When our ranks shall rapidly be swelled from the enemy's camp, will the multitudes of believers, real as well as nominal, think we, not carry along with them their national pre-possessions: will they not cling to their old accustomed idiom, to their ancient style of language? Unquestionably they *will*; and whatever in our system comes into antagonism therewith, be it the translation of the Prayer Book or any thing else, will *in so far* stand as opposition to the onward movement. But the versions of the Liturgy made in our day, whether they be good or bad, will it is probable be handed down to those times without alteration, at all events without much alteration. This is the normal period of the Indian Church's existence: as the mould is now formed, so, in many important features, will the type be cast in far distant ages. And therefore is it that we have pleaded with urgency, that the work of accommodation be not lightly cast aside: but that the Church gird up her loins while the business is yet before her, and spare no pains, no expense, no talents, to adapt her services not only to the *language*, but to the *spirit* of the people.

But farther, the extracts given above appear to betoken far too narrow views, even with respect to the *present* generation. The Rev. W. Smith holds that "a Christian Prayer Book is surely intended for *Christians*, not for *unbelievers*." We cannot persuade ourselves that this is the deliberate opinion of any agent of the Evangelical Church Missionary Society.\* No! we reply; surely the Prayer Book must be intended, perhaps indirectly, but nevertheless really and truly intended, for unbelievers, (that is, in the language of the Reviewer, for those who have not yet joined the "believers" or πιστοί,) as well as for Christians. If not, then does it far from correspond with the service of the Early Church. There they invited and expected the enquirers and the heathen to enter; they welcomed them as they approached to hear the Gospel, and the *prayers which were offered for them*: there they had services for all classes of *unbelievers*, from the most ignorant enquirer, up to the *competentes* daily expecting baptism. And shall we hedge up our services

\* It is remarkable that some of the Rev. Mr. Smith's own arguments look as if he did sometimes keep these same unbelievers in view. His opening defence of translating and publishing the long and intricate tables, and of the stress laid upon the "*Bedārion aur Rozon aur Riāzat ke din*," is grounded partly on the necessity of manifesting to the Hindūs and Mahomedans, that we too have ceremonies and practices analogous with theirs. He refers to them as having "their forms and ceremonies, and *prayer books*—their "*Pujā Paddhati, kanz ul Ibad, &c.*—it seems desirable to shew them in "this, as in many other respects, that of their *counterparts*, we possess the "*genuine coin*, of their *shadows*, we have the *substances*; and thus also to "rebut the charge sometimes brought against us, as against our predecessors "of old, of being *Atheists*." If the Rev. Gentleman be in earnest, this certainly is desiring an accommodation beyond comparison more complete, than we should have dreamt of. We are tempted to fancy this possibly a sally of irony against a certain party in the Church;—a bearding of the Lion in his very den! But, in very truth, it is no ground for pleasantry. Woe be to the Church, if ever her followers are led by her formularies or practice to catch at any ceremony whatever, be it *riyāzat* (austerity, abstinence), *roza* (fast), or *bedāri* (vigil), and to regard it either as the shadow or the substance of their own idolatrous or superstitious appointments! The less, indeed, the two classes of facts are brought into analogous juxtaposition, the better.

Precisely the same remarks are to be made upon the Translator's justification of his literal translation by the Mahomedan practice, and his reference to the interlinear version of the *Coran*. The analogy might have been pushed a little farther. A Prayer Book in English interlined with an Urdu version, would be still more suitable to the Mahomedan principle; or the Testament in Greek with an interlinear translation in the vernacular; or we might have prayers in Greek or Latin, as they have in Arabic. The analogy, altogether, from first to last, is a simple *argumentum ad absurdum*. Yet it is gravely produced as a valid argument in favour of a literal translation of the Prayer Book; as if we should copy our adversaries in their *vicious points*, as well as in their virtues!

from all these classes ; and, *simply because our Liturgy happens to be adapted to a country professedly Christian throughout*, therefore abandon the excellent and most imitable example of the Primitive Church ; and openly give out that our "Christian Prayer Book," that is, *our publick devotional services*, are "surely intended for *Christians*, not for *Unbelievers*?" If such be indeed the case, how lamentably changed from the practice of Early Christianity !

But whatever may be ostensibly held by individuals on this point, the Reviewer has abundantly proved that, in actual practice, *Unbelievers*, Hindú and Mahomedan, are invited into our assemblies, while the services of common prayer are being performed. What, then, are we to make of the Translator's position, that the Prayer Book was never intended to win its way among the native communities, while in their present state? Far, far, be such a sentiment from our Missionaries !

Farther still ; there is a danger of losing sight of the depressing and embarrassing effect of enforcing a foreign and a peculiar idiom, upon the *Native Christians themselves*. *Every thing which unnecessarily marks them as a separate caste*, is to be sedulously avoided ; and yet, to the Translator it does not seem undesirable that they should have "a religious *hoi* or phraseology, differing from the *idolatrous Hindús*, and *Unitarian Musulmans*." Undoubtedly, there will from necessity be such expressions : the pure faith and sacred peculiarities of Christianity, require that there should : but beyond what is absolutely unavoidable let us not advance a single step. Above all, let us not regard such peculiarities as abstractly "not undesirable:" that would be a wrong and an unnatural principle. Every strange and peculiar expression which we force upon our Native Christians, is a heavy burden to be borne by them ; they have already enough to bear that is unavoidable. Let us not lay upon them a single burden more, not even a solecism or uncouthness of speech ; but by all means let every word and idea which we impart to them be accommodated to the genius of the people at large, and run in the tracts of their beaten paths.

We might illustrate these remarks at large from the Urdu Prayer Book : but time and space forbid. Here, however, is a short example. The Benediction, viz. "The peace of God which passeth all understanding, &c.," is translated by "*Salám U'lláh jo tamám faham se báhar hái.*" So unwarrantable is this use of *Salám* in Urdu, that certain learned natives, (though not unaccustomed to the perusal of our religious books, ac-

tually understood this to be a sort of customary *Salám* or form of *rukhsat* (Adieu, or Congé). They never dreamt of its signifying *peace* or *spiritual quiet*; and laughed outright when told of its real meaning.\* Now here are we most gratuitously forcing a language of *cant* into our Christians' mouths, disadvantageous to themselves, and exposing them, without the smallest corresponding advantage, to the ridicule of the Heathen.

Is there no point, too, at which the Hindú and the Mahomedan *meet* the Christian;—in social life, perhaps in the house of the latter, where on the table or in the library, the unbeliever chances upon the Christian's manual of public devotion, and reads therein? And are we warranted in making our formularies a whit more strange or less congenial for such an one, than the *absolute necessity* of the case demands? Is there no point, again, at which the unbeliever *begins* to draw near to our influences; when *curiosity* prompts him to the Church door, or an earnest spirit of *enquiry* leads him to take counsel of some respected Christian? Is the Prayer Book to be closed the moment such blessed sympathies begin to work? Are these not rather occasions on which the Prayer Book might be brought,—indirectly at least,—to bear upon unbelievers for their spiritual benefit? And yet the comment of the Reviewer, that the *present* translation "is not calculated to win its way among the native communities," is answered by the reply of surprise, "Who ever intended that it should!"

A careful and reiterated reperusal of large portions of the translation, confirms us in the correctness of the Reviewer's estimate thereof. It has many excellencies. The renderings are often characterized by singular appropriateness, and sometimes by unusual elegance. "Much skill and knowledge of native idiom," the Reviewer has gladly borne witness, "have been brought to bear upon the task. The "natural language of every-day life has often been applied "with great happiness to the expression of what was before "conveyed in a learned and recondite style." It is a matter

\* Here again the New Testament translation is altered for the worse: *K'hudá kí salámati*, could not be turned into a mere form of courtesy. But *امان* perhaps is the nearest word in the *Mussulman* religious vocabulary to express the Greek *ειρηνη*. Thus *Alláh kí amán*, or *K'hudá kí amán*, gives the idea probably as correctly as the foregoing, while it is the phrase commonly used.

of regret that this praise cannot be made absolute and universal. We much fear that one cause why a more unvarying conformity with the native style and idea has not been adopted, is just the principle avowed by the Translator, that it is "not undesirable that our Native Christians should "have, to a greater or less extent, a religious *bolí* or phraseo-  
"logy" of their own. It is probably this, which, added to the determination to cling to the English original, even in its casual and indifferent points of idiom and expression, has invested the translation with that "foreign and strange" garb, complained of by the Reviewer:—that "general repulsive-  
"ness, which destroys the effect of the happy renderings  
"before commended."

A large portion of the Translator's reply remains yet unnoticed: for by way of defending his own translation, he has made an attack upon another attributed to the Reviewer's pen. Such criticisms might justly be passed over as foreign to the subject in hand. But as the critic has framed a general and a disparaging estimate upon a very insufficient scrutiny, and as its confident assertion might injure the usefulness of the "*History of the Christian Church in Urdu*," a few remarks on the subject may, in justice to that work, be admitted here. Mr. Smith's premises certainly do not justify his conclusion. The work *may* be an unworthy one, but unquestionably not on the grounds specified by him.

We shall go through *all* his criticisms. The first refers to the following sentence which we give entire in both versions.\*

"His mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, but while still "a virgin, she conceived, by the power of the Holy Ghost, "Him in whose person were united, for the salvation of the  
"world, Manhood and Godhead." Page 3.

اوسکی ما مریم یومو سے منگی تھی لیکن بیاہ ہونے سے پہلے کہ  
وہ اب تک گنوار تھی خدا تعالیٰ کی روح کی قدرت سے  
حاملہ ہوئی اور اوسکا حمل ایسا ہوا جسمیں الوہیت اور  
انسانیت کی دونو صفتیں ایک ذات میں آدمیونکی نجات  
کے واسطے مل گئیں\*

\* The work was published both in English and Urdu, in separate volumes.

We shall just promise, that the early pages of this work were not intended as a *Gospel history*, but were expressly stated to be a *brief synopsis*, or rapid survey thereof, by way of mere *introduction* to the "History of the Church." Yet the Revd. W. Smith finds fault with the above passage because "it might be doubted whether Mary was Joseph's wife before she bore our Lord,—*byáh hone se pahle*." What the object of this remark is, we cannot perceive; seeing that the *point* of the narrative, viz. that Jesus was born of the *virgin* Mary, is clearly brought out, and nothing farther was required. He then cavils at the word *mangí*, which he supposes to be a misprint for *mangní*: but the phrase *mangí thí* is the proper reading, and a very idiomatic and appropriate one it is. Mr. Smith would next make the humble Historian an unintentional *Monophysite*! But the charge falls lightly upon him. *Zát*, as every Urdu scholar knows, is continually used for *person*; and the statement "that the attributes of Godhead and Manhood joined in one person," is, we conceive, a most orthodox and unimpugnable mode of expressing the Divinity and Humanity of the Saviour. Yes, replies the Critic, but the words *might* be twisted.

"A master in the language (which the writer is ~~not~~)\* (such is the sentence of the Revd. W. Smith,) "and a ~~man~~ "of sound doctrine on this vital point (which I believe ~~him~~ to "be) would not have expressed himself in a ~~man~~ner that a "*Monophysite* might well accommodate to his own system."

If so, it would not have been the first time that Monophysites had *accommodated* strictly orthodox and correct language to their own system. "In fact," adds the Rev. Gentleman, "I do not know how such a one could properly express his "doctrine *otherwise* in Urdu." This is certainly very odd, for we could point out several very unmistakable ways.

The Reviewer proceeds: "In the 3rd page there is a very unidiomatic sentence or two—*úske bad Masíh no nasíhat í ámm karni shurú kiyá, &c. &c.*" But the critic does not inform us wherein the want of idiom consists. This sentence may not be so elegantly constructed as is possible: yet it is quite idiomatic. Indeed, the only inelegancy our native friends can point to, is that *shurú kiyá* would have been better *shurú kí*: but on turning to the original, the reader will find that *shurú kí* is the actual reading, which Mr. Smith has misquoted!

"In the 4th page," he continues, "is an equally faulty "sentence with a dubious meaning; we are informed that "our Lord gave instruction through means of *Kahánís*!

“(Kahání sí jhúthí aur bát sí míthí! . . Let the Reviewer ask “his Maulavi if he would apply the term *kahání* to anything “that Muhammed said or taught.” This is hardly stated fairly. We acknowledge that *kahání* by itself is a dubious, or worse than dubious term; and, perhaps, as our critic suggests, it would have been better omitted here. But we do not allow that in connection with the context, and the words *ba zaría tamsíl aur kahání ke, &c.*, which qualify the obnoxious word, the meaning is at all dubious, or the sense derogatory to Christ. We appeal to the passage :

وہ انکر بذریعہ تمثیل اور کہانی کی تعلیم دیتا اور روزمرہ باتوں سے فائدے اور ہدایت نکالتا تھا \*

We have it on the authority of excellent Mussulmans, that in the sentence thus guarded, there is nothing disparaging to the character of a Prophet.

The Critic proceeds: “Lower down are these words, ‘uskí *taríf aur sanákhwání pukárkar barí dhúm machái.*’\* We “are then told that on this account, and because *they had* “*quickenéd their friend Lazarus*, the malice and wrath of the “Pharisees greatly increased!” Any one who reads the original, will perceive that this criticism is not in the least borne out by the grammatical construction.

شہر میں جب داخل ہونے لگا تب بری جماعت اوسکے پیچھے ہوئی اور اوسکی تعریف اور ثناخوانی پکار کر بری دھوم مچائی\* اس بات سے اور اپنے دوست لعاذر کے زندہ کرنے سے کہ وہ تین دن کا مردہ تھا فروسیوں کا کینہ اور غصہ بہت برہہ گیا

What can be plainer than this? The word *apne* clearly refers to the agent of the verb *zinda karná*, which as evidently refers to *uske* of the preceding clause, i. e. to Jesus; for to him the foregoing sentences entirely relate.

Mr. Smith continues: “Passing over many instances of “forced or foreign expressions, such as *peshkhabrion men, bátíl ummed, † &c. &c.*, we come to a sentence in which with other “faults, we are told that the disciples did not understand

\* Why Mr. Smith has italicised these words, we are at a loss to divine.

† We hold these phrases, (as well as “ghamand aur hausila”) to be perfectly correct, and we are fully borne out by good native authority in so doing.



“the intent of our Lord’s instructions *at all!*” We give the passage in the original.

مسیح کے حواریوں اور شاگردوں نے اب تک اوسکی تعلیم کی حقیقت اور مطلب بالکل نہیں سمجھا تھا اور اونکا سُست ایمان دنیوی نعمتوں اور فائدوںکی امید میں لگا تھا \*

“The Apostles and disciples, whom slowness of faith, and affections still worldly, led to anticipate earthly triumphs and prosperity, had not yet entered into the spirit of their Master’s doctrine.”

Now, even if the words *bilkull nahin samjha*, &c., be construed as meaning that the followers of Christ did not yet *at all* understand\* the *real spirit and object* (*haqiqat aur matlab*,) of His teaching; we hold that the assertion is strictly borne out by the facts advanced; viz., that instead of a *spiritual*, they still looked for a *temporal* kingdom. The words *unmed men laya tha*, italicised by Mr. Smith, are ~~not~~ only correct, but elegant.

“A few lines lower down,” proceeds the Critic, “after Patras *addalat men gaya* (*for what, and in what character?*) he says that the disciples did not understand ‘*ki uska marna dunya ki zindagi aur najat hogi*,’ and I question whether any native will understand it either, from these words.”

We are compelled again to produce the original with its context. After describing the fear and despondency of the followers of our Saviour upon his death, the History proceeds:

وہ عمدہ اور عجیب بات جیسے عیسیٰ نے برابر سکھایا تھا بغور اونہوں نے نہیں سمجھی تھی کہ اوسکا مرنا دنیا کی زندگی اور نجات ہوگی کیونکہ یہ بہ بہید ایسا بلند اور اعلیٰ تھا کہ جب تک روح القدس اونپر نہ اوترا وہ اونکی سمجھ میں بخوبی نہیں آیا \*

“They did not yet apprehend the glorious truth, which Christ had endeavoured to inculcate upon them, *that his death was to be the salvation of the world*; it was too awfully sublime to enter into their minds, not yet enlightened, &c.”—p.12.

\* They may also mean “did not *entirely* understand.”

† This criticism is frivolous: the context referring to Christ’s apprehension, the flight of the disciples, &c. points clearly enough to what is meant.

A native asked by us for the first time the meaning of the Urdu sentence readily replied: "it evidently means that Christ's death was to be the cause of the salvation of the world." And what else, indeed, can it mean?

Of the five particular phrases impugned by Mr. Smith as "*violently unidiomatic*;" viz. (1) mihín kapre se kafnáyá.—(2) Jalál men dákhil honá.—(3) qudrat páná.—(4) wasíyat sompná.—(5) pháñsi kháná; we confidently hold all except the fourth,\* to be unexceptionable. As to the fifth, used in regard to Judas (جو پچتائی پھانسی کھاکر مر گیا) "who in remorse hanged himself," it has been praised by all the natives we have consulted as remarkably apt; indeed, it was originally suggested by an accomplished native scholar.

In a note, the Rev. W. Smith states: "There are some "extraordinary mistakes (in these pages) with regard to the "statement of facts, doctrines, &c." Let us see what they are. *First.* "It is said. . . that to hang a man on a tree was *forbidden* by the Jewish Law." This is strange, for in the original, Mr. Smith will find an important addition. "Yahúdí shariát men mana thá ki kisi mugrim ka jism *ten* bhar se zúda laṭka rahe;" i. e. "it was forbidden in the Jewish Law that the body of any criminal should be allowed to hang (on a tree) *for more than a day.*" which statement is to the letter borne out by Deut. xxi. 22 and 23.

*Second.* "That the Holy Ghost descended *ten* days after our Lord's ascension." If this be a mistake, it is certainly not an "extraordinary" one, as the learned Neander has fallen into it also.†

*Third.* "Who, when he ascended, bádál men gháib húá." We cannot perceive any "extraordinary mistake" here, either "in fact or doctrine," the real fact of Christ's "disappearing in a cloud" being very plainly and correctly set forth in the words quoted.

\* It would be correct of a *written testament*, and is admissible, though not very idiomatic here, as metaphorical for a *last command*.

† Vide Neander's "*History of the first Planting of the Christian Church.*" vol. I. p. 4. "Ten days had passed since their final separation from their Divine Master, when that feast was celebrated, . . . the Jewish Pentecost, &c." If the ancient tradition (held by the Abyssinian Church,) be correct, which tells us that "the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles in their place of worship in Sion," on "the first day of the week;" then must *seven weeks* (ending with the eighth Sunday or 50th day,) be calculated *from the resurrection*; in which case, the 40 days Christ remained on earth, being reckoned from the same date, would leave *ten*, as in the text, between the Ascension and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

*Fourth.* "Our author often uses the word *karámát* for Christ's miracles." There is no impropriety in this, much less any extraordinary mistake of fact or doctrine. If the author had held that Christ's works were *only* "karámát," and *not* "muǰizát" or "kharq-i-ǰdát," then there would have been room for criticism, seeing that the latter are the special terms appropriated for miracles shown by a prophet; but since he uses both terms together,\* or indiscriminately (the less being contained in the greater,) the objection of the Rev. W. Smith is not only hypercritical, but unfounded.

*Fifth.* "That the Angel Gabriel told *Mary* the reason why our Lord should be called Jesus." There is some reason in this criticism, as the words of Gabriel in Luke i. 33, 35 have been joined to those in Matth. i. 21. But as the passages are separated by full-stops, and the references have been given in detail, it will perhaps be thought rather strong language to style this "an extraordinary mistake"—either "of facts or doctrines."

*Sixth.* "That *Jesus* begged John to baptize him, who then baptized *Christ*." A quotation of the original passage would show this criticism (we speak on good native authority,) to be entirely groundless: but it does not deserve such serious notice.

*Seventh.* "That he was baptized *without confessing* his sins (as though he had any to confess!)" This charge is too serious to be lightly passed over like the last: we are, therefore, compelled to trouble the reader with the original. "Aur jab wúh *baghair iqrár gunáhoñ ke*, istibágh pákar pání se nikaltá thá:" that is, "when Christ, *without any confession of sins*, having received baptism, &c." There is no hint whatever of "*his sins*," or "*Christ's sins*;" and yet the Rev. W. Smith represents the Author as saying that Christ was "baptized without confessing *his sins*!" This is the more unfair, because in the margin of the work, the following note is inserted with a reference to the above passage. "Aur sab koí apne apne gunáhoñ ká iqrár karkc istibágh páte the, akele ĩsá Masíh ne aisá na kíyá, kyúnkar ki wúh gunáh ke dágh se bilkull pák aur mubarrá the." That is, "All others received baptism after confessing their sins: Jesus Christ alone did not so, for he was perfectly pure and unspotted by the stain of sin."

\* E. g. اوسكے معجزے اور كرامات ایسے عجیب اور اچنبہ كے  
ہیں كہ عقل اونسے حیران ہی

*Eighth.* "That the term 'the kingdom of God' means the *appearance of Christ.*" The passage refers to the preparatory preaching by the disciples that the *kingdom of Heaven*, or the *kingdom of God* was at hand, which is explained by *Masih ká záhír houá*. Now this phrase may well signify *His manifestation as Messiah*, and thus virtually the Gospel Dispensation. But even taking the meaning which our Critic has assigned, the following extract from a late and good Commentator\* will show, that the supposed "mistake" is not a very "extraordinary" one either of "fact" or of "doctrine."

"From the use of it" (i. e. the term *ἡ βασιλεία τῶν οὐρανῶν*.) "by Matthew here, and in iv. 17. x. 17, we may conclude that it was used by the Jews, and understood, to mean the advent of the Christ, probably from the prophecy "Dan. ii. 44, vii. 13, 14, 27."

*Ninth.* "That the Divinity of Christ consists in his being *one with God.*" The original is that Christ *απρί ulúhíyat yane Kludá ke sáth ek hone ká d wá kíci*. This is surely a correct, though popular, statement of the claim made by Christ, when he said "I and the Father are one."

*Tenth.* "Christ's agony in the garden arose from his seeing the time of his sufferings to be *near* (not because it *had arrived*)." The word *near* is used, because *chief* reference is had to the *great consummation* of our Saviour's life-long work, when on the cross he gave forth terrible testimony that then indeed was the crisis of the awful conflict. It is our Critic's *own inference*, that the words imply that the time of Christ's sufferings had not *arrived*. The original sentence states in the strongest terms that Christ was even *then* undergoing the most fearful mental "suffering" and anguish.

The *last* of the Author's "extraordinary mistakes," is said by the Reverend Reviewer to be "that he terms the Holy Ghost *Rúh ul Quds*, the name by which the Angel Gabriel is called in the Coran."† Now, even supposing that Mahomed did call Gabriel, by a phrase used certainly in his time by the

\* *Alford's Greek Testament.* Vide note on Matth. iii. 2. The term "kingdom of Heaven" is regarded as an equivalent of the other.

† We rather think it is the Rev. W. Smith who has here made a "mistake." Out of the *four* places where the term occurs in the Coran, there are *three* in which Christians generally hold that it undoubtedly refers to the Holy Ghost. Viz. Sura ii. 87, and 254; and v. 119. Vide Maracci in loc. In the fourth passage (Sur. xvi. 102) it is apparently used by Mahomed to denote Gabriel. The simple term *الروح* is also repeatedly used, and likewise *الروح الامين* for Gabriel.

Christians of Arabia for "the Holy Ghost," it would not justify us in discarding a term which is unquestionably the best and most appropriate name for the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity. Mr. Smith in his translations employs instead *rûh i quds*, which signifies *any* holy spirit: *Rûh ul Quds*, on the contrary, means *the* Holy Spirit, and it *must* signify this whether the Mahomedans choose to apply it to Gabriel or to any other creature. It has, too, as far as we know, been invariably used by Christians for this purpose. It is the term employed most justly in the translations of the Bible, and we find it in very old Arabick books, *e. g.* in the spurious "*Gospel of the Infancy.*" Cnf. *Freytag* "روح القدس Spiritus Sanctus. *Christ.* At Muhammedanis qui S. S. Trinitatis hostes sunt, angelus Gabriel."

Besides, our Critic is not the party best entitled to object to the expression, even on his own grounds: for he has laid down elsewhere that "a word itself being known," there is no objection to giving it another and an arbitrary signification, "the different shade of meaning that we attach to it, being easily explained to our Native Christians." But under any view of the case, how can he make this to be an "extraordinary mistake" either "of facts or doctrine?"

Mr. Smith next quotes a passage translated from the I. Ep. of Clemens, the merits of which "he must leave the Urdu scholar to decide." We reproduce it here, along with the English version, noting that it is professedly a *close* translation, as is denoted by a line or mark of quotation run along the whole:

"You were all humble in spirit, nothing boasting, subject rather than subjecting, giving rather than receiving. Contented with the food of God, and carefully embracing His words, your feelings were expanded, and his sufferings were before your eyes." *p.* 105.\*

تم سب روح میں فروتن اور غریب اور بیغور تھے \* سب کوئی آپ تابعدار بنتا نہ اورونکو بناتا تھا \* دینے والے تھے نہ لینے والے \* خدا سے جو نعمت ملی اوسپر اکتفا اور شکر کیا اور

\* Regarding this and many other quotations made from early authorities, it is but justice to the compiler of the "Church History" to state, that he laboured under great disadvantages at the time of translating them, by not having the passages before him in the *original* language. To translate from a translation, is not a satisfactory task.

اوسکے کلام بدل و جان قبول کر کے تمہارا دل بھر گیا اور مسیح  
کی تصدیق تمہاری نظر میں چھاری \*

This passage has apparently been selected for some unusual fault or defect; but we have been unable to discover what it is; and we, too, must therefore leave it (as Mr. Smith has specified no individual error\*) to "the Urdu scholar to decide" on its merits.

Our Reviewer's *last* criticism is as follows: "On the 87th page there is a passage totally unintelligible. In describing Cyprian's death, meaning to say that before his head was amputated he covered his face with his hands, he says "Kuprian ne ap apne hath se *munk chhipaya*." (Sharm ke mare, ya dar ke mare!) Lest the reader should misunderstand this animadversion, we must warn him that the Hindustanee clause in brackets is Mr. Smith's own addition; and, that it is entirely a conceit of his own is evident from the testimony of natives themselves, who readily explain the passage to imply that it probably was the custom in those days to cover the face of a criminal about to be executed, but that Cyprian had sufficient fortitude to do this *with his own hands*. Indeed, this is the natural and evident inference from the words "*ap apne hath se*;" else why the word *ap*?

"Remarks of *this kind* might," he adds, "be made more or less, I have no doubt, upon every page of the work." We do not at all doubt this either, but we should draw a very different conclusion therefrom, than that of the Rev. Gentleman. We should gather from such criticisms, either that the Rev. W. Smith was not an eagle-eyed Reviewer, or that the "History of the Church" was far freer from faults than we had dared to imagine. We willingly adopt the latter conclusion, and receive it as a gratifying tribute to the general and unexpected freedom of the work from frequent and serious errors.

Be that as it may, the deduction drawn by the Rev. W. Smith, from these attempted reprisals is rather a singular one. Because he recognizes in his Reviewer, a person who has made a translation containing mistakes, he therefore "demurs to his sentence." It is certainly a very summary and original way of getting rid of objections, to reply that

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\* If it be the phrase, "Christ's sufferings," "Nazar men *chha rahi*," we are ready to support its correctness by native authority: So with the words "tamhara dil bhar gayá;" for *εστειρισμένοι ητε τοις σπλάγχνοις*: though the plural might perhaps have been more elegant.

the Critic himself could not write a treatise without committing some errors. This doctrine carried out, would arrest the pen of almost every Reviewer; for who but a master mind can say of himself:

“His own example strengthens all his Laws,  
“And he’s himself the great Sublime he draws?”

The canon is not a sound one. For instance, we could produce from Mr. Smith’s *other* translations, cases of very serious errors, and even occasional passages “totally unintelligible:” but should we ever dream of assigning this as a sensible reason for throwing aside his verdict regarding the “History of the Christian Church,” or his individual criticisms thereon? We trow not.

In conclusion, we accept with pleasure Mr. Smith’s expression of regret at the necessity which led him to such criticisms. He trusts that we will “forgive him, and the rough and hurried manner, in which he has been obliged to write.” If forgiveness were on such an occasion required, it would indeed be most heartily granted; and the only penance exacted, would be another critique, not “rough and hurried,” but polished and well digested, from the same able and experienced hand; which we honestly assure him would be much valued, and made good use of, should a second edition of the History ever be required. Indeed, such attention would be nothing more than an act of justice towards the eminent talents and admitted Oriental learning of the esteemed Translator of the Urdu Prayer Book.

Having thus disposed of Mr. Smith’s objections contained in the *second* paper of “*Thoughts suggested by a recent article on the Indian Liturgy,*” it would be a want of courtesy to pass over in silence, the *previous* paper of the same title. But the space already (from unhappy necessity) occupied, forbids us, even if inclined, to enter fully into the subject.

We must, however, observe that “the gist” of our article has been misunderstood from the very outset of Part I. of the above named “Thoughts.” The great object of that paper was not the introduction of “unfixed and unrecorded prayers” into the vernacular services; though that was propounded as one means by which the deficiencies of the English Prayer Book with reference to India might be supplied. *The* object was to prove, by appealing to local circumstances, and the analogous condition and practice of the Early Church, that the English Liturgy is inadequate to the necessities of the people of this country: that it contains no services for their

peculiar emergencies, and entirely overlooks every class of Enquirers till they approach the Baptismal Font; that it is exclusively a service for *Believers*, for the *πιστοί alone*; and that, while the Primitive Christians did not confine their public services to *Believers*, but modelled them according to the necessities of every class both in and around the Church, *we* are neglecting, to the great detriment of Christianity, their most worthy and admirable example. Such was our main argument.\*

To supply the deficiencies which this analogy brought to view, the same principle was proposed as guided the Early Church, after Liturgies had become prevalent therein; viz. that the Bishop should so amplify and adapt the existing forms, as to render them commensurate with the wants of his people.

In failure of this, we proposed the other, and earlier practice of allowing the addition of unfixed and unrecorded Prayers: and that, at the least, permission should be granted to resort to them, where their need was felt.†

Now, it is to the *latter point alone*, and mainly to the collateral enquiry into the early use of Liturgies, that the remarks of the Editor, in Part I of the "Thoughts," are addressed: that is, an *Episode*, (a very lengthy and important one to be sure,) has been handled, and commented on, as if it contained the *main* scope of the article. Such treatment of the subject may justify the apprehension, that the grand and all-important point of the argument, viz. the suitability of the English Liturgy for India, and its capacity for being accommodated to the wants of its inhabitants, may be lost sight of in the mazes of an intricate, and strictly secondary and accidental, discussion into the Antiquities of the Church. A hint is indeed dropped at the close of the

\* The summary manner, in which the Rev. W. Smith disposes of these serious arguments, is painful to an earnest well-wisher and adherent of the English Church. "When prayers as excellent as those we have," says he, "and suited to the notions and positions of the native community shall be *drawn up*, it will be time enough to consider" the question of their adoption. pp. 470 and 472. Truly if this be the verdict of the Church, we shall look in vain for any improvement. Until the *want be felt and acknowledged*, how can we expect that any efforts will be made to supply it? Until the Rulers of the Church encourage the exertion, who will adventure on the thankless task?

† We repudiate the design, imputed to us, of "assailing" any of the "liturgical doctrines." It is not in keeping with the kind and charitable bearing of the Editor towards the Reviewer in the rest of his paper; and is besides utterly unfounded.



“Thoughts,” that “very far abler hands” than those of the Editor are engaged on a more practical consideration of the subject ; and we look forward with deep interest to the fulfilment of the expectation thus held out.

It would not, indeed, be difficult, in the opinion of the writer, to point out the weakness of the position taken up in the first portion of the “Thoughts;” yet the considerations just noticed incline him to think, that the further discussion of the Historical question would be unprofitable, while by drawing off attention from the Grand Theme of ACCOMMODATION, it might prove positively injurious.

Allowing all the deductions made by the opposite party, ample ground remains still undisputed, regarding the early practice of the Church, whereon to plant immovably the general argument of the Reviewer.

It only remains for him to express his acknowledgment of the courteous manner, in which the Editor, though regarding so engrossing a topic from a far different point of view, has treated the Reviewer and his article, and to subscribe himself

The Editor's faithful Servant,

M.

## Extracts and Intelligence.

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### A CHARGE

DELIVERED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, NOV. 2, 1850,

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES JAMES,

LORD BISHOP OF LONDON. ●

REVEREND BRETHREN.—On this the sixth occasion of my calling you together to hear the words of pastoral admonition and advice, I feel an unwonted degree of anxiety and difficulty in addressing you. Events have recently occurred deeply affecting the character and well-being of that branch of the Universal Church in which it is our privilege to minister, of such a nature that, while it is impossible for me to pass them over without notice, it is difficult so to speak of them as not to give offence in some quarters where I would not willingly awaken any feeling of displeasure. But looking to the present position of the Church, and to the uneasiness and disquietude which agitate the minds of many of its most attached and thoughtful members; I feel that I should be wanting to my duty if I did not declare my opinions with great plainness of speech; but, at the same time, I desire to do this in a spirit of gentleness and forbearance. May that Holy Spirit, whose office it is to teach God's faithful people, grant us to have a right judgment in all things, and especially in those which concern the peace of His Church.

#### THE GORHAM CASE.

I proceed at once to the most important of the questions upon which it will be my duty to touch; that which has arisen out of the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Courts in the case of Mr. Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter. I do not intend to enter at length into the history of those proceedings, nor into a minute examination of the judgment delivered by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or, more properly speaking, the report made by them to her Majesty the Queen. But I feel myself bound to explain to the clergy of my diocese the reasons which induced me to withhold my approval of that report, and I am desirous of offering some suggestions as to the consequences likely to result from it, which I would hope may tend to quiet in some measure the minds of those who look upon it as in a high degree injurious, if not absolutely fatal, to the character of the Church as the keeper and dispenser of God's truth.

#### THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE.

When, in obedience to her Majesty's commands, I attended the first meeting of the Judicial Committee, I had not read Mr. Gorham's published account of his examination by the Bishop of Exeter, nor was I aware of the extreme opinions which he had avowed. I went into the inquiry with the expectation of finding that he had not transgressed the bounds

of that latitude which has been allowed or tolerated ever since the Reformation. Had such proved to be the case, I could have acquiesced in a judgment which, while it recognised that latitude, should have distinctly asserted the doctrine of baptismal regeneration in the proper sense of the words, to be the doctrine of our Church. But having read with great attention, Mr. Gorham's publication, I found that it contained assertions wholly irreconcilable, as it appeared to me, with the plain teaching of the Church of England and of the Church Universal in all ages.

#### THEIR ACCOUNT OF MR. GORHAM'S DOCTRINE.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have stated that Mr. Gorham's doctrine appears to them to be as follows:—"That baptism is a sacrament generally necessary to salvation, but that the grace of regeneration does not so necessarily accompany the act of baptism; that regeneration invariably takes place in baptism; that the grace may be granted before, in, or after baptism; that baptism is an effectual sign of grace by which God works invisibly in us, but only in such as worthily receive it, in them alone it has a wholesome effect; and that without reference to the qualification of the recipient it is not in itself an effectual sign of grace; that infants baptised, dying before actual sin, are certainly saved, but that in no case is regeneration in baptism unconditional." Had this been a full and accurate account of Mr. Gorham's opinions on the subject of baptism as set forth by himself, and had the reasoning by which the judgment of the Judicial Committee is supported been omitted, in part at least, I might have felt less difficulty in assenting to the judgment. It certainly must be admitted that regeneration does not invariably take place in baptism, if such admission be limited to the case of unbelieving or impenitent adults; and that the grace is not so restrained to the rite, but that God may, if it so please him, grant it separately from the rite; and that it is an effectual sign of grace to them only who worthily receive it; (the question being whether all infants *are* worthy recipients;) and lastly, that in no case is regeneration in baptism unconditional; (the question being what are the conditions to be fulfilled.)

#### THE BISHOP'S ACCOUNT.

But Mr. Gorham's assertions are not fully or adequately represented by the foregoing statement. His real errors, as I consider them to be, are of a more serious nature; being, as far as I can understand his language, not merely of a doubtful tendency with reference to the Church's doctrine, but precisely and dogmatically opposed to that doctrine. These errors are passed over in silence by the Judicial Committee in their elaborate report to the Queen, a silence which is in one point of view satisfactory, inasmuch as, if it does not expressly condemn the errors in question, it certainly does not expressly vindicate nor in terms sanction them. "Mr. Gorham," says the Judicial Committee, "maintains that the grace of regeneration does not so necessarily accompany the act of baptism, that regeneration invariably takes place in baptism; that the grace may be granted before, in, or after baptism." It is true that Mr. Gorham asserts this in some of his answers; but in others he goes much further, and advances positions from which it follows as a necessary inference not only that there may be cases in which infants are not regenerated in and by baptism, but that they are in no case so

regenerated; that infants, duly baptised, may be regenerated; but that if they are, it is before baptism, by an act of prevenient grace; and that so they come to baptism already regenerated; that forgiveness of sins, the new nature, adoption into the family of God, the being made "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven," are benefits conferred on "worthy recipients,"—"not in baptism, but by an act of prevenient grace given by God before baptism,"—so making them worthy recipients of the rite, that baptism is so far an effectual sign of God's grace bestowed beforehand, implanting a new nature, and strengthening and confirming faith in him. Thus, according to Mr. Gorham, the strengthening and confirming of faith is the whole of the spiritual grace bestowed in baptism, even on worthy recipients; faith, forgiveness of sins, regeneration, the new nature, and adoption into the family of God, have been all bestowed upon such, if at all, before baptism.

#### SUCH NOT THE DOCTRINE OF THE CHURCH.

It did not appear to me possible to reconcile such statements as these with the plain and unequivocal teaching of the Church of England as to the nature of a sacrament. They seemed to me to be a plain denial of that which the Church asserts, that an infant is made in and by baptism (not before nor after it) a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. If there be any meaning in words, those statements are express contradictions of the truth that in a sacrament the outward and visible part, or sign, is a means whereby we receive the inward and spiritual grace, as well as a pledge to assure us thereof. If this theory of Mr. Gorham's be true, then is baptism no longer a sacrament according to the Church's definition, nor can we, with a safe conscience, continue to teach our children that Catechism, which yet the Church declares is to be learned of every one of her members. It appeared to me, then, that these assertions of Mr. Gorham, which were passed over without notice by the Judicial Committee, but to which I could not shut my eyes, went to deprive holy baptism of its sacramental character, and utterly to evacuate its peculiar and distinctive grace. I am not now considering, nor was this the question before the Judicial Committee, whether Mr. Gorham's theory be defensible as being consistent with the language of Holy Scripture (which I am persuaded it is not), but whether it be agreeable to the dogmatical teaching of the Church of England; whether it can be reconciled with the deductions which she has drawn, in accordance with the primitive Church of Christ, from the word of God, the one infallible source of truth? Now, that baptismal regeneration, including in that term the remission of original sin and the implanting of a new principle of spiritual life, is indeed the doctrine of our Church, is, to my mind, so plain that I find it difficult to understand how any person can persuade himself of the contrary. I would repeat, with reference to this question, the observation contained in my charge delivered to the clergy of this diocese in 1842:—"In the interpretation of the Articles which relate more immediately to doctrine our surest guide is the Liturgy." It may safely be pronounced of any interpretation of an article which cannot be reconciled with the plain language of the offices for public worship, that it is not the doctrine of the Church. The opinion, for instance, which denies baptismal regeneration might possibly, though not without great difficulty, be reconciled with the language of the 27th article. By no stretch of ingenuity nor latitude of explanation can it be brought to

agree with the plain, unqualified language of the offices for baptism and confirmation. A question may properly be raised as to the sense in which the term regeneration was used in the early Church and by our own Reformers; but that regeneration does actually take place in baptism is most undoubtedly the doctrine of the English Church; and I do not understand how any clergyman who uses the office for baptism, which he has bound himself to use, and which he cannot alter nor mutilate without a breach of God's faith, can deny that, in some sense or other, baptism is indeed "the laver of regeneration."

#### THE ARTICLES ALONE NO TEST OF DOCTRINE.

I cannot for a moment admit that the Articles contain the whole doctrine of the Church of England. "The book of Articles," says Bishop Pearson, "is not, nor is pretended to be, a complete body of divinity, or a comprehension or explanation of all Christian doctrines necessary to be taught, but an enumeration of some truths which, before and since the Reformation, have been denied by some persons who upon their denial are thought unfit to have any cure of souls in this Church or realm." It was argued by Mr. Gorham's counsel that the Book of Common Prayer is to be considered simply as a guide to devotion, not as defining any doctrine; but it appears to me to be a perfectly inadmissible supposition, that, in a solemn act of devotion, and especially in the celebration of a sacrament, any point of doctrine should be embodied as a certain and acknowledged truth, about which the Church entertains any doubt. This would surely be nothing short of addressing the Author of Truth in the language of falsehood. On the contrary, the assumption of a doctrine, as true, in a prescribed form of prayer or thanksgiving to God, is, in fact, the most solemn and positive assertion of that doctrine which can possibly be made. Will any one maintain that if the articles of religion had contained no direct declaration of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, it would not have been expressly and most solemnly asserted by the Church when she directed her members to pray to the "Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity, three persons and one God," or that because the special work of the Holy Ghost in the economy of man's salvation, that of renewing him in the inner man, is not in terms asserted in the Articles, it is therefore not asserted by our Church when she instructs us to pray, that having been regenerated and made the childer of God, by adoption and grace, we may be duly renewed by His Holy Spirit?

#### THE LITURGY NECESSARILY A TEST.

I do not understand how any clergyman can doubt whether the Liturgy is binding upon him in respect of doctrine, when he remembers the solemn declaration which he has made in the face of the Church—"I do hereby declare my unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything contained and prescribed in the book entitled *The Book of Common Prayer*." Not only, you will observe, his consent to use it, but his assent to everything contained in it. Again, it is prescribed by the Act of Uniformity that every lecturer shall openly declare his "assent unto and approbation of the said Book of Common Prayer; and to the use of the prayers, &c. therein contained and prescribed,"—words which are quite incompatible with the notion that nothing more is required of the clergy than to declare their readiness to use the Book of Common Prayer. Dr. Waterland, speaking of the case of Arian subscription, says of Dr. Samuel Clarke—"He was sensible that Articles, Creeds and Li-

turgies, must all come into account and all be reconciled (if possible) to his hypothesis. He made no distinction between the *truth* of this and the *use* only of that, well knowing that truth and use are coincident in a case of this high moment, and that he could not submit to the use of the prayers but in such a sense as he thought true."

#### ANY DOUBT REMOVED BY THE CANONS.

But all doubts as to the bearing of the Book of Common Prayer upon questions of doctrine, at least with regard to the sacraments, is removed by the express language of the canons. The 57th canon distinctly and authoritatively refers to the Book of Common Prayer as declaring what the doctrine of the Church is with respect to the two sacraments. "The doctrine," it says, "both of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, is so sufficiently set down in the Book of Common Prayer to be used at administration of the said sacraments, as nothing can be added unto it that is material and necessary." This is a direct assertion that the baptismal and eucharistic offices are dogmatic, as well as devotional; and were this authoritative declaration wanting, we should protest against the notion that, in the most solemn acts of prayer and thanksgiving to God, our Church should have permitted herself to employ the strongest and most unqualified words, without intending them to be understood in their natural sense. This canon, indeed, says no more than had been said by Bishop Ridley in his *Last Farewell*, written just before his martyrdom. "This Church of England had, of late, by the infinite goodness and abundant mercy of Almighty God, great substance, great riches, of heavenly treasure, great plenty of God's true and sincere word, the true and wholesome administration of Christ's holy sacraments, the whole profession of Christ's religion truly and plainly set forth in baptism, the plain declaration and understanding of the same, taught in the holy Catechism to have been learned of all true Christians." I need not consider the comparative authority of the Articles and the Book of Common Prayer in questions of doctrine. We are bound to admit the truth of both documents. If there be anything which wears the semblance of contradiction or diversity between the two, we may be sure that the framers of the Articles did not intend it; and, with respect to the two sacraments, the express declaration of the canons, put forth fifty years after the publication of the Articles, is decisive as to the point, that they are to be interpreted in accordance with the plain language of the offices in the Book of Common Prayer. If there be any ambiguity or want of precision in the Articles, it is, I think, our obvious duty to have recourse to the office for the administration of that sacrament, for the purpose of ascertaining the Church's mind on so important a point of doctrine.

#### THE 27TH, 25TH, AND 16TH ARTICLES.

It is not my intention to discuss at length the meaning and force of the 27th Article, nor would I deny that its language is less precise than that in which many other doctrinal questions are stated and determined; but I cannot believe that, if there be any thing ambiguous in that language, such ambiguity was intentional, and studiously employed for the purpose of leaving the construction of that Article to the private persuasion of individuals, considering that the purpose for which the Articles were designed was stated to be "the avoiding of diversities," not merely in teaching, but of opinions." Moreover, if there be some obscurity in the language of the 27th Article, when taken by itself, there is none when it is read in connexion with the 25th, which declares the sa-

craments to be "not only badges or tokens of Christian men's profession but certain sure witnesses and effectual signs of grace and God's good will to us whereby he doth work invisibly in us." Therefore baptism is an effectual sign of grace, that is, a sign producing the effect which it represents; and by baptism God doth work invisibly in us. I would refer you also to another of the articles, which seems to me very clearly to indicate the sense of those who framed them as to the spiritual effects of baptism. I mean the 16th Article, "of sin after baptism." It says:—"Every deadly sin willingly committed after baptism is not a sin against the Holy Ghost, and therefore unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost we may depart from grace given and fall into sin, and by the grace of God we may arise again and amend our lives." It appears to me to be an unavoidable inference from this Article that its framers considered the receiving of the Holy Ghost to be uniformly an effect of baptism, where no bar existed on the part of the recipient; and this inference is rendered certain by the language held by Cranmer in 1538. "Because," he says, "infants are born with one original sin, they have need of the remission of that sin; and that is so remitted that its guilt is taken away, albeit the corruption of nature, or concupiscence, remaining in this life, although it begins to be healed, because the Holy Spirit is efficacious even in infants themselves, and cleanses them." The precise nature and extent of the spiritual change which then takes place the Church has no further defined than by the general assertion that it is a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, and that every person rightly baptised is made thereby a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. This change is otherwise expressed by the single word "regeneration."

#### WORTHY RECIPIENTS REGENERATE.

I suppose that few amongst us will be found to deny that all who receive baptism worthily are, in some sense of the term, therein regenerated. The Church declares in very general and positive language, of all who, having been duly baptised, are afterwards brought to be confirmed, that Almighty God has vouchsafed to regenerate them by water and the Holy Ghost, and has given them forgiveness of all their sins. But this declaration, it is said, is to be restricted to such as have received baptism worthily; and this raises the question whether *all* infants may receive baptism worthily. What is the *obex* or bar which in any case disqualifies an infant for the reception of that sacrament? Actual sin it cannot be. Original sin, or inherited sinfulness of nature, is the only bar which can be imagined. But to remedy the consequence of this original sin is the very object of baptism. It is therefore so far from being a bar to the reception of that sacrament that it is the very reason for its administration. "Nothing," says Bishop Pearson, "in the whole compass of our religion, is more sure than the exceeding great and most certain efficacy of baptism to spiritual good; that it is an outward and visible sign indeed, but by it an invisible grace is signified, and the sign itself was instituted for the very purpose that it should confer that grace."

#### ORIGINAL SIN WASHED AWAY IN BAPTISM.

"One baptism for the remission of sins." If this *credendum* of the Universal Church be true, how can we admit the truth of an assertion that original sin must be remitted by a prevenient act of grace before an

infant can be worthy to be baptised? The 9th Article—"Of original or birth sin," declares that in every person born into the world, this sin "deserveth God's wrath and damnation. And this infection of nature doth remain, yea in them that are regenerate, and although there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptised" (in the Latin it is *renatus*), "yet the Apostle doth confess that concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin." Words cannot more clearly convey the notion that original sin is forgiven to them who are regenerate, that is, to them who believe and are baptised, though its infection still remains in the lust of the flesh. And this, let me remind you, by the way, points out the great difference in point of doctrine between the Church of Rome and our own as to the effect of baptism. The one contends that not only the guilt, but the very essence and being of original sin, is removed by baptism; the other teaches that although the guilt is forgiven in baptism, the corruption of nature remains even in those who are so regenerate. This notion of the Church of Rome lies at the root of its grand error, that of justification by inherent righteousness. I am aware that a question has been raised whether that clause of the Nicene Creed—"One baptism for the remission of sins," has any reference to the forgiveness of original sin. But what other reference can it have in the case of infant baptism, which we know to have been the practice of the Universal Church when that Creed was compiled? In truth, no question was raised about it till Pelagius denied the doctrine of original sin. The writings of his great opponent, St. Augustine, abound with passages which prove the belief of the Church Catholic to have been that original sin was remitted *in* baptism, not *before* or *after* it. That remission in baptism of the guilt of original sin for the sake of the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ is also the doctrine of our own Church, following in this as in other respects the teaching of the early Churches, cannot reasonably be doubted. It is plainly asserted in the Catechism, prayed for in the office of baptism, and made a subject of special thanksgiving both in that and in the office of confirmation. Nor is it less distinctly set forth in the homilies, from which the following extracts may suffice:—"We must trust only in God's mercy, and that sacrifice which our High Priest and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, once offered for us upon the cross, and to obtain thereby God's grace, and remission, as well of our original sin in baptism, as of all actual sin committed by us after baptism, if we truly repent, and unfeignedly turn to Him again." . . . "Our office is not to pass the time of this present life unfruitfully and idly after that we are baptised and justified. We are, therefore, washed in baptism from the filthiness of sin, that we should live afterwards in pureness of life."

The same language was held by Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Becom, Hutchinson, Bradford, following the steps of Luther and Melancthon, all of whom taught that remission of sin, and the gift of the Spirit, are the effect of baptism.

#### HOOKER ON BAPTISM.

That this doctrine was held by our greatest divines is so notorious as to render citation almost unnecessary. "Baptism," says Hooker, "is a sacrament which God hath instituted in his Church to the end that they who receive the same might thereby be incorporated into Christ, and so through His most precious merit obtain that saving grace of imputation which taketh away all former guiltiness, as also that infused divine virtue of the Holy Ghost which giveth to the powers of the soul their first



disposition towards future newness of life." With this plain and comprehensive statement of the beneficial effects of baptism may be coupled another from the same great luminary of the Church, which, although it does not in terms specify the forgiveness of original sin, necessarily includes it. "We take not baptism nor the eucharist for bare resemblance or memorials of things absent, neither for naked signs and testimonies assuring us of grace received before" (which is Mr. Gorham's theory), "but, as they are indeed and in verity, for means effectual whereby God when we take the sacraments delivereth into our hands the grace available unto eternal life, which grace the sacraments represent or signify." And in a passage immediately following that which was quoted to show that Hooker considered the Church to speak of infants baptised only as the rule of "piety alloweth us both to speak and to think," we find this statement, plainly showing that he believed all infants to receive regeneration in baptism, whether they be elect or not. Cartwright, whom Mr. Gorham follows, had spoken of a grace that would make a man a Christian before he came to receive baptism in the Church; and Hooker says, "When we know how Christ in general hath said that of such is the kingdom of heaven, which kingdom is the inheritance of God's elect; and do withal behold how His providence hath called them into the first beginning of eternal life, and presented them at the well-spring of new birth, wherein original sin is purged,—besides which sin there is no hindrance of their salvation known to us, as themselves, (Cartwright and his party) will grant, had it were that, having so many fair inducements whereupon to ground, we should not be thought to utter at the least a truth as probable and allowable in terming any such particular infant an elect babe, as in presuming the like of others whose safety, nevertheless, we are not absolutely able to warrant." He then goes on to say that "baptism implieth a covenant or league between God and man, wherein as God doth bestow presently remission of sin, and the Holy Ghost, bending also Himself, to add, in process of time, what grace soever may be further necessary for the attainment of everlasting life, so every baptised soul receiving the same grace at the hands of God tieth likewise itself for ever to the observation of His law."

#### THE DOCTRINE OF ELECTION CONSISTENT WITH REGENERATION.

The question, we perceive, of which Hooker speaks, is not whether this or that infant is regenerated in baptism, but whether, being regenerated, it can also be certainly pronounced elect? The early Calvinistic divines, who held the doctrine of election, predestination, and perseverance, never doubted, on the one hand, the certainty of baptismal grace, nor, on the other, its defectibility. "The ancient predestinarians," says the present Bishop of Bangor, "never questioned the certainty of regeneration in baptism, because this doctrine was consistent with their theory; for though they maintained that the elect, or fore-destinate, are endued with the gift of perseverance unto the end, and will finally be saved, yet they believed that God bestows at his pleasure every other kind and measure of grace on those persons from whom he withholds this special grace of perseverance. They, therefore, hold in common with the rest of the Church, that forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost are bestowed in baptism; nor did they imagine that there is any necessary and indissoluble connection between regeneration and eternal salvation."

Two names scarcely less illustrious than that of Hooker, are those of Barrow and Pearson. The former speaks of "each member of the

Church singly being, in holy baptism, washed from his sins and made regenerate, or adopted into the number of God's children, and made partaker of Christ's death." The latter declared it to be "the most general and irrefragable assertion of all to whom we have reason to give credit, that all sins, whatsoever any person is guilty of, are annulled in the baptism of the same person." The settled opinions of the early Lutheran divines, as well as of Luther himself, are apparent from the *Loci Theologici of Gerhard*, a text-book of Lutheran theology. "Infants," he says, (I quote Mr. Arnold's translation,) "do not resist the Holy Ghost and His operation, and therefore faith and salvation are undoubtedly conferred upon them." Again, "they detract from the efficacy of the sacraments on the side of defect who argue that the sacraments are only signs of grace either already conferred and received without the use of sacraments, are not to be conferred until some later time. Zuingli, especially, had disseminated this error in his writings." But this is precisely the error of Mr. Gorham.

#### MR. GORHAM'S THEORY NOT RECONCILEABLE TO THE CHURCH.

With these testimonies before me, I could not bring myself to admit that Mr. Gorham's theory of the comparative, if not the absolute, inefficacy of baptism could be reconciled with the language of our authoritative formularies according to any just rule of interpretation. It appeared to me that he went to much greater lengths in depreciating the sacramental character of baptism than any writer of our Church with whose works I was acquainted, except the opponents of Hooker—that he left far in the back ground those who maintain the hypothetical, the conditional, or the sharnable theory of baptismal efficacy, in his assertion that in all cases the forgiveness of original sin, the grace of regeneration and adoption into the family of God, are not the effects or results of baptism, but of a preventent act of grace, when a baptised infant possesses them, or of a subsequent act of grace, when they follow at some later time after baptism.

#### PREVENTENT GRACE.

Let me add one word on the subject of preventent grace. It has been well observed that the supposition of preventent grace in the case of infants only shifts the difficulty one step backward; for, if infants be not qualified to receive baptismal grace, how can they be qualified to receive preventent grace? If their being born in sin unites them for the one, so must it for the other. The preventent grace of which some of our older divines have spoken refers to the baptism of adults, who must be predisposed by the Holy Spirit to seek for the benefits of baptism, and enabled to believe with the heart unto righteousness.

#### GRACE NOT DEPENDENT ON FAITH OF SPONSORS OR PARENTS.

Suffer me also to offer a remark upon the notion that the efficacy of baptism in some measure depends, in the case of infants, upon the faith and prayers of those who offer them at the font; that the sacrament is more or less efficacious as the parents who present their children to be baptised are more or less alive to the solemn importance of the rite, and more or less earnest in prayer for its complete and final effect. Not to dwell on the consideration, that if this notion be true, it seems to exclude from the spiritual benefit of baptism all children of wicked or thoughtless parents, I must confess that it seems to me somewhat akin to the error condemned in our 26th Article, viz., that the unworthiness of

the ministry hinders the effect of the sacrament; and the answer appears to be nearly the same in both cases:—"That the effect of Christ's ordinances is not taken away by their wickedness, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as by faith rightly do receive the sacraments ministered unto them, which be effectual because of Christ's institution and promise, although they be ministered by evil men." The Church considers the efficacy of the sacraments to depend upon Christ's institution and promise—the fulfilment of which attends upon their right administration and worthy reception—and surely an infant's fitness to receive baptism cannot depend upon the feelings of those who present it. In the case of an adult this is perfectly clear. That the ultimate effect of baptism may depend, in some measure, upon the faith and prayers of parents and sponsors, none will be found to deny; and this consideration cannot be too forcibly urged upon those who present their children at the baptismal font, and upon those who superintend their education. But this is a very different thing from making the immediate effect of the sacrament to depend upon the prayers of those who are present at its administration. To those men who hold this notion I would recommend the following remark of the truly pious and charitable Archbishop Leighton. It is contained in a letter published in his select works. "To your other point touching baptism?—truly my thought is, it is a weak notion taken upon trust almost generally to consider so much or at all the qualifications of the parents. Either it is a benefit to infants or it is not. If not, why administered at all? But if it be, then why should the poor innocents be prejudged of it for the parent's cause, if he profess but so much of a Christian as to offer his child to that ordinance? For that it is the parents' faith gives the child a right to it is neither clear from Scripture nor any sound reason; yet, in that, I heartily approve your thought that you would make it, as it most fitly may be, an inducement to the parents to know Him and His doctrine and live conformably to it, under whose name they desire their children to be baptized.

#### MEANING OF THE TERM REGENERATION.

It is obvious to remark that the controversy which has so long (and unhappily with so much of acrimony on both sides) been going on respecting the efficacy of baptism, has arisen from the different meanings in which the word regeneration has been employed. It is greatly to be desired that some agreement should be come to as to the sense in which it is used by the Church. If this were done, I believe that the differences between contending parties would, in many cases, be found to be really much less than they appear to be. I do not venture to give a precise definition of what is meant by the word regeneration, but I would offer a suggestion which may pave the way to a common understanding. I need hardly remind you of the different passages of Holy Scripture in which a man is said to be born of water and of the Spirit; to be born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God; to have been begotten again of God; to be born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible; to have been begotten again of God unto a lively hope; to have been born of God, and to sin not; to have been begotten of God, and to keep himself. Now, he who is born becomes thereby the son of him to whom he is born, by whom he is begotten; and therefore, to be born of God or begotten of God, means to be made a child of God; and regeneration, or the being born again, means that a person is made the child of a father whose child he was not before. Regeneration by baptism means, then, the being made, by

baptism, a child of God; and with reference to God's no longer regarding him with displeasure, but with favour, a child of grace. So in the Collect for Christmas Day, we are spoken of as being regenerate, and made the children of God by adoption and grace. It is obvious that this regeneration carries with it remission of sins, as the Church prays that the "infant coming to holy baptism may receive remission of his sins by spiritual regeneration;" and afterwards thanks God, "that it hath pleased him to regenerate that infant, to receive it for his own child, by adoption, and to incorporate it into his holy Church. So far, I apprehend, many will be found to agree with us as to the nature and effect of baptismal regeneration, who will, perhaps, draw back and hesitate when we proceed one step further, and maintain that such a change of state necessarily implies the conferring of some inward spiritual gifts upon the subject of it. It is surely unreasonable to suppose that where there is a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness, there will not be given the principles of a new life of righteousness; that where obedience is required there should not be what Bishop Jeremy Taylor calls "a capacity obediential." As the first or carnal birth carried with it the principle of bodily life, so the second or spiritual conveys the principle of spiritual life. "Being engrafted into Christ or His Church," says Bishop Wilson, "we receive grace and a new life from Christ as really as a branch receives life and nourishment from the good tree into which it is grafted." In this sense, as well as with reference to the general resurrection, it is true that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." We cannot conceive of God that he should freely receive into his family, by adoption, those who are washed with the laver of regeneration, removing thereby the bar of original sin which rendered them, so long as it continued, incapable of salvation, without giving them, at the same time, such a portion of his Holy Spirit as may enable them to take the first steps in the path of eternal life. As regeneration itself is the work of the Holy Spirit, we may be assured that the grace which regenerates will not desert him whom it has regenerated. I do not see how this can be denied by those who suppose an infant to undergo in baptism such a moral change as fits him for admission into the kingdom of heaven. But this surely is a very different thing from that moral change which must take place in the adult Christian, who is invested with personal responsibility, and capable of seeking for or resisting the influences of the Holy Spirit. The regeneration which we believe to be the effects of baptism in no way lessens the necessity for conversion and spiritual renovation in those who fall from the grace so given, nor of continual efforts on the part of all to be so renewed and strengthened by the Holy Spirit as to be enabled finally to accomplish that work of which baptism is but the beginning. On the contrary, it furnishes the strongest imaginable motive to vigilance and self-examination, and earnest prayer for larger and larger measures of grace. We do not hold the inward grace given in baptism is indefeasible, but that they who have been once regenerate may depart from grace given, and fall into sin. We believe that the grace so given is an initial and seminal grace, which must be cherished and developed, and made fruitful by proper culture and training, and by a diligent use of all the means of spiritual improvement which God has given us in His Word, His Church, and His Sacraments. Not only is the first imparting of grace necessary, but growth in grace is required, in order to the full efficacy of our baptismal privilege; and so the Church prays that the infants whom it has pleased God to regenerate with His Holy Spirit,

and to receive for his own children, by adoption, may, afterwards "crucify the old man and utterly abolish the whole body of sin." And at confirmation she beseeches God that He will "daily increase in them His manifold gift of grace," and that they may daily increase in His Holy Spirit more and more.

#### BISHOPS BEVERIDGE AND VAN MILDERT.

I am of opinion that the real doctrine of our Church as to the effect of baptism is correctly stated in the following words of one of the most learned of her sons, Bishop Beveridge:—"Although our Blessed Saviour saith to Nicodemus that except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God, yet he doth not say that every one who is so born shall inherit eternal life. It is true that all that are baptised or born of water and the Spirit are thereby admitted into the Church or kingdom of God upon earth; but except they submit to the government and obey the laws established in it, they forfeit all their right and title to the kingdom of heaven. They are brought into a state of salvation, but unless they continue in it and live accordingly they cannot be saved. Baptism puts us in the way to heaven, but unless we walk in that way we can never come thither. When we were baptised we were born of water and of the Spirit, so as to have the seed of grace sown in our hearts sufficient to enable us to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit to overcome temptation—to believe aright in God our Saviour, and to obey and serve him faithfully all the days of our life. But if we neglect to perform what we then promised, and so do not answer to the end of our baptism by keeping our conscience void of offence towards God and towards man, we lose all the benefit of it, and shall as certainly perish as if we had never been baptised." Or I might adopt, as a still shorter expression of the Church's mind, the language of a late learned and judicious prelate, Bishop Van Mildert:—"They who agree with our Church understand by regeneration that first principle of holiness—that beginning of the spiritual life of which it is not only the sign but also the pledge—assuring us of its actual conveyance. Thus far, and thus far only, they extend the meaning of spiritual regeneration, and this they maintain to be given in baptism. The ultimate efficacy of the gift they acknowledge to be dependent upon our subsequent growth in grace." This doctrine is briefly and touchingly summed up in the Collect already referred to—"Grant that we, being regenerate and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit."

#### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ANGLICAN AND ROMAN DOCTRINE OF BAPTISM.

Those persons who charge the maintainers of what we believe to be the true doctrine of baptism with the error of the Church of Rome touching the *opus operatum*, appear not to understand clearly what that error is. I cannot do better than quote the words of the present learned Bishop of Bangor to show what the real difference is, in this respect, between the two Churches:—"That baptism is the ordinary means through which God bestows the grace of regeneration is a doctrine common to our own Church and to the Church of Rome. But the point on which our divines insisted, in opposition to the teaching and decrees of that Church, was—that that grace is not communicated to or contained in the element and from thence transferred to the soul of the recipient—that the outward sign is only instrumental, and the Holy Spirit the efficient cause of regeneration—that it is not the water but the blood of

Christ with which our sins are washed away. That the object of faith in the sacrament of baptism is not any virtue contained in the water, but the promise of God in Christ; and that the necessity of baptism, when it may be had, depends not on any supernatural quality communicated to the element of water, but on the positive commandment and institution of Christ. It should be remembered that a canon of the Council of Trent anathematizes those who affirm that the sacraments of the new law do not contain the grace which they signify."

#### IRREVERENT ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM.

Before I dismiss this subject I would desire you to consider whether the vague and uncertain notions respecting baptism which have prevailed in the Church during the last hundred years, have not, in a great degree, been owing to the careless and irregular administration of the sacrament itself. The office mutilated; the font thrust into a corner, out of sight of the congregation; the directions of the rubric and canons disregarded; the definitions of the Catechism unexplained. I cannot but think that if the Church's orders with respect to the administration of baptism had been always and everywhere duly followed out—had the people been accustomed to hear the solemn and affecting form by which their children have, or ought to have, been grafted into the body of Christ's Church, and to bear a part in it themselves—had the baptismal covenant been more carefully and systematically put forward in the teaching of the clergy, in connexion with all the duties of after life, the ordinance of baptism would have been better understood and more highly valued, the Church's intention would have been less a subject of doubt, and extreme opinions on either side would have found less acceptance. And this leads me to remark that, deplorable as are the present divisions in the Church on the baptismal question, we may see some reason to be thankful that any question of a purely religious nature should have excited so wide and deep a feeling in the nation at large. I cannot but regard it as an indication of the growth of religious knowledge and principle in the people in this Christian country, when I see them taking so lively an interest in an inquiry respecting an article of faith; but, at the same time, it may well suggest to us the necessity of caution and charity, lest this awakened feeling should be hurried into either extreme—of a superstitious reverence for outward forms or a puritanical contempt for them. The thorough examination of this question before us cannot fail to issue in the establishment of the truth; but that desirable event may be retarded, and it will certainly be attained at the expense of much detriment to the cause of true religion, if the examination be conducted in a bitter and censorious spirit, and if anything of a personal feeling be mingled with that love of truth which ought to be the guiding principle of all controversy: we may not abandon nor compromise what we believe to be the truth; but we may let it be clearly seen that in our endeavours to establish it, we are actuated by a desire not to obtain a victory over our antagonists, but to bring them to an agreement with us; or, if the truth lie on their side, to come to an agreement with them. Nor is it to be forgotten that, although the truth can only be one, there may be various shades of error, more or less detrimental to the integrity of Christian doctrine—more or less obstructive to the end which all doctrine is intended to produce; and it is to the attainment of these ends that we should direct the minds of our people, rather than to differences of opinion, which are likely to weaken the foundation of their faith, or to impair the motives to practical piety and ho-

liness of life. But I can hardly extend this liberty to those who teach their congregations to undervalue the importance of a sacrament, its privileges, or its obligations.

#### THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE JUDGMENT.

I now proceed to offer some remarks upon the consequences which may be expected to follow from the report of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

In the first place, I consider that the error of Mr. Gorham, which I have already pointed out, and which I hope is almost peculiar to him amongst the clergy of our Church, has not been sanctioned by the Judicial Committee. It has been overlooked by them—at least they have passed it by without notice. Those opinions of Mr. Gorham, which they have sanctioned, do not go to the extreme length of separating the grace of baptism from the sacrament, nor of denying one baptism for the remission of sins. The notions which they have stated as those to be collected from Mr. Gorham's examination are vague and indefinite, and involve the necessity of putting an interpretation upon the plain language of the Church other than its natural sense. The sanctioning of this principle of interpretation seems, it must be admitted, to open the door to an almost unbounded latitude of teaching upon the most important points of doctrine. But still the report of the Judicial Committee does not contain a distinct approval of what I consider to be the great error of Mr. Gorham's theory—the absolute severance of the inward and spiritual grace of the sacrament from the outward and visible sign. So far it leaves untouched the sacramental doctrine of the Church. But suppose it were otherwise, suppose that the Judicial Committee had even gone the length of sanctioning so grave an error as this, would such a decision have really affected the character of our Church as a teacher of God's saving truth and a dispenser of his sacraments? I think not. It might, indeed, have exposed her in its consequences to the danger of being so affected at some future time, and to that danger, as one which may possibly follow even from the recent judgment, we must not close our eyes. But let us bear in mind that it is not, properly speaking, the Church's act,—that it does not alter a single sentence or word of her Creeds or Formularies,—that it does not exempt any one of her ministers from the necessity of subscribing to her Articles in their "plain, literal, and grammatical sense," nor give them liberty to change or omit a single word of those offices, in which her orthodox doctrines are embodied, and enumerated, and applied to practice. This is, indeed, an invaluable advantage possessed by the Church in her Book of Common Prayer,—that it is a standing confutation of erroneous doctrine,—a stated proclamation of Christian truth continually resounding in the ears, and carried home to the hearts of all her members, and made familiar even to the most unlearned. As long as we retain unaltered our Book of Common Prayer, I do not think that we have much to fear from the diversity of opinions which may from time to time arise in the Church. A clergyman may sometimes preach strange doctrines to his people, but he must also formally contradict them as often as he reads the Liturgy in his church; and the people in general are so habituated to its plain, simple, forcible enunciations of Scripture verities, in the most affecting form, that of direct addresses to the Author of all Truth, that an occasional misrepresentation of them on the part of the preacher will not often loosen the foundations of their faith, or rob them of the consolation which the Church's offices are so well cal-

culated to impart. I am much inclined to agree with the late Mr. Alexander Knox, who, as we learn from Bishop Jebb, "considered the Liturgy a much stronger fence to the Church than subscription to the Articles. The latter was a single act, to which a man might argue down, or persuade his scruples. But no Arian who had a grain of religion or honesty could persist, week after week, in reading the Creeds. But, to return to the question more immediately before us, I would again urge the consideration that the teaching of the Church is still to be found in its Creeds, Formularies, and Articles, not in the decision of any Court, even the highest, which is constituted for the purpose, not of making or altering laws, but of enforcing them. I admit that a series of erroneous judgments upon any important point of doctrine might have the effect of practically nullifying the Church's own assertion of it: but I still maintain that this is a defect in the discipline of the Church, which requires, indeed, correction, but which does not, in principle, affect her doctrine. Until the decrees and canons in which that has been embodied are altered;—until her solemn assertion of the truth in her Liturgy is silenced by her own act, and by virtue of her own synodical movement—the Church cannot be said to have given up any one feature of her system of doctrinal truth, nor to have ceased from asserting it. The highest judicial tribunal has no authority to alter one word of her formularies in which the Church has deliberately enshrined her belief, for that can only be done by the Church herself, duly represented in Convocation.

#### DANGER OF SYNODICAL INTERFERENCE WITH THE PRAYER-BOOK.

I do not consider that we stand in need of any fresh synodical declaration on the subject of baptism. The Church's language is sufficiently plain in her Articles, Catechism, and Offices, and to attempt a more precise and stringent definition, at this time of day, would be equivalent to an admission that she had hitherto left a most important point of Christian doctrine undetermined and uncertain. Besides, I should fear that if any attempt were made to obtain such a definition, it would open the door for an endeavour to tamper with the Book of Common Prayer, especially with the offices for baptism and the holy communion. If some persons are of opinion that any one of the Articles is not sufficiently explicit on the doctrine of either sacrament, others think that the Liturgy expresses the sacramental principle too strongly, and it is easy to imagine what disputes and confusion might arise, if the expediency of rendering the Articles more, or the Liturgy less dogmatical, were to be made a subject of synodical debate. On this question I retain the opinion which I expressed sixteen years ago, in the words of the Rev. I. Newton:—"As, to our Liturgy, I am far from thinking it incapable of amendment, though when I consider the spirit and temper of the present times, I dare not wish that the improvement of it should be attempted, lest the remedy be worse than the disease." Of the attempts which would probably be made to strip our Common Prayer of its characteristic excellence, we form some notion from the proposal already put forth by those who call for its reformation, and who would expunge from it the Athanasian Creed, the assertion of baptismal regeneration, some of the rubrics in the office for the Holy Communion, the reference made in the ordinal to "ancient authors" as testifying to the existence of the three orders of the ministry in all ages of the Church, and many other portions of the Liturgy. Should the time ever unhappily come when such concessions shall be made, it will not be long before our venerable and scriptural Li-



turgy is replaced for the second time by a Directory for the public worship of God.

#### CONVOCATION.

In thus stating my apprehensions of the consequences which might be expected to follow from any attempt to obtain a synodical revision of the Book of Common Prayer, or an explanation of any of the Articles, I would not be understood to express an opinion unfavourable to the removal of those restrictions which hinder the Church from deliberating in her collective capacity upon questions of doctrine or discipline. In theory, and by her legal constitution, she possesses that right, but she is restrained from exercising it. That restraint is no sufficient ground for renouncing her communion, but it may well be thought a fit subject of complaint; and its removal may be sought by all legitimate methods. It may be doubted whether the actual constitution of convocation is the best that could be devised; it may be questioned whether the Church should not be represented by a body consisting of lay as well as clerical members; but even as Convocation at present exists, some questions might safely be entrusted to its consideration, nor should it be forgotten that the Crown can at any moment interfere to stop its proceedings if they should transgress the rules of equity or of charity. But this subject is too large and difficult to be fully considered on the present occasion.

#### NEW COURT OF APPEAL.

With respect to the desirableness of substituting a new Court of Appeal, in suits involving questions of heresy, for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, I think it unnecessary to trouble you with any observations. My reasons for thinking such a change advisable were fully stated in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, and since published. The attempt then made to obtain the consent of Parliament to a change in the constitution of the present Court of Appeal was not successful, but we need not on that account forbear from renewing it, nor despair of ultimate success. It is on all hands agreed that some change is necessary—our object must be to obtain the sanction of the Legislature to such a change as shall be in accordance with the essential principles of our ecclesiastical polity. Those principles, I would remind you, remain unchanged. The law of the Church, whatever defects we may perceive in its administration, continues essentially the same. There is much in the actual state of things to excite our apprehension and to keep alive our vigilance; but the difficulties which surround our Church, far from affording to any of her members a sufficient reason for deserting her, and renouncing her communion, seem to me to require from them an increased degree of affection and dutiful obedience, and a more united and determined resistance to her adversaries.

#### SECESSIONS TO ROME.

With respect to those persons who have lately seceded from us, and passed over to the Church of Rome, it is manifest that the recent decision of the Judicial Committee, although it may have been made the pretext, cannot have been the cause of their secession. A supposed misinterpretation of the Church's mind upon a particular point of doctrine by a Court of Law can hardly be regarded, by the commonest understanding, as sufficient reason for renouncing her communion, and embracing all the errors, both of doctrine and practice,

which the Church of Rome imposes upon the reason and conscience of her members; for it must be borne in mind that it is not simply a question whether that Church asserts any particular point of doctrine more precisely and dogmatically than our own, but whether its whole system be such as to represent more clearly and more fully the true faith and pure worship of God? Whoever desires to be in communion with the Church of Rome must be prepared to embrace that system in all its fulness and complexity—every item of all the errors and superstitions which have at any time received the sanction of the Papal infallibility, and not only so, but every new doctrine and practice which the same authority may from time to time impose upon the Church.

#### ERRORS OF ROME.

It is not easy to say what the members of that Church are required to believe now—it is impossible for men to foresee what they may be called upon to admit as an article of faith next year or in any future year; for instance, till of late it was open to a Roman Catholic to believe or not, as he might see reason, the fanciful notion of the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin; but the present Bishop of Rome has seen fit to make it an article of their faith, and no member of his Church can henceforth question it without denying the infallibility of his spiritual sovereign, and so hazarding, as it is asserted, his own salvation. Supposing that the teaching of our own Church as to the effects of baptism were less clear and definite than it is, leaving to her ministers a greater latitude than is actually left to them by the recent judgment, would that justify any one of her members in throwing himself into the arms of a Church which teaches, and now more openly than ever insists upon, his paying divine honour to a creature? Is Mariolatry a less sin, or less a departure from the truth, than a low view of baptismal regeneration? Is a belief that the grace of God is not tied to the outward and visible sign of a sacrament a more pernicious error than the assertion that the priest's *intention* is necessary to the efficacy of a sacrament? If the former notion be calculated to raise a doubt whether this or that infant be made by baptism a Christian, is not the other much more so? No man in the Church of Rome, who is bound to admit its doctrine respecting the priest's *intention*, can be sure whether he is a Christian or not. This one dogma of that Church is more calculated to raise doubts and scruples in the minds of her members than any uncertainty which is supposed to exist in any of the Articles of the Reformed Church. This line of reasoning might be pursued at greater length with reference to the various corruptions of Gospel truths, the belief of which the Church of Rome binds upon the consciences of all her members as necessary to salvation. But I must content myself with the general observation that he who deserts the Church of his baptism on account of some one supposed flaw in her system of discipline, or even doctrine, and submits to an authority which demands an implicit belief in an infinite number of dogmas, opposed alike to Scripture and to common sense, some suspicious and some absurd, may be compared to a man, who, having observed some instance of doubt or hesitation in his guide, in order to avoid mistaking the path on one side, rushes blindfold over a precipice on the other.

#### ROMANIZING TENDENCIES.

But there is another very important consideration suggested to us by the recent lamentable secessions from our Church. It may well occur to

us to inquire how far the way may have been paved for them, in some instances at least, by the growth of opinions and practices in our own Reformed Church, at variance, if not with the letter, yet with the spirit of its teaching and ordinances. I am unwilling to condemn, without reserve, the motives of those amongst the Clergy who have thought themselves at liberty to imitate, as nearly as it is possible to imitate, without a positive infringement of the law, the forms and ceremonies of the Church of Rome; or to insinuate, without openly asserting, some of the most dangerous of those errors which our own Reformed Church has renounced and condemned. I am bound to do justice to their zeal and devotedness—their self-denial and charity. Inconsistent as I think their conduct has been with their duty to the Church of which they are ministers, I cannot suspect them of intentional heresy. They may, perhaps, have thought that they were adopting the most likely method of retaining in our communion persons of warm imagination and weak judgment, who were in danger of being dazzled by the meretricious splendour of the Roman ritual, or deluded by the false pretences of the Roman system of doctrine to antiquity and unity. If such has been their object, they have been grievously disappointed. Concessions to error can never really serve the cause of truth. If some few have been thus retained within the pale of our Church, many others have been gradually trained for secession from it. A taste has been excited in them for forms and observances which has stimulated without satisfying their appetite, and they have naturally sought for gratification in the Church of Rome. They have been led, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice, and then, to the surprise and disappointment of their guides, have fallen over. I know that this has happened in some instances. I have no doubt of its having happened in many. Then, with respect to doctrine—what can be better calculated to lead the less learned, or the less thoughtful, members of our Protestant Church to look with complacency upon the errors which their Church has renounced, and at length to embrace them, than to have books of devotion put into their hands by their own clergymen, in which all but divine honour is paid to the Virgin Mary—a propitiatory virtue is attributed to the Eucharist—the mediation of the saints is spoken of as a probable doctrine—prayer for the dead urged as a positive duty—and a superstitious use of the sign of the cross is recommended as profitable? Add to this the secret practice of auricular confession, the use of crucifixes and rosaries, the administration of what is termed the sacrament of penance, and it is manifest that they who are taught to believe that such things are compatible with the principles of the English Church, must also believe it to be separated from that of Rome by a faint and almost imperceptible line, and be prepared to pass that line without much fear of incurring the guilt of schism.

#### IMITATION OF ROMISH RITUAL OBSERVANCES.

Then with regard to the mode of celebrating divine worship—it has been a subject of great uneasiness to me to see the changes which have been introduced by a few of the clergy, at variance, as I think, with the spirit of the Church's directions, and, in some instances, with the letter. It has always been esteemed an evidence of the wisdom and moderation of those who framed our Common Prayer, that they retained such ceremonies as they thought best “to the setting forth of God's honour and glory, and to the reducing of the people to a most perfect and godly living, without error or superstition, putting away other things which they per-

ceived to be most abused, as in men's ordinances it often chanceth diversely in divers countries." But this principle has been lost sight of by the persons to whom I allude, and they have presumed, following their mere private judgments, and not the rules or intention of the Church, to introduce, one by one, those very forms and observances which the reformers of our Liturgy had purposely discontinued and laid aside, but which it is now sought to revive, some of them for the first time since the Reformation. These innovations have, in some instances, been carried to such a length as to render the Church service almost histrionic. I really cannot characterise by a gentler term the continual changes of posture, the frequent genuflexions, the crossing, the peculiarities of dress, and some of the decorations of the churches to which I allude. They are, after all, a poor imitation of the Roman ceremonial, and furrish, I have no doubt, to the observant members of that Church, a subject, on the one hand, of ridicule, as being a faint and meagre copy of their own gaudy ritual, and, on the other hand, of exultation, as preparing those who take delight in them to seek a fuller gratification of their taste in the Roman communion. I am by no means insensible to the value of the æsthetic principle in the externals of religion; but great caution is requisite not to lay such stress upon that which is material and emblematic as to detract from the importance of that which is purely spiritual.—to substitute, in fact, the mere machinery of religion for the effects which it is intended to produce. I have always contended, and still contend, that we are bound to carry out all the Church's directions for the celebration of divine service; but I contend, also, that we offend against her order, not less by the addition of what it forbids or does not enjoin, than by the omission of any thing that it prescribes.

#### PREVIOUS WARNINGS REPEATED.

Suffer me to remind you of the language which I held to you on this subject eight years ago. "Such practices," I observed, "which are neither prescribed, nor recommended, nor even noticed by our Church, nor sanctioned by general custom, throw discredit upon those decent ceremonies and expressive forms, which are intended to enliven the devotion of those who are engaged in the service of God, and to do honour to His holy name. In resisting an exaggerated spiritualism, we must be careful not to incur the charge of materialising religion, and, above all, we must beware of arbitrarily connecting the gifts of God with ordinances of merely human appointment, and of teaching our people to place the ceremonies which the Church has ordained, however significant and laudable, on the same footing as the sacraments which have been ordained by the Lord Jesus himself." In 1846 I again complained of the efforts which had for some time past been systematically made to revive amongst the members of our communion opinions and practices usually regarded as peculiar to the Church of Rome, and spoke of them as tending to perplex and unsettle sensitive and imperfectly instructed consciences, and to prepare them for an acknowledgment of the paramount authority of that Church, which, as it concedes nothing, nor admits the possibility of its erring, even in the minutest feature of that complicated system, which was stamped with the character of unchangeableness by the decrees of the Council of Trent, has manifestly a great advantage in dealing with unstable and doubtful minds, whenever one step has been taken in advance towards that system. I had hoped that these distinct expressions of my opinion would have the effect of checking the innovations alluded to, and of awakening those of the clergy of my diocese who

had departed the furthest from the simplicity of our Reformed ritual, to a sense of the danger of all endeavours to assimilate it to the Roman ceremonial, and to the inconsistency of such endeavours with their own obligations, as ministers of our Reformed Church, bound by solemn pledges to observe her rules, and to carry out her intentions. That expectation has been disappointed; neither my public exhortations nor my private admonitions have produced the desired effect. I have been told that I had no authority to forbid anything which was not in express terms forbidden by law; and that practices, which, though properly laid aside by the Church, and so by implication condemned, have not been actually prohibited, are therefore lawful; and that canonical obedience to a Bishop is only that which he can enforce in a court of law; and so the innovations which I objected to have been persisted in, with additional changes introduced from time to time with the manifest purpose of assimilating the services of our Reformed Church as nearly as possible to those of the Roman. Once more I declare my entire disapproval of such practices, and my earnest wish that, while every direction of the rubric and canons is observed where it is possible, no form should be introduced into the celebration of public worship which is not expressly prescribed by them, or sanctioned by long established usage.

#### DUTY OF DISCOURTENANCING THE ROMISH CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

It is a duty at all times incumbent upon the members of our Reformed Church, especially upon her ministers, to abstain from everything which may seem in any way to countenance the errors of the Church of Rome, and lead any person to believe that the difference between us is less than it really is; to forbear from imitating its peculiarities, from recommending its books of devotion, from attending its services, even through curiosity, in this country at least: in short, to shun all intercourse with it as a Church. But this duty presses upon us with peculiar force at the present time, when that Church is advancing its pretensions to spiritual dominion amongst us with an arrogance hitherto unknown.

#### THE NEW ROMAN HIERARCHY.

It has been thought sufficient by all former Popes, since the time of the Reformation, to provide for the spiritual care of their adherents in this country by the appointment of Vicars-Apostolic, exercising, indeed, episcopal authority over them, not as Bishops of any English See, but deriving their titles from some imaginary diocese, *in partibus infidelium*. The assertion now first made of the Pope's right to erect Episcopal Sees in this country appears to me to be, not only an intentional insult to the Episcopate and clergy of England, but a daring, though powerless, invasion of the supremacy of the Crown. The act of Parliament which restored that supremacy provides that "No foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, spiritual or temporal, shall use, enjoy, or exercise, any manner of power, jurisdiction, superiority, authority, pre-eminence, or privilege, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm;" and although while the law in this respect remains unchanged, the pretended erection of a Bishop's See in England, by the Pope's authority, can have no legal effect, it is manifestly the assertion, on his part, of a right to do that which the laws of England have forbidden. I cannot, therefore, but regard it as a measure against which, not only the Church, but the Government, of this country is bound emphatically to protest. It is evident that the Bishop and Court of Rome entertain very sanguine hopes of the conversion of this country, and of its return to the bosom

of their Church. The sad falling away of some, who seemed to be the most devotedly attached to the Church of England, has awakened expectations, not unnatural indeed, but destined to certain disappointment.

#### ITS EFFECTS ON THE COUNTRY.

I believe that the very boldness of the pretensions now put forth by the Bishop of Rome and his agents will prevent their success. They may dazzle and confound a few weak minds, or captivate some ardent imaginations, but they will be instinctively repelled by the common sense and right feeling of the people at large. Popery, as demanding an entire prostration of men's intellect, before an authority which attempts to substantiate its claims, not by proofs, but by gratuitous and inconsistent assertions, cannot long retain its hold upon the mind of a well-educated people imbued with a knowledge of Holy Scripture. Its fundamental principle is, that men are not to examine, but to believe; and at the present moment, by the re-assertion of superstitions, which the more learned writers of the Roman Church have long ago exploded, and by the revival of legends, suited only to an age of the grossest ignorance, it seems to be pushing that principle to its very utmost length, as though its maxim were, that the more incredible a doctrine or history may seem, the more merit there is in believing it. And this fearless contempt and defiance of common sense has its effect upon some uninformed and humble minds, overpowering them by the very audacity of its pretensions, while the authority which displays it offers to relieve them from all the trouble and anxiety of a search after truth, assuring them that it is at once their duty and their happiness not to inquire, but to believe. But the Church of Rome employs different agencies and instruments to different classes of men. For those whose education and habits of mind require something like argument and evidence, she has her subtle dialecticians and persuasive orators, who do not fetter themselves with a very strict adherence to the canon of doctrine laid down by the Council of Trent, but insinuate, if they do not expressly teach, various modifications of it, adapted to remove what they term the prejudices of their Protestant hearers, especially those who are members of the Church of England. You will readily understand me to allude to the Oratorians, as they are called, and I name them principally for the sake of expressing my earnest hope that none of you will give the least countenance to their proceedings, nor run the risk of impairing the strength of your own convictions, and of weakening your attachment to the Church of which you are members, by attending any of their services or listening to their lectures.

#### GERMAN THEOLOGY A STILL GREATER EVIL.

But, while we are looking to the dangers which impend over us in one quarter, let us not close our eyes to those which threaten us from another. A natural principle of antagonism in the human mind makes it probable that some, who fly off from Popery, will traverse the entire diameter of the rational sphere, and be landed on the antipodes of infidelity. I would desire you to consider whether some of those persons who are disgusted with the departures now too common from the soberness and simplicity of our devotional offices, and with the exaggerated notions which are insisted on as to the authority of the priestly office, are not too likely to take refuge, not in Low Church doctrine, as the term is com-

monly understood, but in the boundless expanse of Latitudinarianism, a sea without a shore, and with no pole-star to guide those who embark on it but the uncertain light of human reason. I cannot but think that we have more to apprehend from the theology of Germany than from that of Rome; from that which defies human reason than from that which seeks to blind or stifle it; from a school which labours to reconcile Christianity with its own philosophy, by stripping the Gospel of all its characteristic features, and reducing it to the level of human systems, than from a Church which rejects and condemns even the soundest conclusions of true philosophy when they are at variance with the determinations of its own presumed infallibility. The theology, if it deserves the name, to which I allude, has been grafted upon, or grown out of the idealism of the German philosophers. It has exhibited symptoms of decline in its native soil, but I fear it is beginning to lay hold on the more practical mind of this country, and from it, in my judgment, more danger is to be apprehended, than from the attempt to revive worn-out superstitions, and to shackle the understandings and consciences of men with fetters which were broken and thrown off at the Reformation. Moral evidence, historical testimony, inspiration, miracle, all that is objective in Christianity is swept away by the writers of this school, its glory defaced, its living waters deprived of all their healing virtues by distillation in the alembic of rationalism.

#### DENIAL OF THE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

Now, I fear that there are many persons who think that they may safely go to a certain length with these bold adventurers in theology, without following them into all their extravagant speculations; for instance, that they may deny the inspiration of Holy Scripture, as the Church understands it, without calling in question the evidences—that is, the historical evidences of Christianity; that they may believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and yet cast off what they term a superstitious reverence for the text of the Bible. But I do not believe it to be possible for any one thus to undervalue and weaken the authority of the Apostles and Prophets, and so to undermine the foundations of his belief, without impairing the soundness of the superstructure, and diluting his faith in Jesus Christ as his chief corner-stone. To deny the inspiration of Scripture is one step towards the rejection of the Gospel as a revelation from God.

#### RATIONALISM.

Against this fatal heresy I would earnestly caution my younger brethren, as being one from which, in the present state of the human mind, we have much more to fear than from the encroachments of Popery. Rationalism, as its name implies, referring everything to man's unaided reason as the ultimate test of truth, flatters the pride of his nature, which is revolted by the humbling but consolatory doctrines of the Gospel. Popery offends and disgusts the understanding by inventions opposed alike to common sense and to the plain letter of Holy Scripture. The latter aims at the complete subjugation of the intellect to the authority of the self-constituted Vicar of Christ; the former asserts the supremacy and infallibility of reason. It is manifest that this is the most likely to find favor with a trained and scientific generation, while the former can rest its hope of general acceptance only on the ground of an uninquiring ignorance. The true safeguard and preservative from both extremes is to be found in the general diffusion of sound scriptu-

ral knowledge, by means of education—in a sedulous inculcation of the doctrines of our Reformed Church, as drawn from the inspired word of God, and in a firm adherence to the Creeds, and Liturgy, and Articles. If these be cast aside, or if, while they are subscribed to in the letter, they are understood and interpreted in a non-natural sense, so as to explain away, on one side, the fundamental truths of Christianity, or, on the other, the distinctive doctrine of Protestantism, we shall soon be afloat in a sea of error, drifting helplessly amongst the shoals and quicksands of heresy, old and new. The Church will no longer be an ark of safety; its ministry will be a ministry not of peace but of confusion; and what the results will be we may learn from the example of the continental churches, which are now reaping the bitter fruits of their defection from Catholic truth and order, and of their separation of religious from secular education.

#### UNION IN THE CHURCH.

And what is the lesson which the actual condition of our own Church is calculated to teach us? Menaced by dangers of opposite kinds,—on this side superstition and spiritual tyranny; on that side rationalism, with infidelity and pantheism in its train,—are we not bound to put away from us, as far as our duty to the truth will permit, all dissensions and controversies between ourselves, to rally round the vital truths of the Gospel, and to study with much self-inquiry and earnest prayers to realise our Saviour's precept—"Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another." Whatever defects we may believe to exist in the constitution of our Church, as viewed in connexion with the civil polity of this country, let us devote our energies more resolutely than we yet have done to the fulfilment of our own individual duties as ministers of that Church, each in his proper sphere of action, and we shall find in the more rapid growth of true religion, in the extension of the Church's boundaries, in the daily ingathering of those who are to be saved, and in the moral and social improvement of the people at large, abundant evidence of our belonging to a true Church.

#### EVIDENCE IN THE CHURCH OF ITS TRUTH.

Nay, have we not even now sufficient evidence of this kind to assure and encourage us? Can we believe that God would bless the efforts of a fallen or falling Church with such success as by His goodness has already crowned the awakened energies of our own? And is not the very fact of that awakening, viewed in connexion with its results, in itself a condemnation of those who desert our Church because she is hindered, as they think, from doing her proper work? Is it too much to say that the Divine Head of the Church (we speak with humility), seems to be acknowledging the legitimacy of that branch of it which is planted in this realm by repeated marks of his favour; not by amplifying its worldly honour, nor by enlarging its endowments, nor by augmenting its temporal power, nor by giving it increased favor in the sight of legislators and rulers, but by calling forth its spiritual energies, by reviving its inner life, by rekindling in its members somewhat of the Church's ancient warmth of piety and charity, by giving it both the will and the power to lengthen its cords and strengthen its stakes, and to break forth on the right hand and on the left? Have we not thankfully to acknowledge the goodness of God towards the Church of this country in permitting it to send forth, within the last ten years, fifteen additional Bishops to preside over its distant and too long neglected branches,



and in blessing the labours of those devoted and self-denying men with an almost unlooked-for measure of success? This, too, be it remembered, by the Church's inherent energy, without assistance, almost without encouragement from the State. Again, are there no indications of the existence of a true Church, faithful to her appointed work, in the efforts which have been lately made to bring into her bosom and to provide with heavenly nourishment the multitudes of perishing sinners, called indeed by her name, and for the most part, it may be, made her children by baptism, but from that moment treated as strangers and foreigners, ignorant of her maternal care, and suffered to remain in an almost worse than heathen state? Are not the churches and schools, which are now so many centres of light and holiness in regions where the powers of darkness long held undisputed sway, so many trophies which the Church militant has been permitted to erect over the enemies of man's salvation? Is it not the Church which has of late lifted up her voice, and told the rich and powerful of the duties they owe to the poor, and of the dangers which have arisen and of the ruin which must ensue from the continued neglect of those duties? Let us, dear brethren, be duly thankful to God for all that He has guided and enabled our Church to effect, as the dispenser of His truth, and be more zealous and more united than ever in our endeavours to carry on that work in our respective spheres of duty. Let us rally as dutiful sons round our spiritual mother in the time of her distress and perplexity; repair the breaches of our Zion as effectually as God may permit us to repair them, and possess ourselves in patience and prayer, till, in His own good time, He shall see fit to perfect the work.

There are still other topics which seem to require some notice from me, but I can only touch upon them very briefly.

#### SISTERS OF MERCY.

The question of establishing Sisterhoods of Mercy in our Reformed Church is one respecting which opinions are greatly divided. That such institutions may be productive, under due regulation, of much good, cannot I think be doubted. They have from time to time been recommended to our Church for adoption by writers whose attachment to the principles of the Reformation cannot be doubted. They are, in fact, originally Protestant institutions. Eighty years before the formation of Sisterhoods of Mercy in the Church of Rome by Vincent de Paulo, the Protestant Sisterhood of Sedan and the Ladies of Rochelle, set the example of those associations for pious and charitable objects. That it is possible to conduct them in accordance with Protestant principles is proved by the institution of deaconesses established in Paris in 1841, and carried on with continually increasing success under the truly paternal care and wise direction of M. Vermeil, Pastor of the Reformed Church of Paris. In a few years a spacious house, containing 127 rooms, with large yards and gardens, has been purchased and fitted up, and is filled with sufferers of every description. Instruction for the young, consolation and guidance for penitents, medicine and attendance for the sick, a lending library, the distribution of Bibles and tracts,—all these objects are carried out or superintended by the deaconesses and probationers, and these useful labours have been thankfully acknowledged from time to time by pecuniary grants from the municipal authorities of Paris.

This institution has from the first been carefully guarded from the errors and abuses of the Church of Rome. It has associated together

Christian women constrained by the love of Christ, and desirous of being permitted to do his work more effectually than would be done by their detached and isolated efforts. But it has held out to them no inducement nor facilities to desert the duties laid upon them by their domestic relations. No vow of celibacy nor engagements binding their consciences;—no violation of the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free;—the character of the establishment is not that of a monastic community, but of a great Christian family. If any sisterhoods can be formed in this country answering to this description, I should hail their institution as calculated to increase the efficiency of our Church, and to strengthen it against the machinations of Rome. But I strongly deprecate the establishment of any religious or charitable society of females which shall have almost every peculiarity of a nunnery but the name. I fear that this is the case with some which have been already formed. I have reason to believe that, in more than one instance, young women have been encouraged or permitted to enrol themselves as Sisters of Mercy or Charity against the earnest wish of their nearest relations, and to neglect one clearly prescribed duty for the sake of undertaking another, which is certainly not of positive obligation. I should think it a sufficient condemnation of such an institution to be able to show that in any one instance its conductors had invited or permitted a daughter to become an inmate in spite of the earnest remonstrances of a father or a widowed mother. From these objections the Training Institution for Nurses is free; and I do not deny that more extensive establishments of the nature of that which exists at Paris might be formed in strict accordance with the principles of our Reformed Church. All that I intend to say is, that greater care is requisite to avoid the fault of monastic institutions than appears to have been exercised in some instances which have come to my knowledge.

#### NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The question of national education is one which on this occasion I must pass by with a single remark. After all the discussions which have taken place with regard to the intentions of the Government, and the duty and claims of the Church, I am persuaded that, if the education of the people at large be taken out of the hands of the clergy, it will be mainly their own fault. They stand on a vantage ground from which, if they are vigilant and active, it will hardly be possible to dislodge them. But they must take care that the education which they offer is one which deserves the name, one adapted to the present state of human knowledge and of human society. On this subject I retain the opinion which I stated in my charge of 1834. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that I gave my sanction to a plan suggested by some of the London clergy, and carried into effect by themselves, with the assistance of several lay members of the Church, of giving evening lectures on different branches of literature, art, and science, to the young men of London, with a view to their improvement, moral, intellectual, and spiritual; affected as they are by the peculiar temptations of a great city, the modern practice of early closing, and the advancing spread of knowledge. The benevolent efforts of the committee have been crowned with a large measure of success. They have now commenced the first term of the third year with forty-eight classes in seventeen different parishes, and numbering about eight hundred students, most of them clerks or shopmen in commercial houses, some scripture-readers, and some national schoolmasters. It is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the good

which this measure is calculated to produce. Its moral and social effect is to be calculated, not merely by the improved tastes and habits of the students themselves, but by the influence which they will exercise upon those around them, their fellow-clerks and shopmen, their families and acquaintances.

#### OPPORTUNITIES OF 1851.

One other subject remains to be noticed before I conclude. The great Exhibition of Works of Art and Industry, which has been announced for the year 1851, will cause an unprecedented influx of strangers into this metropolis from all parts of the world, but especially from the continent of Europe. It is for others to consider in what manner that vast multitude is to be provided with lodgings and the conveniences of life. It is surely a duty incumbent upon the ministers of the Gospel to devise, if possible, some mode of furnishing them with the means of worshipping God, and of profiting by the opportunities of the Christian Sabbath. Let us not welcome them to this great emporium of the world's commerce as though we looked only to the gratification of our national pride, or to mutual improvement in the arts which minister to the enjoyment of this present life, and took no thought of the spiritual relation which subsists between all mankind as children of God, whom He desires to be saved through Jesus Christ. Let us not incur the guilt of Hezekiah, who displayed to the Chaldean messengers the house of his precious things, the silver, and the gold, and the spices, and the precious ointment, and all the house of his armour, and all that was found in his treasures; but forgot, as it seems, to set before them the glory of the true God, and the beauty of holiness in His law, and in His worship, and the history of His wonderful works. It may not be easy to mark out the precise line of duty which we ought to follow in this matter, or to devise any plan which may be equally applicable to persons of different languages and creeds; but we should endeavour to provide for them the means of common worship, and to distribute amongst those who may be willing to receive it, the Bible, and, where it may be done, the Book of Common Prayer, translated into the languages of their respective countries. I cannot doubt but that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will lend its aid towards the fulfilment of this design. \* Whatever measures of success may attend our endeavours, they will at least serve to convince our guests that we are not mere worshippers of Mammon, that we are not entirely absorbed in the pursuit of mere objects which concern only the present life, but that we glory in possessing ourselves, and are desirous of imparting to others the unsearchable riches of Christ.

#### CONCLUSION. \*

In conclusion, reverend brethren, I would again suggest to you, that the most likely method of healing the wounds inflicted upon the Church by our intestine divisions—of softening that asperity of feeling which religious controversy is so apt to engender—and of bringing us by degrees to a common understanding upon questions of vital importance—is for every one of us, in his proper sphere of action, honestly to fulfil the duty laid by the Church upon all her ministers. See that you never cease your labour, your care, and diligence, until you have done all that lieth in you, according to your bounden duty, to bring all that are or shall be committed to your charge unto that agreement in the knowledge and faith of God, and that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that

there be no room left among you either for error in religion or for viciousness of life. I cannot but think, that if every clergyman were to direct all his energies and endeavours to the task of feeding the Lord's family with the wholesome food provided for them in the Bible and the Church, to the instruction of the ignorant and the conversion of the sinful, with earnest prayer, the study of God's word, and a devout and punctual observance of the Church's rule, confining his efforts, except in special cases, to the field of labor which has been assigned to him, he would do more to tranquillise and strengthen the Church than he could effect by stepping out of his allotted station to enlist himself in the ranks of angry polemics, under other banners than those of the Church herself, unfolded by her authorised standard-bearers. There are three promises which you have all made before God, and in the face of His Church, when you were invested with authority to preach the word of God, and to minister His holy sacraments, which, taken together, and with a due regard to their bearings upon one another, will furnish you with a perfect rule of conduct in times of perplexity and disquiet. Suffer me to remind you of them. The first—"Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word?" "I will, the Lord being my helper." The second—"Will you maintain and set forward, as much as lieth in you, quietness, peace, and love, among all Christian people, and especially among those that are and shall be committed to your charge?" "I will so do, the Lord being my helper." The third—"Will you reverently obey your Ordinary, and other chief ministers, unto whom is committed the charge and government over you, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting yourselves to their godly judgments?" "I will so do, the Lord being my helper." Whatever dangers may threaten us from without, if there be among us a spirit of firm adherence to the scriptural doctrine and apostolical order of our Church, of mutual candour and kindness, and of cheerful obedience to legitimate authority exercised within reasonable bounds, a zealous devotion to our Master's work, and a simple reliance upon Him for the will and the power to perform it, He will assuredly bless and protect His Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Now, unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end.—Amen!

## CHRONICLE OF CHURCH PROCEEDINGS: TO NOVEMBER 14TH, 1850.

THE schismatical intrusion and usurpation of the Bishop of Rome, is evidently too large and important a topic for us to discuss, in the limits to which we must now confine ourselves. Nor indeed is it necessary that we do so; for the facts relative to this most presumptuous act are already well known. We have therefore preferred to circulate among our readers the Bishop of London's sixth charge, a document in weight and importance second to none which has appeared since the Reformation. His Lordship's grave review of the recent judgment of the Privy Council—his solid reasons for non-acquiescence in that judgment—his critical consideration of our baptismal offices—his exposure of the fraudulency

of any attempt to enlist Hooker among those who have held low notions on sacramental grace—the able and complete appeal to the common language of the greatest divines from Cranmer's time till now—and the wise moderation which characterized every allusion to synodical motions which may be still ensuant;—all this will amply realize every hope which has been entertained for his Lordship's *ex cathedra* vindication of the Church's doctrine. Nor are the other features of the charge less practical or masterly. In all that his Lordship alleges—on the advance of Romanism—on the innovations in public worship—on the progress of rationalistic principles of theology—on the true safeguard and preservative against every enemy and every heresy—the assertion of the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, of a reverence for the text of Bible, and a due acquiescence in the authority of the Church, we must recognize a spirit of counsel and of grace deliberately recorded, and truly conservative of the evangelism of the Church of England.

We have a hope that our edition of this invaluable Charge will prove to be the most correct which has been seen in India. The official edition had not been published when our last dispatches left England:—but we have carefully collected several of the leading reports; and as each of these was composed from a copy written by his Lordship's permission, we have no doubt that the text we have formed, from a comparison of them, will be found substantially, and almost precisely accurate.

In our next number, we purpose giving something like a digest of proceedings in the several dioceses of England on the late act of papal aggression, for which we are already in possession of copious materials.

We have received two more numbers of "THE MISSIONARY," which we have before mentioned as promising to be a valuable vehicle of hints and information on the topics to which it is principally dedicated. The paper is ably conducted, and of a spirit truly Catholic. We trust its amiable tone, and extremely moderate price, will ensure it a large sale among the Churchmen of India.

We have also received two numbers of "THE CHURCHMAN," a religious newspaper published at Madras. It contains a number of important ecclesiastical reprints, and thus appears well calculated to diffuse the principles to which it is pledged in a diocese where such an organ is much wanted. The style of printing is far inferior to any thing which we have recently seen from a Bengal or a Bombay press:—and this, we think the Editor should labour to improve. But the selected articles are of a high character, and the editorial tone, though perhaps a little stilted, pledges the design to good, with an earnestness of which the sincerity is patent.

We need not refer at any length to the fine Educational Institution in progress at Agra, as it has already been so ably recommended by the valuable friend who has communicated our article on the Benares Sanscrit College.

We have received the Twelfth Report of the BENARES PROVINCIAL CHURCH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION AND ORPHAN INSTITUTION, in which, as usually records of reverses and encouragements bear about an equal proportion, though the general apathy in Missionary objects is relieved by several instances of signal liberality. The gift of a superbly embellished font, by Captain Kittoe; of a clock and bells, by our Venerable Archdeacon, and of a most acceptable addition to the landed estate by John Rivaz, Esq. C.S., are prominently mentioned. Mrs. Fuchs, the excellent lady who superintends the girls' department, memorializes a most pleasing instance of youthful piety. The mission

has been much strengthened, we confidently hope, by the reception of a young man of considerable Sanscrit learning and argumentative power, Nehemiah Nilkanth, as a Catechist. While we grieve that Jai Narayan's College and Free School is again deprived of the valuable labor of the Rev. Principal, it is our duty to mention, with high encomium, the efficient and systematic exertions of Mr. Mackay, the Senior Master, to whose robust health and untiring perseverance the institution is greatly indebted for its present and prospective efficiency. We earnestly invite an immediate effort to reduce a balance of above eight hundred Rupees, against the mission, and so avert the contemplated necessity of reducing what is, upon the whole, we trust and believe, an effective and an improving Christian establishment.

We also acknowledge, with many thanks, a pleasing selection of Christian Psalmody, and an arrangement, in score, of the canticles at Morning and Evening Prayer, by our valued friend and correspondent, the Rev. Robert Bland, Chaplain of Gowhatti, Assam. Both of these brochures do high credit to Mr. Bland's taste and orthodoxy; and though, from circumstances which he could not control, neither of them contain all that might be desirable, yet recognizing in them "a consistency with the spirit of the Prayer Book" (which is more than we can say of any other collections of hymns or tunes which have been set forth in India) we heartily wish them wide circulation and extensive adoption.



THE

# BENARES MAGAZINE.

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1851.



God in the first day of creation made nothing but LIGHT, allowing one whole day to that work, without creating any material thing therein ; so the experiments of LIGHT, and not of profit, should be first investigated.

BACON.

THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1851.

I.

KAVANAGH'S DISCOVERY OF LANGUAGE.\*

You may have seen a man rush in, breathless with the charge of a great announcement—so big that he cannot find words to bring it out in. He looks wildly at you whilst he wipes his forehead with his silk handkerchief and puffs out—like a spouting grampus—the accumulated breath of a long deep inspiration;—and yet, in his wild glare you discern—twinkling like a star amid the hurrying scud—a calm sweet consciousness of his power to stun you when he shall get the power of speech. It is with an aspect thus startlingly big with promise that Mr. Morgan Kavanagh presents himself to the reader. He rushes into print before he has written his book, and he finds himself in the second volume before he had thought of having a second volume at all. Translators, catching the infection of his enthusiasm, follow “*pari passu*” at his heels; and the announcement that “A French Translation of this work is published in Paris, by Paul Renouard,” meets you on the back of the title-page. The very publishers seem to be in a flurry about this new “*maximus partus temporis*,”—and they anticipate the title-page by an earnest warning that the work “is private property, protected by the late Copyright Act, the 5 and 6 Victoria, c. 45.” We quote the intimation for the benefit of those who,

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\* The Discovery of the Science of Languages; in which are shown the real nature of the Parts of Speech; the meanings which all words carry in themselves, as their own definitions, and the origin of words, letters, figures, &c. By Morgan Kavanagh. In two volumes. London: Longman and Co., 1844.

like ourselves, may be at a loss where else to look for the number of the Act if they should chance at any time to have occasion to refer to it.

The book was published in the year 1844, and we observe by the Almanack that we are now in the year 1850—nay 1851. That we have just now met with the book for the first time may seem to argue therefore that we live very much out of the world. We admit the inference; and, taking it for granted that a good number of our readers are in much the same predicament,\*we go on with our intended notice of Mr. Kavanagh.

Mr. Kavanagh does not deny that he was in a hurry. The book, whilst going through the press, grew "double in size,"—and hence, as he remarks, "the reader, as he must be aware with what precipitation all productions of the mind, brought out in this way, are attended, cannot expect from this work more than what is claimed for it—namely, that it contains, though put together hurriedly and without art, the clear and full communication of a discovery." And no wonder that Mr. Kavanagh disregarded on this occasion the Horatian maxim "nono prematur in anno"—(which, at school, we used to think meant "in the ninth year let it be sent to press")—for the Discovery—supposing it a real one—was not one which a friend to his species would have felt himself justified in suppressing during any such protracted analogical period of gestation.

It is no practice of ours to "skip the preface." Very often you can learn from a man's preface everything that is worth knowing in his book. By writing the book the man has possibly "written himself clear"—and you get the benefit of this in the preface. In this respect the preface of Mr. Kavanagh is disappointing. He is not going to let you off your fair share of the labour in this way. In his analytical table of contents, he is equally on his guard against the danger of superseding his book. His table of contents is not a convenient recapitulation of facts, but a seductive enumeration of promises. It can be of service, he tells us, "as a means of reference, to such persons only as have read the work;" and he won't even submit to be read as Southey used to read new books, without cutting the leaves, for he declares of his work that "from its peculiar nature, no part can be understood without an intimate knowledge of all by which it is preceded." And you are not to flatter yourself that when you have read the table of contents you know all that you are to expect, for, as Mr. Kavanagh adds, "It

“should be also observed that, in order to bring the table “within reasonable compass, it has been found necessary to “leave unnoticed many observations and important discoveries.” Baffled thus at once, and stimulated both by Contents and Preface, we had no resource but to turn to the work itself. Before entering upon our notice of it, it may be as well to give the reader a “Pisgah view” of it from the stand-point of the analytical table. A few of the topics are here strung together:—

“What the author should do before attempting to prove the discovery “of the science of languages. This he does, and a great deal more. “What this is. Words carry in themselves their own meaning. \* \* \* \* \* We have been hitherto wholly unacquainted with the science of “grammar. Proofs of this given. \* \* \* \* \* The great simplicity of this “discovery. \* \* \* \* \* The author’s resolution of frankly speaking his “mind. The substantive. Proof that this part of speech, as it is called, has not hitherto been known. Personal pronouns. Proof given “that they are not, any more than substantives, what they have been “taken for. The adjective. Proved that the greatest grammarians “cannot at all account for this part of speech. \* \* \* \* \* Proofs given “from the English language that this want of science is real and deplorable. \* \* \* \* \* View of the human mind. That taken by eminent philosophers inquired into and found to be erroneous. The “author’s view of it. Words do not represent ideas. What sort of a “language we should have if they did. \* \* \* \* \* Proof that there are “no such words as substantives or nouns. Proof that all words called “substantives are but names in the fourth degree of comparison. By “this view are explained various difficulties already alluded to, and “which no grammarians can account for. The author’s pretensions. \* \* \* \* \* Discovery of the second possessive case. Its powerful meaning. The English idiom must be improved by a knowledge of it. \* \* \* \* \* The verb. Its importance. The part of speech which is known the “least. \* \* \* \* \* The verb is an adjective or name in the fourth degree. “It does not represent an action. \* \* \* \* \* Shown how it does not represent an action, and how grammarians have been led to suppose that “it does. The endings of English verbs discovered. \* \* \* \* \* The verb “TO BE. How ignorant the learned have been of this word. Its “primitive meaning discovered. Great importance of this discovery. \* \* \* \* \* How men expressed themselves in the beginning of the world “when they had occasion to make use of the verb TO BE. \* \* \* \* \* The “nature of pronouns discovered. \* \* \* \* \* Important discovery. To what “it leads. \* \* \* \* \* This knowledge of a past participle in French leads “to a precious discovery. \* \* \* \* \* How to find the etymology of words. \* \* \* \* \* These etymologies account for the growth of languages, and “how men’s words first became confounded. \* \* \* \* \* Etymology of *sun* “and *moon* with all people. \* \* \* \* \* The origin of the termination *ish* discovered. The etymology of the words, *Ireland*, *Scotland*, *Dublin*, with “many other etymologies \* \* \* \* \*”

So much for a sample of the contents of the first volume; and if there be here much of wondrous promise, there is no lack of energetic effort to redeem the promise in the body of

the volume. Mr. Kavanagh is a man who scorns an evasion. He knows that the reader will, at first starting, take objection to the probability that a perfectly revolutionizing discovery, in a science worn so threadbare as Grammar has been, should be reserved for himself in these latter days; and he disdains to take the objection at a disadvantage. He welcomes it with the chivalrous courtesy of the good knight towards his gallant foe whom he won't knock on the head till after showing him that he considers him well deserving of that honour. He throws open to the challenger the whole armoury of his erudition; and it is not till the objection has been armed and graced by the hands of Lord Bacon, Sir Charles Stoddart, Harris, Lumsden, &c. &c., that Mr. Kavanagh approaches calmly to the overthrow. Italics and capitals—lance and plume—are all at the service of the opponent, whose discomfiture is but to enhance the glory of Mr. Kavanagh. He gives Sir Chas. Stoddart the benefit of italics in the following passage, for example, which he quotes from the article on Grammar in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*:

*“Nothing but extreme vanity can lead us to suppose that all the great men, who have ever considered this subject before ourselves, have been involved in a more than Bæotian mist of ignorance, and that we alone can dispel the cloud by a single electric flash. \* \* \* \* It may be safely adopted as a general observation, that the man who tells you the whole world was ignorant of any particular subject until he arose to set them right, is himself EGREGIOUSLY IN THE WRONG.”*

This passage Mr. Kavanagh transcribes, because, as some persons may perchance doubt his having made a discovery, and may (to quote his words) “be desirous of offering an explanation of their own, I do here, in order to spare them this trouble, think it necessary to transcribe from a very high authority a passage which probably takes in all, or the most part of what they may have to say on this subject.” Then, flinging in Bacon and others gratis, with a few observations of his own to back them, he goes on to say:—

*“Hence a discovery equalling in magnitude the one to which I lay claim, must appear to all, before examining its accompanying proofs, just about as probable as the discovery, in the neighbourhood of the British Channel, of some rich and extensive island that had escaped till now the mariner’s notice. Then am I either egregiously in error, or, through my humble means, one of the greatest and most important discoveries on record has been made.”*

Mr. Kavanagh is himself disturbed by no doubt as to which alternative is the right one. Well, first he has to prove

that nobody has hitherto known anything about the matter, and then, as he goes on to say :—

“ If afterwards, from having taken a view of the human mind different from any hitherto taken, and from having founded a rational principle in conformity with this view, I can offer such a definition of words as may bear the strictest investigation, and which all may understand ; and if a child, by adhering to this principle, may be able to account for words with all their changes and variations, and show them such as they must have been, not only ages before the Bible and the Iliad had been written, but even as they were at their very birth ; then it will, I dare hope, be admitted, that I shall not only have surmounted innumerable difficulties, but have discovered the real science of language. Yet all this, and a great deal more, may be done by the application of the principle by which I am guided.”

We pause here to remonstrate with the reader if he is getting impatient. We take leave to remind him that the book is in two volumes 8vo., published by Messrs. Longman—(Mr. Spottiswoode being the printer,)—translated into French by Paul Renouard, and protected by the Act, (the 5 and 6 of Victoria, c. 45,) against which we hope we are not offending by our citations. We are not joking ; and neither is Mr. Kavanagh, to whom we return. (The book, we ought perhaps to mention, is hot-pressed and very nicely got up. We have not yet seen any pirated edition.) Mr. Kavanagh, when we interrupted him to remonstrate with the reader, was going to say :—

“ Thus, not only may words be accounted for as to their present and past forms, but even the meaning which they do, unknown to us, carry in themselves as their own definitions, may be shown. For I have discovered that when men first made words, it was not by chance ; but that they reasoned just as they do at the present hour whenever they give a new name to any object : that is, each word was so made as to tell its own meaning ; so that men needed in this respect no explanation, any more than they do at present for such compound words as room-window, street-door, &c., which visibly carry in themselves their own definition. But I go still further.”

In fact, he goes so far as to extort the sense of “ the English alphabet *collectively* considered ”—and this we shall now communicate to the reader, in order to alleviate his impatience—only warning him that if he does not at once see *how* the letters come to beat Lord Burleigh's shake of the head by “ so long a chalk,” he will do well to bear in mind Mr. Kavanagh's premonition, in regard to his work, that “ from its peculiar nature—[a nature common to it with the Aphorisms of Pāṇinī,]—no part can be understood without an intimate knowledge of all by which it is preceded.” The sample of results in question is given by Mr. Kavanagh

at this stage of the exposition merely as a bunch of grapes from the land of promise; and if the bunch be a "whopper," that is neither the fault of the land that produced it nor of the adventurer who brings it. Of the English letters, then, we were enquiring

"as to what they all mean when read together in the following order:—

"A B C D E F G H I (or J) K L M N O P Q R S T U (or V) W X Y Z; of which the literal meaning in modern English is—*This first book is had of the Jews; it opens the mind, and is good breeding and wisdom.*"

How this meaning may be found in the above characters Mr. Kavanagh promises to show in the proper place. We ourselves are not at present qualified to relieve, in regard to this point, the reader's suspense, for, to tell the truth, we are conscientiously reading the book without skipping any of the pages, and the "proper place" that Mr. Kavanagh speaks of we have not yet come to. In commencing our review before seeing our way to the end of our subject, we are partly justified by the recorded example of our author; and the order in which we present our discoveries to our reader is thus also that of our author—who speaks of "the order I have chosen of communicating my discoveries; which is to give them in the manner they came to me." In one respect we are constrained to depart from his example—"for," says he, "though my discoveries are mostly about as evident as anything in Euclid," still they are not quite so easy of reception, and his only plan is "to present them progressively and slowly to the reader." This we cannot here afford to do. Our notice has not as yet got beyond the 20th page of the first volume; and we must get over the ground a little faster if we are to reach home before dark. We must not quit Mr. Kavanagh's exordium, however, without quoting his reasons for "frankly speaking his mind."

"I am sorry [he says] that the resolution I have formed of frankly speaking my mind throughout this work, obliges me to express myself here and elsewhere with such an apparent want of modesty;—[he had just been remarking that he does not believe "there is to be found a single observation in any work existing, to prove that men have now or have ever had, since languages were in their infancy, the least scientific knowledge of so much as one word or one letter:"]—"but" [he continues] "were I to adopt, with regard to this discovery and the knowledge we have hitherto had of the science of grammar, what is understood by a more becoming and humble tone, I should, by doing so, lose in truth what I might gain by affected modesty, since I should not only be speaking falsely, but be leading the reader into error by concealing from him my real opinion, which I should by no means

do. And if, while it be allowed, as I am sure it must, that though I do well to speak as I think, it be observed that this is not a reason why I should think as I do—that is, so presumptuously—I beg to reply, that if I had never *thought so*, this discovery had never been attempted, and much less made; for notwithstanding what the world may say about the modesty of certain great men, I do in my heart believe that such modesty has ever been affected, and that it is wholly impossible that anything great may be undertaken or achieved but where there is at bottom great presumption, which is, after all, nothing more than a consciousness of one's own strength."

Hampered neither by the garb of modesty nor by the cloak of hypocrisy, like a giant rejoicing in his strength, Mr. Kavanagh now addresses himself to the noun substantive. He demonstrates, to his satisfaction, in thirteen pages, that nobody, from Adam and Eve down to the year 1844, knew anything about a substantive; and then, without gratifying our curiosity as to this old acquaintance who has maintained so long an incognito, he proceeds to establish the same fact in regard to the adjective. Since he is preparing so abundant a feast for us, he seems to think we should be content in the meanwhile with the ladleful of the "glorious scum" which he served out in his explication of the alphabet—staying the cravings of appetite therewith like Sancho at the wedding of Camacho. "Hermano, este dia no es de aquellos sobre quien tiene juridicion la hambre (merced al rico Camacho); apeaos, y mirad si ay por ay un cucharon, y espuinal una gallina, o dos, y buca provacho os hagan"—but we may as well try and translate it, not having a translation at hand—"Brother (replied the cook), this day is not one of those over which hunger holds jurisdiction—thanks to Camacho the rich;—alight and look if there be not a ladle somewhere, and skim off a pullet or two, and much good may they do you.' 'I don't see any ladle,' replied Sancho. "Wait, said the cook,—sinner that I am—how squeamish thou art, and small occasion for thy being so;—and so saying he laid hold of a bucket-shaped kettle, and plunging it into one of the vat-like cauldrons, he fished up three pullets and two geese, and said to Sancho, 'Eat, friend, and stay thy stomach with this scum till dinner-time.'"

We have dwelt so long on Mr. Kavanagh's exordium that we must close abruptly. We hope to return, on an early occasion, to his curious and suggestive volumes.



## II.

## REMARKS ON THE BENGALI NEW TESTAMENT.

His (our Lord's) words laid up in the memory were to many that heard Him like the money of another country, unavailable, it might be, for present use,—and of which they knew not the value, and only dimly knew that it had a value, but which yet was ready in their hand, when they reached that land, and were naturalized in it.—*Trench on the Parables*, (3rd Edn.) p. 25.

A SHORT time since, being desirous effectually to relieve a deserving native Christian, we gave him a sum of money which he said would enable him to turn cultivator on his own account in a small way, telling him that at the expiration of a year he must come and give account of how he had profited by it. The better to impress this on his mind, and by it impress yet better things, it occurred to us to ask if he knew the parable of the “*talents*.” But what the Bengali for *talents* might be we were quite at a loss. In our extremity, we simply Bengalized the word into তালন্ত (as we have since found Carey did), and we were happy to hear the man immediately repeat a metrical version of the parable, made, we have been told, by the Rev. Mr. Reichardt.

We were more pleased, philologically, at finding the word had become even so far current among the converts, than if we had learnt a pure Bengali word such as may be seen in the versions subsequent to Carey's. These have তেঁড়;—which does not mean “talent” in its original sense, and is just as great a makeshift as the barbarous তালন্ত. For let any one consider the important results which have followed in the English language upon the introduction of this word from Scripture. What an important part it and its derivatives now play! And all owing their derivative sense to the spiritual application of the parable. Scripture gave a new sense to the “talent.” Stamped it with a new value for all time to come, to all generations of all nations. Its adoption into Bengali in the Scripture sense opens the way to a whole train of impressions, and therefore of ideas, simple and metaphorical.

We think this worth observing, although we are sensible that the substitution of তেঁড় need not damage the sense of Scripture in the parable; which, however, is conceding rather too much; since the original word “talent,” even in its primary pecuniary sense, intimated, at very first sound,—which তেঁড় does not—the *magnitude* of the gift meant in the

parable: whereas ভোঁড়া so *pecuniarizes* the idea as to leave little chance of the higher sense being suspected.

*Gift, gifts, gifted, &c.*, are now as familiar to us as *talent, talents, talented, &c.*, in the secondary sense, which indeed may be said to have become the most important one. But the words had not that acceptation originally in English—nor perhaps *dona, donatio* or *gratia* in Latin, (all three occur in the Vulg. for *χάρισμα*) until men had learnt “what this means” in Holy Writ. We cannot therefore help thinking, that there is very little advantage in varying so simple a word, as is done in the Bengali version before us. In the English version it corresponds to *χάρισμα*—*εἶσρον*—and *δῶμα*. For the first we find in the Bengali these varieties: দান, Rom. xi. 29: 1 Cor. xiv. 12. অনুগ্রহ দান, Rom. xii. 6. শক্তি, 1 Cor. xii. 9. আত্মাদান, 1 Cor. xii. 4: Heb. ii. 4, in all which places the Greek is *χάρισμα*, as also in 1 Cor. xii. 28, 29, 30; where, however, কারক “doer” is substituted, although দান re-appears in v. 31.

Now we are not putting this case as an instance of grievous mistranslation, for there is little possibility of mistake arising, in this case, if once দান be understood. But, once understood, it might have been used as firmly, or at any rate অনগ্রহ দান\*

\* We hope we are sufficiently guarded by what we said in a former portion of these Remarks (see Benares Magazine, Vol. IV. No. V.) against the idea that we are contending for an absolute and unvarying literal uniformity—which would surely defeat the very end we have had in view, whilst pointing out the unbridled licence of variation in important terms which characterizes the version now under consideration. See an article on the *Englishman's Greek concordances* in the (London) *Christian Observer* for 1839. Once for all let us say, that we adopt entirely the declaration of “the Translators to the Reader,” prefixed to the authorized English version:—“Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because they observe, that some learned men somewhere have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places, (for there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere,) we were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as for example, if we translate the *Hebrew* or *Greek* word once by *purpose*, never to call it *intent*; if one where *journeying*, never *travelling*; if one where *think*, never *suppose*; if one where *pain*, never *ache*; if one where *joy*, never *gladness*, &c. thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them, if we may be free? use one precisely, when we may use another no less fit us commodiously!

However, we repeat it that, we do not cite this as an instance of unnecessary, heedless, or dangerous variation. We mention "talent" and "gift," with their derivatives, as very simple and obvious specimens how the Christian or spiritual idea has Christianized or spiritualized words in other languages, and suggest that, therefore one must have patience with other languages, and submit to speak as barbarians, for the sake of the message we have to deliver, rather than weaken, or even obliterate, the doctrine, or idea, entrusted to us, by mere attempts to make it intelligible to unbelievers.

And this which we have advanced concerning single words or isolated expressions, will be found to hold good concerning entire *constructions* and what are called idioms.

Not only must some *words* be imported, and others be taken captive into the service of the Gospel, but *constructions* also. One would think that those who are so fastidious about Bengali *style* as to have set forth the version with which we are concerned, can hardly have heard of the questions once so keenly agitated, and productive of the many volumes which almost any catalogue of old divinity will supply, as to the Hebraisms, and Hellenisticisms, and Idiotisms of the New Testament.\*

It is true that the whole question has in late times sunk into comparative neglect, and not altogether undeservedly, as we think. But it had and still has truth enough in it to show how utterly the true nature of the style of Scripture has been overlooked, at all events, in the recent attempt at improving the Bengali version.

But, to keep to the point at which we were. We submit that, in order to a *faithful* version, liberties must *per force* be taken

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"Add herunto, that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling; and so was to be curious about names too: also, that we cannot follow a better pattern for elocution than God himself; therefore he using divers words in his holy writ, and indifferently for one thing in nature: we, if we will not be superstitious, may use the same liberty in our *English* versions out of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, for that copy or store that he hath given us. Lastly, we have on the one side avoided the scrupulosity of the Puritanes, who leave the old Ecclesiastical words, and betake them to other, as when they put *washing* for *baptism*, and *congregation* instead of *Church*: as also on the other side we have shunned the obscurity of the Papists, in their *azymes*, *tunike*, *rational*, *holocausts*, *prepuce*, *pasche*, and a number of such like, whereof their late translation is full, and that of purpose to darken the sense, that since they must needs translate the Bible, yet by the language thereof it may be kept from being understood. But we desire that the Scripture may speak like itself, as in the language of *Canaan*, that it may be understood even of the very vulgar."

\* An interesting account of this department of criticism may be seen in the Introduction to Winer's *Grammatik des N. T. Sprachens*.

with *constructions* as well as with words. We conceive, for instance, that some modification, or rather improvement, must take place of the rules which govern the use of the relative particles, than some of the results of which perhaps there could be no stronger proof alleged of the infantine state of the Bengali tongue up to this date. Or, to give one instance which shall be *instar omnium*, the rule which enacts that the participle shall always *precede* the principal verb must be broken through.

For exemplification of this, and of almost all other peculiarities that can embarrass a translator of the Scriptures into Bengali, we would propose that the first three chapters of the Epistle to the Ephesians be taken. Nay, let any one take as a task of this kind even the single *First* chapter of that Epistle. Let such an one begin by carefully studying the original. Let him note the constructions, how little they are *elegant Greek*. Above all, let him note the concatenation of the clauses. Let him reflect how he has here brought together an exposition of the counsels of God in the matter of man's Redemption, and of the Church, as that Institution whereby His wisdom is to be made known to principalities and powers in heavenly places, and let him ask himself whether he dare alter the sequence of the clauses as uttered by the Holy Ghost through the Apostle of the Gentiles.

We conceive that no such alteration can be ventured on without an incredible risk of changing mysteries into confusion. Any one who has so considered the subject will have to ask himself, before he has translated the first six verses, whether he shall sacrifice to the custom of an illiterate language in respect of its participle, the order in which it has pleased God to propound His mysteries for our acceptance and meditation. Shall the mystery bow to the language or the language bend to the mystery?

We really have very little doubts as to what will be the decision of whoever shall consider the matter as we have proposed should be done.

And as little do we doubt what will be the verdict, of all who shall in like manner consider it, touching the version now under review. We had purposed citing the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians (as set forth in this version) *in extenso*, and comparing it minutely with what it professes to be, but find it would take more space than we can command, and, moreover, would probably be burdensome to most of our readers. Those who are really interested in the matter may institute the comparison for themselves, with all the more profit because made by themselves.

Once more. Let any one, before setting about translating this Epistle—(which we do not scruple to propose as a crucial test for the whole matter)—let any one carefully “construe and parse” the *Greek*, as well as weigh its meaning—and ask himself what sort of Greek it is.

To what *style* shall it be referred? The limpid flow of Xenophon is not here. Plato’s depth is shallowness in contrast with these mysteries. Thucydides’ abrupt and involved constructions are simple compared to some that occur in it. Pindar’s ænigmas are hollow, tinkling trifles compared with its pregnant phrases.

The fact is, that the entire language of the New Testament is a language apart from all others except, mayhap, in its etymology (and not even always in this).

It is the language which God’s providence wondrously provided for “the dispersion” among the Gentiles by the Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, made almost simultaneously with the extension of Grecian conquest.\*

We will sum up what we have now been saying, and abridge much more that we might easily say to the same purport, by the following extract from Bishop Pearson’s preface to his edition of the *Septuagint* :

“There are, therefore, many words in the New Testament, which, from the mere usage of the Greek tongue, cannot be understood; which, by collation with the Hebrew, and the usage of the LXX, become easily intelligible. No one knows what *σῶρξ*, what *πνεῦμα* signify, among the Greek authors: and if you collect all the senses in which the Greeks use these words, you will find none that will reach the

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\* “To connect the study of the Old and New Testament, without the intervention of the Septuagint, is a laborious and somewhat hazardous undertaking. Unless the Hebrew be previously turned into Hellenistic Greek, it can scarcely be brought into union or contact. The reason is obvious. The Hebrew idiom is so different from that of pure and classic Greek, that, without considerable violence, it cannot be transferred into Greek phraseology. The grammatical texture of classic Greek has so little congeniality with the Hebrew or Hellenistic idiom, that Bentley was of opinion, Demosthenes himself would have been puzzled in an attempt to construe either the LXX or the New Testament. *Dissert. on Phalaris*, p. 412, edit. 1699.”—*Grinfield’s Apology for the Septuagint*, p. 56.

“The Septuagint comes before us, as the most ancient authorised interpretation of the Hebrew. Such an authority quenches the spirit of theory, and rebukes the love of invention. We then remain pupils and scholars, and sit patiently at the feet of the original, and the version. This is painful and humbling to human genius, but it is the best attitude of the Christian student and divine. It should not be charged, as any imperfection of the Greek version, that it keeps us, from the elation of theorists and from the pride of dogmatists. When poor mortals sit down to study the Word of God, their first and most painful lesson is to abjure the love of originality. It is their business to translate, not to invent; to follow, not to lead; to copy, not to originate.”—*Grinfield’s Apology for the Septuagint*, p. 58.

Apostles' meaning. For as  $\aleph \psi \beta$  properly signifies *flesh*, and yet is put by the Hebrew writers, for the *man himself*, for *human nature*, for the *weakness*, and even *depravity* of that nature; and all this variety of senses is rendered, by the LXX, by this one word  $\sigma \acute{\alpha} \rho \xi$ . Hence, as often as the Apostles use this word, in a sense unknown to the Greeks, it becomes necessary to explain it from the genius of the Hebrew language, and the version of the LXX. As in that remarkable passage, John i. 14, where we read,  $\text{Καὶ ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο}$ , which, without any authority of the ancient Greek writers, is rightly interpreted, *And the Word was made man*, or *put on human nature*. And  $\text{Ἐξ ἔργων νόμου οὐ δικαιοθήσεται πᾶσα σὰρξ}$ , that is, *any man*, as Ps. cxliv. 22.  $\text{εὐλογῆίτω πᾶσα σὰρξ [i. e. every man] τὸ ὄνομα τὸ ἅγιον}$ . Hence these phrases,  $\text{φρόνημα τῆς σαρκὸς—ἐν σαρκὶ κατὰ σάρκα εἶναι, κατὰ σάρκα περιπατεῖν}$ ,—*the will of the flesh,—to be in, and after the flesh, to walk after the flesh*, and many more; which are all modes of speaking, unknown and illegitimate among the Greeks. So, the proper signification of  $\aleph \aleph \aleph$  *Ruah, wind, or air in motion*, as  $\text{πνεῦμα}$ , among the ancient Greek authors, denotes. But then, as  $\aleph \aleph \aleph$  hath several other significations in the Hebrew, which have no place among the Greeks, whenever the Apostles use  $\text{πνεῦμα}$ , in a sense foreign to the Greek tongue, the passages wherein it is so used, must be explained by the Hebrew idiom, and the Septuagint version: as John iii. 6.  $\text{Τὸ γεγεννημένον ἐκ τῆς σαρκὸς, σὰρξ ἐστὶ, καὶ τὸ γεγεννημένον ἐκ τοῦ Πνεύματος, πνεῦμά ἐστι}$ : *That which is born of the flesh, is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit*.

“Whence should we know what  $\rho \eta \mu \alpha$  means, Luke i. 27.  $\text{Οὐκ ἀδυνατήσεται παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ πᾶν ῥῆμα}$ , unless we recollect what is written, *Gen. xxi. 14*,  $\text{כִּי־הָיָה דְבַר}$ , which the LXX translate,  $\text{Μὴ ἀδυνατήσεται παρὰ τῷ Θεῷ ῥῆμα}$ ; and consider that  $\text{דְבַר}$  not only signifies a *word*, but any *matter, business, or transaction*; or whence should we know, what force and particular emphasis  $\text{τὸ δικαιοῦν}$  and  $\text{τὸ δικαιοῦσθαι}$  have, in the Apostles' usage of these expressions, unless the Hebrew  $\text{דָּרַשׁ}$  had been used in the same sense, and the LXX had rendered it, by these Greek words? In vain, among the ancient Greeks, will you inquire after the meaning of  $\text{πιστεύειν τῷ Θεῷ, εἰς τὸν Θεὸν}$ , *to believe God, or in God*,  $\text{πιστεύειν εἰς τὸν Κύριον}$ , and  $\text{πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν πίστις}$ , *faith in the Lord, and faith towards God*, which are so often enforced in the New Testament: which yet are easily understood from the LXX version. How should we guess at the meaning of  $\text{ἀστεῖος τῷ Θεῷ}$ , *Acts vii. 20*; unless the Septuagint had rendered the Hebrew  $\text{אֵתוֹ כִּי־רָאָה אֱלֹהִים}$ , by  $\text{ἰδόντες δὲ αὐτὸ ἀστεῖον}$ ? Who would have even imagined, that  $\text{ὁ Κύριος}$  was to be taken for the *Lord God*, unless the Septuagint had so used it, with whom,  $\text{Κύριος}$  is,  $\text{ὁ Ὄν}$ ? pp. 422-429.”—(Quoted by Grinfield, *Apolo-*

We had purposed forbearing further censure of particular passages in the version which has given occasion for these remarks, and to have confined ourselves from this time to what should rather be generally suggestive on the subject of translating the Holy Scriptures. It was our wish, in one word, to leave off the destructive, and attempt the constructive process.

But some memoranda which had escaped our memory compel us to proceed for yet a short space in our censorial task. We find we have thus far overlooked an important point or two of mistranslation.

First.—And we deem it the more necessary to notice this, because we know opinions are very much divided on it—there is the substitution of *food*, আহার, for *bread*, রুটি, in the Lord's Prayer and in many other places. It is, we are aware, alleged that this is a necessary change: because রুটি is not a *Bengali* word, and though adopted into the language, the vast majority of the Bengalees do not eat রুটি, nor know what it means.

To this we reply, 1st, that people must be taught to know what it means, just as what *Pascha*, and *Sabbath*, and *manna*, &c. &c. mean, and that it will be just as easy to interpret রুটি by আহার as আহার by রুটি.

2dly.—That if রুটি be objectionable because of the general ignorance as to what bread is, then the certainly inadequate term (although more Bengali in its component parts) used for *wine*, viz. ডাঙ্কলরস, is equally objectionable for the same reason. Very few Bengalees know what sort of tree a vine is.

3dly.—That whatever difficulties may arise in various countries from the fact either that bread-corn or the vine are unknown in them, we cannot conceive that these difficulties were not known by Him under whose direction these terms "*bread*" and "*wine*" (and not food, and drink, or vine-juice,) were nevertheless used.

4thly.—May not some advantage fairly be expected from employing in this instance, the word which will be used in other parts of Hindosthan, whenever the Gospel shall begin to have in them the like reception, which is being vouchsafed to it in Bengal?

But, lastly and chiefly, we object to the substitution of আহার for রুটি, because the change must involve the loss of much that is taught us by this mere word "*bread*." It must at all events break the connexion which consists between numerous texts in which *ἄρτος* "*bread*," occurs, and that most important one, 1 Cor. x. 17; where it is remarkable every way,

(i. e. whether the Bengali translator knew of these comments or not,) that the version we are dealing with has *কুটি*, and *not* *আকার*.

The depth of the riches of doctrine which the word in this place contains, might be illustrated by many a passage from the Fathers: (vide *Harm. Chemn.-Lyser*. p. 855) but we will confine ourselves to a very modern Protestant teacher, the excellent *Olshausen*, whose comment on 1 Cor. x. 17, is as follows :

“The idea of “the *κοινωνία*” is yet farther developed from “the consideration that communion with Christ effects a “communion one with another of those who celebrate the Holy “Supper. For, since all those who compose the Church “(*οἱ πάντες*) eat of one and the same bread (with and in\* “which the flesh and blood of Christ is handed to them), this “common participation exalts their plurality (*οἱ πολλοί*) to a “higher unity, to a *σῶμα Χριστοῦ* in the more comprehensive “sense, so that the Church itself may be called *Christ*. (1 “Cor. xii. 12.) The idea which lies at the basis of this view “evidently is, that the receiving of the consecrated food im- “parts to the recipients the nature belonging to such food, and, “in this case, therefore, changes them into the flesh and blood “of Christ, so that there is a literal fulfilment of the saying “(Ephes. v. 30,) we are flesh of His flesh and bone of His “bone. The Holy Supper imparts to the body the incor- “ruption (*ἀφθαρσία*) of Christ’s body, in order that He may “raise it up at the last day. (Comp. Commentar. on John vi. “39, 54, 58.) The Blessing (*εὐχαριστία*) in the Lord’s Supper “is thus the antithesis of the Curse which was pronounced “on ‘the whole creation’ at the Fall.—There is a ‘pecu- “liarity, however, in the text before us, viz. that the unity “of believers is set forth not merely as a Body (*σῶμα*), “but also as Bread, (*ἄρτος*.)

“As the individual grains of corn, in order to compose “bread, give up their separate existence and pass into the “unity of the whole lump (*φύραμα*), so also must that heart- “isolation of the individual which belongs to a state of sin, “be, in the Church, swallowed up in the universality of “the Spirit which fills the Church.

“Consequently, as Christ Himself is called the Bread which “cometh down from Heaven (John vi. 35), so the Church “also, in its totality as a representative of Christ, is, in its

\* Olshausen was a Lutheran.



“turn, the Bread of Life to the world.”—*Olshausen's Commentar*. Vol. III. pp. 611, 612.\*

The strong Lutheranism of this comment makes only more evident the truth or truths, which the substitution of *আহার* for *রুটি* would obliterate here, and exclude *everywhere*. But as the above extract from Olshausen may seem unfair by reason of that strong Lutheranism, we will give the following from the *Harmonia Evangelica* of Chemnitz and Lyser, (Cap lxxviii. fol. 855,) on St. John vi. 48; though they also were Lutherans.

“But here we should at once consider, (what, however, Christ himself will afterwards more fully explain,) how this bread is prepared in order that it may be the Bread of life to the world. The wheat is ground into flour, the flour is kneaded with water, whereby is made a mass which is afterwards seared and baked, that bread may thereby be prepared. So, when Christ gave Himself and his Flesh to death

\* As it is difficult to do justice in English to this important comment, we subjoin the pregnant language of the original.

“Der Begriff der *κοινωνία* wird noch weiter dahin entwickelt, dass die Gemeinschaft mit Christo auch eine Gemeinschaft der das h. Mahl Feiern den unter einander bewirkt. Weil alle die Kirche Constituirenden (*οἱ πάντες*) von dem Einem und selbigen Brode (mit und in dem Christi Fleisch und Blut gereicht wird) essen, so macht dieser gemeinsame Genuss ihre Vielheit (*οἱ πολλοί*) zu einem höhern Einheit, zu einem *σῶμα Χριστοῦ* in umfassenderem Sinn, so dass die Kirche selbst CHRISTUS heissen kann (Kor. XII, 12). Diesem Gedanken liegt offenbar die Grundidee unter, dass der Genuss der geweihten Speise den Geniessenden die Natur derselben mittheilt, hier also, in Christi Fleisch und Blut verwandelt, so dass das Wort (Eph. v. 30) “wir sind Fleisch von seinem Fleisch, Bein von seinem Bein,” sich wörtlich erfüllt. Das h. Abendmahl theilt dem Leibe die *ἁφθαρσία* des Leibes Christi mit, auf dass Er ihn auferwecken könne am jüngsten Tage. (Vergl. zu Joh. VI. 39, 54, 58 meine Bemerkungen im Comm.) Die *εὐχαριστία* beim Abendmahl ist daher der Gegen-satz des Fluchs, der nach dem Sündenfall über die *κτίσις* ausgesprochen ward.—Eigenthümlich ist aber unserer Stelle, dass die Einheit der Gläubigen nicht bloss als *σῶμα*, sondern auch als *ἄρτος* dargestellt ist. Wie die einzelnen Körner, um das Brod zu bilden, ihre abgeschlossene Existenz aufgeben und in die Einheit des *φύραμα* übergehen, so soll auch die sündliche Abgeschlossenheit des Einzelnen in der Kirche, in der Allgemeinheit des Geistes, der sie erfüllt, aufgehen. Wie demnach Christus selbst das Brod heisst, dass vom Himmel kommt (Joh. VI, 35) so ist die Kirche im Ganzen, als Nachbild Christi, wieder das Lebensbrod für die Welt.”—*Olshausen's Commentar*. Dritten Bandes erste Abtheilung. S. 611, 612.

“for us, this “grain of corn” (John xii. 24) was ground in “the mill of the Passion, and thoroughly baked by the fire “of divine wrath in the oven of the Cross, that He might “become the Bread of life to the world.” The word *আহার* (*food*) does not necessarily involve (as *bread* does) these most important ideas.—*Food* omits the cross: *Bread* implies it.

The following passage from Luther is also worth consideration. “By means of the Holy Sacrament Christ holdeth “his congregation together. The old teachers had subtle “thoughts on this point, and said, that Christ made use of “bread and wine in the institution of His Supper on this very “account, viz., that just as each of many grains of corn has its “own body and figure, and all are ground together and become “one bread; even so each man is an individual person and “separate creature; but by all partaking in the Sacrament of “one bread we all are one bread and body. (1 Cor. x.) For “there is one and the same faith, one and the same creed, “love, and hope. So also many bunches of grapes, many “berries, go to make wine, each having its own body and “shape; but as soon as they are crushed in the vat, and be- “come wine, there is no inequality in the wine, but it is one “uniform fine excellent juice: even so should Christians be. “Thus the ancients remarked and not without reason. For “the Sacrament should serve to keep Christians intimately “blended together in one and the same mind doctrine, and “faith, and that each be not a separate single grain of corn “with his own doctrine and his own faith.”—*Luther's 1st Sermon for Palm Sunday*, Tom. xv. fol. 163.\*

On the whole then, it seems to us that there is much less difficulty encountered by retaining *রুটি* than by adopting

\* Da dienet das heilige Sacrament zu, dass Christus sein Häufflein damit zusammen hielt. Daher die alten Lehrer feine Gedanken gehabt haben, und gesagt: Christus habe darum zu seinem Abendmahl Brod und Wein gebraucht, dass, gleich wie viel Körnlein ein jedes seinen eignen Leib und Gestalt haben, und mit einander gemahlen, und zu einem Brod werden; also ist wohl ein jeder Mensch eine eigene Person und sonderlich Geschöpf; Aber weil wir im Sacrament alle eines Brods theilhaftig sind, und wie alle ein Brod und Leib, (1 Cor. x.) Denn da ist einerley Glaube, einerley Bekünntniss, Liebe und Hoffnung. Also zum Wein kommen viel Trauben, viel Beerlein, da ein jeglich seinen eignen Leib und Gestalt hat; so bald sie aber ausgedruckt sind, und zu Wein werden, so ist kein Ungleicheit im Wein, sondern es ist ein einiger feiner schöner Saft: Also sollen die Christen auch seyn. Also haben es die Alten gedeutet; und ist nicht unrecht. Denn dazu soll das Sacrament dienen dass es die Christen fein zusammen halte, in einerley Sinn, Lehre und Glauben, dass nicht ein jeder ein sonderlich eigen Körnlein sey, und eine eigene Lehre und Glauben machen soll.—*Die erste Predigt vom Hochwürdigem Sacrament. Am Palm-Tage, &c. Luther's Werke*, Tom. xv. fol. 163, (Ed. Leipzig 1732.)

আহার. The *inconvenience* occasioned by the one is remediable; it may be obviated by teaching the converts how *কুটী* is in fact the *representative* of ALL their bodily wants—every thing that is necessary for their temporal well-being:—the loss sustained in the other case is one that affects the foundations of theological science.

The next point that we would note (and this not more by way of censure of the present version than in the hope of useful suggestion for a future one), is the omission or alteration of important words which Trench in his Notes on the Parables has aptly denominated *Key-words*.

A very remarkable instance of this occurs in Luke vii. 47, where the words “*for she loved much,*” are boldly altered into “*therefore,*” ইহার অধিক পাপ ক্ষমা হইল, এই জন্য অধিক প্রেম করিতেছে.

On which we observe, 1st, that whatever be the meaning of the words, this cannot be it.

2dly, That even supposing it might be a true meaning, it is clearly not a *translation* but an *exegesis*, the exegesis in fact of a peculiar school, the school which, to support will not scruple to say that *ὄρι* is here for *διὸ*, and appeal to St. John viii. 41, and 1 John iii. 14, in proof! The school which will alter the text of Scripture in order to meet Rome’s perversion of it. So again how is all the mercy blotted out of the Baptist’s words, Matth. iii. 10 by *নাগান আছে!* “The axe is *applied* to the root, &c.” not *laid at* (*κείται πρὸς*) the root in warning. Just as “*nigh unto cursing,*” in Heb. vi. 8, is altered in this version into “*seized with a curse,*” শাপগ্রস্ত.

So too the alteration of the word “*generation*” into “*time,*” Luke xvi. 8, is most ill considered. That *time* has passed away: but does not the “*generation*” still subsist? will it not subsist unto the end?

However, we will not go farther into this point. We are really desirous to have done with fault finding. And were we to go on to the utmost, exemplifying this topic from the Gospels and Acts, our readers would still be far from any adequate comprehension of the wild work that has been made with the *Epistles*. Of the amount of alteration that has been carried out in them, not even the whole that we have advanced since we began to write, can give an adequate idea. But even on that account we shall not attempt the Augean task of exhibiting it to view. We confidently leave the matter to any who shall take it in hand with a competent knowledge of the *original* from which this version professes to be made. Except, mayhap, we find leisure to go into the

subject of *parallelisms*, we shall not revert to the matter, but here take leave of it. We will hope, that what we have thus far advanced will suffice to make the Calcutta Bible Society pause before it continue to multiply editions of the version we have been examining, and take measures for substituting in its stead something nearer to that Pure Word which we are quite sure it is its sole and sincere desire to impart to the Church in Bengal. We hope that, despite the prejudices that have already taken such deep root, the attempt will resolutely be made to adapt Scriptures, not the Scriptures to (theoretical) Bengali. One indispensable step, in order hereto, which has been but alluded to thus far, but which the mention of *parallelisms* suggests to us to enforce, will be found to be the avoiding of *transpositions*, at almost any sacrifice of idiom, we might indeed say, of *grammar*, and we will conclude with two very simple instances in point.

The petition in the Lord's Prayer "and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," is ordinarily inverted, in order to satisfy, it is said, the strict Bengali use of the particles of relation.

But is not the inversion of serious *doctrinal* effect? Does it not lay the stress on *our forgiving* others? Does it not, therefore, however subtly none the less really, induce the idea, commonly called Papistic, of our merits?

The other instance shall be taken from the Book of Common Prayer. The Collects may at first sight seem very plain and easy things to translate. But whoever sets about translating them will find himself often induced by the supposed exigencies of the Bengali idiom to *transpose* the concluding words "through Jesus Christ our Lord."—But that transposition, harmless as its very simplicity may make it appear, will be found, in many, though not all, cases, to have the effect of restricting to one concluding clause the drift of that petition, which is the ground of all our petitions; whereas in the English it has, what it can have only by being kept where it is, a pregnant reference to the *whole* of the prayer which it not only concludes but sums up.

Since the above pages were in type, a friend has pointed out to us a passage in an article, which appeared in the Benares Magazine for December last (1850), the whole tenor of which is so exactly in harmony with much that we have propounded, that we subjoin the following extract:

"Does not the Reviewer remember that more than half the Prayer Book is in Scripture language, or composed of Scripture terms? Yet with regard to it he "pleads for the translator that he be allowed a wide

field for adapting the sense and spirit of the liturgy to native apprehension," &c. (p. 324). But does not the Reviewer perceive that such license would inevitably open the door to much discussion, scarcely any two agreeing exactly in their ideas of the "*sense and spirit*" of many important passages? By giving, in a measure, a *fac-simile* of the original, this has been avoided. Moreover, *literal* translations of a work of this kind are quite in accordance with the ideas of the Natives. If they ever translate (which they rarely do, from fear of degrading or polluting it) a sacred, or religious book into the vulgar tongue, they invariably do it *verbatim et literatim*. Witness Maulavi Abdul Qádir's translation of the Qurán; which is infinitely more literal than the new version of the Urdú Prayer Book, and, as far as idioms is concerned, cannot be compared with it; for the Maulavi, learned and clever as he was, makes no attempt at *that*, deeming conformity to the collocation of the sacred text of infinitely more importance. And yet what translation more popular or of greater authority among the Musalmáns? Other instances might be produced both from the Musalmáns and Hindús, even where a *prayer book* merely is concerned. So that a little stiffness of style and some peculiar expressions in a book which we esteem next to the Bible, so far from creating surprise in the minds of the natives, is just what they would expect, and what in fact they are accustomed to in their own religions. It is, also, to be borne in mind, (what the Reviewer seems most unaccountably to have forgotten,\*) that the Prayer Book is not intended for natives *as such*—be they Hindús or Musalmáns; for *them*, other and a different kind and style of books are prepared—but for Native *Christians* who must, from the nature of the case, (and it does not seem undesirable that it should be so) have, to a greater or less extent, a religious *boti* or phraseology, differing from the *idolatrous* Hindús, and *Unitarian* Musalmáns;—a *boti*, too, which in due course of time will become to them as familiar, aye, and as *sacred* too, as the language of our English Bible, by which all our religious language is moulded, is to us English, though it be in many respects "opposed to the genius" (p. 326) and idiom of our language."†

The Calcutta Bible Society, is reported to be intent on a revision of the version which we have been criticising: whatever be done, we hope that those concerned in it will keep clear of all such perilous experiments as the following, which is recorded, in the Appendix to the XXth Report of that Society, published in 1831, as having been adopted on the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Lacroix; viz. "that, in future, the version prepared by one of the Committee, be *put into the hands of a Pundit, for him to rewrite it in his best style (!)*, and that such writing be then submitted

\* "It is not calculated to win its way among the native communities." (p. 323.) Who ever intended that it *should*, while the native communities are in their present state? A *Christian Prayer Book* is surely intended for *Christians*, not for *unbelievers*.

† Let it not be supposed that I advocate even in the translation of our most sacred books any *unnecessary* breach of idiom. Far from it. All I say is; put the consideration of the meaning *first* and that of the idiom *second*.

“to the Committee for its revision and final determination.” (p. 22.)

If it were not on record in a published report that such an experiment had been ventured upon with the Word of God, it would be next to incredible that it had ever been made. It explains, to our minds, many of the objectionable features of the present state of the text of the Bengali Bible. We seem to see at once the source of so many रूप and স্বরূপ. Had the Pundit known of Zuingli's expedient, there can be little doubt but we should have had *is* translated by *signifies* instead of explained by रूप. The device was had recourse to by the Sub-Committee in consequence of its “feeling strongly impressed with the tardiness of its progress, on account of the occasional radically different views of some of the members.”

Certes, nothing less than Pundit ingenuity could have so overcome the effects of *radically different views* in such a matter as the Translation of God's Holy Word. Despite the precautions taken, and the subsequent *simplification* of the Pundit's version (Cal. Aux. Bib. Soc. Rept. XXI., (1832,) p. 25), the result has been, a meddling with the text of Scripture which we are sure, the Society whose reports we thus quote, never intended and probably never suspected.

P.S.—The above was waiting the order for Press, when we received the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer* for March, and as the Printer informed us we could have no more space than what remained on this leaf, we could add only what follows.

I. The writer in the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer* has overlooked the *Erratum* inserted in the last No. of the Magazine. Had he seen it, he would have withheld his remark about পরমায়ু ভক্ষস্বরূপ. The mistake was not ours. The friend at Benares who corrected the proofs of our article, read our MS. পরমায়ু as পরমার্থ, and altered our version accordingly. But the *Printers*, deciphering the Bengali aright, transferred the true word into the Deb Nagri type.

II. We know the difference between স্ব and স্ব. But, as by virtue of the subject matter, it can make no difference whether Θεὸς ἐφανερώθη be rendered “God was manifest,” or “God manifested himself,” so that was not the point which our quotation referred to, nor the occasion of the remark which we made. All this our *italics* show.

III. The critic's attempt at the Greek particles is very unsuccessful, as any one at all familiar with them must at once perceive. For instance, the grave statement which we made touching the liberties taken with *iva* in passages where it bears on the question of God's "counsel secret to us," he attempts to set aside by instancing some variations in the English version, where no doctrine is involved. In one of these he confounds *iva* with *iva μὴ* (Matt. xvii. 27), and the other instances show an equally imperfect knowledge of the subject.

On the particle *καὶ* he is equally astray; reckoning its *non-expression* in English to be its *omission*, in the case of the well-known Greek idiotism in which it serves to express time. S. Matth. xxviii. 9. Similar to which is another of his instances, viz. Heb. viii. 8, which he nevertheless calls *another* variation.

In S. John ix. 30 he has omitted to observe, that though our translators have "and *yet*," the "*yet*" is italicised.

"Also," and "both," are set down as *variations* of "and" (*καὶ*).

The whole of his answer may be summed up in the common fallacy "because some variations are allowable, and no precise limit can be assigned *à priori*, within which such variations must be confined, therefore—you may allow yourself *any* latitude." We do not wish to cramp or restrict you, provided you really translate:—*dabitur licentia sumpta pudenter*; but do not in profession reject "note or comment," and then put aside the text altogether in favour of Schleusner's or Rosenmüller's Comment or your own paraphrase. It would be better fairly to add these in the margin. *Ἐίρησθε*.

"Cum receditur à literâ, judex transit in LEGISLATOREM."

## III.

## THE PULPIT AND ITS POWER.\*

It would be unreasonable to expect, that a book written by a Non-Conformist Divine of the nineteenth century, on the subject of Pulpit Oratory, should contain no single piece of advice which a Churchman would condemn or be disinclined to follow. But, in spite of the defects of Dr. Vaughan's "Modern Pulpit," it has its points of excellence: and no poor Churchman need be slow to glean hints, though they lie strewed in a field that has been reaped by opponents. Dr. Vaughan's Treatise owes its origin to a discourse—or, we presume, a series of discourses—delivered by him at the Annual Meeting of Spring Hill College, near Birmingham, in the year 1842. His object in delivering that discourse, or those discourses, was to supply young aspirants to the ministry of dissenting pulpits with advice, whereby they might become acceptable to their congregations.

Gresley's *Ecclesiastes Anglicanus* was written with something the same end in view that Dr. Vaughan's book was. Mr. Gresley, as most people know, is a clergyman of the Established Church; and though having the reputation of being a High Churchman, his Treatise on Preaching is written with a singularly liberal spirit, and he uses promiscuously the writings of High and Low Churchmen, and even Dissenters, to supply him with materials for the work he has accomplished. His book goes more fully into the subject of Pulpit Oratory than does that of Dr. Vaughan: The latter embraces too much, as lectures to a large audience are often wont to do, in order to make them generally interesting to their auditors. For instance, in the 6th Chap. of his work—only altogether forming a duodecimo volume of 200 pages, with a good-sized type—he takes a review of the principal sermon-writers amongst Episcopalians, Non-Conformists, Methodists, French and German Preachers, since the Reformation; a subject alone on which he might fill a book half as large again as his entire treatise is. Gresley's, on the other hand, attempts no more than to give

\* THE MODERN PULPIT viewed in its relation to the state of Society. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. LONDON. Jackson and Walford, 1842.

ECCLESIASTES ANGLICANUS: being a Treatise on Preaching as adapted to a Church of England congregation. By the Rev. WILLIAM GRESLEY, M.A., late Student of Christ Church. LONDON. Rivingtons, 1840.



advice to a young clergyman of the Church of England, on one of the most important parts of his work—namely, preparing for the pulpit. It is not so interesting a book as Vaughan's: and would only be likely to repay a perusal to those who have to write sermons, and wish to write them well. Now, we have no particular desire to take on ourselves the office of the critic; and have no intention to bring prominently forward what appear to us defects in Dr. Vaughan's book;—defects which, to our minds, are rather inherent in his system, than in the treatise he has written. We had rather gather out of his, and Gresley's, book, so much as is useful for our purpose—that purpose being, to indicate some means of raising the standard of sermon-writing, and imparting to the office of the pulpit generally, an augmented power, as an instrument of good—bearing in mind any points that have exclusive reference to the power of the pulpit *in India*.

One question suggested by a perusal either of Gresley's or Vaughan's treatise is—Are the sermons of the clergy of our Church generally as good as they ought to be? Is the labour expended on compositions for the pulpit so great as it ought to be? Is it commensurate with the expectations that are formed, on knowing what has been the education of our clergy?—For, we presume, that none, or almost none, are admitted into Holy Orders without an University education, for some *good* reasons. These reasons, we have been taught, are—that every clergyman should have good credentials—if not of his fitness for the ministry, yet, at least—of his having had the advantage of a thoroughly good education. Allowing that Oxford and Cambridge are not every thing they might be, there is no doubt whatever that at present they are, what they have been for so long, the most respectable fountains where the thirst after learning may be gratified: and B. A., or M. A., of Oxford or Cambridge, at the end of a name, is a species of petty charm that defies the criticism of the very cleverest genius that the London University, or Spring Hill, has ever produced. Now, nearly all clergymen of the English Church are Bachelors or Masters of Arts: and, till recently, they who were so were sons of Alma Mater,—whether their venerable parent reposed on the banks of the Isis or the Cam, or lingered beneath the towers of Durham. This, therefore, is the credential which English clergymen have long carried forth into the world of their “respectability”—i. e. their being deserving of respect. Do they all show themselves deserving of res-

pect, when they have mounted the pulpit steps? In other words—are the pulpit compositions of English Divines generally as good as they ought, and are expected to be? We wish we could answer in the affirmative: but, if truth must be told, we fear they are not.

Here we have nothing to do with those whose lives, during the week, are utterly inconsistent with their Sunday exhortations. There are in every Church, or ministry, men who disgrace their high and holy calling. Now, as formerly, there is a Judas among the Twelve. Long as the Church of Christ is militant here on earth, this will, in all probability, continue. Though of one thing we are quite sure: that in this respect, none need fear a comparison between the clergy of the Church of England, and the ministers of any Church, or sect, in any part of the world. Besides, it is not always, that the worst men preach the worst sermons. All must remember what was said of one, who “preached so well, that it were a pity he ever left the pulpit, and lived so ill, it were a pity he ever got into it.” But with such divines, as “follow not their own instructions,” we are not now concerned, save to express our earnest hope, that they may be but few in number, and become fewer and fewer every day.

Turn we to the clergy of the English Church, whether in England or elsewhere, whose outward lives are above censure, and whose names are unsullied even by the breath of suspicion. Their sermons—i. e. sermons generally—may be perfectly orthodox, and good as far as they go, and yet fail in teaching their hearers what they did not know quite as well before; as also, in raising their affections, or brightening their hopes, or kindling to a flame any sparks of earnest love towards God that previously existed in their hearts. It is here to be remembered, that the larger part of clergymen, in England, have their lot cast in country villages: the majority of their parishioners are unable to appreciate close reasoning, or arguments: in many cases, to understand the difference between a good and inferior sermon—though even, in such a case, are not the poorest and most illiterate able to understand and appreciate sermons that speak to their hearts and consciences, irrespective of their being good or bad, as compositions?—To any man of highly cultivated mind and of extensive reading—conversant, it may be, with all the beauties of the best classical authors, or well trained in logic, or deeply read in the varied branches of philosophy—it must be somewhat unsatisfactory to be placed, as an instructor, before those who are altogether unable to appreciate such

stores of learning. And the certainty of any clergyman of a country parish being incomprehensible, did he attempt to exhibit them in his sermons, may be sometimes sufficient to induce him to give these latter up in despair, or at least, to trouble himself very little in their composition. He trusts to his general character, and his parochial visits, for doing good; and, no doubt, often atones for his Sunday defects by his weekly offices of charity. And a parochial clergyman in England, if his parish be but small, *has* this great advantage of being better known to his parishioners by his general life, than by his sermons. The one teaches all the week; the other only on Sundays. If the former teach well, perhaps nine-tenths of the people in his parish will very little trouble themselves whether the latter teach well or not; or whether they understand him or not. Whereas, in large towns, where clergymen are known through the medium of their Sunday ministrations; and where, amongst their parishioners, are found persons of some, perhaps much, reading: and of active, energetic, minds, and perfectly capable of distinguishing between a bad and a good sermon, pulpit discourses have more attention paid to their composition and effect. Here therefore, in the English Church, we look for the more popular of our preachers: and we look not in vain. Though the vicar of the parish may not depend for his bread on his congregation's being large or small, there is any thing but a feeling of satisfaction in his mind in knowing that at St. John's, there is invariably an excellent congregation: while at St. Paul's—his own Church—there is, as invariably, a very thin attendance.

Now, in this country—not, we thank God quite destitute of clergymen,—there are few stations away from Calcutta, or Madras, or Bombay, that possess more than one clergyman. The consequence is, that most people who attend Church at all have no choice. They must put up with what they can get. Our chaplains here, *so far*, are like clergymen in some isolated rural village in England. They have not that stimulus to exertion, in the matter of pulpit compositions, which one or two other clergymen in the same place would probably give them. But they are *different*, in that they have almost invariably a class of hearers in intellect far surpassing that which forms the staple of any country congregation in England. Those who form the audience in any station that boasts of a Church—the material building, we mean—are generally men and women perfectly able to distinguish between a bad and a good sermon; perfectly able, also, to see

whether its preacher is really interested in what he is preaching or not; perfectly able, too, to judge whether his manner is impressive, or the reverse. Further, in the greater number of cases, they know the chaplain merely as they know any other member of society; and *not* in the way a parochial clergyman is known in England, as one who has lived amongst his parishioners for five, ten, or twenty years, and who has been respected and beloved through the whole of that time. Chaplains are, well nigh, as great wanderers in India, as their auditors are. So that they appear in their pulpits, with no *à priori* recommendations—with nothing of that sort of recommendation, we mean, which a long, unblemished life, for many years, in a particular place, gives the exhortations of a parish priest in England. They resemble, in this particular, rather—

Si magna licet componere parvis—

the erratic Methodist preacher, than the staid Church of England vicar; or—

Si parva licet componere magnis—

a select preacher before one of the Universities. They are judged by their preaching, more than by their life; just because this latter is not brought before their audience, in the way which the former is.

Now, as a general rule, we fear they forget oftentimes the peculiar disadvantage of their position;—the disadvantage of *the pulpit* being the only place where they are able to lay the foundation of that *respect* in which, as Christian ministers, they assuredly ought to be held; and of that *good* which, as Christian ministers, they are aiming to effect. And when, further, there is borne in mind the peculiar education and habits of that class which generally forms the larger part of an Indian audience—namely, officers of the army—there is still greater reason for deprecating any thing like inattention, or lukewarmness, in the Sunday sermons. Many of these have been brought up as members of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; they have not merely no great respect for the preacher in his individual character, but perhaps still less for him as a minister of the Church of England. They are perhaps only too glad of an excuse to abstain from attending a service in many respects differing from that which they have been taught to attend. Whilst even in the case of officers, whose parents are members of the English Church, they are rarely found to be so fond of going to Church, that the prayers alone repay them for their trouble.

Many of them have been never taught to *pray at all*: and very few indeed have learnt to do so, *in the public worship of the House of God*. The prayers, in consequence, are almost a dead letter to them. Now, if such persons—often, be it observed, by no means wanting in intellect, or discrimination to appreciate a good sermon—hear nothing worth their attention, when they *are* willing to give it, is it astonishing that they determine to stay at home, and continue a habit which alas! the want of Churches, in so many stations in India, has long ago formed?

It is impossible to conceive any Christian minister who feels the slightest interest in the sacred office that he has himself chosen, answering to this—that such persons, unless they come willingly to the service, had better be away. For, even were this a true excuse for the smallness of an Indian audience, what can it be but the gravest cause of sorrow to any good clergyman? Allow that the apathy and carelessness of the majority of those who *ought* to form his audience is great as great can be; is it not that very carelessness, and that very apathy, that he has somehow or other to overcome? His overcoming it is *one* testimony to his own worth;—one, moreover, of the few testimonies that he is able to show of there being the least fruits of his labours. Those to whom he has been sent with the message of salvation may not, it is true, profit by his discourses, *if* they hear them; but they *certainly* cannot, if they *do not* hear them. Their staying away from Church may be totally independent of the sermons there delivered being good or bad, and one cannot “compel them to come in.” But, assuredly, if this disregard to the Church services be, as doubtless it often is, a sign of their indifference to religion altogether; *they* are the very persons that most require the exhortations of a faithful servant of God. For he is not merely commissioned to do good to the few who *will*, but also to the many who *will not*, put themselves in the way of gaining that good. He is sent, as his Master was before him, “to the lost sheep;” and his rejoicing ought to be rather over *one* such that returns, than over ninety and nine others that went not astray.

But enough has been said to show that a chaplain in India has no very easy task before him. Yet, who would wish, having undertaken it, to give it up in despair? If there be but few good sermon-writers, or sermon-preachers, in India, let us hope that the clergymen of the English Church here already are not worse in this particular than the same number would be, promiscuously taken out of the clergy resi-

dent amongst their flocks in England. Let laymen remember that they have, too, a duty to perform, both by encouragement, and by their prayers. The "Prayer for the Clergy and People," and those two beautiful prayers to be used when Ordinations are being held, were not inserted in our Liturgy for nothing.

Proceed we then to state, as briefly as possible, some of the principal ends, or objects of attainment, in preaching.

Dr. Vaughan has given his readers no very clear definition what *the object* of preaching should be. Gresley has, when he writes—that it is "*to win souls to Christ.*" The Non-Conformist and Episcopalian would certainly agree in this: and, no doubt all good men, of whatever denomination they might be, would do the same. The question, then, is—How are sermons to be made most effective for this purpose?—We can but make the most passing allusion to the Missionary's preaching; but we wish not to pass it by quite unnoticed. Supposing him to be engaged in Missionary work, strictly so called, he has an audience that are either altogether ignorant of the first truths of Christianity, or that have made but small progress in its doctrines. He, in order "*to win souls,*" has to destroy all the opposing barriers to the reception of the Gospel-message which heathenism or mahometanism, or total scepticism, have first set up within the hearts and souls of his hearers. He has, therefore, to be well furnished with every weapon of controversy, to be perfectly skilled in overthrowing sophistries, that is, to know every point to which a cunning adversary can turn for escape. His hearers are skilful enemies, rather than lukewarm friends; and as such he must be prepared to receive them. So a Missionary's sermon to the heathen, or to such as have been but recently converted to Christianity, may often most conveniently assume the form of a *dialogue*, the Missionary's replies not merely overthrowing the sophistry of his questioner, but also enlarging on the subject to which his question leads. In Churches, where the audience is composed of professing Christians, this kind of preaching—as a general rule—is out of the question; though we have more than once heard the public catechizing of children, in England, made subservient to preaching an excellent sermon to their elders. But the excitement of any thing in the form of dialogue could hardly ever be resorted to in Indian Churches to gain the attention of an audience. Even controversial sermons are but very rarely to be introduced. Yet, notwithstanding, the attention of the audience *must* be kept up. Our clergymen, by the

foolishness of their preaching, have to win the souls of men who have read, it may be, much theology, yet practice little religion; who have "a name to live," but yet are well nigh dead—dead to all the living efficacy of a true Christian Faith—dead to all perception of the inherent beauty and sublimity of the religion for which they are to live, and for which—if needs be—they ought to die. On these it is that the Christian minister has, by his sermons, to produce some manifest effect. To these it is—to whom the sacred doctrines of Christianity are but as some often-told tale—that he has to apply and unfold the Gospel-message in such a way that they may learn to live above this world, and for another; that they may themselves *act* as though "all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world—that passeth away."

How is such a task as this ever to be achieved, unless *they see* that the man preaching to them has at heart their highest good: unless they see that his grand object is to win *them* over to love what he himself loves, *because he knows it worthy of their love*? He must not merely be interested in his discourse, but his congregation must know him so to be, if his counsels are to have any weight. He must be *in earnest*; and he must be *impressive*. Pulpit eloquence, if it can exist, without earnestness and without impressiveness, is really little better than the sound of sweet music. It charms, but profits not.

Then the good that a preacher has to effect is to be no transient appreciation on the part of his audience of what is good. If his preaching does not *persuade*, it fails. If it does, it succeeds: succeeds, we mean, in the great object of preaching—persuading men to become better, and to live like followers of Christ.

Now, that preaching may have this effect, the preacher—it is perfectly evident—will have ever to bear in mind the peculiar characteristics of his audience. A sermon may be excellent, and its preacher be in earnest, and yet not fully gain the attention of his hearers. Bishop Butler's sermons are very good in one way. So are Archdeacon Hare's parish sermons in another. But, were one of the latter preached before the style of auditory that first listened to the good Bishop, or one of the former preached in a small country village, by the most animated or energetic preacher that is in existence, we fear, in the one case, the criticism rather than the approbation of the hearers would be elicited,

and no doubt, in the other, those who could remain awake would be completely and hopelessly confounded. Before the audiences that attend our Churches in India, a middle course is to be taken; and any clergyman, who wishes to do good, and really influence men's lives by his preaching, must learn how to take it. In some congregations, as for instance those that assemble at the hill stations, or, perhaps, in the Cathedral or other Churches of Calcutta, there are to be found collected a large number of some of the most enlightened persons in India; men of sound learning, extensive reading, and highly cultivated minds—capable of appreciating *true* pulpit eloquence. Respecting this class of persons, what Dr. Vaughan says is very true:

“ Knowledge must be opposed by knowledge, intellect by intellect, and religion be presented, as the grand and beautiful, in such forms as may leave little of grandeur and beauty to anything beside. Religion is all this: the intellect of man is capable of so presenting it: and there are occasions when to give up his whole nature to such effort becomes the duty of the preacher.” (p. 54.)

On the other hand, before an audience found, once a Sunday, at our large military stations, in which soldiers form the majority, a very different style of sermon must be provided. In *such* congregations, a clergyman's difficulty will be increased, when they, in addition, contain men of far superior education. We apprehend, however, that a better congregation than *this* could hardly be gathered together to test the *effectiveness* of a sermon: and, for this reason—that the most impressive sermons that can be preached to a mixed congregation are, doubtless, such as are both *good*—i. e. suggestive of thought—and *plain*: *good*, in order to gain the attention of the more educated,—*plain*, in order to arrest that of the most illiterate. To possess these two qualities, in a high degree, must surely be the greatest excellence, in a sermon addressed to a congregation such as we are now supposing. Their combination will always preclude the use of language so good as to be above the ready comprehension of men who cannot read at all; or so plain as to be considered common-place or vulgar by those that have read much. Attention must never be gained at the sacrifice of good taste. Even, in a *strictly military* congregation, there will always be those present who will readily detect, and freely ridicule, anything approaching to vulgarity on the part of the preacher. Fuller says of the faithful minister, that “he will not use a light comparison to make use of a grave application, for fear lest his poison go fur-



ther than his antidote." Therefore, in sermons addressed to the mixed congregations often found in India, especially in military cantonments, a clergyman cannot be too much on his guard when endeavouring to gain the attention of men, such as many of the soldiers of a European Regiment are sure to be. Still to do them good, he *must* gain their attention; and we gladly again quote from Dr. Vaughan, on this subject:—

"In general the scholar needs only speak in his own language to be understood by the scholar; but, should it become his object, to make himself equally understood, by men who are not scholars, it will be necessary that he should study to become expert in the use of language which may not be strictly his own. He must look from his own immediate associations to the associations of other men. He must become observant of the modes of apprehension which belong to minds widely different from his own. He must be capable of effort to place himself as in the stead of such minds. and from that point he must learn to judge concerning the manner in which such mental habits may be approached with the best effect. Nor must he regard this as being altogether a work of condescension. It is not condescension that is required of him, so much as adaptation. . . . Should it be necessary to condescend, it will not be the wisdom of the public instructor to seem to do so. Any intimation to that effect would be felt as so ill a compliment, in many cases, as to prove in itself sufficient to ensure a failure." (p. 24.)

The adaptation of a sermon to the peculiar characteristics of the minds of its hearers is, indeed, a *sine quâ non*, for all that would do good through the medium of their sermons. Yet this can never render necessary, or even advisable, the introduction of any curious or quaint expressions. Very likely this might gain attention, but it is beneath the dignity of the pulpit. Whereas, a good *simile*, gathered from even the most familiar and well known objects, will—if occasionally introduced—be a most successful mode, not merely of illustrating the preacher's meaning, but of attracting the attention of his auditors, and of giving them a new and fixed point, so to speak, from whence to view the subject he desires to press on their attention. An old writer, speaking of sermons, says, "that though reasons are the pillars of the fabric, similitudes are the windows which give the best lights;" and they may often do this, in a way that nothing else can.

Another important thing to be borne in mind by a preacher who would win souls is, that his sermons should set forth the excellence, and *real beauty* of Christ's religion; in other words, that he should *attract* men by the subjects of his discourses, as well as, nay rather than, by the discourses themselves. For, on what noble themes the Chris-

tian minister has to expatiate! Where has ever been found, among mortals, Love to be compared with that of God for man? Or Humility, to be named in the same breath with His, who humbled Himself, and took on Him the form of a servant? Or Compassion, fit to be likened to that of the Friend of publicans and sinners? What a character, perfect beyond perfection, is that of the Son of the Most High, whilst a sojourner in this world of sin! And these are the subjects, in all their varied bearings, that a minister has to range over, and illustrate, and apply to the different classes of minds and characters of his audience. How can he preach on such subjects, one wonders, *without* causing men's hearts to burn! Yet experience tells us, that men listen, and go on listening, without "loving much." Even the best sermons, preached by the most earnest and excellent men, are often no better than good seed cast on a hard, and uncultivated, and barren soil. The human heart seems *almost* proof against every thing. But, if this be so, how very careful should a Christian minister be not to harden it further by any thing that falls from his lips. The Gospel is eminently "the Gospel of Peace." Its ministers must be men of peace and good-will, not mercy in their lives, but in their sermons. They must not frighten or alarm, when they have a message to attract and comfort. They must not disgust or offend, when commanded to edify, and give cause of offence to none. It will be an effectual bar to any good they can ever hope to do, from their pulpits, to acquire the tone of injured, or angry persons. Indeed, we think, reproaches or scoldings come very ill from the pulpit. Above all, if they are ever intended to be *personal*, there is no doubt, that they are utterly to be condemned. A preacher, in that sacred place where none can answer him, takes a most unfair and improper advantage, if he ever makes a personal, or what may be construed into a personal, attack on any one. But even *general* rebukes of an audience are not, we are persuaded, in keeping with the pulpit, *except* on particular occasions. Further, a clergyman ought to know his congregation very well, before he should entertain a thought of scolding them. Still more, he must be a man whom they really respect, in his private as well as ministerial character; or his scolding will do much more harm than good. One to whom a long life has imparted much experience, and who is really beloved and honoured as a faithful steward of his Lord's mysteries, *may* rebuke, and with good effect. But a young clergyman will do well to

tread on such tender ground, whilst he is in his pulpit, with great caution. He had much better say what he has to say in private than in public. Above all, let him eschew any thing like satire, or sarcasm, even against the worst follies, and much more against *persons*. Satire and sarcasm are very effective when coming from a barrister's or a senator's lips; but are utterly inadmissible in the sermons of the minister of Christ. We wish we had room for the whole of Gresley's sixth Letter in his *Ecclesiastes Anglicanus*, on this very subject: but we cannot forbear quoting a small portion of it. After saying that men are more easily won by the mercies of God, than subdued by His terrors, he goes on:—

“It must not indeed be forgotten, that in no part of Scripture is represented, so strongly as in the New Testament, God's wrath against sin, and the sure punishment which awaits it; in no part is so unequivocally set forth the horror of that place, ‘where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched:’ and I am far from desiring you to keep back this part of your message. All I advise is, that you be careful to deliver it in such a manner as becomes the minister of a dispensation of mercy. You should ‘speak the truth in love:’ ‘knowing the terrors of the Lord’ you should ‘*persuade* men.’ You should take care not to drive from the fold of Christ those whom it is your duty to invite to enter. Some preachers speak of the wrath of God, as if they were venting their own indignation. How different the exclamation of our Saviour; ‘O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!’ How different the language of St. Paul: ‘For many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you *even weeping*, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction.’ Some again, without using asperity, yet speak in a cold, unfeeling, uninviting manner; as if they said: ‘Such is the decree of God; you know what to expect; act as you please, I care not.’ How different the earnest appeal of the Apostle! ‘We then, as workers together with God, *beseech* you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain. . . . . These are the models, which you should imitate in your mode of address. The sternest reproofs, the most tremendous threatenings, should be in sorrow, rather than in anger: and a tender concern and compassion for the sinner should ever accompany your rebuke and hatred of sin.” (p. 67.)

We should exceed our limits did we, as gladly we would do, follow Gresley in his letters respecting the style, and the delivery, and the mode of composing sermons; for all these points are of deep importance to those who would ensure to the pulpit the power it ought to have. In truth, sermons require much labour to be bestowed upon them, in order to be at all *first-rate*: and all may not have ability, and some may not have time, to give the requisite amount of labour.

But let no preacher offer to God that which costs him nothing. We are aware that clergymen occasionally copy sermons. Let them not suppose that their hearers—such, that is, who pay attention to their discourses generally—are ignorant when they do so, *if* they copy them *verbatim*. If they do not, we should hardly term it a copied sermon: and we have heard some confess, that it is as difficult to *borrow* in part, as to write a whole sermon. There is nothing surprising in this; and it accounts for a piece of advice, that the present Bishop of London has more than once given young clergymen, on their Ordination; namely—not to hesitate to use the sermons of other persons, by way of help and assistance. Of this, however, there is no doubt, that, if a clergyman does this, he must, if he would preach with effect, alter very considerably, and even remodel, almost any printed sermon. Perhaps, the very best sermon to be found in print will not produce the *same* effect, that even a far inferior one of his own, recently written, would—*supposing him to be in real earnest in the work he has in hand*. Whereas, if a man feels none of this interest, and merely gets through his sermon, as the soldier goes through his drill, he may copy or not, as he pleases. His Sunday theses will be as effective in the one case as in the other.

But there is one thing, which it cannot be incorrect to say is a *sine qua non* for one, who would be a good preacher. It is—to have a deep and intimate acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. Unfortunately, but few clergymen are able to read Hebrew; and thus, to the majority, the original of the Old Testament is a sealed book. In the present race of Anglican Divines, this can hardly be helped; for when once the duties of a Parish minister are entered on, little time can be spared for the acquisition of a new and difficult language. But if the enquiry—now, we believe, going on—into the course of studies pursued at Oxford and Cambridge should end in suggesting, amongst other things, that all who intend to be candidates for Holy Orders should be *obliged* to acquire some knowledge of Hebrew, we should deem such suggestion well worthy of being acted on. A sufficient knowledge of Hebrew, to enable him to read the Old Testament in the original would, we humbly think, be of more practical use to a clergyman, than his being able to write out the Lunar Theory, or correctly to translate any chorus in a Greek Play.\* But

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\* This introduces a subject which we willingly leave to more experienced heads than our own to settle—namely, how far the adaptation of the studies

there are scarcely any who have graduated at our Universities, who have not a sufficient acquaintance with Greek to enable them to read the Greek Testament; and we doubt whether the *deep* acquaintance that a clergyman should possess of the New Testament can be had, without a constant study of the original. Therefore, we press this point upon all who would preach effectively. Not that it is necessary to let a congregation know that they have been examining the Greek text. Their *private* study of this will prevent their laying stress upon a word, in their public ministrations, which the original does not authorize their doing; and will often wonderfully assist them in arriving at a right understanding of a text. When, moreover, we spoke of having an *intimate* acquaintance with, and perfect knowledge of Holy Scripture; it was by no means meant that a preacher need exhibit this, by *stringing together* texts of Scripture to prove, or illustrate, every point he urges. An apposite citation of *one* text is generally quite enough for his purpose. Further, one is apt to fancy when he hears a clergyman repeat six, eight or ten verses in his sermon, perhaps on two or three several occasions within the half hour, that he wishes to *fill up* a given time, rather than enforce his own reasoning by the help of Holy Writ. None have occasion to cite Scripture very fully, in order to let their hearers know they are perfectly acquainted with it. Their knowledge of it will, if we may use the phrase, ooze out in every part of

pursued at an English University may be increased, to ensure the ends such studies ought to have in view. It has for long been almost necessary for every candidate for Holy Orders to have a University Degree. That degree he obtains generally one, and often two years before he can be admitted into Holy Orders. Yet, during this interval, he has no course of theological study prescribed for him, to which he is required to attend; and no University examination, additional to that which every barrister, or physician, or country gentleman, who takes his degrees has to pass. At one of the English Universities, there is a *voluntary* theological examination, which will hardly be attended by those, who most require it. The men who voluntarily submit to an examination, and to that study that is to prepare them for it, are generally such as would work as hard, without having such examination in prospect. Now we have been always at a loss to understand why the interval between the Degree in Arts, and the prescribed period for admission into Holy Orders, should not long ago have been turned to better account, by *obliging* every candidate for the Ministry to take a regular Divinity degree. Why should not every clergyman be a B.D., as well as a B.A.: and have the University seal after his name that he knows something of theology, as well as of classics or mathematics? It were incorrect to say, that a Bishop's examination before Ordination is intended to try a man's fitness for the degree of which we have spoken. Practically, it does not do this. A Bishop very rarely, we apprehend, turns a man back. At least he must be very bad to be so disgraced, if one may judge from the specimens occasionally to be found of those who have passed the ordeal.

their sermons. It will supply them with *illustrations*, which are far more generally comprehensible than *arguments*: and it will breathe a spirit into their own compositions which nothing else can; and which will make them acceptable, and impressive, in a way that the strictest observance of set rules never will. In an excellent little book by Robert Evans, called the "Bishopric of Souls," he has a Chapter on the composition of sermons; and, speaking on this very point—the necessity of an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures—he says "It (the Holy Bible) is not only the fountain of pure doctrine, but also the store-house of imagery, from which, or according to which, you will form your figurative language, taking especial care, that whatever comes from yourself be in perfect keeping with the sacred cast of that authority." Soon after, where he is referring to our version of the Old and New Testament, he writes: "Go to the pure well of English undefiled; go to our English Bible. There, high and low find a common language. And merciful indeed was the Lord's providence in furnishing us with this standard of communication. For, so compounded is our language of two distinct parts, which you may translate from one into the other, that there must have arisen a distinct language for rich and poor, and a formidable bar to the moral and spiritual improvement of the latter, had not this version intervened at a happy moment, when the language had attained sufficient extent and power, and when as yet its compound character had not so increased as to disclose a fracture which would leave the tongue of the rich on one side, and that of the poor on the other. Draw then from this well the living water of pure English. Imbue your style with its phraseology; and do not flatter yourself that you have accomplished the work, when you have made your sermon a patch-work of your own observations, interwoven with scriptural texts. The whole texture of it should have a scriptural cast."—(*Bishopric of Souls*, pp. 124 and 131.)

It is indeed a most remarkable, rather may it not be called a most providential, thing—respecting our English translation—that its language is so wonderfully adapted to the understandings of the highest and the lowest; a remark which, in a most eminent degree, is applicable to all the sermons and parables that first fell from our Redeemer's lips. How *they* always stand forth in the noble simplicity of truth; unadorned by any of the needless assistance of studied oratory; clad only with the majestic clothing in which

the sacred earnestness of their preacher arrayed them! God forbid that, in exhorting the Christian minister to be well versed in the original of the New Testament, we be thought to underrate the value of our English version. Our object is but to correct the mistake which has not unfrequently been made, of imparting a weight and importance to words, or ideas, which are not altogether the correctest rendering of the original. Let a preacher be but careful of this; and, in truth, the less his sermons form a critique upon the English version, the better. Gresley speaks excellently on this point, in his seventh Letter, where he is advising his correspondent to "establish a reputation for ability," i. e. to let his congregation know that he is competent to the discharge of those sacred duties he has taken on himself:—

"The first thing is to show yourself thoroughly well versed in the Bible  
 "... knowledge of Scripture is by far the most important of all wisdom.  
 "Like Apollos, you should be 'mighty in the Scriptures,' and like him,  
 "you will 'mightily persuade.' And you should study to *show* this know-  
 "ledge: you should be always ready to confirm your arguments by Scrip-  
 "ture texts, and parallel passages, and to illustrate them by Scripture  
 "examples. You should dwell often on the connexion of your text with  
 "the context, showing the intention of the writer, the circumstances of  
 "the parties, and, in short, every thing which will elucidate and confirm  
 "it. You should often take comprehensive views of different parts of  
 "Scripture, explaining the connexion between the Law and the Gospel,  
 "tracing the hand of God in the events of the Old Testament, exhibiting  
 "his wisdom in the books of prophecy, pointing out the consummation  
 "of his scheme of mercy in the Gospel. You should be familiarly ac-  
 "quainted with every minute circumstance of our Saviour's ministry;  
 "be able to set forth the first construction of the Christian Church, and  
 "know all the circumstances under which the Apostles accomplished  
 "their journeys, and wrote their Epistles. The *only* scriptural know-  
 "ledge which you should *not* exhibit, unless it be necessary for the elu-  
 "cidation of your subject, is *that of scriptural criticism; for congre-*  
*gations are content with the received version.*" (p. 71.)

There is one more point, and it must be the last. We have heard of, but never heard, extemporary preachers in India. There are doubtless some men that have so wonderful a command of language, and such complete confidence and self-possession, as never to find themselves at a loss for words, in elucidating a subject they understand, or wandering in an argument that they are desirous others should follow. If to this is added a most retentive memory, with a perfect facility in applying its stores; such men may become good extemporary preachers. But if the poet is born, not made; so, we apprehend, must be the man who can preach a really good sermon, without its being written,—especially before an audience of whom he knows but little. Speaking fluently, and

really well, without assistance, on almost any subject, is a *gift*: a gift, no doubt, to be wonderfully improved by a resolute determination; but still—a gift. All clergymen possess it not, and never could possess it; at least, not in a degree sufficient to warrant their preaching sermons without a book. For there is hardly a more distressing thing to the congregation, than to have to listen to a preacher who is at a loss for words. It is the greatest difficulty in the world to the more fluent of his hearers to resist the inclination to help him! So none should attempt extemporary preaching, till they are quite sure they can do it well. Perhaps, this is almost saying none should ever attempt it; for practice can alone make perfect. But, at least, the practice should be begun *in private*: and no congregation be pained by listening to first attempts. It would be intolerable to hear a public performer on a musical instrument break down; and it is scarcely less so, if a public preacher does the same. As the one labours first *alone*, till he can master “the touches of sweet harmony;” so we think the other should also, if he would not excite the pity, or contempt, of his auditors. One may soon find out whether he have the gift of ready speech or not; and we should have little patience for a man who attempted to preach extemporaneously, and could do nothing else so. But of this there is no doubt: that when any clergyman preaches an extemporary sermon, he will do well to give it as much if not more study and preparation, than were he to write every word of it. “Nothing great,” says Dr. South, “ought to be ventured upon without preparation: but, above all, *how sottish* it is to engage extempore, where the concern is eternity!” The good Doctor was wont to speak plainly when he wished to condemn any bad habit: and he here condemns *unprepared*, rather than unwritten, sermons. Probably he had in mind such a case as we once heard of—the case of a celebrated preacher, who, during the singing, just before the sermon was to begin, begged a gentleman sitting in the same pew with him to supply him with a text, as he could not think of one just at that moment: and, on ascending the pulpit, preached a beautiful sermon from the text with which his friend had supplied him. Now, supposing this were true, every one must allow that the preacher in question had a considerable facility in the gift of much speaking. But we are disposed to agree with Dr. South respecting such performances.

There are others, not regularly extemporary preachers, who, as occasion serves them, and the thought comes across



their minds, leave their written discourse, in order to enlarge on some point, that, at the moment, seems to require it. And frequently, when a preacher is warmly interested in his subject, he may do this with very great advantage—if he be capable of it. But he must be careful not to introduce any thing out of keeping with the context that, in his written discourse, *follows* his unwritten parenthesis. It sounds very bad, if, on a return to his sermon, he comes to a sentence that does not form a proper sequence to his extemporary introduction. What is more, it is very perplexing to the preacher himself; as he is in the position of one who, whilst swimming with corks, for a time denies himself their aid; and finds, on again requiring them, that the tide has carried them to a distance. We have occasionally heard good sermons almost spoilt in this way: and it is doubly distressing, when it is plain that the real warmth and earnestness of the preacher made him introduce the extemporary part, which would never have been detected to have been unwritten, had not a recurrence to his book told the tale. At the same time, none who write every word of their sermons need tie themselves down, *never* to depart from the words written. “In my poor and plain fashion”—says that holy man, Bishop Hall—“I penned every word, in the same order as I hoped to deliver it, although, in the expression, I listed not to be a slave of syllables.” No clergyman, in India or elsewhere, can do better than copy *such* a model.

We now bid adieu to both Gresley and Vaughan, cordially recommending the treatise of the former, for its able and judicious treatment of a difficult subject. Stated rules, however, for preaching will, no doubt, always be of less importance to a clergyman, than feeling *the deepest interest* in the matter of winning souls to Christ, through the foolishness of his preaching. That interest he must gain, and must keep, by effectual fervent prayer. An *impressive earnestness* will excuse his adherence to rules of style or composition. The want of it cannot be excused or atoned for by the best sermon that was ever written.

## IV.

## HOFRATH VON SCHUBERT'S TRAVELS AND TALES.\*

WE had no further design, when we first commenced this paper, than to present our readers with some specimens of the elegant tales by which alone Professor Von Schubert was then known to us. Since then we have found him to be an accomplished naturalist, and a traveller in the East of very considerable acuteness; and, with extended opportunities, our purpose has been somewhat extended; for though the "Travels in the East" have been some years before the public, yet their interest seems to us to have in no degree subsided, and most likely all that is peculiar to them will be as new to the large majority of our readers, as it was till recently to ourselves. The Hofrath is, if we are not mistaken, one of the most amiable and enlightened men which the small kingdom of Bavaria has produced during the past half century. As a moral writer, he has much of the quaint simplicity which has been remarked in Jung Stilling; there is the same enthusiasm for the good, the true and the right, the same eagerness of event and manifold activity of purpose, the same large and immoveable faith and assurance of Divine assistance, flowing immediately from God, and manifested in the safe conduct of the individual through dangers and difficulties, which Goethe recognized in that extraordinary man, who from a tailor and a village pedagogue, rose to be Aulic Councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden. These features in Von Schubert's style the reader may by and bye discern for himself in the story of "The Gulf-Stream." He has, moreover, a great facility in applying his profound acquaintance with natural science to the *dénouement* of his interesting and pious narratives. In this science, of which he occupies a chair in the city of Munich, he has written very voluminously; and though, we believe, there is not, in his works, the wonderful grasp and brilliant induction which so distinguish the "*Ansichten*" and the "*Kosmos*" of Von Humboldt, yet is there a raciness and perspicuity of language which impart to them an air of great popularity. Von Schubert's intelligence and piety have commended him to the warm patronage of the regal

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\* REISE IM MORGENLANDEN in den Jahren 1836 und 1837. LEIPZIG. 1839.

ERZÄHLUNGEN; VON DR. GOTTHILF HEINRICH VON SCHUBERT: Hofrath und Professor in München; ERLANGEN. 1844—7.

house of Bavaria, wherein he has been long engaged as an instructor of the King's family. His worth and acquirements have been acknowledged by his elevation to the lower rank of nobility under the title of Hofrath. The terms of easy, though respectful friendship in which the old Councillor dedicates several of his volumes to the Queen, and other members of the reigning house, is a pleasing testimony of a reciprocal affection honourable to all parties.

Von Schubert's "Travels in the East," though unmarked by the rich and prophet-like diction of Chateaubriand, or the fancy of Lamartine, have a different, and scarcely a less attractive advantage, that intelligent and intense love of Nature with which his volumes breathe and burn. Without much of the richness of poetic diction, there is, in his descriptions of scenery, and the phenomena of the atmosphere and the heavens, a warmth and freshness quite as genial, and even more interesting to those who prefer truth to embellishment, imparted by an evidently deep acquaintance with physical causes, and a discerning elucidation of the several subjects of review. Occasionally, too, the narrative is relieved by a vein of quaint and humorous pleasantry; as in our traveller's account of the sensations of his party in a steamboat off Tomi, on the western shores of the Euxine; where Ovid had before sickened under a very different expatriation:—

"We were seized with that affection which resembles death, but never produces it; the distemper in which we seem to suffer from a surfeit, without tasting food; to be wearied without walking; to be intensely active even when at rest. We seemed no longer ourselves, but the staggering vessel; our brains being set at the mast-head, and the rattling wheels and cracking engines taking possession of our own head, and making us impotent to keep it up."

Von Schubert travelled from Munich to Enns, where, he remarks, his interest in the enterprize was kindled from associations produced by that ancient nursery of the Faith, where the true light dawned even in the first century; and in the second, the "inspired Bishop Maximilian" preached, and the Christian warrior Florian found a martyr's death in the waters of the Enns.

Thence he proceeded through much charming scenery and rich plantation, in orchard and vineyard, with the snow-capped mountains of Styria in the distance; and as, he tells us, the green foliage waved in the breeze, and the sweet bells of evening chimed far and near, they were as harbingers, not merely of the sacred rest of the morrow, but of an approach

to the land from whence has emanated "our Sabbath of corporeal and spiritual rest."

From Vienna the Professor proceeded down the Danube in a steamer, sighting the castle where his "great countryman Regiomontanus" brought to approximate perfection, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the meteoroscope or astrolobe, which has ever since proved of such vast significance in the astronomy of navigation; and visiting those warm sulphuretted springs which, rising in vapour from fissures in the granite masses near the river Czerna, are condensed over beds of marl-schist and chalk, and form the salubrious baths to which the Romans resorted, as we discover from inscriptions in their neighbourhood, on temples dedicated to Hercules and Æsculapius, commemorating the estimation in which the springs were held by that people.

On the Black Sea, our author made the following ingenious observations on the turbulence of the water, even in the calmest weather, which has long attracted the notice of voyagers:—

"The height of the waves, even in calm weather, in this expanse of water, arises from its being the site of final conmergence of the high peaks of Caucasus on the east, the lofty amphitheatre of Hamus and Olympus on the south, and the inclined plains of Wallachia and Bulgaria on the west. The strong contrasts of flats and mountains retain the atmosphere in constant agitation, the Black Sea being on a large scale just what a platform in front of a lofty dome is on a small one—the focus of a constant fluctuation of wind and weather."

Von Schubert arrived at Stamboul during the prevalence of that fearful Oriental scourge, the plague. The suburb of Pera, also, and many of the most showy streets and bazaars, were devastated by fire during his residence in the vicinity, to his party's imminent peril. And these calamities he has described with great power and eloquence, though on a scale far beyond our limits. The harsh viols and yellings of the gypsies—the terrible and enduring drought—the dead borne off in hair blankets—the harbours with their boat-loads of coffins and biers—the appalled populace tearing rags of clothing from the victims, and bearing them, as amulets against the spread of the contagion, to the shrines and sepulchres of the Moslem Saints—the Franks clad in oil-skin, from head to foot, and hurrying past with long wands, to beat off any unfortunate Islamite who might approach them—the buildings tottering with ruin more precipitate from the consuming conflagration—all are combined in a dreadful picture which it is impossible to contemplate without a sensation of dismay.

Crossing the Bosphorus, the Professor made the tour of Asia Minor, with a view of exploring the Churches of the Apocalypse. But except some sepulchres, he found remains only of a single Christian building—a church upon a mountain which the traditions of the Sybilline verses represent as the Ararat of the Noachic Flood. A writer in the “Guesses at Truth” has faithfully remarked upon the strength of the religious feeling in man, from the permanency of his religious edifices. But alas! those powerful emotions which no heart but the most apathetic can resist, in the gigantic ruins of Pæstum and the Parthenon, there is scarce a wreck to awaken in the length and breadth of inglorious desolation which has supplanted all the various and busy honours of this Asiatic coast—the hand of man, and the power of Nature, having combined to obliterate all memorial of the past. We must pass by our traveller’s often eloquent musings, at Pergamos, at Thyatira, at Smyrna, by the once-sonorous spring of Marsyas, and palatial domains of Mæander, that we may find room for a short portion of his touching reflections, on the site of the ancient and renowned city of Ephesus.

“We halted awhile in the Proscenium of the great theatre, and bethought us of the time when the now deserted and silent scene was resonant with the shouts of thousands—Great is Diana of the Ephesians.’ Before us—it may be by the harbour—had stood the temple of the goddess whom all Asia and the world worshipped—a temple which had won the wonder and admiration of mankind! Now not a knee was there to bend before the might of that goddess, the very place of whose habitation knoweth her no more; while He, whose disciple was in no small peril there, is adored as the Salvation and the Solace of human-kind. Then rose to our lips expressions of our inward conviction that He shall never change. The wind whistled through the ruins, and wailed in the deserted thoroughfares, as though the voices of the dead were answering ‘AMEN.’”

Omitting all detail of the “torment which became the element” of a party but little used to the roughings of a small craft, cramfull of Turkish hadjis *en voyage* from Smyrna to Alexandria, we convey the Hofrath straight to Cairo. Here he experienced the invariably kind offices of Mr. Liedcr, the excellent and intelligent Church Missionary; a gentleman, as doubtless many of our readers have found, in common with ourselves, accurately acquainted with all which claims the traveller’s attention in Upper Egypt, and most amiably solicitous to render his polite assistance to any who have the advantage of an introduction to him, or who take an interest in the fine institution for the Coptic Deacons and

Catechumens over which he presides with great judgment and ability. Von Schubert arrived in Cairo during the Ramazan, and made his entrée at the palace, fortified by the good offices of Mr. Lieder and the Austrian Consul, and under escort of a portly Janissary, where the Islamite clergy, muftis and ulemas, with the heads of the several sects and orders, were assembled in the great anti-chamber, about to make the salutations customary on that feast. Mingled in the throng, were the most distinguished Arabs and Turks in Cairo, and Franks of various nations in Oriental costumes. A deputation, conspicuous for high turbans, sallow faces, and, as Mr. Lieder observed, sarcastic sneers at the European party, had arrived from Mecca; and an ambassador from the Porte was in close conclave with the viceroy.

"This momentous affair being over, the Turkish ambassador appeared among us, attended by his suite, and escorted by a number of high officials. His highness then received his private physician for a short time;—then the deputation from Mecca for a shorter;—and the dignitaries of the city mosques for a shorter still. Among many forms, I remarked that the clergy were most ceremoniously saluted, by the military, and the gentlemen in waiting.

"After some pause, we were introduced for our audience by Austen Bey, his highness' interpreter. The viceroy sat on a gorgeous divan, in the right corner of the saloon; and next him, in the same corner, but on a divan occupying the other side of the angle, was our post of honour. Mohammed Ali greeted me with true Oriental affection—*Praise be to Allah for the fortunate arrival*—which Austen Bey unceremoniously reduced, in French, to—*His highness is very glad that you are come safe to Cairo*; and so, as I afterwards learned, he tampered with the whole conversation. The viceroy is a well-set and hale old man, with a gleamy, scrutinizing glance; he wears not merely an air of conscious importance, but of that moral strength which only genius and inflexible purpose can give. I had heard and read much of him, and had given to all my best consideration; but when I looked on his face, it seemed to say;—*you may see the plough which lifts the furrow, but not the power which lifts the plough*. As soon as we were seated, his page handed to us a glass of spring water, and a magnificent salver of preserved fruit: a second brought us the chibouque, with a hot coal upon the katakia. The bowls of our pipes were set upon a small pedestal, lest the rich carpet should receive an injury. The massive mouth-piece of amber which fell to my lot was richly set with diamonds, and the tube also sparkled with jewellery. I learned from Mr. Champion that the whole was worth about eight thousand dollars, and that the Pacha possesses still more costly pipes. During these courtesies, his highness mentioned with honour our King Louis of Bavaria, and seemed well acquainted with all the details of the European newspapers, which are regularly read to him. He knew that we have a rail-road in Bavaria, but was mistaken about its length, which he thought much greater than it really is. He also knew that a canal is in progress to connect the Danube with the Rhine; and mentioned his own intention of constructing a railway, and a vast canal. He spoke of the magnificent buildings recently finished in Ba-

varia; and asked if I had visited the new mosque in progress near his palace. Then he enquired the age of our king; and having heard of him as still in the prime of life, and a recent tourist in Greece and Asia Minor, he said how happy he should be to see him in Cairo, which was a much more beautiful place than Smyrna. I could observe no appearance of fatigue, either in the features or the demeanour of the Pacha, though he had not broken his fast during that whole day, and had received several foreign envoys after four hours' occupation with his own ministers."

The Hofrath's desert life was very different from that which, according to our own experience, prevails upon the great line between Cairo and Suez. We never recollect doing ampler justice to a better stage-coach breakfast, than the one of which we partook at the middle station of that well-traversed route, in the month of March, 1846, just when the Pacha had taken the traffic of the desert under his own supervision. The quips and merriment with which we resented ourselves in our ably-horsed vehicles, failed not until chequered by the annoying information that the steamer which awaited us at Alexandria could not, in all her cabins, saloons and lobbies, stow away above half of the live-freight of the Bentinck. Compare with such repasts the *canina prandia* on which our good-humoured travellers must fare daily:—

"However disposed to pay for the comforts of life, the traveller here finds that he is circumscribed to bear necessities. Ships-biscuit, and dry Arab bread, (which we brought with us) formed our first meal. After that we fed on water-boiled rice. We mustered a little coffee for breakfast, but no milk: and sometimes could get a little dried fruit with our rice—but very rarely: and now and then a little kid or mutton—but that made our meal quite a banquet. Water, occasionally qualified with a little date arrack, was our common beverage: but it was always befouled with dirt and slime, and impregnated with bitter salts, to which if either the eye or the taste was insensible, it must have been that parching thirst imparted to them the same relish which hunger did to our unsavoury viands. Then as to recreation, generally speaking, we chose a place where there were some stunted bushes near which to sleep, and would ramble from one *mimosu* to another, just as if we were inspecting a botanical garden."

We must conclude our notice of these interesting travels, with a short allusion to the gentle Hofrath's emotions in the Church on Sinai, said to occupy the spot where Moses saw the burning bush. He joined the attendant prior in baring his feet in recollection of the words which had been uttered in that sacred place. It seemed, he tells us, like the resting of the soul after many days' wandering; and if a tear would fall from the eye, it was suggestive not of the anguish of perpetual suffering, but of the joy of heaven. Our travel-

ler is of opinion, that no other view in the world will bear comparison with that from the top of Sinai, for stern and rugged grandeur. The desert thence discernible, devoid of forest, mountain sward, murmuring brook or peaceful dale, he calls an unmoved and immoveable markstone of the third day of creation, when the Eternal said, 'Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear;'—a monument of that time, when the power of free life was not, but only the law which called the earth into being, and gave the water its limit.

We have had the more pleasure in this unexpected opportunity of selecting some few of the passages in these "Travels in the East," which may interest our readers, because, much as we believe there to be in them worthy the note of naturalists, antiquaries and scholars, we have not, as far as we recollect, ever once found them quoted or otherwise noticed in any English works of research upon the countries on which they treat. And besides, we are not without a confidence that the account we have been enabled to render of its accomplished and honoured author, will bespeak a liberal consideration of the edifying tale with which, for the present, at any rate, we conclude our notice of GÖTTFRID HEINRICH VON SCHUBERT, Privy Councillor of Bavaria and Professor at Munich. Should we ever come across any other of his writings, we may resume the examination.

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#### THE GULF-STREAM.

THE mother of two sons, a widow indeed, lived, after her husband's death, in perfect retirement amid the din of the vast city of London. Her elder son was a pleasing, valiant youth, who soon became the stay of his mother; the younger was still a child. The father had left some little property behind him, for his children and his widow, which might, perhaps, with the strictest management, be enough to maintain them all, and to educate the two children; and so the good mother set her trust in God, and found, in her boys, the very bliss of her existence; the more especially as the elder, who had chosen the student-life, was, as I have said before, a lad of the highest promise. But soon this excellent boy fell sick, lingered long, and died at length; and then the mother had become so exhausted by the fatigues of the sick



chamber and the distress of a son's decease, that she too must take to bed. However, her staid trust in Providence, and the love she bore her younger son James, who, she considered, should she remain an invalid, must be deprived of the advantage of a mother's care—all this empowered her to rise from her bed, and God strengthened the poor widow, and she got well again. And now her whole attention and solicitude was bent upon the training of that little son who alone on earth was left her. Often would she pray *with* him, and *for* him almost continually; no kind or parental exhortation would she forego: but all these advantages seemed thrown away upon his unpliant spirit, James was, and continued, frivolous and wanton; and if ever a good impression seemed for an instant to be left on him, it was soon effaced. Still perhaps the mother's constancy might have prevailed over the son's indiscretions, had he not added to them the sin of disobedience—that sin which inevitably plunges all who yield to it from one stage of corruption, to another and a deeper. He who with conscious purpose turns his ear away from God, or from those parents and teachers, who, under God, are the guides of children in every holy discipline, gives such an ascendancy to that evil bent which exists in every human heart, that at length it can no longer be controlled. The ice which encrusts each self-willed spirit grows thicker and harder with every sigh which a wayward child wrings from its pious guardians, so that such a spirit may be said to yield itself a subject to the grievous doom of obduracy. This pitiable youth grew hardened in crime, by every new waywardness which drew a sigh from his mother. Soon was he the most cross-grained, vexatious boy in the neighbourhood; so deprecated for his mischievous pranks, that all the better and more observant parents forbade their children the company of "wicked James." And yet his mother only increased her exhortations and her anxiety, often weeping tears of bitterest sorrow over her unhappy child, though alas! instead of any improvement, it was her daily lot to grieve more exceedingly over the marks of a desert spreading in his heart. And as he ripened from childhood to youth, he showed no inclination for study:—no—he said—I'll learn a trade—and so was he bound apprentice to a shopkeeper, a distant relative of his deceased father. But scarce was he beyond the field of his faithful mother's observation, when his innate guilt blazed out unmistakeably. His companions were the most inconsiderate and reckless of his age and degree; and one crime opening way for another, at last he was

seduced to plunder and defraud, and the hand of public justice, or rather say we the just judgment of God, laid fast hold on him. He was committed back to prison, with the sentence of death passed upon him; though, from some mitigating circumstances, that was commuted to transportation in a distant convict-colony.

His poor mother, whose interviews with James had been confined for many years to those occasions when he had been reclaimed to her by penury, learning of the sad fall and sentence of her son, was paralyzed with grief and horror. Still would she once again see and exhort her unhappy boy before his embarkation. She stole towards his dungeon, supported by an old and attached domestic. And there sate James, in felon's garments, with glazed eyes, not as of a penitent, but as of one drowsy or intoxicated. He looked towards his mother with a careless air, though her heart was breaking, and she sate her on the ground and gave free vent to her tears. At length she collected herself, arose, and advanced towards the youthful felon. "I come to-day," she said, "where perhaps for the last time in this life I may behold you. I come, James, not only as your mother, but as a prophetic witness and pronouncer of the judgment which hangs over you. In sorrow did I bear you; and more than this, I nurtured you amid a thousand cares and tears of love and grief, as the dear surviving legacy of my blessed husband. What nights of watching have I consumed, not only in the labour which brought you every need, but also in prayer for you. This day do I testify, in God's presence and in yours, that never have I wilfully omitted an opportunity, from your earliest childhood, to impress and move your heart to the fear and love of the Lord: by discipline, by chastisement, with the patient, all-enduring love of mother have I kept this in view: for years has my bread been moistened only with the tears which have flowed for you, and my raiment these poor widow's weeds; and all that I might afford as much as you could need in your new state of life, and for your decent raiment; instead of which I see you marked with the garb of a felon. And now am come to bring you the last memorial of your sainted father, and the choicest treasure which your poor mother has on earth—take this Bible—it has been for years my only staff and consolation, the sole friend which I have possessed on earth. Use it well; for in it alone is now the power to raise you from your deep disgrace, and rescue you from eternal death. When next we meet before the Judgment-seat, then will I again bear record of all things

which I have this day brought home to you, and perhaps may ask you before your Judge how you have respected and how applied this last memorial of your dishonoured father, and your mother's only treasure and choicest good."

James appeared to be at length affected; a transient glow, either of shame or of penitence, mantled on his countenance; even a tear may have trickled from his glazed and savage eye. He grasped his mother's hand,—he drew her near him, and said, "Peace, mother, trouble not so much—I will mend my ways." His mother, having placed in his hand, together with the Bible, all the money she could muster by the sale of her chattels, even to her bed, hung upon his neck, and wept the bitterest tears over her lost son, and uttered, in broken accents, a heart-felt prayer for the deliverance of his soul. A turnkey, who had stepped in during their conversation, and seemed more moved thereby than even James himself, gently intimated that it was time for them to separate, and so the mother again trembled out.

For hours long was James reflecting on this interview; and in the vessel which conveyed him and other convicts down the Thames, to the sea-port whence they were to sail, in secret meditation he reviewed the error of his ways. A comrade in his past sins and present penalty now bade him drink some spirits. He refused at first, but long habit of intoxication, and a poor susceptibility to banter, soon overcame him; and he drank and drank again, till the very glow of hell flamed up anew, though only so lately his mother's tears had quenched it. He would then take only liquor, in exchange for the money which the poor bereaved had brought him; and though impotent for his former evil actions, he returned to all the reckless imaginations which had stained his past career, from the moment that the cup had tainted his lips.

But still the ship must remain some days in haven, till a favourable gale might spring up. And James is just what he was—perhaps even worse. To give effect to his inclinations, he committed a deed which I can hardly tell you without a shudder. The day before the ship sailed, he sold, for a trifle of money and a brimming glass, his parents' last legacy—the Bible, every leaf of which his mother had bedewed with tears of anguish and of prayer. The book was fastened by a silver clasp, which took the eye of a chapman who had exposed some baubles on the deck; but whose staple of traffic was that fiendish poison, which even those who quaff it name as "Blue Ruin."

The same turnkey who had so feelingly listened to the parting conversation between James and his mother was standing by when he thus disposed of that her precious bequest; for he had accompanied the gang of felons down the Thames to the coast, and was just on the point of his return to London. He shuddered at sight of the deed, as we do at its very mention. In exuberance of well-meant zeal, he spoke to James in a voice of thunder, reminding him of his mother's parting words. He could not help remarking, that though the drunken young felon was somewhat touched by his admonition, he was in no degree subdued to penitence, but assumed a cold bearing towards him. But the turnkey had well marked who had possession of the Bible, made search for him in the port, and purchased the book, which he carried off in his pocket.

Meantime the ship sailed on which James was embarked. A change had come over him since the barter of his Bible. No sooner had he recovered from his drunken revels, than the remembrance of the last words and the tears of his mother, and moreover, of the stern voice of that earnest and zealous turnkey, took such hold of him that he could not bear the reflection. He grieved that he had so wickedly disposed of his Bible; at night, it was in all his dreams: he would have given a finger off his right hand, would it but have bought him back the book. Scarcely seems it credible, yet so it is—in this abandoned soul, which perhaps had never, and certainly had not for years, evinced the smallest trace of devotion or of love, either to God, or to his faithful mother, there was now suddenly kindled an affection immeasurably keen for the last thing he might have called his own, the treasure, and the parting gift of his afflicted parent;—his desire to recover which was far beyond any which he had for all the riches of the world. And when, on the Sabbath, as is the fair custom of many English ships, he beheld the crew, at other times of so rough a bearing, dressed and on the deck, with their Bibles in their hands, he was overwhelmed with a remorse which drew tears from his eyes; he would slip behind some reader, and gaze over his shoulder on the book; or should any one retire awhile, and leave his Bible on his seat, James was as eager to read it, as though it were the last time it could ever be in his hands. He cared not for the gibes of his fellow-convicts, of whom one of the most audacious lay sick unto death; his chiefest aspiration was for the book which he had lost;—perhaps even to himself it was incomprehensible how he, who for so many years had

never touched a Bible, should now all at once become so anxious for its perusal.

They had sighted the Canary Islands without meeting any particular obstruction ; but there, in the sixth week of their voyage, a storm arose of frightful violence. For five days did the dismasted ship heave and roll upon the raging billows ; then she sprung a leak, and on the sixth day, at night-fall, struck on a rock, and went to pieces. Such of the crew who could swim abandoned the wreck and made for land : but James was among those who clung to one of the larger timbers which still drifted on the waves. He knew not who laboured next him ; the night was so dark, the waters broke so terribly upon the crags, that he could neither see nor hear.

At break of morn, the boy remarked, that there were but two who had held with him to the timbers ; of whom one was an officer of high rank and honour, their principal passenger, who had been voyaging to Cape-Town upon the now shattered ship. The other was a sailor, who, in the general catastrophe, had received a severe wound in the head, and had therefore leant exhausted upon the bulwarks. The officer observing the wounded and fainting man, turned towards James, and bade him be active, and bandage the fracture, and support the sinking frame of one for whose preservation and recovery he appeared more solicitous than for his own. They both tore their shirts into strips, as there was no other linen upon the wreck, and bound up the sufferer as as well as they could. The officer, who was an aged man, had, during the days and nights on which the tempest raged so furiously, sought from time to time to revive his sinking energies with a powerful cordial which he had brought on board with him. Providentially, there was a small phial of this cordial still upon his person, the contents of which acted as a most desirable stimulant on the languid mariner.

The storm had abated ; the sun shone upon the three survivors with the scorching blaze of an African noon, and quickly dried their few clothes, which had been drenched by the waves. But soon came a trial of another kind. Far as the eye could reach over the waters, not a single fragment of the wreck, or a trace of any one besides, of all that numerous ship's-company, could be discerned. These three were probably the only ones who had survived through the sweeping destruction. And who of them could tell where the land lay ? During the last day of her terrible commotion, they could get no observation from the ship ;—and how then could

these few, who had been saved upon a beam of her, discover where upon the wide ocean they were drifting? Thus much, however, they felt assured of, partly from the numerous sea-fowl which sailed by them, that land could not be far off, and the continent of Africa must lie eastward of them.

The little company upon the beam, or it may be only the officer and the sailor, (for James was altogether inexperienced in such counsels,) consulted as to how they might most ensure their preservation. Of provisions they had not a single morsel; the sun glowered down upon them ever fiercer and fiercer; ere two days, for all which yet appeared, and save other help should come, they must sink from famine and exhaustion.

The mariner to whom the considerate officer reached from time to time a few drops of the cordial, now again, with bandaged head, sat upright upon the wreck. "Sir," said he, after looking round him for awhile and reflecting, "except I'm much deceived I see land on the horizon, lying East-North-East:—and thither must we make for our lives." The other two, also, whenever a wave lifted the wreck to which they clung, thought they saw land too in the direction specified; it might be, they agreed, as he had conjectured, a green promontory. But how to reach it without sail or oar was a subject which might well perplex them much.

However, by the sailor's ingenuity a plan was soon devised. He drew a large knife from his jerkin, and having with James's assistance, wrenched off a thin plank from the wreck on which they floated, a couple of trim-oars were soon in readiness, one for himself the other for the youth. After a little respite, this inventive fellow rigged a spar with their cloaks and remaining raiment to serve instead of sails. The breeze was fair—it blew indeed, right aft; the oars, too, they plied steadily, the old officer often relieving the wounded man; and the outset of the cruise thus seemed altogether propitious. And so it continued for some few hours. But then the sailor shook his head, and dropping the oar from his hand, "Sir," said he, "it's over with us now, had we twenty boatmen and all the canvass we could carry, we could never reach the land. I see clear enough that we are in the Gulf-Stream, which bears us away in its current. See there—this morning land stood East-North-East:—now it bears North-East and by North, and is farther off than it was some hours ago. Just look at that sea-weed floating there, and put your hand in the water, and you'll soon see and feel the strength of the whirlpool."

In fact it seemed most probable that the piece of wreck on which our friends survived had been swept into the current which, as an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, takes its course towards the Azores, and striking on the continent beyond, acquires such a velocity, that the sixty leagues which may be run down in two days, with the stream, it takes seven weeks to struggle through, against it.

The poor sailor had, for himself at any rate, another reason for resigning all hope. His wounded head oppressed him severely, and the exertion of the preceding day had caused such extent of inflammation, as admitted no prospect of abatement; and so he lay at length upon the beam, which his two companions worked beside him. Alas! moreover, the cordial drops which the officer had brought with him were all expended, at the same time that the patient had latterly taken them with less complacency, and with an expression that they seemed rather to increase his pain than to lessen it. He drew deep sighs from time to time; yet though he strove his utmost to settle his countenance into the mien of grief, the eyes of the poor weather-beaten seaman would not shed a tear. The sympathizing officer asked if his head ached much.

"A good deal," said the sailor; "but the pain which most afflicts me lies *here*." And then he pointed to his heart, and again made as though he would weep. "Sir," said he, after a little interval, "I have no dread of death. A gentleman of Bedford gave me an excellent book some year and a half ago, the Word of God; at first I read therein but little, but the habit increased upon me, and there have I found what gives me courage to run by bow even upon death, ay, and to regard it as a haven wherein I shall ride in sweet security from the storms of life. I know well that my faults are forgiven, and that I have safe ground whereon to throw out my anchor; and yet there is one thing which grieves me very sorely now that I am about to die."

"And what is it that grieves you so?" said the officer.

"Ah Sir!" spoke the sailor, "at home I have a blind sister, and an old halt mother; to both have I caused many a pang in my youth, and brought the latter to poverty by my insupportable extravagances. Originally, before I went to sea, I learned the shoe-making trade, by which my good father supported himself before me: but I fell in with loose companions, and ran through all the little that we had both of us made. And when my mother, or my poor blind sister would warn me, and try to bring me to my senses, I added

abuse to obduracy, and increased their woes a thousand-fold. A few months before we sailed from England, I had again an interview with my mother and my sister. Ah, said I, taking them by the hand, mother, sister, forgive me that I have so often grieved you. See, said I" (and here again the sailor drew his breath in hurriedly, and seemed as about to weep,) "it afflicts me bitterly that I have behaved so to you; but mother, sister, pray God forgive me, and forgive me yourselves." 'Bill,' said my mother, 'I have long forgiven you all;' and my blind sister made the same reply; and both wept sorely at my departure, and my mother said 'Bill, if I never see you again in this world, God bless you, my boy, and I know in my heart that we shall one day meet in heaven.' And so, Sir," continued the sailor, "I have no manner of doubt that my mother forgave and forgot all my misdeeds against her; and my sister too; but nevertheless, my heart is sore troubled to think that, at the last, I can not embrace them; and say: mother—sister—once again I instantly beseech you—forgive all the wrongs which I have done against you."

The officer, whose temper was a truly Christian one, comforted the poor sailor as best he could, and promised him, among other things, that if ever, by God's blessing, he should get home again, he would himself go to Exeter to his mother, whose name and dwelling he fixed in his memory, and give her every particular which he had heard from her son.

"My generous friend," said the sick man, "I take you at your word. I adjure you by heaven, go to my mother's house, and when you get there, tell her:—Your Bill has died at sea; but these were among his last words; that he knew in his heart, and knew from his Bible, that he hath a merciful God; and he bade me speak in his name—mother—sister—forgive for Bill all the wrong which he has ever done against you."

James had listened to all this conversation with the severest emotion. Every word of the dying man went through his heart like a sword. Never till now had he felt how bitter and how deeply guilty he had been against his poor mother and all her happiness. For the first time since his childhood's innocence, did he shed tears of contrition. It shamed him not of these;—even if the whole world had seen him, he would have sobbed aloud. "Ah Bill!" said he, "happy art thou, that thou couldest ask a pardon of thy mother, and couldest hear her say, I forgive thee all! I have been a more



dissolute son than thou hast. That Bible which a generous stranger gave thee, thou hast held so dear and used so well, that thou canst take good heart therefrom, even in the hour of death; but the last legacy of my father, and the dearest treasure which my poor mother possessed, the Bible which she gave me in the sad hour of parting, I trifled away, for a glass, and a few pence."

James could hardly utter these last words without a loud wail. And willingly would the sailor have replied to them, except that a deepening weakness had paralysed his tongue. The officer committed the youth to God's mercy, for a holy penitence had fast possession of his soul. However, for some time after this, they had neither of them heart to speak much; for the survival of their poor companion was growing every moment more precarious. A violent retching, with which he had been seized on the previous night, returned upon him, and quickly broke up his remaining powers. At length the vomiting, which was of a dark yellow humour, abated a little, and as he lay white as death, and suffused with a cold sweat, the officer asked him how he now felt. Poor Bill pressed his folded hands to his bosom, and said in accents scarce discernible, "I am at rest."

These were the last words which he spoke on earth. The sun had just sunk in the west, and a sensible coolness took place of the afternoon's frightful heat. Notwithstanding that his two companions wrapped their patient in the newly-finished sail, and James moreover threw his cloak about him, a strong shivering seized all his limbs, and ere long, his jaws were locked. While twilight lasted, they observed how the eyes of the dying man were fixed upon heaven with inexpressible tranquillity; true, the frequent spasms somewhat discomposed his countenance, but they could not altogether obliterate the expression of peace which lighted up his face. The whole night long the unhappy castaways sat by their failing comrade overwhelmed with grief, James full oft moistening with a tear the hands which he strove to warm within his own. The officer uttered from time to time an appropriate and fervent prayer, or a pregnant text of Holy Writ, presuming that though the sufferer could no longer speak, his sense of hearing might yet remain; and so he alleviated, for himself and those about him, the agony of that long and dreadful night. And then the morning reddened over the sea, and the chill was even greater than before. Bill was yet ~~there~~ they saw, at day break; but his eyes were glazed and ~~his~~ his lips blanched, and his face cold. He drew breath

harder and harder; and just as the sun arose out of the sea, his spirit returned unto the God who gave it.

"Our friend is gone," said the officer, and wiped a tear from his eye. "'Tis no small matter," he added in a few moments, "thus to depart in peace, and straight as the mounting eagle to soar towards the morning of eternal rest, as our Bill has done. Of himself can no man do this, but in the precious holy Book, which was the most treasured inheritance of your saintly mother, and her parting gift to you, the way of that peace is written with a pencil of light. Young man, if ever God, having rescued you from this perilous ocean, bring you again to a Christian land, neglect not to treasure that Book in your heart, as beyond all price; and it shall be a lamp to your paths and a light to your eyes. There was a time when you cast it from you for a foul and withering poison; trod under foot, as it were, what you now mourn the loss of, even with tears: pray God for His grace, that you never again, for the venom of a filthy lust, barter what alone can save your soul, and so be lost for ever-lasting. God has set me in a position, and vouchsafed me means enough, to gratify every carnal inclination. But—and praised always be His holy Name—to these He has added another blessing—a longing to embrace Him, and to work out my salvation with fear and trembling. And this, that same Book which was the staff and treasure of your poor mother has taught me how to do. In it I possess that which is dearer to me than any thing which I can conceive or name;—sweeter and higher than all the wealth and bliss of this world; and with it I have that joyousness and peace of God, which none know save those to whom it is given. And now let us engage in the last sad office for our poor Bill; let us bury him as a valiant sailor, not in the cold bosom of the earth, but beneath the surge of the billow. Sea and land, they are both the Lord's, and both shall give up their dead, when He proclaimeth the resurrection of the body. Behold and see how Peace doth speak in all his features, now pale with death. Happy to depart in a faith such as Bill's."

Then the officer pronounced, from his Church's ritual, that noble form, wherewith the body is committed to the deep, to be turned into corruption, in hope of its resurrection (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And they gently dropped the corpse upon the sea, whose billows soon closed over it, as with a friend's embrace.

"Let us," said the officer, "as far as we may, now bethink ourselves of our own rescue and preservation. I have felt the want of rest for many hours; watch you, then, while I sleep; and if any thing critical occur, or you surmise of rocks or sand-banks, then wake me. And when I am thus a trifle refreshed, I will watch and you shall sleep."

Upon this the gentleman reposed upon the beam, and James hastened to make a pillow for him of the sail which had been yesterday prepared by their departed comrade, and sate himself in front of him, to screen him from the morning sun.

Thus was James left for some hours to his meditations. The officer, whose conversation and demeanour had filled him with love and veneration, and like whom, he thought, there had never been another man, had sunk into a soft deep slumber; and poor Bill, whose corpse, every now and then, drifted by the wreck, was in yet a deeper sleep; and James only was watching. And by God's mercy he watched now, not alone with the body. The sleep of his soul, the sleep of death, had passed away; and he prayed, for the first time of his life, as far as he had learned how, from the lowest bottom of his heart. Every word of his supplication told of pardon and of grace. True, his bodily condition was none of the best. His wounded hands shewed how hard he had worked at the pumps and other ways, before the ship broke up; his tongue cleaved with thirst to his palate, and his mouth was dry as a potsherd. His stomach, too, smarted with hunger, and his eyes were inflamed with protracted sleeplessness. And yet, withal, he felt a peace and a repose such as he had never felt before.

The officer awoke after few hours, and pressed James to lie down in his place. He slept, as in a swoon; but at midnight the officer must needs awake him. "Gladly," said he, "would I have let you rest longer; but now, if we would be saved from the peril imminent, we must up and be doing. Look yonder. The Gulf-Stream has carried us so near to land, that one can discern the palm forests on the gray mountain and hills. But ere ever we set foot on shore, there are some rocks here which we must steer clear of, over which the waves are loudly breaking."

James encouraged his companion to ply, now the spar which had served yesterday to set a sail on, and now the oar which poor Bill had worked so bravely; and as, besides, the crags lay near the margin of the current, by aid of a kind Providence they managed, in the course of half an hour, to steer clear of the danger.

The ache of hunger and of thirst had now taken such hold on James, that scarce could he longer stand upright. "Do as I do," said the officer, "and so will you alleviate this painful thirst a little." And he turned him away, undressed, and dipped his shirt and under-garments in the sea. And then, without wringing them, he put them on again, dripping wet with salt water. James did the same, and soon found that his thirst at any rate was much mitigated. "See," said the gentleman, "this bitter brine, which none can drink without the most severe excruciation of his thirst, instead of the desired relief, is filtered and rendered salutary by this management, to a degree which no device of ingenuity can accomplish. The fine porous skin of a parched and languid creature absorbs the water, and leaves upon the surface the salt which would render it ungenial. Many a shipwrecked sailor has saved his life by frequently and perseveringly moistening his body with salt water."

The wreck, carried onward with the rapid current, approached every moment nearer to the land, whose verdant shores were now conspicuous. That for which their raft was making seemed a little island, another lay not far off, and far away eastward, towered up the mountains on the coast of the continent.

But that very place, towards which they were borne, was encompassed by reefs of sand and rock; and all the efforts of our two unfortunates were insufficient to prevent their raft's stranding so fast, that for them to get it off again was quite impossible. The shore was above a mile off; the sun close upon setting; the planks and joists of the wreck shivered with every breaker, several fragments had already been torn away by the flood.

"Swim for your life, James," said the officer; "for your soul's health, and the comfort of your poor mother. Never more shall I reach land alive—I am but a bad swimmer, and even were it otherwise, all power is gone from my old, unwieldy frame."

"Sir," said the youth, "rather would I two deaths, than leave you to sink: if die we must, why let us die together. But I discern that still another course is open to us. We will quit the raft which every moment threatens to break up, and wade over to yon reef; for the sea is here so shallow, that one scarcely needs the swimmer's art. And beyond that reef I see another, and indeed a whole row of them, extending very nearly to the shore."

The gentleman gladly embraced James's proposal. They gained a second, and a third landing, the intervening water being scarcely breast high. But here the old man's vigour flickered and expired. "I must repeat my prayer, James," said he, "leave me here, and away for your life. You'll find some people on the island, perhaps, who will be ready to put out and save me."

"Sir," said James, who felt himself drawn towards this officer with such a grateful attachment, as gave a zest to every sacrifice, "I can't desert you now—the night approaches, and the tide will soon return upon the reef where we are. It is quite uncertain whether yon island be inhabited; or whether, when I have made the land, I shall still have strength to work out again. So for Heaven's sake get upon my back, and let me do my best towards towing you to shore."

Love recruited nature in the exhausted youth. He took a little breathing-time on each of the sand-banks, and without a thought of increased fatigue from his portly charge, soon remounted his burden on his back, and both reached shore in safety before the sun had gone down.

"Let us thank God for our deliverance," said the officer; and knelt upon the ground. James, who trembled hand and foot from fatigue and exertion, knelt joyously beside him, and the thanksgiving they rendered was as a reviving stream flowing from the heart on his wearied limbs. He thanked God on that day for a double deliverance; deliverance of the soul as well as of the body.

And now with languid steps they faltered on, and ere they had advanced a hundred paces, they heard a brook bubble, and oh! how quickened were these thirsty pilgrims by the music of the fresh sweet water! Then they saw some land laid out for cultivation in the English style; a foot-path ran through nurseries of twigs and saplings; and a little further off, there stood a crucifix. "Praise be to God!" exclaimed the officer; "we are once again in a Christian land." Embosomed in the trees was a cottage, the whole contour and arrangement of which left scarce a doubt that Europeans dwelt within. It belonged, as soon appeared, to a planter of Spanish ancestry. Its occupant used a *patois* formed of several European languages, such as is often heard in the coast-lands of Africa, as well among the negroes as among the offspring of European colonists. Of this language the well-travelled officer understood a little, and relating therein to the astonished cottagers the painful adventures of him-

self and his companion, he implored a hospitable reception, and the sacred privilege of guests.

The cottager was very courteous to them both; gave them the best of his table, and then assigned them a comfortable chamber, where James slept a deep sleep till late in the morning hours of next day. But how smitten was he to find, on awaking, his noble comrade sick, in a burning fever, and so faint and weary that he could not rise from his bed. "I've had but a poor night," said the generous man, "my aged frame will not again rally from this long conflict with the waves. I pray God it may not at last be your lot, dear James, to leave me behind in a stranger-land."

James took upon him the charge of his patient with a faithfulness and an enduring love for which he could hardly have credited himself;—of which, indeed, but a short time before, he had not been capable. Oh! thought he, as he sate on the sick man's bed, watching his every movement, and listening for each fresh gasp, oh! that I had shewn such faithfulness and love for my poor mother, or that I may yet have the means to do so! How shall she experience that sweet solace on the bed of pain, in requital for every grief and care which she has borne for me?

In the earlier period of his friend's sickness, and their sojourn on that little island, all went on tolerably enough, notwithstanding the suspense and suffering which are consequent upon disease. The planter who had received them extended all which their circumstances rendered expedient with true cordiality; and the noble-minded officer, on the second day of his stay, sent his host, by James, who had already learned to express himself in that simple *patois*, his gold and richly-jewelled watch, with a message that it might be a useful companion to him, in his daily business, but was perfectly out of place upon a bed of sickness; and therefore he begged that he would accept this little present, as a memorial of yesterday's friendly entertainment. But the benevolent planter must make a journey to the continent, to one of his distant estates, which was more than four months' travel from his present abode. His housekeeping, and the oversight of his business, were on such occasions transferred to a Mulatto woman, who seemed to take an especial interest in the settlement of colonists on that island. Scarce had he taken his departure, ere the strangers experienced a vast alteration. The first thing their new hostess asked was whether they had not another watch of which to make her a present, and which would assist her too, in her business; for the owner

of the plantation, Pedro, had taken with him the one he had received. And when she found that that single watch was the only valuable which they had saved from the wreck, she soon altered her bearing towards them. If ever James required some little refreshment for his exhausted friend, she would reply that she had no notion of entertaining a parcel of idlers in her house; that labour in the fields, at that time of day, was the proper occupation for able hands, and that if he would have bread for himself and his patient, why let him work for it.

The gentleman, to whom James reproduced this expression of the Mulatto woman, replied; "Take it not too harshly, James. They are in want of hands on this island. I feel a good deal refreshed, and indeed recovering fast, and can now, thank God, take care of myself. So humour the woman, and turn your hand as far as possible to render them assistance."

James was very ready to do so, his heart being, by the grace of God, set towards every good intention. He worked for his own bread from morn to night; and when his aged friend had recovered, and the shrew required that he should labour too, the youth acquitted that demand also with a truly zealous interest and affection. And well pleased was the Mulatto with the diligence of that steady, hardy lad, and willingly did she extend to both her guests every recompence which was within her means—seeming to have especial confidence in the integrity and honour of these strangers. And at least there was the sabbath, generally a day of great peace and refreshment, for her laborious servitor.

Oft as on that day he sat beneath the porch of his hut, or in the tamarind's grateful shade, his eyes would fill with tears of desire for the last legacy of his parents, that blessed book wherein all is written which can heal and comfort and rejoice the heart of man. "Ah!" he would pray, "bring me the bread of life in this wilderness—a Bible is all the guerdon which I ask." And this wish was gratified by an unexpected chance. One day the Mulatto sent him to an upper-room of one of the out-buildings to look for an augur. On the walls hung several European dresses; weapons were beside them; and in the very chest which contained the augur, he saw a book, which on opening, he discovered to his great joy, to be the Holy Bible in the English tongue.

Incontinent of his rapture he brought the augur in one hand and the book in the other, leapt to the house-keeper, and begged her as she loved his soul, to let him read it now

and then. The Mulatto laughed and said "'Tis a book which was saved from a wreck some years ago—no one of us can read it; as long as you work well and keep sober, you may consider it your own for all that I care."

In extacies did he press the volume to his heart, and bore it off to his hut as his only treasure in the world. He redoubled his exertions and his observance of every wish and beck of the old house-keeper, and thereby greatly lightened the lot which he and his friend had still to bear. But a greater, and indeed inexpressible mitigation of every burden which had weighed upon him was derived from the Book which He had granted him who is ever ready to hear the prayers of those who ask in His Son's Name. Every leisure moment of each day he spent in reading it; and all the sabbath long, he would scarce put the sacred volume from his hands. It seemed as though the scales which so long had blinded his eyes had at once dropped off. In the very pages which he had held of so small account, he now discerned a wisdom and a majesty with which none of this world's can compare, and found therein a pleasure more lively, intense and lasting, than he had ever known pleasure like before. And when any question arose upon its lessons, he at once referred it to his better read friend, whose chief pleasure lay in beholding the child-like docility of that youth's awakened zeal. And thus his heart was fixed, and he found in Revelation a ground where, like dying Bill, he might throw out his anchor boldly. The current which bore him on his voyage to that island, which he has oft been heard to call his passage towards Damascus, had proved to him one of those blessed streams of godly comfort which can fill all who live and breathe with plenty and delight.

The tranquil joy which James had experienced since his hours of godly sorrow at the death of Bill, bore him as on eagle's wings above all the hardships and mortifications of his present state, which in reality was little better than slavery; but the body, uninured from childhood to any such wear and tear, began to droop, ere many weeks, under the pressure of labour and a torrid clime. Oft did he think that he could scarce hold out till mid-day, much less till evening, in the sorry toil of trenching or of hoeing; only to the might of the inner man, in answer to his prayers, could he ascribe his perseverance. And when the red and gleamy sun went down, and he had accomplished some thing more than a common day's portion, at the stern bidding of that inexorable house-keeper, his knees would knock as he crept to the



chamber where his feverish excitement from excess of toil has been not even abated by the customary repose. And so there came a hollow in his young pale cheeks; and a frequent bleeding from the nose, (though by that, perhaps, another and a severer malady was warded off) contributed to his more complete enervation.

His noble friend sympathized most sincerely in all his sufferings. Often would he strive to lighten James's labours by his own hands; but so zealous was the youth to complete the task imposed, as for himself, and his dear and fatherly associate, that he never ceased his requests, till the old man, whose hands now faltered more from his recent sickness, would at least desist from any imprudent effort. "James," he would often say, "you have far more than fulfilled the sentence of your country, pronounced as the just retribution for your felonies. Ten years in Botany Bay had not been so exhausting as these ten weeks upon this scorching island. I trust that ours are ways of gracious direction, in order that you be the sooner restored unto your mother's bosom."

One sabbath, as James, in the blaze of noon, lay enshadowed by a rock, reading the lessons for the day, and so refreshing both his body and his soul, he heard, on a sudden, his native tongue resonant from more than a single lip. He turned him, and saw his dear associate approaching him in company with two others. "James," said he, "now is the day of rescue and return to our country and our homes. Not far off rides an English ship, on her return voyage from India; a boat is on the shore, which brought these scamen hither in search of fresh water; this very hour will it convey us to the vessel in whose captain I shall recognize an ancient friend."

James was singularly moved by this intelligence. "How dare I, Sir," said he, with an aching smile, "how dare I, poor miserable felon, face the country by whose sentence I am an outlaw?"

"You return," he replied, "under God's, and, if I dare say so much, under my fatherly guidance and protection. I will plead your cause at home; and all, depend upon it, all shall be well."

And now they left the colonist's cottage. The old man had remanded to the ship the boat which came in quest of water, and got a loan from the captain with which he so amply requited those who had received them after shipwreck, as would have been enough for the most liberal entertainment and solicitude. Even the Mulatto seemed chagrined that

she was about to lose her guests; she accompanied them to the boat, where James thanked her once again, with tears in his eyes, for the valued present for which he was indebted to her.

And now that they have returned to England, after a prosperous voyage in the ship on which they were so hospitably received, it is time that our thoughts recur to James's mother. Perhaps it may appear ungenerous in the turnkey that he should buy for himself the Bible which that boy had so vilely disposed of; but he had done it for the best, with the intention, on his return to London, to make it his first business to seek out the poor widow, whose dwelling he learned of one of the attendants in the jail, and restore her the book. "There," said he, "now have you your lost treasure again—your son was unworthy of it—he bartered it away for a glass of grog."

This tidings smote the poor widow to the earth. She shrieked aloud, and sunk pale as death beneath the wooden settle which, except a bench and a pillow of straw, was the sole remaining furniture of her apartment. She had for some time trusted that her tears need flow no more; but now they fell in hotter streams than ever. The last hope which she had cherished seemed gone for ever—the son of her sorrow was ripe for doom. The well-meaning turnkey compassionately waited by her. "May God comfort you, poor woman," said he; "for He alone is able. But some day soon I will return and see you."

The turnkey hurried home to his wife, whose heart was just as well disposed as her husband's, and who earned, as a laundress, what would well nigh support her family. Fortunately, their dwelling was not far from the widow's: for so these good people could the oftener attend her as she lay upon her bed of straw in bitter anguish of heart. The sympathizing matron was soon at her side; but ah! not a comfort or restorative found she near her. She ran for a neighbouring physician in whose laundry she was engaged, and provided her with tea and all the delicacies she could muster. "What we most want here is peace of mind," said the doctor, "and yet the emaciated body needs nourishment and care." The turnkey told him all her history. He was much affected. But "take comfort," he said, "I have a young friend whose delight it is to visit the sick, her days are all dedicated to mercy and to prayer. She can stay the tear and bind up the wounded spirit. From this day the sorrow-stricken widow shall not want again."

He spake no more; but on the same day the widow received a visit from the Sister of Mercy to whom he had referred, who, with the ghostly comfort of which she knew the living stream, brought her also what might refresh her sinking frame. The very next night, she was lain on a soft and wholesome bed, she ate and drank of the bounty of the "Home;" never since her widowhood had her feeble frame been tended and nourished as now when there was most need of both.

Yet, with all, her heart-wound would bleed still, that gash which her profligate boy had opened anew. It was near Eastertide; eight months had elapsed since the terrible hour of his departure. There came intelligence that the ship whereon he had embarked was a total wreck. They could not keep the news from the miserable mother. "Ah," she sobbed and prayed, "if his body is in the deep, may his soul have been saved by God's everlasting mercy."

But just as many friends and relatives in London were mourning the presumed death of the generous gentleman whom they had loved so well, the East-Indiaman, on which were himself and James, sighted England, and soon put into harbour. Three days after, they were steaming up the Thames; and his benefactor addressed James, "Tell me, my young friend, what position would you chuse, in case, as I hope, your sentence be remitted, and you be reinstated in your country as a penitent, and by God's grace a recovered criminal?" "No other," said James "than that which the prodigal son implored on his return; 'make me as one of thine hired servants.' I have now learnt to labour, and hope to do so with better heart here in England, than in the heats of Africa. In the sweat of my brow will I eat bread, and share every morsel with my poor dear mother, if she still by the blessing of God survive."

"Brave," said the gentleman, "I can make you one of my tenantry."

They reached London, and James must accompany his patron home. And he marvelled not a little at the number of his servants and the splendour and abundance of his mansion. "See here," said the gentleman, when the first emotions of his return to his family were somewhat subdued, "see here, dear kindred, the saviour of my life. This young man, by grace a converted sinner, at the peril of his own life, bore me on his shoulders through the shoals and o'er the reefs, or the returning tide had rolled over my disabled limbs. He has been my nurse, my support, my protector in a foreign land; has borne the heat and burden of the day

for me with devoted constancy ;—you must thank him, next to God, that you see me back to-day.”

The lady of the house, and her two step-sisters, thanked James with tears in their eyes ; and he, though sore embarrassed, and sensible of his undesert, felt a foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

“ You'll stay here to-day,” said his friend, “ I know where your thoughts are set ; on an early morning we'll seek out your mother together.”

They showed the youth his chamber. In an hour or two he was furnished with comely garments, and the gentleman reached him a purse full of gold, saying “ I pay you this in advance for the service I shall have from you ;—share this trifle with your mother.” His attorney, too, was quickly summoned, and at the mediation and on the security of his influential entertainer, James might go at large as he would until his case should be decided. Nor was it forgotten to make quest for James's mother, and to take care that her circumstances be tolerably easy, though as yet they were silent on the return of her son.

One morning, it was on the Easter feast, the old man bade James accompany him in his chariot. They first went to Church, and rendered public thanks for their safety and deliverance on the celebration of that highest and most joyous festival. Those only can be judges of their emotions, who like them, after eight months banishment from their country and their Church, have returned to do their homage upon such a feast. And after the Bread of Blessing had been broken, and the Cup of Communion had duly passed, they drove towards that part of town in which they had learned James's mother dwelt. And as they both alighted before the widow's dwelling, the young man's heart throbbed so exceedingly, that he must assure himself before he dare mount the staircase. Then they stole towards her chamber unobserved. “ My good woman,” said the gentleman, who entered first, having briefly greeted the astonished widow, “ I know that you are from your very soul a Christian, and take your comfort and your hope from the Word of God. You have heard the parable of the prodigal son : suppose just now another such were to step in to you, and say, mother, I have sinned against heaven and before thee ; but pardon me all the pangs which make thy son so unworthy of thee—could you from your heart forgive that son ?”

“ Ah—my James—my James”—shrieked the mother, with devout emotion—“ and is my poor James yet alive ?”

"Aye"—said the stranger, "not in the body only, but in the soul too—he lives a ransomed and a pardoned sinner." The door flew open and James cast himself before his mother's feet. Her tears were stanch'd for ever—she had found, never to be lost again, her ransomed son and faithful minister in the way of life.

Nor did the noble gentleman rest satisfied with this beginning of good offices. His powerful intercession and interest were employed for the boy's reprieve, and the withdrawal of outlawry from one who had rescued him from a watery grave. He was security to the extent of his whole possessions for the future conduct of the converted youth. But there was this to assure him; that for James, and all his future course, Another was bail, Who had pledged more than this world's goods, even His blood and His life, in bail for such as James; Who shall by no means lose one of those whom the Father hath given Him. Nor yet was there an end of his princely benefits. He conveyed to his deliverer from perils by water a fair estate in one of the loveliest sites of Westmoreland. And there reposed James with his mother, the staff of her declining years, the friend of all the good, and benefactor of the widow, the orphan and the poor, a pattern and encouragement to every Christian of his neighbourhood. And as his worthy patron was without heirs, he had arranged that James's little farm should be considerably augmented at his own demise.

Nor did this gentle heart forget the promise he had made to calm the spirit of poor dying Bill. He sought the mother and the blind sister of the departed, and comforted them both, in soul and in body. "Regard this," said he, as he settled enough upon them for their life-long provision, "regard this as the portion of your worthy relative, who, with the last energies of his dying frame, did steer us so far through the main, till the gulf-stream tore us from his valorous hands, to waft us, as heaven would have it, to a place of deliverance."

## V.

## THE CASUARINA TREE.\*

Loquente sæpe sibilum edidit comâ.—CATULLUS.

THE stranger stood on the Indian land,  
When the sun had risen high ;  
And the thought of his own far distant strand  
Drew forth a natural sigh.

Over his head hung the feathery bough  
Of the Casuarina tree ;  
And "oh," he cried, "could I hear but now  
The sound of my native sea."

The light breeze swept across the plain,  
Amazed the stranger stood,  
For sure ! as in dreams, he catches a strain  
Like the voice of the ancient flood.

Not that muffled voice the rich sea brings  
To banks where the palms hang o'er ;  
Not that thunder tone, when his waves he flings  
On the Coronandel shore.

But such, or the listener thought it so,  
As oft, on a summer's day,  
Had murmured solemnly to and fro  
O'er the beach of an English bay.

A beach where a maiden once had trod,  
In the pride of her youthful prime ;—  
But life and death are the gift of God,  
Who knoweth their proper time.

Then quickly that stranger fled the place  
To learn what the thing might be ;  
But its source not elsewhere may he trace,  
For the charm was in the tree.

So he grew to bless that beautiful tree  
For the sound which its branches gave ;  
For it woke in him the memory  
Of the melancholy wave.

And whenever the breezes shook the grove,  
To its shade would he gladly come ;  
"Oh ! sing me," said he, "that dirge of love.  
"And teach me to dream of home."

MORCOTT.

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\* When the wind blows through this tree, it causes a sound like the sea breaking gently over the shingle.

## VI.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THE OCCUPATIONS OF THE BLESSED  
IN A FUTURE LIFE.\*

THE object of this paper is to shew how, by a proper and judicious employment of the principle of analogy, things 'seen and temporal' may be made the means of giving vividness, reality and interest to our anticipations of the things 'unseen and eternal.' We further propose to advert to the use which has been, and may be, made of the highest human virtues, for the purpose of representing the divine perfections in such a light as most forcibly to strike men's imaginations and awaken their emotions of admiration and love. The value of this principle, as applied to the latter purpose, has been well illustrated by the prince of theologians, Bishop Butler, in his admirable Sermons on the love of God; while its application to the former object is shewn by two well known writers, Archbishop Whately, and Mr. Isaac Taylor. We shall extract freely from the works named above, whatever they may contain best suited to elucidate those parts or aspects of the subject which we wish to bring most prominently into view, giving at the same time an account of any thing else which we may find in their pages most striking or worthy of attention. We shall not be deterred from quoting or analyzing any of these works, because they have been some time before the public, and ought, therefore, to be well known; and simply for this reason, that we are convinced that the important and original thoughts they contain are not so well known as they ought to be. In the present age, when the multitude of books issuing from the press is so overwhelming, and when the variety of current topics,—most of them of ephemeral interest,—which press upon our notice, is so vast and so distracting, many books of sterling value are apt to be overlooked and forgotten even by thinking and studious men, and much more so by those who have little leisure or inclination for reading.

\* 1. *A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a future state, laid before his parishioners by a Country Pastor.* 3rd edition, 1832.

2. *Physical Theory of Another Life.* By the Author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm.* 3rd edition, 1847.

3. *Three Essays.* The Reunion and Recognition of Christians in the Life to Come; The Right Love of Creatures and the Creator; Christian Conversation. By John Sheppard, Author of "Thoughts on Private Devotion," &c.

4. *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.* By the Rt. Hon'ble Sir J. Stephen. Article V., vol. 2, "The Historian of Enthusiasm."

The subject of his own future and eternal destinies is one, which must possess the most intense interest for every thoughtful man. Most religious persons, however, while exerting all their energies, to secure their everlasting well-being, rarely try to anticipate the character of that future about which they are so solicitous. This condition of mind is akin to that of a person whom we may conceive to be so anxiously engaged in putting into motion every engine which he can employ for the recovery of a lost inheritance, which he has never seen,—and which he may fail to regain, if he at all remits his earnestness and diligence,—that he finds no inclination to picture to himself the beauties of the estate which is the object of his efforts. But surely it is no unhalloved curiosity which would prompt us to learn all that we can on a subject which concerns us so nearly. And, on the other hand, we can see no reason why sober and cautious speculation, exercised by men of penetrating and well-disciplined intellects, and borrowing hints from discoveries made in other branches of moral and physical science, should not gradually attain to more precise and probable results (as far as what must be after all but conjecture can be called so,) than have yet been reached. What valid ground is there for assuming that human knowledge, which is in almost every thing else more or less progressive, should here be altogether stationary; or that well-directed thought, which is productive in every other department, should in this be entirely fruitless? Even if we were altogether to disallow (which we are not disposed to do,) such bold conjectures as Mr. Taylor has put forth, there still remains a wide field for the development and illustration of such views as those which Dr. Whately has unfolded in the tenth chapter of his "Scripture Revelations,"—representations, we mean, which shall be not only in perfect harmony with the intimations of Scripture, but based on the essential principles of human nature, and therefore fitted to call forth its most ardent aspirations.

It is natural for men to look forward to the future. But unfortunately they are prone to confine their hopes to the immediate future, instead of directing them to that which is remote and permanent. In the case of most men, one main reason is, obviously, this, that they naturally dread to contemplate the eternal future which lies beyond the grave. And this dread cannot be removed, until they begin to have some ground for hope that their transition from this world to the next will be a blessing and not a curse. Another reason, however, why men, and even Christian men, fail to



direct their thoughts more constantly to the world to come is, that it has never been presented to their minds in such a definite aspect as to fix and interest their thoughts. And if even the unthinking can be brought to regard heaven as an object of interest and desire, this contemplation may be the means of drawing their souls to God and goodness.

It is our wisdom, too, to look forward and to hope. If we are happy here, and have much to enjoy, why should we not enhance our present felicity by anticipating that which is far higher and greater, and the prospect of which can alone remove from present enjoyments that hollow sense of transitoriness and uncertainty which most of all embitters them? The secret sense of possessing one great inalienable treasure must vastly enhance the value of all inferior blessings.\* Those again who are not happy, have a still stronger reason for looking forward to that future happiness which may be theirs, if they will only seek it earnestly. Here we may make some observations on the degree in which the world and its concerns may be blamelessly allowed to engage our affections. At first sight it might be supposed that the love of the world is entirely forbidden. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," says the Apostle John. It is of great consequence that religious men should have a clear and correct view of the meaning and the bearings of this command, both on their own account, and on account of others, unhappily, not religious, with whom they may be brought into contact. It is clear from this as well as from other passages of the New Testament, that there is a sense in which the love of the world is eminently sinful, in fact, the root and essence of all sin; and that we are continually and slavishly prone to this devotion to the 'seen and temporal.' Whether it chain us down through "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," or whether by engrossing all our thoughts and affections with the

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\* The following lines of Schiller, though their proper reference is to an object of earthly affection, may be applied to this subject:—

Das Spiel des Lebens sieht sich heiter an,  
 Wenn man den sichern Schatz in Herten trägt;  
 Und froher keh'r'ich, wenn ich es gemustert,  
 Zu meinem schönern Eigenthum zuruck.

*Wallenstein.*

To him who in his heart his treasure bears,  
 The game of life a cheerful aspect wears;  
 And, when that game I've marked, with gladder heart  
 I to my fairer heritage revert.

pursuit of objects not in themselves culpable, or it may be, even praiseworthy,—it tends to exclude God from our minds,—in both these cases it is the cause of infinite evil and peril.

But the world may and must be viewed in another aspect. It is God's world; the manifestation of His power and glory, the theatre of His providence, and moral government. It is our birth-place, the home of our being's childhood, the place of our education for immortality—though not our final or permanent abode. We therefore cannot but love it. The world and the things in the world are all naturally calculated, that is, they are divinely intended, to attract our notice, and to exercise our faculties. Excepting the world and its objects, there is nothing which could answer the purpose of developing our powers, or which could furnish them with those ideas which are the basis of our conceptions of God's character and glory. The world and the things in the world must, therefore, according to God's design, inevitably be to us the objects of interest and concern. Independently of the fact that the world is God's work, and that men are His creatures, and on this account deserving of our regard for their Creator's sake;—both our mundane abode and our human brethren possess in themselves qualities which inevitably excite our admiration and love. The glorious frame of nature can be regarded with indifference only by the ignorant or apathetic, and he who does not love and admire human excellence, must be himself depraved and degraded. St. John himself pronounces the love of God without the love of man to be inconceivable. "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

We are therefore divinely enjoined to love mankind; we are equally commanded both by the voice of nature and of revelation to seek out the great and glorious works of the Lord, and to take pleasure therein; we must, as men, take an interest in the doings of men,—the works of their genius, their social and political movements, and the rise and fall of their empires. The world must, consequently, to a certain degree, engross both our thoughts and our affections. How, then, are we to observe the Apostle's injunction not to love the world, in so far as it may relate to a love which is only blameable in its excess?

If we would cease to love the world and its concerns exclusively, we must set before our thoughts and affections some other, higher, and more excellent objects. Our thoughts and affections must fasten on something; and

while unrenewed and unsanctified, can fasten only on the world. The world is not, as has been shewn, an improper, but only an inadequate object for the soul;\* it "hath no glory;" only "by reason of the glory that excelleth." The only remedy for the love of the present world is the love of God, and the vivid anticipation of the world to come. When the grandeur and glory of the greater objects are once perceived, the attractions of the lesser will wane away into comparative dimness.

It is thus of the highest importance to our Christian life on earth, that we should look forward with hope and desire to the world to come. The ardent anticipation of eternal and perfect blessedness cannot fail to purify, to elevate, and to tranquillize the soul. Mr. Taylor's remarks on this subject are worthy of attention:—

"It is very true that Christianity has suffered damage by vain and presumptuous intrusions into its mysteries; but it may also be injured, and perhaps in a more fatal, though a more silent manner, by the cold withdrawal of all attention and of all curiosity from the high themes of meditation which it involves. In fact this is the very danger to which our religion is now exposed; and a too eager regard to things unseen is certainly not the fault of the times we live in. There may then be a seasonableness in the endeavour to engage attention upon the tranquil but vivifying anticipation of another life; and it must always be true, that a distinct and familiar conception of it is likely to aid us as well in resisting the seductions of the present life, as in sustaining its pains and sorrows; nor does all the help we can obtain of this kind prove enough to ensure a due repose of mind amid those agitating alternations of hope and fear that attend our path."—*Physical Theory*, 3rd edition, p. 4.

Our interest in the prospect of heaven cannot but be comparatively faint, if we have nothing more than a vague idea of its superiority to the present state of existence. It is true we cannot make any approach to a full and adequate conception of the celestial state. Still, by a proper use of the lights afforded by Scripture and reason, we may advance nearer than might be at first sight imagined to a generally correct anticipation of the nature of that happiness and perfection which await the redeemed. Let us see what is the process by which this result may be attained.

In attempting to conceive the unknown, we must build upon the known. The ladder by which we ascend to heaven must be planted on the earth. It is by the analogy of the present alone that we can in any degree grasp the future. It is only by making the actual our point of departure that

\* Bp. Butler. Sermons on the Love of God.

we can soar towards the glorious ideal which we hope one day to realize.

And that our present constitution may lead us to some just anticipation of the character of our future being, is thus well argued by Mr. Taylor :

“If it be true that human nature, in its present form, is only the rudiment of a more extended and desirable mode of existence, we can hardly do otherwise than assume that the future being must lie so involved in our present constitution as to be discernable therein ; and that a careful examination of this structure, both bodily and mental, with a view to the supposed reconstruction of the whole, will furnish some means of conjecturing what that future life will be, at least as to its principal elements.”—pp. 4—5.

“Thou shalt see greater things than these. Hereafter ye shall see heaven opened.”\* The prospect is held out to us of beholding things beyond the compass of our present experience. If we would conceive of these future unimagined realities, we must take the highest elements and sources of our present happiness, in all their lavish variety, as the germs from which the conceptions of heavenly felicity are to be developed. To attain a vivid impression of the best and highest of earthly blessings, we must contemplate them as enjoyed in the greatest perfection when every thing conspires to enhance their power of gratifying. The common tenor of our life has much that is painful, much that is unsatisfying, much that is dull and dreary and uninteresting. All this must be put out of sight ; and the highest enjoyments of the taste, the imagination, the intellect, the affections which we have ever experienced, must be contemplated apart from the recollection of their transitoriness, and unalloyed by their connexion with the more sombre and gloomy passages of our existence.

Let us call up, for instance, the glories of external nature, the delight of gazing on a rich and varied landscape, illuminated by the full lustre of noontide, in a temperate clime. Let us think of the fairest scenes we have witnessed, wooded hill, and verdant dale, and winding river, set off perhaps by a background of Alpine peaks rising in “incommunicable grandeur,”† and crowned with eternal snows. Let us concentrate, as it were, into one conception, all our recollections of the scenes which have most enchanted us, and think that in heaven we shall see “greater things than these,” grander

\* John i. 51, 52.

† Professor J. D. Forbes. *Travels in the Alps.*

visions with renovated faculties, and higher capacities of enjoyment ;

“ All that is most beauteous imaged there,  
 In happier beauty ;—more pellucid streams ;  
 An ampler æther, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams.”

From the contemplation of inanimate nature let us ascend to that of intellectual and moral excellence ; and place before our minds all that we have admired and loved in human genius, heroism and goodness ; and let us conceive of these qualities as presented to our view freed from all imperfection, exalted, and purified in their character, ennobled by their consecration to grander aims, and exercised on a wider theatre. Let us further consider ourselves as purged from all selfish affections, able to look upon merit in others with unjaundiced eye, and otherwise qualified to appreciate an excellence transcending our present experience. We may thus be able, in some measure, to conceive how the love and admiration which benevolent and heroic deeds now excite, shall be surpassed by the contemplation of corresponding actions of a kindred but sublimer character in the world to come.

Let us endeavour to render this general conception a little more particular, and imagine those whom we most admire and love, as having attained their glorified state, and become, in their degree, perfectly worthy objects of affection, as well as admiration. Let us further imagine these objects of our regard, together with all the other members of the blessed family of the redeemed, distinguished as, we must suppose, they will all be by the same variety of individual character which we now witness among mankind, to have full scope granted for the exercise and display of all their expanded faculties and all their perfected virtues, as members of a celestial community, and each placed in the sphere of action suited to his peculiar powers. How admirable will be the rich and manifold exhibitions of their genius and wisdom, how noble the achievements of their virtue, and how intense the attention and the delight with which these great and excellent deeds will be regarded ! Constituted as we now are, it seems necessary that the tragical elements of danger, “ terror, and pity” should be blended with the actions which pass before our view, in order to stir our souls and evoke our fullest interest. And yet it is quite possible to imagine that when “ this mortal shall have put on immortality,” our sympathy and regards may be called forth in the amplest degree without any such painful stimulants. As, how-

ever, we are but too well assured that evil and pain will not be done away, even after our redemption is fulfilled, we may suppose that the redeemed themselves may be brought into contact, and perhaps conflict, with the powers of evil, as Scripture informs us the unfallen Spirits have been. And thus, though the redeemed shall be for ever secure against all dangers through the might of their Heavenly King, their energies may still be exercised in the contest with both misery and guilt.\*

Besides the actions of their own renovated community, we may suppose that the redeemed will be permitted to witness and to explore the deeds and the histories of the unfallen angels. Those exalted beings we need not look upon as isolated individuals, but may regard as united in communities, and acting as members of social systems. Thus viewed, prospectively, their acts and fortunes will interest us more, as bearing more analogy to our own present condition, than if we thought of them merely as individuals. In looking forward to the life to come, the mind is somewhat prone to fall into the supposition that, there, there will be no history, no current of ever evolving events. But this is quite a groundless imagination. Intellectual and moral natures must, it should seem, have a development and a history; and created beings must be the subjects of a government, - that of their Creator. Both the actions of the unfallen hosts, and the divine procedure in swaying the course of their existence and mutual relations, and perhaps also the regulation of their affairs by some finite being of eminent rank, will, therefore, we may reverently suppose, form objects of most interesting contemplation to the blessed. The only government of which we have full cognizance now, that of men by their fellows, proceeds more by punishments than by rewards. The providence of God, as we are assured by Scripture, acts upon us by both. But the method of the Divine government in regard to unfallen beings is one of which our present experience enables us to form but little conception. We can only imagine that while punishments are unknown, they are maintained in their allegiance to God and to goodness both by love and by awe, as well as, doubtless, by the ample rewards lavished by their benignant Sovereign. But whatever be the particular principles of the Divine rule over these sinless families, we must suppose that God's method

\* Such, at least, is the view taken by Mr. Taylor in a passage which will be quoted further on.

in promoting their happiness and advancement will afford new and infinitely varied manifestations of His goodness, righteousness, wisdom and power.

Thus we may anticipate that in the world to come there will be no pause of action, no stagnation in the current of events, but that the successive acts of one great drama, evolving continually new scenes of infinite variety and grandeur,—in which all the blessed themselves shall be permitted to play a part, achieving heroic deeds, and earning “glory and honour,”—will be for ever proceeding and never concluded.

The same process of reasoning by analogy may be carried out in regard to each of the higher classes of objects which engage the intellect, or the affections of mankind. The acquisition of knowledge, now so interesting an occupation, will hereafter be pursued with far higher delight, more successful issue, and far grander results, when our faculties shall have acquired an untiring and elastic vigour, and no prejudices will remain to dim and pervert the perceptions of the intellect. Even if, as Mr. Taylor supposes, a knowledge of the laws of nature will be gained by intuitions, without the necessity of lengthened trains of reasoning; still we must suppose that the acquisition of this and of all other knowledge will not be a mere passive process of reception, but possess all the charms of an active and vigorous pursuit. Then how much wider and grander will our views in every department of thought become, how vastly more extended our horizon, how infinitely more commanding our point of view, how infinitely purified the medium of vision, how infinitely increased the variety and magnitude of the scenes and objects contemplated, and how manifold the new relations discovered!

Nor should the idea be admitted, that vast as the increase of knowledge gained by the mere fact of entering on a new condition of being shall be, we shall at once have learned nearly all we can ever know. It is only the limitation of our present faculties which leads us thus to stop short on the threshold of futurity, by incapacitating us to conceive the further advances to which the one great change must conduct. Such ideas of a stationary condition are at variance both with the nature of our own capacities, and the infinite magnitude of God’s designs, founded on the infinitude of His nature.

We might even perhaps admit the conception that the votaries of science and the nobler branches of literature, who have in this life consecrated their peculiar tastes to the glory

of God, may find in the employments of the life to come something corresponding or analogous to the peculiar pursuits in which they now delight. The love of the sublime, the lofty, the fair, must, it is natural to suppose, find its appropriate objects hereafter; and even the taste for the noble creations of architecture and other branches of art may find scope in some far diviner harmonies. However this may be, no one who cherishes a chastened and hallowed taste for any laudable object of human pursuit need anticipate with any regret the prospect of its disappearance (if disappear it must) from the circle of his employments in heaven; for it will only disappear to make room for other objects far more worthy to occupy his regards, and far more attractive to his renewed faculties, and purified affections. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; when I became a man, I put away childish things."\*

But, after all, the central, and infinitely brightest object in the Christian's vision of future blessedness, must be the image of his Divine Lord. We should endeavour, by every fitting exercise of the imagination, the reason and the affections, to exalt our ideas of Christ. The principle of analogy is, as we have said, admirably employed by Bishop Butler in his Sermons on the love of God, to aid us in conceiving of the Divine Nature as an object of supreme affection. The same principle may be well applied to the purpose of giving clearness and freshness to our conceptions of the character of the Incarnate Son. We find in more than one passage of Scripture, illustrations drawn from mere human virtue to aid us in making some approach to a right estimate of the self-sacrificing love of Christ. St. Paul says; "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, though peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die: but God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."† And our Lord Himself says: "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friend."‡ We should therefore heap together all such analogies and illustrations, derived from all that we most admire and love and reverence, as, in a humble and reverent spirit, we may consider fitted to render brighter and livelier the picture we may have formed in our minds of His infinite

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\* 1 Corinth. xiii. 11.

† Romans v. 7, 8.

‡ John xv. 13.



goodness and perfection, both as He existed in His humiliation, as He now is, when entered into His glory,—and as He shall be, when those who have now begun to be “changed into the same image,” “shall see Him as He is.” Christ should be the idol of our imagination, of our reason, and of our affections. All our faculties should aspire to do Him homage and invest Him with the noblest and loftiest attributes which they can suggest. We should strive to conceive of Him as the glorious Ideal of all goodness and heroism; the divine Archetype of all perfection and moral greatness. This idea is expressed by Mr. Sheppard in the following lines, supposed to be spoken of our fallen race, by the unfallen inhabitant of another planet. Mr. Sheppard is in the habit of intermingling his prose with original verse, when the latter appears to be an appropriate vehicle for his thoughts. We do not give the passage,—though it is of considerable merit,—as being at all worthy of the subject, (to the level of which a Milton alone could approach,) but as embodying a train of thought well fitted, if adequately expressed, to aid in awakening our admiration and love of “the Captain of our salvation,” who was made “perfect through suffering.”

“Alas, that some high-ton’d and soaring minds  
Amid those fallen immortals, minds intent  
To span the starry orbs, and mete out heaven,  
Or read the relics of the pristine earth,  
Susceptive, too, of admiration’s glow  
At lofty self-devotement—patriot zeal,  
Or friendship’s fervour,—should yet coldly slight,  
Or thrust aside with infidel disdain,  
The records and the acts of godlike love.

We know their classic sympathy with names  
Heroic or romantic, which the world  
Has vaunted—a Leonidas in arms,  
A Pythias, fearless for his friend to die,  
Or the brave youth whose Roman virtue plung’d  
In the riven Forum. Nor their genius less  
Delights in poesy’s ideal groups  
And colouring, to trace or to portray  
Self-sacrifice; the lofty nobleness  
Or unbought constancy of generous hearts:  
But yet, perversely credulous, they deem  
These scatter’d rays, these sparks from heaven’s full orb,  
These transient gleams of greatness, to be all:  
Unmindful of that sovereign glory, whence  
Man’s little life and glow-worm lustre flow.  
Heedless, that while exemplars found on earth,  
And that ideal human which outvies them,  
Can be so kingly, ’tis an atheist soul  
Which will believe nought nobler, nought that was  
Of these the Archetype; averse to own

That it behov'd the Inspirer and Prime Source  
Of every lofty thought, in all to hold  
Divine pre-eminence, and still surpass  
Ineffably, the shadows of Himself."

*Sheppard's Essay on the true Love of the Creature  
and the Creator: pp. 163—4.*

We cannot refrain from quoting a few passages from Bishop Butler,—well known as they no doubt are, yet not half so well known as they ought to be,—conveying his profound conceptions of the blessedness to be derived from the contemplation of the Divine Nature in the world to come. He writes thus in the second of his Sermons on 'the love of God:'

"In this world it is only the effects of wisdom, and power, and greatness, which we discern: it is not impossible, that hereafter the qualities themselves in the Supreme Being may be the immediate object of contemplation. What amazing wonders are opened to view by late improvements! What an object is the universe to a creature, if there be a creature who can comprehend its system! But it must be an infinitely higher exercise of the understanding, to view the scheme of it in that mind, which projected it, before its foundations were laid. And surely we have meaning to the words, when we speak of going further; and viewing, not only this system in his mind, but the wisdom and intelligence itself from whence it proceeded. The same may be said of power. But since wisdom and power are not God, he is a wise, a powerful Being; the Divine nature may therefore be a further object to the understanding. It is nothing to observe that our senses give us but an imperfect knowledge of things: effects themselves, if we knew them thoroughly, would give us but imperfect notions of wisdom and power; much less of his Being, in whom they reside. I am not speaking of any fanciful notion of seeing all things in God. But only representing to you, how much an higher object to the understanding an infinite Being himself is, than the things which he has made: and this is no more than saying, that the Creator is superior to the works of his hands.

"But whoever considers distinctly what the delight of knowledge is, will see reason to be satisfied that it cannot be the chief good of man: all this, as it is applicable, so it was mentioned with regard to the attribute of goodness. I say, goodness. Our being and all our enjoyments are the effects of it: just men bear its resemblance: but how little do we know of the original, of what it is in itself? Recall what was before observed concerning the affection to moral characters; which, in how low a degree soever, yet is plainly natural to man, and the most excellent part of his nature; suppose this improved, as it may be improved, to any degree whatever, in the spirits of just men made perfect; and then suppose that they had a real view of that righteousness, which is an everlasting righteousness; of the conformity of the Divine will to the law of truth, in which the moral attributes of God consist; of that goodness in the sovereign Mind, which gave birth to the universe: add, what will be true of all good men hereafter, a consciousness of having an interest in what they are contemplating; suppose them able to say, This God is our God for ever and ever: would they be any longer to seek for what was their chief happiness, their final good? Could the utmost

stretch of their capacities look farther? Would not infinite perfect goodness be their very end, the last end and object of their affections, beyond which they could neither have, nor desire; beyond which they could not form a wish or thought?

“Consider wherein that presence of a friend consists, which has often so strong an effect, as wholly to possess the mind, and entirely suspend all other affections and regards; and which itself affords the highest satisfaction and enjoyment. He is within reach of the senses. Now, as our capacities of perception improve, we shall have, perhaps by some faculty entirely new, a perception of God’s presence with us in a nearer and stricter way; since it is certain he is more intimately present with us than any thing else can be.

“Proof of the existence and presence of any being is quite different from the immediate perception, the consciousness of it. What then will be the joy of heart, which his presence, and the light of his countenance, who is the life of the universe, will inspire good men with, when they shall have a sensation, that he is the sustainer of their being, that they exist in him when they shall feel his influence to cheer and enliven and support their frame, in a manner of which we have now no conception? He will be in a literal sense their strength and their portion for ever.”

Let us try to conceive of a life made up of scenes like these, or surpassing these, which an attempt has been made to shadow forth;—the full and ever fresh enjoyment of the glories of creation,—the serene splendour of eternal noon without, corresponding to the calm consciousness of perfect blessedness within; the fulfilment of all aspirations after the lofty, the fair, the sublime;—the realization of every cherished ideal of perfection; a progressive apprehension of the grandeur and marvels of the works of God; the contemplation of the majestic march of heavenly events, involving the destinies of our redeemed race, as well as of all unfallen creatures, and of angelic hierarchies,—events which shall not require the zest of crime and suffering, to invest their gradual evolution with the sublimest interest; an increasing insight into the mysteries of the Divine government, and more glorious manifestations of the Divine mind; the presence of Christ, the constant sunshine of His favour, the vision of His unutterable glory;—all these things contemplated and enjoyed with unwearied faculties, endowed with an eternal exultant buoyancy. If the dreary unsatisfying present so much engrosses our affections, what infinitely greater power should the anticipation of this all-important and glorious future exert over our souls! We are fast approaching to the confines of that inevitable and eternal state. If we dare not look forward to it without apprehension, our first object should be to seek for instant emancipation from this dreadful bondage. If, on the contrary, we have learned to contemplate with hope this illimitable prospect, is it not strange

that our thoughts should so seldom travel beyond the grave, and seek to obtain some glimpses of the fair inheritance which, we trust, awaits us, as "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ" (wonderful and awful words, if we could fathom the depths of their import!) when "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father?" God hath already conferred on us one amazing gift, the gift of His Son; and "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, will He not with Him also freely give us all things?" The fulness of His bounty, however, cannot be lavished on us here. The conditions of our present being are a bar to the full reception of His gifts. But in heaven the magnitude of the blessings bestowed will correspond to the glory of Him for whose sake they are conferred. And what loftier measure can we assume of their greatness?

The work entitled "A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State," though it does not bear in the title page the name of Dr. Whately, is an acknowledged production of that distinguished prelate. It consists of twelve popular lectures, delivered to a country congregation, in which various topics relating to a future state are handled. The Xth lecture, on the "Occupations and State of Society of the Blest," is the one which is most closely connected with our present subject, and contains many very just and important observations, of which the principal will be referred to or quoted; even at the risk of going over some ground already traversed.

Dr. Whately considers that even well-disposed persons are little inclined to dwell on the thoughts of the world to come, both from despair of forming any satisfactory conceptions of future blessedness, and from their finding the notions they do form to be less pleasing than they think they ought to find them. But he is of opinion, that more may be justly inferred in regard to the character of eternal happiness, and that the true conception of that state is far more attractive to the imagination than such persons usually imagine:

"Vast as must be the difference, in many respects, between the glorified condition of the Saints, and every thing they have experienced here; yet I doubt whether there may not be more resemblance between the two states,—the earthly and the heavenly,—than some suppose. Sins and infirmities will of course be excluded from that better world,—the enjoyments and perfections of sincere Christians will be immensely heightened; but if we look on the brightest and purest spots of human nature and human life, as it is here, we may be led to form, I think, no unreasonable conjectures as to some things that will be here-

after. For we should remember, that both worlds are the work of the same Author;—this present world of trial, and the eternal world,—“the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.” All that is suitable to this world alone, will be removed from that other: what is evil, will be taken away;—what is imperfect, will be made complete;—what is good, will be extended and exalted;—but there is no reason to suppose, that any further change will be made than is necessary to qualify the faithful for that improved state;—that their human character will be altered, any further than it wants altering; and its dispositions and whole constitution unnecessarily reversed.

“And a strong confirmation of these views is, that this life (as I have before remarked) is plainly represented in Scripture as not only a state of trial, but of preparation also, for a better world; now this last circumstance surely implies that the condition into which the Christian is required to bring himself in this life, must bear some degree of resemblance to that which is promised in the next: or else, there could be nothing of preparation in the case.”—*Scripture Revelations*, pp. 243—5.

After some other remarks this view is further pursued and illustrated as follows:—

“But according to the views which some entertain of the next world, many additional circumstances of difference are introduced, for which I can perceive no such reason. For example, it has been asserted by some, and is, I believe, taken for granted by others, that in that heavenly society, there will be no mutual knowledge between those who had been friends on earth; nor even any such thing as friendship towards one person more than another, but that all such narrow feelings (as some represent them) will be swallowed up in universal and undistinguishing good-will towards the whole body of glorified saints. Now, this view of the world to come, be it true or not, certainly is not the most alluring to the minds of men, such as even the best men now are.

“Again, it is not indeed expressly asserted, but seems rather to be supposed and implied, in the expressions and thoughts of most persons on this subject, that the heavenly life will be one of inactivity, and perfectly stationary;—that there will be nothing to be done,—nothing to be learnt,—no advances to be made;—nothing to be hoped for,—nothing to look forward to, except a continuance in the very state in which the blest will be placed at once. Now this also, is far from being an alluring view, to minds constituted as ours are. It is impossible for us to contemplate such a state,—even with the most perfect assent of the understanding to the assertion, that it will be exquisitely happy;—still, I say, it is impossible for such minds as ours, to contemplate such a state, without an idea of tediousness and wearisomeness forcing itself upon them. The ideas of change,—hope,—progress,—improvement,—acquisition,—action,—are so intimately connected with all our conceptions of happiness,—so interwoven with the very thought of all enjoyment,—that it is next to impossible for us to separate them. We can indeed easily enter into the idea of heaven’s being a place of “rest,” as we are assured it is; that is, of rest from all toilsome, painful, distressingly anxious exertions: and we can also very well understand the enjoyment of rest in itself (that is, the mere absence of all exertion,) for a time, and as a change. But it is the contrast with exertion that alone makes rest agreeable. Take away all exertion, and rest (or rather inactivity, for it can no longer be called rest), becomes so intolerably tedious to

us, that even toilsome labour would at length be chosen by almost every one in preference.

“Perfect security, again, from all danger of a change for the worse, is a highly gratifying idea; but the expectation of a change for the better is an essential ingredient in all our present notions of happiness.”—pp. 246—9.

The effects which result from conceiving of heaven as a state eternally stationary and unchangeable, are thus accurately described :

“And it is in great measure, I think, in consequence of the prevalence of such notions that so little interest is usually felt, even by the best Christians, in the future state held out to them. They believe indeed that it will be a happy state; but they do not feel any relish for such a kind of happiness as they suppose it to be. They believe that their nature will be so far changed that such things will then be the most highly gratifying, as now present to their thoughts no alluring picture. But the very idea that this change will be so total as to reverse every point in their nature, whether good or bad, necessarily takes away their interest in the reward promised; because they cannot bring themselves to feel (though they may to believe) that it is they themselves,—the very persons they now are,—that will obtain those rewards.”—pp. 249—50.

Having thus laid a foundation for some more positive conceptions of eternal happiness, Dr. Whately brings forward some probable and rational conjectures; of which we wish that he had favoured us with more detailed and various illustrations than his brief and popular lecture affords. He gives the case of friendship as an instance of his views :

“I am convinced, on the contrary, that the extension and perfection of friendship will constitute great part of the future happiness of the blest. Many have lived in various and distant ages and countries, who have been, in their characters,—(I mean not merely in their being generally estimable, but) in the agreement of their tastes, and suitableness of dispositions,—perfectly adapted for friendship with each other, but who of course could never meet in this world. Many a one selects, when he is reading history, a truly pious Christian,—most especially in reading sacred history,—some one or two favourite characters, with whom he feels that a personal acquaintance would have been peculiarly delightful to him. Why should not such a desire be realized in a future state? A wish to see and personally know, for example, the Apostle Paul, or John, is the most likely to arise in the noblest and purest mind; I should be sorry to think such a wish absurd and presumptuous, or unlikely ever to be gratified. The highest enjoyment doubtless to the blest, will be the personal knowledge of their great and beloved Master; yet I cannot but think that some part of their happiness will consist in an intimate knowledge of the greatest of his followers also; and of those of them in particular, whose peculiar qualities are, to each, the most peculiarly attractive.

“In this world again, our friendships are limited not only to those who live in the same age and country, but to a small portion even of them;—to a small portion even of those who are not unknown to us, and whom we know to be estimable and amiable, and who, we feel,

might have been among our dearest friends. Our command of time and leisure to cultivate friendships, impose a limit to their extent; they are bounded rather by the occupation of our thoughts, than of our affections. And the removal of such impediments in a better world, seems to me a most desirable, and a most probable change.

"I see no reason again why those who have been dearest friends on earth, should not, when admitted to that happy state, continue to be so, with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose) a social being, and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him of the like exaltation. He will indeed be greatly changed from what he was on earth, and unfitted perhaps for friendship with such a being as one of us is now; but his friend will have undergone (by supposition) a corresponding change."—pp. 254—7.

The following remarks on the active employments of the blessed, though just, are more general, and consequently less striking:—

"That the blest in heaven shall be in some way actively employed in fulfilling God's will, and promoting the happiness of each other, and that their happiness and knowledge of God's glorious works, shall be continually advancing, seems as reasonable a hope, as it must be, to a right-minded Christian, a fervent wish;—a hope as well-founded, as it is cheering and delightful. To be ever advancing nearer and nearer to the nature of our Great Master, though we can never reach it,—to gaze ever closer and closer on those glorious and lovely qualities of which we can never understand the full perfection,—to advance ever further and further into the inexhaustible treasury of the knowledge of God's mighty works,—seems one of the sublimest, and most interesting, and most encouraging, and at the same time one of the most rational expectations that a zealous Christian can form respecting the blissful state prepared for him.

"There is this additional reason for such a belief; that the holy angels, whom we are assured the glorified saints will in some respects resemble, are actively employed (as we read in Scripture) in messages of love, and other services to man; as indeed the name angel (that is, messenger) signifies; and we are told by the Apostle Peter that they "desire ('stoop down' in the original) to look into" the mysterious dealings of God in the redemption of man."—pp. 262—3.

We should be glad to see our clergy imitating more frequently in their pulpit ministrations the example which Dr. Whately has set them in this little volume, and seeking to interest their congregations in another life by more definite and attractive representations of the future destinies of the just than are usually attempted. It is true that every preacher is not qualified to strike out new and ingenious speculations on a subject so far beyond the ken of our present experience; nor, indeed, were it to be desired, that views such as many of Mr. Taylor's should be presented to an ordinary audience. But all that Dr. Whately's book con-

tain has been actually delivered to a country congregation; and the substance of what he has said on the subject under consideration might, with great advantage, be repeated by others, with the addition of much more of the same kind, built on the same safe principles of analogy. Much too, which Mr. Taylor has written might be thrown into a popular form, adapted to the capacities of ordinary hearers. The instructions of our clergy are, generally speaking, of far too commonplace a character, and would be often improved by the discussion of numerous topics suggested by the text of Holy Scripture, but less familiar to the hearers than the subjects which form the staple of ordinary pulpit teaching. The contrast between the rich variety of matter, connected both with doctrine and practice, embodied in Holy Scripture, and the poverty and uniformity of the comments upon it, which are generally made by its pulpit expositors, cannot fail to strike every careful student of the sacred text. In our days, at least, the preachers of the Gospel run no risk of making the cross of Christ of none effect by "wisdom of words;" their words and their thoughts fall altogether short of "the height of that great argument,"—that "wisdom" which the Apostle spoke "among them that are perfect,"—"the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom ordained before the world for our glory."

We could wish that the cold, marble-like, symmetry of Dr. Whately's thoughts and reasonings were informed and kindled by more of the living fire of impassioned feeling. But we cannot expect that every sort of perfection should be united in every author, and must therefore be content to enjoy, as we find them, those many excellencies which this distinguished prelate's writings undoubtedly display. The absence of fervid emotion in any man's character, forms no disproof of his earnest devotion to the cause of truth and goodness. It is the error of narrow-minded ignorance to suppose that piety will be manifested in one uniform sameness of thought and expression, undiversified by the peculiarities of natural temperament.\*

\* The following incidental remark, which is to be found in Mr. Sheppard's book, affords a judicious correction of the error which would limit genuine Christianity to any one exclusive cast of temperament, sentiment, or phraseology, and is perhaps the more valuable, as the testimony of a Nonconformist. "It must also frequently happen, even without such alienations as these, that persons have been brought into Christian connexion or intercourse with others of exceedingly different mental habits, and have found, as it respects some of these, difficulty in exercising as warm a regard as they would desire



In his work, the "Physical Theory of another Life," Mr. Isaac Taylor essays excursions into the possibilities of our future existence, of a far bolder and more ambitious character than those attempted by Dr. Whately in his popular little volume. We will leave to others the duty,—(which we will not pronounce an ungracious one,—since the attainment of truth in all our investigations should be a paramount object),—of detecting errors,—if errors there be,—in any of Mr. Taylor's ingenious and subtle speculations. The task,—a humbler, yet not a less important one,—which we propose to ourselves, is to make practical use of his conclusions or conjectures, by referring to such of them as may appear to us to furnish representations of another life at once probable in themselves, and congenial to the imagination, and thus calculated to attract the contemplations of thoughtful men to the momentous future which awaits them. We shall refer first of all to the XIVth Chapter of the work, as presenting an aspect of the subject which has more affinity to the views just quoted from Dr. Whately's work than some other speculations which we may have occasion to notice. This Chapter treats of the "Correspondence between the present and the future employment of the active principles of human nature;" and is one of singular interest. Mr. Taylor goes beyond Dr. Whately when he gives it as his opinion that "if the rule of analogy may really be relied upon, and if it be safe to conclude that a practical correspondence of means and ends connects the training we are subjected to in the present life, with the employments of the life to come, and if the present is indeed to be regarded as an education for the future,"—then it appears certain that the "habits of patient and strenuous exertion, of order, of self-denial, and constancy," and "the spirit of enterprise and

to cultivate. Even on that great uniting and sympathetic theme, "the Gospel," there may have been, from want of educational affinities, or from great dissimilitude of taste, a something like repulsion."—*Sheppard. Three Essays, &c. Essay first, p. 84.*

The following tribute to Dr. Whately's character, if any one consider it to need any, is from the pen of his friend Dr. Arnold, himself distinguished by warmth of feeling and earnestness of character :

"Now I am sure that in point of real essential holiness, so far as man can judge of man, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately; and it does grieve me most deeply to hear people speak of him as of a dangerous and latitudinarian character, because in him the intellectual part of his nature keeps pace with the spiritual—instead of being left, as the Evangelicals leave it, a fallow field for all unsightly creeds to flourish in. He is a truly great man—in the highest sense of the word." \* \* \* \* \*

—*Arnold's Life, Vol. I., p. 279: 1st Edition.*

courage," which our divinely appointed lot in this world is calculated to form, will all be brought into exercise, and tasked "still more intensely" in the world to come. He proceeds thus, applying the principle he is asserting first to the case of the passive virtues :

"Can we believe that the precious and costly fruits of a long and painful culture, in the present state, are all to fall to the earth, and perish, just as they are ripened ?

"But it may be asked, what scope can there be for the exercise of the strenuous virtues, or what room for patience, constancy, courage, in a world of peace, love, and absolute security? Now, in replying to this natural inquiry, it might be allowable first to sift a little the evidence on which our common notions of the future life are founded; and perhaps it might appear that in this, as in so many other instances, the entire scriptural evidence comprises some counterpoised statements, from a comparison of which, and not from any one portion of it, our belief ought to be derived; but waiving any such Biblical investigations, a little attention to the subject will enable us to conceive of such a substitution of one operation of the moral powers for another, as may give exercise to the bold and arduous virtues without implying either positive suffering or personal danger. Let us make this attempt to conceive of what we may call—Transmuted Moral qualities. We may begin with that main element of terrestrial virtue—pious resignation to the divine will, and a calm fortitude, under circumstances of privation, disappointment, and suffering. How then, it may be asked, can any such habit of the mind, together with the sentiments that attach to it, find place in a region of felicity? With the view of finding a satisfactory (or at least a sufficient) solution of this difficulty, we should ask ourselves on what ground it is we conclude that the principles of the Divine government, and the actual administration of those principles, shall all be spread open to us, under a full light, at the moment of our entrance upon the upper world? No such supposition can in fact be made good, and on the contrary, reason may be shown for thinking that those practical and temporary trials of our implicit confidence in the divine rectitude and benevolence with which here we are exercised, are in truth, preparations for some far more difficult acts and habits of silent reverential submission, than are as yet called for. The lesson we learn in surrendering, for instance, the darling joys of life, one after another, may seem a mere schooling—an unreal play, when we come into a position of nearer concernment with the vast movements of the Divine government; and then, even although we should not be exposed to personal sufferings or losses, yet with the more intense sensibilities belonging to a higher mode of existence, and in view of transactions of which here we think little, or know nothing, we may be thrown back with force upon our already acquired sentiments of loyal and devout acquiescence in the measures of absolute wisdom and rectitude, and we may be compelled to confess, that the habit of mind which had been forming on earth, was far from being superfluous in relation to the events and duties of our after-life in heaven.

"A due consideration of the essential, and therefore the unalterable disparity which separates finite and dependent minds from the Infinite Mind, will lead us to perceive that no future advancements whatever, that may be made by the former, in knowledge or goodness, or intellectual

power, can in any sensible degree lessen the interval between the Creator and his creatures, even the most exalted of them.”—*Physical Theory*, 3rd edition, pp. 189—91.

“It is indeed highly probable, that certain particular difficulties which embarrass our speculative theology, and which now afflict us by their formidable aspect, may utterly vanish at the moment when we reach a higher and more advantageous point of view; and we may then wonder at the slenderness of those modes of thinking which could allow of our being staggered in any such manner. But then, at the very same moment in which we clear the mists of mortality, the mysteries of heaven will open upon us; and these, we may be sure, will involve difficulties of a firmer texture, and such as shall try, to the utmost, the silent fortitude of the soul. It is not the vapours of earth, but it is ‘thick clouds of the sky,’ that surround the throne of the Almighty.

“Yet we must by no means imagine that this new call upon the religious fortitude of loyal minds will induce a comfortless or distracted state of feeling; for as, in the present state, that very same spiritual acquaintance with God, which gives occasion to our perplexities, supplies us also with sufficient means for holding them in abeyance, so that they do not smite the soul with dismay and despair, in like manner doubtless, shall still fuller discoveries of the Supreme Excellence and Goodness abundantly sustain our confidence, animate our constancy, and give spring and warmth to our communion with Him, who, though ‘past finding out,’ is nevertheless always glorious in benevolence and wisdom.”—pp. 192—93.

Mr. Taylor speculates thus on the manner in which the active virtues may be hereafter tasked :

“Again: a passive fortitude is not the only virtue which the training we are under tends to cherish, for there is a manifest purpose in the construction of the moral and social system, to call forth the more active excellence of courage, and the spirit of enterprise; nor need we exclude (properly understood) the stirring sentiment of ambition. Can we doubt that He who, in his word, is ‘calling us to glory and virtue,’ and who by the same channel, enjoins a manly and vigorous discharge of our parts, is also, in the actual circumstances through which we are led, preparing the intellectual and moral powers for what they are to perform in another sphere.

“In the case of certain individuals, this apparent purpose occupies the principal place in scheme of providence toward them. It is clear too, that the noblest and most generous tempers—the very choicest minds, make the readiest proficiency in learning this lesson; while mean and inert souls—the selfish, the diffident, and the pusillanimous, although they may acquire something of the passive virtues, almost totally fail in regard to the active.

“Adhering then to the rule of analogy, and confiding in the principle that a rational consistency, and an adaptation of means to the end, runs through the divine proceedings, we conclude that the future life shall actually call into exercise a bold energy, and intrepidity, and ambition too;—an ambition not selfish or vain, but loyal.

“In assuming so much as this, we are by no means obliged to suppose that those who, in the present state, shall have gone through their probation and won immortal glory, are anew to become liable to loss, injury or jeopardy of happiness. Without admitting any such supposi-

tion, we may readily conceive of a state of things in which there may be services to be performed, enterprises to be undertaken, and a promotion to be aimed at, such as none but the bold and the strong shall be equal to, and none but the aspiring shall dare to attempt. These services may involve encounters with powerful and crafty opponents; or they may demand sudden exertions of intelligence, and a ready recurrence to resources, under circumstances that would amaze and baffle all but the calmly courageous. Moreover, there may be high advantages to be snatched by the few whose flight can be long sustained, and is the most steady; there may be dominations to be exercised which those shall secure to themselves who can prove, by service done, that they are equal to the weight of the sceptre. It is surely a frivolous notion (if any actually entertain it) that the vast and intricate machinery of the universe, and the profound scheme of God's government, are now soon to reach a resting place, where nothing more shall remain to active spirits, through an eternity, but recollections of labour, anthems of praise, and inert repose. No idea can do more violence to all the principles on which we reason, than this does.

"Not less unreasonable is it to imagine that the future government of God, instead of being carried forward, as now, by independent and intelligent agencies, shall proceed by the interposition of his immediate power, while the creatures stand aloof, as idle spectators of Omnipotence."

"It would not be very difficult to show in what way, probably, every one of the active qualities, moral and intellectual, which are now in training, may come into exercise within a future system, even although that system should exclude the necessities and pains of the present state. All the practical skill we acquire in managing affairs, all the versatility, the sagacity, the calculation of chances, the patience and acuity, the promptitude and facility, as well as the higher virtues, which we are learning every day, may well find scope in a world such as is rationally anticipated, when we think of heaven as the stage of life that is next to follow the discipline of earth."—pp. 194—97.

The following passages refer to the scope which this writer supposes may hereafter be afforded to the exercise of the benevolent affections:

"Thus far we have thought of the future exercise of the active virtues, in relation chiefly to personal interests. But if we duly consider the force, and the probable issue of those intense emotions of good will to others, and of compassion toward the wretched, which are now at work within generous bosoms, and which yet are very slenderly or partially brought into play at present, we shall be impelled to think, nay, confidently to conclude, that these dispositions are, in this world, only bursting the husk, and germinating, underground, in preparation for free expansion and fructification in the beams of a warmer sun. With no other indication of the destinies of the universe than what may be furnished by those swelling emotions of pity that are now working, pent up, in tender and noble hearts, we should hardly fear to err in assuming that a sphere will at length open upon such spirits, wherein they shall find millions needing to be governed, taught, rescued, and led forward, from a worse to a better, or from a lower to a higher stage of life.

"If the instinctive yearnings of the human mind after immortality, are allowed to furnish a strong presumptive evidence (revelation apart) of the life to come, so assuredly must the instinctive and vehement desire of the noblest minds to diffuse truth and happiness, and to relieve misery, be allowed to foreshow what is actually to be the employment of such minds. If there be any soundness in the one sort of argument, there must be an equal force in the other. For it is quite as easy to suppose that the Creator should have imparted to human nature, the notion and the desire of immortality, without intending to realise it, as that he should have instilled a boundless benevolence, which is to have no more opportunity to express itself than it may chance to meet with in the present state: and how often are such opportunities almost wholly withheld!"—pp. 197—99.

We shall now attempt to give a brief summary of Mr. Taylor's principal speculations on the enlarged capacities of man, when he shall have become invested in the next life with a "spiritual body." Reasoning on the principles of analogy, and being thus led "to examine, in succession, the several constituents of our corporeal existence, and to consider of what extensions each faculty may be susceptible, or how it might be set at large from the limitations that actually confine it," he comes to the following conclusions as probable. The first is, that we shall possess the faculty of "locomotion by simple volition,"—a power which, "however wide soever its range," will yet "have its calculable velocity, and its limit, which it will not pass." The second and third suppositions are, that the perceptive faculty will be no longer limited to the inlets of the five senses in conversing with the external world, but may become familiar with a hundred or a thousand kinds of sensation; and further, that we may be able to discern the "inner form," as well as the "outward species," of matter. Fourthly, Mr. Taylor thinks, "the faculty of memory is one which, with the highest probability, we may expect to be greatly extended and improved in a new and more refined corporeal structure;" so that "the mind might enjoy a permanent and bright consciousness of all that it has ever known, felt and performed," thus repossessing itself "of its entire past existence." Fifthly, it is supposed that the capricious, accidental, and involuntary manner in which ideas now suggest each other to our minds, shall give way to "a law of association purely rational; so that each successive state of the mind should be the true and just consequence of its preceding state, and of its actual impressions, and always according to the rule of abstract fitness. Thus analogy would come in the place of contingency, and truth be substituted for accident." It is supposed, sixthly, that, "as the human mind, even now, goes some way, when

employed upon lower and more common objects, in carrying on diverse operations simultaneously,"—i. e. has the power of attending to several different things at once,—so, "in the future spiritual body, this power, depending, as it appears to do, upon the corporeal structure, should be greatly extended." "The mind," Mr. Taylor observes, "thus set at large, would probably lay aside entirely its habit of attending to things by turns, or in succession, or as if it were traversing *a line*, and would, if we might use the figure, bring a broad percipient surface into contact with broad surfaces, and would act and feel at all points at once." The author imagines, seventhly, that we shall hereafter acquire "an intuitive perception of abstract truths, even of a complicated kind; and whether they be mathematical or metaphysical." Granting that there is "an intense gratification, as well as a credit, resulting from the successful, though laborious prosecution of abstruse principles, through circuitous and intricate paths;" and that "we might be almost ready to decline any imagined advantage, such as should supersede these arduous and ennobling labours;"—the author concludes that, "as it is truth, and nothing else, which is the ultimate object of philosophic reasoning,"—"a direct mode of attaining" it, "cannot be otherwise than preferable to a circuitous one." "The illustrious men who have earned immortal fame on the fields of modern science, would unquestionably have gladly foregone their individual reputation in exchange for a natural faculty of discerning, instantaneously, the entire chain of relations, which, in fact, it cost them the labour of their lives to demonstrate." "The reasoning faculty is in itself nothing more than an instrument," and "the necessity we find ourselves under," "of putting this engine in operation, and of keeping it in play," "cannot *in itself*, be deemed a perfection." "We do not construct steam-engines for the sake of working them, but for producing the accommodations of life." The result of this new power of discerning truth would be that "the mind, not made indolent by this advantage, would start forward, as from an advanced position, and move on with rapidity toward new and higher ground."

Eighthly, with reference to the communication of mind with mind in a higher economy, Mr. Taylor makes two suppositions. The first is, that "in the stead of a system of signs adapted, as all our signs are, primarily, to sensible objects, and derived from the material world, and transferred by figure to things abstract and intellectual, there should be constructed a system primarily adapted to things abstract

and intellectual, and drawn from the world of mind, and therefore strictly proper to notions of this class." "Such a medium of communion, it is manifest, being the mind's own creature, and its commensurate power, would, in all its applications, both as an engine of cogitation and a means of communication, transcend the most perfect of our mundane languages, as far as any one of our languages transcends the mute signs and awkward grimaces resorted to by men not understanding each other's tongue. With a real language of this kind at command, \* \* \* the mind would feel as if the broad light of day pervaded its inmost recesses, or as if its very self were repeated in every expression; the likeness of the mind and soul would be such as is returned of the person by the most highly polished mirror." The second supposition is, that "the method of expression by arbitrary signs should be altogether superseded, and that in the place of it the mind should be endowed with a power of communication, by a direct conveyance of its own state, at any moment, to other minds; as if the veil of personal consciousness might, at pleasure, be drawn aside, and the entire intellectual being could spread itself out to view." "The conveyance of emotions, by the varying expressions of the countenance," and "of the fine distinctions of thought and emotion by means of the modulations of the voice" may give us "a faint indication at least of a mode of communication much more intuitive and immediate," as well as more powerful and extensive, than that of language.

The ninth conjecture put forward as probable by Mr. Taylor is "that the future corporeal structure \* \* \* shall be the instrument of the mind, and nothing else, and that it shall have no purely organic welfare to provide for; and in a word, that it shall, in the strictest sense, be the servant of the intellectual and moral nature; just as the hand, the foot, or the eye, is the servant of the body." It is, however, afterwards stated, that there are "reasons for doubting whether this absolute subordination, or sheer instrumentality of the body is intended for man, or at least in the *next* stage of his existence."\*

We must here conclude our analysis of Mr. Taylor's speculations, and refer such of our readers as desire to follow up the subject, to the work itself.

Sir James Stephen, in his clever paper on the 'Historian of Enthusiasm,' has given, in a lively,—but sometimes per-

\* Physical Theory, Chapter 3—9.

haps too light a—strain, an outline of the experiences of a person who has passed to the other world, with the new powers and capacities imagined by Mr. Taylor.

We observe that this accomplished critic has traced, or supposes he has traced, some of Mr. Taylor's ideas to Cudworth, and Brucker, and especially to Dr. Thomas Burnett's treatise "*De Statu Mortuorum et Resurgentium*;" and to Abraham Tucker. But we must leave the curious student to investigate this matter for himself.

We may just allude to two other works lately published, which are connected with our present subject. The first is Mr. Humphry's Hulsean Lectures on the "Doctrine of a future life." This book has not fallen in our way, and therefore we are not aware what part of the wide subject indicated by his title the writer has proposed to himself for discussion. The second work is the Bampton Lectures for 1850, by Dr. E. M. Goulburn, the present Head Master of Rugby School, and Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. Its title, "The doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body, as taught in Holy Scripture," sufficiently defines the subject which the Lecturer has handled. One object of the author appears to be to refute the views held by the American writer, Dr. Bush, in his work called "Anastasis." We extract from the appendix a short passage in which the speculations of that author and of Mr. Isaac Taylor are thus contrasted :

"Mr. Taylor's book, from which I have extracted so largely, and to which I am so much indebted, is written on a principle diametrically contrary to that which Dr. Bush adopts in reasoning on a kindred subject. The latter starts from Philosophy, and makes it the basis of his interpretation of Scripture. The former, reverently assuming as infallible that 'which is written,' calls in Philosophy to illustrate and fortify 'the Divine Oracles.'—*Appendix to Lecture V.* p. 365.



## VII.

## HOW WE TRIED TO SEE THE SAONE.

EVERYBODY in this part of the world talks about the beauty of the Saone. Emboldened by the comparatively successful issue of our last year's escapade in the shape of a "Day in the woods with the Rajah," we resolved to try and see the Saone. Our literary friend, who had evaded the charge of the wild boar (after the discharge of the second barrel), and to whose opinion, in matters connected with the jungle, we have ever since paid a deference not greater than we have felt, offered to take us under his wing—and we jumped at the offer. Some how or other we are not lucky in our excursions. Let us not be misunderstood, we were lucky in the choice of the experienced friend under whose guidance we were permitted to place ourselves; we were lucky in leaving our desk in good case, and coming back to it in better; but, in the details, our luck was not to brag of. But we need not sum up before stating the evidence.

We were on the point of starting—with our patron—when a letter, from a very dear lady on her way back from Europe to her husband, requesting a couple of days' hospitality en route, stopped us. Our literary friend having thus gone on ahead, we were not a little perplexed how to set about overtaking him. We had serious thoughts of not going at all, but another friend (who had taken upon himself to predict this) looked so sarcastic on the occasion, that we could not stand it. We sighed as we thought of our comrade of last year, the economist,—and, (as if to verify the saying that, if you think of so and so, it will appear,) he came in search of us as a fellow-traveller, just as we were thinking what a convenient one we should find in him. We started in company with him, across the Ganges, with our palanquin; the economist's buggy having received orders to cross before us, and to be in waiting to take us the first stage. We undertook, at the request of the economist, to pay the ferryman, to whom we explained that the one coin (of the value of a sixpence) that we placed in his hand, was for our own passage, and the other—of similar value—for that of the buggy which had gone on before. The Charon of the Ganges scratched his ear, and looked so hard at the two small silver coins, that we, feeling assured we had disbursed sufficiently, turned short on our heel, and left him to his meditations. On reaching the top of the bank, after wading

through the intermediate sand, we ascertained what it was that Charon had been perplexed about. There was no buggy. There was a post-office cart, however, and a rat-tailed horse tied to a tree near it. A rupee was offered to the post-man in charge, if he would consent to diverge and land one of us at the encamping ground. A look of agonised perplexity passed over the postman's face, and he declared that it was against his principles. Honouring his principles, and dreading (on the Walpolian maxim of every man's having his price) lest another rupee might sap them, we offered no more, but started, under a grilling sun, to "ride and tie"—one palanquin between two. Fortunately a native acquaintance, on a pony, shortly after came in sight. Him the economist dismounted, and the first stage was eventually achieved.

To detail how we afterwards (in the palanquin and a tom-john, or upright sedan-chair, severally,) got over mountain-passes of red sandstone, shaped by fantastic nature into every shape, but what there was any occasion for under the circumstances, would be only to revive recollections which we trust the admirable road-maker in charge of the district will take measures to prevent being suggested, if we go out the same way next year. After getting beyond the pass—(and we may observe, in passing, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that the name of pass is appropriated in these parts to any part of the road that is next thing to impassable)—we arrived, wet and weary, in a dismal shower of rain, at an encamping ground that savoured strongly of a cow-pen. Long before daybreak, oxen without end, with bells on their necks, appeared to have a fancy for picking their way in preference through our tent-ropes:—and no wonder, for the tent had been pitched, (as the only dry place available) in the middle of the road connecting, at this point, the two opposite ends of the Indian peninsula. The economist, after a tumbler of milk in the morning, declared that if he were in his own district he should feel himself under the necessity of fining himself (as a conscientious magistrate), for such an unwarrantable obstruction of the public thoroughfare; but, being out of his own district, and having here no jurisdiction, there was nothing for it, but to move off without delay. The discomfort of the existing state of things was here somewhat alleviated by our learning that the elephant, which had gone mad and kept the whole district in terror for the last fortnight, had so far come to his senses as to surrender at discretion. It was an odd case, that of the elephant. We do not vouch for the particulars of the

story—for we never hear a story told twice the same way—except by a friend of ours whom we always wish at the bottom of the sea whenever he begins to tell one;—but, as it was told to us, it ran somewhat as follows.

There had been some tiger-hunting, down in the valley of the Saone, where more than one party, with ladies and their children, were now encamped. One tiger, after being wounded, slunk off; and the elephant, on which a keen sportsman was mounted, followed up the track in a style that excited the admiration of all who witnessed it. At a particular ravine the elephant gave significant signs of his conviction that the enemy was near. He stamped violently with his foot; and, taking up in his trunk a “handful” of dust and rubbish, he flung it into a bush before him. From the bush the tiger started out with a growl; and whether he was secured or not, we regret that we do not at this moment remember. The next morning, the elephant received from all and sundry the commendations due to his gallantry and sagacity; and the Nimrod, who had ridden him, went the length of embracing his proboscis, in testimony of his affectionate approbation. Soon after, the elephant went mad. Elephants have an absurd habit of going mad. Their madness is not like that of dogs, who, when they once go mad, are past redemption. Elephants come to their senses again; but they play all sorts of pranks in the interim. This one commenced by breaking his chains and killing his driver. He then killed somebody else, and made off. Here was a pretty business. A tent is no protection against an elephant. The only thing, in such a case, for the inoffensive part of the world in the jungles, is a stout tree; so some light bedsteads were slung, high up in the trees, for the ladies and children, and the gentlemen went out with their rifles. One of the gentlemen of the party, riding in to the station again, met us and gave us the first account that we received of the proceedings against the elephant. “We went out to shoot it,” said he, “and it was magnificent to see the way in which it charged down the hill at us, hand over hand;—it was like a scene in Astley’s amphitheatre.” “Yes,” growled a veteran hunter—the Nestor of these parts—to whom we mentioned this when we got to camp;—“he must have had a capital opportunity of seeing it too, just as if he had been in the shilling gallery at Astley’s, for he was up in the highest tree about the place all the time that we were after the brute.” The elephant received six or eight balls in his head, and then went off home in disgust.

On his way home he killed about fifteen people, including a native princess who was journeying along in her palanquin. The beast is reported to have shown some symptoms of reason on the road, for he was in the habit, when he got hungry, of making a rush at people carrying bundles; and when they dropped the bundles and fled, he opened the bundles and ate whatever he found eatable in them. One bundle he appeared disgusted with. It turned out to contain the skin and skull of the tiger that he had been at the killing of. After he surrendered and was tied up, the bullets oozed out of his head. One of the bullets—recognised by the broad rim for the single-grooved rifle—was sent back, as a curiosity and a keepsake, to his friend Nimrod, nearly as flat as a shilling.

After various misadventures, too tedious to relate, we came to a place where there is a sort of a custom-house. A good deal of sugar passes through the custom-house, and an infinity of flies attend upon the sugar. When there is no sugar, the flies bestow themselves elsewhere; and on this occasion, they took possession of our tent. An amiable stout gentleman, who aspires to get into the patrol service—to which we feel sure he would do credit—came to return the call that we had made on him when he was out after pigs; and he assured us that the flies there were much worse at other times than at present. This is a pity, for the place is, in other respects, peculiarly attractive to the sportsman. Quails, partridges, ducks, and snipes abound, and also bears and porcupines. We say nothing of tigers and pigs, besides deer and peacocks. Peacocks run so oddly among the bushes, that it is almost impossible to make anything of them; and when you do get a shot at them, if your gun misses fire, as ours did, you make poor sport of it. Quail we soon gave up in despair. They make such a bewildering noise when they get up, that they are pretty sure to be out of shot before you begin to fire. Somehow or other we did hit one, but he ran away. The bears at this place live in a romantic precipice, from the foot of which, on towards a pretty sheet of water, the ground is thickly wooded. You get to the top of the precipice by the other side of the hill which furnishes an easy ascent; and you try to rouse the bears by rolling down the biggest lumps of stone that you find moveable. The bears then either come out or they do not. On this occasion they did not.

Next morning, the economist having ridden on by a different road, we started on foot, accompanied by our new

acquaintance, to make a short cut through the forest to the top of the great pass that leads down to the valley of the Saone. "Are there any tigers in this wood?" we asked. "Lots" said he—"but the only one that we know the haunt of at present, lives in that clump over there to the right—about a quarter of a mile off. He's a man-eater." "Confound the brute," thought we. "Pray does he ever come out of a morning?" "Not usually. Mind, if you see a tiger, on no account be tempted to fire at him. If you were to hit him, it would be certain death to some one of the party." Assuring him, that we should defy temptation like another St. Anthony, we enquired what was the meaning of a small piece of masonry, like a suttee-monument, that we now came to. "Oh, that's where the man was killed by the tiger that used to live in *this* bit of the jungle. That tiger kept another man once all night up in a tree, at the foot of which the brute sat waiting very patiently till he should come down. And here I must bid you adieu, but my man will guide you through the forest till you get to the main road. Good bye." "Good bye," we sighed in return;—"if you find this rifle lying anywhere about, on your next walk this way, you can erect a suttee-monument on the spot to the memory of one whom the tiger can have got no great pickings off." Our retreating acquaintance waved his hand—with the import whether of a promise or a pooh, pooh, we cannot precisely determine—and we proceeded. A wild boar trotted across our path; but remembering our literary friend's experience, and the small bore of our rifle, we allowed him to trot off unscathed. We showed less forbearance towards a herd of antelopes. As they scampered away, we took a very careful aim at the buck; but, as we had omitted to cock the rifle, the herd went off before we discovered why the rifle would not. The pieces of weather-beaten red sandstone, lying behind trees and bushes in this forest, have a curiously tigerish aspect at a little distance. More than once one of these stones made our heart give a bounce with a mingled hope that it was, and that it was not, the beast itself.

From the top of the pass the view down into the valley of the Saone is very fine. The broad level valley is embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills, wooded to the top, and rising here and there to some fifteen hundred feet high. The river itself is hidden by the trees. The pass consists of a regularly formed zig-zag road, chiefly blasted out of the rock, and supported where necessary by great masses of masonry.

At the top of it stands a strange Stonehenge-like block of sandstone, divided in the middle, and looking—as our literary friend remarked—as if nature had been trying to extemporise a triumphal arch in honour of the estimable young civilian to whom the execution of this important work is due. Although the blasting is still going on, the work being not yet completed, the pass was all alive with droves of baggage-bullocks either coming up or going down. The tigers and other large game, we were told, had deserted the immediate neighbourhood, being worried out of their peace of mind by the blasting of the rocks, the noise of which suggested to them the comfortless idea of an incessant battue. A monkey, with a tail, the remarkable length of which we were puzzled to conjecture the use of, sat on a withered branch of a tree, watching the engineering operations, of the inoffensive character of which he appeared to have satisfied himself. Half an hour's walk through the bullock-droves in the pass, and an hour's ride from the foot of it, brought us to the great camp, where we found Nestor and Nimrod at their coffee, while the ringing voices of the children—reveling in health and spirits—sparkled about the open pavilion. We here learned that our literary friend was three miles off, on the banks of the Saone, of which he had promised to show us the finest alligators; and, after breakfast, we started off to join him, with feelings akin to what we can fancy Bruce to have experienced when he was assured that he was within an hour's ride of the fountains of the Nile, the object of his long and arduous pilgrimage.

The winding road was wooded on both sides, and an abrupt turn—after we had gone about a mile—brought us face to face with our literary friend on his way back. “Well, only think”—exclaimed he, rubbing his spectacles;—“where are you going to?”—“*Going to?*” re-echoed we in a tone of modified indignation—for the querist had a companion with him whose smile would have shed sunshine on the path if the sun had not been grilling at the moment so as to render this a matter of supererogation)—“we are going to see the Saone where you were to show us the alligators.” The stranger, who had been scanning us with a look of benevolent curiosity, here turned his keen bright eye from us to the person addressed; and it struck us that, as he did so, there was a curl about his lip that had a meaning in it. The other raised his open palm to his forehead as he rejoined—“Ah—yes—to be sure;—but we are on our way back. You will go back with us? Eh?”

Possibly the reader has met with a story—(it affected us, we remember, when we read it)—of a German student, whose ambition was to behold the Eternal City. By dint of toil and self-denial, he scraped together enough, he thought, to take him to Rome and back again. He set out buoyant with hope. When he reached the distant mountain-range, from which he could just dimly descry the spot that enshrined the object of his yearnings, he counted the remnant of his means. Barely enough remained to take him on, or to take him back. He breathed out half his soul in a sigh towards the Eternal City, and bent his steps homeward. The recollection of this story passed rapidly across our mind as we now, in silence, turned our pony—giving him at the same time such a dig under the fifteenth rib as made him nearly broad awake for the first time since we left the station, and almost as nearly made us part company with him for the time being.

The economist, as already mentioned, had started before us. He appears to have got to the Saone, with which, he reported on his return, he got indeed rather more closely acquainted than he wished. Missing the ford, he told us, the white Arab on which he rode sank up to the neck in a quicksand, in which he himself narrowly escaped being engulfed. He succeeded, by Herculean exertions, in extricating his horse; and, what was very odd, when he rejoined us immediately afterwards, not only was the horse as dry as a whistle, but there was not a speck of mud, on horse or man, that had not been there before. This circumstance in the adventure we never got rightly explained to us—feeling a delicacy, as we naturally did, about making enquiries which might just possibly appear to savour of scepticism.

Re-ascending the pass, we found ourselves unexpectedly next day in camp with the Rajah. The Rajah was at his devotions, of which he is an assiduous performer. Bell after bell hinted the progress of the ceremonial, and we began at last to wonder whether there were any observances specially additional in the case of an intended tiger-hunt, such as had been settled for the day.

The reader of Izaak Walton is acquainted with the method of attracting fishes, to a place where you intend afterwards to fish for them, called “baiting the ground.” An analogous method, in these parts, is followed with respect to the tiger. When you conjecture that a tiger frequents some particular spot, you tie a buffalo to a tree in the neighbourhood, and leave him to his fate. If the buffalo, next morning, is found

half eaten, you conclude that the tiger is close by, and you make your arrangements accordingly. To speak technically,—the first thing is to get word (*khubber*) of a tiger; the next to tie up a “victim;” then to hear of a “kill;” thereafter to set up scaffolds (*machāns*) in the adjoining trees; and finally to go out and shoot at the animal (from the top of the scaffolds) if the people can manage to drive him in sight of you. In the present instance there had been a “kill.” We were sure of the tiger; and we started when the Rajah was ready. The engineering civilian of the zig-zag pass was expected to join the party, but he exhibited a lukewarmness in regard to tiger-shooting, which was explained to us—by a bystander—in a whisper. He had “game more fair” in view; and we left him to it, thanking him at the same time for the loan—[not under other circumstances to have been looked for]—of his beautiful double-barreled rifle, which he made over to us with an air of nonchalance that ought to have satisfied the lady of his entire devotion.

The road, through a forest of festooning bamboos, down to the shooting-place, after we had trudged through stubble-fields for three or four miles on the top of elephants, was beautiful. Taken simply as a road, indeed, it was nothing to brag of. Its angle was cruelly close upon the perpendicular; and it consisted in a great measure of natural steps and stairs of red sandstone most irregularly fashioned. We had got upon the pad of the same elephant with Nestor, in whose company we felt ourselves secure against every danger—even against the last danger of here making—in our dealings with the tiger—any “blunder.”\* We placed ourselves under his guidance—as Venator put himself under that of Izaak Walton when they were going to circumvent a chub,—and we promised solemnly that we would not discharge our pea-rifle at the tiger, without the word of command, if he would let us sit in his *machān*, (or “scaffold” as aforesaid,) along with him. The benevolent smile with which he appeared to be on the point of acceding to this arrangement was interrupted by the commencement of the rapid descent into the ravine. “Rapid” applies to the descent itself, not to the method of descending. A peer-barrel would have gone down rapidly; but the very circumstances that might have conduced to this were opposed to anything

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\* We employ the term in the same sense as the great Talleyrand—as something indefinitely worse than a crime. ●



like a literally rapid descent on the part of the elephants. Every elephant seems to have an indefinite number of men to look after him, as well as an indefinite number of people upon his back and neck. Five or six seconds were allotted, on the recommendation of his consentient counsellors, to every step; and the man in front of the elephant's nose kept constantly warning him of the necessity of looking to his ways. "Carefully brother,—*gently* now,—with *great* care brother,"—such was the burden of the advice inculcated unremittingly throughout the descent; and the elephant that we were placed on winked his eyes knowingly, as if to say "Oh yes, I see you know a thing or two;" and all the time he kept tearing away at the bamboos that grew on each side of the pathway, munching most diligently as he went down. "What a horrid roll an elephant would make if he missed his footing here" exclaimed Nestor, apparently half soliloquizing. "You don't mean to say that an elephant ever *does* miss its footing"—exclaimed we—somewhat startled, and looking down the path to see whether or not, in the event of such a thing, we should be brought up by the Rajah's elephant before our own one had made a clear somerset on the top of us. Nestor (who is a stout man) vouchsafed no reply; but there was a rigid tension about the arm with which he had grasped the crupper, that made us thankful when we reached the bottom of the descent, Proceeding some little way along the ravine that we had now reached, we came to the foot of a tree with a sort of large nest of green leaves, constructed among the branches, about nine feet from the ground, a ladder being placed so as to enable us to ascend. This was the Rajah's *machān*, and Nestor advised us to take our place in it, which, with the Rajah's consent, we did.

The bottom of the nest was formed of a light bedstead, some five feet by four. The apparent area was somewhat increased by outriggers in the shape of cross branches, through which we were on the point of disappearing unconsciously when we were warned to keep upon the bedstead as the only secure support. In the middle sat the Rajah; behind him the prime vizier and the principal gamekeeper; and on his right a youth, who had the character of being a quick eye and a good shot. On his left was uncomfortably perched ourself. The circumference of the enclosure was a perfect chevaux de frise of rifles, matchlocks, and fowling-pieces, screened from the eye of the anticipated tiger by the curtain of interwoven branches. Our left leg began threat-

ening to take the cramp from our sitting in the tailor-like fashion that we were reduced to. "Mighty monarch," exclaimed we to the Rajah, "if we regularly get the cramp, we must take the liberty of bouncing right up on our feet, at whatever cost, to the feelings of the tiger or any one else. Had we not better leave you and join Nestor, who has got some Christian-like seats up in the tree with him?" "Why—the tiger may be here before you get there," replied the Rajah, looking up from his book (which he was reading with an air of deeper interest than he had last year shown in the voyages of Sindbad); "and as Nestor has taken away the ladder, it may be a question how you are to get down." The chief of the gamekeepers grinningly suggested that we might sit like a Christian, if we had a mind for it, by letting our legs hang down between the branches that we had so nearly tumbled through; but the prime vizier objected, that the tiger might in that case make use of our legs to clamber into the *muchān*, so that we had better, if possible, keep them out of sight. During this debate we had slewed ourself round till we got one foot established against an opposing branch of the tree, which in some degree improved the state of the case; and now the sound of the battue commenced.

"Gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbus, and thunder"—every one of them, except perhaps the last, was mixed up with the shouts and screams of men and boys into a "cat's concert" of the first magnitude. After the first grand burst there was a pause; and then a low solemn cluck—a sort of anxious sob—was heard *behind* us. My companions, one and all, gave vent to a muttered interjection of vexation on hearing this well known sound. It was the voice of the Sambher deer, conscious of the vicinity of the tiger; and of course the tiger was behind us and beyond the line of beaters. There might, however, be another, or more than one, still in front; and soon the cry of "There's his foot-print—there—there," raised our hopes. "If you see him first," whispered the Rajah, "just touch the butt-end of my rifle with your finger. If I see him first, I'll in like manner give you fair warning." "Good," said we,—“where had we best hit him?” “Oh, anywhere except the rump,—but look, look!—what a huge bear.” We looked, but in vain. The chief of the gamekeepers, however, declared he saw it, and acknowledged the superior quickness of his highness's vision. The Rajah was not a little proud of this evidence of his own quickness of observation,—he being the only one of the party that ever wears spectacles, which, in the present instance, he did not

make use of. The beaters were now coming close up, and the hope of a tiger vanished. The Rajah drew our attention to his book. "I am told," said he, "that you have been misrepresenting me in print. Whatever you may have said of me, I assure you that I am now engaged in the study of *true* history, a study in which I take the greatest delight. I am reading the history of Kaschmere; and I took care, before coming out with you again, to empty my pockets of all the private correspondence of the sort that you were so inconsiderate as to tell the world about, when we last went out shooting together." The prime vizier and the gamekeeper shook their heads at us, with a suppressed giggle, as the Rajah thus addressed us; and we, starting round on the uneasy pivot on which we were constrained to turn in default of a better, declared upon our honour as a sportsman, that we had told the world of nothing in regard to his highness's readings in the jungle except his "historic doubts" in the matter of Sindbad the sailor,—doubts which we agreed with the world in general regarding as rather creditable to his sagacity than otherwise. This declaration appeared to bring a feeling of relief to the minds of the whole party. The Rajah closed his book, and the gamekeeper tendered us a quid of pawn-leaf, which we declined on the ground, that the offer of the pawn-leaf in India is understood as a hint to be gone, and this hint we could not conveniently take, till Nestor should send back the ladder. The gamekeeper, as in duty bound, nearly rolled off the *machān* in a subdued convulsion of mirthfulness at this sally; and just then the ladder came back and we got down.

Nestor was solemn, and slightly savage. "Rajah," said he, "these men ought to be fined." "They shall," said the Rajah. "They were regularly afraid of the tiger," continued Nestor, looking round him with an air of calm well-weighed displeasure and contempt. As we glanced round the circle of lanky, shivering, and nearly naked Hindoos, armed with sticks, tambourines, and an occasional matchlock, we thought that if we had been put into the jury-box on the case, we should have felt ourselves bound in conscience to bring in a verdict of "justifiable apprehension." We deferred, however, to the superior judgment of Nestor, shook our heads—[if not at the Hindoos—at least] at the failure as regarded the tiger, and remounted the elephant.

Parting with the Rajah and the others at the top of the quasi-perpendicular pass, we found ourselves in the evening

encamped with our literary friend, who had been in the meantime jogging leisurely homewards with his wife and family. The tents had been pitched in a mango-grove near a house, and the house was that of the bright-eyed stranger who had looked so quizzically when he witnessed our literary friend's polished nonchalance at the moment when our hopes of seeing the Saone were dashed to the earth—fortunately without our being thrown off the pony at the same moment.

The stranger was the Coryphaeus of the patrol-service in these parts. His house is a curiosity, no less than himself. It is made out of the stronghold of an ancient robber or moss-trooper. About half an acre of land, elevated by the earth excavated from the broad ditch that surrounds it, is surmounted by the remains of the robber's castle, now converted into a bungalow, which is a very temple of the elegancies of civilized life—especially as concerns the *cuisine*. The Patrol is a man from the north of England. He has about the neatest foot, and the most philosophical genius for cookery, that we have met with (combined) in the course of our life. To see him concocting a stew, is a study. You could fancy it was Titian calculating the precise effect of the slightest further dash of Venetian red. He starts with the bottle of essence in his hand—his eye “in a fine frenzy rolling,” yet with a quiet winkle that gives assurance of success. He drops, from the mystic phial, the precise amount,—he *knows* that it is perfect,—he shouts, as with the voice of a Stentor modulated through a silver trumpet, for the ‘boy’ (or the *chhokrá* as he calls him) to carry it off to the cook-room. The ‘chhokrá’ has been standing watching the proceedings all the time in rapt admiration. He snatches up the dish and hurries off. The dish is to reappear at dinner-time, and we retire to our tent to read and doze for an hour or so previous.

A thunderstorm came on. It was one of the most awful that we have ever witnessed. One flash in particular appeared to rive and tear itself up out of the earth for several successive seconds. The fire seemed to originate among the mountain ravines where the tigers live. If tigers hate lightning, as we have been told they do, they must have been at this time miserable. We began to be not very comfortable ourself. The rain came down so hard that it gradually got through our tent. The man in charge came in with a pickaxe to dig a trench all round the inside of the tent to catch the water from the roof. Outside, except for the

lightning, it was pitch-dark. We called for our palanquin, intending to take refuge in the bungalow; but we were told that our bearers had fled to the neighbouring village. As we had intended to send back the palanquin for the kind lady of our literary friend, we were rather disconcerted by this announcement; and it was with some difficulty that we managed to scramble through the mud, and the rain, and the pitch-like darkness up to the robber's hold. We had scarcely arrived when the palanquin arrived after us, bringing the lady. Our host, as he handed her out, asked where was the gentleman. "Oh, he's in the other end of the palanquin;" and there, sure enough, he was. The bearers had been offered the option of going two trips or one, and they had preferred the latter. "It's the pace that kills," says some one, speaking of a steeple chase. By the palanquin bearers it would seem, from this experiment, that time and distance are more dreaded than weight;—but on this point we are not prepared to generalize definitively.

The dinner we pass over, not venturing to describe the indescribable. When the palanquin had departed as it came, we adjourned, with our host, to the hall, where there was a blazing fire. The hall was hung round, and in a manner tapestried, with tiger-skins, the trophies of our host's skill and prowess. Each skin had its own story. One grim-looking hide was partially defective in a hind-leg, the tiger, in his rage at being shot, having gnawed and bitten his own foot to pieces before he could be stopped. There is some danger occasionally in tiger-shooting, but we learned, in the course of conversation, that the wild buffalo is sometimes a still more dangerous opponent. You shoot the buffalo from the ground, where you have no protection besides your gun; and every bullet does not inevitably settle him. One old gentleman, down the country, was particularly fond of the sport. He had a very large-bored rifle; and his plan was to wait till the buffalo was within about four yards of him, then plant the bullet in the centre of his forehead, and step aside to let him roll his inanimate bulk over the spot where the shooter had stood. This cool old gentleman had a friend with precisely the same habits as his own. They scarcely differed in any respect, except that the friend had a touch of humour which was wanting in the other. One morning they happened to quarrel, before breakfast. Nothing would satisfy our stern buffalo-slayer but that they should fight a duel. A "mutual friend," in the absence of any others, consented to stand second to both parties; and, as there were

no pistols, and only one rifle,—the one already mentioned,—it was settled that the combatants should fire alternately, tossing up for the first shot. “Hark ye,” whispered the waggish duellist to the common second—“mind you toss up so as to give *me* the first shot—otherwise I won’t fight.” The second acquiesced, not conceiving himself justified in preventing the duel by a refusal. The other duellist, being accordingly informed that the luck was against him, drew himself up in solemn silence at the appointed distance of fifty yards, with a high-crowned hat, that he usually wore, set firmly on his brows. The word was given,—bang went the rifle, and at the same moment the hat went spinning into the air. Its late wearer stared at his opponent half incredulously, and somewhat contemptuously as he held out his hand for the rifle. “You ungrateful vagabond,” exclaimed the other, “do you really propose to shoot a man who has just this moment spared your own life? Do you think I could not have put the ball through your head as easily as through your hat? Nonsense,—you bloodthirsty old villain,—come away to breakfast.”

“But tell me,” continued our host, “what sport have you had yourself?” We informed him that we had killed a snipe, out of a flock which we had fired into the middle of; and also a white paddy-bird, which we knocked over at a long range in order to try whether our rifle was in order. He seemed to reflect for a little. “Pray,” said he, “did you ever shoot a water-turtle?”—“Never, to our knowledge.”—“There are lots of them down in the ditch,” said he, “and they always come up to bask in the sunshine in the heat of the day. If the people have marked down that tiger, though, that we had word of, we must go after him first.”—“I place myself entirely in your hands; but the wind is getting worse, and the rain no better; I am not much disposed to go in search of my tent in such a night as this. Will you be so kind as to order one of the couches to be rigged up here?” The requisite arrangement was speedily made; and our host, after placing a fresh log upon the fire, left us to seek repose. The wind gradually got higher, and at length it blew down one of the screens that were set in the doorway to exclude it. We must have been asleep, for we have a vague recollection of having been puzzling ourselves to put into words the precise generic distinction between a tiger and a paddy-bird. At the noise made by the falling of the screen we looked around. The fire had burned low, and just sufficed to show the tiger-skins

dancing wildly in the wind. The jackals were howling outside, in concert with the storm; and just then a couple of paws were laid upon our shoulder. "Holloa!" shouted we at the top of our voice, as the animal loomed indefinitely large between us and the embers of the fire; and we hurled the intruder from us, clutching at the same time our Nepalese dagger which lay by our pillow. A grumbling growl of profound dissatisfaction was succeeded by a bark of indignation and of outraged feeling. It turned out to be Ponto, who, having come out of his master's room just before a gust of wind closed the door against his return, had sought shelter with us, and met the injurious reception which he took in such very bad part. He growled at intervals during the next half hour, as if the incident were constantly representing itself anew to his imagination under some fresh aspect of aggravated indignity. At length he grumbled himself to sleep in a distant corner, doggedly declining every overture of reconciliation.

This affair with Ponto enabled us to make up our mind as to the real merits of a story with which our literary friend's good lady had been alarming him and herself. The animal that had laid hands upon *her* was described as looking the size of a pony. We suggested that it might have been the night-mare *in propria persona*, but this solution was scouted. We now feel certain that it was Tommy. Gallant little Tommy,—bravest and gentlest of poodles! Tommy had got the character of being a coward. The ground of the allegation was his having once positively refused to fight with a cat. We are now satisfied that his refusal originated in a chivalrous sentiment which forbade his lifting his hand against one of the fair sex—to which the cat in question was no honour, for she mauled the courteous Tommy most shabbily. But, though gentle in the drawing-room as any carpet-knight, Tommy shone out an unsuspected lion when he was taken hog-shooting,—the tiger of yesterday, we may mention, having absconded in the night.

With the view of shooting hogs, we turned all the labourers out of a sugar-cane field, arranged our party on the skirts of it (under our literary friend's directions) in a way that gave each man about an even chance of shooting a pig or a comrade, and sent in a crowd of heaters to drive out the hogs. In a dense and darkened clump of canes a whole family of pigs, with their mother, was dimly descried; but no amount of noise would persuade them to come out, and the heaters hesitated to go in. At this juncture Tommy rushed

in impetuously. He was met in mid career by the paternal boar and laid sprawling with three long deep gashes in his flank. Springing to his feet, he attempted to renew the charge, but he was snatched up and carried out in a man's arms. The sight was so sad that we immediately formed a melancholy procession homewards. Tommy's gashes were sewn up with a darning needle—an ugly operation to which he submitted heroically; and at the present writing, we rejoice to say, he has recovered of his wounds after having for ever established his reputation.

Next day we were constrained to bid our friends a hasty adieu, and to hurry back to the station, our leave being nearly up. Starting before day-break, we journeyed all day, with sixteen bearers and a couple of sandwiches, arriving late in the evening at the hospitable mansion of a brother amateur of the violin. Weary and famished we begged to have a mutton-chop, after despatching which, with unusual relish, we set to work, our friend and ourself alternately, upon the capricious of Mayseder and DeBeriot. The Colonel, in the joy of his heart, made us a present of a favourite violin, with which, next morning, we reached the station in safety. But mark the slanderous propensities of mankind. About a week afterwards, we had just concluded a fantasia on our new acquisition, when one of the ladies exclaimed—“Oh, that's the violin that you got for praising the Colonel's mutton, is it?”—“For praising the mutton?”—echoed we, in horror at such an incomprehensible insinuation. “To be sure”—chimed in the rest of the party. We declined to debate the question, where the mind of all was evidently made up; but we have not the slightest hesitation in here stating our own conviction, that it *wasn't* for the mutton.

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## VIII.

## THE POOR OF ENGLAND—THEIR INDUSTRIAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS WRONGS.\*

## I.

In a leading eastern thoroughfare of the city of London, and in marked, and at the first glance enviable, contrast with the poor and filthy dens which disgorge nine out of ten of the motley crowds continually circulating through its low and vile vicinity, stands a solitary edifice of something like palatial extent and splendor. We venture to say that there are few things, except the crystal palace itself, which those who proceed hence to England after any long absence from the land of their birth, would view with more of astonishment than this Emporium of E. Moses and Son. Without, it presents two immense façades of considerable architectural display, rich with embellished capitals and lacy mullions, and gleamy with burnished brazen framework, and gigantic plates of the purest crystal. Within, the vast hall and various chambers and galleries are profusely decorated in arabesque; and at night, look gorgeous from a flood of mellow light, diffused through hundreds of frosted globes which tip the arms of such florid chandeliers and candelabras, as might have added lustre to the noblest apartment which ever glowed with the luxurious taste of Louis Quatorze. And yet we need not remind our readers that this pretentious establishment is only a slop-palace, filled from top to bottom with every fabric of apparel,—whole ricks of shirts and vests, dress and frock-coats, Alberts, monkey-jackets, Chesterfields and paletôts, beavers, D'Orsays, zephyrs, ventilators, and the fifty other names of outlandish costume, in which *gents* may be rigged out "at prices less than those charged elsewhere by fifty per cent."

And would that it were *only* gents who satiate their *penchant* for tawdry frippery or low-priced incongruities in these, and similar, as we shall shew before we have done, cruel and inhuman hells. But we fear it is not so. The rage for cheap clothing among the higher classes has induced these brave adventurers to recruit in another neighbourhood; as they thus announced in the *Times* newspaper of October 5, 1850.

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\* ALTON LOCKE, TAILOR AND POET. An Autobiography, 2 Vols. London. Chapman and Hall, 1850.

"The town tourist, in his progress to the west end of the metropolis, cannot have failed to notice an extensive range of premises in course of erection at the corner of Hart St. New Oxford Street. The situation, extent, and character of these premises must, from the earliest stage of the undertaking, have impressed the public with the idea that such a project could be connected with no mean capitalists—no ordinary speculation. The gradual development of the building, and the ultimate display of the name of the proprietary, at once disclosed to the passer-by the true character of the speculation; and thousands in that and other important localities have ever since been looking forward with anxious expectation to the OPENING of the WEST-END BRANCH of E. MOSES AND SON."

And so it seems, (woe worth the day!) that the spirit of the British gentleman has, in vast masses of the wealthy, dwindled into this—that a couple of infamous Jews, against whom, "the hire of the labourers, kept back by fraud, crieth," dare speculate in a palace at the west end of London to supply their noble and gentle customers, who eschew the Mimories, with an under-priced coat. That they are impudently bold to advise their patrons of the "quietude and privacy" of Hart Street, and the "stand which it affords for carriages," and the "separate private entrance" to the "Bespoke Department," "like the side door," as the *Leader* has well remarked, "of pawn-brokers and other occult dealers, for customers who do not court publicity!" And all this, while it is as clear as day-light, that no man and no firm can, however large their transactions, construct these splendid showshops, and still sell so much lower than the rest of the world, by any other means than grinding wages down to starvation point.

There are philanthropists among us, we rejoice to believe, who, when they know the extent of the calamity, will do what may be here done to avert it, by discouraging the use of slop imports from the London market with which our bazars and exchanges and river-merchant-boats are generally full; but which are produced at the cost of an excess of misery and crime at the thought of which the generous heart will weep and bleed.

It is but fair to say that there is one firm who export largely to Calcutta, whose proprietary, the Messrs. Nicoll, we may celebrate as "noble masters among noble workmen." It would be out of place to go into particulars here; but we should be sorry to be indiscriminate in censures so severe as the nature of the evil leads us to record; and therefore we take the opportunity of excepting a house which, after the most searching investigation, has established its honour and its humanity.

But we keep too far off the immediate object of the present, and we trust some future papers, to do larger homage than our space admitted of when we mentioned ALTON LOCKE in a former number, to the able, powerful and graphic plea for the poor and the oppressed which is recorded in those eloquent volumes. Never was there written a book more pregnant with reality, never one more confirmatory of the wrongs of the people. In every scene wherein the tailor-poet moves, the very coarsest sensibility may taste the bitter well, and learn to cry unto the Lord, by His lawgiver, to shew the tree which shall sweeten the waters.

Alton Locke was a Cockney among Cockneys, whose knowledge of England, save for two memorable journeys, (of which hereafter) had been bounded by the horizon of Richmond Hill. With a heart large and poetic enough to travel dream-land, he was circumscribed to a little dingy shop, in a steamy, stifling, over-peopled area, breeding asthma, rickets, consumption and ugliness. His widowed mother had been brought up an Independent, but became a Baptist after his father's death from conscientious scruples.

"She considered the Baptists, as I do," writes our autobiographer, the "only sect who thoroughly embody the Calvinistic doctrines. She held 'it, as I do, an absurd and impious thing for those who believe mankind to be the children of the devil till they have been consciously 'converted,' to baptise unconscious infants and give them the sign of God's mercy on the mere chance of that mercy being intended for them. When God had proved, by converting them, that they were not reprobate by His absolute and eternal will, then, and not till then, dare man baptise them into His name. She dared not palm a presumptuous fiction on herself, and call it 'charity.'"

Her old Puritan blood would fire up at the stories of Gideon and Barak, Samson and Jephtha; and then would our hero and "his little sister Susan" shudder, and yet listen with a strange fascination, as she told how her ancestor called his seven sons off their small Cambridge farm, and horsing them and arming them, bade them follow Cromwell, and smite kings and prelates with the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon." She was, in fact, a very model of a Calvinist:—full of the deepest womanly tenderness, yet convinced of its "carnality," and the wrongfulness of any "spiritual affection," for her "children born of wrath and the devil,"—not yet "convinced of sin," "converted," "born again."

"She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear logical sense would yield to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were

“elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that? If He had “chosen us, He would call us in His own good time: and if not, . . . .”

Ruled by fear more than by love, prohibited from all books save the Pilgrim's Progress and the Old Testament, (for the life of Christ was too deep for any but the “converted,”) compelled by dread of home lectures and home punishments to listen to two dreary sermons on every dreary Sunday, when play, and laughter, and even a stare out of the window at the “sinful, merry, Sabbath-breaking promenaders” were all forbidden, our sickly, dreamy, imaginative boy, doomed to hear it systematically enforced that he was “a child of hell, and a lost and miserable sinner,” and using to have accesses of terror, and fancies that he should wake one morning and find himself in everlasting flames, would put his finger into the fire to see if it would be so very dreadful.

“Still,” he tells us, “I could not keep up the excitement. Why “should I?—The fear of pain is not the fear of sin, that I know of; “and indeed the thing was unreal altogether in my case, and my heart, “my common sense, rebelled against it again and again; till at last I got “a terrible whipping for taking my little sister's part, and saying that if “she was to die,—so gentle, and obedient and affectionate as she was,— “God would be very unjust in sending her to hell-fire, and that I was “quite certain He would do no such thing,—unless He were the devil: “an opinion which I have since seen no reason to change. \* \* \* \* “So I was whipped and put to bed, the whipping altering my secret “heart just about as much as the dread of hell-fire did.”

And then Alton expresses, in words as weighty as severe, the unavoidable issue of this extreme supralapsarian preaching on the mind of the working-man; and serious though it be, and cautiously as we presume that the most of Calvinistic divines would guard their teaching from such unhappy constructions, yet we confess we see not how, upon any legitimate argument from their principles, sentences of predestination and reprobation can be less fierce, or how any other event can be calculated on, from the diffusion of such doctrines among such men, than the distemper, either of irreligion or of infidelity.

“I speak as a Christian man—an orthodox Churchman (if you require that Shibboleth). Was I so very wrong? What was there in the “idea of religion which was presented to me at home to captivate me? “What was the use of a child's hearing of ‘God's great love manifested “in the scheme of redemption,’ when he heard, in the same breath, “that the effects of that redemption were practically confined only to “one being out of a thousand, and that the other nine hundred and “ninety-nine were lost and damned from their birth-hour to all eternity—not only by the absolute will and reprobation of God (though “that infernal blasphemy I heard often enough), but also, putting that “out of the question, by the mere fact of being born of Adam's race.

“ And this to a generation to whom God’s love shines out in every tree and flower and hedge-side bird ; to whom the daily discoveries of science are revealing that love in every microscopic animalcule which peoples the stagnant pool ! This, to working-men, whose craving is only for some idea which shall give equal hopes, claims, and deliverances to all mankind alike ! This, to working-men, who, in the smiles of their innocent children, see the heaven which they have lost—the messages of baby-cherubs, made in God’s own image ! This, to me, to whom every butterfly, every look at my little sister, contradicted the lie ! You may say that such thoughts were too deep for a child ; that I am ascribing to my boyhood the scepticism of my manhood ; but it is not so ; and what went to my mind goes to the minds of thousands. It is the cause of the contempt into which not merely sectarian Protestantism, but Christianity altogether, has fallen, in the minds of the thinking workmen. Clergymen, who anathematize us for wandering into Unitarianism—you, you have driven us thither. You must find some explanation of the facts of Christianity more in accordance with the truths which we do know, and will live and die for, or you can never hope to make us Christians ; or, if we do return to the true fold, it will be as I returned, after long, miserable years of darkling error, to a higher truth than most of you have yet learned to preach.”

At thirteen years old, some Missionary tracts and journals which her ministers lent to Alton’s mother, incited his desire to visit the islands of the Pacific, and he fell on his knees in the dingy, twelve-foot-square back court of his dwelling, and prayed aloud to God that he might be a Missionary—a matter which his mother, like Mary, laid and treasured in her heart. ‘How and why he relinquished the idea, our autobiographer must tell in his own language.

“ You may guess my delight when I heard that a real live Missionary was coming to take tea with us. A man who had actually been in New Zealand!—the thought was rapture. I painted him to myself over and over again ; and when, after the first burst of fancy, I recollected that he might possibly not have adopted the native costume of that island, or, if he had, that perhaps it would look too strange for him to wear it about London, I settled it within myself that he was to be a tall, venerable-looking man, like the portraits of old Puritan divines which adorned our day-room ; and as I had heard that he was ‘powerful in prayer,’ I adorned his right hand with that mystic weapon ‘all-prayer,’ with which Christian, when all other means had failed, finally vanquishes the fiend—which instrument, in my mind, was somewhat after the model of an infernal sort of bill or halbert—all hooks, edges, spikes, and crescents—which I had passed, shuddering, once, in the hand of an old suit of armour in Wardour Street.

“ He came—and with him the two ministers who often drank tea with my mother ; both of whom, as they played some small part in the drama of my after-life, I may as well describe here. The elder was a little, sleek, silver-haired old man, with a bland, weak face, just like a white rabbit. He loved me, and I loved him too, for there were always lollipops in his pocket for me and Susan. Had his head been equal to his heart!—but what has been was to be—and the dissenting

“clergy, with a few noble exceptions among the Independents, are not the strong men of the day—none know that better than the workmen. The old man’s name was Bowyer. The other, Mr. Wigginton, was a younger man; tall, grim, dark, bilious, with a narrow forehead, retreating suddenly from his eyebrows up to a conical peak of black hair over his ears. He preached ‘higher doctrine,’ *i. e.* more fatalist and antinomian than his gentler colleague,—and having also a stentorian voice, was a much greater favourite of the chapel. I hated him—and if ever any man deserved hatred, he did.

“Well, they came. My heart was in my mouth as I opened the door to them, and sunk back again into the very lowest depths of my inner man when my eyes fell on the face and figure of the Missionary—a squat, red-faced, pig-eyed, low-browed man, with great soft lips that opened back to his very ears; sensuality, conceit and cunning marked on every feature—an innate vulgarity from which the artizan and the child recoil with an instinct as true, perhaps truer, than that of the courtier, showing itself in every tone and motion—I shrunk into a corner, so crest-fallen that I could not even exert myself to hand round the bread and butter, for which I got duly scolded afterwards. Oh! that man!—how he bawled and contradicted, and laid down the law, and spoke to my mother in a fondling, patronizing way, which made me, I knew not why, boil over with jealousy and indignation. How he filled his tea-cup half full of the white sugar to buy which my mother had curtailed her yesterday’s dinner—how he drained the few remaining drops of the three pennyworth of cream with which Susan was stealing off to keep it as an unexpected treat for my mother at breakfast the next morning—how he talked of the natives, not as St. Paul might of his converts, but as a planter might of his slaves, over-laying all his unintentional confessions of his own greed and prosperity, with cant, flimsy enough for even a boy to see through, while his eyes were not blinded with the superstition that a man must be pious who sufficiently overloads his speech with a jumble of old English picked out of our translation of the New Testament. Such was the man I saw. I don’t deny that all are not like him. I believe that there are noble men of all denominations, doing their best, according to their light, all over the world; but such was the one I saw, and the men who are sent home to plead the Missionary cause, whatever the men may be like who stay behind and work, are, from my small experience, too often such. It appears to me to be the rule, that many of those who go abroad as Missionaries, go simply because they are men of such inferior powers and attainments, that if they stayed in England they would starve.

“Three parts of his conversation, after all, was made up of abuse of the Missionaries of the Church of England, not for doing nothing, but for being so much more successful than his own sect;—accusing them, in the same breath, of being just of the inferior type of which he was himself, and also of being mere University fine gentlemen. Really, I did not wonder, upon his own shewing, at the savages preferring them to him, and I was pleased to hear the old white-headed minister gently interpose at the end of one of his tirades—‘we must not be jealous, my brother, if the establishment has discovered what we, I hope, shall find out some day, that it is not wise to draft our Missionaries from the off-scouring of the ministry, and serve God with that which costs us nothing, except the expence of providing for them beyond the seas.’

“There was somewhat of a roguish twinkle about the old man’s eye as he said it, which emboldened me to whisper a question to him.

“‘Why is it, Sir, that in old times the heathens used to crucify the Missionaries and burn them, and now they give them beautiful farms, and build them houses, and carry them about on their backs?’

“The old man seemed a little puzzled, and so did the company, to whom he smilingly retailed my question.

“As nobody seemed inclined to offer a solution, I ventured one myself.

“‘Perhaps the heathens are grown better than they used to be?’

“‘The heart of man,’ answered the tall, dark minister, ‘is, and ever was, equally at enmity with God.’

“‘Then perhaps,’ I ventured again, ‘what the Missionaries preach now is not quite the same as what the Missionaries used to preach in St. Paul’s time, and so the heathens are not so angry at it?’

“My mother looked thunder at me, and so did all, except my white-headed friend, who said, gently enough—

“‘It may be that the child’s words come from God?’

“Whether they did or not, the child took very good care to speak no more words till he was alone with his mother; and then finished off that disastrous evening by a punishment for the indecency of saying, before his little sister, that he thought it ‘a great pity the Missionaries taught black people to wear ugly coats and trowsers; they must have looked so much handsomer running about with nothing on but feathers and strings of shells.’

“So the Missionary dream died out of me, by a foolish and illogical antipathy enough; though, after all, it was a child of my imagination only, not of my heart; and the fancy, having bred it, was able to kill it also.”

It is very far from our design or desire to make any sweeping and injurious comments from this strongly-worded text; and yet we fear that it is too true, that the spirit of antagonism herein represented as existing in a certain class of dissenting Missionaries to the zeal and self-devotedness of the clergy of the Established Church, is too often exhibited, both on the platform, and in the confidence of private society, in England. This is not mere conjecture—we have learned it from unhappy experience. It is no exaggeration to say that the severest judgment has reached our own ears, from a source on which we can most implicitly rely, as having been past on a clergyman of the Diocese in which we write, who had never seen or had the opportunity of hearing any thing beyond the name of his reviler, until some of his own near connexions in England expressed to him the pain they had in listening to his disparagement. And it is our firm belief that this is no singular instance; but that a conscientious assertion of the claims of the Church, or even, as in the case to which we allude, an ignorance as to how far certain of the clergy will, or a presumption that they may not, be disposed to symbolize with the various sects who are engaged in diffusing their private notions of the Gospel among

the heathen, has very often brought upon them the calumnious reprobation of being enemies to the cross of Christ.

But we must get on with our autobiography—for it was not among the least of our intentions, when we sat down to this review, to make any comments on the doings of such as Mr. Wigginton and his friend from New Zealand, much as they invite a large discussion. After a few more rebuffs from these worthies, specially for his first essay at poetry, whereupon, (it opening with “Jesus he loves one and all”) he was instructed that Jesus does no such thing, and loves none but His Bride, the Church, the imputation of His merits never transgressing the narrow way of discriminating grace, Alton, by favour of a prosperous uncle, a grocer in a leading thoroughfare, with a villa at Herne Hill, and a son at King’s College, preparing for Oxford and the Church, made his debut in a tailor’s workshop :

“A low, lean-to room, stifling me with the combined odours of human breath and perspiration, stale beer, the sweet sickly smell of gin, and the sour and hardly less disgusting one of new cloth. On the floor, thick with dust and dirt, scraps of stuff and ends of thread, sat some half dozen haggard, untidy, shoeless men, with a mingled look of care and recklessness which made me shudder. The windows were tight closed to keep out the cold winter air, and the condensed breath ran in streams down the panes, checking the dreary outlook of chimney-pots and smoke.”

The poor lad had been no sooner handed over to Cross-thwaite, the foreman of this gloomy garret, to be “made a tailor of, and pricked up with the needle if he shirked,” than he is called upon to “fork out a tizzy for a pot of half and half” by a wretched ribald who would inoculate him with the doctrine that ’tis better to “keep yer victuals down” than to “take the blunt home to yer mammy.” We borrow from Alton Locke an apology for introducing a sample of the slang-insolence which was banded at his initiation : that though as little to our own taste as to our reader’s, the thing exists ; and it is well to know what the men are like to whose labour we trust the larger portion of aristocratic Englishmen owe their luxuries of dress.

For it should be remembered that the scene depicted in the following extract has no connection with those disgraceful houses of which the one pointed to in our opening paragraphs is the first of its class :—but is sketched from a first-rate tailoring establishment, in a street off Piccadilly, whose musters would scout the very idea of the sweating system, (into the detail of which we shall enter in a future article) but where trim counter-jumpers in embroidered satin cravats



and patent leather boots skip through the show-rooms, and the *elite* of Regent Street go into extacies on the "idea" and "chiaroscuro" of the last novelty in costume.

"I say, young'un, do you know why we're nearer heaven here than our neighbours?"

"I should'n't have thought so," answered I with a *naïveté* which raised a laugh, and dashed my tormentor for a moment.

"Yer don't? then I'll tell yer. A cause we're a top of the house in the first place, and next place yer'll die here six months sooner than if yer worked in the room below. 'Aint that logic and science, orator?" appealing to Crossthwaite.

"Why?" asked I.

"A cause you get all the other floors' stinks up here as well as your own. Concentrated essence of man's flesh, is this here as you're a breathing. Cellar work-room we calls Rheumatic-ward, because of the damp. Ground-floor's Fever-ward—them as don't get typhus gets dysentery, and them as don't get dysentery gets typhus—your nose'd tell yer why if you opened the back windy. First floor's Ashway-ward—don't you hear 'um now through a crack in the boards, a puffing away like a nest of young locomotives? And this here most august and upper-crust cockloft is the Conscrumptive Hospital. First you begins to cough, then you proceeds to expectorate—spittoons, as you see, perwided free gracious for nothing—fined a kivarten if you spits on the floor—

"Then your cheeks they grows red, and your nose it grows thin,

"And your bones they sticks out, till they comes through your skin:

"And then, when you've sufficiently covered the poor dear shivering bare backs of the hairystocracy—

"Die, die, die,

"Away you fly,

"Your soul is in the sky!"

"as the hinspired Shakspeare wittily remarks."

"And the ribald lay down on his back, stretched himself out, and pretended to die in a fit of coughing, which last was, alas! no counterfeit, while poor I, shocked and bewildered, let my tears fall fast upon my knees."

Can we wonder that a youth thus environed, and shrinking from the discovery of the pollution to his mother, lest he should seem desirous of foregoing his duty to labour, should soon settle in a vicious hardihood, acquire a relish for coarseness and invective, and forfeit all his power of self-control? Only one antidote there remained—the habit of prayer which he had early learned, that he might be converted, and become a child of God, Who, might He extend the same mercy unto all with whom His servant had to do! But even this blessed habit, all the influences which were around Alton, went far towards sapping. His mother could not fail to see the change which had come over him. By the creed he had learned of her he was not a child of God,—had no Father in

Heaven,—for he was not converted, and a child of the devil. Here then was a new motive for behaving like one; which had soon taken dire and uneradicable effect, except for the influence of the orator, Crossthwaite.

Crossthwaite was a Chartist, and so the boy shunned him at first, as one of an impious crew, who would murder all the soldiers and policemen, and batten on the pillage of assassinated shopkeepers. But he soon observed his influence in the work-room, his "grey eyes gleaming out from under huge knitted brows and a perpendicular wall of brain," and the clearness, volubility and sensitiveness which he in great part owed to strict temperance and a vegetarian diet. Still Crossthwaite seemed bent on rejecting all earnest advances from young Locke, who now would discover a new solace for his distress in reading and getting wisdom. But where might the books be found? He might not ask his mother, for he must then confess that religious reading was not just what he wanted, and so he told that all human learning was, more or less, diabolically carnal and ruinous. Mrs. Locke had never learned that in this world, the wisdom of the serpent is the best security for the innocence of the dove. Alton must look at no prints exposed in the windows, read no books without her previous sanction and so, as long as his obedience lasted, he read no books at all. But this was not for long, and who can regret his disobedience? It is part of our punishment that errors often line the way to blessings.

There was an old book-shop in the street through which he wended homeward from the work-room. He would stop and snatch a hasty page now and then, half timid from his empty pocket, half ashamed of his refractory behaviour. Byron formed the staple of his reading, and there he learned a thousand fantasies of melody and luxuriance of which he had never dreamed before. At length, in the "Life and Poems of J. Bethune," a Highland cotter, who had toiled through daily struggles of poverty, labour, and nightly wearings of the impetuous spirit, till it returned, unappreciated here, unto the God who gave it, he read a sad presage of his own fate. A harsh voice from the inner darkness of the shop startled him as his tears fell fast upon the book.

"'Hoot, laddie, ye'd better no spoil my books wi' greeting over them.'

"I replaced the book hastily, and was hurrying on, but the same voice called me back in a more kindly tone.

"'Stop a wee, my laddie. I'm no angered wi' ye. Come in, and we'll just ha' a bit crack thegither.'

"I went in, for there was a geniality in the tone to which I was unaccustomed, and something whispered to me the hope of an adventure,

as indeed it proved to be, if an event deserves that name which decided the course of my whole destiny.

“‘What war ye greeting about, then? What was the book?’

“‘Bethune’s Life and Poems, Sir,’ I said. ‘And certainly they did affect me very much.’

“‘Affect ye? Ah, Johnnie Bethune, puir fellow! ye maunna take on about sic like laddies, or ye’ll greet your e’en out o’ your head. It’s mony a braw man beside Johnnie Bethune has gane—Johnnie Bethune’s gaib.’

“‘Though unaccustomed to the Scotch accent, I could make out enough of this speech to be in no wise consoled by it. But the old man turned the conversation by asking me abruptly my name, and trade, and family.

“‘Hum, hum, widow, eh? puir body! Work at Smith’s shop, eh? Ye’ll ken John Crossthwaite, then? ay? hum, hum; an’ ye’re desirous o’ reading books, vara weel—let’s see your caropabilities.’

“‘And he pulled me into the dīm light of the little back window, shoved back his spectacles, and peering at me from underneath them, began, to my great astonishment, to feel my head all over.

“‘Hum, hum, a vara gude forehead—vara gude indeed. Causative organs large, perceptive ditto. Imagination superabundant—mun be heed- ed. Benevolence, conscientiousness ditto ditto. Caution—no—that large—might be developed,’ with a quiet chuckle, ‘under a gude Scot’s education. Just turn your head into profile, laddie. Hum, hum. Back o’ the head a’thegither defective. Firmness sma’—love of approbation unco big. Beware o’ lecing, as ye live; ye’ll need it. Philoprogenitiveness gude. Ye’ll be fond o’ bairns, I’m guessing?’

“‘Of what?’

“‘Children, laddie—children.’

“‘Very,’ answered I, in utter dismay, at what seemed to me a magical process of getting at my secret feelings.

“‘Hum, hum! Amative and combative organs sma’—a general want o’ healthy animalism, as my freen’ Mr. Deville wad say. And ye want to read books?’

“‘I confessed my desire, without, alas! confessing that my mother had forbidden it.

“‘Vara weel; then books I’ll lend ye, after I’ve had a crack wi’ Cross- thwaite aboot ye, gin I find his opinion o’ ye satisfactory. Come to me the day after to-morrow. An’ mind here are my rules:—a’ da- mage done to a book to be paid for, or na muir books lent; ye’ll mind to take no books without leave; specially ye’ll mind no to read in bed o’ nights,—industrious folks ought to be sleepin’ betimes, an’ I’d no be a party to burning puir weans in their beds; and lastly, ye’ll observe not to read muir than five books at once.’

“‘I assured him that I thought such a thing impossible; but he smiled in his Saturnine way and said,—

“‘We’ll see this day fortnight. Now, then, I’ve observed ye for a month past over that aristocrat Byron’s poems. And I’m willing to teach the young idea how to shoot—but no to shoot itself; so ye’ll just leave alane that vinegary, soul-destroying trash, and I’ll lend ye, gin I hear a good report o’ ye, ‘The Paradise Lost,’ o’ John Milton—a gran’ classic model; and for the doctrine o’t, its just aboot as gude as ye’ll hear elsewhere the noo. So gang your gate, and till John Crossthwaite, privately, auld Sandy Mackaye wad like to see him the morn’s night.’

"I went home in wonder and delight. Books! books! books! I should have my fill of them at last. And when I said my prayers at night I thanked God for this unexpected boon; and then remembered that my mother had forbidden it. That thought checked the thanks, but not the pleasure. Oh, parents! are there not real sins enough in the world, without your defiling it, over and above, by inventing new ones?"

Sandy Mackaye proves to be both a prophet and a disciplinarian. Ere a fortnight Alton, with four books in hand, would borrow a fifth, when the cunning monitor at once drew rein upon his desultory protégé. He sets him at on Virgil with a penalty of no more reading o' his books if Alton could not *traduce* him a page by that day three months. So spite of certain doubts of how that may be done without the tutors and pedagogues with which, on Sandy's principles, "gentlefolks and pair aristocrat bodies go to be spoilt," the lad, after his day of toil, and when, as it always did, his harsh croaky cough woke him at about two o'clock in the morning, lit up his little lean-to garret, ten feet by six, with a rush-light earned by running on messages, or by taking bits of work home, and finishing them for his fellows, and sit himself perseveringly to the work which was to be of such momentous issue. For three or four hours before starting at six o'clock to walk a couple of miles to the den where he toiled, he would sit shivering on the bed, and as he wrapped his feet in its scanty covering, and cramped his chest continually to check the cough into which he dared not break, lest his mother fancy him unwell and come and see him, the emaciated youth would pore over the page with aching eyes and tingling limbs, and sigh for the long summer mornings when he should need no candlelight. His mother's keen and affectionate eye soon discerned that his health was failing, though for four months he succeeded in concealing from her his superadded toil. Then, one morning she heard him stirring, and, rushing to his room, found him stitching away with all his might with a Virgil open before him. She clutched the boy and his book with either hand, and asked where he got that heathen stuff. A spark of self-respect which had survived through the blight of lingering concealment and prevarication checked the lie which rose to his lips, and brought him to confession. For two whole days after she had secured the book, no word past from her lips to him. Then came Sunday evening, and she opened this to her minister:—

"And now, Mr. Wigginton, what account have you of this Mr. Mackaye, who has seduced my unhappy boy from the paths of obedience?"

“‘I am sorry to say, madam,’ answered the dark man with a solemn snuffle, ‘that he proves to be a most objectionable and altogether unregenerate character. He is, I am informed, neither more nor less than a Chartist and an open blasphemer.’

“‘He is not!’ I interrupted angrily. ‘He has told me more about God, and given me better advice, than any human being except my mother.’

“‘Ah! madam, so thinks the unconverted heart, ignorant that the God of the Deist is not the God of the Bible—a consuming fire to all but His beloved elect; the God of the Deist, unhappy youth, is a mere self-invented, all-indulgent phantom—a will-o’-the-wisp, deluding the unwary, as he has deluded you, into the slough of carnal reason and shameful profligacy.’

“‘Do you mean to call me a profligate?’ I retorted fiercely, for my blood was up, and I felt I was fighting for all which I prized in the world: ‘if you do, you lie. Ask my mother when I ever disobeyed her before? I have never touched a drop of any thing stronger than water; I have slaved over-hours to pay for my own candle, I have—I have no sins to accuse myself of, and neither you nor any other person know of any. Do you call me a profligate because I wish to educate myself and rise in life?’

“‘Ah!’ groaned my poor mother to herself, ‘still unconvinced of sin!’

“‘The old Adam, my dear madam, you see—standing, as he always does, on his own filthy rags of works, while all the imaginations of his heart are only evil continually. Listen to me, poor sinner—’

“‘I will not listen to you,’ I cried, the accumulated disgust of years bursting out once and for all, ‘for I hate and despise you, eating my poor mother here out of house and home. You are one of those who creep into widows’ houses, and for pretence make long prayers. You, Sir, I will hear,’ I went on, turning to the dear old man who had sat by shaking his white locks with a sad and puzzled air, ‘for I love you.’

“‘My dear sister Locke,’ he began, ‘I really think sometimes—that is a-hem—with your leave, brother—I am almost disposed—but I should wish to defer to your superior zeal—yet, at the same time, perhaps, the desire for information, however carnal in itself, may be an instrument in the Lord’s hands—you know what I mean. I always thought him a gracious youth, madam, didn’t you? And perhaps—I only observe it in passing—the Lord’s people among the dissenting connexions are apt to undervalue human learning as a means—of course, I mean only as a means. It is not generally known, I believe, that our revered Puritan patriarchs, Howe and Baxter, Owen and many more, were not altogether unacquainted with heathen authors; nay, that they may have been called absolutely learned men. And some of our leading ministers are inclined—no doubt they will be led rightly in so important a matter—to follow the example of the Independents in educating their young ministers, and turning Satan’s weapons of heathen mythology against himself, as St. Paul is said to have done. My dear boy, what books have you now got by you of Mr. Mackaye’s?’

“‘Milton’s Poems, and a Latin Virgil.’

“‘Ah!’ groaned the dark man, ‘will poetry, will Latin save an immortal soul?’

“‘I’ll tell you what, Sir; you say yourself that it depends on God’s absolute counsel whether I am saved or not. So, if I am elect, I shall be saved whatever I do; and if I am not, I shall be damned whatever I do; and in the mean time you had better mind your own busi-

ness, and let me do the best I can for this life, as the next is all settled for me.'

"This flippant, but after all not unreasonable speech seemed to silence the man, and I took the opportunity of running upstairs and bringing down my Milton."

The matter was brought to a compromise by permission that Alton might make an end of the works then under perusal, if he would promise to see Sandy no more, except in one subsequent interview for which he pleaded. He promised in good faith; but his capacity of performing that his mother better knew. "And now," said the dark man, "let us join in offering up a few words of special intercession;" and he twisted a string of bitter and groundless slanders against the poor boy into a prayer for his conversion, "if that were God's will." Oh! the mockery of the Amen which Alton responded—it had broken up the wreck of his faith which still held together save for Sandy's pious admonition, next day, that "he who begins the gate o' disobeying his mother ends by disobeying God and his ain conscience;" adding, "Gin ye're to be a scholar, God will make ye one—and if not, ye'll no make yoursel' ane in spite o' Him and His commandments."

That this is no exaggerated picture we can testify from too sorrowful experience. We will yield to none in honour and veneration of the noble names which stand in the lists of dissent—the Carey, the Hall, the Doddridge and the Adam Clark of a past age; and Doctors Vaughan, Wardlaw and Davidson of the present generation, and a hundred others whom we might capitulate, many who have done their arduous service here being not a wit less than the greatest of them. Nor are we unimpressed with the mournful fact that ministers of the English Church may be named who could be fitly ranged only among those whose end is destruction. We have not occupied our page with these hardly-drawn figures, with any purpose of undue disparagement or unrighteous contrast; nor is it within our plan, in this place, to trace the causes of these sad malversations, or their remedy, save in so far as we remark that this, in the Established Church, is, in a large measure, and indeed in the overwhelming majority of calculable instances, within the control of our Bishops and beneficed clergy and Heads of Collegiate Houses, whether in the Universities or elsewhere, if the former should invariably (save upon the very strongest motives) not ordain *without*, and the latter be duly vigilant in conceding, testimonials of good life and doctrine for the periods professedly requisite. But this we believe, that the Mr. Wiggintons who exist in Eng-

land, in her towns and in her villages,—vulgar, ignorant, mean-spirited miscreants, without a heart, or an intellect above the lowest of those who pamper them, who will quarter themselves in hovels, and as they gloat upon their victim's hardly-earned mess, shower their contumacious anger on the shepherds of the sheep for naught so much as that they scorn and execrate their miserable pretensions, are among the deepest of the social pests of the poor. We could point to whole families of children of ruined morals and shipwrecked faith, only for that, as far as man can see, having been born in exile from the Ark which shall ever ride through the pervading waters, their natural reason has taught them to cast away from them the contemptible jargon of such as this man. Nor is the scathe of them confined to the very poorest classes. They creep into the houses of the smaller and less capable of the English tradesmen, where partly as pedagogues and partly as deputy-sub-pastors, they do their mischief, weaning weak women from that cautious guardianship of their children which is expedient to a virtuous adulthood, by hypocritical palaver on "the work of grace in that boy's heart," and the "indefeasible perseverance" of the "elect lady and her children"—children—and oh! that memory did not present to us such vivid recollections of them—who have in due course learned to wanton with their beguiled mother's kiss upon their lips, and to know themselves apostrophized by doating imbeciles as sure heirs of ultimate blessedness, while in the secret places of their heart it was revealed that only the works of the flesh were manifest in them.

But we stray too far from the workshop, which was the main point of our direction, in introducing Alton Locke to our friends. Prohibited from Mackaye's back parlour, and slighted of his sister for his outrageous anathematization of the dark minister, Alton at length learned to unbosom himself to John Crossthwaite. He told the orator his misery, that he wished to educate himself, and could not; who ponders all his story and all his grief. They pass, in company, through the Horse-guards; where a gaily accoutred officer of the "Royal Blues" prances by them, and alighting, tosses the reins of his charger to a tall dragoon as grand and gaudy as himself. John Crossthwaite feels a simmer in his blood—these are the men who cut his father down in Sheffield, perhaps with the very sword he helped to forge; and with what right, because he, poor soul, would not sit down and starve with his children, were those very blades wielded against him, the refuse of whose fabric was hourly excoriating his

lungs, at the word of a profligate jackanapes, whose champagne and venison are purchased by the cutler's toil? Why not *he* have education, and be *made* a gentleman, as well as those who, being born such, though without a tythe of the talent, are crammed and stuffed by tutors and pedagogues? Why should not Alton, thorough young genius as he was, and Mackaye knew it, have a right to a college education as much as any do-nothing canon in the abbey? What had Nature given brains for but to be educated and used? We give in detail the concluding part of their conversation, which rose out of Crossthwaite's recitation of a tirade by Mr. O'Flynn's, an Irish demagogue of Conciliation Hall. The poor indeed *have* "come out of leading-strings," and *need* "be treated with advice, exhortation, and guidance tendered on equal terms,"\* if spirits like Locke's, wrought to bend with submission the unequal allotments of God's Providence, are schooled in rebellion, and goaded to avenge the wrongs ungainsayed, but persevered in, by such masculine "stuff" as John Crossthwaite administers. And never let it be forgotten that the belief whether true or false, of *wrong* endured is the direst, because the most festering and contagious of social woes; and the harmonious co-operation of the several elements of the Commonwealth, we must restore at any compromise of the mere arrogance of *préstitige*. It is quite possible that none more than labouring men may be sensible that there is a Providence Who rules the gradations of the social scale, and being so sensible, may rejoice to submit themselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake. But once their idea of God's government obscured by the oppression and selfishness of those above them, and the gross and material barriers which it is next to impossible that they ever overpass; and there the prime incentive to moderation vanishing, no wonder that the power is dissipated which might have wielded the fierce democracy. None know better than their organizers that such feuds are the very scathe of all who initiate them—that they waste the little capital of the more successful labourer, and hinder its accumulation, by the check they lay on industry—that they enfeeble the last fibres by which the wounded sympathies and reciprocities might cicatrize and pulse healthily again—that they ruin all those finer sensibilities which trained intellect has a natural tendency to invigorate, and endanger



the cordialities in defect of which no ensuant accommodations can tend towards any thing but anarchy. They know, too, that under excited feelings, the dictates of strict justice, and of honest conviction of that equitable poise only upon which can vigour and security be respectively sustained are sacrificed, if not forgotten, and the sterling interanimations which lie at the ground of every normal form of polity are numbed by the unholy yearnings of a sensuous egoism. Nevertheless there is such an innate propensity to hold one's own, whenever there exists a confirmed impression of degradations imposed, that the John Crossthwaites, of the factious rabble, *malgré* all their better understanding and calmer inductions, will never cease, as long as the incentive lasts, to defeat the more righteous concessions of its Alton Lockes.

“ ‘It sounds very grand,’ I replied meekly, ‘and I should like very much certainly to have a good education. But I can’t see whose injustice keeps me out of one if I can’t afford to pay for it.’

“ ‘Whose? Why, the parsons’ to be sure. They’ve got the monopoly of education in England, and they get their bread by it at their public schools and universities; and of course it’s their interest to keep up the price of their commodity, and let no man have a taste of it who can’t pay down handsomely. And so those aristocrats of college don’t go on rolling in riches, and fellowships, and scholarships, that were bequeathed by the people’s friends in old times, just to educate poor scholars like you and me, and give us our rights as free men.’

“ ‘But I thought the clergy were doing so much to educate the poor. At least, I hear all the dissenting ministers grumbling at their continual interference.’

“ ‘Ay, educating them to make them slaves and bigots. They don’t teach them what they teach their own sons. Look at the miserable smattering of general information—just enough to serve as sauce for their great first and last lesson of ‘Obey the powers that be’—whatever they be; leave us alone in our comforts, and starve patiently; do, like good boys, for it’s God’s will. And then, if a boy does shew talent in school, do they help him up for life? Not they; when he has just learnt enough to whet his appetite for more, they turn him adrift again, to sink and drudge—to do his duty, as they call it, in that state of life to which society and the devil have called him.’

“ ‘But there are innumerable stories of great Englishmen who have risen from the lowest ranks.’

“ ‘Ay; but where are the stories of those who have not risen—of all the noble geniuses who have ended in desperation, drunkenness, starvation, suicide, because no one would take the trouble of lifting them up, and enabling them to walk in the path which Nature had marked out for them? Dead men tell no tales; and this old whited sepulchre, society, ain’t going to turn informer against itself.’

“ ‘I trust and hope,’ I said, sadly, ‘that if God intends me to rise, He will open the way for me; perhaps the very struggles and sorrows of a poor genius may teach him more than ever wealth and prosperity could.’

“ ‘True, Alton, my boy! and that’s my only comfort. It does make men of us, this bitter battle of life. We working men, when we do

come out of the furnace, come out, not tinsel and papier maché, like those fops of red-tape statesmen, but steel and granite, Alton, my boy—that has been seven times tried in the fire: and woe to the papier maché gentleman that runs against us! But,' he went on, sadly, 'for one who comes safe through the furnace, there are a hundred who crack in the burning. You are a young bear, my lad, with all your sorrows before you; and you'll find that a working-man's training is like the Red Indian children's. The few who are strong enough to stand it grow up warriors; but all those who are not fire-and-water-proof by nature—just die, Alton, my lad, and the tribe thinks itself well rid of them.' "

Such indoctrinations, certainly, were stimulant enough. The motive of duty strengthened the love of learning and the itch for disobedience; for which, in one of his chance readings in the Gospels, he persuades himself of a precedent in the answer of Christ to those who told Him that his mother and brethren were without seeking to restrain him from labours from which they seemed to argue madness. He had lost all pleasure in home, for he had no common topic to converse on with his mother, and besides, he had for two years seen that she suspected and watched him. So for all his love and confidence that she vouchsafed him, the solicitude which her faith commended to her as the best, an explosion was unavoidable. She taunted him with bad companions on his late return one evening. Vexed at her suspicions, he demanded the name of his slanderer. On her refusal, and reiteration that there was too much reason to believe it, his rage evoked a series of mutual recriminations and other and feller anathemas on "the black-faced canting scoundrel," the like of who's slanders and selfish, carnal indulgences were, he remarked, both the proofs and the props of the nation's scepticism. His mother blusters infidel and blasphemous against him, and banishes him from her house, and though his gentle heart lingers at the threshold where is all which he has loved the best, and yet, though he would raise his hand and knock and implore an entrance, he dared not—knowing it to be useless in his dread of his mother's stern habit of determination. He had left her dwelling and her presence for the last time.

The admirable scene in which the policeman and the medical students figure in the tap-room to which Alton is conveyed, faint and staggering from starvation and emotion,—and the fine satire there pointed at the functionaries under the New Poor Law Act, we must pass over with a reference to its deserved eulogy on a class of English youth who, we may say, from some personal means of information, are, with all

their bluntness, (a bluntness which the artificial atmosphere which they often too soon inhale, supplants with a far less amiable sycophancy)—and, notwithstanding too frequent immoral excesses, which those who know the temptations which beset the unguided and inexperienced in a great and abandoned city, will rather mourn over than be severe upon, are the tender, generous, indefatigable ministers to the ailing destitute of the cities of England. We pretend not to unravel the reasons of the contrast—*why*, with personal recklessness, there is often associated the keenest sensibility to the distress of others, or whether, in the particular class of men now under consideration, a daily intercourse with disease and destitution, while it imparts a relish for the coarser pleasures, has also a real tendency to quicken the propensity for excursive philanthropy: but so much is certain—that whereas the official guardians of the poor are too often procrastinating and obdurate, thousands who had perished but for their timely promptitude survive to bless the benevolent exertions of the rude élèves of our hospitals and fever-wards.

Recovered from his exhaustion and enforced potations of brandy, Alton Locke finds a refuge in the warm hospitality of Sandy Mackaye, who at once installed himself as his private tutor. In the dark sanctum behind the shop, crammed with piles of books and pamphlets which seemed a chaos to all who looked on them save the one who knew their order; the ceiling hung with political caricatures and impaled tomes of High Tory and Benthamite politics; the chimney-piece strawn with pipes and pens round an effigy of a well-worn working-man in the form of a cast from Michael Angelo's "skinless moore;" the remainder of the inventory being all comprized in a cruize of oatmeal and a keg of whiskey (Sandy's only fare), a blue plate and a rusty kettle, an old arm-chair and a table covered with odds and ends of manuscript, among which showed the snuffer tray fragment with half consumed "dottles" of tobacco, the Scotchman undertook to school him in all the "scholastic methods and proprieties." He was in a new element, where, with less anxiety and more repose, his constitution mended daily. Sandy compelled his protégé to make some advance towards a reconciliation with his mother; but she was inexorable, and Alton could not conceal that his heart leapt for joy. His kind patron, however, pacified his uncle, the city grocer; and an interview was arranged. He meets a tolerably gracious reception at the office of the good-natured Mammonite, is

complimented on his genius, and soon despatched with five shillings and a hint to stick to double entry and prepare himself for a newspaper editor or a clerk to a joint-stock company—as business at the West-end, and the entertainment of a civic magnate, must occupy his uncle for the rest of the day. But his cousin George, the Collegian, is more cordial; ingratiates himself with a familiarity which “never cut a chimney-sweep when once he had known,” and plumed himself with reminiscences of “our dean in lecture,” and the gauds, gossip and garrulity which he had imported fresh from Cambridge.

George was a perfect athlete and no small dab at billiards. He contrived to make all pay, he said, among gentlemen. He retained something of the jaunty, swaggering air which had signalized him among the city youth; but it did not combine ungracefully with the superior polish he had acquired at the University.

The cousins start for Dulwich, Alton's late indulgences at the windows of the picture shops having inspired an intense delight for the beautiful in form and colour, and his companion winning him to easy conviction that 'tis “a deal better to amuse oneself in picture galleries without leave, than to lead a life of sneaking and lying under petticoat government, as all home-birds are sure to do in the long run.” His future all turns upon the events of that day;—while his cousin is held by the fascinations of a Venus which raises a shudder and a blush in him, he hurries straight to a figure at the farthest end, and stands entranced before Guido's St. Sebastian.

“A woman's voice close to me, gentle, yet of deeper tone than most, woke me from my trance.

“‘You seem to be deeply interested in that picture?’

“I looked round, yet not at the speaker. My eyes, before they could meet hers, were caught by an apparition the most beautiful which they ever yet beheld. And what—what—have I seen equal to her since? Strange, that I should love to talk of her. Strange, that I fret at myself now because I cannot set down on paper, line by line, hue by hue, that wonderful loveliness of which—But no matter. Had I but such an imagination as Petrarch, or rather, perhaps, had I his deliberate cold self-consciousness, what volumes of similes and conceits I might pour out, connecting that peerless figure with all lovely things which heaven and earth contain. As it is, because I cannot say all, I will say nothing, but repeat to the end again and again, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beyond all statue, picture, or poet's dream. Seventeen—slight but rounded, a masque and features delicate and regular, as if fresh from the chisel of Praxiteles—I must try to describe after all, you see—a skin of alabaster (privet-flowers, Horace and Ariosto would have said, more true to Nature), stained with the faintest flush; auburn hair, with that peculiar crisped wave seen in the old Italian pictures, and the warm, dark hazel

eyes which so often accompany it; lips like a thread of vermilion, somewhat too this, perhaps—but I thought little of that then; with such perfect finish and grace in every line and hue of her features and her dress, down to the little fingers and nails which showed through her thin gloves, that she seemed to my fancy fresh from the innermost chamber of some enchanted palace, 'where no air of heaven could visit her cheek too roughly.' I dropped my eyes, quite dazzled. The question was repeated by a lady who stood with her, whose face I remarked then—as I did to the last, alas! too little; dazzled at the first by outward beauty, perhaps because so utterly unaccustomed to it."

We have not space to dwell much on the new feature of human nature now revealed to him in this exquisite combinations of his mother's nobleness and his sister's careless ease. He feels the first dawn of love, as the fair Lilian, at her father's bidding—(a dean, as George, who sheered meekly into the back-ground, told him he might have known by his hat and shoe-buckles and tight black silk stockings)—relates the story which the painter's genius had embodied. The young men watch them to their carriage; but not till Alton had felt a flutter of hope from the old gentleman's inquisitive interest and courteous "Good morning," as well as a tumult of wrath and indignation at his coarser cousin's vulgar railery.

And now he feels an agony of longing of weeks and months and years' duration. Where may he behold that face again, which haunted him awhile in the night season, but too soon to become confused and dim? He loiters through the parks, and promenades, peers into every carriage, watches the departures from play-houses and exhibitions, makes the tour of the fashionable churches, but only to be perpetually edged off and disappointed. Without the courage to confess to Sandy the secret of a rack which long destroyed his application, his sole relief was to whisper the extravagance of his idolatry before a picture in the National Gallery in one of the faces of which he imagined a likeness to the beautiful inspirer of his sleeping and his waking dreams.

At length he can contain no longer. Not a chariot rolled by him with a gentleman *vis-a-vis* to some fair or richly attired companion, but suggested the misery of stitching braveries for men with whom his finer intellect must yet aspire in vain to compete. He summons courage to tell his story to Sandy. We cannot abridge his keen and characteristic reply.

"'Wad ye ha' them set up a dancing academy for working-men, wi' manners to clib here to the lower classes?' They'll no break up their ain monopoly; trust them for it! Na: if ye want to get amang them, I'll tell ye way o't. Write a book o' poems, and ca' it 'A voice fra'

the goose, by a Working Tailor'—and then—why, after a dizen years or so of starving and scribbling for your bread, ye'll ha' a chance o' finding yoursel a lion, and a flunky, and a licker o' trenchers—ane that jokes for his dinner, and sells his soul for a fine lady's smile—till ye presume to think they're in earnest, and fancy yoursel a man o' the same blood as they, and fa' in love wi' one of them—and then they'll teach ye your levels, and send ye oft to guage wheesky like Burns, or leave ye to die in a ditch as they did wi' puir Thom.' ”

But for all Sandy's banter and forewarnings of the doom of poets of the people, the fit is on his disciple, and so one evening, while the old bookseller was declaiming at a meeting of Chartists on the cause which he leaves Alton to learn out of the Roman History—“the gran' cause and the only cause worth living for on the earth o' God,” he indites his first attempt on the beautiful Lilian. Succeeding no better than in a previous essay to perpetuate his thousand fitting fancies in sketches on the white-washed walls of his garret, his next adventure is to embody his missionary recollections in a Childe Harold sort of dress—his hero being “a pious sea-rover;” but his great lumps of description, of the isles of the Pacific, their bungalows and banana groves, the one volcano which, towering over the whole,

“Shaking a sinful isle with thundering shocks  
Reprieved the worshippers of stones and stocks.”

And the bevy of nude beauties who swam out to the vessel picked up from Wallis or Cook or some other plain-spoken traveller. He had advanced to the fiftieth stanza, and then halting awhile to review his bantling, and in doubt if it were handsome or hideous, he puts the matter to Mackaye. A hearty chuckle appeases the old man, till the swimmers are introduced—but he can then hold no longer.

“What the deevil! is there no harlotry and idolatry here in England, that ye maun gang speering after it in the Cannibal Islands? Are ye gaun to be like they puir aristocrat bodies, that wad suner hear an Italian dog howl, than an English nightingale sing, and winna hearken to Mr. John Thomas till he calls himself Giovanni Thomasino; or do ye tak yoursel for a singing-bird, to go all your days tweedledundeeing out into the lift, just for the lust o' hearing you ain clans chatter? Will ye be a man or lintie? Coral islands? Pacific? What do ye ken about Pacifics? Are ye a Cockney or a Cannibal islander? Dinna stand there, ye gowk, as fasionless as a docken, but tell me that. Where do ye live?”

“What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye!” asked I with a doleful and disappointed visage.

“Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha' put ye there—and because He means ye to write aboot London town, He's put ye there,—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o't? and I'll gie ye anither. Come along with me.”

The scene which follows is a most powerful delineation of the wretched purlieus of Saint Giles's, on a foggy, chilly Saturday night, while the lurid gas is flickering on the abominations exposed as provender for those miserable starvelings who haunt the alleys of that sink of corruption. They stop suddenly where, at the entrance of a yard, yawns, on one side the pawnbroker's, on the other, the gin-palace. Not a creature there but is "beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse." Vile drabs, unkerchiefed and barefooted; children revelling at night upon the plunder of the day; mothers appeasing the cries of famishing babes with the drainings of the drug from which their own eyes glare fiercely—"drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born!" moaned the compassionate Chartist. "John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation deevil's doctrines!"

They enter a huge miserable house which, may be a century ago, had gleamed with luxury and rung with laughter. The ruins of the ample balustrade now formed a sewer for the stifling mass of inmates who crowded every room. Children's wails, and grey men's execrations, mingle tumultuously on the tottering stair-case. They enter a gloomy garret, bare of furniture and freezing cold, but yet in which an air of neatness is distinguishable, for all the patched windows and crumbling plaster. An old woman hangs over a few cold embers, and mutters out her heart upon the guardians and the workhouse. On the floor, stretched upon a few rags, and covered with a riding-skirt which two other girls are stitching, lies a lean girl, seared with small-pox, and yet a child of God, waiting for her Lord to take her, and adoring His blessed mercy in her ugliness and ill favour, which has kept her out of evil, pure and unspotted for her dear Jesu's sake.

"'Oh!' importunes she, 'dear, kind Mr. Mackaye—do speak to her; and do speak to poor Lizzy here! I'm not afraid to say it before her, because she's more gentle-like, and has'nt learned to say bad words yet—but do speak to them, and tell them not to go the bad way, like all the rest. Tell them it'll never prosper. I know it is want that drives them to it, as it drives all of us—but tell them it's best to starve and die honest girls, than to go about with the shame and the curse of God on their hearts, for the sake of keeping this poor, miserable, vile body together a few short years more in this world of sorrow. Do tell them, Mr. Mackaye.'"

We shall not further gaze at this terrible limning—Ah! in hundreds of frosty chambers, recking with disease and self-

loathed wantonness, too, too terribly true. We will only ask, with Sandy Mackaye :—

“ Poetic element? Yon lassie, rejoicing in her disfigurement and not her beauty, like the ruins of Peterborough in auld time,—is there na poetry there? That puir lassie, dying on the bare boards and seeing her Saviour in her dreams, is there na poetry there, callant? That auld body owre the fire, wi’ her ‘ an officer’s dochter’, is there na poetry there? That other prostituting hersel to buy food for her freen—is there no poetry there?—tragedy—

“ With hues as when some mighty painter dips

“ His pen in dyes of earthquake and eclipse.

“ Ay, Shelly’s gran’; always gran’; but Fact is grander—God and Satan are grander. All around ye, in every gin shop and costermonger’s cellar, are God and Satan at death’s gripe; every garret is a hail Paradise Lost or Paradise Regained: and will ye think it beneath ye to be the People’s Poet?”

Here, for awhile, we must pause; though we seem merely to have opened the large debate which our subject will exact of us, to pursue it at all in the breadth we have proposed. However, the sketch here presented of the corporeal and mental sufferings of a single class of artizans, the tailors, working under every imaginable advantage, except the special and bountiful consideration of some three or four, or may be half a dozen firms at the top of the trade, may perhaps leave the impression that if there be any thing worse behind, some higher and nobler principle than taste might propound as a remedy (if the wisdom of the day can devise no other) Alton Locke’s indelicate preference for feathers and strings of shells. How much worse *is* behind, will be seen when we pursue the details of the sweating system as practised by the Messrs. Moses and others of the same disreputable craft. But even were there no grievances beyond those which we have already placed on record, these themselves do determinately point to the expediency of some system for the organization of industry. For, if we may be allowed to adapt to our argument the ideas of the most clear-headed of modern economists, it is inconceivable how any person who habitually reflects on the tendencies of a society such as that of modern England, and the natural results of a vast and altogether unbalanced advance in intellect among the class of artizans, can expect that the majority of the community will consent for ever, or indeed for much longer, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water; or can doubt that they will be less and less willing to co-operate as subordinate agents in any work, where they have no interest in the result.



## IX.

## WANDERINGS IN WESTERN INDIA.

## PART I.—MALWA AND KHANDEISH.

“Why do you publish? There are no rewards  
 Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.  
 I ask in turn, why do you play at cards?  
 Why drink? Why read? To make some hour less dreary.  
 It occupies me to turn back regards  
 On what I've seen or pondered, sad or cheery;  
 And what I write I cast upon the stream,  
 To sink or swim;—I've had, at least, my dream.”

THE author of this paper undertook en route to England a hasty journey through the states of Central and Western India. Of the former it is not his purpose to treat, but of the latter, so scanty are the means of information in the hands of the public, that it is hoped the following brief sketch may not prove an unacceptable addition to the stock of knowledge already published.

Few travellers have been attracted to these regions either by interest or by curiosity, and fewer still have endeavoured to throw light on countries which once were populous and civilized empires, but are now fast sinking under the silent influences of misrule and oppression into an uninhabited and desolate wilderness. No attempt has been made to trace the causes of the uninterrupted decay of the feeble and effete Governments to whose short-sighted policy this wreck of empires may be truly ascribed, nor to contrast with this the peculiar and unalterable features which characterize the wandering tribes of Western India. Still more is it a matter of regret, that no person possessed of a competent knowledge of Sanscrit literature has devoted his attention to those surprising monuments, the creation of the concentrated energies of Indian antiquity, which the wondering traveller now views buried in the wild ravines of the *Ajanta*. Of course the present paper pretends not to supply these deficiencies; but in describing the journey and recording the impressions I received, I trust I may at least serve as the pioneer to some abler and more enterprising delineator. My object is not to note in detail the varied scenes of each successive march, but rather to lay before the reader a few of the prominent objects calculated to arrest his attention, and possibly to furnish hints which may prove of service to the future tourist. The journey therefore from Mirzapore to Indore may be dismissed at once, since palanquin travelling affords but little scope for

observation, and these countries are too well known to need illustration from my pen. This narrative will therefore commence from Indore, for here the traveller first discovers that he has entered on a new scene, that former habits and prejudices must be discarded, and that in order to continue his journey, it has become absolutely necessary to alter his mode of travelling. Kahars\* are a race almost unknown in Western India except in Bombay itself, where they are called *hamáls*, an Arabic word which means bearer. The ordinary method of travelling is in palky-gharries drawn by bullocks. These animals are kept in the same manner as horses are with us, and usually perform a journey of thirty miles a day. Bullocks of a somewhat inferior class are easily procurable in the large villages on the main lines of road, and of these relays are often laid through the magistrate. Persons desirous of travelling by palanquin usually engage one set of bearers for the entire distance; to lay a continuous dák it is absolutely necessary that the bearers be sent in advance from some large town to their respective posts. Recourse is also had to horse-dáks, and the country ponies are hired for this purpose. A ride of sixty or eighty miles through the heat of the day is no uncommon performance, for our friends on the western side of India appear to have little dread of exposure to the sun's rays.

At Indore, the palanquin bearers, who by the bye are natives of Muzapore, hold a monopoly of the market; the charge for a set of ten to Bombay, a journey of only twelve days, was two hundred and thirty rupees. Such travelling is at all times both tedious and disagreeable; but to a man, like myself, visiting England without pay, such an expenditure required to be considered twice, or rather the idea was not to be entertained at all. By a fortunate coincidence however, I crossed the path of another traveller, who purposed to compass the same destination, but by a more interesting though somewhat circuitous route. He was journeying on camels with only one attendant, a *chuprasy*; but he assured me that if I would share his fortunes, I should find the former the easiest possible conveyance, and the latter a perfect Soyer in the gastronomic art. I had certain misgivings, especially on the latter point, but the offer was too good to be refused, and from the extensive and varied information possessed by my companion, I soon discovered that

I had every reason to rejoice at the good fortune thus thrown in my way. Now I am not a corpulent man, of this some of my readers may probably be aware, and do not therefore agree with Bishop Hall that so much of rest is so much of heaven, but rather say with Shandy, that so much of motion is so much of life and so much of joy. To sell my palanquin, hire two camels, swing my boxes across one, and myself behind my new acquaintance, across the second, was the work of a few hours.

Thus then were I and my friend (Dec. 21st) again fairly started on our travels. By sunset we had reached the crest of the Simrole pass, the southernmost edge of the table-land of Central India. The Vindhya range was spread out at our feet, and the view opened over receding lines of wooded hills; for here Nature abruptly changes her aspect. We had bade farewell to populous hamlets and cultivated fields, and, threading these lonely valleys, met none but the wood-cutter seated by his fire, or the watchman keeping guard on his solitary *machán*.\* We could hear too the occasional shouts of the Bunjarics,† as they tended their herds while grazing in the jungles. The moon had not yet risen, and in these deep passes, though the stars shone brilliantly above, little light was shed on our path. Our servant mounted on one camel led the van, we followed on another, and the two camel-drivers, armed with a long *zambooruk*,‡ slung from the saddle, brought up the rear. Camels are ill adapted for traversing this hilly country or for passing over its stony roads. They are indeed rarely to be met with, and often elicited an expression of surprise from the ignorant peasantry. The camels themselves sighed apparently for the hard sands of their native Marwar, and it was amusing to observe the look of stupid amazement with which they gazed on the rocky ravines through which we sometimes had occasion to pass. Suitable forage was nowhere procurable, and as the stages were long, their strength had to be recruited with grain mixed with *ghee*.

To the novice in camel-riding the motion is by no means agreeable; and caused, as I soon found, a violent pain in the left shin. I consequently arrived late and weary at our first halting ground, Balocori, a distance of twenty-six miles. Our

\* A small scaffolding, raised to a height sufficient to place the occupant in safety from beasts of prey.

† Grain-merchants.

‡ A matchlock from 8 to 10 feet in length.

travelling arrangements were of the simplest description. We slept in a *serai*, *dharmasála*,\* or *buniak's* shop, as the case might be. Occasionally we found a bungalow, but always unfurnished. The saddle-cloth by day spread on the ground formed at once our table, our sofa, and our chair; again spread on the mud-floor of some wretched hut, the same cloth served for our bed at night. What sumptuous repasts have we thus enjoyed on the floor of some humble shop-keeper's verandah, or under the grateful shade of an umbrageous banian. What luxurious baths have we found in the rocky bed of the clear mountain-stream as it dashed beneath the broken arch of some ancient bridge. The larder was on the same meagre footing as the furniture and the toilet; as I had anticipated, the *chuprasy* proved only an indifferent cook. His art did not extend beyond manufacturing *chupatties* and boiling eggs. But let me not be ungrateful—Mir Khân (for such was his name) was a most valuable, hard-working, body-servant. After a long and fatiguing march, he would repair at once to the village, and procure the necessary supplies; and then would dress our simple repast. This duty performed, little leisure remained before we had again to start for our evening march. To return, however, to the *cuisine*: a pot of salt-butter in a state of fluidity (owing to the heat of the weather) and a little *atta*, formed the materials of our every meal. Like Solomon's dinner of herbs, the whole was seasoned with contentment, but contentment is not a universal gift. The learned author of a late sporting article in this journal (but whose chief fame lies in Sanscrit lore,) was once my companion on a short excursion. When our banquet was laid out, he paid a just tribute to the arrangements of the commissariat; but—sad to tell—the appetite either palled by a fatiguing lecture on logical quiddities and metaphysical inanities; or piqued by a consciousness of inferiority in argument, the PHILOSOPHER'S fastidious eye immediately detected the NON-EXISTENCE of, to him at least, a most necessary condiment—*videlicet*—mustard.

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\* Perhaps the reader may not be aware of the difference, or rather distinction, which exists in the local acceptation of the terms *dharmasála* and *serai*. They are both applied to buildings erected for the accommodation of travellers. The former, a Sanscrit word, signifies the *hall (sala)* of *virtue*, or rather, perhaps, *merit (dharma)*;—so styled as having been built in order to acquire favor with the divinity. The latter means a covering, and is a term borrowed from the Persian, according to Shakespear, though possibly derived from the Arabic (vide *سرا*).

The man of Sanscrit declared his sense of propriety outraged; and with an invocation to the shades of the offended Apicius, rushed back to the amenities of civilized life. I am no such advocate of creature-comforts on a tour of pleasure. Nevertheless, I recommend the future traveller to provide himself with at least some comfortable bedding. Hunger, I allow, is a most piquant sauce, but fatigue is a wretched pillow, and the ground at best but a hard couch for aching limbs. A small tent would perhaps not be an unjustifiable luxury; for at night the stertorous sounds of the wayfarers who may have alighted in company with oneself in the same *dharmśālā*, do not form the most soothing serenade, and the wild dogs, attracted by the remains of the evening meal, are *certainly* not the most agreeable bed-fellows.\* Yet I look back on that journey with feelings of pleasure. Encumbered with no retinue, and unembarrassed with care, we journeyed at our "own sweet will." No magisterial mandate preceded our march. We needed it not. Our few wants were readily supplied, and we thus enjoyed a freedom from those harassing disputes which so often disturb the harmony of more methodical travellers.

A short march of twelve miles brought us on the morning of the 22nd to Barwāya, a large village in the vicinity of the river Nerbudda. After breakfast we started on an elephant on a pilgrimage to the far-famed temple of Om-kar. The sulkiness of the driver soon communicated itself to his beast, and we were glad to dismount and pursue our journey on foot. The situation of Om-kar is extremely beautiful, and is in fact (excepting perhaps Kandala) the only spot that can lay any claim to the picturesque till the traveller reaches Bombay. The rocks on either side are well wooded, and rise to a considerable height; the wide clear waters of the Nerbudda dash furiously over its stony bed, and just above the foaming rapids, on a bluff rock projecting into the stream, stand the temple and town of Om-kar. The name Om-kar is derived from Om, a mystical name of the Hindoo Triad.† This temple is regarded by the Jains as a place of great sanctity. In Central India the salutation of travellers on meeting is *Ram Ram*; here this is lengthened into *Ram Ram Om-karji*. Of all the sects of Hindoos, the Jains are the most indefatigable in their pilgrimages. We conversed with one, a native of Cuttack, the principal seat of

\* This actually occurred to myself twice in the course of this journey.

† See the *Vishnū Purana*, edited by Professor H. H. Wilson.

their religion. He had undertaken a tour of India on a stock of eleven rupees; of this sum he had spent only three, and on the remainder purposed visiting Oojain, Prayág (Allahabad), Káshí (Benares), and Párusuáth. The Jains deny the divine authority of the Vedas, and refuse to assign to Vishnu that pre-eminent rank in the Hindoo Pantheon which has been accorded to that deity by the Brahminical priesthood. The priests carry their tender regard for animal life to a somewhat ridiculous extreme.\* They usually carry a broom to sweep insects out of their way, and sometimes wear a gauze respirator that they may not even inadvertently cause the death of the minutest being. The Jain's theory of the soul is also sufficiently whimsical. The soul, say their philosophers, has been eternally wedded to two subtle material bodies; from one it receives the reasoning faculty, from the other the mental emotions. The soul thus embodied in an invisible form, becomes incarnate in a body of a grosser nature, and then in its transmigration, assumes the shape of man and other terrestrial beings. We paid our respects to the Raja, who received us politely, and furnished us with ponies for our return. These animals displayed surprising agility in scrambling across the large disjointed masses of rock which lay scattered along the bed of the stream. Much has been written on the subject of rendering this river navigable. At this point, at any rate, the difficulties appear almost insurmountable; and moreover, the neighbouring country seems likely to produce few commodities capable of repaying the cost of such an undertaking.

I ought to have apprised the reader that we have entered Nemaar. The surface of this province is generally undulating, covered with scanty jungle, and, occasionally, stunted timber; scarcely a blade of cultivation is to be seen except in the immediate vicinity of Mandleisir. Game is abundant, and not a day passed but we saw troops of majestic peacocks ranging in unconscious security by the side of our path; but for the larger game the traveller must penetrate their haunts in the unfrequented ravines of the Vindhya. Vegetation here assumes a new feature. We could not recognize, except in the peepul and the banian, any of our old acquaintance; and we here observed for the first time the large round leaf of the sombre teak. This noble tree, from the sterile nature of the soil, attains a very abject stature; but from the

dwarf some conception may be formed of the grandeur of the dark gigantic forests of Malabar. We were one day startled on our march by observing a forest of logs approaching slowly towards us. This, on a nearer view, proved to be a herd of bullocks, drawing timber for sale at Indore; to the shoulder of each animal a beam was attached, one end rising above his head, the other trailing on the ground. At first the sight was very striking; a moving forest, though not a moving grove; in short, Burnam wood without its leaves. But the chief article of export from this district is *ghee*. This is packed in *dubbahs*, or kegs made of hardened hides, and slung on the backs of bullocks, as the roads do not admit of carriage traffic.\* We also met several tribes of grain merchants, returning from the south. These men travel accompanied by their wives and children, who assist in driving the cattle, each family possessing as many as twenty head. The official duties connected with this ill-peopled province are performed by a superintendent on nine hundred rupees per mensem; to this office are attached the duties of Deputy Bheel Agent. On our second day's march we met this bi-functional on his way to Indore; but though this occurred on a road where Europeans seldom travel, not even a salutation was exchanged. And the fable of two Englishmen passing each other unnoticed in the desert (*vide Eothen*) was literally realized. But with the property of this official we cultivated a more intimate acquaintance. At one place his elephants, servants and dinner ministered to our wants; at the next his tents offered a timely protection from the rays of the sun; and at another we espied a chest, which we rightly judged to contain beer. In a becoming spirit of moderation we abstracted only one bottle, and left (or ought to have left) in its place a promissory note, binding ourselves to pay for value imbibed to Lt. Evans or Bearer, the sum of one bottle of beer, of the class supposed to contain a quart. If the character of the man is to be judged by the demeanour of his menials, we had every reason to form a high opinion of the hospitality of this official.

On the morning of the 24th, we crossed the Nerbudda at Barwāya, and reached Dèsgaon in the evening, a distance of

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\* The future traveller will find matters greatly improved. Since the period of my visit, Lieutenant Evans has commenced the construction of a good road through the eastern portion of Nemaar. The bungalows which we found unfinished have been completed. It is also due to the exertions of the Resident at Indore to mention that excellent roads have been made throughout the Holkar state.

thirty-four miles; and on the following morning Bòrgaon, twenty-two miles. The region through which we were now journeying was considerably inferior in elevation to that which we had lately quitted, and we consequently experienced great inconvenience from the heat. My fellow-traveller wore a turban; but my hat afforded me no protection from the rays of the sun, and the skin literally peeled off my face. We were both glad of a day's rest at Asirgurh, where we arrived on the morning of the 26th, after a march of fourteen miles. This fort, on account of its historical fame, merits a more detailed description than its present importance would indicate. It is situated on a detached rock at the extremity of the Sâtpoora-range. The neighbouring country is intersected with ravines, and except towards the south, there is no trace of cultivation. The rock rises to a height of 750 feet above the surrounding plain. The face is scarped from 80 to 100 feet below the wall, except on the western side, where, at the foot, is the *Pettah*, or lower town; and above it, is the lower fort on the side, while the citadel itself crowns the hill. The ascent is partly by a steep pathway, and partly over successive flights of stone-steps. It was on this side that the British attack was directed in 1819. Since that period this fortress has been held by an English garrison. Previously it had always been regarded with great veneration by the natives of India, and, like many other places, was supposed to be impregnable. Its strength is unquestionable, and it possesses the great advantage of an abundant supply of water drawn from a large well at the eastern extremity of the fort. Below the flag-staff is a cannon of immense calibre, supposed by the natives to be capable of carrying a ball as far as Borhânpur, a distance of twelve miles. The name, according to Fërishta, signifies the fort (*gurh*) of Asa, the *Ahir*, or herdsman. The names of most of the hill forts of Central India evidently point to the pastoral state of those countries in ancient times, and some light is thrown on the state of society at a period of which we have few authentic documents; thus we have Bhopâl, the herdsman, Gopâlgurh and Gavalgurh, the cow-herd's fort, Gollaconda (Golconda), the Herdsman's hill,\* Yenna-conda (Inna-conda), Butter hill; so perhaps also Gwa-

\* See Briggs' note to Fërishta. I am not acquainted with the Dakhni dialect, but rather incline to the opinion that *kunda*, the well or the tank of the herdsman (Gwala), is the true derivation. The word may perhaps be derived from *kand*, a root—thus we have Bundel-kand, the root or the original seat of the Bundela tribe.



lior. We may hence conclude that, previous to the Mahomedan invasion, Khandeish was occupied by pastoral, though not nomadic tribes, living under a patriarchal rule, each tribe holding a hill-fort which served as a refuge in times of war. The rock temples of Ajunta and Ellora no doubt indicate a degree of civilization only compatible with a more advanced state of society. The pastoral tribes must therefore have succeeded on the wreck of the older communities, and given place themselves to the rapacious energy of the Mahomedan conquerors. The dynasties founded by the latter yielded to the rising energy of the Mahatta power, which was again destined to wane before the star of British supremacy. Asa, the founder of this fort, was the last of a long line of shepherd chiefs, who, during seven centuries, ruled in the valleys of the Sâtpoora. His herds, as we read in Ferishta, numbered 10,000 head of cattle, 20,000 sheep, and 1,000 brood mares. To protect these he erected a wall round the hill which bears his name. This he afterwards razed during a severe famine which raged in Khandeish, and substituted in its place a substantial citadel in order to give better employment to the starving population. His granaries were opened, and corn gratuitously distributed. It is painful to reflect that such a man should have been so ill requited. Nasir Khân Farooky, a Mussulman Prince, to whom he had always behaved with liberality and courtesy, availed himself of the shepherd chieftain's known generosity to deprive him of his fortress and his life. He solicited an asylum for the ladies of his family from a feigned danger, and then by a ruse, familiar to the reader of Oriental history, introduced a body of armed men concealed in covered litters. The fort was seized and plundered, and Asa, with the whole of his family, massacred. The murderer transferred thither his capital. Nasir Khân was the son of Mâlik Raja, the founder of the Farooky dynasty. His race for more than two centuries (the ordinary term of Oriental dynasties) ruled in Khandeish. Himself, the son of a spendthrift noble, he had entered the army as a private soldier; but by one of those fortunate adventures, so characteristic of Indian History, ingratiated himself with his sovereign, the King of Delhi. Obtaining a separate command, he established an independent principality, and fixed his capital at Tâlncir. At the close of the 16th century, Bahadoor Khân, the last of his race, defied, in an evil hour, the might of Akbar. He was besieged in Asîrgurh, and after a brief and inglorious defence, distrustful of his followers, and awed by the prestige

of his opponent, he capitulated, and ended his life a state prisoner within the walls of Gwalior.

A march of fourteen miles brought us on the morning of the 28th to Borhánpur, the ancient capital of Khandeish, founded by Nasír Khán (after the capture of Asírgurh) by the advice of an ascetic, Sheikh Borhánuddin.\* On entering this city we were annoyed by a *sheitaní*, or one, according to the popular belief, possessed by the devil. His complexion, like his heart, was of the blackest hue. He foamed blasphemy on Eesa and Mariám with a view to offering outrage to our Christian feelings, but the incarnate fiend was restrained by the populace from attempting any personal violence. We lodged during the day in a deserted mosque, which has been converted by the officers from Asír to objects very different from those intended by the pious founder; in fact less suggestive of the earthly pilgrimage of the Christian, than of the delights of Paradise promised by the prophet to his faithful followers. I met one of these officers on his return from Dhoolia. He kindly took me in his bullock-harry over the ill-paved streets to visit the public buildings and manufactories. Of the former, this city has no cause to be proud. The Jama Masjid is certainly a fine building, with two lofty minarets. From the summit of one we enjoyed an extensive view of the surrounding country, and could distinctly discern the rock and fortress of Asírgurh proudly towering in the distance. To the north, on a high bank above the river Taptee, are the ruins of the palace erected by Adil Khán Farooky. They cover a great extent of ground, but we could discover no remains of architectural beauty. The manufactures carried on in this city are more worthy of inspection than the buildings. Gold cloth is the principal. There is also a mint remarkable for the primitive style of art by which the process is conducted. The silver, after having been purified, is melted into bars of the thickness of a rupee; these bars are heated and small portions cut off; these lumps are handed to another workman, who with one blow impresses a rude die. The coins on issuing from the mint resemble small rudely-shaped buttons. There appears to exist no adequate guarantee for the purity of the standard, as the establishment is entirely under the management of private individuals. According to Malcolm, any person possesses the right of coining; he adds, however, that

\* Briggs' Ferozshah, Vol. IV.

all coins must be submitted before issue to the Government Assay Master.

But man, and the social institutions he has framed, hold weightier claims on the attention of the traveller and the economist than the crumbling fanes of bygone superstition, or the mausoleums of princes whose glory, with their bones, has long ere this been consigned to "dusty darkness." The tribes of the west of India, their religious rites and their internal economy, offer many salient characteristics which, even in the course of a hurried journey, force themselves on the attention of the most indifferent tourist. Such tribes are the Parsees and the Bohrahs, the former the ship-builders, merchants, bankers, and hucksters of Bombay, Guzerat and the Concan; the latter the merchant-pedlars of Khandeish and Rajpootana. The head-quarters of the latter is at Borhânpur. The Bohrahs hold the faith of Islam, according to the Shiâh heresy, and agreeably to popular belief, are descendants of Ismail, one of the Apostles and successors of Mahommed. Colebrooke,\* however, on the authority of Nûr-Ullah, a Bohrah writer, who flourished in the 17th century, traces this sect to the province of Guzerat. From this history it appears that a pious and learned Moolvi arrived in this province nearly 500 years ago, and converting, by the irresistible force of truth, enforced by mild persuasion, many of the benighted natives to adopt the blessed faith of the prophet. This theory is perhaps the more deserving of credence, as the name Bohrah is a Guzerati word, signifying a merchant, and the high priest of this sect resides at Surat. The Bohrahs respect, but do not study, the *Qurân*, which they have entirely superseded by their traditions. The secular litigations of this tribe are referred for decision to their doctors of divinity; nor is a suit between Bohrah and Bohrah ever brought before the tribunal of the unbelievers. During our stay at Borhânpur, I paid a visit to one of their mosques. It bore a greater resemblance to a summer-house or *bârahdari* than to a place of worship. Here was no stately *minâr* from whence the *muezzin* might summon the faithful to devotion; no chastely carved niche where the true believer might turn in prayer towards the sacred shrine of the Kaaba, no richly ornamented screen to charm the eye of the antiquarian or the lover of Saracenic architecture; but low buildings glittering with tinsel—rooms (pity on the vitiated taste) lined with ill-assorted mirrors,

the refuse of the Bombay market—*penny* glims fantastically arranged in anticipation of a coming festival. This the Bohrahs told us with a soursed look our profane intrusion had delayed. The grounds around this grotesque place of worship were laid out with the same whimsical taste as the interior of the building—diversified by flower-beds divided by narrow walks, jets of water, and flowering trees and shrubs.

In stature and physiognomy the Bohrah and the Jew bear a marked resemblance. We have already pointed out numerous parallel characteristics which exist in their internal polity, the close ties which connect the brotherhood, their commercial pursuits, and their orderly and peaceable behaviour.

Sir J. Malcolm, on the authority of their high priest, states the Bohrah tribe to have numbered in his time not quite ten thousand families; it is therefore on account of their peculiar customs rather than their number, that this people merit a detailed notice. A similar class is said to exist in Ceylon under the name of Moormen, but I have unfortunately not been able to procure sufficient materials to enable me to institute a fair comparison on this interesting subject.

Before closing this sketch of the result of my observations in Malwa and Khandeish, I may perhaps be allowed to add, without incurring the charge of tediousness, a brief account of the systems of fiscal and judicial administration pursued by native Governments. The traveller who has heard an utter prostration of regular authority and a disorganization of society spoken of as the rule, and good government as the exception, or as only existing in Oriental fable, is surprised on visiting these anticipated scenes of riot and rapine at the discovery that he is not attacked, that his servants are suffered to go unmolested, that his property is not plundered; nay, moreover, that he can obtain the requisite supplies with readier facility, and meets, or rather fancies he meets, with more prompt attention and greater civility than in our own territories.\* A revulsion of sentiment in favor of Native rule naturally supplants his first prejudged aversion. When he hears that, in place of a complex system of law ill-suited to the genius and to the simple wants of the Native of India, all cases are referred (i. e. in theory) to hereditary judges, and that under the shade of this patriarchal rule, fraud and perjury find no place, he begins to doubt the much-vaunted boon conferred by Britain on the

\* Of this more will be said in a future paper.

East.\* But as the traveller advances, these impressions fade—he sees lands doomed to sterility from no decree of Nature, but, as he may presently learn, by the perverse legislation of Man. He sees no longer the village swarming with faces whose joyous looks at once bespeak the comfort and security of their lot. He will call to mind the once arid plains of the Doab, now waving with cereal crops, and teeming with a dense population, and he will search in vain for similar fruits of material prosperity in the realms that own the sway of an Eastern despot. He will learn that under the best of Native governors, the drones of society, the Brahmanical debauchee, the spendthrift Goojar, and the lazy Syud, eat the bread of idleness; while the hard-earned fruits of the industrious cultivator's toil wither beneath the remorseless grip of the tax-gatherer. Again, the traveller will learn that the security he enjoys is an exotic of but recent growth. The dismantled fort on many a hill bears tacit testimony that the castle was once more needful than the barn; and many a tale may yet be heard of the life of horror and anxiety the inhabitants led during the frightful period of Pindari visitations. But it is not from an epoch of anarchy that we can form a correct estimate of the comparative advantages of European and Asiatic administration. We must first unfold the internal machinery of the Asiatic, and endeavour to contrast its inherent excellencies and defects with that of the European system. The country is divided into *soubahs* or provinces, each under the charge of a *ki-mashtadar*, or a collector, who discharges at once the judicial, civil, and revenue duties connected with his government. This charge, in respect to the police duties, is subdivided into *thanahs*. The *thanadars* receive the same pay as in our provinces, viz. from twenty to thirty rupees per mensem; in Bhopal their pay has been raised by the present sovereign, Sikander Begum, to sixty. These officers are aided by *sowars* and *peons*, and *jemadars* detached at out-stations. This force constitutes the regular preventive and detective police; and subordinate to this is the rural police. In every village there is an *agwa* and a *bhelwa*, (the former answers to our *gorait*). The word *agwa* signifies *guide*, and we usually employed them to point out the road and to perform every description of *begari* or pressed-work. The latter is

\* See the wonderful adventures of Twopenny Halfpenny Khan Gentleman of India, or Knight of the Post, as Santillani would have styled the hero of this most veritable romaunt.

the village watchman. As with us, this man holds a very humble position. They are ordinarily reclaimed Bheels settled in these villages, and holding assignments of land rent-free, in lieu of payment for their services. The Bheel proper is a wild man of the woods, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. Our Government has humanely directed its efforts to ameliorate the condition of these children of the wilderness. Some have been enlisted into local corps, and others induced to adopt agricultural pursuits. Petty offences against society are tried summarily by the *kimashtadar*; the more heinous are referred to the Resident at Indore, and investigated and finally disposed of by that functionary or his assistants. In Bhopal, the Begum personally superintends the administration of justice throughout her own dominions. The revenue system in these States is not more complex than the police. Each *soubah* is subdivided into *pergunahs*: the *pergunahs* are held by *ijaradars* or farmers. The farmer collects the rent from each village through the *potail* or headman, and pays in gross to the *kimashtadar*.\* The *potail* must not be confounded with the *tumberdar* of the Agra Presidency,—the latter is *primus inter pares*, the head of a *brotherhood*, the manager for a body of coparcenary proprietors, and their responsible head in their transactions with Government. The position of a *potail* is widely different; he has no proprietary rights; he is simply an hereditary officer appointed to collect the rents from the cultivators, and render an account to the district farmer. For the performance of this duty the *potail* is reimbursed by a portion of the land held rent-free, and by certain village dues from each inhabitant. The cultivators possess a tenant-right in the soil, and like the *kadimi-kashtkars* of the North-Western Provinces, transmit this right of occupancy to their descendants. The rents do not differ materially; viz. five to seven rupees a *begah* for the land cultivated with opium or the sugar-cane, and three for grain-crops; the *begah* may be generally taken at half an acre. As good land is easily procurable, and the population is scanty, recourse is rarely had to artificial irri-

\* Cases of forcible dispossession, replevin and default, are referred to the *kimashtadar*. Civil suits are rare in a country where there is no property in the soil, and all trades are in the hands of distinct classes, among whom there exists an unwritten law, more powerful than any civil code. The above details are derived partly from personal observation, but principally from Iláhi Buksh, late Naib Munshi at the Indore Residency, and at present a thanadar in the Benares district.

gation, and the soil, when exhausted, is suffered to lie fallow. The mass of the population subsists chiefly on millet, *joar*. From the farmer to the cultivator none has in theory, and *à fortiori* still less in practice, a proprietary tenure. All is regulated by usage and hereditary claims (i. e. under a paternal government). This, however, is a rare exception. Farms are too often let out for short leases to the highest bidder. The rack-rented cultivator quits after many a severe sacrifice the dwelling of his ancestor to seek elsewhere the bread denied at home. Many a deserted village on our road attested the truth of the saying that the tyrant, like the savage, as he fells the tree to obtain its fruit, destroys the prospects of futurity for the gains of a year. In our own provinces, we behold the results of a different policy. A property in the soil has been granted by the State for varying periods, capital revolves in a fructifying circle, wealth acquired in trade seeks investments in agricultural enterprize; and I can safely say, that if an improving Asiatic landlord anywhere exists, he is to be found in the person of the Benares Muhajun. Under the Native rule, commerce and wealth, population and trade, are circumscribed within the walls of cities. Towns may flourish, but the country decays, while the lazy priest and the pampered menials of a profligate court, prey on the life-blood of the nation.\*

(To be continued.)

\* The following is a list of the stages and the accomodation we found at each.

December	22nd	..	Balocori	..	26 miles, <i>Dharmmsala</i> .
	23rd	..	Barwāya	..	12 miles, staging Bungalow, Omkar is 6 miles distant.
	24th	..	Dèsgaon	..	34 miles, ditto.
	25th	..	Börgaon	..	22 miles, ditto.
	26th	..	Asirgurh	..	14 miles, house of a friend (27th halt).
	28th	..	Borhānpur	12 miles, Mosque.	
	29th	..	Adalabad	..	25 miles, a native shop (Bunga- low building).
	30th	..	Bödur (morning)	16 miles, a tree (Bungalow unfinished).	
	"		Jelligaon (evening)	17 miles, a native shop (Bungalow unfinished).	

(End of *Khandeish*.)

## X.

## THE URDU VERSION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—After an absence from home of some weeks, on my return, three or four days ago, I had put into my hand a copy of your Magazine for February, containing a rejoinder from "M." to the observations which I made in your November number, regarding his review in the "Indian Liturgy," of the Urdu Version of the Book of Common Prayer.

It is not my intention to trouble you, or your readers, with a long reply (*some* reply seems necessary); as the question at issue is one which only Urdu scholars and native authority can decide; and, I imagine, not one in ten of your readers aspires to rank among the former, or to much acquaintance with the latter. It will be my endeavour also, in the few additional remarks I have to make, to avoid as much as possible every expression calculated in any way to irritate or give offence. I am sorry I did not attend more carefully to this point in my former paper, as I think I perceive the effects of it in M.'s rejoinder. I account for it, in a great measure, by my fancying that there was something "*unhandsome*"—an expression a friend used in a letter to me on the subject—in M.'s "review;" and, also, from the fact that, although the version of the Prayer Book in question, had come before the public *anonymously*, he had, while attempting to bring it into disrepute, unceremoniously and needlessly attached my name to it as the author.

I shall not go over the ground of defence again of the various words and phrases, against which M., in his review, brought charges of false renderings, or bad idioms, and now reiterates in his rejoinder. His formidable looking statement with three heads, regarding the different imaginary meanings of "*lázim*," appears to me mere trifling. At all events, I can see nothing in it tending to cast any doubt on the meaning of the word as it stands in the "Confession," but beg to refer your readers to the defence of them in my former paper, and to remind them, that I brought forward Native and European authority by *name*, testifying to the correct use of words and phrases objected to by M., and affirming, that the whole version "*is a faithful and intelligible representation of the original, and upon the whole, idiomatical;*" and that, with regard to the rendering of the articles, which was particu-



larly attacked "*there is not one article, nor one portion of an article, which is not perfectly intelligible and correct.*" Such is the evidence for me. The evidence against me is—what? Simply M.'s *ipse dixit*, and nameless native authority, expressed in his rejoinder by such terms as "We" (for he still retains the reviewer's regal *we*), "we have the best native authority for asserting," "we have high native authority for repeating," "we hold on native authority," &c. &c. &c. while he signifies himself only by an initial. Now we all know what *vivá voce* native authority is worth, especially when consulted by men of station and influence. Hence I have brought *book-evidence*, which, as far as natives are concerned, can alone be fully depended upon in a case of this kind. M.'s attempt to invalidate my native evidence (of the European he says nothing) is weak. However, as he now seems almost half disposed to admit that "*bure se bachá,*" "pronounced by him in the first place *inadmissible,*" and "*a gross breach of idiom,*" may possibly rank as a "*provencialism;*" let us hope that, by and by, he may see reason to allow its promotion to the grade of *good Urdu*. That we are not without grounds for indulging this hope is plain from his relencings regarding the formerly condemned phrase *mazbul imán*, which he now thinks under certain conditions "might be admissible." His assertion of *kamál* being "often used adverbialiter," and of its being so used in the quotation which I gave—"kamál chain," &c. is as extraordinary as some of his original assertions. However, his opinion relative to this word, too, will probably in time be modified, as it has been regarding some others.

While, however, it is quite unnecessary to retrace the ground already gone over in my former paper, I will just say a few words in reference to the *proofs* M. thinks he brings of the faulty omission of the auxiliaries *hai, tha,* &c. for in the review he simply asserted the fact, while I, in my reply, as simply requested proofs. Begging the reader, then, to bear in mind what Urdu scholars, quite equal, for any thing I know, to M. have pronounced regarding the version in question, touching his strictures on this point, I observe that it would almost seem as though he did not understand the use of the verb without the above-mentioned auxiliaries. The use of this verb in M.'s sense, i. e. without the auxiliary either expressed or understood, is always conditional (which he knows very well,) and (which he seems to have entirely overlooked) *there must be another verb in the same mood, together with "to" or "tab" attached,* or the sentence would be perfectly meaningless, as the merest tyro in Urdu knows.

E. g. *Tum wahán jate to hamen dekhte* (had you gone there you would have seen me). But in the passages quoted by M. the verb wanting, as he insists, the auxiliary (otherwise it *must* be understood conditionally) is *not* thus connected with another *in the same mood*, but with one in the *subjunctive*. If, therefore, the word animadverted upon must be understood as conditional, the passages have no meaning *at all*. They are sheer nonsense, and there is an end of it. Without making further remarks, superfluous to those who know Urdu, and useless to those who do not, I beg permission to quote the *whole* which M. does not, of all the passages, except the last, brought forward by him, and there leave the matter. They are but four, and those with great gaps between.

1st. The Collect for Easterday. "Ai Qádiri mutlaq K̄hudá, tune apne ekleaute beṭe Isá Masih ke wasile se mout ko maghub kiyá, our hamáre wáste hamesha ki zindigáni ka darwáza khol diyá; ham ajizi se teri minnat karte hain, ki jis tarah tu peshtar se fazli khás karke nek iráde hamáre dilon men *páida kartá*, use tarah ham teri har dam ki madad se unhen nek anjám ko pahuncháwen" (not pahunchá-*te*, as it must have been to bring out M.'s meaning, or rather *no*—meaning) hamáre K̄hudáwand Isá Masih ke wasile se, jo tere our Ruh-i-Quds ke sáth sada se K̄hudá abad tak jitá our saltanat karta hai. Amín."

NOTE.—I see nothing absurd, as M. intimates, in translating "prevent" by "*peshtar se*." What I have said again and again in my former paper, I repeat here: substitute *better* terms, and *then* ridicule and reject the present. What M. says about the words meaning "might have previously put" is, as the words stand in the sentence, too irrelevant to deserve notice.

2nd. An extract from the Communion Service. "Agar koi kahe ki main bará gunahgár huñ, our isliye ane se darta huñ, to phir tauba kyuñ nahiñ karte our sudhar kyañ nahiñ játe jab K̄hudá tumhári *dáwat kartá* to kya uske rad karne men tumhen sharm nahiñ áti. Jab ki tum ko K̄hudá ki taraf phirná lázim hai, to kya uzr karke kahoge ki ham taiyár nahiñ," &c.

3rd. An extract from the Burial Service. "Maiñne ásmán se ek áwáz suni jisne mujh se kahá ki likh we murde jo K̄hudáwand men marte hyn ab se mubáarak hyn: Ruh kahtá hai ki hán, we apni mihnaton se áram *páte*."

NOTE.—This short sentence (of which by the way M. only quotes *half*) has already too auxiliaries, and would be positively injured by the addition of a third.

In a note appended to the last extract, M. says that I have injured the translation of the 3rd Commandment by placing "tu" (thou) *after* the name of God. He would put it first, thus: "Tu K̄hudáwand," &c. i. e. Thou Lord shalt not take the name, &c. (This criticism is much more plausible than his on my translation.)

The verbs in *italics* in the above quotations are those which M. affirms ought to have the auxiliaries expressed, or they mean "*might put,*" "*might call,*" or, "*if God called you,*" and I do not know what else! Other Urdu scholars have given a different verdict; and so must *all*, as far as I can possibly perceive, who have not unguardedly committed themselves on the point.

The 4th and last of the "*interminable instances*" of the faulty omission of the auxiliaries is from the XVIIth Article. This, too, I was intending to give at length; but on turning it out, I fear it would be too long for the patience of your readers. I must beg, therefore, those of them who take an interest in the matter, to refer to the Article, and reading the *whole* of the latter part of it together, judge for themselves; merely reminding them that the two words in the passage so seriously at fault, according to M., are "*dáltá*" and "*phañsátá.*"

M. then proceeds to give three passages "*scarcely intelligible.*" This is odd: for the passages which he has already produced as wanting the auxiliaries are, on M.'s principles of construing, not only "*scarcely intelligible,*" but positively *unintelligible.* However, let this pass. Upon M.'s "*scarcely intelligible passages*" I shall make but a few brief remarks—the fact of their being "*intelligible,*" and "*perfectly intelligible and correct,*" being decided by competent authority, produced in my former paper and quoted at the beginning of this letter.

With regard to the "two venerable bearded Maulavis," who sat in conclave, on the puzzling passage in the marriage service, I can only say that it might have been some relief to their venerable beards had they recollected that *nest se hast karná* (to create out of nothing) is not quite synonymous with *tartib dená* (to arrange). At all events, I cannot perceive that M.'s version would much improve the passage, which I acknowledge is what the natives would call *mubham.* But is not the original so too?

"*Asali gunáh,*" M. says, exactly corresponds with the English *original sin.* This I greatly doubt; or, of course, should have adopted the term. True, Shakespear, in defining it,

gives, as one meaning, "original;" but he also adds, "radical, essential, genuine, principal, noble," &c. while, regarding the word *khilqi*, which I use, he merely says, "natural, innate:" and I am not aware that it has necessarily the objectionable meaning that M. attaches to it. Moreover, I beg my readers to bear in mind that the term is defined at the very beginning of the Article (the IXth) as well as that of Predestination\* (Article XVIIth), &c. So that it is impossible the meaning should be misunderstood. And the favour which I again request is, that those who take an interest in the matter will, before forming their judgment upon it, carefully read the whole of the different passages objected to by M.

I pass over what M. repeats respecting the use, or omission of the conjunction, having answered that in my former paper; as also what he says regarding my advocating literal translations, the exclusive use of the Prayer Book (which he does not fairly represent), &c. by merely observing, that I am unable to see any thing necessarily "vicious" in a literal translation, merely because the Hindus or Musalmáns give literal translations of their books: nor should I see any thing "vicious" in publishing the "Testament in Greek with an interlinear translation in the vernacular," merely because the Musalmáns happen to have done this with the Qurán! M.'s magnifying my few and passing remarks upon these points into an "analogy," and that "analogy" into an "argument," and that "argument" into a "valid argument," is surely (to quote his own words) an "*argumentum ad absurdum*." (Page 158. Note.)

I would gladly let M.'s "certain learned natives" have their laugh at the term "Salám Ulláh," (p. 159,) if either he or they had proposed a better, which they have not; nor one, as far as I know, any thing like so good. The term which I have adopted is used by Musalmáns by way of

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\* What M. remarks (p. 154) on the translation of this word is *nihil ad rem*; since, as I have said, the term is defined in the opening of the article; and why he overlooks this fact it is difficult to say. I should have been thankful if, instead of holding up to ridicule my translation of the term (which he may be sure cost no little pains), he had quietly proposed a better—or, at least, another.

"Jo . . . taqaddus ya taqarrur kiye gaye" (Article XXXVIth) is, of course, a mistake of the copyist or printer, for *jinka* taqaddus yá taqarrur, &c. as is manifest by reading the article to the end, where these very words occur. Whether I should retain *taqaddus* in a second Edition will be time enough to decide when that Edition shall be required. On which occasion M.'s, or any other kind and qualified friend's criticisms and suggestions would be most thankfully received.

benediction on the prophets, when mentioning their names : it is, moreover, the term used in the Arabic translation of the Prayer Book ; and is, I believe, current in Arabic. So that what there was to laugh at I cannot perceive ; unless it was the idea of our presumption in pronouncing that term to a congregation of *Káfirs*, which they apply (and I rather think in India, at least, *solely*) to the prophets. Be this as it may, certain it is that this is not the only term they would laugh at. They would laugh just as much—to say nothing of the remainder of the terms in which the benediction is expressed—at (e. g.) *Masih men hona, jismáni mizáj, ruháni mizáj, zinda urned, tabiat iláhi men sharik honá* (all existing in our approved version of the N. T.)—and a host of such terms, or “*cant*” (to use M.’s own phrase) peculiar to our theology. If we must give up terms because “venerable bearded Maulavis,” or “learned natives” laugh at them, we shall soon have little left of Christianity but what we might learn from the Qurán.

With regard to M.’s defence of his own work—the Church history—I shall make but one or two remarks, being anxious to close this (as it appears to me) unprofitable discussion. And, first, I beg to explain that my applying the term “extraordinary mistakes” to *all* the instances adduced was an oversight ; which possibly arose from my writing the paper hurriedly in order to be in time for the Magazine. Upon consideration I should certainly exempt the last three or four instances mentioned, from the charge, though I still think them objectionable.\* My opinion, however, is a matter of little consequence. On the other points I still hold to the same judgment. But let my readers consult the work for themselves. My remarks on the merits of its *Urdu* were, with four exceptions, *confined to the first nine or ten pages of the book*—a fact with which M does not make

\* Why he should describe our Lord’s ascension by the objectionable term “*gáib huá,*” I cannot perceive. He holds me guilty of not improving the Bible-translation : he certainly, in this instance at least, is equally guilty. See Acts i. 9.

With reference to the time of the descent of the Holy Ghost, M. is correct in stating it to be a tradition of the Church that it was ten days after the ascension.

After all, on referring to the note in my former paper regarding the “extraordinary mistakes,” I see that M. does not quite fairly represent what I said. My words respecting the miracles of Christ being termed *karánát* and the Holy Ghost, *Ruh-ul-Quds*, form distinct sentences, and are separated from what precedes by a full-stop ; and, therefore, need not necessarily, and I certainly never intended they should, be classed with the preceding paragraphs.—(V. my paper, p. 14.)

his readers acquainted.\* Finally, I see nothing very singular, or “original” in the conclusion which I drew, that if a man is incompetent himself to write good Urdu, he is not exactly the individual to take upon him to write and publish a critique on the Urdu of others.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your's very truly,

BANARUS,

March 7th, 1851.

W. SMITH.

P. S.—With reference to a note in my former paper in which the Lutheran Missionaries are mentioned, as a misconception has, I understand, arisen from it, I beg to state that it was not to *them* I alluded when I said that I had been asked “whether in using the vocative case, which in form is the same as the plural—as, for instance, in the words, Ai Khudá sab insán ke kháliq—I did not intend a reference to the Holy Trinity.”

W. S.

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\* The account too, of Cyprian's death, is not in page 87, but in page 128.

## Extracts and Intelligence.

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### EXETER ARCHIDIACONAL PROCEEDINGS ON THE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

It would require volumes to comprise the detail of the general burst of national indignation on the Papal Aggression. And we confess that we have no inclination to follow the several steps which appear to us, with few exceptions, to be the evidence of a low and false estimate of the conservative powers of the Church of England. There has been, in our belief, such an inharmonious blending of ideas, such a confusion of the temporal with the ecclesiastical question, such a warm welcome to men of all and whatever shades of religious opinion, who would unite only on the single topic of denouncing the arrogance of the Pope, that we agree with one of the ablest of our religious Journals, that a "feeling of mingled pain and indignation must have been excited in the mind of every true Churchman, at the manner in which the cause of the Church has been handled during the course of the present agitation." It seems to have been too generally lost sight of, that thousands of those with whom the Ministers and Members of the Church of England have amalgamated and made common cause, as the protectors of a "common Protestantism," would applaud the sentiment of Earl Fitzwilliam, that the Anglican Church should be regarded as only on a par with the numerous sects of modern seceders, and would take up, were there but the opportunity, a cry as bitter against the aggressions and assumptions of the Established Church itself, confessing, as did one of the most downright among them a few years ago, that it is with them "a matter of deep, serious, religious conviction, that the Established Church is a great national evil; that it is an obstacle to the progress of truth and godliness in the land; that it destroys more souls than it saves; and that therefore its end is most devoutly to be wished by every lover of God and man."\*

Still among the miscellaneous mass of addresses, protests and petitions which load our table, it is consolatory to find that several are pervaded by a spirit of sound Churchmanship; and that one set of documents especially, from the Diocese of Exeter, comprehends a noble and learned analysis of the entire argument. In selecting these most instructive records, we by no means purpose to detract from the fine temper and catholic spirit of the manifestations which have proceeded from His Grace the Primate, the Bishops of Oxford and of Durham, and various others, both Bishops, and the Clergy of several of the English Archdeacons;—but the limits to which we are confined preclude our doing further than presenting what appears to us the most comprehensive, weighty and convincing of the numerous articles to which the occasion has given rise.

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\* T. Binney's Address on laying the first Stone of the New King's Weigh-House, a Place of Worship intended for the use of a congregational Church. p. 20.

## I.

*To Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith.*

*The humble Petition of the Archdeacon and Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Exeter.*

“That the Branch of Christ’s Holy Catholic Church, in Britain, was under the jurisdiction of her own Metropolitan, and independent of the See of Rome, for five centuries prior to the mission of St. Austin.

“That this independency was urged by the British Bishops in their interview with St. Austin, as the ground for refusing to submit to the assumed supremacy of Rome.

“That the 6th Canon of the General Council of Nice, and the 8th Canon of the General Council of Ephesus demonstrate that the claim of authority over the British Church, advanced by the Bishop of Rome, is opposed to the decrees of the Church, as laid down in two of her Œcumenical Councils: the Synod of Ephesus enacting against the aggression of the Bishop of Antioch upon the Province of Cyprus, ‘that the rights which have heretofore and from the beginning belonged to each Province, shall be preserved to it pure and without restraint, according to the custom which has prevailed of old.’

“That the papal thralldom under which the Church of England labored more or less, from the 7th to the 16th century, was the result of this assumed supremacy of Rome.

“That the Reformation was the means of restoring to the Church of England her ancient privileges, doctrines, discipline, and government, and of relieving her from the multiplied errors and false pretensions of Rome.

“That the Reformed Church of England is, and claims to be, a Branch of the Church Catholic, in which ‘the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered’ by men validly ordained, and thus deriving their commission and authority by an uninterrupted succession from the Apostles; a position held by many eminent Romanists, and by the Church of Rome herself at the period of the Reformation.

“That claiming to be a branch of the one Holy Catholic Church, she protests in the name of the Universal Church against the violation of one of her plainest and recognised Rules as laid down in her Four General Councils, that ‘there ought to be but one Metropolitan in each Province, and one Bishop in each Diocese;’—a Rule enforced by the Council of Carthage (A. D. 251), which repudiated the appointment of Novatian to the See of Rome, styled him the usurper of the See against the lawful Bishop, Cornelius, and condemned him as ‘an adulterer and a foreigner, and an ambitious usurper of another man’s chair who had been regularly ordained before him;’—a Rule also which constituted one of the terms of union between the British and Romish clergy at the Council of Hertford under Theodore—viz., ‘that no Bishop should exercise any authority in the Diocese of another.’

“That the division of the Realm of England by the Pope into 12 Sees, under a Metropolitan, and the intrusion of Popish Bishops into Sees, already filled by English Bishops, is not only a direct act of Schism, a transgression of a recognised Catholic Rule, an insult to the Anglican Branch of the Church, and an indirect infringement on her independence, but is also designed to supplant the doctrine, worship, discipline and government of the Reformed Church within these the Queen’s demi-



nions; and to lead to the re-introduction of all the errors and corruptions, from which, by God's mercy, this Church and Realm were delivered at the Reformation.

"That the Coronation Oath binds the Sovereign 'to maintain to the utmost of his power the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law; and to preserve to the Bishops and Clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them or to any of them.'

"That by statute 5 Anne, c. 8,—(the Act of Union) it is enacted that 'for ever hereafter every King or Queen succeeding and coming to the Royal Government of the Kingdom of Great Britain, at his or her coronation, shall in the presence of all persons who shall be attending the same, &c., take and subscribe an oath to maintain and preserve *inviolably the said settlement* of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, the dominion of Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereunto belonging.'

"That as, in the language of Lord Kenyon, on the Coronation Oath, it cannot well pass observation that the whole system of laws, as to the purpose of the present enquiry, was to guard against the possible introduction of Popish influence,' and as, to adopt the language of the same distinguished writer, 'so far as regards the Sovereign, *it is guarded by the oath he takes.*'

"We, your petitioners, humbly pray that your Majesty, taking these premises into your Royal consideration, will adopt such measures as may counteract the Papal encroachments devised by Pope Pius the Ninth."

## II.

*To the Right Rev. Father in God, Henry, by Divine permission, Lord Bishop of Exeter.*

"Right Reverend Father,—We, the undersigned Clergy of and in the Archdeaconry of Exeter, approach your Lordship with every feeling of respect and reverence for your Lordship's person and holy office.

"We have learnt with the utmost indignation, that the Bishop of Rome has lately issued a Bull, wherein, ignoring the existence of the Church of England, he has assigned to a Metropolitan and 12 Bishops, a Province and Dioceses in these realms, already canonically filled.

"It is true, possibly, that we ought not to be surprised at this aggression upon the rights and liberties of our own Branch of the Church Catholic, when we remember the encouragement which the adherents of this foreign Prelate have received,—First, by his Bishops having been for many years suffered openly to break the law in Ireland, by assuming the styles and titles of Irish Sees;—Secondly, by their being honoured with precedence and titles in our Queen's dominions, as if they were canonical Bishops;—Thirdly, by the recognition of the pretensions of the See of Rome by several of our fellow-subjects, and (with sorrow we add) some of these Priests of our Church;—and lastly, by a statute which has recently been passed to renew diplomatic intercourse with the Head of the Roman See, as 'Sovereign of the Roman States.'

"In addressing your Lordship as our Bishop and Spiritual Father, we refrain from dwelling on the political bearings of this great question, but as Ministers of the Holy Catholic Church in this land, we feel called upon to declare to your Lordship our firm conviction that the Bishops of

the Church of England possess and legally exercise canonical jurisdiction within this realm; that she has, therefore, a rightful claim to the dutiful and affectionate allegiance of the faithful in this country, and that, as ministering at her altars, we are resolved to maintain, so far as in us lies, the canonical rights of our Bishops, and to protest against an act which is at once an aggression upon the rights and privileges of the Church of England, and a violation of the Laws and Canons of the Universal Church.

“Right Reverend Father, we cannot conclude without offering you the sincere expression of our gratitude for the vigorous resistance you have at all times opposed to the encroachments of the See of Rome; and earnestly do we hope and pray that our God and Saviour may be pleased in his great mercy, to spare you yet many years, to be, as you have ever been, the faithful defender of the sacred bulwarks of our Zion.”

We heg to subscribe, &c.

### III.

#### THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S REPLY.

Mr. Archdeacon, and Reverend and dear Brethren,—

In taking charge of your petition to Her Majesty, I hope I shall not exceed the limits, within which I ought to confine myself, if I express the great gratification which I feel in being made the channel of conveying to the foot of the throne that most seasonable, most able, most instructive document.

I will venture to go further—not indeed to correct, but, perhaps you may think, to strengthen—the reference made in it, to the words of the late Lord Kenyon. They were the words of one of the soundest and most learned lawyers—of the most inflexibly upright judges—of the most honourable and honest men—who ever filled the high office of Lord Chief Justice of England in the proud and palmy days of English Justice. They were, moreover, words cautiously weighed, and selected, in order that he might answer one of the most solemn questions which could be proposed to such a man—the question of his royal master—“Whether, consistently with the oath taken by him at his Coronation, he could give the royal assent to any Bill, presented to him by his two Houses of Parliament, for ‘repealing the Act of Supremacy, or the test act, in favour of Roman Catholics.’”

It was in answer to this inquiry, put to him for this holy purpose by King George the Third, of happy and revered memory, that Lord Kenyon wrote those words, which you have cited; and to which I hope I shall be forgiven, if I now add, that they are a very small part of an elaborate argument, the plain effect of which is to give to us his authority, in contradiction to the lax interpretation which Politicians have sought to put on the oath of their Sovereign—as if, in short, it were not binding on him in his *Legislative* capacity. That great Judge has, by his argument, flung to the winds this unhallowed quibble—and has thereby established the rights of conscience to our Sovereign—and given the security of that conscience for the maintenance to the utmost of the Queen's power, of our pure and reformed faith, and of all such rights and privileges of our Bishops and Clergy, as by law do, or shall, appertain unto them.

Whatever may be said as to these rights and privileges appertaining to us by law, and thus secured to us by the oath of Her Majesty, never have the spiritual rights and privileges of the English Episcopate been more openly assailed, than by this Papal Bull, of which you truly say,

that "it ignores the very existence of the Church of England"—and of which, therefore, it is enough for me to add, that it stamps the brand of Schism on Rome and all her adherents indelibly—unless, and until she recal the document, which she has so rashly issued, and thus acknowledge herself not infallible.

I turn, therefore, to the next, and, in truth, the main portion of your address to me. You say, that we ought not to be surprised at this aggression of a foreign Prelate "when we remember the encouragements which his adherents have received" from the acts of our own government.

Now, on this part of the subject, it was my earnest wish to forbear from saying any thing out of Parliament. But you have forced it upon me (with too much of reason I am sorry to say for so doing) and I will not shrink from dealing with it.

You specify three particulars, in which the British government has given encouragement to the Pope—first, by his Bishops having been, for many years, suffered openly to break the law in Ireland, by assuming the styles and titles of Irish Sees: secondly, by their being honoured with precedence and titles in our Queen's dominions, as if they were Canonical Bishops—lastly, by a statute which has recently been passed to renew diplomatic intercourse with the Head of the Roman See as "Sovereign of the Roman States."

The first of these particulars, the permitted assumption of the names and titles of Episcopal Sees, in Ireland, has doubtless largely contributed to encourage the Pope to his recent act; but this is a matter too notorious to need any detailed consideration—and the third is a particular, in which I frankly avow, that I regard it as nugatory. I believe, (and I have the highest legal authorities for believing) that before that law was passed, there was nothing to prevent the government from holding diplomatic intercourse with the Pope, as the temporal sovereign of the Roman States. The real evil of that declaratory statute was, that it gave the authority of Parliament to the expediency of holding such intercourse, instead of leaving it, as it had hitherto been left, to the responsibility of the advisers of the Crown, whether to hold it or not. Under that responsibility (which the statute in question has removed) no government since the reign of King James II. had ventured to send an accredited envoy to Rome, or to receive one from that Court.

In one, not unimportant, particular, the recent statute is positively restrictive of the power of the Crown in holding intercourse with Rome. By a clause, not originally part of the Bill, but inserted into it in the House of Lords against the resistance of the Ministers who introduced it, the Crown is prohibited from receiving any diplomatic agent from Rome who is in Holy Orders, or member of any religious order.

Upon the whole, therefore, I do not think that this act can fairly be adduced as an encouragement of the spiritual pretensions of Rome.

But, while I venture to lay aside this particular, I would submit to your consideration, whether there be not another—and that most intimately connected with this Papal Aggression—which you have omitted. I mean the statute of 9 and 10 Victoria, c. 59, which repeals all the previous statutory penalties for receiving into this country Bulls, or other similar instruments, from Rome.

This was the Act, which, I repeat, most immediately touches our present case; but for this Act, Her Majesty's present Ministers are not, as such, in any way responsible. It was the act of their predecessors, one of those miserable trucklings to the liberalism of the age, which has robbed us of all confidence in men, in whom most of us hoped to have

entire confidence, but from whom the main benefit derived has been a practical enforcement of the Psalmist's Lesson "Put not your trust in Princes, nor in any child of man : for there is no help in them."

There remains the second of the particulars enumerated in your Address, a most important one, considered in its history, and all its bearings—I mean the official order by which "Papal Bishops have been honoured with precedence and titles in our Queen's dominions."

This was an Act specially and exclusively of Her Majesty's present Ministers. It is described as *an Act of the Government*, in the official document, by which the Colonial Ministers sent forth his instructions to all the governors of all our colonies; it was defended as *an Act of the Government* when it was made the object of attack in Parliament, especially by Lord John Russell, in a speech, to which I will presently refer more particularly.

Looking calmly at this formal and official document, I cannot but characterize it, not merely as an encouragement, but almost as an invitation to the aggression of which we now complain. It sets out with saying, that "the attention of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonial department, had been called by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the fact, that the Prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in the British Colonies have not hitherto, in their official correspondence with the governor and authorities, been usually addressed by the title to which their rank, in their own Church, would appear to give them a *just claim*."

"As *Parliament*," it continues, "has, by a recent Act (that relating to Charitable Bequests in Ireland) formally recognised the rank of the Irish Roman Catholic Prelates, by giving them precedence immediately after the Prelates of the Established Church of the same rank—it has appeared to Her Majesty's Government, that it is their duty to conform to the rule thus laid down by the Legislature."

Here it will be seen that the present government (for the document I repeat, distinctly declares that it is the act not of the particular Minister, whose signature it bears, but of "Her Majesty's Government") acknowledged not only the right of the Pope to parcel out portions of Her Majesty's dominions into Dioceses, and to constitute Bishops with spiritual jurisdiction over them, but also the *duty* of our own government to recognise, *as such*, the Bishops appointed by the Pope. But, if this be so, in what respect does the Papal Act, thus sanctioned and enforced by Her Majesty's Government in the Colonies, differ from that which excites so much of the indignation of the Prime Minister?

If it be "insolent and insidious," if it be an "assumption of power"—"a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy and with the spiritual independence of the nation"—(such is the eloquent and energetic language in which the indignation of the Minister finds its vent)—if, if, I say, it be all this, for the Pope to appoint an Archbishop of Westminster and 12 Bishops in England, was it less for him to have appointed an Archbishop of Sydney and more than twice twelve Bishops in the rest of our colonies?

In truth, in one, not unimportant particular, the recent act of the Pope is less offensive than the former—He avoids giving to his Metropolitan in England, the title borne by our own—He calls him Archbishop not of Canterbury, but of Westminster; whereas, in the former case, he appoints an Archbishop with the title of a See, already occupied by a Bishop of our own Church. Nay, the Roman Archbishop of Sydney,

as *such*, had precedence given to him over the English Bishop of Sydney, in conformity with the order of government, until the just reclamation of our own Ven. Bishop there extorted a modification of the order securing to our own Bishop his just precedence.

But upon what plea was this simple act of justice conceded? It was alleged that the English Bishop of Sydney is a *Metropolitan* Bishop, and that the Roman Catholic Archbishop was, *therefore*, not entitled to precedence. But this expedient got rid of the difficulty at *Sydney* only. It leaves to the Roman Catholic Archbishop precedence over every other Anglican Bishop within the province.

Now, can it be said that Her Majesty's supremacy in the Colonies is less sacred, less guarded by our laws, than the same supremacy in England? We, my Reverend Brethren, cannot say so, for our 37th Article, and the first Canon of 1604, affirm this supremacy in *all Her Majesty's dominions*. And who is the lawyer who will be bold enough to deny it?

I know not whether the case needs to be strengthened—but, if it does, it may be worth observing that this remarkable order of the Government rests on a declaration directly contrary to the truth. It says, "As *Parliament* has, by a *recent Act* [that relating to *Charitable Bequests in Ireland*] formally recognized the rank of the Irish Roman Catholic Prelates, by giving them precedence immediately after the Prelates of the Established Church, of the same degree—the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops taking rank after the Protestant Archbishops and Bishops respectively—it has appeared to Her Majesty's Government that it is *their duty* to conform to the rule thus laid down by the Legislature." Now, strange as it must sound to your ears, Parliament, in the statute here cited (the 7 and 8 Vic., c. 97, s. 15), not only did not what the order of Government affirms that it did, but it cautiously and warily abstains from doing any thing like it. It says, indeed (s. 15), that "Lands, &c., may be conveyed to the Commissioners in trust for any Archbishop or Bishop, or other person in Holy Orders of the Church of Rome, officiating in any district, or having pastoral superintendence of any congregation of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion,"—but it says not one word of any rank or precedence whatsoever being awarded to them.

I do not wish to make unnecessarily any remarks on any individual. But it is impossible to do full justice to the case (as respects the encouragement given to Papal pretensions by this order of Government), without adding that its operation, as exciting the aspirations of the Vatican, could not fail to be increased by the quarter from which it emanated. The noble Earl, selected by Lord John Russell to be Secretary of the Colonies, had, a very short time before he was thus selected, and not very long before this order was issued, thus expressed himself in the House of Lords, in my own hearing:—"You must recognize the Catholic Hierarchy even more distinctly than in the *Charitable Bequests Bill*.—I carry my view on this subject so far as to wish the Prelates of the Roman Catholic Church to take their places in this House on the Episcopal Bench.—That any danger can follow from admitting to your Lordship's House an equal number of Irish Roman Catholic Prelates, with the Prelates of the Irish Church who sit here, I cannot imagine."—(Hansard, vol. 150, p. 1378.) Even this was not all; the same noble Earl, in the same speech, had previously said—"There is another plan by which it has been proposed that the Roman Catholic Church should be made the Established Church of Ireland. I have no hesitation in saying that it is greatly to be regretted that this is not the arrangement

in existence. I regret that the Protestant Church was ever made the Established Church of Ireland; it was a great and fatal mistake, which I wish had never been committed. But I own I have some doubt whether, in the actual state of things, we should remedy the evil by returning to a Catholic Establishment."

Now, the only purpose for which I cite these declarations, is to show that the fact of the noble Earl's having been selected for the Colonial office, shortly after he had made them, can hardly fail to have given something of peculiar encouragement to the ambition of Rome.

But did the noble writer of the recent letter himself forbear altogether from giving similar encouragement? So far from it, when his colleague was attacked in the House of Commons for putting forth this order, Lord John Russell defended him by referring to his own practice when he filled the office of Colonial Secretary—"The Protestant Bishop complained of the Roman Catholic Prelate having waited on the governor, wearing the Episcopal ring and *other insignia of his order*. The matter was referred to me, and my reply was that I thought it unfair to object to a man wearing any dress he pleased." Now, to do justice to this official decision of the question, it must be remembered that one of the few restrictions imposed by the Roman Catholic Relief Act of 1829, s. 26, is that "if any Roman Catholic Ecclesiastic shall wear *the habit of his order* save within the usual places of worship of the Roman Catholic religion, or in private houses, he shall forfeit for every such offence the sum of fifty pounds."

It appears, therefore, that so recently as in the course of last year, Lord John Russell had, in his place in Parliament as Prime Minister, boasted of having set at defiance the existing law of the land, declaring that it was unfair to subject a Roman Catholic Bishop to its prohibition.

When we consider all these things, and then look at this letter, which throws the whole blame of encouraging the Pope on a few silly or unfaithful Ministers of our own Church, censured by their Bishops, and repudiated by the great body of their fellow-Ministers, I stand aghast at, I will not say the unfairness, I will not say the unannaliness, but I will say the prodigious hardihood, of the noble lord's reliance on such entire forgetfulness of recent facts, or such utter disregard of truth and justice, as he is thus pleased to attribute to the people of England.

Whether that people have indeed so entirely lost their ancient characteristics, as to justify this estimate of them, a few weeks will disclose. Meanwhile, I must not omit to remark on a statement publicly made by one of the Pope's new Bishops, the Bishop of Northampton, which, if it be true, and in proportion as it have any truth, would establish against that Minister of Her Majesty, whose public letter we have been considering, a charge of so startling a nature, that we are bound *still* to suspend our belief of it—even though two weeks have passed without its having been contradicted.

On the 4th of this month Lord John Russell wrote his memorable letter, filled with indignant comments, on "the insolent and insidious" act of the Pope, in making appointments to Roman Sees in England.

On the 5th (before, therefore, this letter could have been read by him), the Bishop of Northampton put forth a pastoral address to the Clergy and Laity of his new Diocese, in which we read the following sentence:—"The Holy See, in fact, so far from wishing to outrage the feelings of the country, has studiously avoided any infraction of the laws, has merged a portion of its own direct power, and has taken pains to ascertain that those appointments would give no umbrage to the British Government."

On this statement, if it be true—and it has not, I repeat, hitherto been contradicted,—all comment must be needless.

I gladly, therefore, turn from the unpleasant task, which has been imposed upon me, to one or two very brief observations, on what it may be our duty to do in the position in which we now stand towards the Roman Catholic schism in this country.

One plain dictate of common prudence is, that you be all anxious to avoid giving any reasonable ground of offence to the feelings or even the prejudices of your people. As far as outward observances are concerned, I repeat what I said to you five or six years ago:—"The peculiar dangers of the times, as well as the prevailing tone of public opinion, call upon you most powerfully, as you would avoid being in the number of those by whom offences come, to forbear all unnecessary innovation, especially that worst kind of innovation—the revival of obsolete usages not required by law, which are associated, in the minds of the people, with the superstitions and corruptions of Rome.

As respects doctrine, be careful while you set forth Catholic truth in its full integrity, so to set it forth that it may not seem even to the ill-informed in sacred things—a very numerous class, I need not say—to savour at all of the leaven of Rome. Shrink not from asserting sound principles, but guard the assertion of them, by pointing out plainly to your people, what it is which distinguishes them from the errors which may border upon them.

Whether you shall in your pulpits deal frequently with the matters in controversy between the two Churches, is a question, which cannot be answered in the same way to all. Generally speaking, where Roman error is not endeavouring to insinuate itself, I should advise you to abstain from dealing with it. Where it is, be cautious *how* you deal with it. Inform yourselves well on the points in dispute, and, till you have done this, beware of hazarding your own credit, the honour of your Church, and the faith of your people, by crude and hasty disputation.

Of those whom I now address, there are not a few, who can both safely, and most usefully "contend earnestly for the faith." They will not need my exhortation to serve their Church in any hour of trial. To these, the less instructed among you will not, I am sure, think it any degradation to have recourse for assistance and advice. For myself, I offer to any who may be exposed to the intrusion of Roman teachers, what little help I can be able to give amidst the distractions of increasing business—and under the burden of more than threescore years and ten.

In conclusion, I thank you from my heart for the affectionate terms in which you address me personally. During twenty years, in which I have been your Bishop, years, marked by more than ordinary difficulties and perplexities—I have always found you, my Reverend friends, tolerant of any indiscretions which I may have committed in my government, and willing always to judge favourably of what you have believed to be well-intended.

I will not detain you longer—for I am aware that I have already trespassed on your endurance. May our Divine Lord give largely of His spirit to aid us in all our remaining conflicts for His faith, be our enemies, who they may! but may He, rather, if such be His good pleasure, permit us to serve Him, the remainder of our years, in peace, looking for that day, when He shall say to every one, who shall have been "steadfast unto the end," "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF THE EASTERN PATRIARCHS.

It may be new to many of our readers that the Bishop of Rome, on the sixth of January, 1848, addressed a letter to the Eastern Church, purporting to display a similar "zeal" and "solicitude," but really asserting the same "power of governing the Universal Church," as distinguishes the famous Bull for establishing an Episcopal Hierarchy in England which bears the sign-manual of Cardinal Lambruschini, and the date September 24th, 1850. It is instructive to contrast the modes in which these "insolent and insidious" pretensions have been met, severally, by the people of England, and the four Patriarchs of the East. It should be observed that the Churches of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem, do not enjoy the privilege of a Royal Supremacy; and therefore, in the case of the Sees within the Eastern Patriarchates, there had been no invasion of regal prerogative, or interference with the Crown, as Head of the Church, even though their boundaries had been defined, and their Cathedrals, in *esse* or in *posse* tenanted, by an "assumption of power in all the documents which" might "have come from Rome," and a "claim to sole and undivided sway." The "rights of the Bishops and Clergy," and the "spiritual independence" of the several Christian Patriarchates—grounds which, though recognized in the Premier's "Letter" have been too charily assumed by the popular religious meeting at home.—were the sole arguments on which the Eastern Patriarchs so admirably defended their position in the "Encyclical Letter" printed at Constantinople in 1848, of which we will immediately reprint an abstract, from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Journal* for January last. "With no greater asking for the impudent and arrogant claims of Rome"—we write the language of that very able periodical—"than the most violent of our contemporaries, we cannot help feeling that there is another enemy of sound Catholicity not less to be dreaded, whose ambitious projects, it is to be feared, will be much encouraged, and its power increased, by recent proceedings." For without a thought of the tactics of that "other enemy," its views and opinions, intentions and demands, its sympathies have been enlisted and its co-operation won by the sacrifice, in too many and signal instances, of every allusions to the powers inherent in the Church, her commission to teach and govern according to Christ's ordinance, the equal, though actual authority of her Patriarchs, the limits of their jurisdictions, the sentences of Fathers and Councils, the apostolicity, and independence, of our own ecclesiastical hierarchy;—all these momentous subjects have too often, we say, been waived and compromised that witness might be accumulated to the only sentiment of common acquiescence—the presumption of an Italian Bishop who has pretended to distribute the temporalities of the Queen of England.

We confess that this is, speaking after the manner of men, a very valid rallying-point, on which all Englishmen may meet. It is proved to be so by the confessions, and protests, of several loyal and noble British Romanists. And besides we feel quite persuaded that the organization of the Romish system never can leave a nation's institutions to their free development; but must, in virtue of its theocratical pretensions, obtrude its decrees upon the powers which, though being from God, as it itself confesses, are still from Him subordinately, and by a dispensation anterior, to the more complete and binding sentences of the Universal Bishop. Still we think that the political and the eccle-



siastical bearings of the controversy should have been kept, for consistency's sake, quite clear of one another; or rather (for this, alas! it may be almost said they have been) that the latter should not have been so frequently shelved behind the scenes, and the former thrust into a prominence unbalanced, if not undue. And it would have been as well to have recollected that multitudes of those with whom professing members of our Church have joined to memorialize the insult offered to our Queen, by an invasion of her prerogative and power over the temporalities of the Church would echo the sentiments of their Coryphæus "that the civil magistrate is not appointed of God for the purpose of saving men's souls, but of protecting each equally in saving his own; that *his province is not to preside over the Church, nor to modify nor manage it; that he is not required to legislate about her doctrines and ceremonies, to determine respectively the true and the becoming*; but that leaving these to be settled by men and churches for themselves, he is to extend to all the shield of his protection, so long as they entrench not on the rights and liberties of each other, and to exert for any the vigour of his arm, if it can prove that it suffers in either from the *usurpation of the rest.*"

The document to the abstract of which we now proceed is described as an "Encyclical Letter of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to the Universal Orthodox," and bears the signatures of the four Oriental Patriarchs, Anthimus of Costantinople, Hierotheus of Alexandria, Methodius of Antioch (since deceased) and Cyril of Jerusalem. It commences with "brotherly salutation in the Holy Ghost, and all blessing and salvation from God to all holy Bishops everywhere, our dearly beloved in the Holy Ghost, and to their most pious Clergy, and to all the genuine and orthodox children of the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Section 1 sets forth that "the evangelical message of redemption should be preached without adulteration, and holily believed, in accordance with the revelation of our Saviour, the testimony of his Apostles, and the traditions of the Holy Fathers in their individual and synodical teaching; but the Prince of Evil, that spiritual enemy of man's salvation, as formerly in Eden, craftily assuming the pretext of profitable counsel, he made man to become a transgressor of the divinely-spoken command, so in the spiritual Eden, the Church of God, he has from time to time beguiled many; and, mixing the deleterious drugs of heresy with the clear streams of orthodox doctrine, gives it to drink to divers who live unguardedly, not giving diligent heed to the things that they have heard (Heb. ii. 10), and to what they have been told by their fathers (Deut. xxxii. 7), in accordance with the Gospel, and in agreement with the perpetual consent of ancient doctors.

"2. Hence have arisen manifold and monstrous heresies which the Catholic Church, even from her infancy, has been forced to combat with the panoply of God, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and has triumphed over all unto this day, and will triumph to the end, ever shining forth brighter and stronger after the struggle.

"3. Of these heresies some have altogether perished, some are in their decline, but others flourish more or less, until the time of their overthrow, when, being struck with the lightning of the anathema of the seven Œcumenical Synods, they become extinct, even though they last for a thousand years; for the orthodoxy of the Catholic Apostolic Church, as inspired by the living Word of God, alone endures for ever, according to the infallible promise of our Lord,—'The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.'—Matt. xviii. 18.

"4. Of these heresies widely-diffused was formerly Arianism, and now is the Papacy, which, though still flourishing, shall, like the former, pass away and be cast down, and a great voice from Heaven shall cry, 'It is cast down.'—Rev. xii. 10."

Section 5 is devoted to a full examination of "the novel doctrine" of the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son; and Holy Scripture, Fathers, and Councils are cited, under fourteen heads, in proof of the heterodoxy of the Roman Church on this point.

Section 6 contains a brief historical sketch of the introduction and progress of this doctrine until its final establishment in the West, together with other "novelties," such as the assumption of monarchical power by the Popes, their monopoly of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and their attempts to draw away the other four Patriarchs to their apostacy from orthodoxy, so as to enslave the Catholic Church to the wills and ordinances of men.

"7. Our then renowned predecessors and Fathers, with united labour and counsel, seeing our ancestral evangelical teaching trodden under foot, and the robe of our Saviour, woven from the top throughout, torn with unholy hands—pierced with paternal and brotherly affection—wept indeed over the loss of so many Christians, 'for whom Christ died,' and applied much earnest zeal and emulation, synodically and individually, in order that the orthodox teaching being saved, they might, so far as they were able, sew together that which had been rent asunder; and like skilful physicians they consulted together for the safety of the suffering member, enduring many tribulations, and contempts, and persecutions, only in order that the body of Christ might not be dismembered, only in order that the fences of the divine and venerable Synods might not be trodden down. But faithful history has handed down to us the relentless perseverance of the West in error, and these distinguished men proved indeed the truth of the words of the Holy Father Basil, speaking from experience even at that time concerning the Bishops of the West, and the Pope in particular; 'These men know not the truth, nor endure to learn it, but strive against those who preach to them the truth, and of themselves give fresh proof of their heresy' (to Eusebius of Samosata), and thus, after a first and second brotherly admonition, convinced of their impenitence, they gave them over to their reprobate mind (for 'war is better than peace without God,' as said our Holy Father Gregory concerning the Arians). From that time forward there has been no spiritual communion between us and them: for they have with their own hands dug deep the gulf between themselves and orthodoxy.

"8. But the Papacy did not on this account cease to annoy the quiet Church of God; but sending forth its missionaries everywhere, 'compasses sea and land to make one proselyte,' to adulterate by additions the divine Symbol of our holy faith, to prove baptism superfluous, the communion of the cup unprofitable, and a thousand other things which the Demon of Novelty has dictated to the all-daring schoolmen of the middle ages, and to the bishops of the elder Rome, venturing all things for lust of power. Our most blessed predecessors and Fathers, though insulted and persecuted in divers ways from within and from without, contended earnestly that they might save and deliver to us that inestimable inheritance of our Fathers, which we also, by God's help, will transmit as a precious treasure to succeeding generations, even to the end of the world.

"9. For some time the attacks of the Popes in their own persons had ceased, and were conducted only by means of missionaries; but lately

he who succeeded to the See of Rome in 1847, under the title of Pope Pius IX., published on the 6th of January in this present year, an Encyclical Letter addressed to the Easterns, which his emissary has scattered abroad within our orthodox fold, like a plague coming from without. In this circular he addresses those who have at various times apostatised from the several Christian communities, and deserted to the Papacy; and citing by name our divine and holy Fathers, he manifestly calumniates both them and us their successors and descendants; *them*, as though they had admitted the Papal injunctions without inquiry, and recognised the Popes as arbitrators of the Catholic Church; *us*, as unfaithful to their examples, and consequently severed from our Fathers, regardless of our sacred duties, and of the salvation of the souls entrusted to us by God.

“10. Every one of our brethren and children in Christ clearly perceives that the words of the present Bishop of Rome, like those of his anti-synodical predecessors, are not words of peace and compassion, as he says, but of deceit and quibbling, tending to self-aggrandisement; but the orthodox will not be beguiled therewith, for the Word of the Lord is sure—‘A stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers.’

“11. For all this, we have thought it our paternal and brotherly requirement, and sacred duty, by these present letters, to confirm you in the orthodoxy which ye hold from your ancestors, and, at the same time, to expose by the way the unsoundness of the syllogisms of the Bishop of Rome, of which he himself is manifestly aware; for he does not pride himself on his throne, on account of his apostolical confession; but earnestly endeavours to establish his dignity from the Apostolical throne, and his confession from his dignity.

“The Church of Rome founds its claim to be the throne of St. Peter, only on one single tradition, while Holy Scripture, Fathers, and Councils attest, that this dignity belongs to Antioch; which, however, never on this account claimed exemption from the judgment of Holy Scripture and Synodical decrees: and even St. Peter himself was judged before all ‘by the truth of the Gospel,’ and was ‘found worthy of blame,’ as ‘not walking uprightly.’ (Gal. ii.)

“Our Holy Fathers themselves, whom his Holiness, justly admiring as enlighteners and teachers of the West itself, reckons to us, and counsels us to follow, teach us not to judge of orthodoxy from the holy throne, but of the throne itself, and of him who sits on the throne, by the Divine Scriptures, by the Synodical decisions and decrees, and by the faith that has been preached, that is, by the orthodoxy that has ever been taught. Thus our Fathers synodically judged and condemned Honorius, Pope of Rome; Dioscorus, Pope of Alexandria; Macedonius and Nestorius, Patriarchs of Constantinople; and Peter Gnapheus, Patriarch of Antioch, &c.; for if ‘the very abomination of desolation stood in the holy place,’ according to the witness of Holy Scripture, why should not novelty and heresy sit upon a holy throne? And hence is obtained a general view of the weakness and feebleness of the other endeavours to establish the despotism of the Bishop of Rome; for if the Church of Christ had not been founded upon the immoveable rock of the confession of Peter (which was a common answer on behalf of the Apostles, when asked, ‘whom do ye say that I am?’) viz., ‘Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God,’ as the divine Fathers of the East and West have expounded to us, it would still have been founded on a sure foundation, viz., on Cephas himself, but not at all on the Pope, who, after monopo-

lising the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven—how he has administered them is manifest from history. But our divine Fathers universally, and with one consent, teach that the thrice-repeated command, 'Feed my sheep,' conferred no privilege on St. Peter above the rest of the Apostles—least of all, upon his successors also; but was simply a restoration of him to his Apostleship—from which he had fallen by his thrice-repeated denial. And the blessed Peter himself appears thus to have understood the intention of our Lord's thrice-repeated inquiry, 'Lovest thou me?' and 'more than these?' for, calling to mind the words, 'Though all shall be offended because of thee, yet will I not be offended,' he was grieved because he said unto him the third time, 'Lovest thou me?'

"12. But his Holiness says that our Lord said to Peter, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou, when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.' Our Lord so prayed, because Satan had asked that he might subvert the faith of all the disciples; but our Lord allowed him Peter alone; chiefly on this account, because he had uttered words of self-confidence, and justified himself above the others, 'Though all shall be offended because of thee, yet will I not be offended.' Yet this permission was only granted for a time: 'He began to curse and swear, saying I know not the man.' So weak is human nature when left to itself! 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.' For a time, we say, in order that when he again came to himself by his conversion, and his repentance with tears, he might the more strengthen his brethren, since they had neither perjured themselves nor denied.

"We trust that the divine love so earnestly commended to us by our common Master in that sacred supper of the last night, which the Popes were the first to violate by their heretical novelties, and that His prayer for the Unity of his One Catholic and Apostolic Church, may become effectual in taking away the middle-wall of partition, and in bringing back the wandering sheep to the Fold, even in these days.

"Let it be said then, in the third place, that if it be supposed, according to the words of his Holiness, that this prayer of our Lord for Peter when about to deny and perjure himself remained attached and united to the throne of Peter, and is transmitted with power to those who from time to time sit upon it, although, as has before been said, nothing contributes to confirm the opinion (as we are strikingly assured from the example of the blessed Peter himself, even after the descent of the Holy Ghost), yet are we convinced from the words of our Lord, that the time will come when that divine prayer concerning the denial of Peter 'that his faith might not fail for ever' will operate also in some one of the successors of his throne, who will also weep, as he did, bitterly, and being some time converted will strengthen us, his brethren, still more in the orthodox confession, which we hold from our forefathers;—and would that his Holiness might be this true successor of the blessed St. Peter!

"13. His Holiness says that the Bishop of Lyons, the holy Irenæus, writes in praise of the Roman Church:—'It is fitting that the whole Church—that is, all the faithful everywhere, come together because of the precedency in this Church, in which in all things has been preserved by all the faithful, the tradition delivered by the Apostles.' Although this Saint speaks altogether wide of the aim of the disciples of the Vatican, yet let them be permitted to translate and interpret him according to their pleasure; but we say, who doubts that the old Roman Church was Apostolic and orthodox? Certainly no one of us will hesitate to say that it was a model of orthodoxy. We, in particular, will add for its

greater praise, from the historian Sozomen, after what manner it was able for a while to maintain its orthodoxy, which we praise;—a passage which his Holiness has overlooked: 'For as was the case everywhere, the Church throughout all the West, being directed purely according to the doctrines of the Fathers, was delivered from contention and from trickery concerning these things.' Would any one of the Fathers or ourselves deny her canonical prerogatives in the order of the hierarchy, so long as she was governed purely according to the doctrines of the Fathers, walking by the unerring canon of Scriptures and the Holy Synods? But at the present time, we do not find either the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, according to the Creed of the Holy Fathers assembled in Nicæa first, and in Constantinople afterwards, which the remaining five Œcumenical Synods confessed and confirmed, and subjected to so many anathemas those who should adulterate it in the slightest particular, as altogether destroying it, nor the apostolic pattern of divine baptism, nor the invocation of the consecrating Spirit upon the holy elements: but we see in it the divine cup taken away as superfluous, and many other things unknown not only to our Holy Fathers, but to the holy ancient Fathers of the West, as was also that very Supremacy for which now his Holiness wrestles with all his powers, as did his predecessors, transformed from the brotherly pattern and hierarchical prerogative to Lordship. What then is to be thought concerning his unwritten tradition, if the written have undergone such a change, and such a deterioration? or, who is so bold and confident of the dignity of the apostolic throne as to dare to say, that if our Holy Father Irenæus were to live again, he, seeing it failing of the ancient and primitive apostolic teaching on so many most essential and Catholic articles of Christianity, would not himself be the first to oppose the novelties and self-sufficient determination of the Roman Church, then justly celebrated by him as directed purely according to the doctrines of the Fathers? For example, when he heard of the vicarial and appellate jurisdiction of the Pope, what would he not say, who, in a small and almost indifferent question, respecting the celebration of Easter, so nobly and triumphantly opposed and extinguished the violence of Pope Victor in the free Church of Christ? Thus he who is adduced by his Holiness as a witness of the supremacy of the Roman Church, proves that its dignity is not that of monarchy, nor even of arbitration, which the blessed Peter himself even never possessed, but a brotherly prerogative in the Catholic Church, and an honour enjoyed by the Popes on account of the celebrity and prerogative of the city, as also the fourth Œcumenical Synod declared concerning the observance of the precedency of the Churches determined by the third Œcumenical Synod following the second, and that again the first, which calls the appellate jurisdiction of the Pope over the West *a custom*; 'on account of that city being the imperial city, the Fathers have, with reason, given it the prerogatives;' saying nothing of its especial apostolic emanation from Peter, and least of all, of the Vicarship of its Bishops and universal Bishopric. But the deep silence as to such great privileges, and not only so, but the cause assigned for their precedency—not on account of 'feed my sheep,' nor on account of 'upon this rock I will build my Church,' but simply on account of the custom, and on account of that city being the Imperial City—and that not from the Lord, but from the Fathers—will appear, we are persuaded, so much the more strange to his Holiness (however otherwise he may count of his prerogatives), as he, we perceive, highly values the testimony of the above-named Fourth Œcumenical Synod,

which he thinks he has found in favour of his throne; and the divine Gregory, who is called the Great, was accustomed to speak of the four Œcumenical Synods as the Four Gospels, and the square stone upon which the Catholic Church is built.

“ 14. His Holiness says that the Corinthians differing among themselves, made reference to Clement, Pope of Rome, who wrote them his judgment of the matter; but they so prized his answer that they even read it in their Churches. But this event is an exceedingly weak confirmation of the Papal power in the house of God; for then, when Rome was the centre of the Government, and the principal city, in which the emperors dwelt, it was proper that any question of importance, as history declares that of the Corinthians was, should be decided there; as it happens even to this day, when the Patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem meet with unexpected difficulties, hard to be solved, they write to the Patriarchs of Constantinople, on account of its being the imperial seat, as also on account of its Synodical privileges, but this brotherly assistance and co-operation is not to be stretched to the subjugation of the Church of God.

“ 15. But last of all, his Holiness says that the Fourth Œcumenical Synod (which, by mistake, he altogether transfers from Chalcedon to Carthage), having read the Epistle of Pope Leo, cried out, ‘Peter has spoken thus by Leo.’ The fact is as is here stated; but his Holiness ought not to overlook after what manner, and after what pains our Fathers cried out, as they did, in praise of Leo; since he, however, studying brevity, as it seems, has omitted this most necessary particular, and the manifest proof that an Œcumenical Synod is greatly superior, not only to the Pope, but to his Synod also, we will explain to all the transaction as it really occurred. Of more than six hundred Bishops assembled in the Synod of Chalcedon, about 200 of the most learned of them were appointed by the Synod to examine the letter and the sense of the said Epistle of Leo—and not only so, but to deliver in writing, and with their signatures, their individual judgment of it, whether it were orthodox or no. These, about two hundred distinct judgments and resolutions on the epistle, are found principally in the Fourth Session of the said Holy Synod in such terms as the following:—

“ Maximus of Antioch said:—‘The epistle of Leo, the Holy Archbishop of Imperial Rome, agrees with the decisions of the 318 Holy Fathers in Nicæa, and the 150 in Constantinople, the new Rome, and with the faith expounded by the Most Holy Bishop Cyril in Ephesus, and I have subscribed it.’

“ And again—Theodoret, the most pious Bishop of Cyrus.—‘The epistle of the Most Holy Archbishop, the Lord Leo, agrees with the faith as set forth by the blessed and Holy Fathers in Nicæa, and with the symbol of the faith published by the 150 in Constantinople, and and with the epistle of the most blessed Cyril, and I have subscribed the above-mentioned epistle in token of my acceptance of it.’ And thus, all, one after another,—‘the epistle agrees,’—‘the epistle is consonant,’—‘the epistle is concordant in meaning,’ &c. After so much and so careful an examination and comparison with the former Holy Synods, and the full conviction of the correctness of its meaning, and not simply because it was the epistle of the Pope, they cried out, without grudging, that exclamation on which his Holiness boastfully vaunts himself. But if his Holiness had sent us statements concordant and agreeing with those of the seven first Œcumenical Synods, instead of boasting

of the piety of his predecessors, proclaimed by our predecessors and Fathers in an Œcumenical Synod, he might have justly boasted of his own orthodoxy, proclaiming his own goodness instead of that of his Fathers; so that if his Holiness will send us such statements as 200 Fathers, having examined and discussed, shall find to be accordant and agreeable to the above-named early Synods, he shall hear from us sinners, at this day, not only 'Peter thus spake,' but another honourable expression, viz.—Blessed be the hand that has wiped away the tears of the Catholic Church!

"16. And verily it were meet that so great a work should be undertaken by the care of his Holiness—a work worthy of the genuine successor of the blessed Peter, of Leo the First, and Leo the Third, who, for the preservation of the orthodox faith, engraved the divine Symbol free from novelties upon invincible shields,—a work which shall unite the Churches of the West to the Holy Catholic Church."

### THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON CONFESSION.

IT has been our lot, of late, to hear the expression of such strong sentiments against even that guarded and discreet use of private confession which our Church allows for the quieting of troubled consciences, that we are happy to subjoin a correspondence on the subject of three of his benedicted Clergy, with the Bishop of London, comprehending a very complete digest of the authorities, and limitations which should be brought to bear upon this important and delicate subject.

MY LORD,—We, the undersigned Clergy of your Lordship's Diocese, have seen with pain the publication of a letter as from your Lordship, a copy of which we enclose that you may judge of its correctness.

From the extreme brevity of that letter we are led to think that it was never intended to meet the public eye. But as it has been published, and is placing your Lordship in a painful position, and agitating the minds of many, we feel it our duty respectfully to draw your attention to it.

Your Lordship is aware that the very practices condemned by you in your recent charge have been introduced into the Church as practices warranted by the Church.

In the letter to which we refer your Lordship appears to admit that some sort of "auricular confession" is taught by the Church.

We believe that this apparent admission of the practice by the use of the word "auricular confession" (a word exclusively applied to the Romish practice) will be immediately taken by the Romanizing party as an implied approval of those very practices which your Lordship meant to disapprove.

We believe, that thus the censure given in your charge will be practically nullified. And further, we fear that you might be cited in future as an authority in favour of the practices which you condemn.

Sincerely anxious that you should not occupy a position so painful, we respectfully request that you will state more fully and at length your original views as you briefly stated them in your charge, that the minds of many attached members of our Church may be relieved, and an occasion removed from those who desire it in continuing practices within the Church entirely forbidden by it. For, as your Lordship is well aware, the only mention made in all the standards of our Church of

“auricular confession” is in the Homily of Repentance, where it is unreservedly and utterly condemned.

Trusting that your Lordship will believe, that nothing but a sense of duty to yourself and anxiety to prevent other applications of a very different character, has influenced us in thus writing.—We are, &c.,

W. WELDON CHAMPNEYS.  
H. MONTAGUE VILLIERS.  
EDWARD AURIOL.

*Fulham, November 22nd, 1850.*

Rev. and Dear Brethren,—I thank you for having called my attention to what you consider to be an ambiguous expression in my answer to a letter which I received from the Rev. T. Bolton, which answer has been published without my permission. What I intended to say was, that by the words “auricular confession” I supposed that every one would understand me to mean the Roman practice of confession, and not that kind of confession, which is recognized as useful and salutary by our own Church. I meant to distinguish between that upon which the Church of Rome insists as an indispensable duty, necessary to the forgiveness of sins, and that which the Church of England permits as being in certain cases profitable.

The former kind of confession is condemned in the Homily of Repentance under the name of auricular confession. The latter kind is thus spoken of in the same Homily:—“I do not say but that if any do find themselves troubled in conscience they may repair to their learned Curate or Pastor, or to some other godly-learned man, and show the trouble and doubt of their conscience to them, that they may receive at their hand the comfortable salve of God’s Word; but it is against the true Christian liberty that any man should be bound to the mentioning of his sins, as it hath been used heretofore in the time of blindness and ignorance.”

The difference between the two Churches is clearly stated by Archbishop Sharpe, one of the ablest opponents of Popery in the time of King James II. “The Papists,” he says, “do very unjustly traduce and calumniate the Reformation, when they say that the Protestants are against private confession. There is no such thing. There is no Protestant Church but gives it that due esteem and regard that it ought to have. All that they have done is to regulate it; to set it upon its true basis and foundation, which is done, not by requiring private confession as a thing necessary, but exhorting men to it as a thing highly convenient in many cases. In all those instances where it can be useful or serve any good purpose it is both commended and seriously advised; that is to say, where a sinner either needs direction and assistance for the overcoming some sin that he labours under, or where he is so overwhelmed with the burden of his sins that he needs the help of some skilful person to explain to him the terms of the Gospel; to convince him from the Holy Scriptures that his repentance (as far as a judgment can be made of it) is true and sincere, and will be accepted by God; and lastly, upon the full examination of his state, and his judgment thereupon, to give him the absolution of the Church. In all these cases no Protestant who understands his religion is against private confession; on the contrary, all the best writers of the Protestants, nay, all the public confessions of the Protestants which give an account of their faith, are



mightily for it, and do seriously recommend it." (Sermons, vol. 5, p. 122.)

He proceeds to quote a passage from Calvin's *Institutes* (III., IV., 12), in which private confession is strongly recommended, and adds—"Thus far Mr. Calvin, and in the same place, where he doth thus recommend private confession, doth he also speak of the benefits of private absolution, in order to the easing and comforting afflicted consciences. And this sense of his is the general sense of the Protestants abroad," "and this I think may be justified to all the world." "But the Popish doctrine in the matter is quite of another strain, and serves to quite a different purpose." "By confession they mean, not confession to God, nor confession to our neighbour in case of injuries, nor confession to the Church in case of public notorious sin, but private confession to a Priest, which is that they call auricular confession, because it is whispered into his ear. This is that confession they make a necessary part of repentance, and without which (supposing we have opportunity) sin is not forgiven."

He then quotes the decree of the Council of Trent, which enjoins the private confession to the Priest of all mortal sins, even the most secret, though they be only in thought or desire, and all the circumstances of them that may change the nature of sin; and declares those accursed who say that such confession is not by Divine law necessary for the obtaining of forgiveness; and he justly observes that "as this confession is managed in the Church of Rome, it is so far from being a check or a bridle upon a man to have a care of committing the same sins again that he hath thus confessed, that, on the contrary, it gives a great encouragement to sinners to continue in their sins." He concludes—"Let all of us, therefore, when we find ourselves burdened with the weight of our sins, apply to God, and unburden ourselves of them by confession to Him. If we need either advice, or assistance, or direction, or comfort, we may call in the assistance of pious and discreet Ministers; nay, we ought in prudence to do so, and we are wanting to ourselves if we do not. But still, the confession that is necessary to the obtaining our pardon must ever be understood of confession to God. Whosoever humbly and sorrowfully confess his sins to Him, and endeavours to forsake them, such a man shall find pardon, whether he confess to men or no." This is the true Protestant doctrine, and let us all adhere to it and practise it.

It seems to me that the Church of England does not encourage frequent or periodical private confession, the danger of abusing which is so obvious as not to require pointing out; but that she does not forbid her members to have recourse to private confession on what may be termed great spiritual emergencies; that cases where such confession is proper are exceptional cases; that it is an indulgence to human weakness rather than a duty, and that men are not to be exhorted, or even invited to perform it, except in the specific instances for which provision is made in the offices of the Church.

I think that such confession should be wholly and in all its parts voluntary and spontaneous, and that the Minister to whom it is made should forbear from those particular inquiries which lead to the abominations of the Romish confessional. So guarded, I do not think that private confession ought to be entirely condemned. "Our Church," says Fuller (in his *Moderation of the Church of England*) "doth declare the necessity of such a confession as is useful to the purposes of true repentance—that is, when confession to the Minister of God may be useful

for spiritual advice, and for the quieting of any one's conscience, in order to a good life, or a happy death, and particularly in order to the fruitful receiving of the Holy Communion."

Dr. Hey thinks that "the real purpose of our Church in quitting the laws of auricular confession, and at the same time recommending some confidential intercourse between a Minister and the troubled in conscience, was probably to throw off a yoke hard to be borne, to give liberty where the sensible and delicate mind most longs for it, to substitute affectionate exhortation in the room of penal laws and mechanical observances, and thereby prevent hypocrisy and evasion, without dissolving the Pastoral connexion and relation, or weakening the mutual confidence and mutual kindness between Minister and people." "The ordinary language of our Church is "confess yourself to Almighty God." and it is found even in our first exhortation to the communion; but when the mind is tormented with scruples, or debilitated by sickness, advice is wanted, and the weak should be "moved" to get over their reserve and solicit spiritual "comfort or counsel." He might have added, in the words of the Church, "the benefit of absolution," that benefit being, I apprehend, the comfort which the penitent derives from being assured by one who is commissioned to assure him, upon the authority of God's Word, that if he is truly penitent his sins are forgiven by Him who alone can forgive sin; and who prays for him, as one of God's Ministers, that He may have mercy upon him, and pardon and deliver him from all his sins. I do not think that a Clergyman to whom confession is made ought to employ any more positive form of absolution, except in the single case of a sick person, for which a special form is prescribed.

I may remark, that the 113th Canon, which speaks of the case where a man "confesses his secret and hidden sin for the unburdening of his conscience, and to receive spiritual consolation and ease of mind from him," most probably refers to the cases provided for in the offices for Holy Communion and for the visitation of the sick.

I need hardly add that private confession, even as allowed by our Reformed Church, requires the greatest discretion and carefulness on the part of those Clergymen who encourage or permit it, to prevent its assuming the character of [Romish] "auricular confession."—I remain, &c.,

C. J. LONDON.

P.S.—I have no objection to the publication of this letter.

The Rev. Messrs. Champneys, Villiers, and Auriol.

### THE REV. WILLIAM GRESLEY'S "REMONSTRANCE WITH THE EVANGELICALS."

FEW men deserve better the gratitude and respect of all consistent Churchmen than the Rev. Wm. Gresley, Prebendary of Litchfield. Many of our readers will doubtless recollect the instructive series of tales illustrative of periods in our English Church history from his pointed and racy pen. An esteemed contributor to this periodical has recorded a becoming eulogy of his "Treatise on Preaching;" and in the several crises of recent date, he has invariably struck home with that practical illustration and appeal to common sense which always tells well for

the good cause, in the end. No one better than Mr. Gresley has discerned, in the passing events of the day, "a deep-laid conspiracy against the Church of England;" nor was ever a more timely warning entered, than his, that advantage has been taken of a national excitement to turn the hereditary anti-Papal feelings of the people of England *ostensibly* against a certain portion of the Clergy, but *really* against the doctrine and discipline of the Church itself. We should be heartily glad to hear that his idea had been entertained by the Clergy at large, of a "*unanimous declaration not to consent to any alteration of the Liturgy*"—for this is the point to which, clearly enough, recent movements have been tending,—to deprive us of the witness of our sacramental and other special formularies to the Catholicity of the Anglican Branch of the Church Orthodox. Indeed, as Mr. Gresley distinctly tells us, there are those of Lord Ashley's party who "proclaim that they will have a 'new Reformation,'—that is, that their intention is to make essential changes in the present doctrine and discipline of the Reformed Church."

We introduce with great pleasure the following most pertinent sentences from Mr. Gresley's "*Word of Remonstrance with the Evangelicals*," addressed to the Rev. Francis Wilson, in reply to his pamphlet, called "*No Peace with Tractarianism*."

"Let me proceed to analyse the terms which you employ. 'No peace with Rome,' you paraphrase 'No peace with Tractarianism.' I confess I do not like the term 'No peace' with any one. It has a harsh, uncharitable sound. One would not willingly use it even with respect to Heathens and Infidels, much less in speaking of Christians. If, indeed, you mean merely that you will preach strenuously against the errors of Rome, and endeavour to banish and drive them away from your parish,—that you will encounter the Romanists in argument, and resist their endeavours to gain proselytes; nay, rather, do all you can to win them over to the Truth,—then I heartily agree with you. But why apply this form of expression so pointedly to Rome? I, for my part, would, in precisely the same manner, have 'no peace with Dissent.' I would warn people against their false doctrines and schismatical practices, just as I would against the errors of Romanism. And I cannot but think that my position is more consistent, and more suitable to a Churchman than yours. You have an intense hatred of Popery, and an evident leaning to Dissent. I avow a firm and conscientious disapproval of both. You detest 'the mummery and incense of a Popish mass-house;' but have no great repugnance to go with Dissenters to 'Sion or Ebenezer Chapel.' I should equally avoid both, because Holy Scripture commands us to avoid those that 'cause divisions.' . . . .

"But perhaps you mean Tractarians, Ministers of the English communion who use ceremonies and observances contrary to the Church to which they belong, and tending to Romanism. If these are the persons whom you mean by Tractarians, I quite agree with you in disapproving such practices, and only wonder that our own Bishops allow them to do so. But here, again, I am at a loss to know where to find such persons. Where are they to be met with? Can you mention three Churches in London, or ten in the whole of England, where practices are adopted contrary to the spirit and instruction of the Church of England, and in the direction of Rome? I do not think you can name so many. At any rate, for every one that you can point out where any ceremony or practice is adopted of a Romish tendency, beyond what is authorized in our Church, I will pledge myself to name one hundred where the Rubrics and instructions of the Church are not acted up to. . . . .

"The fact is, there are no Churches, or next to none, where any Romish practices whatever are adopted—if there were, they would not be tolerated. What, then, is the conclusion at which we arrive? Why just this: that in vowing eternal enmity against Tractarians, you are not speaking of persons who have really deviated from the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, but of those who are devotedly attached to their Church, and desire nothing more than to live and die in her communion. You are vowing eternal enmity against the most consistent of your brethren. And, in writing the pamphlet which you have done, you have, I would willingly believe without intending to act an ungenerous part, been endeavouring to avail yourself of the opportunity of this outcry against Popery, to stigmatize a body of men far more zealously attached than yourself to the true doctrine and discipline of the English Church.

"Let me entreat you, and other Evangelicals, to consider honestly and conscientiously what I have already said, and also what I am about to say, in proof that you are acting wrongfully. I write to you as a conscientious man, and trust that you will not put down your conviction.

"One of the practices of those whom you call Tractarians is to observe Saints' Days. I myself always make a point of attending the Cathedral on such days. I advert to the subject in family devotion; if I had parochial duties, I should read the prescribed service, and call attention in a sermon to the holy servant of God whose deeds are on that day commemorated. You, as it appears, contemn such observances. You speak in derision of 'the remediless state of a parish when fairly saddled with a Clergyman who rejoices in the name of Anglo-Catholic, and dates his letters from the Saints' Days.' Nor is it the mere practice of dating letters from these days that you object to. It is with reluctance that I advert to personal circumstances, but I believe that I am correct in stating that, notwithstanding the known wishes, and even formal request, of some of your own parishioners, you persist in closing your own Church on the Saints' Day. At the time when the Tractarian Clergy, in strict accordance with the order of their Church, are celebrating the holy lives of Saints and Martyrs, and from their example encouraging their flocks to Christian deeds and sufferings, no bell in your parish summons your parishioners to worship. Anxiously as they long for it, they are debarred from the solemn celebration which their own Church promises them.

"I beseech you to let your conscience have fair play. Are you the person to reproach your fellow Ministers, and declare that you will have no peace with them, when it is yourself, not they, that are disobeying the Church's orders? Which are the 'unworthy sons of the Church'—they who scoff at her ordinances, or they who reverently use them? You call the Tractarians Papists and Romanizers, because they obey their Church. Are not you in fact a Dissenter?"

"I am not writing a set answer to your pamphlet, and therefore you must pardon a little excursiveness. The present opportunity will serve, as well as any other, to explain and justify the course which I took at the Archidiaconal Meeting. It appeared to me of little use to go there merely for the purpose of declaiming against the Pope. I expressed myself, as indeed I felt, most strongly on the unlawfulness of his intrusion, and cited Holy Scripture, as well as the Canons of the Ancient Church, in proof of my views. But I considered that the chief practical object of our meeting was, to consider how his aggression might be met. Now if we can remove the causes which led to the unhappy secession of

those who have left us, we should obviously be taking the best means to prevent secession in future, perhaps gain back the seceders, and so frustrate the object of the Romanist movement.

"There was, however, another class of topics unconnected with party difference as to doctrine, to which it appeared to me that I might profitably advert without offence; namely, the relation of the Church to the State. We know that this is the grievance by which those who have recently left us, and some, I fear, who are still with us, have been mainly scandalized. It has appeared to them that the present position of the Church of England, in respect to the State, is such as to destroy its vitality, and mar its character as a Church. To a certain extent I feel strongly with them. The worthy chairman of the Lay Meeting at Litchfield declared that his Protestant blood boiled within him at the insolence of the Pope, in daring to appoint Romish Bishops, and interfere with the Dioceses of the English Church. Just so a Churchman's blood boils within him to think the appointment of the Bishops of the English Church, and the arrangement of our Dioceses, should be in the irresponsible power of the Prime Minister for the time being—the nominee and creature of a House of Commons, consisting of all the multifarious denominations into which our unhappy nation is divided. Our indignation is greatly increased when we see our Church in the clutches of such a man as the present Premier. To think that a man who is so utterly ignorant of Church principles, so devoid of enlightened reverence for the Church of God, so destitute even of respect for the Established Religion of his country as to frequent notoriously a Dissenting place of worship; that such a man should have the power to appropriate to himself the Queen's prerogative, and appoint our Bishops,—not to mention Deans and other dignitaries,—that he should be able to insult the Church by selecting men on whom the Church has set her mark of disapproval; that he should dare to refuse all inquiry into the orthodoxy of his nominees when the law afforded the opportunity, and when the majority of the English Bishops respectfully requested that an inquiry might be made; that the same man, or his supporters, should be able to abolish bishopricks at their discretion, and limit their increase, and tie us down to the number which sufficed for a quadruple population, thus crippling the Church in the free exercise of its functions; that the same man, or his party, should unceremoniously reject a Bill brought in by consent of the whole bench of Bishops for providing a fit tribunal for the trial of disputed doctrine, and insist in retaining the absurd anomaly of submitting the doctrines of the Church to a lay tribunal, thus holding up the Church of England as an object of ridicule to the common jester, and of triumph to the enemies which surround us; all this, and more that might be mentioned, has proved too much for the allegiance of some of the Church's most devoted sons. It is useless to tell them that much of this is contrary to the spirit of the law, and mere usurpation of power,—that the law by which the trial of spiritual causes was given to the Privy Council has not been recognized by Convocation,—that the confirmation of a Bishop without inquiry into objections made against him was only carried by a judicial manœuvre. In spite of what you can urge, all these facts are before their eyes; and many have chosen to join even the corrupted Church of Rome rather than remain in one which they consider enslaved and dishonoured. For myself, while I sympathize with these persons in their indignation at the tyranny of the Government, I entirely disapprove of the step which they have taken. Nothing would ever induce me to join the corrupt Church

of Rome. Under no conceivable circumstances will I leave the Church of my country. My mind is fully made up.

"And I believe I speak the sentiments of a very large number of the Clergy. We have solemnly engaged at our ordination to administer the rites of the Church in the way prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer. We acknowledge no power in the Pope or Bishops, or in the Prime Minister, or in the Parliament or Sovereign, to absolve us from that engagement. If the Services are altered in any essential particular, it is our deliberate intention to continue to administer them in the manner in which we have engaged to do. Meanwhile, we shall use every legal means to obtain redress. We think our cause so good, and the grievances under which we labour so palpable, that the common justice of the English people will, ere long, afford us redress. We expect, in your own phrase, to have 'the entire Protestant Laity at our back,'—those, at least, who are members of the Church. They have no interest, any more than we, in maintaining the intolerable tyranny exercised by a Whig Minister. Why should laymen of the English Church submit to see their Church crippled in its offices, saddled with heterodox rulers, its doctrine interpreted by mere politicians, itself held up to the ridicule of Dissenters and Romanists? We fully expect that they will soon help us to free ourselves—nay, rather themselves, I should say—from these insufferable grievances, and place their Church at least on a footing with Dissenters, who have the free management of their own affairs. Nay, we do not despair that even you and your friends will, ere long, see that your interests are concerned as much as ours. Surely it is for your good as much as ours that a fit number of Bishops should be appointed to govern the Church; that in the choice of a Bishop the Queen, in her capacity of Supreme Governor, should be allowed to consult with the principal Prelates on the bench, and not constrained to accept the nominee of a Minister of the State, who may be a Churchman, or may be a Dissenter, a Socinian, a Jew, nay, (for who can tell which way the wheel of events may turn) even a Tractarian, or Romanist! The real truth is, that the Queen's just supremacy is at present wrested from her, and exercised by another, who has no right to it, and uses it unworthily. I will not speak of Convocation, because many doubt of the expediency of its revival under its former shape. But surely it is as much your interest as ours that there should be some fit body to represent the interests of the Church, and assist the Queen in the exercise of the power confided to her in Ecclesiastical causes. Surely you will agree with us that the Prime Minister ought not to be, as he is, a lay Pope, controlling all our arrangements, and exercising in his own person the powers of Sovereign and the whole bench of Bishops. Such a power, in the present day, is too monstrous and extravagant to last. The present Premier has committed himself to the perpetuation of this palpable tyranny. It is the duty of all Churchmen to unite in resistance.

"No greater error in judgment could be conceived than for the Evangelical party to submit to the usurpation of politicians in the hope that through them they shall put down the Tractarians. Such a coalition would be but a repetition of the old story of the stag and the horse. Once let Lord John Russell mount fairly on your back, and put down who now resist him, and you will not easily get him off again. Hear the language of Lord Fitzwilliam, at the York Meeting: 'The Church,' said he amidst the derisive cheers of the Romanists, 'the Church of England is but one of those sects which has grown up since the Re-

formation—which have been the faithful offspring of the Reformation—and in all which, I venture to say, Churchman as I am, that vital Christianity is to be found. I claim this, not only for that portion of the Reformation to which I belong, but concede it to all Reformed sects.' Yes; that is the light in which modern politicians regard their Church; and that is the principle on which they will deal with her. Should you, Sir, like your Church to be treated like the 'other sects?' There is a great deal implied in that phrase. You remember, doubtless, the proposal of Dr. Arnold (and his doctrines are said to be admired in high quarters). He proposed that our parish Churches should be used by all the 'other sects' as well as Churchmen! Are you prepared to accede to this liberal proposal; to let Baptists, Wesleyans, Independents, all occupy your pulpit in turn. They have already gained admittance into too many of our schools. Are you prepared for what is the natural consequence, to give them a share also in your tithes and glebe? Depend upon it, this is what things will come to, if we once let Lord John Russell get firmly in the saddle. Our Churches, our schools, our doctrines, our emoluments, our position as God's Ministers, will all be subjected to the crucible of Liberalism, and parcelled out amongst the 'other sects.' Are you and your friends prepared to submit to this? If not, it were far better for the stag and the horse to make up their quarrel, and unite in resistance to the common enemy. To use a homely illustration, we are joined together 'for better or worse;' we may be too much like a jarring couple; but it is prudent, at least, to cease quarrelling when thieves are breaking into the house."

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### THE PAPAL AGGRESSION QUESTION.

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THE real question as to the merits of Lord John Russell's Bill, the introduction of which is now sanctioned by the Lower House, is, whether it will prevent synodical action? On the allegation that it *will* have that effect, Lord John Russell, it seems, is prepared to rest his case. The Synod of Thurles, we are told, is more to him than the nomenclature of Westminster; and we are to believe that he has been moved to his present unwonted act of departure from the policy of his party, by a settled and growing opposition to the whole system of the Papal Church, rather than by any sudden ebullition of indignation at the one aggressive act of last October. We are glad, for his own sake, to hear it; though we confess we should have preferred some rather more substantial evidence of his Lordship's newly adopted principles, than is to be found in the "quiet and unobtrusive" provisions of this new Bill.

It is undoubtedly true that, except under a regularly constituted hierarchy, such as that which has always existed in the Roman Church in Ireland, and has just been constituted among ourselves, no synodical action is regularly possible. Bishops *in partibus*, as they are called, such as until now formed the only representatives of Roman Catholicism in England, can form no synods in the countries to which they are sent. The theory is that they are on a mission; that, as Vicars Apostolic, under that character only, they exercise, each by himself, a jurisdiction delegated from the Pope in the districts allotted to them; and that all regular diocesan acts find place only in the imaginary diocese which they are supposed to have left behind them. Lord John Russell, therefore, and Sir John Romilly, seem to imagine that if the English and Irish Roman Catholic Bishops are prohibited from assuming their territorial

titles, and disabled from legally performing any episcopal act by such titles, they will be necessarily disabled from acting in synod, and that in this way the new Bill will reach and hamper, if not altogether preclude, the synodical action of the Roman Church, both in England and Ireland. But, whether this will be so, must depend entirely on the force which is attributed to this legal disability (a disability imposed solely by the municipal law of the State) by the Roman Catholic Church itself, at this moment, and by the existing law, the assumption of the titles of their Sees by the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops, is in most cases, if not all, illegal, yet the Synod of Thurles was held notwithstanding; and no doubt seems to be entertained of the validity of its proceedings according to the laws of that Church which its members recognise. True, it was not then the law, as Lord John Russell now proposes to make it, that all acts done by the Irish Bishops, under their territorial titles, are absolutely void by statute; but even if it had been so, it is not easy to see how or why the proceedings of the Synod should have been in any sense invalidated. For so long as the Bishops were recognised by *their own Church* as Bishops of the Sees in which they were placed, and not held to be mere missionary Bishops, it would be perfectly immaterial whether or no the names of the Sees were in fact used at the Synod; and if the names were not so used, the proceedings would be valid, so far as Lord John Russell's Bill goes.

The only prohibition that would reach the case would, as it appears to us, be a direct prohibition of a regularly constituted hierarchy. Prohibit this, and, so far as the law goes, you make synods, to the existence of which such an hierarchy is a necessary condition, illegal also. But short of this, we can see nothing by which synodical action can be touched.

And even if such a prohibition were enacted—even if (to go further and come more closely to the point), the holding of Synods were in terms forbidden under a penalty, or the synodical acts themselves were expressly avoided—such an enactment, in Ireland, could not possibly be more than a dead letter. The penalties would not be enforced, and the declared illegality of the acts of the Synod would be perfectly nugatory.

And this leads us to notice the report, to which Thursday night's division contributed to give currency, that the Conservative party were to unite with the Irish members to exclude Ireland from the operation of the Bill, and to enact a more effective measure to meet the case of the English hierarchy. If such a "concordat" were indeed in contemplation (though under present circumstances the story is so improbable as to deserve no credit), it is not difficult to foresee what would be the course of her Majesty's Government in that emergency. They would give up Ireland at once. As it is, they *can* not, we believe, put down the synodical meetings of the Irish Roman Catholic Church; and it is very certain, at all events, that their present Bill *will* not do so. For to hold a synod it is quite unnecessary to controvert any one of its provisions. And it is only too obvious, therefore, that Ireland has been included in the Bill simply to obviate the objection which (if the case had been otherwise) would certainly have been raised against the authors of the measure on the score of inconsistency. But if by what we actually see taking place (as at Thurles) on the other side of St. George's Channel, we are enabled to see how inoperative the measure must be as against synodical action generally, its value as against this English aggression may also be pretty accurately estimated. As we showed on Wednesday, its effect will be limited to the suppression of the use of the territorial names in certain



not very public and not very numerous cases. There will be an "unostentatious" withdrawal of the names in the two or three instances where such withdrawal is necessary; and a doubly ostentatious parade of them where such parade can, without danger, be acted upon.

We can only repeat our congratulations to our readers, that we of the Church of England have something better and surer to rely on than the friendship of Lord John Russell.

### CHRONICLE OF CHURCH PROCEEDINGS: TO FEB. 1851.

OF the theological publications of this and the neighbouring Dioceses which we have seen most recently, Archdeacon Bailey, of Colombo's Ordination Sermon on the "Duties of the Christian Ministry," with its very complete Appendix, claims especial mention. It is satisfactory to know that the congregations in Ceylon are accustomed to such sound and orthodox ministrations from their Archdeacon. Dr. Bailey's volume contains a vast deal of curious information on the Episcopal Churches of, and the state of religion in, Central and Northern Europe; together with many discriminating reflections on the tendencies of Calvinism, the nature of heresy, the free constitution of the Church, and the characters of our great Indian Prelates, Middleton and Heber. *Apropos* to the impertinence with which our Church has of late been assailed, we are here reminded, in the words of Milton, of the deliberate judgment of all Protestant Communion that "No man in religion is properly a heretic at this day, but he who maintains traditions or opinions not provable by Scripture, who for aught I know is the *Papist only—he the only heretic, who accounts all heretics but himself.*" Of the graduated machinery by which the English Church is ordered, Dr. Bailey has truly written that "her government is emphatically *paternal*. It admits not of coercion beyond the known law, which alone is *tyranny*. The laity or people of our Church enjoy a more perfect freedom of conscience and liberal toleration than those of any other Church or sect. Nor can the bishops exercise tyranny over the inferior clergy. The presbyters are a free body, giving willing obedience to their superiors in all things lawful; but if the bishop, which is rarely or never the case, should be tempted to outstep the prescribed limits of his authority, the presbyters would be the first to check and oppose him."—*Appendix. Note M. p. 203.*

THE Rev. Professor Street's "*Letter to the Editor of the Christian Intelligencer*" will, we hope and trust, be in the hands of most of our readers, and of all with whom the reputation of that excellent and zealous clergyman might by any possibility suffer from the republication in India of the calumnies of the *London Christian Observer*. We confess that we cannot understand the principles on which the Editor of the "*Intelligencer*" has excluded this letter from his own pages. It would have appeared to us that until we had satisfied ourselves of the strict justice of what is professedly a review of the teaching of a divine of this Diocese, we should act most injuriously in republishing that review; which we should seem, to most men, thus to adopt; for no man may innocently circulate statements prejudicial to another, without personal conviction that they may be amply vindicated. Far less can we conceive that had we, unguardedly, circulated aspersions which we had not given

ourselves the trouble to examine and adopt, we might innocently refuse to counteract them by publishing the proof of their aspersiveness. But however this may be matter of opinion, one thing is *certain*, that Professor Street has most ably and thoroughly put forth his own vindication. Never was there a more triumphant unravelling and winnowing to the winds of a string of imputations as utterly groundless and derogatory as the coarsest slander which ever proceeded from the purlieus of the Adelphi.

WE were most happy to receive the First Annual Report of the Agra and North India Foreign District Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; from which we extract the following sentences:—

The Committee, whilst deeply impressed with gratitude to Almighty God for the measure of success which has attended their efforts, are yet most anxious to extend the usefulness of this Institution to every Station of Upper India. They are firmly persuaded, that if the friends of the Church of England would render it the support which it deserves, it has within itself the means of communicating many blessings to India. It is with such views that the Committee, in presenting this their First Report, are most anxious to engage the best feelings and energies of the Chaplains at the different Stations, and the friends of Religion and Education generally in its favor; and it is hoped, that every one into whose hands this report falls will do his best to make it known to others. The Depository at Agra is intended to provide all that a conscientious Christian may require to enable him to instruct, guard, console, and benefit all classes of his fellow men. The Committee must have strenuous co-operation or but little will be effected; they would therefore seriously recommend to the Chaplains the formation of Corresponding Committees at their several Stations, and this Committee will gladly aid them in the establishment of Depôts. The present large stock of Books and Tracts in the Depository will be seen from the Catalogue in the Appendix. The state of the Funds is indeed a cause of anxiety; the Society is not supported in a manner commensurate with its usefulness; the few Subscribers are nothing compared with what they ought to be; here then something assuredly should be done. The Committee would particularly recommend to the Chaplain of each Station that an Annual Sermon should be preached in behalf of the Society. It would have the double benefit of contributing greatly to the Funds, and of keeping up the interest of the Institution throughout the country.

WE return our grateful acknowledgments to the Revd. K. M. Banerjea for his *Essay on Vedantism*, and the Remarks thereon, by a Hindu. On a future occasion we trust we may be favoured with a detailed criticism on these productions by a correspondent well able to estimate them.



THE  
**BENARES MAGAZINE.**

No. XXVII.—JUNE, 1851.

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SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS AT THE PRESIDENCIES.

1851.

In this volume I can challenge nothing to myself but the composing of it. The materials were found to my hand; and if I have not charged the page with the authors' names, it is because the story is author for itself. If the reader may reap in few hours what cost the writers more months, just cause have they to rejoice, and he, (I hope) none to complain. Thus may the faults of this book redound to myself, the profit to others, the glory to God.

FULLER.

THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1851.

I.

NOTES ON THE LANDED TENURES IN THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES.

THE name of Lord William Bentinck is, in the North-Western Provinces of India, usually associated with the idea of progress and reform. His temperament qualified him for the task of flinging down with a strong hand every apparent obstacle to improvement, and his career was essentially an onward career. But, when the occasion demanded it, he could retrace with cautious steps the ground which his predecessors had too rashly occupied. Great, as a reformer, he was greater still, as a conservative. We might prove this assertion by other instances, but it will satisfy our present purpose to give one example of this wise *retrograde* policy.

From the days of Timour downwards, every great statesman in India had been, to use Timour's own words, the Lord of the Sword and the Pen.\* To separate the department of justice from the department of revenue, the sword of the magistrate from the cutcherry of the revenue officer, had formed no part of the policy of any chief until Lord Cornwallis and the Code of 1793 came to sweep away the Indian and to introduce the English regime. Ten or twelve years after this epoch, the new system had worked its way to Madras, and it was there that its absurdity was most thoroughly exposed by Colonel Munro. He himself was equally able to wield the sword of the conqueror or the pen of the statesman, and versed as he was in every detail of revenue

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\* Institutes of Timour, Book II.

management, no man was better qualified to lift the veil of adulation and pretension which had so long been thrown over the Cornwallis legislation.\* No man better than Munro could point at once to the mistakes and injustice of that feeble though well meant policy, and never did the arguments of Munro tell more strongly than when he shewed the impolicy of separating the revenue from the police power. From Sir Thomas Munro, Lord W. Bentinck took many a valuable lesson, and before introducing his great revenue reforms throughout Upper India, his Lordship wisely and boldly united the offices of magistrate and collector.† This was a step, if we are to believe the political economists of Europe, *backwards*, but in reality a wise and humane one.

The separation of the *revenue-bureau* from the court of the magistrate, which the jealousy of the middle classes, and perhaps the progress of civilization, has enforced in Europe, is not suited to the existing state of things, or rather to the state of the national mind, in the East. Before we came here, the head of every village, of every province, of each state, had a mixed revenue and judicial power. This is what the people are used to; they are prepared to respect a chief who, if he takes their revenue with one hand, administers speedy and substantial justice with the other.

But they could never understand the theory of an office which gave a man the power to seize and sell a whole province for revenue-default, whilst he could not arbitrate between a landlord and tenant in the most trivial matter. They will never respect an official who can only take their money, and beyond that has no power either to protect or to punish them; but to a chief who holds the sword of the magistrate as well as the pen of the tax gatherer, they will pay all honor and respect. The officer of Government feels this; he knows that the people almost worship him; and, if he is worth his salt, he strives to feel for them and with them. No longer tempted, as a mere collector of revenue, to consider all men as revenue-payers only, no longer provoked as a magistrate to conclude, as some magistrates have done, that all men are rogues, his position is exalted as much as his power is increased. The collector's influence is extended, but so too is the interest which he feels for the people. The authority of the magistrate

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\* "A Monument of human wisdom." This was the term applied to the Code of 1793 by one of its supporters!

† It is true that such union had been *legalized* in 1821, but it was not carried into execution till ten years after by Lord W. Bentinck.

is advanced, but so in proportion is the temper of his administration softened and improved. Increased power is attended with wider sympathies and a deeper sense of responsibility.

All this we know has been disputed, but we have neither time nor inclination to raise the ghosts of all the objections which were decently interred by Munro so long back as 1815. Nobody at the present time, that we know of, denies in this particular instance the advantages resulting from our return to the old policy of the country.

The experience of every day teaches us more and more that the true course of the Indian legislator must consist in the moulding, the suiting, and if need be, the *lowering*\* his proceedings so as to meet the mind of the people. If it be good for India to climb the heights of European political science, the ascent will never be made unless we first step down into their own *arena* to lend them a helping hand. Our desire in these "Notes" is to describe to our readers the country people as they are, and as they are affected by the policy of our Government, and we wish, on the present occasion, to shew the advantages resulting from the *combined* action of the magistrate and collector.

With this object before us, we shall make no apology for the insertion of the following simple narration, taken from the "*note book*" of a friend who, as magistrate and collector of a district, has had opportunities of watching the effect of our institutions upon the mind of the people. We give prominence to the extract the more readily because we believe that simple details of official life in India, which, from some cause or other, are seldom given to the public, may be useful, and not without interest to our readers. This tale seems to us to shew forcibly how well the collector may aid the magistrate under the existing system.

Camp. . . . . Decr. 18. . . . Before I forget a day's work I lately had, let me try to make some note of it. To begin at the beginning. It was, I well remember, a burning day last July, when Kumaloodeen, my Deputy Collector, first came to me about the Mullowlie case. The rain kept off, and the sky was clouded with dust, which obscured the sun like the ashes from a volcano. We used just then to have cutcherry open from before six in the morning till eleven, but even at

\* Of course we do not speak of lowering our policy *morally*, but *artistically*; in other words, simplifying and, as it were, diluting it, to suit the taste of the people.



that early hour the poorer of the omlah, and suitors who had to walk home, were occasionally struck down by *coup de soleil* on their way. I had left the court, and was sitting down to my mid-day breakfast, when the Deputy was announced; I felt disinclined at the moment to receive a visitor, but, knowing that he was a man of business, who would not come a mile out of his way (when the thermometer was standing at 120°) without some good reason, I ordered him to be shewn in at once. Kumalooden is a fine looking man, like most Rohilla gentlemen, stout and broad made, with a clear calm eye, aquiline nose, and pleasing *contour* of face. He had worked his way up from the place of an ordinary scribe to be serishtadar or head man of the Revenue Court in the district, and when the orders for creating Deputy Collectors came out, he was one of the first natives raised to that honorable office. He proved himself well deserving of the promotion;—just, experienced, and of good ability, he was beloved and respected by the native population, who looked upon him as a father and a friend. The pergunneh of M——, which, since the time of the famine, had been out of order, was under his charge, and, a revision of the settlement having been made, that part of the country was beginning to prosper again about the time my story begins. After the usual salutations—

*Deputy.*—I have come to speak to you, Sir, about the Mallowlie estate. You remember Mallowlie, it is old Holasi's village, in which you lately ordered me to make a partition of the land. Well, I have completed the matter so far as the land is concerned, but the family cannot agree amongst themselves about the division of their dwelling house. (*Here Kumalooden dropped his voice, and glanced around, I ordered the servants to leave the room—when he proceeded*) In the house treasure is secreted to a large amount, nobody knows *where*, except the old man Holasi; but all the family know that money is buried *somewhere*. Now, Sir, what I am afraid of is, that as the old man and his nephew have quarrelled about their land, they will go on disputing about the house and the treasure; an attempt will be made to dig for the coin, when there will be a fight, and some of the Thakoors will be killed, or what is almost as bad, they will commence proceedings the one against the other in the civil courts. In either case the family will be ruined, and that will be a pity, as they are as fine a set as any in the pergunneh.

*Collector (smiling).*—I wonder, Mr. Deputy, if Providence had made you a "*Moonsiff*" instead of a "*Deputy Collector*,"

whether you would have been more lenient in your strictures upon our system of civil justice.

*Deputy.*—Ask our Sudder Ameen, Sir, who is a *zemindar* himself, as well as a civil judge, whether any family of landholders, who once get a taste for going to law, ever stop whilst a pice is left them. Heaven protect us from civil law, a taste for it is just like a taste for opium-eating or gambling . . . . . but, Sir, excuse me, I was going to say that the Mullowlie people have all solemnly promised me to put off further dispute, and all division of their property, such as houses, grain, stacks, &c. till the cold weather: *then* I want you to go to the village for a few hours, when you can have the money dug up and divided, and I know you will be glad to save the family from either broils or litigation.

*Collector.*—If the people apply to me I shall be glad to do what I can to settle their disputes; in the mean time, the less said about this treasure the better: but how much is there?

*Deputy.*—From ten to twenty thousand Rupees, if report is to be trusted. . . . .

I had forgotten all about this conversation when lately I came to spend a few days in the M——— pergunah. Kumalooden came out there to meet me, and our camp was pitched, as it happened, within seven or eight miles of Mullowlie.

I had made my usual march one morning, and was hearing my police reports after breakfast; old Sheikh Kulloo was opening them in a corner of my tent, and reading, spectacle on nose, in the regular orthodox sing-song tone, interlarding his recitative with an occasional remark, generally complimentary to me, or the reverse of complimentary to any police official who might not happen to be in his good books.

*Sheikh Kulloo, loquitur (very rapidly and in the Oordoo-Persic jargon of the Foujdarree courts).*—“No event of any importance noted from thanah Junglepoor—two old women tumbled into wells, one man gored by a bullock, one attempted at burglary—one little boy lost at the Dève mèlah —one burkundaz wants leave of absence”—(sing-song ends—the Sheikh speaks in his blandest natural tones) “The prosperity of your honor is so great, that to open these daily thanah reports is now almost superfluous. I remember the time when we used to have gang-robberies every month, and highway robberies, attended with wounding, every fortnight, but now, owing to the great good fortune”. . . . Here the Naib Nazir was interrupted by the entrance of a very important personage (in his own opinion), Rung Lal, acting tehsildar of M———, who stated that he had just

received an express from the neighbouring police officer of Junglepoor, to the effect that a robbery of four thousand Rupees had taken place at Mallowlic; Rung Lal expressed his desire to go at once to the spot, and to assist in the investigation. 'Four thousand Rupees!' said I, 'impossible, I don't believe it.' "Four thousand Rupees!" groaned Sheikh Kulloo, "this is the end of the year, and here comes a case of "four thousand Rupees—the criminal statements are utterly spoilt—well, there is no struggling against destiny, what is to be, surely comes to pass, but Sir, your slave always told you that the thanadar of Junglepoor was a *kum-bukt*, "a man born under an evil omen, and you with your usual "sagacity" . . . . . "Now, Sheikh," I interrupted, "put up your papers, reach me my spurs, and go over to give my compliments to the Deputy Sahib, he must go with me." In five minutes we were on our horses, and proceeding at a hand gallop towards Mallowlic. *En route* let me describe my companion, the tehsildar Rung Lal. This man had been for thirty years in Government employ in the district, and for the last ten as serishtadar of the collector's office. Formerly he used to take bribes, and to intrigue as much as other Kayeths generally do, but of late years (possibly with an eye to official promotion) he had been very guarded and correct in his conduct. He was a large heavy looking man, of great capacity for business, and much experience. But, his late promotion to the office of tehsildar had turned his head a little, and as we rode along, he delivered himself of a constant stream of self-gratulation.

*Runglal.*—It was high time for you to send me out to M——, what do you think I found there at the tahseely; seven burkundaz, yes Sir, *seven*, too old to walk, and riding about on ponies to collect the revenue, no regular office hours, and two hundred and seventeen bats, yes, live bats in the Government Treasury! then, Sir, there were . . . (Here Rung Lal stopped short, observing perhaps a cloud on my brow, and almost a tear in the eye of his predecessor, a fine old man, who having grown grey in the service, and expecting a pension, was on a smart pony close behind us, listening to our conversation.)

*Collector.*—Well, Runglal, we will talk about that another day, you have had a good harvest, and the spring-crops look well.

*Runglal.*—By your good fortune, Sir, since I came here there has been a wonderful crop, and as for the revenue, which used always to be behind, it is paid up to the day.

*Collector*.—Good; how do you like the people. I hope you get on well with them.

*Runglal*.—Well with them; indeed, I do, they are *shureer* (rebellious), very *shureer*, but they are afraid of me, besides which, I put them to no expense, when I go to the villages I won't even take a drink of water from them, in short, I...

*Collector (getting tired of Runglal and his puffs)*.—What is the name of this village?

*Runglal*.—Mobarikpoor. I have been in this pergunneh 4 months and 10 days only, but I know the name of every village in it. Mobarikpoor is a famous place for tobacco.

*Collector*.—What are those blackened earthen pots stuck upon sticks in the tobacco? They look like scare-crows, but surely neither bird nor beast will touch the tobacco.

*Runglal (with a subdued chuckle)*.—No, Sir, those are not scare-crows, but charms. The crop you see is good, and those pots are put up to catch the envious (or evil) eye of the passer by: by the goodness of Providence I am versed in all rural customs, though I have lived so many years in a city.

Just here we met the owners of the village who, on hearing that a *hākīm* was passing by, had hurried out to make their salaams. 'What,' cries Runglal, 'come out without your turbans to see the collector! for shame!'

*Collector*.—Never mind (to the zemindars who were looking rather abashed). Well my men you have some nice land here, and a fine village, have you a school for your sons?

*Zemindars*.—We are poor men, my Lord; are we to eat or to send our boys to school? The tehsildar Sahib knows...

*Runglal*.—I know you to be a pack of ill-fated asses... Although I attend punctually to every part of the duties of the "Companee Buhadoor," if there is one thing I pay more attention to than another, it is the promotion of education. But these men, and such as these who prefer food to knowledge, oppose me. However, I could get on well enough but for the old women and the putwarries, who are always putting some new idea into people's heads. When I first came here, nothing would please them but that the Government would make *Feringees* of all the little boys. When the people gave up this notion a new fancy was brought out, sixteen schools out of four and twenty in the jurisdiction of your humble servant were stopped, yes, absolutely closed, and what, Sir, do you suppose was the reason? The old women spread a report that the Ganges Canal, which has been so long cutting, would not *chul*, that the water would

not run in it, and that the boys were not really wanted for *education*, but for *sacrifice* to propitiate Gunga-jee! The schools, as I say, were deserted until I went round to the villages, and swore upon the Ganges water that there was no real cause for alarm. . . .

But enough of Runglal and his prosing—to do him justice, he has made a very good tehsildar so far, and will do well, I doubt not.

It was noontide when we rode into Mullowlie. At the entrance of the village, a well dressed young man, with a very dejected look, met us, and made a salaam. Supposing him, rightly, to be one of the zemindars of the place, I enquired whether any theft had taken place, to the amount of four thousand Rupees. He said "Yes, Sir, and *I* am the thief." "That is just what I told you, Sir," said the Deputy, "the family feuds are breaking out again, and you have come in time to settle them. Depend on it no theft has happened at all." By this time we had reached the fort, in which the Thakoor chiefs lived. Riding under the spacious doorway into the outer court, which surrounded the house, I observed an old man sitting, sunning himself on a sort of bench, who made a salaam to me, and called out that he had lost the use of his legs, or he would have got up to welcome me. This was Holasi, the head of the family, whose tale I may here tell as shortly as I can. Holasi is a Chowhan Thakoor, the elder of two brothers who, unlike the generality of their tribe, were celebrated twenty years ago for their economy, prudence, and untiring industry. They had amassed a considerable sum of money, and owned the large Mullowlie estate as well as other distant villages. The fame of their wealth having got abroad, a party of dacoits determined to attack Mullowlie. In the dead of the night, Holasi was roused up, found his brother engaged hand to hand with the robbers, and arrived with others of the family only in time to save the life of his infant nephews, and to avenge the death of his brother, who fell covered with wounds. Holasi took paternal charge of his nephews, and a little niece who, with the widow of his brother, lived with his own family in the Mullowlie fort. Some eight years after this domestic tragedy, the settlement of the land revenue of Mullowlie came on, and Holasi very honestly entered in the village papers the names of his nephews as joint-proprietors with himself in the Mullowlie estate. No Rajpootnee damsel in the district had a better dower or a gayer wedding than Holasi's niece. The nephews were brought up with their cousin Bijayee Singh,

the only son of Holasi. In due time, the elder nephew Ewuz Singh, who, notwithstanding his uncle's kindness to him, was of a jealous suspicious temper, was married to the daughter of a Khuteyar Thakoor, and from that time there was an end to peace and harmony in the Mallowlie family. As soon as Ewuz was settled with his wife, and with every comfort around him which a Rajpoot could desire, he found out that he was an ill-used man. Forgetful of the many benefits he had received from his uncle, he determined upon a step which was most distasteful to the old chief. This was to sue in the Collector's court for a separation of the landed estate, so that he might take the management of his ancestral share of the land out of Holasi's hands and into his own. Ewuz Singh was put up to this course by his wife's family, who wished to get the Mallowlie estate into their own clutches if possible. They were encouraged to this the more that old Holasi had lately had an attack of palsy, and (as natives often do when they become infirm) had made over his own right and interest in his landed estates to his son Bijayee Singh, who, being an easy open-hearted man, was supposed not to inherit his father's talent for business.

You might go a long way without finding a finer fellow than this Bijavee Singh. With a noble manly look, with all the innate courage and spirit of the Rajpoot he was yet as gentle as a lamb. There was not a better shot, a more dashing rider, nor a more dexterous swordsman in the country side, yet he nursed and watched over his old father with the devotion of a woman. I have above hinted, that old Holasi was hurt, when his nephew Ewuz Singh demanded his own share of the estate and refused any longer to be satisfied with the abundant provision which he had hitherto enjoyed in common with the rest of the family. Now, it may seem very natural to the English mind and very right for Ewuz Singh thus to insist upon claiming his separate share and *setting up*, as we call it, for himself; but knowing how much happier the native families are living in patriarchal form together, I was very sorry when he came to the Collector's court to claim his separate rights. Still I could offer no opposition to his demand for a division of the land according to the terms of the village settlement.

Old Holasi opposed him, disputed my authority to divide the land, and when other means failed appealed to the Commissioner, declaring that his nephew was under age and not entitled to any division. The *Jumm-puttr*\* was produced, and

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\* This is a paper drawn out by the family Brahmin, shewing the moment at which a child is born.

like the parish register, there was no appealing from its testimony; so the division, or *butwarra* as it is called in official parlance, proceeded under the superintendence of the native Deputy Collector. Eventually, equal lots being made, the land measured, and mapped, the Mallowlie estate was divided. One *turuf* or side was given to Bijayee Singh as the representative of Holasi, and the other to Ewuz Singh and his brother. The Deputy has often told me that during this transaction the only one of the parties who behaved with uniform temper and honest purpose was Bijayee Singh. True, under the influence of his father's authority he at first opposed the division, but when he saw that Ewuz Singh had the law clearly on his side, he put no further impediment in the way and behaved fairly and honorably.

This then was the trio that assembled round me with their numerous followers, as I got off my horse and sat down in the shade of the porch. In this very spot, twenty years ago, Holasi had driven off the dacoits from the dead body of his brother. There he was now, almost unable to move, carried about by two men, or propped up in a corner with pillows, helpless in body, yet full of spirit and indignation. "Look Sir," he said, pointing to Ewuz who stood with his head down in silent dejection, "look at that boy who has brought ruin upon Holasi's house. Ask him, who saved him from the dacoits? who nursed and fed him? Ask him whether in this *pergunneh* any Rajpoot's daughter had such a wedding as his sister. Ask him who gave her dower, yes, from an elephant downwards,—who furnished her with such jewels as Agra alone can supply? . . . . "Stop father," said Ewuz, "*kusoor hooa*, I have erred, now be pleased to ask the *hakim* to punish me, I have ill-treated you, I have robbed you."—"Come," said I, "let us hear the thanadar, I can believe that Ewuz Singh has given you pain and annoyance old man, but can the son of a Chowhan Thakoor rob his own relations?" Hereupon Bijayee Singh stepped forward—"Sir," said he, "yesterday I quarrelled with Ewuz Singh, in my rage I went to the thana and accused him of theft. I lied, Ewuz is no thief: we have a dispute about our dwelling, but we are not thieves. I am the one to blame; punish me."

I called up the thanadar, got pen and paper, held a short proceeding after taking one or two depositions, and inflicted a small fine on Bijayee Singh for having given false information to the police, advising him to keep his temper better in future. I then asked to be shewn the disputed abode. Leaving the old man under the porch, we walked on. I never go over one

of these fine old Rajpoot forts, without half envying the occupiers the quiet country-life they lead:—there is such a rude abundance of farm produce, such sleek cattle and horses, such quiet shady spots and corners. Mallowlie was as nice a place of the sort as I had ever seen. Passing through a large open court, surrounded with roomy well built stables and store rooms, we came to a square two-storied house. I observed the Deputy send on a man to order the females out of the way. The dwelling house was built with blind high walls outside, but opening within into a quadrangular court, which was overlooked by the flat-terraced roofs and open verandahs, from which the women saw their little share of the world. The walls, where not painted with grotesque figures, sparkled with the fine white silver sand of the Doab which was carefully plastered over them; implements for spinning, cleaning grain and cooking were strewed about; every thing looked comfortable and home-like. The fact was, as I afterwards heard, the good folk of Mallowlie had quarrelled so violently amongst themselves the day before my visit, that no dinner had been cooked nor eaten. To make up for lost time, on the morning when I peeped into their house, an abundant meal was preparing; though, as we shall see presently, a second fast-day was in store for the family party.

Looking round at the rooms, terraces, galleries, verandahs, and endless mud walls, I thought to myself what a hopeless search the family might have for old Holasi's Rupees if he died without disclosing their secret hiding-place. I was willing to test the truth of the story about this treasure; so, turning to the young men, I said, "why do you not divide your property, thus, one party take this dwelling house, which is highly finished and very snug no doubt, but somewhat confined, and the other party take that fine range of houses outside, with the large court attached?" They shook their heads, and I saw that the small dwelling house in which both had rooms at present, was the object of their desire.

I did not choose to allude to the treasure unless they mentioned it to me, and we returned to the outer gateway where old Holasi was seated. After some conversation with the young men and the thanadar it was settled, that the division of the disputed dwellings should be decided by a *punchayet*, or jury composed of three neighbouring landholders, whose arbitration was agreed to by both the son and nephew of the old man. But he himself was not satisfied with this arrangement, and just as I was getting on my horse



to return to my camp, I heard his voice. "Sir, Sir, you must stop, I want to speak to you." When I came up to him, he seized me by the legs, and pressing his old head as well as he could towards my feet, he said, addressing me by my name, "You must not go yet, you must do Holasi justice, or these lads will fight and destroy themselves and me also. There is *treasure* buried in Mullowlie fort, and you must come and dig it up, I will shew it to no body living, save in your presence or the Deputy's. Lift me up, quick, my lads, and carry me to the inner house."

Once again the women were scared away from their pursuits, as old Holasi, carried by his son and another stout fellow, pushed into the quadrangle. Let me down *there*, screamed Holasi, *there*. The old man took his post in a room on the left side as we came in. where Ewuz Singh's wife had a moment before been cooking her husband's ample meal. Fires were blazing, and large vessels sending forth a savoury steam—"Away with all that, out with the fire, scrape away the ashes," said Holasi, "and now my boys dig." Ewuz Singh said, "Sir, this is my house, you may dig here, but you will allow me afterwards to dig in Bijayee Singh's house opposite: *there* is the treasure, not *here*." To this stipulation all assented. "The money is in a *khulsa*" (large brass vessel), said Holasi, "and there are Rs. 10,000, more or less." Two sturdy dependents of Holasi's were soon working away with that peculiar zeal which animates a native when he is digging down his neighbour's wall, whilst at every stroke of the spade Ewuz seemed to flinch as if it hurt him. The digging went on fast and furious, until at last the heads only of the diggers were visible. The natives with me began to exchange looks, and to hint to one another their doubts, my patience too was fast oozing away, when suddenly a spade struck upon an earthen pot, which breaking to shivers, left a heap of coin mixed with the earth. The Rupees were soon handed up, cleaned and counted. They were old Furuckabad Rupees, and numbered Rs. 2,318.

"There are more," cried Holasi, "search for the *khulsa*, you may blow me out of a gun if it is not close at hand." After some half hour of hard work the spade of one of the diggers struck against a metal vessel, and the "*khulsa*" was found. "Pull it out," cried I. "I can't" said the voice below, "it is brimful of Rupees, and so heavy, it cannot be moved." A rope was thrown over a beam in the roof, then let down into the pit where the diggers were, and fastened to the neck of the *khulsa*. A strong pull, off flew the head of the

vessel, and down went the pullers into the dust. In due time the coin was picked out, and we all set to work, some washing, some counting, the village bunyan weighing, and two tailors in a corner stitching large double bags of cotton cloth, each big enough to hold two thousand Rupees. The contents of the brass vessel turned out to amount to Rs. 6,392 fine old Furuckabad Rupees, which are now at a premium in the market owing to the purity of the silver.

Ewuz Singh now urged me to push the search further into the private rooms of his cousin Bijayee on the opposite side of the quadrangle, assuring me that he could point out treasure there. The rooms were long and dark, a torch was sent for, but from the rambling manner of Ewuz I could see that he did not know where to look. At last he came to a place where the earth had newly been turned up. "Look, Sir," he cried, "the villains, they have carried away the money." At last getting desperate, he said, "I'll go and bring the old woman, my mother, she knows all about it." Away he rushed, and returned presently, supporting what looked like a bundle of clothes in his arms. The old lady emerging from the folds, looked around, seemingly in a doting scared manner, then suddenly stretched out her arm and with a withered fore finger pointed to a distant wall. She was carried to the spot, and the digging commenced. About a foot below the surface, Ewuz hit upon an earthen vessel. . . . "here, here, are the Rupees which my mother buried," he cried with delight. "Stop," said I, "when did your mother bury her treasure?" "Twenty years ago." "Then this is not her's, for see here is the head of Queen Victoria—whom may Heaven long preserve." In short, the Rupees were some 1,811 in number, which Bijayee Singh had buried at the end of the last harvest. Instead of putting his savings in an old stocking as an English countryman might have done, or into a hole in the thatch like an Irishman,\* he had in the Indian fashion buried them in the earth. All eyes were now turned upon the old woman, and surmises passed around as to the

\* Many of our readers may remember the story of the merchant at Delhi. On his father's death, this man was looking over the family account books, when he found this entry.

"When six *ghurrees* of the day were remaining on the 1st day of the month Phagoon, I buried one lac of gold mohurs in the dome of the Jumma Masjid."

The merchant sorely puzzled, consulted the family physician who, on being promised a share of the treasure, undertook to point out the treasure. On the month and hour indicated he searched for the exact spot in the merchant's premises, where the shadow of the dome fell, and there sure enough was the money.

manner in which she, bed-ridden in a remote part of the house, had become acquainted with Bijayee Singh's treasure.

There she sat, with her shrivelled arm, and skinny finger, still pointing to the ground. Ewuz Singh went again to work with two or three helpers. I came out into the court, and was turning over in my mind how I should best dispose of the money until the jury could be summoned to apportion it amongst the claimants, when a shout from within announced further discoveries. Ewuz Singh was up to his knees in Rupees, he had come upon a large earthen *mone* or urn, out of which we, in due time, counted and weighed 11,283 Rupees. They were the same old fashioned coinage as those which had come out of the *khulsa*. We had now altogether 21,804 Rupees, which were being washed, piled and weighed. I sat watching the work, whilst the Deputy went out, as he said, to say his afternoon prayers, taking old Holasi with him. To tell the truth, I felt a little perplexed. Evening was coming on; it was a wild corner of my district; what was I to do with all this money? The *punchayet* of neighbours were the best people to divide it no doubt, but it was too late to send for them at that hour. Should I seal up the coin and send it to the Tehsildar's cutcherry, until the arbitrators came to divide it or——. Here the Deputy came in, and addressed me in an under-tone. "I have been talking," said he, "to the old man, who will not make any opposition if you propose to divide the money at once, and to make over to each party what came out of their own house." I asked whether Bijayee Singh would agree. The Deputy answered—"Bijayee Singh cares nothing about the money, but I have had much trouble in persuading old Holasi, who says, that all belongs to him, though he did not deny that his brother had been privy to its concealment." The sun had just gone down, below the walls of the old fort, and there was little time for debate.

I addressed the cousins, reminding them that my only object was their common good, and asking them whether they chose to abide by my decision. They both assented eagerly. I turned to Ewuz Singh and said, "I propose to give you all the money that came out of your kitchen, being Rupees 8,710 but," I added, "you must both *agree* or I'll do nothing—say, are you satisfied?" "Yes, I am content." "Write it down," said I, "and sign your approval. In such a case I will use no authority of my own, all I wish is to see you both satisfied and reconciled."

All eyes were now turned on Bijayee Singh. The scene was a curious one. The women, unable to restrain their curiosity, had crept on to the roof close above us, forming, with their crimson veils and deep blue dresses, a picturesque group. Bags of money were piled around the court amidst a medley of pots, pans, wooden bowls, spades and pickaxes; in one corner two cats, who had contrived to upset a vessel of milk, were helping themselves, watching as intently their flowing treasure as their biped neighbours were eyeing the silver heaps. A group of stout Rajpoots pressed round Bijayee Singh, whilst apart from them stood the Deputy, in his riding boots, green cloth mantle, and handsome belt, in a careless attitude but fully awake to all around him. On the opposite side, sat I, pen in hand, noting down Ewuz Singh's agreement to the terms proposed. The friends of Bijayee Singh began to urge him not to give his money or his father's to the intruder who had brought discord into the family. He had stooped down over the coin which had been brought out of his house, and lay there in a monstrous pile, enough to tempt the virtue of most men. Every breath was hushed, as I asked again in a loud voice whether Bijayee Singh agreed to the terms proposed? The pen was waiting to take down his words, and it was just the moment when a man might be expected to make the best terms for himself, Bijayee Singh covered his face with his hands, and for a moment seemed in doubt. Then pushing far from him the silver pile he said, "Take the money, Sir, I have plenty, take it all, give it to Ewuz, only ask him," and here a tear trickled down his manly face, "ask him to love Holasi and me, and not to bring dissension into our home; other money I can get, but where shall I find another brother?"\*

Ewuz melted and fell at his cousin's feet. They embraced, and their voices trembled as they vowed to forget their strife, and to smooth with filial kindness the declining years of old Holasi. I felt proud of my Rajpoot friends. "Come, come," I said, "let us not forget the feelings of this moment. Imitate the example of your fathers—stick to one another, for better or for worse, in life or in death, as they did, money you may get or land, but, Bijayee Singh has well said, "where can you find another brother?"

It was late; taking up as a trophy my share of the plunder, the rim which we had pulled off the brass pot, I told the

\* *Bhai*, was the word used, which means brother or cousin.

thanadar and his attendant *burkundaz* to leave the fort. They obeyed, the latter taking off his shoes, and shaking them to shew that none of the Rupees had found their way in. Next went the tailors; when a gratuity was wanted for them, a member of the family tossed them one of the Rupees from the treasure heap. This was observed by the others, who forthwith took back the coin, and gave a common Rupee from their purse instead.

The Deputy smiled and shook his head; "ah," said he, "they will never touch these Rupees unless it be to save their land or to buy more."

The moon shone as we trotted home to our camp, and that night I dreamed of Bijayee Singh and his Rupees.\*

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\* We have learned that the two cousins and the old man are living now on good terms, and talking of investing their spare cash in Company's paper. A further amicable division of the property has been made, the upshot of which was that all grain, live-stock, arms and utensils, were equally divided between the cousins; whilst for the head of the family the following articles were reserved:

A tent, a wedding palkee, five carpets, one shawl, and a pair of camel drums.

## II.

## KAVANAGH'S DISCOVERY OF THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGES.\*

[2ND NOTICE.]

IN our first notice of Mr. Kavanagh's work we endeavoured to do justice to our author by going very leisurely and thoughtfully along with him, as he admonishes the reader to do if he hopes to profit by the book. This plan, however,—as we partly hinted before—we cannot afford to follow out. Time and space alike protest against it. Mr. Kavanagh protests contrariwise. Having thus recorded the protests on both sides, we proceed to attempt making a concise exposition of Mr. Kavanagh's discovery.

Before telling us what *is* the truth in regard to languages—or rather in regard to language—(for, it seems, in spite of the Tower of Babel, there is but one, if people only knew it)—Mr. Kavanagh employs ninety-six pages in demonstrating (what it was very proper to demonstrate in the first instance) that of “the parts of speech, nobody has hitherto known as much as one.” We shall not at present take upon us to say whether Mr. Kavanagh is right or wrong in this sweeping charge, but we have no hesitation in admitting the justice of more counts in it than one. For example—we thoroughly agree with him (and with his precursor, in this instance, Dr. Priestley) that the expressions “it is I,” “it is he,” “it is she,” are no more *English* than the expressions “c'est je” and “c'est il” (instead of “c'est moi” and “c'est lui”) are *French*. The French nation have positively refused to submit to the dictation of the grammarians on this point, and the grammarians (with a groan) succumb, eat their leek with what grace they can, and admit the obnoxious “c'est moi” and “c'est lui” into their grammars. English grammarians, on the other hand, have carried the day; and the miserable natives, in the bitterness of their hearts, are obliged to say “it is I” and “it is he”—in spite of the rising gorge of their better taste—out of deference to Lindley Murray and his kith and kin before and after him. The woman who,—after the anxiety of battle or of shipwreck—on hearing her husband's voice from amid the crowd of survivors, could have the heart to exclaim “O that is *he!*”—must have a heart not uncorrupted by Lindley Murray. The man who could re-

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\* The Discovery of the Science of Languages, &c. &c., by Morgan Kavanagh. In 2 vols. London, Longman and Co., 1844.

cognise his long parted daughter with the exclamation "O that is *she!*" would be appropriately treated only if served as Sam Weller proposed to serve Stiggins—by being put into the water-butt, and having the lid shut down. The reader may perhaps ask—"would *you* venture to employ the phraseology which you venture to defend?"—We unhesitatingly answer *No*. We cannot afford to risk incurring the fate of a martyr for this particular point, and it is only in reliance on our incognito that we have ventured on our cautious burst of honest indignation against Lindley Murray and against those whom his spirit corrupted before and after him. Lest the reader should for more than a moment cherish the idea of disputing this point of grammar or of idiom with us, we may as well nip the notion in the bud. Does he understand French or does he not? If he does not, then we will have nothing to do with him. If he does, then can he justify the French "c'est moi" or can he not? If he cannot, he has no right to call upon us to justify the corresponding English. If, on the other hand, he can, then the justification of the one is the justification of the other.

Mr. Kavanagh's remarks (in general) on the "double genitive" of the English language we cordially adopt. Dr. Priestley remarks, "we say, it is a discovery of Sir Isaac Newton, though it would not have been more improper, only *more familiar*, to say, a discovery of Sir Isaac Newton's." On this Mr. Kavanagh most justly observes, "The words *more familiar* here imply neither more nor less than *better English*." The former of the two expressions, as he adds, "does not mean that Sir Isaac Newton is the author of a discovery, but that a discovery is made of him, and this we know is not intended to be meant." In the same way when the great ice-berg melted on the coast of Siberia in 1803, it led to "a discovery of a Mammoth." Had it been stated that it led to "a discovery of a Mammoth's," it would have suggested—to every one whose apprehension of his mother-tongue had not been ruined by the like of Lindley Murray, as the gracefulness of childhood is ruined by the dancing-master—that here the Mammoth had discovered something,—discovered, for example, a plan of preserving himself in ice in order to puzzle posterity, like the Martello towers on the coast of Scotland.

In the portion of the book that we have been just commending, there are one or two remarks that we dissent from. For example, at page 41, Mr. Kavanagh rather tauntingly asks—"Then, where is the exact difference between *labori-*

“*ous* and *labours*? that is, who can tell us how it happens that the adjective has its three degrees of comparison, and that the verb, as will be subsequently seen, has none?” To this question we must demur, like the man who questioned the matter of fact when Charles the Second asked the Royal Society how it happened that a fish in a bucket of water added nothing to the weight so long as it did not touch the bucket, but sustained itself in the water by the aid of its fins, “Please your Majesty,” said the demurring member, “I question the fact.” “And I,” replied Charles, “never asserted the fact.” But Mr. Kavanagh *does* assert what he regards as his fact, for he says, “These are questions which have never been answered, and, as far as the science of grammar has been hitherto known, which cannot be answered.” Now we answer the question by simply denying the assumption on which it turns. The verb, in the Sanskrit language, has, in the imperative mood, both the comparative degree and the superlative, and the affixes employed in giving it the requisite forms are based upon the affixes employed in the comparison of adjectives. Mr. Kavanagh might have learned this from the Aphorisms of PĀNINI (Book V. Ch. 4, aph. 11). But Mr. Kavanagh is a little neglectful of foreign languages, with the exception of Greek and Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and Anglo-Saxon. This seems a pity; for, although some acquaintance with the languages of the East might possibly have warned him, in some cases, to narrow his conclusions, it would probably in other cases have encouraged him even to extend them—if that were possible. We have the Chinese particularly in our eye, but the want of types will prevent us from being on this point so explanatory as we could wish.

After the demolition of preceding grammarians, Mr. Kavanagh, before erecting his own structure, takes a preliminary view of the Human Mind. “Is the Mind,” he asks, “a material or an immaterial substance? In other words—“Is it body or soul?” As this question happens to chime in with some of our own present enquiries, we have examined with some curiosity the array of opinions on it which Mr. Kavanagh draws up before superseding them all by his own. Dr. Johnson, as quoted by Mr. Kavanagh, quotes Raleigh as defining the Mind to be “A part or particle of the soul, whereby it doth understand,” &c. So far the definition reminds us of that given in the Nyāya philosophy, where the Mind—in Sanskrit *manas*, in Latin *mens*)—is regarded as an *atom*—which we take to be much the same thing as



Raleigh's "particle." Next, Mr. Kavanagh cites Locke's assertion (contained in his letter to the Bishop of Worcester in the Essay on the Human Understanding) that "The soul is "agreed on all hands to be that in us which thinks." This would be fully accepted by the followers of the Nyáya, who define the Soul as the "receptacle of knowledge"—or, to express their meaning more accurately, as "that substratum in "which alone doth knowledge, as a quality, inhere." Soul, it is to be observed, is regarded in the Nyáya as being *infinite*, whilst the Mind—its *instrument*—is regarded as an *atom*. Now, as Mr. Kavanagh goes on to show, the terms Soul and Mind are employed convertibly in modern Europe. For example—following the terminology of Locke who says justly that "Our idea of soul, as an immaterial *spirit*, is of a "substance that thinks," &c., Watts speaks of "matter and *mind*, or body and *spirit*"—employing "mind" as equivalent to "spirit" or "soul." In the same way Dugald Stewart, speaking of "the notions we annex to the words MATTER and "MIND" as being merely relative, goes on to speak of a man's "irresistible conviction that all these sensations, "thoughts, and volitions belong to one and the same being; "to that which he calls *himself*; a being which he is led, by "the constitution of his nature, to consider as something "distinct from his body,"—in other words, distinct from *matter* as opposed to *mind*. In fact, the employment of the terms "soul" and "mind," as terms equivalently significant of "something that thinks" has now been so long established in Europe that the former of them, like a superfluous duplicate, has been almost entirely made over by the metaphysicians to the theologians and the poets. If you ask a man what is the difference between Mind and Soul, it is ten to one but he will tell you—after some puzzled reflection—that the one is the seat of Thought and the other of Emotion;—and this is indeed pretty nearly the sense into which the terms have settled down, since the ancient distinction between them was lost sight of. Of the consequences of ignoring the distinction, when estimating, an ancient system of philosophy, we have a noticeable example in a remark of Dr. Ritter's on the Nyáya. At page 373 of his fourth volume on the History of Philosophy—(Morrison's translation)—he says, "By Kanáda the mind is looked upon as an essence "in itself, and is regarded as an atom." This is quite correct; but, just three pages afterwards, (p. 376,) we find him transferring the atomic character of the Mind to the *Soul*, which, as above remarked, the Nyáya regards as *infinite* as

well as eternal,—and he accordingly speaks of the difficulty of reconciling certain views “with the principle of the Nyáya “that the soul is an atom.” We showed this to a pandit, who first stared, then laughed, and afterwards looked vexed. It is vexing that the Hindu philosophers—(whatever may be their shortcomings)—should be charged with incongruities of which they are so utterly guiltless.

With regard to Mr. Kavanagh's view of the Mind, it may suffice to mention that he regards the brain as the mind, whilst—(differing probably in this from most of the phrenologists)—he regards the Soul as something distinct and immortal—the *self*—of which the brain is the first organ. There appears no very close connection—though Mr. Kavanagh holds that such exists—between this view of the mind and his theory of Language; but we must not quit his metaphysical chapter without mentioning his odd employment of the term Substance. He says, “And here it may not be amiss “to state, that I understand by substance not only things “corporeal, such as man, house, garden, &c., but also such “as are said to belong solely to the mind, and are called by “grammarians ideal, intellectual, or mental substances; such “as love, virtue, pride, &c.” It may suit the purposes of a grammarian to call every thing a substance that is denoted by what he finds it convenient to call a substantive; but we were surprised that Mr. Kavanagh, when professing to deduce not metaphysics from grammar, but grammar from metaphysics, should speak of a mental quality as a substance, until we found that he must have been reading Hobbes. He says “But the truth is, all substances become, when spoken “of, equally mental or ideal. Thus, if I point to a mountain and speak of it, it is not of the one before me that “I speak, but of the one within.” On this showing, the man who points to a mountain and says, “This mountain is “three thousand feet high, and is composed of granite,” is to be understood as saying, “It is not of the mountain before me that I speak but of the mountain within,—and “this internal mountain, I assure you, is three thousand feet “high, and is composed of granite, whilst I, within whom is “the mountain spoken of, weigh fourteen stone seven, and “stand five feet ten in my boots.” And thereupon the speaker turns lightly on his heel, and walks off, mountain and all. Rather than put faith in such a removal of mountains as this, we prefer to reject Hobbes, and to hold, with Mr. J. S. Mill, that names are “the names of things themselves, and not merely of our ideas of things;”—for, as

Mr. Mill further remarks, "It seems proper to consider a word as the *name* of that which we intend to be understood by it when we use it." Holding this opinion, we cannot concede to Mr. Kavanagh the credit which he claims when he says, of his own theory, that, "this accounts for substances of the mind having, in a proposition, the same value as corporeal substances,—a singularity in grammar not till now to be accounted for." If the singularity did require to be accounted for, we imagine that it does so still.

Mr. Kavanagh now addresses himself to the "Proof that there are no such words as substantives or nouns; that is to say, words standing for substances or representing substances in any manner;"—and, on this heading of the section, he makes the note that "Though important discoveries in grammar may here be said to begin, and so increase as I advance; yet I shall be obliged to leave many of them unnoticed till"—and so on. We ourselves shall be obliged to leave many of them unnoticed altogether; but the reader, if we cannot contrive to give enough of them to content him, has his remedy in betaking himself to the work itself—provided the demand have left a copy, legitimate or pirated, in the market.

Mr. Kavanagh's first distinctive discovery is this, that, "all words called substantives are but names in the *fourth degree of comparison*; that is to say, in a degree above the one commonly called the superlative." Here we may begin to guess the reason why Mr. Kavanagh chooses to place "love" and "pride" in the same category with "houses" and "gardens." If the first three degrees, in the comparison of an adjective, had reference to the category of Quality, it would have been too startling to let the next degree take the matter into a different category altogether unless it had been previously settled that the two categories (so far as concerned the matter in hand) were much the same. Mr. Kavanagh's scale of comparison runs thus, "*great, greater, greatest, greatness.*" His "exquisite reason" for this arrangement is as follows: "If we take a common adjective, such as *great*, and put it through all its variations, thus, "*great, greater, greatest*, and enquire what place the new adjective *greatness* ought to occupy with respect to those three forms, we perceive at a glance that it must either precede or follow them. For it cannot come after *great*, since the next in order to this is undoubtedly *greater*; nor can it follow *greater*, since the next in order to this form is *greatest*; hence it must either stand first of all, thus,

“*greatness, great, greater, greatest*; or last of all, thus, *great, greater, greatest, greatness*. It is evident that the latter order is the true one, since we begin with the lowest and ascend to the highest; and there can be no doubt that *greatness* implies more than *great*, since if we say God is *great*, we do not qualify Him so highly as when we say “God is *greatness* itself.””

As the evidence of the value of a discovery is to be found in the importance of its results, Mr. Kavanagh proceeds to show how this view of the degrees of comparison would have prevented the Romanists from falling into the errors of Transubstantiation; and then he goes on to show how it will enable people not only to think accurately but to express themselves beautifully. “Nor will young poets or writers of too warm an imagination be any longer under the necessity of employing double superlatives in order to qualify higher than ordinary men. Thus the lover, willing to place his mistress at the expense of grammar a degree above all other ladies in the world, will not be obliged to offend her ears with an epithet so harsh and so foreign to the English idiom as the *most loveliest*; for he will know that *lovely* has a fourth degree, and so he may tell her that she is *loveliness* *itself*!”—but it strikes us somehow that poets and writers of warm imagination have not waited for Mr. Kavanagh’s permission to express themselves in this fashion. It was only the other day that we heard a stout gentleman address his wife as “my dear”—which is in the first degree of comparison—and the lady replied interrogatively “my love?”—which is in the fourth—without appearing to think that she had gone the poetical length of a double superlative. Then again there is a young friend of ours who calls a snarling pointer-puppy of his “my beauty”—though, if he means to be poetical, we certainly never suspected it till now. Our old nurse, too, we remember—when we used to get hold of one of her wig-frontlets, and tie it elaborately into round knots—was in the habit of apostrophising us, when she caught sight of our employment, as “you little *sorrow*!” The worthy woman meant this, we dare say, to be a degree higher than “you *most vexatious* little imp;” but, as she of her own accord employed the former expression, like her ancestors before her, in preference to the latter, we fancy she might have ejaculated “Thank you for nothing” if Mr. Kavanagh had informed her that she need not be “*any longer*” “under the necessity of employing double superlatives”—(such as, most *vexatiouslest*). There is a great deal more that

we should like to say on this subject, but as the reader is scarce likely to take the same interest in the question as Mr. Kavanagh and ourselves, we shall omit it and go on to matter more exciting.

We must not quit this part of the subject, however, without remonstrating with Mr. Kavanagh for giving his discoveries occasionally without an acknowledgment of what led to them. For example—he declares, in opposition to other grammarians, that such adjectives as *perfect* and *same* and *like* are just as susceptible of comparison as other adjectives. To this discovery he can have been led by nothing that we know of, except the remark of the lady on the striking likeness between the two negro boys Quacco and Sambo—"Well they *are* very like—*particularly* Quacco."

To proceed to the verb,—Mr. Kavanagh declares that "between the words called verbs and substantives there is "not, as to meaning, the least difference." He goes on to illustrate this remark by stating that "in such a sentence as "I speak to John,' the meaning is 'my speak or speech is "to John.'" He seems to us, however, to overlook here the little word *is*, which the logicians regard as the *only* verb. Apart from the "logical copula," we grant him that the verb and the noun are not generically distinguishable;—but, for the knowledge of this fact, chronicled ages ago in the lists of the Sanscrit radicals, we really do not feel bound to thank Mr. Kavanagh.

We must now beg the reader's best attention, for we are coming to the keystone of Mr. Kavanagh's philological speculations. "Hence, from persevering,"—he tells us—"in "this application of my system, I was here led to a certain "discovery, which I cannot but think an important one, "inasmuch as it has opened the way to a great many others, "as will be subsequently seen. It is simply this:—When "two words come frequently together, as *am love* or *have love*, "the first, after some time, falls behind the second. \* \* \* "Hence the two words *most up* have become *upmost*"—and so on. The results of this discovery are perfectly bewildering. We wish Mr. Kavanagh had thought of enquiring *why* compound words have such a fancy of throwing somersets, but he is a cautiously inductive enquirer—content in the first instance with the discovery of a law even though it be an empirical one. Be that as it may, the reader must particularly bear in mind, through the rest of the enquiry, the tendency of composite terms to the topsy-turvy. And he must further bear in mind, that any word may take an article of

*any shape* before it, which may fall behind it when required. If he does not at once see the advantages of this etymological convention, an example from Mr. Kavanagh may suffice to make them patent. For instance, Mr. Kavanagh tells us, "Though I have not yet shown how words may be traced up to their very birth, yet the reader may have seen enough, to put him in the way of making important philological discoveries. Thus, has he the word *earth* to account for, he may discover that when he takes from this word *the*, there remains *ear*, which was the word for *earth* prior to the word *earth* itself. But he may remark that this word *ear* ends with an *r*, which must have been *er*, and that it did at one time precede *ea*, so that the first word for *earth* must have been *ea*; then men said *er ea*, just as we now say *the earth*. Now the Latin word for *earth* had a similar origin. It was at first *er ea*, this became *ear*, but was shortened to *er*; then *er* took before it the article *il*, as *il er*, and these two became *ter*, by coalition and contraction; and then this word *ter* took before it the article *er*, which again fell behind, making *terr*; and this took before it *ea*, as *ea terr*, which also fell behind, and made *terra*."

Well—*positively*—this is marvellous. Yet we think we can tell where Mr. Kavanagh found the germ of this discovery; and, if our conjecture be right, it may seem scarcely fair in him to have here again recorded nothing in the shape of an acknowledgment. We allude to the etymological artifice—[employing the term "artifice" in its eulogistic sense, as an algebraist does when treating of the way to manage a slippery case of integration]—by means of which a school-boy is made to discern, to his no small astonishment, that a pigeon-pie and a fish-pie are the same thing. The demonstration given of this is as follows. The first member in the compound expression "pi-geon" naturally falls—according to the great law which Mr. Kavanagh claims the credit of discovering—behind it, thus giving "geon-pi," or, as it is more correctly written as well as pronounced, "john-pie." Now "john" it is evident, is the same as "jack," because when you speak of John Falstaff and of Jack Falstaff, you speak of one and the same thing. The word is thus equivalent to "jack-pie." Now, looking still deeper into the nature of things, we recognise "jack" as identical with "pike"—the sound of the two being very nearly the same, and the sense being precisely the same, for "jack" and "pike" mean the same fish. A "jack-pie" is therefore a "fish-pie," and we have already seen that a "pigeon-pie" is

a "jack-pie," and consequently also a "fish-pie." But while we hold that this etymology—which, as being notorious among school-boys, the professors may perhaps have too generally neglected—contains the germ of Mr. Kavanagh's discovery, we are quite prepared to concede to him the merit of having expanded the germ—(if we may be allowed to mix the metaphor)—into a bubble of the most startling size and brilliancy. We also concede to him, what he repeatedly claims for his discovery, that even "a child, by adhering to this principle, may be able to account for words with all their changes and variations, and show them such as they must have been, not only ages before the Bible and the Iliad had been written, but even"—and so on :—that is to say, we concede to him that a child may now really do this, on Mr. Kavanagh's principle, just as well as his betters ; in the same way that an intelligent urchin, on being shown the manipulation of a tobacco-pipe and soap-suds, can hold his own with the most speculative character in either of the services. Mr. Kavanagh really does for etymology—(provided we content ourselves with results such as he presents to us)—what Bacon desiderated for *all* the sciences when he indulged the hope that methods might be discovered which should place all enquirers in every case on the same kind of level that they stand upon in respect of the describing a circle with a pair of compasses.

By means of the potent instrument of analysis of which he has possessed himself, Mr. Kavanagh has no difficulty in accounting for any sort of word in any sort of language ; and he finally traces the variously divergent streams of speech up to their common source in the letter O, which letter he further recognises in the shape of the dot over the *i*. But we must give his own words. "Thus it can be shown how they make, not nine or ten parts, but only one ; and then how this one part, though comprising all words, may be traced up to a single one, namely IO ; and then how this one word may be reduced to a single letter, namely, I or O—for these two, from their being equal, make but one ; and then how this single letter may be reduced to a mere speck, to the minute sign placed over the letter *i* ; in which, too, we may discover, as has been already sufficiently proved, not only the origin of all words and letters, but of all the figures and forms ever traced or imagined." This marvellous generalization almost beats the famous paradox with which a learned friend of ours—profound in the mysteries of Freemasonry—loves to startle

the world after dinner, when he declares that the whole structure of Geometry, towering like an inverted pyramid, rests on a point that hath no magnitude. At this declaration his wife is invariably astonished, while the children listen with a feeling of wonderment not unmixed with a vague alarm. Mr. Kavanagh must have had a mind to astonish the world at least up to the same pitch when he published this stunning result of his speculations.

We had marked for extract (but must perforce omit) a variety of passages containing choice samples of the results of Mr. Kavanagh's principle,—such as that in which he makes out the words *cat* and *castle* to be the same,—a fact which, we venture to suggest, may have been preserved, unperceived, in the name of the children's game of "cat's castle"—that is to say, "*cat is castle*," or the word *cat* has the same meaning as the word *castle*. To explain:—every thing being reducible to a round O, from which comes (as the reader can now see for himself) the word *cast*, the name *le cast*, or (after the article has fallen behind) *castle* is an appropriate name for that which has walls all round it; and, in the same way, dropping the *s* and taking no article, the word naturally and appropriately names the animal whose favorite position is that of sitting upright—on its round O—for, as Mr. Kavanagh observes, "it literally means 'to be on the round one,' "that is, 'to be seated,' 'to be on one's hinder part.'" Could we afford to quote all that is said about the *cat*, the reader would not be surprised to learn further that *hat* and *oyster* are the same word, the shell-fish having got the latter name from his striking resemblance to the *sun*. And this reminds us that we must make one more extract in order to account for the origin of the round O, which is a sufficiently exalted one although the symbol does come, in the course of time, to such "base uses" as we have seen in the case of the *cat*.

"While a child [Mr. Kavanagh tells us] is still in its mother's arms, the first name that it gives to the *sun* or the *moon* is *O!* and thus it has been over the whole world; so that, with every people whose language has preserved the first names given to the *sun* and *moon*, it will be found, on analysing them, that they all began with *O!* And if they have not an *n* joined to this *O!* it arises from another article than *en* having preceded *o*. *Sol* has been thus formed: *il-o* (the *o*), meaning *the sun* or *the one*. After this, *ol* took the article *is* before it, thus, *is ol* (the *sun*, or the *one*), and from these two words coming together, and from the



"*i* in *is* being dropt, the word *sol* was formed, and it still "meant the *sun*, or the *one*" :—and then he goes on to show how, from *sol* "the sun," or "the one," comes *solus* "alone" and *solitude*—an etymology for which Zimmerman might have thanked him. Swift would scarcely have thanked him for the derivation of Jupiter from "*id is u ip it-er*" which, Mr. Kavanagh assures us, means, "that is life in eternity"—for really, apart from the sense,—and the sound ought to have *some* regard shown to it in etymology—Swift's own derivation, from Jew Peter the old-clothes-man, appears to us the better of the two.

We have had some compunctious visitings whilst placing ourselves occasionally thus directly in opposition to a man so honestly in earnest as Mr. Kavanagh may appear to be; but, as we approach the end of his second volume, we find that we need not distress ourselves on this point. Reviewers he holds in scorn, and also mathematicians under the calibre of Newton. "The petty mathematician—[he tells us]—"will of course see nothing in what I have discovered respecting the point, the circle, and the straight line, which three I have proved to be all one and the same figure; and he must be equally embarrassed to conceive what advantage can be derived from our knowing that, in all numbers, there is only one; but were such a man as Newton now living, he could, with his extraordinary powers of penetration, perceive in these discoveries a great deal." Verily we incline to agree with Mr. Kavanagh that it would require something like the penetration of a Newton to find it out. Thus much, however, we can discern, that as Mr. Kavanagh reduces every thing to a round O, and as he holds a negative—(see vol. 2, p. 297) to be only a sort of damaged affirmative, and the O is the symbol of nothing as well as of everything, he has come very close upon the result arrived at by the author of one of the "Rejected Addresses" that

"Nought is everything, and everything is nought."

Let us hurry to his peroration where he says, "Hence in many ages to come, this discovery may be referred to, as forming a new epoch in the history of the world and the human mind, and that I now breathe may be not only known but felt. But whatever it may effect, it must, at least, endure; so that if I have ever had 'immortal longings in me,' they ought to be satisfied, for of the endless future I cannot be deprived, since what I have done must, wherever civilization is known over the world, live as long as words

“ themselves ; or only with their science—if many ages hence  
“ it is to be again forgotten—find a grave.”

Could we bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Kavanagh, with his two well-printed hot-pressed volumes, is really serious, we should here lay down our pen with a sigh. But we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that he is the wildest of wags ; and, therefore, having an eye to the circular keystone of his discovery, we would suggest, as the legend of its tombstone,

“ O Morgan Kavanagh, Morgan Kavanagh O !”

## III.

## THE NOTIONS OF THE HINDÚS.

## A DIALOGUE.

You have frequently expressed a wish, my Theophilus, that I would explain to you clearly and concisely those opinions of my Hindú friends which, in the usual expositions of them, appear to be so strange as to render it scarcely credible that a thinking person should seriously entertain them. It occurs to me that I may in some measure perform what you require of me by giving you—to the best of my recollection—an account of a conversation which took place the other evening. You know Eusebius, our indefatigable Missionary. He had just returned, rather wearied, from preaching all day amidst the noise and distraction of a *mela* or religious fair; but he brightened up as he saw the enquiring young Bráhmán, Tárádatt, approaching. Eusebius and I had been sitting on the high bank that overhangs the Ganges, where the sacred stream glides past the garden of the excellent Philoxenus. By the strangest of coincidences, Laurence happened to be with us. You know Laurence—with his huge quantity of reading and his frequent, or, rather, habitual, absence of mind. Tárádatt smiled as he sat down and addressed Eusebius. “You have been labouring to enlighten the holiday-makers at the *mela* to-day, my dear Sir, if one may judge from your jaded look.” “You have guessed rightly,” replied Eusebius,—“but why do you smile?” “At the amusing inexhaustibleness of your patience,” replied the other. “Surely”—exclaimed Eusebius—“You do not expect that I shall ever give up labouring in my vocation from despair at the apparent ineffectualness of my efforts? It is my part to labour;—it belongs to God to give the increase in His own good time.”

Tárádatt.—“My being a Hindú does not prevent me from appreciating and honouring your perseverance in the face of difficulties; and I have no hope—(if indeed I had the wish)—of your suffering yourself to be discomfited. But I could not help smiling at the thought of the discouragements to which you must have been exposed to-day. Did your audience consist entirely of the illiterate?”

Eusebius.—“No. There was a forward young man who interrupted me from time to time, declaring that all that was true in my account of the Deity was to be found in the books of the Hindús, from which the Europeans had borrowed—or

stolen—without understanding the real import of what they were appropriating. He produced a marked effect upon the people, by declaring that my views of the omniscience and the omnipresence of God were lamentably imperfect,—the true view of that subject being conveyed, he contended, in a text of the Veda which he quoted in Sanskrit, and which, of course, not one of them understood a word of.”

*Tárádatt.*—“Can you repeat the text?”

Eusebius declared that he feared he could not—not having fully understood it himself. Only, he was sure, it contained a pointed reference to the word “all”—and sounded somewhat like so and so—reciting here certain sounds with which, O Theophilus, I cannot tax my memory. The words which had appeared of such grave import to the listeners at the *mela*, had quite a different effect upon the Bráhmaṇ, who burst out laughing—assuring us, as gravely as he could, that the words were quoted from the Grammar of Pánini, and that they bore reference to nothing beyond the fact that in *all* cases the word “cow” was optionally amenable to a certain euphonic rule. Eusebius himself could not help smiling at the barefaced impudence of the trick which had been played him, and Tárádatt took advantage of the incident to press a suggestion which it appears he had made more than once before,—for Eusebius and he are great friends, though their opinions on some points differ so widely, and each perhaps cherishes a hope that the other may in time be brought to acknowledge his errors.

*Tárádatt.*—“You see, my dear Sir, that you would be the better of knowing our sacred language. I do not, indeed, promise you that, even with a knowledge of the Sanskrit, you would be able to convince the illiterate. Our low-caste Hindús are too modest to think for themselves. They commit the keeping of their consciences to the hands of us Bráhmaṇs, just as, I have heard, the people on the continent of Europe make over the same trust to their own Bráhmaṇs. The Europeans are unfortunate in this, that they are necessarily misled, their guides being blind leaders, or at all events guides groping in the dark; but in this more favoured land the people have reposed their implicit confidence in guides, who have eyes and who have light. The people here are content with guidance; they do not seek for light, which might possibly dazzle them. Can it be that you, Eusebius, shrink from meeting the learned of India on their own ground, preferring, as less arduous, to defy them from a safe distance, and to come to close quarters

only with the avowedly uninstructed, who afford you an easy triumph in argument—though, you must admit, they afford you little else?”

*Eusebius.*—“You wish to provoke me, I perceive, to an argument with your learned self, friend Tárádatt; and you know very well that neither I nor my brother missionaries are wont to shrink from a contest with you—‘arduous’ as you may choose to think it. But you are not ignorant that a characteristic difference between the Gospel and the lights which the Bráhmans declare that they possess is this, that to the *poor* the Gospel is preached. By the *poor* we understand those whom you look upon as of *low caste*, and hence unworthy or incapable of enlightenment. The Gospel acknowledges no distinctions among men, except to point out the lowly as the especial objects of its care.”

*Tárádatt.*—“But are these to be the sole objects of its care?”

*Eusebius.*—“By no means. How can you insinuate that we have made them so? You have long had the New Testament in your loved Sanskrit, and you have more recently received the Pentateuch in the same. I wish that to us as large a proportion of your *Veda* were available, if it were only as a literary curiosity.”

*Tárádatt.*—“Your mention of the *Veda* reminds me that the portion of it which has been printed in Europe is accompanied by an ample commentary, without which even we could not understand the text. Now, much of the text of your Scriptures is to us at least not less obscure. Have you no explanatory commentary?”

*Eusebius.*—“We have—and more than one. To select from these the portions most likely to be needed by a Hindú reader, and to digest them into a separate volume in the vernacular, or to print them along with the text, would be a commendable work in one who could do no better.”

*Tárádatt.*—“I should welcome such a work, though I should prefer it in the Sanskrit.”

*Eusebius.*—“That is to say, you would prefer keeping it to yourself and your brother Bráhmans.”

*Tárádatt.*—“If I did, yet its being in Sanskrit would scarcely secure that end. But let that pass. I am not so anxious to keep all knowledge to my own class, but that I should be very well pleased if I could make you yourself understand and appreciate the sublime philosophy of our religion.”

*Eusebius.*—“Why, Mr. Colebrooke has enabled me to do that already. But that need not prevent you from indulg-

ing in some declamation on your favourite topic. I am all attention. Laurence, who is watching the first glimmer of the rising moon on the ripple of the stream, will not interrupt you without good reason ; and as for our other friend,—he, for reasons of his own, is not likely to interrupt you at all."

This last observation, my Theophilus, was designed to convey a gentle sarcasm on myself ; Eusebius holding—in spite of all my protestations to the contrary—that I am half a Hindú, because I am fonder than he is of their sacred language. You, my friend, know that the imputation is undeserved ; but it would have been out of place to remonstrate with Eusebius, so I contented myself with shrugging my shoulders in the way of protest, whilst Laurence, removing his eyes from the moon, looked benevolently, yet mournfully, on Tárádatt. The latter, instead of becoming eloquent on the theme proposed, simply stated his belief that One Thing alone existed.

*Eusebius.*—"Well—*what* thing?"

*Tárádatt.*—"Do not accuse me of trifling with you, if I answer—*that* thing. As one of your poets makes a lady ask, so I may ask here—'what's in a *name*?' If there be but One Thing—then this One Thing is *all*, and it may be—(what nothing else supposable can be)—*definitely* named by that which you Europeans call a *pronoun*, and which we, the followers of Páñini, call a *sarva-náma* or 'name of all or any thing.' We call the One Thing, in Sanskrit, *tat*—i. e., 'that.'"

*Eusebius.*—"Good:—but if you, like your lady in the play, have no predilection for any name in particular, you will perhaps have no objection to give me some other name in exchange for this 'That,' which does not please me."

*Tárádatt.*—"Let the name be *Brahm*."

*Eusebius.*—"Has that name a meaning?"

*Tárádatt.*—"The word, being derived from the root *vrih* 'to increase,' may signify 'that from which all emanates.'"

*Eusebius.*—"From which all *what* emanates?"

*Tárádatt.*—"All that is no *Thing* :—*Brahm* being the one only Thing—the sole *reality*, according to the sense of that term as derived from the Latin word *res* 'a thing,' as I suppose it is."

*Eusebius.*—"Well, laying aside for the present all that is no *Thing*, pray tell us all that you can about the One Thing."

*Tárádatt.*—"All that can be told about it—in fact all that it is—may be enounced very briefly. It is Existence, Knowledge, and Joy. There you have the whole. It is not a

something, of which these are the properties or qualities— but these are *it*, and *it these*.”

*Eusebius*.—“ And this material world ?”

*Tárádatt*.—“ That to which you give the name of a material world is an illusion.”

At this moment, O Theophilus, Laurence, who had seemed previously to be wrapped in his own thoughts, broke silence and spoke as follows.

*Laurence*.—“ We are placed in a system in which mankind will deal with us, and we, in spite of all theories to the contrary, must deal with mankind, as if the objects of sense were real. Hence it does, I own, seem to me an unpractical philosophy, which leads men to treat these things as if they were unreal.”

On hearing these words, O Theophilus, the Bráhmañ scemed not a little perplexed. After pondering them for some time, with his eyes fixed on the ground, he looked up, designing to reply to the speaker; but, perceiving that the eyes of Laurence were again bent intently on the moon, he turned to Eusebius and remarked as follows.

*Tárádatt*.—Men do deal with one another as if the objects of sense were real;—and, for aught that I can say to the contrary, they possibly *must* so deal with one another, so long as the illusion of a world continues. I, for one, am not concerned with the enquiry whether this or that philosophy is ‘ practical ’ or ‘ unpractical. ’ I ask simply—what is *true* ?—What you Europeans call ‘ practical ’ is, I imagine, what we Hindús call *vyávahárika* : and we admit the importance of attending to such a consideration, so far as concerns this illusive world ; but we do not see how the consideration bears upon the One Reality, which is the sole object of sound philosophy. If I mistake not, your own Berkeley was idly charged with inculcating an ‘ unpractical ’ philosophy, when he questioned the existence of material ‘ substance ; ’ but the best of your writers now-a-days acknowledge that, while he questioned the existence of any thing *under* the phenomena—to be called ‘ substance ’ from its being *sub* or *under* these—he did not deny that there *were* such phenomena as required such and such things to be *practised*. For example—he did not neglect to practise the action of getting out of the way of a loaded wagon—although he held that the driver of the wagon no more believed in the existence of a *substance* of the wagon, apart from all its powers and properties, than he himself did—the conception that there is any such inscrutable substratum being, he contended, the conception of his

metaphysical opponents, and not that either of himself—accused of over-refinement in speculation—or of the wagoner not so accused. We do *not*, then, *treat* phenomena as if they were unreal—that is to say, as if they were *not* :—but we deny that they are real—that they are *Things*. Our *treatment* of them is ‘practical;’ our conception of them, at the same time, is correct.”

*Eusebius*.—“We must look a little closer into that word ‘*real* ;’—but hark—Laurence, who has seemingly been in a brown study since he last spoke, appears to be again about to speak.

*Laurence*.—“And as experience is our guide, and not theory, in practical matters; as, further, men often entail upon themselves, and even upon others, very great misery, even in this life, by obstinately following their own theories of things, in opposition to the teaching of men of experience; it becomes a very serious question for you, whether you ought not to be able to prove the Vedánta system far more demonstratively, before you let it have the least influence upon your practice. And the choice between Christianity and Bráhmaism is a practical question, and one which you will find, the more you know of Christianity, to be materially affected by the view you take of our relations to matter.”

The Bráhma, O Theophilus, on hearing this, became apparently more puzzled than before. He paused so long that at length Eusebius interrupted his meditations by asking what was the Sanskrit word for ‘matter.’

*Tárúdatt*.—“There is no Sanskrit word for ‘matter.’”

*Eusebius*.—“You surprise me. Col. Vans Kennedy, I know, denied that there was a Sanskrit word answering to our philosophical term ‘matter;’ but Sir G. Haughton immediately supplied him with a dozen.”

*Tárúdatt*.—“What were they?”

Eusebius replying that he could not undertake to recollect them; I, O Theophilus, being not unwilling to aid, in some subordinate manner, a discussion which interested me not a little, got up and fetched the book, which happened to be among the borrowed volumes that enrich my library and occasionally reproach my punctuality. Eusebius, turning to the place [the 221st page of the (London) Asiatic Journal, vol. xviii. new series, 1835], read out the words of Sir Graves Haughton as follows :—

“I must, however, go even beyond this refutation, and inform your readers of what they might reasonably have expected, namely, that the Sanskrit language contains many words for *matter*. Take the following



as examples:—*vastu, vasu, dravya, sáríra, murti, tattva, pudártha, pradhána, mála-prakṛiti*; and, with the Jainas, *pudgala*.”

On hearing this list read,—to each item in which it struck me that Laurence nodded a mild approval, the Bráhmaṇ, O Theophilus, gradually opened his eyes wider and wider. At the close he rubbed them as if in doubt whether he were awake, and then he requested a sight of the volume. Having certified himself that the words were printed as they had seemed to strike his ear, and that he was therefore probably awake, he asked Eusebius whether he was content to receive each or any one of these words as the synonym of the term ‘matter’—the *ύλη* of the Greeks.

*Eusebius*.—“ I am content to hear what you have got to say against receiving them as such.”

*Tárádatt*.—“ Let us look at them in succession. The word *vastu*, (as the *Vedánta-sára* will tell you,) means the Divine Spirit—the one ‘Thing’ recognised as a reality in the Vedánta. The whole of what we talk of as the World, is, according to the Vedánta, *a-vastu*, i. e., ‘not a Thing.’ What you speak of as the ‘material world’ is what we call *not ‘vastu.’* And the same applies to the term *vasu*, the second in the list. Then the term *dravya*, as stated in the *Tarka-Sangraha* and a score of other works, is the generic name of ‘Earth, Water, Light, Air, Ether, Time, Space, Soul, and Mind.’ ”

*Eusebius*.—“ ‘Soul’ do you say ?”

*Tárádatt*.—“ Certainly. ‘Soul’ is one of the things belonging to the list named *dravya*. Do you hold it to be *matter* ?”

*Eusebius*.—“ Heaven forbid.”

*Tárádatt*.—“ Then I fear that this term will not suit, the more so as I imagine you will object to classing Time and Space as varieties of *matter*.”

*Eusebius*.—“ Pray, on what principle do you class these with Earth and Water ?”

*Tárádatt*.—“ On the principle that *qualities*, &c. belong to them,—as you may see by referring to the 23d verse of the *Bhášhá-parichchheda*, the text-book of the Nyáya that is in the hands of every school-boy.”

*Eusebius*.—“ Then you hold Time to be a *substance* ?”

*Tárádatt*.—“ What do you mean by ‘Substance’ ?”

*Eusebius*.—“ Its meaning accords with its etymology. It is that which ‘stands under,’ and serves as it were for a support to, the qualities which could not exist apart from it.”

*Tárádatt.*—"I like your definition, for it is my own; and so, if Time has any qualities, then Time is the Substance in which its own qualities inhere. But tell me:—We mortals have wishes and we have fears; we have doubts, difficulties, and occasionally joys. Do these exist apart and of themselves?"

*Eusebius.*—"No. A wish does not exist without a wisher, nor a doubt apart from one that doubts. Why do you ask a question the answer to which is so self-evidently obvious?"

*Tárádatt.*—"I ask it because I am curious to know whether you hold that these wishes and doubts can exist apart from *matter*. Is your wisher or your doubter necessarily material?"

*Eusebius.*—"By no means. I happen to remember that your own revered Gautama declares that 'Desire, Aversion, &c.' belong to the *Soul*. The soul is a *spiritual* substance, not a material substance."

*Tárádatt.*—"You remember rightly; you refer to the tenth aphorism of Gautama's first lecture. But you speak of *spiritual* substance as differing from *material* substance:—do you really then, in Europe, hold that there is such a two-fold distinction in 'Substance?'"

*Eusebius.*—"Unquestionably. There are, indeed, men, calling themselves 'Materialists,' who hold that there is only one substance; but those who recite the Creed in which the Persons of the Trinity are acknowledged to be 'the same in *substance*,' speak, as Milton does, of *spiritual* substance, not of *Matter*. If you will glance down the page that is before, you will see an apposite remark of Cudworth's, which, as Sir G. Haughton observes, Lord Brougham, in his discourse on Natural Theology, page 93, quotes with applause. Pray read it aloud."

*Tárádatt.*—"Ah—here is what you refer to:—

"Whatever is, or hath any kind of entity, doth either subsist by it self, or else is an attribute, affection, or mode of something that doth subsist by itself."

"Well, I agree with Sir G. Haughton that this is obviously true. But tell me,—in your opinion, does *Deity* 'subsist by itself,' or is it 'an attribute, &c.?'"

*Eusebius.*—"Of course you know my opinion. God exists of Himself. His is a *Spiritual Substance*."

*Tárádatt.*—"This I expected you to say; and I thoroughly agree with you. But I must now beg you to explain the passage which has just caught my eye on the opposite page."

*Eusebius.*—"Read out the passage."

*Tírádatt.*—"I find Sir G. Haughton in page 220 declaring as follows:—

"Every one conversant with these subjects must know, that, in philosophic language, *substance*, *body*, and *matter*, mean all one and the same thing; and, as such, are opposed to *spirit*."

"Permit me to ask you,—when your Creed speaks of the Persons of the Trinity as being 'the same in *substance*,' does it mean of the same *matter*?"

*Eusebius.*—"Again, I say—God forbid. But allow me to look at the book, for the passage that you have just read makes me suspect,—as you did of yourself a little while ago,—that I must be dreaming."

Taking the book, O Theophilus, Eusebius appeared the more perplexed the more he pondered and reperused the passage asserting the identity of "substance, body, and matter." At length, with a sigh commingling with a yawn, he pleaded the fatigues of the day, and proposed that we should reserve the consideration of the question for a future meeting. He got up and departed, taking the volume with him. The Bráhma accompanied him,—his road, for some distance, lying in the same direction; and when I returned, after seeing them to the gate, Laurence had disappeared. After some solitary reflections, which I spare you, I fell asleep; and I may inform you, if you wish it, in another letter how the question was further considered on a subsequent occasion.

## IV.

## LEAVES FOR LEGENDS.

Legend, which means—That which ought to be read—is, from the early misapplication of the term by impostors, now used by us as if it meant—That which ought to be laughed at.—TOOKE.

## I.—HARLEQUINS AND PUNCHINELLOS.

ITALY, as the elder D'Israeli has learnedly illustrated, has for ages been the land of grotesque comedy. There is a natural hilarity and an extemporaneous wit indigenous to the nation which has constantly characterized it through all its political changes. Its gravest historians have thought it not beneath them "to narrate the revolutions of pantomime, to compile the annals of Harlequin, to enrol the genealogy of Punch, and to discover even the most secret anecdotes of the obscurer branches of the same grotesque family amidst their changeful fortunes during a period of two thousand years." It was conjectured by A. W. Schlegel, in a lecture first delivered at Vienna, that the first germ of the *Commedia dell' arte*, or improvisatory farce, might be traced to the *Mimes* and the *Atellanæ* of the old Romans and the Oscans; which idea has been pursued with great erudition and success by many subsequent explorers of dramatic antiquities. Few who are competent to the investigation will now be found to doubt that the *Mimi centunculo* of Apuleius may still be recognized in the party-coloured hero of modern pantomine; or that the "*macci prorsus et buccones*," half-witted, club-cheeked caricatures, which bronzes and frescoes from Rome and Pompeii prove to have figured on the ancient stages, may be claimed as the unmistakable prototypes of our Pantaloon and Punchinello.

Nor have the greatest geniuses of that native home of merry, amusing, rude buffoonery thought scorn of playing their parts in the mimic drama. The great harlequin Saccho, as we learn from the diligent literary antiquarian whom we first quoted, has been historically characterized by Goldoni as a man of lively and brilliant imagination, always adhering to the essence of the play, and contriving to give it an air of freshness by new sallies of unexpected raciness. He possessed the rare talent of allying with an assumed obtuseness, a smart facility of repartee in which the learned frequently detected gems from the treasuries of Cicero, Seneca, and Montaigne. The capacity for the grotesque which Fuseli has remarked in the more imaginative pictures of Salvator

Rosa may not improbably have reached its perfection through the pantomimic recreations to which he was a devotee. Others, as Cechini, figurants in such masquerades, have defended the dignity of their art in laborious critical dissertations, the curious learning of which has been rewarded by the applause and friendship of Sovereigns, and by patents of nobility. Nor have the fraternity been slow in claiming hard retribution for any chary acknowledgement of their prestige. A very early and talented pantomimic actor, by name Cimarossa, was a native of Brescia, in Lombardy, and lived in the popedom of Leo IX. anno 1049-1054. Not making that harvest which he deemed his due, in his birth-place, he resolved to set out for Rome; for the Pope, he had heard, besides being a man of profound scholarship and extraordinary energy, dearly loved a joke, and was likely to place no limit on his munificence to a really clever Zanni. So away went Cimarossa; but soon bethought him that he had no friend at Court, and so might find a difficulty about his entrée at the Vatican. Still would he keep heart, and travel straightforward, in to Rome, and on to the palace; and there he made his progress through corridors, spacious even in that day; enquiring of each whom he encountered, where the Pope was sitting, with a vivacity and *sang froid* which baffled all interference. At length he reached the door of the ante-room; and there, meeting an old chamberlain, was asked rather unceremoniously what he wanted. "Why my fine fellow," said Cimarossa, "I'm the very first performer in my branch of art; and I have nuts to crack with his Holiness which will make him very happy." "Away with you, vagrant!" shouted the astonished chamberlain; "or I'll set the guard upon you and dismiss you with a flea in your ear." However, as Cimarossa persevered, and really did appear to have something particular to communicate; and as his Holiness was notoriously any thing but a riggard to the man who succeeded in entertaining him, the chamberlain struck a bargain to slip the bolt, on condition that he received half the bounty. So on went Cimarossa, and passed to a second ante-room, where was a second chamberlain, a smart young man in a flushed crimson doublet, who could on no account, he remarked, admit a stranger within; as his Holiness was full of business, and had strictly enjoined that he be not intruded on. "Open the door," said Cimarossa, "I've famous news for the Pope, which he'll pay me well for, and you shall go shares with me." So round wheeled the hinges, and Sir Harlequin soon found himself in the gallery approach

to the hall of audience; from whence stepped a Bishop in his robes, and addressed the Zanni first in German—(for that was the Court language of the Vatican in that day)—and then in Latin. Of neither of these languages did Cimarossa understand a word; but to be even with the Bishop, replied in a gibber which had no meaning whatever. The Pope, who was within, engaged with a cardinal, hearing this odd parley, began to laugh aloud, and at length hallooed “Come here, my hearties!” So up went Sir Harlequin and kissed his Holiness’s toe. “Who are you?” asked the Pope;—“Where do you come from? What do you want?” Quoth the Zanni, “My name is Cimarossa, and I live at Brescia, and I’m come to Rome to ask a favour of your Holiness.” “What would you have me do for you?” enquired the Pope. “Why, I should be highly grateful for the soundest thrashing you can give—I just want five and twenty—laid on, as they say in my country, with a pickled rod.” The Pope laughed again; but as the jester was very importunate, sent for one of his drummers, and bade him lay on the lashes in his presence—five and twenty—in the smartest style. The drummer turned up his sleeves, and bade Cimarossa pull off his jacket, when he cried out “Hold! for myself, your Holiness, I want them not.” The Pope laughed again;—but Cimarossa dropped upon his knees and cried—“Holy Father—may it please your Holiness—I hope no offence. I’ve given two of your Holiness’s chamberlains my solemn promise that they shall share any benefit which you may have in reserve for me, on which condition they let me through the ante-rooms. Be good enough, your Holiness, to divide among them, with all practicable evenness, the five and twenty lashes—give each of them twelve heavy ones and a light one; and you’ll further oblige me very much.” The Pope laughed yet more; but bade the drummer hale in the chamberlains, and pay off their scores. And so he did.

So runs the story of Cimarossa in an old and veritable chronicle, which adds that Sir Harlequin at last met his reward; for the Pope took no further notice of him; and not long after, he was found dead in a street of Rome, with a broken head, the penalty of his somewhat audacious pastime.

And now for PUNCHINELLO. But wait awhile—we will introduce him on the scene after a preparatory flourish.

’Tis Marseilles on the 15th of March, and the year of grace 1735. Picturesque groups of every shade of costume and complexion, old and young, rich and poor, stream down to the quay. Why such universal excitement? On yester-

night there rode a vessel in from Tunis, freighted with above two hundred Christians, lately slaves in a pirate-state of Africa, and their deliverers, some brethren of the sacred order of "The Trinity," enrolled for this especial duty. This fraternity was commonly known in France as "The Mathurins," from the name of their convent in Paris,—and among those who would cast contempt on their labour of love, as "Knights of the Ass"—from the humble beast they rode. The order was enrolled in the year 1198 by John of Mattha, a man of extraordinary perseverance and boundless appliances, who, in his own life-time, had bought above a thousand believers from their wretched durance in Morocco. It grew from this beginning to be one of the wealthiest and most renowned of the brotherhoods of Europe; and at length, numbering eight hundred and fifty convents, in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, it extended its settlements to Scotland, Hungary, and Poland:—whose common rule it was that one-third of all the incomes, and all the alms without discretion, should be consecrated to the relief of Christians from captivity; besides which every brother was pledged to devote his life as an additional ransom, if need should be.

On that morn of March 1735, every ship in the roadstead was trimmed with all her colours, the cannon thundered from the citadel, the bells of every tower rung festive peals, as the long train of Christian freedmen stepped down the gangway, and, escorted by the city magnates and the troops from the garrison, marched to the Cathedral, to render the incense of their thanksgiving unto God Most High. It needs no description, how, in the first warmth of their emotions, the ransomed fell on their faces, and kissed their native soil; how the bounty of the governor and the burghers extended to all who found no kin surviving or at hand; how the re-united fell into each others' arms, and the tears of the bystanders trickled down at sight of the passion of those long and kind embraces. Rather will you ask for Punchinello, dear reader.

Wait awhile. The greeting is over. And now one in the prime of manhood, and gaily attired, steps toward the eldest of the brethren, and asks if he hears rightly that two hundred souls have been ransomed, and how many still slave in the pirate states. "Above six hundred," answered the provost:—"with such slender means as ours, we can buy the freedom only of the oldest and the most infirm—as it is, we have left three brethren in durance, pledges for our future return

and payment for the release of three poor miserable Italians, who had been victims to their calamities, except we had redeemed them now." "Three Italians!" asked the stranger cheerily, whose speech betrayed that he was himself of that nation—"Three Italians! May I ask their names?" "Here is one docket"—rejoined the provost—"PAOLO BANCOLO—aged 71, steersman, of Palermo—thirty-five years a prisoner." "PAOLO BANCOLO! Is there no mistake? Good God! Where is he?" The provost pointed to his dwelling. "And where may we meet again, honoured Father?" The provost pointed to the Monastery. And the young man fled.

That evening, two men rang at the cloister gate and asked for the provost. They were young Bancolo and his father, who, but eight days after his son's birth, having embarked on a merchant voyage for the Greek isle of Syra, the ship was scuttled, and the crew carried off to Tunis, where he, poor man, had consumed a life of labour, and had now, in his decrepitude, been released by a youthful brother of the Order, who had pledged his own life for the old man's deliverance. "What money will be needed," asked young Bancolo, "to purchase the freedom of the six hundred who remain?" "Ah!" said the provost, "unmerciful men are those Africans to deal with—nothing less would do than five hundred thousand livres." "Will you receive the money at the Palagio Orsini, St. Mark's Place, Venice, on the Vigil of next Ash-Wednesday?" "Anywhere, in such a cause." "*Au revoir*, then;—forget it not."

Dear reader!—a moving tale, you'll say—and excellently put together—but where is Punchinello?

'Tis Shrove-tide at Venice. The Phoenix Theatre is lighted brilliantly, preparatory to a spectacle of unusual splendour. From each of twelve hundred burnished candelabras two massive flambeaux cast their gleams on the diamonds and emeralds of the flower of Italy, who loom admiringly from the spacious tiers. Who hath not heard of Venice,

"Whose daughters, with their dowers

"From spoils of nations and the exhaustless East,

"Poured in her lap all gems, in sparkling showers?"

All the noble, the beautiful, the winning in that land of love and grace, all had rallied to the brilliant scene. And why? That evening the Prince of all the Punchinellos, young Bancolo, would make his farewell bow. He trips forward on the stage in a snow-white dress, with the hump upon his back and breast, the beak nose, the goggle eyes, and all the



paraphernalia of his dear familiar mask. A thunder of applause greets his entrance—a shower of garlands flutter to his feet. He outvies himself to-day—the hearts of thousands are entranced—his accents thrill through the house, as with one vibration. 'Until he moved, you might have heard a pin fall; and then arose a shout of joyous laughter, and then a tear glistened in every eye. Bancolo the Punchinello played through the scenes of his eventful life on the narrow stage of the Phœnix Theatre; through his providences and mis-carriages—as an orphan—a beggar—a noble—a suttler—a soldier—a sailor—and all the rest—and last—his reunion with his aged father, who for five and thirty years had been a prisoner in Morocco! The curtain fell. BANCOLO! hailed a thousand voices; and every pillar and partition re-echoed the call. Again a storm of applause welcomes him upon the boards. He bows graciously—and through the vast saloon is the silence of the grave. With suppressed emotion he spoke his adieu, and nearly in the following words;—

“Noble Lords and Dames! To-day ends the Carnival;—and when, an hour hence, this vast saloon is arrayed for the ballet, and gleams radiantly with a profusion of all which human grace and glory and voluptuousness can bestow—then bethink you of your Christian brethren in Africa, whose tears trickle down upon the parching sand, that in rags and sorrow and slavery they smart under the scourge. Dear Lords and Ladies! A humble, but encouraged mimic takes the liberty to remind you of them. Just now sits one at the Palagio Orsini, who, by God's grace, has spent long and adventurous years in binding up their broken hearts. Thither go I now, noble knights and dames! to consecrate my small pleasantry to the deliverance of the captives.”

The whole assembly rose, as one man. Punchinello tore down the grand staircase—and after him, how brilliant a course! All Venice was bewildered. The spectacle halts not, till arrived at Saint Mark's. At the threshold of the palace, Bancolo doffs his scaramouch dress, and, with obeisance, presents a purse of golden florins at the provost's feet. Then opened each his purse; and jewelled ear-rings and bracelets of pearl and a rain of rings from a thousand hands fell in precious heaps, a sacred oblation for the release of Christians from a gloomy prison. Nor were the poor insensible to this strange awakening. They brought their little alms to swell the treasure, which exceeded a million livres, while never in Venice was Carnival so joyous. Two ships soon steered from Venice port—the one for Africa, with splendid ransoms and

the Knights of the Ass; the other for Palermo, with Bancolo and his father,—for Palermo, the birth-place and the last long home of this ingenious and exemplary PRINCE OF PUNCHINELLOS.

## II.—WILDBAD WELL AND WACHBACH WATER.

SCARCE a bath in Suabia but has its characteristic legend. We transfer two of these to our pages—fair samples of the very different styles of treatment which have occurred to us in our perusals of such “inopes rerum.” Of the legend of Wildbad Well we adopt the version which we find in a popular ballad; and need only add that its hero, old Rustlebeard, lies buried in the choir of Stuttgard Cathedral; in which city, after many practical and most valorous experiences of his restored prowess, he died A.D. 1392.

One pleasant morn of summer,—when tepid blew the breeze,  
Fresh roses rayed the garden, and jocund green the trees,—  
There pranced from Stuttgard castle a knight of high degree,  
Count Eberhard the Sledger, old Rustlebeard was he.

Esqu岸ed by noble pages athwart the land he rode;  
But wore nor casque nor corselet, nor panted he for blood,  
He would but haste to Wildbad, whose warm and wholesome  
spring  
Can heal the sick, to graybeards, recovered youth can bring.

To bait at Hirsau Abbey the knight awhile delayed,  
And cool wine with the Prior drank while the organ played;  
Then pricked he through the fir-groves which dot the verdant dell  
Where through a cleft rock bubbles that renovating well.

Thence on to Wildbad Market, where stands a stately manse  
And dangles from a sign-post a sharp and polished lance;—  
When stabled there his charger, and eke recruited he,  
He sought the warm well daily, that knight of high degree.

Unbreached there and unmantled, old Rustlebeard would bend  
A moment at the rood tree,—then thro’ the flood would wend  
To where the noble fountain with sharpest warmest shock  
Might well o’er him beneath from forth its bed of rock.

Whilom, thro’ cleft and bramble, to wash his wounds, a boar  
Had charged, and to the jagers did then the well explore  
Where now the gray old Sledger finds pastime rare to lave,  
And stretch his mangled body beneath the healing wave.

His youngest page approaches:—“Sir Count, I greet you well;  
“A troop of strangers charges adown the hither dell;  
“The clubs they bear are heavy, their captain’s target glows  
“With mounting of a wild boar, and, blazoned or, a rose.”

"My son, they are the Flayers,\* right craftily they slay;  
 "Bring me my jerkin, youngster, old Boarstone's lads are they;  
 "The boar he mounts I know well, whose anger is so grim,  
 "And eke his rose's chasing with thorn so sharp and slim."

In breathless haste approaches a starved and harried hind;  
 "The nether valley coursing, a troop, Sir Count, I find,  
 "Their captain mounts three hatchets, his armour's polish high  
 "Is like the flash of lightning this moment in mine eye."

"The Gaystone captain, varlet, the Glowering Wolf he's hight,  
 "Bring me my mantle, youngster, I relish no such light;  
 "His hatchets hew so deftly, small joy to me are they;  
 "The Wolf—(strap on my sword, boy!) he thirsteth for the fray."

"Disturbed when stript for bathing a maiden might lose heart,  
 "That must be pleasant banter which causeth none to start;  
 "But what's to scare the colour from cheek of warrior old,  
 "If't touches not his vitals, at least must touch his gold."

Then spake the harried hireling—"There's time—retreat we now;  
 "I know a path where never hath mortal trod, I trow,  
 "No mule could ever mount it, there clanks but hoof of roe,  
 "Then follow me, Sir Sledger,—I'll bring you safely through."

They climb thro' brake and briar, they scale the steepest hill,  
 The Sledger hews his way with his sword as with a bill,  
 Nor yet, how sharp the ploughing, delays he to complain,—  
 For why?—The wondrous water has washed him young again!

Away, up cliff, o'er chasm, in noonday's blaze they tilt,  
 But soon the Count must ease him upon his good sword's hilt;  
 And then before him bendeth the hireling courteous,  
 "Get on my back and welcome, Sir Eberhard," quoth he.

Old Rustlebeard bethought him,—“Sure none can ever rue  
 “He's found such courteous tending from blood which curls so true;  
 “'Tis aye in need and danger a friend is proved, and so,  
 “Poor hireling, none shall gainsay what meed to thee I owe.”

When next in Stuttgart Castle the Count his court did hold,  
 They brought him heaps of medals of brass, and one of gold.  
 The gold, with store of guilders, he gave the starveling true;  
 The brass he dealt the Boarstones:—"This button Sir, 's for you."

And many a crafty mason he sent to Wildbad dell  
 To build a trusty rampart around the wondrous well,  
 That in the coming summers no jager foe might scare  
 The graybeard who would sally to wash his age out there.

\* The Suabian Schlegler (Flayers), of which house the two most renowned captains were Graf Wolf Von Eberstein (Boarstone) and Graf Wolf Von Wuinnenstein (Gaystone) were the great rivals of Count Eberhard of Wuerttemberg in all chivalrous performances. See J. C. Pfister, *Geschichte von Schwaben*.

We might fill a volume with the drolleries of old Rustlebeard and his indomitable spirit of enterprize against the house of Schlegel; but this is hardly to our present purpose. Rather, let us follow the proposed course of our narrative, and betake us to the most sagacious waters of Wachbach—a bath with which if there be associated less of the heroic, there is not a whit less of the marvellous, or, we presume, of the veritable; for we find, in a popular German periodical published last New-Year's day, that the strange capabilities of Wachbach have formed the basis of a very seasonable and pious narrative by Ottmar Schönhuth. For the last century and a half, we are credibly informed, nothing has been seen or heard of this large-hearted phenomenon; for its owner at that time endeavouring to make a selfish use of it by the sale of the water at an exorbitant price, it dried up spontaneously and in a single instant, and has not since appeared. But its wonderful properties were first revealed, in the year of grace 1300, by a dream, to young Agnes Von Hohenlohe, who, once the loveliest scion in the mansions which then studded the country between Mergentheim and Wertheim, had become a loathsome and unsightly leper.

This beautiful, accomplished, but ungente girl was the only daughter of Count Gebhard Von Hohenlohe, the wealthiest and most refined of the German Nobles of his era, whose picturesque castle, delightfully situated among extensive preserves, was no less remarkable as the centre from which a large and discreet charity was constantly radiating, than as the repository of all that was choice and costly; and, among the rest, of some of those few noble frescos of Giovanni Cimabue, which a rare degree of connoisseurship and a prodigal liberality had occasionally purchased from the saloons of Florence.

Agnes Von Hohenlohe, so runs the story, like most court ladies of her era, was an exquisite embroiderer; and while transferring in her tambour a picture of the Saviour's Nativity from one of the master-pieces in her father's gallery, had often received from her doating and religious mother such lessons of gentleness and meekness as the scene suggested.

An occasion arose, when she was in her seventeenth year, for testing and punishing, in a dreadful manner, the obduracy and heartlessness of this haughty court beauty, for all the pious counsels which her mother had so often addressed to her. With her brother Ulrick, whose right eye had been blind from his birth, she had been directed to convey a

present of cloth and money to a convent near her father's castle, one pinching day of December; the nuns of which house were especial objects of the Countess's Christian concern and beneficence.

As the children approached the convent gate, a crone withered and in rags, who had been for years a leper and debarred from all contact with her kind, rang a bell tumultuously, and presented across their path a long staff with a purse attached to it. "Give me an alms," she shrieked, "for mercy—fair maid, dear youth, take pity on me, and drop a trifle in my purse, though you dare approach no nearer." Young Agnes shuddered, and, seizing her brother by the arm, dragged him back as he would have advanced towards the wretched woman, to drop a coin into her purse. He resisted, and reached the piece of cloth towards the beggar, which she snatched at and secured, and then pronounced her blessing on Ulrick, but her imprecation on the heartless maiden who had despised her affliction, who should, she declared, ere the light of another day, be just as abject and detestable as the creature who then addressed her. And then she turned her back upon the children, and limped away.

The crone's words failed not of their due accomplishment. Next morning, Ulrick awoke with his right eye whole as the other; but Agnes was a leper white as snow!

For some time the Count Gebhard committed her to the generous shelter of the convent near his castle; but the persevering attention of her afflicted mother, and the consequent danger to which she herself became exposed, obliged him to remove her secretly to a remoter House of Mercy in the village of Wachbach.

There, just as new verdure had clad the meadows, and the violets were bursting from their wintry bed, the once beautiful sufferer had a most remarkable dream. She seemed wandering through meadows on the south of the cloister, pressing flowers beneath her with every tread, and welcomed to the fields again by the sweet music of the nightingales. Her steps seemed arrested, as she approached two abrupt declivities, each conducting into a fertile dale, on her right hand and on her left. Her prepossessions would have guided her to the former dale, but looking up, she saw a cross on which an image of the Saviour pointed to the declivity on her left hand. So she took its direction, and soon alighted near a hillock, at the base of which was a smooth crocus-covered mead, where she saw a sparkling and thread-

like spring trickle into a little basin, and irrigate the scene adjacent. Then she seemed, in her dream, to approach the spring, which trilled so clear and cool as to invite her lip, for the sun was up in heaven and she had begun to thirst. But no sooner had she bent her down to it, and bared her arm, and received the water in the hollow of her hand, than lo! it was as the other—pure and whole—her flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and she was clean.

And so it was—for, as the Prioress assured her, such dream could only be by heavenly intimation, and at once she recognized her patient's description of a scene which, though never seen by her, was very near at hand. And so, the first spring morning, they set out for Dörtel Dell, for as such was the crocus-sward known at Wachbach Priory. Each step recalled her dream to the hopeful invalid, the directing crucifix seeming the only object unrealized. But as they approached the crocus-sward, how Agnes shuddered!—for there sate the crone whose curse had scathed her, but clothed, and whole, and with a mien of cheerful welcome. "Fear no more, young sufferer," she spake to Agnes. "I imprecate no woes upon you now, but only health and deliverance. Hither to the waters, where I have washed me whole, and so may you, if only your hearty prayer aspire to Him Who healeth all our sicknesses." The maid sank upon her knees, folded her hands, and prayed fervently, and the faithful Prioress added her supplication that the Lord be merciful to one who had been so sorely tried. And then the crone approached them, with a vessel filled from the balmy spring; and as they still prayed, she moistened those leprous limbs, and said "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I withdraw my imprecation—be absolved and be clean! The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

The Prioress and Agnes returned to the Cloisters, and retired in silence to their cells, and slept refreshingly. And when they awoke, it was to find her, who had been so afflicted, fresh and rosy as the dawn, without the smallest vestige of her former loathsomeness: and the maiden had no sooner transmitted tidings of her recovery to her beloved parents at the Castle, than she took the veil, for gratitude, in the Priory of Wachbach.

## III.—THE HISTORY OF PRINCE HAGEN.

THIS legend is contained in the first four *Aventiures* of the Mediæval German Epic *GUDRUN*, the hero of which is the grandson of the aforementioned Prince Hagen. The *Gudrun* is one of those traditionary poems which have, within the past quarter of a century, attained a great interest in the eyes of the curious, as the repertories of a complete system of Teutonic fiction and mythology, and also as the earliest specimens of modern epic narrative, and indeed of any of those classes of composition which are poetical in form as well as essence. The most ancient, perhaps, and certainly the most celebrated and meritorious of these revivals of the structure, and in some degree of the tone and genius, of the old epopee, is the *Nibelungen Lied*, the contents of which have become familiar to Englishmen from the masterly analytical Essay of Carlyle. Of the *Gudrun*, we believe, no complete analysis at present exists, though those parts of the story to which we have had access convince us that it would well reward a patient exploration by any one endowed with due respect for that "more than cool reason ever comprehends," of which the whole world, until Wordsworth had preached to the contrary, agreed (and perhaps too rashly) to form its poetical creed. Indeed, in the great point of *character*, we are inclined to think that the *Gudrun* may even surpass the *Nibelungen*; the history of Hilda, which we may perhaps attempt to render at a future time, being certainly a noble portraiture of feminine loyalty, patience, and tenacity of honour: the two poems must be nearly of the same era—the *Nibelungen* by a few years the earlier perhaps—but the *Gudrun* cannot be attributed to a later period than the very commencement of the thirteenth century. Of its authorship, and any traces of pure history which may be involved in its traditions, we are not aware that a satisfactory account can be rendered.

The first *Aventiure* relates the tale of Hagen's birth:—that there was once a king in Ireland, whose name was Ger, and whose consort's name was Ute. King Ger's wealth was most abundant, and his dominion great, and his armies so vast that they could win him what he would. And he had an only son named Sigeband, on whom was set his whole solicitude, and whose progressive discipline in arts and arms he watched with all a father's joy.

But soon, as it will ever be, while "Pale Death advances, with impartial tread," King Ger died, and the sorrow of his wife and child was participated by all his subjects.

So Ute was a widow, and Sigeband too sad to think of marriage, and thus only added to his mother's concern. For hours did she often advise him on the duty of his choosing some princess as his spouse, until at length he sought the hand of a fair daughter of the King of Norway. She came attended by her father's courtiers and her own blooming maids of honour, and an escort of seven hundred knights in mail—a truly royal and illustrious cortège. The very verdure of the country withered under feet of the throngs who would be witness of her progress. She rode to her espousals in the pleasant time of summer, when flowers scented the pastures and birds tilted on the boughs.

A thousand mules were freighted heavily with the bride's *trousseau*, and the treasures which attended her;—(the preparation of *waete* (clothes) being no less impressively commented on, as the grand requisite for a high-tide (*hochzeit*;) in the *Gudrun*, than in the *Nibelungen*.)

The princess was received with splendid ceremonies at the port whence, with the first fair breeze, she embarked for her betrothed's dominions.

On landing, songs and tilts and largesse welcomed her, every knight of the land contributing to receive her with honour. And when Sigeband approached her, and sought her hand and kiss, not a boss but ring merrily in the general joust.

And ere a week had passed, she was crowned in state, and five hundred knights invested, for her honour, with sword and armour, horse and trappings.

The king and queen reigned three years in faith and amity, patterns of the conjugal virtues; and then a beauteous boy was born to them, whom they baptized Hagen. He was educated, until his seventh year, by the most accomplished ladies of his mother's court; but at that age, chosen knights and squires were appointed him, that he be instructed assiduously in the art of weapons.

The second *Aventure* gives but a sorry story of poor Hagen, relating how he was carried off by a griffin. The queen complains that she likes not constantly the domestic pastimes which delight her somewhat amorous consort, and opines that one with so rich a treasury might spare a little for an occasional passage at arms. Sigeband, the very mirror of marital obsequiousness, dispatches his pursuivants through the length of his royalties, to summon all good knights to a stately tourney where the queen herself should array the victor with clothes (*waete*) and gems and embroidered finery;



and no scant supply of shields and swords and steeds should be distributed as the rewards of valour. And then were set the lists and barriers, and richly robed ladies gazed from the balconies, and henchmen and sutlers had enough to do, for the most munificent entertainment was the order of the day, and the tables had to be laid for sixty-thousand. And a thousand lovely dames were charged with dresses of honour, and young maidens bore galloons and rings and silk and cloth of the finest fabrics, and by day the knights jousted both by pairs and in files, and by night there was dance and song and banquet in the palace.

And so, for nine days, the sports went round; but on the tenth there came a wandering minstrel who eclipsed all the rest in the brilliancy of his performances. And while knights and ladies hung attentively on his strains, and the very handmaidens of the prince forgot their charge, under entrancement from that minstrel's powerful music, a griffin flew by, the envoy of the Evil One, by whose wings the very sun was darkened. He peered down upon the garden where Hagen lay, and seized him in his talons, and bore him off to the woods. The boy shrieked aloud, and his astonished handmaids screamed for aid—the knights threw up their lances—the ladies shook their kerchiefs—the king raged and his consort cried—but the terrible griffin was already in the clouds, and his prize beyond the sight of man. And so tears and lamentations followed a joyance and jubilee nine days long.

The third *Aventure* acquaints us how Hagen escaped from the griffin, and found three damsels in the greenwood. Swift as the wind the monster had borne him to his nest, and cast him down before his hungering brood. But the callow griffins wrangled over their prey, and each would devour all; and though cruelly mangled by their talons, Hagen escaped with his life. Then one of the young griffins seized him by the foot, and limping upon his wings, bore him from bough to bough. At length he lighted on too frail a twig, which bent and broke under him, and he fell, with his burden to the ground. Hagen slipped from his clutch, and hiding for an instant, in a briar bush, thence skulked and crippled away (so sorely was he bitten) to a place of safety. And soon he reached a cavern in a rock, before which three beauteous maids kept watch, whose eyes lighted on the boy in half love, half fear. "He's a wild dwarf of the woods"—they first thought:—then, some sea-monster:—at last they plucked up courage to approach and gaze upon him;

and then retreated within the cavern. And as Hagen followed them, the eldest advanced and said—"why worry us? We live here, and toil hard enough, by God's grace. Away to such imps as you yourself are—we have pangs enough without you."

"Let me stay here," said Hagen;—"upon my faith, I believe myself a good Christian child. A griffin has laid his claws upon me, and I am come to you in my emergency."

And then the maidens smiled upon young Hagen; for they too had been torn by a griffin from their parents, and though born to all the splendours of a palace, must waste their miserable days in a forest prison.

Come! chuckled Hagen,—I've had no breakfast, and have been fasting these three days—a little to eat and drink, if you please.

The maidens replied "little dear one—we seldom see a sutler, and never a henchman, to bring us any victuals. We live (and so please God!) on radish and kraut."

"Better that than hunger," quoth Hagen; "only let me have the best of your larder;"—and the maidens brought in the radish and kraut; and he ate, and was satisfied; and soon, in fact, grew fat and lusty by the liberal assiduity of his woodland entertainers. In course of time a storm arose, and a ship bearing pilgrims to the holy wars was stranded on a beach adjacent to the forest. Thither Hagen repaired when the wind had abated, and found a drowned knight in full equipments. With these he soon equipped his own person; and armed with sword and shield and bow and arrows, was making the best of his way back, when the griffin flew past him. He would string his bow—but is all too weak; so consoled himself with the idea that an arrow would be but feather to a griffin's wing. The monster topples down upon him, and the ladies in the distance begin to weep aloud. Hagen lays about the griffin with his sword, sever's first one pinion, then another, next his legs, and then his head—naught remains of the fiend but bare trunk and bloody members. A troop of griffins hover to the rescue; but Hagen, emboldened by the first encounter, mutilates them all.

Then is there a high-tide for the damsels in the green-wood. They need no more keep their cavern from dread of griffins, but may take their pleasance on the forest sward. Hagen soon becomes a master in archery, so that not a bird, or a deer, or even a fish can escape him; and when, ere long, a terrible boar would have attacked him, he slew the creature on the spot, and having sucked the blood, walked off

with the hide across his shoulder. His prowess waxed with every encounter—a lion next falls beneath his sword, which he drags home to the cavern to gladden the hearts of his entertainers. His next feat greatly enhances their satisfaction with their guest; for he draws his sword, smites a flint and lights a fire. "Now," think they, "can we cook fish and fowl and venison, and soon pick up our looks again, with such fare as he can kill us." But their clothes had fallen to tatters, and what could they do for more? So they still must sigh for some less secluded residence. Hagen counsels that they together keep a look out upon the beach, and hail any ship, which might put in for their rescue. To this they readily consent, though much ashamed of their garments; the tatters of which they had long since patched with such shreds of moss as they could pick up, and so appropriate. For four and twenty days they kept their watches, and then, at morn, Hagen spies and hails a trim vessel which seemed to near the shore. But no sooner do the crew behold the strange dresses of the damsels, than, suspecting them to be the Mer-women, who would scuttle their ship, could they but hove her to shore, they sheer off with all dispatch. As Hagen only shouts the louder, the Captain mans a boat, and steers in to reconnoitre them. "What are you?" cries he; "gholes or mermaids? Or baptized Christians? what do you here, with naught but mosses to dress you in?" They prayed him earnestly, and he took them on board.

The fourth *Aventure* is occupied with reciting how Hagen got back to his father's palace, and espoused one of the three damsels, Hilda of India. These, the ship's company, among whom were several courtly knights, soon discovered to be neither gholes nor mermaids, but fair and gentle maidens, such as all true knights would honour; they therefore collect their spare caparisons, which are sown by the sailors into dresses for their new passengers. Then comes a grand carousal, and such enquiries as the occasion suggested. The eldest of the maids declares herself from India, of which distant land her father was a monarch; but whose crown it never might be her's to wear! The second told that a wild griffin had borne her off from Portugal; of whose Prince, the richest and most illustrious, far or near, she was the daughter. The youngest simpered gently that her home was Iceland, where her father too was a Prince; but that they whose joy 'twould be to minister to her must bear with their bereavements. After many enquiries on what they

had suffered from the griffins, how they had escaped them, and how lived since, the Captain spoke them comfort, for that God had delivered them all from greater straits than those in which he late had found them.

And then, turning to Hagen, said he—"Friend and comrade! let us hear now of your home and adventures." "A griffin carried me off too," replied Hagen; "my father's name is Sigeband, my home is Ireland. And long vexed I my soul, in the greenwood, with yon maids; but by the grace of God, and to my heart's satisfaction, I found an armoury upon the shore, and slaughtered the griffins, old and young alike."

The crew then shuddered, and shouted as with one voice, "Thy prowess is amazing—a thousand strong are we, and yet impotent for such a feat."

But still they shuddered as from fear, and the Captain remarked, "'Tis a blessing we have him on board, and in our power, for he is the son of my bitterest enemy. Hear, boy!" he then shouted, "my name is Count Karadin;—I'm a neighbour of your father's, who has often used foul strategy against me. You are now my hostage, and I claim a soldier's revenge. Away for your weapons!"

Hagen drew himself up angrily, and cried "*I your hostage? Strike, if you dare!*" The whole crew fell upon him—but he snatched up about thirty of them, and dashed them overboard; consenting to spare the Captain only for his tears and entreaties. And as the rest all took to fawning, or to skulking off, the brave boy now insisted at the very top of his voice that he be conveyed at once to Ireland with the ladies in his charge. So there is no longer help for it—Karadin must pilot towards the country of his deadliest foe; and in seventeen days there glistens, from the deck, the palace of King Sigeband with its hundred towers.

Then marches Hagen to the Count and says; "now, friend, put me on shore, and I'll quickly settle your disputes with my father. But first dispatch a trusty pursuivant, who shall have red gold enough—they deal that at the palace with no niggard hand." And to twelve stalwart men who volunteer for the service, he commands—"Go—ask the king if he will see his Hagen again, whom once the griffin bore away. But should he not believe that his son survives, then ask my mother if she would know again the golden cross which once she hung about his neck."

No sooner were the pursuivants in the court of the palace than there was a murmur that they were Karadin's

lieges, and Sigeband scowled on them and said—"How dares foe of mine approach my palace?" And the headman answered "Hagen has sent us here—your long-lost son—whom your eyes may soon behold."

"You do but mock"—cried Sigeband—"my son has long been dead."

Then the terrified pursuivants hurried to the queen and said "your boy wears a cross of gold upon his breast—if you have any memory of it, away to our ship!" And the queen's dark eye cleared, and she spoke—"To the ship, sweet consort—they say the truth!"

And then spake a pursuivant—"A wardrobe, too, fair queen—three noble maids attend your son!"

They send rich raiment; and troops of mounted guards escort the happy parents to the shore. And as Hagen sees them approach, he advances to meet them, attended by Karadin and his intimidated crew—for whoever should be found defaulting, Hagen promised he would slay.

The king assured him of his welcome to Ireland;—"Are you the boy"—said he "who has just sent to the palace, and claimed my noble queen as your mother? If it be so, I am blest indeed."

The queen's heart already pulsed tumultuously; yet still she suppressed all extreme emotion:—"Bid the throngs disperse," she said,—"I will see whether the crown be his or not." Already had she discerned his likeness to herself, and embraced him with all a mother's warmth. And now the tears fell as she kissed his lips, and cried;—"I have sorrowed long enough, but now my mourning is changed to joy; welcome, Hagen, my only child! the crown which your father wears shall yet be your's!"

Tears of joy streamed from Sigeband's eyes, as he caressed his son with paternal fondness; while his consort attended the three fair maids, and arrayed them in rich robes and trinkets; and never seemed there maidens more passing beautiful.

At Hagen's prayer, an amnesty was concluded between his father and Karadin, nor did other discord arise between them. And the boy grew a bold and gentle knight, of whose gallantry the chiefest in the land might be emulous.

And when the season for his espousals came, the lady was at hand—the fair Hilda of India, than whom no virgin on earth was worthier. And a stately tourney graced their marriage, where the queenliest beauties sparkled in the pavilions, and the bravest knights essayed their best to honour the

nuptials of him who was next the throne, which Sigeband now proposes to resign in his favour. So was joy and jubilee through the livelong day; and ere nightfall, the Crown-Prince of Norway had proposed to Hilda for the King of Iceland's daughter. And Hilda, though she loved her well, would gladly yield her to so princely a husband; but the gentle maid of Portugal was her companion until death.

## V.

## THE RIG-VEDA.

## MÜLLER'S EDITION AND WILSON'S VERSION.\*

PROFESSOR Wilson's version of the Rig-Veda is a book to be received with thanks. The "Friend of India"—no friend to the Sanscrit—with grumbling acknowledgment admits this. The "Friend's" opinion, further, that the book is dryish reading as it stands, appears to be the opinion of the periodical press generally. Reflecting upon these facts, it occurs to us that there may be readers who would thank us for something like a bit of the kernel of the volume,—being content to read it as the Lord of Session read the Waverley Novels, which he used to buy for his wife, as they came out, with the understanding that she was to tell him the story.

In his 'Introduction,' filled with matter interesting to the philosophical enquirer, Professor Wilson comes to the conclusion that the Vedas are *very* old, though it is difficult, if not impossible, to say how old they are. For our own part we believe the determination of their age to be a point so little likely to be settled between this and the end of the world, that we should almost be tempted, if hard pressed, to profess doggedly the Hindú belief in their existence from all eternity rather than pledge ourselves to the discussion of the question until we should have found out how much younger than Eternity the books really are. The materials for forming an opinion as to the *positive* date of the books, are, if possible, more scanty than those which served the Antiquary and the Knight for common battle-ground when they disputed as to the Teutonic or the Classical origin of the Pictish language, the only extant word of which was, if we remember rightly, *pen-vall*—which the one declared to be "caput valli," and consequently Latin, while the other—admitting the interpretation—insisted that it was "head of the wall," and consequently Saxon. To "breathe the thin air of the mountain-top"—where there is such a lung-trying lack of respirable matter, is what we ourselves—un-condor-

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\* Rig-Veda-Sanhítá, the sacred hymns of the Bráhmans, together with the commentary of Sáyanáchárya, edited by Dr. Max Müller. Vol. 1. London, W. H. Allen and Co., 1849. 4to.

Rig-Veda-Sanhítá, a collection of ancient Hindu hymns, constituting the first Book of the Rig-Veda; the oldest authority for the religious and social institutions of the Hindus. Translated from the original Sanscrit, by H. H. Wilson, M. A., F. R. S., &c. London, W. H. Allen and Co., 1850. 8vo.

like—have no sort of relish for. Presuming that the reader to whom we address ourselves has as little, if not less, we leave this question,—satisfied that the Vedas are very old, and that, like an old maid who happens to be, like Junius, the “sole depositary of her own secret,” they are not very likely to give up the secret of their age without being put to a degree of torture which we in nowise feel called upon to apply in the face of the admission on all hands that they are “certainly aged.”

The Hymns of the Rig-Veda are in verse. Professor Wilson, pledging himself to a literal version of them, writes of course in prose. Almost all verse is heavy when turned into prose. We shall take the liberty of turning some of the Hymns into metre, not copying the measure of the original but employing what form of English verse seems to us to suit the subject. The first Hymn of the Rig-Veda is addressed to AGNI, the god of Fire, the favourite character of the book. According to Professor Wilson, with whom we are disposed to agree, the “author” of this Hymn is MADHUCHHANDAS, the son of VISWAMITRA. At all events, if MADHUCHHANDAS is not the author—(and his name—signifying, as it does, ‘the man whose verse is sweet’—has somewhat of an impersonal air about it)—we are not prepared to mention a likelier claimant of the authorship. When we spoke of this the other day to a learned Hindú friend, he exhibited very marked dissatisfaction and distress, begging us to write and tell Professor Wilson that the Hymn had *no* author—that it had existed from everlasting—and that MADHUCHHANDAS was only the fortunate seer to whom, on the last occasion of its revelation, it had been revealed. In the meantime, till Professor Wilson’s retractation of the obnoxious epithet could be obtained, he begged us to draw our pencil through the word “author,” or to allow him to do it himself. We assured him that it was useless, and that we knew enough of Professor Wilson to make us certain that he would not alter the word for anything that we could, with a good conscience, urge against the use of it. The Brahmin mournfully acquiesced in our proposal that the matter should be left as it stood—only with a pencilled protest in the margin,—and here follows the Hymn versified, without rhyme, licentiously but with a tolerably close adherence to the letter.



*Hymn to the God of Fire.*

## I.

"Glory to AGNI the high priest,  
The ministrant divine, who bears aloft  
And offers to the gods the sacrifice,—  
Wealth-saturated Fire!

## II

May He, the radiant, by the seers of old  
And later sages sung,  
Invite for us the presence of the gods.

## III.

'Tis all to fire we owe our wealth,  
Kindred, and fame ;  
Through Him descends each blessing from the skies

## IV.

Borne up to heaven,  
Safe in thy flaming arms, the sacrifice  
How sure to reach the gods!

## V.

And when the gods attend well pleased,  
May He, renowned, the true, divinely bright,  
Be with us to present the offering.

## VI.

Bless thou the giver of the sacrifice  
With all thy blessings, for the well-placed gifts  
Shall sure revert to thee.

## VII.

At morn and even  
With reverential homage in our hearts  
To thee, bright deity, we turn ;—

## VIII.

To thee the guardian of the sacrifice,  
Illustrious,  
Expanding in thy glory, as thou tak'st  
The offering to thy keeping.

Be ever present with us for our good ;—  
And as the father to the son he loves  
Is easy of access,  
So be to us, O Fire!"\*

\* We annex the prose version of this Hymn as given by Prof. Wilson :—  
" I glorify AGNI, the high-priest of the sacrifice, the divine, the ministrant, who presents the oblation (to the gods), and is the possessor of great wealth

The second Hymn is addressed to the god of the winds, VAYU by name. Our version of this Hymn has a sprinkling of rhyme, which militates somewhat against fidelity—but we have been as faithful as we could contrive to be under the circumstances.

*Hymn to the God of the Winds.*

I.

" VAYU, pleasant to behold,  
Approach:—for thee this offering,  
Juice of the moon-plant, is prepared:—  
Drink whilst we thy praises sing.

II.

Holy praises sing we now  
To the Air-god;—'tis the hour  
We have chosen for our hymn  
When VAYU cometh in his power.

III.

Ha! Thy soft approving speech  
Greets mine ear,—I know thy voice;  
Thou com'st to drink the soma-juice—  
We see it vanish,—we rejoice.

IV.

Another rich libation pour,  
Now the Thunderer summon we,  
Enter, come!—with VAYU come!  
Partake the juice prepared for thee.

V.

Conversant with every rite  
Of sacrifice—full well ye know  
These libations are prepared  
For you,—on us then favour show.

2. May that AGNI who is to be celebrated by both ancient and modern sages conduct the gods hither

3. Through AGNI the worshipper obtains that affluence which increases day by day, which is the source of fame and the multiplier of mankind.

4. AGNI, the unobstructed sacrifice of which thou art on every side the protector, assuredly reaches the gods.

5. May AGNI, the presenter of oblations, the attainer of knowledge, he who is true, renowned, and divine, come hither with the gods.

6. Whatever good thou mayest, AGNI, bestow upon the giver (of the oblation), that verily, AUGIRAS, shall revert to thee.

7. We approach thee, AGNI, with reverential homage in our thoughts, daily, both morning and evening.

8. Thee, the radiant, the protector of sacrifices, the constant illuminator of truth, increasing in thine own dwelling.

9. AGNI, be unto us easy of access, as is a father to his son; be ever present with us for our good."

## VI.

Lord of skies and Lord of air,  
 INDRA come and VAYU too,  
*Manful* gods both,—we shall soon  
 Gain all we wish if helped by you.

## VII.

Now call the regent of the sun,  
 MITRA, lustrous in his powers,  
 And ocean's ruler, VARUNA,  
 The joint bestowers of the showers.

## VIII.

Ye that treasure up the floods,  
 Lords of the sun and of the seas,  
 To be dispensed in grateful showers,—  
 Requite our present services.

## IX.

Sun and Ocean, for the sake  
 Of many were ye born,—most wise,  
 Most kind to multitudes, are ye,—  
 Prosper this our sacrifice."

There are some noticeable points in this Hymn. In the first place the author—(begging our friend the Brahmin's pardon for the phraseology)—speaks of the Wind as "pleasant to behold." Pigs, as we all know, are proverbially said to see the wind,—but here the poet would seem to claim participation in the privilege. Professor Wilson here remarks,—"*Váyu* is invoked in a visible form as the deity "presiding over the wind; it is doubtful if the expressions "which in this and similar instances intimate personality, "are to be understood as indicating actual figures or idols: "the personification is probably only poetical." We incline to the opinion that the personification is only poetical for two reasons,—first, because we never saw any Hindú idol that could be conscientiously spoken of as "pleasant to behold"—(except those of Hanumán, the Monkey-chief, which our friend the Archeologist assures us are long posterior to the date of the Vedas),—and, secondly, because we find a remark of Professor Wilson's in another page which seems to throw a different light upon the matter. The remark to which we allude occurs in the 24th page of the 'Introduction' where Professor Wilson observes that in these Hymns "the power, the vastness, the generosity, the goodness, and "even the *personal beauty* of the deity addressed, are described in highly laudatory strains."—Now what could be more highly—more *implicitly*—laudatory than for the poet

to laud the visible loveliness of the Wind which he had never set eyes on in the whole course of his life?

The next point noticeable is the sacrificer's assurance that the Wind had drunk up the exhilarating juice of the moon-plant when the juice has evaporated. Here we have chemistry itself adumbrated in poetical mythology.

Then we have the poet, at a loss for anything beyond it as a climax of commendation, patting the Wind and the Firmament on the back with the protestation that they are *men*—stout fellows both of them. There is something hearty in this;—he is evidently in earnest.

Lastly, the description of the Sun and of the Ocean as the joint bestowers of the showers that refresh the earth, is, to our mind, as beautiful as it is philosophical. "Aurum latet in hoc—" as Leibnitz said of the writings of the Schoolmen. We may turn the Vedas to account if we but eschew the lazy blunder of a lazy scorn. It is a glorious point gained when you can find any truth enwrapped in language which the man that you have to deal with has sucked in as his mother's milk.

We may further remark—(in conclusion after the "lastly")—that their thankfulness for showers of rain goes far to prove that the Hindús (as Professor Wilson observed at page 41 of his Introduction) were an agricultural people at the time when this Hymn was composed, and not a nomadic as has been by some contended. Nomads, though not independent of rain, are usually less anxious about it than agriculturists.

The third Hymn introduces us to the Hindú Castor and Pollux—the *Aświns*—"the two sons of the Sun, begotten during his metamorphosis as a horse (*aswa*), endowed with perpetual youth and beauty, and physicians of the gods." The invocation in the Hymn is not confined to these,—*INDRA*, the Thunderer with his "tawny coursers," certain miscellaneous deities, and the goddess of eloquence being also invoked.

*Hymn to the twin-born of the Sun, and others.*

I.

Twin-sons of heaven's bright orb,  
 Friends of the pious,—whose far-reaching arms  
 Avail to guard your worshippers, accept  
 The sacrificial viands Ye whose acts,  
 Mighty and manifold, declare your power,  
 Ye that direct the hearts of the devout,  
 With favouring ear attend our hymn of praise.  
 Faithful and true, destroyers of the foe.

First in the van of heroes, AS'WINS, come!  
Come to the mixed libations that we pour  
On the lopped sacred grass.

## II.

Now on *Indra* we call, on the wondrously bright;  
See—we press from the moon-plant the juice of delight,  
The juice, ever pure as enchanting, that longs\*  
To be quaffed by thy lips;—come and list to our songs,  
The wise understand Thee—'tis only the wise  
That the knowledge of *INDRA* full rightly can prize;  
Approach and accept then the prayers of thy priest,  
Let thy fleet tawny steeds bear thee swift to the feast.

## III.

Next the throng divine invite  
Of deities that guard the right,  
Ever watching o'er us all—  
Call them to our festival  
Come, ye swift-moving spirits, ye spirits that run  
Through the universe—swift as the rays of the sun—  
That preside o'er the rain-showers, accept of our cheer  
Nor despise the libation we pour for you here  
Omniscient immortals, whose might is for aye  
In the youth of its vigour exempt from decay,  
In whose souls void of malice all kindly thoughts spring,  
Deign to look on the gifts that your worshippers bring.

## IV

NOW to *SARASWATI'* address the song,  
*SARASWATI'* to whom all gifts belong,  
The recompenser of the worshipper  
With food and wealth,—our hymn be now to Her.  
Joy!—for *SARASWATI'*, whose inspiration  
Is theirs alone that in the truth delight,  
Accept our sacrifice;—pour the libation  
To Her, the guide of all whose hearts are right.  
Behold the present deity!—the stream,†  
The mighty stream named hers,—behold it roll  
Bearing on its fair bosom such a gleam  
Of light as She alone can stream upon the soul.”

Some of the most graceful of the Hymns are addressed to the goddess of the morning—*USHAS*—the Aurora of Hindu mythology. Here is a portion of one,—for the entire hymn would be rather long.

\* In the prose-version—“these libations, ever pure, expressed by the fingers (of the priests) are desirous of thee.” p. 9.

† As Professor Wilson observes, *Saraswati*, the divinity of speech, “is here identified with the river so named.” p. 10. The river, we believe, is now nowhere to be met with,—ominous, one might think, that the genius of India had run itself out—for the time at least.

*Hymn to Aurora.*

## I.

Daughter of heaven,—Aurora, dawn on us;  
Diffusing light, and bringing wealth with thee,  
Bountiful goddess, dawn.

## II.

Rousing the flocks and waking up the birds,  
Nourishing all, yet onward to decay  
Conducting all her transitory charge,  
Even as a matron to her household cares  
Daily the dawn comes forth.

## III.

Shedder of dews, delay she knows not. See  
How her approach inspires the diligent;  
The client early seeks his patron's gate,  
The soaring birds suspend their flight no more,  
Up-springing with the dawn.

## IV.

All living things invoke her, and adore:  
Bringer of good, she lighteth up the world.  
While the malevolent that love the dark  
Flee at her onset approaching.

These may suffice as a sample of the Hymns, in which there is much sameness of character both as to style and subject. From the remaining Hymns we shall now glean a few noticeable passages.

In the 3rd verse of the 9th Hymn, Indra is addressed as "thou, who art to be revered by all mankind." In a note on this passage, Professor Wilson says that the epithet *viśva-charshāṇe* is literally "oh! thou who art all men," or, as the commentator explains it, "who art jomed with all men"—which is further qualified as "to be worshipped by all institutors of sacrifices." Professor Wilson adds—"It may be doubted if this be all that is intended." It strikes us that what is intended may be that now familiar conception of the chief energising deity—*īśwara*, "the lord"—as being not other than the aggregate of all embodied souls, "as a forest is not other than the trees that compose it,"—a conception which may be seen elaborated in any work on the Vedānta, such as the *Vedānta-sāra*. Dr. Rosen's rendering of the epithet as "omnium hominum *domine*" is not opposed to this view. It is curious to trace, in these the most ancient portions of the *Veda*, anything like the dawning of

those conceptions which, gradually elaborated through the subsequent portions entitled the *Upanishads*, took at length the form which they now hold in the Vedānta philosophy. In the 3rd verse of the 6th Hymn there is another passage, which appears to have puzzled the commentator, and which has to our eye a Vedāntic aspect. The verse runs thus,—“Mortals, you owe your (daily) birth (to such an INDRA), who with the rays of the morning gives sense to the senseless, and to the formless form.” Indra, according to Professor Wilson is here “identified with the sun, whose morning rays may be said to re-animate those who have been dead in sleep through the night.” This is the obvious explanation, and probably the correct one;—but there is something strange in the construction,—the word for “mortals” being plural, whilst the verb is in the singular. The commentator “is of opinion that the want of concord is a *Vaidik* license.” This it possibly is;—but the assumed indifference between the singular and the plural reminds us not only of the Vedantic tenet of the indifference between the collective and the distributive aggregate of humanity,—“as between the forest and its constituent trees,”—but also of another tenet—viz., that, during profound sleep, the world actually as well as apparently ceases to exist for the sleeper, whose disembodied spirit, at that time merging in the Infinite Spirit, reassumes, in the process of awaking, a body with its senses and its outward form.

Dr. Müller’s edition of the Sanskrit text of these Hymns is a monument both of his own diligence and of the liberality of the Honourable Court, without whose patronage the publication could not have been ventured upon. The volume is a handsome quarto of nine hundred and ninety pages. The bulk of these is occupied by the commentary, which is a very ample one. The text of the Hymns, in its translated form, does not occupy much more than the half of some three hundred octavo pages, the other half being devoted to the notes of the translator. Sāyanāchārya, the commentator, makes something like an apology for the amplitude of his exegesis.

But whether there be or not in these ancient Hymns faint indications of the philosophy which was gradually elaborated in the Vedas, the indications are abundantly plentiful of those myths which have supplied topics for the poets both sacred and profane. The combats of Indra, the Thunderer, especially with the demons of Drought, remind us of the fights of the Scandinavian Thor with the Jötuns.

In the 7th verse of the 11th Hymn we read:—"Thou slewest, INDRA, by stratagems, the wily SUSHNA: the wise have known of this thy (greatness); bestow upon them (abundant) food." On this Professor Wilson remarks, that Sushna is described as a demon slain by Indra, but that "this is evidently a metaphorical murder. *Sushna* means dryer up, exsiccator. . . heat or drought; which *Indra*, as the rain, would put an end to." The greatest of Indra's foes is *Vritra*, who ought by rights to be the father of *Sushna*, or the drought, seeing that he represents the retentive power of the clouds whereby they withhold from the earth the waters that they contain, until Indra, "with his thunderbolt or electrical influence, divides the aggregated mass, and vent is given to the rain, which then descends upon the earth." In one of these battles (referred to in a note at page 17) it is mentioned that the gods who had come to the aid of Indra "were driven away by *Vritra's* dogs, and *Indra*, to obtain the superiority, summoned the *Muruts* to his assistance." What these dogs are, we have not been able to learn. They can scarcely have reference to the conception of "raining cats and dogs," since the office of *Vritra* is to prevent the clouds from raining at all. On these and other points light is still wanting.

This edition of the Rig-veda. Dr. Müller remarks, "is not intended for the general scholar, but only for those who make Sanskrit their special study,"—&c. To such students this massive tome presents a supply of pabulum such as a belluo-librorum may well be expected to lick his lips at. And then to think of the other volumes that are to come, this first instalment, with its thousand pages, being but the one-eighth part of one Veda out of the four! But the other volumes are not likely to be so big; for, as the commentator Sáyana remarks of his work, in some introductory verses,— "The first section of this,—deduced as it is from traditional doctrine,—is to be listened to. An intelligent person, perfect in thus much, can understand the whole." He then proceeds to explain why the Rig-veda, rather than any one of the others, is taken for commentatorial illustration first in order. To justify the selection he brings forward various arguments,—among others the fact that when the separate Vedas are enumerated in the Veda itself, the Rig-veda stands first in the enumeration. The objector then acquiescing in the proposed order, falls back upon the more perilous doubt whether there is any such thing as the Veda *at all!* "The short and the long of it is"—he insists—"there is *no* Veda:



“—how, then can there be a *Rig-veda*—an integrant portion thereof? For there is no sign whereby one can recognise anything as being the *Veda*, nor is there any proof of it;—and nothing can be established when there is neither the one nor the other of these. For those that understand logic hold that a thing is established by characteristic signs and by proofs.” And so the hardy objector goes on, while Sáyana, calm in the consciousness of strength, abides his time. When the objector has finished, the other disposes off the objection; whereupon our objector, conceding—for the sake of argument—that there *may* be “a certain thing called the *Veda*,” demurs to there being any occasion for making a commentary on it. The *Veda*, he argues, is no authority, —some of its texts being downright nonsense. Such charges, it may be presumed, Sáyana did not deck out in all the pomp of regular disputation without feeling tolerably sure of his own power to dispose of them satisfactorily. He allows to both sides of the question ample elbow-room, and it is not till after three and forty of Dr. Müller’s broad quarto pages that we come to the first line of the first hymn of the *Rig-veda*. Four pages of comment on this hemistich bring us to the second line, and so the work goes on.

The exegetical part of Sáyana’s commentary is quite exhaustive. For example:—on the first verse, beginning “I laud Fire, the priest,” &c., he remarks—“I laud Fire—i. e. the deity so named; laud—i. e. praise,—the verb here being *id* ‘to praise,’ the letter *d* in which is changed to *l* by Vaidik license”—and so on.

We may mention to our Hindú friends that this edition is intended not only for Sanskrit scholars but also, Dr. Müller tells us, “for those among the natives of India who are still able to read their own Sacred Books in the language of the original.” The price of the volume is a trifle compared with that of a good manuscript; and no manuscript in the market can vie with it in point of accuracy. The copyists of the *Veda* admit their liability to error; and, in the verses which they are in the habit of appending to a completed transcript, they frequently complain of the hardships and difficulties of their task. One of the most touching of these penmen’s complaints is the following, which Dr. Müller instances:—

“My back, my hips, and my neck are broken; my sight is stiff in looking down: keep this book with care which has been written with pain.”

## VI.

## SKETCH OF MAIRWARA.\*

"Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ. . . . Excellent is water. Thus did the Grecian sage apostrophize the blessed element; and if his words found echo amidst the valleys of Arcadia, or the fertile plains of Thessaly, who in the farther East will dispute their truth? Much as water is prized throughout Hindostan, nowhere is heaven's refreshing shower more welcome than in the hilly ranges of Central India. There, amidst the narrow valleys and gullies or across the sloping terraces of the mountains, the rare and fugitive drops hasten along too rapidly to the Gulf of Cutch or Bay of far Bengal, and though naturally secure from flood, the country may be said to suffer, almost continually, from the opposite evil of drought. Accustomed as we have long been to watch the effects of irrigation upon the prosperity of the people of Upper India, we never felt more fully the value of water than at this moment, as we lay down Colonel Dixon's "Sketch of Mairwara."

This interesting book contains a narrative of the measures adopted from 1822 up to the present time, to convert a set of wild and lawless mountaineers into peaceable laborious villagers: it also furnishes a detail of many important public works, mostly connected with irrigation, which are illustrated by elaborate plans and working details. In a practical point of view, possibly, the engineering part of Colonel Dixon's book may be the most valuable, but we shall pass it over with brief notice to invite every man who takes an interest in India to a study of the admirable picture of *official usefulness* which the Sketch of Mairwara affords.

"India is the nursery of Captains"—says uncle Roland, and so it is, but India is too the nursery of Statesmen, and among the statesmen none shine more brightly than the "Captains" themselves. We need not ask where it was that our own illustrious Duke learned those early lessons of vigilance, readiness of mind, and promptitude of action, which combined with his natural qualities to mark him as the First

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\* Sketch of Mairwara; giving a brief account of the origin and habits of the Mairs; their subjugation by a British force; their civilisation, and conversion into an industrious peasantry; with descriptions of various works of irrigation in Mairwara and Ajmeer, constructed to facilitate the operations of agriculture, and guard the districts against drought and famine, illustrated with maps, plans, and views. By Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Dixon, Bengal Artillery; Superintendent Ajmeer and Mairwara, and Commandant Mairwara Local Battalion. London. Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1850.

Man of his age. We need not point to Clive, to Malcolm or Ochterlony, nor to the admirable Munro to prove our words. Scarce a year passes over our heads now but produces some Pottinger, Laurence, or Edwardes, to shew with how much grace our Indian Captains can wear the toga of the Statesman.

Colonel Dixon has, to our mind, run almost an equal though a far different career to the remarkable men just named, and if his fame spread not so wide as theirs, it may yet last as long.

Amidst the Arabala chain of hills extending from Goozerat to within a few miles of Delhi, and south of Ajmeer, lies the rugged tract of country called Mairwara. This hilly region runs north-east and south-west for about one hundred miles, varying in width from a few miles to twenty-five or thirty. It is of the primitive order of formation; abounding with iron ore and granular limestone, and exhibits, except at the cantonment of Beawr, scarcely an approach to a plain.

“There are no rivers in the tract; and as the rain descending from the hills, made its way to the plains with the force of a mountain torrent, agriculture was extremely precarious since the crops only received advantage from the rain while falling.—p. 2.”

We shall see hereafter the various plans which have been adopted to remedy this natural defect, and to turn the abrupt features of the country to advantage. Those parts of the country now most productive were before the conquest of Mairwara a dense jungle, infested by wild beasts, and seldom trodden by man. The scenery, to judge from the sketches in the volume before us, is picturesque, and particularly so where, by damming up the ravines and valleys, broad lakes have been formed.

The inhabitants are a good-looking, active, hardy race, faithful, kind, and generous in their temper, ready to love and trust those who behave well to them, but equally ready to run to desperation if ill used or deceived. They are divided into two organizations, the Mairs and the Mairats.

The Mairs are mongrel Hindoos, claiming their descent however from Prithec Raj, the Chowan chief, who early in the 12th century reigned in Ajmeer. The Mairats, nominally Mahometans, are descended from a Hindoo who embraced Mahometanism in the days of the Emperor Alumgeer. The two classes intermarry and possess none of the bigotry and little of the superstition of their respective creeds. Col. Dixon says, ( p. 222)

“The inhabitants of Mairwara are nominally separated into two religious divisions, Hindoo and Moosulman. The Mairats are distinguished as belonging to the Mahomedan persuasion; yet, with exception of being circumcised and burying their dead, all their customs conform to those in use with the Mairs. They now give their daughters in marriage to the Mairs and take theirs in return; while within the last two years, marriages have taken place amongst themselves. Formerly the Mairats only consented to ally their daughters with Moosulmans, principally with the Khadims of the Ajmeer Durgah, and occasionally with the families of Mahomedans of distinction. Settled habits of industry have naturally led to an increase of population; and, as infanticide had been suppressed, and the condition of the Khadims was far inferior to that of the Mairs and Mairats living under our protection, they have wisely relinquished a custom which possessed no advantage or recommendation save that of long usage. The common salutation amongst this section of the people is “Ram Ram,” and they eat with the Mairs as of one caste.

“Although the Mairs consider themselves Hindoos, their observances of that religion are extremely loose; nor would any one brought up in the tenets of that faith acknowledge them as associates. They are perfectly regardless of all the forms enjoined as to ablution, the preparation of their food, and other set ceremonies. Nor do they pay religious reverence to the idols worshipped by orthodox believers of that persuasion. They pay devotion to Devee, Deojee, Ullajec, Seetla mata, Raundejee, and Blueeroujee, and celebrate the rites of the Holec and Dewalee. Their principal food is Indian corn and barley-bread. They partake freely of sheep, goats, cows and buffaloes, when such food is available. No interdiction exists as to the use of spirituous liquors. Hog’s flesh, deer, fish, and fowls form no portion of their diet. Their marriages are conducted after the custom of the Hindoos, and it is considered an imperative duty to collect all the clan to celebrate the funeral feast of a departed relation”—p. 28.

The sale of women and female infanticide used to prevail amongst the Mairs, but these evil practises appear to have been put down in modern times by British influence. We can easily believe that a race of such men, whose inaccessible fastnesses hung over the principalities of Marwar, Meywar, and Ajmeer, were dangerous neighbours. What the highlanders of Scotland used to be to the people of the lowlands, the Mairs are or were to the people of the plains: armed like the Scotch with sword and shield, they softened the rigours and diverted the tedium of a mountain life by many a bold raid and foray “over the Border.” Just as the Scotch levied “black mail” the Mairs levied “Dal Kumlee,” or food and raiment from their less hardy neighbours as the price of protection. Time after time the Rajpoot states tried without success to bring the hill men into subjection.

At last, however, their time came, and the wild hill clans who had never owned a master before, surrendered them-

selves, not without many a hard blow given and taken, to the British Lion.

Soon after the occupation of the Nusscerabad Cantonment and of the neighbouring country by Sir David Ochterlony in 1818, an attempt was made to reduce the turbulent Mairs to order. After some trouble they were effectually subdued by a strong detachment under Lieut. Col. W. G. Maxwell in the close of 1820. The states of Oodey-poor and Jodh-poor nominally assisted with their troops on this occasion, but says our author :

“ During these operations the Oodeypoor and Jodhpoor forces were “ perfectly useless ; indeed, their habitual dread of the people and “ country rendered them quite incapable of being of use whatever they “ might have been under other circumstances. The submission of “ numerous towns and villages was received in the due course of our “ proceedings, and they were given over as claimed without inquiry, to “ Meywar and Marwar. This rather thoughtless liberality after we had “ expended both blood and money in subduing the country, was eventually the occasion of a great deal of confusion and difficulty, the evil “ effects of which even still exist.”—p. 24.

This is just the old story, England expending her men and money whilst wily foreign diplomatists look on and manage just to come in at the death and to take the Lion's share of the spoil.

The only title that the Rajpoot courts could produce to the Mair villages was founded, apparently, on payment of a nominal tribute (in the shape of a hare, a goat, or a cocoanut) by the mountain tribes to the chiefs of the plain country on the Holee and Dussera festivals. For the Rajpoots to assert any real superiority over the Mairs was absurd ; nobody had ever made any impression upon them till the English came with their six-pounders and howitzers, and we must say we regret that it was an English force which handed the Mairs over to the Rajpoots whom they had ever hated, insulted, and despised.

Soon after the occupation of Nusscerabad by the British troops, Captain H. Hall, of the Quarter-Master-General's Department, had been sent to reconnoitre Mairwara ; and having attracted the attention of Sir D. Ochterlony was selected, probably on his recommendation, by the Marquis of Hastings, to manage that part of the country which, as belonging to Ajmeer, came under our charge. He was also appointed, in General Orders by the Governor General under date 28th June 1822, “ to command the Mairwara Local “ Battalion, with the option of retaining that command, “ when the corps shall have been raised and reported disci-

“plined by the General Officer commanding the Division, or  
“of returning to the Quarter-Master-General’s Department,  
“with the benefit of any promotion to which he would have  
“succeeded had he never quitted it.”—p. 41.\*

From a despatch written by Colonel Hall in 1827, we are inclined to set a high value upon his public services, and Col. Dixon confirms this opinion, though he does not go as much into detail with regard to his predecessor’s policy as we could desire. Col. Hall appears not only to have worked great moral and social reforms, such as the putting down of female infanticide and the sale of women, but he also gave the first stimulus to those great works of irrigation, to the development and extension of which Col. Dixon has since so eminently contributed.

It soon became clear enough that the Rajpoot states could not manage their new subjects, if subjects they could be called, who were determined not to submit; things went on from bad to worse, until;—

“At length, in May 1823, at the request of General Ochterlony, Meywar (Oudeypoor) consented to transfer her villages to us for ten years, paying us 15,000 Rupees annually for the Civil and Military expenses. And early in 1824, Jodhpoor agreed to make over the management of her Khales villages to us for eight years, she being charged 15,000 Rupees for the district expenses. The bulk of the Mair villages which had been subdued remained in the hands of the border chiefs, who were enjoined to attend to all requisitions from the Superintendent, since he was required to exercise a vigilant police supervision over the whole.”—p. 38. Good order was soon enforced by the Superintendent and “thus under the guidance of one master-hand, a regular government was, for the first time, established throughout the tract.”—p. 39.

In 1835, Colonel Hall was compelled by failing health to leave Mairwara, and our author was called to succeed him. Captain Dixon had been in that part of the country ever since it came into British occupation, having for three years been stationed at Nusseerabad, on the formation of that Cantonment, and then for fourteen years attached to the Ajmeer magazine.

When a man is chosen for a public office, as in Captain Dixon’s case,† on account of his “benevolent and public

\* The consideration shewn to the interests of this young officer by the Governor General deserves all praise.

† The following note from Sir C. Metcalfe does credit both to him and to Capt. Dixon.

*Barrackpore, 14th Feby. 1836.*

My dear Captain Dixon,—I have your letter of the 22nd ultimo. I am hardly entitled to any thanks from you for nominating you to the charge of

spirited exertions," p. 95, when in a comparatively private station, the result is generally satisfactory. The Captain of Artillery entered upon the duties of civil government with a proper spirit, and determined to find in a career of devotion to the people his best happiness and reward. Spending the greater part of his time in camp amongst the villagers, he soon gathered an amount of local knowledge, which combined with his scientific acquirements to place him in a very confident and useful position. The Government, at his suggestion, however, often deceived by equally sanguine but less sound reports, at once agreed to make a liberal outlay of money on massive works for the retention of water on the soil. It seemed probable from Captain Dixon's statements, that money so spent would not only yield a good return by increasing the resources, but that it would also effect a most beneficial influence on the morals, of Mairwara. It was hoped thus to complete the good work which Colonel Hall had begun, of converting the people from robbers into industrious cultivators. A change of this sort to be real must be gradual. Men are not changed from barbarians into shepherds or husbandmen in a day. The Mairs had begun to improve under Col. Hall, but there was abundant room for improvement under Captain Dixon. The seasons had been against them. In 1832 not a single shower had fallen, and the morality of the people had, to use the Superintendent's words, "suffered deterioration," and for the best of reasons, for they had been driven to choose between plunder and starvation.

The grand desideratum then clearly was, *water*, which fell in ordinary seasons in sufficient quantity if only it could be caught and kept in store instead of running to waste. The features of the country offered singular facilities for damming up the water, by throwing strong embankments across the numerous valleys, and thus turning them from channels into immense lake-like reservoirs. Such expedients had long been known to the people, but for want of money and union they had not for many years been able to compass any important work of the kind. Col. Hall, during his thir-

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Mairwara. I have been guided almost exclusively by public considerations. I conceive that in placing you in that office, I have secured the best possible means of ensuring the prosperity and happiness of the people of that country; relying fully on your benevolence, zeal, skill and public devotion, for the accomplishment of every good which it is capable of receiving.

Your's very sincerely,  
(Sd.) C. T. METCALFE.

teen years' rule, had constructed seven of these reservoirs or "*tulaos*." Captain Dixon began by asking the Government to sanction the making of two more, and his proposition was at once agreed to.

Having thus got the small end of the wedge in, the Superintendent urged on the work with admirable spirit and energy.

"The main business was to preserve large reservoirs of water, and these were to be obtained at the expense of the State. Minor improvements must be carried through by the people. Each village was called on to rouse itself to energy—to make every exertion to increase the productiveness of the soil, by sinking wells, constructing small *tulaos*, called in the language of the country "Naree," or by raising stone dike walls across their fields; a measure indispensable in the hilly portions of the tract, both to prevent the soil from being washed away, and to maintain moisture in the land. A list was prepared, showing the occupation of each individual in each village. Such of the idlers who possessed no means for tilling the soil, were provided with pecuniary advances for the purchase of a pair of bullocks. The intention was to convert every individual into a cultivator, and to assist all in need of our support to accomplish this end. By this arrangement, no excuse would remain for cattle-lifting or plunder."—p. 57.

Life was thrown into the district by the constant visits of the Superintendent, who moved about from place to place, cheering the sedulous, and calling men of every class to active exertion. That the picture which Captain Dixon gives of his own labors is not overdrawn, we infer from the testimony of such men as the Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces (when he had seen the Superintendent's works, and been amongst his people), and the lamented Colonel Sutherland who, writing as Agent to the Governor General, after a well merited tribute to the memory of Col. Hall, reported to the Governor General in 1841:

"The high degree of prosperity which it (Mairwara) has now attained, arises, however, from the system introduced by Captain Dixon. He may be said to live amongst the people. He knows minutely the condition of each village, and almost of its inhabitants individually; is ready to redress not only every man's grievances, but to assist them to recover from any pecuniary or other difficulty in which they may be involved."—p. 72....

To return to the works of irrigation. In lands which from their elevation and rocky nature could not be benefitted by wells or larger reservoirs, the miniature tanks called *Narees* were constructed.

"These small works are *tulaos* in miniature, and they are constructed by one or more cultivators. An earthen embankment is thrown across a hollow, in view to close up the rain water, which, in the ab-



"sence of obstruction, would flow off the soil. It is protected from the "action of the water by a front wall, built of stone, without cement. Its "extent is regulated by the breadth of the hollow across which the "embankment is to be thrown. The water retained by these field-works "has a spread over from ten to fifty, and sometimes to one hundred, "beegahs. *Muka* or Indian-corn is sown to the rear of the embank- "ment, and the water of the *naree* is brought to profitable use in irri- "gating the crops during a break in the rains, or in bringing the corn "to maturity on the close of the rains. The bed of the *naree* is sown "with barley. Thus one moderate fall of rain fills the *naree*, affording "the assurance of providing for a crop of *muka* to its rear, and one of "barley in its bed. Their construction, costing from 20 to 200 rupees, "falls within the means of the zumeendars; for in all agricultural works, "the cultivators are assisted by us with pecuniary advances, calculated "to meet one-third or one-half of the outlay..... \*

Besides these works the people were encouraged to make "stone dike walls" built of loose stones, without cement, to prevent the soil from being washed away by the mountain torrents. We have not space to follow Captain Dixon through all his useful larger works, amounting in all, when he wrote, to 280 in number, and together with 10 others made before his time, maintaining some 14,826 acres of cultivation, sown with Indian-corn, cotton, barley, wheat or opium, and actually submerging more than half that area in the season, and for further details must refer our readers to the work itself. We have said that the improvements in Mairwara had commanded the admiration of Mr. Thomason, on his tour of inspection in 1846. At a still earlier period the Mairwara works had attracted the attention of the Court of Directors, who, in writing to acknowledge Major Dixon's labors, which "besides the beneficial effect of the employment of the

\* We find in addition to these works, 23 weirs constructed across rivers and contributing to the spread of cultivation. Let the Superintendent speak for himself as to the number and effect of the smaller works.

"The following abstract denotes our ability in 1835-36, as compared with the means at our command in 1846-47. (p. 132.)

Years.	Wells.	Ploughs.	Narees.	Estimated population.
Total in 1835-36, .. ..	2,233	2,712	....	39,648
Total in 1846-47, .. ..	6,148	9,691	2,065	100,282
Increase during the } twelve years, .. }	3,915	6,979	2,065	60,634

The financial result of Major Dixon's works shews that Rs. 2,41,112 were spent in 11 years--that after paying this sum back there was a clear gain in revenue of Rs. 4,00,121..... ! p. 137.

“Mairs, had already been remunerated by a return in revenue to the extent of three hundred and fifty per cent.,” desired “that a historical report should be prepared by Major Dixon, of the series of measures by which his predecessor Lieut.-Colonel Hall and himself have created prosperity and peaceful industry in a tract which was previously a seat of poverty and predatory violence.”—230. Court’s letter of 27th March 1844.

Four years elapsed before Major Dixon found time to respond to this call, and to give the interesting “sketch” of his labors now before us. It was only a part of his time which had been given to the promotion of agriculture, let us see how he succeeded when he tried to encourage the sister arts of commerce. The jealousy which exists between farmer and merchant was not unknown in Mairwara. But the merchant there hated the farmer not as a farmer, but as a man who, when crops failed, was prone to have recourse to his neighbours for a supply of his wants with less of ceremony than suited the mercantile idea of *meum* and *tuum*. In short, the Mairs were or had been freebooters, and of course men of money held them in natural dread and aversion. But, now the hill-men were fast changing from freebooters into producers and honest customers, and the merchants began to look less jealously upon them. As the resources of the country continued to expand under the combined influences of labor, skill and capital, the people more and more felt the want of some commercial emporium nearer than Ajmeer or Nusseerabad, which were from 30 to 40 miles off. A town in short was wanted, and a town they should have, determined Major Dixon. But here, as on former occasions, the people must be gently led into schemes for their own advantage, and again as we shall see at the expense of the Government, whose aid is always called in when money is wanted to smooth the path of domestic reform.

No sooner does a civil or a political officer, who is really striving for the good of the people, want money for public purposes, than the Government comes in just at the opportune moment, like some Indian uncle, in our old-fashioned dramas and novels, to put all parties into good humour, and clear up all embarrassments. Is a road wanted, a railway, an embankment or a canal,—are the energies of the people to be encouraged, is their apathy to be roused, are they hurt or frightened, it is all the same, the Government aid is invoked, and, to use a school-boy’s phrase, “*Nunkey pays for all.*” The sums spent by the Indian Go-

vernment on objects not its own, on objects which other Governments never dream of attending to, would equal the revenue of a second rate European State. But we are anticipating our history. A city we have observed was wanted to encourage both producers and purchasers in Mairwara. Had Major Dixon possessed the cap of Fortunatus, his wishes could hardly have been more promptly gratified. There was a piece of waste land near the Military post of Beawr, which would do well for the site of the new city. Down went Major Dixon there, and *stuck up a notice*, that here a town should be built. Favorable terms, (again at the expense of Government) as to customs and town duties were promised; and soon candidates for forty shops were forthcoming. These were marked off, forming the nucleus of two streets crossing each other at right angles. The Mairs were set to work to hew slabs of laminated granite from the neighbouring hills, and soon learned to handle their tools with dexterity. But for want of stone-lime the builders were perplexed, none being obtainable or for sale within fifty miles. It happily occurred to Major Dixon, that veins of limestone, which prevail so extensively in primitive formations, might be found in the Mair Hills. Search was made, and a vein was found on the very site appropriated for the future town.

In England, if a man who has command of, and is willing to disburse money, wants to build, be it a game-keeper's lodge or a fashionable crescent, all that he need do is to call for a contractor, an architect, and, if wanted, a clerk of the works; in a few days the sketch of his projected building is on his breakfast table, and on a given not distant period, his lodge or his crescent stands complete.

With plenty of money and open weather, the work is soon done, even if the person who gives the order does not know bricks from mortar. But, in this "*sic volo sic jubeo*" country of India, order what you please in the shape of a building, nothing short of personal inspection and energy will bring that building into speedy existence. What with the interminable delays of native agents, delays in making estimates, delays in correcting them, delays about wood, brick, stone, or lime, delays on the right hand and delays on the left, it is a much easier thing to plan a building than to complete one. It speaks well then for Major Dixon's energy when we learn that "on the 1st May 1836, three months after the first stone was laid, the bazaar was opened for traffic." Wealthy dealers flocked into the place, and with them much valuable property. The Mairs behaved admira-

bly, not a robbery took place, even women carried goods about for miles in security. The rich burghers however took it into their heads that some day Major Dixon might leave them, or the Mairs might return to their old bad habits, and nothing would satisfy them but a wall round their new town, or "Nya Nuggur," as it had been named. We are always being told of the stinginess of the Indian Government; in fact, if there be any truth in what we daily see in black and white, all Governors, Governors General, and above all, all Courts of East India Directors, are penurious to the very last degree. The amount of virtuous indignation wasted by our Calcutta patriots on this one vice of the Company's during the year, is something immense. Here is an example, one of five hundred or five thousand which might be produced, of this universal and unhallowed greed for gold.

————— Crimine ab uno  
Disce omnes —————

The rich merchants of Nya Nuggur wanted a wall for their own particular comfort and satisfaction. What did they do,—did they call a meeting, as English merchants would have done, and put down the sum wanted? Not they, they knew better, from long experience of the liberality of the Government, they went to Major Dixon, and said with a sort of natural filial instinct "we want a wall round our town, ask the Government to build us one, and you shall be the architect." Major Dixon applied for a wall, and a wall was given, none of your mud-work, but a wall of the best stone, complete with ramparts, parapets, and bastions, finished like a mosaic work, 10,560 feet long, and holding 884,161 cubic feet of masonry. Instead of grudging the expense which was unavoidably in excess of the estimate, the Court of Directors take the opportunity of its completion being reported to pass a compliment on Major Dixon.

"You report," says this penurious Court, "the completion of the wall of the new town of Nya Nuggur, at a cost (23,840 Rs. 10 As. 9 pie) at which, according to Lieut.-Colonel Sutherland, it would have been impossible in almost any part of India, or under any other superintendence than Major Dixon's, to have constructed such works. The progress made in the construction of tank-embankments is also most satisfactory."—*Letter from the Honourable the Court of Directors, No. 15, dated 27th March, 1844, p. 229.*

This is a sample of the stinginess of the Indian Government, and of the Court of Directors. To observe the calm satisfaction with which the Court touch upon the money spent on the "Nya Nuggur wall," one would at least

have supposed that the building was for them and their heirs. They seem only surprized, almost disappointed, that they have paid so little for so great a work.—Now let us pause a moment to ask, by what ties were the dealers of Nya Nuggur bound to the Kings of the East? What claim had they on the generosity of the Court of Directors? The only answer that can be made is this. The Indian Government and the Court of Directors dole not out their generosity with a niggard hand, but rejoice in every opportunity to help on the good work of human civilization and improvement.

We can quite feel for the position of a Colonial Minister in the present day, with every little Pedlington in the Pacific clamouring for a constitution, and have no particular wish to criticize Lord Grey's policy. But, we would ask our Indian patriots to look at our own colonies for a moment, before they condemn so loudly the Government of British India. If our local Government be the cruel step-mother to her charge, which they assert she is, what may we ask would the *mother* country do to her own flesh and blood under similar circumstances. Take this case of Nya Nuggur for instance. Suppose the case of an English "Nya Nuggur" instead of an Indian one. Suppose that a quiet set of merchants at Auckland, who disliked the idea of being roasted, begged Governor Grey to build a stone wall, aye or a wooden one either, round their town at the expense of the Government to protect them from the Maoris, or other outside barbarians. Would Governor Grey give them a wall? If they appealed from Grey in New Zealand to Grey in the Colonial Office, would they get one? No. . . . But every age has its peculiar cant, and the fashionable cant just now is to run down all that is great or good, and to drag every constituted authority if possible into the mire.

To return to Nya Nuggur, when Major Dixon wrote his Report, the town contained 1955 families and 500 shops of good masonry, no less than 60 of which were occupied by native bankers, whose mercantile dealings extended from the sources of the Ganges to Bombay. The annual trade in twelve principal staples, including articles imported and in transit through the market, is estimated to amount to Rs. 1,471,915.

In 1841, Ajmeer was placed under Major Dixon, who from that time has had charge of both that district and Mairwara. Here the same course was adopted which had answered so well in the Superintendent's former charge, and with the same success.

From this time Major Dixon had two assistants allowed him, but we learn little or nothing of them. We must here remark, though we do so with reluctance, that throughout the 'Sketch of Mairwara,' there is, except in very general terms, little mention made of any of Major Dixon's fellow-laborers, whether native or European. There is no lack of detail of what "the Superintendent" did, but as he must have been well supported by subordinate agency, we should have been glad to hear a little more of their particular labors. And considering that Major Dixon has had for some years the incalculable advantage of the support and advice of the present Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, Mr. Thomason, we must protest against such a negative tribute as the following sentence implies. "His," (Major Dixon's) "success, under Providence, is attributable to the cordial support afforded him by "the people, to the untiring aid of his native officials, and "to a total abstinence of interference or molestation on the "part of superior authorities."\*

However, to say that Major Dixon, who has been "*chief*" military and civil in a secluded part of the world for a quarter of a century, who has won the hearts of a nation, and both attempted and accomplished great things, is not apparently quite blind to his own deserts, is only to say that he is human.

We gladly turn to the pleasing duty of expressing our general admiration of his character as a district officer.

As an experienced engineer he was peculiarly qualified for one part of his very interesting duties, but above all we admire him for his devotion to the people. In holding him up in this particular as an example to every civil officer in India, we are aware that few have before them so interesting a career as his.

Amongst a fine race of men, growing daily in all material and moral advancement under his eyes, his labour was a labour of love, and the drudgery of official routine was quite forgotten amidst the surpassing interests which surrounded him. To turn half savage men into steady cultivators or artisans, freebooters (see page 61) into good citizens, to bid a city arise in the wilderness, to turn sun-burnt hills or tangled jungles into terraces of cultivation; to see literally "the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as a rose," this can be the lot of few men, however skilful or devoted. But, there is not a district officer

\* It is but fair to add that in a letter which is to be found in the Preface, Colonel Dixon does acknowledge in suitable terms his obligations to the Lieutenant-Governor.

in India who may not imitate in all its brighter features the picture which we have attempted to trace. The man who, like the Superintendent of Mairwara, will give his time, his thoughts, *himself*, in short, to the people, can never be disappointed. No great talent, no brilliant opportunity is required, the homely but rare virtues of self-denial and self-sacrifice, these alone are wanted.

It is with the minds of nations as with the souls of men ; *there is no standing still*. India is either advancing and must advance under the sway of the Anglo-Saxon, or she is sinking and must fall.

In examining the influences which will most affect the future destiny of India, the questions which naturally present themselves are, What is to stand between the supreme power of England in the East and her subject millions? Where is an aristocracy, a middle class, a *power* of any kind to come between the peasant and the throne? The answer is, that we have between the two extremes of the body politic but one important class, important because powerful. This class is official, its heads are the officers of the State. On them, humanly speaking, all depends. The rôle which these functionaries have to play is without a parallel in the History of the World. To the people they are the representatives of the Government, to the Government they are the representatives of the people. Separated as the English leaders of this class are from the people by the differences of nation and religion, it is hard enough for them to maintain the simple path of official duty. But, standing as they do between the Government and the people, *alone*, much more is required of them than a mere perfunctory discharge of duty. Unless they strive by a noble career of self-sacrifice and devotion to the people, to raise and improve the national character, how is India to be raised or improved? What nobles and gentlemen have done for England, English officials must do for India. Yet must not the man be lost in the official, we may well beware of extending to Asia that spirit of functionarism and excessive centralization which has so lately been tried in Europe and found wanting. What we do want, and what to a fair extent we possess, is a body of men like Colonel Dixon, who, though nominally and officially rulers over, are really representatives of the people.

With officers such as this, whether civil or military, our soldiers will be faithful, and our peasants will be happy.

## VII.

## THE UNKNOWN GOD.

THE Night was dark when we were on the Lake,  
Alone, not knowing where our Master was,  
Dark was the Night, and dark our lonely hearts.

There was a Moon, but low, and hid by clouds,  
Save where above the horizon lay a line,  
A level line of light which, near or far  
Shewed the black outline of the Eastern Hills.

Much did we toil, with every art we had,  
To speed our vessel, for the breeze had sunk,  
Or only came by snatches, till the rain ;  
Then flashed the incessant lightnings ; then the hills  
Rang, roared, as though the thunder shattered them ;  
Then surged the wave, met by the opposing blast ;  
Rattled our useless cordage, burst our sail—  
Burst, flapping in the storm-wind, and his might  
Seized on our bark, and drifted it at will.

No man was free from terror, for all knew  
Those treacherous billows ; He whose master-voice  
Had laid them, cowering at our feet, like dogs  
Where was He now ? In some far distant cove  
He communed with the Angels, or with God,  
And knew not that we perished there alone.  
Alas ! far otherwise, when, in the stern,  
He slept amid the hubbub of the storm,  
As if on princely couches, in the pomp  
Of Herod's palace. Now he was away :—  
Each of us felt the peril of the night,  
And each man acted as his nature was.

One fell to prayer, or muttered sudden vows,  
Another lay and wept aloud, some few  
Deeming the storm was transient, sat them still,  
And watched their trailing nets, some strove with me  
To save the canvass, and the laboring mast.

Among the last were two, for ever foremost ;  
One was a reverend man, of ripening age,  
Whose full gray beard fell on his fisher's coat,  
Even to his belt ; the other was a youth,  
Whose face, made ruddy by the genial suns  
Of four and twenty grape-times, always shone  
A beaming banner of celestial Love.

These two were working, if the ship might live,  
When the cry rose " A Spirit ! " there it walked,  
Or seemed to walk the waters, and drew near ;  
Then he who was the elder spake to us ;—  
" If not to be afraid be brave," he said,



" When fear were preservation, be not bold ;  
 " What men could do we have done, now let be,  
 " Lest haply we be found to fight with God."  
 Thus said he, and we fell upon our faces,  
 Blinded by fear, and waited for our death.  
 Calm spoke the Form majestic ;—" It is I,  
 " Be of good cheer"—we knew it was the Lord,  
 And took him up with us into the boat,  
 And fell before Him worshipping, and said,  
 " Ah doubtlessly this is the Son of God."

O scant of faith, what fear ? Was He not by—  
 Absent or present, was His care the less,  
 His care for us who loved Him ? ignorant  
 That He was with us, when we saw Him not,  
 We took Him for a Spirit of Evil, sent  
 To make complete the terror of the storm.

Our hearts calmed with the waters,—we were saved,  
 And knew our Master's power, and praised his love,  
 And, lo ! were landed at the wished-for shore.

H. G. K.

## VIII.

## WANDERINGS IN WESTERN INDIA.

*(Continued from page 352.)*

## PART II.—THE ROCK TEMPLES OF AJUNTA AND ELLORA.

At Jelligaon the traveller passes the boundary which separates Khàndeish from the territories of the Nizam. Here the road branches off into several ill-defined tracks diverging across a wide plain covered with a scanty jungle. Hitherto we had rarely taken guides, and had generally the good luck to meet travellers whenever the direction of our route became doubtful; but on this occasion our fortune failed us, and trusting to the accuracy of our map we wandered several miles to the westward. It was not till after a long search that we caught sight of a few herdsmen from whom we obtained directions respecting our further progress. We arrived at noon wearied and *impransi* at Fardapur, where we found tents and a guard of sepoy's belonging to Capt. Gill, an officer employed by Government to copy the paintings in the Ajunta caves. The site of the encampment was well chosen, it was a rocky nook, surrounded on all sides by tall hills beautifully clothed with wood; for we had here entered the Berar hills, a rugged range, but by no means devoid of vegetable life and beauty. Here a fine sparkling stream of water crosses the traveller's path, and in this, under the broken arch of a ruined bridge, we enjoyed a refreshing bath that made us soon forget the fatigues of our morning march.

During our stay at this place we had an opportunity of observing one of the many characteristic differences in the manners of the native soldiers of the Madras army, as contrasted with those of our own Presidency. In the former we missed indeed the haughty martial bearing of the Rajpūt sepoy who considers a frigid *salaam* the furthest mark of deference he can pay to a superior; but we obtained what we much preferred just at that time, excellent attendants, for these Madras soldiers, without the least apparent reluctance, ministered to our personal wants, prepared our meal, and waited at our table. The constitution of the Madras Army is founded on a wide basis. In the selection of recruits no special regard is paid to caste. The children also of the sepoy's are kept with the corps, and entertained as sutlers to the camp. They are afterwards classed as supernumeraries, and borne on the strength of their respective regiments. Exactly the reverse to this is the practice which prevails in the

Bengal army, where a certain degree of prejudice exists towards youths who, as the phrase goes, have been brought up in the lines. Indced, the better class of sepoys invariably prefer that their children should be educated at their own homes.

In the Bombay army there exists a still greater disregard of caste; and not only men from the lowest grades of society, but even Jews and Christians are permitted to enlist. It is not for us civilians to pronounce on the merits of systems so opposite in their nature. Each is probably the best, considering the circumstances under which they have been called into existence. The late Commander-in-chief, in his farewell address, declares himself undisguisedly in favor of the Bombay army and low caste. Of the Madrassies we know little beyond a stout old gentleman who has held the dignified position of *Major domo* in our establishment, with more profit to himself than any benefit we are aware of having derived from his superintendence. Of Bombay we can speak with more confidence. Here the peculiarities of caste, (or rather race) are more striking, as we have already seen in our sketch of the Bôhrahs; and are, perhaps, as inveterate as the customs in our own Presidency; but the pride and repellent force of these social distinctions is less felt; and hence probably the success of a system which an attempt to imitate on this side of India might be attended with dangerous consequences.

From Fardapûr we turned aside to visit the caves which are about 2 miles distant. We rambled on foot over a rugged pathless ridge for about a mile, and then reached a deep rocky valley, whence we pursued our course along the bed of a broad stream. The heat of the day had not subsided; and as we toiled along, forebodings of disappointment continually recurred to our imaginations. Great consequently was our delight when, rounding a turn in the gorge, we suddenly perceived above us the range of temples,—far surpassing in number, extent, and structure any description we had as yet heard. We were much struck with the peculiar loneliness of the scene; not a single human habitation, not any thoroughfare of man, is to be found near this secluded spot. Beyond the caves the valley is closed by a steep precipice over which in the rainy season a mountain torrent falls in a magnificent cascade. On either side, the rocks, wooded to their summits, rise to a considerable height; and on the right, as the traveller approaches, the temples in one semicircular line stand in fine relief. One might almost suppose that the solitude of this spot had led to its selection. But whatever may have been the motives of those who constructed these temples,

they now serve only as monuments of bygone creeds, and afford us a picture of a past generation; for the charm of sanctity has deserted these halls. No pilgrims visit at their shrines; the obscure light of legend points not to their authors. The scenes of festive life painted on their walls are fast fading beneath the ravages of "Decay's effacing fingers," and except the bubbling of the stream below, no sound breaks upon his ear till the traveller enters the inner chambers where he is assailed by the chattering of innumerable bats who thus inveigh against the invasion of their ancient sovereignty. Where worshippers once thronged in thousands, one solitary peon pays an occasional visit, and even he is entertained by the Nizam under orders of the British Government.

The excavations are twenty-six in number, of various dimensions. Each contains in an inner recess a representation of the Buddhist divinity. The massive roof is supported by pillars hewn from the rock itself. These pillars are not surmounted with elaborate capitals like those of the Elephantine caves; indeed Ajunta is decidedly inferior in sculpture to the more recent structures of a similar character. The chief object of interest is to be found in a few only of the caves—I allude to the fresco paintings—those rich relics of antiquity that throw one solitary ray of light on the manners of a people of whom history has failed to transmit a record. Such relics are extremely rare; similar paintings having been discovered only in the rock temples of Nubia. Of these latter I obtained a full description from Baron Müller, who undertook in the years 1847-48 an expedition of scientific research into the interior of Africa on the part of the Austrian government.

The paintings in the Ajunta caves refer principally to the ancient mythology of Hindustan. Of the old Buddhist creed, as it existed in Western India, we have so few authentic documents that conjecture becomes our only guide; and questionable indeed must such guidance ever be. The other pictures appear to depict palace life. One represents a feast; and though the nature of the viands must remain a mystery, the jovial guests would doubtless, if pictures could speak, be addressing their Ganymedes to fill their goblets in language not dissimilar to that of the Süfi Poet of Persia:—

" Boy let yon liquid ruby flow,  
 " And bid thy pensive heart be glad;  
 " Whate'er the frowning zealots say,  
 " Tell them their Eden cannot show  
 " A stream so clear as Ruknâbâd,  
 " A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

In another picture we observed a prince who appears to be on terms of greater freedom with a certain lady of rank than the etiquette of European Courts would permit; he is in fact most familiarly chucking her under the chin.

The Pictures are not of course painted on the stone itself; the face of the rock was first covered with a composition of chalk and cow-dung. The figures are well executed, and are in every respect superior to the sculptures. The proportions are those of life reduced to about one-third. The colours are greatly bedimmed by time, and in many places have entirely disappeared; but when we consider that those works of ancient art have remained for certainly not less than twelve or fifteen centuries unknown and uncared for, it must rather be regarded as a matter of surprise that they should have sustained so little injury. To be sure though no thought till lately has been bestowed on the preservation of these precious relics, they have escaped the positive injury inflicted by profane visitors, who, to the disgrace of our nation, have sadly defaced the venerable temples of Elephanta. The Government have at length become sensible of the importance of rescuing from oblivion these vestiges of antiquity. Captain Gill of the Madras army has been employed for a considerable period in preparing copies of the paintings. He has succeeded in restoring the colours wherever they have not been entirely obliterated; and in the copies which have been transmitted to Leadenhall, a faithful record has been prepared against the time when the originals shall have perished. An artist has also lately been deputed by the Bombay Government to prepare drawings of the caverns not merely at Ajunta, but also at Carli, Ellora, and Salsette. These are much wanted, as no correct engravings at present exist. Those in Ferguson's "*Rock Temples of India*" are very inaccurate. The best delineation of Ajunta which I have yet seen was a woodcut which appeared in the Illustrated London News. This gives a tolerably correct representation of the general appearance of the caves; though a huge serpent is somewhat injudiciously introduced into the foreground, probably to startle the simple European reader.

As Captain Gill will give to the world the result of his researches, it would be superfluous for me to offer a lengthy disquisition on the supposed origin of these temples. They evidently refer to the age when Buddhism was the predominant creed of Southern India; for the Deity is nowhere represented in the triune character, according to the Brahmanical doctrine; and in this respect they differ from the

temples at Ellora. The age of Buddhism may be referred to the period immediately succeeding the Christian era. In the history of the pilgrimage of Fa-Hian, a Chinese philosopher who visited India in the 4th century, we read that Buddhism was the dominant religion. Fa-Hian, however, did not travel south further than Gya and Bengal; and though he alludes, as we shall quote in another page, to the heretical temples of Ellora, strange to say, he does not make the slightest mention of the unquestionably Buddhist caves of the Ajunta Pass. More however will be said on this subject when we come to treat of the Ellora excavations. The following is an account of the inscriptions discovered at Ajunta, taken from a paper read before the Asiatic Society by Professor H. H. Wilson.

“The inscriptions are small in number and extent, and for the most part not satisfactorily deciphered; for although they are written in the character employed for the Girnar rocks, they have certain local peculiarities, and many evident errors occasioned by carelessness, as well as lacunæ from the effects of time, the characters not being engraved but painted on the rocks. So far as they are decipherable they agree with the conclusions drawn from the paintings as to their Buddhist origin; and they are important as establishing the contemporary use of the Sanscrit language; \* \* \* the purport of those most certainly decipherable being for the most part records of gifts and grants to the temple. \* \* \* The characters in which the inscriptions are written are such as were in use from the third century B. C. to the second A. D. The decoration may therefore safely be placed within those limits, and the language of the inscriptions being Sanscrit and not Pali, sets at rest the disputed question as to the priority of the latter language in Buddhist inscriptions.”

After we had satisfied our curiosity by a minute inspection of the caves, we retraced our steps along the bed of the stream, casting back many a look of admiration at the scene we were about to quit. Before we had taken our last gaze, our guide bade us hasten from those lonely jungles, as he observed that darkness was fast approaching. After surmounting a series of rugged rocks, we gained the high table-land. I ought here to observe that the term *table-land* has been in this and many other places used for want of a better word, it is not to be inferred from this expression that the table-lands of Central India and the Dekhan are uniformly level tracts;—on the contrary, these plateaus are studded with conical hills; but the surface, though in itself undulating, bears uniformly a high elevation when compared with the adjacent country. Thus the pass of Tuppa divides the high land of Bhopal from that of Indore. The latter terminates at the Simrole Pass, where the traveller descends into

the lower country of Nemaar and Khàndeish ; he turns the Sàtpoora range at its eastern extremity, and ascends at Ajunta, again to descend at Dowlatabad. A little to the east of Ahmadnagar he arrives at the table-land of the Western Ghàts, and he continues to traverse a tract of great though varying elevation till he reaches the pass of Kandala. The name Ajunta is derived from the Sanscrit, and means in that language impregnable. The crest of the pass is fortified according to the principles prevalent in India since the Mussulman invasion. In the campaign of Assaye the occupation of this position was deemed of the highest importance, holding as it were the key of the principal passage through the Berar hills to the valleys of the Taptee and the Nerbudda. The serai of Ajunta is a fine building, constructed of large blocks of dark coloured stone, and reminding me by its solidity rather of the massive structures of Egypt founded by the munificence of the Saracen Princes than the narrow perishable buildings erected for the accommodation of travellers in this country. The shelter afforded by this serai is considerable. There are no less than eighty-four compartments, each with an inner and an outer chamber. The circumference of the whole may be about one-third of a mile, and the area enclosed six acres. The roof is flat, and affords a fine terraced walk throughout. After the battle of Assaye Sir Arthur Wellesley caused this serai to be converted into a hospital for the reception of the wounded soldiers.

As we approached the serai we learnt to our dismay that Captain Gill had left a few days before on a visit to Jaulna, a large British cantonment in the Nizam's territories. Our appetites, keen with fasting, and whetted by the long-looked-for luxuries of civilized fare, could ill brook this disappointment. Our cicerone observed the discomfiture too truthfully depicted on our countenances, and obscurely hinted at the existence of another *sàhib*. A sepoy who was standing near at the time rebukingly observed that this was a *kàlà sàhib*, and that the *àsil* or real *sàhibs* did not admit him to their society ; while others again remarked that they had seen Captain Gill talk to this man. All however seemed to agree on one point, that no real *sàhib* had broken bread in his house. We were much puzzled to guess to what species this specimen of humanity might belong, or what attractions he could have discovered for fixing his residence in such a country. On one point however we felt assured, that, barring inhospitality, however black his character, or however dark his skin might prove, *we*, at all events at that moment, should

regard him as an angel of light. Straight to his abode we directed our steps; and arrived at the great serai, espied above the gateway a diminutive shed mimicking in its shape the mansions of the great. Here my friend grew nervous and left the duties of spokesman to devolve upon me. We mounted the steps with a firm tread, and in a determined manner demanded admittance to the master of the house. As we approached a dusky *hourî* flitted past and concealed herself in the recesses of this humble dwelling. From this incident we obtained some insight into the domestic arrangements of our future host. The gentleman himself received us in that free and airy costume as to his nether parts which to particularize has, by general consent, been pronounced unfit for pens polite. He eyed us, as a Yankee-Down-Easter would say, somewhat slantingdicularly. In the conversation which followed, and during which our host seemed ill at ease, we learnt that he was an apothecary of a binomial stock, employed on seventy rupees a month to attend to the health of a detachment of sepoy, which detachment was employed to protect Captain Gill; and moreover that Captain Gill was employed to copy the paintings in the caves we had just quitted; but what these paintings were to do the old priest who fashioned them had quite forgot to mention. Our host, as he further informed us, was the nephew of an old officer in the Madras army, a vague relationship seldom set up in this country, though in Roman Catholic countries it is said to serve the priesthood as a flimsy covering for their parental affection, as the Spanish adage hath it of the cathedral city of Seville;—“Know ye the street of the padrees, where all men have uncles and none fathers?” These instructive details would doubtless at any other time have proved vastly entertaining, but the lengthened countenance of my companion told me the direction of his thoughts, and reminded me of the object of our visit. I therefore delicately intimated that we had been greatly disappointed at not meeting Captain Gill, and had consequently been forced to lodge in the serai. He duly observed that he regretted that he could show us no hospitality, as the rules of the service forbad such conduct on the part of a Non-Commissioned Officer. Here was a severe trial for our feelings; but commission or no commission, Queen’s or Company’s livery are all alike in the eyes of the hungry man. “No such illiberal usage,” quoth I, “exist in our enlightened Presidency. With us there is but this one standard, the universal brotherhood of Man.” A very good maxim by the bye for a traveller, provided he keeps his weather eye open



towards this same brother Man. Our host, poor fellow, seeing that we would take no denial, ordered the repast to be served, and in truth he furnished us with the choicest *entremets* of Indian cookery; the entertainment being, in our opinion, worthy the salary of a Member of Council. Our host, reassured by our affable demeanour, went so far as to volunteer furnishing us with *charpoy*s, or native beds, for the night, a luxury we could duly appreciate after the experience we had had of the floors of native huts. How little do those philosophers know of human life who idly descant on the just and equable distribution of happiness through the varied grades of society! "Hunger," say these declaimers, "affords the poor man a sauce whose equal no gastronomic art can supply; and fatigue a pillow more downy than the couches of wealth." The sharper the appetite the keener the palate, privations make us sensible of comforts, but do not supersede their intrinsic worth. Pampered dignitaries are bad authorities in such matters, for with them emphatically "what is, is right." Well saith Solomon "Better is he that is despised and hath a servant than he that honoureth himself and lacketh bread." Blessings be on the head of that truth-loving alderman who at a city feast thus apostrophized his neighbour the country bumpkin: "What!" he exclaimed, "are you going to throw away that glorious appetite on a leg of boiled mutton?"

"How hard a thing it is," saith the learned Salmagundius, "for a man to bite off his own nose!" How much harder, say I, for a writer to restrain the digressions of an excursive pen. But we will return to the sober details of our narrative. The day following our interview with the apothecary, we paid a visit to Captain Gill's house. This proved to be nothing less than a mosque. We have elsewhere remarked on the appropriation of those places of worship to various secular purposes—objects doubtless highly conducive to the interests of the dominant race, though not exactly such as the pious founders could have anticipated. Staging bungalows, private dwellings, and resorts for pleasure and recreation are a few of the metamorphoses these buildings have received. Mosques, though highly picturesque, (for the carved niches and the arabesque give a pleasing effect to the interior of the building,) are by no means adapted for cool or airy dwellings, the narrow windows and the solid walls preclude the possibility of ventilation.

On my arrival at Pùlmurì I was compelled to part company from my fellow-traveller, as I had arranged my departure from Bombay by an earlier steamer. My journey from this point

became a succession of forced marches, and my observations necessarily partook of the altered character of my travels. Henceforth the camel-driver became my only companion,—by no means an unintelligent creature in his vocation, though not exactly competent to discuss the social economy of the various tribes whose acquaintance we made, or to contrast the judicial and fiscal arrangements of European and Asiatic Governments. Still less could he describe the bright constellations that lit our path as we wandered at night amidst the sad stern hills of the Dekhan—he would indeed accompany us with the enthusiasm of an antiquarian when we visited the wonders of Ajunta or Ellora; but beyond a “*wa! wa! yih dastán hai—yih sach bát*”—he never favoured us with any valuable suggestion as to their origin. But he was pre-eminently in his element when bargaining with *buniah*s. One night he had kept us awake for two hours while he was haggling with the lady of the house, first about a few *cowries*, and then finding, after he had exhausted his powers of logic, that his position was untenable, he shifted his ground and made an appeal to the old woman’s generosity and entreated her to include the pepper, salt, and other condiments in the price he had agreed on for the *atta*; but female reasoning, or length of tongue, if you like, finally prevailed. I had been so interested in this controversy that I quitted the inner apartment, where I had been vainly endeavouring to compose myself to sleep, in order to ascertain the issue. The chop-fallen camel-driver stood silent, but the old lady, turning contemptuously from her customer, related to me the nature of his demands; and on my inquiring the result, expressed her surprise at my simplicity in supposing that an ancient stager as her looks bespoke her to be, could have ever submitted to such imposition. The camel-driver (like his beast) was a native of Marwar, a Brahman by caste. He always addressed me after the custom of his country as “*Muhoraj*” (great king). Whether the charm lay in the word or the man’s voice, I much preferred this appellation to the long drawling *Khudāwand* (godlike), as Europeans are styled in our provinces. Not that, like a certain pious prelate, who laid the flattering unction to his soul that he was styled *gharib purwur* (cherisher of the poor), because he listened to every petition, I attach much value to the literal meaning of those exalted epithets. My friend, however, when he chose, was sufficiently plain spoken. One day we were talking on the subject of some elaborately worked chains we had seen in the shop of a native. He inquired of what

metal my watch chain might be. I replied it was made of gold, whercupon he sneeringly said, "*nahin, Muharaj, sone ka nahin, pital ka hai;*" and when I assured him that it was real gold, he observed that it was very *udas*, which may be literally rendered spiritless—or in slang parlance seedy.

The altered character of my travels was not merely confined to a change in my *compagnons de voyage*—I could perceive that I was now approaching a more civilized region, and I was about to enter on a route where so far from having to endure the hardships and privations which I have described in the earlier portion of my narrative, the traveller enjoys accommodation unknown and un hoped for even on the Grand Trunk Road of the Bengal Presidency. Nor does the change end here; for on quitting Pūlmurī, Nature again alters her aspect. It may not then be out of place to take this opportunity for describing the general scenery of the Deckhan. Those who have been accustomed to the teeming population of our Gangetic provinces are too apt to picture to their imaginations, India as a grand and glorious region decked out with all the boasted richness of Oriental scenery, varied only by deep impenetrable jungles, where the exuberance of vegetable life has usurped the dominion of the soil. I had heard of the thirsty tracts that skirt the western boundary of Hindustan, but my expectations, raised by the fancied glories of Southern Ind, were scarcely prepared for the stern sad scenery which now met my eye as I travelled towards the south, long lines of sombre hills, destitute of timber, barely even enlivened with a single blade of herbage, but covered with large boulders of granite scattered in dark profusion, occasionally relieved by patches of cultivation in the intervening valleys. The traveller at long intervals arrives at some large village, for the little hamlets so thickly scattered throughout our own provinces, are here rarely to be seen. From the time we quitted Indore till our arrival at Aurangabad, where we reached the great line which connects Bombay with Calcutta, we had found no well-defined road; the distances are vaguely measured by villages;—thus when we inquired in the better peopled districts the distance to any place, the reply would be, that it was so many villages off;—(a village we generally put down as equivalent to mile and a half)—a significant proof of depopulation and decay. These observations of course refer only to that portion of the Nizam's territories, through which we travelled. From what we could ascertain, the valley of Ellichpūr and the country in

the vicinity of Jaulna and Hyderabad presents a more favourable appearance.

The march from Pūlmurī to Ellora lies through a peculiarly wild country, though that night in which I wandered amidst these dark hills has probably left on my mind even a more dismal impression than the scenery itself would have justified. An uncouth *agwa* (guide), who spoke a barbarous dialect\* scarcely intelligible either to the camel-driver or myself, ran by our side to direct the course we should pursue. The distance was 22 miles, and as we jogged along by the light of the brilliant constellations, amidst these monotonous lines of sad dreary hills, the distance appeared to grow interminable. We travelled many miles without passing a single village or any trace of cultivation. I did not even meet a single human being till I approached Rowzah, where I began to observe some herdsmen driving forth their cattle to graze on the scanty pasturage of the valleys. I also remarked a few cultivated plots unaccompanied by houses; but a shed adjoining each field serves as a shelter for the owner; who leaves his village, (which may be many miles distant) as night closes in, to watch the safety of his crops. I observed many of these cultivators approaching in large groups as I drew near the walls of the city.

On entering within the lofty stone walls of Rowzah, signs of ruin and decay were too plainly visible on every side, the smaller habitations were crumbling to decay, the larger buildings stood roofless though their solid walls defied the ravages of Time. On arriving at a quarter which still retained an appearance of being inhabited, I lost no time in making enquiries for the *Kotwal*, in order that I might obtain through that functionary the necessary accommodation for the night. The *Kotwal* was absent on leave, as I was informed by certain dissolute looking soldiers in the service of the Nizam, who were sitting enjoying their pipes, and with the utmost nonchalance occasionally condescending to give a reply to my queries. These worthies acknowledged however to the existence of an officer in command, a "*Havildar*;" but they stoutly declined the honour of guiding me to the "presence." Threats were unavailing, and I disdained to bribe this ill-looking crew for performing a service by which in my

\* Hindes, with a considerable admixture of Malratta, is the dialect employed by the villagers in this district. Thus *javal* we found to mean near, and *khara far*. This use of the latter word is evidently similar to *jubar* (*zabur*) as applied to distance by the rustics of these provinces, or as we say "a severe stage."

opinion they should have felt themselves honoured. Accordingly I drew up the camel opposite their houses, and intimated my determination not to quit till one should agree to shew me the road to the house of their superior. This recourse to the native custom of *dhurna* produced the desired effect.

The remark has often been made that a European travelling in Native States meets with more civility and a readier attention than in our own provinces,—in short that we are most respected where we are least known. This argument, though fallacious, is partially based on fact. In those parts of India where Englishmen are rarely seen, and then only as invested with great authority, the respect they receive is proportionally greater than on lines of road where adventurers of every description have shewn the people of this country, that every white man is not a *sàhib*. But this remark applies indifferently to states under native rule, and to our own provinces; and from the experience of a long journey, I should decidedly pronounce the balance of civility and attention a traveller is likely to receive, to be decidedly in favour of the latter. In the former he is sure to experience nothing but ill-will from that large class of dissolute Mussulmans who dread the advent of British power as curtailing the sources of an indolent livelihood. From the Hindoo, especially the small shopkeeper or the simple agriculturist, he will everywhere meet with nothing but civility and good will.

The commandant I found in a happy state of insensibility from the effects of opium. He was roused after some delay, and went at my bidding to procure supplies. I returned to the bazaar and there dismounted. My arrangements were soon made, I occupied the verandah of one *buniah's* shop, and made an agreement with his opposite neighbour to prepare me some *chupaties*. This he did for the great sum of two pice. I extracted three hard-boiled eggs from my wallet, and our commandant presently returned with some milk, so that taking all things into consideration, I had no reason to be dissatisfied with my dinner. I here also learnt with great satisfaction that there existed a bungalow on a hill about one mile distant from the town. Thither I directed my steps and reached it about eleven o'clock at night. Here I found every accommodation. This building has been erected by the officers belonging to the division of the Contingent stationed at Aurungabad, for the loftiness of its position and the purity of its air have conferred on Rowzah the reputation of a sanitarium.

In the morning I proceeded to take a survey of my situation and explore the route to the far-famed caves of Ellora.\* The bungalow is perched on the edge of a ridge of no very great elevation; between it and the town, the country being thickly strewed with graves and mosques in every stage of preservation. There, in a plain tomb, not easily to be distinguished from the surrounding sepulchres, rest the remains of the tortuous Aurangzeb; they having been conveyed hither from the camp at Ahmadnagar where this prince closed his long and troubled reign. The shrines of a host of *pirs* or *sheikhs* have invested Rowzah with a peculiar charm of sanctity in the eyes of the followers of the prophet; the name itself Rowzah in the Arabic language signifies "the tomb of a saint."

The rock temples however constitute the chief attraction of Ellora to the European traveller, though—like the structures of Ajunta—they command but little attention from the existing creeds of Hindustan. The caverns are not, as at Ajunta, hewn from the face of the rock at a considerable height from the base, but are situated at the foot of a ridge of granitic hills; neither do they form one continuous chain, but are scattered at long intervals along a front of rock nearly two miles in length. Again, unlike the former, they are not buried in a wild mountain gorge; on the contrary, the country in front opens into a wide well cultivated plain. Here is the village of Irruk from which by an euphonious corruption the name Ellora has been derived. In this there is a *shiwala* or Hindoo temple of modern days, which, though itself a handsome building, affords but a poor contrast to the gigantic structures of the more ancient religions.

I had not leisure to examine minutely the entire range of caverns. I therefore hastened to the principal, Kailàs. This is not a cavern, but a temple hewn from the hill; the rock has been cut above as well as from the interior; the temple thus stands entirely distinct from the hill from which it has been hewn, a monolithic structure seventy feet in height and above two hundred in length. The cliff immediately behind the temple rises in a perpendicular wall to the height of one hundred and ten feet.† The visitor ascends by a flight of steps into the vestibule, and thence again into the

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\* So called according to the popular belief after a king, or rather mythic personage named Eeloo by whom they were constructed.

† These measurements were furnished to me by an Officer in the Bombay Medical Service who was afterwards my shipmate in a voyage from Alexandria to Trieste.

principal hall, where at the further end facing the door is a gigantic figure of the triune deity of the worshippers of Vishnu. My mind was lost in wonder when I viewed these lofty chambers. I looked above at the massive but not unornamented roof supported by handsome fluted pillars; I looked around at the solid walls of rock that divide the halls and aisles of this extraordinary temple, and I saw through the windows pierced in these walls on three sides the surrounding rock from which this structure has been hewn, cut into long range of finely sculptured caverns. The view from the interior of the temple is in my opinion the most imposing; and created in me doubtless an impression the more profound because the less anticipated. Such remains of Indian antiquity as exist in the Bengal Presidency are certainly calculated to disappoint the sanguine traveller. When the much vaunted Elephanta appeared poor and despicable after the wonders of Ellora, the reader can easily imagine the contempt inspired in my mind by the spiritless caves in the vicinity of Gya. There a few solitary inscriptions or a small carving of an elephant may be seen over the entrance of plain square caves that can lay no claim to grandeur of execution or richness of design; but in the caves which immediately surround Kailàs,\* the walls are covered with elaborate sculpture, portraying the greatest scenes of Indian mythology. Here are represented the successive *avatars* of Vishnu when he descended to free the earth from the giants and evil rulers by whom, according to Indian fable, she was then oppressed. These sculptures doubtless refer to the overthrow of the Buddhist creed in Southern India, or, as the story is told in the Ramayana, to the wars waged by Rama, when by the aid of his monkey ally, Hanuman, he drove his adversary Rávana to seek refuge in Lanka (Ceylon), an island which to this day has served as the last stronghold of Buddhism in India westward of the Ganges.

The history of these caves is involved in profound obscurity. Conjectures drawn from internal evidence have been hazarded respecting the sects to whom their structure is due. In the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society this subject has been fully investigated, and I greatly regret that I have been unable to procure the work in order that I might correct the very superficial observations of a single visit. I have already alluded to the Chinese Philosopher

\* Kailàs is a name applied in Hindu mythology to one of the mountains of heaven. The Olympus of the Indian divinities.

Fa-Hian; and I then promised to furnish the reader with the scanty information to be gleaned from the writings of that traveller. Fa-Hian himself did not visit the south of India, but received his account from travellers. The following is an extract taken from his "*Pilgrimage* :"

Two hundred *yeou yan* to the south, there is a kingdom called *Tha-thsen* where there is a *seng kia lan* of the former *Foe kia she*. They have excavated a great mountain of rock to construct it. It consists of five stories; the lowest, which hath the form of an elephant, includes five hundred stone chambers. The second, which hath the form of a lion, contains four hundred chambers. The third, which hath the form of a horse, contains three hundred chambers. The fourth, which hath the form of an ox, contains two hundred chambers. The fifth, which has the form of a pigeon, contains one hundred chambers. At the uppermost story, there is a spring of water which follows the circumvolutions of the rock. It encircles the apartments in its descent, performing thus the tour of the edifice to the lowest floor, the apartments of which also it waters, and then passes out at the gate. In all the stories there are windows pierced through the rock for the admission of the light, so that every chamber is perfectly illuminated, and there is no darkness there. At the four corners of the edifice, they have hewn the rock and formed steps for ascending; at present men ascend by means of small ladders to reach a place where formerly a man left the print of his foot. Here is the reason why they call this temple *Pho lo yue*. *Pho lo yue* in Indian signifies a pigeon. In this temple there are always Arhans who dwell there. The little hill is waste and uninhabited; it is only at a very great distance that there are any villages. The inhabitants are a perverse race who do not recognise the law of Foe.

The Samaneans, Brahmans, heretics, and all the people of the country have frequently seen men come flying to the temple. When therefore the Clergy of Reason of the other kingdoms would go thither and practice the rites, the natives said to them, "why come you not flying? We have seen ecclesiastics arrive here on the wing!" The ecclesiastics answered, "Our wings are not yet formed."

(To be continued.)

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\* Mr. J. W. Laidlay, the able Translator from the French, and Annotator, of *Fa-Hian's Pilgrimage*, subjoins the following remarks on the above passage, from Col. Sykes's "highly interesting *Notes on the Religious, Moral, and Political state of India*."

"Those who have read my description of the caves of Ellora may be induced to recognise in these stupendous and magnificent rocks the originals of Fa-Hian's monastery and 1,500 chambers. Considering the constant bias of human nature to enhance the value of that in which a personal interest is mixed up I am surprised the travellers from the Dekhan did not lead Fa-Hian more astray than they appear to have done. My description of temples supported by elephants and lions, of a temple of three stories (*Teen lokh*) of windows pierced in the rock, of multitudinous chambers, of the course of rivalets down the mountain, and carried over and into the caves of the uninhabited locality, and finally, even the name may be supposed to have originated in the flocks of blue pigeons which no doubt then as now inhabited the perforations in the mountains: my description, I repeat, offers so many matters of approximation to the general points of the inflated and distorted ac-



counts given to Fa-Hian by the people from the Dekhan that it may fairly be permitted to us to consider that Fa-Hian is describing Ellora. The excavations in Salsette would afford the next approximation, and after these the wondrous labours at Junir (Jooneer) and the Ajunta Ghât. Fa-Hian's silence with respect to the Linga caves at Ellora which he would have designated as those of the heretics, offers to my mind satisfactory proof that in his day they were not in existence. Apparently for the preceding 1,000 years there had not been Hindu dynasties or a Hindu population sufficiently powerful, or numerous, to have produced them."

Unfortunately we have been unable to procure the original from which this is an extract; but to judge of the whole by the part we should be disposed to pronounce the Colonel's description to be scarcely less "inflated and distorted" than the accounts furnished to Fa-Hian. Blue pigeons as the reader probably knows are by no means peculiar to Ellora; but notoriously congregate in deserted buildings. On such a foundation it is scarcely fair to base a theory. Still less can any argument be deduced from the *silence* of so vague and unsatisfactory a writer as Fa-Hian.\*

\* List of stages continued from the previous article:—

December 31st,	Fardapûr,	morning,	14 miles, Captain Gill's tents.
" "	Ajunta,	evening,	3 miles, by the pass, 5 by the caves, serai.
January 1st,	Silore,	evening,	25 miles, a native shop.
" 2nd,	Pûlmuri,	morning,	19 miles, a tree.
" "	Rowzah,	evening,	22 miles, a bungalow.

## IX.

## THE POOR OF ENGLAND,—THEIR INDUSTRIAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS WRONGS.\*

*(Continued from p. 337.)*

“Many things have been written about shirtmaking; but here perhaps is the saddest thing of all, not written any where till now, that I know of. Shirts by the thirty-thousand are made at two pence-half-penny each;—and in the meanwhile no needle-woman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife, to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing.”

So writes Mr. Thomas Carlyle in the first of those strange amalgamations of harsh English and unpractical lugubriousness, the Latter-Day Pamphlets. We wonder that a man of a turn of mind so evidently practical as the author of *Alton Locke* can quote with the smallest approbation the worthless pedantries of this most consummate of all modern *shams*. That Mr. Carlyle is a man of genius and of learning there is no disputing: but, to say nothing of his intolerable solecisms, vulgar humour, and ungracious rhetoric, one who can set up a scheme for recasting the Government of England, by fixing on the *Noblest* possible man to digest the whole affair anew and to enrol a bevy of *Noblers* as his lieutenants, and so proceed to the reformation of every social, political, and religious abuse; without a single glance at the divinely-constituted offices of Monarch and Church, or a thought that the Powers which be are ordained of God, is surely no oracle for a divine who entertains such an elevated assurance of the inherent efficacy in Christianity to reform the nations as the author of *Alton Locke* displays in the striking chapters which conclude his second volume. Indeed we are bound to say that the autobiographer has written a good deal on the polity and institutions of our country, and especially on Church and University abuses and reforms, with which not all his strong common-sense and sustained eloquence have been able to imbue us with any sympathy whatever, and for which we can account only on the belief that he speaks in his assumed character of a Chartist and a Sceptic; and that the new light which breaks upon the hero of the story, from the benevolent offices of the widowed Lady Eleanor (one of

\* ALTON LOCKE. TAILOR AND POET. An Autobiography, 2 Vols. London. Chapman and Hall. 1850. LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. Edited by THOMAS CARLYLE. London. Chapman and Hall. 1850. PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By JOHN STUART MILL. London. Parker. 1848. PAROCHIAL WORK. By the REV. E. MONRO. London. Parker. 1850.

the most successful delineations of female self-devotion to works of high philanthropy which we remember any where) may be felt to neutralize the less genial sentimentalities of his earlier career. To follow all the incidents of this fascinating production is as much beyond our limit as our purpose; and, so far as it debars us from introducing our readers to many exquisite pictures of English life among the higher and ecclesiastical classes, we regret it. But our business with it is simply as a mirror in which the Wrongs of the Poor stand in bold relief; and to that view, therefore, we confine ourselves.

To shew the extent of existing calamity in that single class whose wrongs we propose to illustrate in any detail in the present paper, the "sweaters, and sweater's sweaters, and sweater's sweater's sweaters" who supply the ready-made garments of the city Show-shops, and also, sad to say, a large proportion of "bespoken" articles of costume, we avail ourselves of a further revelation of Mr. Carlyle, containing facts much less novel than the hideous vehicle through which he chuses to present them to us.

"Thirty thousand outcast Needle-women working themselves swiftly to death; three million Paupers rotting themselves in forced idleness, *helping* said Needle-women to die: these are but items in the sad ledger of despair.

"Thirty thousand wretched women, sunk in that putrifying well of abominations; they have oozed in upon London, from the universal Stygian quagmire of British industrial life; are accumulated in the well of the concern, to that extent. British charity is smitten to the heart, by the laying bare of such a scene; passionately undertakes, by enormous subscriptions of money, or by other enormous effort, to redress that individual horror, as I and all men hope it may. But, alas, what next? This general well and cesspool once baled clean out to-day, will begin before night to fill itself anew. The universal Stygian quagmire is still there; opulent in women ready to be ruined, and in men ready. Towards the same sad cesspool will these waste currents of human ruin ooze and grayitate as heretofore:—except in draining the universal quagmire itself, there is no remedy. 'And for that, what is the method?' cry many in an angry manner. To whom, for the present, I answer only, Not 'emancipation,' it would seem, my friends; not the cutting loose of human ties; something far the reverse of that!"

In fact, the remedy is in Mr. Carlyle's opinion, to get rid of all "Phantasm Captains," histrionic Kings, solemn Bishops and high Dignitaries; with Governments responsible only to "the twenty-seven million *gods* of the shilling gallery," horse hair and Redtapism, universal ballot-boxes and counts of heads: and to confide to the *Noblest* with his

select series of *Nobler*, the divine everlasting duty of directing and controlling the Ignoble!"

But wherefore all this misery and destitution and ruin in the land to which our fondest thoughts recur, and which her vast incalculable resources stamp as Queen of the Nations? No doubt a good deal is referable to the advanced powers of machinery, and the fact that, beyond a certain limit, which probably, in most of the industrial arts, has been reached long ago, no possible increase of demand can absorb all the labour which was, or at any rate would have become necessary for the production of that quantity, by handicraft, which originally suggested the application of the machine. In this way a vast number of hands which in the bygone found employment in the small manufactures which were common in the English hamlets have been positively driven to the towns; where being needy strangers, they have been compelled to accept the meagre dole proffered by panderers for the competition market. The system of curtailed indulgence and vigorous discipline which has place under the existing Poor Laws, as a substitute for,—not, as Mr. Carlyle recommends, “enlistment in English, Scotch, and Irish Industrial Regiments” under “industrial Colonels, Workmasters, Task-masters, Life-commanders, equitable as Rhadamanthus and inflexible as he,” (for we presume it will be generally conceded that the alternative proposed to the unemp'oyed poor of a given locality should not lie between labour elsewhere under “conditions strict as soldiering,” and the non-issue of meal)—but as a substitute for optional and remunerative occupation in new and distant spheres of industry has no doubt thrown many upon such resources as the towns supply, whose spirit could not brook the too often inhuman exactions of the *Unions*. And we are not prepared to say that the various features of agricultural pauperism which we so vividly depicted in Alton Locke's recital on that his memorable *second* visit to the country, as a Chartist haranguer, have no influence in congregating the mass of destitute labourers in the cities. But, whatever be the causes in the cities of England, the able-bodied poor *are*, by thousands and by tens, and hundreds of thousands, *perishing for lack of bread*, and reluctant to forego the mere chance of a provision, though the sources whence it may accrue can often be only two insufficiently investigated.

A very large proportion of this unemployed labour is drifted into a channel for the supply of the present excessive extravagance in cheap costume. The large majority of West-End Houses having resolved to adopt the contract system,

and, transforming what were the work-rooms of their predecessors into saloons of display, to dispose of the mechanical department to unprincipled middlemen, the supply of such contractors has, as is usual, increased with the demand. Just such an one was Jemmy Downes, whose career we will now illustrate from the volumes under review.

The old employer of Alton Locke had died, and his son resolved to go ahead with the times. Why should he remain in the minority, and stick to the old, slow-going honourable trade? while army-clothes, post-office clothes, policeman's clothes were furnished by contractors and sweat-ers, hiring work at low-prices, and letting it out to journeymen at still lower? If workmen chose to take low rates, was he bound to make them a present of more than they asked for? No—one Saturday evening he makes official announcement that he will commence business in the "show-trade," and that in future all work will be given out to be made up at the men's homes.

His auditory, as it might be presumed, were quite insensible to the delight with which the outer world would gaze on the splendid architectural improvements, plate, glass, and brass scroll-work, arabesques and chandeliers by which the respectable, but hitherto unpretending, establishment was in future to be signalized; and adjourned to the nearest house of call to canvass their consequent expectations and resources. And there was a division of counsels—for Jemmy Downes having settled himself upon the table, with a pipe and a pot of porter, disputed John Crossthwaite's authority to organize a resistance to the new system, and expressed his willingness to bear his share of the curse he heard invoked on each traitor's head, if, like Shechem Isaacs—that sold pen-knives in the streets six months ago, he could "ride in his own carriage, all along of turning sweater." A protest is prepared, and six resolute spirits, among whom were Crossthwaite and Alton Locke, signed their determination never to swell the crowd of artizans now choking and strangling one another to death; and—for there had been a traitor in the camp—were contumeliously discharged, without reason assigned, the next day. Of the forty who took the yoke upon them, and went down to the house of bondage, not knowing whither they went, Mr. Locke relates in his subsequently written autobiography:—

"Every man of them is now a beggar, compared to what he was then. Many are dead in the prime of life, of consumption, bad food, and lodging, and the peculiar diseases of our trade. Some have not been

“heard of lately—we fancy them imprisoned in some sweaters’ dens—  
“but thereby hangs a tale, whereof more hereafter.”

Thus destitute of every means of honourable provision, save through his liberal welcome at Sandy Mackaye’s, Mr. Locke determines, at the suggestion of the fine old Scot, to “pack up his duds, and the poems wi’ them, and gang till his cousin i’ the university, wha’ll surely put him in the way o’ publishing them;” and so resolved on the first of those “memorable journeys” to which we alluded in a former paper. And whoever has any love for English rural retirement will read with delight our author’s discussion of a Cockney’s first impressions on the joyous genial bits of Nature in “*the yard where the gentlemen live when they go out of town.*” Though this is all beside our present object, we must again record the sacrifice of foregoing some single sketch of the village sportsmen, and his loving, laughing wife and boy; or of the labourer, or the school-master, or the parson—all conceived in the kindest mood, and delineated in touches often of quite extraordinary brilliancy. Viewed simply in reference to artistic excellence, these figures, and the story of the Cambridge boat race, and the whole denouement of Mr. Locke’s *rencontre* with the fair Italian at the University and the Deanery, are perhaps the very best-conceived passages in the volumes. But we must hurry our readers to the Sweater’s den.

On the way, however, we are pleased to light upon a draft which is to our purpose—of one “tall, fat, jolly-looking farmer” Porter, who, driving past our autobiographer, on his tramp to Cambridge, perched the stiff and footsore tailor beside his tower of broad-cloth.

“Dee yow consider, now, that a mon mought be lost, like, into Lunnon?”

“How lost?”

“Why, yow told o’ they sweaters—dee yow think a mon might get in wi’ one o’ they, and they that mought be looking vor un not to vind un.”

“I do indeed. There was a friend of that man Porter got turned away from our shop, because he would’nt pay some tyrannical fine for being saucy, as they called it, to the shopman: and he went to a sweater’s—and then to another; and his friends have been tracking him up and down this six months, and can hear no news of him.”

“Aw! guide us! and what’n, think yow, be gone wi’ un?”

“I am afraid he has got intq one of those dens, and has pawned his clothes, as dozens of them do, for food, and so can’t get out.”

“Pawned his clothes for victuals! To think o’ that, noo! But if he had work, can’t he get victuals?”

“Oh!” I said, “there’s many a man who, after working seventeen or eighteen hours a day, Sundays and all, without even time to take off

“his clothes, finds himself brought in debt to his tyrant at the week’s end. And if he gets no work, the villain won’t let him leave the house; he has to stay there starving, on the chance of an hour’s job. I tell you, I’ve known half-a-dozen men imprisoned in that way, in a little dungeon of a garret, where they had hardly room to stand upright, and only just space to sit and work between their beds, without breathing the fresh air, or seeing God’s sun, for months together, with no victuals but a few slices of bread and butter, and a little slop of tea, twice a day, till they were starved to the very bone.”

“Oh, my God! my God!” said the old man, in a voice which had a deeper tone of feeling than mere sympathy with other’s sorrow was likely to have produced. There was evidently something behind all these enquiries of his. I longed to ask him if his name, too, was not Porter

“Aw! yow known Billy Porter? what was a like? Tell me now—what was a like, in the Lord’s name! what was a like unto?”

“Very tall and bony,” I answered.

“Ah! sax feet, and more? and a yard across?—but a was starved. a was a’ thin, though, may be, when you sawn un?—and beautiful fine hair hadn’t a, like a lass’s?”

“The man I knew had red hair,” quoth I.

“Ow, ay, an’ that it wor, red as a rising sun, and the curls of un like gowlden guineas! and thou knew’st Billy Porter! To think o’ that, noo—”

Another long silence.

“Could you find un, dee yow think, noo, into Lunnon? Suppose, noo, there was a mon ’ud gie—may be five pund—ten pund—twenty pund, by \* \* \*—twenty pund down, for to ha’ him brocht home safe and soun’—could you do ’t, bor’? I zay, could yow do ’t?”

“I could do it as well without the money as with, if I could do it at all. But have you no guess as to where he is?”

He shook his head sadly.

“We—that’s to zay, they as wants un—hav’n’t heerd tell of un vor this three year—three year coom Whitsuntide as ever was——” and he wiped his eyes with his cuff.

“If you will tell me all about him, and where he was last heard of, I will do all I can to find him.”

“Will ye, noo? will ye? The Lord bless ye for zaying that”—And he grasped my hand in his great iron fist, and fairly burst out crying.

“Was he a relation of your’s?” I asked gently.

“My bairn—my bairn—my eldest bairn. Dinnot yow ax me no moor—dinnot then, bor’. Gie on yow powney, and yow goo leuk vor un.”

Another long silence.

“I’ve a been to Lunnon, looking vor un.”

Another silence.

“I went up and down, up and down, day and night, day and night, to all pothouses as I could zee; vor, says I, he was a’ways a main chap to drink, he was. Oh, deery me! an’, I never cot zight on un—and noo, I be most spent, I be——”

And he pulled up at another public house, and tried this time a glass of brandy. He stopped, I really think at every inn between that place and Cambridge, and at each tried some new compound; but his heart seemed, from habit, utterly fire-proof.

In front of Trinity Lodge the old man dropped his companion with a request that he would "vind the bairn and coom to zee him down to Metholl"—

"But dinnot goo ax vor Farmer Porter—they's all Porters, there away. Yow ax vor Wooden-house Bob—that's me; and if I barn't to home, ax vor Mucky Bill—that's my brawther—we're all gotten our names down to ven; and if he barn't to home, you ax vor Frog-Hall—that's where my sister do live; and they'll all veed ye, and lodge ye, and welcome come. We be all like one, doon in the ven; and do ye, do ye, vind my bairn!" And he trundled on, down the narrow street.

We here pass over a considerable part of the narrative, to some passages of which we may perhaps refer by and by, when we arrive at the more practical considerations on which we meditate entering, and argue for some speculative alleviations of the present system of injury and misery of which so many thousands of our countrymen are the victims, to follow Locke and Crosssthaite in their search for Billy Porter and his friend Mike Kelly. After long weeks of unsuccessful familiarity with frightful scenes of hopeless tribulation, and ever-widening pits of pauperism and slavery, and enforced convictions that no trade in the metropolis was quite unscathed by the wretched system which had so degraded their own, a fresh spur is given to their efforts by the sudden appearance of Farmer Porter himself.

Seated, ill at ease, in Mackay's sanctum, the yeoman, putting his pipe solemnly on the hob, and clearing his throat, began :—

"Them's a sight o' larned beuks, Muster Mackaye?"

"Humph."

"Yow maun ha' got a deal o' scholarship among they, noo?"

"Humph."

"Dee yow think, noo, yow could vind of my boy out of un, by any ways o' conjuring, like?"

"By what?"

"Conjuring—to strike a perpendicular, noo, or say the Lord's prayer backwards?"

"Wadna ye prefer a meeracle or twa?" asked Sandy, after a long pull at the whiskey-toddy.

"Or a few effreets?" added I.

"Whatever you likes, gentlemen. You're best judges, to be sure," answered Farmer Porter, in an awed and helpless voice.

"Aweel—I'm no that's disinclined to believe in the occult sciences. I dinna hand a'thegither with Salvete. There was mair in them than *Magia naturalis*, I'm thinking. Mesmerism and magic-lanterns, benj and opium, winna explain a' facts, Alton, laddie. Dootless they were an unco barbaric an' empiric method o' expressing the gran' truth o' man's mastery over matter. But the interpenetration o' the



“spiritual an’ physical worlds is a gran’ truth too; an’ aiblins the Deity might ha’ allowed witchcraft, just to teach that to puir barbarous folk—signs and wonders, laddie, to mak’ them believe in somewhat mair than beasts that perish: an’ so ghaists an’ warlocks might be a necessary element o’ the Divine education in dark and carnal times. But I’ve no read o’ a case in which necromancy, nor geomancy, nor cooskinomancy, nor any ither mancy, was applied to sic a purpose as this. Unco gude they were, may be, for the discovery o’ stolen spunes—but no that o’ stolen tailors.”

In fine, the detective police force, of whose sagacious doings so admirable a description has recently appeared in the “Household Words,” seems to Sandy Mackaye to be the only resort. But not so thought (all who know the English Midland agricultural counties will agree) *characteristically* credulous Farmer Porter:—

“I tell ye, there’s nothing like ganging to a wise ’ooman. Bless ye, I mind one up to Guy Hall, when I was a barn, that two Irish reapers coom down, and murdered her for the money—and if you lost aught she’d vind it, so sure as the church—and a mighty hand to cure burns; and they two villain coom back, after harvest, seventy miles to do it—and when any vather’s cows was shrew-struck, she made un be draed under a brimble as grewed together at both ends, she a praying like mad all the time; and they never got nothing but fourteen shillings and a crooked sixpence; for why, the devil carried off all the rest of her money, and I seen um both a-hanging in chains by Wisbeach river, with my own eyes. So when they Irish reapers comes into the vens, our chaps always says, ‘yow goo to Guy Hall, there’s yor brithren a-waitin vor yow,’ and that do make um joost mad loike, it do. I tell ye there’s nowt loike a wise ’ooman, for vinding out the likes o’ this.”

A woman, not after Farmer Porter’s humour, but yet wise enough in her generation, proved the means, eventually, of rescuing the missing youths from their bondage to oppression, infamy, and starvation. It was no other than Jemmy Downes’s Irish wife, who prowling about Covent Garden, came in contact with Alton Locke, and by an instinctive glance, read his capability for her purposes in his gait. She invited him to the sweater’s den, advancing lures of high wages and beautiful lodgings “as chape as mother’s milk;” and he, in the fond expectation of eliciting some clue to poor Kelly and his friend Porter, was induced to accompany her through narrow dingy alleys to one of those miserable nests of slop-workers which abound in the East-end. In the low, slatternly parlour to which she hurried him, fetid with the disgusting odours of new cloth and gin, the first object which he recognized was he whom he had formerly known as the panderer to their common employer’s “haste to be rich,” Jemmy Downes. From the landing on the second floor,

whither his conductress somewhat grumblingly introduced him, his eyes glanced round "a fetid, choking den; with just room enough in it for the seven or eight sallow, starved beings, who, coatless, shoeless, and ragged, sat stitching, each on his truckle-bed." A door opens opposite—for Locke's voice has been recognized—but by one unwashed, unshaven, shrunken to a skeleton!

"Blessed Vargen! but that wasn't your voice, Locke?"

"And who are you?"

"Tear and ages! and he don't know Mike Kelly!"

My first impulse was to catch him up in my arms, and run down stairs with him. I controlled myself, however, not knowing how far he might be in his tyrant's power. But his voluble Irish heart burst out at once—

"Oh! blessed saints, take me out o' this!—take me out for the love of Jesus!—take me out o' this hell, or I'll go mad intirely! Och! will nobody have pity on poor souls in purgatory—here in prison like negur slaves? We're starved to the bone, we are, and kilt intirely with cowlid."

And as he clutched my arms with his long, skinny trembling fingers, I saw that his hands and feet were all chapped and bleeding. Neither shoe nor stocking did he possess; his only garments were a ragged shirt and trousers and—only in horrible mockery of his own misery, a grand new flowered satin vest, which to-morrow was to figure in some gorgeous shop window!

"Och! Mother of Heaven!" he went on wildly, "when will I get out to the fresh air? For five months I haven't seen the blessed light of sun, nor spo'len to the praste, nor ate a bit o' mate, barring bread—and-butter. Shure, its all the blessed Sabbaths and Saints' days I have been a working like a haythen Jew, and niver seen the insides o' the chapel to confess my sins, and me poor sowl's lost intirely—and they've pawned the relaver\* this fifteen weeks, and not a boy of us ever set foot in the street since."

"Vot's that row?" roared at this juncture Downes's voice from below.

"Och, thin," shrieked the woman, "here's that thief o' the world, Micky Kelly, slandhering o' us afore the blessed heaven, and he owing 2*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* for his board an' lodgin', let alone pawn-tickets, and goin' to rin away, the black-hearted ungrateful serpent!" And she began telling indiscriminately 'Thieves!' 'Murder!' 'Blasphemy!' and such other ejaculations, which (the English ones at least) had not the slightest reference to the matter in hand.

"I'll come to him!" said Downes, with an oath, and rushed stumbling up the stairs, while the poor wretch sneaked in again, and slammed the door to. Downes battered at it, but was met with a volley of curses from the men inside; while, profiting by the Babel, I blew out the light, ran down-stairs, and got safely into the street.

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\* A coat, we understand, which is kept by the coatless wretches in these sweaters' dungeons, to be used by each of them in turn when they want to go out.—EDITOR *A. L.*

And then follows a terrible scene of plunder, abuse, and violence—a young Jew scoundrel laying hands on old Porter's pocket-book—he belabouring Downes until his helpless boy is unvoluntarily surrendered, "long, shrunken, with the tears on his dirty cheeks glittering in the candle-glare;" Mike Kelly, borne away in the embrace of his uncle, Crossthwaite, and all might have been released by power of a policeman's search-warrant, save that, alas! to the majority of broken-hearted unfortunates in that bastille of shame and pain, their dungeon was "their only home,—their only hope, as it is of thousands of 'free' Englishmen at this moment."

Before we turn to other matters, we will just gather up the subsequent incidents in the career of Jemmy Downes. As Mr. Locke wandered, melancholy and chagrined at the miscarriages of all his most cherished ambitions—and specially at the engagement of the idol of his imagination, Lillian, to his despised and despicable cousin George, and the miserably ridiculous catastrophe of the celebrated Tenth of April, he happened, in the gloom of evening, on Waterloo Bridge. A man rushed wildly past him, clambered on the parapet, and threw his arms up to the winds. A moment more, and he had leapt into the dark moaning river-eddies below. Gaunt, ragged, sodden, blear-eyed, drivelling—'twas Jemmy Downes, the worn-out gin-drinker, his momentary paroxysm of strength gone, trembling and staggering.

His suicidal fury subdued by Alton's interference, he clutches his detainer's arm, and drags him down Stamford Street. Miscrable and demented from the mingled operation of gin and sorrow, he raves of imaginary *rats* with skinny glistening hats and peclers' staves, dozens and dozens, intent on hurrying him to the station-house. Thence on to Toolcy Street, he jabbers incoherently on the sweater's wretchedness. They reach a dank, unwholesome alley, where two or three spectral dogs prowl after the offal on the heaps of cinders and in the stagnant cesspools. The last remaining of the recently demolished abodes (for the neighbourhood was undergoing "*improvements* of that peculiar metropolitan species which consists in pulling down the dwellings of the poor, and building up rich men's houses instead") was Jemmy Downes's,—crazed and ricketty, "leaning out one naked ugly side into the gap, and stretching out long props, like feeble arms and crutches, to resist the work of demolition." A group of slatterns brawl boisterously in the entry.

"Oh! you unnatural villain!" shrieked one Jezebel who seized him by the arm,—“To go away after your drink, and leave all them poor

"dear dead corpses locked up, without even letting a body go in to stretch them out!"

"And breeding the fever, too, to poison the whole house," growled one.

"The relieving officer's been here, my cove," said another; "and he's gone for a pealer and a search-warrant to break open the door, I can tell you!"

But Downes pushed past unheeding, unlocked a door at the end of the passage, thrust me in, locked it again, and then rushed across the room in chase of two or three rats, who vanished into creaks and holes.

And what a room? A low lean-to with wooden walls, without a single article of furniture; and through the broad chinks of the floor shone up as it were ugly glaring eyes, staring at us.—They were the reflections of the rushlight in the sewer below. The stench was frightful—the air heavy with pestilence. The first breath I drew made my heart sink and my stomach turn. But I forgot every thing in the object which lay before me, as Downes tore a half-finished coat off three corpses laid side by side on the bare floor.

There was his little Irish wife;—dead—and naked—the wasted white limbs gleamed in the lurid light; the unclosed eyes stared, as if reproachfully, at the husband whose drunkenness had brought her there to kill her with the pestilence; and on each side of her a little, shrivelled, impish, child-corpse—the wretched man had laid their arms round the dead mother's neck—and there they slept, their hungering and wailing over at last for ever: the rats had been busy already with them—but what matter to them now?

"Look!" he cried; "I watched 'em dying! Day after day I saw the devils come up through the crack, like little maggots and beetles and all manner of ugly things, creeping down their throats; and I asked 'em, and they said they were the fever-devils."

It was too true; the poisonous exhalations had killed them. The wretched man's delirium tremens had given that horrible substantiality to the poisonous fever gases.

Suddenly Downes turned on me almost menacingly, "Money! money! I want some gin!"

I was thoroughly terrified—and there was no shame in feeling fear, locked up with a madman far my superior in size and strength, in so ghastly a place. But the shame, and the folly too, would have been in giving way to my fear; and with a boldness half assumed, half the real fruit of excitement and indignation at the horrors I beheld, I answered—

"If I had money, I would give you none. What do you want with gin? Look at the fruits of your accursed tipping. If you had taken my advice, my poor fellow," I went on, gaining courage as I spoke, "and become a water-drinker like me——"

"Curse you and your water-drinking! If you had had no water to drink or wash with but that—that," pointing to the foul ditch below— "If you had emptied the slops in there with one hand, and filled your kettle with the other——"

"Do you actually mean that that sewer is your only drinking water?"

"Where else can we get any? Every body drinks it; and you shall too—you shall!" he cried with a fearful oath, "and then I'll see if you don't run off to the gin-shop, to take the taste of it out of your mouth. Drink? and who can help drinking, with his stomach turned with

“such hell-broth as that—or such a hell’s blast as this air is here, ready to vomit from morning to night with the smells? I’ll show you. You shall drink a bucket full of it, as sure as you live, you shall.”

And he ran out of the back door, upon a little balcony, which hung over the ditch.

I tried the door, but the key was gone, and the handle too. I beat furiously on it, and called for help. Two gruff authoritative voices were heard in the passage.

“Let us in, I’m the policeman!”

“Let me out, or mischief will happen!”

The policeman made a vigorous thrust at the crazy door; and just as it burst open, and the light of his lantern streamed into the horrible den, a heavy splash was heard outside.

“He has fallen into the ditch!”

“He’ll be drowned, there, as sure as he’s a born man,” shouted one of the crowd behind.

We rushed out on the balcony. The light of the policeman’s lantern glared over the ghastly scene—along the double row of miserable house-backs, which lined the side of the open tidal ditch—over strange, rambling jetties, and balconies, and sleeping-sheds, which hung in rotting piles over the black waters, with phosphorescent scraps of rotten fish gleaming and twinkling out of the dark hollows, like devilish grave-lights—over bubbles of poisonous gas, and bloated carcasses of dogs, and lumps of offal, floating on the stagnant, olive-green hell-broth—over the slow sullen rows of oily ripple which were dying away into the darkness far beyond, sending up, as they stirred, hot breaths of miasma—the only sign that a spark of humanity, after years of foul life had quenched itself at last in that foul death. I almost fancied that I could see the haggard face staring up at me through the slimy water; but no—it was as opaque as stone.

I shuddered and went in again to see slatternly gin-smelling women stripping off their clothes—true women even there—to cover the poor naked corpses; and pointing to the bruises which told of a tale of long tyranny and cruelty; and mingled their lamentations with stories of shrieks and beating, and children locked up for hours to starve, and the men looked on sullenly, as if they were guilty, or rushed out to relieve themselves by helping to find the drowned body. Ugh! it was the very mouth of hell, that room. And in the midst of all the rout, the relieving officer stood impassive, jotting down scraps of information, and warning us to appear the next day, to state what we knew before the magistrates.

The human heart cannot, perhaps, resist an instinctive pang at the fall and suicide of even such a wretch as Downes. Such crimes, personal and social, are undoubtedly of the deepest dye; undoubtedly, too, in cases necessarily involving so large and general an amount of suffering as the exactions of the large majority of the master-tailors of the metropolis and their unprincipled middlemen, the resolve of John Crossthwaite and his five allies to starve rather than yield to so abominable a system would, if generally and consistently acted out, be the noblest and most effectual way of meeting the calamity. But it must not be forgotten that a strike, to be

effectual, must be organized and agreed on by an overwhelming proportion of the artizans of the resisting craft—and that the *immediate* consequences of a refusal to labour will almost always involve a destitution, the pressure of which a concession even to exorbitant reductions will stave off in a degree; and that therefore on the part of artizans, generally illiterate and uncalculating, any adequate opposition can hardly be looked for. In an age where every thing is tending, throughout the most advanced commercial nations, to engender an excess of hands in the arts necessarily manual, there will be constantly an abundance of the destitute, unemployed, and ready to take work at rates as low as the extremest competition can reduce the price of labour to; and therefore, while the purchase of cheap clothes for the million is so popular as at present, without some *more* powerful check on the combinations for producing them, than can, with any probability, be contemplated from a sustained but unsupported resistance on the part of the mechanics, it must be rather mournful than surprizing that such scenes exist as we have presented from Mr. Locke's autobiography. Besides, it is sad to think that the higher classes in England are not innocent of aggravating the calamity. We have read in some of the books under review, and have read elsewhere, that uniforms, and liveries, and postmen's and policemen's and convicts' clothes, are all contracted for on the miserable system which we have been exposing:—that “the colonels of Her Majesty's regiments, many of them noblemen, make their own vile profit out of the tailors—out of the pauperism of the men, the slavery of the children, the prostitution of the women;”—that “getting so much uniform allowed to them by Government, they let out the jobs to the contractors at less than half what Government gives them, and pocket the difference.” If this be so—if the combination: to starve and rob the producers of apparel run through all classes of society, we must say that such middlemen as Jemmy Downes yield, if not to a pardonable, at least to a very intelligible impulse of human nature, and that the wretched men whom they so culpably engulf within their dens avail themselves of a resource for which no wit or ingenuity of theirs can suggest any substitute. As far as the Government contracts tend to oppress the poor, relief, it seems to us, may be most justly appealed for from a quarter quite extraneous to the mechanics. It has been said that the British Government once received a memorial from

the slop-makers on the infamously-low rates at which the public clothing is supplied in the several departments; and refused to interfere on the ground that the question of wages rests entirely between contractor and workmen, and is regulated by the amount of competition among the labourers themselves. In Mr. Carlyle's pamphlet on *Downing Street*—(and he, though we think him greatly to be reprehended for the innovations and corruptions which signalize his style, and a thorough visionary in his remedial proposals, has still recorded many facts as undeniable as painful)—it is intimated that the same apathy to the well-being of the labourers in other branches of production is notorious. For after some severe and not indefensible strictures on Lord Grey's Colonial policy, he goes on to say:—

“Were the state of poor *sallow* English ploughers and weavers, what we may call the *sallow* or yellow emancipation interest, as much an object with Exeter-Hall Philanthropists as that of the Black block-heads now all emancipated, and going at large without work, or need of working, in West-India clover (and fattening very much on it, one delights to hear.)—then perhaps the Home Office, its huge virtual task better understood, and its small performance better seen into, might be found still more deficient, and behind the wants of the age than the Colonial itself is.”

And we have heard that in many, and perhaps in all, departments of Government contract, as well as in that of apparel, the labourers do suffer from the most severe exactions, and that, not because the rates paid by Government to the controllers in the several offices for supply are themselves stint, but because these controllers, having no further account to give of the distribution of the funds voted for supplies than their guarantee that the supplies have been furnished, do let out the contracts according to the lowest tender, and convert whatever be the excess of the fund committed to them, *over* this tender, to a personal perquisite. Now that the operation of such a system as this must affect the community prejudicially is, if we mistake not, easily demonstrable. The funds voted for supplies in the public departments should be formed upon a moderate estimate, or the taxation will be unnecessarily high; and this estimate, being just, and only just adequate to the maintenance of the producers in their several degrees of life, should not be diverted into any other channel, or the labourers must be stinted. It is no doubt true, that an excess of artizans beyond those requisite for the production of an adequate supply, will create a competition in some measure profitable to

contractors;—that is, that supposing the wages-fund to be competent for the hands necessary for the supply, but still that an excess of funds and the consequent competition, induces the artizans to submit to work for less than a competence, the contractor is benefitted to the extent of what he can reserve from the wages-fund. And this evil, perhaps, cannot easily be brought under Government control, but must be met by associations of one form or another among the artizans themselves. But it seems not too much to pray that the State will not suffer any sum which it appropriates to the purchase of labour to become the perquisites of superiors in the several departments of supply. The common argument for non-interference is that the supply is always duly forthcoming, and within the limits of the vote for that supply; and that the State is not concerned with the consideration who is advantaged by a more favourable contract than it in its estimate anticipated. But upon no ground is such a plea for non-interference tenable. Take the case of those who petitioned against the low rates at which the public clothing is supplied—the very gist of their argument is that their demand for wages being regulated by the terms of the contract, if the one were higher, so would the other be; and that therefore, except the estimate on which the fund was voted was formed on an excessive calculation, every single artizan employed upon the supply must suffer from a lack of competence, if that supply be furnished to the controllers at a rate lower than the parliamentary estimate:—that the assumed rate of all State payments to labourers being a competence, and that only, any system which has a tendency to reduce that competence must also tend to swell the levy for poor-rates; and thus, with no better object than the aggrandizement of a few amply paid individuals, must prove, in the end, a burden to the taxable body of the population. For the mere levy of a poor-rate being a standing acknowledgment that the competent support of all its poor, within some restrictive limits, does devolve upon the State, to admit any possible enhancement of that levy by any connivance at the crimping of the State wages-fund is, in reality, to encumber the whole taxable population for the advantage of the very few. Nor should it be forgotten that the evils of incompetence always bear a frightful ratio to the incompetence itself:—that whereas a bare sufficiency will support a population in effective health, a very little less will soon produce the most wretched disability, emaciation, and disease. This the Government of England may be presumed perfectly to



understand from the liberality of its prison discipline. Let us see how this struck one who, as we have said before, is an accurate, though thoroughly unpractical, observer of facts, Mr. Thomas Carlyle:—

“Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons; a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter; which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases; passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private: excellent all, the ne-plus-ultra of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

“The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs: others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean, flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murderesses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing: in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to ‘cherish their vanity,’ when visitors looked at them. Schools too were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves.

“From an inner upper room or gallery, we looked down into a range of private courts, where certain Chartist Notabilities were undergoing their term. Chartist Notability First struck me very much: I had seen him about a year before, by involuntary accident and much to my disgust, magnetising a silly young person, and had noted well the unworthy voracious look of him, his thick oily skin, his heavy, dull-burning eyes, his greedy mouth, the dusky, potent, insatiable animalism that looked out of every feature of him: a fellow adequate to animal-magnetise most things, I did suppose;—and here was the post I found him arrived at. Next neighbour to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary Chartist; walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean, high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded, for some months to come: master of his own time and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What ‘literary man’ to an equal extent? fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, could have

“written such a book as no reader will here ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas, one has to snatch one’s poor Book, bit by bit, as from a conflagration, and to think and live comparatively, as if the house were not one’s own, but mainly the world’s and the devil’s. Notability Second might have filled one with envy.”

Some of our readers will recollect the *Confessions* of our intelligent and facetious ally Ramdeeneoa Bhur; but they surely will agree that the above passes by a long chalk all the accommodations and luxuries of the *Koompanee-ka-Jail-khanah*. And can it, we ask, excite an instant’s wonder that prisons where men are drilled by methods of kindness, and provided with what, for all rational purposes of humanity, is far better than superfluity—all that is good and wholesome in ample competence—can it excite an instant’s wonder that such prisons are absolutely coveted by the less honourable of the destitute in dens like those which we have just seen described? And if the State be declared liable to provide such accommodations for the infringers of the law, can it with any justice be pronounced innocent of, or irresponsible for, the incompetence and degradation of the thousands who are reduced to bad food and stint supplies by the greed and parsimony of those who administer her finances with such undisguised selfishness? Is it just to any party in the political body that, merely to satisfy the ravenousness of the few and the abundantly furnished, the power available for the general security should grow constantly less and less, while the taxation for the maintenance of those who live upon the public is increasing in the same ratio in which the provision for defence decreases, as it always will do when imprisonment is a boon and honest labour inadequate to the maintenance of a discreet household of the poor? At the penalties of indiscretion and excess beyond one’s justly-calculable means and prospects it would be wrong to complain; but it is a hard case indeed, when a man inclined to do his diligence and to submit in all things to those dispensations under which Providence has placed him, curbing his propensities by the rules of prudence, must still toil on to the end of his course, with no hope of such a sufficiency as the county rates supply to the criminal, no expectation from the union commensurate with the felicities of the Jail. And that this is the case in the large majority of the less liberal industrial employments at home needs no proof whatever. We have seen it to be so in the case of the tailors and sempstresses. It is just the same with the weavers and workers generally in looms and frames. It is no otherwise with the agricultural labourers.

The pigs have their styes, and the horses and cattle their sheds, with supply of provender enough to prepare them for their master's exactions from them;—but not so the field-labourer—he may work on for twenty—forty—fifty years, and never be worth enough at last to build him a hovel to lay his limbs in, or to provide him with the most meagre wants of existence. Ah! but there's the Poor-rate. So there is—but paid by whom? Not by the land which has had the unintermitting advantage of his labour—only a trifle of it by the landlord—(perhaps not that if he be an absentee)—but the farmer, who, from the stringency of his lease, may have never been able to lay by a farthing; and by the person who for the whole time of his incumbency, on a comparatively trifling income, has dispersed abroad more, in most cases, than he whose inheritance is sustained in fertility—(and just and only just so much of it as he wills) by the labourers' toil. For we are decidedly of opinion, notwithstanding we have so great an authority as Mr. John Stuart Mill in the opposition, that the state of the agricultural poor would be incalculably improved by a more extensive prevalence of the allotment system. It is very true that both it and the allowance system are similarly calculated to obviate a deficiency of wages. The allowance system, which reached the labourer in the form of a pecuniary poor-rate, did, no doubt, tend to improvidence and the increase of the population; and so, in a few years, the bulk of the recipients were no better off than when they had nothing to eke out their wages. But the advantage of allotments is greatly dependent on personal assiduity; and we believe that not only is there no such persuasive to prudence, as the gradual accumulations from the soil which accrue from industry, but also that the social condition, and the relative estimate of momentary sensuality and permanent comfort, would be greatly changed by the large adoption of a system when every shilling saved might go towards the improvement of a personal tenure, and so where the advantages of discretion would be patent on the "speck of property" on which each labourer would pride himself, more or less, according to its condition relatively to the adjacent tracts. We cannot help thinking that a healthy emulation would thus arise, which the mere purpose of possessing a small credit at the Savings-bank, the accumulation of a gratuitous and often grudgingly awarded dole, would be quite insufficient to stimulate. Mr. Mill indeed admits that allotments, when in sufficient quantity to render labourers independent of hire,

operate as the cause of high wages. But this does not seem to us to be the advantage of the allotment system; nor, indeed, could such a system be an advantage in any sphere, where it is expedient to preserve the interdependence of the employers and the employed. We think allotments should be just large enough to secure the cultivator, under moderate advantage of season, some real and appreciable premium on his industry; but not so large as to interfere with the expediency of employment as full as can be secured by any of his neighbours. And so seems to think a speaker in the great rural demonstration, at which Mr. Locke formed one of the metropolitan deputation of Chartists.

“If they can't till the land, let them do it as can. But they won't: they won't let us have a scrap on it, though we'd pay 'em more for it nor ever they'd make for themselves. But they says it 'ud make us too independent, if we had an acre or so o' land; and so it 'ud, for they. And so I says as he did—they want to make slaves on us altogether, just to get the flesh and bones of us at their own price. Look you at this here down.—If I had an acre on it, to make a garden on, I'd live well with my wages, off and on. Why, if this here was in garden, it 'ud be worth twenty, forty times, o' that it be now. And last spring I lays out o' work from Christmas till barley sowing, and I goes to the farmer and axes for a bit o' land to dig and plant a few potatoes,—and he says, 'you be d—d! If you're minding your garden after hours, you'll not be fit to do a proper day-work for me, in hours,—and I shall want you by and-by, when the weather breaks'—for it was frost most bitter, it was. 'And if you gets potatoes you'll be getting a pig—and then you'll want straw, and meal to fat 'un—and then I'll not trust ye in my barn I can tell ye; and so there it was. And if I'd had only half an acre of this here very down as we stands on, as isn't worth five shillings a year,—and I'd a given ten shillings for it—my belly wouldn't a' been empty now. Oh, they be dogs in the manger, and the Lord 'll reward 'em therefor: First they says they can't afford to work the land 'emselves, and then they waint let us work it ether. Then they says prices is so low they can't keep us on, and so they lowers our wages; and then when prices goes up ever so much, our wages don't go up with 'em. So, high prices or low prices, it's all the same. With the one we can't buy bread, and with the other we can't get work. I don't mind free trade,—not I: to be sure, if, the loaf's cheap, we shall be ruined; but if the loaf's dear, we shall be starved—and for that, we are starved, now. Nobody don't care for us; for my part, I don't much care for myself. A man must die some time or other. Only I think that if we could sometime or other just see the Queen once, and tell her all about it, she'd take our part, and not see us put upon like this, I do.”

We are not prepared to say how far her Majesty's sympathies might be enlisted by the interview here proposed, or what degree of credit may be due to the sentiment of the next orator, that “they locks up the Queen now-a-days, and never lets a poor soul come anear her, nor lets her stir

“out without a lot of dragoons with drawn swords, riding all around her, lest she should hear the truth of all their iniquities;” but we do believe that England must long rue it, except there be some speedy amelioration in the condition of her operatives, both agricultural and manufacturing; and that this amelioration must be steadily prosecuted through large concessions on the part of the upper classes—the landholders, the clothing-colonels, and other Mammonites who have selfishly and ruinously ground the faces of the poor. And we agree with Mr. Carlyle that the Government must begin the work, if it is to proceed with the vigour and efficacy commensurate with the evil.

“The notion that any Government is or can be a No-Government without the deadliest peril to all noble interests of the Commonwealth, and by degrees slower or swifter to all ignoble also, and to the very gully-drains and thief-lodginghouses, and Mosaic sweating establishments, and at last without destruction to such No-Government itself,—was never my notion; and hope it will soon cease altogether to be the world’s, or to be any body’s.”

Still let it never be supposed that we look to Government either singly or principally, as the panacea for the sufferings of the English poor. Sandy Mackaye spake like a prophet, on his death bed, when he delivered as his “last message on airth” that the working men of England have become

“The slaves o’ worse than priests and kings—the slaves o’ their ain’ lusts, ain’ passions—the slaves o’ every loud-tongued knave an’ mountebank that’ll pamper them in their self-conceit; and that the gude God ’ll smite ’em doon an’ bring ’em to naught, and scatter ’em abroad, till they repent, an’ get clean hearts an’ a richt speerit within ’em, and learn His lesson that he’s been trying to teach ’em this threescore years—that the cause o’ the people is the cause o’ Him that made the people; an’ woe to them that tak’ the deevil’s tools to do His work wi’!”

And what the recusancy of the mass cannot accomplish, for that the most exalted function of the stateliest and the wisest is exactly as impotent;—for it needs the strength of God. When the sign of the Cross is on the shield of the soldiers, then only, as of old, is the victory secure. When men should learn to regard one another as brethren regenerated by the baptism wherewith they have been baptized, to act as under one common impulse, and *that* the hope of heaven, then for ever shall the reign be subdued of competition, of clamour, of wicked partiality, and high and low, rich and poor, one with another, shall go on their way rejoicing that they are knitted into one yoke by the hands of love. But this can never be as long as the more able of the laity are busy only with their farms,

their merchandise, and their railroads, with "buying cheap and selling dear all the week, and call themselves Christians, and hope to sneak into a snug berth in Heaven, because they give their parson £10 a year for his charities, and dawdle to Church in their best breeches on Sundays to call a set of equally well-dressed people their dearly-beloved brethren."\*

Even though the Government refuse to move at all, though for indifference and obduracy it continue deaf to every righteous remonstrance and pathetic appeal, the Cross, we believe, on the breasts of the poor may yet prove an instrument to "subdue kingdoms." No doubt it is an awful and tremendous mission to battle against thrones and principalities, and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, with all the passions of the rapacious and the predominant, and all the inhuman egoism of the cruel and the exacting arrayed against her in unsightly and incongruous phalanx—the thought is overwhelming—but the Church, if ably officered, is equal to the conflict. And we trust and believe that the Clergy of England are becoming more and more enlightened to this, which is now their great and high vocation. It is not yet too late to cement a blessed cordiality between the pastors and the poor of England. None have a more instinctively high impression than the poor of what a minister of Christ ought to be. It is a shrewd remark of Mr. Locke's that it is just their idea of what a priest *should* be which makes them rave at what many a priest *is*. The poor—the poor in cities especially—expect of their clergy—and will expect more and more, as the intellect of the community advances—large views, extensive erudition, sturdy logic, and especial power in confuting the infidelity of the day. There must be no discharges at Voltaire and Volney and Tom Paine—for just now it is too true that Hennell and Strauss and Emerson are the quarry which the heretic artisan invariably puts out; and he who has not the weapons for these is good for nothing as a city pastor. But this is the smallest part of his requirements; for his great strength will always lie rather in action than in argument. To gain the trust and confidence of his people, besides the means of displaying an intellectual advantage, he must, as Mr. Monro has admirably remarked in the important volume last upon our list—(p. 93) "be as they are, do as they do, shew that he can suit himself to their understandings, their ways of

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\* Tract on Christian Socialism. No. II. p. 10.

“expression, their ideas;—must make them feel that he is “in earnest by appearing as one of them.” There must be no beginning at the wrong end, with a discipline affecting the exterior, while the hearts of the people are untouched; but the liveliest concern for their advancing spirituality, and *therefore* for their love of ordinances, as the divinely appointed supplies whereby the whole body is compacted and edified. And above all, it must be recollected, (we again quote Mr. Monro) that “men must be worked on *individually* ;”—that “it is impossible to operate very efficiently on the mass ;”—that “until the individual has become conscious of his peculiar requirements, daily service will, to the mass, be a formal routine, and oft-communion will lose much to the soul of its efficacy and power ;” for “the minds of all men, when uneducated, require a very close and personal intercourse on religious matters before they are able to apprehend or realize any religious truth.” In the present age and state of the poor at home, we look upon religious visiting, by the clergy and those deputed by him, as one of the most important instruments for the organization of what Mr. Carlyle has not unhappily called *Industrial Regiments*.

And why, beyond that system of house-visiting which is so essential to any proper parochial appointments, might there not be organized sisterhoods—(why not brotherhoods too?) of mercy they would indeed be—to plead the cause of the poor—to control and superintend and dispose of the results of their industry?—can none be found—like the good and lovely Elcanor, (whose character deserves the study of every English Woman) to share the earnings of poor sempstresses among themselves, and to put into their own pockets the profits which now go to their tyrants, and to keep accounts for them, and get their goods sold, and manage every thing, and read to them while they work, and teach them in the way of life every day? Here is a vocation worthy of the Christian Lady—far removed from asceticism,—involving the need of neither vow nor restraint—to which the mother may devote her daughter with the surest confidence that she will learn to be a discreeter wife, a nobler matron, a more practical believer.

So, and so only, will liberty, equality, and brotherhood prevail among us, when Christ is the common centre about whom we make our orbits here, and heaven is the common home to which our humanest emulations aspire! So, unto the hastening of the coming of His kingdom, may God choose the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the

weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are.

Only let it be recollected that whether, among agriculturalists, the staff against insufficiency be agrestial allotments, or else, in the mechanical departments of labour, an equitable distribution of the rewards of industry, the grand instrument of social improvement is not association, but religion. The lady Eleanor tried *mere* association. Experienced men warned her against the experiment—that the innate selfishness and rivalry of human nature would counteract its efficiency—that to unite and harmonize the several elements of society demands what it could never of itself supply—good faith, fraternal love, over-ruling moral influence:—and that these requisites to union only Christianity can supply—that she is the only hand-maid and encourager to really enfranchised and fraternal labour.



## X.

## THE LATE ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The following humble tribute to the memory of this great and good man was written in his life-time, and sent in January 1842 by a dear friend,\* himself now with God, to the family: and I have now before me the notes of Mr. Southey, and the poet's son, Mr. Cuthbert Southey, to my friend, in acknowledgment of it. I have waited to see whether it would be inserted in his life and correspondence, before I gave it to the public. But as it is not included among the papers inserted in that most interesting biography, I may, I trust, be excused if I request you to print it in an early number of your excellent periodical.

Robert Southey was a warmly attached friend of the Church; and any tribute to him, therefore, will be fitly placed in your valuable pages.

I hope I may be pardoned if I quote the following few words of the poet's accomplished widow in the letter before me, as they refer to a consolatory fact of poor Southey's affliction. Alluding to the lines

"Less sad it were with rayless orbs to live  
As our own Milton"—

she writes, that this is "just only on general principles. In Mr. Southey's case it is not so. The mental darkness closed upon him, before he was aware of the twilight. There was no prelude of distressing consciousness, nor is there any sense of present infirmity or incapacity.

"With rayless orbs to live," would have been to *him* a far more trying dispensation."

Should these lines ever meet Mrs. Southey's eyes, the writer most respectfully trusts that he will not be thought to have intruded upon the sanctity of private affliction. God forbid that he should do so. A combined respect for her husband and herself has induced him to quote so much of

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\* The friend here alluded to, if we mistake not, is the late Rev. James Bush, Rector of South Luffingham, Rutlandshire, of a notice of whose life, and a tributary sonnet, from the same accomplished pen to which we are indebted for the present letter, we hope shortly to avail ourselves.—EDITOR B. M.

her note to the beloved friend of the writer, who also was a friend of Southey's.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

February 18, 1851.

Your's faithfully,

β.

ON SOUTHEY'S LOSS OF MIND.

That eye,—which, as the soaring eagle's sight  
 Can dare the sun's bright beam, flashed forth a mind,  
 That pierced into the light of truth enshrined  
 In sacred poesy,—now sheds a light  
 Of dim uncertainty. Quench'd is the might  
 Of Genius; the intellect is blind;—  
 Until the soul another sphere can find,  
 The finite sinks before the Infinite.  
 And though the spirit her immortal eyes  
 In other worlds shall open, and revive,  
 With added glories, her vast faculties;  
 Less sad it were with rayless orbs to live  
 As our own Milton,—or whom poets style  
 "The blind old Man of Scio's rock' y isle."

β.

March 22, 1841.

## XI.

## SOME FRAGMENTARY REMARKS ON THE BENGALI NEW TESTAMENT OF 1847. WITH A BRIEF PREFATORY MEMOIR.

The common sayings of ordinary persons perish without regard, and are spilt like water upon the ground, which no body goes about to gather up; but the little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.—TILLOTSON.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of April, 1851, the exemplary Christian scholar to whom the following remarks are due, entered into his rest and his reward. His voice herein, unto us, sounds as the voice of a primitive saint; instructing, warning, and admonishing unto love and duty. We may not curtail a series of Criticisms, which we know he regarded as a hopeful one among his later labours, of even these fragmentary evidences of his evangelical erudition.

ALFRED WALLIS STREET was of as noble a temper and well-adjusted piety as the Church in India has ever called her own. Never one whose heart yearned more for the enlightening of them who sit in darkness, and never one who brought to the work rarer accomplishments both of mind and body.

His constitutional vigour was wonderful. Scarce less in England than in India, and during nearly eighteen years, the writer of these lines has felt, at times, astonished at the extent and quality of his labours, which were not confined to the discipline of the closet (though studies so severe as his would have unfitted most men for aught besides) but comprised a succession of exercises of corporeal prowess.

His amazing strength of limb he has himself recorded in a series of letters on missionary subjects, signed Peltastes, which have appeared, from time to time, in this Magazine. Such performances were persevered in with apparent impunity, on frequent occasions, in each of the past eleven years.

A more devoted missionary has there never been in India. This, we presume, will be at once allowed when it is considered that all his pastoral ministrations to the native congregations were quite, extraneous to a Professorship, laborious enough, even with the full complement of officers resident in the College: but, in his case, on several occasions and for several years *most* laborious, as of the three among whom the work should be divided, he was the only resident. In the duties of that Professorship (except on one occasion of urgent illness) he never relaxed a single day for any offices extrinsic to it. His visits to the more distant missions

were generally made in those intervals of vacation, which are considered indispensable to the efficiency of ordinary men. At other times, when summoned for a journey, and very frequently when the objects of his pastoral solicitude admitted of his return to Bishop's College within the day, he would summon his classes very early in the morning, and then proceed to his visitorial work. The sabbath saw no repose from his labours of love. The writer has often known him, after working the College single-handed during the week, to preach in its chapel at the early morning service, and again at Howrah, three miles distant, at eleven o'clock; then he would return to his lecture room, and catechize and instruct, and rehearse the evening offices or perhaps preach again. His last illness was the immediate result of a visit to a distant mission of which (its regular incumbent being on his voyage to England) he had for three months previous assumed the ministerial charge. Little, however, though he weened of it, the seeds of disease were already fastened in his constitution, and nothing probably could then for long have staved off the calamity under which we mourn. Up to the day of his fatal illness, his heart was set on schemes of usefulness; including some projected papers for this Magazine. His communications were always racy, often elegant, and sometimes full of profound feeling and thought. By only the rarest combination of corporeal and intellectual gifts could the chaste humour of the letters of Peltastes, the exquisitely harmonious movements in the songs of Childhood, and the fine erudition of the Criticisms, whose last fragment we suspend, proceed from a single pen in those brief intervals rather of watching than of leisure which are consistent with the vigorous discharge of several exacting occupations. The writer gathers from a letter now before him that probably among the last words which his departed friend ever wrote, were the Notices to Correspondents in the April Magazine, communicating purposes, alas, only inadequately completed, and who is there now that *can* accomplish them as he would have done? A vindication of himself from the suspicions and animadversions which he had so long borne in silence would have been achieved months ago in an intended article on Bishop's College and its Missions, but for the extra labour which he was devoting to prepare for the Jubilee of the Propagation Society and the unexpected occupations imposed upon him by some recent *brochures*. It was the work he next meditated after his return from Geonkali—in God's inscrutable wisdom—to write no more!

For all that long period during which the writer recollects him, his life was one of unceasing progress in grace, and holiness, and knowledge. He had not, it is believed, the great advantage of early training in an English Public School, and thus arrived at the University only moderately well prepared. But before many terms, he was elected to the Craven University scholarship, an honour of which any man of his standing might have been emulous. Again, without those aids which by most men are considered essential to high classical honours, he attained an excellent place in the degree examination, being, it was currently said at Oxford, the very best of the second classmen, and having missed a first class only for want of private instruction in the system of the schools. Devoutly and conscientiously attached, as he was, to the strict observance of the Church rules, he still by his forbearance, his piety, and his assiduity won the hearts of those who would diverge the widest from them. While it was still uncertain, whether what many considered his tenacious churchmanship might not affect his election to the Professorship which he afterwards held with so much honour; expressions of regret at the prospect not less than at the cause of such an event, were sent (as the writer well recollects) by several who differed most from him in opinion. The earliest beginning of his ecclesiastical life gave promise of that noble devotedness, which led him, perhaps too hazardously, to the scene of his latest ministrations.

The two eminent Prelates at present on this Peninsula (both, at one time, his immediate official superiors) though their Lordships differed from him on the controversies which have been so rife in our day, and deemed those differences to be an incentive on public grounds to actions, which, however untainted by personal feeling, tended rather to the silencing of the (supposed) innovator than to his refutation, were met (as it is a pleasure to know they have given honourable testimony) with the most unfailing deference, both in word and act, to their high office: and both, in moments which we rank amongst the happiest of our lives, have to ourselves commended his "*fine character*" and holy perseverance. During his last illness, our much loved Bishop made him two visits to the College to pray with him and bless him: he gave him the kiss of peace, and read the Burial Service over his remains.

As a Christian Professor, Pastor, and Counsellor, he combined in an eminent degree gentleness and accessibility with firmness and caution. Equal to the highest requirements of

the scholar and the divine, he was, the writer knows from personal experience, an admirable preceptor to those who were greatly his inferiors;—for none knew more exactly what to communicate, or when to dispense the milk and when the strong meat. But it was in scenes of distress and sickness that his character shone the brightest. *There* was always manifested that noble sensibility which inspires the strength to bear and the hope to conquer. His friends knew him, in the beautiful expressions of an earlier tribute to his memory, “as a gentle, sympathizing man, generous, sincere, and steady in his attachments, full of merey and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.” His adversaries (who so zealously affected in a good cause is without such ?) found him uniformly peaceable, lenient, and apologetical.

“*Noster hic dolor, nostrum vulnus; nobis tam longæ absentie conditione ante quadriennium amissus est.*” Surely so circumstanced, it is but dutiful that we avail ourselves of the testimony, the reflections, and the consolations of one who watched him to the last in anxious fluctuations between hope and fear; and that we ourselves be satisfied with ejaculating the constant fervent prayer of his last illness—“*May God bless the College*”—make his death redound to its advancement, and him more abundantly fruitful in his rest than in his labours! Amen.

His last illness was in accordance with his previous life: tranquil, patient, and most devout. It is indeed want of faith to demand other evidence of a man's safety than what is furnished by a consistently Christian course. Yet we may all, surely, long for and pray for such a departure out of life as may edify our brethren, and glorify Him who “gives such grace unto men.” We have the consolation of thinking that God granted this mercy to our departed friend. The following, few out of many, reminiscences will be interesting and, we hope, profitable.

On Saturday, the 26th, he seemed sinking very fast. One who was standing near his head said to him, “I hope God is with you.” He raised his eyes upwards, and said very firmly, “I have none in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, but Him ~~more~~” then after a short time he added—“Behold I live for ~~more~~; Amen; And have the keys of hell and of death.” In the evening some of his oldest friends were seated around him: one or two of them asking him to bestow his blessing on them, which he did in an humble and reverent way. To one, (a member of the military service,) he said “may God increase the grace, by which he has kept thee safe in

scenes of great temptation.● To another (a native clergyman), "may God look with His favour on this country, and build up His temple speedily; may the more excellent minds of this nation learn that the cross of Christ is their highest wisdom; may they despise that which is great in the eyes of the world; and know that the world's weakness—" then, correcting himself, he said, "may they know that what the world calls weakness is their true strength." To another he remarked: "It has been several times on my mind during this illness that we want wise *master-labourers*, who will not allow men to wear out their strength in vain." His friend suggesting, "*ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord* :—if there is no outward fruit, there is at least inward fruit;" he answered very solemnly: "Ah! there it is—there is *so little inward fruit* among us."

About two o'clock on Sunday, he said with signs of great suffering "we wrestle not against flesh and blood." In the morning of that day, one of his friends had said—"Is thy God whom thou servest able to deliver thee?" At that time he merely said "I know what the answer is." Towards evening he called for the friend who had put the question and said: "More than conquerors through Him who loved us." And afterwards he said, "~~I have had a dreadful conflict, but I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me.~~" On Monday morning he said, "when shall these agonies change?—My grace is sufficient for thee:—then give *me* this grace." On Tuesday morning, in the interval between ~~violent bodily pains~~, he said: "O Jesus, in thee only is my refuge." In the evening, he gently fell asleep in Christ, in the full possession of his faculties to the last. He himself gave the sign when the commendatory prayer was to be read, about twenty-minutes before

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke."

We record these as dear relics of one now removed from us; and also as testimonies, not to be gainsayed, of what had been his real character. We are sure that those who before doubted or opposed him, will now be among the first to revere his memory.\*

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\* What his feelings are (whether he be cognizant now of the events of this lower world or not) we may learn from his own beautiful discourse (Sermon xiii., p. 205) "They are in joy and felicity: we may have been disobedient to them, or unkind to them, or even occasions of sin to them: but, as they are now beyond all that, so, certainly, they have forgiven it all; and remember it not, though they remember us."

May God pour out upon us all "the spirit of love and of a sound mind." This is what is wanted to give us success in our work. We are a mere handful of labourers at the best: surely we can not afford to be divided. At any rate, let us not *impede* each other. If any man prove to me by his open confession of Christ, and by a humble, consistent life, that he is worthy of the name of Christian, I will honour and love him; even though I may not be able to co-operate with him. He who produces such fruit cannot be against us, and therefore he must be on our side. At any rate, I have no right to judge him. "*Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.*"

And now a word or two to those who will feel the weight of this blow.

Remember how the Gospel was first propagated—amidst tears and blood. If the ordinary course of a Christian's life is represented by "We must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God,"—how much more the life of him who is employed to *spread* Christianity! There are other martyrdoms besides that of the faggot and stake, and these the Indian Missionary knows full well. Nowhere perhaps in the world are there closer intimacies or warmer attachments formed than in India: and certainly nowhere are there so many separations and bereavements. Nowhere are there more frequent calls to the duty of attending the sick-bed, to witness the rapid demolition of the earthly tenement; or, on the other hand, more frequent instances of the struggle with despondency and solitude, and the endurance of prolonged mental discipline. But these all have an end to answer: "Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings." The great missionary Apostle in the enumeration of his sufferings mentions, "In deaths oft." What a key do these three words give to his feelings and character. How near *he* must needs live to the unseen world, who had so often gazed into it. It was God's method of dealing with his people of old: "My life is always in my hand," said David. And he still employs it. Whether a man is himself brought down to the verge of Jordan, or is carried into it by force of sympathy with some one who is called to make the passage—"in deaths oft" is a solemn voice that should rouse our faith, and sustain our diligence, and quicken us in self-knowledge, and urge us to new exertions, until at last "the day dawn and the shadows flee away" for ever as they have done to our dear and honoured brother.—Amen.



## SOME FRAGMENTARY REMARKS ON THE BENGALI NEW TESTAMENT.

WE have been induced to continue our comments on the Version of the New Testament into Bengali, partly in consequence of requests that we would still pursue the subject, and partly in order to say at once another word or two relative to the attempt at criticising our articles made in the *Calcutta Christian Intelligencer*, a brief notice of which was hastily appended to our last chapter.

It had scarcely been printed when we received from our Editorial friend at Benares an exculpation of the mistake about গরমাসু, which we need not give as it is not materially different from what we stated, and because in short the error was simply a departure from our MS. by reason of a misreading. Others of, we might perhaps say all, the "Series of mistranslations, misprints and misreferencess" which so troubled our critic may be traced to the friendly anxiety of our Editor, misled as he was by having only the Edition of 1847, and that in the useless *Romanized* forms, by which to test our accuracy. To give a list of corrections would be more troublesome than useful to ourselves and readers, and after all, would be next to superfluous, as they are not of such amount as to leave either our assertion of facts, or our arguments without proof sufficient.

Our critic has himself admitted so much, that his particular criticism would amount to nothing even had they been correct instead of so peculiarly infelicitous as they are. To the mistakes which we pointed out in our postscript we would add the following:—

He cites "message" in 1 John 1—5, as an instance in which the English authorized Version has *varied* in the rendering of ἐπαγγελια. An assertion which must be due simply to his not knowing or not remembering that the E. V. there follows the reading ἀγγελια, it being moreover one of those which Griesbach considered of sufficient authority to claim a place in his *margin*. His alleging "carnally" and "of the flesh" to be various renderings is about as correct as if he had set down σαρκικος and "carnalis" as *various* renderings of "of the flesh."

His correction of the English authorized Version of (Rom. xi. 36) "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things," to "For from him, and by him, and for him are all things" will hardly find favour with those who can read the original (ὅτι ἐξ αὐτῆς καὶ δι' αὐτῆς καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν τὰ πάντα) and have not forgotten their Greek Grammar.

But quitting such details, we would in all seriousness, appeal to our critic as to one to whom we would give more credit than he seems disposed to allow us for a simple zeal for the truth, whether his singular oversight, despite our italics, of the real point of our criticism as to the substitution in 1 Tim. iii. 6, of "*body*" for "*flesh*" be not a reason for his suspecting himself of more zeal in behalf of the Calcutta Bible Society's Version than knowledge of the subject which we are dealing with? Were his allegation (that we had confounded ऋ with अ) ever so true, the substitution of "*body*" for "*flesh*" remains a fact, and the danger of the vital theological errors in the matter of the "*Mystery of Godliness*" thereupon ensuing is so serious and obvious that one cannot but lament that our critic should have failed to see it.

We hope our assertions have not been, as he alleges, "*acrimonious*." It is not easy to censure strongly and not *seem* so. But we have sought to avoid *being* so. And would now, in the same way, earnestly beg our censor to consider what his assertion, *that the tone of our Theology is far too different from that of the Bible Society to allow of our suggestions having any weight with them* really amounts to.

Is it then really so?

If we had any where asserted that the *Bible Society* provides translations of the Scriptures, with regard to a tone of theology peculiar to itself rather than to the strict letter as written by the Finger of God, we should own ourselves to deserve censure indeed.

But is it then really so?

We would hope not; but it will *behave* the Bible Society to look well to its champions and to the agency it employs.

As to what they have really effected since the days of Carey and Ellerton, the case is come to this—as we recently heard it gravely put by a learned and religious native Christian, viz.

*Whether one shall translate for the heathen or for the converts! For the former anything that will give a general idea of Scripture may suffice, and the versions now swarming may answer well enough. But if one translate for the converts a close adherence to the text of the original is all important.*

We have reason to believe that many well-intentioned people reason thus with themselves. But we never before heard the case so broadly put, and we question much whether those who do in fact go upon this argument ever see it thus nakedly, much less *realize* it.

Therefore we beg that our readers will try to realize it and its corollaries.

But the acme of our critic's acumen remains to be noticed. He prefaces his remarks by saying :

"It will perhaps be thought a sufficient vindication of the conduct of those who circulate the Bengali New Testament if the errors which are alleged as rendering it another Gospel are proved to exist in the "authorized English" Version.

Rather, surely, if the errors alleged do exist (to anything like the same extent) in the authorized English Version, it is one that should not be followed but reprobated as a "false witness of God" 1 Cor. xv. 15.

[Here a large blank space is left in the MS. Then another sheet begins as follows.—EDITOR B. M.]

We asserted in our last paper that liberties must be taken with the ordinary construction of the Bengali participle, we specified the rule which requires that it shall never follow the verb on which it depends. Much and strenuous objection will probably be made to this. No Pundit will tolerate it. But the question will be found to resolve itself into the alternative of violating the practice of an illiterate language or perilling, in many places and sacrificing, in others, the real tenor of the Word of God.

That the construction we propose to introduce is *quite common* in the common songs and *ballads of the people* is admitted on all hands. Without therefore committing ourselves to any such position as that whatever is allowable in poetical diction may be transferred to prose, we assert that there can be little risk of the innovations introducing a phraseology which cannot be "understood of the common people."

If the innovation should, in course of time, work out an actual change of what is now the prose idiom, the language will have gained.

[We feel confident that we may hope for a beneficial result from the series of articles thus brought to an unexpected (we dare not say, premature) conclusion. In spite of the bold statements made at the last annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, we now find that the Calcutta Committee are taking measures for procuring a new translation of the Bible into Bengali.

May the Spirit of Wisdom and Knowledge and devout Reverence rest upon all who undertake so high a work.]

## XII.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER'S OBITUARY NOTICE OF THE  
LATE REVEREND PROFESSOR STREET.

*De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.* Alas! that this venerable adage has been transgressed to dishonour the memory of our holy and now sainted brother, in a leading article of that publication which traces its commencement to the auspices of the admirable DANIEL CORRIE!

Considering the several and severe castigations which a former Editor of the *Christian Intelligencer* has within a month or two received from the deceased Professor, it may seem that we might almost venture to pass in silence this crowning instance of temerity and want of feeling. We might have done so, perhaps, had the matter been less near to us, and had we not seen it notified that the management of the publication has passed into new hands. Whose hands these may be, we have not an idea: but it may be as well to note that such reckless and defamatory charges as we shall in a moment shew these last to be, from the writings of our departed brother, can be justly visited only with such palpable desertion, as the hands of *old* engaged upon the work receive from the *new* management.

It is declared by the writer of the article under comment that he "cannot help remembering sayings and doings of the past in disparagement of the vitality and spirituality of Christ's Gospel, of its influence upon the souls, and of the evidence thereof in the experience, of the humble, simple, believing people of God. Such things will force themselves on our recollection," adds the writer; "*for we know them of our own knowledge.* We should like therefore to have heard" (as part of Professor Street's dying witness) "of some distinct expression of regret on account of them, which might serve as a caution to survivors against taking a part against God's Truth during life."

▶ We suppose it will be allowed that except it can be most amply vindicated a more shockingly scandalous and uncharitable paragraph than this was never penned to the disparagement of the pious dead. The terms on which the Editors profess to work are such as to render it impossible to fix the guilt of these, (if calumnies they be) on any one; but we trust that the author will at least declare his penitence, if the evidence we propose to offer do shake the credibility of his testimony.

We deny the charges altogether, and declare them infamous and unjustifiable. We do so on the irrefragable testimony on our truly reverend brother's life and writings. Never was there any man who by patience under wrongs, by courtesy when provoked, by resignation, by faith, by joy and peace in believing, witnessed a better confession of the power of the Gospel on the heart;—and never was there one whose testimony on behalf of Missionary labours set forth more convincingly that Gospel's power upon the humble, simple, believing people of God. "These," as it has been said in counteraction of other charges with which Mr. Street's memory has been uncharitably assailed, "are plain facts, and must not be set aside by any" unproven "assumptions to the contrary." What Professor Street had to undergo during the twelve years and four months in which he was a Presbyterian of this Diocese, is largely known and appreciated both here and in England. There will be different names for it, of course, according to the predilections or neutrality, with which the several parties are regarded: but that it was a fretting sore in a heart of unsurpassed sensibility is undeniable. Besides which he underwent several most trying afflictions of a great variety of types, which only those knew who were intimately associated with him. Yet was his language always consistent with that addressed to ourselves on one of his later trials—"God's will be done, and in His own way." One such word from one so seriously self-possessed is of more weight than the day-long rodomontade of some latter-day *professors*.

But it is further intimated that he "disparaged the evidence of the Gospel's influence in the experience of the humble, simple, believing people of God," and therefore that "some expression of regret for some of the doubtful past" might have been looked for from him "as a caution to survivors against taking a part against God's Truth during life." We shall not trouble ourselves with the precise meaning of this verbiage; but shall assume that it cannot have the shadow of a justification, if Mr. Street's writings do declare his belief that the Gospel is effectually, and sometimes, as far as man can judge, divinely commended to, and received by, the poor, the simple, and the humble. And to prove that this was his conviction, we need not go beyond the few contributions touching the Missions south of Calcutta which he furnished to this periodical.

In Easter-week 1849, he made a tour through these Missions. In some *Notes* on this he records, among other in-

stances of humble simple faith, an exclamation of a poor cottager to the Rev. C. E. Driberg—"Oh, Sir! this is the answer to my prayer! I have often prayed to see you here. I did not leave your neighbourhood from slight of our religion. Necessity compelled me." A talkative heathen entering, the same humble, simple believer, "who, though unable to read, knows well what is to be believed and done, answered his challenge; and some controversy ensued concerning (strange themes, you may say, for such folk) the ubiquity of God, and absorption into the Deity."

Again on the same tour, this debtor of "regret for some of the doubtful past" witnesses of "an eager and attentive congregation of eighty" humble, simple, believing "men and women" present, while the reverend Missionary "preached a most plain, but impressive sermon from 1 Cor. ix. 10." Of people in whom the seeds of life had long lain in unrecovered ground, it is witnessed that "they have all along shewn great earnestness to be instructed;"—and of an old blind Christian, "a man when the Company's lands were measured," that he talked of the blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel, and exclaimed "Time is short: what am I to do? I pray often. I go over the Scriptures on my mind. And I get people to read to me when I can: can you tell me any thing more?"

This tour Professor Street repeated, with some variations, during the Easter Feast of 1850. His testimony, however, is perfectly identical as to the power of the Gospel on the "humble, simple, believing people to God." We subjoin a few specimens illustrative of his convictions.

"At Jolashee is a small chapel of mud walls and thatch, where I read the morning service as soon as the people were come in from their work. There were present some thirty men and women: Service ended, three widows took advantage of my new face to represent that their huts were dilapidated; so, hearing a good report of them from the Missionary, I gave them each a rupee to buy straw to mend their thatch withal. I felt interested in afterwards hearing that the one who spoke is a most constant attendant on divine service. All last Lent she walked the nine miles to Barripore, to attend the prayers on Wednesdays in the Church there. Not long since, her only child, a daughter, died suddenly when on the eve of marriage; and it is observed that as often as there is service at Jolashee, the mother goes straight from prayers to her child's grave, and stands in silence by it for some time. Considering that she is a convert from Hindooism, I thought this a practical comment on the two articles of the Creed 'I believe in the Communion of Saints and the Resurrection of the dead.'"

Again, at Sulkea live a humble, simple, believing

"Man and a woman, both born deaf and dumb. The former is industrious and intelligent, and a well behaved Christian, though hardly taught of man. Some twelve years ago, the present Bishop of Calcutta being at Barripore, confirming, this man made his way through the crowd that filled the small room which then served as a Church, and prostrated himself, with such uncouth sounds as his mouth can emit, making the sign of the cross on his forehead. His Lordship, on enquiring what he could mean, was told that he had for some time sought Baptism, but, in the utter impossibility of instructing him, or of ascertaining what he might have been taught, the Missionary felt a difficulty about it. His Lordship decided that water should not be forbidden; so he was baptized and afterwards confirmed, and has been a regular communicant ever since. It is observed that when he has received the Holy Elements, he *crosses himself* as he withdraws—the sign of "Amen," which who would meddle with? What does he know? What does he not know—or believe?—Seeing WHO it is has been his teacher."

Farther on, we read of the pious labours of the humble, simple believers at Makhaltollah:—

"I was pleased to find the people (all Christians) constructing of their own free will and gratuitous labour, a sort of hall (with mud walls) for the Missionaries to rest in, at this stated place of halting when on their way to Mogra Haut."

Once more, of an "old man at Bosor, 66 years of age (42 of which he reckons from his conversion by Carey)" that while afflicted by the death of a daughter, and a son on whom he was dependent, he was heard within his hut, "using select portions of the Book of Common Prayer, and applying them to his own circumstances."

In the same village, and in a low, dark, hot hut "there were present at prayer 70 or 72 adults besides children. Of the former, 18 women and 32 men received the Holy Communion after a plain and forcible address from Mr. Driberg Senior, to which the greatest attention was paid. *As last year, so this, I could not help thinking these people form the most attentive congregation I have yet seen, and I think they give signs of being proportionably intelligent.*"

In a village close to the Sunderbuns, "after all the rest had communicated, a poor creature came forward from a seat he had held apart from the rest, and received alone, separate glass being used for him; *for he is a leper*; apart, in the congregation; alone, among so many; a Christian and a leper!" And if more instances need be accumulated of our indefatigable friend's assurance in the power of the faithful poor to grasp *the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God*, let the following extracts from his *Note-book* be considered:—

"At Kharri, late in the evening, as we sat outside the tent, one of their congregation came to confer with the Senior Mr. Driberg, to

“whom, as long as six years ago, he had resorted to express his wish to join the Church, under convictions that allegiance is due to it, but has ever since been fluctuating through fear of worldly consequences to result from the displeasure of his present teachers; and which, I was very sorry to think, are but too likely to occur to him.

“Nothing could be done but to put before him the consequences, on the other hand, of so long a resistance to avowed conviction as he confessed to. But what most interested me was the way in which the people, who sat round, took part in the conversation, and, of their own accord, plied him with the Second Lesson that had been heard that afternoon in Chapel (Heb. xi). It showed that they at least had been attentive hearers, and also knew what they were attending to. Another occurrence here impressed me strongly with the reality of the work that is being so obscurely carried on in these dark and desolate places, among poor creatures living, nearly all of them, literally from hand to mouth.

“During the afternoon service, one of the congregation was suddenly seized with cholera, and conveyed away to his hut. Some medicine was sent, after service; and, in the evening, after marking out the foundations of the Chapel, as before said, we walked about a mile across the fields to see him. He was still very unwell, and, further remedies having been prescribed, his wife begged prayers might be read. The office for the visitation of the sick was accordingly had recourse to; and I observed that some neighbours who had called with us and waited outside of the door of the hut, bowed their heads and joined audibly in the prayers.”

And again after some speculative remarks on the advantage which the Gospel might derive from a higher Missionary organization, he adds:—

“I say, let it discourage no one, no not even those who shall prefer henceforth higher plans, from doing, the while, all that may be required, for keeping alive and fanning into flame all this seemingly but smouldering flax. We must not ‘kindle sparks to ourselves’ to the neglect of the fire which the Lord hath lighted.”

And now we ask, (and think our question demands an answer) with what candour or grace is it alleged, on a writer in the *Christian Intelligencer's own knowledge*, that some of the “doubtful part” of our “removed friend” were, “(though God knows we remember them without a shade of unkindly feeling) in disparagement of the vitality and spirituality of Christ's Gospel, of its influence on the souls, and of the evidence thereof in the experience of the humble, simple, believing people of God.” Where are the “creature confidences”—the “mingling of man's work with Christ's as the sinner's ground of dependence before Lord”—the interposing of any thing save only the ONE MEDIATOR between the sinking soul and its God? Where the evidence of what is so insultingly insinuated, of thoughts of the forms of the Church beyond the souls of the people of the influence of the



Crucifix rather than the power of the Cross, of the wretched refinement of the schools instead of the glorious simplicity of the Gospel? "An putas, Favorine, si nunc quoque, ut antea, "qui falsum testimonium dixisse convictus esset, è Saxo "Tarpeio dejiceretur, mentituros fuisse pro testimonio tam "multos quam videmus?"

We have but one word to add, on the alleged "weakness —to give it no stronger designation" of some friends of the "deceased Professor," who "lit up candles at the head and "foot of the coffin, and laid upon it a large cross, as the "body lay in the broad light of heaven, previous to its removal to the grave." To which is added intimation that the candles were of "*tallow*" which we dare say was not the case; and that "the writer never saw such things in a Protestant Chamber of Death:" which we dare say is true enough. We are no extravagant advocates of unauthorized ceremonies; and for ourselves, considering the benighted state of the vast majority of those about us, we perhaps should have been inclined to forego their enlightenment on what are no unprecedented Christian ceremonies. But as the form, it is said, has been used, it may be as well to explain that the flambeau is appropriate to the higher denizens of palaces and colleges, and has been commonly considered an emblem of victory, or joy, whilst it is certainly the antithesis of the *inverted flambeau* so commonly used as an emblem of death by the Pagans;—and that the funeral cross, if permissible to any (and it has the sanction of a high antiquity), might have been granted as a mark of their love, even unto death, whom he had learned so long and faithfully to stand by that banner, in which alone he himself gloried,—the world, by it being crucified to him, and he unto the world. But ah!

The irreverent restless eye finds room and scope  
E'en by the grave, to wrangle, pry, and gaze!

## Extracts and Intelligence.

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### THE REAL DANGER OF ROMANISM.

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We are glad to observe that the (London) *Christian Guardian* is disposed to give a more practical turn to the Popish controversy than has elsewhere been done. We think the following extracts will be found to contain useful hints on "*The True Source and the real Danger of Popery*:"

"Popery grew up in successive ages, to supply the cravings of corrupt human nature. The heart of man was the soil in which it grew, and that soil is still unchanged. We of the nineteenth century resemble our fathers of the ninth. If they longed for a lighter yoke than Christ's, so do we. If they imposed upon themselves by a stunted obedience and a formal worship, so do we. If they said to their priest, "Prophesy to us smooth things"—show us some path to heaven less steep and narrow than that which has been trodden by saints and martyrs—the voice is echoed and re-echoed through every age of the Church. Men called by different names and standing on opposite sides of barriers and boundaries, exhibit a certain family likeness. *Many who are amongst the wofest in their denunciation of the system which bears the name of Popery have little knowledge of the extent to which its opinions tincture and taint their own religion.* It is quite possible to be a zealous Protestant in name, to pour contempt on the outward appendages of Roman Catholic Worship, and yet to have the poison working in ourselves.

For example, one of the commonest charges against Romanists is that *spirit of compromise* which enters into their dealings with Heaven. Whatever be the refinements and explanations of its advocates, we are convinced that practically the whole system of penance, as used in the Church of Rome, leads men to regard certain services to be done, or certain sufferings to be endured by an offending party, as a set off against positive transgression. "Say so many extra prayers"—"deny yourself some common indulgence"—"inflict upon yourself some bodily pain—and then go abroad with a comfortable hope that God is appeased and will not bring you into judgment." Works of piety, too, and especially offerings to the Church for religious purposes are prescribed and commended in terms so extravagant as to engender the notion that the salvation of the soul may almost, if not altogether, be purchased with money:—that man may compound for his sins, and, by some act of reparation, pay part at least of his own debt to God.

But is this error peculiar to Popery? It is to be feared, that this disposition to bargain in eternal things belongs exclusively to no one age and is confined to no one religious system. Popery, to this extent, has its stronghold, not in the city of the seven hills, but in the human heart. There is no need that it should be taught by priests; men learn it for themselves. Their creeds may renounce it; but their nature loves it and clings to it. What is it that keeps so many at ease when they think of what Christianity is, and what a Christian ought

to be? *Most of us are at ease.* Men go on vaguely hoping, through life; and, alas! go vaguely hoping, out of life. *And what keeps them at ease?* Not the faith of the true children of God,—not the fact that they are witnessing for Christ, as His redeemed servants, and cultivating a spirit of piety as their daily business,—not that they have put on “the armour of light,” for the stern warfare of actual life, in which the flesh must be subdued and the evil spirit repelled. Why then? Because *they are making terms with God.* Their prayers they think are to count for something. Though their week days be given to pleasure, or to “buying, selling, and getting gain,” on Sunday, at any rate, they join in the public prayers, and listen to God’s word, and read a portion of some grave book, and, sometimes at least unite in commemorating the Saviour’s love at His table. These services become a shield on which many an arrow glances and is turned aside, when the claim is urged on the behalf of Christ to the whole heart and the whole life.”

“Popery, I have shewn, is of two kinds: the one, open and acknowledged,—the other, not wearing any badges, nor assuming to itself any distinctive title, but taking men on their weak side, falling in with their natural corruptions, and persuading them to adopt a religious system which contains the poison of Romish error, though in outward profession they may be zealous Protestants. The real quality of a man’s faith is not settled by names. One is better than his creed, and another worse. Many a humble-minded Romanist, I doubt not, is kept by God’s grace from the evil consequences of bad teaching, and grows up to be a devout believer, and a true-hearted, self-denying disciple of the Cross, though much that he sees and hears and does has the taint of superstition upon it, and belongs to a system which is utterly false and unscriptural: and on the other hand, we meet with numbers in our Protestant Church, who, professing the faith of their forefathers, and questioning no one Article in the Creed which they have been taught from childhood, yet are going back in heart to exploded and reputed errors, and are much nearer than they think for, as it regards the thoughts and feelings of the inner man, to the worldly-minded devotees of another Church. They may repudiate as utterly unwarranted by Scripture, as refuted by history and common sense, the Pope’s claim to rule their faith, and yet may have the leaven of Popery hidden unconsciously in their hearts. They may stand up as boldly as Luther himself, and say, with the Bible in their hand, that they will never consent to take their religion from Rome; and yet, while so saying, may hold in substance, a great deal of what she teaches formally and explicitly.

There are, then, two points of view in which we may regard Popery. We may look at it as something quite foreign to ourselves, and may fancy that we are safe and wise in proportion to the degree in which we denounce its doctrine; or we may use it in another way,—may look at it in another way,—may look at it as an enduring record of man’s weaknesses and dangers,—may learn from it on which side we ourselves are sure to be tempted, and may resolve to search ourselves jealously and narrowly, lest perchance our path be found running parallel to that which is called by an ill name, or be converging rapidly to the same point of danger. One of Satan’s grand delusions, in all ages, (and assuredly ours, with all its boasted wisdom, has not outgrown the folly,) is to persuade men to be zealous against a name, while they hold fast the error which the name is supposed to include.

I have spoken already of that spirit of compromise which, though fostered, and partly sanctioned, by many Romish observances, is not

confined to any particular Church, but spoils the services of thousands who never dream of penance, and have no thought of mortifying either flesh or spirit.

Reliance on human authority, we are apt to consider, is another capital error in the Roman Catholic System. Each generation, according to its advocates, needs a living infallible teacher, and their Church supplies one. The Pope, by virtue of special grace, imparted to the self-styled successors of St. Peter, is supposed to be wise enough to settle all doubtful matters; and the individual priest, acting by a delegated authority, becomes the conscience keeper of those whom he confesses and absolves. Men gladly sell their liberty to escape from responsibility, and find it a far easier task to take a religion ready-made for them by others, than to seek out the truth diligently and prayerfully for themselves. "Do our bidding, and we will answer for your safety," put into plain words, is the compact which binds together the teaching and ruling class on the one hand, and their willing obedient slaves on the other. Free enquiry is forbidden; doubt on any point determined by the Church is denounced as deadly sin; Scripture must be understood only in the sense put upon it by men who claim to be its authorized expounders; and their interpretation is to pass current even as if an angel had brought it down stamped and sealed with the signet of Heaven.

As Protestants, we say that we dare not let our fellow-men, even the best and the wisest of them, thus stand between God and our souls. We may say the Bible was given to all, even as the sun shines for all. We know of no infallible expounder but the blessed Spirit, who guides the humble, teachable enquirer into all-saving truth. We thank God, if he sends us able and faithful ministers, who bring out of His treasury things new and old, and offer us in faith the truth of their study and their prayers; but we dare not let them lord it over our conscience, for that is Christ's domain and for Him we must keep it against all intruders and invaders. Our liberty in this matter is not the liberty of anarchy and misrule, but the holy Christian liberty which consists in subordination to a higher law than that which binds and fetters our Roman Catholic brethren. "One is our Master," we say, "even He who gives us His word to guide our feet, and His Spirit to unseal our eyes and ears;" and His service, all who try it find to be "perfect freedom."

Such is our Protestant confession; but what is our Protestant practice? Is our faith built upon God's sure word? Do we know it so well, study it so carefully, pray over it so earnestly, search out its deep and hidden truths with such pains-taking diligence, make ourselves so familiar with its plainest precepts and most precious promises, that in any fair sense of the term, we are Bible Christians,—not Churchmen merely, who will stand by our Liturgy and Articles,—not orthodox or evangelical, as the case may be, by reason of a traditional faith taught us in the nursery and schoolroom, and carried with us thus far, like other customs and tastes which we can trace back to early days,—but true, obedient disciples of the Lord Jesus, who ask, again and again, "what saith the Scripture?"—and will walk in no other path but that in which we can trace the foot prints of our Lord? Is our faith a part of ourselves, being given us, "not by man," but by the living, quickening spirit; or is it only one opinion out of many, which might be changed to-morrow, if our teachers shifted their ground, or some one, whom we esteem very highly for his wisdom, or love very dearly for his amiable and attractive qualities, were to assail us with arguments in favour of some novel theory? We must judge ourselves in this matter. Independence of the right

kind, that which is perfectly consistent with humility, and leads to steadiness and consistency in action, is a rare thing, even in this land of boasted freedom. Worldly men almost always take their religion at second-hand, and commonly look about for the cheapest they can find, for what will just satisfy their consciences, and let them live at ease, without undertaking any hard duty, or consenting to any painful sacrifice. We must ask ourselves, in plain words, "who is our Pope? Who bids our conscience? Who settles the boundary lines of our faith? Who prescribes our mode of life? Who is between us and our Saviour, telling us that we need not serve Him more zealously than we do, or love Him with a warmer love?" Often and often we know not where our opinions come from till we look about us, and trace diligently their origin and growth. Often, when we think we are acting most independently of others, we are but copying the man of most commanding influence in our little sphere. Often, when we fancy ourselves the freest, and walk about with fetters like gossamer for lightness,—so little conscious are we of wearing them at all,—we are really the slaves of some custom or ruling opinion, from which we no more dare to break, than to head a revolt or raise a cry of treason in the streets. And so in this matter of religious faith and practice, numbers who speak in a tone of mingled pity and contempt of the poor enslaved Romanist, who must think as his priest teaches him, and do as his priest bids him, will find that they are continually standing before some tribunal quite apart from that of conscience, receiving its laws, and approving and ratifying its sentence. Who tells them they are safe, while living a life which is Christian, only because Sunday is kept, and some customary forms of devotion are observed? Where do they find it written that a little seriousness, some hurried confession, a few prayers of unwonted fervency in a last sickness, will be a becoming close to a career in which, assuredly God has not been remembered or honoured; and that if a month be given for preparation in the sick room, the half century of unbroken worldliness and self-pleasing will be all forgiven? They read in their Scriptures about holiness, self-denial, fighting the good fight of faith, crucifying the flesh, watching unto prayer, doing good unto all men, living like strangers and pilgrims, working out their salvation with trembling, having the mind of Christ, taking up their cross daily, being in the world and yet not of it, blessing it by their example, and yet witnessing against it as full of evil; and then, gravely and quietly, they sit down and write, against these far-reaching, uncompromising terms, others of their own choosing.—diligence in business, sober, orderly behaviour, according to the world's rule, outward show of kindness to those who never did them wrong, a Christmas dole to the poor, the duties of citizenship performed as the law requires, Sunday observances set against week day, money grasping, or frivolous, time-wasting dissipation. Whose word is it which persuades them that one set of duties can represent the other, or be put in their stead, or be counted of any worth to satisfy him whose mind cannot change, and whose laws cannot bend? It is true that none stand up and say all this, but secretly ten thousand men pledge themselves to each other to put this interpretation upon the statute-law of heaven; and so, as slavishly as their poor despised brethren of the Church of Rome, they take their code from human hands, and are contented with the acquittal of mortal, fallible, sinful, aye, corrupt and bribed and blinded, judges.

Good men, even, are not fully emancipated from this slavery; though, in accepting Christ on his own terms, and taking the word of life for

their food and portion, they get a liberty far beyond that of others. But still they walk in fetters:—their own schools of theology enslave them, and their own party leaders, and their own little clique of congenial friends. They have their favourite texts, and their almost infallible interpreters, and their partial rules of judgment, and their code of social morality, by which they are apt to try and condemn their neighbours. There are Popes, and Papal usurpations and traditions, among many who rail most loudly against the man of Rome. There are narrow-minded, eager, dogmatizing zealots, who lay down the law in print, or by word of mouth, at least as confidently as the Church they denounce, and expound Scripture as from the chair of authority, and marvel when any presume to question whether their meaning of the sacred text be really God's meaning.

"Cease ye from man," must be our charge to all alike. Let us use ministers, friends, writers living and dead, as helpers to our faith; but never let them be to us in Christ's stead, or supersede our earnest prayers for heavenly teaching. We must be the keeper of our own souls, whether we will or no. God made us such, when He gave us reason and conscience, and His own blessed word, and the promise of His Spirit. We may copy our dress from other men; frame our manners and our speech according to the model we most approve; let wiser men, if we think our own knowledge too scanty, guide us to sound conclusions in matters of Philosophy or government; but we must learn our religion for ourselves. It is learnt with the heart, more than with the head. The humblest man is the best scholar. Prayer is a far better help than learning. Obedience is the path of knowledge; for "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Closing with Christ must be our own personal act, for our own personal salvation. In Him is light, and life, and peace.

I have yet somewhat more to say upon these subjects; but think that you have had enough of me for the present.

G."

## THE MARRIAGE BILL.

THE fate of the Bill for legalizing the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is at last, we hope, decided: notwithstanding that some of its mischievous promoters are still casting about for co-operation. On February 25th, only sixteen of a house of sixty-six peers could be found to vote for it. The speeches of Lord Campbell and the Bishop of London were remarkable for the decision with which the feeling of the females of the United Kingdom was declared to be against the enactment. "I believe," said the former peer, "that were they polled, ninety-nine out of every hundred would be found against the bill, *from an intuitive perception in the female mind as to what is just and right.*"—"If we are to regard the views of the female sex upon this question," the Bishop of London added, "I never knew a woman who did not speak strongly against such marriages as those proposed to be legalized by the bill." But the speech of the evening was that of the Bishop of Exeter, who seconded the Archbishop of Canterbury's motion that the further consideration of the bill be delayed six months. This admirable vindication of the rights of the case we subjoin in a tolerably complete form.

The Bishop of EXETER seconded the amendment. The noble earl (St. GERMAN) had remarked upon his having presented a petition against what he (the Bishop of Exeter) had called "incestuous marriages," and had asserted that he was begging the question, but, on the contrary, he contended that he had simply employed a phrase which it was his duty as a Bishop of the Church of England to use, because these marriages were clearly incestuous, and were prohibited by God's law in an express declaration of the Church of which he was a Bishop. He should be ashamed of himself if he could hesitate for an instant to declare his distinct adherence to the doctrines of that Church upon this particular, and, though he had supported Lord Lyndhurst's Bill of 1835 (which legalized past marriages of this kind, while it forbade them for the future), it must be remembered that the judge who presided over the highest Ecclesiastical Courts of this country had distinctly stated that he did not consider that that statute protected parties from being proceeded against for incest. The noble lord that had quoted Bishop Jeremy Taylor as one who, most justly, was to be regarded as a high authority. Now, Bishop Taylor, in his "Law of Conscience," book ii., rule 2, said,—“What better determination can there be of these indefinite terms, ‘nearness of kin,’ ‘nearness of flesh,’ than the express particulars set forth by God Himself in the 18th chapter of Leviticus?” The Mosaic law was ordinarily and most properly divided into three parts—ceremonial, civil, and moral. The Most Rev. Prelate the Archbishop of Dublin has been pleased to say that he could not understand how those who regarded the prohibitions of Leviticus xviii. as religiously binding could reconcile them with the express orders set forth in Deuteronomy xxv. Now he, on his part, could not understand how the Most Rev. Prelate could reconcile this proposition with the seventh rule of their common religion, which declared that the civil and ceremonial parts of the Mosaic law were not binding, but only the moral part, for he would say, in answer to the Most Rev. Prelate, that the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy set forth strictly civil rules. (Hear, hear.) The prescription that “where brethren dwell together, and one of them die and have no child, the husband's brother should marry the wife of the dead,” was merely and entirely civil, the object, as declared by God himself, being that “the first-born which she beareth shall succeed to the name of the brother which is dead, so that his name be not put out of Israel.” The moral law, enunciated by God to the Israelites was, that they should not do the doings of the land of Egypt, nor the doings of the land of Canaan, nor walk in their ordinances, under penalty of being cast forth; what these doings were, followed in the same chapter of Leviticus, and exhibited a series of abominations, among which were these very marriages which the noble earl now desired the Parliament of England to render valid. The law of God regarded affinity in this respect equally with consanguinity; the sacred declaration of God at the creation, that man and wife should be one flesh, was repeated by our Blessed Saviour. As connected with the very foundation of God's Church, the union of marriage, the oneness of marriage, was of the highest import; for the conjugal union was not merely the great symbol of which the Apostle had declared to be the type, but it was the nearest approximation that could be made by man to the actual union of Christ with His Church. He had cheered when the noble earl relied upon the expression “uncover her nakedness,” and his reason was that this particular expression, in every instance that it had occurred in the Sacred Volume, applied to impure, incestuous connexions, and never to unpolluted unions. The

17th verse of Leviticus xviii. said, "Thou shalt not uncover the nakedness of a woman and her daughter, neither shalt thou take her son's daughter, or her daughter's daughter, to uncover their nakedness; for they are her near kinswomen; it is wickedness." Did the noble earl mean to suggest that the niece and the grand-daughter of a woman were nearer kinswomen to her than her own sister? (Hear, hear.) The noble earl had given a very ingenious interpretation, according to his views, of the 18th verse of the same chapter, but his construction would not stand the test of mature investigation. The verse ran thus in our translation:—"Neither shalt thou take a wife to her sister, to vex her, to uncover her nakedness, beside the other in her lifetime." He had written to the two Hebrew Professors at our Universities, requesting them to give their view of the interpretation of this verse, and he had received from both an interpretation almost literally identical. That construction, as given by Dr. Mill, the Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, was to this effect: "And a woman unto her sister thou shalt not take: to annoyance; to uncover her nakedness upon her, in her life." The distinct construction of the whole wording conveyed an emphatic prohibition against marrying a wife's sister, the term "during life," or "in life," one of the strong expressions ordinarily used in Scripture to declare that an event shall never, or should never, take place, applying most unquestionably to the life, not of the wife, but of her sister. (Hear, hear.)

The noble earl was of opinion that there was no appearance in the New Testament of a prohibition of these incestuous marriages. He could inform the noble earl that more than once in the New Testament was there important reference made of these marriages. The noble earl must surely recall to mind the reproach cast by John the Baptist upon Herod, that he was living in incestuous union with Herodias, his brother Philip's wife. No doubt the Romish Church considered that union so denounced, to have been merely a case of adultery, but that view of the matter was met by the distinct statement of St. Mark, that Herod "had married her." He said, therefore, there was a distinct repudiation of these incestuous connexions in the New Testament. There were passages in the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles to the Corinthians, where the word "fornication" was used, and was almost universally understood, and could only be understood, as referring to the incestuous connexions mentioned in the 18th chapter of Leviticus. He felt great difficulty in treating this subject in such a way as to claim their lordships' attention; but their lordships, when they considered the immense importance of it, would forgive him for trespassing so long on their time. (Hear.)

Their lordships must remember that these incestuous connexions were regarded by the early Church throughout as distinctly contrary to the law of God. The first instance of a dispensation granted for a marriage of this kind was, as the Most Rev. Prelate had stated, a dispensation granted by Pope Alexander Borgia; but Alexander Borgia was a man stained with every vice that could pollute humanity, and he made no difficulty in pleasing the King of Portugal and the King of Spain by granting them such dispensations. The next case to which he would refer was that of Henry VIII. The Commissioners said, the question whether these marriages were permitted by the law of God was the subject of much discussion when that King sought to be relieved from his marriage with Queen Katharine; but he (the Bishop of Exeter) denied that that was so. The discussion was whether, being contrary to the law of God, the



Pope had the right to grant a dispensation. History shewed that, up to that time, there was no assertion on the part of any great authority in the Church of Rome that the prohibition of these incestuous connexions was not part of the law of God. They were driven to that by the unhappy strait in which the Pope found himself. The Pope found that he must break either with Charles V. or Henry VIII. He considered which was safest for him. The Emperor had imprisoned him, had him in his complete power, and yet, in that state of subjugation, the Pope would have decided against the Emperor. Henry VIII. had so accommodated matters with the Pope, through the mediation of the King of France, that the Pope had undertaken, if Henry VIII. would submit the case to his adjudication, he would decide in his favour. Henry VIII. at last made that engagement, and sent a person with a declaration under his own hand to that effect. Some delay in its reaching Rome took place, the appointed time passed, and as soon as the day came the Pope was indignant with Henry VIII. for not having sent the declaration. The Cardinals pressed him and ultimately exhorted from him a decision against the King by refusing to declare that his marriage with Katharine was incest; and from that incident the Reformation was afterwards established in this country. The law of the land regarded this prohibition, as within the Levitical prohibition, and against the law of God.

They were told that the report of the Commissioners on this question was to be treated with great respect. So far as the names of the distinguished men who were the Commissioners went, he had never seen a commission more entitled to respect; but, if he went further, and was asked whether he could say the same of the contents, he must pause. So far as the proceedings of the commission were published, he had never seen one so totally unworthy of respect or toleration. (Hear.) From beginning to end he would not charge those gentlemen, of such high rank and character, with unfairness—they were incapable of doing it; but he did charge them with having suffered their prepossession to influence them in their report. They said, “We find from the evidence that marriages of this kind are permitted by dispensation or otherwise in nearly all the continental States of Europe;” and, again, “Protestant States on the continent of Europe, with the exception of some of the cantons of Switzerland, permit these marriages to be solemnized by dispensation or license under ecclesiastical or civil authority.” Such was the readiness of the Commissioners to say every thing favourable to their own preconceived views, and yet there was in the evidence something contradictory of that statement. One witness who was examined said that out of the twenty-two cantons of Switzerland there was only one he knew of in which these marriages were permitted, and that canton was a principality of the Crown of Prussia.

But was that all? They were told that these marriages took place in all Protestant States, and, Prussia being one, they would expect that the example of that country, as to its law of marriage and divorce, would be specially recommended as worthy of commendation. It was true that Prussia allowed these marriages, but it allowed also marriages between uncles and nieces; so that that example was of no use. But what was the law of divorce in that country? It was a matter of consent; and it appeared, from the very evidence in the report, that Prussia hung her head in shame when the state of her law of marriage, and especially of divorce, was mentioned. The population of Prussia was nearly the same as that of England and Wales; and what was the number of divorces in three years?—7,800. Were their lordships prepared to adopt that law?

And yet, adopt it they must if they passed this Bill; for, let them not suppose that they would stop where this Bill stopped. (Hear, hear.) They must go on. If they gave encouragement to this Bill they must be prepared to adopt all that had been adopted in Germany on this subject. (Hear, hear.)

And what did he find in this report as to the statement or the opinions that were given by the Clergy in England and Ireland as to this Bill? In Ireland a great majority of the Clergy of the Established Church were represented as disapproving of these marriages. The evidence stated that they were almost unanimous, and yet that was distorted by the Commissioners into a great majority. The Clergy spoke of it as most "un-Christian legislation," and that was the disapprobation of the Clergy. (Hear, hear.) But did it end there? The report said that in Scotland the opinion of the Clergy was decidedly against these marriages. The Commissioners had the advantage of one of their own body—the Lord-advocate—to state his opinions; and what did that learned lord say? Quoting from the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, which was ratified by Parliament in 1691, he said—"Marriages ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the Word, nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife;" and he added, "At the same time I think it right to add, not only, as I have said before, that no Clergyman of the Church of Scotland could venture, without incurring the pain, I think, of deprivation of office, to celebrate such a marriage with the knowledge of the relationship of the parties; but that such a marriage generally is held by the people of Scotland in very great abhorrence." Let him, however, do the noble earl justice by saying that he had not attempted to imitate the Commissioners in treating the feelings of Scotland so lightly; for the noble earl had excluded Scotland altogether from his Bill. So that the law of nature and of justice was to be an affair of geography. (Hear, hear.)

Again, it was said in the report "that some persons" contended that these marriages were forbidden expressly or inferentially by the Scriptures; in that way were bodies of the Clergy in Ireland and England, and those who recognized the Confession of Faith in Scotland, spoken of. There could be no doubt that the Church of England had declared these marriages to be prohibited by the laws of God and incestuous.

The noble lord (the Earl of St. Germans) had told their lordships that they ought to make these marriages valid, and to give encouragement to them. Let the noble earl delude himself into the belief that he was more right than the Church of England, but he should have thought that the Commissioners would not have said so. They declared it to be their opinion that "these marriages are neither prevented nor produced by any of the reasonings to which we have adverted, but spring out of a peculiar combination of circumstances, which when they do occur give rise to feelings naturally leading to marriage." They declared, in fact, that the moral restraint had no hold whatever. He shuddered to think of the assertion that religious considerations and the law of God had no influence upon the minds of the persons who contracted these marriages, for it was one of the most pernicious and polluted doctrines that could have proceeded from the pen of man. It was, too, directly contradicted, by the evidence adduced in the report, where it appeared that the parties who contracted many of these marriages were eager to ascertain whether they were contrary to the law of God, and they said, "If we had been

told that the Church had declared against such unions we would never have contracted them."

The noble earl had spoken with some hesitation relative to the practice of the Greek Church, but the fact was the authority of the whole Greek Church was against them. (Hear, hear.) That Church had errors, but no fatal errors, and it was therefore a portion, and a very large portion, of the Catholic Church. In Ireland these unions were almost unknown. In Scotland they were regarded with abhorrence. The noble earl himself, in the Bill he had asked leave to introduce, was guilty of the inconsistency of asking the House to make these marriages valid by the first clause, which in the third clause were declared to be incestuous and contrary to the canon law of the United Church of England and Ireland. The Church of England from its very first origin had declared against these marriages. Their lordships might pass this Bill. They might say that by the law such a marriage was not incest. But they could not make it *not* incest. No power could make that not sin which God had declared to be sin. (Hear, hear.) And, if they believe this, their lordships would refuse to listen to all the suggestions of expediency. If this question came before their lordships in their judicial instead of their legislative capacity, they would be bound to say that these marriages were incestuous, and that they were so regarded by the Church. They would be bound to confirm the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts that these unions were contrary to the canon law. If, then, this prohibition was of God, and was the law of His Church, let their lordships beware how they dared to alter it. (Cheers.)

### ITS PERVERTS A LIVING PROTEST AGAINST POPERY.

It is not to be denied that the Perverts to Popery include among them some who were among the most remarkable intellects which the Church of England had to boast. Some of our readers may be glad to know whether their newly embraced tenets have sharpened their understandings. For the benefit of such we annex a narrative first made public in the *British Banner*; for the truth of which, the Editor of that Journal states that "Mr. Joseph Smith, of No. 25, Strand, is ready to make oath that the report is correctly given;" and that "two relatives who accompanied him to the 'Oratory' confirm his statements." This extraordinary imposition was gravely asserted to be the simple fact, in a lecture delivered (after solemn invocation of the Holy Trinity) in the oratory of St. Philip Neri, King William St., Strand, London, by one of a select band of preachers, over whom the Rev. John Henry Newman, and the Rev. Frederick Faber are "Ruling Elders,"

" . . . I shall have to relate to you many wonderful things of one of the most holy, most excellent, and most beautiful saints of our Holy Church. I refer to St. Joseph of Cupertino, who is declared by our Church to be one of her distinguished saints . . .

St. Joseph was born at a small village in Italy called Cupertino, in the year 1603. His parents were very poor, his mother, who was a holy woman, from the infancy of her son subjected him to the severest discipline of the Church, for which by many she was thought cruel; but she dearly loved him, and, in order that his birth might accord, as nearly as possible, with that of the Saviour, she repaired to a stable, and gave birth to him in a manger. St. Joseph was not considered clever,

but was what we should call a dull, stupid boy. At four years of age, he was afflicted with dreadful abscesses in all parts of his body, and his life was quite despaired of. Whilst in this state, he would cry to be taken to Mass. His mother, one morning, threw him across a horse, and took him a distance of three or four miles to a Church where there was a holy *image*, which, as soon as St. Joseph saw, he was immediately restored to perfect health..... He was ordained Priest 1628. The first time he received the blessed body of his Lord into his hands he was seized with a rapture, and *flew* from where he was standing, on to an altar at a distance, which was covered with lighted candles; here he remained entranced twenty minutes, without so much as singeing his sacred vestments or extinguishing a candle. I cannot pretend, my dear friends, to tell you of half of the wonderful things done by this wonderful man. Miracles were so common to him that it was said of him that it was a miracle when he did not perform a miracle. Wherever he went thousands flocked to him to be healed of their diseases and to receive his blessing.

He was once on a journey to Loretto, when he was attacked first by wild and savage dogs; these he immediately tamed. Next he was attacked by robbers; these he drove from him. And then the Devil attacked him, to whom he said, I am not afraid of you, I am too holy; upon which the Devil ran off as fast as he could. St. Joseph, looking up, saw the Church of our Blessed Lady in the distance, *fifteen* miles off; he was seized with rapture, and *flew* through the air to the Church instantly. At another time, seeing a picture of our Blessed Lady, which was hanging high up in a Church, he *flew* to it and remained entranced with it for half an hour.

St. Joseph, in his travels, once saw some men erecting a calvary, they had fixed the two side crosses, but the centre one was so ponderous that they could not move it. St. Joseph, with one hand, and without any exertion, placed the cross in its right position.

St. Joseph, by his holiness, had acquired wonderful control over all animals. On one occasion, when engaged in the service of the Church, being grieved at seeing so few persons at Mass (it being harvest time, the people were employed in the fields), he went to the door of the Church, and seeing great numbers of sheep feeding on the distant hills, out of the reach of the human voice, he called them to come and assist; they ran immediately into the Church, went through the service most decorously, and with perfect order and precision, *answering every response with a bleat*; after the service was over they retired in an orderly manner, and then went skipping and frisking to the fields, giving evident proofs that they had received a blessing.

St. Joseph had a favourite little lamb, which was very white and beautiful. This little creature used regularly to attend him in his public services, going through all the different services with the monks perfectly, being first at Matins and first at every other Service . . . .

St. Joseph was once passing through a country where a dreadful pestilence prevailed amongst the cattle; he met a poor shepherd who had lost all his sheep by the disease. St. Joseph put his hand upon the dead sheep, raised them all to life, and restored them to the delighted and grateful shepherd. \*

When St. Joseph was seized with a rapture he would *fly* great distances through the air, but it was observed that he never discomposed his sacred vestments, nor exhibited the slightest impropriety. He was once passing through a village near Naples, when, as was always the

case, thousands flocked to him to receive his blessing, and to be healed of their diseases. Such were the wonderful miracles he performed that many thought he was the Saviour on earth again; some one, however, said he was mad, and gave information to the Inquisition, the Holy Inquisition of Naples; he was examined and discharged, the fathers being struck with the wonderful displays of his holiness. He was seized with a rapture, and *flew through the roof of the building.*

.... He had a strong desire to see the Immaculate Conception; *this was granted to him* in a very wonderful and miraculous manner.

St. Joseph's clothing consisted of one old tunic, which he wore over a rough horse-hair shirt. When his tunic was worn out, our Blessed Lady paid him a visit, and presented him with a new and beautiful one. St. Joseph had the highest reverence for our Blessed Lady; *whenever he saw her picture he would fly to it, and remain entranced with it for some time.* In the simplicity of his soul, he always called our Lady his *mamma*, his dear *mamma*, his holy *mamma*....

The Saviour *often* appeared to him in different forms, sometimes as a lamb, sometimes as an infant, &c., &c.

Once when he was seized with a rapture, his scream of delight was so loud that many thought it was an earthquake, some thought it was thunder, others heard it as the sweetest music.

St. Joseph's appearance was always thin and emaciated, except when engaged in his public devotions, at which times he *suddenly became stout and ruddy, wearing every expression of health and beauty*; as soon as he had finished his duties and retired to his cell, he resumed his usual appearance.

St. Joseph fell sick of a fever at Osimo in 1663; he foretold that his last hour was at hand; his sufferings were most severe, but his zeal and devotion increased as his end approached. The day before his death he received the holy viaticum; and after it, the last rites of the Church were administered. Just as Extreme Unction was about to be given, he *flew from his bed to the door of his room; he was carried back to bed, and received Extreme Unction.* In the humility of his soul, he, like St. Francis, always called himself *The Ass*.\* When dying, he said, the *ass* is at the foot of the hill; then he said, the *ass* is half-way up the hill; then, the *ass* is at the top of the hill. Oh! I see my holy *mamma*. He saw extraordinary visions, and died on the 18th Sept., 1663."

"I am sorry, my dear friends, that I have not told you *half* what I intended of the beautiful miracles and wonders of this holy saint. I *pledge myself for the truth of every statement I have made.* I give them upon no less authority than that of Pope Benedict XIV., and from the *depositions* of the canonization of the saint.

St. Joseph's heart, after his death, was found to be a small hard lump like a cinder—it was burnt up of love—and his body emitted the most fragrant perfumes, as it had done during his life."

\* We confess that we see more of thanklessness and irreverence, than humility, in the systematically assuming, as a term of reproach and degradation, the name of a "brute beast," by one who believes that he has been graciously regenerated and restored to the Divine image, and been made and continued a member of Christ's Body. "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"

## THE TRUE SCOPE OF FEMALE HEROISM.

THE following extract is from "*Eastbury*," lively, though seriously toned tales, published by Pickering, in January last; and is evidently pointed at an existing deficiency of desirable and popular modes for educating the higher tracts of the female character.

"Grandmamma," said Julia, as she sat at Lady Lovel's feet in the quiet, sunny apartment reserved for her private use, "Grandmamma, can you imagine what I have been thinking about?"

Lady Lovel took off her spectacles, inserted them as a mark in her favourite volume of Dr. Johnson's Works, and began to consider. "Let me see, my love; you are at your worsted work, are you not? Then I should be apt to conjecture you were laying plans for a walk to Myrton for two skeins of blue wool and as many of green, according to pattern."

"Oh grandmamma! I have more now than I shall ever use; you are on quite a wrong tack; I never, that is hardly ever think of my work when I am about it."

"Well my love, I beg pardon: I could not guess *that*, you will allow. Then what could have employed your thoughts during the last twenty minutes that you have been stitching so quietly at my feet, while I have read six pages of the Rambler? Your new friend, Miss Eustace, perhaps; or your old friend Jane Barnard; or that bewitching book on the Conquest of Mexico? I dare say, if the truth was known, you have been planning a way by which the *trista noche* might have been turned into triumph and exultation."

"Wrong! all wrong, grandmamma! and I may as well tell you, for you will never guess. I was thinking neither of books, nor friends, but only of myself."

"That is a subject I ought to be acquainted with," said Lady Lovel, tenderly; "for it has occupied my thoughts many and many an hour."

"I know it, grandmamma! I know how you all love me; and it is just that which weighs on my mind. Here I am, a woman, of seventeen, and of no more use to anybody than if I was only seven!"

"Is that the only result of your meditations, my love?" said Lady Lovel, taking her spectacles out of "*Seged*, Emperor of Ethiopia," and rubbing them gently with her pocket-handkerchief.

"And if it is, grandmamma, is it not correct? and is it not enough to make me dissatisfied and anxious?"

"Correct? that I cannot undertake rashly to affirm. I am inclined to doubt. In the first place, at seven years old, you were hardly as strong or as tall as you are now, and though at this moment, neither a Hercules in muscle nor a Goliath in height, you have enough of both, to be a steady support to your poor tottering grandmother, whenever the sun tempts or the Church-bell invites her to leave her arm-chair. Secondly—"

"Grandmamma! you have so far proved me to be of as much use as a walking stick. I fear your *secondly* will hardly be as flattering."

"Secondly, my love," continued Lady Lovel, without noticing the interruption, "since you were seven years old, you have studied various arts, read numerous books, become acquainted with a sufficient variety of persons to give you some insight into human character, and to make yourself true friends; all of which—"

"All of which, grandmamma, for any good use I make of it, might as well have been thrown away on old Flip."

"Are you in earnest, my love? you speak as if you were—"

"I am in earnest, if ever I was in my life, grandmamma; but that is the worst of having a reputation for nonsense; no one will believe that I can talk anything else."

"Prove that you can then, my love," said Lady Lovel smiling, "and never mind what I may think of your last observation."

Julia threw down her work, and began walking up and down the room in great discontent. "I wish I was of some use, grandmamma."

"A very good wish, my dear; but what has made you think of it just now?"

"Oh, it is not the first time I have felt so; it has been often in my mind since I left school, but I had no opportunities, and no one to give me advice: and now when I see you all usefully employed, every one doing something, Jane slaving in the schools and among the poor, Mr. Revis up early and late always doing, and always ready to do; Mamma with her employments, and you with yours; and I only fit to read and work, and sing songs, write letters, and take them to the post: I feel quite disgusted with myself. And at this very time, too," continued Julia, her cheeks flushing, and her utterance becoming more rapid, "at this very moment, it may be, there are women, young women, delicate beings, unused to hardship, crossing stormy seas, or wild unknown countries, with the sun to scorch, and the winds to buffet them; and hunger and thirst, and pain, and weariness, encompassing them on every side;—braving all for the good of mankind, for the salvation of the heathen, for the praise and glory of God! All this is going on, and more than this, and I am here, doing nothing!"

Lady Lovel looked at her anxiously and seemed doubtful what reply to make, Julia went on without waiting for any. "What glorious women we read of in history, hear of by tradition, lay up in our hearts in ballad and romance! Women whose hearts were rock, whose spirits were fire, whom no adversity could crush, whom no difficulty could throw back; who kindled in the breasts of men the noble thoughts that renovate humanity; and taught the strong to endure, and the eloquent to speak, and the far-sighted to judge, and the stout-hearted to win battles: where are such women now? embroidering pocket-handkerchiefs, or netting purses, or making pincushions of oyster shells, or waste paper of good "cream-laid;" screaming at the report of a gun, fainting if a horse runs away; with no courage, no heroism, no soaring genius; nothing that, if the French invaded us to-morrow, would be of any more use to refresh our slumbering patriotism, than their bodkins and knitting needles would be to spike the enemy's cannon! Oh to do something great! to be one of those star-like heroines, chronicled in history and loved by childhood, and whose very name is an omen of good success! Don't laugh at me, grandmamma, if you can help it, but this is what I have been thinking of, and unless you can give me some comforting advice, it will go on tormenting me until I make myself a heroine for the sake of a quiet life!"

"Which no heroine ever had yet, to my knowledge," said Lady Lovel, with her gentle smile; "but do not think, my Julia, that because I am old, and subdued by the weight of my years, I can afford to laugh at young enthusiasm, I only differ with you in your way of looking at the business: I think you would find, on cool examination, that there are as many elements of heroism in the present age, as ever there were in the

stirring times of Jeanne d'Arc, and Margaret of Anjou, or Queen Elizabeth herself; only—"

"Dearest grandmamma, Queen Elizabeth! do not bring her in, pray, among my heroic models! I would rather be a knitter and a spinner in the sun, all the days of my life, singing 'O dear, what can the matter be?' from Monday morning to Saturday night."

"My dear, she was a very great queen; and for courage you will allow—"

"Anything—everything—but an heroic soul. Narrow-minded, selfish, hard of heart—"

"Well, my love, we will say no more about her, as you are so prejudiced: most young people I think:—even Mr. Revis, who is so cautious in his judgments in most cases, spoke harshly and uncharitably of our great benefactress one day."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Julia, "but go on dear grandmamma."

"I was only going to say, my love, that though these are not times in which you, or Jane Barnard, or Miss Eustace, are required to put on a military dress, and turn the Horse Guards upside down with self-taught tactics; yet heroism, as a moral quality, or combination of moral qualities, has as good a chance of flourishing under Queen Victoria, as under—I will not say Queen Elizabeth—but any other queen you could name.—I cannot myself think of heroism as merely consisting in a restless energy, and indifference to danger, which might drive a woman into scenes her cooler mood would shrink from:—nor can I limit the usefulness of the sex to their rarely required influence in the revolutions of the world. I would seek both the useful hand and the hero spirit in the quiet, unpretending, persevering, cheerful discharge of *duty*—plain, every-day *duty*—for which no prize is held out, which no poet will condescend to sing: done because it is pleasing to the Lord, and because the good of others is dearer than selfish ease. The conscientious doer of the work set before her is *my* heroine. Julia, be that work what it may: whether the raising of the Oriflamme like your favourite Joan of Arc, or making old women's flannel petticoats, like your other favourite Jane Barnard."

"Duty! always duty!" repeated Julia, taking another impatient turn up and down the room: "dear grandmamma," stopping short before her table, "I ask it as you know, with all respect; but why is it that old people, I mean those who are wise and good like yourself, always hold up plain every-day *duty* to us young ones, as more glorious than honour, or fame, or love, or heroism? Did you think it so yourselves at our age? I know it is *right*, my reason tells me so: but it sounds so dull, and looks so cold beside those bright chivalrous scenes that are so delightful to read, and that make me long to have lived in the days of Ivanhoe, or to have been battled for by Quentin Durward. Don't think me very wicked, grandmamma."

"My dear child," said Lady Lovel, "if I think your feelings partake too strongly of the world's spirit, to be right, it is only acknowledging your share of that sinfulness I lament in myself. You ask why we wise old ones preach 'duty first' to you, just in the morning of life. Shall I tell you why? It is because when we look back on our years, as a traveller from a hill upon the road he has passed over, on all the trials, the pleasures, the hopes, and fears, the dreams of imagination, the whirl of excitement (I do so often in wakeful nights:) it is only upon *duties fulfilled* that the memory can peacefully rest. And oh! how



few they seem; how poor and weak their array of minutes, compared with the list of hours wasted or misapplied, or given up to sin! And then we old ones think, if any one could but have made us believe that a time would come when we should see things in this light, and deplore our folly in preferring the pleasures of a moment to the comfort of an existence, we should have been wise enough to manage differently; to give duty her due pre-eminence at once, and take care to provide a satisfactory retrospect for the refreshment of our last hours. And so in our zeal for our successors, and forgetting how much easier it is to give than to take advice, we bestow the fruits of our experience—often alas! in vain, and tell our young hearers (listeners I cannot always call them) that the real enjoyment of life is in diligently serving the Lord. Believe it not, as you will; forget it in the clamour of dissipation, or bury it beneath the adornings of romance, which appears to be your greatest danger: the truth alters not; it cannot alter; there is the road to happiness and peace, and nowhere else can they be found."

"I do believe it, grandmamma; from my soul I believe it; and I know enough of the comfort of God's presence to make me wish for more, and to try for it, sometimes," said Julia, colouring deeply; "but then—oh! then come the straying thoughts, they will stray: and I have such a passion you know, for chivalry and adventure, and war and heroic deeds; I feel it would be so much easier to win heaven by crusading or pilgrimage, than by being quietly and rationally religious at home."

Lady Lovel did her best not to smile. "You are only seventeen yet, my Julia, and a few years will make a great difference in your view of life; the enchantment of romance will fade before reality, and you will see its emptiness and wonder it ever charmed. And then, I trust, you will not, like the men of this world, sigh over 'those blessed delusions,' and wish you could recall your belief in the durability and preciousness of earthly things; but have your heart and imagination so well stored with hopes and visions, and bright earnest of eternal peace and glory, as to make you remember your former mistakes but as the weakness of childish error. But this must depend on your conduct now: on your determination by God's grace to follow what is good and useful: to deny your imagination those fascinating images that blind it to the truth; to conquer your disposition to dream instead of work, and set yourself diligently, whatsoever your hand findeth to do, to do it with your might, giving your heart in its bloom to God, and, as old Bunyan says, making your last day your company-keeper."

## THE BISHOP OF VICTORIA'S VISITATION TOUR.

THE following are Extracts from an interesting communication of the above named Prelate, to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; dated Hong-Kong, Dec. 27, 1850, and published in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* of March 11th, 1851:—

"I have lately returned from a Visitation to the northern parts of China, having first visited Loo Choo, and afterwards proceeding to Chunghao, Ningpo, Foochow, and Amoy, arriving at this place a week ago, after about three months' absence. At Amoy a public meeting was convened of British residents at the Consulate during my stay, at which

resolutions were passed, and subscriptions entered into for obtaining a clergyman of the Church of England, under the provisions of the Consular Chaplaincy Act, for Amoy; which now being virtually supplied, every one of the five consular cities of China will in a short time be occupied by the Church of England.

"I am able to announce that our cathedral, the body of which has been open for Divine worship a year or two, under licence, is at length finished, the tower being completed about three or four months ago. It is a very fine building, and I trust will shortly be consecrated. I have sent to a friend in England, by this mail, a document, which I think, will interest those who have watched a philological discussion which has been carried on as to the appropriate term for rendering 'God' into the Chinese language.

"During my stay at Foochow, I had an interview and conversation for one hour and a half, assisted by Her Majesty's Interpreter and Acting Consul, with a high Chinese official and distinguished scholar, Seu-ke-yu, Governor of the province of Fokëea. Great interest had been excited among foreigners in this officer by his recent publication of a work in six volumes on the Geography and History of Foreign Nations—in which he evinces considerable knowledge of his subject, the maps being fac-simile imitations of our European atlases, with the names merely given in Chinese characters. He commences with the statement, that the world is of spherical form, and departs altogether from the antiquated and conceited ignorance of his countrymen respecting China occupying the central and most considerable portion of a vast level area, forming our world. He gives also a brief sketch of the life and teaching of Jesus; the labours of St Paul; and Luther and the Reformation. The document adverted to is a duly-attested memorandum, drawn up by the Acting Consul and myself, of the conversation held with the Governor at our interview. The nature of the episcopal office had been explained in a previous formal communication from the Consulate; as also my great desire to discuss with His Excellency various topics alluded to in his work. During the interview he entered with great apparent interest and intelligence into the subject. His views and suggestions are entitled to great respect, not as the ideas of a pagan scholar on doctrines of Christian theology, but as the opinions of a competent judge on matters of Chinese philology, more especially as to the sense attached in the Chinese mind to the term "shin,"—which has been contended for by many (including the American Bishop and most of my own clergy) as the proper word for 'God,' in the version of our Liturgy and the Sacred Scriptures. I beg also to present, at the same time, a copy of the native work in question to the Society's Library, which you will receive a day or two after the arrival of this letter."

#### ANTI-PAPAL ADDRESS FROM THE LAITY TO THE QUEEN.

THE following in many respects excellent address is said to have received the signatures of some four hundred thousand English laymen, including those of two hundred members of the Legislature. As the Royal Prerogative has been appealed to, that the threatening disasters of the Church of England be thereby averted, so do we most humbly desire and pray that the Bishops will promptly meet the Sovereign's

gracious call "to use such means as are within their power to maintain the purity of doctrines taught by the Clergy of the Established Church, and to discourage and prevent innovations in the mode of conducting the services of the Church, not sanctioned by law or general usage, and calculated to create dissatisfaction and alarm among a numerous body of its members."

But the scrutiny, we think, should be general and severe; nor have we a doubt, considering the several dispositions of the Archbishops and Bishops who have addressed their Clergy in a Pastoral Letter, agreed upon by all except four members of the English Episcopate, that it will be so. We are ourselves most seriously convinced of the bane of any approach to excessive ritualism, at any time; but more especially in the present excited state of the public feeling: but still, in the existence of an authoritative book of offices, we are just as fully convinced of the expediency of obedience and uniformity. We fully allow that a desire to assimilate the doctrines and services of the Church of England to those of the Roman Communion is reprehensible in the extreme, under any circumstances—the present more especially,—but still it is undeniable, that a good deal of the excess occasionally exhibited has been a *not* unnatural or unexplainable reactionary movement, the origin of which was a design to reprobate the extreme laxity of observance, both in ceremonial and essential, which is even to the present day of far too frequent occurrence. In England, rather above four years ago, it is quite true that we felt the "*histrionic*" display practiced at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to be quite uncongenial with the staid and moderate rule which is prescribed in our Prayer books as touching ceremonies; but the "wilful and contemptuous transgression and breaking of a common order and discipline" which we observed in several other Churches, and St. George's, Southwark, among them, did certainly strike us as more extravagantly opposed to the decent and orderly doing of things divine. To name only what we have ourselves seen of the administration of Baptism in that Church would be a matter to distress a mind with only a due reverence for ecclesiastical observance. The Sacrament administered in the vestry, after evening prayer, to, we believe we are within limit, when we say scores of infants; without any enquiry as to sponsors save what may have been made by the verger or vestry clerk—large and most distinctively doctrinal portions of the office omitted—the utmost apathy manifested as to whether what was read reached the ears of *all* those who brought children to be baptized—(for though the vestry was crammed immediately on the entrance of the officiating minister, it would not contain one-half of those who brought candidates for the Sacrament, and consequently, as the first occupants retired, a fresh multitude streamed in, until at length the tide slackened, and the minister roared—"come Mr. ———! any more of 'em out there—bring 'em up then!")—and all these, too, sprinkled from a no more decent vessel than a common hand-basin of the coarsest ware—such are the scenes which we have ourselves beheld, and we only ask, therefore, whether a general and even-handed revision and adjustment of anomalies of all kinds be not essential to peace and order?

With this limitation only, that we think, in the event of any episcopal commission of enquiry, the law should be strictly adhered to, and its requisitions, as determined through episcopal deliberation and agreement, be strictly enforced, we admit the excellence of the general scope of the address presented to Her Majesty by Lord Ashley, March 20th, 1851.

*“ To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith.*

“ The loyal Address of the undersigned Lay Members of the United Church of England and Ireland,

“ Humbly sheweth,—That we, the undersigned, have witnessed with the deepest indignation the insult lately offered to your Majesty by the so-called apostolical letter of the Bishop of Rome, which we regard as aimed alike against your Majesty’s Crown and dignity, and the civil and religious liberties of your Protestant subjects.

“ Happy, by the blessing of God, under your benign government, we look to your Majesty as the sole fountain of honour within this realm; and we therefore denounce, as arrogant and audacious, the recent act of a foreign priest and potentate, who, in defiance of your Majesty’s prerogative, has presumed to parcel out your dominions into provinces and dioceses, fill them with his nominees, and invest the holders thereof with territorial titles; assailing thus the independence achieved by our forefathers at the glorious Reformation, and aspiring at the establishment of a power not permitted even in the darkest period of the middle ages.

“ We earnestly beseech your Majesty, to resist this intolerable aggression; and we tender our hearty assurance that nothing shall be wanting on our part to give effect to your Majesty’s determination.

“ But we desire also humbly to represent to your Majesty our conviction, confirmed by the recent testimony of several bishops of our Church, that the Court of Rome would never have attempted such an act of aggression had not encouragements been held out to that encroaching power by many of our own Church, who have for several years past shown a desire to assimilate the doctrines and services of the Church of England to those of the Roman Communion. While we would cheerfully contend for the principles of the Reformation against all open enemies, we have to lament that our most dangerous foes are those of our own household, and hence we feel that it is to little purpose to repel the aggressions of the foreigner, unless those principles and practices, which have tempted him to such aggressions, be publicly and universally repudiated.

“ We are conscious that the evils to which we allude are deeply seated, and have been the growth of a series of years, and hence we entertain no expectation that they can be suddenly eradicated. But we humbly entreat your Majesty, in the exercise of your Royal prerogative, to direct the attention of the primates and bishops of the Church to the necessity of using all fit and lawful means to purify it from the infection of false doctrine; and, as respects external and visible observances, in which many novelties have been introduced, to take care that measures may be promptly adopted for the repression of all such practices. Without attempting to enumerate with particularity the innovations to which we allude, we may briefly notice:—

“ The manner in which what is termed ‘the sacramental system’ is carried out—by an exaggerated veneration for the chancel in our parish Churches, its costly decoration as a place especially holy—its separation, in some instances, from the body of the Church by the Popish ‘rood-screen;’ and its enrichment by symbolical ornaments, such as crosses, candlesticks, tapestry, &c.—all intended to bring back into the Church the ideas of an altar and a sacrifice, notwithstanding their sedulous exclusion from all the formularies of the Church.

“Connected with the same system, we notice the withdrawal of the service, from the body of the people, into the chancel, where the prayers are often read or intoned, with the reader’s face turned towards the so-called ‘altar,’ and away from the congregation; so as to change the Protestant service of united minister and people, into an imitation of the Romish ritual, wherein the priest prays for the people in words neither heard nor understood by them.

“These ‘histrionic arrangements’ of the public services of the Church may, some of them, viewed singly, seem to possess little importance. But it is far otherwise, when they are considered as parts of a corrupt system; and coupling these, and various other innovations, with the adoption, by the same parties, of the Romish system of auricular confession, penance, and priestly absolution, there seems no reason to doubt the existence of a settled purpose, in many of the parties so acting to bring back our Protestant Church to those very corruptions, both of doctrine and practice, from which it was cleansed by the blessed Reformation.

“Already great alarm is naturally created by the apparent return of so many members of the Church of England to Romish superstitions; and this state of things, if suffered to continue, will probably lead some of the people to depart from the faith of their fathers, and many more to feel a general distrust of, and alienation from, all forms and ministrations of religion.

“While we feel deeply conscious that the true and effectual remedy for the dangers which beset our Protestant Church belongs to no human power, but only to the Supreme Head of the Church, whose almighty aid is to be sought by humble, persevering prayer, we are thankful that by the Constitution and the existing laws, there is vested in your Majesty, as the earthly head of our Church, a wholesome power of interposition, which power we entreat your Majesty now to exercise. The records of the reigns of your Majesty’s illustrious predecessors, both before and since the glorious Revolution, furnish many examples of the manner in which the mischiefs and abuses which at various times have sprung up in the Church have been dealt with by the exercise of the Royal authority.

“That it may please your Majesty, on a view of the peculiar perils in which our Protestant Church is now placed, to interpose for its defence, is our humble petition; and that it may please God long to preserve your Majesty in the full enjoyment of all your Royal authority, for the well-being of this nation, and for the furtherance of his own glory, is the earnest prayer of

“Your Majesty’s loyal subjects.”

With the Pastoral Address of the Bishops we have been greatly cheered and encouraged, and in all we have urged above, we have merely recognized evils the existence of which the Prelates at home have most manifestly felt. May the Great Head of the Church assist and corroborate the determinations of His Chief Ministers, make us again conspicuous for religious order and unanimity, and restore every monument of an excessive ceremonial to the decent simplicity of the Church of the Reformation.

We close our extracts with the address referred to; and sincerely regret that there has been any thing to counteract its unanimous adoption by the Bench of Bishops.

“BELOVED BRETHREN,—We have viewed with the deepest anxiety the troubles, suspicions, and discontents, which have, of late, in some

parishes, accompanied the introduction of ritual observances exceeding those in common use amongst us.

“We long indulged the hope that, under the influence of charity, forbearance, and a calm estimate of the small importance of such external forms, compared with the blessing of united action in the great spiritual work which is before our Church, these heats and jealousies might, by mutual concessions, be allayed. But since the evil still exists, and in one most important feature has assumed a new and more dangerous character, we feel that it is our duty to try whether an earnest and united Address on our part may tend, under the blessing of God, to promote the restoration of peace and harmony in the Church.

“The principal point in dispute is this—whether, where the letter of the Rubric seems to warrant a measure of ritual observance, which yet, by long and possibly by unbroken practice, has not been carried out, the Clergy are either in conscience required, or absolutely at liberty, to act each upon his own view of the letter of the precept rather than by the rule of common practice. Now, as to this question, we would urge upon you the following considerations:—First, that any change of usages with which the religious feelings of a congregation have become associated is in itself so likely to do harm, that it is not to be introduced without the greatest caution; secondly, that, beyond this, any change which makes it difficult for the congregation at large to join in the service is still more to be avoided; thirdly, that any change which suggests the fear of still further alterations is most injurious; and, fourthly, that according to the rule laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, where any thing is doubted or diversely taken, “concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in that book, the parties that so doubt, or diversely take any thing shall always resort to the Bishop of the diocese, who, by his discretion, shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same, so that the same order be not contrary to any thing contained in that book.

“The fair application of these principles would, we believe, solve most of the difficulties which have arisen. It would prevent all sudden and startling alterations; and it would facilitate the reception of any change which was really lawful and desirable. We would, therefore, first urge upon our Rev. brethren, with affectionate earnestness, the adoption of such a rule of conduct. We would beseech all who, whether by excess or defect, have broken in upon the uniformity, and contributed to relax the authority of our ritual observances, to consider the importance of unity and order, and by common consent to avoid whatever might tend to violate them. In recommending this course as the best under present circumstances, we do not shut our eyes to the evil of even the appearance of any discrepancy existing between the written law and the practice of the Church. But there are many cases where the law may be variously interpreted; and we believe that we are best carrying out her own principles in urging you to have recourse, in all such cases, to the advice of her chief pastors.

“But beyond mere attempts to restore an unusual strictness of ritual observance, we have to deal with a distinct and serious evil. A principle has of late been avowed and acted on, which, if admitted, would justify far greater and more uncertain changes. It is this—that as the Church of England is the ancient Catholic Church settled in this land before the Reformation, and was then reformed only by the casting away of certain strictly defined corruptions; therefore, whatever form or usage existed in the Church before its reformation, may now be

No man can justly blame me for honouring my spiritual mother, the Church of England, in whose womb I was conceived, at whose breasts I was nourished, and in whose bosom I hope to die. Bees, by the instinct of nature, do love their hives, and birds their nests. But God is my witness that, according to my uttermost talent and poor understanding, I have endeavoured to set down the naked truth impartially, without either favour or prejudice, the two capital enemies of right judgment: the one of which, like a false mirror, doth represent things fairer and straiter than they are; the other, like the tongue infected with cholera, makes the sweetest meats to taste bitter.

BRAMHALL.

THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1851.

I.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE IN THE DOAB.

It was our national enemy who dubbed the English 'a nation of shop-keepers.' There was more of wit than of truth in the sentence. For, if in matters of mere traffic and commerce the English mind be guarded and cautious, it is in other moral or social relations remarkable for frank unsuspecting confidence. The hearts of our countrymen are prone to belief; we speak not only of their deep natural faith in the realities of the unseen world, but we say also that Englishmen in general walk this every-day life with believing hearts.

One special faith there is, deep in the mind of England, which our present subject has suggested to us, and that is, the faith in female virtue. The Englishman, and, thank Heaven, with good reason, is a believer in the purity of the female sex: to his mind, (we speak of all except the professed libertine,) the innocence of girlhood is a reality, whilst he regards with equal respect the vow of the matron or the veil of the widow. And what individuals believe, the common voice of the nation ratifies. As a people, we venerate the quiet charities of domestic life. In late years, when almost every European dynasty seemed to shake, the throne of England has needed no surer bulwark than that which the love of a nation could supply. To a monarch, who, to the dignity of a Queen, added the graces of a wife and a mother, who had shewn herself in all these relations so faithful, what honest English heart could be faithless? How immense the effect upon our national character of this one article of our fireside



the hour of danger, would send her jewelled bracelet\* to some '*preux chevalier*,' like Bayard of old, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' who thenceforth would serve his mistress to the death nor ask but one return, that she should accept and wear, the proffered guerdon of his loyalty, a boddice of silk or embroidery.† History relates that the Emperor Humai-oon, son of Baber, was so inspired with romantic devotion on receiving a bracelet thus sent by the Princess Kurnavati in her distress, that "forgetting the usual phlegm of his nature "he pledged himself at once to her service, vowing to obey "her behest even if the demand were the castle of Rinthumbor."‡ The Knight thus chosen, was styled "*Rakhi-bund bhai*," the bracelet-bound brother; and on such a connection the breath of scandal was never known to pass. But, not only might the daughter of a Rajpoot thus choose her liege knight, she might do more, she had a liberty which our own Anglo-Saxon damsels, unless of royal rank, have seldom tasted. She might choose her own husband, and might herself inform the happy lover on whom her choice had fallen. On a given day the chiefs assembled, and passing through the gallant line of suitors, the Rajpootnee maiden threw the '*mala*' or garland over the favored swain. These assemblies broke up sometimes in so much heat, that at last it was found impossible with safety to convene them. To this day in the mid Doab, as the sun enters the summer solstice, the village youth while away the glowing nights with the chant of "Ala and Bodun." In these and other such romaunts we learn how readily the disappointed suitors flew to arms, and, with all their love turned into hate, pursued the accepted rival. So much noble blood was shed on an occasion of this sort in the warfare between Jyechund and Pirthee Raj, that from that day no "*mala*" has been thrown. The Rajpoot tribes, convulsed by internal dissensions, and hardened by frequent warfare, forgot their old chivalrous ways. The gentler sex, who had caused the mischief, were the first to suffer, and their liberty was changed into thralldom. When they could no longer woo or be wooed by fair means, they must be won at all events, and the sword be-

\* *Rakhi*.

† Mr. Rafter in his "Savindroog" suggests, that the corset was chosen as a proof of affection, because that garment is so close to the heart of the wearer; but we are inclined to believe, that it was selected to denote a pure and fraternal gift—it being the custom for brothers to give presents of dress to their married sisters.

‡ Tod's Annals, quoted by the author of Savindroog.

came the arbiter of their lot. The stronger of the Rajpoots began to carry off by force of arms or by stratagem the marriageable women of other cognate tribes. This practice gave new life to the old Hindoo superstition\* of the *inferior* position of the father-in-law. The son-in-law became more than ever the social superior of his father-in-law. If the wife were henceforth a slave, the wife's father need expect but little courtesy or consideration. A Rajpoot of the present day is subject to his son-in-law hand and foot, can refuse him nothing, and without disgrace cannot accept so much as a meal at his hands.

- There is a tradition prevalent in the Doab, that a Chowhan Thakoor, being sorely pressed by his son-in-law, and smarting under the sense of disgrace, which his mere position as the father of a married daughter seemed to entail upon him, called together his sons, and bound them by an oath to save his family from future contempt by destroying every female child that might be born to them. Hence, as some say, the origin of female infanticide amongst the Chowhan Rajpoots, men in other respects the noblest of a not ignoble race.† But there have been other and more subtle influences at work. At the very root of the evil stands this principle. The Hindoo disbelieves the purity of the sex,—a daughter arrived at puberty *must*, he thinks, be married or be disgraced. When he seeks a husband for her it *must* be in his own caste, but it *must* also be in a subdivision‡ of that caste, higher if possible, but at all events differing from his own. To intermarry in one's own subdivision is impossible; such an union would be set down as incestuous. Disgrace is attached to marriages with men of inferior relative rank. "The owner of a hyde of land, whether Seesodea, Rahtore, or Chohan, would scorn the hand of a Jareja princess."§ What then is a Rajpoot father to do with his marriageable daughters? He must, it is clear, seek a husband for them in a rank equal to his own, or in a higher rank. But if his own subdivision be high, if he be a Chowhan or a Rahtore, he will not easily find such a son-in-law, or if he do find him, will have to pay high in hard coin for blood and rank. And

\* "The point of honor is carried so far, that it is reckoned disgraceful to receive any assistance in after-life from a son-in-law or brother-in-law." — *Elphinstone's India*. Vol. 1, p. 358.

† Tod assigns the first place to the "Chohan" as warriors amongst the thirty-six royal races of Rajpoots.

‡ "Kool" or "Goth."

§ Tod's Annals.

this is why a Rajpoot mourns when a daughter is born to him, and rejoices when he has a son. The one brings disgrace, anxiety, or at the least heavy expense upon his house; the other increases his wealth and his dignity.

So far then we have attempted to trace the domestic position of the Rajpoot girls. This position is a false one. So it may be said is that of thousands of their sisters in Europe, who suffer from the prevailing scarcity of husbands. But, in the Western world, we have long had convents to receive the unmarried women, and, what is better, we have no false private code of morals ruling as in India that celibacy is a disgrace. Hundreds of our best and most useful persons are unmarried women. The state which Christianity has sanctified, heathenism has more than debased; it has annihilated. There is no such element in Indian society as that which the adult unmarried female so gracefully supplies in Europe. A woman in India must marry or she must cease to be. The conventional rules then of the society in which the Rajpoot for some centuries past has found himself, left him but this option, to give up his pride or his daughters.

On a former occasion\* we have sketched the Rajpoot character; we then described him as exceedingly proud and only moderately humane; so when the question came whether he should part with his humanity or his pride, the evil part of his nature gained the victory. We will not call it an easy victory; they who know the Rajpoots best are aware of his moody sufferings,† of the discontent and discomfort of his soul when he condemns his infant girls to death; but still he has shewn little hesitation as to the course he should pursue. The girls of the highest Rajpoot clans have, since the days of Pirthee Raj, been sacrificed, hundreds of families sparing not one female. The hiatus thus caused has been filled up by the daughters of the humbler tribes, and the men of the humblest tribes have often been sore pushed to find a wife at all. When man sets himself up against his Maker, and dares thus habitually to mar His handiwork, what can be expected but vexation and disappointment? And thus we see how the cruel absurd pride of these Rajpoots has ended.

\* See "Notes on the Landed Tenures," Benares Magazine for Oct. 1850.

† It is well known at Mynpoorie that the late Rajah Duleer Singh, when a female infant was made away with in his fort, used to be restless and unhappy, giving away money, a horse, or an elephant to the Brahmins, as though to expiate the crime.

We find a body of men endowed alike with many noble qualities, and all of the same caste. But in this caste there are subdivisions, some of which the voice of custom has pronounced to be high and some low. The high cannot get husbands of sufficient rank for their daughters,—so they kill them; the low being in the mean time obliged to go without wives at all. The apothegm is an old one, but we must quote it: ‘*Quem Deus vult perdere, dementat prius* ;’—Where is the vaunted Reason of man when Pride is allowed to shut the light of God from the soul?

But we desist; the subject before us requiring, as old Hooker would say, “not railing, but reasons.” The question occurs, cannot the mind of the European, backed by his power, (a power greater than Eastern nation or Emperor ever saw,) cannot the European with all his vantage ground put down such a miserable practise as this of murdering little children? This question is not to be answered at once, for the evil to be mastered is not in men’s bodies only, but in their souls; not only in their acts but in their motives. A crime, which nips the budding life fresh from the Land of God, seems left for God to punish. Man has not time nor place to step in. The life of a new-born child, we all know, at the best, hangs on a single thread. To snap this, any treatment, less tender than the carress which even the beast of the forest bestows upon her young, will suffice

The mere neglect of the ordinary precautions of the lying-in room, the mere refusal of the mother to perform her first maternal duties, a bowl of water, a rough touch, anything in short is enough.\* The magistrate can hardly pun-

\* A native has described the manner in which female infants are destroyed in the following words:

“Milk, which is designed by nature to form the food of the new-born babe, is the substance used for the cruel purpose here referred to. In a vessel full of this nourishing liquid, the stony-hearted parents, or their female attendants, plunge the female infants as soon as they come into existence, and they are made to struggle in it till the vital principle is extinguished in them. Opium is not unfrequently made the instrument through which these Rajpoots perpetrate the horrifying deed. The manner of doing it is thus related:—The mother applies it to the nipples of her breast, and it is insensibly imbibed with the milk by the infant, and has the effect of extinguishing its life. A Rajpoot, who is in my service, told me, when I asked him for some information upon this topic, that his countrymen stick a bit of the drug to the roofs of their infants’ mouths, and allow them to remain in this dangerous position for a minute or two, during which the heat of the mouth melts the drug, and it is taken into their system, and hurries them into eternity. The extinction of life is sometimes effected by means of suffocation, the umbilical cord and secundines being placed on the nose and mouth of infants to check respiration. He further added, that his father

ish men for a want of solicitude about their young ; yet without solicitude the young will be lost. So it is only to the very superficial observer, to the very ignorant disciple of the "*sic volo, sic jubeo*" school, that it will appear an easy thing to put down such a crime as this.\* Young and ardent men advocate a sort of physical force system ; older and more experienced heads are all for moral suasion and expostulation. A *via media* between the extremes of inquisitorial severity and mere protestation is, we believe, the right course. On the whole, we think that in our own provinces the delicacy shewn to the feelings of a race, who shew so little common humanity themselves, has been carried quite far enough ; and we proceed to give our reasons for advocating a little more general and direct supervision of the Rajpoots of the N. W. Provinces than has yet been considered necessary. Before doing so we may just remark, that we do not blame the magistrates of Upper India, who, although they have put down almost all open violent crime, have not as yet been able to cope with this secret wickedness. It is only lately that much attention has been directed to statistical enquiry, and, without such enquiry, the disproportion between male and female infants is not observed. The crime of infanticide, for the obvious reasons which we have already given, is not easily brought home to any particular person. The death of an adult can only be compassed by force or stratagem, and will probably create enquiry and suspicion ; the mere putting a new-born infant out of the way is a much simpler matter, and can generally be accomplished without risk or trouble. And when the very strongest suspicions have seemed to warrant a committal of the parents to take

had made away with the lives of his three sisters in this manner."—*Prize Essay on Female Infanticide*, by Cooverjee Rustomjee Mody, Bombay, 1849. In this work are collected a number of tenets from the Purānas, shewing how opposed is the practise of child murder to the religious tenets of the Hindoos.

\* Under the old Roman law infanticide was winked at, and the crime was easily put down when it was made by Valentinian and his colleagues (by including such murders in the Cornelian law) a capital offence to expose a child. In India, a law (XXI. 1795) similar to that of the Roman Emperor was promulgated in the end of the last century, but with very different effect, that is to say, with scarcely any effect at all upon the cruel habits of the people. A sufficient reason for this may perhaps be found in the different domestic habits of the people. A Roman lived comparatively *in public*, and could only make away with his child by sending it to a distant forest or other exposed place. A Rajpoot lives *in private*, with high walls enclosing a considerable area ; and in his domestic privacy the crime of infanticide can be practised with little risk of detection.

their trial at the Sessions Court, it has been found impossible to obtain a conviction.\*

We only remember the names of two men who have been known at all to the public for their exertions to put down female infanticide north of the Caramnasa. Jonathan Duncan early called attention to the crime in the Benares Province; but, beyond declaring the criminality of the act, we are not aware that he put into execution any measures for its prevention. We believe he recommended that the Rajpootnee girls should have dowers paid them by Government. The Court of Directors negatived this proposal, and no wonder, lest good men who killed no daughters and got no dowers, might be tempted to imitate the Rajpoots' example.

At a later period, as we learn from an interesting article in the Calcutta Review,† Mr. R. Montgomery, when Magistrate of Allahabad, set earnestly to work to put down infanticide amongst some of the Rajpoots. His measures bear the practical stamp which has marked all the proceedings of this distinguished public officer. "In the first place" says he, "I appointed a chuprassee to reside in each village, whose sole duty it was to report the birth of a female child in the families of any of the above classes of Rajpoots. I also bound the gorait, chowkidar, and midwives, under a heavy penalty, to

\* The following extract from a calendar of prisoners committed by a magistrate in 1849, gives an outline of a case in which there was not the slightest doubt of the guilt of the parents, but nevertheless, no conviction could be got at the sessions. The judge in this case was heard to observe, that he did not doubt the guilt of the accused, but that supposing him to have been innocent, he might equally have run away and borrowed a child. In short, it is almost impossible to prove the actual murder in such cases.

"It is customary in this district, with the object of checking Female Infanticide, to register the births and deaths of female infants born in Chowhan Thakoor families. On the 26th September 1848, the birth of a female child in the house of Gundurrup Singh of Kirpuree, was reported at the Kotwallie. On the 13th November it was reported that the child was ill—a burkundauze was sent to see her, and returning stated, that the child was well. It was subsequently proved that, on the occasion of the visit of the burkundauze, a neighbour's child was shewn. There was reason to suspect that, Gundurrup Singh and Musummutt Bukt Kenwur his wife, had destroyed their child. They had left their village; but in January were brought in, and their case investigated. There were very strong grounds for suspicion, but not enough to justify a commitment till later, when intelligence was received from Shajehanpore that these persons had been over to a village in that district to borrow a child, with the object of personating an infant which it was supposed they had destroyed. This transaction being fully proved, and the bones of an infant being dug up in Gundurrup Singh's out-house, for which he could give no account, he and his wife were committed to take their trial for murder, and Bhubootee Singh as accessory after the fact."

† Calcutta Review No. 1, on Female Infanticide.

report separately each birth at the thannah, the four thus acting as a check on each other. I directed the thanadar on the death of any female infant being reported, to hold an inquest on the body, and afterwards to transmit it to the civil surgeon for examination. I associated the tehsildar with the thanadar, in order to ensure a more efficient superintendence; I promised them both handsome rewards if I should be hereafter satisfied that they, by their joint efforts, had put a stop to the horrible practice.

I am happy to state, that as far as I am able to judge, the method I have pursued has been attended with perfect success. It is only two months since the plan came into operation, and of four female infants that have since been born, three are alive, and one dead." . . . *Report by the Magistrate of Allahabad in 1841.*

We do not consider that the amount of *espionage* enforced by Mr. Montgomery is desirable; and though such a system might be safely and efficiently worked by the able hand of the present Commissioner of Lahore, we are not disposed to see our Magistrates throughout the provinces enforcing so close an inquisition. We have already said there is a *via media* which neither sets a premium on crime like Mr. Duncan's dowry scheme, nor yet presses so heavily on the Rajpoot pride as Mr. Montgomery's system. We must recollect what the Rajpoot once was in better days.

No Norman Knight at the court of Rouen, or in the days of Tancred, could shew more delicate devotion to the gentle sex than did the early princes of Rajpootana. This spirit is quenched; their martial habits are, under our system, necessarily decaying. We must take heed lest we rob them of what alone is left them, their self-respect. In devising measures for putting down female infanticide amongst the Rajpoots, the advice of men of other castes cannot be trusted. Hindoo and Mahometan would alike rejoice to ride rough shod over the pride of the Thakoor, and jealousy easily puts on the cloak of virtuous indignation: yet, regard as we may their feelings, something may be done, and perhaps something more than has yet been done in general, to let the Rajpoot *feel* that the eye of the Anglo-Saxon is upon him, and that his sins shall some day find him out.

Happily we are not left here to mere speculation. The experiment of a modified and regulated supervision *has been tried*; during the last six years, over a considerable tract of country, in the head-quarters of one of the chief Rajpoot tribes, and with no small success.

Many of our readers will recollect the famine of 1838, (none indeed who were then in the N. W. Provinces will ever forget it,) when mothers sold their children for a morsel of bread, when the rage of hunger obliterated even the distinctions of caste, and the Brahmin might be seen devouring the leavings of the Dhom. Nowhere did hunger and disease press heavier than in the plains of the mid Doab. Whole villages were depopulated, and every effort of public or private benevolence failed to meet the wants of a starving population. The Government did much to relieve the sufferers at the time, but a merely temporary assistance was not sufficient, and it became necessary to lower the revenue demand in many villages. Mr. Unwin, then Collector of Mynpoorie, was in 1842 engaged in fixing the amount of this revision, and his camp was pitched in the midst of the villages of the Chowhan Rajpoots. In the course of his proceedings it was found desirable to ascertain how far the population had been affected by the famine, and with this object, Mr. Unwin determined to take ten villages in each pergunneh, and selecting one house in each of these villages, to count in person every head in it. "In so doing," we use his own words, "I observed what previous information led me to expect, that no single Chowhanee (female Chowhan), young or old, was forthcoming.\* I remarked this to the Zemindars and people themselves who, of course, were in numbers all about me on these occasions, and told them "I knew the cause, and should look after them in future."

Mr. Unwin acted with zeal and discretion, and above all things, (in India,) with *promptitude*. At once and on his own responsibility he established a system of watchful inspection, which was thus described by the Officiating Magistrate of Mynpoorie (in 1848), in reply to a call for information from the Court of Directors.†

\* The wives were of course not Chowhanee, as Chowhan cannot wed with Chowhanee. The higher Chowhan usually seeks alliances for his daughters (if they are preserved alive), with the Kuchwae, Budhoree, Bughela, Rathore; and the humbler Chowhan will take a female from the Purrehar of Bundelcund and the Jadhen of Kurowlie, near Jyepoor. Beyond this we do not think they often go,—or to use their own phraseology, *lower* than this.—The chief Chowhan families in the mid Doab are at Mynpoorie, Rujore, Etah, Ekah, Chukurnuggur, and Purtabneir. The Budhoree Goth is originally the same as the Chowhan, but intermarriage is now allowed between the two tribes.

† Mr. Unwin received cordial assistance from Mr. Robert Thornhill, at that time Joint-Magistrate of Mynpoorie, whose attention, as well as that of every officer who has since been in the district, has been constantly given to watch the working of Mr. Unwin's scheme.



"In Chowhan villages the watchmen are ordered to give information of the birth of a female child forthwith at the Police station. A burkundaize goes to the house and sees the child, the thanadar informs the magistrate, upon which an order is passed that after one month the health of the new-born child should be reported. The watchmen are further bound to give information if any illness attack the child, when a superior police officer (either thanahdar, jemadar or mohurrir,) at once goes to the village, sees the child, and sends a report to the magistrate. In suspicious cases the body of the child is sent for and submitted to the Civil Surgeon."

The effect of Mr. Unwin's measures was soon felt in the district. Amongst other incidents, we may quote the following, as partaking of that almost grotesque character which in these matter-of-fact days seems peculiar to India. The Government had watched Mr. Unwin's proceedings with approbation, and took an early opportunity to notify in a public manner the interest which was felt in the success of his measures.

There is at Mynpoorie an old fortress which looks far over the valley of the Eesun river. This has been for centuries the stronghold of the Rajahs of Mynpoorie, Chowhans, whose ancient blood descending from the great Pirthee Raj, and the regal stem of Neem-rana represents *la crème de la crème* of Rajpoot aristocracy. Here when a son, a nephew, a grandson, was born to the reigning chief, the event was announced to the neighbouring city by the loud discharge of wall-pieces and matchlocks: but centuries had passed away and no infant daughter had been known to smile within those walls.

In 1845, however, thanks to the vigilance of Mr. Unwin, a little grand-daughter was preserved by the Rajah of that day. The fact was duly notified to the Government, and a letter of congratulation and a dress of honor was at once despatched from head-quarters to the Rajah.

We have called this incident, namely, the giving a robe of honor to a man because he did not destroy his grand-daughter a *grotesque* one; but it is very far from being a ridiculous incident. When the people see that the highest authorities in the land take an interest in their social or domestic reforms, those reforms receive an impetus which no lesser influences can give them. The very next year after the investiture of the Rajah, the number of female infants preserved in the district was *trebled*! Fifty-seven had been saved in 1845, in 1846 one hundred and eighty were preserved, and the number has gone on steadily increasing ever since. This is the best answer to those who would sneer at the *paternal* style of Go-

vernment, and who would advocate mere red-tape, law, and bayonets for the people of India.

Influence is every thing in Hindostan. Indeed in all countries, good government, like true religion, depends upon influences and motives quite as much as upon mere rules and restrictions. In England, influence does *much*: in India, we repeat, it does *all*. To go against the *law* is nothing to the native of India, but he rarely consents to go against the *Magistrate*. When a government of mere law comes in, when *codes* instead of *men* are to rule India, the sooner the English are off to their ships the better. Let us see what local influence, supported by the influence of the Government, but scarcely assisted by legal sanction, has done for the suppression of female infanticide in Mynpoorie. In 1843, not a single female Chowhan infant was to be found in the district; at the present moment there are fourteen hundred girls living between the ages of one and six. We subjoin an extract from the official Registers from 1844 to 1850, inclusive. The girls born during the year and still alive at the end of the year are only entered.

Name of Thannah.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.	1850.	Total.	Girls of 6 years and under, living in May 1851.
Koorowlic, ..	7	2	19	1	15	15	24	83	119
Shekoabad, ..	9	8	2	6	13	15	22	75	80
Bhowgong, ..	5	4	3	8	6	7	10	45	60
Koomurra, ..	11	3	3	2	5	3	17	44	55
Kurhul, ..	1	7	5	4	9	7	10	43	33
Sumaon, ..	58	8	35	44	53	46	43	287	145
Mynpoorie, ..	28	10	57	57	77	97	108	434	353
Ghurour, ..	15	9	21	41	36	61	57	240	234
Sirsa-gunge, ..	0	2	2	2	1	0	1	8	8
Kylee, ..	0	4	25	43	29	38	43	182	140
Phurrah, ..	0	0	8	1	15	13	13	50	38
Total, ..	134	57	180	209	261	302	348	1491	1263

To check these results, a census of the entire Chowhan population of the district of six years old and under has been made in the present year. The plan adopted was, first to call upon the village accountants to report the numbers of boys and girls up to the age of six living in their respective villages. These returns were then tested as closely as possible by other independent officials, and as the result of that examination, the number of females was reduced eleven per cent. The return thus corrected is as follows, and is given for pergunnehs, not for the thannahs, noted in the former table.

Names of Pergunnahs.	Boys 6 years and under.	Girls 6 years and under.	REMARKS.
Ghurour, .. .. .	297	194	The distribution of the 1263 girls into their respective Thannahs will be found in the last column of the preceding table.*
Souj, .. .. .	376	219	
Kurhul, .. .. .	52	33	
Koorowlie, .. .. .	33	17	
Mustufabad and Shekoabad, .. .. .	474	299	
Kishnee Nubbee Gunge,	261	102	
Munchuna, .. .. .	364	246	
Bhowgong, .. .. .	283	150	
Aleepoor Puttee, ..	21	3	
<b>Total, ..</b>	<b>2161</b>	<b>1263</b>	

We will not weary our readers with more figures. It will suffice to express our conviction that, whereas formerly scarce one female escaped with life, now *at least* one out of two is preserved. The Rajpoot fathers are beginning to take a pride in their little daughters, and often bring them out to make their '*salaam*' to the English officer as he passes their villages.

The case then of the females of the higher Rajpoot castes may be thus summed up. In days long gone by they were treated with respect, and even with gallantry; in later times their lot has been a hard one. At the present day, the head of a Rajpoot household considers that he must find a husband for his daughter, and one of good family. But, such a husband is only to be got for money, and the sum required, when

\* In 1850, enquiries were made in 66 villages as to the comparative number of children in existence amongst the Chowhan Thakooors, the Patuk Aheers (who are suspected of practising female infanticide), and other classes. The boys of six years old or under numbered 2770, the girls 2004.

Of these Chowhans have 614 boys to 293 girls.

Patuk Aheers, 120 ..... 94

Other Castes, 2036 ..... 1617

**Total, .. 2770 Boys. 2004 Girls.**

From a census lately taken in the neighbouring district of Etawah it appears, that 8253 boys of ten years and under were found to 4589 girls. Yet in 1849, the births of 479 boys were reported, and as many as 716 girls.

It is notorious all over the world, that it is only in highly civilized, and probably we might say Christianized societies that the females who are reared by their parents, equal in number the males. In India, where the male child is, owing to the peculiar religious tenets of the people, so much desired, the daughters are never cared for as the sons are, and the number reared even in families who do not practise infanticide is not equal to that of the sons. Still the disproportion amongst the Chowhans is so great, that taken alone, even if other proof were wanting, it would go far to prove the prevalence of female infanticide.

added to the other indispensable marriage expenses,\* is more than most men can afford. Hence the Rajpoot father has been driven to the alternative of sacrificing his family pride or his daughters. He has preferred sin to what he considers shame, and has carried his prejudices so far, that in certain parts of the country, the female children have all been systematically destroyed. But, it appears, that a regulated system of espionage and supervision, supported by the influence of the Government and of the local authorities, has been found effectual to the putting down of this crime to a considerable extent.

The question remains, and a very interesting question it is, what more can be done? If half of the females have been saved, let us set to work to preserve the remainder. In the first place it might be well to extend the Mynpoorie system of supervision to all districts in which the infant females are destroyed, and to every tribe suspected of female infanticide. Another plan remains to be tried which may complete a reform already so well begun. Though nothing new, it has not yet been tried on a large scale in our Provinces.† We allude to the regulating by authority the amount of dowers.

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\* We have not said enough, and we could hardly say too much, in repro-  
 bation of the extortionate demands made by the *bhats*, and other hangers-  
 on of the Rajpoot families, on the occasion of a wedding. Colonel Tod says  
 on this subject—"Unfortunately those who could check nuptial profusion  
 find their interest in stimulating it, namely, the whole class of *mangias*  
 " (mendicants), bards, minstrels, jugglers, Brahmins, who assemble on these  
 " occasions and pour forth their epithalamia in praise of the virtue of  
 " liberality. The *bardais* are the grand recorders of fame, and the volume  
 " of precedent is always recurred to, in citing the liberality of former chiefs;  
 " while the dread of their satire (*viserna*, literally *poison*) shuts the eyes  
 " of the chiefs to consequences, and they are only anxious to maintain the  
 " reputation of their ancestors, though fraught with future ruin.

" 'The Dahirna emptied his coffers' (says Chund, the polestar of the Raj-  
 " poots) 'on the marriage of his daughter with Pirthiraj; but he filled them  
 " with the praises of mankind.' The same bard retails every article of these  
 " *dajjas* or dowers, which thus become precedents for future ages; and the  
 " *lac passao*' then established for the chief *bardai* has become a model to pos-  
 " terity. Even now the Rana of Oodipoor, in his season of poverty, at the  
 " recent marriage of his daughters, bestowed the gift of a lac on the chief  
 " bard; though the articles of gold, horses, clothes, &c. were included in the  
 " estimate, and at an undue valuation, which rendered the gift not quite  
 " so precious as in the days of the Chowhan. Were bonds taken from all  
 " the feudal chiefs, and a penal clause inserted of forfeiture of their fief by  
 " all who exceeded a fixed nuptial expenditure, the axe would be laid to the  
 " root, the evil would be checked, and the heart of many a mother" (and we  
 " may add father) "be gladdened by preserving at once the point of honour  
 " and their child." . . *Tod's Annals of Rajasthan*.

† From Mynpoorie the system of supervision extended about 1847 to  
 the neighbouring district, and we observe that this experiment was made by  
 Mr. E. H. C. Monckton, when officiating as Magistrate of Etawah in 1849.

No one can converse much with the Rajpoots themselves on this matter without being asked, why does not the English Government forbid the exaction of dowers? Why is not security taken from our chiefs to prevent the fixing of dowers,

He called upon the heads of the Thakoor families to execute engagements in punchayet, for the putting down female infanticide. Here is a specimen of the papers given in on the occasion :—

“ We Poetum Singh, Bisal Singh, Bhoop Singh, Hoolass Singh, &c. who have been summoned to be admonished not to commit female infanticide, beg to state that we do not murder our female children; but as matter of precaution, we have now settled amongst ourselves by arbitration that, if any of our brethren be in indigent circumstances, and have not the means of defraying the marriage expenses, we will assist him to do so. To murder female infants is held in detestation by us. The opinion prevalent that we consider it an abuse to be called father-in-law is false: we do not think it to be so, nor do we take offence at it. Should any one among us be guilty of such an act, we will excommunicate him, and he will render himself liable to punishment by the ruling power, and to the wrath of the day of Judgment. If at any time it should appear to the authorities that any one among us has committed infanticide, we will expel him from our society, and deliver over his children to become the property of the Government. If to our knowledge any of our brotherhood should be guilty of the crime of infanticide, we will banish him from our society, and report the circumstance to authority.

“ With reference to the report that we do not allow the female children to take nourishment from the mother’s breast, we beg to state that it is false—should any one do so, he will be liable to the same punishment as we have resolved upon for those who may commit infanticide. As to the statement that when a pregnant woman draws near her time, we send her over to the Murhutta territories with a view to destroy the infant’s life if a girl, and after doing so the mother is recalled; we beg to say, that although this is not the fact, we have determined as a prudent measure, that if any one among our class should send over his pregnant wife to the Murhutta territories with the intention of destroying the child if a girl, we will excommunicate him.

“ In regard to the marriage of girls we have come to these resolutions, viz., that as it is not justifiable for the father of the boy to cause the father of the girl to enter into such conditions as to marriage settlement, as suit his wishes, only before closing the nuptial contract (because if the girl’s father be poor, the marriage cannot take place, and must be necessarily put off), we therefore propose that the headmen of the village should arrange the dower according to the circumstances in life of the girl’s father, and to this arrangement he must consent, and that whenever the girl’s father receives a proposal from the boy’s father, he should immediately declare, that he is willing to abide by the decision of the arbitrators or headmen as to amount of dower.”

In reporting to the Government Mr. Monckton’s proceedings, the Commissioner of Agra, Mr. Robinson, who had long watched the measures adopted in the Mynpoorie and Etawah districts for putting down child murder, writes :—

“ His Honor is well aware that the main incentive to the practice is the enormous expenses that are by custom thrown on the parents when a daughter is married, and I really believe that a law, protecting the people from these expenses, and under the cloak of the power of Government, saving the disgrace that attaches to refusing to incur those expenses, would be gladly received by the people.”

and to prohibit the adjudication of any disputes relating to them? But here we may be stopped by the legal politico-economist with the question—Do you in this nineteenth century propose a return to the policy of the fourteenth century? Are you anxious to revive laws which have gone out of date as long ago as the piked shoes and long coats which gave rise to them?

We reply, that we are no advocates for sumptuary laws in general, and that such laws are mostly needless and impolitic. But, in our opinion, legal theories may be safely put aside, when they endanger the common rights of humanity. It is one thing to put down piked shoes by a special law, and another to put down murder. The old-fashioned sumptuary laws were directed against foppery, against open and harmless follies, but what we would now advocate is an enactment for the better putting down of secret and villainous crimes.

*"Nec Deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,"*—this is our motto.

We are not ashamed to avow ourselves Gothic enough to wish that the system of extravagant dowers and weddings, stained as they are with innocent blood, should be put down by *authority*. We should prefer that this authority were not extraneous, that the people themselves assembled in their *punchayet* should supply the remedy to their own social evils; but, if need be, we would gladly see the power of the Government employed in supporting the voice of the people.

Let the chiefs of every tribe, whose children have fallen victims to the pride of race, be convened. Their voice will, if we mistake not, be found ready to condemn the time-honored conventionalities which have led them into crime. If the Government sanction the voice of the people, the Rajpoot will gladly fall back upon such authority, and will fling to the winds the fetters which have so long bound him. One strong and well sustained effort, and the victory is ours. The voice of nature, the sanctions of law and religion, the common instincts of humanity, all these are in our favour; and we have but one enemy, *custom*, to overcome. "*Immortal custom*," says Menu, the Indian lawgiver, "*is transcendent law*," and "*the root of all piety*;" and no man who knows India will deny the difficulties of attacking any practice, however absurd or revolting, which has the sanction of custom. But, when custom is quite opposed alike to law and piety, to the law and the religion of the people themselves, it cannot last for ever; the victory, though tardy, will be cer-

tain. Here again we need not to work in the dark; precedents are close at hand.

We mentioned a few pages back the Chowhan fort at Mynpoorie. Within a bow-shot of that fort is a prosperous city. The richest and most flourishing families in this city are Brahmins, as rich and prosperous indeed as the Rajpoots are poor and declining. One cause of their prosperity is soon told. Instead of ruining themselves by marriage expenses, they have the strictest sumptuary laws fixing the amount to be spent at weddings and in dowers, beyond which limit no man can be allowed to spend, or indeed ever thinks of spending, a single rupee.\*

We cannot doubt but that the influence of Government might induce the Rajpoots to adopt some similar wholesome rule. Let the Chowhan of Mynpoorie and Etaweh, the Kuchwace of Jyepoor, the Bughela of Rewa and Tirooa, the Rathore of Joudpoor, let all the chief clans of the Rajpoots be convened: let not only the heads of the people, but the heads of ten or fifteen families in each clan, be invited: let them be asked to put down the crime which has so long stained their name. We ask not for mere bonds or promises, but we would have them draw up a moderate scale of dowers, to transgress which shall be punishable. Let such an assembly have the sanction of the Head of the Government, and the days of Female Infanticide will be numbered. The penalty itself, and the mode of enforcing it, must be left to the wisdom of the Government to determine. The experiment on a small scale has been tried, and, as it is reported, with entire success. The Mairs (in Mairwara) had long practised female infanticide. But wishing to give up this custom, they came to Colonel Hall and said, "We intrcat you to lower the sum of our wedding contracts, we are unable ourselves to make the change, but we earnestly beg of you to do so, binding us all to obedience by heavy penal-

\* Amongst the Muturrea Brahmins nothing is paid at "Lugnu" or the period of betrothal. There are four sorts of marriages, called in the jargon "amongst the tribe". In reports of the Commissioner of the Doab, ..  
 ed in the Mysr writes:—  
 "His Honor is: .. Senkra, .. ..  
 "enormous expen .. Puchisya, .. ..  
 "daughter is marri .. ..  
 "from these expen .. ..  
 "ing the disgrace th .. .. One Rupee is paid by the bride's folk. No disgrace st-  
 "fully received by cheap wedding.

1st day of marriage ceremonies	Rs. 100.
2nd payment	Rs. 125.
1st day	Rs. 50.
2nd	Rs. 150.
1st day	Rs. 25.
2nd	Rs. 50.

“ties.” A Convention of the Elders, under the auspices of the Superintendent of Mairwara, was called; and Col. Dixon gives us the result. (Sketch of Mairwara, page 31.)

“At this convention it was determined, that the Gooroo, or priest, should receive seven Rupees on the celebration of a marriage, the dholee, or minstrel, forty, and that the remuneration to the bride’s father be restricted to 106 Rupees. Thus infanticide received its death-blow through the diminution of the expense attendant on marriage, which was now brought within the means of all sections of Society. For many years past no female children have been put to death. The practice has fallen altogether into desuetude. Indeed, so greatly have the ideas of the people changed on this and other usages since the introduction of our rule, that the commission of such an act would now be viewed as a most heinous crime. Personal advantage has, however, had its weight in bringing round the desirable reform. Daughters are no longer looked upon as a source of trouble and anxiety; marriage being open to the poorest classes, they are much in requisition. Hence fathers rejoice on the birth of a daughter, seeing they are now regarded as a source of wealth.”

What has been done by the simple Mairs, may be done, and we believe would gladly be done, by the unsophisticated Rajpoots. Indeed, history tells us that a convention for fixing moderate dowers was held by the Rajpoots under one of their own Princes, which failed merely from the want of power of the presiding chief to carry out its decrees. We read in the “Annals of Rajasthan” that the “great chief Jye Singh of Amber, (now Jyepoor) submitted to the prince of every Rajpoot state, a decree, to be laid before a convocation of their respective vassals, in which he regulated the dower and other marriage expenditure with reference to the property of the vassal, limiting it to one year’s income of the estate. This plan was, however, frustrated by the vanity of the Choondawut of Saloombra, who expended in the marriage of his daughter a sum even greater than his sovereign could have afforded; and to have his name blazoned by the bards and genealogists, he sacrificed the beneficent views of one of the wisest of the Rajpoot race.”\*

No man has a better right to be heard in any matter affecting the Rajpoot manners than the elegant annalist of Rajasthan; and we have his authority for saying, that a sumptuary edict such as Jye Singh’s can alone meet the evils which their marriage customs have entailed. We have just

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\* Colonel Tod helps us here to a precedent from European history, and it is not the only one which might be adduced. Marseille fut la plus sage des republicues de son temps: les dots ne pourraient passer cents ecus en argent, et cinq en habits, dit Strabon.—*De l’Esprit des Loix*, Ch. XV.



seen that in Mairwara Jye Singh's own policy has been revived ; that what he could not accomplish has at once been carried out by British influence. Why should not the same experiment be tried on a larger scale? Why need we to despair of the future fates of the Rajpootnee? What India cannot do for her, England can ; cast off by her own flesh and blood, where can she better look for protection than to a Government whose power is only equalled by its benevolence? Here she must carry her appeal. The firm hand of British rule, which has rescued the widow from the burning pile, which has shaken off the fetter from the slave, which has given freedom to the humblest peasant under its control, that hand, let us hope, will, ere long, lead the Rajpoot father back to a sense of parental duty. English justice will recover for the Rajpoot's daughter what it has secured for every other subject, —the common blessings of life and liberty.

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## II.

## A CHRONICLE OF THE ABBEY OF ST. ANDRÉ LEZ BRUGES.

BY ARNOLD GOETHALS, MONK OF THE SAME.

This curious fragment of mediæval history, which was first brought to light by M. Jules Van Praet, Under-Secretary to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, is contained in Chap. vi. fol. 13—25 of a Latin MS., which is assigned to the beginning of the fifteenth century, and now belongs to the Public Library at Bruges. The Church of St. André lez Bruges was founded to commemorate an absurd tradition of the discovery at Antioch, on St. Andrew's Day, of the spear's head which pierced our Saviour's side. Its founder was Baldwin, Count of Flanders, one of the principal accomplices in the imposture.

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*How our Monastery of St. André, lez Bruges, of the order of St. Benedict, was raised to the dignity of an Abbey; of the election of our first Abbot, and of the difficulties that were encountered before he could obtain the necessary benediction; together with some other particulars.*

IN the year of the Incarnation of our Lord, 1187, on the eve of the festival of our glorious Patron, the blessed Apostle St. André, it happened that a great number of the faithful were gathered together in our Church, to listen to the hymns of divine praise. Among them were the officials and clerks of the most reverend seigneurs, the Archbishop of Rheims, and of the Bishop of Tournai, and the venerable Abbot of Beaulieu, named Roger. All knew right well that some years before, the charters and privileges of our Convent had been carried off and destroyed by a false brother. The divine vengeance, in punishing the sacrilege, had brought the circumstance to the knowledge of all men. And as the above-mentioned officials, after the conclusion of the service, had remarked that the Abbot of Afflighem—who called himself Pastor and Supreme Director of the Monastery—had not assisted at the ceremony, one of those who were present exclaimed: "Why is this flock without a shepherd?" And in that he spake the truth, for the Abbot of Afflighem, who called himself the shepherd, gave himself no trouble to bring back the stray sheep to the fold. Hardly were these words uttered, than all those who stood by exhorted the monks of St. André to choose themselves an Abbot, who would on all occasions lend them aid and succour in things both spiritual and temporal, who would guide them aright, and would watch over their well-doing. Several of the monks, on this, made shew of timidity, because of the small number of their brethren, and because they expected that whoever was appointed to govern them would want strength for the burden. For there were barely two

monks in the Convent whom old age—that incurable complaint—had not overtaken. But the officials of the Archbishop of Rheims and of the Bishop of Tournai, Roger, Abbot of Beaulieu, the Magister\* Paris, and the Archdeacon William, observing the irresolution of the monks, cried out the more: “Make your election, make your election, let all the difficulties fall upon us; with our aid, all will pass off in peace and quietness.” Upon this, the monks, won over by such fair promises, assembled themselves in the hall of the Chapter, and there, with one voice, chose for their Abbot a worthy member of their congregation, young indeed in years, but of a grave and sedate character. His name was Hugh.

On the morrow, at break of day, the new Abbot and some other persons mounted on horseback, and hastened to present themselves before the noble Count of Flanders, Philip of Alsace, to implore his succour, so that their undertaking might be brought to a happy conclusion. The newly elected Abbot was graciously received by the Count and questioned as to the cause of his election and as to his own personal position. The *Elect*, having no interpreter with him, took courage, and related with vivacity the entire history of his election. The Count, acceding to his just request, and approving of all that had passed, wrote letters full of affability to the Archbishop of Rheims and the Bishop of Tournai, begging them with much earnestness to confirm this new choice. Many other honorable persons interested themselves in the success of this affair; to wit, André, Abbot of L'Eeckhoutte, at Bruges, two priests of the Church of St. Saviour, at Bruges, named Gantier (Walter) and Nicolas, and several others. These had, all of them, exhorted our brethren by their promises and remonstrances to choose themselves an Abbot. Perceiving the apprehensions that pervaded the monks of the Convent, they wrote letters to William, Archbishop of Rheims, and to his assistant judges, in which they recounted the cause and manner of the election. The tenor of these letters was as follows:

“To William, by the grace of God, Archbishop of Rheims, to Lambert of Bruges, his Chancellor, to Philip, his Official, André, Abbot of L'Eeckhoutte, and Gantier and Nicolas, Priests of St. Saviour, greeting:

“Truth revealed assists the decision of the judge. On the eve of the feast of St. André, in the Monastery of St. André-

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\* The School-master, or Dominic.

lez-Bruges, we heard and beheld Roger, Abbot of Beaulieu, and the Magister Paris,—confiding in your charity—exhort the monks of the above-named Convent to choose an Abbot who could on all occasions assist them in things both spiritual and temporal. The clergy and the people are aware that an Abbot is wanted for the Church of St. André. The monks were at first afraid of incurring a reprimand; but our exhortations, and the promises of the Abbot of Beaulieu and of Magister Paris, at last decided them. They have acted not without due consideration, and only yielded to pressing solicitations. The Abbot of Beaulieu promised them that, with very little trouble, he would procure the assent of the Abbot of Afflighem and his Chapter, and that they would as easily obtain the confirmation of the Sovereign Pontiff and of the Archbishop of Rheims. He further added, that he would not ask any thing in return for this service, until the election had been sanctioned by the Pope and the Archbishop, and until the Church of Afflighem, to mark its approval of their conduct, had restored to them peace and tranquillity. I, André, Abbot of L'Éeckhoutte, not having a seal, have requested the Dean of St. Donat's to affix his own."

This affair, being noised abroad, soon reached the ears of the monks of Afflighem. Indignant and irritated, they delayed not to load their Abbot Godescalch with the severest reproaches. "Woe unto thee, old man—said they to him—Woe unto thy aged days, if thou causest the ruin of our Church. How darest thou call thyself the Pastor of this Convent, if thou canst not keep in order three old imbeciles?" This was said to affront us, though it is well known that at that time there were more than ten monks in our monastery. But they said it in mockery, because they saw how much more numerous they were than we. The Abbot of Afflighem, hurt by their reproaches, assembled his monks in the Chapter, and there pronounced against us, as rebels to his authority, a sentence of excommunication in the following terms:

"Godescalch, by the grace of God, Abbot of Afflighem, and all the community, to Gantier, Provost of St. André, and to the other brothers of the same Convent. It is a known thing that you are all subordinate to us, and that nothing but death can absolve you from the obedience you owe unto us. We therefore require of you to be faithful to this law, in which if you fail, know that we excommunicate you, and interdict to you the use of the Holy Sacraments."

After sending these letters to our monks, he dictated another sentence of excommunication, which was posted up at

the doors of all the Churches in the country, and was couched in these terms :—

“ We denounce to all men the presumption and unheard-of pride of some perjured wretches. Subject to the authority of our Church—obliged up to this day to invoke her name, they have violated the oath of their profession by an abominable sacrilege, by apostacy, simony, and treason ; they have been a stumbling-block to the whole world, and have disgracefully polluted our Church, as far as it was within their power so to do. The Church of St. André has remained, as every one knows, for above eighty years in our just and peaceable possession. In consequence, supported by the authority of the Apostolical privileges, and using the lawful right that belongs to us, we excommunicate and exclude from the participation of the Holy Sacraments, these perjured, these sacrilegious, traitors to our Church, who, with an inconceivable audacity, have elected an Abbot in the Monastery of St. André, and thus pretend to separate themselves from us. Moreover, we warn all the faithful servants of Christ to refrain from all communication with them ; for, without doubt, whoever holds any conversation or correspondence with the excommunicated, deserves to undergo the same sentence. We forbid that any engagement be contracted, that any alienation take place touching the property of the said Church, so that no one receive it as a security or a purchase, so that the possessions acquired by the faithful for the service of God, be not wrested from them by the diabolical artifices of miscreants.”

This sentence of excommunication, more indiscreet and ridiculous than terrible, dictated rather by the madness of passion than by good sense, struck our brotherhood with consternation. They immediately proceeded to Everard, Bishop of Tournai, who was their devoted friend, and asked him what was best to be done in this conjuncture. He, taking into consideration the injustice and extravagance of this sentence of excommunication, hastened to revoke it in the following form :

“ Everard, by the grace of God, Bishop of Tournai, to his well-beloved son Hugh, and to the Brothers of the Convent of St. André, Greeting and sincere fellowship in God. It hath been told unto us that you fear the excommunication, which the Abbot and monks of Affligem, in their Chapter have pronounced against you, of their own sole authority ; to set your consciences at rest, we declare that this communication is null and void, and that your community is fully absolved from it.”

Little pleased with this proceeding, and unable to refrain from their hostility to our Convent, the monks of Afflighem ceased not to urge their Abbot, by the severest remonstrances, to set out as soon as possible, with some persons to accompany him, on his way to us, and to bring back captive to Afflighem all the rebels he could seize; and rather than renounce his revenge, to demolish our Church from spire to foundation. The Abbot, to gratify the malevolence of these monks, and guided entirely by the counsels suggested to them by their rage, proceeded to the Convent of St. André, and was amicably received by the holy men who had there devoted themselves to the service of the Lord: they even lavished upon him the hospitable attentions due to a stranger. The third day after his arrival, the Abbot of Afflighem, being apprized that the noble Count of Flanders, Philip of Alsace, resided at a short distance, went to lodge his complaint, and to obtain permission forcibly to arrest the monks of St. André, and convey them—bound hand and foot—to the Abbey of Afflighem. But the Count, being aware, and approving of what had passed, replied to the Abbot: “I have never read or heard that we ought to employ force to bring back into the paths of religion those who have wandered from the way. In my opinion, it would be better to put into practice the precepts of the Gospel and the doctrines of the holy fathers.” Upon receiving this unfavorable and unexpected reply, the Abbot, losing all hope of obtaining the subject of his petition, besought the Count to enjoin the monks of St. André to receive him on his return, and not to drive him from their threshold; which was accordingly done. For, on the return of the Abbot and his suite, the monks of St. André, conformably to the Count’s orders, gave him a most polite reception, and directed that, as on the former occasion, he should be supplied with whatever he might require. But the Abbot, without heeding this divine and brotherly love, and finding that it was impossible for him to use open violence against the monks of St. André, set about devising some other means of overturning and ruining their Convent to its very foundations. It must have been a truly infernal malice that inspired him with this project. He summoned in all haste some monks of the Abbey of Afflighem, such as he knew to be the best disposed towards such commissions, and of the most resolute character, in order that he might be enabled, by means of main force and superior numbers, to complete the downfall of an already tottering edifice, and afterwards consume in drunkenness

and debauchery the property amassed by the servants of the Deity. Wonderful inhumanity of this Abbot! who would rather have dissipated the wealth of the Church, than render it subservient to a better purpose! The monks of Afflighem, on receiving the instructions of their Chief, showed themselves more submissive than they ought to have been. They lost no time in mounting their horses, and, forming a considerable body, soon arrived at St. André. They admonished the Porter, by striking a thundering blow on the door, to be more alert in opening to them. The Porter, already advanced in years, and staying himself on a staff, was at first alarmed by their outcries; and when he saw that their number exceeded that of the persons attached to the Convent, he suspected evil designs on their part. He therefore replied to them: "Verily, I say unto you, I know you not; ye are not of our flock." The monks of Afflighem, indignant at his refusal, answered and said: "Rascal, open to us immediately, that we may enter the Convent." "You are our enemies, rejoined the Porter, your words prove it, and the bolts of this door obey not your voice." Upon that, one of the youngest of the monks of Afflighem, boldly threw himself on the hedge that surrounded the Convent, and served it for a wall. The Porter perceived this, and fetched him such a terrible blow with his staff, that he fell to the ground head foremost. At the same time, another monk of gigantic stature forced open a little window made in the door. The Porter, always on his guard, slammed it to so quickly, that the monk's fingers were caught in it, and the blood spirted out. The monks of Afflighem lost all presence of mind at being unable, notwithstanding their strength and numbers, to get the better of a poor old man; and retired in despair. Fearing, moreover, to offend the Count of Flanders, who was in the neighbourhood, and who greatly disapproved of their conduct, they adopted the wise course of returning homewards.

Whilst these events were passing at the Convent, the newly elected Abbot, not a little embarrassed by his functions, proceeded to Tournai, taking with him the letter given to him by Count Philip. On the way, he fell in with a clerk of the Bishop of Tournai, with whom he was very intimate, and whose name was William. Conversing as they went along, the *Elect* communicated to his friend the cause of his journey, and prayed him to use his good offices with the Bishop, and to place his election in a favorable point of view. Thus pursuing their road together, they arrived at Tournai

towards night-fall of the third day, and the letters of the Count of Flanders were forthwith delivered to the Bishop. The latter perused them, but made no remarks, as if Hugh's election had been disagreeable to him. The next morning the Bishop of Tournai summoned William to his presence, and said to him: "Be seated; I am going to apprise you of some things of which you are ignorant, your neighbour is an Abbot: the monks of St. André have chosen for their Abbot the person you saw yesterday evening conversing with us, and who besought us to give him our benediction." William feigned to know nothing about it, and assuming an air of astonishment, exclaimed: "Recall to mind your words to the monks of St. André, with a view to keep up their hopes. If what you now tell me is true, your prayer has been heard. Have you not a thousand times besought the Lord to vouchsafe an Abbot to the monks of St. André, before death should come and terminate your days? Behold how the eyes of the Lord are fixed upon you. He has heard your prayers, and given you a son by adoption. This Abbot, so long looked-for, has come at last. It now belongs to you to guard his honour and to take him under your protection, lest the Almighty should have cause to say unto you: I have heard thy voice, and have vouchsafed unto thee what thou askedst, and yet thou despisest my gifts." "Thou hast well said, replied the Bishop, this is indeed the work of God, who hath given me a son by adoption, and I am ready to do His will, without looking to the right hand or to the left. Go, seek the Abbot of St. André, tell him to come to me immediately, and I will answer all requests as far as my strength and power will permit." Charmed with this reply, William hastened to find the *Elect*, and said to him: "Rejoice, for thou hast found grace in the eyes of the Bishop, our master. He regards thy election with great pleasure, and ceases not to render thanks unto God, that it hath pleased Him to vouchsafe a Pastor unto the Church of St. André, who may be a stay unto himself." The *Elect* was already cast down, and overwhelmed with chagrin, but these words revived him: "God grant, exclaimed he, that it may be as thou sayest." "Be not uneasy, replied William; but before we seek the Bishop, come aside with me, and tell me fully how these things came to pass, so that we may know exactly how we stand." As soon as the *Elect* had related to him the entire history, and had informed him that the Archdeacon William, the Abbot of Beaulieu, and Master Paris, were present at the time, and



had made a thousand fair promises to the monks, William, cried aloud: "O, how simple and credulous you are! These men are no better than thieves and brigands. They promise much, but little will they perform; for they are more quick and clever at emptying the pockets of honest folk than at pursuing the straightforward path of justice." The *Elect* was all aghast at hearing this, and the colour mounted to his forehead. He had, he said, the intention of going with Master Paris, in order that he might not appear to despise his offers, to solicit the confirmation of the Metropolitan. "I strongly advise you, replied William, before you proceed to the Metropolitan, to remain here until you have received the Bishop's blessing. Should you happen to encounter an adversary at Rheims, it will be more difficult for him to put aside an Abbot who had already received episcopal benediction, than it would be, if he were only an Abbot Elect."

They who had accompanied the Abbot, and among others Master Paris, met together and consulted what they ought to ask of the Bishop before all other things. They unaniously agreed that the Bishop of Tournai must be requested to give them two letters—one for the Metropolitan, praying him to confirm the election and to bestow his benediction upon the Abbot—the other for the Bishop of Théronanne, so that if perchance the Metropolitan were too much occupied to spare time for the ceremony, the Bishop of Théronanne might officiate in his place. As agreed upon, so it was done. The Bishop, in consequence of his very great infirmity, was unable to consecrate the new Abbot, but he showed himself well disposed towards him, and willing to serve him as far as he could.

Master Paris was consequently anxious to set out immediately for Rheims. He had some personal affairs to transact there, and reckoned that the Abbot's purse would defray the expences of the journey. And so it came to pass. On their arrival at Rheims, the letters addressed to the Archbishop were given to Master Paris for the purpose of presenting them, at the same time that he was to add, according to his promise, a few words in the Abbot's favour. The Master alone was admitted, because the Archbishop was at that moment much occupied with some important matters relative to Jerusalem. After transacting what concerned himself personally, the Master returned to the Abbot, and said to him: "The Archbishop is for the present so overwhelmed with business that he cannot attend to your request." The Abbot was thereby grievously afflicted, and lost all hope now that

no aid was to be expected from the Metropolitan. Those who had accompanied him began to entertain unfavourable suspicions, and had doubts whether the Master ever delivered the letters of the Count of Flanders, and of the Bishop of Tournai; but they could not ascertain the fact, and to this very day it remains a matter of uncertainty.

The *Elect*, whom his brethren had already addressed by the title of Abbot, perceiving the accumulation of untoward circumstances, thenceforth resumed his own name, and was treated as a simple monk; nor was he any longer the object of peculiar distinction. As they prepared to return to the Monastery, a most piercing frost set in. A monk, who formed one of the party, unable to endure the severity of the weather and the fatigues of the journey, was obliged to rest himself a few days, before he was in a condition to proceed on their road: his horse, moreover, was lamed in the foot. The *Elect*, fleeing the aspect of man, and discouraged by so many mishaps, decided upon going secretly to Tournai, to seek his faithful friend William, from whom he trusted to receive, if not consolation, at least sage counsel. As soon as he came in sight of him, the Abbot cried aloud: "Alas! why did I not follow thy advice? How has the Master deceived us! I return from Rheims with despair in my soul. My hopes have deceived me, the promises of the Master turned my head, and now I behold myself menaced with the total ruin of the Church of St. André. Our enemies will be apprized of our mischance, and will not fail to divert themselves with it; and we shall become a by-word and a laughing-stock in all places. The Abbot of Afflighem will seize our possessions, and ourselves, as rebels and contumacious, he will carry away into captivity." "But how comes it, interrupted William, that you return all alone? Where are your companions?" "They, replied the Abbot, are overcome by the disappointment, the cold, and the fatigue. Their horses were knocked up, and they have been compelled to rest on the road. Thou beholdest there the only priest who has been able to follow me, and to whose attentions I am deeply indebted: it is a comfort that my lot has still left him to me. But thou, my hope and my support, tell me, what am I to do.—what will become of me?" Seeing him reduced to this sad state, William pitied him from the bottom of his heart, and hastened to console him by saying: "It seems to me that it would be wise and prudent if this priest, who is acquainted with all the secrets of the Convent, and knows who are thy real friends, were to go to Bruges, inquire how matters stand, and

communicate to thy brethren the misadventures thou hast experienced, and the grief that overwhelms thee; and according to the tidings he brings back to us, we will regulate our plans. But let him not return alone, let him be accompanied by one of the monks, lest thou appear to wander about the country like a runaway. As for thee, thou shalt go in the meanwhile to Avelghem, and conceal thyself with a monk who resides there."

It so happened that this monk was an acquaintance of the Abbot: the advice therefore pleased him, and he readily assented. On setting out for Avelghem, he said to William: "My only stay, my saviour, do not thou forget me in my absence; come soon to see me; come and by thy gentle converse shorten my days of anxiety and care."—He whom the Abbot had despatched to St. André arrived there during the same night. Announcing himself to the watchful Porter, he called up a monk whom he knew to be warmly attached to the Abbot, and told him what unhappy fortune the latter had encountered, and to what a state of despondency he had sunk. "I dare not bear the news to my brethren, the other replied, for the Abbot of Afflighem is here. He uses us in the most cruel manner, and addresses to us the most threatening language. Were he now to learn to what a point we are reduced, he would be only the more insolent and vain. Return to our Abbot, and assure him that no one in the convent repents of what he has done, and that we would rather sacrifice our revenues than renounce our undertaking. Tell him likewise not to despair, but to support adversity without a murmur, and frequently to recall to mind the words of the Psalmist: '*It is better to trust in God than in Princes;*' and again: '*Rejoice thou in the Lord, for he will hear thy prayer.*'" The Abbot was not a little comforted, when this answer was reported to him, and no longer delayed to take the road to Théronanne. He carried with him the letter of the Bishop of Tournai, and felt assured that, after reading it, the Bishop of Théronanne would give him his blessing. He took with him only one companion, one counsellor—William, the Clerk of the Bishop of Tournai, he who had already helped him on so many occasions. It was in the depth of winter; frost, hail, and wind combined to render the season most rigorous. The ground was covered with a thick layer of snow, and the roads were so slippery, that the horses could scarcely keep their feet. But these obstacles failed to check the progress of the Abbot and William. A vehement desire to shake off the yoke made them forget the severity of the weather. They would have

attempted the impossible to attain their end. Perceiving that their horses stepped somewhat insecurely, they decided on going on foot; and, walking by the side of their animals, they led them by the bridle. In this manner they made as tiresome and painful a journey as can well be imagined.

When they had arrived at Théronanne, the Bishop's Porter, perceiving William, who was well dressed, hastened to open the door to him. The latter, before he presented himself to the Bishop, requested to see some of his clerks and counsellors that he might ask their advice. He found them animated by the kindest feelings towards himself; and the Bishop, before whom he shortly afterwards appeared, received him with an equal affability. "Holy Father, he addressed him, my master the Bishop of Tournai salutes you, and sends you this letter, praying you to perform in his place a duty which his infirmities admit not his discharge of, and graciously to bestow your blessing on a monk of his Diocese, whom his brethren have elected their Abbot." The Bishop replied to these greetings, before he opened the letter: "May the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost bless my faithful Brother-in-God, and may he obtain the reward of those who trust in the Lord." He then betook himself to the perusal of the letter, and after he had read it, he added: "To-morrow, with the favor of Heaven, I shall be ready to comply with the request of my beloved Brother."

The Abbot heard this courteous reply with joyfulness of heart; nor was William less delighted with it, and they both set forth to seek a bed for the night in an hostelry near the Bishop's palace. At an early hour of the morning, a clerk of the Bishop of Théronanne found his way to them, and told them that the Bishop, already arrayed in his pontifical robes, was awaiting them in the Church, and that he was ready to give the Abbot his benediction, a grace which he so earnestly desired. The Abbot at last deemed that the realization of his long-deferred hope was at hand. He accordingly proceeded to the Church, dressed in his sacerdotal robes; but just as every thing was prepared, there arrived Gantier Archdeacon of Théronanne, who exclaimed: "Has it ever been seen or heard that an Abbot was consecrated in the absence of his monks, and without other Abbots being present? This man comes like a runaway, as if the monks of his Monastery had expelled him, and without a soul to accompany him. As Archdeacon and Counsellor of the Bishop, I cannot permit the benediction to be given before letters from the Abbot of Afflighem have confirmed the emancipation of

the Convent of St. André, and before the monks of that Convent, and other Abbots bear witness to the ceremony." The Bishop coloured at these words, and, taking the Abbot aside, said to him: "I am much grieved, my Brother, that I cannot, as I would wish, respond to your desires and to those of the Bishop of Tournai. The Archdeacon objects to my giving you my benediction, because you have come alone, and there is no one to be present at the ceremony."

On hearing these words, William said to the Bishop: "Be it known to you, then, that we are come alone to lessen the expences of the journey. You are aware that the revenues of the Church of St. André are by no means great, and her enemies would fain reduce them to nothing. Thus, it is poverty, together with the severity of the winter, that has prevented the Abbot of St. André from bringing with him other Abbots. No one, at any price whatsoever, would like to accompany him at such an inclement season. Two monks at first set out with us, but the younger was so bruised by falling from his horse, that he can no longer stir a step without leaning on a staff. The elder one was so frightened by the accident that happened to his brother, that, fearing lest he should meet with the same or worse, he refused to accompany us any further; and I verily believe he would have sunk under the fatigue, for we ourselves, who are young and strong, have suffered the severest hardships." But the Archdeacon Gantier refused to accept these excuses, however good they might be, and he appeared to cherish a violent hatred against the Abbot: "In seven days, said he, you can return hither, but bring with you a sufficient number of monks and Abbots to bear you witness, and to assure us that the election proceeded in an orderly and proper manner, and that the Convent has been emancipated with the full and free consent of the Abbot of Afflighem. The Bishop will then bestow upon you his benediction." William fired at these words. He had the Abbot's cause greatly at heart, and addressing himself to the Archdeacon, he said: "Doth it not suffice you to have the testimony of the Bishop of Tournai? Methinks it is for the Bishop, in whose Diocese the Church is situated, to give his attestation. We beseech the Bishop of Théronanne to accede to the request of the Bishop of Tournai. Should he refuse, we will go to Maestricht or to Noyou, and then they will not deny us what we ask." The Bishop replied: "For my part, I am well content with the letter written to me by my Brother, the Bishop of Tournai, but—that your enemies

may have no occasion to find fault—I earnestly recommend you to return hither in seven days' time, and to bring with you two or three monks, and then the ceremony shall take place without delay, even though our Archdeacon should still be opposed to it." "We freely avow, my Father, answered William, that we placed more hope in you than we ought to have done. We now return homewards, tendering you our thanks for your good offices. Our friends will give us their advice, and we shall see with them what had best be done," On this, every one withdrew. The Abbot returned to his hostelry, and, as he saw that his friend William was a prey to the most poignant anguish, he controlled his own feelings and said: "Let them get us something ready to eat, for we have no time to lose." "We need not to eat, quoth William. Death is our only solace. For fortune, after making us conceive such goodly hopes, hath sorely deceived us, and now announces our approaching ruin. But whatever happeneth unto us is an effect of the divine will, that in one moment can change our lot; for it is written, that the greatest disasters are oft-times followed by the most happy results." Soon afterwards they sat down to table, but the bread they brake seemed to them passing bitter. After taking a light repast, they departed, with death in their soul, and ever and anon leaving a deep sigh, but without exchanging a single word. The Abbot at length brake the silence: "O thou, said he to William, thou most devoted of my friends, remaineth there yet any asylum where I may hide my head so bowed down with confusion, and where I may escape the eyes of men? We shall be the derision of the neighbourhood. They who dwell around will only pity or despise us."

While journeying onwards, they revolved every possible means of avoiding ridicule, and resolved not yet to lose courage, but in entering the Convent to make fresh efforts to succeed. They arrived at St. André at night-fall, where they found all the brethren very impatient to see them on their return, and to hear them recount all that had taken place. When the tale had been told, the community deliberated as to what further steps were to be taken. Nor was any thing done until many a groan had been uttered, many a tear shed, and many a supplication addressed to Heaven. The Abbot then learned that the Abbot of Afflighem had left St. André that very day, and that he had been summoned to appear at Lille before Philip, Assistant Judge to the Archbishop of Rheims. "We offer you, said the monks, all

the treasures of the Monastery, but be not cast down, nor wax weary at working out our emancipation. The servitude they seek to impose upon us is so cruel, that rather would we beg our bread, than again fall under the authority of the Abbot of Afflighem." Seeing them so determined to persevere, William addressed them and said: "If you really wish your Abbot to follow up the steps he has taken, you ought, methinks, to deliver to him the seal of your Chapter, and promise beforehand to approve of all he may do without consulting you." The promise was made, and the seal delivered over to him. William then entered into conversation with the monks, and talked to them of the arts and wiles of their enemies, and of the means of confounding them. It was agreed that William should set out for Lille with the first dawn of day, and that he should seek the Official of the Archbishop of Rheims, and endeavour to propitiate him, and induce him to turn a deaf ear to the complaints and petitions of the Abbot of Afflighem. It was also arranged that the Abbot should depart for Tournai, and that William should acquaint him as soon as possible with the result of his exertions.

At an early hour of the morning, William mounted on horse-back, and—arriving at Lille the same day—hastened to present himself to the Abbot of Afflighem and to the Archbishop's Deputy, who both received him with much politeness. Finding himself alone with the Official, Philip, he saluted him in the name of the brethren of the Convent of St. André, and earnestly besought him to interest himself in their emancipation. Philip promised to do what he could to forward their views, and taking an opportunity to converse with the Abbot of Afflighem without witnesses, he said to him: "Reverend Seigneur Abbot, I am deputed by the Archbishop of Rheims, and I have caused you to be summoned before me to learn from your own mouth, the reason why you so presumptuously and indiscreetly deny to the monks of St. André the freedom for which they sue. You employ all your zeal and thoughts to raise up difficulties in their way, to prevent them from attaining the end they have so much reason to desire. Let the Church of St. André pay to you whatever she owes you. Let us give unto Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. How is it, then, that you seek not above all to magnify the glory of God, and to lay up for yourself a treasure in heaven, there where there is nothing to be feared, neither rust, nor any alloy?"

You resemble an accuser, a persecutor, rather than the shepherd of a flock, whose first care should be to bring back the stray sheep. Honour the Lord, and lay aside these feelings. Would you that the flock were deprived of a pastor? For what sort of pastor is it that dwells so far from his flock? It is your wish to be a support to the monks of St. André, but how can you be so, if you are placed too far off to know either their faults or their dangers? Harden not your heart, therefore, to do them injury, but rather rejoice in the honour that accrues to one of the Churches of the Lord. If you persist in your evil intentions, I give you notice, in the name of the Archbishop of Rheims, that you will have to appear before him within fifteen days, to reply to his questions, and to justify your conduct." "I must first," answered the Abbot, somewhat abashed, "consult the brethren of my Abbey on this subject." Under this pretext he retired. The monks and clerks were again met together. William was present at their deliberation, but affected to be ignorant of what had taken place. "But why is it, quoth he, that the Official of the Archbishop of Rheims exhibits such strong opposition?" "Thou art the only one, answered the Abbot of Afflighem, that knowest not what hath come to pass in these last days at Bruges. The monks of St. André have elected an Abbot, and refuse any longer to obey us." "It seemeth to me, then, replied William, that your dissatisfaction is not altogether well founded. A proverb tells us: whoever finds a weed in tilling the ground, and leaves it in the furrow, injures the crop and weakens the fertility of the soil. It was your duty to exercise your watchfulness in various places, and, among others, at St. André, but you have neglected this Convent, like the weed in the furrow, and thereby you have lessened your own dignity, and have wronged the interests of the monks of St. André. They have, say you, chosen an Abbot who will sustain the community by his presence, and give the Monastery honour and merit before God." "It is not for the honour of God, interrupted the Abbot, offended by this discourse, it is solely from a rebellious spirit that they have taken this resolution. They forsake the ways of religion—they deliver themselves to all manner of excesses and vice." "In speaking of their vices, retorted William, you accuse your own negligence; the whole fault rests with yourself. Hear what Eleazar said, of whom mention is made in the second book of Maccabees: Here below we have but a short time to live, and our regrets are nothing compared to our ex-



pectations. Beware then that you allow not yourself to be led away in this life by ambition or by desire of a fleeting honour. It is not glory, observed Seneca, to be burdened with the task of governing others. So take care not to load your shoulders with a burden that you cannot bear, and which will make you stagger to and fro at every step. It is less an honour than a burden to be an Abbot. If the monks of St. André are no longer subject to your authority, in your turn you are no longer answerable for their excesses. He who has much power, has likewise a heavy account to render. You ought rather to return thanks to God that he has lightened you of this anxiety." All these arguments and remonstrances, so sage and so convincing, were not without their influence on the mind of the Abbot of Afflighem: "That the monks of St. André, said he, have in the interest of religion chosen an Abbot who is better able than myself to declare to them the Word of God, and to administer to them the consolations of peace and charity, I rejoice from my inmost soul. But the monks of Afflighem cease not to censure me, and pursue me with the bitterest reproaches: so that I hardly dare to appear among them. They urge me with all their might to oppose the election of the Abbot of St. André. Could I bring them round to other sentiments, undoubtedly I would do so, and in that view I am ready to try all means in my power. I pray you, continued the Abbot of Afflighem, addressing himself to Philip, the Deputy of the Archbishop of Rheims—I pray you to allow me to return home, in order that I may consult the Chapter; for if I can at all influence the monks of the Abbey, I shall forthwith hasten to approve and sanction all that has passed." These new arrangements being made, every one returned homewards.

William, who remembered his promise, lost no time in setting out for Tournai, that he might report to the Abbot and to those who were with him what had been said and agreed upon at Lille, touching his election. On arriving at Tournai, he found there the Abbot and four brethren of the Convent of St. André. To these he related at full length all the speeches that had been made at Lille, and the favorable dispositions that had been manifested. These tidings excited a very lively joy, and they already looked upon it as a certainty that the hope that had so often deceived them, would at last be realised. William and the Abbot waited upon the Bishop. "Reverend Father, said they to him, your Brother of Théronanne salutes you. He would have consented, in remembrance of your ancient intimacy, (the

Bishop of Théronanne had formerly been the Archdeacon of Tournai) to bestow upon us his benediction, if there had been other Abbots present at the ceremony; and has besides promised that next Sunday the consecration shall be solemnly celebrated. We therefore beseech you to write a second letter to the Bishop of Théronanne, that he may fulfil his promise with the greater alacrity." "This request will bear no denial, replied the Bishop, I will give you a letter, and I will also send my clerks with you to express my wishes by word of mouth to the Bishop of Théronanne." William was charmed with this reply. Without losing a moment after he had received the letter from the Bishop, he set forth to seek two Abbots of the Diocese of Théronanne, in the hope that they would lend their services to their Brother of St. André. The first whom he visited was the Abbot of Zonnebeke: "Seigneur Abbot, said he to him, the monks of St. André, who have lately chosen a pastor for themselves, pray you to do them the favor to be present at his benediction." But this Abbot, a careless, good-natured man though he was, essayed to excuse himself: "Oblige me, quoth he, by asking of me no such thing. I fear lest the Abbot of Afflighem, who, they say, is much opposed to this election, should hereafter reproach me with this service, and may be, make me feel the effects of his anger. Who then will help me? I have neither eloquence enough to repel abuse, nor money enough to appease resentment." "If it is reproaches you fear, answered William, we can set your mind at rest on that score; for you will meet with no opposition, and all will pass off peaceably and according to the prescribed form." The Abbot of Zonnebeke yielded to these and similar arguments, and consented to accompany William and his friends as far as the Abbot of Vormeseele, who welcomed them to his house with much cordiality. After perusing the letter addressed to him by the Abbot of St. André, he exclaimed: "Blessed be the mercies of the Lord. Let us hasten, my beloved brethren, to assist at this benediction. I shall witness the fulfilment of the dearest wishes of my heart."

Accordingly with the early dawn each mounted his horse, and proceeded towards Théronanne, where the Bishop evinced the most friendly disposition imaginable. William still bore in mind his former disappointments. "Behold, said he to the Bishop, what will encourage you to brave the opposition of your Archdeacon. We have brought Abbots and monks, and I now hand you a letter from the Bishop of Tournai, who has been gracious enough to send his clerks with us, that they

may convince you by word of mouth of the emancipation of the Church of St. André. You urged us to return to you, and we have done so more in compliance with your request than from any necessity on our part." "It is unnecessary, replied the Bishop, to give me further proofs of the emancipation of the Convent of St. André, to-morrow morning, with the aid of the Divine grace, I will fulfil my promise." In fact, at an early hour of the morrow, he sent to prepare the Abbot: "Every thing is ready," said the messenger, "and my master is anxious for the solemnity to take place immediately, to save you further expence, and to put a term to your anxiety." The Abbot had nothing more urgent on his hands than to proceed to the Church, where he found the Bishop already arrayed in all his insignia. He cast his eyes on every side, fearing to behold the Archdeacon Gantier, and to have to encounter fresh obstacles. He called to mind the vulgar proverb: 'the burnt child dreads the fire.' But no one appeared. The Bishop then called the Abbot before him, and gave him his blessing in the accustomed form, adding with much benignity: "I render thanks to the Almighty Lord in that He hath permitted me this day to gratify the wishes of my well-beloved Brother, the Bishop of Tournai. I pray you, all here present, to seat yourselves this day at my table, and to rejoice with me over the happy event that begins the day." The Abbot of St. André answered: "We shall never forget your numerous kindnesses, Seigneur Bishop, but the food we have already taken at the altar suffices us for the moment. Permit us then to return home, for we have a long journey to make before we arrive there." The Bishop yielded to these considerations, and no longer pressed them to stay. Reaching Poperinghi the same day, they waited upon the Provost, who received them hospitably. While they were seated at table with him, he happened to say without knowing before whom he spake: "As you must have met with many persons on the road, have you heard any thing of that mad monk who caused himself to be elected Abbot by other rebellious and contumacious monks?" The Abbot of St. André coloured, but made no reply. The Provost then suspected the truth, and held his tongue. On his arrival at St. André, the Abbot informed the monks of the Convent of the happy issue of his wanderings. All the world went forth to meet him, and welcomed him with extreme pleasure. The next day he hastened with William to the noble Count Philip of Flanders, who put to him several questions relative to his new dignity.

The Abbot related all the hardships he had undergone, without forgetting to mention the warm opposition of the Abbot of Afflighem. The Count had nothing more at heart than the prosperity of the Convent, and only sought to befriend it: "I will so manage it, said he, that the Abbot of Afflighem shall renounce all the rights he pretends to have over you, and henceforth the monks of St. André shall have full power to choose for their Abbot whomsoever it seemeth good unto them." In fact, he so contrived it, that the Abbot of Afflighem was fain to sign a letter of emancipation, and to renounce all his pretended rights.

T. H.

## THE DEATH OF ARTHUR CONOLLY.

In far Bokhara's bigot court,  
 Hemmed round by foemen rude,  
 His fathers' God his sole support,  
 The captive hero stood.

"Now, Christian, choose! too long we wait."  
 The fierce Ameer out-broke;  
 "Our prophet's faith and high estate;  
 "Or else—the headsman's stroke."

The long dark months, the grinding chain,  
 Have failed that soul to shake—  
 Shall fear of one short fleeting pain  
 Its settled purpose break?

No! firm resolve, indignant scorn,  
 Rear high the stalwart frame;  
 Which bending first, and sickness-worn,  
 Forth from the dungeon came.

Triumphant hopes before him shine  
 And prompt the stern reply:  
 "Rather than live a life like thine,  
 "A thousand deaths I'd die!"

'Tis o'er! the tyrant's worst is done,  
 And that brave spirit's fled,  
 To seek, as eagles seek the sun,  
 The Truth for which it bled.

Weep not for him, in vigorous age  
 To unblest earth consigned;  
 His painful, restless pilgrimage  
 No nobler end might find.

The hour shall strike, the day shall spring;  
 The Cross its conquest claim:  
 Then wide Bokhara's Church shall ring  
 Her earliest martyr's fame.

T.

## III.

## COLERIDGE ON THE SCRIPTURE.

ON the topic of Mr. Coleridge's "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit"—the topic, that is to say, of the inspiration of Scripture,—we would speak with very great diffidence; and what we speak, we speak as a private individual, though using the plural for convenience. Mr. Coleridge's book, then, is a great favourite of ours; and, as we doubt very much whether it has any great circulation in India, we shall endeavour to lay before the reader a compendious view of its argument.

The question which Mr. Coleridge proposes to consider, he states as follows: "Is it safer for the individual, and more conducive to the interests of the Church of Christ, in its twofold character of pastoral and militant, to conclude thus:—The Bible is the Word of God, and therefore true, holy, and in all parts unquestionable;—or thus,—the Bible, considered in reference to its declared ends and purposes, is true and holy, and for all who seek truth with humble spirits an unquestionable guide, and therefore it is the Word of God?" The latter, in Mr. Coleridge's opinion, is the safer opinion, as he undertakes to show. This he does in "Seven Letters to a Friend concerning the bounds between the right, and the superstitious, use and estimation of the Sacred Canon; in which the writer submissively discloses his own private judgment on the following questions:—

"I. Is it necessary, or expedient, to insist on the belief of the divine origin and authority of all, and every part of the Canonical Books as the condition, or first principle, of Christian Faith?"

"II. Or, may not the due appreciation of the Scriptures collectively be more safely relied on as the result and consequence of the belief in Christ;—the gradual increase,—in respect of particular passages,—of our spiritual discernment of their truth and authority supplying a test and measure of our own growth and progress as individual believers, without the servile fear that prevents or overclouds the free honour which cometh from love?"—1 John iv. 18.

After stating his firm belief in the great tenets common to all the Fathers of the Reformation,—the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption of Man, the Descent of the Comforter, &c.,—he proposes to peruse *as a whole* the Bible, which is familiar to his mind in its separate parts. He proposes further, he goes on to say, "to read it for the first

" time as I should read any other work,—as far at least as I  
 " can or dare. For I neither can, nor dare, throw off a  
 " strong and awful prepossession in its favour—certain as I  
 " am, that a large part of the light and life, in and by which  
 " I see, love, and embrace the truths and the strengths co-or-  
 " ganized into a living body of faith and knowledge in the  
 " four preceding classes—[referring to the '*credenda*, com-  
 " mon to all the Fathers of the Reformation,']—has been  
 " directly or indirectly derived to me from this sacred vo-  
 " lume,—and unable to determine what I do not owe to its  
 " influences. But even on this account, and because it has  
 " these inalienable claims on my reverence and gratitude, I  
 " will not leave it in the power of unbelievers to say, that  
 " the Bible is for me only what the Koran is for the deaf  
 " Turk, and the Vedas for the feeble and acquiescent Hin-  
 " doo. No; I will retire *up into the mountain*, and hold  
 " sacred commune with my Bible above the contagious blast-  
 " ments of prejudice, and the fog-blight of selfish supersti-  
 " tion. *For fear hath torment.* And what though *my reason*  
 " be to the power and splendour of the Scriptures but as the  
 " reflected and secondary shine of the moon compared with  
 " the solar radiance;—yet the sun endures the occasional  
 " co-presence of the unsteady orb, and leaving it visible  
 " seems to sanction the comparison. There is a light high-  
 " er than all, even *the Word that was in the beginning*;—  
 " the Light, of which light itself is but the *shechinah* and  
 " cloudy tabernacle;—the Word that is light for every man,  
 " and life for as many as give heed to it. If between this  
 " Word and the written Letter I shall anywhere seem  
 " to myself to find a discrepance, I will not conclude that  
 " such there actually is; nor, on the other hand, will I fall  
 " under the condemnation of them that would *lie for God*,  
 " but seek as I may, be thankful for what I have—and  
 " wait.

" With such purposes, with such feelings, have I perused  
 " the books of the Old and New Testaments,—each book  
 " as a whole, and also as an integral part. And need I say,  
 " that I have met everywhere more or less copious sources of  
 " truth, and power, and purifying impulses;—that I have  
 " found words for my inmost thoughts, songs for my joy,  
 " utterances for my hidden griefs, and pleadings for my  
 " shame and my feebleness. In short, whatever *finds* me,  
 " bears witness for itself that it has proceeded from a Holy  
 " Spirit, even from the same Spirit, *which remaining* in itself,  
 " yet regenerateth all other powers, and in all ages entering

“into holy souls maketh them friends of God, and prophets.”  
—(Wisd. vii.)

Here, he tells us, he might have been content to rest, but for the doubt that something more than this would be required by Jerome, Augustine, Luther, and Hooker, before they would admit him to their communion. Now, *did* these theologians hold, on this point, a doctrine really opposed to that of Mr. Coleridge? He himself confidently trusts that the fact is not so. But there *is* a Doctrine or Dogma opposed to what he regards as the right view of the matter. After repeating that “in the Bible there is more that *finds* me than I have experienced in all other books put together; that the words of the Bible find me at greater depths of my being; and that whatever finds me brings with it an irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit,” he proceeds to treat of the Doctrine to which he demurs.

“But the Doctrine in question requires me to believe, that not only what finds me, but all that exists in the sacred volume, and which I am bound to find therein, was—not alone inspired by, that is, composed by men under the actuating influence of the Holy Spirit, but likewise—dictated by an Infallible Intelligence;—that the writers, each and all, were Divinely informed as well as inspired.” Now it is remarkable, that the Jews did not claim this for the whole of the precious remains of their Temple Library. It was only of the writings of Moses that the Rabbis declared “The Pentateuch is but *one Word*, even the Word of God; and the letters and articulate sounds, by which this Word is communicated to our human apprehensions, are likewise Divinely communicated.” Now, for ‘Pentateuch’ substitute ‘Old and New Testament,’ and then this, adds Mr. Coleridge, “is the doctrine which I reject as superstitious and unscriptural.” Perhaps the reader will say that no one *does* claim this for the whole of the Old and of the New Testament; but if the holder of the Dogma above stated does not hold this, what is it that he does hold? With Mr. Coleridge we think that as long as the conceptions of the Revealing Word and the Inspiring Spirit are identified and confounded, whatever says less than this, which the Cabbalists say of the Pentateuch, “says little more than nothing.” It is not easy indeed to conceive of any softenings here “which would not nullify the Doctrine, and convert it into a cloud for each man’s fancy to shift and shape at will.”

Mr. Coleridge holds that wherever, as in the books of Moses, and once or twice in the prophecy of Jeremiah, it is distinctly asserted that the words were given, and the recording of the same enjoined, there can be no dispute about the verbal dictation; but, he goes on to say, "let us, therefore, remove all such passages, and take each Book by itself; and I repeat that I believe the writer in whatever he himself relates of his own authority, and of its origin. But I cannot find any such claim, as the Doctrine in question supposes, made by these writers, explicitly or by implication. On the contrary, they refer to other documents, and in all points express themselves as sober-minded and veracious writers under ordinary circumstances are known to do."

One disadvantage resulting from the doctrine objected to, Mr. Coleridge indicates, when, after reflecting how great and precious a gift of Providence is the Old Testament, he goes on to say—"And I freely confess that my whole heart would turn away from the cold and captious mortal, who, the moment I had been pouring out the love and gladness of my soul, while book after book, Law, and Truth, and Example, Oracle, and lovely Hymn, and choral Song of ten thousand thousands, and accepted Prayers of Saints and Prophets, sent back, as it were, from Heaven, like doves, to be let loose again with a new freight of spiritual joys and griefs and necessities, were passing across my memory,—at the first pause of my voice, and whilst my countenance was still speaking—should ask me, whether I was thinking of the Book of Esther, or meant particularly to include the first six chapters of Daniel, or verses 6—20 of the 109th Psalm, or the last verse of the 137th Psalm? Would any conclusion of this sort be drawn in any other analogous case? In the course of my Lectures on Dramatic Poetry, I in half a score of instances referred my auditors to the precious volume before me—Shakspeare—and spoke enthusiastically, both in general and with detail of particular beauties, of the plays of Shakspeare, as in all their kinds, and in relation to the purposes of the writer, excellent. Would it have been fair, or according to the common usage and understanding of men, to have inferred an intention on my part to decide the question regarding Titus Andronicus, or the larger portion of the three parts of Henry VI.? Would not every genial mind understand by Shakspeare that unity or total impression comprising, and resulting from, the thousandfold several and particular emotions



“of delight, admiration, gratitude, excited by his works? But if it be answered, ‘Aye! but we must not interpret St. Paul as we may and should interpret any other honest and intelligent writer or speaker,’—then, I say, this is the very *petitio principii* of which I complain.”

Against the objection that, in taking the view he does, he does not recognize the full force of our Lord’s injunction to “search the Scriptures,” he exclaims—“Have I not declared—do I not begin by declaring—that whatever is referred by the sacred Penman to a direct communication from God, and wherever it is recorded that the Subject of the history had asserted himself to have received this or that command, this or that information or assurance, from a super-human Intelligence, or where the writer in his own person, and in the character of an historian, relates that the *Word of the Lord* came unto priest, prophet, chieftain, or other individual—have I not declared that I receive the same with full belief, and admit its inappellable authority? Who more convinced than I am—who more anxious to impress that conviction on the minds of others—that the Law and the Prophets speak throughout of Christ? That all the intermediate applications and realizations of the words are but types and repetitions—translations, as it were, from the language of letters and articulate sounds, into the language of events and symbolical persons?”

Mr. Coleridge supposes the question to be put to him—Why should I *not* believe the doctrine, even granting that coercive, positive, reasons for it could be adduced—that the Scriptures are throughout dictated,—in word and thought, by an infallible Intelligence? “I admit the retort,” he exclaims, “and eagerly and earnestly do I answer: For every reason that makes me prize and revere these Scriptures;—prize them, love them, revere them, beyond all books! *Why* should I not? Because the Doctrine in question petrifies at once the whole body of Holy Writ with all its harmonies and symmetrical gradations,—the flexile and the rigid,—the supporting hard and the clothing soft,—the blood *which is the life*,—the intelligencing nerves, and the rudely woven, but soft and springy, cellular substance, in which all are embedded and lightly bound together. This breathing organism, this glorious *panharmonicon*, which I had seen stand on its feet as a man, and with a man’s voice given to it, the Doctrine in question turns at once into a colossal Memnon’s head, a hollow passage for a voice, a voice that mocks the voices of many men, and speaks in their names,

“and yet is but one voice, and the same;—and no man uttered it, and never in a human heart was it conceived. *Why* should I not? Because the Doctrine evacuates of all sense and efficacy the sure and constant tradition, that all the several books bound up together in our precious family Bibles were composed in different and widely distant ages, under the greatest diversity of circumstances, and degrees of light and information, and yet that the composers, whether as uttering or recording what was uttered and what was done, were all actuated by a pure and holy Spirit, one and the same—(for is there any spirit pure and holy, and yet not proceeding from God—and yet not proceeding in and with the Holy Spirit?)—one Spirit, working diversly, now awakening strength, and now glorifying itself in weakness, now giving power and direction to knowledge, and now taking away the sting from error!”

Let us now see how various objections to the Old Testament Scriptures fade away when the matter is viewed in the light which Mr. Coleridge contends for. Every reader of the Old Testament must have been startled, if not shocked, at first hearing of the transcendent blessedness of Jael, “and the righteousness of the act, in which she inhospitably, treacherously, perfidiously, murdered sleep, the confiding sleep,”—and many a one must have felt that the perplexity was not to be disposed of by the perijunctory process of the divine who “closed the controversy by observing that he wanted no better morality than that of the Bible, and no other proof of an action’s being praiseworthy than that the Bible had declared it worthy to be praised;—an observation, as applied in this instance, so slanderous to the morality and moral spirit of the Bible, as to be inexplicable except as a consequence of the Doctrine in dispute.” Quit that Doctrine for a moment, and let us see whether instruction and example is not to be found in the curses as well as the blessings poured forth by Deborah in her song, without quenching, as the divine above quoted would have us quench, the Light within the breast. “Was it that she called to mind any personal wrongs—rapine or insult—that she or the house of Lapidoth had received from Jabin or Siserah? No; she had dwelt under her palm tree in the depth of the mountain. But she was a *mother in Israel*; and with a mother’s heart, and with the vehemency of a mother’s and a patriot’s love, she had shot the light of love from her eyes, and poured the blessings of love from her lips, on the people who had *jeopardied their lives unto the death*

"against the oppressors; and the bitterness, awakned and  
 "borne aloft by the same love, she precipitated in curses on  
 "the selfish and coward recreants who *came not to the help*  
 "*of the Lord, to the help of the Lord, against the mighty.* As  
 "long as I have the image of Deborah before my eyes, and  
 "while I throw myself back into the age, country, circum-  
 "stances, of this Hebrew Bonduca, in the not yet tamed  
 "chaos of the spiritual creation;—as long as I contemplate  
 "the impassioned, high-souled, heroic woman in all the pro-  
 "minence and individuality of will and character,—I feel as  
 "if I were among the first ferments of the great affections  
 "—the proplastic waves of the microcosm chaos, swelling  
 "up against—and yet towards—the outspread wings of the  
 "Dove that lies brooding on the troubled waters. So long  
 "all is well,—all replete with instruction and example. In  
 "the fierce and inordinate I am made to know and be grate-  
 "ful for the clearer and purer radiance which shines on a  
 "Christian's paths, neither blunted by the preparatory veil,  
 "nor crimsoned in its struggle through the all-enwrapping  
 "mist of the world's ignorance: whilst in the self-oblivion  
 "of these heroes of the Old Testament, their elevation above  
 "all low and individual interests,—above all, in the entire  
 "and vehement devotion of their total being to the service  
 "of their Divine Master, I find a lesson of humility, a  
 "ground of humiliation, and a shaming, yet rousing, exam-  
 "ple of faith and fealty. But let me once be persuaded that  
 "all these heart-awakening utterances of human hearts—of  
 "men of like faculties and passions with myself, mourning,  
 "rejoicing, suffering, triumphing—are but as a *Divina Com-*  
 "*media* of a superhuman—O bear with me, if I say—Ven-  
 "triloquist;—that the royal Harper, to whom I have so often  
 "submitted myself as a *many-stringed instrument* for his  
 "fire-tipt fingers to traverse, while every several nerve of  
 "emotion, passion, thought, that thrids the flesh-and-blood  
 "of our common humanity, responded to the touch,—that  
 "this *sweet Psalmist of Israel* was himself as mere an  
 "instrument as his harp, an *automaton* poet, mourner, and  
 "suppliant;—all is gone,—all sympathy, at least, and all  
 "example. I listen in awe and fear, but likewise in per-  
 "plexity and confusion of spirit."

As a crucial test of the Doctrine which he contends  
 against, Mr. Coleridge takes the Book of Job. We do not  
 see how it is so peculiarly adapted to serve this purpose;  
 but, if only for that reason, we must here let him speak for  
 himself. "Say that the Book of Job throughout was dictat-

“ed by an infallible Intelligence. Then re-peruse the book, and still, as you proceed, try to apply the tenet: try if you can even attach any sense or semblance of meaning to the speeches which you are reading. What! were the hollow truisms, the false assumptions and malignant insinuations of the supercilious bigots, who corruptly defended the truth:—were the impressive facts, the piercing outcries, the pathetic appeals, and the close and powerful reasoning with which the poor sufferer—smarting at once from his wounds, and from the oil of vitriol which the orthodox *liars for God* were dropping into them—impatiently, but uprightly and holily, controverted this truth, while in will and in spirit he clung to it;—were both dictated by an infallible Intelligence?—Alas! if I may judge from the manner in which both indiscriminately are recited, quoted, appealed to, preached upon, by the *routiniers* of desk and pulpit, I cannot doubt that they think so,—or rather, without thinking, take for granted that so they are to think;—the more readily, perhaps, because the so thinking supersedes the necessity of all after-thought.”

Holding the opinion that he does, in regard to the tenet of the verbal and literal dictation of Scripture, Mr. Coleridge naturally regards with little interest the endeavours that have been made by harmonists to reconcile “discrepancies so trifling in circumstance and import, that, although in some instances it is highly probable, and in all instances, perhaps, possible that they are only apparent and reconcilable, no wise man would care a straw whether they were real or apparent, reconciled or left in harmless and friendly variance.” Indeed, he becomes rather severe on some of the labours of the harmonists, for he says:—“Allow me to create chasms *ad libitum*, and *ad libitum* to fill them up with imagined facts and incidents, and I would almost undertake to harmonize Falstaff’s account of the rogues in buckram into a coherent and consistent narrative.” The overstrained attempts of some of the harmonists, he regards as evidence of the injurious influence of the tenet against which he contends; and he very fairly taxes with inconsistency those who—fully persuaded that there is no difference between the two positions—‘The Bible contains the religion revealed by God’—and ‘whatever is contained in the Bible is religion, and was revealed by God’—“yet affect to look down with a contemptuous or compassionate smile on John Wesley for rejecting the Copernican astronomy as incompatible therewith; or who exclaim ‘Wonderful!’ when they hear that

“ Sir Matthew Hale sent a crazy old woman to the gallows  
 “ in honour of the Witch of Endor. In the latter instance it  
 “ might, I admit, have been an erroneous (though even at  
 “ this day the all but universally received) interpretation of  
 “ the word, which we have rendered by *witch*;—but I chal-  
 “ lenge these divines and their adherents to establish the com-  
 “ patibility of a belief in the modern astronomy and natural  
 “ philosophy with their and Wesley’s doctrine respecting  
 “ the inspired Scriptures, without reducing the Doctrine itself  
 “ to a plaything of wax;—or rather to a half-inflated bladder,  
 “ which, when the contents are rarefied in the heat of rheto-  
 “ rical generalities, swells out round, and without a crease  
 “ or wrinkle; but bring it into the cool temperature of par-  
 “ ticulars, and you may press, and as it were except, what part  
 “ you like—so it be but one part at a time—between your  
 “ thumb and finger. Now, I pray you, which is the more  
 “ honest, nay, which the more reverential, proceeding,—to  
 “ play at fast and loose in this way; or to say at once, ‘ See  
 “ here in these several writings one and the same Holy  
 “ Spirit, now sanctifying a chosen vessel, and fitting it for  
 “ the reception of heavenly truths proceeding immediately  
 “ from the mouth of God, and elsewhere working in frail and  
 “ fallible men like ourselves, and like ourselves instructed  
 “ by God’s word and laws?’ ”

And now we come to one of the most deeply interesting portions of the work before us, where Mr. Coleridge nar- rates, in general terms, his own dealings with sceptics, for whom the tenet in question had created a needless stone of stumbling and rock of offence. “ And yet I am told,” he exclaims, “ that this Doctrine must not be resisted or called “ in question, because of its fitness to preserve unity of faith, “ and for the prevention of schism and sectarian by-ways! “ —Let the man who holds this language trace the history “ of Protestantism, and the growth of sectarian divisions, “ ending in Dr. Hawker’s *ultra-Calvinistic tracts*, and Mr. “ Belsham’s *New Version of the Testament*. And then let “ him tell me, that for the prevention of an evil which already “ exists, and which the boasted preventive itself might rather “ seem to have occasioned, I must submit to be silenced by “ the first learned Infidel, who throws in my face the bless- “ ing of Deborah, or the cursings of David, or the Grecicisms “ or heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the “ Book of Daniel, or the hydrography and natural Philoso- “ phy of the Patriarchal ages.—I must forego the means of “ silencing, and the prospect of convincing, an alienated

“brother, because I must not answer:—‘My Brother!  
 “What has all this to do with the truth and the worth of  
 “Christianity? If you reject *à priori* all communion with  
 “the Holy Spirit, there is indeed a chasm between us,  
 “over which we cannot even make our voices intelligible to  
 “each other. But if—though but with the faith of a Seneca  
 “or an Antonine—you admit the co-operation of a Divine  
 “Spirit in souls desirous of good, even as the breath of  
 “heaven works variously in each several plant according to  
 “its kind, character, period of growth, and circumstance of  
 “soil, clime, and aspect;—on what ground can you assume  
 “that its presence is incompatible with all imperfection in  
 “the subject,—even with such imperfection as is the natural  
 “accompaniment of the unripe season? If you call your  
 “gardener or husbandman to account for the plants or crops  
 “he is raising, would you not regard the special purpose in  
 “each, and judge of each by that which it was tending to?  
 “Thorns are not flowers, nor is the husk serviceable. But  
 “it was not for its thorns, but for its sweet and medicinal  
 “flowers, that the rose was cultivated; and he who cannot  
 “separate the husk from the grain, wants the power, because  
 “sloth or malice has prevented the will.”

To that last sentence we would entreat especial attention.  
 If we are to be thrown in any degree upon our own judgment, exclaims the sluggard, how are we to judge? “Sloth” alone (for “malice” we would not contemplate) prevents the will, and thus defeats the power, in him who possesses, until he quench it, the “Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

But Mr. Coleridge’s wrestlings with the sceptic have not been merely imaginary. “If I should reason thus—but why do I say *if*?—I have reasoned thus with more than one serious and well-disposed Sceptic; and what was the answer?—*you* speak rationally, but seem to forget the subject. I have frequently attended meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where I have heard speakers of every denomination, Calvinist and Arminian, Quaker and Methodist, Dissenting Ministers and Clergymen, nay, dignitaries of the Established Church,—and still I have heard the same doctrine,—that the Bible was not to be regarded or reasoned about in the way that other good books are or may be;—that the Bible was different in its kind, and stood by itself, \* \* \* \* and that the men, whose names are prefixed to the several books or chapters, were in fact but as different pens in the hand of one and the

“same Writer, and the words the words of God himself;—  
 “and that on this account all notes and comments were super-  
 “fluous, nay, presumptuous,—a profane mixing of human  
 “with divine, the notions of fallible creatures, with the  
 “oracles of Infallibility,—as if God’s meaning could be so  
 “clearly or fitly expressed in man’s as in God’s own words!  
 “But how often you yourself must have heard the same  
 “language from the pulpit!—What could I reply to this?  
 “—I could neither deny the fact nor evade the conclusion,  
 “—namely, that such is at present the popular belief. Yes  
 “—I at length rejoined—I have heard this language from  
 “the pulpit, and more than once from men who in any other  
 “place would explain it away into something so very different  
 “from the literal sense as closely to resemble the contrary.”

This, indeed, as he goes on to remark, is the peculiar character of the doctrine, “that you cannot diminish or qualify it but you reverse it;” and, after remarking that he has sought in vain to learn from excellent and orthodox divines why they sanction the hyperbolical wording of a doctrine which in effect they disclaim, he presses home upon the Sceptic the momentous consideration—“But let a thousand orators blazon it at public meetings, and let as many pulpits echo it, surely it behoves you to inquire whether you can not be a Christian on your own faith; and it cannot but be beneath a wise man to be an Infidel on the score of what other men think fit to include in their Christianity!” And now, adds Mr. Coleridge,—stating as a supposition what has evidently been a matter of experience—suppose that in consequence of these views the Sceptic’s mind has gradually opened to the reception of the great truths of the Gospel:—“suppose that the Scriptures themselves from this time had continued to rise in his esteem and affection—the better understood, the more dear; as in the countenance of one, whom through a cloud of prejudices we have at last learned to love and value above all others, new beauties dawn on us from day to day, till at length we wonder how we could at any time have thought it other than most beautiful. Studying the sacred Volume in the light and in the freedom of a faith already secured, at every fresh meeting my Sceptic friend has to tell me of some new passage, formerly viewed by him as a dry stick or a rotten branch, which has *budded*, and like the rod of Aaron, *brought forth buds and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds*. Let these results, I say, be supposed”—and are they not most thankfully to be welcomed?

The worst effect, according to Mr. Coleridge, of the tenet which he opposes is that it converts "things trifling or indifferent into mischievous pretexts for the wanton, fearful difficulties for the weak, and formidable objections for the inquiring." To this again is opposed the objection of learned and reflecting men "who are influenced to the retention of the prevailing dogma by the supposed consequences of a different view, and, especially, by their dread of conceding to all alike, simple and learned, the privilege of picking and choosing the Scriptures that are to be received as binding on their consciences." But how shortsighted as well as disingenuous the attempt thus to stave off the danger! Justly Mr. Coleridge says, "as long as Christians considered their Bible as a plenteous entertainment, where every guest, duly called and attired, found the food needful and fitting for him, and where each—instead of troubling himself about the covers not within his reach—beholding all around him glad and satisfied, praised the banquet and thankfully glorified the Master of the feast,—so long did the Tenet—that the Scriptures were written under the special impulse of the Holy Ghost—remain safe and profitable. Nay, in the sense, and with the feelings in which it was asserted, it was a truth—a truth to which every spiritual believer now and in all times will bear witness in virtue of his own experience. And if in the overflow of love and gratitude they confounded the power and the presence of the Holy Spirit, working alike in weakness and in strength, in the morning mists and in the clearness of the full day;—if they confounded this communion and co-agency of Divine Grace, attributable to the Scripture generally, with those express, and expressly recorded, communications and messages of the Most High, which form so large and prominent a portion of the same Scriptures;—if, in short, they did not always duly distinguish the inspiration, the imbreathment, of the predisposing and assisting SPIRIT from the revelation of the informing WORD,—it was at worst a harmless hyperbole."

But in India, in these days the confounding of the two is not a harmless hyperbole. It in fact places the holder of the Doctrine in question very much in the power of an opponent who is content to carp. A noticeable instance of this occurred a year or two ago when one of the boldest and most ardent preachers in Calcutta came forward in the newspapers with a defiance to the opponents of Christianity. The defiance was accepted; and forthwith objections of the usual



character were brought forward for the challenger to dispose of. He remonstrated,—that these things were irrelevant to the matter,—but it was in vain that he did so. He had always, by implication, professed the Doctrine which his opponents, as a matter of course, assumed him to profess. Taunts on either side were exchanged, and the controversy closed abruptly. So, we fear, will it be again and again. Still the most excellent and exemplary men tremble to concede the point that there is a distinction between Inspiration and Verbal Dictation, even while the Light within them constrains them to recognise the distinction in practice. Now what is this?—If we were to call it ‘lying for God,’ should we be altogether unjustified?

This paper,—in which we have merely supplied the thread on which to string some separate pearls that lose much by their separation from the perfect necklace,—we might appropriately conclude by indicating what appears to us to be the course of Christian instruction, for this country, which the principles of Coleridge would approve; but such an attempt we reserve for a future occasion.

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NOTE TO “COLERIDGE ON THE SCRIPTURE.”

WE give place most readily to our Correspondent's able exposition of Mr. Coleridge's views on Scriptural Inspiration. True, we have but small sympathy with them, and consider that it may not be difficult to expose their inexactitude and unsoundness. But they are at any rate the views of one who has been justly characterized as the most extraordinary genius of the present century; who was master of some of the most picturesque forms of the English Language, and has seldom amassed these with more profuse richness than in his “Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit.” If the logic of these Letters be equal to the rhetoric, never was there a more fatal blow struck at the authority of Holy Scripture, *because* it is the Word of God which has come down to us through holy men of God who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Clearly their very gist is to set the authority of as much of Scripture as is received by their advocates on a totally different foundation;—to arbitrate a claim to Inspiration *only* for whatever (in the writer's language,) *finds* an enquiring spirit;—to seek a verdict as to the *extent* of the inspiration of each and every part of the holy Volume, *not* from what it reveals of itself;—*not* from the tradition of

the Church in all ages that prophets and apostles were divinely illuminated, so far as to render them, to all intents and purposes, infallible exhibitors of the counsels of God, and to guarantee them against all possibility of error, in cursing as in blessing; in descriptions of sensible objects "as they are represented to our human senses in our present relative position"—(to use the language of Coleridge in a deeper and more discerning work) no less than in what they reveal. "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;"—*not* because the Sacred Book everywhere *implies* its own absolute authority, without *designing* its proofs and credentials; seldom *thinking of itself*, (so to speak) *as a record*, in its entire intentness on *the things it is relating*; never contemplating a single question of *its credibility*, but assiduously addressing itself to *the Faith of all to whom it comes*; always more solicitous to *be believed* than to *seem true*;—*not for any one of these reasons* does Mr. Coleridge claim Authority or Inspiration for the Sacred Scriptures; but only because, and in as far as, the written Letter is coincident with the "Light higher than all"—"the Word that is light for every man and life for as many as give heed to it." When, between this Word and the written Letter, he shall anywhere seem to find a discrepancy, he will not conclude that such there actually is; nor, on the other hand, will he fall under the condemnation of those who would *lie for God*; but he will seek as he may, be thankful for what he has, and—wait.

Now, what does this in reality amount to? Merely that men are to be rather *enquirers* than *believers*—*intrusive* more than *reverent*. These are but a class of that "middle generation of people" whom Jones of Nayland so strikingly wrote the designation of in a sermon preached in 1795:—men who would preserve some decency and solemnity of character between believers and infidels; rational enquirers, as they used to call themselves, though by a patent sophism, Mr. Coleridge would claim for them a light *above* reason, and *destructive of all submission to the written Letter*, where such submission runs counter, for whatever period, and in whatever degree, to a presumed prophetic Light which is higher than all—of power enough, not indeed absolutely to confute the written Letter, but still practically, and for all the ends of infidelity, of precisely the same effect. It is true that Mr. Coleridge asserts his own belief in what he calls the four *credenda* common to all the Fathers of the Reformation. But there are those who, for all we know, have

quite as much as he, communed with their Bible in the retirement of the mountain, and come down to the world to proclaim their recusancy to all of these. And where is to be the limit? Once admit the colour of a pretence to *wait* and be faithless as to the entireness of its *message*, until the *entire of the written Letter* do commend itself to the Light within, and who can discern what lengths and depths of incredulity, and what narrowness of creed will be foisted on a, to our mind, *arrogant* assumption that we need only travel above what *we* consider "the contagious blastments of prejudice, and the fog-blightings of selfish superstition," to be prophets, if not for others, at least for ourselves, and to the very paralysis of that Faith which is not the visible and tangible fruition of things which, in our present state, the Light we have from above may enable us to realize; but the faculty which invests with a consistence and substantiality those things which we discern through the revealed Scriptures.

Indeed, even admitting for a moment the interpretation given to some expressions in the proem to St. John's Gospel, (though that be not the orthodox acceptance of them, and they may rather, perhaps, be claimed as the vindication of St. Paul's doctrine, that they in whose hearts Christ, the Word, and True Light which lighteth every one, doth dwell by faith, shall comprehend with all Saints what is the length and breadth and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, (and is *life eternal*, John xvii. 3,) and be filled with all the fulness of God:—admitting, for a moment, the interpretation in the "Confessions," it does appear to us that the thing built upon it is utterly without foundation. This theory is exactly expressed in a Note to the "Aids to Reflection," (Vol. I. p. 159, Edit. 1843) that men ought to "tolerate no belief that *they* judge false and of injurious tendency." For which the reason given in the "Confessions" is, that the Light which lighteth both sun and moon, both Scripture and Reason, is *also* Light for every man, and life for as many as give heed to it. Now Scripture, which is as the sun, enduring the occasional co-presence of the unsteadier orb, or Reason, it is assumed that the Light which lighteth *both* (and we presume the former *immediately*, the latter *mediately* in so far as it borrows its light from the Truth revealed) abides in the intellect of him whose perfect love of Truth does cast out fear. And without the assent of this Light from within, we are not to set our faith upon the written Letter, but to seek what we may, be thankful for what we have—and wait. But by what test are we to discriminate in

what cases it is the *lesser light*, or *human reason* which indicates a discrepancy between the revelations of the internal consciousness, and those of the written Letter, and when such discrepancy is indicated by the *illuminating Word*, light for every man, and life for all who give heed to it? Can it *never* be that the moon may arbitrate for herself a light antagonistic to the sun which irradiates her,—that reason may arrogate the domain of prophecy? Mr. Coleridge has himself asked “who will take on himself to deny that the late Dr. Priestly was a good and benevolent man, as sincere in his love, as he was intrepid and indefatigable in his pursuit, of truth?” He designed, no doubt, to retire up into the mountain with his Bible, and to commune with it, above the contagious blastments of prejudice, and the fog-blight of selfish superstition. And yet withal he could not draw out from the Scriptures one tone in harmony with any one of the *Credenda*, in their ethical interdependencies, of the Fathers of the Reformation. And how shall it be determined that it was less an effluence from the Light higher than all which set him, on *other* points than those objected to by Mr. Coleridge, (to wit, upon the Trinity and the Incarnation,) *above* what he deemed the infatuations of those who *lie for God*?

In fact, though each deceive himself as he may, the issue of this pretence unto a “Light higher than all” can, we believe, be only, (though in several degrees, according to the measure of the faith whercunto we have attained,) an indication of that frame so indignantly reprobated by Dr. Chalmers;—the frame wherein “we bring the theology of God’s ambassador to the bar of our self-formed theology;—in which the Bible, instead of being admitted as the directory of our faith upon its external evidences, must be tried upon the merits of the work itself; and received, not as a help to our ignorance, but as a corollary to our demonstrations.” Men, thus disposed, will begin their “process of theological study” by “furnishing their minds with the principles of natural theology.” Christianity, before its external proofs are looked at or listened to, they will “bring under the tribunal of these principles.” All the difficulties which attach to the reason of the thing, or the fitness of the doctrines, they will formally discuss, and fancy they must needs get over them satisfactorily, or else dismiss all credit in that thing, and in those doctrines. Though the voice was heard from Heaven—“this is my beloved Son, hear him”—though the men of Galilee saw Him ascend to His seat at the right

hand of the Father—though their testimony have borne the “fiery trial of persecution in a former age, and of sophistry in this; yet, instead of hearing Christ as disciples, they sit in authority over Him as judges; instead of forming their divinity after the Bible, they try the Bible by their antecedent divinity; and this Book, with all its mighty train of evidences, must drivel in their antechambers till they have pronounced sentence of admission, when they have got its doctrines to agree with their airy and unsubstantial speculations.”

To go one step farther back, we much doubt the tenability of the enthymeme which Mr. Coleridge pronounces “the safer” in the first paragraphs of “his Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit.” We doubt if the premises will sustain the conclusion. We can conceive circumstances in which there may be books true and holy in reference to their declared ends and purposes, and unquestionable guides to those who seek truth humbly, which yet are neither the Bible, nor the Word of God. We can conceive the progeny of some pious Christian castaways, to whom, in their remote and unknown habitation, the Word of God, in its integrity, can have never come; but who may yet be growing up unto everlasting life upon the lessons of faith and practice preserved for them in the loss of all besides, in some such wondrous epitome of Christian Theology as is contained in the Catechism of the Church of England. For them, and for the generations after them, we can conceive that this epitome may prove itself most true and most holy in reference to its declared end and purpose of Christian edification, by its practical guidance of such as (in defect of larger measures, and in reliance on God’s grace) seek the truth from it humbly, unto *all truth* necessary to salvation. Yet who would conclude of it *therefore* that it is the Word of God?

In regard to the Doctrine, or Dogma, to which Mr. Coleridge demurs, that “not only what *finds me*, but whatever *exists* in the Sacred Volume, and which I am bound to find therein was—not alone inspired by, that is, composed by men under the actuating influence of the Holy Spirit, but likewise—dictated by an Infallible Intelligence;—that the writers, each and all, were *divinely informed* as well as inspired;”—we think it may be safely said that, if by “*divinely informed*,” be meant *rigidly and scientifically instructed* in every expression upon all classes of phenomena, such an opinion is not now held by any one, and did at no *era actante* the Church, and perhaps never extended beyond a

few writers of the scholastic ages. One of these, it is true, *did* assert of every word in the Bible that it was composed bodily in the mouth of him who spoke it by the Holy Ghost;—but the absurdity of such a doctrine was at once demonstrated by the instance of Balaam's ass, and by a reference to such chapters as Exodus iv. and to certain passages in St. Paul's Epistles, in which he distinguishes parts wherein he was not assured by the Spirit of God. "*Absit talia deliramenta cogitare,*" added the clear-headed and practical Agobard of Lyons. Many of us, too, may have heard of the ingenious contrivances of Foscarisius and of Tycho Brahe to reconcile the letter of Scripture with the discoveries of science; but such things have long since had their day, and not the staunchest advocate for verbal inspiration would now be otherwise than willing to allow that the language of Scripture, in reference to scientific matters, is not precise, but requires, like the current and popular language of every-day-life, to be accommodated to the demonstrations of natural philosophy before it is 'an actual exponent of the organism of the universe. But, as has often before been asked, why more than ourselves does the Bible utter falsehoods, in speaking of sun-rise and sun-set, and breezes springing from the sea towards evening? It is not too much to say that whereas every successive research of any extent, in astronomy, in zoology, in chemistry, and now in geology, has been hailed by thousands as a new trump to throw out against the Word of God, it has been always found at length, as far as man has yet explored, that the single admission that Scripture speaks popularly and not technically, appealing to the senses of the uninstructed, not to the prospective determinations of the *savant*, is quite enough to vindicate *every* claim to authority which the infidel would set aside upon the shallow pretence of its dissonance with the notes of modern progress.

But, the phraseology on natural phenomena apart,—(and we do not conceive it to have been *that* which Mr. Coleridge had more especially in view,) still if "*divinely informed*" mean what we have supposed it to mean (which indeed is the only consistent interpretation which we can lay upon it,) we do not believe that a single writer will be found since the scholastic age, (and very few in *that*,) to give the least colour to a suspicion that such a dogma is entertained, as that asserted in the "*Confessions,*" if a few enthusiasts in Rabbinical literature, of the school of Dr. Gill, and destitute of all authority in the Church, be left out of the consideration.

No man of the last age, perhaps, has gone such lengths in his assertion of verbal inspiration as the great Scottish Divine whom we have before quoted. In his peculiar cumulative rhetoric, he insists upon the force of the terms *τας γραφας, η γραφη, πασα γραφη, ιερα γραμματα*—"it is not," he bids us observe, "for the *νοηματα* or the thoughts as deposited in the minds of the prophets and apostles, that our confidence is demanded;—it is for the *γραμματα*, or these thoughts as bodied forth in the writings of prophets and apostles. It is not to the doctrine as existing within the inspired men in the form of ideas, that the high ascriptions of infallible and heavenly truth are given; for at this anterior stage it had not yet effloresced into *γραφαι*, or *γραμματα*, or *λογια*; and these very terms afford demonstration in themselves that it is not to the ideal scheme, but to the written exposition of it that we are required to yield our trust, and the obedience of our faith." After an elaborate enforcement of this sentiment, of surpassing splendour and effect, he adds:—

"It is here that we meet the advocates of a partial and mitigated inspiration, and would make common cause against one and all of them. "There is not one theory, short, by however so little, of a thorough and perfect inspiration, there is not one of them but is chargeable with the consequence, that the subject matter of revelation suffers and is deteriorated in the closing footsteps of its progress; and just before it settles into that ultimate position, when it stands forth to guide and illuminate the world. It existed purely in heaven. It descended purely from heaven to earth. It was deposited purely by the great agent of revelation in the minds of prophets and apostles. But then we are told, that, when but a little way from the final landing-place, then instead of being carried forward purely to the situation where alone the great purpose of the whole movement was to be fulfilled, then it was abandoned to itself, and then were human infirmities suffered to mingle with it, and to mar its lustre. Strange, that, just when entering on the functions of an authoritative guide and leader to mankind, that then, and not till then, the soil and the feebleness of humanity should be suffered to gather around it. Strange, that, with the inspiration of thoughts, it should make pure ingress; but, wanting the inspiration of words, should not make pure egress to that world, in whose behalf alone, and for whose admonition alone it was that this great movement originated in heaven and terminated in earth. Strange, more especially strange, in the face of the declaration that not only unto themselves but unto us they ministered these things, strange nevertheless, that this revelation should come in purely to themselves, but to us should come forth impurely—with somewhat, it would appear, with somewhat of the taint and obscurity of human frailty attached to it. If that Word of God have not been carried through all obstructions immaculately on to the Bible—if, as existing there, its high and holy characteristics be at all overcast, or the tarnish of slightest corruption adhere to it; then, to man, it is practically

“the same as if corruptly deposited in the minds of prophets and apostles, as if corruptly transformed by the Spirit or the Saviour on its way from heaven, as if corrupted in heaven itself, or as if evil had found its way into the upper sanctuary, and the light which issued from the throne of the Eternal had been shorn of its radiance. It matters not at what point in the progress of this celestial truth to our world, the obscuration has been cast upon it. It comes to us a dim and desecrated thing at the last; and man, instead of holding converse with God’s unspotted testimony, has an imperfect, a mutilated Bible put into his hands.”

This extract, we may perhaps be right in supposing, the disciples of Mr. Coleridge will not consider to meet his case, on the ground of his declaration that “whatever is referred by the sacred Penman to a direct communication from God, and wherever it is recorded that the Subject of the history had asserted himself to have received this or that command, this or that information or assurance, from a superhuman Intelligence, or where the writer in his own person, and in the character of an historian, relates that the *Word of the Lord* came unto priest, prophet, chieftain or other individual; I receive the same with full belief, and admit its inappellable authority.” But, we ask every serious Christian and intelligent man, is this concession enough? Shall not, where it is recorded, the voice of an interpreting angel be acknowledged co-authoritative with that of Jehovah himself? Are there *no* matters of revelation delivered without assignment of a Spirit immediately actuating their announcer, which yet so far transcend all human power, that the print of authority is stamped just as legibly upon them, as though Jehovah spake unto us in wind or in earthquake, fire or still small voice? *No* prophecies, of such otherwise incomprehensible minuteness that reason and observation do not more loudly witness of their precise fulfilments than does a faith, irresistible by the *really* reflective man, pronounce them, in all their literal circumstantiality, (apart from any special declaration by their reciter,) to be the Voice of the Lord which bringeth mighty things to pass? *No* special enlightenments on a dispensation still in the distant future, of which their purity, their propriety, their sanctity, their complete sympathy with all and exactly that which a Master in Israel might yearn for,—and yet the utter impossibility of imagining the smallest clue to them by any reasonable suggestions from an existing law,—do all impress upon their front and capital the Spirit bearing witness with man’s spirit? Is not Holy Scripture thoroughly permeated with these signal demonstrations of a Wisdom from above; which, perhaps, are most



illustrious in those very chapters where a presumptuous arrogation of the prophetic\* gift discovers that whereon to hesitate, because it *finds* not the *inspired peruser*? Difficulties there are upon the sacred page, and those of the class under review are not the least of them; but we confidently ask the man who would set reason on her highest pinnacle, whether the intercalation of some few sentiments which hardly find their vindication through our poor scrutinies be not more justly regarded as exercises for our faith than encouragements of our doubtings.

We do not pretend to follow Dr. Chalmers in his vindication of a distinct and uniform verbal inspiration from the beginning to the end of the two Testaments. The arguments against such a theory do strike us as overwhelming, and utterly incapable of being met by his distinction between the inspiration of the *book*, and the inspiration of the *writers*. Still we *do* hold that his opinion is perfectly tenable, without committing oneself to any such dogma as Mr. Coleridge states. And such appears to be Dr. Chalmers's own sentiment on the subject.

"We have a right to sit in judgment over the credentials of heaven's ambassador; but we have no right to sit in judgment over the information he gives us. We have no right either to refuse, or to modify that information, till we have accommodated it to our previous conceptions. It is very true that if the truths which he delivered lay within the sphere of human observation, he brings himself under the tribunal of our antecedent knowledge. Were he to tell us that the bodies of the planetary system moved in orbits which are purely circular, we would oppose to him the observations and measurements of astronomy. Were he to tell us that in winter the sun never shone, and that in summer no cloud ever darkened the brilliancy of his career, we would oppose to him the certain remembrances, both of ourselves and of our whole neighbourhood. Were he to tell us, that we were perfect men, because we were free from passion and loved our neighbours as ourselves, we would oppose to him the history of our own lives, and the deeply-seated consciousness of our own infirmities. On these subjects we can confront him. But when he brings truth from a quarter which no human eye ever explored: when he tells us the mind of the Deity, and brings before us the counsels of that invisible Being, whose arm is abroad upon all worlds, and whose views reach to Eternity; he is beyond the ken of eye or of telescope, and we must submit to him. We have no more right to sit in judgment over his information,

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\* These may seem strong expressions—but we can conceive of nothing weaker which will embrace Mr. Coleridge's inferences from what he appears to adduce as a *quotation* from the seventh Chapter of the "Wisdom of Solomon." We find no such passage in the text; and if the fourteenth verse be that which is alluded to, it is not too much to say that it has never borne any such interpretation. If it had, it would manifestly, being apocryphal, have but little weight as an authority.

“than we have to sit in judgment over the information of any other  
 “visitor who lights upon our planet from some distant and unknown  
 “part of the universe, and tells us what worlds roll in those remote  
 “tracts which are beyond the limits of our astronomy, and how the  
 “Divinity peoples them with his wonders. Any previous conceptions  
 “of ours are of no more value than the fooleries of an infant: and should  
 “we offer to resist or to modify upon the strength of these conceptions,  
 “we should be as unsound and unphilosophical as ever schoolman was  
 “with his categories, or Cartesian with his whirlpools of ether.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Let us suppose that one of the astronomers, flushed with the  
 “triumph of success, passed on from the work of calculating the pe-  
 “riods of the moon, to theorize upon its chemical constitution. The  
 “former question lies within the field of observation, the other is most  
 “thoroughly beyond it; and there is not a man, whose mind is disci-  
 “plined to the rigour and sobriety of modern science, that would not look  
 “upon the theory with the same contempt as if it were the dream of a  
 “poet, or the amusement of a school-boy. We have heard much of the  
 “moon, and of the volcanoes which blaze upon its surface. Let us have  
 “incontestable evidence that a falling stone proceeds from the eruption  
 “of one of these volcanoes, and the chemistry of the moon will receive  
 “more illustration than from all the speculations of all the theorists.  
 “It brings the question in part within the limits of observation. It  
 “now becomes a fair subject for the exercise of the true philosophy.  
 “The eye can now see, and the hand can now handle it; and the infor-  
 “mation furnished by the laborious drudgery of experimental men,  
 “will be received as a true document, than the theory of any philoso-  
 “pher, however ingenious, or however splendid.”

In the succeeding observations Dr. Chalmers lays more value than we are inclined to concede to the deductions of *pure philology*:—but if, for this, be substituted the *general science of interpretation*, it will, we think, be found impossible to undermine his position:—

“Instead of theorizing upon the nature and properties of that divine  
 “light which irradiates the throne of God, and exists at so immeasur-  
 “able a distance from our faculties, let us point our eyes to that ema-  
 “nation which has actually come down to us. Instead of theorizing  
 “upon the counsels of the divine mind, let us go to that Volume which  
 “has lighted upon our world, and which bears the most authentic evi-  
 “dence, that it is the depository of these counsels. Let us apply the  
 “proper instrument to this examination. Let us never conceive it to  
 “be a work of speculation or fancy. It is a pure work of grammatical  
 “analysis. It is an unmixed question of language. The commentator  
 “who opens this Book with one hand, and carries his system in the  
 “other, has nothing to do with it. We admit no other instrument than  
 “the vocabulary and the lexicon. The man whom we look to is the  
 “scripture critic, who can appeal to his authorities for the import and  
 “significance of the phrases; and whatever be the strict result of his  
 “patient and profound philology, we submit to it.”

At least the disciples of Mr. Coleridge will find here a distinct and eloquent repudiation, by the most thorough-

going recent assertor of the verbal inspiration of the two Testaments, of that imaginary *petitio principii* that "we must not interpret the language of St. Paul as we may and should interpret any other honest and intelligent writer or speaker." Not, as we said before, that we incline to Dr. Chalmers's canon—we are persuaded that much beyond mere philology is requisite for an accomplished scriptural interpreter—there must be an appreciation of the unity in variety, which marks this collection of works of various eras and in various languages; and of the figurative and symbolical idiom—in itself, writes Bishop Van Mildert, almost a science; and of analogies, verbal, historical and doctrinal, all of which must be carefully weighed by him who would speak according to the oracles of God;—and a little thought may supply several other requirements. But this we say and believe, in regard to the *petitio principii* complained of;—that, except in so far as a concession that the text is sacred is a motive for more deliberation and fear and reverence, inspiration and interpretation are in two perfectly distinct categories; and no other canons are applicable to the interpretation of the revealed Word than would apply to any other collection of writings, (could there be such) in similar philological and philosophical predicaments, but *uninspired*.

With the reasons which Mr. Coleridge adduces, in language rather florid than intelligible, why he should *not* believe the doctrine, even though it can be coercively and authoritatively vindicated, we may deal very summarily, by denying that any one would assert the supposition, or that any one, except perhaps some few of the most inconsiderable of the schoolmen and the punctuists, ever would have asserted it. The Rabbis would not have asserted it of their Old Testament Scriptures, as our author himself shews by alleging the distinction between the *Gradus Mosaicus* and the *Gradus Propheticus*. And there certainly is a difficulty in conceiving that the more enlightened Rabbis held so much, even of the Pentateuch. For Abarbinel, in his catalogue of the twelve Princes of the hundred and twenty scribes who came from Babylon to Jerusalem, writes "hi vocati sunt viri synagogæ magnæ, et appellati sunt sic, quia congregati fuerunt ad ordinandas constitutiones bonas, et ad restaurandas rupturas legis."\* Except then the Great Synagogue was believed to be inspired to reinstate the Pentateuch precisely as it was delivered to Moses, we discern not how, even though it be

\* Quoted by Beveridge on the Articles. Vol. 1, p. 255.

supposed by the Rabbis that the letters and articulate sounds were divinely communicated to Moses, the Hebrew restoration is in precisely the same category. All that we ourselves can find from any author at hand, on the distinctiveness and superiority of the *Gradus Mosaicus*, is, that by it, without any intervention of angelical agencies or assistances of the human imagination, the intellect was directly and divinely illumined. This appears to be the substance of the definition of Maimonides; but is very far off from countenancing the dogma that the whole Hebrew Text of the Pentateuch, as we now have it, was dictated by an Infallible Intelligence. And what ground there is at any rate for thinking (notwithstanding Mr. Coleridge's quotation) that the Rabbis would not have claimed for the Pentateuch, no author of any degree of authority will be found to claim for the whole of the Old and New Testaments. But there is a wide range between this, and the tenet that our precious family Bibles throughout, (except where it is expressly related that the *Word of the Lord* came) were composed by the spirits of men actuated by the Holy Spirit, acting diversely. We observe not why the same might not be affirmed of the whole circle of theological literature.

We must now say a word on the several passages instanced as *startling* or *shocking*, at first hearing, many or most readers of the Old Testament, and which, (it is thought legitimately) from their discrepance with the "Word which is light for every man and life for as many as give heed to it," do invite us rather to *wait*, than to receive them with full assurance of faith. The first of these is the blessing of Deborah on Jael; which, as might have been expected, does not detain our author long. He settles it with all authority, in a very few sentences, that to bless as Deborah did, if by inspiration, is to bless, as a prophetess, one who was *simply* inhospitable, treacherous, perfidious, and murderous of "sleep, the confiding sleep;"—but yet if her blessing be merely taken at its proper worth, as the rhetorical antithesis, of one fired with all the vehemency of a mother's and a patriot's love, to the curses which she precipitated on the selfish and coward recreants who came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty, it may not only be plausibly enough accounted for, but is replete with instruction and example, as evoking gratitude for the clearer and purer radiance which shines upon a Christian's path. The reader has before him Mr. Coleridge's sentiments on the impious and unauthentic benediction of this "Hebrew Bonduca in the not yet tamed chaos of the

spiritual creation"—"among the first elements of the great affections—the prophetic waves of the microcosmic chaos, swelling up against and yet towards the outspread wings of the Dove that lies brooding over the troubled waters." Words! Words! Words!—which may have satisfied the "greatest genius" of his age, but which simpler people will hardly think conclusive. For sure it is but mean acknowledgement of the prophetic gift (we hope we do not beg the question by thus characterizing it) in this most oracular of women, to contemplate her uttering blessings in the epode of her otherwise inspired hymn, which can be accounted for on no other supposition than that her divine afflatus was suddenly transmuted to a more than Pythian licentiousness—for her's were blessings on one to whom a curse was due deeper than that of Meroz—inasmuch as it is better to come not at all, than to come to Jehovah's help polluted with self-suggested inhospitality, perfidy, treachery, murder.

Now, compare with this the orthodox explanation of the impulses of Jael, and the *καλλιπικον* of the wife of Lapidoth, and let each conclude for himself whether the hand of the Lord was ever more evident, than in this election of two weak women to deliver His people,—a Deborah to judge, and a Jael to execute. We transcribe the dramatic "contemplation" of Bishop Hall:—

"Sisera pleases himself with his happy change, and thinks how much better it is to be here, than in that whirling of chariots, in that horror of flight, among those shrieks, those wounds, those carcases. Whilst he is in these thoughts, his weariness and easy repose have brought him asleep. Who would have looked thus in this tumult and danger, even betwixt the very jaws of death, Sisera should find time to sleep! How many worldly hearts do so in the midst of their mortal perils!

"Now whilst he was dreaming, doubtless, of his dear home, the rattling of chariots, neighing of horses, the clashing of swords, the furious pursuit of Israel, Jael seeing his danger, as if they invited the nail and hammer, entered and executed this noble execution; certainly not without some checks of doubt, and pangs of fear. What if I strike him? And yet, who am I, that I should dare to think of such an act? Is not this Sisera, the most famous captain of the world, whose name hath wont to be fearful to whole nations? What if my hand should swerve in the stroke? What if he should awake while I am lifting up this instrument of death? What if I should be surprized by some of his followers, while the fact is green and yet bleeding? Can the murder of so great a leader be hid, or unrevenged? Or, if I might hope so, can my heart allow me to be secretly treacherous? Is there not peace between my house and his? Did not I invite him to my tent? Doth he not trust to my friendship and hospitality? But what do these weak fears, these idle fancies of civility; if Sisera be in league

“with us, yet is he not at defiance with God? Is he not a tyrant to Israel? Is it not for nothing that God hath brought him into my tent? May I not now find means to repay unto Israel all their kindness to my grandfather Jethro? Doth not God offer me this day the honour to be the rescuer of his people? Hath God bidden me strike, and shall I hold my hand? No, Sisera, sleep now thy last, and take here this fatal reward of all thy cruelty and oppression.

“He that put this instinct into her heart, did put also strength into her hand: He that guided Sisera to her tent, guided the nail also through his temples, which hath made a speedy way for his soul through those parts, and now hath fastened his ear so close to the earth, as if his body had been listening what had become of his soul. There lies now the great terror of Israel at the foot of a woman! He, that brought so many hundred thousands into the field, hath not now one page left, either to avert his death, or to accompany it, or bewail it. He, that had vaunted of his iron chariots, is slain by one nail of iron, wanting only this one point of his infelicity, that he knows not by whose hand he perished.” (Book IX. Contempl. 4)

Next, of the apprehensions lest the sweet Psalms of the Royal Harper be taken as the *Divina Commedia* of a superhuman Ventriloquist. And here it will be well first to recollect what the Poet spake of himself, in his latter days, and which, by every principle of sound criticism, must apply to all the treasure he bequeathed to the Church, without any let or exception. “These be the last words of David. David the son of Jesse said, and the man who was raised up on high, the anointed of the God of Jacob, and the sweet psalmist of Israel said, the Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.” We hold it to be impossible on Mr. Coleridge’s own principles, to make any exception to the inspired authority of a single word of the poems of King David, after such his general and comprehensive vindication of them. “We have it,” writes Bishop Horsley, “on *his own authority*, that they were prophetic; which may be allowed to overpower a host of modern expositors.” And again—(any abridgement of his powerful witness is to be regretted—but we have not room for more than a fragment:)—

“Of those which allude to the life of David, there are none in which the Son of David is not the principal and immediate subject. David’s complaints, against his enemies are Messiah’s complaints, first, of the unbelieving Jews, then of the heathen persecutors, and the apostate faction in the latter ages. David’s afflictions are the Messiah’s sufferings. David’s penitential supplications are the supplications of Messiah in agony, under the burden of the imputed guilt of man. David’s songs of triumph and thanksgiving, are Messiah’s songs of triumph and thanksgiving, for his victory over sin, and death, and hell. In a word, there is not a page in this Book of Psalms in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding him; and it was but a just encomium of it which came from

“the pen of one of the early Fathers, that it is a complete system of Divinity for the use and edification of the common people of the Christian Church.\* \* \* \* \* But should it seem that the Spirit of Jehovah would not be wanting to enable a mere man to make complaint of *his own enemies*, to describe *his own sufferings just as he felt them*, and *his own escapes just as they happened*; the Spirit of Jehovah described by David's utterance what was known to that Spirit only, and that Spirit only could describe. So that if David be allowed to have had any true knowledge of his own compositions, it was nothing in his own life, but something put into his mind by the Holy Spirit of God; and the misapplication of the Psalms to the literal David has done more mischief than the misapplication of any other parts of the Scriptures, among those who profess the belief of the Christian Religion.”

Into a very particular exegesis of the passages referred to we cannot now go—nor is it necessary; as commentaries are abundant, and on the Psalms we may refer especially to the very elaborate and valuable one of Professor E. W. Hengstenberg, which is published in a cheap form, and is easily procurable, we believe, even in this country. The last verse of Psalm CXXXVII. is certainly a difficult passage. Of course this is no *Psalm of David*, but of some Levites of the Captivity. If Isaiah XIII. be considered *as a prophecy* and read in connexion with the verse adduced, it may go far to account for the pronouncing of those *happy*, who take part in accomplishing the punishments purposed by God. In the verses referred to in Psalm CIX. (a Psalm of David) there is much which is remarkable. First, it is noticeable that a passage from this Psalm, *verbally*, and *substantially*, a passage from another Psalm of similar difficulty, (LXIX. 25) are brought together, and quoted as from the Book of Psalms in Acts I. 20. This surely seems intended as a justification of them both, and a mark of their prophetic reference to Judas Iscariot. Indeed, as Olshausen has remarked, the very transference of number, from plural to singular, in the passage from the sixty-ninth Psalm, marks the special allusion to Judas which is claimed for the original. “Not indeed that hereby any disfigurement or real change of meaning is designed, but rather that Judas is considered as the representative of the enemies of God in general, and that is therefore *par excellence* imprecated upon him which might be imprecated on all such as he.” So there is ample justification for both these Psalms, without recourse to the assumption that David was either a ventriloquist or an automaton, or any thing less than an inspired Prophet, whose emotions and whose utterances *as such a Prophet*, were all of them sanctified by the Holy Ghost. And therefore the wisdom of one's

observation, who, if any, writes always wisely, the quaint, but racy, Thomas Fuller, Prebendary of Sarum:—

“Lord, when in my daily service, I read David’s Psalms, give me to alter the accent of my soul according to their several subjects. In such Psalms, wherein he confesseth his sins, or requesteth thy pardon, or praiseth for former, or prayeth for future, favours, in all these give me to raise my soul to as high a pitch as may be. But when I come to such Psalms wherein he curseth his enemies, O let me bring my soul down to a lower note. For these words were made only to fit David’s mouth. I have the like breath but not the same spirit to pronounce them. Nor let me flatter myself that it is lawful for me, with David, to curse thine enemies, lest my deceitful heart entitle all mine enemies to be thine, and so what was religion in David, prove malice in me, whilst I act revenge under the pretence of piety.”

This is hardly the place to enter upon any laboured vindication of the canonicity, and therefore the inspiration, of the Books of Esther and of Job. Of the former we may just remark, that the Rabbis of the Great Synagogue held it to be of authority equal to the Pentateuch, and that Jahn, the cautious and critical historian of the Hebrew Commonwealth, does not endeavour to invalidate the accuracy of the history; but, on the contrary, argues the probability of the investiture of Ezra in the office he held, by Xerxes: I. *from that monarch’s having made Mordecai the Jew his prime minister, and Esther the Jewess his Queen.* The credibility of the narrative established, what can be more consistent with the ways of the Almighty, than the belief that he inspired some pious Jew to preserve a record of this so signal deliverance of His chosen people, collected, probably, (with the corrective of Divine guidance) from the official annals of the Court of Persia?

The rules which Mr. Coleridge lays down for the study of the Book of Job appear to us to place it beyond a doubt that their author has confounded two completely distinct enquiries, the inspiration of *the several speakers in the drama*, and the inspiration of *the record of that drama, as written subsequently.* Grant that neither Job, nor either of his three friends, nor Elihu rehearsed one syllable of their several parts by any transcendent gift of the Holy Ghost, yet this hindereth not that one of them, possibly Job himself, may have been inspired to embody their colloquies, unerringly, in the wonderful form they take in that most ancient book. When we consider the valuable testimony which is here afforded to a remnant of the Gentiles who, in days of darkest idolatry, preserved a knowledge of the true God; the extraordinary brilliancy, and the amount of learning ap-



parent, in a work many centuries earlier than the oldest next to it; the evidence which the book itself preserves of the invention of the art of writing in that remote period (XXXVIII. 33\*),—so extremely important as an argument in refutation of some sceptical objections to the Pentateuch itself; the commemoration of its principal character by the prophet Ezekiel and the Apostle St. James; its quotation, or at any rate the references to it, by Jeremiah; the important edification which the Church in all ages has derived from this drama; the consent of the greatest Divines in every age of the Christian Church, that Job was the earliest of the sons of men who "*figuram manifeste habuit Salvatoris,*" and "*resurrectionem futuram prophetat in Spiritu;*"—we consider that it hardly admits a question that there is not a record in the Old or New Testament on which the marks of inspiration are more indelibly inscribed.

As to the "Grecisms and other heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the Book of Daniel," it may be considered quite certain that had Mr. Coleridge written in the present advancement of Biblical Criticism, he would have been wiser than to adduce them. Among all the books of the two Testaments which have tasked the ingenuity of scholars within the past twenty years, the genuineness of Daniel has been the most completely and incontrovertibly established. For the amount of industry brought to bear upon it both on the continent, at home, and, we may add, in India, by the learned Dr. Mill, once Principal of Bishop's College, one of its most successful apologists,† there have been good reasons. For not only is the vindication of these Prophecies most essential to the entire overthrow of Rationalistic Criticism, whose greatest triumph its advocates had asserted to be the *proven* spuriousness of this work of Daniel, but divines of some credit in our own Church had attacked its authority with no inconsiderable effect. Among the chief of these was Dr. Arnold, who, it must be feared, in

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\* We are aware that the precise meaning of *shoterim* has been a matter of dispute, and that the interpretation given to it in the E. V. has had its advocates. However, the LXX. universally translates *shoterim* by *γραμματαις*, and the Syriac by *Sophre*, and J. D. Michaelis paraphrases the passage under comment; *Tu ne in terris poteris leges scribere ad quos astra cursus suos ac motus moderentur?* and Gesenius and Hoffmann, who explained the word by *overseers* or *officers*, have since retracted that opinion, from the overwhelming critical evidences that it must mean *scribes*; of which interpretation Dr. E. W. Hengstenberg is convinced.

† See his *Christian Advocate's* Publication for 1841, in which the Macbean origin of the book is most learnedly refuted, in reply to Strauss.

part to establish or back up a private scheme of prophetic interpretation, (*See Life, Vol. II. pp. 194-5, 5th Edition*) rejected a considerable portion of Daniel, professedly on ground of critical evidence, but with the admission that "if genuine, it would be a clear exception to my canon." "I have long thought," he writes, "that the greater part of the Book of Daniel is most certainly a very late work, of the time of the Maccabees, and the pretended prophecy about the Kings of Grecia and Persia, and of the North and South, is mere history, like the poetical prophecies in Virgil and elsewhere." It is edifying, and at the same time laudatory of modern erudition, to see how one assailant after another, armed with weapons of provoking variety, has been beaten from the field. First (as our author notices) certain supposed Grecisms were collected, which "preclude an earlier era," it was said, "than the middle of the reign of Darius Hystaspis." But one after another vanished by the light of a purer philology, every word of the (so alleged) Greek proving to be either Persian or Syriac. Then the impurity of the Hebrew style was resorted to, and one shewed that it was no more impure than Ezekiel, not to say that Daniel was from his childhood a captive in Babylonia, and the wonder, therefore, ought to be that he could write so good Hebrew as he did. The next shift was to say that Jesus Sirach had left him uncommemorated; and the reply—all the minor prophets are in the same case, with Ezra, Zerubbabel, Joshua, and Nehemiah. Nothing less than a dissertation could shew the several ingenious and philosophical methods by which its language, its histories, its genealogies, its prophecies, its presumed contradictions, its insertion in the Hagiographa, the miracles recorded in it, its ideas and and traditions, its pre-Maccabæan composition, and the exactness of its whole research and character, have been severally vindicated, until, now, every still living opponent which it ever had needs but one spark of honesty to make him feel "*mala parva male dilabuntur.*" We can pursue this no further here, but refer the enquiring reader for the establishment of all we have written, and much besides, to the "*Observations*" of Dr. Mill, to the "*Commentar*" of Hävernich, and to the most complete and argumentative "*Authentic des Daniel*" of Professor E. W. Hengstenberg.

We have said, we fancy, almost all that we need say—much more, probably, than many of our readers will thank us for. The labours of the harmonists have doubtless been occasionally in excess. Still, on the whole, they have ever

been, from the time of Origen, the sharpest thorn in the infidel's side. The assertion of the tenet, which Mr. Coleridge opposes, by *some one of authority* in the Church must be *established* before we can apprehend any thing from its injurious influence. We are not aware that any man in existence would follow John Wesley in the absurdity imputed to him, (with how much justice we know not;) though manifestly, if the imputation be authentic, and there exist such another, he must surrender modern philosophy in his infatuated zeal for Holy Writ. No doubt *some* co-operation of the Divine Spirit is possible in all but the very last imperfection of character; but if one conclude that *therefore* each with the faith of a Seneca or an Antonine, may bring his fan into the garner of the Church's Canon, winnow off from him all that looketh to him "*husk*," and still be regaled with the blessed welcome of brotherhood, if he hold the four *Credenda* (or how much *less* we opine not of), why, the terms of *faithful* communion, we say, have been *always* *straiter*. Beyond a question in the case of his *rotation of crops*, the careful landholder will tax his farmer's consideration; though when the thought is of *the trees which his fathers have planted*, as a wise one hath taught, "*non tantum rectas procerasque colit; sed illis quoque quas aliqua depravit causa, adminicula quibus regantar applicat.*" But here, in the Bible, we have the very Eden of the Lord—a place uncursed with thorns and thistles, where, save of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, we may freely eat of every tree of the garden, and behold that all is very good. There was a temptation even in Paradise;—and so is there in this its antitype;—"some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction." May we beware lest we, like our first parents, fall by the one temptation. There is room for industry and judgment, even in an Eden; but then they must be applied not to over-curious scrutinies on fruits whose goodness it is wrong to admit a doubt of; but to satisfy ourselves with goodness, and advance from strength to strength, till, so far as God allows, having relished every produce, in its due succession, here, we learn to pass the flaming sword which turneth every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

What the orators of Exeter Hall say of the "superfluity, nay, presumption and profanity of mixing human with divine, and the notions of fallible creatures, with the oracles of Infallibility,—as if God's meaning could be so clearly expressed as in God's own words!"—this we neither

know nor care. From the pulpit, or in, we think we may be bold to say, the *thousands* of sermons which we have read, we certainly never detected such a sentiment. It is true that the British and Foreign Bible Society *do* distribute the Scriptures without note or comment; and not to mention other weighty reasons for the course, perhaps the constitution and the exigencies of the Association would render it irremediable, even were that otherwise desirable. But this is very far from a declaration, on the part of some of our Clergy, nay Dignitaries, or on the part of any other Christian Ministers, that "the several books or chapters being, in fact, "but as" the work of "different pens in the hand of one and "the same Writer; and the words the words of God himself," they stand in need neither of practical nor exegetical comment. If there be a man alive who entertains the *opinion*, certainly no one would concede the *inference*. But the fact is, this is not, and we believe has not been, the dream of *any*. The whole ordinance of homiletical exposition is against such a theory. Our theological book-case is not so well furnished as it ought to be—ὀλίγη ἐνὶ χώρῳ, ὀλίγον τε φίλον τέ—yet, such as it is, we challenge the exhibition of such a sentiment in Taylor, or Hooker, or Barrow, ("severally," as Parr has before written, "the objects of our love, of our reverence, and of our admiration") in Hammond or in Tillotson, or Beveridge, or Mede, or Chillingworth, or Joseph Hall; in South or Bull or Pearson; Butler, Paley, Patrick, Lowth or Whitby, or any of those whom we have incidentally quoted in this note, or, (we fear not to add) in any theologian of name in any century of the Church's history. Let one testimony stand for all;—from the *Hulsean Lectures* of an eminent living divine:—

"Strange that even where they have not been stirring excitements, "where there has been no trumpet peal sounding in men's ears and "summoning them to do battle for some perilled truth, that even here, "too, multitudes of men should have been well pleased to employ their "lives in learning themselves better to understand,—in seeking to make "others understand better,—this one book;—which have counted their "lives worthily spent, and all other wisdom and knowledge then only "to have found their true purpose and direction, when doing service as "the handmaids unto it. For vast as is the apparatus of helps of all "kinds which have accumulated round some other books—the signal "monuments of human intellect and power; many as we find to be well "satisfied to be nothing as independent labourers in the field of know- "ledge, content to be only ministrant to the better understanding of "this author or that book; yet are these taken altogether few and "insignificant beside those which have thus felt in respect to the one "Book with which we have to do. Surely the spectacle of any great

“library, and of the volumes there which stand in immediate connexion  
 “with this one, with the certainty that so long as the world stands,  
 “they will go on accumulating, and multiplying, must, to a thoughtful  
 “mind, suggest many meditations of what the meaning and significance  
 “of that one must be, and the manner in which it must set in motion  
 “the minds of men. Nor will he, meditating upon this, fail to call to  
 “mind, that those which stand in direct relation to that Volume, which  
 “bear upon the front that they are thus connected with it, multitudinous  
 “past all count as they seem, are yet but a small fraction of those which  
 “owe to this one all which is most characteristic in them—their impulse,  
 “their motive, their form, their spirit;—that all European literature is  
 “there as in its germ—that even the works that seem to stand remotest  
 “from it, least to owe a fealty to it, do yet pay to it the unconscious, it  
 “may be the unwilling, homage of being wholly different from what  
 “they would have been, had they indeed at all existed without it.”

This doctrine, thinks Mr. Coleridge, (which is its peculiar character) cannot be diminished or qualified without reversing it. *Esto*; though in a certain acceptation, and to the same extent as here, the same, it seems to us, may be said of every doctrine. For however small an error or overstatement is incorporated with what is, in the main, true, that error does vitiate the aggregate, and its removal would restore to it an aggregate purity, or, in other words, render it the reverse of what it was, as a whole, before. We believe we follow the great body of English Divines, in stating that the doctrine, as Mr. Coleridge has put it, would be utterly disclaimed; but as to *how much* modification it might need to make it a correct exponent of a belief on this point which might be accounted orthodox, there will be a very considerable variety of opinion. On the *modus* of Inspiration, there has always been a latitude of belief. John Wesley, we learn from the “Confessions,” held its verbal completeness to be so great as to confute the researches of modern science. Others are said to have gone further than he, and to have believed in the divine origin of every point and accent. A third school, of which Dr. Chalmers is the modern Coryphæus, contend for the *verbal* inspiration of every part of Holy Writ, without which, it is their opinion, that we are “left without a Bible,—for we are left to guess as we may, when it is and when it is not that the voice speaketh to us from heaven.” Still they admit the compatibility of this tenet with the *human* origin of diacritical points, and the adoption of an unscientific language on the several of the phenomena of nature. A fourth opinion is admirably represented by our present Metropolitan:—

“By referring to the language of the Apostles, we shall find that the  
 “divine inspiration was extended to every part of the canonical writings,

“in the proportion in which each part stood related to the religion they  
 “communicate. Whatever weight the different parts of the sacred edifice  
 “were intended to sustain, a correspondent strength of inspiration was  
 “placed, as it were, at the foundation. Thus all is held immovably  
 “together. The triumphal arch of truth is, to us and in its results,  
 “equally firm in all its parts, whether we can trace out the relative  
 “strength of the materials or not.

“Sometimes we read of divine messages by visions, dreams, angelic  
 “voices; at other times the Almighty appears to have revealed  
 “truth immediately to the minds of the Apostles. Sometimes the  
 “sacred writers were rapt in the overpowering communications of the  
 “Spirit. At other times, and as the matter varied, their memory was  
 “fortified to recall the Saviour’s life, doctrines, parables, miracles, dis-  
 “courses. In a different manner, an author accompanies St. Paul, and  
 “records what he saw and heard. Again, an Apostle hears of disorders  
 “in the Churches, and is moved by the blessed Spirit to write to them,  
 “to denounce judgments, to prescribe a course of conduct. At other  
 “times, he enters upon a series of Divine arguments; delivers in order  
 “the truths of the Gospel; or expounds the figurative economy of  
 “Moses.

“What the extent of the inspiration was in each case, we need not, in-  
 “deed we cannot, determine. We infer from the uniform language of  
 “the New Testament, that in each case such assistance was afforded,  
 “as the exigencies of it required. The different measures, or kinds  
 “of inspirations, it is not for man to say. Where the  
 “inspiration of suggestion, of direction, of elevation, of superinten-  
 “dence, was severally afforded, we cannot, we ought not to wish, to de-  
 “cide.”

In this opinion, which has found a most successful  
 advocate in the learned non-conformist Divine Dr. C. Hen-  
 derson, and is also, we believe, that which at present pre-  
 vails in the Church, we completely concur. It is our belief,  
 if we may adopt the language of a considerable and orthodox  
 English critic, that “instead of heating ourselves in contro-  
 “versy about general or special, plenary or partial, inspira-  
 “tion, we should simply contend for that degree of it, by  
 “whatever name it is to be called, which is sufficient, as an  
 “instrument, for the exhibition of the divine counsels, and  
 “as a guarantee against essential and substantial error in  
 “matters which affect the salvation of our souls.”

Still, as each one of these opinions is, in a sense, the  
*reverse* of the others; (verbal inspiration, *up to* diacritical  
 points and to the confounding of modern science, being the  
*reverse* of verbal inspiration *without* such exaggerating quali-  
 fications—and so on of the rest:)—so we believe that a  
 man may hold either of the four specified tenets on inspira-  
 tion, (except, perhaps, the most restrictive) and yet hold the  
*reverse* of the dogma which Mr. Coleridge would disinge-  
 nuously fasten on the Church.

On his own faith—except that faith be of a compass, not in all cases to investigate *every* portion, but still to repudiate *no* portion of the canonical Scriptures *after* due investigation,—a man *cannot* be a Christian. If he receive less than all which David wrote in the Psalms, he must receive less than *found* St. Peter and his fellow Apostles. And the same observation might be made of the Law, and the Prophets, and the inclusive canon of the Old Testament. And the very essence of infidelity is to diminish the vibrations, and so disconcert the harmonies, of what God hath spoken, at sundry times and in divers manners unto the fathers by the prophets, which have been since the world began. If any man to whom the record of them hath come, self-satisfied of their *unauthenticity*, cast away the Scriptures bodily, and reprobate the search of them, that man is not so much an infidel as a bigot. It is not the exclusion of what men have embraced in their Christianity which makes the infidel, but the exclusion of one jot or one tittle of what God has embraced in His Word. Ah—but here's a *petitio principii* we shall be told. What has he so embraced? The Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms—saith Christ. The book of prophecy, whose words to take away, is to take away our parts out of the book of life, saith St. John.

We hope we are not uncharitable in surmising that Mr. Coleridge's supposed case of the Sceptic may be a record of his own progress towards religious enlightenment. There was a time, we know, for his youthful writings bear witness to it, when he speculated whether Franklin's knowledge of electricity might not, in the last judgment, be accepted as a set-off against his want of faith; and whether Priestley's science would not do something towards expiating his denial of the atonement; and traces are not wanting of a spirit within himself, at the same period of his life, which we think beyond a doubt he would subsequently have deemed latitudinarian. In proof of this, we might point to many passages in his sublime juvenile poem entitled "Religious Musings," the tendencies of which appear to us to be altogether pantheistic. But afterwards a deep and blessed change came over his imaginings. He learned not to think *less* of the God of nature—(for nature, universal nature, he loved most intensely to the last)—but *more* of the God of revelation, in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. The atonement, *not* His omnific, omnipresent mind, then became to him the standing proof of His love. And how did his theological expressions correspond to this happy enlightenment? Hear him in "Aids to

Reflection"—(Vol. I. p. 231, 5th Edition.) "Where the mysteries of Religion, and truths supersensual, are either cut and squared for the comprehension of the Understanding, the faculty judging according to sense, or desperately torn asunder from the Reason, nay fantastically opposed to it; where private interpretation is every thing, and the Church nothing, then the mystery of Original Sin will be either rejected, or evaded, or perverted into the monstrous fiction of hereditary sin—guilt inherited; in the mystery of Redemption metaphors will be obtruded for the reality; and in the mysterious appurtenances and symbols of Redemption (regeneration, grace, the Eucharist, and spiritual communion) the realities will be evaporated into metaphors."

In a note to this admirable Aphorism (of which we are sorry that we have room but for a fragment), he enlarges on the office of the Church as a witness an interpreter of Holy Writ.

"It is unnecessary for the author to repeat his fervent Amen to the wish and prayer of our late good old King, that every adult in the British Empire should be able to read his Bible, and have a Bible to read.' Nevertheless, it may not be superfluous to declare that in thus protesting against the liberty of private interpretation, I do not mean to condemn the exercise or deny the right of individual judgment. I condemn only the pretended right of every individual, competent and incompetent, to interpret Scripture in a sense of his own, in opposition to the judgment of the Church, without knowledge of the originals, or of the languages, the history, customs, opinions, and contravaries of the age and country in which they were written; and where the interpreter judges in ignorance or in contempt of uninterrupted tradition, the unanimous consent of Fathers and Councils, and the universal faith of the Church in all ages. It is not the attempt to form a judgment which is here called in question; but the grounds, or rather the no-grounds on which the judgment is formed and relied on.

"My fixed principle is: that a Christianity without a Church exercising spiritual authority is vanity and dissolution. And my belief is, that when Popery is rushing in upon us like an inundation, the nation will find it to be so. I say Popery; for this too I hold for a delusion that Romanism or Roman Catholicism are separable from Popery. Almost as readily could I suppose a circle without a centre."

It will not, we presume, be doubted that this is language very different to that which has been quoted from the "Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit:"—the mind, not to interpret discordantly from tradition, and councils, and the universal Church, could hardly be the mind to wait, and suspend judgment on parts of these Psalms which have been universally, in the Church, accredited as inspired. And it is in his "Aids to Reflection" that we must look for Coleridge's



matured theological opinions; by far the most weighty and profound of all his philosophical writings, and that by which, if by any, he has a name to live.

Where learned he, then, the important truth, that it is not enough to commune with our Bibles on the mountain, and *wait*, ere we receive them, till those *find* us which *seem* discrepancies—that to him who begins with doubt, or even admits it as he progresses, some *really* burgeoning branches will always be viewed as dry and rotten, because the word preached profiteth not, when unmixed with faith in them that hear it? Was it by secret communings, and the licence of private interpretation? We trow not. We ascribe it rather to attrition with such faithful hearts as those of Wordsworth and of Southey. “Good company and good discourse,” writes Izaak Walton, “are the very sinews of virtue,” and so are they of faith. How different the theology of Mr. Wordsworth’s later life was to any which could entertain *suspense* on account of the passages cited from the Psalms, may be gathered from his Sonnet of the Commination Service.

“Shun not this rite, neglected, yea abhorred  
 “By men of unreflecting mind, as calling  
 “Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)  
 “Go thou and hear the threatenings of the *Lord* ;  
 “Listening within his Temple, see his sword  
 “Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender’s head,  
 “Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
 “Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored.  
 “Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation ;  
 “Who knows not *that* ?—yet would this delicate age  
 “Look only on the Gospel’s brighter page :  
 “Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ ;  
 “So shall the fearful words of Commination  
 “Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy.”

We are unwilling to prolong criticism on this, we venture to think, annulled production of Mr. Coleridge. The last extract, however, demands a word. “As long,” he writes, “as Christians considered their Bible as a plenteous entertainment, where every guest, duly called and attired,” instead of troubling himself about his neighbour, was content to find food meet for himself, “so long did the tenet that “the Scriptures were written under the special influence of “the Holy Ghost remain safe and profitable;” and indeed “with the feelings with which it was uttered, was a truth.” Uttered with other feelings, and by men confounding the truth, in the overflow of love and gratitude, it was, “at worst, a harmless hyperbole” !

We quite agree with our very able Correspondent, that in India, the confusion, if hyperbolical, cannot be harmless. Still we trust his whole apprehension arises from an undesigned exaggeration of sentiments upon Holy Writ which have been entertained by our standard Divines, which owes its paternity to the hyperboles of Mr. Coleridge.

We commend our imperfect observations to the lenity of our Correspondent. They have been written, and sent to press, sheet by sheet, without the transcript for reference of a single line, and so are necessarily far other than as we would have them. But from long and careful consideration of their principal topic, and also from the great names which have furnished the better half of them, we trust that the clement of Truth is in them. We look forward with great interest to a development of what may appear, to our Correspondent, to be the course of Christian instruction for India; and if then again we find an expression seeming, from the principles on which we work, to call for comment, may we fix our mind on the golden maxim of theological controversy—*refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia, esse parati.*

## IV.

## NEWMAN'S DISCOURSES TO MIXED CONGREGATIONS.\*

OUR object in calling attention to these Discourses is not to present the reader with a digest of all that is contained in them, but chiefly to enter our protest against the unscrupulous manner in which they advocate the distinctive dogmas of Rome. They possess, no doubt, passages of great eloquence and power, nice analysis of mental emotions, stirring appeals to the affections and fears, and some practical exhortations to a life of faith and holiness to which it would not be easy to find a parallel. And, if it suited our purpose, we might cull many passages exhibiting ample proof of that vigorous intellect for which Mr. Newman has so long been remarkable,—an intellect, however, we are sorry to say, used in the elucidation and enforcement of positions wholly untenable, and with a cold and heartless contempt for his opponents, which nothing can justify or excuse. We think also that the very positiveness with which he speaks, the very contempt which he expresses for those “religions which have lasted a whole two or three centuries in a corner of the earth,” (as if Rome was the  $\gamma\eta\varsigma$   $\delta\mu\phi\alpha\lambda\omicron\varsigma$ ) are symptomatic of some lurking disbelief in the system with which he is endeavouring to identify himself. So strongly, indeed, does this peculiarity strike us, and so remarkable is the *sort of proof* which he demands before he can give his acquiescence and assent, that we cannot help considering this book, with all its pretensions to faith and the submission of the intellect, as bearing unequivocal evidence of the sceptical mind of its author.

If we were called upon to characterise these Discourses in one word, we should say that their leading fault is rhetorical sophistry. Of course we do not expect hortatory addresses to be specimens of dry logic, but we have a right to expect that they shall contain sound and manly argument. But here we have all the grounds, the facts, the substrata, of his appeal assumed and settled; and the business of the writer seems to be to strew such sweet and fascinating flowers of rhetoric over these facts that one shall never care to enquire what there is below. With a man whose love for beauty of language outweighs immoderately his judgment

\* Discourses addressed to Mixed Congregations, by John Henry Newman, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London, 1849.

of facts, these Discourses would be all-powerful. But has not Mr. Newman mistaken his country? Is the English mind likely to be led away by elegance of language and beauty of expression? Can you find any assembly of Englishmen like the *δικαστήριον* of the Athenians, where the award of victory is given, not to the excellence of truth, but to the cleverness and eloquence of the speaker? How much less likely is an Englishman to be swayed by a book disfigured by such grotesqueness and puerility as that in p. 147. "Such too was my own dear Father, St. Philip," Mr. Newman's patron-saint, whose "glorious intercession" is invoked in the Dedication of the Book in behalf of Cardinal Wiseman. To shew, however, that we have no mean opponent to deal with, even in mere power of language, and at the same time to give a specimen of the eloquence which pervades these Discourses, we will extract a passage or two. Take the following description of a lost soul:—(p. 40.)

"O what a moment for the poor soul when it comes to itself and finds itself suddenly before the Judgment seat of Christ! O what a moment when, breathless with the journey, and dizzy with the brightness, and overcome with the strangeness of what is happening to him, and unable to realise where he is, the sinner hears the voice of the accusing spirit bringing up all the sins of his past life which he has forgotten, or which he has explained away, which he would not allow to be sins, though he suspected they were; when he hears him detailing all the mercies of God which he has despised, all his warnings which he has set at nought, all his judgments which he has outlived; when that Evil One follows out the growth and progress of a lost soul, how it expanded and was confirmed in sin,—how it budded forth into leaves and flowers, grew into branches, and ripened into fruit till nothing was wanted for its full condemnation! And oh! still more terrible, still more distracting when the Judge speaks, and consigns it to the jailors till it shall pay the endless debt which lies against it! 'Impossible! I a lost soul, I separated from hope and from peace for ever! It is not I of whom the Judge so spake, there is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold thy hand—one minute to explain it. My name is Demas. I am but Demas, not Judas, or Nicolas, or Alexander, or Philetus, or Diotrephes. What! eternal pain! for me! Impossible, it shall not be.'"

Take also the following description of the worship of wealth, p. 95:—

"Their God is Mammon. I do not mean to say that all seek to be wealthy; but that all bow down before wealth. Wealth is that to which the multitude of men pay an instinctive homage. They measure happiness by wealth, and by wealth they measure respectability. Numbers, I say, there are who never dream that they shall be rich themselves, but who still at the sight of wealth feel an involuntary reverence and awe, just as if a rich man must be a good man. They like to be noticed by some particular rich man; they like on some occasion to have spoken with him, they like to know those who know him, to be intimate with his de-

pendents, to have entered his house, nay to know him by sight. Not, I repeat, that it ever comes into their mind that such wealth will one day be theirs, not that they see the wealth, for the man who has it may dress and live and look like other men; not that they expect to gain some benefit from it: no, theirs is a disinterested homage, it is a homage resulting from an honest, genuine, hearty admiration of wealth for its own sake, such as that pure love which holy men feel for the Maker of all; it is a homage resulting from a profound faith in wealth, from the intimate sentiment of their hearts, that, however a man may look—poor, mean, starved, decrepit, vulgar—yet if he be rich, he differs from all others; if he be rich, he has a gift, a spell, an omnipotence,—that with wealth he may do all things.”

But it was not our purpose in reviewing this book to call attention to its uncommon eloquence, nor yet to enter into a general criticism of its contents, but only to remark upon such passages as either betray the neophyte anxious to throw himself, heart and soul, into a new and untried set of theological expressions, or the convert inventing theories to excuse the step he has taken and recommend his present position.

The Seventh Discourse, on Perseverance in Grace, opens with the following passage (p. 132):

“There is no truth, my brethren, which Holy Church is more earnest in impressing upon us than that our salvation from first to last is the gift of God. It is true indeed that we merit eternal life by our works of obedience; but that those works are meritorious of such a reward, this takes place not from their intrinsic worth, but from the free appointment, and bountiful promise of God; and that we are able to do them at all is the simple result of his grace.”

Now, what is the meaning of “it is true indeed?” Is not that a form of expression qualifying in some measure what has gone before? Is not this its ordinary and recognised meaning? But here there is no qualification; “our salvation,” says our author, “from first to last is the gift of God,” he has left himself no room for qualification or diminution of his meaning. We are acquainted with the manner in which the Schoolmen define *meritum*, namely, that “*meritum hominis apud Deum esse non potest, nisi secundum præsuppositionem Divinæ ordinationis*,” but where is the use of employing words in a sense which they never can be made to bear? A little further on, indeed, in this same Discourse, we meet with a sort of explanation of this paradox which we are reprehending: “did we not depend on ourselves, we should become careless and reckless, nothing we did or did not do having any bearing on our salvation; did we not depend on God, we should be presumptuous and self-sufficient.” This is unquestionably true, for it is only an expansion of, “Work out your

own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do, of his good pleasure." But surely this is a very different thing from saying that we *merit* eternal life. No one would affirm that when St. Paul commands us to "work out our own salvation," he intends to admit that, if we do so, we shall merit eternal life. "Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of *debt*." And again, "and if by grace, then is it no more of works," *non igitur ex operibus*, that is, says St. Augustine, *ex aliquo operum merito*. It may perhaps be said that the Roman Doctrine of *Gratia efficax* so strongly asserted by Thomas Aquinas, and the *perseverantia Dei donum*, and Mr. Newman's "from first to last," sufficiently guard their doctrine of merit from the abuses which would otherwise spring from it. We doubt that. We doubt whether it is possible even for a clear-headed and learned Romanist to use a word so plainly forbidden in Scripture without some feeling of presumption and self-dependence; and we believe that the doctrine has produced its natural and necessary consequences in the minds of the uneducated, who really seem to think that, after doing such and such good works, they do merit God's favour, and who are not afraid to use the language of remonstrance and reproach towards God and good angels when they fail to obtain what they think they have a right to. May we not also refer to the same cause that astonishing irreverence and profaneness among Roman Catholics which have been observed frequently by recent travellers, and which Mr. Newman alludes to (by way of excuse of course) in this volume.

The following passage (pp. 188-9) furnishes a clue to unravel many of the mysteries which attach, in the minds of English Churchmen, to the present position of Mr. Newman.

"And thus men who are not in the Church, and who have no practical experience of the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, when they read our prayers and litanies, and observe the strength of their language, and the length to which they run, confidently assert that she is, in every sense and way, the object of our worship, to the exclusion, or in rivalry, of the Supreme God; not understanding that He "in whom we live, and move, and are," who new-creates us with his grace, and who feeds us with His own Body and Blood, is closer to us and more intimately with us than any creature; that Saints, and Angels, and the Blessed Virgin herself, are necessarily at a distance from us, compared with Him, and, that whatever language we use towards them, *though our words were the same as those which we used to our Maker*, they would only carry with them a sense, which is due and proportionate to the object we address. And thus these objectors are detected by their

which Mr. Newman is here representing. It is well known that all the great dissenting Bodies have a recognised tradition (we use the word in no offensive sense) which guides and gives a colour to the opinions of every individual member of the Body. No society could get on without it.

In the very remarkable Sermon entitled "Prospects of the Catholic Missioner"—a Sermon remarkable for its graphic power, and for a very clever imitation of the opening scene of the Fifth Act of the Merchant of Venice—Mr. Newman gives us his views of the position of the Church of England: (pp. 265-6.)

"Here at least you will say is Catholicity even greater than that of Mahomet. Oh, my brethren, be not beguiled by words: will any thinking man say for a moment, whatever this objection be worth, that the established Religion is superior to time and place? Well, if not, why set about proving that it is? Rather, does not its essence lie in its recognition by the State? is not its establishment its very form? What would it be, would it last ten years, if abandoned to itself? It is its establishment which erects it into a unity and individuality; can you contemplate it though you stimulate your imagination to the task, abstracted from its churches, palaces, colleges, parsonages, resources, civil precedence, and national position? Strip it of this world, and it has been a mortal operation, for it has ceased to be. Take its Bishops out of the Legislature, tear its formularies from the Statute Book, open its Universities to Dissenters, let the secularisation of its Clergy be legal, remove the civil penalty from its prayer meetings, and what would be its definition? You know that, did not the State compel it to be one, it would split at once into three several bodies, each bearing within them [itself] the elements of further divisions."

As this is nothing more than the superannuated taunt of "Parliament-Church," we shall be excused from attempting its refutation. The following spirited language in Mr. Neale's Few Words of Hope in the present Crisis of the Church will meet such an objection much better than dry reasoning.

"Those who employ, says he, this argument of State-supremacy to prove that our Church has no life, or to disquiet themselves and others lest there should be no life in her, use an *a priori* system of reasoning, which is manifestly already confuted. *Solvitur ambulando* may be very poor logic, but it is excellent common-sense. The Austrian Generals proved to demonstration that they ought, by every rule of war, to have beaten Napoleon. No reasoning was ever more satisfactory. The only misfortune was that they did not beat him. A Physician may pronounce the patient's doom; but if the man recovers, Galen himself will not persuade us that he is dead. And so to the alarmist now, I should say; Do you dare, on the strength of human reasonings, logical inferences, ingenious deductions, a canon here, an Act of Parliament there, an episcopal traitor of such a year, a base concession in such another year, an unresisted piece of tyranny at this epoch, a vain strug-

gle at that; do you dare to dovetail these things together, and bringing forward your paper argument, to tell me gravely that we have no life in us? I ask you,—if there are no signs of life in the English Church, what signs of life would satisfy you? Go to one village after another, and everywhere you will find some mark of energy never known before. A new Church, or a restored Church, or a new School; fresh Services, more frequent Communion, more frequent Sermons, more assiduous visiting, more done for the poor, more claimed from the rich. You will find popular feeling everywhere changed.

“Twenty years ago the cry was for shortening the Services, now it is for increasing them; twenty years ago we had two or three Colonial Bishops, now we have nearly five and twenty; then hardly a Church, except the Cathedrals, have daily Service; now, in some six hundred, it is said; weekly Communion was then unknown; now it is not unfrequent. And are we really called on to say that all this means nothing? that it is accidental, that it proves nothing as to the being, or the well-being of the Church? A man looks well, moves rapidly, eats heartily, takes a lively interest in what is going on, displays considerable strength, and you tell me—These are all but appearances; I can prove to you that this man is dying. Assuredly, before I believe you, I must have some better argument than that it must be so, because it is according to the rules of art, according to the nature of things, that it was always so. And accordingly I want better arguments in the parallel case now.”

The Thirteenth Discourse is taken up with an attempt to prove that “it is quite as difficult, and quite as easy to believe that there is a God in heaven, as to believe that the Catholic Church is His oracle and minister on earth.” Mr. Newman is certain that this will be called a paradox. We do not see why. The usual and correct meaning of the word *paradox* is a proposition contradicting some generally received opinion, an opinion generally received because in its form and appearance it has every mark of truth upon it. But as regards the two propositions on which Mr. Newman means to build so much, we do not see their connection; we do not, in fact, imagine that any one ever held any *δόξα* at all upon them when taken together. There is no legitimate point of comparison between the mysteriousness of a *Person* and that of a *Body*, or at least between the mysteriousness of *existence*, which is the peculiarity of the one, and the mysteriousness of *teaching*, which is the peculiarity of the other. It would be a paradox to say that it is as difficult and as easy to believe the arguments *for*, as those *against*, the existence of a God; but to say that “it is as difficult and as easy to believe that there is a God in heaven, as to believe that the Catholic Church is His oracle and minister on earth” may be abundantly untrue, but it is not a paradox. But this by the way. It is not material to the subject in hand, and we should not have meddled with the



terminology of so acute a man as Mr. Newman, if we did not think that some of his later writings betray a desire to sacrifice sound reason to private theories and rhetorical effect.

But what is to be said to the assertion itself? When he has stated the certainty we have of the existence of God, notwithstanding the difficulties which may be brought against that doctrine, and declared (somewhat prematurely, we must be allowed to think) that the evidences of the Divine Mission of the Church come over the mind in the same overpowering manner, he comes to this conclusion: "so that if God exists in spite of the difficulties attending the doctrine, so the Church *may be* of divine origin, though that doctrine too has its difficulties." Very true, difficulties in a doctrine do not make it false. The Church may be divine, though that doctrine is attended with difficulties. But the case is altogether changed when we are called upon to admit that, "the Church *is* divine *because* of those difficulties; for if there be mysteriousness in her teaching, this does but shew that she proceeds from Him who is Himself mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him whom we cannot contemplate at all except as one who is absolutely greater than our reason, and utterly strange to our imagination." To say nothing of the absurdity of an argument which would prove the divinity of that Society of religionists who invented and promulgated the Eleusinian Mysteries, we must remark that, for the coherence of the argument, he should have asserted that we believe in the existence of God *because* of the mysteriousness connected with that doctrine. But is the writer prepared to assert this? That the doctrine of the existence of an Infinite Being should be attended with mysteriousness to our finite understandings, and, indeed, that it would be fairly an object of suspicion and distrust if there were no mystery about it, is undoubtedly true; but, surely, this is not the same thing as saying that we believe it *because* of its mysteriousness. But perhaps the clearest way of putting Mr. Newman's argument is to throw it into the form of a syllogism. The following syllogism does his argument no injustice.

The existence of a God, which is a right and necessary thing to believe, is attended with difficulties;

The Divine Mission of the Church is also attended with difficulties;

Therefore the Divine Mission of the Church is a right and necessary thing to believe.

One need not be acquainted with that which logicians call *an undistributed middle* to see the double fallacy of this argument.

After such reasoning we shall not be surprised that Mr. Newman should be satisfied with the conclusion that "if I must submit my reason to mysteries, it is not much matter whether it is a mystery more or a mystery less." Perhaps not. But we must look well to the quarter whence these mysteries come. We can except no mystery from the Church *as coming from the Church itself*. Has the Church ever made such a claim, has it ever affirmed that it has power to invent and decree and make binding on us articles of *pure faith*? We never heard of such a claim.

But all this appeal to mystery, as proving the exclusive Divine Mission of the Roman Catholic Church, cannot fail to bring to our memory that the Great Apostacy is itself "the *mystery of iniquity*." Mr. Newman endeavours through the whole of this Discourse to impress on us the extreme danger of rejecting the claims of Romanism upon our allegiance on the ground of the stupendous mysteries which, (we almost shrink from writing it) like God himself, it offers to our faith. And then he goes on to particularise these mysteries, and to assert that there can be no difficulty in receiving them after we have once admitted the existence of a God; "if he believes," says he, "that God has no beginning, why not believe that He is Three yet One? If he owns that God created space, why not own also that He can cause a body to be in many places at once? If he is obliged to grant that He created all things out of nothing, why doubt His power to change the substance of bread into the Body of His Son?" But what does this prove? We only want to know whether all these mysteries are revealed in the Word of God. If they are there, we will embrace them, but not otherwise, even though they be as difficult to believe as the deepest mystery which is there revealed. And is it not *the mystery of iniquity* to usurp the especial office and prerogative of God Himself, in laying claim to force upon the consciences of men mysteries invented by itself, by virtue of an assumed power, co-ordinate with the Supreme?

The Seventeenth Discourse is entitled the Glories of Mary for the sake of her Son. This title does not mean, what it might fairly be understood to mean, that the Virgin Mary is only honoured and "called blessed" for the sake of the merits of her Son, a meaning fairly deducible (so long as it is not intended to imply more than it expresses)

from the Song of the Virgin herself, "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For he that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is his Name." The meaning of the title is quite different from this, as will be apparent from the very commencement of the Discourse, which undertakes to shew that the Glories of Mary are something which fit necessarily into the whole system of the Christian Dispensation, and without which the harmony and mutual relation of its parts would be obstructed or destroyed. And then after a page (p. 366) which never ought to have been written, and which we would fain hope Mr. Newman would now gladly withdraw, in which he broadly asserts that "few Protestants have any real perception of the Doctrine of God and Man in one Person," and that "they speak in a dreamy, shadowy way of Christ's Divinity,"—distinctly including in this awful censure "the Anglican Communion, or Dissenters from it, except a section of the former"—after this, I say, he goes on to inform us of what precise nature these Glories are. Her first prerogative, he tells us, is her maternity, a high prerogative, no doubt, if understood in the way in which Elisabeth understood it, when she said, "being filled with the Holy Ghost," "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me." But Mr. Newman's view is that "to her (as being His Mother) is committed the *custody of the Incarnation*"—and that too, in such a manner, and to such an extent that, in his opinion, if persons "could once get the world to dishonour the Mother, the dishonour of the Son would follow close." How strange this language sounds after reading, "That all men should honour the Son, *even as they honour THE FATHER,*" "Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not THE FATHER." The contrast between Mr. Newman's language and the language of inspiration must speak for itself. But this is not all that is contained in Mr. Newman's view of her prerogative. The following passage, so far as we can understand it, is even more reprehensible than the foregoing: (p. 370.)

"If the *Deipara* is to witness of Emmanuel, she must be necessarily more than the *Deipara*. For consider; a defence must be strong in order to be a defence; a tower must be, like that Tower of David, "built with bulwarks;" "a thousand bucklers hang upon it, all the armour of valiant men." It would not have sufficed, in order to bring out and impress on us the idea that God is Man, had his Mother been an ordinary person. A mother without a home in the Church, without dignity, without gifts, would have been, as far as the defence of the Incarnation goes, no mother at all."

But it is not our intention to go regularly through the various points of this Discourse. It will be sufficient to extract one passage as a specimen of the manner in which the Virgin's Prerogative of Intercessory Power is proved. It needs no comment.

"For if 'God heareth not sinners, but if a man be a worshipper of Him, and do His will, him He heareth;' if the continual prayer of a just man availeth much; if faithful Abraham was required to pray for Abimelech, for he was a prophet; if patient Job was to pray for his friends, for he had spoken right things before God; if meek Moses by lifting up his hands turned the battle in favour of Israel against Amalek; why should we wonder at hearing that Mary, the only spotless child of Adam's seed, has a transcendent influence with the God of grace? If the Gentiles at Jerusalem sought Philip because he was an Apostle, when they desired access to Jesus, and Philip spoke to Andrew as still more closely in our Lord's confidence, and then both came to him, is it strange that the Mother should have power with the Son, distinct in kind from that of the purest angel, and the most triumphant saint? If we have faith to admit the Incarnation itself, we must admit it in its fulness; why then should we start at the gracious appointments which arise out of it, or are necessary to it, or are included in it? If the Creator comes on earth in the form of a servant and a creature, why may not His Mother, on the other hand, rise to be the Queen of Heaven, and be clothed with the Sun, and have the Moon under her feet?"

The last Discourse, entitled the *Fitness of the Glories of Mary*, is upon a subject closely connected with the preceding, and is, indeed, so far anticipated by the introductory part of that Discourse, that we shall not be obliged to remark very particularly upon it. The only new specimen of "fitness" which it is material to notice is the Assumption. Of this Mr. Newman says,

"It was surely fitting, it was becoming, that she should be taken up into heaven, and not lie in the grave till Christ's second coming, who had passed a life of sanctity and miracle such as hers." "But though she died as well as others, she died not as others die. For, through the merits of her Son, by whom she was what she was, by the grace of Christ which in her had anticipated sin, which had filled her with light, which had purified her flesh from all defilement, she had been saved from disease and malady, and all that weakens and decays the bodily frame. Original sin had not been formed in her, through the wear of her senses, and the waste of her substance, and the decrepitude of years propagating death. She died, but her death was a mere *fact*, not an *effect*; and when it was over, it ceased to be. She died, that she might live; she died as a matter of form or a ceremony, (as I may call it) to fulfil, what is called, the debt of nature,—as she received Baptism or Confirmation,—not primarily for herself, or because of sin, but to submit herself to her condition, to glorify God, and to do what her Son did; not however as her Son and Saviour with any suffering, or for any special end; not with a Martyr's death, for her Martyrdom had been before it, and one had made it, and made it for all; but in order to finish her course, and to receive her crown."

If the fitness and harmony, of which our Author has been speaking, mean what they are understood to mean, we presume that the belief of the Doctrine of the Assumption is necessary to salvation, especially as "the custody and defence of the Incarnation" depend partly upon it; and indeed he seems to say as much when he affirms (p. 399) "so much cannot be doubted, from the consent of the whole Catholic world, and the revelations made to holy souls, that, as is befitting, she is, soul and body, with her Son and God in heaven, and that we have to celebrate not only her death, but her Assumption." Those who believe that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation" need not be warned against such a palpable adding to the Word of God. And we should think that even those who do admit the power of the Church to make new articles of faith would be startled if they were to attempt to realise to their own minds, without reference to the glowing language of these Discourses, the *sort of Heaven* which Mr. Newman's imagination has conjured up. Instead of the awe produced on our minds by the contemplation of the mysterious Union of the Divine Three in one Nature; instead of the definite and natural feeling of reverence arising from the knowledge that God is "all in all;" instead of that mixture of human feelings of love for the Man Christ Jesus with a sense of His Incommunicable power and majesty as God; instead of that entire trustfulness which we have in Him with whom we have to do; instead of all this we have a "Queen of Heaven" intruded upon us, a Mother with power over her Son, a power not arising from that deep love which Christ bore to her, a power not like that of fervent and faithful prayer, but a power belonging to her naturally and necessarily in right of her being the "Mother of God." Is there any "fitness," any harmony in this? The following passage will shew better than any argument how the Glories of Mary, instead of belonging fitly and becomingly to the Scheme of Christianity, do, in fact, obscure and almost eclipse the Author of our Redemption.

"O my dear children, young men and young women, what need have you of the intercession of the Virgin Mother, of her help, of her pattern, in this respect! What shall bring you forward in the narrow way, if you live in the world, but the thought and the patronage of Mary? What shall seal your senses, what shall tranquillise your heart, when sights and sounds of danger are around you, but Mary? what shall give you patience and endurance, when you are wearied out with the length of the conflict with evil, with the unceasing necessity of precautions, with the irksomeness of observing them, with the tediousness of their

repetition, with the strain upon your mind, with your forlorn and cheerless condition, *but a loving communion with her?* She will comfort you in your discouragements, solace you in your fatigue, raise you after your falls, reward you for your successes. She will shew you her Son, your God, and your all."

Again,

"She is more precious than all riches; and all things that are desired are not to be compared with her. Her ways are beautiful ways, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold of her; and he that shall retain her is blessed. As a vine hath she brought forth a pleasant odour, and her flowers are the fruit of honour and virtue. Her spirit is sweeter than honey, and her heritage than the honeycomb. They that eat her shall yet be hungry, they that drink her shall still thirst. Whoso hearkeneth to her, shall not be confounded, and they that work by her, shall not sin."

In reviewing this work we have purposely omitted to mention what there is of sound, striking and practical remarks in it. The reader will of course expect to find such remarks in a volume coming from the pen of the Author of "Newman's Parochial Sermons." He will not be altogether disappointed in this expectation, but we will venture to say, that his satisfaction will be both seldom and partially elicited. But we have not taken any notice of them, partly because our immediate object was to call attention to the unscrupulous manner in which the new covert has not only thrown himself into the Romish system, but also invented theories to account for and recommend it, and partly because we felt that our praise could add nothing to his high reputation as a preacher. Must we not say alas! that we can add as little to his present reputation for sophistry and disingenuous reasoning?

## V.

## THE LATE REV. PROFESSOR STREET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Nothing short of a sense of duty would induce me to renew, by a re-perusal, the pain I felt on first glancing over the articles which have appeared in the *Christian Intelligencer* on the late Rev. Professor Street, and to enter upon the unwelcome task of making some remarks in detail upon the way in which the writer of them has treated the memory of our late friend. For these remarks, which will of necessity run to some length, I crave the indulgence of insertion in your excellent Magazine.

I think that duty calls me to the task for these reasons: First, that the memory of our friend may be vindicated from *all* the charges brought against him in the articles; Secondly, that the public may be correctly informed on some points mooted in them, about which I have obtained the best information; and Thirdly, in the hope, that the Editors of the C. I., and the writer of the articles in particular, may be led to re-consider the statements they have published, and do something to heal the wound they have made in the Church. If I appear to assume the tone of a monitor, I must plead the strong personal nature of the subject, and, at the same time, my desire to treat it in a sober and quiet spirit.

The effect, which the articles in the C. I. were calculated to produce upon the public, is one to be deeply regretted. Whilst they have taught the friends of Professor Street to revere his memory the more, they have tended to break that 'godly union and concord,' which in these days all Churchmen should be at pains to preserve; they have shocked men who are beyond the reproach of 'party;' and they have encouraged in worldly men contempt for religion in general. And I have reason to think, that the best friends of the *Intelligencer*, how warmly soever they sympathise with the views of its Editors, have not approved of the style and contents of those fatal articles,—of the extent to which the writer of them has suffered himself to traduce the Professor's character, and of his persevering defence of his conduct after a month's time for reflection. I think too, that their confidence must have been shaken in those extreme theological notions which allowed the writer's remarks upon the late Professor, and which moved him to attempt to justify them.

It cannot but strike every observer that when Profr. S. was alive, the Editors of the C. I. had not a word to say to his manly, Christian-like and scholar-like refutation of their borrowed criticism. But, now that he is dead, they are the first and only public writers who have ventured to speak against him. All others, whether theological opponents or not, have singularly united to pay him their tribute of respect. The management of the Magazine had, it is true, passed in the meantime into other hands, but into the hands of men who profess to start on the principles of that 'large Christianity' which distinguished its first Editor, the late Bishop Corrie. How little they have fulfilled these promises will be too evident as we advance in our argument.

They are evidently startled at the published account of the Professor's death, and at the 'softened feelings' towards him of some who had been led to think harshly of him before: and in order to do away with this (it is their own confession) they have had recourse to language which they thought likely to produce a revulsion of feeling against him,—but which has had the effect of confirming general impression in his favour.

They *might* have said "we accept with joy the proof that we were mistaken, the Church is richer by one immortal soul than we had believed. He did not hold the principles we thought. Let no one suppose that this is a confirmation of 'dependence on our own works;' our friend clearly did not hold these, and hence his comfort."

But what *did* they say? That he took "a part against God's truth during life, &c."

Now, the person who would use of a deceased brother clergyman such language as this, ought surely to have remonstrated privately with his brother during his life-time, and *then*, if no effect had been produced, have "told it to the Church." There can be *no* excuse for the course he *has* adopted. If the cause of *truth* requires such an attack now, much more did it in his life-time. But indeed *truth* never requires the aid of intemperate zeal, and is *never* opposed to charity. The *highest* truth is, that "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God."

Was it not possible to guard oneself against the supposition of approving all the views of a deceased friend without having recourse to such language as the above?

I admire Pascal, and believe him to have been a 'saintly' man. If you think that I do not know their danger or am likely to forget it, warn me not to adopt *all his views*



because he was a good man, but would this authorize you to use such language as that he was opposed to the truth of the Gospel?

To write about a person at any time requires considerable caution; to write about a deceased person, further carefulness to advance nothing against him without the clearest proof accompanying it, for the very plain reason that he is unable to vindicate himself; and to write about one lately deceased demands besides tenderness and respect out of regard for the living. But the style of these articles is that of unheeding insinuation of motives and unsparing declamation against supposed doings; there is nothing definite to answer; it is mere assumption, without any appeal to fact. The writer of them has reviled against the late Professor the often-alleged and as often denied charge of Tractarianism. Yet in this indefinite accusation, he has not brought forward one single wrong tenet held by the Professor, much less *shown* it to be erroneous. He has adduced in evidence only his own 'recollections,' the sayings of two or three of his own friends, general report. Yet, if he felt these grounds secure and sufficient, why did he distort the circumstances of the Professor's last end as narrated in the *Missionary*? Why did he notice the private arrangements of his funeral, and accept the statements of a witness about them, who appears to have been too much of a partizan to be careful in his observations? How was all this likely to answer the end of *truth*?

The writer has nowhere produced evidence of his position, that Professor Street was a Tractarian. His only arguments are of this kind. "The Professor denied the charge in his life-time; but we cannot admit the denial, inasmuch as certain who have also made similar disclaimers did finally go over to Rome." Who the parties are who have maintained the honorable and consistent course of Professor Street, and yet have joined the Church of Rome, I do not know. But even if such cases existed, it is surely not pretended that the fact of a man's disclaiming Tractarianism *proves* him to be a Tractarian. Or, again;—the Professor was acknowledged on all hands to have been a man of high religious character; well, the writer objects that there have been heretics who were good men. But does it follow that, because Arius was a man of attractive character, all amiable men are heretics? Piety is indeed no absolute proof of the correctness of a man's dogmatic system: but until the errors in his doctrine have been pointed out, the virtues and piety of our friend

must have their full weight, and must be looked upon as the result of sound religious principles.

What, however, does the writer mean by a Tractarian? At first sight it might seem as if he intended by it to denote a disguised Romanist, or one whose principles sympathise with and tend to Romanism. But it is evident, that he cannot really mean this. For he speaks of the late Profr. as the head of the Tractarian party in this country, and heads his second article 'The late Profr. Street and his party.' Now, I confidently ask, who hold Romanizing views in this Diocese, and where is the party in question? There is, certainly, too much of the bigoted and domineering spirit of Romanism around us, but, for my part, and I do not speak without means of observation, I do not know a single clergyman or layman in the English Church in Bengal who holds any Romanist tenet. The writer of the articles might have concluded from the late Profr.'s admitted uprightness of character that he was *not* a Romanizer, or he would long ago have been a Romanist, and he might, on enquiry, have confirmed this conclusion by the fact, little known as it may be, that *he was the most successful opponent of Romanism in this country.\** But he was ALSO adverse to doctrinal Calvinism; and this is what the writer appears to me to mean by a Tractarian. This epithet is employed now much as that of Arminian was in Abp. Laud's time. The opponent of puritanism was then called an Arminian, and every Arminian was set down by the puritans as a semi-papist. The opponent of modern puritanism, however true-hearted and consistent a Churchman he may be, is indiscriminately styled a Tractarian, *and*—a Tractarian is something worse than a semi-papist. I allow that Profr. Street was a Tractarian in this sense: and I believe all the members of the Church of England, who consistently hold her doctrines, to be so too.

I proceed to confirm these general observations by examining the articles in detail. The writer of them begins with an encomium on the high personal character of the late Professor Street, and speaks of 'his devoted zeal' and the

\* To my knowledge he converted a Romanist to Protestantism, after a most remarkable controversy in the way of learning and acuteness, and after not a little trouble he prevented two clergymen from seceding to Rome. Moreover, he preached against the errors of Romanism with greater precision and regularity than any other with whom I am acquainted. But Laud's conversion of twenty-one Papists to the Church of England did not avail him against the charge of Popery.

'entireness wherewith he identified himself with the Missionary band and their work.' Now here is no limitation of praise. If the words are to be taken in their natural sense, they declare that the Professor made himself in every respect one (and that most devotedly) of those who sincerely endeavour to propagate the Gospel in this country; that he had the cause of the Gospel at heart, and gave himself up to its extension. I confess, then, that I am amazed at reading, a few lines further on, some sentences with this (as it appears to me) flippant beginning:

"It is pleasant to find the learned Professor casting himself at last, even as the illiterate rustic or the little child must do, simply and wholly, without addition or reserve, "on Christ and Christ alone." We hear not a word *then* of creature confidences, no mingling of man's work with Christ's as the sinner's ground of dependance before the Lord, no interposing of anything save only the "ONE MEDIATOR" between the sinking soul and its God."

'At last'! So before, i. e. during his whole life-time, Profr. Street 'did not depend for his salvation "On Christ and Christ alone," but added to this 'creature confidences,' 'man's work,' something besides the ONE MEDIATOR. Now *where* has the writer found these additions in the late Profr.'s words or writings? I as confidently ask this question as I utterly deny the charges. I appeal to those who have enjoyed his conversation, heard his Sermons, or read his writings, whether they know of anything that will countenance such expressions,—whether they are not diametrically opposed to the Profr.'s whole life and character, his tone both of thinking and feeling.

Further on, the writer desiderates 'some expressions of regret for the doubtful past,' and thus comments upon the 'dreadful conflict' with the affirmations of faith which followed it: 'In such *hours* God often teaches more than had been learned in previous years.' He then uses language which insinuates that at this time our friend materially changed his views of Gospel-truth, insomuch that the writer could have desired, I repeat, to hear of 'some expressions of regret for the doubtful past.' He hints in a word, that the Professor was then *converted*, that 'at last' he cast himself 'on Christ and Christ alone,' and would therefore lead his readers to suppose that *before* our friend trusted on something short of the ONE MEDIATOR.

Now even if there had been no evidence *against* this construction, we think it ought never to have been adopted, when it is well-known that some of the deepest Christians

have had similar experiences. Thomas Scott, the commentator, is an instance that will appeal, surely, to all our feelings.

But there is abundant evidence against it. The Obituary Notice of the *Missionary*, the only professed source of the writer's information on this matter, contradicts this theory. It relates that on the Saturday previous the Professor (in answer to a question) raised his eyes upwards, and said very firmly, 'I have none in heaven, on earth, or under the earth, but Him (God) only.' And in the evening of that day he said to a native clergyman, 'May the more excellent minds of this nation learn that the Cross of Christ is their highest wisdom.' These few weighty words are sufficient, (without referring to other sources) to prove that the Profr. did indeed cast himself 'on Christ and Christ alone' *before* as well as *after* the 'conflict' and that, whatever increase of grace may have been vouchsafed in it, there was no need of conversion of the heart from 'creature confidences.' After this erroneous theory upon Professor Street's last sayings, (which we remark by the way, do *not* lose their sacred character in being given to the world,) the writer will forgive me if I remind him of his own\* version of an old maxim '*de mortuis nil nisi VERUM.*'

It will be sufficient here to advert to the writer's tergiversation in his second article, where he says that he meant no more by his remarks on this subject, than what might be said upon that (unauthenticated but very natural) saying of the dying Bishop Butler, that he never felt the force of a certain text (John iii. 16) as he felt it then.† Would this

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\* Certainly not an *improved* reading. The old maxim, "Don't speak evil of a man after his death," means that if you have any fault to find with a man you should say it when he is alive. The attenuated form of it adanted by the C. I. means simply "Don't speak any *falsehood* of a man after his death"!

† Probably no reader of the 'Analogy'—a work which contains more careful, well-considered, deliberate, and practical statements on the subject of religion than any other book of modern times—ever rose up from the perusal of the following passage, without a deeper practical apprehension of this very text :

'God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth, not, to be sure, in a speculative, but a practical, sense, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish; gave his Son in the same way of goodness to the world, as he affords particular persons the friendly assistance of their fellow-creatures; when, without it, their temporal ruin would be the certain consequence of their follies: in the same way of goodness, I say, though in a transcendent and infinitely higher degree.' Part ii. Ch. v.

Of course the Bishop had a stronger sense of the application of the text on his death-bed than ever he had before, and this is doubtless what occurs in the experience of all truly pious men;—but does such a view justify the lau-

anecdote then justify his remarks, as given above, or this further comment of his on the Professor's last moments?

'Our hope is that in his last days our departed friend was taught 'more of these high things [i. e. 'vital godliness' and 'God's sanctifying work in the souls of his people'] than he had ever known before, by that "Lord of heaven and earth," who, in his inscrutable dealings, "hides these things from the wise and prudent, and reveals them unto babes."'

Or does the writer lament of the good Bishop, that he did not then regret the past and confess that there *had* been ground for suspecting him (as certain did suspect him) of being a Romanizer?

The writer goes on to inform the public that he remembers 'sayings and doings of his removed friend in disparagement of the vitality and spirituality of Christ's Gospel, of its influence on the souls, and of the evidence thereof in the experience of the humble, simple, believing people of God.'

Is it right to appeal to private 'recollections' before the public, without evidence produced of time, place, and witnesses, in such a case as this, in which the character of the dead is concerned? I would ask further, who are 'the humble, simple, believing people of God,' in whom the Profr. refused to recognise the evidences of the influence of Christ's Gospel? You, Sir, have sufficiently answered this charge positively, by giving numerous instances, to which many of your readers can add a host of others, that our valued friend rejoiced to recognise such evidences in the humblest follower of Christ. If the writer knows others of this character who failed to engage our friend's Christian sympathy, when they might reasonably have looked for it, such a circumstance would have been so contrary to his uniform conduct in other cases, that I conclude it must have been founded on a misapprehension.

After what he has already said, I can hardly express surprise at the writer's insinuations in the next paragraph, that Profr. Street did not 'hold forth' and hold fast the simple Gospel of Christ, that he 'thought more of the influence of the

guage used by the Magazine-writer? would it authorise him to conclude that previously Bishop Butler was "an opposer of God's truth?" To mention such an idea is to refute it.

\* As the writer seems to speak of the Professor's learning as a positive fault, it becomes necessary to remark that this text refers to simplicity of spirit,—a thing perfectly consistent, nay, *most* consistent, with deep learning. "*In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.*"

Crucifix' than 'the power of the Cross,'\* 'of the wretched refinements of the schools' than 'the glorious simplicity of the Gospel,' and that he had not an 'earnest Missionary spirit.'

Whilst expressing his good-will to Bishop's College, the writer mentions in a note his hearing 'on the unquestionable authority of eye-witnesses, that the friends of the deceased Professor had the weakness to lay upon the coffin a large cross as the body lay in the broad light of heaven, previous to its removal to the grave.' What is the obvious interpretation of this passage? Why, that a large moveable cross was laid upon the body in the coffin.—So, at any rate, it was generally understood. And what was the fact? That there was a small cross, 6 or 8 inches long, fixed on the coffin-lid as an ornament, indeed its only ornament. Does the writer really object to this? Even if he did, yet as it could be of no *essential* moment,—ought not the funeral of 'a removed friend' to have been exempted from censure on such a ground? At any rate, ought he not to have made quite sure of his fact before publishing it and his 'disproportionately severe comments upon it?

As to the use of candles on the occasion, which the writer himself owns is, apart from his own hypothesis, a trifling matter, I content myself, after the instruction you have given of their symbolical meaning, with simply denying the inferences drawn from it to the prejudice of the place where they were used. And I have full authority for stating that the calling this use of candles a lesson to the Students *from those who are charged with the formation of their principles and habits* is entirely contrary to fact. As it gave the writer so much pain to be obliged to draw these inferences, we hope he will be equally glad to withdraw them, now that he is better informed. But ought he not to have made *some* inquiries of "the present zealous Principal" before he published statements which he thought reflected so much discredit on him?

With respect to the writer's 'one remark more,' I will venture to imitate Mr. Street's own forbearance,† and de-

\* I suppose the writer means by the 'power of the Cross' Christ Crucified. The contrast then should have been between the *cross* and the *power* of the cross, i. e. the symbol and the thing signified. A crucifix and a cross are equally hurtful if they obscure Him who died on the cross.—I observe a similar vagueness where the writer implies that Profr. Street had not an 'earnest Missionary spirit' after he had testified to his devoted Missionary zeal. What zeal means in the writer's phraseology, I know not, if it does not include an earnest spirit.

† I shall not be transgressing this limit, if, for the information of that 'one part of the world' whom the writer mentions as having come to a deci-

cline entering on a controversy, which must involve some appearance of disrespect to those for whom I wish to maintain only respect and affection.

At the opening of his second article, to which I am now brought, the writer considers your calling his first article 'reckless and defamatory,' &c., to be using 'coarse language.' Certainly these are not words one would wish to employ. But if the representation of his conduct be so offensive to him, how much more offensive was the conduct itself.—He thinks further, that you should have passed his remarks by, if they had really been as you represent them. I do not see the *sequitur*; for, if so, no libel would be refuted, no slander put down, no falsehood exposed. I admit that no one would enter on such a task by choice, and that few things are more disagreeable than to have to meet a charge which resolves itself into personalities, but duty sometimes calls one to it.

With respect to the letters which appeared in answer to his first article, it appears to me that the writer would have acted more satisfactorily by replying to the facts and arguments which they urged than by dismissing them as 'quite unworthy of notice.'

Let us now see what he has to say in answer to you. First, he adduces his 'words' of commendation of the late Profr. as a proof that he said nothing personally unkind or disrespectful towards 'our departed friend.' In answer to this, I must remind the Apologist (as I may now call him), that so far is it from proving his point that *partial* commendation is one of the commonest ways adopted by the world to cloak the hostility of a succeeding criticism.\* But this by the way.

sion unfavourable to the Profr. in this matter, I refer only to Profr. Street's published account of his dismissal from the office of Secretary to the High School Committee in 1842;—his acquittal by the Committee, after enquiry made, of the gratuitous charge of introducing 'Puseyite' principles into the School; then, after this acquittal, the examination on the score of expediency into his *Faith* before this unauthorized tribunal, at which a Dissenting Minister was allowed to remain seated; the assent required of him to an oral Creed; the refusal of his request to have it in writing, not, as he told them, because he had any doubt about assenting to it, but for reasonable self-protection in an important matter, the most important a Christian can have to deal with; and, lastly, when he persisted in his request, removal from office. I am quite sure that no English jury would condemn a man because, instead of denying orally a loose charge orally brought against him, he had desired that the charge should assume a permanent and definite form, in order that his contradiction might be equally permanent and definite.

\* Horace Sat. I. iv. l. 96—100.

“ Me Capitolinus convictore usus amioque  
A puero est, causâque meâ permulta rogatus

The Apologist goes on to say that he noticed the Professor 'only as a public character.' I look in vain for any such notice. A public character is noticed by his public acts or published opinions. What public act or published opinion of the late Profr. has the writer reviewed? There *are* acts and writings of his before the public, for the Profr. was, we are told, the 'ruling *mind*' of the first theological Institution in India, but the writer has not criticised them. He has simply put them in his "Index Expurgatorius."

In apology for having assailed the character of the late Profr. so soon after his death, the writer asks you :

"How many months or years must elapse after the death of a public man before a public writer may drop the pen of panegyric and take up that of fidelity and truth?"

Can the writer be unconscious that the answer to this question lies on the surface of the first principles of propriety and humanity? You might as well ask for a *graduated scale* by which to measure how far you may indulge in *anger* without violating the Apostle's precept.—It is a question that cannot be determined in the abstract, but must be decided in each individual case, by cultivated good sense and good-feeling.

The writer goes out of his way to say that the Obituary notice of Profr. Street was reprinted and industriously circulated, being put in public into the hands of persons who neither asked nor wished to see it.' It may be sufficient to say on inquiry that the number of reprints was very limited, and that they were circulated only among (1) his immediate acquaintance, and (2) his parishioners at Howrah. As the writer speaks of the Obituary in terms of commendation, he can hardly object to thus much having been done. I am authorized to state, that the friends of Profr. Street are not acquainted with anything that could have given rise to the above mis-statement.

I must here protest, in the name of humanity, against the conduct of the Editors of the *Christian Intelligencer* in having forced the article now under review into the houses of several of the late Profr.'s friends; and in the name of propriety against their having sent it, with a request for insertion, to the Journal of which they spoke in no very

Fecit, et incolumis later quod vivit in urbe :  
Sed tamen admiror, quo pacto judicium illud  
Fugerit." HIC NIGRE FUCUS LOLIGINIS, HÆC EST  
ÆRUGO NERA.



respectful terms. The rebuke, which they deservedly met with from the Editor of the Newspaper, reminds me of the Sceptic's taunting observation, that religious people 'without the world would make a very bad world of it.' And as to their treatment of survivors, who mourned too deeply their friend's departure from them to have recovered the shock of their first grief, I think that those\* whose 'feelings' were 'softened' towards him on reading the touching and truthful Obituary notice, will, after all, prefer *his* principles which were so rich in manly forbearance and generous sympathy to those which allow of such unnecessary, I had almost said criminal, disregard of the feelings of others.

The writer seems to charge in his next paragraph not only the Profr. but those who have been 'annoyed' at his first article with holding 'seriously unscriptural and dangerous' and 'objectionable doctrines,' for they hold, he says, 'similar sentiments.' Has the writer ever heard of Rousseau's excellent definition of friendship, "*the same sentiments, different opinions*"? Whatever be the general correctness of this, such, at any rate, was in many cases the friendship of Profr. Street. It did not involve any such Procrustean uniformity of tenets as is implied in this passage and in the title of the 2nd article, 'Professor Street and his party.'

The writer goes on to charge not only you but the *Missionary* with adopting a 'peculiar mode of arguing' to which, he adds, 'we shall not give its proper name;' and for the purpose, he continues, of evading 'the force of undeniable facts.' Now, what 'undeniable facts' were brought forward by *Amicus*? I can only discover one, viz. that the Bishop of Calcutta had always maintained an uncompromising hostility to Tractarianism. That this is a fact none can doubt; but does it authorize the conclusion that Profr. Street was unfaithful to the Church of England? Let the writer look again, and he will see it was the *Missionary* that appealed to *facts* against unproven assumptions. The writer has not pointed out in what particulars the *Missionary's* or your 'mode of arguing' was 'peculiar,' so as to admit of further reply. And this is an instance of what I complain of in these articles. They declaim at things in the general, *without a single definite*

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\* There is a fallacy in the writer's warning to those persons; he pretends that the effect of their "softened feelings" was to make them say "Tractarian (i. e. Romanizing) principles cannot be so bad"—whereas it evidently was very different—viz. to make them say "Well, it is plain he was a sound-hearted son of the Church of England."

*charge of any single definite error, and without a single fair point of evidence, proof, or fact in support of their declamation.*

The closing sentence of this paragraph shocks me the most of any that the writer has hazarded :

'we really dread the 'wild tornados' of mingled wrath and ingenuity which would infallibly be evoked by the actual citation of the words and facts themselves ; and the more so as it would be scarce possible to do it without implying the complicity, or at least the concurrence, of some of the living in the sentiments and acts of the dead.'

Surely this is a poor excuse. Would it not be better every way to attack a man while he is living to defend himself?

The writer finds in the assumed Tractarianism of Profr. Street a sufficient warrant for all he has said against him as 'taking a part opposed to God's truth,' &c. Nothing, therefore, he adds, that you urge from the published accounts of our friend's Missionary visits affects those statements in the slightest degree. I allow it. I think, Sir, with all deference, that he is in this one instance right; that in attempting to disprove a vague charge like that brought by the C. I., you ought to have called for some *definite* charge capable of refutation. You attempted to bind Proteus.

But he next tells you that you may spare yourself the trouble of *getting up* an indignation here.' What a verdict does he pronounce upon himself by this hollow heartless inuendo!

The paragraph which is opened by this sentence I will here quote at length, as it possesses at least an appearance of plausibility.

'And the *Missionary* need not tell us over again that "at an early period in his career, he (Mr. Street) disavowed both orally and on paper the separate heads of error constituting Tractarianism." That weighs little with us; because just the same might be said of many poor dupes of the "mystery of iniquity" who have since then passed through Tractarianism, and are now *professed* Papists, and are employed in propagating avowed Popery with all their might. Indeed the *Missionary* seems to admit that Mr. Street was a Tractarian, only not "in the *bad* sense of the word;" to which we shall only say, that if there be other than a *bad* sense of the word, whilst they who are Tractarians in the *bad* sense are perhaps the most contemptible in themselves; those who are so in the other sense are certainly the most dangerous to others; error and evil are never so formidable as when they come in the garb of an angel of light. Arius is said to have been a most engaging, amiable and virtuous man, which may partly account for the rapid spread of his heresy.'

Profr. Street deliberately disavowed, not Tractarianism in any vague sense, but 'the separate heads of error constituting Tractarianism.' The writer in the C. I. does not deny that he did so, but yet persists in the charge. The

disavowal, he says, amounts to nothing. Why? 'Because just the same might be said of many poor dupes, &c.' I confidently leave this to the judgment of all who knew our friend. His learning and wisdom were sufficient guarantee against his being duped; his integrity against his duping others.

The *Missionary* denies that the late Profr. was a Tractarian in the *bad* sense of the word, and the writer immediately jumps to the conclusion that if there be any other than a bad sense ever attached to the word it must be such as this: "a man who holds heretical doctrine under an engaging exterior."—Now, can any man doubt that the word is used by different persons with indefinite variations of meaning from that of Romanizer (its *bad* sense) down to that of Church-of-England Man or Non-Puritan?—just as many Dissenters speak of "prelacy" altogether as "Antichristian." I allowed before that, in this latter sense, Profr. Street was a Tractarian.

The writer's last argument, if it be an argument *at all*, amounts to this:—

Arius, the heretic, was a most engaging, amiable, and virtuous man.

Profr. Street was a most engaging, amiable, and virtuous man.

Consequently, he was a heretic. And the practical corollary he seems to have drawn (at least during the time he was engaged in writing these sad articles) is—"Therefore use vehement language,—such as is likely to wound the feelings and repel the affections—and you prove yourself orthodox."

He has a similar argument in his own favour in the closing note of his 2nd article.

'Uncharitable' is one of the world's favourite charges against religious men.

I have been spoken of as 'uncharitable.'

Therefore I am a religious man, or, in the Apologist's own words, honest, manly, a stander up for 'the truth of the Gospel,' humbly but undoubtingly conscious that I have endeavoured to perform my duty.

Let the writer prove, on independent grounds, Profr. Street to have been a heretic or Tractarian, and then we will not be partial to his admirable character.

I might here rest from my ungracious task of answering the several points of these articles, but as silence on any of them might be misconstrued, I have passed by none, and must beg the favour of your readers' patience to the end.

The writer now appeals to the public. If the late Professor's party deny the charge of Tractarianism, he says,

'Ask any half-dozen men of intelligence and observation in Bengal, whom they considered to have been the leader and head of Tractarianism in these parts, and we will venture to say, that five out of the six will reply,—Professor Street!'

Now, first it should be observed, that the very question itself is unfair. It assumes the existence of a Tractarian party in this Diocese. I know of no such party.—Secondly, I must stipulate with regard to the jury that they shall be unlike one who, not very long ago, when speaking in no measured terms of Mr. Street's Tractarianism, was asked whether he had known him,—heard him preach—or read his writings,—and was not a little confused at being compelled to answer each of these questions in the negative. If they were unprejudiced men, I venture to say that most of the six would first ask the questioner to tell them what he meant by Tractarianism, before they told him what their opinion was.

At last the writer comes now to something of the late Profr.'s 'sayings and doings,' which is before the public,—his volume of Sermons. Yet I do not find myself any nearer to any specific theological error imputed to our friend than before. The writer points out none, but contents himself with referring to the already answered review of them in the *Christian Observer*, to the opinions of three friends and to this hearsay: 'We have heard too that it [the volume of Sermons] called down the animadversions of ecclesiastical authority here.' I naturally ask for the information of the public (to whom the report is made), from whom has the writer heard this? What was the nature of those animadversions? When, where, and how were they made? And, why did the writer say thus much, without saying the whole, or, if he does not know the whole, why did he say anything?

The writer in the C. I. does not venture any opinion of his own upon our late friend's masterly reply to the *Observer's* critique, but refers us to the judgment of a 'straightforward-minded' legal gentleman, viz. that it was 'a most Jesuitical reply.' I observe that this person, when he came to this decision, had read only one side of the question. This is, surely, not his method in dealing with 'evidence and arguments in a court of justice.' What would become of St. John Baptist's character, whom our Lord declared to be Elias,

when he answered 'I am not,' to the question of the Pharisees 'Art thou Elias?' if we did not know the circumstances of the question which he answered? And, in the present case, it was very necessary to know the positions of the *Observer* to appreciate their demolition by the Professor.\* The opinions of this person, of another quoted in the text, and of a third in a note, amount simply, as they come before us, to three unsupported opinions of three unknown individuals. This is a very useless mode of arguing. For every opinion on one side I could bring many more on the other, and from persons who have had better means of judging and testing the Professor's views than those who, to judge from their quoted opinions, have looked upon them from a distance. From my own long acquaintance with them I am convinced that it will never, for it can never, be shown that Profr. Street held any doctrines at variance with those of our Church as contained in her Liturgy, Articles, and Homilies. I may observe, that he had an original, and in these days unusual,† way of expressing his opinions; and that with an inquisitive, merely intellectual, or prejudiced disputant, he sometimes adopted the Socratical method of leading him into difficulties or absurdities which, if they did not convince, provoked. His own views then assumed the form of a puzzle to such an one, and were summarily but wrongly concluded in the vague name of Tractarianism. To enquirers or genuine lovers of truth he was ever communicative and instructive, from the stores of 'wisdom and learning,' which a pious life and deep study accumulated in his active mind and gentle spirit. I only make these observations to point out what I think to have been the

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\* The Editor of the *Observer* himself appears to be sensible of the unanswerable nature of our friend's reply, and disposed to let the matter rest with it. The following 'Notice to Correspondents' occurs in the (London) *Christian Observer*, May, 1851:

'The Editor is truly sorry not to comply with a request of Profr. Street to publish at the expense of the 'Christian Observer' a long and able criticism on the Review of his Sermons in our number of November 1850. If our observations have no more weight or justice than he ascribes to them, he may safely permit them to perish in their own insignificance. Why break a gnat on a wheel?'

† I do not mean unscriptural; quite the reverse. Besides having an original mind, the Professor was a reverential, untiring student of his Bible, and hence it was that his remarks upon theological points were fresh and striking. His critic would do well to imitate him in this, and then he will avoid such phrases as 'justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ,' an expression which nowhere occurs in Scripture, not even an approach to it, and which is unquestionably liable to be mistaken. See Abp. Sharp's Sermon on Acts xvi. 31.

cause of many unfavourable impressions as to his theological views.

Accusations of any kind, but especially against the dead, should stand or fall by their own merits simply, and I therefore think it out of place for the writer of the articles to tell us that he has "the expressed concurrence of persons of no mean station in the Church, and others of long established character for piety, consistency, and zealous labours in her service" in the course he has pursued in them. Who the persons thus ambitiously described may have been, or what the amount of concurrence expressed by them may have been, is left to conjecture. It is, however, of little consequence, unless we are at the same time informed of the grounds on which they were led to give their concurrence. In our judgment of the departed, (if we *will* judge them,) we ought at least to endeavour to be *ἀπροσωποληπτοι* "without respect of persons." For when once an idea about a clergyman's theological opinions, especially now-a-days, has got into people's minds, and been industriously propagated among them for some years, it is very difficult, if possible, to dislodge it by any amount of evidence to the contrary, and I do not wonder therefore, that many respectable persons have suffered themselves to believe, on insufficient grounds, that Profr. Street was a Tractarian, and still believe it. But I cannot think that these articles have confirmed them in their belief.

The writer repeats that he was 'not influenced by a shade of unkindly feeling towards the departed' in what he wrote last month. Without questioning this,\* I would put it to the writer himself whether it was the natural or right way of showing kindness to charge a clergyman, a friend, of blameless life, never ecclesiastically accused before, nor condemned by his Bishop, with active heresy in opposing God's truth,—to do this for the first time as soon as he had gone down to the grave? Was it kindness to misrepresent his dying

\* In one sense I fully believe it,—I am not aware of any *immediate personal animosity* having existed towards Profr. Street. But let us hear the account, given by no mean authority, on such a matter, of the *odium theologicum*. "Differences which begin in point of opinion, seldom terminate there. They generally spread into the affections, and then separate chief friends. . . . It is therefore nothing more than we expect, if those who differ from us either in religious opinions or practice, soon contract a sharpness, yea, bitterness, towards us: if they are more and more prejudiced against us till they conceive as ill an opinion of our persons as of our principles. An almost necessary consequence of this will be, they will speak in the same manner as they think of us."—(John Wesley's Sermons.)

words and misnarrate the details of his funeral? Was it kindness to publish against him such unfounded insinuations as the use of the crucifix and a want of earnest Missionary spirit?

Or rather, it was the sacrifice of a public writer's private *feelings* to truth, that he might set the public right about the public character of a public man. But would Truth be satisfied with no other plea for a public charge of heresy beyond private recollections, the opinions of a few friends, common report? With an *appeal* to public 'sayings and doings' without the citation of one? Or to private ecclesiastical censures on mere hearsay? Or to some of the accused's publications without the quotation of a single sentence in support of the grave charge against him? Was it truth to shipwreck Profr. Street's disavowal of the errors of Tractarianism upon the duplicity of others, and his personal character upon that of the arch-heretic Arius?

The reason which the writer gives for not entering into particulars, viz. dread of the living, after his, I must say, irreverence to the dead, is, to me, the worst feature of his whole proceeding.

Nor can the reader fail to be struck with other signs of levity in the articles. Witness the anecdote introduced by these words 'But the most *amusing* instance, &c.' A serious and repeated charge against a deceased clergyman, one which, if true, would vitiate and falsify his whole life, is made to end in a joke!

One word in parting to the Editors of the *Christian Intelligencer*. They are reported to be a Triumvirate. I need not remind them that Triumvirates have an historical character for *proscriptions*. And I will not deny that there may be an Octavius in their triumviral staff. But an Octavius was persuaded to give up the learned, accomplished, patriotic, religious Cicero to gratify the prejudice or the pique of an Antony.\*

There is nobler work than this for them to join in; viz. to unite true-hearted and sober-minded Churchmen in a stronger phalanx against the spirit of Popery, and the yet deadlier spirit of Infidelity. I seriously commend the following, I fear not empty, boast of a popular writer to their perusal:

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\* "The mutual friends of each were proscribed, and in the executions that followed, Cicero fell a victim to the revenge of Antony—an act of cruelty, for which even the plea of necessity could not be urged."—*Smith's Dict. of Gr. and Rom. Biog.* Art. *Antonius*.

“To those who are outside of the theological haze, the prospect of the issue appears as clear as the horizon at noon-day; it is a strange spectacle to them to witness the tumult caused by Popish Aggression, and other quarrels within the theological enclosure, at the same time that a power greater than that of Pope or Prerogative, of Councils or Churches, is steadily advancing to the overthrow of them all.”

I remain, your's, &c.,

SALIGNUS.



## VI.

## SOUTHEY AS AN ORIENTALIST, AND FATHER BESCHI.

THE *Life of Southey*, by his son, is a most readable book. It has greatly raised our opinion of the amiable character of the Laureate. In one's boyhood, one is apt to form one's opinion of Southey from the sneers of Byron. Lord Byron is emphatically the poet of school-boys. When we were at school, we worshipped him. We held that there was but one poet in the world; that in Byron's predecessors—including Homer—to aim at being poets, and even—as in the case of Dante and Shakspeare—to indulge the belief that the aim had been attained, was excusable; but that, in all time to come, the attempt to be a poet were ludicrously culpable lunacy. Alas!—Yet after all why "alas?"—what a change comes over the spirit of the school-boy's dream, as the feeling dawns upon him of the superiority of the affections to the passions, and as he begins to discern the grandeur of the calm as contrasted with the tumultuous.

But our business, at this present writing, is not with Southey as a poet; neither is it with Southey in his most lovely character as the loved and loving head of an affectionate household; neither is it with Southey in the character—noble as he thus shows, in spite of all his errors of judgment,—of a patriot and philanthropist. We seek at present to estimate him as an Orientalist. He has written a good deal about the East; his opinions on matters connected with this, as with any other subject, are not usually enunciated with any great amount of diffidence; and his eastern poems, *Thalaba* and *Kehama*, are in the hands of hundreds whose notions of the East are derived from scarcely any other source than these and *Lalla Rookh* and the *Arabian Nights* as translated by Galland. How the study of oriental matters, with Mr. Southey as the guide, is calculated to result, an example may suffice to show. We take our example from Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrapbook* for 1840. The subject is the

## FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRAM.

In cotton vest the people throng,  
 With brazen noise of horn and gong,  
 And most discordant clangour sent  
 From many a hornèd instrument;  
 A hundred thousand people all,  
 To grace these rites funereal.

From India's mountains they have hied ;  
 Have sailed adown the Ganges' tide ;  
 From inland cities, vast and old,  
 The stream of human life hath rolled !  
 And here they come. Proud Brama's race  
 As priests and leaders, first in place ;  
 And lean of frame, of brow austere,  
 The miserable, dark Fakeer :  
 And with spare vest, and visage wild,  
 The Paria and his wife and child ;—  
 A hundred thousand people all,  
 To grace these rites funereal !

Yet not alone to grace this rite,  
 Shall meet the multitude to-night.  
 A hatred of the Christian sway  
 To every heart hath found its way,  
 And Brama's son and dark Fakeer  
 Have whispered words that all may hear ;  
 Have told of signs in earth and sky,  
 And many an ancient prophecy,  
 Which mark this for a night of sighs  
 Unto the prophet's enemies :  
 Unto the strangers strong and bold,  
 Who sit on India's throne of gold !

And now this eager throng doth come,  
 With sound of horn and gong and drum,  
 And most discordant music sent  
 From mouth of horned instrument,  
 Impatient all till day be done  
 And rites of vengeance be begun.

'Twas vain ! The Christian power, though built  
 On blood and rapine, woe and guilt ;  
 And though such deeds of cruel shame  
 Are done in Christ's most blessed name,  
 As almost blasts the eye to see ;  
 Yet God permits it still to be ;  
 And out of this great sin will plan  
 Some good beyond the power of man !  
 'Twas vain therefore ;—and back they fled—  
 The thousands so discomfited ;  
 Unto their mountains back they went,  
 In silence, or with low lament ;  
 Three days beheld them come and go  
 Like tempest-driven summer snow !  
 Then inland city, far-off plain,  
 Had swallowed up this host again ;  
 And British rule, though red with blood,  
 Was left to govern as it would !

Now only think what Mr. Southey has here to answer for. The poet, fresh from the perusal of "Kehama," and with a recollection of "Thalaba," is armed at all points for

the description of any scene in which the mingled Hindu-Musalman population of India is concerned. And mark how artistically the elements are here commingled. First and foremost to do honour to the prophet come "Proud Brama's race, as priests and leaders,"—like the Archbishop of Canterbury lending his countenance to a meeting of Swedenborgians. Then, after "the miserable, dark Fakeer," who, in this part of the country, is usually a well-fed, jolly-looking beggar, we have "The Paria with his wife and child,"—a sort of a Hindu William Tell, with patriotism—that never entered into his head—glowing savagely in his heart. And then the awful conspiracy of "Brama's son and dark Fakeer," needlessly—or only for the sake of the additional solemnity—lowering their voices as they "whispered words that *all* may hear," to the effect that this should be "a night of sighs unto the prophet's enemies,"—to the great delectation of the Bramius who are so fond of the prophet. Then the disappearance of the "dark Fakeer," with his kindred-complexioned brethren—"Like tempest-driven *summer snow*"—from which we may conclude that when the snow *does* fall here in summer it is black; and the ultimate leaving of the British rule "to govern as it would,"—instead of as it could:—Mr. Southey, Mr. Southey, how will you answer for having set worthy people to write poetry in this fashion, racking the hearts of sentimental readers with the thought that the Bramius can't worship the prophet in peace for thinking of John Company?

At page 67 of the fourth volume, Mr. Southey remarks:—

"It was very natural that the Emperor of Austria should not choose to have his son-in-law hanged. But here is Alexander breakfasting with Marshal Ney, who, if he had more necks than the Hydra or my Juggernaut, owes them all to the gallows for his conduct in Galicia and in Portugal."

Without waiting to reflect upon Marshal Ney's Galician deservings, or even to revise very carefully our school-boy impression that "the bravest of the brave" had been rather hardly dealt with when he was shot, we took to questioning our memory, when we came across this passage, as to how many necks Juggernaut had got to boast of. As he stands in his temple, down at Poory, he has only one; but, to be sure, Mr Southey says "*my* Juggernaut," which perhaps accounts for the difference.

Whilst reviewing Mr. Southey's oriental opinions we have stumbled upon another matter. At page 132, Vol. IV., Mr. Southey says:—

“ The merest accident brought me acquainted with a Liegeois, a great manufacturer, &c., and I have not found that men talk to me with the less confidence because I am not a Freemason . . . . .”

Why the biographer cut off the tail of this passage we cannot tell. We suspect that Mr. Southey's conception of Freemasonry did not differ very widely from that entertained by the writer of a letter in a scurrilous and now-forgotten paper called the “ Benares Recorder.” We clipped out the letter at the time, as it accorded with our own sentiments; and we now transfer it, from our scrapbook, to the pages of the Magazine, in the hope that somebody will answer it, if it be answerable—which we very much doubt. The letter is as follows:—

#### FREEMASONRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES RECORDER.

SIR,—As you seem to claim for yourself the character of being a friend to fair-play, and to the rule of hearing what can be said on both sides of a question, I expect that you will give this letter a place in your paper, although I fear you will not agree in the opinions which I am going to express; for I have noticed that on several occasions you have spoken of the proceedings of the Freemasons without hinting that you regarded Masonry itself with any degree of disapprobation.

My own opinion of Masonry is simply this—that it is an attempt, ridiculous but partly successful, on the part of the Devil, to trump the merit of the Christian morality. It is the exact counterpart of his attempt to parody the crucifixion in the legends of St. Francis and other Catholic saints. It is with a shudder that I allude to the blasphemy of the latter parody, but that must not prevent my proceeding to show that the other parody is its counterpart; for the Devil is also, in my opinion, the patentee, if not the inventor, of that spurious delicacy which procures immunity for what is blamable by forbidding its being plainly discussed.

But you will perhaps say that many excellent men have been Masons, that the Governor-General himself (more's the pity) is not only a Mason but ready to bandy compliments with his Masonic brethren. I grant it—for who can deny that every other delusion of the Evil One, as well as this, has led excellent men astray—men, that is to say, otherwise excellent? But, to say nothing of the still more excellent men who, having once become Masons, have regretted becoming so, the excellence of the men, either on the one side or on the other, does not matter in a case which can be decisively settled on its own merits; and which, being so settled, furnishes a better criterion of the excellence of the men, than the excellence of the men can furnish for determining the merits or demerits of the case. That the case can be decisively settled on its own merits is consequent on the fact that it is capable of being stated as a dilemma—for I dismiss as perfectly idle the arguments against Masonry drawn from the convivial propensities which it encourages. Indeed I am not quite sure that the employment of such arguments is nothing more than idle, for I suspect that the originator of Masonry

views with satisfaction and amusement the waste of the strength expended on this

“ Feather-bed ’twixt castle-wall  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,”

which he has hung out before his battlements to baffle the assaults of those who, like the Tea-totalers, take aim at the yielding but elastic feather-bed, instead of the wall which, if it yield at all, must go down altogether.

The dilemma may be stated thus :—

Either Masonry possesses, in addition to what is contained in Scripture, something which is desirable to be known, either as furnishing higher motives for virtuous conduct than could otherwise come into operation, or in some other way desirable to be known; or, on the other hand, it does not. On the former alternative, the secrecy maintained—the concealment of that which, if revealed, would benefit society, is utterly condemnatory of the Masons as a body of pretended philanthropists. Their philanthropy is outshone by that of the patentee of Holloway’s Ointment, who makes a mystery of his quack-salve, but still brings it to market. On the other alternative, the system is a childish farce, and the secret is kept from being told, just because there is nothing to tell. It is the old story of “ the horse with his head where his tail should be,” the said horse having been placed with his tail towards the manger, so that those who paid their sixpence to see the show, came out without revealing the cheat in order that no one who got initiated into the mystery might have a right to laugh at them.

If any one of your Masonic readers, or you yourself, Mr. Editor, should you have the misfortune to be a Mason, will show me how this dilemma can be avoided, I shall feel obliged. Meantime,

I remain, &c.,  
A READER.

P. S.—I’m not a lady—nor even a woman—(alas that the latter and the finer name should carry with it anything of disparagement)—so don’t imagine that my letter is all through spite at “ sour grapes.”

Further on in the fourth volume of the *Life*,—at page 139,—Mr. Southey appears to have been beguiled, by the phenomenon of a sensible Freemason, into writing a sonnet in which he does not pass a sentence of unhesitating condemnation on Freemasonry. In this instance he was the dupe of sympathy. Of the Mason that beguiled him, and of the sonnet consequent, he speaks thus :—

“ I never saw a man whose feelings and opinions seemed to coincide more with my own. When we had become a little acquainted, he shook hands with me in a manner so unlike an ordinary greeting, that I immediately understood it to be (as really it was) a trial whether I was a freemason. This gave occasion to the following sonnet, which I put into his hands at parting :—

‘ The ties of secret brotherhood, made known  
By secret signs, and pressure of linked hand  
Significant, I neither understand  
Nor censure. There are countries where the throne .

And altar, singly, or with force combined,  
 Against the welfare of poor humankind  
 Direct their power perverse: in such a land  
 Such leagues may have their purpose; in my own,  
 Being needless, they are needs but mockery.  
 But to the wise and good there doth belong,  
 Ordained by God himself, a surer tie;  
 A sacred and unerring sympathy:  
 Which bindeth them in bonds of union strong  
 As time, and lasting as eternity."

Now the "bonds of union" among the Freemasons are by no means so "strong as time," nor even as lasting, for we have known of Masons being turned out of the lodge;—and the dislodged Mason did not reveal the Masonic secret, which proves that there was none to reveal, or at least goes far to prove it.

We had noted a number of points in regard to which Mr. Southey's orientalism is peculiar, but we are apprehensive of outrunning our limits; so we turn at once to the most remarkable of them all,—his preference of Anquetil du Perron over Sir William Jones. He is talking about India, (at the 96th page of the 2nd volume of the *Life*.) "About the language"—he says—(after having no doubt carefully qualified himself to form an estimate)—"it is a baboon jargon not worth learning; but were I there, I would get the Vedams and get them translated. It is rather disgraceful that the most important acquisition of Oriental learning should have been given to us by a Frenchman; but Anquetil du Perron was certainly a far more useful and meritorious Orientalist than Sir Wm. Jones, who disgraced himself by enviously abusing him. Latterly, Sir William's works are a dream of dotage. I have some distant view of manufacturing a Hindoo romance." The romance, when manufactured, proved to be "Kehama," from whom, as a less fanciful authority than "Mr. Ward on the Hindoos," the rising generations have since been accustomed to derive their notions of the far East. Any one who wishes to form a right estimate of Anquetil du Perron's Indian lore may turn to the preface (p. xxi.) of Professor Wilson's Sanskrit Dictionary—the first edition. There Mr. Southey's meritorious Frenchman will be found deriding the "Calcuttenses Anglos" for holding that the *Amarakosha* is a dictionary, whilst he himself holds this common vocabulary to be "a *Ritual* and *Liturgy*, co-existent with the origin of the Hindu idolatry, and the basis of the Brahmanical superstitions!" He makes, as Professor Wilson says, "a blunder of another character,

“although of an equally absurd description,” in regard to the same vocabulary, a word in the first page of which he insists that the Brahmans mistranslated to him purposely. On the Frenchman’s perspicacity Professor Wilson remarks as follows :—

“Du Perron’s Brahmans must have been much astonished at the discovery, and at the perverse spirit and gross ignorance which converted Amera’s account of the contents of his vocabulary, comprising the genders (*linga*) of nouns into the mystical mention of an object, with which his preamble has no kind of connection, except the indispensable employment of a grammatical term, that happens also to have the same meaning, but which, occurring when and where it does, the merest novice in Sanscrit literature could not possibly misunderstand. We have had too much of mere pretenders to knowledge in Oriental literature, and it is high time to weigh accurately the real merit of all authorities on matters of Asiatic learning and history, if we wish to gain any real acquaintance with such subjects, or if we wish to retain the slightest veneration for truth.”

But although Anquetil du Perron, in spite of Mr. Southey’s partiality, was such as we have just seen; there were fine scholars among the European foreigners who visited India in days gone by. One of these was Robertus de Nobilibus, the Jesuit, whose refutation, in classical Sanskrit verse, of some of the errors of Hindüism was mistaken by Anquetil du Perron and by Voltaire for a native commentary on the Veda.\* Another fine Oriental scholar, among the Jesuits, was Father Beschi. Southey, when he was writing “The Doctor,” would have rejoiced to meet with Beschi in his lighter mood, when he dismissed the cares of Church and State and condescended to write nonsense not un-pregnant with wisdom. We shall close this paper with some account of his ever-memorable Gooroo Noodle. We avail ourselves of Mr. Babington’s translation of the Tamil original. Our first introduction to the Gooroo is as follows :—

“There was a Gooroo whose name was Noodle, who had five disciples serving under his command, Blockhead, Idiot, Simpleton, Dunce, and Fool. These, having all six gone on foot through the surrounding villages, to make some enquiries respecting other disciples, were on their return to the Mattam [or hermitage], when one day they arrived, in the third watch, at the bank of a river.”

The difficulties in regard to the crossing of the river lead to the determination that the Gooroo must buy a horse. When they got home; this matter was discussed again.

"The Gooroo demanded how much the price of a horse would amount to. As they heard upon enquiry that it could not cost less than from fifty to a hundred pagodas, the Gooroo determined that he had not ability to pay so much.

The matter thus remained a good while under consideration, when one day they perceived that their milch cow, which had been turned out to feed, did not return home at the close of the evening. They sought her all over the village, but as, notwithstanding their search, she was not to be found, Blockhead on the following day went to seek her in the surrounding villages.

On his return to the Mattam the third day, unable to discover her anywhere, he exclaimed with delight, "The cow, Sir, I cannot find: 'tis no matter, however, for I have met with a horse for us at a very low price." "How is that?" demanded the Gooroo with eagerness. To which Blockhead replied, "When I was on my return, after I had been searching from village to village, from common to common, from enclosure to enclosure, in order to find the milch cow, I perceived four or five mares grazing and reposing on the bank of a large lake. As I went on further, I found, in a place which was near, a number of horses' eggs, hanging down in every direction, which could not be encompassed by one's two arms. Upon enquiry of one who came up, he informed me that they were in truth horses' eggs, and that the price of each of them was only four or five pagodas. Here is a fine opportunity, Sir. We can thus, at an easy rate, obtain a high-bred horse, and as for its docility, this will depend upon the manner in which we rear it and break it in." They all consented to this proposition, and having united Idiot with him, delivered into their hands five pagodas, and despatched them forthwith on their journey.

After Blockhead and Idiot had set out in the manner just mentioned, to purchase the horses' egg, Fool thus threw out a doubt. "Grant that the egg of a high-bred courser be obtained, still when obtained, it is only after having been sat upon that it will be hatched; but who in the world is to hatch it I am sure I do not know. He says that it is not to be encompassed by one's two arms: though we were to keep ten hens together upon it, they could not even stand upon it, much less cover it. Tell us then how we are to manage in this business." On hearing what he said, they all stared at each other with astonishment, and without opening their mouths, remained speechless."

The Gooroo at length gives his decision, saying: "I see no other way but that one of us should hatch it." But upon this, each made his excuses. One had to go for water, another had to do the cooking, another to go round collecting alms,—no one had time or inclination for hatching. The Gooroo accepted their several excuses:—

"For my part (said he), am I not here doing nothing? I will place the egg in my lap, embrace it with my arms, cover it with the skirt of my clothes, hug it in my bosom, guard it with tenderness, and thus hatch it. It is enough if we do but produce the horse, we will not regard the trouble which is to be endured."

Whilst all this deliberation was taking place in the Mattam, Blockhead and Idiot, who had set out in the third watch with the rising moon, after a journey of more than two kádams and a half, bent their



course towards the mark which they had before seen and noticed, and arrived at the borders of the lake where there was an abundance of pumpkins in fruit.

On perceiving this, being greatly delighted, they went to the countryman who was attending there, and entreated him saying, "Master, we earnestly conjure you to give us one of these horses' eggs." He, in his turn, seeing their idiotism, said "Heyday! do you suppose yourselves fit to buy such high-bred horses' eggs as these? They are very costly indeed." To this they replied, "Go to master, do we not know that five pagodas is the price of them? Look ye, friend, take your five pagodas and give us a good egg." To this he answered, "You are, to be sure, fine honest fellows. In consideration of your good qualities, I consent to give them to you at this price; select therefore an egg to your liking, and go your ways."

Having selected the biggest, they set off homeward with the precious egg, and have a great deal of sapient converse on the way.

"Thus conversing, after they had walked along for a considerable distance, the pumpkin, from striking against the bough of a tree which was bent and hanging down, was dashed out of his hands, and suddenly tumbling upon some shrubs which were spreading in bushes below, cracked and fell to pieces.

Upon this, a hare which was sitting in the bushes, started up and ran away. Taking the alarm, they cried out "Behold! the horse's foal which was in the shell has run away;" and followed after to catch and seize it. Running regardless of hills or dales, or woods or commons, the clothes which they had on became entangled in the thorny bushes, and were partly torn and partly detained. They continued the pursuit, with their flesh lacerated by the stumps which they trod on, their blood flowing in consequence of the thorns which stuck into them, their bodies all streaming with perspiration, their hearts beating, their two ears closed, puffing and blowing with fatigue; notwithstanding which, the hare was not caught, and they both fell down, wearied out and harassed with the toil. In the meantime the hare went on, and becoming concealed, so as no longer to be kept in sight, it ran away to a great distance. They too, regardless of their weariness, rose up, and with legs limping and wounded by thorns, stones, and stumps, searched in every direction. Journeying in this afflicted condition, they suffered hunger and fasting all that day, and after sun-set arrived at the Mattam.

When they entered in at the gate, they smote their mouths, crying, 'Alas! alas!' and beating themselves, fell down. 'What is it? What is it? What harm has come to you?' demanded the rest; who came, and, taking them by the hand, raised them up. After the two had related in detail all the circumstances that had happened, Blockhead spoke as follows:—'O Sir, since the day that I was born, I never beheld so swift a horse as this: of an ash colour, mixed with black; in form and size like a hare, and a cubit in length. Although a foal still in the nest, it pricked up its two ears, cocked its tail, which rose up the length of two fingers, extended and stretched forth its four legs, and, with its heart close to the ground, ran with a swiftness and impetuosity which can neither be expressed nor conceived.'

Upon this they were all bewailing, when the Gooroo, appeasing them, said, 'True indeed, the five pagodas are gone, but, however, it is well

that the horse's foal is gone also; if whilst a foal it runs in this manner, when hereafter it shall become full grown, who will be able to ride upon it? I truly am an old man: a horse of this description, my friends, although it were presented to me gratis, I would not accept."

The adventure of the horse's egg having ended thus fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be viewed, the Gooroo continues to go afoot until a benevolent individual bestows upon him a lame horse, which was useless for any purpose but to carry the Gooroo, whom he suited to a nicety. But how was the horse to be lodged?

"Then, said Simpleton, 'What need of consideration for this? I will go now directly and cut some Banian branches, and bring them, and in a moment I will construct a neat stable up in the corner.'

The instant that he spoke, he set out, and ascending a large spread Banian tree which was by the road side, he began to cut with an axe a straight branch which projected. He, however, stood at one end and chopped the part next the trunk; which a Brahman traveller who was coming along the road having perceived, cried out, 'Ho, brother, do not stand in this manner, you yourself will fall together with the branch.' To this he replies, 'Comest thou with this evil boding to me?' with that he hurled at the Brahman a knife which he kept sheathed at his waist;—whilst the other, thinking 'Let this fool learn by suffering,' retreated and made his escape."

Simpleton of course obeys the law of gravitation when the branch has been sufficiently chopped; and the incident leads to the denouement of this whole pleasant history in a way that we must not stay to describe. Mr. Babington, in a note on Simpleton's mishap, remarks that it will remind the reader "of that admirable stroke of satire in Hogarth's engraving of an election; where a foolish fellow sits at the extremity of the crown sign-post, and saws the portion on which he is supported. Our author," he adds, "wrote before Hogarth's time, but the idea is very ancient; for, as I learn from an eminent Sanskrit scholar, it is contained in an anecdote related of Kálidása." This anecdote, which we have never seen in print, nor even in writing, was told to us by a young Brahman some time ago; and it runs as follows. King Vikramáditya had a daughter who was not only learned but, as learned ladies are rather apt to be, somewhat conceited on the subject of her learning. One day the king was so nettled at her assurance, that he gave orders to seek out for the greatest blockhead in his dominions, to whom the princess should be married forthwith. The messengers charged with this investigation went out, somewhat perplexed; but their perplexity was speedily removed by their meeting with a rustic perched upon a lofty branch which he was

cutting through like Simpleton and the electioneer. They waited till man and branch came down together; and then, first ascertaining that the thickness of his skull had saved it in the fall, they carried him in triumph to the king, who applauded their choice and gave orders for the nuptials. The bridegroom was Kálidása, the future Shakspeare of India. He was not such an ass but that he could admire the lady, whose name was Vidyádhari, i. e. "Learning's Possessor." He expressed his admiration in his own uncouth way, and the indignant blue-stocking gave him a box on the ear which tumbled him over the balcony where the tête à tête (or poing à tête) had taken place. Beneath the balcony there was an image of the sanguinary goddess Durgá. Kálidása broke his nose upon the stone, and at the grateful scent of blood the goddess desired him to ask a boon. In spite of his sufferings, both in nose and ear, the enamoured swain attempted to utter the name of his beloved; but his breath failed him in the middle, and of the loved name of Vidyá-dhari he succeeded in gasping out only the first two syllables—*vidyá*—*learning*. Learning forthwith was his, as his beautiful poems to this day attest; and moreover his learning gained him the lady—for she jeered him as he went to wash his bleeding nose among the lotuses, and received from him so elegant a retort, that she incontinently fell in love with him. To return to the worthy Gooroo Noodle. The horse having been obtained and provided for, the Gooroo travels in state.

"One day, when they were on their return to the Mattam, as the Gooroo was jogging along on horseback, his turban happened to fall off behind him, in consequence of encountering the branch of a tree which hung downwards. Thinking that the disciples had picked it up, after he had travelled on quietly for a considerable distance, he asked them, 'Where is my turban? please to give it me.' They replied, 'It is yonder, and probably lies on the spot where it fell.' Upon which he grew angry, and said, 'Is it not necessary to pick up everything that has fallen?'"

Idiot, who runs off to pick up the turban, picks up all sorts of superfluous fallen things at the same time, which vexes the Gooroo, who exclaims "Fie, fie," whereupon the rest of the party remonstrate.

"How is this, Sir? Did you not deliver your instructions before, saying, that everything which fell was to be picked up; and now, because Idiot acts according to those instructions, you fly into a passion; wherefore is this? As for the Gooroo, he replied, 'Not so. There are some things which it is proper to pick up, and others which it is improper to pick up. You should act with some show of sagacity.' To this they replied, 'We are not men so clever as all that.' So they re-

quested that he would write down, separately, such things only as they were required to pick up, and these he wrote accordingly.

After this, in travelling along, the ground being slippery and wet, the lame horse, which tottered as it went, tripped and fell down, and the Gooroo tumbling head downwards and feet upwards into a large hole which was near, roared out for help and cried 'Pray run and pick me out.' The disciples ran to him, and one of them taking out the list which he had before written and given to them, began to read thus:—'To pick up a fallen turban—to pick up a fallen waistcloth and short cloth—to pick up a fallen jacket and drawers.' Thus the Gooroo lay there, while they went over each article one by one, and notwithstanding all his entreaty and all his rage, because it was not written in the list, they persevered in refusal, saying, 'Sir, where is it written that you are to be picked up? show us. We will do exactly according to what is written; but we will never consent to do that which is not written.' He, perceiving their obstinacy, and seeing no other way of escape, took the list, and wrote, in the place where he was lying, 'And if I fall, you are to pick me up.'

His disciples, when they saw what was written, all, with one accord, went and picked him up, and having seated him on the horse, they conveyed him to the Mattam."

The end of the worthy Gooroo Noodle is so 'tragical, that we cannot bring ourselves to detail it; so we here bring our account of the book to a conclusion.

## VII.

### THE PULPIT AND ITS POWER.\*

To have collected together, in one article of our April number, all the remarks we wished to make on a subject so extensive in its bearings, as is the "Power of the Pulpit," would have been impossible; and, had it been possible, scarcely desirable. It was our endeavour, then, to bring the subject before our readers in a general and attractive way: and though it be discussed somewhat more fully in this article, we shall still hope to keep up its interest, either for those who are concerned, i. e. themselves imparting an increased power to the office of the preacher, or for those, who are glad to gather from his lips counsel and assistance, as they journey along the road that leads through time to eternity.

In the former article, we spoke both of preachers, as men: and of the subject matter of their preaching, as ministers of Christ. We purpose doing the same now: as also to give a few extracts, as specimens of Pulpit Oratory.

I. There are various causes which tend to make a preacher *liked* by his hearers, irrespective, in a great measure, of the sermons he preaches: that is, two men may generally preach sermons, on an average equally good, but yet they may not give the same satisfaction as preachers; even though their lives be alike pure, and their characters alike irreproachable. For clergymen, of course, have all those various shades of difference in manners, in their habits, in their ways of speaking, and even of *looking*, which make them, as men, acceptable to some, and not to others. "Yes, he preaches very good sermons, but he is not liked," is frequently said about very zealous men, who are yet not acceptable to those amongst whom they minister. It is exceedingly unfortunate where this happens; unfortunate for the clergyman and hardly less so for those who have tried to,

1. "The Victory of Faith," by Julius Charles Hare, M.A., Archdeacon of Lewes, Rector of Herstmonceux. 2nd Edition. London, 1847.
2. Sermons preached in Herstmonceux Church, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. London, 1841.
3. Sermons preached at Cambridge, during the month of November, 1839, by Henry Melvill, B.D., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Published by request. Rivington's, 1840.
4. Practical Sermons, by Revd. Charles Bradley, Vicar of Glasbury, Brecknockshire, and Minister of St. James's Chapel, Clapham. 2nd Edition. London, 1843.

but cannot, like him. And we mention this, because we consider everything that tends to make a preacher beloved by his congregation (especially in this country, where he has not much parochial visiting—as the pastor of his flock) is well worthy his attention. Here, so far as our own experience goes, a kind and conciliatory manner in his daily intercourse with those who compose his Sunday audience is absolutely necessary to predispose them to frequent his Church. Congregations cannot think of their preacher's sermons unconnected with his every-day character and conduct. He will not gain their *regard*, by his Sunday work alone; and it is worth his while to be a favorite with all, whose favour is worth his having. The advantage, therefore, that in most cases a clergyman in India has *not*, by his inability to prove himself a good parochial minister, he must in part gain, by a conciliatory, friendly manner towards others, in whose society he is thrown. A love of arguing, or the habit of complaining, or a dictatorial manner, will not win any one: and, though a clergyman were to be pitted, who, to gain popularity, became “all things to all men,” in one sense; all would esteem him who became so, in the sense, in which the great Apostle of the Gentiles did.

On those, who have such parochial work as the visits to an European hospital may be called, there can be little need to press the importance of unwearying energy, when they are engaged in this portion of their ministerial duty; and we mention this, because if any preacher would do good in a regiment, he must be known as a good hospital preacher, as well as a good pulpit preacher. In his case the hospital will be found a valuable ally to the pulpit. In his visits to the former, he may make himself cognizant with a soldier's habits of thought, associations, previous life—into even minute details of which many will most gladly enter: and these details, when digested and generalized, will, we imagine, enable him to preach his Sunday morning sermon, when probably the regiment forms the majority of his audience, with wonderful efficacy. For his own sake, therefore, no clergyman will content himself with a weekly service, in one of the hospital wards—a thing generally impracticable by reason of Protestants and Roman Catholics being intermixed—far less with addressing only those who seek his advice. When a poor fellow lies prostrate by sickness, an opportunity is afforded to his clergyman, of speaking to him in a way that he *cannot* from the pulpit, be his sermons never so interesting, never so plain, never so heart-stirring.

Hospital, like cottage, sermons are as beneficial to the preacher, as to those to whom he preaches.

Yet, even though a preacher in India has all that *prestige* in his favour that a gentle, and kind, and conciliating manner will be certain *in time* to procure for him; and though he has had opportunities of gaining some insight into the habits and associations of his hearers; yet it is impossible for him to devote too much care in his preparation for the pulpit.

To leave, for the present, the *subjects* of his discourses, he will have—if his sermon be wholly written—to chuse every word he speaks, and carefully before-hand to array his thoughts in that dress, in which he may deem them best suited to appear. Here, therefore, his originality of thought, as well as his power of language, and skill in using it, will all be brought into play: and if, to some originality of thought and a skilful arrangement of the ideas suggested by his subject, there be added a graceful structure of language, the sermon will *read well*, as a composition. Before an audience, however, we contend that sermons are *not* to be read: and that whoever thinks he has done his duty, so far as the pulpit is concerned, in merely *writing* a good sermon, will not make a good preacher. There is a vast difference between the two: and it is that difference that causes us frequently to admire a clergyman's printed sermons, yet not to like his preaching; or vice versa. In reading a sermon, we have but to think of the page spread out before us. If the argument is good, and the style pure and graceful, and the subject well treated, we have nothing to do with the writer. But it is not so in a preached sermon. We cannot help listening to, and looking at, the preacher. His voice, his manner, his looks—all have something to do with the effect of what he says. If so, can any of them be unworthy of his attention?

Pulpit eloquence, we feel sure, does not depend only on the preparation of the sermon, but in a very great measure on its delivery. It is to this latter point that we consider our English Divines have not given, by any means, sufficient care. So far as regards the *mere composition* of a sermon, if only they will give their minds to do it as well as they can, there is not so much fear of their failing: but there is very great fear, with their cold English manners, that they lose an immense advantage, in the way in which it is preached. A very large majority of the sermons professedly *preached*, every Sunday in England, by clergymen of the English Church, are, we are persuaded, not really preached. They are *read*: and what is more, their readers never intend to do more than

read them. Now it is quite true that, amongst the higher classes, a very quiet manner in the pulpit is essential to their liking their minister. But a very quiet manner is perfectly consistent with a very good, and very impressive, delivery. It is not necessary to make a noise to gain the attention of such an audience, and still less necessary to assume any thing like a theatrical sort of action. Such things would annoy educated Englishmen unspeakably. But there is a happy medium, which is often able to be hit upon, which is neither peculiar, nor out of place: and which, while it impresses you with the speaker being in real earnest, dismisses you with a far better remembrance of what he has been saying than if his sermon had been read out, as you would have read it yourself. To us, we are sorry to confess, there is something very soporific in a monotonous voice going on for half an hour without much pause in a hot Church; and unless the subject is very interesting, it is a great difficulty to avoid dropping off to sleep. But how the whole thing is changed, when the preacher's face is lit up with earnestness; when his manner is calmly energetic; when his tone changes according as he is appealing to his hearers' hearts, or proposing arguments to their understandings; when, occasionally, as he comes to the more solemn portions of his discourse, he gives token of being himself more than commonly impressed with the solemnity of his subject; and, with hand slightly raised, as though to command attention, he pours forth the sacred truths he has to utter, with all the fervid eloquence of which he is master! It is impossible not to have felt the difference in power between a sermon preached in some such way as this, and one delivered by a preacher who gives no outward evidence of caring whether his hearers understand and follow him, or not.

We have just now been supposing the congregation to be composed for the most part of well educated persons, such as the generality of our congregations in the greater number of Indian Churches. But, in the case of such congregations as the Indian Missionary has to address; and equally of those which are found in small rural parishes in England, where the majority are poor and ill-educated persons, and there is a difficulty in gaining their undivided attention at any time; can there be any impropriety in making the manner of a sermon's delivery better adapted for those before whom it is preached? If, in order to do them any good, the preacher must gain their attention, the question is how may this best be done? The very subdued and quiet manner, ne-



cessary before an audience of better cultivated minds, who—if they chuse—can more easily fix their attention, would not equally answer the required purpose, in the case of those who cannot read, and who have never learnt to exercise habits of mental application. This is perfectly understood by preachers of a Dissenting community, whose congregations are more generally formed of the poorer classes. No one, who has ever attended a Dissenting Meeting in the rural districts of England, can have failed to remark the totally different *style of delivery* adapted by the preachers in those places of worship, to that which is to be found in the Parish Church. It has charms for its hearers, which decidedly no monotonous, quiet, delivery would ever have. Church of England Divines might do well to remember this. They need not to give less attention in preparing, but more care in preaching, their sermons; so that even the most ignorant, or careless, of their hearers might go away, confident of *one* thing at least,—that their minister was in real earnest.

One important matter in a good delivery is a properly modulated voice. It has more power than even a graceful action; but, when combined with this, it can hardly fail in quickening attention. A harsh and unmastered voice must invariably be a great drawback to any public speaker; and it is long before a congregation become accustomed to it even in a favorite preacher. But even a harsh voice may be wonderfully modulated. One preacher, an extract from whose sermons will immediately be given, without much sweetness of voice, and without any gracefulness of manner in the pulpit, has a singular *command* of voice. Its tone at one moment is utterly different to what it is at another: and when (as is frequently the case) he keenly satirizes human follies, his voice would leave you in no doubt as to the *view* of his discourse: just as when he winds up a sermon, by one of those earnest and affectionate appeals to the heart, that none know better than himself how to make, not one of his hearers could fail to discover—even were they almost ignorant of the meaning of his language—that the preacher had a totally different object in view to that which he had when he was holding up vice to contempt, and exposing the folly, as well as the wickedness, of the profligate.

All necessary modulation of voice may, we apprehend, be easily acquired by any preacher really earnest in his work: but he must know his sermon, if wholly written, very well, in order to give to its delivery the assistances to which reference has now been made. It is very painful to hear a

sermon well delivered at one part, and badly at another : but this often happens, when the sermon was written some time before the occasion of its being preached, if it was not thoroughly studied immediately before-hand. In this important point of delivery without doubt a good *extemporary* preacher has an immense advantage. The mere circumstance of his not being constantly obliged to look at a book is a very great thing. He can apply himself more wholly, if master of his subject, and his language, to the one object then in view, *so far as the delivery of the sermon is concerned*, of *impressing* and *gaining* the attention of his hearers. It is the composition, the fabric, of the discourse, that is likely to suffer, when no sermon-book is used : and hence, where (as in the case of an uncultivated congregation) the mode of delivering is almost of greater importance than the high finish of the composition, extemporary preaching may be resorted to with very marked benefit. Far be it from us to dissuade any clergyman from learning by degrees to dispense with wholly written, or even partially written, sermons. In our former remarks on extemporary preaching, it was by no means our wish either to underrate the advantage, or magnify the difficulty, of being able so to preach. But, believing it to be no easy matter to preach good extemporary sermons before such audiences as are collected in large stations in India, we so represented it ; and have as yet found no good reason for altering the opinion then expressed. Many good men may think otherwise, and be disposed to wish extemporary, i. e. unwritten, sermons were the rule, instead of being the exception. Many may trace the whole system of written compositions to indolence ; and regard the English clergyman in the light of a drone, when weighed in the balance with the Dissenting minister, whose sermon-book is his Bible. We have no wish to dispute the matter. Perhaps most will agree in this :—that, as to the sermon, if it be really good, and *well preached*, it is a matter of very little consequence whether it be written, or not : and, as to the preacher, if he, by the foolishness of his preaching is made the honoured instrument of winning souls to Christ, and turning many to righteousness, that his work will be accepted by the great Head of the Church, whether it was performed in one way, or another.

Pulpit eloquence should always be of the *chastest* kind, and this pre-supposes good taste and judgment, on the part of the preacher. Amongst the hosts of sermon writers, that are now alive, it is a somewhat invidious task to select one or two, as models. All that have read many printed, or

heard many preached, sermons have probably decided for themselves, who is the finest preacher they have ever heard, or who writes the finest sermons they have ever read. The few extracts we purpose giving have been selected rather for their different styles of eloquence, than in order to collaud their authors. In truth, we had far sooner that our readers should hear, and examine, and judge for themselves; and shall be amply satisfied if aught that has been here said, shall lead any to turn an increased attention to Pulpit Literature. The object of such literature being to expound the Holy Bible, *who, that loves God's Word, but must rejoice, when to its elucidation, master minds bring the patient study of years, and understandings enlightened and sanctified by the Holy Spirit of God?*

There are now before us two volumes of sermons preached by Julius Charles Hare: the one, containing a course of sermons preached before the University of Cambridge—their subject being “the Victory of Faith;” the other containing sermons, preached in his country Parish Church, in Sussex. There is not one of all these sermons that is without much eloquence; but, as might be expected, his Parish sermons have a very different style of eloquence to that found in his University course. From such sermons, as those he calls “the Victory of Faith,” it is no easy matter to make any short extract by way of specimen, for all of them are deeply argumentative, and depend on one another; and two or three links give but a faint idea of the value and beauty of the whole chain. Here is a passage from the IIIrd Sermon, in which “the Office and Province of Faith” is discussed:

“In this sense the doctrine, which became the watchword of the Reformation, concerning the justifying character of Faith, may, to a certain extent, be termed a new doctrine. It was not the shooting forward of a new star: but a star, which for ages had been standing overhead, and toward which the eyes of many generations had been turned, was more carefully observed; and its polarity was more distinctly recognized. Here too it was out of the darkness that the light was struck. The immediate reason, which led Luther and his brother Reformers to assert this truth with such zeal, and to make it the foremost article in their Confessions, was the prevalence of the opposite error, the deadly heresy of good works, by which the Church was then overrun. From the very first indeed the truth with regard to this fundamental principle as it had been declared with such power and clearness by St. Paul, had been acknowledged more or less explicitly by the Church. . . . From the very first, those who embraced Christianity had perceived that its peculiar essence lies, not in the works which it enjoins, but in the truths, the eternal facts and living revelations, which it reveals, and still more in the graces which it bestows: that, as a revelation, it could only be made to Faith, and only apprehended by Faith; and that its

" heavenly graces were only granted to Faith, and by Faith alone could be  
 " received and appropriated. The general scheme of moral observances  
 " prescribed by it was, on the whole, nearly the same which the Reason  
 " and Understanding of man, refined and ripened by the course of ages,  
 " had already laid down. That it was so, is proved by the remarkable  
 " fact, that the only ethical treatises which have maintained their au-  
 " thority through all ages and nations of Christendom, and which even  
 " at this day we know not how to supersede or dispense with, are those  
 " by the master of Greek philosophy, and by the master of Roman elo-  
 " quence. But Christianity breathed the breath of life into that, which  
 " was before a body made of the dust of the ground, and which thus  
 " became a living soul. The code of duties might be nearly the same ;  
 " but a spirit from heaven entered into it ; and a light from heaven fell  
 " upon it. Now so long as Christianity was the antagonist of heathen-  
 " ism, so long as the warfare lasted, that which was especially distinc-  
 " tive of Christianity, would naturally be set in the front of all theolo-  
 " gical argument : nor could there be a doubt whether Faith was a prac-  
 " tical power, when they who bore witness to it rejoiced to do so by  
 " martyrdom. Hereby it overcame the world ; and this was the crown  
 " which the victors strove to gain. On the other hand, after the Church  
 " had been set up on the high places of the earth, her attention was  
 " drawn more to details of regulation and administration,—to the fruits  
 " of Faith, rather than to the power by which those fruits are to be pro-  
 " duced. In course of time too she forgot that she was militant, because  
 " she had ceased to be so outwardly ; and fancying that she was at  
 " peace with the world, she almost forgot that it was still her task to  
 " overcome the world. Thus she allowed the weapon, wherewith she  
 " should have overcome the world, to lie in its sheath, brandishing a  
 " foil in its stead . . . Good works became the main argument of  
 " her preaching. But good works have no life in themselves : they  
 " can only spring livingly from Faith. Hence when works are in-  
 " culcated for their own sake, they will soon degenerate into dead  
 " works. The more formal they are, the more easily will they admit  
 " of being so inculcated ; and then they become a mask, which evil  
 " is willing enough to wear. . . . Such were the works from the soul-  
 " crushing yoke of which St. Paul delivered the Galatians. Such were  
 " the works against which Luther roused the slumbering spirit of Chris-  
 " tendom, by reproclaiming the self-same doctrine that ' man is justified  
 " by Faith, without the deeds of the Law.' This doctrine had been  
 " acknowledged, at least implicitly, by the greatest teachers of Chris-  
 " tianity in the interval between St. Paul and Luther : only they were  
 " not equally alive to the necessity of regenerating the Church by it.  
 " They did not see so plainly that, unless the waters are kept ever  
 " flowing in freshness and might from the heavenly spring, a crust of  
 " weeds is sure to form over them. This Luther saw, with a clearness  
 " which nothing could dim, with a certainty which nothing could shake.  
 " In this conviction he said to the mystery of iniquity, ' Be thou re-  
 " moved, and be thou cast into the sea ;' and it was done. God was  
 " pleased again to shew forth how Faith has the power of delivering, as  
 " well as of overcoming, the world."—(pp. 64—67.)

But the finest sermon of this course is the last, where the preacher paraphrases the XIth Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews ; and cites, after the inspired author's manner, the

names of worthies of the Christian Church, as he in that Chapter has cited those of the Patriarchal or Jewish; of which most beautiful paraphrase (too long for us to quote entire) we cannot help giving the concluding paragraphs:

“By faith, Wickliff, the morning-star of the Reformation, rose out of the darkness, and heralded the coming day-light.

“By faith, Luther proclaimed his Theses against the doctrine of Indulgences. By faith, he burnt the Pope’s bull, and thereby for himself, and for thousands of millions after him, threw off the crushing yoke of Rome. By faith, he went to the Diet at Worms, though warned that the fate of Huss awaited him, going in the strength of Christ, despite of the gates of hell, and of the Prince of the powers of the air. By faith, a single friendless monk, standing before the princes of the Empire, he witnessed a noble confession with meekness, in behalf of the truth. By faith, he translated the Bible, and received the blessed reward of being the interpreter of the Word of God to his countrymen for all generations.

“By faith, Rogers, the protomartyr of our Reformation, when his wife and his eleven children met him on his way to the stake, and an offer of life and pardon was brought to him in their sight, if so be he would recant, walked on with a stout heart, and washed his hands in the flames, while he was burning, rejoicing in the fiery baptism, whereby he gave up his soul to God.

“By faith, Ridley looked forward with joy to the fire that awaited him, and bade his sister come to his marriage.

“By faith, the aged Latimer, when stripped to his shroud, rose up on high, as though his very body had been newstrung, and cheered his own heart, and his companion’s, by the prophetic assurance, that on that day by God’s grace they should light such a candle in England, as would never be put out.

“By faith, the noble army of martyrs mounted in their fiery chariots to heaven.

“By faith, Oberlin went forth among the Vosges, and labouring in all things at the head of his people, spread the blessings of religion and civilization among the wild inhabitants.

“By faith, Clarkson and Wilberforce overthrew the slave-trade: and as it is the nature of the grain of mustard-seed to grow until it has become great among the trees of the forest, so through their faith has slavery been abolished throughout the British dominions.

“By faith, Simeon, preaching the Word of God in this town, through a long life of persevering activity, became the instrument of sending forth zealous preachers of Christ into all parts of the country, and thus contributed, under God’s blessing, more than any other man, to that revival of true religion, which has taken place of late years amongst us; and which we hope and pray, will increase and spread, until in England at least, the knowledge of God shall fill the land, as the waters cover the sea.

“And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of Ignatius, and Justin, and Cyprian, and Perpetua, and Basil, and Augustin, and Patrick, and Bede, and Anselm, and Huss, and Melancthon, and Twingli, and Calvin, and Knox, and Hooper, and Rowland Taylor, and Bunyan, and George Fox, and Penn, and Baxter, and Flavel, and Wesley, and Zinzendorf, and Francis Xavier, and

“Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, and Schwartz, and Howard, and Neff, and Henry Martyn; who by faith subdued kingdoms for Christ, wrought righteousness, obtained the fulfilment of the promises, stopt the mouths of blasphemers, and filled them with hymns of praise, quenched the violence of hatred, melting it into love; out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight against Satan, and turned armies of aliens to bow before the name of the living God. Women and maidens withstood the entreaties of their children and parents, looking with longing for the moment that was to open the gates of immortality. Children rejoiced in the thought of the glorious city to which they were going. Others, thousands upon thousands, devoted their lives to the humblest labours in the service of Him, whom they would gladly have glorified by their deaths. Wherefore, seeing, brethren, that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of weaknesses, let us lay aside every weight, and our besetting sin, and let us run with patience the race set before us, looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our Faith.”—(pp. 197—199.)

Now, turn to the same preacher's sermons, when rustics formed his audience; and there is equally beautiful language, however different the style and structure of his discourses. Here, we mark the peculiar tact their author has in moulding to his purpose the lessons taught by the daily events of life, or the change of seasons;—indeed by all of Nature's varied works. Take, for instance, such a passage as this, from a sermon on Romans iv. 18.

“Should I remind you of another parable, by which nature sets forth the same truth, how life springs out of death. The day on which we are now met together may serve to call up the thought, When we were last here, another year was just dropping off from Time's everlasting garland. A single leaf of it was still lingering behind its companions: and now that too has gone. But already another year has opened its blossom with more than ordinary brightness. Another year has burst out of the shell of the old one, and is spreading out its wings in the sunshine: and it too in the course of its seasons will shower beauty and richness over the earth. It is only out of the death of the old year that the new can arise. Though winter seems to waste and destroy everything, it is in fact renewing the earth, refreshing and restoring its exhausted powers, and preparing it for the spring. Therefore let none despair, because he feels himself to be a sinner: let none give way to hopelessness, because his heart is so hard. If you do indeed feel that you are sinners, if the winter of affliction has been stripping your heart of its withered clothing, and laying bare its hardness, then for you more especially is the grace of God waiting, to shine upon you, to thaw your frozen feelings, and to ripen every germ of good that may be lying within you.”—(Parish Sermons, p. 52.)

Or again this: in a sermon (on Joshua xxiv. 15) in which Family Prayer is recommended:—

“We have been led by our Lord's parable to liken a Christian family, and a Christian congregation, to a cluster of grapes. Such are they,

"if they hang from the true Vine, if the life, which springs from the true Vine, be ever flowing into them through prayer,—through prayer offered up in brotherly communion one beside the other. And what can give a more beautiful image of the love, the neighbourly kindness, the peace, which ought to prevail in a brotherhood of Christians, than a cluster of grapes? There is no jealousy, no rivalry amongst them, no bickerings, no divisions. Each of them leans so lovingly and confidingly on the bosoms of all around it, sure of being supported by them, doing its best to support them, sure of having its brotherly kiss welcomed and returned. None of them seems to have any desire of thrusting itself forward before the others, or of pushing them into the back ground, or of shewing itself off at their cost. On the contrary, each seems contented to stand just peeping out of its cell, half hidden by its neighbours, retiring behind them, and almost, as it were, in honour preferring them. Such are the grapes of the true Vine. Such are the families in the living Church of Christ. They hang from Him. Their love flows into them from Him: and therefore they love each other. Earthly love is frail, is weak, is soon shaken, soon driven to and fro. It is easily blighted, easily blasted, easily withered, easily rotted. At the very best, it must be trodden under foot before long by Death. But they who love each other in Christ, they who hang together from Christ, they who join daily in seeking the spirit of love from Christ,—their love passes not away. Nothing on earth can shake or wound it. Death has no power over it. It will rise with them from the grave. It will gather them together in the courts of heaven. And they who have served the Lord along with their house in this life, will continue to serve the Lord along with their house through eternity."—(p. 388.)

Any preacher who could write in this way must indeed have a miserable delivery to prevent his words having a slight or transient effect upon his hearers. But all clergymen have not the highly cultivated understanding and vigorous intellect of Archdeacon Hare. They must be content, where they lack originality of thought, and such power of expressing themselves as they might wish, to do their best, and remedy their wants, as far as they can, by earnestness of manner and an impressive delivery. Further, it can never be wise for any preacher to attempt *too much* in the way of eloquence. To be really eloquent, any one must have a very clear perception of all in which *true* eloquence consists, and this can rarely be obtained without extensive reading, and the most careful study. Besides the more common observations that may be made on a subject, there are so many combinations of thoughts, and words; such a variety of ways in which even the same thing may be said, or the same kind of argument used; such opportunities for exhibiting important points in a strong light, and thereby fixing them more firmly in the hearers' thoughts; so many aids for gracefully embellishing language, and thereby adding a beauty to the garb in which the preacher's thoughts are arrayed; that to say all this requires

great *taste*, and a good judgment, is to say that which must be evident to every body.

In the opinion of many persons, the excellent Clergyman, now Principal of the Hayleybury College, has for long been amongst living Divines, of Pulpit Orators *facile princeps*. Of his eloquence, in truth, there can be no doubt; nor of his skill in elucidating some of the more obscure passages of Holy Writ;\* nor of the able way in which he heaps argument on argument; when the discussion of his subject requires it. Yet—if our readers will bear with us—we confess we have hardly avoided thinking, especially in hearing him preach, that his eloquence is almost of too dazzling a character, for the pulpit. It seems well nigh to overwhelm, even whilst it charms, you. It makes you breathless with admiration, till the very effort of drinking in the luscious draught quite wearies you. It is not *equally* so, in *reading* his printed sermons, and probably few printed sermons have undergone less revision, or alteration, than those of this eminent preacher, on account of the exceeding care given to their preparation, prior to their being delivered from the pulpit. Here is the conclusion of one of his University sermons; its subject “the Speech of the Dead;” his text Hebrew xi. 4.

“There is something grand and ennobling about such ambition. It seems to me that the man who entertains and accomplishes the desire of witnessing for truth after death, triumphs over death, in the highest possible sense. I could almost dare to say, that he never dies. Can it be said of St. Paul, that he died? Not if you regard death as withdrawing a man from usefulness, and terminating the season in which he may serve the Redeemer. The Apostle has been preaching, in every land, in every age. He could not die: he was to be the Apostle to the Gentiles to the end of time, the earth his diocese, the period of the Christian Dispensation his life. It has been the same with martyrs and confessors. They have not died: he dies not, whose spirit is abroad, battling with error, and gathering in the harvest of the earth.

“And men of less surpassing renown do not necessarily die, when the soul leaves the body, and the place which has known them knows them no more. There is many a private Christian—to say nothing of a pastor—who is long remembered, whose lessons operate, when the tongue which delivered them has mouldered into dust. The memory of many a cottage patriarch is yet fresh in the valley where his days were spent: vice still seems rebuked by his frown, and virtue cheered by his smile. . . . And we call it the destruction of death, when a man may thus do good, notwithstanding his decease. This is eternal life, life without a break, without a period of inactivity. O noble attainment! We will not leave ambition to be engrossed by the worldly: a Christian should live to do good, and he should not be content to do

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\* See his Sermons on the less prominent facts of Scripture. 2 vols.



“it only while he lives. The being remembered through the being useful; the continuing to serve God, when apparently withdrawn from His service; the surviving in the Church, not indeed on the storied marble, but through leaving behind us what furthers the advance of the Gospel, whether it be in example, in writings, or in engines for the diffusion of truth—let us not be told that this desire must be sinful. Rather were it sinful not to entertain it. As Christians, we should burn to bring glory to God. We should not be willing to be circumscribed by life. The battle is to go on, and we should long to take part. The Church is to be edified, and we should crave for employment. Yea, it might be as pure and humble a wish as ever was breathed, though it might sound like that of one eager for human distinction, if it did not suffice us to be useful to others whilst we tabernacled amongst them; but if, throwing onwards our thoughts to yet distant days, we craved that it might, in some sense, be said of us as of Abel, ‘He, being dead, yet speaketh.’

“Noble longing! The wounded warrior, as the life’s blood ebbs away, will sometimes kindle at the noise of the battle. He will half raise himself from the earth, listen to the distant shout, and forget his anguish, as he hears the triumph of his comrades in arms. Yes, chivalry has such tales; but Christianity may have nobler. The servants of Christ, when they can no longer join the war, may breathe out the soul in prayers for its success. And the glorious, the majestic thing, were to feel, that, having laboured to the end in the championship of truth, we were not even then to be wholly discharged—to be able to exclaim, with all the confidence of a little child, ‘Lord, Jesus, receive my spirit,’ and at the same time, with all the heroism of a soldier of the cross ‘Being dead, I yet shall speak.’”—(pp. 37—39, preached November 1839.)

No apology can be necessary for quoting another passage by the same author, from a sermon on *Matth. xii. 41*.

“It is in this way that we bring the Ninevites to convict the Jews of wilful infidelity. You ask us to show that the sign of the resurrection was sufficient to work belief in all fair enquirers. We give you our reply by going back over the waste of long ages, and leading you to Nineveh, that ‘exceeding great city,’ with its vast and impious population. We bid you mark how, on a sudden, the sounds of revelry are hushed: how all the business, and all the pleasure, of the stirring and luxurious metropolis come, as in a moment, to a stand: and how the great, and the mean, the king in his palace, the nobles in their halls, the poor in their hovels, as though shrinking from a wrath which rushed visibly onwards, bow themselves to the earth, and cry mightily for deliverance. And why is this? Hath God indeed come forth from the solitudes of eternity, and, riding the firmament in the chariot of vengeance, made bare his arm in the view of the Ninevites? Have angelic beings, withering the eyesight of those who dared to gaze on their forms of fire, come down with the proclamation, that yet forty days, and the proud city shall be a ruin?—A foreigner, with no attendants, a wanderer without a home, and without a friend in the magnificent capital—this is the being at whose bidding the flowings of a nation’s wickedness have been stayed, and whose voice, syllabing calamity, has arrested the occupations and the joyousness of hundreds of thousands. Then this foreigner, this wanderer, must

“ have given striking evidence that he spake in God’s name : and you  
 “ will allow, that if, in any other case, the like evidence be afforded, the  
 “ effect wrought upon the Ninevites demonstrates that it ought to be con-  
 “ vincing. But this evidence was the evidence of a resurrection. This  
 “ prophet of disaster has been sepulchred three days and nights in the  
 “ depths of the waters, and then rose up uninjured from this strangest of  
 “ tombs. This fact it was, which the Ninevites knew, and on this fact it  
 “ was that they received Jonas as a prophet. The evidence then of a  
 “ resurrection sufficed under the most unpromising circumstances, when  
 “ it stood absolutely alone, and the parties to be convinced were the  
 “ idolatrous and profane. It follows therefore, that sufficient evidence  
 “ is afforded, whensoever the evidence of a resurrection is afforded.  
 “ And when a nation resists the sign which thus overcame the people  
 “ of Nineveh, continuing in unbelief, though the messenger, who de-  
 “ clares himself authorized by God, have burst the bands of death, and  
 “ mastered the grave, we may conclude that its infidelity is not to be  
 “ subdued by any evidence consistent with human accountableness :  
 “ and we must feel the justice of what Christ declared in regard of the  
 “ Jews, ‘The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment with this genera-  
 “ tion, and shall condemn it.’ ”—(pp. 93, 94.)

To doubt the eloquence of such passages as these were to be dead to all appreciation of literature. They are beyond all praise for their spirit-stirring language ; and the charm that language like this possesses is almost independent of the subject of which it is treating. Still, we cannot help feeling that the eloquence of this preacher is more that sort of eloquence, which—considered apart from its sacred themes—we admire in some brilliant passage of Sheridan, or Burke, or Macaulay. To our minds, however differently others may feel, the highest sort of Pulpit Eloquence is of a less dazzling, overwhelming, nature. It seems to us, that the sacred truths of the Gospel of Christ, whether doctrinal or practical, should be, so to speak, richly and nobly, but at the same time neatly and quietly, dressed ; should be, in one expression, *simplex munditiis*. There may be too much ornament, even though the superfluity consists of the finest gold, or the most costly gems.

We pass to a very different style of pulpit eloquence, in noticing that of another clergyman of the English Church, now living : but those of our readers, who are acquainted with Bradley’s sermons, will not wonder at our alluding to him, as one by no means unskilled in using the power of the pulpit. All his sermons are characterized by his evident wish to exhibit most plainly the doctrine of “Christ crucified.” There is no doubt of his glorying in the Cross of Christ ; or of his earnest desire that his hearers should do the same. He never seems to think of writing for *effect* : but effect his sermons have, either when preached by himself, or

read by others. Some of them, we humbly think, would have lost nothing by a more careful revision before they were sent to the printing press; but, notwithstanding, they are well worth perusal. In his congregation at Clapham, his audience is almost entirely composed of men and women, who make a high profession of religion, and who are almost, without exception, regular communicants at the Lord's Table. As such he addresses them. By way of exhibiting the contrast of *his* style, and that of the last cited preacher, we quote a passage from a sermon on "Mary anointing Christ;" the text St. Mark xiv. 8, 9:—

"And now, turning from Mary and her conduct, let us all think of ourselves and our conduct. What have we done for Christ? done from grateful love to Him, from a desire to honour Him? Some of us feel that we could scarcely ask ourselves a more humbling question. But there may be others, who can ask it, and yet not be in the least humbled by it. They have done their best, they say; not all they ought perhaps, but like Mary, all they could. And they really believe this, and are willing to stake the salvation of their souls on it, their everlasting destiny. This is fearful ground, brethren, for creatures like you and me to take! It will as surely sink beneath you, as you plant a foot on it. 'We have done all we could,' you say. O no; not you, nor any one of all the millions of mankind. What, have you never lost a single opportunity of honouring Christ which you might have embraced? never withheld from Him a single offering or service which you might have rendered Him? never dishonoured Him by any one folly or sin from which you could have kept yourselves free? You feel, at once, that these are assertions you dare not make, and yet 'we have done all we could' is in effect saying the same. Mary would never have said anything like this of herself. You may appeal to the text, and say, 'But her Lord said it of her.' He did indeed, but He said it not of her whole life; He is speaking only of one extraordinary act of it. The probability is, that those amongst us who use this language have never yet really done anything at all for Christ; that were they asked at this moment what sacrifice they have ever made for Him, what self-denial practised, what painful cross carried, what labour of love performed, they would be silent, they could tell us of none. We are miserable sinners, brethren, and till we have discovered our misery and sin, and fled to Christ for deliverance, as none but those who feel themselves perishing ever do flee to Him, we want the spring within us, that will impel us to live to Him. And what is this? It is a fervent love to Him, arising out of a perception, a grateful feeling, of the immense things He has done for us. 'We love Him, because He first loved us'—there is the secret of Christian obedience, Christian self-denial, Christian devotedness."—(p. 205, Practical Sermons, vol. ii.)

We should willingly speak of the compositions of the present race of our Indian clergy, were it in our power; but they appear to have greater fears than their brethren in England of appearing in print; and certainly, if one may

form any judgment from the contents of most book-cases, the sale of their sermons would hardly cover the cost. Yet no doubt some sermons are preached in India, which are worth publishing; and the general charge of indolence which is not unfrequently made against our clergy has unfortunately some show of truth, from the extremely slight addition they have made to our Literature, even in that department, with which they may reasonably be supposed to be best acquainted. Originality of thought, and a vigorous style, are, let us hope, not wanting in many pulpits of India; but, save to the congregations of such preachers, as occupy them, their powers are unknown. Except the sermons of our venerable Metropolitan, (which unfortunately are not in our possession) we are not aware of the existence of any volumes of printed sermons, by any minister, now in India.\*

II. We proceed to a point of far greater importance than either the composition or delivery, of the sermon: this is, its subject-matter.

The object of preaching being, according to our former definition, "to win souls to Christ;" in other words, to make all men feel their need of a Saviour; every Steward of the Mysteries of Christ, who would be counted a good and faith-

\* The censure which our zealous Correspondent here expresses is not, it must be owned, entirely undue. Considering the peculiar sphere in which the Indian clergy labour, and the variety of uses which, in the numerous stations destitute of an appointed Chaplain, their discourses might conveniently subserve, we are far from having fulfilled our part in enriching the homiletical literature of our day. However, a volume of printed sermons we have, in the Discourses published in aid of the Funds of the Nainee Tal Church, by the Rev. G. A. F. Saulez, now Chaplain of Ghazepore. The grave of the truly evangelical Professor Street, too, is scarce yet cold;—his peculiarly appropriate and impressive "Sermons preached at Bishop's College" (of which we have already written largely) we would fain reckon as the legacy of one who, "being dead, yet speaketh." Mr. Trevor, once the indefatigable Chaplain of Bangalore, in the Madras Presidency, is now, it is true, promoted to a Canonry in the Cathedral Church of York; that he may be reckoned a living member of the race who have laboured most efficiently in the Indian Church, his thoughtful, and often eloquent discourses on the prophecies, office, and ministry of our Blessed Lord (published at Calcutta in 1844) remain a standing evidence.

It has, we know, been for long time a favourite design of a highly accomplished member of our ecclesiastical staff to edit a volume consisting of contributions from his own pen, and those of his brethren who might be disposed and competent to combine with him, the contents and arrangement of which should be peculiarly adapted to the wants of stations where there is no resident Chaplain. If our clerical friends would enforce the existence of such a need, in their several spheres of labour, and communicate only a very moderate number of subscribers to defray the outlay, (say at the rate of some six or eight rupees a copy, of some 500 pages) we think we might guarantee that a volume worthy of our noble ecclesiastical establishment would soon be forthcoming.—Ed.

ful servant, must, we are persuaded, bear this in mind in every sermon he preaches. Every subject he treats in the wide range that the Revealed Word of God gives him must, in some way or other, tend to this end—to exhibit the Eternal Son of God, as a Saviour for men, lost for ever, except they have part and share in the meritorious death of Jesus Christ. When St. Paul says of himself, and his companions in the Ministerial Work, “We preach Christ crucified,” *this* must plainly have ever been his aim, and this must be regarded as the grand duty of every one, who would be the honored instrument of converting sinners under the Christian Dispensation. Their success depends upon their leading one and all to the Author and Captain of man’s salvation, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. God forbid that any should undertake the work of the ministry, unless this be their grand, their unceasing, their heart-felt purpose. How can any one unfold the secrets of Christ’s Gospel to others, unless his whole soul burns with gratitude, and love, and adoration towards Him, who died upon the cross to save sinners!

It is, however, clear that the *general character* of the subjects chosen by a preacher must be, in a great measure, dependent on his congregation. With many reckless, unprincipled, profligate men, composing his audience (as, for instance, in the case of one, of which an European Regiment forms part) he could hardly think of preaching on exactly the same subjects. Certainly not of treating them in the same way, that he would before those who for the most part made a high profession of religion, and who were all regular, or occasional, communicants at the Lord’s Table. The *general tone* of sermons preached before the former kind of audience needs exhibit in the plainest terms, and in the strongest light, the present folly and wickedness, as well as the end and consequence of vice. The discourses should point out the remedy provided for sin in the Gospel, more as though they were preached to heathens, than to men, professing some of the forms of Christianity: and speak in forcible language of the joy there is in the courts of heaven, when even one profligate is reclaimed, and made a true follower of Christ. The attention of such hearers is not to be called to deep doctrines, or to elaborate arguments. Alas! they know not the first rudiments of vital Christianity; and Holy Scripture, explained to them thus, would leave them far as ever from the point to which any good minister must try to bring them, which is—to make them think; to make them think of their state—hurrying on to

eternal ruin,—with the means of being rescued from it put before them,—yet those means unknown, or completely neglected! Before such an audience, moreover, the *draw-backs*, such as they be, of seriously seeking after salvation, have to be plainly declared. All should be warned, to *count the cost*, before they begin a life to God's service. For, in the case of those we are now supposing to be listening to the sermon, there will assuredly be crosses, of no common difficulty for them to bear, on their being known, or thought, to be *pious*. Ridicule is a sharp weapon in Satan's hands; and it is one which soldiers are apt to shrink from, as they shrink from nothing else. They *will* be ridiculed for making a profession of serving God, by every fool who makes a mock at sin, and therefore of religion also; and it is a preacher's duty to warn them of all these trials, and to over-rate rather than under-rate them. But, at the same time, what solemn and awakening appeals, to the consciences of the class of hearers we are now presuming of, are necessary! Many of them act, and speak, and think, as though they were Atheists. They use the most awful words that human lips can utter, on the very most trivial occasions. Such words as *Hell*, or *Damnation*, or *Eternity*—what terrors have they for them? They have thrown them about, in mere idle thoughtlessness, hundreds and thousands of times; and attach no guilt to the use of words that Angels tremble at! How is a preacher to make such men think? Surely the most tremendous warnings; accompanied, at the same time, with the heart-felt longing, evident to them all, that he warns them for their own good, must very often be resorted to. There must be something unspeakably awful to a clergyman—when death is mowing down its tens, and sometimes hundreds, as it does so rapidly here, and especially in an English Regiment when the plague has once begun—to feel that perhaps two or three or six of the men listening to him one Sunday morning, shall have passed away to their account, before he has the opportunity of saying a word more to them! And yet, what an extreme difficulty it is to gain the thought, or attention of the worst of such hearers. Let a sermon be preached to them, exhibiting in the strongest way the minister can exhibit it, the Love of God, that noblest of all noble themes—His Love in giving His Son, the sacrifice for sinners: let that Love be described, with all the bright colouring that comparing it with the highest specimen of love of which the human soul is capable will enable him to describe it; yet we are mistaken if the hardened and profligate will

generally be at all impressed by his subject. But let him, after describing the Mercies of God in Christ, pass on (before concluding his sermon) to God's *Terrors in Christ*: let him show how God shall hereafter judge the world, by that Man whom He hath ordained; and describe—so far as an earnest, prayer-subdued, imagination enables him to describe—the terrors of that day, when the Saviour of the world shall come forth utterly to condemn all that would *not* be saved by Him, and therefore that He *could not* save: let him appeal to the thoughtless trifler, or the daring profligate, or the deceitful hypocrite, how they, who are now despising the mercies of their Saviour, will then tremble before the justice of their Judge:—and the attention of such men will, we apprehend, be aroused, and, if once they *are* aroused, and can be made to *think*, one great point is gained. But unless the subject of the sermon does enable the preacher to speak home to the consciences of these hearers, he may preach Sunday after Sunday, and very good sermons too, without their remembering anything he says. How often, also, must the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel be preached, to such an audience; that even, if they desired to be in ignorance of them, they should not be able. Perhaps few, who have not been *made* aware of it, can form an idea of the ignorance of many of the poor fellows, who come out here, and make very good soldiers. *Much* no one would expect from those who cannot read. Yet a man need not read, to be able to tell, who Jesus Christ is; or what He has done, and is doing, on the behalf of sinners; and what sinners have to do in order that they may be saved. Yet alas! you may find men who have attended Church for years, who could not answer questions on such subjects, as well as children of six years old in any good English Sunday-school. And yet, had their attentions been fixed to one quarter of the sermons they had heard, such ignorance it would be perfectly impossible to account for. They have doubtless attended Church, in many cases, without even thinking they have anything whatever to do, either with the sermon, or the prayers. Now, to gain such men's attention, and to awaken their interest; to impress them, as far as possible, with a fear and horror of wilful sin, as the thing that may utterly and completely militate against their power to seek after their Saviour; and to exhibit His mercies to them, in all their fulness; His joy at their acceptance of His grace so freely offered; and His willingness to save all that will turn to Him for salvation:—these, or such as these, will be the subjects of their preacher's

discourses; and they are worthy of all the pains he can bestow, either in the preparation, or the delivery of his sermon.

When his audience is composed of men and women better educated: all of them being perfectly acquainted with the sacred doctrines of the Gospel; many being well versed in theology; and some of them practical Christians, in the highest meaning of the word; then a preacher has, in a great measure, a more agreeable work before him, since his sermon may presume all listening to him to need something more than "the first principles of the oracles of God," or "of the doctrine of Christ." But then these manifestly are to be the foundation stones, on which the structure of every sermon is to be built; and, let every man take heed *how* he buildeth. The building that rests on, must also be consistent with, its foundation. There is ample room for the introduction of close argument; of the finest colouring which a well-ordered imagination can give; of the vividest descriptions; the neatest illustrations; the most applicable similes; the tersest metaphors; and the most ably arranged antitheses. Nothing that can gain and keep the attention of those who form the audience is to be despised, so that it be not in any wise inconsistent with the sacred subject of the discourse; but no preacher, who has the power to use such aids as those just referred to, will—if he be a faithful servant—forget the main subject, in the structure of his sermon. Every one of *his* hearers, too, must take account of him, in every sermon he preaches as—a Minister of Christ, commissioned to act on his Master's behalf, and gifted by Him, for that purpose, and that purpose alone. His eloquence should, we apprehend, be used as a means to win his hearers, and direct them to the great end of their, and his own faith,—the salvation of the soul. How they may ensure that salvation; how they may obtain that saving interest in their Redeemer's death, which shall, at the last, make them to become more than conquerors; how they may live in this world, to give token that they have "been with Jesus," sat at His feet, listened to His words, partaken of the Sacraments He hath ordained;—these will form the groundwork of all his discourses. The actual subjects on which they treat, may be varied as the subjects of God's Holy Word: but all will have the *one*, grand, leading, object in view. Then, the way in which each subject is treated will depend on the cast of his own mind, and the assistance he can bring to bear in their preparation, whether the re-



sults of his own thought, or the studies and labours of others, who have gone before him in the same hallowed work. Before a well-educated audience, no scriptural subject can, as such, be too deep: but the sermon may be made so, by the way in which it is treated; or subjects may lose their interest, by there not being a sufficient *variety* in the preacher's choice. Hence, a *course* of sermons on one particular subject requires more than usual preparation and care on the part of the preacher, if he would not tire his hearers. We are inclined to think there can hardly be a better practice, than frequently allowing the Gospel or Epistle for the day, or the Old Testament Lesson appointed at the Morning and Evening Services, to act as a guide to the subject selected for the sermon. When, for instance, the subject is chosen from the Old Testament Lesson, might it not advantageously be commented on, and illustrated, *by the New Testament*: both Testaments being thereby shown to be in harmony, and both being designed by their Almighty Giver, to lead men to Christ,—whether through the medium of types, or prophecies; or by our Lord's own miracles, and teaching, and example; or by his Apostle's labours and sufferings—“since both in the Old as well as New, everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ.”

On our Church's principal festivals, the great and good men, who drew up the Book of Common Prayer, were plainly guided by some such consideration as this, in their selection of the Psalms, and the Old Testament Lesson; and even on such ordinary occasions as Sundays present, a peculiar appropriateness will be traced in their choice of the particular lessons from the Old Testament, as compared with the Gospel and Epistle for the day. Even where the Old Testament lesson cannot be brought naturally to bear on the Gospel and Epistle; these have almost invariably much harmony with each other: and the circumstance of a Miracle, or Parable, of our blessed Lord, thus *undesignedly* illustrated and commented on by His Apostles Peter or Paul, when they were not thinking of doing so, may fairly be used as an argument, for the *perfection* of their Inspiration, by that Spirit, which “searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

At other times, the preacher may prefer the exposition of some one Doctrine, and—whilst expounding it as revealed in the Bible—may exhibit its various consequences, and bearings. And perhaps, in this mode of applying and enforcing the doctrines of Christianity, the power of the pulpit will ge-

nerally be tested. Here too will the preacher's skill be felt in his ability to awaken the thoughts of such as too much love the world, to convince them that there are higher and nobler things to live for, than mere worldly objects of affection: and here, too, will Christian Faith be shewn to join hand in hand with Christian Works: every point of doctrine teaching corresponding lessons of practical duties. In this choice of doctrinal subjects, probably most ministers of the English Church will be guided by their Church's rule of setting apart holy days for the commemoration of certain grand events in our Redeemer's History. Thus, from the time the English Church has, by its Reformation from Popish errors, been separated from the Church of Rome, we should doubt if ever a sermon was preached by a clergyman of the Church of England, on Christmas Day, Good Friday, Easter Day, or Ascension Day, in which sermon the doctrines of the Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection, or Ascension of our Blessed Lord, respectively, were not made his principal subjects. So, when an Ash-Wednesday Service is held, one could hardly realize the case of an English clergyman not chusing for his subject the necessity of true Repentance: any more than we could suppose him on Whitsunday or Trinity Sunday forgetting to preach on the doctrines which, on those days, are especially commemorated. Our Church Services indeed so plainly divide the whole Ecclesiastical year into two great divisions,—the one, including the Sundays from Advent, to Trinity, Sunday; and the other, composed of the Sundays after Trinity; of which the former chiefly treats of the Doctrines, and the latter of the practice of the Christian Religion,—that, in thus apportioning classes of subjects for the preacher, according to the plan followed in our Prayer Book, we feel we can hardly be wrong. But for a preacher to tie himself down to this, or any other such rule, might be as inconvenient, as unnecessary. The subject on which he wishes to preach may be settled first, before he has consulted, and therefore quite independent of, the service for the day; and chosen from some passing event which he may be desirous of turning to good account. It was rather a curious coincidence—which some of our readers who were in England in 1846 may remember—in the *thanksgiving day* for the Victory of Ferozeshur being appointed for Easter Sunday (the first Sunday that could be named after the arrival of the news) and the Evening Lesson for that day recounting the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. The remarkable analogy in some of the circumstances

attending the defeat of the conquered armies, in both the cases, could hardly fail to have been generally noticed in the sermons preached on the occasion.

In the case of those preachers, whose public service is independent of such a guide as a Book of Prayer; and who have the whole range of God's Word whence to chuse the topic of their discourse,—apart from any considerations of a consistency with the previous part of the service,—they will doubtless be guided in their choice of subjects by their personal feelings of what may be most useful for their congregations. In the case of preachers, fixed in a particular place, and ministering regularly before a fixed congregation; the seasons of the year; the occurrence of any event of more than passing interest, either in the neighbourhood, or affecting the well-being of their country; any serious accident, or any wide-spread calamity, or any unlooked-for success;—these matters may, we think, most advantageously be made, as occasion serves, subjects of a preacher's sermon. Perhaps few have turned to better account the passing events of the day, or the simple annals of a country village, than Archdeacon Hare, in his Parish Sermons, before alluded to: and though an Indian station could hardly be suggestive of exactly the same kind of events, yet there appears no reason why local matters of interest—such, for instance, as the arrival or departure of an English Regiment; the marked change of season at the coming of the rains; the year being healthy or sickly; and so on—might not with great advantage be judiciously alluded to, in our Indian sermons. Above all, might not the goodness of an All-wise Providence, as displayed in His ever watchful care and protection of us, who are professedly Christians, in this heathen country, be far *more often* referred to? If it be true, that the occupation of India, by England, is “a perfect miracle;” are we not all deeply interested in gratefully acknowledging the Divine Goodness, in making us the instruments for whose advantage this miracle is still being wrought? Surely no preacher should be remiss in pressing upon his hearers to “walk in wisdom towards them that are *without* :” and, connected with this, there arises quite an additional class of subjects, on which clergymen in India may touch; which, from the nature of the case, are excluded from the choice of any English preacher; so that our ministers here have no cause to complain of any want on this score. Now such local matters of interest, judiciously and fully treated (the preacher preserving a

steady convergence of *every* topic to the one, grand, end of preaching, winning souls to Christ)—would, we feel little doubt, be one means amongst many of increasing the power of the pulpit.

To such preachers as are capable of forming, and following out, new and original trains of thought, there will ever be an unbounded field of enquiry, connected with almost every doctrine of the Revealed Word of God. But we feel persuaded that the pulpit is not the place for indulging in mere flights of imagination. Visionary fancies may indulge the taste of some hearers, but they do not well become the minister of Christ, employed to carry the message of salvation to immortal souls. We desire to say this with every feeling of respect for those who have thought, and acted, otherwise: but, neither the names of ancient Fathers, who have given an unchecked rein to a too glowing imagination; nor the characters of modern Divines, who have boldly followed in their steps, can recommend this, as it appears to us, unnecessary addition to the sphere of pulpit oratory. Far-fetched comparisons, and quaint conceits, and baseless speculations, can hardly be amongst the things that will assist the preacher in "building up" his hearers "on their most holy faith." But there are other points, to which an able, and most interesting article in this Magazine has already invited attention, respecting the "Occupations of the Blessed in a Future Life;" and there can be no harm—so far as Holy Scripture and the analogy between this present and a future state permit our doing so—in looking forward to the pursuits of that eternal home, whither, if we be Christ's faithful servants, we are so rapidly hastening. Rather, may not any preacher paint in the brightest and most attractive colouring the glories of the "House, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" The very circumstance of there being so much on earth to attract human love, and to chain down human affections, and to engross human thoughts;—does this not make it infinitely necessary to be often presenting to those, who, by the good gifts of God's Providence, have so much to make them wish to linger here, some *higher*, nobler, more glorious, objects on which their affections may now rest, and to which their hopes may now aspire? A preacher, when such is his object, may, we apprehend, without any visionary speculations, show that there will, so far as may be known from the analogy of God's dealings now, be a full scope, for the exercise of Christian virtues in the eternal state; each virtue being rendered in an infinite degree more

pure and more excellent, by reason of the perfectness of the state in which it shall there be exercised, where "there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth." But there is need for great humility, and we may add also, great modesty, whenever a preacher does thus speak of the *future*, regarding which everything that is *not written* must be speculation, to some extent: though, where speculation is based on Holy Scripture, guarded by strict analogical reasoning, and tempered by a true Christian faith and humility, we have no fear that it will stray far from the truth. Perhaps the following extract from a sermon, by a well-known author, from the text St. Matth. xiii. 43, by way of ending our article, may not be unacceptable to our readers, though we have already exceeded our limits. The writer, after quoting the verse "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him, as He is," proceeds:

"What this mysterious likeness may mean, it is not for us too curiously to inquire. Certainly, we know that every saint while on earth has had impressed upon him by the hand of God his own definite character: and yet all have been likened to their Lord. They were all conformed to Him; they were all knit in unity together, by their universal likeness to one common pattern; and so shall they doubtless be hereafter; when the faint beginnings of perfection shall be unfolded in the fulness of God's kingdom. All the bonds and fetters of imperfection, all the heavy burden of earth and sinfulness, and all that checked or thwarted the energies of their regenerate spirit,—shall be abolished; and all that was in them of heaven and of God—all holy affections, and pure thoughts, and righteous intentions,—shall break forth into the perfection of glory. We see now in those around us, that each one has some characteristic feature: in the mind of one, we see a deep wisdom; of another, a saintly meekness; of another, an angelic contemplation; of another, a burning charity;—each one being a law, a pattern, to himself. We see too, that this characteristic feature is ever coming out into a fuller shape, drawing towards its own perfect idea. So may we believe that, in the kingdom of the resurrection, all the gifts of God, all graces of the heart, and all endowments of the sanctified reason, shall then be made perfect: without doubt all that constitutes the mysterious individuality of each several man; all the inscrutable features, by which his spiritual being is distinguished, without being opposed to or divided, from the spirits of other men, shall be perpetuated hereafter; and then shall all differences be harmonised in the perfection of bliss, as all hues are blended in the unity of light. All the powers and endowments of the individual mind, and of all its contemplative energies, and all the characters and forms which truth has impressed upon the sons of wisdom in this life, shall doubtless then be carried onward to the fulness of knowledge; all shall be full of light, and yet all shall not be of an equal measure; all shall be admitted to the beatific vision, but some shall behold with a more piercing gaze; as it is here, so shall it be there. Manifold and inexhaustible variety is one of the tokens of the Divine Mind upon His visible works. As height, and breadth, and depth, and order, and degrees, and multitude, and unity,

“are laws of God’s kingdom; so also is harmony, which is the unity of things various and manifold; and so, ‘when the righteous shine forth as the sun,’ all the individual perfection which has lain hid in the saints shall issue forth, and blend into the eternal light.”

We hasten to conclude; bidding God’s speed to all who are engaged in the sacred work of the Ministry, of which preaching forms so important a part. In their *professional* duties, they have the privilege of making the best of books their chief study. Upon no part of it can study, assisted by fervent prayer, be ever thrown away. The more labour, and the greater application, they give to the investigation of its deep meaning, the more they must learn to love it, and its Almighty, Ever-Blessed, Author. Who will not, that has learnt to study it, and love at all, agree with that eminent preacher from whom we have already quoted: “What a wonderful Book is the Bible that its every verse should comprehend so much; single sayings being as mines of truth, into which if you patiently dig, you find stores of instruction, and yet leave more than you find.”—(*Melville’s Sermons on the less prominent facts of Scripture*, Vol. I., p 208.)\*

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\* The following admirable passage on the ordinance of preaching is from a recent Ordination Sermon—“*Some reasons for Want of Success in the Christian Ministry*,” by the Hon’ble and Rev. W. H. Lytton. We are sure we need no apology to the respected author of the foregoing paper for introducing a passage so much in unison with all which has dropped from his own pen.—Ed.

“What an opportunity for effectually doing good is here offered! For at least half an hour in each week you are placed on a vantage-ground whence to address to the souls committed to your charge whatever reflections you may judge most profitable. Their thoughts, and in some degree their feelings, during that time, are under your guidance and direction.

Do not lose that great opportunity, do not waste it upon vain scholastic speculations, or in an unprofitable display of your own learning or ability, or in attacking difficulties, which, however serious and important they may be to yourself, or may have been to others, in other times and countries of whom you may happen to have been reading, are yet entirely foreign and unpractical to the particular persons you are then addressing; but use it to do what in you lies, to win the souls before you to what you have learnt earnestly to believe is a truly godly and Christian inward and outward life.

When you stand upon that fortress and divinely-given vantage-ground, use it to batter down with God’s artillery some of the strongholds of the Great Enemy of souls of which you have discovered the existence in your practical life during the week—to lift up on those wings of divine love and faith which you have gained for your own soul in the wrestlings of living prayer and hearty endeavour, the souls of others, too, to soar with you for awhile in the “purer ether and sorer air” of heavenly truth—to calm the troubled seas of suffering and passionate souls—and to soften the cold asperities and remove the narrow selfishness which is reigning in the hearts of men around you. Surely by well-aimed words of living sympathy with God and man—sympathy with God, whereby we feel what men *ought* to be—sympathy with man, whereby we feel what they *are*, and heartily wish they were other than they are,—by such words much may be done to change men. Let men say what

they will, the testimony of all history and experience proves, beyond all possibility of doubt, that one of the mightiest instruments whereby God ordinarily effects beneficial changes in the state of individual souls, and in the course of events generally, is sincere and hearty speech, the "abundance" of a heart burning with true love of God and of man. And the reason that so many sermons are totally ineffective is, that they are not what alone a sermon ought to be,—the living offspring of zealous yearning love of God and of man, brought forth amid the birth-pangs of fervent prayer that men may be saved,—but mere wooden lifeless images, the artistic manufactures of a book-learned craft, or pleasing music addressed to the lighter feelings, the production of a refined taste and playful fancy.

The preacher has often presented the truly deplorable picture of a man standing between the living and the dead—professing to believe that the world round him is full of misery, folly, and sin, and that in it, in consequence of that folly and sin, souls are perishing by thousands, and that he has in himself the knowledge of a certain remedy for every form of that folly and sin, and yet spending his time and efforts in amusing himself and those perishing souls, with playful thoughts, or with ingenious solutions of utterly unpractical scholastic questions. Surely nothing can more lamentably shew the grievous want of reality in men's faith, the utter want of living sympathy and care for others in their hearts, than the character of many sermons often heard in holy places, where every sight and sound speaks of the highest and most awful truths of time and eternity. For instance, we see men having one only opportunity of preaching before a University—placed for once at one of the great fountain-heads, whence all our ecclesiastical and national life flows, with the power by their words, of doing something towards turning its mighty current more or less one way or the other—yet spending the time in discussing the right position of some Greek particle, or the critical correctness of some unimportant reading. Similar instances are very common. There is a grievous defectiveness in the *aim* and *purpose* of our sermons. And as we seldom *find* what we do not *seek*, it is no wonder that our sermons seldom do anything towards changing the main principles of our hearers, and the deeper springs of their characters. If we would make men hear the voice of God in their hearts, we must be earnestly listening to it ourselves in our own hearts. "*Deep*" only "*calleth unto deep.*" "

## VIII.

## THE DEATH OF ORESTES.

SOPH. ELECT. 681—763.

HE at the fairest sight of Greece arrived  
 In Delphian games to strive, heard the shrill voice  
 Of herald call a course, the earliest contest,  
 And entered glorious, the admired of all.  
 The stadium doubled, and the barrier gained,  
 Bearing the conquest's prize all honourable,  
 He hied him from the lists; and, to be brief,  
 I ne'er saw deeds or prowess such as his.  
 Hear thou but *one*—for he the honours bore  
 Of every strife the umpires judged;—they blessed him  
 As Argive, and his name Orestes, born  
 Of Agamemnon, he who erst did gather  
 The glorious armament of Greece. Withal  
 His might was not unfavoured; for in vain  
 By prowess would we foil the hosts of Heaven.  
 'Twas on a day, at sun-rise, there was set  
 The contest swift of harnessed steeds, and he  
 Entered the lists with many a charioteer.  
 One was there from Achaia, one from Sparta,  
 Two Lybian captains of the steed-strapped car,  
 The fifth drove bloods from Thessaly, the sixth  
 Ætolian fillies of the golden bay;  
 The seventh was a Magnesian, and the eighth,  
 With milk-white coursers, of the Ænian race;  
 The ninth from god-built Athens, the tenth chariot  
 Bore a Bœotian, and the match was full.  
 Ranged where the chariots took their order, as  
 By lot of umpires chosen, at the sound  
 Of clarion, forth they shot their steeds, with chirp.  
 And light appliance of the loosened rein.  
 Then with the rattle of the clashing cars  
 The course was full suffused; the dust curled upwards;  
 Nor spared the justling medley aught of lash  
 To overshoot the wheels and whinnying steeds  
 Antagonistic. On the ruts behind  
 As struck their snore, the vaunting coursers foamed.  
 He, holding for the hippodrome's extreme,  
 Grazed the near nave, as, slacked his outmost rein,  
 And checked the inner wheeler, round he swung.



Onward, erect, each car was dashing, when  
The Ænian's hard-mouthed colts broke from the bit,  
The sixth heat now recoursed, and now the seventh,  
And charged with adverse front the Lybian wains.  
Thence, from one check, the affray grew wild ;—away  
They crashed, they shivered, each on each, till wrecks  
Of stranded chariots filled Krisæa's plain.  
Off wheeled the smart Athenian whipster, checking,  
'Till past had boiled the troublous storm of teams.  
Last came Orestes—his the hindmost mares—  
He spared their mettle for the race's close.  
But when he saw one only car competing  
With his remained, forward he shook his lash  
Shrilly ;—it pierced their ears, and off they hied  
Pursuant, till the twain had measured yokes,  
And neck 'gainst neck their eager steeds propelled.  
Erect, in car erect, the dauntless youth  
Drove many a heat and well ; but ah ! he slacked  
His inner wheeler as they turned the bar,  
And, crashed against the pillar unawares,  
His axle rift, launched on the ground he lay  
Rolled 'mid the tangled reins ; and right and left  
Over the course his wildered mares dispersed.  
The host, as on the fallen youth it gazed,  
Poured loud laments, that he, so brave indeed,  
Must bear so ill a tide, dragged on the ground,  
Trailing feet upward, till the charioteers  
By force subdue the racing team, and loose  
His corse so gored, that old familiars  
Might view the wretched wreck, nor deem it his.  
Straightway they burned him on the pyre, and here  
Choice hearts from Phocis bear in urn of braes  
These doleful embers of the mighty dead,  
For burial in his father-land. 'Tis woe  
Such tale to tell ; but eyes that saw, as mine,  
Have seen fulfilled the sum of human sorrow !

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## IX.

## WANDERINGS IN WESTERN INDIA.

## PART III.—THE NIZAM'S TERRITORIES AND BOMBAY.

(Continued from Vol. V. page 488.)

ON the afternoon of the 3rd I started again on my journey. It was not without feelings of the deepest regret, as the reader may readily imagine, that I found myself forced to quit thus early a spot replete with remains of the highest historical interest. After skirting Rowzah for a short distance I proceeded a few miles, till I arrived at the extremity of the ridge on which that town is situated. Here the traveller descends by a wide and finely-paved ghât into the low country of the Aurungâbâd district. Let us now pause and take a survey of our position. We have left behind us Ellora with its wondrous range of rock cut temples, the fane of a long line of creeds, where various sects, the Buddhists, the Jains and the followers of Siva and Vishnu, have each in turn held dominion, till one and all have withered and passed away. Side by side with these extensive and varied monuments of Indian mythology we have the more modern town of Rowzah, enclosing within its lofty walls a wide area of ruin, and girt by a vast cemetery where rest the bones of a goodly assembly of Mahommadan princes, heroes and saints. Turning from this scene, and casting our regard from the brow of the pass on the land spread out before us, the view is carried over a country inferior indeed to that which we have quitted in historical fame, but more imposing in its natural features. On our left the view is closed by a long ridge of granitic hills, but in front and towards the right the eye is carried over a vast amphitheatre of dark hills, each rising from the plain single and detached as if in mute distrust of his neighbour. On the summits of several of these hills I could discern, or fancied I could discern, the remains of ancient forts, though forts are by no means so numerous in this country as in Khândeish. But the most striking object in this scene is the citadel and pettah of Dowlatâbâd immediately at the foot of the pass. The pettah, a name given to the small towns which have arisen at the base of these hill forts, almost hugs the foot of the ridge from which our view is supposed to be taken. It is very extensive for this class of towns, and appeared to be built in a manner worthy of the palmy days to which its origin may be referred. This pettah is surrounded by a

fine wall from 20 to 30 feet in height, and is further protected by a ditch now in bad repair. The fort, which stands to the south-west of the pettah, crowns a bluff black rock, entirely isolated from the surrounding hills, and rising in solitary grandeur to the height of 600 feet above the surrounding plain; the sides are carefully scarped and form round the base a perpendicular wall nearly two hundred feet in height. The area of this citadel occupies a very narrow compass, but it contains many interesting monuments. The base is surrounded by a broad ditch; this crossed by a narrow causeway, the visitor enters a low passage excavated in the body of the hill, and reaches the summit by a winding ascent cut through the very heart of the rock.\* The place itself is well calculated to repay the toil of a visit, for it is generally admitted to be the most perfect of the hill forts of Southern India. The visitor will do well to remember that an order from the Brigadier Commanding at Aurungábád is required for the admission of Europeans. It is regarded with an absurd jealousy by the Nizam's Government, who cling with peculiar tenacity to the shadow of a greatness whose substantial vitality has long since departed, and hold, on the principle *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, that by fencing this maiden fortress with vexatious formalities, they can invest its possession with an air of unreal importance. As I was not armed with the necessary credentials, I was forced to rest contented with a "Pisgah view" from the plain, to use the words of a friend, learned in Sanscrit, but not of very active habits, who frequently accompanies me on my excursions, when not pushed beyond a reasonable radius from the centres of civilization.

Dowlatábád has seen many changes of Fortune; it has, in truth, to borrow the flowery language of Persia, tasted the bitter and the sweet of days. This city in ancient times was called Deogir, or the "Hill of the Gods," but appears, from what I can gather from the Mahommadan historians, to have been a place of no very great extent or importance. Hindoo legends, however, with a love of the marvellous, truly national, carry back its history into the obscurity of unknown ages and trace its origin to King Eeloo, the Mythic founder of the caves that bear his name:—and some modern orientalisks have attempted to identify this and the neighbouring forts with the strongholds of the Pándoos and Kuroos, the heroes of the "Great War." Little reliance is to be

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\* This account was furnished to me by a relative in the Madras army.

placed on either theory, the antiquity of Ellora may be reduced within a reasonable compass; and the scenes recorded in the ponderous tomes of the Mahábhárat lay, as it is now tolerably well ascertained, on the plains of Oojein. Be this as it may, the Mahommadan conquerors of India found Deogir the seat of one of those numerous petty dynasties under whose rule the Dekhan was then partitioned. On the advent of these invaders it was naturally absorbed in the vast outline of the Empire of Delhi, nor does the name again appear in history, (except indeed once in connection with a romantic incident to which no great credit can be given,) till the reign of Mohammad Toghluq. This capricious monarch conceived the idea of transferring to this place the seat of Government, a task which was viewed by this Prince in a somewhat different light to that in which similar undertakings are regarded at present. In our own days we have seen vice-regal authority conveyed in a palanquin carriage from the City of Palaces to the confines of Tartary, and the change in the locality of the Government was at once accomplished; but the Moslem Emperor, not thinking on the principle of the old French monarchy that the state was comprised in the ruler, insisted that in changing the site of his capital the migration of the inhabitants was necessary. Delhi was emptied of its population and left to become, to use the language of Ferishta, a resort for owls and a dwelling place for the beasts of the desert. Gigantic schemes were next set on foot to force greatness on the new metropolis, the name was changed to Dowlatábád, the foundations of a large city were laid, and to defray the extraordinary expenses thereby incurred, the Prince had recourse to a forced issue of assignats in the shape of copper tokens bearing the nominal value of gold mohurs and rupees respectively—many of these are still to be found among the ruins and the fields of the vicinity. The mint was established near the "Fairy Tank," "*Parí ka talao*," about a mile to the south-west of the Saracenic Arch at Rowzah.\* The idea was evidently borrowed from the paper currency of China, of which the old traveller Marco Polo has transmitted to us an interesting description. The observant Venetian did not however comprehend the true principles of a representative currency, which appear to have been so justly appreciated by the philosophic statesmen of the Celestial Empire, for he seems to

\* See Article III. Heeren's Line of Ancient Commerce, in the Bombay Quarterly Magazine, Number IV.

have imagined that the alchymist's mystery of creating an indefinite supply of coin had, at length, received a solution.

Since we have been drawn to this topic by the locality of which we were treating, I may be pardoned for a short digression on a subject which will perhaps be novel and interesting to many of my readers—videlicet—the Asiatic theories of representative currencies—the merit of the discovery of this monetary artifice being ordinarily ascribed to the economical science of modern Europe. The bank notes of the Chinese, as Marco Polo tells us, were made of paper manufactured from the bark of the mulberry tree, which was reserved exclusively for this purpose, they were issued in the name of the Emperor, and passed as legal tender in liquidation of debts, and were also received at the treasuries in payment of taxes. Bullion was withdrawn from circulation and lodged in the royal treasury: and given to the merchants only for purposes of manufacture in exchange for the paper. For this privilege the small premium of three per cent. was charged. From this system we have doubtless derived our paper money, the countrymen of Marco Polo having been the first European nation who adopted the idea of the Orientals, and issued a representative currency in the form of pieces of leather, bearing the stamp of the Republic, and carrying a factitious value. The bankers of Amsterdam followed their example, and in the reign of our William the Third imported the new financial device into England. In China the system has long since perished, owing to the numerous forgeries in the paper which occurred among that ingenious people. But the clumsy imitation by the Mahommadan Emperor of India was doomed to expire in its birth, for it was based on no sound principles of monetary science, but rested solely on the arbitrary monarch to whose fiat it owed its existence.

To return from this digression to the thread of my narrative. I was walking leisurely down the pass, which I have before described as overhanging the town of Dowlatábád, chatting thoughtlessly with a pedestrian traveller, who for a Mussulman of these parts appeared to be unusually civil and communicative, when my new acquaintance suddenly hurried on, muttering that the sun was about to set—and the city gates would consequently be closed. His words fell on my ear unheeded, for I had passed through many walled cities whose gates had opened at my bidding, and I had begun to regard my name as an infallible talisman in the words of the patriotic song:

“The Briton may travel from zone to zone  
And boldly claim his right,  
For he calls such a vast domain his own  
That the sun never sets on his might.”

But here my passport was destined to fail.

On reaching the city walls I found its massive portals closed. I summoned the town, but a derisive answer, in a female voice, was the only reply. I indulged my spleen in an impotent kick against the iron-bound gates, and heaped blessings in Oriental tongues upon the head of the janitor. The hag, who seemed to entertain little dread of the consequences of my wrath, either in this world or the next, dryly observed “the sun has set, and the gate is now shut.” A faint light still hung over the hills of the west, but darkness was fast settling over the horizon, and the scene appeared to afford a fine allegory of the time when the Sun of Life shall have set, and the door of Hope shall close to open at no man’s command. But my thoughts were soon recalled to my own forlorn position; in this ill-governed country the wilderness extends to the foot of the walls of the largest cities, and I felt ready to hail with gratitude the shelter of the humblest hovel. But there was no friendly roof nor any being from whom guidance could be sought. The camel-driver could offer no counsel, his face wore the picture of dismay. To skirt the city moat as close as the jungle would permit, and endeavour thus to regain the road, where it must necessarily reappear from the gate on the opposite side of the city, appeared to be my wisest course; the distance I knew could not be very great, yet in the dubious darkness of night it appeared to grow interminable. I soon lost all track of pathway, and the lights I could occasionally discern moving in the long bazaar of the city, with the distant hum of human voices, only served to enhance the loneliness of the scene. Suddenly a dark outline of buildings rose dimly before me: I rushed on in eager haste, but on approaching, no one answered to my call; I had in truth entered a deserted town—the mosques stood silent, the houses were roofless, and the large ancient baths were crumbling to decay. Hurrying through this dreary city of the past I chanced to gain a country road, and following up the track I reached a large bazaar, an outlying suburb of Dowlatábád. Here, after a short delay, I procured a guide, and by his aid succeeded in reaching Aurungábád.

Now, before we quit Aurungábád, it may not be amiss to give some account of it; to use the words of our journal

writers who appear to think it necessary to draw their pen over every low bazaar they come across, till at last they have accomplished their only apparent object, viz. a journal of a respectable bulk, containing a full and true description of tanks, groves, and villages, each an exact daguerreotype copy of any tank, grove, or village to be seen anywhere and everywhere in India. It will be sufficient for me here to state that Aurungábád\* and Ahmadnagar also appeared to offer no objects of interest which I could not see equally well in any other *ábád* or *nagar* I chose to visit.

But before we quit the territories of the Nizam it may *not* be amiss to give some account of the condition of the people and the character of their rulers. We have in a previous number of the present article laid before the reader the bright and the dark aspects of Native administration. The little state of Bhopál, under the enlightened rule of the present Bégum, and Indore under the supervision of the English Resident, afford the best types of the former.† Of the dark side of the picture, that portion of the territories consigned to the Government of the Nizam, furnishes perhaps the saddest example. In our mode of visiting these countries we enjoyed facilities for acquiring information which would have been infallibly denied to more ostentatious travellers. As the Spanish proverb says, "He who would gain the wealth of the world must take the wealth of the world with him." The capital stock embarked should be commensurate with the nature of the enterprise. Attended by no retinue, and availing ourselves of accommodation open alike to Hindoo and to European, we disarmed the prejudices and the reserve of a people who recoil from a stranger as the Israelite in Scott's romance before the buckler of brawn. It was thus during our halt at Pulmurí, where we had alighted for repose under the shade of the wide-spreading banian, and had spread out the saddle-cloth of our camel on the flat terrace of a Hindoo temple, that we held a long conversation with the Head Police Officer of the town, and derived from him much curious information relative to the short-sighted

\* At Aurungábád the only building worthy of notice is a Mausoleum erected by Aurangzeb to the memory of a favourite daughter. There are some Buddhist caves in the vicinity; but these I did not visit.

† I am here of course only alluding to the countries that passed under my personal observation. I have, however, received an account from a very intelligent Native, of the system of administration pursued in the Nagpore state, originally organized under the superintendence of the Resident Mr. Jenkins. To judge from the fruits of this policy, to this state the palm of good government is unquestionably due.

devices of a needy Native Government. The theory of administration in this country does not differ in any very essential point from the ordinary principles of Asiatic Government. These we will attempt briefly to contrast with the European. We find here none of that accurate division of subjects, each assigned to the charge of a separate department of officials, which is supposed to constitute the perfection of European polity. In England the Police Magistrate attends to thief-taking, and occasionally sentencing small offenders; but here his duties cease. The Excise Officer confines himself to his province of prying after illicit malt and contraband whiskey. The obnoxious gatherer of assessed taxes keeps his eye on non-registered poodles and taxable windows. The Bankruptcy Commissioner is restricted to the affairs of insolvents. The Judge to the decision of civil and criminal cases affecting in the higher degrees the interests of society. Here we have the division of labour carried to the furthest limit—the centralization of functionaryism developed in its highest form. Precisely the reverse to this is the Oriental idea—this we may safely denominate the federalization of despotism. In Turkey, Persia, and India it is everywhere the same. Whether as the Governor of a Pachalic or the Amil of a Soujah, the provincial ruler is but a miniature of the supreme autocrat—he unites in one person the offices of Judge, Collector, and Magistrate, combined in many instances with great military power. When we established ourselves as conquerors in India, the European theory was sedulously introduced; we have since partially returned, at least in the Agra, Madras, and Bombay Presidencies, to the old system of the country. It would be perhaps too much to say that we have in this respect *retrograded*, for there are many serious defects in our own system which, though silently overlooked, are not the less severely felt. In England the variety of subjects having been contracted, it has been found necessary to extend the circle of operations assigned to the functionary. The advantages of close personal supervision are thereby lost, and the public are exposed to the inconvenience of long journeys and harassing delays.\* Neither on the other hand can the union of several offices in the same individual be pronounced

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\* As the expense of bringing witnesses in those civil suits which can only be decided in the central courts of the Empire, so also the painful suspense to which prisoners under trial are exposed pending the arrival of the judges on circuit. In England a man may be incarcerated for 6 months, and finally declared innocent.



free from censure ; all men are not endowed with a versatility of talent—the active Magistrate may be a bad Secretary to the Road Fund, and the judicious Revenue Officer an indifferent Criminal Judge. But the nature of this article forbids me from pursuing further a comparison, which, however interesting, is scarcely compatible with my present limits. To return to the sphere of my observations. The true parental theory of Oriental despotism has long been abandoned in the country of which I am treating. Men of family and integrity are no longer selected for the responsible office of Provincial Governor ; the inferior officials may be considered as receiving no pay, and except by violence and extortion, are denied the means of subsistence. The Kótswál of Pulmuri was a good specimen of the low paid official. His salary was 5 Rs. a month, and that too paid with great irregularity. This is in a country where wages range high owing to the paucity of population. Even syces at Aurungábád receive 6 and 7, and coolies 4 Rs. per mensem ! Nor could the perquisites of office have been considerable, if we take into account the ruined condition of this portion of the country. The appointment of provincial administrators is now reduced to a mere matter of an auction sale. The collection of the revenue in the Pulmuri district had been leased to a wealthy *shroff*, who had arrived from Hyderábád a year previous to the period of our visit, but before the term of his engagement had expired, the lease was transferred to a still wealthier banker, who had deputed a shoal of needy dependents to reap the harvest of exaction. From the highest to the lowest, each and all may be said to serve as a sponge to be alternately squeezed or relaxed at the pleasure of the superior. In a state where the welfare of the people is consigned to the tender mercies of the highest bidder, whose object, to use the words of the Roman Emperor, is to flay, not to shear the sheep, the traveller need not wonder at the signs of depopulation and ruin everywhere to be seen, especially in a country of no very great natural capabilities. The days of Pindari raids and pillage are now closed—we witnessed no scenes of insolence—we travelled unmolested, but it was everywhere the silent reign of decay and death. This desertion of villages tells the tale of the inhabitants with touching eloquence. The love of his home and his brotherhood is perhaps the strongest sentiment in the breast of the Native of India, and supplies, though in an inadequate degree, the higher feelings of patriotism. The fine saying, “ All men have a birth-place, but all men have

not a country," applies in his case with peculiar force. But here we see that men, whom the hand of violence could not drive from their beloved homestead, have vanished before the baneful influence of the tax-gatherer and usurer.

We will now as rapidly as possible hurry over the line of road from Aurungábád to Bombay. From the former city to the river Godáveri the country is low, and liable to extensive inundations. The Godáveri, though here many hundred miles from the ocean, presents a fine broad stream, and at the period of my visit was unfordable. The deep clear waters of the rivers of Western India, flowing through beds of rock, afford a refreshing contrast to the shallow turbid channels of the rivers on this side of the peninsula. Here is the boundary which divides the territories of the Nizam from those of the Bombay Presidency. The road from this point exhibits a marked improvement, and signs of population and traffic rapidly multiply, till after passing Ahmadnagar, the line presents the most animated scene of moving life I have yet beheld in India.

The country is undulating, only partially cultivated and scantily peopled up to the foot of the great pass, by which the traveller ascends the high country of the Western Gháts, about 16 miles to the east of Ahmadnagar. At this town there is an excellent staging bungalow, with accommodation for three families, a large civil station, and the head-quarters of the Bombay Artillery. The town, which is well built, is the centre of a considerable trade. In former times it was the seat of a petty Mahommadan dynasty, whose history, a very uninteresting one, has been transmitted to us by Ferishta. There are no attractions in this place to induce the traveller to prolong his stay, nor are its merits sufficient to require a lengthened description; neither could I have the presumption to enter on a task which was thus modestly declined, nearly 30 years ago, by an author of greater experience than I can claim to possess. His reason for not giving an account of this city "satisfactory to the reader and creditable to my own labours," (though highly creditable to himself) is calculated to raise a smile: it is "*being but a Captain in the Army, I do not wish to put my judgement or experience in competition with older and wiser heads than my own.*" A modest diffidence which, as the reader shall soon perceive, we are about to copy.

The country from Ahmadnagar to Poona is uniformly hilly, the soil rocky and barren, the intervening valleys however are everywhere carefully cultivated. The prevailing

crop throughout appeared to be *joär*, or the Indian millet. I saw but little of the cotton plant, so fondly held forth by our Manchester friends, as containing the germs of India's future grandeur. It would be highly amusing, but that misrepresentation oft-repeated is at length accepted as truth, to read the various misconceptions which appear from time to time in the London prints on this subject. India is always regarded as a unit;—the ratiocination of these economists may be said to run thus: Labour is low-priced in the Bengal Presidency, and land plentiful in the Bombay:—therefore labour and land, the two prime requisites for the successful cultivation of sugar and cotton, are to be procured in *India* on the best possible terms. Therefore *India ought* to beat all the world in producing these articles—but *India does not* beat all the world:—quite the reverse. There is a screw loose somewhere—such is the only possible inference. It must be laid at the doors of the Government. There is “something rotten in the state of Denmark.” The murder is out. The *asámies* are denied Cheshire salt. The Company monopolize the land. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, complains bitterly of the Government steamers, as encroaching on the business of lawful traders; while the press inveighs severely against an apathetic Government, for not constructing, despite every natural obstacle, railway communication through the length and breadth of the land. Cheap labour (if the work of an Indian labourer can be called cheap at any price) and good land at low rates, can scarcely co-exist in this country, except indeed where the value of the land is reduced, as in Bengal, owing to a liability to inundation. To be more precise we will cite a case in point. We will take Azimgurh, one of the greatest sugar-growing districts of the N. W. Provinces; the population is dense, 521 to the square mile, agricultural labour fetches 2 Rs. per mensem, to an English mind the incredibly low sum of one penny half-penny a day, but good land for indigo or sugar rents on an average at £1 per acre.\* We will now turn to Western India: here the rent of land is about one-fourth of the above rates, but the soil is inferior, the communications bad, and the wages of labour at least double. We may take as a general rule, that, where culturable land is in excess of

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\* It is usual to leave lands cultivated one year with the sugar-cane fallow every alternate year. The rental thus becomes £ 2 per acre. This district is peculiarly adapted to the growth of sugar; there are great facilities for artificial irrigation: water being generally found near the surface of the soil.

population, the cultivator will always command a higher recompense, *cæteris paribus* than in districts where the inhabitants press closely on the means of subsistence.

From the above remarks the reader will readily perceive that I am not sanguine as to the future prospects of the Sister Presidency. Extravagant speculations on the probable destinies of countries they visit has been a favourite theme with many modern travellers. As the biographer becomes a special pleader for the hero whose life he purposes to pourtray, so this class delight in extolling the undeveloped resources, and the possible prospective greatness of the countries they endeavour to describe. The soil of Western India is, in general, by no means fertile, the population is scanty, and the hilly nature of the country, with the long ranges of mountains passable only by precipitous *ghâts*, offer serious impediments to the prolongation of lines of railway. In the social and economical career of this portion of India, the Parsee must always play a prominent part; and though a useful and energetic member of society, his influence appears scarce likely to prove beneficial here. He has acquired a monopoly of trade and commercial enterprize, to the almost entire exclusion of the more vivifying capital of Britain, and to the effectual check of the expansion of Native industry. As the Jew of the middle ages to Europe and his descendant of the present day to Poland, so is the Parsee to Western India.\* Alien in race and in religion, he has never blended with the people of the country; his attention has been rivetted to commercial pursuits—the acquisition of land has no attractions for him. The wealth gained in trade, except in a few rare instances, continues to flow in the same channel. The healthful circulation of capital through varied branches of industry, is here unknown; each race pursues his own vocation, the native remains *adscriptus glæbæ*, while the energetic foreigner is the sole master of internal trade and foreign commerce. In comparison with this, Bengal presents a picture fraught with bright prospects. Distinctions of caste, though a formidable barrier to social progress, have not there offered an insuperable obstacle to all amelioration in the condition of society. Referring again to Azimgurh as an example, one of the city Munsiff's (or Native

\* The Parsee has not only preserved his nationality more inviolate than either the Mussulman, the Jew, or the Portuguese Christian, but has retained the same fair complexion which he possessed when he left the hills of Irân, while the Jew and the Christian have become darker than the natives of the country.

Judges) is a *sunar* or goldsmith by caste. The manager of the principal indigo factories, a man who has amassed great wealth, belongs to the *darzi* or tailor caste. The keepers of the *holees* (the gin palaces of India) are everywhere *kuhwars*, or originally the makers of pottery. The Brahmans, who were esteemed by the wisdom of the ancient Hindoo Legislator, to be merely *fruges consumere nati*, have long since been forced to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Many have become cultivators of the soil, others do not disdain to take service, while some more enterprising individuals have embarked in commercial pursuits. Grants of land in *Krishnarpar* are now rarely made, and the priestly ducs of *Jajmáni* afford the once worshipped Brahman but a precarious source of income.

In lines of internal communication and in the facilities for transport, the Bombay Presidency is unmeasurably in arrear of the North-Western Provinces. The great route, from the Godáveri through Ahmadnagar and Poona, is certainly a magnificent work, constructed in despite of great engineering difficulties. Broken stone supplies the place of *kunkur* in metaling the surface. But of district roads I could perceive no trace, and I am informed that except cross country tracks, along which it is barely possible to drive a high two-wheeled bullock *gari*, scarcely any trace of a road is to be found. Between Poona and Bombay a mail buggy, with a seat for one person was, at the period of my visit, the only regular Government conveyance for passengers. Carriages could indeed be hired from the Post Office and also from private parties. This, however, applies only to a distance of 70 miles; on other lines the traveller must make his own arrangements. The bullock train, which has conferred such benefits on our own provinces, is there unknown.

The other great route is the Agra road, which passes through Nassick and Tanna. This I did not see, but on that from Ahmadnagar, the native traffic is, as far as I could judge, much greater than on the Grand Trunk Road of the Bengal Presidency; and on the Nassick road the traffic, according to the statistical returns, is at least fourfold. The traveller who, like myself, has traversed within the course of a few months the breadth of India, (from Calcutta to Benares, from Mirzapore to Saugor, from Saugor to Indore, from Indore through the states of Khándeish, Malwa, and Hyderábád, and again entered the British territory in the West of India,) cannot have failed to perceive the marked effect produced on a country by the construction of a good road.

On quitting the Dekhan Grand Trunk Road at Jokey, signs of traffic gradually decrease in Central India. After quitting Indore and descending the Simrole Pass, I scarcely met a single wheeled carriage, till I arrived at Aurungábád. Throughout this tract the transport of goods is entirely in the hands of the Banjáries. Under this denomination are included two distinct races—one of Pathán descent, who confine their transactions chiefly to the sale of cattle—and another a low class of Rajputs called the Bhúñwí and Bhúñyár castes. My remarks refer chiefly to the latter; these carry grain from Malwa to the countries south of the Narbudda; each man possesses from 20 to 30 head of cattle; in driving these he is assisted by his wife and children. His own living costs but little, and that of his cattle nothing, for they are turned into the jungle, which, in that region, is everywhere abundant, to procure their own food. On entering the Bombay Presidency, the contrast is striking. Foot passengers swarm along the route, large strong built park-bullocks succeed to the half-starved cattle of the Banjára. Stout waggons, a vehicle rarely met with, and indeed of little use, on the ill defined roads of Native States, may now be seen to the number of several hundreds, in a single day. Between Ahimadnagar and Soopa, during one of my night marches, I perceived an extensive collection of waggons in the vicinity of the road. Being resolved to make a more minute inspection than the surveyor who gravely inserted *Chakraguñ* on his map, I directed my course towards the encampment, and found it to belong to a travelling tribe of carriers. They informed me that their native country was Guzerát. They were travelling with their wives and children, and sheltered themselves and their families at night under their waggons.

As we are treating of roads, we may now turn by an easy transition to the consideration of a less important topic, but which possesses perhaps in the eyes of the reader a more practical interest,—namely, the accommodation provided for travellers. The Bombay system is based on very different principles from those laid down by the Military Board of this Presidency of their officers. The latter attach a mysterious charm to uniformity; every staging bungalow must be built of the same size, and on the same model, and this too without reference to the extent of traffic on the road or the size of the station. At Allahábád and at Koosla—on the Grand Trunk Road or in a secluded district scarcely visited by five travellers in a year—the accommodation is precisely similar, and the establishment of servants the same. In Western In-

dia they manage these things better. On lines little frequented the arrangements are simple and inexpensive, a small bungalow with two rooms, or a Mausoleum or a deserted mosque, is all the accommodation the traveller may expect, while for attendance he can look only for a solitary watchman who has charge of the building. Thus larger funds are available for the great routes : on these, staging bungalows of a superior class have been erected ; the rooms surpass in size and number any to be seen in similar buildings on this side of India : good stabling is also attached to each bungalow. There is a full complement of servants ; the headman (or butler as they here style a Khánsamah) who is generally a Portuguese, furnishes excellent fare, and also provides tea, coffee, beer and other luxuries. For these there is a printed tariff of charges. But it is on the score of the unequal rupee tax on the traveller that our system is open to the severest censure. The old rule, which made the same charge for an individual as for a family, and for accommodation for a single hour as for an entire day and night, has been partially abrogated, having been found unprofitable to the Government as well as unjust towards the public. The new rule is not much better. The Bombay regulations on this subject appear to be based on wiser principles. The charge for a single traveller alighting at a bungalow during the day is 8 annas, and for the night 1 rupee. For a family or a party of travellers the above rates are doubled. While at bungalows, where no servants are entertained, to the best of my recollection no tax was levied.

With these observations I shall conclude my remarks on Western India. My stay in Bombay was too short to enable me to glean new details of a character sufficiently complete to render the information either attractive or valuable to the reader. Much, however, remains to be gathered by a future traveller, whose remarks would be the more valuable did he bring to bear on the enquiry an adequate knowledge of this side of India, and such knowledge would enable him to observe with greater interest and advantage a judicial and revenue system, and a social condition so different from those of Gangetic India, to bring into simultaneous view their salient characteristics, and thus contrast their respective excellencies and defects.\*

H. M.

\* List of stages continued from the previous article.

January 3rd, .. Aurangábád, .. 18 miles—Evening. A good bungalow.

January 4th,	{	Dehgaon, .. 15 miles—Evening. Bungalow. I did not halt here.
		Toka, .. 14 miles—Evening. Bungalow near the river Godáveri.
5th,	..	Kustapore, .. 16 miles—Morning. Bungalow—no servants.
		Imampore, .. 15 miles—Evening. A Mausoleum used as a bungalow—no servants—halt for 1 hour.
		Ahmadnagar, .. 12 miles—Evening. A good bungalow, with accommodation for 3 families.
6th,	..	Soopa, .. 15 miles—Evening. A good bungalow.
7th,	..	Seroor, .. 16 miles—Morning. Ditto: cantonments of the Poona horse.
		Kundapore, .. 14 miles—Evening. A good bungalow.
8th,	..	Loone, .. 10 miles—Morning. Ditto: near this is the village of Korygaon and a monument to the officers who were killed in the action fought at that place.
		Poona, .. 14 miles—Noon. A good bungalow, with accommodation for 4 families.

At Poona I discharged my camels which I had hired at Indore. I paid at the rate of 1 rupee for every 20 miles for each camel. From Poona I hired a phaton (fighting, as the natives pronounce the word) in company with another traveller, a medical man and his assistant: we paid 43 rupees. We left Poona at 7 P.M. of the 9th, and reached Panwell, despite an accident from the restiveness of one of our horses, at 2 A.M. We crossed over in a *bandur* (or harbour) boat to Bombay, where we arrived before sunrise on the 10th of January 1849.

### ΙΧΘΥΣ.

Ἰσούθειος, ἔτλης τοῦ βίου δῦναι βυθὸν,  
 Χριστὸς δ' ἀθάνατος τὴν πάλην σταύρου πάθειν.  
 Θεὸς τε γαστέρ' ἠζιούς τῆς παρθένου.  
 Ὑπιζύγων ρῦσον με κύματων χρόνου,  
 Σωτήρ, προδῶς δὲ μὴ ἐν ἐσχάτοις πόνοις.

*In eodem Symbolo Acrostichis Altera.*

Ἴκοῦ, βυθὸν τλαῖς πελάγιον δῦναι βίου,  
 Χριστὸς, διητηλεῖς τ' ἐσχάτης σταύρου πόνους,  
 Θνητῆς ἀθάνατος θρέμμα παρθένου γεγῶς,  
 Ὑποῦργος ὦν λάβης μ' ἐπ' ἀγκάλαις αἰτι,  
 Σωτήρ, ἀγῶσι μὴδ' ἐν ὑστάτοις προδῶς.



## X.

## M. DE TASSY AND MAULAWÍ KARÍMU-D-DÍN.\*

AFTER writing a paper about M. de Tassy, for the length of which we wish we were sure that all our readers have forgiven us, we bade adieu to the worthy Professor for the time. Our attention has suddenly been recalled to him by an announcement on the back of his latest publication, which, again, has reminded us of an egregious sample of indigenous book-making, the title of which, *salvâ cacographiâ*, will be found at the bottom of the page. This somewhat anomalous production, which, though very bad in itself, is indicative of an improved and improving state of affairs as regards native education, has been before the world for upwards of two years. It has, however, we believe, failed to obtain notice, further than by name, in any of our public prints, and probably not half a dozen, (if even one,) of our countrymen have read a single page of it. But the work has fared rather better, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro mirifico*, in quarters where it is just as likely to be chastised as it is to be understood. Thus, we find it spoken of as follows in the '*Athenæum*' of the 4th of May, 1850: "A homage worth recording has been paid to the merits of European Orientalists in the person of M. Garcin de Tassy, by the translation into Hindustani and the publication at Delhie of his '*History of Hindustani Literature*' in a folio volume of upwards of 500 pages. This appreciation by learned Natives of the laborious researches of the author on the history of their own literature must be equally gratifying to the learned Professor and to the Oriental Translation Committee of our Royal Asiatic Society, of which M. Garcin de Tassy is a foreign member, and under whose auspices the work appeared."

In terms less pompous, as was befitting, M. de Tassy introduces himself in his Dihlí *khilat*, in the list of advertisements given on the back of his "*Analyse d' un monologue dramatique indien*."† Correcting his '*traducce*'s' French, but leaving his English unaltered, except as regards certain '*additions*,' avowed by the Maulawí, and ignored by the

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\* "A History of Urdoo Poets, chiefly translated from [the first volume of M.] Garcin de Tassy's *Histoire de la Littérature Hindouie at Hindoustanie*, by F. Fallon, Esq. and Moulvee Kareemooddeen; with additions. Delhi College. 1848. Price 6 Rupees." Pp. xxvi. and 504.

† An Epitome of the *Duázda Mánsa*, from the Dakhní. Paris. 1850.

Professor,—and not altogether unjustifiably,—M. de Tassy informs the public that “Cet ouvrage, publié sous les auspices de l’*Oriental translation Committee of Great Britain and Ireland*, et dédié avec permission à S. M. la reine d’Angleterre, a été traduit en hindoustani et publié à Delhi, sous le titre de : طبقات شعراى هندي” \* &c. &c.

Now this will never do. We can picture to ourselves how grand these cabalistic characters look in the windows of a Parisian bookseller, alongside of Major Rawlinson’s *Nineveh Inscriptions* and M. Champollion’s *Hieroglyphics*. But then Karímu-d-dín, (let not the Professor fancy that the name means ‘crème des fidèles’), though in some sort a friend of ours, is not, positively one of the lights of the East. No; he can take rank neither with the Sphynx nor with the Assyrian winged-bull; and it would not be fair in us to allow him, if we could help it, either to derange the mind of a Parisian Professor or to mislead the judgment of a Parisian public.

To return, finding that such exaggerated conceptions are entertained by a journal like the *Athenæum*, and also, barring the ‘additions,’ by M. de Tassy himself, in regard to this same translation of Karímu-d-dín’s, we think that our time will not be entirely thrown away in undertaking to give the reader a correct idea of the actual state of the case.

Comparing the Urdú, then, with its French original, the first singularity that attracts our attention is the principle of selection, or, rather, of rejection, on which the translator proceeds: for it would be a great mistake to suppose that Karímu-d-dín’s book is any thing like a regular version of M. de Tassy’s. The Professor’s ‘*Histoire*’ contains,—due allowance being made for confusion and duplication of individuals,—about 740 biographical notices of versifiers and prose-writers. Of these not fewer than 250 are entirely pretermitted in the so-called translation. Nor are these omissions confined to rhymesters known by a single couplet or two, with notices of whom both the French work and its sources too much abound. Among the proscribed we have remarked, of Urdú writers, Sálíh, Fath-i-Álí Shaidá, Ziyá, and several other authors of *díwáns*, or of works bearing specific titles;—not to mention many poets of inferior repute. We say *specific*; for a very large proportion of all Urdú works

\* Read, rather, طبقات شعراى هند.

are known only by generic names. Of these the most usual, as well as important, is *díwán*, a term which, in its popular Indian acceptation, is almost as vague as *poetical miscellany*, and is frequently confounded with *kulliyát*. Among the names of Dakhní writers comprised in the same category of the proscribed are those of 'Ábidí, Nizámu-d-dín, Pír, Shádán, Sháhí, Sevaka, Táná Sháh, Wáhídí, &c. &c. Still greater neglect is shown with regard to Hindí writers, of whom Bábá Lála, Lallú Lála (the translator of the *Prema Ságara*, &c.), Náráyana-dása, Priyá-dása, Ráma-jána, S'ruta-gopála-dása, and Sukha Deva, are a few, amongst many, whom we miss. Cases of ill-advised curtailment we have also to complain of. The notices of Ashk, Ráma Mohana Ráya, Soz, Walí of the Dakhn, Wilá, Yakrang, and Yaqín, may be mentioned as instances in point. Nor is correctness a very conspicuous feature of our translator's epitomes. For example, according to the Urdú rendering, the great Bangálí reformer, just named, accomplished the object for which he visited England; whereas the original states that "le but politique de sa mission eut tout le résultat qu'il pouvait espérer,"—in other words, resulted in just as much as was to be expected, i. e., in nothing. Of Walí, again, the little that is said contains no less an error than the announcement that his *díwán* has been published at Calcutta, a statement which, difficult as it is to establish a negative, we take upon us to deny.

But not less on the score of redundancy than on that of mutilation have we to find fault with the book. Without imposing upon ourselves the labour of making any very thorough search, we have observed upwards of twenty biographies given each *twice* over, as if they belonged to different individuals, and usually in terms so similar that it is singular some misgiving did not occur to the compiler. One of these biographies, that of Ilhám, is given no fewer than three times; this poet being made to do duty, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, as three gentlemen at once. Such a charge as that which we have just made is of too grave a nature to be brought forward without evidence. We accordingly furnish references\* to certain of these biographies

of a poet and his 'double,'—to borrow a term from German demonology. The cause of the most of these repetitions is sufficiently obvious. Karīmu-d-dīn, who read the French through the eyes of another, neglected to make a memorandum of such biographical notices as he had reproduced, as also to have the French collated with the original authorities. These blunders might nearly all have been avoided, if, to go no further, he had simply made an intelligent use of the *Gulshan-i-bekhār*,† to which he must have had access, as he quotes it at nearly every page; or if he had even revised his own work with tolerable attention before sending it to press. It can hardly be supposed that he could have been so injudicious as to resort to an expedient of this description for the purpose of swelling the size of his volume. The other, and the more probable, alternative supposes the most unpardonable, and, indeed, almost incredible negligence. It matters but little, as far as concerns the merits of his work, by which horn of this dilemma the compiler chooses to be transfixed.

Mistakes in chronology, even where such insignificant characters as Urdū poetasters are in question, deserve, we think, to be avoided. The Maulawī would seem to be of a different opinion; for we do not hesitate to declare, in round numbers, that hardly one date out of three, throughout his work, is given correctly. A portion of the blame in this particular, as in many others, evidently rests with Mr. Fallon, the translator's assistant, who exhibits the most glaring

Kavī, pp. 25 and 89; Muhsin (Mīr Muḥammad Muḥsin), pp. 115 and 165; Muntazir (Miyān Nūru-l-Islām), pp. 209 and 369; Nisār (Mīr Abū-l-Rasūl), pp. 121 and 292; Nizām (Nawwāb 'Imādu-l-mulk, &c.), pp. 121 and 292; Pākḥāz (Miyān Salāhu-d-dīn), pp. 149 and 293; Ruswā (Maḥṭab Rāya), pp. 96 and 137.

To these add, as less apparent instances of reduplication,—Ashk, pp. 309 and 496 (Khalīl); Chandā, pp. 136 (Māh-liqā) and 327; Ghulām-i-Aḥmad, pp. 138 (Sariqad) and 480. For the documents of these identifications see the paper on the "Histoire."

† Karīmu-d-dīn professes, or, rather, tacitly confesses, not to know the names of certain writers bearing the literary titles of Gumān, Madhosh, and Shuhrat. The names are given in full by M. de Tassy, but not by Shefta, whom the compiler here followed. See also the notice of Muntāz (Hāfiz Fazl-i-Āli—not *Fath-i-Āli*, as in the 'Histoire'). Shefta's work, by the bye, is indented upon by the Maulawī without stint and without acknowledgement, and, in perfect unconsciousness of risk, invariably at its own valuation. A reply to Shefta, in which his errors are refuted at length, has lately been written, but we have not yet seen it.

proofs of his ignorance of the numerals in French, however profoundly he may be acquainted with them in Urdú. Thus, at p. 211 (under Khulq), *dix-neuf* is rendered by نَوَى ninety; and at p. 137 (under Rasmí), *vingt-quatre*, by اَسَى eighty. It would also appear as if Mr. Fallon did not fully comprehend M. de Tassy's system of phonetic notation, or else we should hardly meet so constantly with words like

ر،اما كوشنا بواج بهاكها بهكتا مالا چتوا پراكاش جيانا مندر &c.

With respect to Mr. Fallon's share in the preparation of the work in hand it is unnecessary to say any thing further.

The translator, at p. 17, under Chaturbhuja Mis'ra, following M. de Tassy literally, promises to speak of the *Prema-Súgara* in the article on Lallú Lála, of whom, however, as we have remarked above, he takes no notice whatever. Again, under 'Ishrat, p. 294, translating the French verbatim, he promises to speak of the *Padmávat*\* further on. He had forgotten, that, taking a liberty with the order, he had already translated M. de Tassy's remarks on the *Padmávat*, at p. 20.

In the original, p. 283, the Rájá Káli Kṛishṇa is said to be "jeune encore,"—still a young man. The translator has maliciously abridged his highness's knowledge instead of his years, by insinuating that he is علم میں کم "deficient in learning."

M. de Tassy, speaking of the works of S'iva Náráyana, p. 475, observes: "J' ignore si c'est la collection de tous ces ouvrages qui porte le titre de *Sant Saran*." The Maulawí, by way of a translation of this, hesitates a doubt whether the book bearing the above title is entirely the composition of S'iva Náráyana, or of some one else. Whether the Professor or the Maulawí discovers the profounder ignorance in regard to the matter, the reader will be able to judge, if he refer to what we have said elsewhere concerning the signification of the words *santa s'arana*,—which are not the title of a work at all.†

\* M. de Tassy pronounces 'Ishrat's *Padmávat* to be *Dakhni*, (and Karímu-d-dín follows him,) and expatiates on its style and language as if he had

preface. 'Ibrat wrote the first quarter of the *Padmávat*. This work has been published at Lakhnau.

† Vide the paper on the "Histoire" ad loc.

M. de Tassy, p. 85, observes, of the work called *Phúlban* : " Il y a un autre poème hindoustani sur le même sujet, dont il sera parlé à l' article sur Ibn Nischátí." The ' translation' of this passage imports that Ibn Nishátí was the author of a *tazkira*. At the same page (of the Urdú), Alí Ibráhím, the author of the *Gulzár-i-Ibráhím*, is mistaken for Muhammad Ibráhím, the author of the Dakhní version of the *Anwár-i-suhailí*,—a blunder of which M. de Tassy stands acquitted.

The French, p. 94, represents Bábá Lála as having adopted a religious life " de bonne heure," i. e., betimes. The Urdú has مید لگن ' at an auspicious conjunction,' the translator evidently taking M. de Tassy for a brother believer in astrology.

Dúlhá Ráma, according to M. de Tassy, p. 161, refused to let his thousand *s'abdas* be committed to writing. The translator,—if his rendering has a meaning,—mistakes this for an assertion that Dúlhá Ráma did not acknowledge them,—i. e., denied that the *s'abdas* were of his composing.

In the list of Mír Ghulám-i-Hasan's works, p. 214 of translation, the *Badr-i-munír* is ranked as third in order, and the *Sihru-l-bayán* as fourth. This is much like saying that Penelope was the third work of Homer, the Odyssey being the fourth. *Badr-i-munír* is the name of the heroine of the *Sihru-l-bayán*. Cf. M. de Tassy, p. 200.

Karímu-d-dín, without the least hesitation, follows M. de Tassy in his inference that Fath-i-Alí Khán Husainí's *tazkira* was written A. H. 1153. He also follows M. de Tassy in saying (p. 113) that Ahsanu-l-láh died a few years before Fath-i-Alí completed his *tazkira*; but in the very next sentence adds that he seems to have been living A. H. 1158,—i. e., upwards of five years after his decease. That the poet was flourishing at the latter date we will not question, as we do not know on what authority the statement is grounded. We marvel, however, that the Maulawí should show himself no better an arithmetician than the worthy Professor. M. de Tassy, who is supported by Khalíl and Lutf,\* gives A. H. 1159 as the year of Anjám's death; and, after observing that Fath-i-Alí Khán places this event six years before the date of his *tazkira*, proceeds (at p. 170) to deduce A. H. 1153 as

\* And also by Karímu-d-dín, from whom we learn that some poet has wrapped up the date of Anjám's death in the chronogram م عمده i. e., 1159.

this date, instead of A. H. 1165. Were M. de Tassy ever to cross the equator and be obliged to calculate his own latitude, he would run the risk of finding himself rather out of his reckoning, if he discriminated no more carefully than in this instance between the signs *plus* and *minus*.

At p. 339 of the Urdú, Gilchrist's *Atáliq-i-Hindí* is transformed into the *Akhláq-i-Hindí*. For the latter work see p. 258.

Last, but not least, at p. 172 (under Fá'iz) M. de Tassy is confounded with his illustrious teacher the Baron de Sacy.

The foregoing are but a few examples of the multifarious blemishes of Maulawí Karímu-d-dín's translation,—to say nothing of the indolent and unsuspecting reproduction, at nearly every page, of M. de Tassy's inferences, surmises, doubts and blunders. The reader, if curious for a larger selection, may compare with the originals,—M. de Tassy and Shefta,\*—the translated notices of Tulasí-dása, p. 32, ad init.; Betáb (Sháh Muhammad Alím), pp. 76 and 179; Yaqín, p. 194; Típá, ad fin., p. 135; Majzúb, p. 217; Bekal, p. 284; Vení Náráyaṇa, p. 310; 'Áshiq, p. 341; Akbar Kháu Akbar, p. 452; Awára, p. 484.

But it is time to give a *per contra* and to make some mention of the unrecognised 'additions' previously alluded to.

The principal merit of the *Tabaqát-i-Shuqrá-e-Hind* consists in its character of supplement to M. de Tassy's work, particularly with reference to poets of recent celebrity. For instance, we are presented with a good deal of information regarding Anjám, Átish, Zauq, Múmin, Sáhíb, Názir, 'Árif, and Shahídí,—some of them names of note,—who seem to be entirely unknown as yet in Europe. We have also to speak in commendation of the additions to the French memoirs of a considerable number of writers, whose names will be found in the subjoined note.† But, large as this list is, the compiler is much in fault for not having made it very much larger. To what we already know of the early Urdú poets the Maulawí adds but very little, whether we trust or discredit his chronological division, which is extremely imperfect. The

\* We refer to Shefta, where we have tested him by such other *tazkiras* as we have seen, because his work, being printed, is more generally accessible.

† Aftáb, Amír, 'Áshiq (Mahdí Alí), Bedil, Dard, Fazl, Ghálib, Hádí, Inshá, Ishq (Izzatu-l-láh), Jafar, Khádim, Khayál, Khusráu, Maráf, Mazhar, Minnat, Munshí (Múlachanda), Mus'hafí, Násikh, Nastr (Sháh), Nizám, Pákbáz, Qásim (Qudratu-l-láh *not* Qadru-l-láh), Rangín, Sarwar (*not* Surúr), Zuká (*not* Zaká), &c. &c.

oldest known writers of the Musalmán vernacular of India are, as we have elsewhere stated, Turku-l-láh (or Khusrau) and Saḍí Dakhní.\* Of Hindí versifiers Karĭmu-d-dĭn gives absolutely nothing new, unless we except the catalogue of the writings of Nanda-dása. His notice of Padmákara is a fair type of his acquaintance with writers of this class. Dihlí princes, at the same time, enter in shoals,—equally skilled in the mysteries of reciting insipid ghazals and of pitting quails and flying pigeons. Occasionally, friends are impertinently introduced who have written Persian poetry only, or no poetry at all, or prose either, as far as we are informed by their chaperon. The Guru Ráma Ráo is obvi-

\* With regard to the opinion that Saḍí of Shĭráz was the first writer of Rekhta, the poet Tapish, an apparently impartial, and, certainly, competent witness, contributes his additional evidence against that view which M. de Tassy has been pleased to declare unquestionable. This evidence is to be found in the preface to Tapish's *Kulliyát* (complete works), otherwise called *Gulzár-i-Muzámin*,—which title exhibits, as a chronogram, the number 1199, as the Hijrĭ date of the collection. This preface contains a brief, but sufficiently exact, sketch of the Urdú language and literature, together with catalogues of the principal poets of each set down to the time of the writer, and specimens of the style of each. Among the Dakhní poets occurs the name of Saḍí; and, as a sample of his manner, one of the very verses ascribed by M. de Tassy, (following Kamál or the authority of Qá'im,) to the Persian Saḍí, is cited, and without the least intimation that this attribution was ever disputed. We have here, then, a fresh proof of the questionableness of the Professor's "fait désormais incontestable." Saúdá, in his *tazkĭra*, seems to be the most authoritative advocate of the opinion to which we here recur. The fact of their having assumed the same *lakhalus* is a poor reason indeed, and yet apparently the only one that Saúdá had, for concluding the identity of two distinct individuals. Fath-i-Alĭ Khán, the author of the oldest *tazkĭra* of Urdú poets to which we have had access, passes a rather severe censure on such as confound the two Saḍís. And the censure is surely deserved, if ever it was, at this day, when the grounds for starting new theories on such points as the one in question are much more uncertain, from the gradual extinction and consequent paucity of materials, than they were three generations ago. Fath-i-Alĭ's words are as follows :

آند بعض آقره را بسبب اتحاد فخلص مغالطه افتاده رختباه  
سعدی دکنی را از عدم اعتنا وقتل تتبع بنام سعدی شیرازی  
مرقوم ساخته اند ناشی از جهل و تسفیه است

It is a curious fact that the Dakhní writers are, with rare exceptions, Muhammadan, although the Hindí and Sanskrit element in their language is much larger than it is in the Urdú, which has been employed by hundreds of Hindús for literary purposes. M. de Tassy says, p. iv. of Preface to the 1st vol. of the 'Histoire': "Le dialecte du midi ou dakhní est seulement employé par les musulmans." This assertion requires limitation. For instance, the Dakhní prose work called *Guldasta-i-jahq* (attributed on conjecture by M. de Tassy to a Muhammadan), has for its author a Bráhmaṇ, son of Ráya Bhagavanta, as we learn from the work itself. The copy which has been inspected was transcribed at Kánchĭ (Conjevoram) in the year 6 of the Farrukh-sháhĭ era (A. D. 1719 ?).



ously foisted in simply for the sake of bulk, an attempt being made to atone for the obtrusion by telling an indelicate story. And more than once is the good taste of the reader affronted by details of the history of such miscreants as Bakhsh Kanchan and Sultán (Nawwáb Nasaru-l-láh Khán), to dwell on whose depravity would argue, if one were disposed to judge censoriously, something very like a fellow-feeling. The criticism of our author is not much worse than that of Muhammadans generally. The rhymes of the king of Dihlí are, of course, immaculate. Of the Dakhní dialect all that our grave friend has to say, and that he insists on, is that it is amusing. The well-known Walí he treats very disparagingly, and he would seem not to have listened, when the 'Histoire' was read to him, with sufficient attention to discover that the *díwán* of that poet has been edited by M. de Tassy himself.

But the prime fault of the 'History of Urdoo Poets' is want of research. Only a small portion of the numerous Urdú works that have been printed are mentioned in this work, and the Maulawí, if we may speak from the internal evidence afforded by his book, possessed hardly more than two of the seven *tazkiras* used by M. de Tassy,—those of Fath-i-*Alí* Khán Husainí and Mus'hafí. Mannú Lála's anthology we add with a doubt. And yet the remainder of the seven, with the exception of Mír, could all have been procured by a little painstaking. The compiler, however, availed himself, though not to much profit, of a couple of collections of memoirs inaccessible to M. de Tassy,—those of Qásim and Shefta. Several other works of a biographical character,—more or less common, but all of them obtainable,—treating of Rekhta writers, such as the *tazkiras* of Sarwar, Zuká, and Qá'im, were evidently unknown to the compiler. Of modern reformers and innovators, Hindú and Muhammadan, a class of persons who have exercised no unimportant influence on the literature of India, the Maulawí's account is meagre in the extreme. This circumstance and the fact that next to no specimens of their writings are given, can be attributed only to indolence or indifference. In a work professing to give additions we might reasonably have expected to find the fruits of some original inquiry in this interesting division of the subject; instead of which even the matter collected by M. de Tassy is cut out, this constituting one of the ill-advised curtailments to which we have already referred. We even doubt that the Maulawí has read the Dabistán.

The index to the 'History of Urdu Poets,' we may as well mention, is quite useless. We were obliged to have a new one made before we could use the volume with any comfort. Nor is any index of books, such as we are provided with, to our great assistance, in the French work, given in the translation. In like manner, M. de Tassy's appendix is silently omitted. For any thing further touching Maulawí Karímu-d-dín's work, as also for information regarding its compiler and his labours, we must refer the reader to the work itself. In an autobiographical sketch not far from the end of the volume the writer complacently intimates that he does not 'do' poetry himself, and, moreover, has no ambition in that direction, such being no business of the *learned*. If being unburthened with learning be a poetic qualification,\* it is just barely possible that Karímu-d-dín, notwithstanding these lofty airs, is rather better qualified to disport in the Lowlands of Parnassus than he is willing to have it believed.

To bring these remarks to a close, we will not conceal our opinion that Maulawí Karímu-d-dín, however chaotically he may have thrown together the work we have been examining, is plainly capable of better things. A taste, be it never so slight, for literary history, is seldom met with in native scholars of the present age; and in proportion to its infrequency is it deserving of encouragement. A little research would, we are well assured, put one in possession of all the existing materials for a complete biographical dictionary of Urdu writers. And we know of no person better qualified than the Maulawí for digesting a work of this description, which, indeed, he has conditionally pledged himself to undertake. It would be requisite, however, that he check his fancy, which seems to be a little prurient, and take more pains with his style, which is at present

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\* To satisfy the Arabic scholar that Karímu-d-dín may possess this qualification in spite of himself, his rendering of the following sentence will perhaps suffice: من بكى علي الحسين اوتباكا وجبت له الجنة :

The Maulawí's translation, p. 57 :

جو شخص رويا اوپر حسين عليه السلام کے يا جس نے رولايا اورونكو  
اُسكے واسطے جنت واجب ہوگئي

Read, rather :

جو حسين عليه السلام پر رويا يا جس نے رونيكی صورت بنائي  
اُسكے لئے جنت واجب ہوگئي

slovenly and jejune. To have written a *diwán* still current should, in general, constitute the criterion of a poet's admissibility\* into such a compilation as we suggest. And as the number of authors would be restricted by such a limitation to a rather meagre catalogue, it might not be amiss to enrich the work with a careful and compendious selection of elegant extracts, so that it should serve the double purpose of a biography and anthology. Indices, bibliographical and nominal, should be appended. The latter index should be twofold,—alphabetical, and chronological according to the division into half-centuries, or, better still, if practicable, into decades. The whole should be prefaced with a general conspectus of the contents of the volume and matters relevant thereto. The literature of the various orthodox† and heterodox sects of Hindús ought to be excluded from the plan altogether, as the subject can be treated to advantage only by a Hindú, or, at all events, vastly better by a Hindú than by a Muhammadan. Finally, it would conduce to the greater accuracy of the work, if the compiler were to have the benefit of somewhat stricter European superintendence than Maulawí Karímu-d-dín appears to have enjoyed while engaged in preparing the "History of Urduo Poets."

F. E. II.

\* We borrow this idea from Lutf.

† M. de Tassy, at p. 5 of his "Rudiments de la langue hindoui," cites with approbation a remark of the Rev. J. Stevenson, importing that the employment, for purposes of religious instruction, of the modern Indian languages, is unknown to the sect of S'iva. A much more guarded statement to a similar effect may be found in the Asiatic Researches, vol. xvii. p. 171. S'aiva works in the vernacular dialects are not numerous, and yet are not wholly wanting even in Hindusthán. We may mention, in Hindí, Rájá Samara Sinha's translation of Pushpadanta's Mahimna Stotra, the Mahádeva-charitra, and compositions, translated or original, by S'ambhu, Vení, &c. &c. A Hindí version, by Jaya Náráyana Ghoshála, of the first 35 sections of the Kás'í Khaṇḍa, was published many years ago at Calcutta. The S'iva-Itámrta in Maráthi is a work of very general currency. For S'aiva writings in Bengálí we have made no inquiry. A number of works, in the languages of the South, of the description in question, are mentioned in Prof. Wilson's "Mackenzie Collection."

## Extracts and Intelligence.

### DECLARATION OF THE AUSTRALASIAN BISHOPS ON THE DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH.

WE are enabled to present the full report, put out by authority, of the minutes of the proceedings of the Metropolitan and Suffragan Bishops of the province of Australasia, held at Sydney, from the 1st of October to the 1st of November, 1850.

#### REPORT.

The Metropolitan and Bishops of the Province of Australasia, having, by the good providence of God, been permitted to assemble themselves together in the metropolitan city of Sydney, on the 1st day of October, in the year of our Lord 1850, and having consulted together on such matters as concern the progress of true religion, and the welfare of the Church in the said province, and in the several Dioceses thereof, did agree to the decisions and opinions contained in the following report:—

#### I.—OBJECTS OF THE CONFERENCE.

We, the undersigned Metropolitan and Bishops of the Province of Australasia, in consequence of doubts existing how far we are inhibited by the Queen's Supremacy from exercising the powers of an Ecclesiastical Synod, resolve not to exercise such powers on the present occasion.

But we desire to consult together upon the various difficulties in which we are at present placed by the doubtful application to the Church in this province of the Ecclesiastical laws, which are now in force in England; and to suggest such measures as may seem to be most suitable for removing our present embarrassments; to consider such questions as affect the progress of true religion, and the preservation of Ecclesiastical order in the several Dioceses of this province—and finally, in reliance on Divine Providence, to adopt plans for the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen races of Australasia, and the adjacent islands of the Western Pacific.

We request the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Newcastle to act as our Secretary, and to embody our resolutions in a report, to be transmitted to the Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland.

W. G. SYDNEY.	AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.	C. MELBOURNE.
F. R. TASMANIA.	W. NEWCASTLE.

#### II.—CANONS OF A. D. 1603—4.

We are of opinion that the Constitutions and Canons agreed upon with the King's Majesty's licence, in the Synod begun at London, A. D. 1603, and published for the due observation of them by His Majesty's authority, under the Great Seal of England, form part of the established Constitution of our Church, and are generally binding upon ourselves and the Clergy of our respective Dioceses.

Where they cannot be literally complied with, in consequence of the altered state of circumstances since the enactment of the Canons, we are of opinion that they must be, as far as possible, complied with in substance.

We concur also in thinking that a revision and fresh adaptation of the Canons to suit the present condition of the Church is much to be desired, so soon as it can be lawfully undertaken by persons possessing due authority in that behalf.

W. G. SYDNEY.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.

C. MELBOURNE.

W. NEWCASTLE.

### III.—FUTURE SYNODS AND CONVENTIONS, PROVINCIAL AND DIOCESAN.

We are of opinion that there are many questions of great importance to the well-being of the Church in our Province, which cannot be settled without duly constituted Provincial and Diocesan Synods.

Without defining the exact meaning of the word Synod as used in the Church of England, whenever the words "Provincial Synod" or "Diocesan Synod" shall be used in the following resolutions, we understand a body composed of one or more Bishops, with representatives chosen from among the Clergy, meeting at such times and in such manner as may not be inconsistent with any law of Church or State.

We understand the functions of Provincial and Diocesan Synods to be these:—

1. To consult and agree upon Rules of practice and Ecclesiastical order within the limits of the Province or Diocese.
2. To conduct the processes necessary for carrying such rules into effect. But not to alter the Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, or the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures.

#### (2.) *Sub-division of Dioceses, and Consecration of Bishops.*

1. We are of opinion that it appertains to a Provincial Synod, with the concurrence of the Diocesan Synod, from time to time, to decide upon plans for such sub-division of Dioceses as may be necessary for the more efficient discharge of the Episcopal duties, and to recommend those plans for adoption in accordance with the laws which shall be in force at the time.

2. We submit that no sub-division of any Colonial Diocese should be determined on in England without previous communication with the Bishop of that Diocese, in order that the proposed measures may be laid before the Diocesan and Provincial Synods, before they be finally adopted.

3. We would further express our opinion, that if the Provincial Synod should recommend a Colonial Clergyman for appointment to fill a new or vacant See, the recommendation should be favourably considered by the authorities in England, and that the person designated to such See, should, in conformity with ancient practice, be consecrated by the Metropolitan and Bishops of the Province, unless grave inconvenience be likely to ensue.

#### (3.) *Provincial and Diocesan Conventions.*

1. We are of opinion that the laity, acting by their representatives duly elected should meet in Diocesan and Provincial Conventions, simultaneously with the Diocesan and Provincial Synods, that the Clergy and Laity may severally consult and decide upon all questions affecting

the temporalities of the Church, and that no act of either order relating thereto should be valid without the consent of the other.

2. That any change of Constitution affecting the whole body of the Church should be first proposed and approved in the Provincial Synod, but should not be valid without the consent of the Provincial Convention.

W. G. SYDNEY.	AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.	C. MELBOURNE.
F. R. TASMANIA.	W. NEWCASTLE.

#### IV.—CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

We acknowledge as members of the Church of England all persons who having been duly baptised with water, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are conformable to the doctrine, government, rites and ceremonies contained in the Book of Common Prayer; it being understood that they are entitled to claim at the hands of its Ministers the rites and ceremonies of our Church, so long only as they shall continue conformable to the extent above required.

By a member of the Church of England in full communion, we understand every one, who being conformable as aforesaid, is a partaker of the Holy Communion as required by the rules of the Church.

While we would leave the Synods and Conventions which may hereafter be appointed, to fix the qualification of electors, we would express our decided conviction that all persons selected to serve as members of Diocesan and Provincial Conventions should be members of the Church in full communion.

W. G. SYDNEY.	AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.	C. MELBOURNE.
F. R. TASMANIA.	W. NEWCASTLE.

#### V.—DISCIPLINE.

##### (1.) *Bishops and Clergy.*

In consequence of statements which have been made in various places, of the arbitrary power possessed by Bishops to suspend or revoke at their own discretion the licenses of Clergymen, we disclaim all wish to exercise any such power, and we are of opinion that in all cases of doctrinal error, or other Ecclesiastical offences, the Bishops of the Province should be the Court for the trial of a Bishop, and that the Diocesan Synod should be the Court for the trial of a Presbyter or Deacon, and that the Metropolitan and the Bishop of the Diocese respectively should be *ex officio* Presidents of such Court, either in person, or by their Commissaries.

Further, it would appear to be necessary that any Bishop or other Clergyman suspended or deposed by due sentence of the Court, should be legally incapable of continuing to hold possession of any church, chapel, stipend, house, glebe, or other temporalities, which he may have held by virtue of his office.

We are also of opinion that the form of procedure in all cases of appeal requires to be defined.

##### (2.) *Laity.*

Bearing in mind the wish expressed in the Communion Service, that the godly discipline of the Primitive Church may be restored, we are of opinion—

1. That it is the duty of every Church to seek by spiritual admonitions to reclaim those of its members who are living in notorious sin.

We, therefore, hold it to be the duty of every Clergyman having Cure of Souls privately to admonish all evil livers among those committed to his charge, "as need shall require and occasion shall be given." We would also remind the lay members of the Church, that the Clergy are required by the Rubric to repel from the Holy Communion all persons who are living in sin so open and notorious as that the congregation is thereby offended, and who, after due admonition, shall continue impenitent, and without amendment of life.

Provided always, that every Minister so repelling any shall give an account of the same to the Bishop of the Diocese within fourteen days after at the farthest. And we are of opinion, that it is the duty of the Bishop earnestly to admonish every person so repelled to qualify himself by repentance for re-admission to Holy Communion.

Until the establishment of a form of process by a Provincial Synod, with the concurrence of a Provincial Convention, we are of opinion that in cases where all spiritual admonitions have failed to reclaim members of the Church who are living in notorious sin, it may become the duty of the Bishop, with the aid and concurrence of his Presbyters, to pronounce such persons excommunicate so far as to release any Clergyman from the obligation to use the Burial Service, if they should die without sufficient proof of repentance.

But remembering the solemn charge which we have received at our consecration, to "bind up the broken, to bring again the outcast, to seek the lost, to be so merciful as not to be too remiss, and so to minister discipline that we forget not mercy," we are of opinion, that it is our duty, as in every case, so especially in those which have been here noticed, to use faithful and affectionate admonition before we proceed to any strict exercise of the discipline of the Church.

W. G. SYDNEY.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.

C. MELBOURNE.

W. NEWCASTLE.

#### VI.—STATUS OF CLERGY.

1. We desire to express our opinion that no Clergyman who shall have been duly appointed and licensed to any Church or permanent Cure of Souls should be removable therefrom, except by sentence pronounced, after judicial inquiry, before the Diocesan Synod.

2. That this rule should not apply to those Clergymen who have been appointed and licensed by the Bishop to any charge expressly understood to be of a temporary nature.

3. At the same time we consider it to be most desirable, in the present state of the Church of England in our Dioceses, that candidates for Holy Orders should devote themselves to the service of the Church in that willing spirit which would induce them to place themselves at the disposal of their Bishop for some definite term of years, and leave to him the responsibility of appointing and changing their station during such period.

W. G. SYDNEY.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.

C. MELBOURNE.

W. NEWCASTLE.

## VII.—LITURGY.

(1.) *Division of Services.*

We are of opinion that the Bishop of each Diocese, as Ordinary, has a discretion to authorise Clergymen, in cases of necessity, to divide the Morning Service, by using either the Morning Prayer, the Litany, or the Communion Service separately; but that each of the Services so used should be read entire.

(2.) *The Administration of Holy Communion.*

In parishes where the number of communicants is very great, the Communion Service may be used separately, and the Lord's Supper administered at an early hour, besides the usual administration at the Morning Service.

In places where there is no Morning Service, the administration of the Holy Communion may be in the afternoon if necessity so require.

When the Holy Communion cannot be administered in a Church, or other building duly licensed for the celebration of Divine Service, it may be administered in such places as necessity shall require.

(3.) *Occasional Services.*

We are of opinion that no Clergyman has authority at his own discretion to abridge or alter any of the occasional Services of the Church.

(4.) *Rules for Service on Saints' Days falling on Sundays, &c.*

Should a Saint's Day fall on Ash-Wednesday, Good Friday, or Easter Eve, or on Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, Whitsunday, or Trinity Sunday, or on Monday or Tuesday in Easter and Whitsun-weeks, the Lessons, Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for those days to be used.

When a Saint's Day shall fall on any other Sunday, the Lessons of the Saint's Day (unless they be from the Apocrypha) are to be used, and the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the Saint's Day, with the Collect for the Sunday.

(5.) *Of Persons for whom the Prayers of the Congregation are desired.*

It is convenient that the names of the persons for whom the prayers of the congregation are desired should be mentioned either before the Litany or before the Prayer for all conditions of men, as the case may be.

The words "especially for those for whom our prayers are desired," are inserted in the Litany in their appropriate place.

(6.) *Thanksgiving Service.*

It is convenient that the names of the persons who desire to return thanks should be mentioned before the General Thanksgiving.

The words "particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them," may be used for persons who have not been specially prayed for.

(7.) *Offertory.*

We are of opinion that no Clergyman can justly be suspected of holding opinions at variance with the sound teaching of the Church, in consequence of his complying with the Rubric, which directs "that upon the Sundays and other Holy Days (if there be no Communion) shall be said all that is appointed at the Communion, until the end of the General Prayer [for the whole state of Christ's Church Militant here on earth], together with one or more of the Collects, concluding with the Blessing."



(8.) *Sponsors.*

Being aware that the Clergy have felt the great importance of having duly qualified Sponsors at Holy Baptism, we recommend that the most earnest endeavours be used by them to convey correct impressions upon that subject to their several flocks, in the hope that suitable persons may be in all cases provided to discharge the duties of that office.

(9.) *Marriage.*(a.) *Within prohibited Degrees.*

Inasmuch as it is directed by the 99th Canon, that "no person shall marry within the degrees prohibited by the laws of God, and expressed in a table set forth by authority, in the year of our Lord God, 1563;" we are of opinion that any Clergyman of the Province, who shall solemnize matrimony between persons so related, will be acting in violation of the law of the Church.

Referring also to Canons 26 and 109, and to the Rubrics prefixed to the Communion Service, we are further of opinion that persons so marrying within the prohibited degrees are liable to be repelled from the Holy Communion until they have repented and be reformed.

(b.) *Of Persons neither of whom belongs to the Church.*

We are of opinion, that Ministers of the Church of England ought not to solemnize marriage between persons neither of whom is of our own communion, except in cases where the marriage cannot, without extreme difficulty, be solemnized in any other way.

(c.) *Irregularly Solemnized.*

While we recognize the validity of all marriages contracted in conformity with the laws of the State, provided that they be not contrary to the laws of the Church, we would earnestly impress upon all members of the Church of England the duty of having their marriages solemnized according to the rites of the Church, and in no other way.

(d.) *Caution to be used.*

1. We desire to draw the attention of the Clergy to the necessity of exercising due caution before they proceed to solemnize marriages.

2. We therefore recommend that the banns be thrice published, except in case of marriage by license, once at least in the licensed place of worship which is nearest to the residence of the parties desiring to be married.

3. And that the registers of marriage, baptism, and burial be accurately kept, and copies sent at the times required by law.

(10.) *Churching of Women.*

We are of opinion, from the Rubric at the end of the Service for the Churching of Women, that that Service is not intended to be used for persons who are living in such a state as would justify the Minister in repelling them from the Holy Communion.

(11.) *Ministering to Dissenters.*

We are of opinion that the general principle of colonial legislation, by which the equality of all religious denominations is recognized, releases the Clergy of the Church of England in these colonies from the

obligation to perform religious services for persons who are not members of our own Church.

W. G. SYDNEY.  
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.  
F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.  
C. MELBOURNE.  
W. NEWCASTLE.

#### VIII.—HOLY BAPTISM.

As Bishops engaged in the charge of extensive Dioceses, and debarred from frequent opportunities of conference, we do not presume to think that we can inform or guide the judgment of the Church at large; but at a time when the minds of pious and thoughtful men are in perplexity, we cannot remain altogether silent, nor refrain from stating what we believe to be the just interpretation of the Creed, Articles, and Liturgy of the Church of England respecting the regeneration of infants in Holy Baptism.

We believe regeneration to be the work of God in the Sacrament of Baptism, by which infants baptized with water, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, die unto sin, and rise again unto righteousness, and are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

We believe this regeneration to be the particular grace prayed for, and expected, and thankfully acknowledged to have been received in the Baptismal Services.

We believe that it is the doctrine of our Church that infants do by baptism receive this grace of regeneration. But remembering the words of our Lord instituting the Holy Sacrament of Baptism (Matt. xxviii., 19, 20), which enjoin that they who are baptized are to be made disciples and to be taught, we are of opinion that whensoever an infant is baptized, an assurance ought to be given at the same time on its behalf (by some one or more baptized persons) that it will be brought up in the faith of Christ.

We do not recognize in the infant itself any unfitness which disqualifies it from receiving in baptism this grace of regeneration, for our Lord Jesus Christ does not deny His grace and mercy unto such infants, but most lovingly doth call them unto Him.

We do not believe that unworthiness in Ministers, Parents, or Sponsors, hinders this effect of the love of Christ.

We believe that a wilful neglect of the means of grace does not prove that the gift of regeneration was never received, but in those who so fall away after baptism, we believe that the consequence of their having been regenerated is to aggravate their guilt.

Finally, we would express, first, our cordial and entire agreement with the Articles and Formularies of our Church, in their plain and full meaning, and in their literal and grammatical sense. Secondly, our willing disposition to accept and use them all in the manner which is appointed; and, with especial reference to our present subject, to carry on the work of Christian education in the firm belief that infants do receive in baptism the grace of regeneration. Thirdly, above all, we would express our unfeigned thankfulness to Almighty God for the gift and preservation of these inestimable blessings.

W. G. SYDNEY.  
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.  
F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.  
W. NEWCASTLE.

## HOLY BAPTISM.

Upon this subject the Bishop of Melbourne preferred to state his views as follows:—

The doctrine of our Church concerning the nature and efficacy of Holy Baptism may, in my opinion, be stated in the eight following propositions.

1. Regeneration is that operation of the Spirit of God upon the heart, which produces a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness. By regeneration we are made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

2. Baptism is the Sacrament of Regeneration, which is the particular grace prayed for, expected and thankfully acknowledged to have been received in the Baptismal Service.

3. The work of regeneration is wrought in all, whether they be adults or infants, who receive baptism rightly (Art. xxvii.), but in none others. (Art. xxv.)

4. The Church, in her office for the baptism of infants, and in that for the baptism of adults, uses the language of faith and hope, and it is not to be understood as declaring positively a fact which it cannot certainly know—viz., that every baptised infant, or every baptised adult, is regenerate.

5. The statement put into the mouths of a catechumen, that he was in baptism made a member of Christ, &c. is to be understood in the same qualified application as the declaration which almost immediately follows, that by God's help he will do as his godfathers and godmothers had promised for him, and that he heartily thanks his Heavenly Father that He hath called him, &c.

6. Repentance and faith are required of those who come to be baptized, but the Church is silent as to the fitness or unfitness of an infant, who is incapable of repentance and faith, for receiving regeneration in baptism.

7. The unworthiness of a Minister does not take away the effect of baptism, either in the case of adults or infants. (Art. xxvi.)

8. Parents are nowhere mentioned in the Articles, or in the Baptismal Service, but infants are baptised, because they promise repentance and faith by their sureties. These sureties, or sponsors, are to be duly qualified persons, and no one is to be admitted godfather or godmother before the said person so undertaking has received the Holy Communion. (Canon xxix.) The Church, however, has not positively affirmed that the unworthiness of sponsors disqualifies an infant for receiving the grace of baptism.

The truth of the following four additional propositions may also, I think, be gathered from the Scriptures, and is perfectly consistent with the general tenor of the Articles and Formularies of our Church, viz.—

9. Sponsors, who themselves repent and believe, may and ought to expect most confidently the grace of regeneration for the children whom they bring to be baptized.

10. While the Church may, and ought to, use the language of faith and hope respecting all infants brought to be baptized, impenitent and unbelieving sponsors are not entitled to expect any blessing from an Ordinance which they only profane.

11. Children who have been baptized are to be taught to regard God as their Father, and to love and trust in Him as having redeemed them by His Son, and sanctified them by His Spirit—to pray that being regenerate, and made the children of God by adoption and grace, they

may daily be renewed by the Holy Ghost (Collect for Christmas Day), to consider the guilt of any sins which they may commit against God, as aggravated by their having been baptized, and brought up in the faith of the Gospel.

12. Our own personal repentance and faith are the only sure evidence of our being spiritually the children of God.

Having thus stated my own views of the doctrine of our Church concerning Holy Baptism, I would unite with my Right Rev. brethren in expressing,—

1. My cordial and entire agreement with all the Articles and Formularies of our Church in their plain and full meaning, and in their literal and grammatical sense.

2. My willing disposition to accept and use them in the manner which is appointed; and (with especial reference to our present subject) to carry on the work of Christian education in the firm belief that infants do receive in baptism the grace of regeneration.

3. Above all, my unfeigned thankfulness to Almighty God for the gift and preservation of these inestimable blessings. C. MELBOURNE.

#### IX.—EDUCATION.

##### (1.) *Schools.*

We cannot incur the responsibility of seeming to countenance any system of erroneous, defective, or indefinite religious instruction by incorporating ourselves with the Boards, either general or local, which have the regulation and superintendence of schools so conducted.

But wherever a Church of England School cannot be established, the Clergy, after communication with the Bishop, should consider it their duty to remedy, as far as possible, the evils or defects of any schools to which Church children may be sent by their parents.

##### (2.) *University.*

We are of opinion that the establishment of the University of Sydney may promote the growth of sound learning, and may, in many ways, assist the Collegiate institutions of the Church of England in our respective Dioceses.

But while we are not unwilling that the students in our Diocesan Colleges and Schools should compete with all classes of students in such public University examinations, on general literature and science, as may be established by a Senate, appointed under ordinance of the Colonial Legislature, we should decidedly object to any University system which might have the effect of withdrawing from our own Collegiate rule the students educated in our separate Diocesan institutions.

W. G. SYDNEY.	AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.
G. A. NEW ZEALAND.	C. MELBOURNE.
F. R. TASMANIA.	W. NEWCASTLE.

#### X.—AUSTRALASIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The objects of the Australasian Board of Missions are twofold—Domestic and Foreign.

1. Domestic.—The conversion and civilization of the Australian blacks.

2. Foreign.—The conversion and civilization of the heathen races in all the islands of the Western Pacific.

The difficulties to be expected in this work, perhaps to a greater extent than in other Missions, are—

1. The low state of barbarism in which these races now are.
2. In the Australian blacks the unsettled habits of the race.
3. The multiplicity of languages and dialects throughout the whole field of operations.
4. The unhealthiness of many of the Australasian islands in certain seasons of the year, especially from January to April.

These peculiar difficulties must be met by a plan of Missionary action, deviating in many respects from the practice of other Missions.

1. The low state of barbarism in which these races now are, seems to require that a select number should be brought under the most careful training at a distance from their own tribes.
2. The unsettled habits of the Australian blacks require the same corrective, and further suggest the necessity of providing religious instruction for them rather by means of Visiting Missionaries than by fixed Mission stations.
3. The multiplicity of languages makes it necessary to conduct instruction in some one language common to all, which must be English.
4. The unhealthiness of many of the islands makes it advisable that Missionary action should be carried on rather by long visits of the English Missionaries during the healthy season, than by the occupation of permanent Mission stations.

W. G. SYDNEY.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND.

F. R. TASMANIA.

AUGUSTUS ADELAIDE.

C. MELBOURNE.

W. NEWCASTLE.

### OUR POLICY TOWARDS THE PAPACY.

WE confess that the following Preface to the Rev. Professor Maurice's "The Church a Family," Twelve Sermons on the occasional Services of the Prayer Book, preached in the Chapel of Lincoln Inn, is, on the whole, in our eye, somewhat too sentimental. The Roman party, at Home, are growing insufferably impudent, as a leading article which we will presently reproduce from their organ, *The Tablet*, of June 7th, may sufficiently demonstrate. It is time, we think, that they be made to feel that the Laws of England shall not be scoffed at with impunity. And yet Mr. Maurice's paragraphs so affectingly call us to recognize the Family Principle which has place in the Church's constitution (a subject on which we propose to enter more at large in our next number), that we desire they may approve themselves to many recent offenders in this point.

"There are some Clergymen who look upon the vehement excitement which has been produced by the late Papal movement with unmixed pleasure; there are some who regard it only with fear and suspicion. The first think that the English people are manifesting a greater enthusiasm for their own Episcopate than they have ever manifested before; or that they are awaking to a more keen sense of the radical evils of Popery; or that they are more strongly alive to the importance of the principles which were asserted at the Reformation. The others say that the only feeling really at work is a National feeling; that the Queen's Supremacy is the one watchword which calls forth any response; that there is at least as much danger as benefit to the Church, and even to English liberty, in the loud proclamation of that watchword.

I agree with those who make these last statements, that the movement is entirely a national one; that neither the ecclesiastical nor the theological question occupies more than a very subordinate place indeed in the minds of those who are exclaiming against Papal aggression. But I apprehend, a national feeling may be a very noble and a very godly one. It seems to me that the godliness of England has always depended, and must always depend greatly, on the preservation of its nationality; that the moment we lose it, we shall become the most immoral and godless people on the face of the earth. Nor I think can this national godliness be separated from the assertion of the Sovereign's Supremacy. In so far as that Supremacy has been the protest of the nation against foreign jurisdiction and a mortal ruler, in so far has it been the witness that God is the real ruler of the land, and that the Sovereign has an actual, not a nominal, a direct, not an indirect, responsibility to him. Through all periods of our history this conviction has worked mightily in the minds of Englishmen. It has been hidden under many party notions and theories in the minds of cultivated men, it has been mixed with many superstitions, much ignorance and much ferocity in the minds of the common people. But it has been the secret strength of both; it has prevented the sins of both from becoming our ruin. A grand theocratic feeling has exhibited itself in the thoughts and acts of Tories and Whigs, of Churchmen and Dissenters; it often breaks forth through the Radical's proclamation of the sovereignty of the people. The assurance that there is a righteous Ruler over the land somewhere is not dead in the mind of any professed English infidel as long as he retains any portion of his native sympathies.

But yet it is true that the doctrine of Royal Supremacy has in every age of our history had its reverse side. Dissenters feel, High-churchmen feel, that it has become and is capable of becoming a gross tyranny, an assertion of dominion over the Church and over that which is spiritual in man, which ought not to be borne. When such blessings and such curses are contained in it, we cannot merely fix limits to its exercise. There must be a *kind* of supremacy which is morally beneficial, and a kind which is morally mischievous. All of us feel that there is. Few Protestants doubt that it was a morally mischievous exercise of Henry the Eighth's supremacy to originate the Six Acts. No English Dissenter, no Presbyterian, I hope and believe comparatively few Episcopalians, doubt that it was a morally mischievous exercise of Charles the First's supremacy to force Bishops and a Liturgy upon Scotland. On the other hand, all the greatness of Elizabeth's reign may surely be traced to the feeling, that the Queen was the representative of national distinctness and national godliness, in opposition to earthly or spiritual, Spanish or Romish invasions. Wherein lies the difference? Precisely in this I conceive, that in the one case the monarch was going out of his way to legislate for the Church or to fight for the Church, in the other case the monarch was in her place, maintaining her own trust and calling as the divinely appointed head of the nation. Of course I disapprove of the particular decrees which Henry put forth; of course I think Episcopacy a right and divine ordinance. But I conceive Henry's sin consisted in issuing decrees at all, Charles's sin, or the sin of his ecclesiastical advisers, in supposing that it was his business to use the secular arm for the establishment of an ordinance, which was nothing if it had not a wholly spiritual ground and meaning. The effect in each case was self-destructive. As the

supremacy in Elizabeth's hands called forth a feeling in the whole nation, which was mightier for resisting enemies than all decrees and legislation could possibly be, so the acts of Henry and of Charles divided the nation; still more enfeebled and crippled the Church.

I hope this consideration may be some justification for those who heartily rejoice that a strong feeling of reverence for the Queen's Supremacy should have been awakened in the minds of their countrymen, and yet who would not for the world join in an address or a petition praying that the Supremacy should be exerted, or any legislative measure adopted for the purpose of putting down a pseudo-prelacy—I should be almost ashamed to add, if the notion had not been publicly broached and received with applause,—for the purpose of re-enacting penal laws against Romanists. By calling for such measures, we shall surely in the first place destroy that united national feeling which has been evoked; we shall lead men to think that we want the help of swords against a rival sect because it is too strong for us; we shall find ourselves speedily deserted by those who, for the sake of a little temporary popularity, have been willing to mix their shouts with ours; and when the current of feeling has turned, will be just as ready to denounce us as foes to religious liberty. We shall turn the Queen's Supremacy into an exercise of mere Cabinet Supremacy, in which there is nothing national or godly at all; we shall have the usual penalty of future slavery to pay for the ignominy of asking the help of Statesmen to do a work which, if we are what we pretend to be, we should do for ourselves.

But how should we do it? In what way are we as Churchmen to resist what we feel to be an aggression upon our own position? Are we to bring forth the arguments which prove that our Orders are valid, that we have a right to the jurisdiction which the Pope would deprive us of? I think we must know tolerably well by this time that we shall not be listened to if we do. Englishmen never cared much about these arguments; in a time of popular excitement they care less for them than ever. They denounce us as pedants when we produce them, they laugh at our mixture of craft and simplicity in seeking to introduce our theories of Episcopacy under cover of a cry which has not the remotest connexion with them. Some persons, no doubt, may think that it is a duty to go on bringing their proofs and establishing their conclusions when the ears and hearts of men are indifferent to both; those who believe that God is governing His Church may feel reverently that these are signs of His will which are not to be disregarded.

But are there not tokens of another kind, very clear proofs that God does mean us to think about our Episcopate, now more earnestly than ever? When the whole of this papal movement is manifestly directed against *that*, are we to be indifferent about it? I think certainly not. I should wish to consider very earnestly what our Episcopacy is, and why it has been given us. I should wish to enquire how it may be defended, by considering how it is assailed. The Romanists do not come to us with a great many arguments from tradition to prove the validity of their orders. They say boldly, 'Here are a number of spiritual Fathers set over you by the great spiritual Father.' I know no answer that we can make but this, 'We have a number of spiritual Fathers set over us by *the* great spiritual Father; not Fathers by the Pope's appointment, but Fathers in God.' Now if we do not only make this assertion in words, but try to bring it out in acts; if we begin to look upon our Bishops more really as fathers, and they begin to regard

themselves more really in that character; if without any pretence to a jurisdiction which they have not, they shew that they look upon the whole land as God's family, and themselves as set to watch over it by Him—most eager to acknowledge the Queen as their sovereign, most ready to do her homage, thankful for their national position, determined not to make themselves separate in any wise from the other citizens of the land—but feeling at the same time that their spiritual powers are not derived from the Queen, are not tied down to state formalities, are of a much more domestic and universal character than those of a Sovereign can ever be; if it is seen clearly that the accidental state distinctions which appertain to this office and connect it with the general economy of the nation, are quite subordinate in their estimation, if we shew that they are so in ours, to the office itself; then I do not believe we shall any longer find our countrymen dull or indifferent listeners when the word Episcopacy is uttered in our pulpits or in our common conversation. For they crave such an oversight as this, they want a paternal loving rule, they feel that no police, and no parliament elected by household or universal suffrage can supply the place of it; they feel that such a power should be a Divine power, and should have a Divine warrant to sustain it; they say, 'Be not always talking to us about it, but let it come forth and manifest itself to us.' I am not sure that they will turn to Rome to look for it if we do not provide it. They may do worse; they may despair of all Churches, and may establish societies in which there is no spiritual element. Put assuredly if we seek to banish the Romish bishops from our shores, instead of striving to shew that ours are more truly bishops than theirs we shall leave a suspicion on men's minds that we have no trust in our own truth, that we think the Pope's fatherhood is the true Fatherhood after all.

What I have said upon this point applies also to that other and even more difficult question, How may we best comply with the direction which has been given us by an authority to which we all owe dutiful submission, that we should in our pulpits enter into the Romish controversy, and expose the falsehoods of the Romish system? That there are ways of apparently obeying this command which would be very distressing and offensive to the person who gave it, we must all be aware. We might, for instance, be inclined to deliver sermons against the miracles and other impostures of Romanism. The subject is a tempting one; it seems to appeal to the love of truth in the English mind. But after the warning which has lately been given us against the rationalistic and germanizing temper, we cannot forget that this was precisely the way in which Ronge began that feeble, vain, heartless reformation, which only served to call out and foster all the negative tendencies of the German mind, which became every day more thin, more helpless, more rationalizing, till it was absorbed into the vortex of the political revolution, and after a few years' existence was lost out of sight altogether. The English public, it may be said, have not the same readiness for evil; they can listen to mere attacks upon that which is counterfeit, without losing their reverence for that which is true. Perhaps so. But when the words 'No Virgin Mary,' and 'No forgiveness of sins,' are seen written upon our walls, Clergymen may think a little before they fill whole Sermons with specimens of Mariolatry, or with the perversions of the confessional.

And even when sermons against popery take a more general and lofty character than this, when they assert in broad and vehement language the doctrines of the Reformation, and prove the Pope to be Anti-



"Poor Mr. Walpole! Fond Mr. Walpole! Credulous Mr. Walpole! 'Another Brief,' and, 'next autumn.' Why, before the summer is well over—before Parliament is up—we think we can answer for half a dozen at least.

"Why, first, there is the Bishopric of Killaloe. Dr. Vaughan is nominated Bishop; and the Bulls have not yet arrived for his consecration. But they *will* arrive; Dr. Vaughan *will* be consecrated; he *will* take a territorial title; four or five indictable offences will be committed, and all with the most frank, cheerful, and inveterate disregard of the contemptible enactment which they are pretending to pass at St. Stephen's. We think we can vouch for half a dozen, if not half a thousand, misdemeanours in and about Killaloe.

"Then come the English Bishoprics. Letters have just arrived from Rome saying that four of the new Sees are already filled up—one of the four being Southwark. About the fifth there is some doubt. But taking the four: every one of the four will require a separate Bull to be received; a Bishop elect to receive it; a person to deliver it; three Bishops to commit misdemeanours by consecrating the new Bishops; sundry Priests, Acolytes, and attendants to take part in the ceremony. It is with beating hearts and wet cheeks that we set down two hundred misdemeanants as the minimum for every one of the four Bishoprics. Here alone we have actually on hand five Bulls as the supply for the next two months alone; and these five Bulls will carry in their tails at least a thousand indictable offences! All the while Parliament will be sitting and spending its time in notable attempts to vindicate the majesty of British law—or rather in notable pretences to appear to do the same. And all the while the Catholics of these islands, Lay and Clerical, are laughing at the Legislature, breaking the law, and making fools of the whole Imperial Parliament, with Speaker and Lord Chancellor to hoot. What a repulse given to territorial aggression! What a salve to the dignity of the British Lion! What a fool, by the way and in conclusion, the said British Lion must be!"

#### SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

It is of some consequence that the merits and the character of Coleridge should be understood, how painful soever it may be to recall the failings and the faults of departed Genius, and especially of one of whom we would still trust that there was "hope at their end."

We therefore have recourse to the only authentic account of him which, as far as we know, has yet been published; the *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*, by Joseph Cottle. Cottle was an intimate friend of both, and appears to have known them thoroughly well.

In early life Coleridge, to use his own words, written in 1807, "was for many years a Socinian, and at times almost a Naturalist, but sorrow, ill-health, and disappointment," forced him "to look into himself, and to read the New Testament," when he discovered that "Socinianism scarcely deserved the name of a religion in any sense." From that time (about the year 1807), he relinquished the vocation of a Socinian preacher, became a staunch opponent of Socinianism, and gave mortal offence to that self-sufficient sect, by declaring in his lectures that "Milton had clearly represented Satan as 'a sceptical Socinian.'" From that period, when he was in the meridian of life, in his thirty-

sixth year, and for many years he seems to have been at war with himself, struggling with his own conscience, and feeling the debasing effects of "tampering with the lulling but fatal draught," or, as he afterwards called it, "the accursed drug." In the midst of the alienation from his family and friends, produced by his intemperate habits, it is painfully interesting to witness his struggles with internal convictions of sin and the way of acceptance with God. "Pray for my recovery," he says, in a letter dated Dec. 8, 1813, "and request Mr. Roberts's prayers (a pious Dissenting minister) for my infirm wicked heart; that Christ may mediate to the Father, to lead me to Christ, and give me a *living* instead of a *reasoning* faith." Here poor Coleridge discloses the character of his spiritual malady—"A *reasoning* faith." Such a faith was unable to subdue his passions for opium, laudanum, and spirits, still less to "overcome the world." In April, 1814, his brother-in-law, Mr. Southey, in writing to Mr. Cottle, says that Coleridge had been in the habit of taking of laudanum "*from two quarts a-week to a pint a-day.*" In another letter Mr. Southey writes:—

"In truth, Cottle, his embarrassments, and his miseries, of body and mind, all arise from one accursed cause—excess in *opium*, of which he habitually takes more than was ever known to be taken by any person before him. The Morgans, with great effort, succeeded in making him leave it off for a time, and he recovered in consequence *health* and *spirits*. He has now taken to it again. Of this indeed I was too sure before I heard from you—that his books bore testimony to it. Perhaps you are not aware of the costliness of this drug. In the quantity which C. takes, it would consume *more* than the whole which you propose to raise. A frightful consumption of *spirits* is added. In this way bodily ailments are produced; and the wonder is that he is still alive."

In another letter, written shortly after, Coleridge himself thus depicts his own miserable state:—

"I have had more than a glimpse of what is meant by death and outer darkness, and the worm that dieth not—and that all the *hell* of the reprobate, is no more inconsistent with the love of God, than the blindness of one who has occasioned loathsome and guilty diseases to eat out his eyes, is inconsistent with the light of the sun. But the consolations, at least, the sensible sweetness of hope, I do not possess. On the contrary, the temptation which I have constantly to fight up against, is a fear, that if *annihilation* and the *possibility* of *Heaven*, were offered to my choice, I should choose the former."

Mr. Cottle afterwards writes:—

"The serious expenditure of money, resulting from Mr. C.'s consumption of opium, was the least evil, though very great, and which must have absorbed all the produce of Mr. C.'s lectures, and all the liberalities of his friends. It is painful to record such circumstances as the following, but the picture would be incomplete without it.

"Mr. Coleridge, in a late letter, with something it is feared, if not of duplicity, of self-deception, extols the skill of his surgeon, in having gradually lessened his consumption of laudanum, it was understood, to twenty drops a day. With this diminution, the habit was considered as subdued, and at which result, no one appeared to rejoice more than

\* These were the celebrated *Lectures* on Shakespere, delivered at the Royal Institution, and alluded to with some complacency in the *Confessions of an Enquiring Spirit*; which have not, perhaps, had their parallel till the days of Mr. Thackeray.

Mr. Coleridge himself. The reader will be surprised to learn, that, notwithstanding this flattering exterior, Mr. C., while apparently submitting to the directions of his medical adviser, was secretly indulging in his usual overwhelming quantities of opium! Heedless of his health, and every honourable consideration, he contrived to obtain surreptitiously, the fatal drug, and thus to baffle the hopes of his warmest friends."

Again, Mr. Southey writes :—

"What is to become of him? He may find men who will give him board and lodging for the sake of his conversation, but who will pay his other expenses? He leaves his family to chance, and charity. With good feelings, good principles, as far as the understanding is concerned, and an intellect as clear, and as powerful, as was ever vouchsafed to man, he is the slave of degrading sensuality, and sacrifices everything to it. The case is equally deplorable and monstrous."

To another friend, a Mr. Wade, to whose kindness he was much indebted, Coleridge wrote as follows, what has been called a testamentary letter :—

"Bristol, June 26th, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers.

"Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that of Heaven, from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.

"I used to think the text in St. James that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of—Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice; and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children!* self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often actual falsehood!

"After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example.

"May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart, grateful—

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

There was a time when Southey was of opinion that that it would have been right to have omitted all reference to the habits of his wayward brother-in-law, but this opinion he changed after reading the foregoing letter—"You must print it also, for the sake of faithful biography, and for the beneficial effect this and the opium letters must inevitably produce." In a letter of Southey's, dated 14th April, 1836, and written after Coleridge's death, he says :—

"I know that Coleridge at different times of his life never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and by what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshippers by whom he was always surrounded. To Wordsworth and to me, it matters little. Coleridge received from us

such substantial services as few men have received from those whose friendship they had forfeited. This indeed was not the case with Wordsworth, as it was with me, for he knew not in what manner Coleridge had latterly spoken of him. But I continued all possible offices of kindness to his children, long after I regarded his own conduct with that *utter disapprobation* which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation."

We cannot do better than close these melancholy but instructive extracts, with a letter addressed to Mr. Cottle, by one who knew also Coleridge well, the celebrated Essayist, John Foster. It is dated Dec. 19, 1835:—

"Stapleton, Dec. 19, 1835.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have read through your MS. volume, very much to the cost of my eyes, but it was impossible to help going on, and I am exceedingly obliged to you for favouring me with it;—the more so as there is no prospect of seeing any large proportion of it in print. It is I think about as melancholy an exhibition as I ever contemplated. Why was such a sad phenomenon to come in sight on earth? Was it to abase the pride of human intellect and genius?

"You have done excellently well to collect into a permanent substance what must else have gone into oblivion, for no one else could have exhibited even a shadow of it. But now, my dear Sir, I hope you are prepared with the philosophy, or by whatever name I should designate the fortitude,—that can patiently bear the frustration of the main immediate purpose of your long and earnest labour. For you may lay your account that the compiler of the proposed life of Coleridge will admit but a very minor part of what you have thus furnished at his request.—that especially he will not admit what you feel to be the most important, as an emphatic moral lesson, and that it has cost you the most painful resolution to set faithfully forth.

"No, my dear Sir, the operator of the work will not, will not, will not let the illustrious philosopher, genius, and poet, so appear. He will get over that stage with a few general expressions, and a few indistinctly presented facts. And then as to the dreadful tragical parts, he will promptly decide that it would be utter profanation to expose them to view in any such unveiled prominence as you have exhibited in your narrative. And then the solemn warning and example will be nearly kept out of sight. Quite naturally that this would be the course adopted, unless the compiler were, like yourself, intent, as his first and highest obligation, on doing faithful homage to truth, virtue, and religion. How I despise biography, as the business is commonly managed. I cannot believe that Coleridge's dreadful letters of confession will be admitted in their own unmodified form; though they ought to be.

"Most truly yours, JOHN FOSTER."



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SOLD BY THE BOOKSELLERS AT THE PRESIDENCIES.

1851.

Why should he pour out words and empty sounds, and add one more futility to the herd of 'prophets that had become wind, and had no truth in them?' Those who could write without a conscience, without an object except that of seeing their own fine words, and filling their own pockets—let them do it: for his part he would have none of it.

YEAST: *A Problem.*

THE  
BENARES MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1851.

I.

DOCTOR DAVID.

A TALE OF THE SWABIAN LEAGUE.

A crowd of Jews, who had settled in the populous imperial city of Ulm, were celebrating one of those lesser festivals which they call *Half-Sabbaths*, in their little synagogue. The pressure of poverty was strongly marked in the mien of most of those who worshipped there; but yet not so visibly as the wounded spirit,—for they were banned and barred from all communion with the Christian population. They sheered bashfully aside, as a richly-clad gentleman, soon after the Rabbi had begun the Hebrew lesson, was seen to enter; who, with a heedless air, advanced between the retiring, though observant, rows. None seemed much concerned at the interruption, but an old and shabbily dressed man motioned to the unexpected visitor, who was still edging through the congregation for the front seats, that he should be quiet—for the service was proceeding. At the conclusion of the worship, they all made their guest an obsequious congé, as he left the synagogue. And while they gathered into groups, and gossiped on that day's marvel, he strutted heedlessly past, under respectful salutation, though none presumed to address him as he cast his eyes about with the same hauteur and indifference as when he entered. After a little, the same shabby looking person who had made himself so conspicuous in the synagogue, walked up and shook their noticeable visitor heartily by the hand. And the rest looked amazed as their hitherto so distant brother in faith affectionately returned the greeting,



and conversed with evident interest. On looking at the old man with more attention, they observed that he was a stranger at Ulm. "Ah, it's old Isaac," at length said a travelling pedlar who chanced to be of the company; "he lived once in Wirtemberg, and again in Halle; and his father had settled down here, I recollect." "But how comes it," asked another, "that Doctor David addresses him so complaisantly? He seems to be but in poor case; I recollect him too at Halle; he never made a lucky hit, though he toiled and moiled from morning till night." "Why," remarked the first speaker, "David's father, old Simon, once speculated to the wreck of all his property, and in his utter destitution, Isaac took him in; and the Doctor seems not to have forgotten it yet." During this conversation Doctor David enquired of his ancient familiar the occasion of his visit to Ulm, and how he was faring in the world. "Our life's a pilgrimage," answered Isaac, "since the God of our fathers has hidden the light of His countenance from His people! Here am I, you see, an old, homeless man, who have travelled thus far to seek my father's brother's sons. And now they're both away—the one at Augsburg, the other, no one knows where." "Come with me, Isaac," said the Doctor sympathizingly; and the wanderer consented without a moment's hesitation. And when he had been shewn through the spacious mansion where his host resided with a single aged servant, he exclaimed with heartfelt pleasure—"The Lord has blessed you richly!" "Ah!" rejoined David, with a merry smile, "I'm the Burgomaster's physician, and no small notability at Ulm." His guest remarked with emotion, "David, son of Simon, I rejoice in your good fortune; sure a blessing from above has turned my slow steps hitherward, to be welcomed by you. From your very infancy, David, and when your father was in worst case, we always believed you would prove a pillar to your house. Some time since I heard that you had retired from your father's profession, and devoted yourself entirely to intercourse with learned Rabbis; but it seems not to be so, and perhaps 'tis for the better, for surely your brethren have much to hope from you, who have gotten to so much importance among the Christians here. Is't not so? You're Israel's staff and stay, my friend—" asked the old man, as he peered delightedly around him. And Doctor David coloured slightly.

"I have but small intercourse with my brethren of Israel," said he, "for that would interfere with my welcome at the Burgomaster's." And the old man looked astonished, but

answered nothing; while Doctor David called his servant, and ordered some refreshment to be brought for his guest.

The old man objected:—" 'tis our Fast," said he, "to-day." "The aged and the impotent fast not," replied David; "they are free from the law." "Not so weak am I but that I need keep the law," said Isaac, "for our sins hath Jehovah banned us from the land of promise, and scattered us among the heathen. And what have we now, who are without Temple and without Priest, to mark our covenant with our God, but the Law of Moses, the Law which was delivered to our fathers in the wilderness?"

David paused, and then, to turn the current of their conversation, said, "Isaac, you've told me nothing of how you've fared of late."

"I had settled in Halle, and embarked in the linen trade;—and then I tried the same business at Wirtemberg; for I found there were too many looms at work in Ulm. There I lost a son; and as, soon after, I found the order was imperative to expel every Israelite from that city and its precincts, I packed up my wares, and have ever since been a wanderer in I know not whose domains, for some time with my poor innocent babes—but they sickened one by one and died; and long ago all my little savings have been spent. At length it struck me, I will try my luck in the metropolis; for there my father lived, and left some friends behind him. So here I am to-day—I trust, by God's Providence, to end my pilgrimage in peace."

"That you shall," promised David; "there's ample room here for a guest who has administered to my father's wants."

The old Israelite unhesitatingly accepted the welcome, which was only such, he well knew, as he would himself extend, and had extended, to a similarly unfortunate brother in the Faith. So David's house became his home, and a spacious one enough, too, in sooth; for except the Doctor and his single servant, who very rarely went from home, no one else ever passed the threshold. The silence of the grave reigned within, which only the clinking of the street-door-bell interrupted, when it warned the servant to the hall to receive messages for his master or to deliver his prescriptions to those who came and asked for them. Doctor David was seldom at home; and even on those rare occasions, was deep in the study of ancient manuscripts, or busy in the preparation of secret nostrums, in a laboratory which even his confidential servant had never once set foot in.

To such solitude as this old Isaac was quite unused. For the first few days, he tried to draw the servant into conversation, offering to do a portion of his work for him, the whole of which, in truth, was little enough. The servant at first mumbled short replies, but soon was altogether silent. The old man, whose life had been of almost constant activity, now tried to while away his hours out of doors, frequenting the residences of his Jewish brethren, to enquire about their profits, or their families; or to lend a helping hand in their daily labours. The servant, for a time, watched his comings and goings without a remark, but as, one day, he saw a Jew brought to the house for an hour's conversation, he made a doleful face, as they entered, and in the evening, mentioned the circumstance to the Doctor, with full particulars of Isaac's daily ambulations. David bade the old man be wary how he entertained any intimacy with the Jews abroad. "You're ashamed of your brethren, I see," said Isaac reproachfully; "You had better tell the Burgomaster I am here, and petition for my right of traffic at Ulm and in its precincts, and then I desire to trouble you no longer." "You're no trouble to me," retorted David angrily, "but I won't sanction such intimacies as will ruin my position. I am not at all ashamed of my brethren; but why grovel they in the dust, as they do? Why cannot they make their way among the Christians, as I have done? And why will you, in your old age, lead a life of indigence among strangers, when, with me, you may have plenty, and freely?" "David," answered Isaac, "I thank you kindly; but indolence is irksome to me. I am strong enough for labour; but far too old to be severed from my brethren, and lead a life of unwonted solitude. If you really wish to be so far of service to me that I may assist myself with the labour of my hands, I shall be grateful indeed; but if not, I have little doubt that some one of our people will readily employ me."

"I hardly like," said David, "to talk to the Burgomaster on such a subject; but you took pity on my father, and how can I deny you any thing? But at least you shall not live in dependence, if your disposition lead you to try the world again." And then he muttered something sullenly, and, leaving the house, went to Bernhard the Burgomaster's, whose daughter lay sick.

As he asked her how she did, the sick maiden said nothing; but turned her toward the wall, and let him feel her pulse. But the Doctor knew her tempers and betook him to the lady, who soon accompanied him to the invalid's bed.

“She’s had but a poor night,” remarked her mother: “and the draught which you ordered did her rather harm than good.” And this she told him both decidedly and reprovingly. “Can’t you get me well by the next Shipowners’ ball?” asked the maiden, ill-naturedly, as she turned her on her bed. “’Twere time, indeed,” interposed her mother, “four weeks has she lain sick, and yet see we no amendment.” “Ah,” said Doctor David, “I’m well aware of it”—for he knew that his orders were unheeded, and his medicines untaken. But he cared too much about making himself agreeable in so influential a family, to be over-strenuous in his professional advices. He continued smoothly—“the young lady will soon amend, but she should’nt talk overmuch, and should abstain from sugared juleps, and take her medicine regularly.” “And can’t you make your medicines something more agreeable, Doctor? their bitterness lingers on her palate for an hour,” remarked the petulant dame.

“Ho! Ho!” said the Burgomaster, who just now entered unexpectedly and anticipated David’s answer. “Women are not to school physicians in their prescriptions.” And Doctor David asked for a private audience.

“Come this way then, Doctor,” the Burgomaster spoke; “what say folks on this manifesto anent the linen-weavers, which the magistrate has just published?” as he conducted David to another room. “Paurn me, my Lord,” replied the disconcerted Doctor—“I know not much about it, and avoid all talk on such matters, but the city people seem to me to be not over well pleas’d.”

“The disaffected dolts,” replied the Burgomaster, dumpishly; and added, “you might have held your tongue, if you could tell me nothing more precise than that.” “Forgive me once again,” said the Doctor, demurely; “as to one aspect of your enquiries, I have a petition to make.” And he mentioned the prayer of old Isaac, his guest.

The Burgomaster seemed to be in no very condescending humour. “We have enough of Jews here already,” said he, “and Everhard, that frowsy-bearded Duke of Wirtemberg, has made it penal throughout his territory to harbour one of the mawworms. I’m sorry that they nestle here so thickly as they do:—but as you appear to ask a favour for a *friend* of yours, why, Doctor, I am not the man to say you no.”

*Friend*, of course Bernhard spoke ironically: but the very sound seemed to petrify Doctor David; and he stalked gloomily away, vex’d that he should be known to give shelter to a Jew, and much more, that he should be suspected of

acknowledging one his *friend*. And his most remorseful feelings were aroused as he saw the joyous face which old Isaac put on as he acknowledged the Burgomaster's liberality, and prepared to begin business.

After some few days the aged fortune-hunter took his leave. David could not see without a throe of compassion his poor impotent back bending under his wallet; and again and affectionately invited him to remain. But the old man's resolution was not to be changed—he refused decidedly. "Fare thee well," said he, "fare thee well, David, son of Simon, and our fathers' God be with thee! In thy prosperity forget not thy God and thy brethren! And if you yourself, David, have no leisure to administer to them, still send your servant—let him enquire about their exigencies, he'll serve you no less faithfully for serving his God!" With these words he gave his hand, and then departed; and David's eye followed him until his figure vanished round a distant kerb-stone.

Then David retired to his study, and waxed thoughtful. The house seemed to him a barren wilderness; he brooded moodily at the table where were ranged flasks and phials and gallipots of various contents, and the several enigmatical implements of his alchemy. But his brood was soon interrupted, for a ring was heard at the street-door, and his servant rapped hurriedly, and mentioned he had forgotten that he had been summoned to the Burgomaster's that evening. "'Tis of but small consequence," said he—"a mere fancy of the dame," as the servant retired from his study-door; "she's fretting herself about her lass; or may be the lass herself is weary of her chamber. Doctor David is the man to bear their sobs and sulks without a murmur! What a wretched sycophant am I! and yet too proud to make a stand for my brethren." At once, as if to cut short such reflexions, he snatched up his hat and cane, and sallied forth. The druggist who prepared his medicines lived in a high and gaudily painted house at the angle of two streets; to which there was a rival one in Ulm; and here the Doctor went in to breathe a little, till he became sufficiently composed to march up to the Burgomaster's.

"The nostrum which you recommend for a churchyard cough we've sold three times to-day, Doctor David," said the apprentice. The Doctor took up the several bottles on the counter, tasted them, and laid them down. "Ah"—said he—"you may dilute the cough-mixture a little more, when 'tis for children, or for old people."

“Yes,” said the apprentice, “I quite understand you—we make it stronger or weaker, just according to whom we sell it; and we take the same precaution with all your receipts. We must’nt let the apothecary over the way get the better of us, though he boasts of two preparations from the receipts of Leonard Fox”—and the apprentice’s obsequiousness was interrupted by a girl who came to ask change for a guilder.

“I’ve told you of Doctor Fox, I think,” continued the apprentice; having transacted his small exchange. “What a noise he’s making in the world! He deviates from the practice of the old Arabian hakims, which physicians here have followed for above a century past, and instead, he pores over the doctrines of one Greek, Hippocrates, they call him. And indeed, the Grecian system is getting into vogue now, since Reuchlin, and, more lately, Melancthon lectured at Tübingen. At least Doctor Fox’s reception-room has been lately always full of patients, and even at Ulm here one hears now of a fancy for being cured upon the Grecian principles. And the reason is only this, that Master Leonard affects a vast parade of simplicity, and gives it out that medicine is almost an intuitive art, and that any body can master it with but very little trouble. And he has printed a little *Vade Mecum*, an “*Every man his own Doctor*” as he calls it, tricked out with woodcuts to make it plainer to its shallow readers, about Nature, and the virtues of herbs, and a lot of other things which this genius substitutes for physic. A pretty fellow he! to change the whole custom of the craft, which has hitherto grown sleek upon the fancy for nostrums, of whose ingredients the vulgar crowd dared not enquire. And nice times we live in, eh? When every body abrogates the Church’s law, and cries ‘I care not for the Clergy—give me a Bible for myself;’—and now they must know the secrets of every draught’s concoction which one sends them when they’re sick; and if they succeed so far, why our privilege and calling will just sink us in the same destitution which the poor Spirituals are already involved in; and then Lord have mercy on us! for there are heaps of abbeys where they wouldn’t have bread to eat but for the pity of the magistrate.”

“My dispensary will go to wreck,” growled a deep voice within, “if the very people whom I set to look after it waste all their time in gossip, and shut their eyes and ears to what’s transacting. Ho! Boys—what’s the uproar there outside? Who marches on the premises as if to storm them? I can’t help thinking of that old man last night,

who, by mistake, took that nauseous liniment in his medicine. It almost choked him! May be he's having his revenge upon us! Oh no! They're passing on towards the Burgomaster's. I've heard the strangest news of that family. Won't you walk into my study, Doctor David? Never mind the babble of that good-for-nothing boy! We can put up with a rival or two, Doctor, you and I—neither patients nor drugs will be hindered thereby. But I've something more to say to you." David followed him to his study.

"Be seated, Doctor," begged the apothecary, and drew his chair near David's. He seemed to swell with the bigness of the communication he had to make, whereas the Doctor, who was already panic-smitten by what he had heard from the apprentice, seemed hardly persuaded to listen to him.

"Do you know, Doctor, that the House of Rosenberg is in arms against our municipality?" whispered the apothecary, little thinking, as he looked so earnest—how small was the sympathy between himself and his companion. He drew a deep sigh, as if to give vent to his convictions of its importance. "Ah! The house of Thomas Von Rosenberg, of whose domains the Swabian League has appropriated one and sold another; as in fact it is pillaging the whole country, and lifting all who appertain unto it, find them where it may! So has it been for a year past, and not one has raised a hand to put down its exactions. But the burghers won't stand it, David, one may hear their murmurs already. The League was established with mighty professions and sufficient forces to keep the district quiet and orderly, and received its act of incorporation, from the Emperor, for those very purposes; but now it cares not for the reproach that it makes the very streets and roads unsafe for any one of the ancient feudaries. Why does it maintain its garrisons in every borough on hardly-raised taxes, if not thereby to protect the burghers in their handicrafts and their business transactions? You're going, I'm told, to the Burgomaster's, Doctor David; I should like to know how that most worshipful personage takes the news of today. His lady bespoke some gingerbread here yesterday; but this morning, our messenger could'nt get the door opened to him. You will come back this way, and will be sure to find me at home; I will go to the Red Heifer an hour later than usual this evening."

The apothecary accompanied the physician to the door, whose abrupt departure alone put an end to his communi-

cativeness. David wended slowly forward, in profound meditation, towards the mansion of the great man. Of the apothecary's gossip, indeed, he took but little note; but what the apprentice had told him about Doctor Fox and his principles of practice disturbed him very much. The assurance which had hitherto comforted him, on the safety of his professional standing, he now first felt to be deeply endangered—indeed all his once bright prospects seemed to swoon as he inspected them. And he could not bear to think of forfeiting the consequence he was so proud of, as physician and family confidant of the Burgomaster; in private he could descend to a little cringing;—but before the world—oh! he must maintain the honour of the gold-headed cane. He found the front door of the *Residence* besieged by a dense and motley crowd of all ranks, who, in an extremely unruly manner, with shrieks and loud yells, summoned the Burgomaster out.

Doctor David did not attempt to edge through the turbulent multitude, but stood at some little distance off. The Burgomaster, who was stationed at a balcony, and endeavouring by fair words to soothe the excited populace, detected him, gave him a nod, and a few moments after, he saw one of Bernard's pages running towards him who had slunk through the back door and the slums on which it opened, and would conduct David to the mansion by the same obscure route. The Doctor smiled complacently as he observed him approach—without further announcement the page introduced him to his master's closet—"There are strangers there," he mentioned, with an important air—"Deputies from Esslingen and Halle, and the other cities of our confederation." And he retired.

"Ah! gentlemen, here is my family physician; and a very experienced and skilful physician he is," said the Burgomaster, as he introduced David to his visitors. They bowed courteously and eyed him most observantly; and he felt himself much flattered, and returned their bows reverentially. "These gentlemen are Deputies of the honoured Members of the Swabian League. You should know, Doctor, that Count Thomas Von Rosenberg has on several occasions invaded the cities of our confederacy, and harried their neighbourhoods, because we have chosen to appropriate his little manor of Roseberg!" "So I've been told, my Lord," replied the physician, in perfect amazement at the Burgomaster's condescension. "Now you, Doctor, are able to judge of how our burghers will bear lying in siege about



his castle for a whole month together. He has fortified it strongly, and has laid in stores of all kinds—and might hold out against such as we for a very long while. Indeed how can one march against him with a mere couple of companies, whom numerous troops of lancers and dragoons are always ready to join at a few hours' warning? And yet," continued Bernhard, "what if we oppose not his intentions to make havoc of our territories? Both commerce and machinery, I fancy, must stagnate, so long as bevics of troopers beset our thoroughfares, and cut-off all our intercourses, in very despite of the League. Come below stairs with me, David, I've something of consequence to put to you."

The Burgomaster led the way, and David followed. The strangers at the Residence appeared on the stretch of anxiety for his re-appearance. But half an hour had elapsed ere he returned to the privy chamber with Bernhard, who appeared agitated and exhausted. Still the Doctor's countenance remained settled, and a smile of bravado played upon his lip.

"Doctor David is quite willing and quite ready"—so Bernhard addressed the Deputies in an embarrassed tone—"quite willing, and quite ready to take charge of our commission." The strangers returned the Doctor's congé graciously—and he retired. The Burgomaster accompanied him to the landing-place.

"When will you start, Doctor?" asked he, solicitously.

"To-morrow morning, my worthy Sir; to-morrow morning early." And at this moment the daughter of the puissant gentleman, who had of old been David's patient, tripped up the staircase, and with the petulance of a spoiled child would make away without deigning to notice the physician's presence. "Wait awhile, young lady"—said David, with a smile. "I wish, my worthy Burgomaster, that I could see all my patients as obsequious as the honourable League has found your humble servant. Who would suppose that I had forbidden this damsel here all exciting society whatsoever, and balls more especially, and I find her tricked out in laces, and furbelows for to-night's entertainment at Shipowners' Hall!" "Away to your chamber, Miss"—her father ordered—"knit some stockings for your bridal trousseau, or what not—but don't think of going into company till the Doctor permits it." The maiden dropped her brow at this unusually severe reprimand, and the Doctor took his leave with the expressive remark, "you shall have notice of my return as early as

you can desire," and he chuckled triumphantly as he sallied down the street. His way led him past the apothecary's, and he stepped in. The apothecary hurried to his counter, to ply him with questions; to which, however, he answered only by a mysterious grin. For a long while he rummaged the drawers and rattled the gallipots, and took up this parcel, and that, and smelt it, and laid it down again. The apothecary was struck with dumb amazement. At length David seemed to find what he wanted, and put it into his pocket, and bade good night.

"But wait awhile, Doctor," the apothecary called after him; for he had reserved what he was most anxious about till David had rummaged out what he wanted.

However, David sheered impatiently away, without deigning even to turn his head. The apothecary treated his companions at the Red Heifer, who sat expectant of his entry, only to an embarrassed visage and an irresoluble wink, which left his listeners just as wise as he, but notwithstanding excited an unexceptionable conviction that not merely had some sad plot to their prejudice been devised and was transacting at the magistrate's, but also that the apothecary had the fullest and latest advices on it, on which principle they accounted for the large demand he had lately had for the cough-mixture, which some, they conceived, purchased as a pretence for enquiring the news, and others, from a very recently awakened affectation of its dispenser.

Doctor David had by this time reached home, and ordered his servant to get his horse saddled very early next morning, as he had to go a journey, and then dismissed him to bed. But he was but a light sleeper, and so, at dead of night, he heard his master profoundly occupied in that mysterious study of his, with doors fast closed.

The Doctor was early up and mounted, but his bewildered servant, whom he summoned before he left to charge him with messages to his patients, observed that he was looking pale to a degree which, he conceived, a single night of wakefulness was insufficient to account for, and so concluded that David must have something on his mind. But he kept his meditations to himself. "He's not out to-day on his usual rounds, I know," mumbled the domestic, as he shut the door behind his master:—"but what care I where he goes? I'd rather be blind and deaf than use my eyes and ears where there's nothing to be gotten by it." And then he entered David's study, to count over the various coins in his possession, which, partly the accumulated savings of

his long service, and partly the gratuities which he was in the habit of receiving from patients, he had hoarded with a miser's hand and doated on as fondly. He peered over their impressions, and filliped them from his thumb and finger, and rung them upon the table, amusements which had long whiled many of his solitary leisure hours.

Meanwhile the Jew-Doctor trotted onward merrily. "My fortune's made," he exclaimed in his extacy, as he left the slumbering city behind him, still overshadowed with the morning's mist. "I wish some one *may* come and expound Hippocrates now—aye—let them preach his doctrines in the corners of the highways! The council has made trial of my arcana, and found them excellent; it must entertain me in future, if I be but observant of its humours." He travelled some way upon the Halle road, and there reconnoitred the capabilities of Rosenberg somewhat more closely. After a couple of days' travel he entered the first village in the Halle district, and there he halted. It was the annual fair-time, and our Doctor got a sample of the interminable bickerings which in the commercial imbecility of the sixteenth century were always incident to such a scene. Still—as it was late in the evening, he had no resource but to halt, and so made for the small tavern whose sign he saw dangling over the way. He could ride but slowly, for the street was fairly thronged, and the uproar that prevailed in the overcrowded house of call for some time abstracted all notice from his entrance, and left him time to look about him, and peruse his companions before he took his seat among them.

Two compact figures, whose dress and demeanour bespoke a substantial position in the world, occupied the foremost bench—they appeared to be burghers and merchants of one of the larger towns, who, after a daylong of profitable activity in the fair, were chafing on their success over a tripe supper, having left some youngster in their booths to attend on the few customers who might still present themselves.

In the revelrous mood into which success had thrown them, and which the host's good bole had done nothing to appease, they amused themselves with raileries whose incessant direction was towards an old Jew who sate in the window-sill, sopping his bread in some meagre wine as though he knew not that the house could furnish savourier diet. "Stay your munching, son of Jacob!" said one of them, a slim and tawdrily dressed shopkeeper of Heilbronn,—“a warm sausage would suit your tooth better than that dry crust;”—and he held to the Jew's chin a platter of steaming sour-

kraut, with a reeking sausage on it from which the lard was oozing. The Jew turned his face in disgust, but alas! encountered a gross-looking individual who offered him a pork pie. Peals of laughter circled round the room, at the recumbent postures of the chop-fallen stranger.

"See that dainty dog, there!" says one—"there's nothing here rich enough for him, though our host has basted his bacon unsparingly." The kitchen rung with huzzas, and every tankard foamed to toast the jester. But across the table there sate a burly, moody-looking man, who seemed rather to discountenance the pastime than to relish it. Not indeed that he thought any harm of rallying one upon his abomination of swine, or objected to the banter because the man was old and frail; for in fact he hated all Israel so sincerely, that he thought a Jew too much flattered even by such impertinencies as have been recorded.

"They're the very curse of our town," said he, "one's safe from swindling in no transaction that one has with them. They were of old and often suspected of poisoning our wells; and now they inoculate the whole country with their glamour, as any one who knows them will readily believe." So said one of the richest merchants of Halle whose credit stood so high there that his word was as good as his bond. The company moved off from the Jew with a mendish scowl; the which, however, he bore with resignation, as from that moment he was relieved from the pleasantries of the fair-people. David, from behind the door, was a witness of the whole scene. He recognized his friend Isaac, who had come there to turn a penny by his small wares. But the Doctor designedly wheeled upon his heel, to avoid recognition and parley with his ancient familiar.

Askance, however, he leered the old man scrutinously; who was at no loss for who he was, but still permitted himself to be unrecognized. The blood mantled in David's cheek as he took his seat among the burghers, where his frill and ruffles, and a certain offish and mysterious air did procure him a respectful reception. To rid his memory of the proximity of Isaac, and certain other painful reminiscences, he took a leading part in the fair-people's conversation. He'd an answer ready for every enquiry; whether on the differences between the cities and the nobility, or on the compact alliance of the peasantry, or on the excellent arrangements for the mail's conveyance which the Emperor had just concluded so much to the advantage of commerce. And yet did no single word that he spoke betray either

his quality or his abode, though curiosity was at its very acme; some taking him to be a travelling scholar from Tübingen who would carry on his researches in foreign universities; and others an attaché of the court at Mergentheim; and a third party would have him a Lombard, on a diplomatic journey to the Rhenish cities. The host, who had donned a whiter apron and a friendlier demeanour, now brought them candles; and his guests waxed confiding in the humanizing dusk of evening, and laid their heads together on the table, as conversation grew more lively and more general, or each whispered in another's ear his speculation on who the stranger might be. Their once comfortable-looking host had withdrawn towards the stables; but he now dashed in again with a look of horror on his visage. "The Lord be merciful! They're chiming the larum!" he shouted, and sallied out again, to rouse his hostlers and postboys, though no one at present knew what was the real matter for alarm, or in what direction they should march their auxiliaries. The already mellow fair-people were thoroughly panic-stricken. Without another syllable, the most of them bolted to their booths. A few chapmen, who had'nt much either to gain or lose, were somewhat slower in their movements, but still managed to stir at length, to assure themselves on the necessity for the commotion, making, as they trudged along, the very consolatory remark that a fair seldom went off without a squib or two, or at least a flash of powder at the touch-hole. But their consternation gathered as they reached the open air. The streets were barricaded, and in all the thoroughfares they heard dismal vociferations and the clash of weapons.

"The Rosenberg Chevalier has besieged the square with his cuirassiers and troopers," was bandied from mouth to mouth. The several chapmen hurried to collect together and secure all their wares, while the troopers' onset was parried by the gendarmes from Halle who had been deputed to garrison the town. Every hand was fully occupied.

The host, whose kitchen was now clean deserted, remarked, "I think the audacity of this Rosenberg knight has got a little beyond bounds, in besieging a square which has been opened to commerce with privileges from the Emperor. I should like very much to know what he meditates finally." The speaker shook his head and looked about him, but saw only the old Jew, and his mysterious guest David. The latter had aroused himself, and made for where his horse

was stabled; from whence he soon returned with a small writing-box under his arm.

The haughty merchant of Halle now plunged into the kitchen, and implored the host for God and old acquaintance' sake to accommodate him with a single waiter or pot-boy by whose aid to pack up his precious merchandise more promptly and securely. "Ah;" said the host, "you were always a good customer—but tarry awhile—I wear a garment that fits closer than my jacket! In other words, my hands are all busy in making my own secure, against these uninvited guests arrive." The merchant gazed despondingly around him, and saw no one but the old Jew, who asked with an air of sincerity—"Can I be of any use to your Worship? So being, I shall neglect no affair of my own, you may rely upon it." The merchant eyed him approvingly but still suspiciously. "You'd better accept his offer," said the host, "I tell you, you'll get no such other. You may, perhaps, consider that you run some little risk thus; but what is that in comparison with the chance of that Rosenberg marauder's surprizing you while your wares are still exposed? Be bold for once, Sir—be bold—nothing venture nothing win is a truth soon learned withan ray settle." "Well! I'm persuaded to adopt our host's counsel—follow me, my man briskly—for the troops are nearing, and I seem to quake already."

Isaac lent a hand zealously, but forbore to speak. The goods consisted of costly silk brocades, and cloaks of velvet of the richest pile trimmed with bullion, such as, in the good old time, none presumed to wear but Dukes and Earls, but then, in the palmy days of the democracy, you might see some wealthy chandler's daughter mincing through the parks with. They bundled them into boxes. These they put their shoulders to lustily, conveyed them to a stable in the slums which the fair-folks had not yet assumed possession of, and concealed them successfully in the loft among the straw.

The people on all sides were so occupied in their own concerns that none disturbed his neighbour even by a glance. And now the line of gensdarmes was broken, and the marauders pelted forward to the sound of fifes and drums. The Rosenberg Chevalier cantered through the squadrons with a cheery smile upon his lip—"Thank you, thank you, comrades," said he—"thank you for the prompt assistance you have lent against this banded rabble—and as to the spoil—why what you chuse of it is your own—take it and share it." The knights curvetted through the square, and

through the streets, their serving-men ransacked every hole and corner, intruding forcibly within the houses to discover what property might be there concealed, while Thomas of Rosenberg raillied the pillaged pedlars on the liberal purchases of these later fair-folks.

You'd have thought the Halle merchant was on a glowing iron as he watched old Isaac's mien as a clue to their safety or detection. "Friend—Brother!" said he, "for God's sake don't betray me—I've six children at home—this precious merchandise is their sole dependence." And as he pleaded, a horde of armed plunderers ransacked the house next which they were, and Isaac motioned to his terrified neighbour to take his position at a little distance from his treasure, lest suspicion be excited.

"Woe—woe!" he whispered, "my hair is gray already, and I would fain consign it to the grave in honour. For myself, the poorest pittance is enough,—of a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water—I want no more—and yet"—he added simply—"I've let no chance escape me."

But just at this moment the Rosenberg Chevalier invited his troopers to regale them at the tavern, a motion which they, amidst the fatigues of the ransack, most cheerfully adopted.

Of consequence, there was a boisterous bout in the late deserted kitchen. The troopers toasted, in the host's best Rhenish, "Perdition to the League, and the imperial cities too!" By chance the Rosenberger's eye met the Jew-Doctor, who still sate without emotion on a sill of the very room from which the fair-folks had so precipitately retired. He beckoned one of the hardest drinkers up to him, and asked him what all this meant and where he came from. Himself, he added, was a travelling physician, and he recommended his powders and his plasters to their Worships. The Chevalier, whom the success of the enterprize had somewhat enheartened, bade him open his satchell, which he jeeringly rummaged well. And it did not escape his eye that the Doctor anxiously removed a small roll for which a little fob appeared to have been made on purpose. His suspicion was awakened, and he asked to see it: nor was curiosity at all allayed by David's awkward fumbling and ill-disguised hesitation. After repeated orders, not quite unlarded with threats, he unfastened the roll and drew from the very core of it a little packet. "I've strange stuff here, your Worship," he remarked—" 'twill make a man bullet and sword-proof! I thought to sell it to the Sovereign and to make my fortune at a stroke:"—and all the time he affected a most important

gravity. "Very well," joined the Rosenberger—" 'twill be just as useful to me as to the Emperor, and if it only answers its purpose, I'll be no more chary of liberality; so if this be satisfactory to you, merely say how one must use the preparation," and as he proceeded, he thumbed the packet with a superstitious interest. "I needs must be satisfied," responded David. "Take the powder which you'll find wrapped within in a drop of wine, and if you can, a little exercise afterwards—but mind this—be cautious—keep it under lock and key—beware lest another sip even the dregs of your glass—or—such is the wondrous alchemy on which 'tis founded—he'll be ball and sword-proof—not you."

"Never mind me!" said the Chevalier; "but why can't I put it to the test immediately, and thus incur no more hazard in the heat of action?" And with a sarcastic smile he snatched up a rummer, filled it with wine, shook the powder into it, while the gaze of all the company was fixed anxiously upon him. "Fill up your glasses, my brave fellows!" shouted he—"a toast—a toast!"—and each soldier charged his rummer. "Success to the noble house of Rosenberg and its valiant captain, whose plight endures so well!"

"The fiend seize him!" thought the host, as he crossed himself and skulked sornily away from where he had by constraint played pot-boy to his unwelcome visitors. Doctor David had taken refuge in a retired corner whence he leered ghastly at the Chevalier, as he drained his rummer.

The whole night long they drank and rollicked, nor till the gray of dawn did the Rosenberger break their revel, adding—"our tussle with the Halle men mayn't be immediate, boys—but it can't well be further off than evening." They left the tavern with a yell, saluted by the groans and hisses of the burghers whom their surprize had impoverished. The Rosenberger had swilled out all recollection of the Doctor and his powder, nor heeded when they told him that at the dead of night, he had saddled his horse and made clean away. The Rosenberger had commissioned David to his castle, where, he promised, he would pay him for his preparation the very instant he should arrive there convinced of its effect. And the Doctor, who seldom dawdled, was already on the road.

A flourish of clarion welcomed back the troops to Castle Rosenberg. Its stern proprietor summoned his warder, and bade him seize that villain there (the captain of the gendarmes, whom he had brought home in custody) and thrust



him into the keep; for he was incensed, much more than by his enlistment under the League, that he had headed a horde of mercenaries and degraded the noble science of arms. And feast and exultation ruled the day, when all ranks were commanded to toast their auspicious adventure. Yet the Chevalier, 'twas remarked, retired earlier than usual—the foray had exhausted him unwontedly, and never had the bole so quickly palled upon his lip.

From then till midnight there was silence within the Castle moat. Each wearied comrade slept a deep sleep, and only the seneschal, an old and armed man, went his rounds of survey from each parapet and bastion, for he knew well that he had need to watch when a price was set on every head within the rampart. He heard a piteous groan which attracted him to his master's chamber. He found him in frightful agony, and wrestling with death. The groans soon summoned his guests to the bed whereon their once jovial entertainer lay weeping and writhing. "Ah!" said one, "Lord Thomas—bethink you of the Doctor—we owe this to the League!"

"Help! Help!" cried the Rosenberger, with anguished countenance; "I am crushed out like a reptile! Can one of you forbear?"

His comrades all recoiled from him with a shudder, and two rushed from the chamber, and awoke their pages and rode precipitately homeward, trembling lest they too should feel the vengeance of the League.

At length one whispered, with a desire to comfort him, "Keep up your heart, Lord Thomas, you have not fallen by a burgher's sword. This treachery will be to their everlasting obloquy—they've murdered you, and all the world must know that they dreaded to encounter you in passage of arms. The memory of your fall will be a blot on their escutcheon beyond what any surrender to your prowess could achieve."

But no comfort was there thus for the dying man, and the seneschal fell on his knees, and prayed a *Miserere*. Ere break of morn, he had closed his master's eyes, whose departure the muffled bell told of as the sun rose.

Doctor David had hurried back to Ulm, exultant with the tidings that his victim had fallen. But though feared and hated by the burghers while alive, scarce a conscience was there but felt outraged at so terrible an end.

'Twas perhaps a month after the Rosenberger's murder that Bernhard the Burgomaster was returning from his consistency. His mood of mind was most unhappy. There had

been read, at the council-table, an address to the League from the single steadfast friend of all the throngs which once environed the murdered chieftain. He upbraided the confederacy with the guilty purpose, and denounced vengeance upon all its members. Thus though there were some who were innocent of the crime, all felt most keenly that they had incurred the ignominy of assassins.

As he approached his home, the Burgomaster heard from behind him some miscreants trolling mockeries on the renowned adventure by which the Swabian League, by its valiant hero, David, had slain the Goliath of the camp of its enemy. He dreaded a further explosion in the excited rabble—so endured the scene in silence, reserving expression of his remorse till he should convey the sad intelligence, and his own apprehensions, to his wife. And then he wept bitterly. “Now the deed is done,” said he, “the very cities which would have been forwardest will most strenuously repudiate it, and Ulm, which was the chief actor, will be called the capital aggressor.”

“Well,” rejoined his wife, “however bad the hap, ’tis done, and the world will soon find other matter for its scandal. There are mighty things abrewing, everywhere; and, (I thank God for it) men will soon be taught what’s right and what’s wrong.”

“Ah!” explained the Burgomaster, “but though they forget it, I never can—when all besides are sleeping, I see the Chevalier writhing in Death’s grasp? Indulgence! I have gotten it—but to me ’tis worthless—absolution! what is that to the heart which can’t repent? We live, dear heart, in comfortless times—may God in His mercy bind up our broken spirits! whenever that Jew David approaches me now, ’tis as though a murderer shook his weapon over me.”

“Then ban the Jew our threshold, sweet life,” said the lady. “For my part, I cannot receive a potion from a hand which has stolen another’s life by one not manifestly different. Besides, a new practitioner has lately established himself here, a disciple of the famous Leonard Fox, a smart agreeable young man, and very aristocratic, he doesn’t crouch and crawl as that Jew used to, but is, a gentleman in his bearing, and makes no mystery about his medicines, but, whoever consults him, he will render friendly and comfortable advice.”

Shortly and unexpectedly, David skulked through the streets. The Burgomaster avoided him as a contagion, as he saw him in the distance. The apothecary banged his door against him—ah! thought he, as he saw David’s pati-

ents drop off,—he'll be the ruin of my business—'twill be rumoured that we make up his poison, and that will give a bad odour to every drug we have to handle.

The patients did indeed drop off:—many entertained a real alarm lest their sedatives should be over-dosed, or their ailments be treated with arsenic; for they thought,—perhaps correctly,—if he's got rid of one man, there's not the slightest reason why he mayn't get rid of another. And so he lived alone—without a creature to enliven his broad bare room but the ghost of the murdered man which his fancy daily presented; for his servant, soon after, left him without warning.

Thus wretchedly circumstanced, he packed up what little he had, purposing to begin life anew in some town beyond the border. Meantime a most unusual ring summoned him to his street door, and a messenger presented himself. 'Twas a summon to the bed of a dying man—old Isaac, whose commercial rounds had again brought him to Ulm.

"Your skill will be all lost on me," he cried, "'twas for love of you that I called you in—for I've a word of caution for you. Keep close at home, David—set no foot across the border—if you do you're a lost man—your servant has betrayed you—sold you to the last faithful confederate of the Rosenberger, who has vowed revenge against you. He has a scout who waits for you, and if ever you pass the city gate, there'll be no time left you to rue it."

The sick man said no more—for here his voice failed. His brethren around him wept aloud at the spectacle.

"God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!" he prayed, as he brightened at the last—"be gracious to Thy people." The attendant physician weened that the spirit had flown—but once again he oped his already glazed eyes, and faltering, Jehovah! Messiah! he breathed his last.

## II.

## WORDSWORTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.\*

It was at a very early period of Mr. Wordsworth's poetical career that the thoughts of his admirers became engaged upon the peculiar training through which his mind had passed. It would occupy us too long to shew constructively the several points of difference, in his own poetical creed, from that of all poets who ever preceded him; and as his habit was always retiring, and his familiars few, and his oral revelations more than commonly reserved, and the public mind seriously divided on the question of his merits—(men of equal eminence in the literary sphere on one side rendering him their homage and applause as the most reflective and penetrating of philosophical bards, and on the other, as unequivocally decrying and denouncing him as the presumptuous obtruder of the most worthless innovations)—it was reasonable that those who would form a fair estimate of his pretensions should gather up every fragmentary clue which it was soon discovered that such writings as his, however the question of their intrinsic excellence might be finally resolved, must needs contain within themselves. It was fortunate for the fame which for some forty years he lived so fully to enjoy that the most clear enunciation of the principles on which he worked was so soon conveyed to the world in a short poem which he has seldom surpassed, and which has more in common with some of the nobler passages with which we design now to familiarize our readers, than, perhaps, any other of his writings. For, it *does* appear to us that his earlier blank verse poems have a freshness and ease of composition which we miss in the *Excursion*, a poem perhaps, notwithstanding all its noble episodes, chargeable with Hazlitt's censure of laboriousness and slowness of progression. This is not the case, on the whole, with the *Prelude*. The twelfth and thirteenth Books, which are almost exclusively occupied with somewhat abstruse mental speculations, will no doubt seem heavy and prosaic on a first perusal. Nevertheless, to the student, they will amply reward the most careful and severe examination, discussing as they do, perhaps more fully than has ever before been attempted, the metaphysic of the poetic genius; and this by

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\* THE PRELUDE, or Growth of a Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London. Moxon. 1850.

one whose creed and method of art, though long acknowledged as having achieved for him the very capital eminence among his country's philosophical poets, was never so thoroughly reduced to system and commended to study as in the books to which we allude. But they are alone in the poem—far more obscure and exacting, for their competent apprehension, than the great body of the work; in which, *malgré* an occasional over-solemnity and redundancy of effort on what appear to us to be trivialities, there are, combined with all the unaffected ease of Goldsmith or of Cowper, discoveries of the grandeur of a mind

“inform'd

With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire.”

There is less shew of “over-greatness,” and “mental bombast,” (faults with which Coleridge considered Wordsworth chargeable,) than in much of his other writing; and a more marked coherence and agreeable constructiveness, a grander development of his high and holy communings and very charming masses of scenery, with allusions to incidental commonplaces, (especially in the Book on “London,” presenting something of a new phase of Wordsworth's genius) all which form distinct and attractive features in this splendid, and most instructive volume.

The passage to which we have alluded as conveying, up to the publication of the *Prelude*, perhaps the most complete and remarkable insight into the principles of Wordsworth's art occurs in the poem composed on revisiting the Wye in 1798. He therein compares what he *is* with what he *was*; when, as a boy,

“I came among these hills; when like a roe  
“I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
“Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
“Wherever nature led.”

“Nature then,” he continues

“To me was *all in all*—I cannot paint  
“What then I was. The *sounding cataract*  
“*Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,*  
“*The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,*  
“*Their colours and their forms were then to me*  
“*An appetite, a feeling and a love*  
“*Which had no need of a remoter charm,*  
“*By thought supplied, nor any interest*  
“*Unborrowed from the eye.*”

In lapse of years, however, and ere he again drank inspiration from “those waters, rolling from their mountain-

springs, with a soft inland murmur," he had learned to take a deeper view of the external world :—

"To look on nature, not as in the hour  
 "Of thoughtless youth; but *hearing oftentimes*  
 "*The still, sad music of humanity,*  
 "Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
 "To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 "A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 "Of elevated thoughts; a *sense sublime*  
 "*Of something far more deeply interfused,*  
 "*Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,*  
 "*And the round ocean and the living air,*  
 "*And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;*  
 "*A motion and a spirit, that impels*  
 "*All thinking things, all objects of all thought,*  
 "*And rolls through all things."*

The philosophical portions of the *Prelude* may be said to be an expansion and analysis of the training by which this latter and peculiar phase of the poetic mind grew up in the Autobiographer; and a vindication of its imaginings from any suspicion of a pantheistic view of the universe which the *over-exact* intellect, especially if not poetically informed, might imagine such passages as the last which we have transcribed to tend to. The books on Imagination and Taste, (xii. xiii.) occasionally difficult though they be, and throughout requiring a strict study, do nevertheless enforce the personality of the Deity, and the design of the Uncreate by the Spirit of His created Universe,—the

"Soul of Nature, that, *by laws divine*  
 "*Sustained and governed,* still doth overflow  
 "With an impassioned life, what feeble ones  
 "Walk on this earth;"—

to instruct the world to a reverent acknowledgement and a pious veneration of its Great First Cause. We will not pursue this through its abstruser elucidations, but rather—as we are upon the subject—introduce our more analytical critique with a couple of as splendid episodes from these later books, as perhaps ever Wordsworth imagined. The first of these is introduced after what is in principle an expansion of his recorded *earlier* communings with Nature, just rehearsed. In those days he was, he tells us

"Even in pleasure pleased  
 "Unworthily, disliking here, and there  
 "Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred  
 "To things above all art; \* \* \* \* \*  
 "\* \* \* \* \* giving way

"To a comparison of scene with scene,  
 "Bent overmuch with *superficial things*,  
 "Pampering myself with meagre novelties  
 "Of colour and proportion; to the moods  
 "Of time and season, to the *moral power*,  
 "The *affections and the spirit of the place*,  
 "Insensible."

After a discussion on the rationale of this tone of mind, incident to the incipient training of the poetic faculty, and a discrimination of the modes by which it is counteracted by deeper musings upon Nature and discrimination of her more recondite principles, he proceeds;—

"And yet I knew a maid,  
 "A young enthusiast, who *escaped these bonds* ;  
 "Her eye was not the mistress of her heart ;  
 "Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,  
 "Or barren intermeddling subtleties,  
 "Perplex her mind, but, wise as women are  
 "When *genial circumstance* hath favoured them,  
 "She welcomed what was given, and craved no more ;  
 "Whate'er the scene presented to her view,  
 "That was the best, to that she was attuned  
 "By her benign simplicity of life,  
 "And through a perfect happiness of soul,  
 "Whose variegated feelings were in this  
 "Sisters, that they were each some new delight.  
 "Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,  
 "Could they have known her, would have loved ; methought  
 "Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,  
 "That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,  
 "And every thing she looked on, should have had  
 "An intimation how she bore herself  
 "Towards them and to all creatures. God delights  
 "In such a being ; for her common thoughts  
 "Are piety, her life is gratitude."

The other episode which we select is a remarkable illustration of that associating principle which occupies so prominent a position in all mental development—the poetic more especially. Perhaps it was never by any more genially cultivated than by Wordsworth. Every student of his writings must be aware of the constant recurrences to past experiences which so exquisitely enrich and variegate his pages. The most extraordinary exhibition of this faculty which we recollect, within a moderate compass, will be found in that noblest of all noble odes, "Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early Childhood," a poem, as an eminently accomplished critic has remarked to us in discussing this very *Prelude*, not to be matched in the works even of Wordsworth himself. Still, as vivid representations of

how, in his own language, "the days gone by returned upon him almost from the dawn of life," we think that two passages in this twelfth book of the *Prelude* can hardly be deemed inferior. We can find room only for the latter of these, referring for the other, no less admirably finished, to the volume itself.

" One Christmas time,  
 " On the glad eve of its dear holidays,  
 " Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went forth  
 " Into the fields, impatient for the sight  
 " Of those led palfreys that should bear us home ;  
 " My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,  
 " That, from the meeting-point of two highways  
 " Ascending, overlooked them both, far-stretched ;  
 " Thither, uncertain on which road to fix  
 " My expectation, thither I repaired,  
 " Scout-like, and gained the summit ; 'twas a day  
 " Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass  
 " I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall ;  
 " Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,  
 " Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood ;  
 " With those companions at my side, I watched,  
 " Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist  
 " Gave intermitting prospect of the corpse  
 " And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned—  
 " That dreary time—ere we had been ten days  
 " Sojourners in my father's house, he died,  
 " And I and my three brothers, orphans then,  
 " Followed his body to the grave. The event,  
 " With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared  
 " A chastisement ; and when I called to mind  
 " That day so lately past, when from the crag  
 " I looked in such anxiety of hope ;  
 " With trite reflections of morality,  
 " Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low  
 " To God, who thus corrected my desires ;  
 " And afterwards, the wind and sleety rain  
 " And all the business of the elements,  
 " The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,  
 " And the bleak music from that old stone wall,  
 " The noise of wood and water, and the mist  
 " That on the line of each of these two roads  
 " Advanced in such indisputable shapes ;  
 " All these were kindred spectacles and sounds  
 " To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,  
 " As at a fountain ; and on winter nights  
 " Down to this very time, when storm and rain  
 " Beat on my roof, or haply, at noon-day  
 " While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,  
 " Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock  
 " In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,  
 " Some inward agitations thence are brought,  
 " Whate'er their office, whether to beguile



“Thoughts over busy in the course they took,  
“Or animate an hour of vacant ease.”

Having thus indicated, to the extent of our limits, the metaphysical theory which the poem discusses—which is that, indeed, by which the whole of Wordsworth's writings, except some few poems written in early youth, are informed and distinguished—it will hardly be diverging from our immediate purpose if we remark on the variety of application with which, upon the associating principle, he conceived Nature, in all her aspects, to impress her lessons on the really cultivated intellect. The extent to which he carried this belief, the earnestly-cherished confidence that not this form more than that—but *all* forms of Nature equally might speak alike instructively and sublimely to him whose genius had been trained to listen to them, and this without any indispensable learning beyond what Nature can herself dispose for, and engage to, may be said to be the very capital of his literary creed and the doctrine to inculcate which he pledged his mighty genius. Hence may be accounted for the very machinery of his works—the discussion of the noblest themes and the rarest inventions by the lips of a pedlar or a potter, the discrimination of a like poetical efficiency in the starry firmament and the daisy-sprinkled lawn, in the noise of cataracts or of tempests, and the still small voice of the caged turtle-dove, in the purple sunrise and his later glory in the west, and the merest thread of light he radiates through a crevice in the wall—*all* Nature, alike to *all* intellects who would learn to read her, he regarded as equally fraught with messages of the deepest wisdom, to refine, or to instruct; to exalt, or to chasten; to move to noble thoughts, or tender; to equip for the sublimities, the purities, and the charities of a redeemed society. We cannot now engage in any discussion of the tenability or otherwise, of these his positions. We have before said in this Magazine—(Vol. III. p. 321) we think he has, occasionally been indiscreet in carrying his principles so far as to render the works which embody them *caviare* to those who judge of poetry by the established rules of criticism. Still none can doubt that he has done immense service in several the noblest causes by investing simple things with a deep and refined significance, and claiming for the domain of the muse the conceptions and the sympathies of ordinary life. For this his name is sure to live, as long as there is one to appreciate the dignity and the independence of true genius, and the marvellous and oftentimes undiscoverable

fountains whence its riches have been drawn. That Wordsworth has extended the range of these throughout vast regions, as it was thought, least capable of exposing them, is a fact which we believe will always place him in the very highest rank of philosophical poets, and command an immortality for at least a very large portion of his writings. But this, alas, has insensibly *grown into* a digression—we meant merely to remark that a constant eye to his creed and method of art is an essential preliminary to forming any correct estimate of its creations. And now we proceed to a more serial discussion of the rich repast which we seem to have been just tasting and retiring from.

The *Prelude* opens with a sketch of Wordsworth's early surrender of his settled leisure to that undertaking and ambition which occupied him for so many years, and was never fully, or to his own desires, completed, the erection of an enduring monument to his fame as a poet. "As subsidiary to this preparation" of his powers for such an achievement, by review of his own mind, and examination how far Nature and Education had qualified him for it, he himself has informed us that "he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, so far as he was acquainted with them." The result of his labour is the posthumous work now before us, introductory to the still unpublished and indeed unfinished RECLUSE, which he regarded as what might confer on him a name to live. However, like many other great men, he may, we think, have misjudged the respective pretensions of his performances—certainly he seems to us never to have surpassed a vast deal which is in the volume of which he would not stake the publication in his life-time. This preparatory poem is dedicated to his intensely venerated friend Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

His first aspirings after the honour which his genius has now consummated he thus expresses:—

"Speedily an earnest longing rose  
 "To brace myself to some determined aim,  
 "Reading or thinking; either to lay up  
 "New stores, or rescue from decay the old  
 "By timely interference; and therewith  
 "Came hopes still higher, that with outward life  
 "I might endue some airy phantasies  
 "That had been floating loose about for years,  
 "And to such beings temperately deal forth  
 "The many feelings that oppressed my heart.  
 "That hope hath been discouraged."

Wordsworth here intimates the several themes which successively occurred to him as proper for poetic treatment—all

successively abandoned or foregone, whereas the multiplicity of his uninaugurated projects seemed to make a contradiction of his whole life. But this was not without its fruits : his unsettled purposes found their antidote in that devotion to the external world which educated him for the glorious mission which he has so splendidly fulfilled. Writing of the unprofitable fertility of his designs, he continues :—

“ Ah ! better far than this, to stray about  
 “ Voluptuously through fields and rural walks,  
 “ And ask no record of the hours, resigned  
 “ To vacant musing, unproved neglect  
 “ Of all things, and deliberate holiday.  
 “ Far better never to have heard the name  
 “ Of zeal and just ambition, than to live  
 “ Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour  
 “ Turns recreant to her task ; takes heart again,  
 “ Then feels immediate some hollow thought  
 “ Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Was it for this  
 “ That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved  
 “ To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,  
 “ And, from his alder shades and rocky falls  
 “ And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice  
 “ That flowed along my dreams ? For this, didst thou,  
 “ O Derwent ! winding among grassy holms  
 “ When I was looking on, a babe in arms,  
 “ Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts  
 “ To more than infant softness, giving me  
 “ Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind  
 “ A forecast, a dim earnest of the calm  
 “ That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.”

A transition is thus easily made to the pursuits and recreations of his early youth, a portion of the poem in which freshness and elasticity of treatment is combined with a rich appliance of the imaginative faculty. Take, for instance, the following skating-scene.

“ It was a time of rapture ! Clear and loud  
 “ The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,  
 “ Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 “ That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,  
 “ We hissed along the polished ice in games  
 “ Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 “ And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
 “ The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.  
 “ So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 “ And not a voice was idle ; with the din  
 “ Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
 “ The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 “ Tinkled like iron ; while the distant hills

" Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 " Of melancholy pot unnoticed, while the stars  
 " Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west,  
 " The orange sky of evening died away."

Those who would examine the *Prelude* as a record of æsthetic culture, will be engaged by Wordsworth's own witness to the early period when "Nature by extrinsic passion first peopled his mind with forms sublime and fair, and made him love them." The following fragment appears to us to be very remarkable.

" I remember when the changeful earth  
 " And *twice five summers* on my mind had stamped  
 " The faces of the moving year, *even then*  
 " I held unconscious intercourse with beauty  
 " Old as creation, drinking in a pure  
 " Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths  
 " Of curling mist, or from the level plains  
 " Of waters coloured by impending clouds.  
 " The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays  
 " Of Cambria's rocky limits, they can tell  
 " How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,  
 " And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills  
 " Sent welcome notice of the rising noon,  
 " How I have stood, to fancies such as these  
 " A stranger, linking with the spectacie  
 " No conscious memory of a kindred sight,  
 " And bringing with me no peculiar sense  
 " Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,  
 " Even while mine eye hath moved o'er many a league  
 " Of shining water, gathering as it seemed  
 " Through every hair-breadth in that field of light  
 " New pleasure like a bee among the flowers."

It was somewhat later in life, but still early, that the other grand feature of his intellect attained its stature—we mean that broad habit of association which identified his own emotions in the impassive universe. What he describes as the "great social principle of life coercing all things into sympathy" was revealed to him in full distinctness about his seventeenth year. He signalizes this in perhaps as glorious poetry as even such an occasion could inspire.

" I was only then  
 " Contented, when with bliss ineffable  
 " I felt the sentiment of being spread  
 " O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;  
 " O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought  
 " And human knowledge, to the human eye  
 " Invisible, yet liveth to the heart;  
 " O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,  
 " Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides  
 " Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself

" And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not  
 " If high the transport, great the joy I felt,  
 " Communing in this sort through earth and heaven  
 " With every form of creature, as it looked  
 " Towards the Uncreated with a countenance  
 " Of adoration, with an eye of love.  
 " One song they sang, and it was audible,  
 " Most audible, then, when the fleshy ear,  
 " O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,  
 " Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

" If this be error, and another faith  
 " Find easier access to the pious mind,  
 " Yet were I grossly destitute of all  
 " Those human sentiments that make this earth  
 " So dear, if I should fail with grateful voice  
 " To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye lakes  
 " And sounding cataracts, ye mists and winds  
 " That dwell among the hills where I was born.  
 " If in my youth I have been pure in heart,  
 " If, mingling with the world, I am content  
 " With my own modest pleasures, and have lived  
 " With God and Nature communing, removed  
 " From little animities and low desires,  
 " The gift is yours ; if in these times of fear,  
 " This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,  
 " If, 'mid indifference and apathy,  
 " And wicked exultation when good men  
 " On every side fall off, we know not how,  
 " To selfishness, disguised in gentle names  
 " Of peace and quiet and domestic love,  
 " Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers  
 " On visionary minds ; if, in this time  
 " Of dereliction and dismay, I yet  
 " Despair not of our nature, but retain  
 " A more than Roman confidence, a faith  
 " That fails not, in all sorrow my support,  
 " The blessing of my life, the gift is yours,  
 " Ye winds and sounding cataracts ! 'tis yours,  
 " Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature ! Thou hast fed  
 " My lofty speculations, and in thee  
 " From this uneasy heart of ours, I find  
 " A never-failing principle of joy  
 " And purest passion."

The oftener we recur to this and a long series of similarly eloquent passages in the *Prelude*, the stronger our conviction grows that its author did himself a signal injustice in suspending the publication of them for nearly half a century. It is true,—and here is the evidence of it,—that he cared but little for sarcasm whose severity was equalled only by its silliness. Still one might imagine that he whose whole heart was set on reforming the English schools of poetry would have enterprized, had he fully understood its character

as a whole, relatively to some other productions upon which he committed himself to the judgment of the world, a poem which, though certainly occasionally cumbrous and ill-sustained, must nevertheless, we think, have disarmed his critics of those particular weapons with which they most successfully assailed him. For here we see nothing of the quaintness of his imaginary moralizers—but travel with him as the historian of his own mind; and though it could hardly have been that his revelations should escape unscathed—(either for their disputable philosophy, or for the dull solemnity with which he now and then treats trifles;) yet the brilliant gems from this so rich a mine, might sometimes be considered ill-set and badly displayed, but never inappropriate to their owner. For in the *Prelude*, from beginning to end, the rehearser is evidently a competent pursuer of truth and of wisdom in their highest discriminations and discernments, endowed with many and peculiar advantages of position, of habit, and of education; and however much and often a critic may perceive that his author lavishes his gravity and falls short of his ambitions, he never can tax him with inconsistency or impute it an ineptitude, when he happens to rise to the height of his great argument. And his doctrine of the poet's growth, and of the proprieties of his art, being here set forth more systematically than elsewhere, and always with intense earnestness, and often with irresistible persuasiveness; and the tenability of each being established, with at least some success, in the noble and impassioned description and apostrophe which it would have been impossible to pass by, men would have hesitated, we imagine, before they wrote themselves determinately convinced against, and hostile to, the canons which he espoused. Hence, perhaps, (namely, from the want of this clue to his principles and their formation) arose not merely misconception, but misrepresentation. The fine preface to the later editions of his *Lyrical Ballads*, put forth after the public mind had been taught to disparage his genius, seemed hardly enough to justify to those prepossessed against his system so entire a departure from all antecedent rules. He was upbraided as the most unsufferable of egotists, though perhaps no man was ever less so—except it be egotism to defend and to pursue a system which the whole world of letters has at length learned to appreciate,—yet of which the artists and critics of a more florid and superficial school had then no words whereby to measure their contempt. Perhaps from very *absence* of self-appreciation and self-love was the *Pre-*

lude, from its *personal* character, for so many years withheld. The reader may judge from the concluding periods of the following beautiful description of the young poet's summer amusements.

“ When Summer came,  
 “ Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,  
 “ To sweep along the plain of Windermere  
 “ With rival pors; and the selected bourne  
 “ Was now an Island musical with birds  
 “ That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle  
 “ Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown  
 “ With lilies of the valley like a field;  
 “ And now a third small Island, where survived  
 “ In solitude the ruins of a shrine  
 “ Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served  
 “ Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race  
 “ So ended, disappointment could be none,  
 “ Uneasiness or pain, or jealousy:  
 “ We rested in the shade, all pleased alike  
 “ Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of strength,  
 “ And the vain-glory of superior skill  
 “ Was tempered; thus was gradually produced  
 “ A quiet independence of the heart;  
 “ *And to my Friend who knows me I may add,*  
 “ *Fearless of blame, that hence for future days*  
 “ *Ensued a diffidence and modesty;*  
 “ And I was taught to feel, perhaps too much,  
 “ The self-sufficing power of Solitude.”

We pass now to our poet's Cambridge experiences. He was a Johnian, and proceeded, we believe, to the Bachelor's degree. A recent thoughtful essayist has observed\* that the “sympathies of men of genius are wider than those of other men”—that they “transact more life.” This was eminently the case with Wordsworth at College. Nothing, save seclusion in his study, seems to have come amiss to him. We were surprized to learn with what a zest the imaginative and retiring student of Nature entered into all the social amenities of University residence. True, his love of solitary rambles and musings on the external world remained unsubdued, or rather received a fresh impulse. He tells us that

“ Oft, when the dazzling show no longer new  
 “ Had ceased to dazzle, oftimes did I quit  
 “ My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings, and groves,  
 “ And as I paced alone the level fields  
 “ Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime  
 “ With which I had been conversant, the mind  
 “ Drooped not.” \* \* \* \* \*

"As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,  
 "I looked for universal things, perused  
 "The common countenance of earth and sky :  
 "Earth, nowhere unimbellished by some trace  
 "Of that first Paradise whence man was driven ;  
 "And sky, whose beauty and bounty were expressed  
 "By the proud name she bears, the name of Heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*

"To every natural form, rock, flower or fruit,  
 "Even the loose stones that cover the highway  
 "I gave a moral life : I saw them feel  
 "Or linked them to some feeling : the great mass  
 "Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
 "That I beheld respired with inward meaning."

But then with what a racy and enjoyable freshness does he recur to his own versatility and entertainment of young manhood's rude and boisterous gaiety !

"*Caverns* there were within my mind, which sun  
 "Could never penetrate, yet did there not  
 "Want store of leafy *arbours* where the light  
 "Might enter in at will. Companionships,  
 "Friendships acquaintances, were welcome all.  
 "We sauntered, played, or rioted ; we talked  
 "Unprofitable talk at morning hours :  
 "Drifted about among the streets and walks,  
 "Read lazily in trivial books, went forth  
 "To gallop through the country in blind zeal  
 "Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast  
 "Of *Cain* sailed boisterously, and let the stars  
 "Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought."

There is something very simple and characteristic in our author's commitment to grave heroics of the record of his first and last debauchery—in Milton's rooms—imbibing deep potations to the memory of the temperate bard. Yet, though his life was altogether blameless, his reading was only desultory, and his prepossessions of a cast not to be subdued to the discipline of academic life. By his own account he cut but a sorry figure at St. John's, and, (with what justice we cannot say) is querulous upon the routine of that and the collegiate Houses generally. The bard who in after life mentioned one glorious fane at Cambridge as

"Where bubbles burst, and follies, dancing foam  
 "Melts if it cross the threshold"

seems to us mercilessly censorious on the compulsory chapel system, which, like other holy observances, is doubtless often desecrated, but which we believe, nevertheless, to have fostered the spiritual growth in thousands, and to have been



the antidote to a disastrous recklessness in thousands more. But more exacting censors than ourselves would be indulgent of severity which the later scions of our Colleges must certainly, we conceive, judge extreme, in consideration of the following rich aspiration for a Utopian *Alma Mater* :—

“ Oh, what joy  
 “ To see a sanctuary for our country's youth  
 “ Informed with such a spirit as might be  
 “ Its own protection ; a primæval grove,  
 “ Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,  
 “ Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds  
 “ In under-coverts, yet the countenance  
 “ Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe ;  
 “ A habitation sober and demure  
 “ For ruminating creatures ; a domain  
 “ For quiet things to wander in ; a haunt  
 “ In which the heron should delight to feed  
 “ By the shy rivers, and the pelican  
 “ Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought  
 “ Might sit and sun himself.”

Over his terminal vacations and returns we shall not tarry long. There are some fine things in the books which detail them, but, on the whole, perhaps, they are the tamest portions of the poem. His tone of mind seems temporarily to have become much relaxed by the unsystematic routine of his academic residence ; and this gave an unwonted levity to the whole round of his pursuits, as well at the Lakes as at Cambridge. He ceased to be the ardent and suggesting disciple of Nature's remoter intimations, and himself confessed, on reflection, that he found “ the heartless chase of trivial pleasures ” but a poor exchange for his books and for her.

“ It seemed the very garments which I wore  
 “ Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream  
 “ Of self-forgetfulness.”

We must indulge our readers with one charming picture of his enjoyments at Esthwaite at this period of his career—not the less beautifully characteristic from the fine sentiment with which it closes, a sentiment perhaps which, after the scene which introduces it, few but Wordsworth could have recorded of himself.

“ The memory of one particular hour  
 “ Doth here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng  
 “ Of maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,  
 “ A medley of all tempers, I had passed  
 “ The night in dancing, gaiety, and mirth,  
 “ With din of instruments and shuffling feet

" And glancing forms and tapers glittering  
 " And unaimed prattle flying up and down ;  
 " Spirits upon the stretch, and here and there  
 " Slight shocks of young love-liking interspersed,  
 " Whose transient pleasure mounted to the head,  
 " And tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,  
 " The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky  
 " Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse  
 " And open field, through which the pathway wound  
 " And homeward led my steps. Magnificent  
 " The morning rose, in memorable pomp,  
 " Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,  
 " The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,  
 " The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,  
 " Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;  
 " And in the meadows and the lower grounds  
 " Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—  
 " Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds,  
 " And labourers going forth to till the fields  
 —" Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the brim  
 " My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows  
 " Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me  
 " Was given, that I should be else sinning greatly  
 " A dedicated Spirit."

In the chapter on "Books" we find some caustic remarks on the utilitarian spirit of modern Education. *He*, thinks Wordsworth, has been born under happy conjunctures, who is left to range at will through the rich and indigenously-productive domains of Fancy, instead of being, by the evil which these days have laid on the children of the land,

" followed, hourly watched, and noosed,  
 " Each in his several melancholy walk  
 " Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its feed,  
 " Led through the lanes in forlorn servitude :  
 " Or rather like a stalled ox debarred  
 " From touch of growing grass, that may not taste  
 " A flower till it has yielded up its sweets  
 " A prelibation to the mower's scythe."

The observations of one so wise and excellent are well worthy to be attentively considered by all to whom, whether parentally or professionally, the tutelage of the rising generation is committed. Somebody of name (Dr. Johnson we think it was) observed that it was no more of consequence what children are first taught, than what leg a man first puts into his breeches—*only*, he added, put one leg in *at once*, without disputing about it—or your breech will remain bare. There is more of point than of correctness in this apophthegm—it *is*, of the greatest consequence what children do and do not learn first. There is no such successful me-

thod of rearing dullards and dotards, as enforced instruction in subjects inconvenient to the age and habit. One great step towards future excellence is gained, when a child has been got to *love* a book ; but this he never will do, if it discourses on either subjects beyond his capacity, or matters on which his own eyes will instruct him as well. Little people delight not to read of four-legged cats or dogs which wag their tails ; and they are even *harmd* by conning over the miraculous proprieties of the " Little Anna's " of our modern tract societies—but tell them of an ogre in an enchanted castle, and at once the mind is healthily stimulated and excited, and yields not to those ungenerous doubtings which the recorded feats of model babies not unnaturally awaken, or otherwise, to those impressions of self-sufficiency which will obviously be the fruit of instruction in what increaseth not actual knowledge or ideas. Sir Walter Scott, in his most interesting autobiographical sketch, has traced the formation of his future tastes and pursuits to the tragic adventures of Carlisle and Culloden which he early learned to love, and to his grandmother's tales of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jamie Tellfer of the fair Dodhead, and other heroes—merymen all of the persuasion and calling of Robin Hood and Little John. A few years later he became acquainted with Bishop Percy's Reliques ; and remarks upon them " As I had been from infancy devoted to legendary lore of this nature, and only reluctantly withdrew my attention, from the scarcity of materials, and the rudeness of those which I possessed, it may be imagined, but cannot be described, with what delight I saw pieces of the same kind which had amused my childhood, and still continued in secret the Delilahs of my imagination, considered as the subject of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an author who shewed that his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labour preserved." We know far too little of the world's greatest poets to pronounce decisively, from their examples, on what salient principles the creative faculty should be educated. Those myths, however, in which the earlier representatives of the most intellectual races have been used to type and ennoble the prowess of their forefathers, as they are the primæval forms of literary cultivation, so, being the vehicles of that entertainment and delight which arrest and rivet even the undisciplined genius, (but without which no genius is competent for education) they must certainly be as milk and honey to however aspiring an imagination. Such, at least, was Words-

worth's infantile diet. He blesses the honoured mother of whom he was early bereft—the "heart and hinge of all his learning and his lore"—for nothing more than for

"The wishing-cap  
 "Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat  
 "Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,  
 "And Sabra in the forest with Saint George!  
 "*The child, whose love is here, at least, doth reap*  
 "*One precious gain, that he forgets himself.*"

We must add one other passage from this chapter; so wisely does it discourse on what moves the solitudes of so many. The poet's introductory allusion is to the "snow-white church upon a hill" at whose foot stands the rural school in which his own education commenced.

"May she long  
 "(The throned Lady whom ere while we hailed)  
 "Behold a race of young ones like to those  
 "With whom I herded! (easily, indeed,  
 "We might have fed upon a fatter soil  
 "Of arts and letters—but be that forgiven)—  
 "A race of real children; not too wise,  
 "Too learned, or too good; but wanton, fresh,  
 "And bandied up and down by love and hate;  
 "Not unresentful where self-justified;  
 "Fierce, moody, patient, venturous, modest, shy;  
 "Mad at their sports like withered leaves in winds;  
 "Though doing wrong and suffering, and full oft  
 "Bending beneath our life's mysterious weight  
 "Of pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding not  
 "In happiness to the happiest upon earth.  
 "Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,  
 "Be these the daily strengtheners of their minds;  
 "May books and Nature be their early joy!  
 "And knowledge, rightly honoured with that name—  
 "Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power!"

We will soon make a large advance in the biography, and attend Wordsworth to the Alps. But first, one of many touching tributes must detain us, to the friend to whom this poem is addressed; unequalled by anything which we recollect of chaste and loving laudation. Coleridge was at Christ's Hospital till towards the close of Wordsworth's collegiate residence.

"Of rivers, fields,  
 "And groves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,  
 "Who yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths  
 "Of the huge city, on the leaden roof  
 "Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,  
 "Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds

" Moving in heaven, or, of that pleasure tired,  
 " To shut thine eyes, and by internal light  
 " See trees and meadows, and thy native stream,  
 " Far distant, thus beheld from year to year  
 " Of a long absence. \* \* \* \*  
 " \* \* \* \* I have thought  
 " Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,  
 " And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,  
 " Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse  
 " Among the schoolmen and Platonic forms  
 " Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out  
 " Of things well-matched or ill, and words for things,  
 " The self-created sustenance of a mind  
 " Debarred from Nature's living images,  
 " Compelled to be a life unto herself,  
 " And unrelentingly possessed by thirst  
 " Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,  
 " Ah! surely not in singleness of heart,  
 " Should I have seen the light of evening fade  
 " From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we met,  
 " Even at that early time, needs must I trust  
 " In the belief, that my maturer age,  
 " My calmer habits, and more steady voice,  
 " Would with an influence benign have soothed,  
 " Or chased away, the airy wretchedness  
 " That battened on thy youth. But thou hast trod  
 " A march of glory, which doth put to shame  
 " These vain regrets; health suffers in thee, else  
 " Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought  
 " That ever harboured in the heart of man."

In this passage, we apprehend, is only too melancholy and affecting a confirmation of the disclosures made by Joseph Cottle, and republished in the last number of this Magazine (page 742—5):—as also an unexpected corroboration of a previous remark which we ventured (page 626) on the religious and moral influence which Wordsworth's society may probably at various times have exercised upon his friend. Coleridge was on a Mediterranean tour to recruit his constitution, when the above passage was penned, during which expatriation he read a considerable part of the *Prelude* in manuscript. It appears, too, that there must have been subsequent relapses into that wretched dejection which fastened on him so early. His mental frame must have been much more tranquil at the period which must be assigned to these splendid apostrophes:—though perhaps it never till near the close of his life recovered its equilibrium to the extent to warrant the eulogy of the lines just quoted, which were dictated, probably, rather by hope than by assurance. At the close of the eleventh book of the *Prelude*—(we wish we could give it entire—for on the whole, perhaps, it is the

most classical and finely-sustained part of the volume)—there are some reflections, conceived in that republican spirit which it is well-known that the crisis of the first French Revolution excited in both these poets, on the coronation at Notre Dame, and the Sicilian indifference to the voice by which her buried Timoleon yet spake. He continues :—

“ But indignation works where hope is not,  
 “ And thou, O Friend ! *will be* refreshed. There is  
 “ One great society alone on earth :  
 “ The noble Living and the noble Dead.  
 “ Think *be* such converse strong and sanative,  
 “ A ladder for thy spirit to reascend  
 “ To health and joy and *pure contentedness*.

Perhaps then there was *still* some reason to dread the endurance of that melancholy temperament and the absence of bland and comfortable persuasions—(the one, no doubt, instigated, and the other subdued, by early experience of domestic disappointment and physical pain) which he has so passionately represented in the character of Athadra.

“ It were a lot divine in some small skiff  
 “ Along some ocean's boundless solitude,  
 “ To float for ever with a careless course  
 “ And think myself the only being alive !”

Alas ! that these, as we presume, presciences of Wordsworth were to be so completely and fatally fulfilled in one who, under serener fortunes, might have ripened all the yearnings of his consummate promise. But as he himself writes in perhaps his noblest ode :—

“ Would we aught behold of higher worth  
 “ Than hath this cold inanimate world allowed  
 “ To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd  
 “ Ah ! from *the soul itself* must issue forth  
 “ A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
 “ Enveloping the earth—  
 “ And from *the soul itself* there must be sent  
 “ A sweet and potent voice *of its own birth*  
 “ Of all sweet sounds the life and element !”

We have been carried further than we would, and now return to a few more lines of the noble peroration of the eleventh book of the *Prelude*.

“ I feel for thee, must utter what I feel :  
 “ The sympathies erewhile in part discharged  
 “ Gather afresh, and will have vent again :

" My own delights do scarcely seem to me  
 " My own delights : the lordly Alps themselves,  
 " Those rosy peaks, from which the morning looks  
 " Abroad on many nations, are no more  
 " For me that image of pure gladness  
 " Which they were wont to be. Through kindred scenes,  
 " For purpose, at a time, how different,  
 " Thou tak'st thy way, carrying the heart and soul  
 " That Nature gives to poets, now by thought  
 " Matured, and in the summer of their strength.  
 " Oh ! wrap him in your shades, ye giant woods,  
 " On Etna's side ; and thou, O flowing field  
 " Of Enna ! is there not some nook of thine,  
 " From the first play-time of the infant world  
 " Kept sacred to restorative delight,  
 " When from afar invoked by anxious love ?"

\* \* \* \* \*

" Our prayers have been accepted ; thou wilt stand  
 " On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,  
 " Triumphant, winning from the invaded heaven  
 " Thoughts without bounds, magnificent designs,  
 " "Worthy of poets who attuned their harps  
 " In wood and echoing cave, for discipline  
 " Of heroes ; or, in reverence to the gods,  
 " 'Mid temples served by sapient priests, and choirs  
 " Of virgins crowned with roses."

Now if such as this—(and they abound) be not gems of the purest water, we wonder where these are to be met with. All large *original* works—(and this is peculiarly so—we have no other poetical autobiography on such a scale, perhaps, in any classical language)—require a certain time, and labour of illustration to test the pretensions on which they claim a permanance ; and we do not pretend in the four or five months during which our eyes and thoughts have been now and then upon the *Prelude*, to have acquired, even for our own satisfaction, a full ascertainment of its value, either as a unity, or relatively to its author's other writings. But we have not a doubt that it is sure to live, and achieve homage for Wordsworth's genius which it had not won without it, as long as ever there is a literature in England or in English.

Wordsworth's Alpine tour affords him scope for some delightful reminiscences :—though enamoured of liberty equally with his friend, his gentler mind revolted at the revolutionary honors on which Coleridge has been only too apologetic. At the same time the poems which that extraordinary movement suggested to him seem to us deficient in that enthusiasm and energy which characterize Coleridge's. He was repugnant to the acts of ecclesiastical confiscation—as

he has finely expressed in the following passage on the Convent of Chartreuse :—

" A place  
 " Of soul-affecting solitude appeared  
 " That far-famed region ; though our eyes had seen,  
 " As towards the sacred mansion we advanced,  
 " Arms flashing, and a military glare  
 " Of riotous men commissioned to expel  
 " The blameless inmates, and belike subvert  
 " That frame of social being, which so long  
 " Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things  
 " In silence visible and perpetual calm.  
 " ' Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands ! '—The voice  
 " Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine throne ;  
 " I heard it then, and seem to hear it now—  
 " ' Your impious work forbear, perish what may,  
 " Let this one temple last, be this the spot  
 " Of earth devoted to eternity !'  
 " She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's pines  
 " Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,  
 " And while below, along their several beds,  
 " Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,  
 " Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart  
 " Responded ; ' Honour to the patriot's zeal !  
 " Glory to Hope and new-born Liberty !  
 " Hail to the mighty projects of the time !  
 " Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou  
 " Go forth and prosper ; and ye purging fires,  
 " Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend  
 " Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.  
 " But oh ! if Past and Future be the wings  
 " On whose support harmoniously conjoined  
 " Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare  
 " These courts of mystery, where a step advanced  
 " Between the portals of the shadowy rocks  
 " Leaves far behind Life's treacherous vanities,  
 " For penitential tears and trembling hopes  
 " Exchanged—to equalise in God's pure sight  
 " Monarch and peasant : be the house redeemed  
 " With its unworldly votaries, for the sake  
 " Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved  
 " Through faith and meditative reason, resting  
 " Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,  
 " Calmly triumphant ; and for humbler claim  
 " Of that imaginative impulse sent  
 " From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,  
 " The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,  
 " Cernlean ether's pure inhabitants,  
 " These forests unapproachable by death,  
 " That shall endure, as long as man endures  
 " To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,  
 " To struggle, to be lost within himself  
 " In trepidation, from the blank abyss  
 " To look with worldly eyes, and be consoled.' "



Full of fervour and pathos as these lines are, it is impossible to quote them without a pang. It reminds us of the disappointment he was doomed to, at the event of that cause which, under some reservations, he had so enthusiastically espoused—a disappointment, it must be feared, never thoroughly overcome—which would have made him a misanthrope, had he not been born a poet, and even *had* a control upon him so lasting as to give a cast of severity to his most familiar intercourses in after life.

But we must return to the work in hand. Perhaps throughout the whole of Wordsworth's writings there are not to be found more brilliant marks of what a judicious training of the faculties can accomplish than in this record of his Alpine tour. It is not of course to be supposed, nor is it anywhere implied, that common minds are capable of acquiring a truly poetical tone by standard rules of education, but only that individuals on whom the *afflatus* has been conferred may succeed by methods of discipline in controlling its development. That Wordsworth was a poet, must be referred to his natural organization, that he was the poet he *was*, is mainly ascribable to the school in which he learned. The indoctrinations of that school are nowhere more distinctly discoverable than in his landscapes,—which are quite peculiar—unlike the rapid, broad, and simple drafts which made Cicero remark of Homer's scenes that they are rather painting than poetry\*—(words which, more or less, characterize the descriptions of natural scenery in *all* great poets of action);—and much *more* unlike the cold, passionless monstrosities of Dryden and of Pope:—they are as copious and analysing as the best of Thomson's scenes, and are withal informed by deep thought, and a sort of prophetic consciousness of power to interpret the very *sentiment* which actuates every detail of their imagery. It has been admirably said of Shakspeare† that he drew his images of nature “not *laboriously*, but *luckily* ;” Wordsworth's scenes should be described, contrariwise, as not *lucky*, but *laborious* ; the rest of the commendation is equally true of both. Certainly, when *either* describes anything, we more than see it, we feel it too; and each is “naturally learned; needing not the spectacles of books to read nature; but looking inward, and finding her there.” What can better satisfy us of our later poet's ardent, faithful, dutiful, yet sugges-

tive and imaginative intimacy with her, than his stereotype of actual sights and emotions on the Breven !

“ From a bare ridge we first beheld  
 “ Unveiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and grieved  
 “ To have a soulless image on the eye  
 “ That had usurped upon a living thought  
 “ That never more could be. The wondrous vale  
 “ Of Chamouny stretched far below, and soon  
 “ With its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,  
 “ A motionless array of mighty waves,  
 “ Five rivers broad and vast, made rich amends  
 “ And reconciled us to realities ;  
 “ There small birds warble from the leafy trees,  
 “ The eagle soars high in the element,  
 “ There doth the reaper bind the yellow sheaf,  
 “ The maiden spreads the haycock in the sun,  
 “ While Winter like a well-tamed lion walks,  
 “ Descending from the mountain to make sport  
 “ Among the cottages by beds of flowers.”

Though they are already familiar to most readers of Wordsworth, yet must we add the lines on the Descent of the Simplon, a passage which can hardly be surpassed either for finish or solemnity, and which affords a fine example of the coalescence of remote ideas under the plastic power of the imagination.

“ Brook and road  
 “ Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass.  
 “ And with them did we journey several hours  
 “ At a slow step. The immeasurable height  
 “ Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
 “ The stationary blast of waterfalls,  
 “ And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
 “ Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
 “ The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
 “ The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
 “ Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside  
 “ As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
 “ And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
 “ The unfettered clouds and regions of the heavens,  
 “ Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
 “ Were all the workings of one mind, the features  
 “ Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,  
 “ Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
 “ The types and symbols of Eternity  
 “ Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.”

The account which our Poet renders of his sojourn in London, immediately following this Continental tour, is strikingly different from the other parts of the *Prelude*, and, we must add, from what we had ourselves looked for. The

entrance of a man of cultivated intellect and reflective turn upon so vast and fertile a scene for philosophical observation of humanity *did* dispose us to anticipate that the prevailing tone of these recollections would be somewhat higher than we yet consider them to be. Indeed in one part of this Book (the seventh) Wordsworth himself seems to have felt that he might be losing an occasion in giving permanence to the discursive sallies of an idler about Town. We allude to his splendid panegyric on the eloquence of Burke, whom, if we remember right, we have somewhere read that he was used to class with Shakspeare and Newton as the first geniuses which the British Islands have produced.

“ Pass we to that great stage  
 “ Where senators, tongue-favoured men, perform,  
 “ Admired and envied. *Oh! the beating heart,*  
 “ When one among the prime of these rose up,—  
 “ One, of whose name from childhood we had heard  
 “ Familiarly, a household term, like those,  
 “ The Bedfords, Glosters, Salsburys, of old  
 “ Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence! hush!  
 “ This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,  
 “ No stammerer of a minute, painfully  
 “ Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked  
 “ The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:  
 “ Thrice welcome Presente! how can patience e'er  
 “ Grow weary of attending on a track  
 “ That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,  
 “ Astonished; like a hero in romance  
 “ He winds away his never-ending horn;  
 “ Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:  
 “ What memory and what logic! till the strain  
 “ Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,  
 “ Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.  
 “ *Genius of Burke! Forgive the pen seduced*  
 “ *By specious wonders, and too slow to tell*  
 “ *Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,*  
 “ *Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,*  
 “ *And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,*  
 “ *Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue—*  
 “ *Now mute, for ever mute, in the cold grave.*  
 “ *I see him,—old, but vigorous in age,—*  
 “ *Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start*  
 “ *Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe*  
 “ *The younger brethren of the grove.”* ●

The remainder of the passage, (which is too long for us) describing the topics of his mighty oratory; the murmurs of the forward multitude,

“ As the winds fret within the Æolian cave  
 “ Galled by their monarch's chain;

the struggles of provoked passion ; and again the intervention of those memorable moments

“ When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove’s brain,  
 “ Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
 “ Startling the Synod,”

breathes equal intelligence, sensibility and fervour. But generally, the discourse is of a much lighter tone,—indeed, such as the eye least trained to the poetic sentiment will glance over with a *gusto*. We will give one of the more humorous etchings;—of a race which is, we fear, not yet quite extinct, and its accuracy may be relied on—it being the last topic on which Wordsworth would expend a profligate wit ; and indeed he tells us that at this period of his life he was not insensible to the triumphs of pulpit oratory, though its occasions, then as still, were too often forfeited by manners “sadly out of place” :—

“ There have I seen a comely bachelor  
 “ Fresh from a toilet of two hours, ascepd  
 “ His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,  
 “ And, in a tone elaborately low  
 “ Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze  
 “ A mimuet course : and, winding up his mouth,  
 “ From time to time, into an orifice  
 “ Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,  
 “ And only not invisible, again  
 “ Open it out, diffusing thence a smile  
 “ Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.  
 “ Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Job,  
 “ Moses, and he who penned, the other day,  
 “ The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and the Bard  
 “ Whose genius spangled o’er a gloomy theme  
 “ With fancies thick as his inspiring stars,  
 “ And Ossian (doubt not, ’tis the naked truth)  
 “ Summoned from streamy Morven—each and all  
 “ Would, in their turns, lend ornaments and flowers  
 “ To entwine the crook of eloquence that helped  
 “ This pretty shepherd, pride of all the plains,  
 “ To rule and guide his captivated flock.”

The descriptions of the drolls and prodigies of the streets, Sadler’s Wells and Bartholomew Fair, are all admirable in their way, though, we must say, that we hardly yet discern how they are in keeping with the serious and meditative manner which is prevalent in the poem. And this notwithstanding the sentiment of their limner, that they

“ Will not be scorned by them,  
 “ Who, looking inward, have observed the ties  
 “ That bind the perishable hours of life”

“ Each to the other, and the curious props  
 “ By which the world of memory and of thought  
 “ Exists and is maintained.”

But, as we said before, we are well aware that it is only by an intimacy of years' duration that the principles on which the several details of a *really* great poem are blended and compacted become apparent—and we are fully persuaded that where there is so much of what is noble in sentiment and elevated in expression, the cautious critic will not be depreciatory for some seeming incongruities, lest at last he find that his judgment has erred. Uniformity, it has justly been said, is the attribute of mediocrity rather than of greatness; there is no work on Earth which presents not abundant room for specious fault-finding; still, if all which have seemed to censors to be mere conceits or commonplaces, (or even all whose place in the text has never yet been accounted for on any theory of its construction) were to be allowed to dim the lustre of our Homer or our Dante, our Shakspeare or our Milton, there would be but the second magnitudes to light the firmament. For our parts, we have learnt credulity enough to mistrust the impropriety of a discourse on monkeys and roundabouts, horses of knowledge, and the learned pig,

“ All out of the way, far-fetched, perverted things,  
 “ All freaks of nature, all Promethean thoughts  
 “ Of man, his dullness, madness, and their feats  
 “ All jumbled up together, to compose  
 “ A Parliament of Monsters,”—

if its artist only set it on his canvass by such a picture as this :—

“ A scene that takes, with small internal help,  
 “ Possession of the faculties,—the peace  
 “ That comes with night; the deep solemnity  
 “ Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,  
 “ When the great tide of human life stands still;  
 “ The business of the day to come, unborn;  
 “ Of that gone by, locked up as in the grave;  
 “ The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,  
 “ Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds  
 “ Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours  
 “ Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains  
 “ Are falling hard, with people yet astir,  
 “ The feeble salutation from the voice  
 “ Of some unhappy woman, now and then  
 “ Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,  
 “ Nothing is listened to.”

We may further account for our own diffidence in passing judgment against the grouping introduced in this singularly constructed account of city scenes and reflections, by the weighty language in which we find it justified by its author.

“ Though the picture weary out the eye,  
 “ By nature an unmanageable sight,  
 “ It is not wholly so to him who looks  
 “ In steadiness, who hath among least things  
 “ An under-sense of greatest; sees the parts  
 “ As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.”  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 “ This did I feel in London's vast domain.  
 “ The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;  
 “ The soul of Beauty and enduring Life  
 “ Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,  
 “ Through meagre lines and colours, and the press  
 “ Of self-destroying, transitory things  
 “ Composure, and ennobling Harmony.”

On our Author's return to his native hills, he occupied himself with a retrospect of his hitherto life, tracing the large philanthropy of his bosom to an early familiarity with Nature and her works. In the eighth Book he takes glances at all the more remarkable features in his education, up to the point at which we are now arrived. It seems to us that this portion of the *Prelude* (especially its earlier pages) will long be referred to both as an Idyl of consummate beauty, and as an admirable example of blended sweetness and reflection. The picture of a village fair is a model of the pastoral style; a rich, and often gorgeous tone of colour heightens the objects which are cast profusely into a narrative where the whole enchantment of the Poet's experiences and imaginations,—

“ Sumptuous dreams of flowery lawns, with domes  
 “ Of pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells  
 “ For eastern monasteries, sunny mounts  
 “ With temples crested, bridges, gondolas,  
 “ Rocks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to melt  
 “ Into each other their obsequious hues,  
 “ Vanished and vanishing in subtle chase  
 “ Too fine to be pursued,”—

are all summoned to waive their pretensions in favour of the loveliness of his native Helvellyn. We were not prepared, at this period of his life, to credit Wordsworth with such varied stores of learning as are here indicated, whose riches, lavishly accumulated, he has cast into forms of delicately wrought proportions. It is not easy to cull a blossom which may denote the grace of the garland—let our readers take

this one—the tiniest—far from the most luxuriant—yet altogether exquisite:—

“ Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,  
 “ Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks  
 “ Of delicate Galesus; and no less  
 “ Those scattered among Adria's myrtle shores:  
 “ Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd  
 “ To triumphs and to sacrificial rites  
 “ Devoted, on the inviolable stream  
 “ Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd lived  
 “ As calmly, underneath the pleasant brows  
 “ Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe was heard  
 “ Of Pan, invisible God, thrilling the rocks  
 “ With tutelary music, from all harm  
 “ The fold protecting.”

Music to our ear as excellent as that in which Virgil has commemorated the pasturages of Greece. Yet these are but the ornaments of a very goodly framework, which needs not any meretricious aids. There is a homely, wholesome, loving tone prevalent in the book,—a fine appreciation of humble English life, its free-heartedness, its honesty, its piety, industry, and simplicity, which must take the least discerning, and might win for Wordsworth, as for Thomson, that (as it was said by one) trust of all fame, to be thumbed on the settle of a wayside inn. We doubt if there be anything even in Theocritus more fascinating than the picture, which we now transfer.

“ Hail to you

“ Moors, mountains, headlands, and ye hollow vales,  
 “ Ye deep long channels for the Atlantic's voice,  
 “ Powers of my native region! ye that seize  
 “ The heart with firmer grasp! Your snows and streams  
 “ Ungovernable, and your terrifying winds,  
 “ That howl so dismally for him who treads  
 “ Companionless your awful solitudes!  
 “ There 'tis the shepherd's task the winter long  
 “ To wait upon the storms: of their approach  
 “ Sagacious, into sheltering caves he drives  
 “ His flock, and thither from the homestead bears  
 “ A toilsome burden up the craggy ways,  
 “ And deals it out, their regular nourishment  
 “ Strewn on the frozen snow. And when the spring  
 “ Looks out, and all the pastures dance with lambs,  
 “ And when the flock, with warmer weather, climbs  
 “ Higher and higher, him his office leads  
 “ To watch their goings, whatsoever track  
 “ The wanderers choose. For this he quits his home  
 “ At day-spring, and no sooner doth the sun  
 “ Begin to strike him with a fire-like heat,  
 “ Than he lies down upon some shining rock,

" And breakfasts with his dog. When they have stolen,  
 " As is their wont, a pittance from strict time,  
 " For rest not needed or exchange of love,  
 " Then from his couch he starts : and now his feet  
 " Crush out a livelier fragrance from the flowers  
 " Of lowly thyme, by Nature's skill enwrought  
 " In the wild turf : the lingering dews of morn  
 " Smoke round him, as from hill to hill he hies,  
 " His staff protending like a hunter's spear,  
 " Or by its aid leaping from crag to crag,  
 " And o'er the brawling beds of unbridged streams.  
 " Philosophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,  
 " Might deign to follow him through what he does  
 " Or sees in his day's march ; himself he feels,  
 " In those vast regions where his service lies,  
 " A freeman, wedded to his life of hope  
 " And hazard, and hard labours interchanged  
 " With that majestic indolence so dear  
 " To native man. A rambling schoolboy, thus  
 " I felt his presence in his own domains,  
 " As of a lord and master, or a power,  
 " Or genius, under Nature, under God,  
 " Presiding ; and severest solitude  
 " Had more commanding looks when he was there."

The Poet shall himself tell the effect produced upon his mind by such intercommunion, and the current instruction which they are calculated to convey :—

" Thus was man  
 " Ennobled outwardly before my sight ;  
 " And thus my heart was early introduced  
 " To an unconscious love and reverence  
 " Of human nature ; hence the human form  
 " To me became an index of delight,  
 " Of grace and honour, power and worthiness."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 " And so we all of us in some degree  
 " Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led  
 " And howsoever ; were it otherwise,  
 " And we found evil fast as we find good  
 " In our first years, or think that it is found,  
 " How could the innocent heart bear up and live!"

But before this retrospective point in the autobiography, and immediately from London, Wordsworth appears to have revisited the Continent, and to have past two years amid the stirring scenes of the French Revolution. The incidents of this sojourn are told in the ninth and tenth books of the *Prelude*, the eleventh being for the most part apologetical and vindicative of the warmth with which he espoused the popular cause whose catastrophe awakened in him so keen a sense of defeat and disappointment. His impulses and reveries *do* seem somewhat more sound-minded than were



those of his friend Coleridge, for too long the panegyrist of what had revealed itself to be the most atrocious combination of wickedness and ferocity which ancient or modern times have ever witnessed; but still it must be owned his feelings carried him to vast excesses, the which how deeply he deplored, his whole after life is the witness. The following lines will indicate both his incitations and his hopes. The scene is laid in a forest meadow of the Loire department, and his companion, General Beaupuis, with whom he formed a strict intimacy, the "patriot" who fell in command of the army on the Loire.

" We chanced  
 " One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,  
 " Who crept along fitting her languid gait  
 " Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord  
 " Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane  
 " Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands  
 " Was busy knitting in a heartless mood  
 " Of solitude; and at the sight my friend  
 " In agitation said, 'Tis against *that*  
 " 'That we are fighting.' I with him believed  
 " That a benignant spirit was abroad  
 " Which might not be withstood, that poverty  
 " Abject as this, would in a little time  
 " Be found no more, that we should see the earth  
 " Unthwarted in her wish to recompense  
 " The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,  
 " All institutes for ever blotted out  
 " That legalized exclusion, empty pomp  
 " Abolished, sensual state and cruel power,  
 " Whether by edict of the one or few;  
 " And finally, as sun and crown of all,  
 " Should see the people having a strong hand  
 " In framing their own laws; whence better days  
 " To all mankind."

Worthy desires, doubtless, under due limits and observances; but which the noblest hearts in Europe, at that disastrous period, were content to compass too unscrupulously. It is a sad thing to find that he who was among Nature's gentlest devotees could fashion an extenuation for the atrocities of September. But so it is. Commemorating the proclamation of the Republic, he continues:—

" Lamentable crimes,  
 " 'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work  
 " Of massacre, in which the senseless sword  
 " Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,  
 " Earth freed from them for ever, as was thought,—  
 " Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!  
 " Things that could only shew themselves and die.  
 "—"*Cheered* by this hope, to Paris I returned;"

and then, he declares, to an "ardour hitherto unfelt," in contemplating the monarch-laden Bastille, and the shot-drilled palace, and all the recent scenes of brutality and blood! Even the signal failure of Louvet's impeachment of Robespierre and the Terrorists does not seem to have inspired any dread for the event. We have been seldom so much astonished as by the disclosure made in our next extract, that even the high spirit of patriotism which is so strong a feature in Wordsworth's character was over-clouded by the policy of the great war minister. In the very heat of the troubles, he tells us,

" Now I thankfully acknowledge  
 " Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven,—  
 " To England I returned, else (though assured  
 " That I both was and must be of small weight,  
 " No better than a landsman on the deck  
 " Or a ship struggling with a hideous storm)  
 " Doubtless I should have then made common cause  
 " With some who perished; haply, perished too!"

And then, adding that his affections could not be rivetted on the abolition of the Slave Trade, because, forsooth, he thought that must correct itself on the establishment of the canons of patriotism which were finding their development in France, he goes on:—

" What, then, were my emotions, when in arms  
 " Britain put forth her free-born strength in league,  
 " Oh pity and shame! with those confederate Powers!  
 " Not in my single self alone I found,  
 " But in the minds of all ingenuous youth,  
 " Change and subversion from that hour. No shock  
 " Given to my moral nature had I known  
 " Down to that very moment; neither lapse  
 " Nor turn of sentiment that might be named  
 " A revolution, save at this one time;  
 " All else was progress in the self-same path  
 " On which, with a diversity of pace,  
 " I had been travelling: this a stride at once  
 " Into another region. As a light  
 " And pliant harebell, swinging in the breeze  
 " On some grey rock—its birth-place—so had I  
 " Wantoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower  
 " Of my beloved country, wishing not  
 " A happier fortune than to wither there:  
 " Now was I from that pleasant station torn  
 " And tost about in whirlwind."

It is impossible too deeply to deplore and wonder at this melancholy infatuation in so remarkable and great a man, which for a time completely unhinged him for the

high purposes of his being; fortified him for the actual witness of the most appalling violations of every social and human tie, without the smallest trepidation for the future; gave him the ready plea of an imbecile and iniquitous government as the only expiation of the most extravagant excesses and immoralities; and even long after the more cordate of the "patriots," indignant and agonized, had seceded from the Assembly, and the orator on whose tongue he had hung entranced, had denounced, in perhaps the most eloquent passage of modern English, those "who could endure to have this unnatural, insolent, and savage despotism called liberty," could assist him still to asseverate that

"Much have they to account for, who could tear,  
"By violence, at one decisive rent,  
"From the best youth of England their dear pride,  
"Their joy in England."

Yet these are actually the words in which, two years after Mr. Burke's death, he moralizes on the departure from Portsmouth, of "the proud fleet which bears the red-cross flag on that unworthy service." The assassination of the illustrious Madame Roland could not disenchant him;—he makes a touching allusion to her last words—and then at once retires behind the fence which had so betrayed him—the awful, unpardonable abuse of the sacred cause of Liberty:—

"The Invaders fared as they deserved:  
"The Herculean Commonwealth put forth her arms,  
"And throttled with an infant godhead's might  
"The snakes about her cradle; *that was well,*  
"*And as it should be.*"

At length came the fall of Robespierre. One would have thought that the work of the Terrorists, and their retribution, might have disenchanting him. But no—all the innocent blood which had been spilled, and the "sight of men in the throne of legislation, who were fit only to be the objects of criminal justice,"\* he still considered as in the "order of sublime behests," and writes still hopefully!

"Come now, ye golden times,  
"Thus said I, pouring on those open sands†  
"A hymn of triumph: 'as the morning comes  
"From out the bosom of the night, come ye:  
"Thus far our trust is verified; behold!  
"They who with clumsy desperation brought

\* Burke.

† Of Lake Leven.

"A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
 "Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might  
 "Of their own helper have been swept away;  
 "Their madness stands declared and visible:  
 "Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth  
 "March firmly towards righteousness and peace."

Golden times, indeed! In which he soon acknowledged that

"every thing was wanting which might give  
 "Courage to those who looked for good by light  
 "Of rational Experience,"

and not long after saw the phantom which he had worshipped trampled by a Pope summoned to crown an Emperor. Thanks from all generations will be *her* meed who dispelled his fascinations—while he hesitated, was perplexed, depressed, bewildered,

"Then it was—  
 "Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good!—  
 "That that beloved Sister in whose sight  
 "Those days were past, now speaking in a voice  
 "Of sudden admonition—like a brook  
 "That did but cross a lonely road, and now  
 "Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,  
 "Companion never lost through many a league—  
 "Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
 "With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed,  
 "Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed  
 "Than as a clouded and a waning moon:  
 "She whispered still that brightness would return,  
 "She, in the midst of all, preserved me still  
 "A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,  
 "And that alone, my office upon earth."

No one ever, more intensely than has Wordsworth himself, can mourn over the retrogression which his mind incurred from familiarity with these revolting scenes. The paralysis which overspread his whole intellect is utterly unaccountable. The opening of the twelfth Book, from which we have already largely quoted, sufficiently testifies to these points. The happy influence of his sister, however, was sustained and accelerated by recurrence to his first loves. The degradation which his mind contracted was, to use his own word, *transient*. By casting himself back on those "spots of time which with distinct pre-eminence retain a renovating virtue," his whole intellectual stature was nourished and repaired. How gracefully expressed is his recurrence to his original satisfactions, after the disappointments and anxieties of his more adventurous wanderings!

" Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed  
 " Alas! to few, in this untoward world, ●  
 " The bliss of walking daily in life's prime  
 " Through field or forest, with the maid we love, ●  
 " While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe  
 " Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,  
 " Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both,  
 " From which it would be misery to stir :  
 " Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,  
 " In my esteem, next to such dear delight,  
 " Was that of wandering on from day to day  
 " Where I could meditate in peace, and cull  
 " Knowledge that step by step might lead me on  
 " To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird  
 " Wafted upon the winds from distant lands,  
 " Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,  
 " Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn :  
 " And when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,  
 " Converse with men, when, if we meet a face  
 " We almost meet a friend, on naked heaths  
 " With long long ways before, by cottage bench,  
 " Or well-spring where the weary traveller rests."

Towards the close of the volume, the verse assumes a still more elevated tone and sententious inspiration. The nobler communities of man with man were never most competently avowed and graced. The fine discernment of humble virtue, which is so amiable a trait throughout, is cast in lovelier and more delicate fabrics.

" How oft high service is performed within,  
 " When all the external man is rude in show,—  
 " Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,  
 " But a mere mountain chapel, that protects  
 " Its simple worshippers from sun and shower."

Withal there is a perfect absence of that, we fear, growing disparagement of more exalted merit, and of the negation, too prominent in some modern schemes of social amendment, of those penalties which poverty does often righteously draw down upon itself; and in place of this, a bland, affectionate, cordial, human sentiment, intent (irrespective of place or person) on decrying evil, and ensuring goodness her reward, redolent of love and duty, and for nothing so zealous as their universal recognition. The whole of the conclusion is a wonderful commentary on those high capacities and endowments which that Apostle, who was the beloved of his Lord, asserts of the love with which he warmed.

" By love subsists.  
 " All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;  
 " That gone, we are as dust.—Behold the fields

" In balmy spring-tide full of rising flowers  
 " And joyous creatures ; see that pair, the lamb  
 " And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways  
 " Shall touch thee to the heart ; thou callest this love,  
 " And not inaptly so, for love it is  
 " Far as it carries thee. In some green bower  
 " Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there  
 " The one, who is thy choice of all the world :  
 " There linger, listening, gazing with delight  
 " Impassioned, but delight how pitiable  
 " Unless this love by a still higher love  
 " Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe ;  
 " Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,  
 " By heaven inspired, that frees from chains the soul,  
 " Lifted, in union with the purest, best,  
 " Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise,  
 " Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne."

With a commemoration of his sister, his wife, his friend, worthy of the pride and exultation of all of them, (though each were of the worthiest) concludes—(we write it after considerable, patient, and conscientious study) --the noblest legacy which a departed poet has bequeathed to his generation for many an age—perhaps in *any* age.

His number, in the niches built for renown of his country's muse, he has long possessed for ever—*fifth*, only for the immortal *four*, who wear an older, but not a greener or a profuser laurel. Another, in the flight of years, may take his stand at the same elevation ; but not one can ever gain-say the portion and prerogative which he has achieved. We speak of him only as a Poet—for in the several parts, in which, for a small portion of his life, he is, in the *Prelude*, his own biographer—Poet, Philosopher, Friend, Philanthropist, Christian—there is no human probability that the world will ever see such a *second*.

## BEES.

*Teneri cives,  
Et seduli coloni,  
Et incolæ beati  
Hortorum redolentium,  
Gens divino  
Ebria rore!*

DANIEL HEINSIUS.

## I.

YE ever busy, gentle bees!  
In life's early dream;  
Busy on the red rose trees,  
Floating down the summer breeze,  
Humming in the beam.

## II.

I was full of happy leisure,  
Frolicsome and free;  
Through the woods I roved at pleasure,  
Dearer far than golden treasure  
Were the flowers to me.

## III.

Ruddy juices would ye sip  
From the pheasant's-eyes,  
Then with overflowing lip,  
On the pallid lily's tip  
Spill your scarlet dyes.

## IV.

Yes! I watched your merry trade,  
Pleasant artizans!  
Near the hive unstung I played,  
And with wonderment surveyed  
All your subtle plans.

## V.

Busy I in turn am grown,  
And we seldom meet;  
I am working in the town,  
Ye are murmuring o'er the down  
Where the brooms are sweet.

## VI.

Nobler aims engage my brain:  
Still, in silent hours,  
Pant I for the fields again,  
And for you, ye little train,  
And for common flowers.

## VII.

Should I last till hairs are gray,  
Till the task is done;  
To the woods I will away,  
Life shall ended be in May,  
As it was begun.

## VIII.

Little feet may gently tread  
O'er the mossy grass;  
Little hands may gentle lead  
Sober steps, where branches spread  
And the shadows pass.

## IX.

And if then your busy hum  
Fall upon my ears,  
Once again shall visions come,  
Visions of a happy home,  
And the buried years!

## III.

## MAJOR EDWARDES'S "YEAR ON THE PUNJAB FRONTIER."\*

THE notice of numerous critics has been attracted to this book by the fame of the author's exploits, and the interest attaching to the subject announced for discussion. It might be thought therefore that we are somewhat late in reviewing a work which has been already treated of by nearly all the English periodicals. But we believe that, with few exceptions, the reviews have hitherto consisted of literary disquisitions and general observations. First there come some remarks about the sword and the pen, some historical associations, some finely-written sentences that serve to exhibit the reviewer's erudition and eloquence,—and then follows a string of extracts taken more or less at random. We imagine therefore, that there is yet much room for an enquiry into the real difficulties of the author's situation, the merits of his measures, the nature of his proceedings. Such an analysis we shall attempt to give. We shall not vie with our abler brethren in high-flown sentiments and diction. We have no graceful thoughts to enunciate, no classical allusions to offer—but we know something of the Punjab, and have studied the book more thoroughly and carefully perhaps than our brilliant contemporaries, and we shall aim at the practical purpose of estimating the value of its contents.

The author has in his preface avowed three objects for which this book was written—first, to describe the subjugation of Bunnoo—second, to explain the duties of political officers in the East—third, to record the results of local experience in the Trans-Indus districts of the Punjab. We shall subsequently have occasion to point out that another and a fourth purpose has been answered by the publication of this work, namely, the historical elucidation of the last Sikh war.

But at present we shall confine our attention to the three points marked out by the author, and shall consider how these objects were gained, and in what way their accomplishment has been set forth in the volumes before us.

The subjugation of Bunnoo, then, will first be treated of. The geography of Bunnoo will of course be best understood by a reference to the map, but its position may be per-

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\* "A Year on the Punjab Frontier in 1848-9. By Major Herbert B. Edwardes, C.B. In 2 volumes: London. Richard Bentley. 1851."



haps intelligibly defined as follows. Beyond the Indus (i. e. on the west side) and parallel with the river, there runs due north a chain of mountains called the Sulṣmani Range. At length this Range is met at right angles by the ranges which extend to the Indus. In the corner thus formed at the junction of the mountainous ranges, lies the valley of Bunnoo. The territory of Bunnoo is about 75 miles long and 30 broad, including hills and mountains. On three sides it is shut in by mountains; and is intersected by two rivers. It is a beautiful country, splendidly picturesque, and profusely fertile; and covered with a network of canals of water-courses. The soil, though idly and ignorantly cultivated, yields a rich variety of crop, tree, shrub, and flower. Its people were a mixed and mongrel breed of Afghan extraction, with all the vices and none of the virtues of Afghans, without laws, learning, morality, or civilization. Their religion was nothing more than the lowest superstition: their internal government, if such it could be called, was a mere machine for the perpetuation of tyranny and the organization of strife. In short—Bunnoo was one of those lands where "all save the spirit of man is divine." It originally belonged to Cabul. But when the kingdom of Cabul sank into decay, and the kingdom of Lahore rose into vigour, the Bunnoo people threw off the yoke of the one and refused to put on the yoke of the other. The Sikhs, however, always claimed tribute, but the tribute money, although fixed at the moderate sum of half a lakh, was never paid. So they used occasionally to send over an army at the harvest season to plunder the valley and bring back the spoils to Lahore. After the first Sikh war, when the Punjab administration was placed under the control of the British Government, one of the first measures proposed by the Durbar to the Resident was the dispatch of a devastating force to Bunnoo. The force was sent: but to prevent excess and spoliation, a British officer was deputed to accompany it. This officer was our author. This first expedition in 1847 was, fiscally speaking, not very successful. Rapine and slaughter having been stopped, the Sikh soldiery found themselves unable to collect much revenue. But our author made the best of the opportunity thus afforded for ascertaining the nature, strength, and resources of the district; and towards the close of the same year, he returned with a considerable force for the purpose of turning the wild and incorrigible denizens of this valley into good subjects of the Maharajah.

The magnitude and difficulty of the task will be best estimated after a brief sketch of the state of society at that period. But we desire to refer our readers to the author's most able and interesting account, of which an epitome will not convey an adequate idea.

The country was studded with about 400 mud forts—there was no village or town without a fort. Each village paid obedience to a chief or Mullick. The chief was an individual who, by violence, accident, birth, influence, or by any means whatever, had managed to win superiority over his fellows. The chiefs of a few forts would generally own allegiance to some Mullick more powerful than his neighbours, and thus grew up *tuppehs* or divisions. At this period there were about 20 divisions in Bunnoo, and in order that intestine feud might be rendered *efficient*, half the *tuppehs* had ranged themselves under one chieftain, and half under another. But in general, the theory and practice of Bunnoo politics was this, that every fort ought to strive with its neighbour, and every *tuppeh* be at war with all the rest. The people adopted a social maxim similar to the instructions given by Nelson at Trafalgar; and held, that any fort which might be disengaged could never be wrong in attacking any other fort that was alongside.

The public revenue of each chief consisted of one-tenth of the produce of the soil. With this he was expected to build up the mud fortifications, repair the canals, feed saints and religious mendicants, purchase arms, and so on. In his private capacity, he might hold as much land as he could seize or keep. He might also levy dues from the Hindu residents. These Hindus led a life of sufferance and degradation, among the fanatic Mussulmans of Bunnoo. But in their ideas, the certainty of gain compensated for the absence of social position and moral or religious independence. Among an universally illiterate population, they were the only persons who could read, write, and cypher, or even carry on the commonest mental calculation. All commercial affairs were conducted by them: all money matters were in their hands. They supplied the Mullick with money, and kept his revenue accounts (it may be imagined how they cheated him); they also lent sums to the smaller landholders, and then got the Mullick's aid in extorting an usurious interest. But there was one class exempt from the Mullick's jurisdiction—namely, the "holy men." This vile set of fakirs, saints, magicians, and mendicants, enchained with superstition the minds of the otherwise

unmanageable Bunnoochees. By degrees they got possession of one-third of the district. From these lands no Mullick dared demand anything like rent or revenue. They were quite as brutal and ignorant as the laity whom they were always stirring up to bloodshed and mischief. Battering upon rent-free lands, they amassed wealth, and lent money to the landholders, who made over their lands to the lenders, but continued to pay the revenue thereon. And this strange sort of mortgage, whereby one man consumed the produce of the land and another man paid its revenue, was the only kind of social transaction known in Bunnoo.

There yet remains one class, the Wuzcerces. For an account of this tribe, the reader must turn to the most vivid and picturesque description given in Vol. I. It is sufficient for us to mention, that they were an Afghan tribe of barbarous manners but pure descent, who had for some years back poured down annually from the snowy recesses of their mountain home, and gradually possessed themselves of a fair portion of the Bunnoo Valley. They were quite as fierce and brave as the Bunnoochees, but they had a great advantage over the latter, inasmuch as they recognized the principles of a rude morality, and possessed an indissoluble bond of union among themselves.

Having forcibly brought themselves into close neighbourhood with the Bunnoochees, they abstained from all farther intercourse, and kept themselves proudly aloof.

They were half pastoral and half agricultural. They knew no chief except the patriarch of their tribe; and from time immemorial they had never paid revenue to any one.

Such was the people with whom our author was brought into contact during the cold season of 1847-48. He was to teach them the elements of civilization. He was to make them understand that certain acts were crimes, and that all crimes were to be punished: and that disputes were to be decided by law and not by the sword. He was to reclaim them from habits of plunder and bloodshed, and to instruct them in the arts of peace. He was to do away with all local independant jurisdiction by demolishing or dismantling all the rural forts, and to substitute in its place the authority of the Maharajah, by constructing a Government fortress. He was to frame a rough and simple code of criminal and civil jurisprudence.\* He was to organize a fiscal system. And lastly, he was to facilitate the commerce, and open up the various lines of communication throughout the district.

Now, the foregoing sketch of the people will shew that serious difficulties were to be apprehended. In the first place, the Wuzerees were sure to set an example of disobedience. They could not conceive the idea of a State or a Government: still less could they imagine what was meant by taxation; of which certainly they had had no experience for aye.

And if they refused to pay anything, how were they to be coerced? Flight to their mountain fastnesses would place them beyond the reach of pursuit.

Then, if their lands were seized—they would always hover like a hawk over its prey: would always be making the most successful descents on their former property; and thus the border would become the scene of constantly-recurring raids and forays.

The Mullicks might be won over by conciliatory arrangements, inasmuch as they would become the aristocracy of the new regime. But would the landholders, as a body, follow them? Independently of their inherent dislike to taxation, were they not likely to be roused into rebellion by the fanaticism of the religious orders? Of all the Bunnoochees, these holy men would be the greatest losers. Hitherto they had paid nothing: now perhaps they would be put upon an equality with the laity. The infidel Feringhee was not likely to dread the curse or remit the taxes of Muhamedan saints. It might be feared, therefore, that these men urged on, not only by fear and avarice, but also by the frenzy of religious hate, might induce the whole population to take up arms.

Then how were the forts to be thrown down? It was known that the hatred of a Sikh and Bunnoochee was so intense, that the very sight of a Sikh soldier inside the forts, where they had so often insulted the families of the villagers, was enough to provoke an universal outbreak.

But if the soldiers could not be allowed to throw down the forts, to whom was that duty to be entrusted? Would it be safe or practicable to assign this work to the people themselves? Furthermore, how was the Government Fort to be built? It could hardly be expected that native artificers would assist in such an operation. Then, could the Sikh soldiers be spared from their regular duties to serve in working parties? Further, would they willingly undertake the task? Their previous discipline might encourage the hope that they would. It will be seen in the sequel that this hope was to be disappointed.

Such were the difficulties which our author had to struggle with at the present juncture. We shall follow his track and see how he overcame them.

Before entering within the confines of Bunnoo, he issued a proclamation, explaining to the people that a regular system of government and taxation was about to be introduced, and that, if necessary, the most complete coercion would be resorted to, and that all Mullicks must join the camp under pain of being deprived of all authority.

To conciliate enmity, it was added, that the position of all obedient Mullicks would be considered, and the privileges of the religious orders would be respected.

Within a few days, the great majority of the Mullicks obeyed the summons, and did come in. As soon as the force had encamped within Bunnooland, a survey of the whole district was commenced. Then the Wuzerec spirit began to shew itself. They said they would not allow their lands to be measured, inasmuch as they did not intend to pay revenue.

Fortunately, the author happened to be well acquainted with an intelligent and well-intentioned Wuzerec chieftain. He first convinced this man, that the tribe would only suffer by resistance, and then set him to convince his brethren.

The Wuzerecs felt that if they persisted in recusancy they must give up their lands, of which they might not be able to regain regular possession. They could not part with their smiling fields, so after a long parley they consented to be assessed equally with the Bunnoochees.

Thus a great point was gained; and the Bunnoochee spirit was, in some measure, checked by this salutary example.

In the meantime the survey progressed. The Bunnoochees made no objection at first, for they did not believe that the occupation of the country was really intended. They thought that all these measures were merely scare-crows to terrify them into submission, and that this army, like all its predecessors, would assuredly take its departure as soon as the hot weather set in. But now the new fort had been fixed upon, and the foundations had been laid, and the walls began to rise. All this had an appearance of earnestness. Then the religious orders began to shew their teeth. The opening proclamation had somewhat allayed their fears and enmity, and when the survey was started, it had been again announced that their tenures would be considered, and their claims investigated. So, together with the laity, they had inclined towards submission. But now they would strike

one last blow for impunity and independence. So they stirred up the peasantry, with promises of eternal bliss, to assassinate our author. Some three attempts at assassination were the result of these exhortations.

But these ebullitions were vigorously repressed, and no general outbreak occurred. But now an unforeseen danger arose in connexion with the new fort. The agency of the soldiers alone had been employed in its erection. The proceedings had been purposely shaped so as to conciliate Sikh feeling,—and to impress upon the men that the work had been undertaken for the benefit of the Khālsa, and not of the British Government. The laying of the foundations had been ostentatiously celebrated with Sikh ceremonies, and the fort had been named Dulcepgurh, after the infant Maharajah. Operations had hitherto been going on cheerfully; but now one Sikh regiment mutinied and refused to work. The ringleaders were promptly brought to a Court-martial, and the disaffected regiment was sent back to Lahore, and was there disbanded. Great pains were taken to urge on the working parties, as the completion of this fort was held to be the nucleus of all measures for the pacification of the district.

The fort was now quickly growing up, and the priestly rebellion had been nipped in the bud; it was now, therefore, time to promulgate a code of law. A short and easy code provided for “all departments of the State.”

The authority of the Mullicks was confined to the collection of the authorized land-revenue. The customs, dues, and other cesses hitherto levied by them, were to cease: all disputes and cases, civil or criminal, were to be referred to the representative of the Khālsa Government. Thus at one stroke of the pen, local self-government passed away from the Bunnoochees, and was transferred to the Central Sikh authority. Then came a Statute of Limitation, 5 years' possession conferred a valid title to land; and no claims whatever, of more than 5 years' standing, were to be heard. The rude and mischievous system of mortgages (which has been previously described) was abrogated: and a rational enactment promulgated in accordance with the customs that regulate transactions of this kind throughout India. Then as to criminal regulations: recourse to arms, either for the settlement of disputes or the gratification of revenge, was declared tantamount to murder: heinous crimes were to be suitably punished: fashionable offences, such as suttee, infanticide, slave-dealing, and forced labour, were all prohi-

bited. Then with regard to police arrangements: the inhabitants of any village, within the boundary of which a crime had been committed, were responsible either for producing the offender, or tracking him to another village:—the carrying of weapons was prohibited: the unauthorized manufacture of arms or gunpowder was forbidden.

With regard to fiscal affairs, all chiefs of villages were bound to give up defaulters:—arms were to be received at a fair valuation in payment of the revenue: all claims to land, and especially to rent-free tenures, were to be at once brought forward. The publication of this code greatly facilitated the preservation of the peace. The Khālsa authorities were soon overwhelmed with the mass of claims, complaints, and charges brought before them: indeed, for a people just emerging from barbarism, the Bunnoochees proved themselves quite adepts at litigation.

The survey was now nearly finished; the out-turn of the last harvest had been estimated; the Mullicks had begun to take their share, and the Khālsa its share; and arms to a considerable amount had been tendered in liquidation of the revenue.

Duleepgurh began to rise: the fortifications and cantonments were completed. A new capital called Duleepshuhur had been established within reach of the fort; and a broad military and commercial road had been commenced, in order to connect the fort and capital with the main outlet of the valley.

The time had now arrived for the crowning measure. An order was sent round to the Mullicks of every village to raze their forts within 15 days. How would this order be obeyed? The result was anxiously expected. The Bunnoochees no doubt revolved the question in their own minds almost as solicitously as did the authorities. Noiselessly yet steadily had this peaceful revolution progressed—the Wuzerees had given in—the Mullicks had been overawed—the saints had compromised themselves by pandering to their avarice, and registering their claims to their rent-free lands—the villagers too had committed themselves by resorting to courts of justice, thereby raising up a variety of conflicting interests, and, above all, creating a large party favourable to the existing order of things—a great number of belligerents had in a moment of weakness disarmed themselves by paying in their arms in lieu of cash—the lands had been measured, the crops appraised, the entire resources and statistics of the district were known—and lastly, a strong fort had

been built in the very heart of the valley; commanding the principal stream and canals, and directly connected with the new line of communication which had been established with the principal Passes:—a firm basis of operations having been thus secured, half the force could at any time hold the fort and its adjuncts, while the other half acted decisively upon any point of resistance.

Under these circumstances, what were the Bunnoochees to do? Should they make one last effort for their beloved strongholds, or should they knock them down? Their hearts failed them: and they razed the forts agreeably to orders.

Now might the Jubilee of Peace be long, for the work was over, and Bunnoo had passed beneath the yoke of civilization.

It now only remained for our author to close the accounts for the last harvest, and to make a revenue settlement for the future. This he did: and being very anxious to make a tour in the Trans-Indus territory before the end of the cold weather, he left Bunnoo in charge of Lieut. (now Major) Reynell Taylor, who has ever since administered the district.

He entered Bunnoo December 9th, 1847, and departed, not to return, February 29th, 1848—having thus subdued and humanized a wild valley in the space of three months. And certainly when the difficulties that interposed—the measures devised—and the manner in which they were carried out, are all brought under impartial review, it must be admitted that the Bunnoo achievement was one of no ordinary character.

The annals of India can point to numerous instances where an almost magical change has been wrought by British rule; not only on the rugged and savage frontiers, but also in the interior provinces of the empire—and the Company's service can boast of a long list of eminent men who have brought about these results by the union of administrative capacity, and of the qualities which govern mankind. The subjugation of Bunnoo can hardly be placed in the same rank with the greatest of these achievements: but it certainly belongs to the same class: the field was indeed less extended, but the obstacles to be surmounted, and the ends to be attained, were the same. And although Bunnoo may have been temporarily forgotten amidst the tumult of war and politics which followed, yet we doubt not that subsequently, when the history of the Punjab rule shall come to be written, one of the foremost places of honour will be assigned to Major Edwardes's administration of this district.



But before we pass on to the other division of the subject, we shall give an outline of the revenue system which was devised for Bunnoo.

It will be remembered that a body of local governors, and a *quasi* priesthood, were found in existence. Although it was necessary to strip these parties of political power, yet they were not entirely to be sponged out: it was desirable to preserve to them if possible a portion at least of the private advantages they had derived from their public position. There were four classes there to be dealt with—the landholders—the chiefs or Mullicks of villages—the chiefs or Mullicks of *tuppehs* or divisions—the religious orders. In what relation were they to stand towards the Government and towards each other? This question may be answered as follows.

The revenue was to be fixed at  $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the gross assets: or in other words—the revenue was to amount to  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the money value of the average annual produce of the land.

This sum was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lakh—the average produce of the valley then was estimated to be worth 6 lakhs per annum.

But to this rule there were two exceptions, namely, the lands of the priesthood, and the lands of the Thul. As the lands of the priesthood were so extensive, (they occupied one-third of the valley,) they could not remain quite untaxed. On the other hand, it would not be fair to tax them equally with the rest. These lands therefore were to pay only  $\frac{1}{6}$ th of the money value of the gross produce.

The Thul was a large pasturage tract at the end of the valley where the Wuzerecs used to feed their flocks. The ground was not watered by stream or canal, and was much exposed to drought. Any portion of this tract that might be cultivated was to pay at the rate of one-sixth.

Of the flocks and herds that grazed, a certain number were to be presented to the representative of the Sikh government, in token of submission. The Mullicks were to be charged with the collection of the revenue: the Mullicks of villages were to receive 5 per cent. and the Mullicks of *tuppehs* 5 per cent. on the sum collected—total 10 per cent. Regarding this rule, one difficulty arose with the priests. They abhorred the idea of paying their revenue through laymen:—in consideration of this class' prejudice some arrangements were made by which those priests who lived close together might pay through a Mullick of their own. But those priests who lived apart from their brethren, or whose possessions

were scattered, must pay through laymen in spite of their sectarian aversion.

This general settlement of the revenue was to be fixed for a short term of years only, in order that scope might be given for such emendations as subsequent experience might shew to be necessary.

By these financial investigations were elicited the following rough statistics of Bunnoo :

Population.	Cultivated area in acres.	Revenue.
60,000, . . . . .	170,000, . . . . .	£ 15,000, or Rs. 1,50,000.

We are now to see what our author has done to explain the duties of political officers in the East. There is one passage in the book where the difference between political and civil employ is forcibly pointed out. In the one case the employé must administer the law, in the other, he must trust to his own ability to supply him with a rule suitable to the occasion or the emergency. The passage referred to might perhaps lead to the inference that the former operation is easy as compared with the latter. And no doubt this is true with men of wavering judgment or inferior capacity. But with men of talent and determination, it would be easier to perform the duties required of a political officer on the Punjab Frontier with facility and satisfaction, than to conduct the administration in a Regulation Province.

The political officer at once carries into effect whatever equity, expediency, or necessity may demand : he has no conflicting laws to reconcile, no technical impediments to remove, no miscarriages of justice, no deficiency of institutions to regret. If the same man be transferred to a country where the "mind of the Government has been expressed in laws"—he will find that not only the ends but also the appliances of justice must be thought of—not only must full play be given to the impulses of right, and the bent of genius be followed, but all the powers of the mind must be brought to bear on the application of the law, and the adaptation of weak human institutions to noble ends. All that was done before must still be done, and a great deal more besides.

Few parts of India could have offered a fairer field for the exercise of talent and judgment than the Punjab, when its affairs were administered under the treaty of Byrowal. The Resident was King, the Assistant Residents were provincial Governors. The duties of the latter functionaries are copi-

ously illustrated in both these volumes. Sometimes they appear to have been sent on tours of inspection to report on the conduct of Nazims and Kardars, and on the state of the commerce and agriculture, and on the contentment, or otherwise, of the people.

Oftener they were deputed to act with the Khàlsa governors as controllers and advisers. Advice given under such circumstances must, we presume, have been rather imperative, and followed by prompt obedience.

Such was the position in which Messrs. Agnew and Anderson were to have stood towards the successor of Mulraj.

The Sikh governors were invested with every kind of power, fiscal, criminal, and civil, within their jurisdiction; and consequently, their ex-officio advisers might also interfere in every department. Sometimes also, the British officers assumed direct jurisdiction. In the Trans-Indus territories and at Bunnoo our author was officially the controller and adviser of the Sikh Governor, Genl. Cortlandt.

Having set the Bunnoo affairs in order, he left the General at Duleepgurh and himself proceeded southwards towards Derah Futteh Khàn, and took into his own hands the administration of the districts of that neighbourhood. And it was in the midst of these duties that he was interrupted by the breaking out of the war.

The life of a Punjab Political seems to have been a career of arduous but pleasing labour.

The oppressions of native governors were checked, crime repressed, fiscal burdens lightened, or equally imposed, the land and capitation taxes and the customs were revised, trade and agriculture freed from restrictions, canals reopened, outlaws reclaimed, border frays prevented, robber castles dismantled, barbarous laws rescinded, banished chiefs restored, social institutions revived, the distribution of property secured, feuds reconciled, boundaries adjusted.

Well might the author exclaim "Happy Asia, where such things may be done! Sad Asia, where Princes so seldom do them!" It is gratifying to observe the confidence which was universally inspired amongst the people of the Punjab, by the acts of the British Government: how quickly they resorted to the new tribunals, how vigorously they sought redress. It was, after all, this very thing, namely, the right accorded to the people, of appealing from the acts of the Provincial Governors, that induced Mulraj to resign his government, and we all know what consequences flowed from

this resignation. Verily there is a Providence that shapes our ends.

This system of ruling a country by politicals under a mixed government has been often criticized and sometimes ridiculed. It is of course inferior to a good Native Government or to a complete European Government. But it must of course be better than the anarchy and misrule which had prevailed ever since the death of Runjit Singh. The political officers may not have been able to found a system, but they remedied great abuses, and what they did do was a boon as far as it went. Much of course depended upon the capacity and industry of the officers selected. Government never would have any difficulty in finding competent men; and then the "mixed system" would be a great improvement upon a system of unadulterated evil, would render a government (which we were pledged to uphold) in some degree worthy of support, and might pave the way for a better state of things.

We must now turn to the third object propounded by the author, and endeavour to weigh the value and amount of the local information furnished regarding the Trans-Indus and Multan territory.

His descriptions embrace the whole of the Trans-Indus district of the Derajat, the lower portions of the Sindh Sajur, the Rechna, and the Bari Doabs; in fact, more than one-third of the Punjab.

The geography of these Doabs was perhaps tolerably well known before, but the Derajat was almost a *terra incognita*, and yet it was politic and interesting to know the vicinity of so mighty a river as the Indus,—so vast a channel of commerce,—and the country that lay at the foot of the Sulemani Range, through which ran the Passes communicating with the mountain regions of Kandahar and Cabul, and furnishing outlets both for the trade of Central Asia and the aggressive incursions of Afghan hordes. These volumes contain perhaps the most valuable contribution that has yet been offered to the topography of this tract. Let any of the standard maps be compared with the map attached to this book, and the difference between our past and present knowledge of this important frontier will be keenly discernible.

In the Upper Derajat, the mountain defiles and passes, the main lines of road, the course of the streams, are all laid down. There is also much useful information regarding the bed of the Indus. This is eminently the country of "exulting and abounding rivers." The variations in their

course, the ebb and flow of their mighty tides, often affect a number of interests and create revolutions in landed property. The more the phenomena of the principal rivers are studied and described, the nearer shall we be to the ascertainment of sound principles for the solution of the curious questions which arise out of the changes produced by the action of these great streams. We would recommend those who are concerned in the adjudication of landed property to look at the Esaukheyl boundary case as given in Chapter VII. The character of the soil, the quality of the water, the means of irrigation, the seasons, are all discussed. Rough estimates of the area, population, resources, of the several territorial divisions are given. There is also abundant information regarding the people; their tribes, habits, customs, and social condition. The Afghan clans, their family ramifications, their hereditary Khans, their curious subdivisions of property among themselves,\* the constitution of their towns, villages, and colonics (*kirrees*), their feuds, their contests with the invading Sikhs, their fruitless resistance to oppressive governors; their expulsion, exile, and wanderings; their love of their country; their occasional restoration, their chivalrous gratitude, are all described. Their system of taxation, the absence of a land tax, the levying of cesses on personal property, are all mentioned. A tribute is also paid to the martial qualities of the Puthan soldiers.

Many particulars are also given regarding the habits, haunts, and depredations of the border tribes which infest the mountain recesses. The real nature of the Sikh government after the death of Runjit Singh is also laid bare. Full justice is done to its manifold evils. It is to be feared that the performances of Dewan Doulut Rai in the Derajat are specimens of what was done throughout the length and breadth of the land. The nominal amount of taxation demanded by these governors appears to have seldom been high, the proportion taken of the landed produce often ranged from one-fourth to one-seventh. But then the limit was never fixed, and the people never knew how much would be exacted, nor in what shape the next demand would come;—witness the treatment of the Murwut people at the hands of Lukkhee Mull. The utter laxity and imbecility of

\* Some Afghan tribes have a singular rule, that the land is to be periodically re-distributed. This assimilates to a custom prevalent in Bundelcund, by which the lands of a village are liable to be re-distributed among the members of the community every year.

the control attempted to be exercised by the successors of Runjit Singh over the distant governors need not excite much surprise. Proprietors might be ousted, they might appeal to Lahore, might get orders for their restoration, and might yet be further from redress than ever. Often the contests for the governorships would create two or more hostile factions amongst the people themselves, who perhaps got nothing more thereby than the power of choosing between their oppressors. The family union which so amiably distinguished the Afghan clans was thus often broken up, and the character of the clansmen lowered. Besides the governors, there was another class of mischievous officials—the commandants of forts and garrisons. These gentlemen were independent of all local authorities, and were generally trusty favourites of the Lahore grandees. Their exemption from all immediate control, and the military means at their disposal, enabled them to rob in style. The story of Behwani Singh is a sad but instructive chapter in Punjab History.

We must not omit to notice the account given of the mercantile classes. We have before stated that the author is happy in his portraits of men in the aggregate. The descriptions of the hardy martial traders, the Pevindus, the Nassurs, and the Kuarotes, their caravans, their journeys, their goods, and their emporia, are among his not least interesting episodes.

Nor can we re-cross the Indus without saying a few words regarding the author's fiscal measures in the Derajat. He found a rank harvest of misery and discontent, which had sprung up from the seeds sown by the execrable Dohat Rai. It was endeavoured to make a light settlement in a manner consonant with the local institutions of the several districts which should last as long as relations might continue to subsist between the British and the Khàlsa Government.

Where a land tax had previously existed, a certain portion of the produce was demanded, generally ranging from  $\frac{1}{3}$ th to  $\frac{1}{7}$ th. The calculation would often be based on the ascertained receipts for 5 years, or some such term. Since the annexation, it has often been found difficult to obtain such accounts; but formerly the truth could always be extracted from the statements of several parties, who had opposite interests, and kept each other in check. The landholders, the Kardars, the Lahore accountants, mutually corrected each other's mis-statements. Now-a-days the people of course are interested in concealing what they really paid, and no one is interested in exposing them. When in lieu of a

land tax, cesses had been levied on ploughs, houses, and chattels: the same method was continued. Provision was also made for the rights and interests of the several classes in the body politic: the Khans and chieftains, the intermediate proprietors, and lastly, the cultivator.

Not less useful is the account of the Multan province. The external aspect of the country, its soil, irrigation, and cultivation, are pleasingly detailed. Its history is epitomized, and at the same time one or two new but interesting points are brought out into strong relief. Among these we may mention the history of the Multanee Puthans. These high-born colonists were located there by the Emperor Shah Jehan. They proved themselves worthy of their trust. They reared up an industrious peasantry, they excavated canals, they planted trees; till the irrigation of Multan, its rich cultivation, its majestic groves of the date and the palm, became famous throughout Upper India. These were the men who, by their courage and firmness, as well as by their fortifications, gave to Multan the reputation of impregnability. And these were the men who engaged Runjit Singh in such a protracted and desperate contest, and at last died fighting in the breach. After the capture of the city, these high-minded and well-principled chiefs were driven out, and their places were supplied by pettifogging Kardars, and eventually by the great Kutree family of Sawun Mull. When Mulraj rebelled, these Puthans flocked to the standard of our author in his struggle with the rebels, and were chiefly instrumental in enabling him to coop up the enemy within the fortress of Multan. After the siege, these Puthans begged that their lands might be restored; and their case appears to have been specially laid before the Government. At page 19, Vol. II., our author states that "their services and peculiar case were, I believe, deemed to justify a departure from the rule which sets a limit of 12 years to suits for land, and the British Courts of Justice were thrown open to them to prove their title if they could." It would be interesting to know what the exact orders were, and how they have been carried out.

The district of Multan comes within the Bari Doab, in which division there is a settlement of all landed questions going on. These cases must, we presume, have been adjudicated by that tribunal. The history of Sawun Mull and his administration *deserves* a more extended notice than we have space for. We can only apprise the reader that the 2nd Vol. opens with an account of his ascent to wealth and

honor; of his revenues; his dislike to rich men, and his elevating the poor at their expence; his projects of independence, and the descending of this mantle of ambition to his son Mulraj.

The mass of information which we have thus endeavoured to classify and epitomize, however valuable it may be, is, after all, local. Though highly interesting to a large number of Anglo-Indian readers, it might be thought unsuited to the English public, for whom, in a great measure, the book appears to have been written. But it should be remembered, that this work was probably composed to suit a variety of tastes. There must be stirring incident and adventure for the readers of romance: sound facts for the student of history, and also accurate details and full accounts of public proceedings, for the large number of well-informed Indian officials, who might take up these volumes. It was apparently to fulfil this latter condition that these chapters on the Multan and Trans-Indus districts, were inserted. If such was the purpose, we apprehend it has been fully answered. We believe that these chapters will be interesting to all officers employed in the Punjab, and highly instructive to those who rule at Multan and in the Derajat. It might be productive of good if the Government were to present a copy of this work to every public office in the Multan and Leia Divisions. We think however, that two more chapters are required to complete the subject, one, on the progress of the administration of Bunnoo after the author's departure, and one on the final pacification of the Multan territory after the capture of the city and fortress.

Want of space might of course be alleged: but we would have curtailed some of the anecdotes, which, however amusing, should give way to make room for more important matter.

But besides the three objects set forth in the preface, there is one more distinctive feature in the present work which demands a brief notice. The history of the origin and commencement of the second Sikh war has been elucidated by the publication of these volumes. It is not our intention to enter into the many disputed questions which are suggested by events of such recent and vivid interest: and the personal narrative of the author's adventures and services had better be perused in the original. But we shall select a few points of importance which these volumes have placed in a clear and perhaps a new light. Firstly, the author has shewn that the Sikh rebellion was accidental in



its origin, and not premeditated: that Mulraj found himself suddenly launched into the sea of strife: that the Sikhs, in whose hearts there still rankled a hatred against the British, thought this would be a good opportunity of wreaking vengeance: that they hesitated for awhile, to see how the contest turned, and at last joined the insurgents. It certainly would seem that if such religious zealots as the Sikh Sirdars had concocted a rebellion, they never would have chosen for their leader a Kutree, whom they disliked as an alien to their religion, and whom they despised, as belonging to a non-military caste. And who was this Kutree? A man who was known to have grown too strong for the Lahore Government, and who was endeavouring to dismember the Khàlsa, and to raise himself into independence. We have understood that the Sikhs used to look upon it as a mysterious dispensation of the "Guru's" that a Kutree should be made instrumental in restoring the Khàlsa.

The real position of Mulraj has been shewn. He was not leagued with, nor had he any community of interest with the Sikh confederation. His father had fortified Multan for the purpose of shaking off the Khàlsa dominion. This ambition descended to the son. He liked, or disliked, the British and the Sikhs equally. He was ready to ally himself with either of them against the other, on the condition that his own independence was secured. When he found himself involved in a death-struggle with the British, he courted the Sikh alliance: and the Sikhs sided with him at first, because he gave them an opportunity of rebelling, and a point round which to rally the energies of the nation, which they had not previously felt themselves able to do. When this end had been gained, and the whole Khàlsa was up in arms, then they left the Kutree governor to fight it out with the British, while they got up a war on their own account. And no doubt Mulraj felt this. In his last extremity he applied for succour, not to the Sikhs, but to the Afghan tribes beyond the Sulemani Range. And had the Sikh war terminated successfully, Mulraj and Sher Sing must then have turned their arms against each other, for their ends were diametrically opposite, and the Punjab was not large enough to hold them both.

The author's position at the breaking out of the war has also been explained. Mulraj had rebelled: the local authorities of the Multan districts and the southern Trans-Indus districts sided with him, to a man: the forces

dispatched by the Resident from four different directions, had not approached, and what was more, did not intend to approach. Our author was the only opponent in the field, and he was near the Indus, with a small force, one-third of which was mutinous and ready to serve him as Agnew and Anderson had been served. Unopposed from any other quarter, Mulraj was marching against him with a vastly superior force. Of the two detachments behind him, the one at Bunnoo was composed of Sikhs, and were likely to turn against him.\* So he had nothing to fall back upon. He had a powerful enemy in his front, and a treacherous friend in his rear. Lastly, communication with head-quarters was uncertain and irregular, and he could get neither instructions nor assistance. Under these circumstances, he was ordered to hold the Indus frontier, because if that frontier were lost, the rebellion would spread from Multan to Peshawur. His object then was to keep Mulraj at bay until he could inform the Resident that the force sent from Lahore was holding back, and would never arrive:† that he was not equal to meet Mulraj single-handed: that a diversion must be made from Bhawalpoor: that he would, if possible, keep Mulraj at arms' length till the diversion was made, when further steps could be taken. He did manage to keep Mulraj at arms' length till the diversion was made, and his doing so we conceive to have been the greatest service he rendered to the Government. If he had failed, the great rebellion which broke out in October, would have broken out in May:—with what evil consequences it is needless to point out. When the diversion was effected, and the Bhawalpoor troops were at hand, then our author closed with the enemy, fought him twice, drove him into Multan, and thereby established British authority in the lower half of the Punjab. And this appears to us to have been the next greatest service rendered by him.

Further, there is an interesting account of the manner in which the author's irregular force was disciplined, paid, and kept together. The spirit which animated the Puthans has been already adverted to. The men were enlisted by brotherhoods, together with the chiefs of families, and of villages. Thus were troops, divisions, officers, and other means

\* They did rebel a few months later, locked their own fort, and murdered their own governor.

† We must beg our readers' attention to the most amusing description given of the absurd manner in which these four columns pretended to obey their orders.

of organization obtained ready-formed, and the constitution of society was made to serve as an instrument of discipline. The military chest and the commissariat were supplied from the resources of the country which the force held: and thus, Mulraj's districts were made to sustain the war against himself. But no plundering was permitted. The non-agricultural population were generally in Mulraj's favour, but the agriculturists were quite ready, with characteristic apathy, to pay to the stranger provided they received credit for the sums which Mulraj had collected in April and May.

We have thus endeavoured to examine the merits of this book in a local, political, fiscal, and historical point of view. We disclaimed literary criticism at the outset; but it may not be amiss to say that the narrative is clear, forcible, and stirring; the style fervid, racy, and often eloquent; the descriptions invariably graphic. As we intimated before, some passages are trivial, and might have been omitted without detriment, but even these are amusing. The objections which have been urged in various quarters are nearly all of them inseparable from autobiography: and the propriety of publishing the work is proved by its rapid sale. The book has more than answered every purpose for which it was written, and will hold a permanent place in Anglo-Indian literature. And besides its intrinsic utility, the work will, we think, when impartially read, raise the author's reputation, and vindicate the wisdom of his public acts.

## IV.

## DR. RUDOLPH ROTH'S "BRAHMA AND THE BRAHMANS."\*

THE *Zeitschrift für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, which was formerly edited by Dr. Lassen of Bonn, has, we believe, been given up, in consequence of the first of the two periodicals named at the head of this paper being set on foot. The *Journal of the German Oriental Society* is devoted to the furtherance of Oriental learning generally, in conformity with the objects for which the Society was instituted. It appears from the Statutes of the Society that it was founded agreeably to the resolution of a meeting of Orientalists at Dresden in October 1844; and that the objects of the Society is to advance and extend more widely the knowledge of Asia and of the countries in immediate connexion with it, in all its relations. Accordingly the Society proposes to concern itself not only with Oriental literature, but also with the histories of those countries and the investigation of their condition in ancient and modern times. This end the Society seeks to attain; 1st, by the collection of oriental MSS. and books, and of the productions of nature and art; 2nd, by editing, translating, and abstracting (*ausbeutung*) works of Oriental literature; 3rd, by editing a Journal; 4th, by stimulating and supporting undertakings conducive to the knowledge of the East; 5th, by maintaining communication with similar Societies, and individual scholars at home and in foreign countries.

We add that foreigners are eligible as ordinary (as well as corresponding and honorary) members; and that the annual subscription required from an ordinary member is only five Thalers, in return for which he receives the Journal free. Ordinary members are elected when proposed by two ordinary members through the office-bearers of the Society.

We have not sufficiently studied the contributions to the Journal to be able to offer any general opinion on their lite-

\* 1. *Zeitschrift der Deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*. Herausgegeben von den Geschäftsführern, 1848—1850 (*Journal of the German Oriental Society*, edited by the office-bearers of the Society. 1848—50). Leipzig. F. A. Brockhaus.

2. *Indische Studien*. Beiträge für die Kunde des Indischen Alterthums. In Vereine mit mehreren Gelehrten herausgegeben von Dr. Albrecht Weber, docenten des Sanskrit an der Universität zu Berlin, &c., mit Unterstützung der Deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft. Zweiten Bandes erstes Heft. Berlin. F. Dümler's Buchhandlung. (*Indian Studies*. Contributions to the knowledge of Indian antiquity. Edited by Dr. Albert Weber, Teacher of Sanskrit in the University of Berlin, in concert with other Scholars. Supported by the German Oriental Society.)

rary merits, or on the tone which they generally take on religious subjects. We observe however, that several Missionaries in different countries are among the Society's correspondents. Among others, the Rev. J. H. Weigle, of the Basel Evangelical Mission on the Malabar Coast, has contributed a paper on Canarese literature.

Dr. Weber's periodical, as may be gathered from its title, takes a more limited range. It professes to restrict itself to Indian antiquity.

Our principal object in this paper is to lay before our readers a translation of the concluding portion of a valuable article entitled 'Brahma and the Brahmans,' by Dr. B. Roth (the author of three interesting dissertations on the history and literature of the Vedas). Dr. Roth begins his article with these remarks:—

"The religious development of India attaches itself, through the course of three thousand years, to the word *brahma*. This conception might be designated as the standard by which the progress of thought directed to divine things may be estimated, inasmuch as at every step taken by the latter, it has gained a new form, but has at the same time always contained in itself that which constituted the highest spiritual acquisition of the nation. It is in respect of this capability of development, very different from the designation of God (*deva*), which is so important in the same circle of ideas. As the Sanskrit (*deva*), with its numerous related words, is throughout the whole family of Indo-Germanic tongues, derived from the root *dyu*, and leads back to the idea of brightness and of the illuminated heavens, this name of God had (from its relation to this idea), a domain assigned to it, beyond which it could not easily pass. And still less could it do so, for that the other offshoots of the same root still survived in the language of a later period, and were immediately connected with the fundamental idea. On this account the religious speculation of the Indians, when it laid hold of the conception of the one Divine Being, could not avail itself of the word *deva*; which always continued to be especially the name of the divinities which were historically connected with those older Beings to which, as being the representations of the shining heavens, that designation originally belonged.

"*Brahma*, on the contrary, has an entirely different origin and character. Its original signification,\* as we easily dis-

[In Wilson's Dictionary, besides the first sense of "the divine cause and source of the world," this word has also the significations of "austere devotion," "the Vedas," and "holy knowledge."—T.A.]

cover it in the Vedic hymns, is that of prayer; not praise or thanksgiving, but that invocation which, with the force of the will directed to God, seeks to draw him to itself, and to receive satisfaction from him. \* \* \* \* \*

The relation of the deity to men is, in these sacred songs, one so immediate, one so humanly and so freshly conceived, that the god must enjoy the gifts presented to him, and bestow the reward required without delay. When Indra has come to the sacrifice, and quaffed the inspiring beverage, he immediately harnesses his horses, to set out against the dæmon."

After discussing the derivation of the word *brahma*, Dr. Roth proceeds as follows :

"From this oldest sense and form of *brahma* (neuter gender) was next formed the masculine noun *brahmā*, \* \* \* \* \* which was the designation of those who pronounced the prayers or performed the sacred ceremonies; and in nearly all the passages of the Rig-Veda, in which it was thought that this word must refer to the Brahmanical caste, this more extended sense must be substituted for the other more limited one."

As an instance of this signification, the 10th hymn of the first book of the Rig-Veda is cited by Dr. Roth, on which Professor Wilson remarks as follows.\* "The total disconnection of the term *Brahmāṇah*, the plural of *Brahman*, from any reference to Brahmans, as bearing a share in religious rites, and as implying only *Betenden*, utterers of prayer, as proposed by Dr. Roth, cannot be admitted without further investigation, although it may be possible that the *Brahmā* of a sacrifice does not necessarily involve the notion of a Brahman by caste." In his Introduction, which was probably written after this note, Professor Wilson thus writes :

"Upon a subject of primary importance in the history of Hindu society,—the distinctions of caste,—the language of the *Sūktas*," (hymns) "of the first *Ashtaka* at least, is by no means explicit." \* \* \* \* \*

"*Brahman* is met with, but in what sense is questionable. In the neuter form, *Brahma*, it usually implies prayer or praise, or sacrificial food, or, in one place, preservation

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\* Trans. of Rig-Veda, p. 24. Note.

(p. 274); in its masculine form, *Brahmá*, it occurs as the praiser or reciter of the hymn (p. 204), or as the particular priest so denominated, who presides over the ceremonial of a sacrifice (p. 24);\* and in neither case does it necessarily imply a *Brahman* by caste; for that the officiating priests might not be *Brahmans*, appears from the part taken by Viswámitra at the sacrifice of Sunahsepa, who, although, according to tradition, by birth a *Kshetriya*, exercises the functions of the priesthood. There is one phrase which is in favour of considering the *Brahman* as the member of a caste, as distinguished from that of the military caste (p. 279): 'If you, Indra and Agni, have ever delighted in a *Brahman* or a *Rájá*, then come hither;' but even this can hardly be regarded as decisive. A hymn that occurs in a subsequent part of the *Veda* has, however, been translated by Mr. Colebrooke, in which the four castes are specified by name, and the usual fable of their origin from *Brahmá* alluded to. Further research is necessary, therefore, before a final sentence can be pronounced." Introd. pp. xliii.-iv.

The hymn alluded to by Professor Wilson is the Purusha Sūkta, which Mr. Colebrooke thus characterizes:

"That remarkable hymn is, in language, metre, and style, very different from the rest of the prayers with which it is associated. It has a decidedly more modern tone; and must have been composed after the *Sanscrit* language had been refined, and its grammar and rhythm perfected. The internal evidence which it furnishes, serves to demonstrate the important fact, that the compilation of the *Vedas* in their present arrangement, took place after the *Sanscrit* tongue had advanced, from the rustic and irregular dialect in which the multitude of hymns and prayers of the *Veda* was composed, to the polished and sonorous language in which the mythological poems, sacred and profane, (*purānas* and *cāryas*,) have been written." Essays, Vol. I. pp. 309-10. Note.

A hymn which the cautious and discriminating Colebrooke thus determines to be comparatively modern, can have no weight in indicating the state of society which prevailed at the time when the earlier hymns, written in a "rustic and irregular dialect," were composed.

We return to Dr. Roth. He thus translates the verse of the hymn which he quotes, in which the word *Brahmánah* occurs:

\* [i. e. in the passage cited by Dr. Roth.]

"The singers sing of thee, the praisers praise thee in hymns, the offerers of prayer shake thee up, O all-powerful, as one shakes a reed." (Profr. Wilson translates thus. "The chanters (of the *Sāma*) hymn thee, Śatakratu; the reciters of the *Richas* praise thee, who art worthy to be praised; the *Brahmánas* raise thee aloft, like a bamboo pole.") Dr. Roth follows up his translation with the following remarks:

"The *brahmánas* are thus as little (to be considered) Brahmans, as the *gáyatrinas* are singers of the *Sāma* Veda, or the *arkinas* singers of the Rig-Veda. If in our explanation of the Vedic hymns, we follow the commentators, who are confined by the stiff forms of the liturgy and quite devoid of poetical feeling, we shall gain from these venerable remains neither a mythology, nor a history."

He afterwards proceeds thus:

"From this sense of the word *brahmá*, nothing was more natural than to convert this offerer of prayer into a particular description of sacrificial priest; so soon as the ritual began to be fixed, the functions which were before united in a single person, who both prayed to the gods and offered to them, became separated, and a priesthood interposed itself between men and God. Thus the *brahmá* had a particular part assigned to him in the formal sacrifice, in regard to which the liturgical books afford the most exact directions, just as *hotar* (the sacrificer) is the designation of the priest in a defined ceremonial. In this way *Vasishtha* appears in the *Aitareya Bráhmána* (VII. 16.) at the sacrifice of king *Harischandra* as *brahmá*, with *Viswámitra* as *hotar*, *Jamadagni* as *adhvaryu*, and *Ayásva* as *vijástar*." \* \* \* \*

"Independent upon this special, liturgical sense of *brahmá*, and connected immediately with the neuter noun *brahmaná*, is the name of the god *Brahmanaspati*, which has been already mentioned. *Brahmanaspati* or *Brihaspati* is in many respects a remarkable deity. From his whole character, he does not belong to the earliest stage of the Vedic system of myths, but points to a second shape which the religious consciousness endeavoured to take, without however being able to carry it out in fact. The entire series of the principal deities in the Veda belongs to Natural Symbolism, which we find here more decided, unmixed, and transparent than among perhaps any other people of the Indo-Germanic race, but which on this account has also fewer references to other departments of life, and has not been able to emerge from a certain uniformity. But *Brahmanaspati* is one of the divine beings who do not stand immediately in the circle of physi-



cal life, but form the transition from it to the moral life of the human spirit. In him, the lord or protector of prayer, the power and dignity of devotion, the energizing application of the will to the gods who are personifications of nature, (*die energische Beziehung des Willens zu den Naturgöttern*) and immediately to nature, is perceived. And it may be plainly seen how this god was introduced into the already existing mythology, and could only find a place by the side of the other gods, or by supplanting them.\*

"Indra is the supreme god of the Vedic creed, or at least the one whose sway has the most immediate bearing upon the doings of men. He is the god of the friendly, noontide-firmament, which after all obscurations again shines anew, on whom the fertility of the earth, and the tranquillity and enjoyments of human existence depend. And the prayer which is most frequently repeated in the hymns, and is directed to Indra, is that he will counteract the attempts of the cloud-dæmon who threatens to carry away the fertilizing waters of the sky, or holds them shut up in the caverns of the mountains,—will pour forth the waters, fertilize the earth, and bestow nourishment upon men and cattle. Now, if the character of the god Brahmanaspati really expresses,—as the name imports,—the victorious power of prayer, then we should find him in this circle of myths more than in any other. In fact, he does appear along with Indra in that conflict against the fiend, and that too, in such a way, that a department of labour is assigned to him which, in most of the other hymns, is appropriated exclusively to Indra."

After some further remarks, illustrated by quotations from the Rig-Veda, upon the functions of this god, Dr. Roth goes on to say:

"Such is the Vedic myth of Brahmanaspati or Brihaspati, the lord of prayer. He is closely connected with the general representation of the nature of devotion (*brahma*) which pervades that creed.

"In the sequel, Brihaspati,—under which form, though it be the older, the name occurs exclusively in later times,—appears as the *Purohita*, the mediating priest of the gods. This is the case so early as in the liturgical books, which are reckoned part of the Veda; and in the same character he is

\* All the gods whose names are compounded with *pati* (lord of—) must be reckoned among the more recent, e. g. Vachaspati, Vâstoshpati, Kshatraspati. They have sprung from reflection."

regarded as the lord of the Brahmans, (e. g. in the Mahābhārat. IV. Asw. Parv. 1177, and in a similar passage of the Bhagavad Gītā.) This is a further development of the original character of this god. When on the other hand, the latest religious legend makes Brihaspati, the regent of the planet Jupiter, I cannot possibly see any connexion between this position and his proper significance. This process of constructing myths, which was not a living and unconscious, but a systematising one, has often dealt very capriciously with the ancient deities; and any accidental feature in the legends about Brihaspati, which the epic age produced, may have occasioned his being placed in that position.

"That form of the myth, in which Brihaspati is priest of the gods, and lord of the Brahmans, has only advanced at an equal pace with the development of the conception of devotion and worship. The supplication of the gods was already fixed in definite forms at an early period; devotion was no longer a free outpouring, but had grown into the repetition of more ancient prayers, tied to forms and usages. It required peculiar readiness and knowledge rightly to invoke the gods, and to make no mistakes in the ceremonial of sacrifice; and thus arose the oldest species of priests, viz. that of *Purohita*, those who were "put forward," or mediating priests. I have given some further notices on this point in the "Essays on the literature and history of the Veda," pp. 117, seqq.\* Their office consisted in mediating between God and men; they

\* The following is the passage referred to, translated from the same author's third Essay on the literature and history of the Veda, pp. 116, 117.

"In another hymn (VII. 5, 13.) \* \* \* it is said,—without, however, any mention of the name of the Vasishthade, (though they must be the family referred to)—that the *Purohita*, the exercise of the priestly office on behalf of the Tritsa tribe, had come into operation.

"It is here that we have to look for the origin of a standing priesthood. Among the Vedic people—(I may be permitted to use this designation in the absence of a better,)—access to the gods in praise and sacrifice was open to every one; and it is only the results of the prayers, taken in conjunction with the readiness to express them in words in a manner acceptable to the gods, i. e. a readiness in poetical expression, as we find it in the Veda, which could gradually have introduced the designation of particular persons, or families, to this office. Hence also arose the oldest sort of public priests, and their designation as *purohita*, as those who were *put forward* at sacrifices, through whose mediation the god accepted the gift; it is obvious that such persons would, at first, be found only with kings." \* \* \* \* \*

"These princes however did not always view with equanimity the restriction and encroachment upon their rights, to which this, at first, merely arbitrary, custom must have led by degrees. Of this we have a remarkable testimony preserved to us in a notice in the same book (the Aitareya Brāhmaṇa, VII. 27,) which I quote so much the more readily that in it the name Rama appears for perhaps the first time." [The curious will perhaps be able to obtain access to this passage themselves, without our quoting it.]

took the place formerly occupied by *brahma*, i. e. prayer, alone, inasmuch as it could secure the good-will and aid of the gods. When the *purohita* became the offerer of the *brahma* (prayer), *Brahmanaspati*, the lord of the *brahma*, was, in pursuance of the same conception, the highest *purohita*, i. e. the *purohita* of the gods; and when, further, this mediatorial priesthood came into the hands of the Brahmins, then by the same consequence, *Brahmanaspati* was the lord and protector of the Brahmins.

"From this point of view it is very easy to see how the name given to the priests of *brahmi* or *bráhmāna* has nothing to do with the Supreme Being (Brahma or Brahmá), but is derived immediately from *brahma* (neuter), which signifies the performance of devotions and sacrifices, of which the Brahmin is the offerer; just as the word *bráhmānam*, as the designation of certain liturgical books expresses nothing more than the collection of observances connected with divine service, the doctrine relating to the *brahma* (divine service).

"Among the hymns of the Rig-Veda there is one in which Brihaspati is already celebrated as the Superintending *Purohita*, and the priests as his representatives upon earth. It is however easy to see that we do not find in this any justification for giving to the institution of *purohiti* (or *purodhityá*, i. e. of priestly intervention or substitution), and along with it to the *bráhmānas* as its possessors, a greater antiquity than they actually have, and for carrying them back to the beginnings of the Vedic system of belief. The collection of those hymns occurred at a period in which not only that priesthood but the Brahminical caste existed in full development, and we have no occasion to assume that the sacred book was fraudulently interpolated. The hymns which are there collected are of dates varying perhaps by (several) centuries, and we may rather wonder that the occurrences of a later period have so seldom found their way into the collection. The name for the priests in its later form (*bráhmāna*) is but very seldom met with, (e. g. VII. 6. 14. 1. of the Rig-Veda) and the only place in which, to my knowledge, the *bráhmānas* are mentioned as a caste along with the other castes (X. 7. 6. 12.) is found in a hymn which decidedly originated only in the period, when the liturgical books and Upanishads arose.\*

\* "The hymn is printed and explained at p. cixiv. and seq. of the Introduction to the Bhagavata Purana, by M. E. Burnouf." [It is the well known Parusha Sūkta, on which Mr. Colebrooke's remarks have been given above.]

"The hymn alluded to" (not the Purusha Sūkta): "in which Brihaspati and the royal purohit are placed in juxtaposition, is ascribed to Vāmadeva." [Verses 4—9 of the hymn in Mandala IV. 5. 5 are then quoted and translated by the author; of these verses we give only two, the 8th and 9th.]

स इत्थेति बुधित श्रोत्रसि स्वे तस्मा इडा पिबते विश्वदा-  
नीम् । तस्मै विद्मः स्वयमेवा नमस्ते वस्मिन् ब्रह्मा राजनि पूर्वं  
एति ॥ ८ ॥

अमतीतो जयती सं धनानि प्रतिजन्मान्युत वा सजन्वा ।  
अवस्यवे यो वरिवः ह्यशोति ब्रह्मणे राजा तमवन्ति देवाः ॥ ९ ॥

8. "He dwells secure in his house, and has at all times abundant food, the people of themselves bow down to him, —to the king whom a brahmā (priest) precedes.

9. "Unconquered he gains for himself treasures from foes as well as from friends; the gods protect the king who is bountiful to the brahmā (priest) who seeks for refuge" (or food).

"In this manner," continues Dr. Roth, "here and in many places of the liturgical and legal books, the promise of every blessing is attached to the maintenance of a priest by the king. Inasmuch as he maintains and honours the priest, the latter ensures to him the favour of the gods. So it was that the caste of the brahmans arose and attained to power and consideration; first, there were only the single domestic priests of the kings; then the dignity became hereditary in certain families; finally, a union,—occasioned by similarity of interests,—of these families in one greater community, and all this in constant reciprocal action with the progress made in other respects by theological doctrine, and religious worship. Still the extension of the power which fell into the hands of this priestly caste would not thus be perfectly comprehensible. That relation of spiritual guardianship (*Bewermundung*) was aided by yet other historical movements.

"When the Vedic people, driven by some shock,—and this at a period more recent than the majority of the hymns of the Veda,—advanced from their abodes in the Punjab further and further to the south, drove the aborigines into the hills, and took possession of the broad tract lying between the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Vindhya range, then the time had arrived when the distribution of dominion, the relation of king and priest could transform itself in the most rapid and comprehensive manner. Principalities separated in such

various ways, such a separation into tribes, as had existed in the Punjab\* were no longer possible here, where nature had created a wide and continuous tract with scarcely any natural dissevering boundaries. Most of those petty princes who had descended from the north with their tribes must here of necessity disappear, their tribes become dissolved, and contests arise for the supreme dominion. This era is perhaps portrayed to us in the principal subject of the Mahâbhârata, viz. the contest between the descendants of Pându and Kuru. In this fermentation and complication of affairs, power naturally fell into the hands of those who were not directly possessed of any authority,—into the hands, viz. of the priestly races and chiefs, who had hitherto rather stood in the position of followers of the kings, but now ascended to a higher rank. It may easily be supposed that they with their families, already honoured as the confidential counsellors of the kings, would frequently strike a decisive stroke whereby a king would be indebted to them for his power. If we take further into account the intellectual and moral influence, which they had in virtue of the prerogative entrusted to, or usurped by them, and the religious feeling of the people, it is not difficult to comprehend how, in the period of transition, powerful communities arose from among the domestic priests of petty kings and their families, which acquired the highest importance in every department of life; a caste which, like the ecclesiastical power of the middle ages of Christianity, began to look upon secular authority as an effluence from the fulness of their power, to be conferred at will; and how on the other hand the numerous regal families sank down to a nobility which possessed, it is true, the sole right to the kingly dignity, but at the same time, when elected by the people, required inauguration, in order to be recognized as kings acknowledged by the priesthood; and were enjoined above all things to employ only Brahmans as their counsellors.

“It is in this way, as I believe, that the origin of the Brahmanical caste is to be historically apprehended. But in order to raise this view to a still higher probability, we must indicate the relation of the other castes to this one.

“Of the four castes of the fully developed Brahmanical commonwealth, (Brahmans, Kshettriyas or warriors, Vaishyas or those engaged in trades and agriculture, and Sudras or the servile classes,) the three superior classes follow each

\* Compare the 3rd treatise on the Literature and History of the Vêda.

other in regular descent, i. e. the legal prescriptions for their participation in the benefits of religion and material life indicate only a difference of gradation, so that each succeeding caste has, in some respect, less than the preceding. In the same way, the personal estimation of every individual in the eye of the law, (as for example what in the old German law is called *Weirgeld*) is based on definite regularly proportioned numerical relations. With the fourth caste, the Sudras, the case is totally different. They are not admitted to that which is esteemed the most important thing of all, viz. to sacrifice and the study of the sacred writings; they have not the right of investiture with the sacred cord, which is common to the three superior classes, for it clothes the youth with all the privileges of caste, of which the fourth caste has none.

"The conclusion, which, as it appears to me, we are entitled to draw from this, would be that the three superior castes stood in a nearer relation, whether of descent, or of culture, to each other, than either of them to the fourth. Besides, in the three first classes, all the elements which constitute a community are completely contained; and the fourth is a supernumerary. The controlling authority was in the hands of the two upper classes, while the third was the mass of the people. The employment assigned by law to the Vaisyas, as well as their name, leads to the conclusion that they were not originally a particular community, but nothing else than the totality of the people. *Vaisya* signifies one who is descended from or belongs to the *Vis'*; but in the Veda, *Vis'* denotes the mass of the people, and in particular those who believe themselves to be in possession of the true religious worship, and the true civilization; in short, the Vedic people, in contradistinction to all barbarians. On this is founded the appellation assigned to princes by way of honour, in this, as well as in the later literature, viz. Lord of the *Vis'*, (*vis'pati*, *vis'apati*, *vis'ampati*); *Vaisya*,—as that which in a peculiar sense belongs to the people,—leads,—in a similar way with the other name, *Arya*, belonging to this caste,—(which in the form *Arya* is an honorific appellation both of the Indian and Persian races,) to the conclusion that this caste represents the people itself. It has been shown above, in what way the priestly caste was formed out of the people. The caste of the Kshettriyas, of which, according to what has been intimated, no trace can be found in the Veda, is in the matured Brahmanical state, a nobility, which, at least, as regards its main portions, consists of the earlier royal races,

like the IarI races of the north of Europe. Though the rise of the nobility may not be explicable in this way, among other nations, e. g. the Germans,—no other supposition seems to be possible in regard to the Indian Kshetriyas.

“The fourth caste of the Sudras I hold to be a race subdued by the Brahmanical conquerors, whether it may have been a tribe of the Aryas which arrived earlier in Hindostan, or a race of Indian autochthones.

“If the foregoing development of the origin and of the earliest significancy of the priestly caste be correct,—then it becomes easy to prove the assertion which I have made elsewhere, that the Brahmins are far removed in virtue of their name and dignity from being dependent on the god Brahmâ, and that, on the contrary, they existed before him. No one will deny that the conception of this god, as we know him from the writings of the epic and post-epic era, loses all its distinctness (*anschaulichkeit*) and vividness. We have abundance of myths about Siva and Vishnu, but not about Brahmâ. Both of the former have given rise to the most various forms of worship, while Brahmâ has remained without altar or temple. He stands in the dark background as the primeval father, creator, as the omniscient, and the guardian of human knowledge and thought. For his wife he has assigned to him Saraswati or Vâch, speech, as the most perfect manifestation of intellectual activity. Brahma is, accordingly, the artificial production of thought employed on divine things, and not a creation of poetic intuition (*anschauung*). Philosophy stood in need of this highest spirituality, this last creative principle, and she it is who has generated Brahmâ. But it would surely be contrary to all laws of historical development, if we were to assume the existence of speculation upon religion, before religion itself had come to constitute a definite circle of belief and worship. But with this developed condition of the Vedic religion are necessarily connected a ritual and the priesthood, which has found its representatives in the Brahmins. And it was only after the formation and guardianship of the faith had come into their hands, that it began to be the subject of investigation, and that the explanation both of the sacred books, and of the religious philosophy founded on them,—the most ancient form of which, the Mimânsâ philosophy, is the most closely connected with those writings,—commences. How the idea of Brahma was formed in detail, is a point which belongs to the history of these philosophies. It suffices here to point to the fact, that Brahmâ, in

so far as he is connected with the more ancient doctrine, is holiness exalted to personality, (personified *brahma* [prayer] with its mysterious power), the holy one.

"But that the god Brahmá did not remain exclusively the property of speculation, but came into a connection, (though but a loose one) with the myths which were living in the popular consciousness and undergoing continual transformations, is a fact which, as I believe, has its foundation in the supervention of the worship of Siva and Vishnu. When both these forms of worship had been generated, each by itself, in different localities, and both of these gods was a universal god, when they appeared as new creations of the religious consciousness, which no longer found its satisfaction in the gods of earlier centuries and of another climate, who were vanishing from recollection, i. e. in the deities of the Vedas,—it became necessary for the guardians of that ancient religious system, whose existence depended on it, i. e. for the Brahmans, to regenerate their faith. It was necessary that they should combine the multitude of their gods into one Supreme, unless they were to be allowed to sink down before the two great gods, into the subordinate position of genii. The fact that they were able to connect their Brahmá with the Siva and Vishnu worship, or at least to keep the connection between the one and the other always open, and perhaps also by this means drew these two forms of worship nearer to each other,—attests, on the one hand, the versatility of their speculation, and on the other, the force with which those two forms of worship must have arisen. For had it been possible to suppress this worship of Siva and Vishnu, the attempt to do so would certainly have been tried by the adherents of the Vedic worship, who were threatened with such danger.

"These efforts to bring the Brahmá creed into juxtaposition with the worship of Siva and Vishnu must have naturally proceeded hand in hand with the introduction of the latter among the Brahmanical people. In regard to the period of time when they came into contact, we can at least so far define, that it does not fall later than the appearance of Buddhism, since the Buddhistical books recognize Indra as still the most important god (E. Burnouf, Introduction à l'histoire du Bouddhisme, p. 137). That on the other hand it does not fall later than Megasthenes, may be concluded from the data which this author gives us in regard to the extension and character of the worship of Dionysos and Heracles. With in the centuries from 500 to 300 before Christ, which exhi-



bited so active a movement in the religious life of India, we may thus also place the appearance of the Brahmā creed beyond the limits of the philosophical schools, in other words, the formation of the mythological system which pervades the whole modern period of Indian history."

J. M.

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QUELLE EST LA VIE ?

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*(Imitated from the Italian.)*

THE Past is not—

'Tis only a vibration  
Of throbbing Memory's strings.

The Future is not—

'Tis but the concentration  
Of Hope's imaginings.

The Present only is—

But swifter than the lightning's flash  
Must into non-existence dash.

Such is poor life's endowment,  
A hope, a memory, a moment.

But when we leave this dull dark earth,  
And occupy the land  
Where pure, unclouded Truth shines forth,  
That moment shall expand,  
And prove the fruitful germ  
Of life without a term.  
For ever then shall Past and Future be  
Merged in the Present of Eternity.

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## V.

## NOTES ON THE POLICE OF THE N. W. PROVINCES.

TWENTY years ago a circular letter was sent to the Magistrates of the Bengal Presidency, requesting them *not to hamstring* convicts before execution !\* Within the last few months the Government of the N. W. Provinces directed magistrates to exempt from the ordinary prison rules of clipping and shaving not only the sacred locks of Sikh prisoners, but the hair of all convicts to whom such a proceeding would be "justly offensive or degrading."† Straws thrown up show which way the wind blows, and as the animus of the order of 1880 and the order of 1851 is equally benevolent, we can only conclude that the humanity of the present day takes a wider range, and pushes its sympathies farther than did the humanity of the last generation. If convicts were formerly treated like wild beasts, they are now treated like gentlemen when they deserve it.

It may not be uninteresting to enquire whether any corresponding advance is to be observed in other branches of our penal law; and whether the people of the Upper Provinces have, on the whole, reason to be satisfied with the existing criminal code and the manner of its administration. We have already attempted‡ to give our readers some account of the Revenue System introduced into these provinces by our countrymen and its bearing on the happiness of the people; it remains for us now to notice the effect on the same people of our proceedings as magistrates and conservators of the public peace.

It is an old saying, "when things come to the worst they must mend;" and we need not claim any great credit for English magistrates in Upper India because the peace is better kept now than it was in the last century. They appeared upon the scene, at a time of anarchy, in a country never remarkable for order. But, if we are to form any just conception of what the English have done for North-Western India, we must take into full account the difficulties which beset their earliest steps as magistrates, as guardians of order and liberty. To say that they had to deal with a disordered or disorganized state of society would be scarcely enough; disorder or disorganization implies previous

\* Circular from Nizamut Adawlut to Magistrates, dated April 23, 1830.

† Letter from Secretary to Government, N. W. P., to Inspector of Prisons, 17th Jan. 1851.

‡ Notes on the Landed Tenures.

order and organization, but, at the crisis of which we are writing, we may look in vain for any trace of either one or the other. No sooner did the hands of the Mahometan emperors slacken, and they had done so long before English cannons were heard in the Doab, no sooner had the scramble begun for the power of the old Mogul tyrants, than lawlessness became the law, misrule became the rule of the empire. In better days, some of the emperors, men of talent and power, had been able, with the help of their rough northern soldiers, to keep their dominions in subjection, and even to introduce some sort of public police, for a short time, and within a narrow boundary. But, civil order and liberty, if they ever existed, formed the exception not the rule of the times. Eastern poets and historians delight to dwell upon the virtues of kings, who left the delights of the seraglio to patrol their cities in the garb of a Kotwal, or who watched so closely over the public morals, that a purse of gold might be left with security on the highway. All this suits the Arabian Nights, or the Mahometan historians of India, equally well: but, as Mill says, we now know what value to put upon such statements. Shah Jehan had as many compliments paid to his police administration, and deserved them as well as any of his predecessors, yet it was from his court that the travelling physician Bernier wrote so feelingly of "*le peu d'argent qui me restoit de diverses rencontres de voleurs.*"

From the days of Shah Jehan down to the time when Lord Lake wrested Upper India from the grasp of the Mahrattas, there was no stronger government than that which Scindia created in the name and on the ruins of the Mogul Empire. Particularly, in the provinces assigned to his able general Du Boigne, some degree of quiet was established, and the people were, to a certain extent, protected. But, even there, we may look in vain for anything like social order and civil liberty. In proportion as the Head of the State was strong the people were weak. Ask any old man what was the condition of the Doab under the Mahrattas, and he will answer, almost in the words of the Prophetess of Mount Ephraim,\* "The highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through byways. The inhabitants of the villages ceased."

But, already the leaven had been infused into the fermenting social mass, which has since so mightily worked in Upper India, which had long ago operated so powerfully in Europe.

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\* Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges v. 6 and 7.

War had hitherto formed the trade, the employment, of the rough tribes on the banks of the Jumna; it was now to become their science. A regular army was seen for the first time arrayed in the plains of the Upper Doab, across them the earlier flashes of military science broke bright and resistless, and the effect on the politics and tactics of the day was electrical. Wherever Du Boigne and his brigade appeared, wherever the musquet and bayonet were opposed to the matchlock and tulwar, European discipline prevailed: Eastern numbers and valour, however great, could make no lasting stand against the science of the West.

Wherever the white cross of Savoy\* flashed across the battle field, victory followed in its train. The heroes of Raj-

\* These were the colors of Du Boigne. To illustrate well the old saying that truth is more wonderful than fiction, we could wish to see a well-written account of the life of this Savoyard adventurer. It would be interesting to watch his career from the time he left his native home at Chamberri, to the day when with a personal guard of his own 600 Persian cavalry he turned his back on Hindostan, of which he had long been the virtual King, to seek that home again. Having served as a soldier under his own prince, then as an ensign in Lord Clare's regiment of the Irish Brigade under the French King, later still having fought the Turks in the uniforms of the Russian Empire, having been imprisoned at Constantinople and sold as a slave, he had gone through all that training of war and adversity, which might fit him for the rôle he had to play in Hindostan. His parents bought him out of slavery, and he became again an officer in the army of Russia. By one of those seeming chances, on which the destinies not only of men but of nations are suspended, Lieutenant Benit Du Boigne found himself commanding the escort of an English nobleman who was making a progress among the Grecian islands. Lord Percy gave him letters to Warren Hastings, then Governor of Bengal, and to Lord Macartney, Governor of Madras. After various fortunes Du Boigne found himself nominally in the service, but in reality master, of Scindia and his domains. And whether as a civil governor or as a military commander, he has left behind him an imperishable name in the North-Western Provinces of India. (See Mill. Book VI. Chap. 12, and Mr. Fraser's interesting memoir of Col. Skinner.) As an instance of the terror of Du Boigne's name we may notice that, when Nujuf Khan, who held the fortress of Kanoude, found death approaching, he sent for his Begum, and with his dying breath laid this injunction upon her, "If Scindia comes make no surrender, but if Du Boigne or Perron appear, yield at once." Before Du Boigne left India, he was at the head of some forty thousand disciplined troops, with fifty-two pergunnahs east of the Jumna, yielding twenty-two lacs per annum for their maintenance. He had a salary of Rs. 6,000 a month, besides 2 per cent. on the military expenditure. He is described as giant-boned, tall, strong featured, with piercing eyes. From day-break to midnight he was employed on matters of war, revenue, and diplomacy. The Imperial army, as by favor of the Mogul emperor his force was called, consisted of the following detail:

Six regular brigades, each consisting of 30 battalions of Sepoys and 10 of Nujeebs, 790 men each.

Two thousand regular cavalry and 200 pieces of cannon.

Dowlat Rao Scindia had also a cloud of Mahratta Horse estimated at 100,000, and 3,000 irregular infantry.

pootana, those bold Rahtores, whose impetuous cavalry had so often swept all before them, even they, at last, were driven off the field, though not without a bloody and terrible resistance.\*

Turn the page of History as we may, human nature comes up the same. The first effect of a standing army in the hand of a despot whether in the Eastern or Western world is identical; civil subjection is secured, civil liberty is endangered. The change working in Scindia's dominions under Du Boigne in the 18th century resembled from many points of view the change which France had seen in the 15th century, under Charles VII. or Louis XI., which Spain had seen under Charles the Fifth. The sturdy clans of Hindostan, like the nobles of France, or the mechanics of Toledo, had to learn the lesson which a regular force alone can teach; they were sinking fast from the state of a warlike nation keeping down a feeble court, to the state of a warlike people kept down by a standing army. If in our own country the civil power was once, though once only, extinguished when the well-trained dragoons and pikemen of Oliver Cromwell shewed our forefathers what discipline could do, we may well believe that the liberty of the subject was a thing of small account, when a Mahratta chieftain first found himself, thanks to a regular army, supreme from the Nerbudda to the Sutlej.

But, if History teaches us that a standing army, without a constitutional government, means despotism, we may learn in the same book that a mercenary army, and especially an army commanded by mercenaries, endangers the despot who owns it. What the Swiss hirelings and German black bands were to Europe, the brigades of Du Boigne and Perron were to Upper India. Like other mercenaries, they were good servants, but bad masters; and when Du Boigne, with his sovereign the old Patèl, passed off the scene, Dowlat Rao Scindia found himself in possession of an engine, mighty indeed, yet dangerous to the hands that might attempt to guide or restrain it. At the head of his army was Perron, the perjured Perron,

\* On one occasion the irregular beat the disciplined soldiers. See in Skinner's Memoir the account of a charge made by 10,000 Rhatore Rajpoots, who coming on with a thunder tramp, first at a slow hand gallop, increasing to the wildest speed, rode through showers of grape and shot, right over Duder-*nai's* brigade, leaving only 200 men on their legs out of 8,000—and then, without even looking behind them, rushed upon the Mahratta cavalry of the second line, who, says Skinner, "ran like sheep." A rare instance this of a disciplined force swept down by a herd of irregulars. But the pluck of the Rajpoot has often worked wonders.

as the natives of Upper India still call him. Perron hated the English as much as Du Boigne\* had respected them, and the flames of war broke out. The ruin which bad policy had begun, bad faith completed. A mercenary traitor admitted, or helped to admit the soldiers of Lord Lake into the fort of Allyghur, and whilst British arms prevailed on every side, the Mahratta army fast melted into disorder.

It was thus amidst a population swarming with disbanded soldiers, with robbers, with desperadoes, that the earliest English statesmen found themselves legislating for the Ceded and Conquered Provinces of Upper India. The changes from anarchy into subjection which had begun under Du Boigne, had to begin again under Lord Lake. Men are not transformed in a day from free-booting soldiers into orderly subjects. It was long before the old English Baron exchanged fighting for politics, before he hung up his sword and dismantled his castle; and though half a century has passed, with scarce a shot fired in the Doab, to this day the husbandman girds on his sword when he passes the boundaries of his own homestead. He has had more leisure for learning the arts of peace, than inclination to learn them. But, a change, deep though slow, is passing over the spirit of the people. The splendid barbarity of former ages is fading from their memory, the days of Eastern Romance are numbered, the flood of Eastern splendour is receding, but to leave, as we hope, the solid foundations of peace and prosperity behind.

We have dwelt thus upon the historical circumstances which preceded our appearance in Upper India, because they afford a clue whereby to unravel that curious moral tangle, a test whereby to analyze that strange compound of lawlessness, military taste, and civil subjection, which goes to make up the up-country man. We have remarked on other occasions how little these rough sons of nature care for the law, yet how much they respect the lawgiver, or at least the minister of the law, how supremely indifferent they are at once to public peace, and to public liberty. It follows then that the difficulties which the ruling power has to encounter in dealing with such a population are peculiar. A liberal Government would gladly encourage public spirit, but its paramount duty is to maintain public order. Press these people too much with rules and restraints, and what chance is there of seeing them free-minded or public-spirited? Take the curb from off them,

\* It was a saying of Du Boigne's "never quarrel with the English."

on the other hand, loosen the reins of government too freely, and what hope is there of public order? In Indian politics, the middle way is the safe way, but it is not an easy way either to find or to keep. Look round the world and we shall find that in religion, in politics, even in science, great minds only can hold and keep this middle way; it is the acmé of modern attainments. But great minds do not grow up like mushrooms, and we have no right to look for them in every Indian Mofussil Court. Yet supposing the mind of the Government to be bent, as we believe it is, on holding this just middle way between severity and indulgence, the men presiding in these courts must interpret and represent that mind to the people of India. However earnestly they strive to do this, their path is beset with snares and difficulties. The daily strife of an Indian magistrate is not so much with *crime* as with *indifference*. He cannot get the people on his side. If he succeed more or less in influencing public opinion in his district, he will fail none the less to awaken public spirit. How indeed can any man awaken that which does not even slumber, that of which in Hindostan we can only predicate that it is *not*, not known, not comprehended, not translated, not translateable. To translate the *morale* of M. Curtius or of Hampden into Hindostanee would be as difficult as to mesmerize a crocodile. It is a doctrine for which the Hindoo mind has no room, or at all events no place. But, public spirit is in other countries the very strongest support to the law and to the magistrate; in England, for instance, when great crime occurs, it prompts every man to track, or if possible to seize the offender, and what is a magistrate, himself a foreigner and in a foreign land, to do without this great ally? He must do the best he can: not a single friend can he rely upon in India beyond the circle of his own Police; and of them there is scarcely one whom he can feel sure of for a single hour. To fight efficiently his daily battle against crime and fraud the president of an Indian Cutcherry requires the spear of Ithuriel, the hands of Briareus, the eyes of Argus, but let him want help as he may, he is all alone, and his pursuit of Truth is one endless round of difficulty and disappointment.

We have traced this consideration of the peculiar difficulties to which a magistrate is exposed who has no public to help him, because without making allowance for this hindrance, as well as the other drawbacks which the very history of the country supplies to all administrative efficiency, it would be impossible to weigh justly the merits of the English ad-

ministration. But, as one crime breeds a second, so does one social defect produce another. Where there is no public spirit, there is no very distinct public voice, and where there is no public voice, the ruler of the people must often give heed to uncertain sounds. When these sounds come from all sides, and in every variety of discord, he may be tempted to pause, distracted; or if he strike out right or left, he will often strike at random. The Eastern mind loves to throw the honest English understanding into this dilemma. Nothing pleases an astute Hindoo better than the tormenting an enemy *secundum artem* through the instrumentality of a Police Court. Let him see but a chance of success, and he will rush in to the magistrate with cries and gesticulations that must attract attention, and may create sympathy. Self-inflicted wounds, mutilated bodies, false witnesses, all the machinations of perjury and villainy, are ready to be brought into play when the opportunity may offer. Hence, whilst his conscience warns the magistrate to listen to every complaint which reaches his ears, his experience must warn him to beware how he listens to, or at all events how he believes, any one of these complaints. An unwilling ear will be closed to cases of real injustice, a too willing ear will be plied with lies from morning till night. Here again, discretion, discernment, and temper, a clear head and a sound heart are eminently wanted.

If the evils which we have touched upon be real,—and who that has seen a Mofussil Court will deny their reality?—if magistrates in India cannot expect public spirit to come forward and help them, but may expect to find private malignity bent on turning the Police Courts into instruments of torture, we repeat that it is quite necessary to take these evils, negative and positive, into consideration, if we would rightly appreciate what the career of an Indian magistrate is. The people, over whose interests he presides, are either rough countrymen, half robber, half cultivator or shepherd, servile to his person and office, but supremely indifferent to law, and careless of human life; or they are, as found amongst the towns, a crafty, litigious, lying race, who would use the law as an implement of torture wherewith to ruin or terrify their neighbours. What chance has a magistrate amongst such a people? A warm-hearted, honest, Englishman, earnest to improve his district, straining every nerve to hew, if possible, the characters of his people into European form, is like a sculptor cutting an Apollo Belvedere out of sandstone. However firm the hand, how-



ever skilful the touch, the work soon crumbles into dust and disappointment.

The best magistrate then is he who laughs at disappointments, and works steadily on as though success were still within his reach. And so it is, to a certain degree. It is no small success to win the hearts and affections of a people who, though ignorant or artful, can still be grateful. One thing is very sure, that whatever a magistrate is in India, the people will soon find it out. The native subordinate functionaries watch every turn of his countenance, every inward working of his soul, as a spaniel watches a game-keeper's whip: the common people watch him as a Persian watches the sun, and regulate their conduct accordingly.

But it is time that we should leave generalities and come a little to matters of detail. We are not going to inflict, in this place, upon our readers a list of Regulations and Acts of the Government, but we will invite them to accompany us in what may prove a somewhat desultory search of anything picturesque, interesting, or of practical importance, in up-country police matters. For the use of professional persons who may care to trace the origin of some of our most important rules, we subjoin to this article a few memoranda hastily thrown together, and of no great originality, which still may be interesting to a beginner.

The Historian Mill told us long ago, though not before Bengal had enjoyed many years' experience of Lord Cornwallis' code, that the penal law set up by the English in India was defective in clearness, certainty, promptitude, cheapness, and nice adaptation of penalties to each species of delinquency, to a degree that never had been surpassed and very rarely had been equalled; and added, "Its failure, therefore, and the misery of the people who must depend upon it for protection, are not a subject for surprise."\* Now, judging from the documents then before him, we believe the historian was justified in making these severe remarks. But, we, writing in the Upper Provinces, at the present day, are glad to be able conscientiously to declare, that the effects of our penal laws and administration have been beneficial to the people in, if not the highest, yet, a very high degree. The texture of the law is curious enough, if texture be the right term to apply to a piece of patchwork, but if it serves to protect the poor

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\* Mill's History of India. Book VI. Chap. 6.

man we will not quarrel with it; a coat may have many colors, and be a very good coat for all that.

One test of the efficiency of the penal law and of its manner of administration, is the prevalence or absence of great crimes. Now, it might not be hard to demonstrate that great crime is less common in Upper India\* than in many old settled countries, our own, for instance; and at all events it may be asserted with confidence that life and property is at this moment generally as secure in the Agra Presidency as in England. To take an example or two. Thuggee, if we are to believe the frequent correspondence of the *Times*, is more common in the purlieus of Russell Square than in the metropolis of Upper India. Amongst us in the East, professional villains are to be found occasionally, who, having performed the prescribed ablutions, proceed to drug the traveller for the sake of his money, but it is not in India that wives mix arsenic in their husbands' tea, in order to gain a few pounds by his funeral. The few straggling dacoits of the North-West are not much worse than the many bands of armed burglars in Berkshire or Kent. It is in Surrey, not in Agra, that justices of the peace go to bed with a revolving pistol under their pillow. Highway robbery is far more common on the Turnpike roads of old England than on the Grand Trunk Road of India.† Bold, bad men are common enough in either country, but so long as they stop short of murder, such men run, we believe, a safer career in Great Britain than in Hindostan.

But, we may be reminded that petty tyranny and oppression prevail more widely in India than in Europe. We at once reply, that the magistrates sitting in Indian Cutcherries are far more ready to put down the tyranny which professional rogues and swindlers practise on the public, than are the magistrates sitting in Bow Street. A man who is swindled out of his money whilst he is awake, has as good a natural right to look to the magistrate for redress, as a man

\* We propose a closer examination of this point in a future number.

† A late number of the *Times* is on our table—for Monday, July 28th, a busy time—and a time when Editors need not beat about for crimes to fill up gaping columns. This paper is full of crime. The *Cheshire banditti*, with masks and pistols, figure in one page with the *Yorkshire highwaymen*. Thirteen of these last named gentry were convicted of highway robbery at the Summer Assizes at York, and speaking of this crime, the judge remarked "that peaceable people walking about after night-fall were in continual danger of being attacked and robbed by two or three ruffians banded together." Is there a district in the Agra Presidency of which the same could be said with truth!

who has been robbed of a sheep or a horse whilst asleep. In England, however, rough sheep or horse-stealers are sent beyond seas, whilst accomplished swindlers live on, unscathed by any magistrate, to prey upon the unsuspecting portion of the public. Frauds, patent to the common sense of all mankind as such, if kept within certain limits well known to their practitioners, are not punishable by a magistrate in England. Similar frauds would bring a delinquent in India at once within the grasp of the law, and the perpetrator would, under the operation of what are called the General Regulations, find his way into prison. In illustration of the contrast which in this particular undoubtedly exists between the laws and procedure of the two countries, we offer to our readers the following anecdote supplied us from the Note Book of an up-country magistrate. We do not vouch for the legal accuracy of our friend's views, though we can for the literal truth of his story. To our lay mind his reflections seem supported by reason and common sense, but he shall speak for himself.

*Extract from an Up-country Magistrate's Note Book.*

*Camp. . . . December, 1850. . . .* I received some papers from one of the deputy magistrates of my district to-day, which set me thinking whether, after all, justice between man and man is not done as well here as at home. At all events, swindlers and rogues seem to me to thrive in England, and often because the law will not encourage a magistrate to put down fraud and chicanery. Here, on the contrary, every magistrate who has a grain of energy, tries to put down fraud, or to punish it, as well as open crime or disorder.

I have fallen into this train of thought owing to the following incident. A few days ago, when taking petitions in the open air, as is my custom, I was struck with the appearance of one of the crowd. He was a well-dressed, venerable-looking old man, with a long silver beard. On to the front of his dress was stuck a petition, well written on an eight-anna stamp paper. Both his arms had been cut off, as I afterwards learned, under the native *regime* some fifty years ago, probably on account of some crime. Having lost his arms, the old gentleman had long lived by his wits, and when I saw him, was following the vocation of a horse-dealer. I cast my eye over the abstract at the head of the poor creature's petition with interest. It set forth that the petitioner sued under the provisions of Reg. IX. 1807, for

restitution of a horse and some clothes taken from him by force. In the body of the petition it was stated that the petitioner (Syed Ali by name) had taken a horse valued at Rs 500, to the great fair at Butesur for sale, that the said horse having fallen sick, Rambux had offered to take it to his village and cure it: that the animal was taken accordingly to Rambux's home, and there doctored: that when the petitioner wanted to take away his horse the defendant Rambux threatened to assault him, and seized the animal, and his clothes worth 5 Rupees. That the petitioner being a poor helpless traveller, came straight to the magistrate to claim protection and assistance. The person against whom the complaint lay, was a zemindar of my district, of decent repute, and I did not believe that he had done anything very criminal, but as his village was near the tehseel station, I referred the petitioner to the tehseeldar, and directed that functionary, who was a deputy magistrate, to see justice done to him.

I soon got the papers of the case from the deputy, who reported that Syed Ali had applied to the defendant Rambux to cure his horse, that Rambux had agreed to do so on condition that if the animal, which was in a very bad way, recovered, he, Rambux, was to get one-third of the price it might fetch in the fair, in which case all expenses of food and medicines would be defrayed by the horse-doctor. A written agreement to this effect had been drawn up, and taken at the instance of the Syed to the police office to be attested. That the deputy magistrate had seen the horse which was still ailing, and that Rambux refused to let the owner take away the horse before the cure was complete, until the expenses of food and medicine had been paid, and a loan of Rs. 5, cash advanced to the Syed, repaid.

My order on receiving this report was, that if the horse-dealer wanted redress he might apply to the civil courts, as the case was clearly not a criminal one, but I added, as the defendant in the case was a respectable man, I doubted not that if the Syed would pay expenses and repay the loan made to him, the horse would be given up. I have just heard that both parties took my advice, and so the matter is settled. Now, it may or may not be desirable that as a general rule, magistrates should interfere, as I and my deputy did in this case; yet on the whole, I contend, that the spirit of readiness to listen at all events to men who complain of injury, is one that should be encouraged. There is little fear of too much being done; the natural desire of most pub-

lic men is to avoid labor which does not legitimately belong to them, and they have more reason to fear the temptation to do too little than the inducements to do too much. I should never have noted down so common-place a transaction as that between Syed Ali and Bambox but for the contrast which it displays, so far as the magisterial animus is concerned, to another affair about a horse which lately came to my notice when I was on furlough at home.

I was living a few miles out of London, in Essex. One morning I came up by the coach, for we still have coaches from our village to the city, and got into an omnibus in Bishopgate Street to go to the West End. Before we had passed Cornhill, a gentleman, somewhat flurried in his manner, got hastily in, and as we drove on, I recognized in the new passenger an old Hayleybury acquaintance, whom I had not seen since we both left College some fifteen years back. After mutual exclamations of pleasure at the meeting, my friend informed me that he had been swindled out of £35 that morning, and was in, what is vulgarly called, a *fix*, not knowing how to retrieve a false step which he had made.

Thus ran his story. . . You know I have just come home on furlough. I was in want of a hunter, and came up from the country this morning to look at a "genuine mare" advertised for sale, price fifty-five guineas, the property of a gentleman who might be spoken to. The mare was standing at a Mews, near Baker Street. Here I found a smart groom, who said "Master's" name was John Sharp, Esquire, that he was staying at an hotel in the neighbourhood, and added "I'll step over and call him."

John Sharp, Esquire, soon made his appearance, a fresh looking man, with a sharp brown eye, a bottle-green cut-away coat, drab trousers, red neck-cloth, with a look of quiet, suppressed slang about him, which ought to have put me on my guard. Pulling a key out of his pocket, he opened the stable door, and shewed me the hunter. Liking the look of the mare I asked for a trial, to which the owner at once assented. Tom the groom saddled her, and led her out into the yard. I was just about to put my foot in the stirrup, when Mr. Sharp came forward and said, No offence, Sir, I am sure you are quite the gentleman, and that everything is all right, but, as I have not the pleasure of knowing you, just as a matter of business I'll trouble you for a deposit. Seeing me hesitate, he went on, a cheque, Sir, a cheque will do, Sir, if you do not happen to have the cash about you. Well, to make a long story

short, I gave Mr. Sharp a cheque on my bankers for £35, tried the mare, found that she went *tender* before, and was broken-winded, and in a few minutes returned to the Mews. Tom ran out to hold the mare, and the moment I was off her back, led her into the stable and locked the door. I felt a twinge of insecurity, as Tom came up with a touch of the hat, and began, "Well, Sir, how do you find her, werry tidy mare we reckons her, and Master wouldn't a part with her, hever so, only he's been a going, excuse me, Sir, rayther too fast lately, and is a breaking up of his stablishment."

I suggested that the mare was lame and broken-winded.

Tom.—"Well, Sir, she *be* a little shade thick in the wind, but bless you, Sir, that's no deturment;—but I'll run and call Master, you ad better speak to him. Exit Tom, leaving me outside the stable door, tapping my boot, biting my lips, and watching a pecuniary transaction in progress at the next stable door between a coachman's wife and a costermonger. For a weary half hour did I stand sentry, over that stable door, until at last Tom appeared again, munching an apple very leisurely.

Where is your Master? I said angrily enough.

Tom.—"Well, Sir, Master has stepped out; but he's left word I was to take the balanst of the fifty-five guincas, if you wished to take the mare."

But, thundered I, if I don't want to take the mare, what then?

Tom.—"Well, Sir, *then* you'd better speak to Master; all I know is you must pay money down before I unlocks that ere door. Master is a werry partickler gentlmun, and I darn't give you the mare without the money. It ud be as much as my place is worth."

Where is your Master? I asked once more.

Tom.—"Well, Sir, I bleive he is gone into the country, a party called for him whilst you was on the mare."

I felt that I was *done*, jumped into a 'cab, hurried to my bankers, found the cheque had been cashed, and Mr. Sharp was *nowhere*.

Running over with indignation, I hurried to the Police Office in — Street, and made my way into the presence of the sitting magistrate, who was lounging over the *Morning Post*. I began my story;—when I had got half through it, the magistrate looked surlily up from his paper, took a contemptuous stare at me (my friend was as well dressed and good looking a man as one could meet), and then drawl-

ed out,—as he turned over the leaves of the *Post*, “Go out, will you, and don’t take up the time of the court with your nonsense.”

I left the place in disgust, and fool though I have been, I still rejoice to think that, at all events, I never treated the poorest native in the way this London magistrate treated me. I have been to consult a friend at the India House, and am now on my way back to the stables.

Here ended my friend’s story. . . . .

Although I thought his position rather hopeless so far as the £35 was concerned, I suggested an interview with my solicitor, but on hearing the case, the man of law at once pronounced that the only resource was a civil action, but that we should not find Mr. Sharp “worth powder and shot.”

And thus rogues prey upon the unsuspecting portion of mankind in England every day in the year. As an illustration of the popular feeling in such cases, I will quote the remark of my friend the coachman of our coach. He could not restrain a grin as I went over my friend’s story. “Well Sir,” he said, “excuse me but the gent was to be sure rayther in a manuer of speaking what we calls softish : howsomever that knowing cove would not a treated *me* so, he’d a knowed better. Bless your heart I’d a been the death on him, I’d a watched for him, I’d a waited for him, if it had been a twelve-month, and I’d a *punched his ed* against a lamp post !”

Now I have only to say that had the scene of Mr. Sharp’s proceedings been at my station of Jungle-poor, instead of in Baker Street, and had I been informed of them by a credible person, I would have done my best to lay hold of such a rascal, and supposing the case proved against him, the taking money on false pretences and then making off with it, I would have put Mr. Sharp on the roads. I also believe that the Sessions Judge, who knows the law of our Courts as well as any man living, would have supported my decision on appeal.

Having given our friend’s story, we shall satisfy ourselves for the present with bringing forward one other instance of the superiority, in certain cases, of the criminal law as administered in India, over the criminal law of Great Britain, not indeed as regards the letter of the statute, but as to rules and mode of practise.

When a young Englishman fresh from College takes his seat for the first time, as an assistant to the magistrate of

an Indian district, one of the many puzzling technical terms which he meets with is the word *Budmāash*. If our tyro be a sensible youth and not ashamed of his ignorance, he asks what the word means; if he is foolish enough to hope that he can hide his lingual deficiencies from the *omlah*, as sharp a set as the world can produce, he notes the expression and looks it out at home in his dictionary. He then learns that *bud* means bad and *māash* means livelihood, and that the term '*budmāash*' is applicable to persons of bad repute, who have no ostensible means of earning an honest livelihood.

If a man leads an idle dissolute life, and is notorious as a thief or a vagabond, it is the duty of the magistrate in India, on being duly certified to the above effect, to call the accused person before him, and institute an enquiry into his way of life. Habitual offenders against the law are at once directed to furnish security for their good conduct, and failing to do so are sent to prison either for a year, by order of the magistrate, or for as much as three years, by the Sessions Court, if their case may seem to require such precautionary treatment. Without this power, the authorities would never have been able to introduce that degree of order and public peace for which the Upper Provinces of India are generally remarkable.

In England, notwithstanding the existence of a statute\* which might be enforced with the best effect, notwithstanding the dire want of some such safety-valve, the magistrates are unable to rid the streets of the swarms of notorious thieves, shoplifters, and pick-pockets, who infest the larger cities. None of our readers need to be told, that in our otherwise happy Isle, there exists a class of men, boys, and

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\* Here is the opinion of a jurist of no mean repute in England.

"There is a statute on the books," says Mr. Hill, "by which a reputed or suspected thief, by frequenting streets and certain places therein described, which are supposed to furnish greater opportunities for plunder than others, may, if the magistrate before whom he is brought infer from such frequenting that his intent was to commit a felony, be adjudged to be a rogue, and may be punished with imprisonment."

"What I would propose is, that when, by the evidence of two or more credible witnesses, a jury has been satisfied that there is good ground for believing, and that the witnesses do actually believe, that the accused party is addicted to robbery or theft, so as to deserve the appellation of 'thief,' he shall be called upon in defence to prove himself in possession of means of subsistence, lawfully obtained, either from his property, his labour, or from the assistance of his friends. On the failure of such proof, let him be adjudged a reputed thief, and put under high recognizances to be of good conduct for some limited period; or in default of responsible bail let him suffer imprisonment for the same term."



children, distinct even in their physical characteristics from the industrious million, a class banded together almost from infancy against the peace, property, and morality of their country. Bred in cellars, and dens of infamy, educated in the streets, lodging in slums, or in any corner out of sight of the policeman, grow up amidst profligacy, debauchery, and crime "*les classes dangereuses*" of our English society. Fearing neither God nor devil, hating and hated, these human harpies exist only by preying upon their kind. Professional plunderers, such as these, are just as well known to the police, as the police are known to them. We lament the sad fate which thus trains up responsible beings, to certain crime and dishonor, but we also lament that the opportunities of such training are allowed. Moral lepers should be treated as men afflicted with physical pestilence, should be tended, watched, and cured, and then, but not till then, sent into the world of every-day-life. Infection at all events should be prevented, and in India it is so prevented, where a confirmed '*mauvais sujet*' is taken up, put into prison, and taught to make carpets or paper, or set to work on the public roads. Are we wrong in saying that here again Indian mofussil law has the advantage?

We hope that the comparisons which we have attempted to draw will not be misunderstood, as though we put them forward in the wretched '*tu quoque*' spirit of argumentation, which tries to puff up one cause by running down another. Our mofussil police and magisterial courts have, we well know, many faults to which we hope hereafter to direct attention; but there are also in our criminal procedure some strong redeeming points, marked by practical usefulness and sound common sense. Let us give credit where credit is due. We have still much to contend with, why should we fear to assent that much has been accomplished?

## MEMORANDUM ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF CRIMINAL LAW IN THE BENGAL PRESIDENCY.

BEFORE we can attempt to sketch the outline of our up-country penal code, it will be necessary to examine its origin. The body of laws introduced into the Ceded and Conquered Provinces has, for its prototype, Lord Cornwallis' Bengal Code of 1793. On the present occasion we shall satisfy ourselves with running '*currente calamo*' over those earlier rules on which our existing Regulations are founded. Nor will our limits allow us in this paper to get beyond the laws introduced into the Benares Province in 1795.

The Bengal Code may be traced back to the "General Regulations for the Administration of Justice" proposed by the Committee of Circuit at Cossim-bazaar, and "made and ordained by the President and Council in Bengal in 1772."

From this date the collector of each district was not only to preside in the Provincial Court of Dewannee on the part of the Company, (in their quality of "King's Dewan") but also was to attend to and watch the proceedings of the Foujdarree Adawlut. The sword of the magistrate was at this time ostensibly wielded by the Nazim, or supreme magistrate, whose authority was derived or supposed to be derived from the imperial fountain of law and dominion at Delhi. The real power was generally in the hands of Warren Hastings. The besetting sin of this great man which was to bring upon him, ten years later, the thundering vituperation of Burke before the Commons, and which, five years after that, was to put him on his knees in Westminster Hall before the Peers of England, the sin of "*unscrupulousness*," breaks out in his Minutes at this early date.

Dacoits were the scourge of Bengal then as they are now, and by the 35th article of the new Regulations such offenders were declared liable to capital punishment, whilst their families were to be condemned to *perpetual slavery*. The Committee had apologized for proposing this severe enactment, but Hastings in a letter (signed by him as President of Council, 10th July 1773), not only defended this harsh law but also urged the necessity of selling as slaves or transporting in slavery to Fort Marlborough *all convicted felons and life prisoners*. "By this means," he says, "the Government will be released from a heavy expense in erecting prisons, keeping guards in monthly pay, and in the maintenance of accumulated crowds of prisoners. The sale of the convicts will raise a considerable fund if these disorders continue. If not, the effect will be yet more beneficial."

To support these severe propositions he states that the Mahometan law is founded on the most lenient principles, and an abhorrence of blood, whilst the instances of strict and exemplary justice done by Mahometan princes and recorded in history are of the most sanguinary kind; and inflicted *without regard to law*; whence he argues it is necessary and desirable for the sovereign power to depart in extraordinary cases from the strict letter of the law, and he recommends this practice to his brother counsellors. Thus did the dispenser of the law trample law under foot.

The evil of false complaints to which we have adverted in our preceding article seems to have been common, and a very wholesome rule was made, which, with certain limitations, would be useful in the present day. In the 16th Article of the Regulations of 1772, the custom of levying *chout*, or other fee or commission on the account of money recovered, or *ettak*, a fine on the decision of causes, as well as all heavy

arbitrary fines (in civil suits) is abolished. But, says Article 17th, as "cases may occur, in which it will be highly necessary for the welfare of the community, to curb and restrain trivial and groundless complaints, and to deter chicanery and intrigue; which passions amongst these people, often work to the undoing of their neighbours; a discretion shall, in such cases, be left to the court, either to impose a fine, not exceeding five Rupees, or inflict corporal punishment not exceeding twenty lashes with a rattan, according to the degree of the offence, and the person's station in life." We think that in the present day a few rattans would operate well in such cases, and deter people from resorting to the courts of justice in order to oppress their enemies or to extort money from the public more effectually than fine or imprisonment which our existing laws adjudge in such cases. In the civil courts especially the revival of some such enactment as this would work like a charm, for there are persons who use these courts as wicked priests once used the Inquisition, and who hold the threat of a civil suit, to be supported by forged documents and false swearing, as an Italian bandit holds a blunderbuss to the head of a wealthy traveller. And to tell the truth, the public in some parts of India where forgers and swearers have long triumphed, no more desire to find themselves defendants in a civil suit opposed to such machinators, than the good people of the 16th century desired to find themselves handed over to the civil power on the prosecution of the Courts Spirituelle.

But, this is a digression, and probably an unprofitable one. It is, we fear, too late to hope that our civil courts will bury in some time-honoured ceremonies of law and form, to administer equity and substantial justice. We now take leave of the Code of 1773 with the remark that in it we may trace the germ of most of our subsequent legislation.

In 1774 we find Hastings appointing thanah or police stations, and stung to the quick apparently by the continued ravages of dacoits, saying that "all persons of whatever degree or profession who shall be convicted of receiving fees or other pecuniary acknowledgments from robbers, knowing them to be such, or of abetting or conniving in any shape in their practices shall be adjudged equally criminal with them and punished with death." At the same time he revived the old offices of foudjar and thanadar. (See extracts from the proceedings of the Governor and Council, under date 19 April, 1774, quoted by Colebrooke in his Supplement to the Digest of Regulations and Laws.)

By the resolutions of Government recorded on 6th April, 1781, the foudjars and thanadars were recalled, the judges of the several Dewannee Adawlut were invested with the power of magistrates for the apprehending of dacoits, though the power of punishing such delinquents was still reserved to the Courts of Nizamut Adawlut acting in the name of the Nabob. And in order to lick the criminal statements and police reports of all these odd courts into shape, a covenanted officer was appointed on a salary of Rs. 1,000 per mensem with the title of "Remembrancer of the Criminal Courts." At this period we have only to remark that the general spirit of the legislation was of a practical turn, that the English officers under the cloak of the Nabob's name exercised great power in a somewhat unscrupulous manner, and that notwithstanding Hastings' remarks on the bloodless character of the Mahometan law, wretches used by its operation, even under the eyes of the English courts, to suffer amputation of one or more limbs for grave offences.

Passing on to 1787, we then find the district chief as judge, collector, and magistrate, deciding petty cases and inspecting jails. Still however the larger share of criminal authority remained nominally with the Nabob, Mahomed Reza Khan, in his capacity of Naib Nazim.

Three years later, owing to the "numerous robberies, murders, and other enormities daily committed throughout the country," and for other weighty reasons, we find further changes required. The jurisdiction of the judge—collector sitting as magistrate was defined, the curtain dropped upon the Naib Nazim, and the Governor General, Lord Cornwallis, stood forth and expressed his determination to resume the superintendence of the administration of criminal justice throughout the British Provinces. Four courts of circuit, three for Bengal, and one for the Behar Province, were established. Two convalidated Civil Servants of the Company sat in these courts assisted by a Cazeer and Musftee. The chief criminal court or Nizamut Adawlut was removed from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, and the Governor General and Members of Council presided, with the head Cases of the provinces and two Musftees to expound the law when wanted. The decisions of this high Court were under certain restrictions to be regulated by three Mahometan law. By these restrictions the absurd distinctions made by Aboo Huneefah as to the mode of the commission of murder were set aside, and the relations of a murdered man were no longer to be permitted to pardon the offender and stand between the law and the law's victim.

It was not till 1791 that the Governor General in Council resolved that the punishment of mutilation should be discontinued. The loss of one limb was to be exchanged for seven years' imprisonment with labor, and loss of two limbs for fourteen years' similar punishment.

In the following year it was ordered that the police establishments hitherto kept up by landholders in virtue of their engagements to Government should be discharged, and police officers in future should be nominated by the magistrate. The darogha of police thus commissioned was ordered amongst other duties to apprehend and send to the magistrate all vagrants or suspected persons who might be lurking about his jurisdiction without any ostensible means of subsistence, or who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves. Here we may trace the origin of the future 'band-wallah' regulations of which notice has been made in the article to which this Memorandum belongs. The village watchmen, those useful links in the great police chain, that is to say, useful when well paid and looked after, were put under the darogha's control. Police daks were established, and certain piratical-shaped boats were put under an interdict. Most of these rules were well adapted to the existing state of things.

And now in 1793 legislation was attempted on a more ambitious scale. Lord Cornwallis decided to separate the collector's office from that of the magistrate and judge. This was good European policy, but in our opinion not suited to the latitude of Bengal, and our own private belief (a weakness, it may be) is that if one district chief within moderate limits had remained supreme in each Bengal district, we should not hear so much of dacoits and gang-robbers along the lower Ganges as we now do. But we are wandering from our subject, and will only make one more remark on the complicated and tedious enactments of 1793. These laws contain three elements, English justice, English common sense, and English law. For the justice and common sense which pervades the Code, we give Lord Cornwallis our best thanks; never were such wholesome

infusions more welcome. For the English law, we beg to say, that it is all very good in its way for those who like it, in her Majesty's Courts at Westminster, but it never did any good and never will do any good in Bengal. What European *fire-water* has been physically to the Red Indian, European law has been morally to the Indians of the East. Millions of simple men alike in the Lower and Upper Provinces curse the day when they or their fathers first tasted English law so far as it is developed in our civil jurisprudence; under its forms and delays thousands of village communities, which neither force nor famine could disperse, have crumbled into dust.

But, we must hasten on, and will ask our readers only to pause a moment with us at our own classic city of Benares to take one taste of English law made expressly for the Brahmins of the place, a race of men, like Corporal Bunting's cat, more feared than respected. Class legislation as it is called, is bad enough under any circumstances, but when bad laws are made to save bad men from punishment, the extreme of legal absurdity would seem to have been attained. But, no; any man may learn how bad laws, such as these, can be made worse, by legal forms and technicalities, and to any sceptic we beg to suggest a careful perusal of Reg. 21 of 1795. This law provides for the punishment of Brahmins in Benares. Amongst them an accursed practice used to prevail of threatening to kill themselves, and what was much worse their wives and children, when anything contrary to their wishes was required of them. Such sacrifices of wives and little ones by fire or the sword were by no means uncommon, and as Brahmins, do what crime they might, were not to be subjected to capital punishment, some law was considered necessary to meet these atrocious cases. Benares happened to have been under a Hindoo ruler before Warren Hastings laid hands on the province, but let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the Brahmins of Benares had, under any of the more reputable Mahometan princes, commenced sacrificing their children when the Mahometan came to their doors. The Mahometan would have had blood, and the Brahmin would at once have expiated his unatoned sin with his life. But when once the taste for English legal forms, usages, and observances had come in, summary punishment, however good, was out of the question. Besides the sort of benefit of clergy which the laws extended to all Brahmins in Benares, the very forms of those laws put summary punishment and even summary repression quite out of the question.

The *tehsildar*, let us suppose, had intended to enforce through a peon the ordinary process of the revenue authorities to realize money due by a land-holding Brahmin. The Brahmin bars his outer door, and declares his intention to establish a *koork*, in other words, catches hold of a knife or a torch in one hand, of his infant child in the other, and vows to burn or slay if he is asked to pay a single rupee. Now observe the process according to law, whilst the Brahmin is killing his family.

- 1st.—The peon is to wait upon the *tehsildar*.
- 2nd.—*Tehsildar* (after taking peon's deposition) to wait upon the collector.
- 3rd.—Collector to summon the Government *vakeel*.
- 4th.—Government *vakeel* to move the magistrate.
- 5th.—Magistrate to send a relative to the angry Brahmin.
- 6th.—Relative, calling "*componere lites*," then a Brahmin *Chuprassey* was to enter upon the negotiation.

7th.—*Brahmins* failing, a *Mahometan* peon was to take the offender into custody, if he could catch him.

*Lastly*.—If the *Mahometan* peon arrived too late, and found only the ashes or the mangled bodies of the *Brahmin's* family, then the *Brahmin* himself, when caught, would be liable to transportation, and his family, (such as survived) were to be banished, and their lands forfeited. So the families of such *Brahmins* as had a bad temper, and a dislike to cash payments, had the option of being burnt or being banished!

Such of our readers as are blessed with children round their knees will recognize in this animated series of legal proceedings enumerated above, the original of that popular nursery myth, in which the prominent characters are an old woman and a pig. Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over gate, and I shan't get home to my supper to-night.

Thank Heaven, we have got rid of most of these forms in our criminal and revenue institutions; but *they cluster thick around the temple of civil justice still*. And here, having worked our way home to Benares, we must pause, with the hope of carrying this hurried examination of the law, further up the country in our next number.

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SONNET.

O Death; thou dread avenging enemy!  
 Here lowly bending in this desolate room  
 Have I prayed sore to be avenged of thee  
 For this thy cruel deed; and from the gloom  
 Of the dark entrance-chamber to the tomb  
 Now go I forth once more—from this dread hour  
 To fight against thee, battling manfully  
 With that fell Prince who gave thee all thy power,  
 And mighty is the arm that strengthens me:—  
 Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower  
 To hide a bleeding heart,—oh! then the thought  
 Of that dear victim ravished from my side,  
 And Him who to redeem thy captives died  
 Shall nerve my soul to combat as I fought.

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## VI.

## THE REV. K. M. BANERJEA'S LECTURE ON VEDANTISM.

IN a course of "Lectures to educated young men," in Calcutta, the fourth was recently delivered by the Rev. K. M. Banerjée, who took Vedántism for his subject. The lecture, when printed, called forth a paper of "Remarks" by "A Hindu;" and this was followed by an anonymous reply. We propose to notice these publications in conjunction.

The lecturer opens his address as follows:—

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN!—The subject on which I have undertaken to address you this evening, derives peculiar interest from the importance which the ancient philosophers of India attached to it, and from the credit it has obtained among many of our own contemporaries of influence and respectability. It was to the Vedánt that our ancestors, ashamed of the puerile observances and ceremonies of popular Hinduism, and perhaps disgusted with its impure doctrines and legends; but desirous nevertheless of escaping the dangerous shoals of open Atheism, as well as of satisfying the spiritual longings of their hearts—sought to betake themselves, as to a place of refuge and strength; and it is ostensibly in the same Vedánt, that many of our educated countrymen of the present day, regardless of the lessons which the ill success of their predecessors might have suggested, strive to find shelter, amid the perplexities which the errors and absurdities of the Hindu idolatry have a tendency to produce.

A subject, such as this, must attract more than ordinary attention, as well from those who are desirous of finding as also from others who are toiling to propagate the truth. To the theological inquirer in India, the Vedánt will naturally present itself as a stupendous scheme after which Vyás and Sankarácárya had spent so much thought and learning, and to which many a devotee has in every age looked with such longing interest. Until convinced that Vyás and Sankarácárya had amused their fancies with visions and phantoms—that the longing interest of our devotees was a dangerous delusion, our theological inquirers are likely to be spell-bound by the idea that the system of Vyás and Sankarácárya has a beauty and splendour peculiar to itself; that the time-honored doctrine of the Vedas is no less grand than it is Indian. Hence the necessity of unravelling its real character—of removing the mysterious veil which, while it hides its genuine features, deceives the spectators by the notion that the grandeur of its true aspect must be unrivalled.

Distributing his subject under five heads, the history and nature of the Vedánta, its non-adaptation to human wants, its repugnancy to our sense of moral responsibility, its authority, and its recently attempted revival in Bengal, the lecturer proceeds to observe that the Vedánta has been defined by one of its old and most popular propounders to be "the system contained in the *Upanishads*, the *Shástrika*, and the like." This definition, we shall find, is quoted by the "Hindu" in his "Remarks." With regard to the *Upanishads*, the lecturer had said:—

"I need not say that the Upanishads are small appendices to the Bráhmanas of the Vedas. The Vedas are principally divided into two parts, the Sanhitas and the Bráhmanas. The Sanhitas contain what may be called the subjective theology of the Vedas, recording the spontaneous effusions of such poetico-religious sentiments as the prevalent system of the time was calculated to produce. The Bráhmanas may be styled the objective and narrative theology of our ancestors, embodying the discourses and speculations of ancient Brahminical genius. Such portions of the Bráhmanas as treat of the nature and existence of Brahma, the Supreme Spirit, are dignified by the name of the Upanishads. These Upanishads comprize primarily the Canon of the Vedánta. They are assisted by the Sharirika Sútras, composed by the compiler of the Vedas, and by other kindred expositions of the system.

"But though the Upanishads and the Sútras are the primary authorities of the Vedánt, it does not ignore the Puránas or any other branch of the Híndú Shasters. The very man who compiled the Vedas and founded the Vedánta is represented also as the author of the Puránas; there would be little consistency in receiving one class of a man's writings as inspired, while you are discarding another as lying legends. The credit of the Vedánt must therefore stand or fall with the whole teaching of the Shasters."

The justice of the view propounded in the last paragraph, we shall of course find disputed by the "Híndú."

After combatting the notion that the Vedas are eternal, and that no portion is therefore older than another, the lecturer proceeds to say:—

"But the doctrines incidentally inculcated in the Sanhitas of the Vedas were without a system. Prayers and invocations were addressed to the elements and fancied gods, without a methodical arrangement of positive dogmas. The poetry of theology preceded its philosophy. The dogmatic enunciation of religious tenets in a scientific way was an after-thought—which gave origin to the different schools of philosophy; and among others to the Vedánt itself.

"Such in our opinion was the origin of the Vedánt. It was intended to harmonize or improve upon the spontaneous effusions of a rude devotion that recognized a god in each of the elements and some of the heavenly bodies. Yáska theorized in a scientific way, and willing to acquit the earlier Vedas of the charge of idolatry, affirmed that the gods were portions of one soul or Átma. Whether the authors of the Upanishads were actuated by the same idea does not clearly appear. Certain it is, that they laboured to form a system of which the unity of the Godhead was to be an important dogma; but that unity was so qualified as to include diverse creatures, rational and irrational.

"The authors of the Upanishads were no doubt above the intellectual degradation indicated by the deification of the elements contained in the earlier Vedas. They were ashamed of a system of such puerile theology. They aspired after a grander idea—a more lofty flight of the imagination—something that might strike the wonder, and call for the reverence of their thoughtful contemporaries; but to which the grovelling idolater who could not raise his contemplations above the visible heavens was unable to reach.

"The observations already made on the origin of the Vedánt will have prepared you to hear, that it is a far-fetched esoteric system—



founded on theories the most visionary, and requiring such an unnatural and forced exercise of our intellectual and active powers as none but a few initiated were capable of."

The difficulties here spoken of are aggravated in the present day by disagreements as to which are, and which are not, authoritative expositions of the system. Interesting as the Vedānta is to ourselves, in a historical and philosophical point of view, we regard it with yet deeper interest as the professed creed of many of the finest spirits of modern Bengal. It is highly desirable that it should be ascertained what these men really do believe; and as none can be better qualified to tell us this than themselves, we shall now employ the "Remarks by a Hindu" to determine, in some imperfect measure, what modifications the modern Vedāntists have seen fit to superinduce upon the creed of their predecessors.

In the first place, then, the "Hindu" disputes the definition of the Vedānta taken by the lecturer from the *Vedānta Sāra*, one of the most popular text-books of the system. According to him—"It is needless to say that the Upanishads constitute the real Vedānta." He denies that the name belongs to anything else, and he quotes the Upanishads themselves to prove that "the word Vedānta was in use before the *Sārīrika Sūtras* of Vyāsa and the *Sārīrika Bhāshya* of Sankarāchārya were put forth in the world." Now this is very inconvenient. The Upanishads are numerous, though some of them are short; in many places they are obscure, and in some places they present apparent contradictions. Vyāsa and Sankarāchārya laboured to clear up the obscurities and to reconcile the contradictions; and we had been accustomed to flatter ourselves that, in their exposition, we should find what no Vedāntī would object to acknowledge as the orthodox account of each matter. In regard to this it appears that we were mistaken. The "Hindu" contends that it is as unfair to define the Vedānta to be the system contained in the Upanishads and the Sūtras of Vyāsa, as it would be in a Hindu, "to define the Christian system to be the system contained in the Bible, the works of Thomas Aquinas and the like." As this appears to be the sentiment of the important section of Vedāntis whose organ is the paper called the *Tattva-bodhini-patrikā*, we must of course submit to this, however inconvenient. No good ever comes of attempting to force upon a man the responsibility of opinions which he disavows. If we are to dispute with this section of Vedāntis to any purpose, we must meet them on the ground which they choose to occupy. Contest on

any other ground will be a mere beating of the air,—ridiculous or needlessly offensive to the opponent whose position it does not touch, and unprofitably delusive to the crowd of onlookers. But while we disclaim all right to hold the “Hindu” answerable, against his will, for the opinions of Vyāsa, we cannot allow him to take liberties with the Sanskrit language. Not content with refusing the lecturer’s definition of the term Vedānta, he attempts to force upon the words of the *Vedānta-sāra* a sense which they will not bear. This is properly pointed out in the anonymous reply to the “Remarks.” The writer observes :—

“It is not “the Reverend gentleman” but the author of the Vedant Sara who declares the Vedant to be “the system contained in the Upanishads, the Sariraka Sutras, and the like.” The Remarker finds fault with the Rev. K. M. Banerjea’s interpretation of that passage. A. This is a question of Sanskrit grammar, we cannot allow an anonymous writer to ignore the translation of a known author. If the words were rendered verbatim into English, they would read thus: “The term Vedant (is) the authorized Upanishads, their Auxiliary Sariraka Sutra and others.”\* The copulative conjunction *cha* at the end is fatal to the interpretation of the anonymous critic.”

In reply to the proposition of the lecturer that the Vedānta “does not ignore the Purānas or any other branch of the Hindu Shasters,” the Hindu quotes Manu—“the highest authority of Hindu religion next to the Vedas”—in support of his own counter-assertion that other works go for nothing where they contradict the Vedas. The following, it appears, must be taken as the tenet of the modern Vedāntis on this point :—

“The Vedas are the true and genuine Scriptures of the Hindus. It is to them every Shaster of the Hindus bows its head. It is from them every Shaster professes to derive its origin. It is upon them that every Shaster bases its system. It is in proportion to its agreement with them that every Shaster lays claim to our respect and veneration. Now of these Vedas, the Upanishads are parts, and they constitute the real Vedānta.”

Be it so: but we may still refer to Vyāsa in order to check or verify the modern exposition of the Vedas,—though we are not quite prepared to go the length of the anonymous commentator on the “Hindu” in saying that “these who ignore the Purānas and the prevailing interpretation of the Vedas, have no more right to class themselves with the Hindus than the Rev. K. M. Banerjea himself.” After all this is merely a question of names; and probably a member of of the *Tattva-bodhini Sābhā* would not much care—(as a religionist we mean—not as a patriot)—to forego the name of Hindu if you leave him that of Vedānti.

\* বেদভাষ্যের উপনিষৎ প্রাধান্য তদুপকারিত্ব শারিরিক সূত্রাদি ইত্যাদি ।

The "Hindu" protests against the charge of Pantheism. We annex his remarks, omitting the Sanskrit originals of the texts quoted.

"The charge of Pantheism has been so often urged against the Vedānta, and that too with so little reason, that the public is sick of it. The best way to prove the falsity of the charge would be to produce texts from the Vedānta that distinctly disavow such a doctrine, which we do below:—

'God is different from known objects as well as unknown subjects.'

'Not this, not this (i. e. no object of the universe) is God.'

'He is not any finite object which they worship, believing this is God.'

'He is the Governor of things possessing name and form. He, who is distinct from things having name and form, is God.'

'He is different from this world of causation.'

'Superior to, and different from world, time, and form.'

'He is neither thick, nor thin, nor short, nor long.'

'He who dwelleth in all things, who is different from all things, whom all things know not, and whose body is all things, is God'—&c. &c.

"What would the Rev. gentleman say if a Hindu were to infer Pantheism in the Bible from an isolated passage or two; for instance from that very passage from which he has derived his description in his lecture, of the non-exclusiveness of the Christian religion? We give it below.

'Lie not one unto another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him:—where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but *Christ is all, and in all.*'"

It is satisfactory to find a Vedānti rejecting so strenuously the charge of Pantheism. Whether, notwithstanding the string of texts just quoted, the Vedānta itself can be exonerated from the charge, is another question. Meanwhile, it would appear that the "Hindu" admits that the lecturer's arguments were good against the system of Vyāsa,—the system, that is to say, of the Vedāntis out of Calcutta. We trust, therefore, that Mr. Banerjee, content with this measure of success as regards his first lecture, will now direct his great talents and his admirable industry to the ascertaining of what it is that the modern school of Vedāntism in Calcutta really holds, and will then address them on ground which they acknowledge as their own. It is of comparatively little moment to make out that the men of this modern school have no right to call themselves Hindūs. The sad fact is, that these educated and thinking men are not Christians. They are willing to listen, willing to discuss, and not uncourteous. It will be a dereliction of duty, therefore, if any efforts be spared to remove whatever obstacles, removable under Providence by human means, may impede their acceptance of the truth.

K.

## VII.

## THE NOTIONS OF THE HINDÚS.

## A SECOND DIALOGUE.

WITHOUT waiting to learn, O Theophilus, whether your curiosity in regard to the notions of the Hindús was either satisfied or whetted by my report of the conversation at which I some time ago chanced to be present,—for, to tell you the truth, I have lost sight of your division of the Artillery, and am not sure whether my last communication reached you,—I shall note down, for your consideration, to the best of my remembrance, what was said when the same party met again—no matter how—on the same high bank of the Ganges, while the moon, now near the full, was reflected, as before, by the water rippling under a breeze which might have been cooler without being the less grateful.

I am concerned to find that several persons of good judgment have been puzzled to see the drift of the former dialogue which I endeavoured to report to you. Apart from the abstruseness of the subject, (which I sought to diminish,) there may possibly be other causes of obscurity. The blame of these I take upon myself: only trusting that the reader of what I write, more especially for yourself, O Theophilus, may, as a mathematician, (because a Platonist,—for if not such, why trouble himself with these themes?) remember, that, in an equation involving two unknown quantities as factors, the one becomes indefinitely less as you assign a larger value to the other; and, thus reflecting, may kindly lay the lesser blame on the reporter, when the abstruseness of the subject, to which he has attached himself, is so much more qualified to bear stoically, whatever amount of denunciation the actual obscurity of the discussion may seem to call for.

Eusebius brought back the book which he had taken away with him—the London Asiatic Journal, Vol. XVIII., new series, 1835,—and, addressing Tarádati, remarked that it certainly was a very odd circumstance that Sir G. C. Haughton should (at p. 220) have declared that “Every one conversant with these [philosophical] subjects must know, that, in philosophic language, *substance*, *body*, and *matter*, mean all one and the same thing; and, as such, are opposed to *spirit*.”

“Indeed it seems to me (continued Eusebius) that Col. Vans Kennedy, when he assailed Mr. Colebrooke’s account of the Vedánta, and Sir G. C. Haughton, when he defended

it, must have been engaged in a game of cross-purposes which the enlightened Mr. Colebrooke himself,—had he not been then, alas, upon his death-bed,—would have been able to bring to a satisfactory conclusion.

Tárádatt.—“ Pray explain what you refer to.”

Eusebius.—“ I shall perhaps be the better prepared to do this if you will first complete your detail of objections to the string of terms which Sir G. C. Haughton offered to Col. Kennedy, as equivalents for the philosophical term ‘ Matter.’ ”

Tárádatt.—“ Agreed. Pray hand me the book, that I may see how far we had advanced in the list. Ah, yes,—‘ *vastu, vasu, dravya, śarīra, mūr̥tti, tattwa, padār̥tha, pradhāna, māla-prakṛiti*; and, with the Jainas, *puṅgava*.’ We had settled the first three:—but see, here comes the cheerful Chrysostomus and his meek-eyed helpmate. Let us welcome them.”

The cheerful Chrysostomus, you must know, O Theophilus, is a valiant polemic,—formidable in argument for his good-humoured imperturbability, as he is attractive at all times through his imperturbable good humour. With a sigh that seemed to come from a heart as light as heart could wish, he shook his head gently at Tárádatt, who, receiving this not unexpected greeting with an expression of countenance blending the comic and the kindly, without further exordium addressed him.

Tárádatt.—“ We are enquiring, O Chrysostomus, whether there be any Indian term answering to the word ‘ Matter.’ ”

“ And where is the difficulty ? ”—exclaimed Chrysostomus. “ Down in the city, *padār̥th* is one very good word for it, and *dravya* is another.”

Tárádatt recapitulated the objections to the term *dravya* which were recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Chrysostomus shook his head as if he thought that there were here a splitting of straws; but just then Philoxenus, hearing that a lady had arrived, hastened out to say that tea was preparing; and the lady was led off, followed by her worthy spouse.

The Bráhmán then resumed his criticism of the list, remarking that to place among the synonyms the term *śarīra*, which (as rendered rightly in Wilson’s dictionary, and also in Sir G. C. Haughton’s own,) means only *the body*, looked almost like a punning design to burlesque the proposition that “ substance, *body*, and matter, mean all one and the same thing.” “ The next term,” he continued, “ viz. *mūr̥tti*, which in common language means a form or image (*μορφή*), means,

in philosophical language, whatever has definite limits. Earth, Water, Light, Air, and *Mind*, we are told,\* are of this description, while the Ether is a substance *not* of this description. If the substance Air extended as far as the substance Ether, it would cease to bear the name in question, yet this would be very different from its ceasing to be *material*."

*Eusebius*.—"But what do you hold to be the definite magnitude of the *Mind*?"

*Tārādatt*.—"In the system to which the term under discussion belongs, the *Mind* is held to be of the size of an Atom."†

*Eusebius*.—"Well, let that pass:—now pray continue your censures. The next term that you have to deal with is *tattwa*."

*Tārādatt*.—"The term *tattwa* belongs more peculiarly to the Sāṅkhya school. Being, according to the ordinary etymology, an abstract derivative from the pronoun *ta* 'that,' it answers to the *hæccitas* of Duns Scotus; but in the Sāṅkhya it is employed as a concrete term to denote the eight 'producers,' the sixteen 'productions,' and 'Soul.'"

*Eusebius*.—"In such an acceptation the term certainly does not correspond with Matter;—but though the term bears a sense so extensive in the Sāṅkhya system, may it not answer to the term Matter in some of the others?"

*Tārādatt*.—"In the Nyāya it bears a sense founded on its supposed etymology,—it means the nature of anything as it really is,—in short, *truth*."

*Eusebius*.—"Its *supposed* etymology? Is the etymology called in question that you have just mentioned?"

*Tārādatt*.—"Certainly,—by those who know what Truth is. There is but one truth that can be declared to any one; and that one solitary truth,—obscured only by the unavoidable imperfections of language,—is conveyed in the formula *tat tvam*—'That art Thou.' The hearer of this truth—(from the terms of which, you perceive, truth itself takes its designation of *tattwa*)—when he has rightly understood and accepted it, changing the 'thou' to the first person, reflects thus—'I am Brahma.' This is so far well;—but he must finally get rid of the habit of making ever *himself* an object of thought. There must be *no* object. The *subject* alone must remain—a Thought, a Joy, an Existence,—and the only one."‡

\* See the *Bhāṣya-parichheda*, v. 24, and its commentary, p. 12.

† See above, p. 408.

‡ See translation of the *Veśānta-sāra*, p. 54.

*Eusebius.*—"Take breath, I beseech you, and then let us finish the list, the next term in which is the word *padārtha*, which Chrysostomus thinks a good one.

*Tārādatt.*—"The term *padārtha*\* means 'substance' (including Soul), 'quality,' 'action,' 'com——.'"

"In short"—interrupted Eusebius—"it seems to mean everything:—is it so?"

*Tārādatt.*—"It means everything, with the varieties of non-existence into the bargain."

*Eusebius.*—"Very possibly it does so in the philosophical systems; but when the word recalls to the mind of the generality of hearers the idea of sticks and stones, and rivers and fruits, and so on, why is it not as good a word to use for Matter, when speaking to those who are not philosophers, as any other?"

At this question, O Theophilus, the Bráhmán looked as if taken aback. After some reflection he replied.

*Tārādatt.*—"Let me understand you, my dear Sir. The question in hand, if I am not mistaken, was this,—viz. do such and such terms represent the European term 'Matter' so precisely, that the difference in opinion between Col. Vans Kennedy and Sir G. C. Haughton could, so long as we employ one of those terms as the substitute for the term Matter, be brought under the cognizance of learned Hindús in such a manner that the difference of opinion could be intelligently entertained and rightly adjudicated upon by these competent judges? I deny that the terms are such as to allow of this. Few more competent judges could have been found than Rammohun Roy; and yet he, when the dispute was laid before him,† thought that he had settled the question by pointing to a passage in his own works, fully supporting Mr. Colebrooke's interpretation, 'that,' according to the Vedánta philosophy, 'God was not only the *efficient* but the *material* cause of the universe.' I have been all along talking on the supposition that the enquiry is, how you are to let Indian philosophers understand what you mean by Matter,—not—what words may serve when speaking to the illiterate about material products without any reference to the philosophical conception of Matter at all."

*Eusebius.*—"Well,—let it be so. I shall expect you to explain what bearing the remark of Rammohun Roy has upon your *spiritual* Vedántism, which it seems to me to reduce to

\* *Tarka-sangraha*, p. 1, or *Ben. Mag.* Vol. II, p. 68.

†  *Lond. As. Jour.* Vol. XXXV., new series, 1835, p. 214.

something very like simple materialism; but, in the first instance, pray finish your list of terms. What objection have you to *pradhána*?"

*Tárádatt.*—"The term *pradhána* belongs to the Sánkhya philosophy, where it is interchangeable with the next term in the list, viz. *múla-prakṛiti*, as Prof. H. H. Wilson's translation shows.\* Either term is usually translated by the term Nature. Such a term—(for of the Jaina word *puḍgala* I, like other Bráhmans, know nothing)—comes perhaps nearer to the term Matter than any other in the list; but yet it will not serve as a substitute for the ὕλη. You cannot speak of the *pradhána* of a jar or the *pradhána* of a web, as you speak of the ὕλη or matter of a goblet or a statue, because *pradhána* is the name of a single power, like the 'Nature' of European sceptics. Further, instead of this *pradhána* being a substance, you may learn from Prof. Wilson† that it is the aggregate of the three qualities 'goodness,' 'foulness,' and 'darkness.'"

*Eusebius.*—"Aha, my friend,—but I happen to have jotted down in my note-book an extract from the page preceding that to which I presume you mean to refer me. There† Prof. Wilson says that 'in speaking of qualities, however, the term *guna* is not to be regarded as an insubstantial or accidental attribute, but as a substance discernible by soul through the medium of the faculties.' What then is the use of founding upon its being called a Quality?"

*Tárádatt.*—"By 'a substance discernible by soul through the medium of the faculties,' I understand Prof. Wilson to mean the aggregate of what the faculties take cognizance of. Such an aggregate Berkeley recognised, when he said of external nature that its *esse* is *percipi*.§ But in saying so, he said that its 'esse' was not exactly 'esse.' As a Vedántist I am perfectly prepared to fraternize with him on this point. When he spoke, however, of these different modes of Being, I imagine he had more of an eye to Plato's ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν as opposed to the ὄντως ὄν, or to Spinoza's antithesis of the 'rerum existentia sed etiam essentia,'|| than to the Vedánta doctrine which these admirable thinkers were darkly groping after. We reckon three degrees of being. Two of these

\* "*Mula* (the root) *prakṛiti* (nature) is *pradhána* (chief)," &c. See *Sánkhya Káriká*, p. 16.

† *Sánkhya Káriká*, p. 53.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

§ Sir Wm. Hamilton's note on Reid's Works, p. 262, and translation of the *Vedánta-sátra*, p. 13.

|| Quoted by Col. Kennedy at p. 95, Vol. XVIII., *As. Jour.* Lond. 1835.



Plato recognised; and when he spoke of the *ὄν καὶ μὴ ὄν*—that which *is* and at the same time *isn't*,—he spoke of what, according to the Vedānta, is 'not to be called positively either entity or non-entity,\*—the phenomenal as contradistinguished from the real."

*Eusebius*.—"In regard to your three kinds of existence, I shall be content to hear you some other time; but, for the present, pray confine yourself to this strange tenet that the world of the senses is an aggregate of *Qualities*, and, if I rightly understand you, of only three qualities."

*Tārādatt*.—"The one reality—the universal substratum—being veiled by the illusive garb of the phenomenal world, certain marked distinctions among the phenomena present themselves. We have phenomena of calm cognition, of fierce emotion, and finally of inertness—or, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'cold obstruction.' To one or other of these three heads every phenomenon may of course, with a little ingenuity, be referred. The three heads are named respectively in Sanskrit, *sattwa*, *rajas*, and *tamas*. According to the commentator on the *Tattwa-samāsa*, the first of the qualities, whilst endlessly subdivisible into calmness, complacency, patience, rejoicing, &c., consists summarily of *happiness*. The second, on the other hand, consists summarily of pain. To these categories belong almost all the sensations and thoughts of thinking beings;—scarcely any feeling, viewed strictly, being one of sheer *indifference*. This *indifference*, the third of the qualities, is exemplified in its highest potency in such things as stocks and stones,—where Soul, the substratum of these as of all else, is altogether 'immersed in matter' or obfuscated by the quality of *Darkness*—which the word *tamas*, the name of the quality, literally signifies. In its lower potencies this quality exemplifies itself in sloth, drowsiness, &c. These three qualities, separately or mingled, more or less obscure the Soul, which we hold to be simple *knowledge*—*jñāna*; and as the aggregate of them is the opposite of Soul, or in other words *not-Soul*, the aggregate—in the Vedānta system—takes the name of *a-jñāna*, i. e. not-knowledge, or Ignorance. The Soul is a *light*. Now, suppose a light to be enclosed in a lamp-shade; the glass may be either so pure that the light passes through scarcely diminished; or it may be stained, so that the light is tinged and partly dimmed; or the lamp-shade may be opaque, so that the light within is altogether obstructed. These three

cases may serve to illustrate the operation of the three Qualities, as well as account for the names by which they are spoken of as 'Purity,' 'Foulness,' and 'Darkness.' Now, as the purity of crystal or its stain of deepest crimson would be nothing without the *light*, so we hold that the whole of what you call the sensible universe would be nothing without Soul. In short, we hold, with Berkeley, that of what is called the sensible universe the *esse* is *percipi*,—while of Soul the *esse* is *esse*."

*Eusebius*.—"Well, waving the question of substantial and phenomenal Being, let me recall you to the dictum of Rammohun Roy, 'that, according to the Vedānta philosophy, God was not only the *efficient* but the *material* cause of the universe.' If God be the material cause of a material universe, then what is God but Matter? Really I begin to doubt how I am to avoid agreeing with Col. Kennedy that it is impossible to suppose that Mr. Colebrooke, who employs the same terms—saying, of God, that 'He is both efficient and material cause of the world'\*—could be of opinion that such a system could be otherwise than material. I see indeed that Mr. Colebrooke, by what Sir G. C. Haughton calls 'a fortunate departure from his usual reserve,'† has left an explicit record of his opinion of the Vedānta philosophy that removes all doubt as to his conception of its nature. The Vedānta, he says, 'deduces from the text of the Indian scriptures a refined psychology, which goes to a denial of a material world.‡ But is not this contradictory to the other assertion? Deny a material world, and what do you mean by its material cause? Sir G. C. Haughton appears to have been conscious that there was some inconsistency here, for he seeks to shift the blame from Mr. Colebrooke to the Vedāntists themselves. Mr. Colebrooke held the Vedānta to be a refined psychology, and 'consequently,' argues Sir G. C. Haughton, 'should it appear to be, as Colonel Kennedy asserts, a system of gross and material pantheism in the writings of Mr. Colebrooke, such an inference must be deduced from the expressions of its Indian interpreters, who are faithfully rendered by him.'§ I must say, I think Sir G. C. Haughton had better have confined his defence of Mr. Colebrooke to this single assertion that the inconsistency belongs to the system itself

\* *Essays*, Vol. I. p. 371.

† *As. Jour.* Vol. XVIII. p. 215.

‡ *Essays*, Vol. I. p. 227.

§ *As. Jour.* Vol. XVIII. p. 215.

*Eusebius.*—"You talk most strangely, explain yourself if possible."

*Tárádatt.*—"You observe the moon, which Laurence has kept gazing at—indifferent to our conversation, on the subject of which his mind is apparently made up. Now look into any of these large earthen vessels which Philoxenus keeps filled with water for the benefit of his beloved shrubs and trees. If it should seem to you that the moon is visible in every one of these, as well as in the sacred stream that ripples before us; would you conclude that there are many moons, some of them at rest, as in the water-tub, and some in agitation, as in the rippling stream?"

*Eusebius.*—"No; because there is but one real moon, and the others are reflections."

*Tárádatt.*—"Good:—and if the water, to which these reflections are due, were removed, what would remain?"

*Eusebius.*—"Why, as regards the present question, the moon itself."

*Tárádatt.*—"True. Now, in like manner remove the Ignorance or Delusion, out of which men's minds are made, and then there will be no dim or disturbed reflections of Soul, but Soul itself will remain alone."

*Eusebius.*—"You ought to be very sure indeed that you have good evidence for the authenticity of a revelation which asserts things so repugnant to reason and common sense."

*Tárádatt.*—"On the contrary, I think we may dispense with the trouble of enquiring into the credentials of a revelation conveying a doctrine which so irresistibly approves itself to the reason."

At this declaration, O Theophilus, Eusebius shrugged his shoulders, Laurence sighed, and I myself felt moved to speak,—which I proceeded to do as follows. "That the doctrine of the Vedánta approves itself to the reason ought to lead you to doubt, O Tárádatt, whether the doctrine required a revelation and was therefore likely to be the subject of one. I do not refer to those queer observances, such as inhaling the breath by one nostril and expelling it by the other, which are inculcated in the system, and which, in my opinion, are so far from approving themselves to reason that an unquestionably authenticated revelation alone could justify their being gravely considered. I refer solely to the great tenet that only One exists, and that nothing but One ever actually existed or will exist or could exist. To this conviction, if not to this belief, every one, I think, must come, who, studying the mystery of Being—by the bare light of

his own reason,—determinedly analyses and takes account of every thought and every term in the chain of his speculation. I can articulate the term *Creation*,—and I may appear to attach a distinct idea to the term when I say that it means ‘making out of nothing’—which I do hold it to mean;—but is it possible for me to conceive that what is so made has in it a principle of existence which would sustain it for an instant if the creative force were withdrawn? I am *not* able to conceive this. I believe, that, by a confusion of mind—or confusion of words—people may persuade themselves that they have a conception of it,—but I find in my own inmost thoughts that I have *not*. Were there a withdrawal of the support of the One, I cannot conceive otherwise than that all *that appears* must collapse—as the electro-magnet drops the load that it sustained, the instant that it is disconnected from the source of its magnetic power. Can we call such a thing a *magnet*—a *real magnet*? No;—it only *appears* to be one through the influx of an independent power. The illustration is an imperfect one:—as what illustration, of the conception that I speak of, but must be? But what need of any illustration in the case of a conception which, as you justly remark, so irresistibly approves itself to the unbiassed reason?”

Here Eusebins, starting up, put on his hat, and, turning on his heel, walked off. Tárádat, who seemed to waver between the inclination to follow him and some curiosity to hear me out, laughingly welcomed me as a convert to Vedántism; while, disregarding the interruption, I proceeded.

“Now, while the speculative reason, fearlessly followed, brings us inevitably to the brink of that precipice over which you would have us cast ourselves, *here*, I say, is a worthy occasion for the intervention of a benevolent Providence, if a benevolent Providence there be;—and here, accordingly, a benevolent Providence has interposed. No revelation was required to make known—had it been true—that the Reality is but One,—that human sin and misery are illusions,—that Man himself is God. These,—had they been truths,—we see that unassisted Reason had sufficed to assure us of. But, to assure us that, though in Him, the One Almighty, we ‘live and move and have our being,’ yet our destiny is at His disposal; and to assure us what that destiny, alternatively, must be,—and what are the conditions that will determine that alternative;—*these* were purposes for which a revelation was indeed required, and for which,—blessed be God,—a revelation has been vouchsafed.”

The Bráhmañ, O Theophilus, here shook his head, and, hastening after Eusebius, left me in the middle of my discourse. When I turned round, Laurence had vanished. Thus deserted, I joined the circle at the tea-table of Philoxenus, where the conversation, cheerful and miscellaneous, bore little reference to the notions of the Hindús.

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### OBEDIENCE.

THE way which Duty leads thee,  
There strive to go,  
Knowing that He who made thee  
Hath ordered so.

Lilies on water cradled  
Of some smooth lake  
Bow all their drooping petals  
When crisped waves break ;

Yet, past their transient hour,  
No trace we see :—  
Sad type of proud man's power  
And destiny !

Then bow with fast religion  
To Heaven's decrees,  
And trust the Spirit's vision  
Thy frailty sees ;

Steadfast and nothing doubting  
Thy faith to be  
Guide to the Christian's longing,  
Eternity.

And when this life is ended,  
Hoping to be  
With Christ's redeemed blended  
Immortally.

## VIII.

## URDÚ LEXICOGRAPHY.\*

THE appearance of a fourth edition of Mr. Shakespear's "Hindústání" Dictionary suggests some reflections on Urdú lexicography. The new edition, it scarcely need be said, has been received with grateful and extensive welcome. Since the days of the gigantic, but often misdirected, labours of the querulous and eccentric Gilchrist, Mr. Shakespear seems to have maintained a pre-eminence, in his particular department, but feebly and ineffectively disputed. Compendia, derived, in the main, from his excellent work, have sprung up in its path, have enjoyed a short period of local celebrity, and have then made way for fresh publications of similar character and pretensions. But the success of these compilations, such as it has been, has hardly produced any perceptible effect on the fortunes of the parent work, which has steadily been gaining in the public esteem until it can be said that it now stands in little danger from any rival. We are aware that there is such a work as Forbes's Dictionary, — a work which, for most politic reasons, tries to ignore the very existence of Mr. Shakespear's achievement. Like other abstracts from a source of which it waives acknowledgement, it has the defect, notwithstanding tolerable copiousness, of being ill-calculated for any class of students for whom it was intended. Its comparative cheapness serves, indeed, to recommend it to parsimony and penury as a make-shift. Yet even as a make-shift, it is at best delusive; and the more complete work of Mr. Shakespear will at last be resorted to by all who would investigate either the Urdú language or Urdú literature otherwise than superficially. The dictionary "English and Hindústání," which appears, in its new form, for the first time, in the present edition, demands the warmest acknowledgements of all who take any interest in the people or in the mind of India.

Since its first publication in 1817, the dictionary of Mr. Shakespear has, in each successive edition, undergone constant and material improvement. Availing himself, in a manner equally honourable and judicious, of whatever has

\* A Dictionary, Hindústání and English, and English and Hindústání, the latter being entirely new. By John Shakespear. Fourth Edition, greatly enlarged. London: 1849.

been effected by contemporary lexicographers, he has outstripped them all. But his success is nowise wholly to be attributed to his felicity in the art of borrowing. Many of the best Urdú authors of by-gone times have been industriously consulted, and have yielded rich returns in requital of the trouble expended on them. That the worthy author has not kept pace with the progress of the language, as modified and improved in modern literature, is the fault of circumstances inseparable from not residing in India. To the same cause is to be ascribed an abiding misconception, which seriously impairs the practical utility of his results. We mean the supposition, which still seems to prevail in England, that Urdú is the popular language of Hindustán Proper. Of nineteen native authors and works, enumerated as having been consulted with a view to enriching the new edition of the dictionary, only a single one, the *Prema Ságara*, is Hindí; and everything in this work, of any value for lexical purposes, was brought to light years ago in Capt. Price's admirable vocabulary. Far be it from us to underrate the value of the huge mass of materials, tending to simplify the acquisition of the Urdú, which the compiler has so assiduously assembled. Nor can we doubt that the copious additions to our knowledge of the Dakhní, extracted from the MSS. of the late Dr. Harris of Madras, are a great boon to people in the South. But what is especially needed here is more information with regard to the Hindí,—the language of the whole people, except an inconsiderable part of them, and that not the most deserving.\*

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\* One who has not lived in Hindustán Proper can have but a very imperfect idea of the real nature of the language in use among the body of the people. In every district, and in almost every town, distinctly marked differences in pronunciation may be detected by an attentive observer. New words, and new shades of meaning in old words, also encounter the traveller at every stage. And as it is all over India. Of course, it could not be expected of the writer of a dictionary to note all the characteristics of those confluent and ever-shifting dialects. Provincial grammars and vocabularies could, however, be easily compiled, and ought to be compiled. There is no doubt that it would be a real benefit to break down, if practicable, the characteristics here adverted to; and it strikes us as strange that it did not occur to the fertile imagination of Mr. Trevelyan,—who, had he been able, would have exploded the native characters once for all,—to attempt to introduce uniformity among sounds before meddling with symbols. Schemes of this sort, though most eligible theories to theorise upon, are not likely to meet with such success as Sir Hudson's pendulum-plan to

— make all tailors' yards of one  
Unanimous opinion.

It does not much surprise us to learn from history with what comparative ease a foreign tongue was forced upon a portion of the Hindús by their uncompromising conquerors. Still the process must have been very gradual; and to this very reason we may refer the tenacious success with which it was attended. The yoke of the Muslim was at length removed, but not until foreign modes of thought and expression had acquired a sort of hereditary sacredness, and had ceased to be remembered as badges of thralldom and ignominy. The case of the Hindús accordingly presents a marked contrast to that of the Germans, who dismissed the French element from their language with a despatch which nothing save the freshness of Saxon disgust could have inspired. But other causes contributed, with the force of custom, to prevent a change of speech among the Hindús. The Muhammadans, though not numerically powerful, were

A large proportion of the current indigenous literature is written in the dialects above spoken of, which bear little resemblance to the language of the Prema Ságar, a work entirely *sui generis*, though usually imagined to be the type of popular Hindí. The Literature of the Hindí language is still a *terra incognita*, and must long remain so to all investigators out of India. As a touchstone of the feasibility of trespassing on this province, a translation of the Sata Sá'í may be proposed to the aspirant. We have strong reasons to suspect that, even with the assistance of its eight commentaries, this work would prove a perfect riddle. As our provincial peculiarities rarely find their way into print, we give the following verses as a specimen of the ordinary language of the vulgar in this district. These verses were taken down for us, by our pandit, as they were shrieked, rather than sung, probably extempore, by the first musical passenger that happened to go by our door.

विरहा

गुहरि बजार मोर लुगरि चिरानी बाबूकि बजार मोरि छीट ।  
राजाके दुखार मोरि नटिया छटबखि लोग निखनिआके  
छीट ॥

बखनि जात मोरि डगरे डगरे चिर मोहरी का बोक ।

तनिबक मोहरी उतारी मोरे संगी खेहें बटोही लोग ॥

कारि बहरिआ पिअरि बहरिआ मजे श्री बहराह ।

सामी जीके देखवा में परब बिबुखिआ नेहर बिअरा खेराह ॥

कईवा गैवा कइवां बहराह कइवां खेती होह ।

सैंवा तो समसे मोरिआके पिअरां देखब जैसन होह ॥



still in the country, and concerned in every description of intercourse with their emancipated bondsmen. The Sanskrit, leaving its difficulty out of question, was still fondly regarded as the inviolable language of the gods; and nationality, had such a passion been felt, could never have got the better of taste so far as to discard an elegant and exuberant dialect in favour of the harsh and hungry gibberish of the primitive peasantry. The Urdú was thus naturally continued in office; but, as of old, only as the medium of communication for the wealthier orders of society, the tribe of Káyasthas, and the Muhammadans, — a small fraction of the aggregate population. When Hindusthán passed into the power of Englishmen, the language and tastes of the native gentry were, discreetly enough, taken into consideration in framing a scheme of policy, designed to accord, as far as possible, with established prepossessions and habits. The Persian, which had for centuries been the official language, was, under the new government, retained in the same capacity. This was all as it should be, to subserve an exigence, and for the sake of concession. It was a choice of evils, and we marvel that the shrewd sense and active benevolence of Britons were not more forward in devising a remedy. We now look back with horror and self-reproach at the amount of injustice and misery which must have resulted from this wanton upholding of one of the most reprehensible traits of Muhammadan rule. But reason and humanity, in the fulness of time, asserted their rights. A change was accomplished, and it was a change for the better. The Urdú has been for several years the language of our courts, — unquestionably to the immense relief of all concerned, barring sundry species of ravenous subordinates. By this fact chiefly may we account for the common impression, out of India, that Urdú is the language of the mass, — of the inhabitants of villages, who are noted for litigiousness, and are, therefore, frequent applicants for public justice. Our Orientalists, who have compiled vernacular dictionaries in the country, have also abetted in confirming this erroneous opinion. Not one of them, whose work has fallen in our way, has devoted to the speech of the vulgar a tithe of that attention which it deserves. Nay; residing for the most part in cities, their occasions have not often directed their notice even to the existence of any peculiar dialect in use by the commonalty. Gilchrist's individual ignorance of the popular tongue must be obvious to any one conversant with his

works. His unfamiliarity with the Devanāgarī\* character is of itself evidence sufficient for our purpose.

It must not be thought that we are singular in the sentiments here expressed. In confirmation of them we appeal to the experience of any magistrate, missionary, or officer of a native regiment, in these provinces. Not many months have passed since we heard the following apposite confession from the lips of an estimable clergyman, whose name will be fragrant among Christians when the faith of the false prophet shall be numbered, with its vanquishers, among the things that were. "The language of this part of India," said he, "is not the Urdú. It was my misfortune not to make this discovery till I had been here many years. I lived in a city, and seldom went out of it. Hence my mistake was excusable. But the missionary who would do the most good, will find it for his interest to acquire the current Hindí, as the dialect of a large majority of the people, as well as of that portion of them most likely to hear and profit by his instructions."

The great defect that we have met with in Mr. Shakespear's Dictionary is, as we have already stated, its deficiency in Hindí.† Of words of this description we have ourselves

\* The prevalence of the Nāgarī character in these provinces might be inferred, even by one not directly aware of it, from the fact that it was proposed for adoption as the character of the courts, by a civilian who at all events thoroughly understood the natives and their inclinations. (See Shore's Notes on Indian Affairs, Vol. I., p. 36.) We have our doubts whether this experiment would have been worth the expense of a trial. The Nāgarī, as a character for writing, is much more unmanageable than the Persian; and, when written hastily, it is to the full as likely to be unintelligible to any one but the writer, or even to himself, after it has been some time laid aside. It is also not nearly so well adapted to express certain Arabic sounds as the Muhammadan alphabet is to represent, by conventional marks of long standing, any articulations purely Indian. It is very true that the Nāgarī is the character of the country; but some account should be taken of the circumstance that a large majority of the persons who appear in court are already acquainted with the Persian character. Of the residue very many are unable to read or write at all; so that it matters little in what alphabet their depositions are recorded.

† The portion of Mr. Shakespear's Dictionary requiring to be expressed in the Devanāgarī character, is exceedingly accurate, and yet not quite faultless. In common with his authorities,—not excepting the best of them,—Mr. Shakespear frequently confounds the letters क and क; writing, for instance, कौल for कौल *myrrh*, and कौल for कौल *reed*. The miscellaneous corrigenda given below are nearly all from the first 300 pages of the dictionary. The following words, though given as pure Hindí, are really from the Sanskrit: उल्हाह (i. e., उत्साह), बस a coil (from बस to enclose), बरजना (from बज्ज), धाहा a crowd (from धारा), पाट breadth,

added to it upwards of 2,000, very few of which are borrowed or corrupted from the Sanskrit. These words have come across our path, of their own accord, within the few years since we began to note them down. A friend of ours has collected about as many as we have, but from a different line of reading. The richness,—sterile though it be, in comparison with the Urdú,—of this division of our lingua Franca, may be conjectured by a glance at the first volume (unfortunately the only one as yet) of Sir H. M. Elliot's curiously recondite Supplemental Glossary.—This work is one of those of which Mr. Shakespear has wisely availed himself in his new edition. But there are other publications, of Indian growth, from which much that is valuable might be gleaned by the compiler of an Urdú or Hindí dictionary. We proceed to mention some of these publications, of which not one seems to have yet found its way to Europe.

I. *Nafá'isu-l-lughát*, by *Maulawí Auhadu-d-dín Ahmad* of Bilgrám. Folio, pp. 940. Lakhnau: A. H. 1257 (A. D. 1841).

This work is the first attempt, deserving of mention, by an Indian Muhammadan, to give a dictionary of his mother tongue. As might be expected from the force of an inveterate and absurd prejudice, the definitions and comments are expressed in Persian. This fact cannot, however, be said materially to detract from the value of the work. If conservatism had been sacrificed to the extent of adopting the vernacular as the vehicle of exposition, we should probably have had to regret the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, synonymes

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राज्वा (like बरिवा, from प्रतिपद), पुखराज (from पुष्पराम), राज्वा (from राटि), ठङ्गा (not ठङ्गा, from टङ्गी). The words सञ्जामान (recte), बुद्धिमान, and बुद्धिवती, again, are erroneously given as pure Sanskrit. प्रायश्च, कुसबोध, and कुसबोधन, seem to be wrong altogether. The following words are badly written: अविचारिनी, आहुंभव, अहचिंयत्, अचन, पैतिक, and मातृवत्. The word वैहारि, which Mr. Shakespear derives from वैदिकी (the fem. of वैदिक pertaining to the *Veda*), really comes from वैद्यता. योधरा or योधरिवा, which is corrupted from यवहारिन् (nom. यवहारी), is derived by Mr. Shakespear from the impossible word यवहारिक.

which are supplied, and which constitute a conspicuous and important feature of the work. Quotations are copiously adduced in confirmation of the definitions propounded. By a happy coincidence, this is entirely in our taste. Great industry must have been requisite to bring these dispersed quotations together; and, as far as we have examined them, a sound judgment seems to have been exercised in their selection. This work, it should be borne in mind, is the initiative in a department of letters to which we should hail any attention whatever as momentarily auspicious. It was also prepared in entire independence of European patronage or supervision. That it should, therefore, satisfy the requisitions of our advanced criticism, is more than could be reasonably expected. Indeed, that the subject of vernacular glossology should be considered, under such circumstances, as entitled to anything but contempt, is a welcome omen, as indicative of the insensible, though unacknowledged, influence, among our native subjects, of European notions. It may be objected to the work in question, that it does not embrace in its plan the whole language, being confined, in great part, to such matters, useful to be understood, as are supposed to be frequently misapprehended. But time will doubtless prove to the people of the East the expedience of our views on this and many other analogous subjects. To indulge an unnatural solicitude for progress in such things would probably retard rather than accelerate them. Nevertheless, we are advisedly surprised at one or two singularities, which ought to have appeared as blemishes, even to a Muhammadan. For instance, as is stated in the preface, such vernacular words as are not definable either in Persian or Arabic, are pretermitted altogether. They must have been obstinate words indeed, that were not capable of interpretation by some shift or other,—by periphrasis, at all events, at which the compiler never scruples, and to which no one could object. A sample of these intractable vocables would have been curious. The compiler also thinks it necessary to apologize for being obliged to confine himself, in some cases, to Arabic and Persian, in defining words in the rustic dialects, synonymes for which were not available in the polished Urdu. This apology, though uncalled for, indicates two noticeable facts, namely, that the language of the peasantry is regarded as meriting some consideration; and that it is not allowed, as is generally supposed, to admit into the Urdu, at one's option, words hitherto unestablished by classical use.

Many of the disquisitions of Maulawí Auhadu-d-dín are both singular and valuable. They also announce a wide range of research and an enthusiastic interest in his subject. We select, as an example, the substance of the remarks on the word *yatím*, usually defined an orphan: "*Yatím*, in Urdú, as in Arabic, properly signifies a child whose *father* is dead;—in Persian, *pidar-murda*. A child whose *father and mother* are *both* dead is called in Arabic, *latím*. '*Ajty* is the name, in the same language, for a child whose *mother* is dead; in Persian, *mádar-murda*. *Abú Mansúr* says, in the *Takmila*, that the vulgar opinion is that *yatím* means a child who has lost *father or mother*, but that this opinion is incorrect; the true signification of the word being—a child bereft of its *father only*. Among quadrupeds, a young animal deprived of its *dam* is called by the same name; as is also, among birds, a youngling which has lost *both parents*. The term *yatím* is not applied to a child after it has advanced beyond infancy."

The *Nafá'isu-l-lughát*, though described as a volume in folio, would be reduced, by diminishing its liberal width of margin, to a size not exceeding large octavo. Further deduction should be made for the space occupied by the technical specification of vowel and diacritical points,—a complete superfluity in the majority of cases, as the words to be explained are exhibited in their full array of orthoepical notation. This work is neatly lithographed in the Nastálíq character. Though its fame does not seem to have reached Europe, it has long been out of print, and is now procurable only with great difficulty and at a high price. This fact of itself furnishes sufficient proof that a work of this kind is felt by the natives to be a desideratum.

II. *Anfasu-n-nafá'is*, by *Mir Hasan Razví* of Lakhnau. 8vo., pp. 220. Lakhnau: A. H. 1262 (A. D. 1845). An abstract, in Persian, of the *Nafá'isu-l-lughát*. Nearly, if not quite, out of print. See the next.

III. *Muntakhabu-n-nafá'is*, by *Maulawí Mahbúb-i-Áli* of Rámpur. 8vo., pp. 172. Lakhnau: A. H. 1262 (A. D. 1845). 2d ed., A. H. 1264 (A. D. 1847).

This work is nothing more than the last professedly purged of its inaccuracies. Yet its editor roundly taxes the author of the *Anfasu-n-nafá'is* with theft, for having ventured to abstract the larger work already spoken of. His own approbation, even if he had been authorized by its proprietor, for the appearance of No. II., to make an abstract of the *Nafá'is*, may much more justly be branded with the harsh

name which he applies to the work of his predecessor. We have compared the two impressions, and we find that there is but little to choose between them. The latter is, however, in some unessential particulars, rather preferable to the former. Here and there a word is dwelt on rather more at length, and occasionally an unnecessary comment is rescinded. One objection, alleged by its rival against the original abstract, is that of idle repetitions. But this objection, even if supported by fact, is trifling in comparison with a censurable peculiarity which is pertinaciously retained in the revision. We refer to the needless details relative to vowel-marks, etc., above adverted to, which could well have been spared, had a little more heed been paid to accentuation. The two works may thus fairly be considered as one.

The abstract of the *Nafā'isu-l-lughāt*, though a performance of considerable merit, cannot be said to supersede the work from which it is condensed. Its arrangement is well-contrived, and this, with its cheapness, must contribute largely to make it a popular book of reference. The words defined, to the number of about 5,000, together with their Persian and Arabic synonymes, are given in the body of the page, in two sets of triple columns. The simple synonymes have often been regarded as adequately explanatory. The glosses on such words as require them are to be found in the margin; and the correspondence of each gloss with the word it elucidates is indicated by a distinctly marked numeral attached to both. These annotations, though of necessity greatly abbreviated, follow pretty closely the phraseology of the original work. Were it not for its being lithographed in a very slovenly manner, this work might prove to deserve much more praise than our bad eyesight and worse skill in solving the mysteries of scoliography permit us to bestow on it.

A specimen of this abridgement, from which some notion may be formed of its character, is remitted to the subjoined note.\* The words and expressions there given, which have

مربی	فارسی	* اُردو
تَقَاف	—	انعی باز 1
بائش	—	انگواشی
—	ابواب	بَدْر لویسی

been selected from the first two letters of the alphabet, belong to that class for which various native scholars seem to have tasked their ingenuity in vain to discover equivalents in both Persian and Arabic. With the aid of reversed dictionaries of these languages, it will be an easy matter for any inquisitive person so disposed, to ascertain the exact reach of the ingenuity, unaided except by memory, which succumbed before this exploit in synonymy. We cannot forbear observing that our native literati, Muhammadans as well as Hindus, have great injustice done them, on the score of their conversancy with languages, by certain scholars of Europe; who seem to require nothing more substantial, to base their detractions on, than manuscripts executed by professional copyists who just know one letter from another, and the sentences which we sometimes see embroidered on articles of dress\* worn by pilgrims returned from Makka, and by others. It is as impossible for us in India lightly to esteem

شَهَبَةُ الْعَجُوزِ	—	بَرَبْرَا 2
—	بَزْكَ	بَزَا
—	لُولُو	بَهْلَا و بَهْلَا 3
أَشْنٌ و أَخْنٌ	—	بَهْنَبَهْنَا
—	بَنَكْ مَا	بَهْنَكُهَوْنَا
صَبْبَةٌ	—	بَيْرَةٌ

1 بمعنی ماکیان کہ آمادہ بیضہ فہادن باشد

2 چیزیںستہ شبیبہ ریسانہای باریک و باہم پیچیدہ خوشبو

3 بمعنی صورتی مہیب کہ ازان اطفال را بترسانند

Not one of these words, however common, occurs in Mr. Shakespear's Dictionary, except, perhaps, *bassá* (from the Persian), which may be inferred by *bazá*, given as pure Hindi.

\* See Journal Asiatique, IIIe. Série, Tome V., p. 341, note.

our instructors and guides,\* as it is to esteem very highly the judgment of those who are ready to disparage or despise on grounds so questionable and frivolous.

IV. *Makhzan-i-fawā'id*, by *Mīrzā Niyāz-i-Ālī Beg Nakhat*. Folio, pp. 357. Dihlī: 1845.

This is a collection of technical terms, idioms, and proverbs, compiled in Urdú, at the instance of Mr. Boutros, sometime Principal of the Dihlī College. This work reflects the highest credit on its author, who should be generously encouraged to prosecute a pursuit for which he has shown proof of such superior aptitude. The contents of the *Makhzan-i-fawā'id* could be advantageously incorporated, excluding some of the proverbs, almost without retrenchment, into the dictionary of the Urdú language.

As may be gathered from the tenour of the foregoing remarks, a complete lexicon of the Urdú and Hindī still remains to be written. And we have much satisfaction in announcing that a work of this kind, to be compiled under competent supervision, will probably soon be taken in hand. The object of this work will be to meet the immediate wants of Indian students. The definitions will be given in the vernacular, and all words of Sanskrit and aboriginal origin will be represented in the Devanāgarī, as well as in the Arabic character. An Urdú Dictionary, with the explanations in the same language, has been advertised (*Agra Government Gazette*, 19th August, 1851) as soon to appear. But this work, we may confidently predict, merely from its limited size, will not preclude the necessity or desirableness of the other work in contemplation, which, apart from its usefulness here, will serve as a thesaurus from which materials may be drawn for dictionaries intended solely for Europeans. It is to be hoped that the editor of this work may be enabled to avail himself of the valuable MS. dictionary of Capt. Roebuck, which has, for so many years, slumbered unprofitably in the archives of the College of Fort William.

BENARES : September 1st, 1851.

F. E. H.

\* At page viii. of the Preface to the *Sāṅkhya Kārikā*, the reader will find a handsome tribute, in which we most heartily concur, to the abilities of his "former masters and friends," from the pen of Prof. Wilson, a man cautious, even to diffidence, in laudation.



## IX.

THE REVEREND JAMES BUSH, M.A., LATE RECTOR OF SOUTH  
LUFFINGHAM, BUTLANDSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENARES MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I know nothing more calculated to be of use, practically to all Christians, and especially to the Clergy, than the pure, and, as far as may be in the inheritors of a fallen nature, *perfect* examples of piety and virtue;—of men

“ Faithful found  
Among the faithless, faithful only they;  
With whom, nor number nor example work  
To swerve from truth, or change their constant mind.”

Such was he, whose name I have prefixed to this brief notice, who has been taken to the invisible world, in which he had continually lived by faith. His departure,—December 11, 1849, at midnight,—was to his own great gain, though to the immeasurable loss of his family and attached friends. In this admirable man they possessed one of the dearest of friends, and of the humblest and most pious of faithful believers in Christ. To his family, as one of his sons well expresses it in a letter to the writer, “he has left the brightest example that ever parent bequeathed to his children.” But “being dead, he yet speaketh.” And the fervent prayer of each who knew him, and of myself especially, may well be—*sit mea anima cum illo!*

He was educated at Rugby, and a Graduate of Oxford. And when I first became acquainted with him, about the year 1820, when I was Vicar of a small parish near Northampton, he lived at Gayton, near the same town; of which Dr. Butler, the Master of Rugby, (of whom he had been a favourite pupil,) was the incumbent. He occupied the Parsonage House, as it had been occupied by Dr. Butler, with his furniture, and an excellent Library belonging to Dr. B. He was respected and beloved by all who knew him. His mother once declared to me, that he had never given his parents a moment's uneasiness;—he had never disobeyed, or displeased them, from his birth upwards. He was then more than thirty years of age. His learning was considerable, especially in theology.\* He wrote little

\* I remember, about 1820, he wrote in Latin several brief biographies in continuation of Ep. Godwin's *De Præsulibus Angliæ Commentarius*. But they were not published.

for publication; but his sermons were much admired for their neatness, their simplicity, and their *effectiveness*. Into his preaching, as into everything, he carried his own beautiful character and temper. The only publication I know by him—and I believe the only one his modesty allowed him to bring out—is a little book, now lying before me, entitled “The Choice, or Lines on the Beatitudes.” London, 1841. The venerable poet, Wordsworth, (ὁ ἐν ἀγίοις,) of whom he had been many years the respected neighbour and friend, approved this little book. In the original note of acknowledgment,—a precious relic and autograph in my possession,—the poet says;—“Pray accept my cordial acknowledgments for this token of your kindness. My son would tell you that we read the book with much pleasure.”—The following passage may give some notion of the character of these “*Lines*.”

“Blessed are they that mourn aright!  
Whose tears for sin are like a river:  
Their God shall make the darkness light,  
And give them cheerfulness for ever.  
The brightest gleam that summer see:  
Is not the source of nature’s gladness;  
But rain, that drops on grass and trees,—  
The emblem of a spirit’s sadness,—  
’Tis this which makes the valleys sing;  
With herbage fresh the fields adorning:  
So heaviness, which night may bring,  
Shall usher in the joy of morning.  
But various are the springs of woe;  
We mourn for sin, we mourn for loss:  
Is this, too, blest? ’tis even so;  
If patiently we bear the cross.”

To the “*Lines*” are appended some interesting notes, which he styles “*Observations*.”

But his life was the book which cannot be too frequently perused;—“above all Greek, above all Roman fame.”—Southey, whose neighbour he was at Keswick, compared his pastoral life to George Herbert’s, and with no preference of that revered name. The piety and humility, and the general *loveableness*, of James Bush were equalled only, not excelled, by such men as we read of in Cave’s *Lives of the Fathers*, and Wordsworth’s beautiful ecclesiastical *Biography*:—I have indeed *read* of such; but I have *known* but one JAMES BUSH.

He wrote to his friends from his death-bed; and favored me with one of their precious letters. His words are—“I write to you from my death-bed, on which I have been lying

about three weeks, without the shadow of a probability of rising from it . . . . . First, before I proceed about myself, let me thank you for your long and sincere friendship, and beg of God to bless you and all your's in time and eternity." After detailing some of his acute sufferings, he says—"These things would make me earnestly wish for death, were it not for a desire rather that the will of God take place. Christ was perfected by sufferings, and I am infinitely imperfect."

I need not extract more from this beautiful letter, showing so much piety and a perfect resignation to the will of God, and so much true affection for his friends. I will add but a Sonnet written shortly

*After his Death.*

Whether beneath the shadow of the Throne,  
 With Seraphs' pinions shadowing the bright  
 Bright Presence of God's ever-wakeful eye,  
 Blest souls lay down the burthen of their woes;  
 To whatsoever sphere his spirit's gone,  
 He must be eminent 'mid Saints in light—  
 His place, of gladness and serenity,  
 Of bliss, of imperturbable repose!  
 It is allowed some natural tears be shed,  
 Since Sorrow is the progeny of Death—  
 (Though through Death's cloud shines the bright bow of Hope)—  
 For spirits from earth's shadowy valley fled;  
 But Heaven's own armour, and the sword of Faith,  
 Triumphantly with Death and Sorrow cope.

COLOMBO: January 20, 1850.

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## X.

## THE SOUTHERN WIND.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

BREATHE o'er me, gentle spirit of the South,  
 For I have labored through the weary day ;  
 And lift the light curls as in wanton play  
 From his fair forehead, that with rosy mouth  
 Half open, waits to welcome and to bless.  
 Thee, thou restorer of his health, as mine ;  
 —And now runs forward as to catch the sound,  
 The glorious sound of thy enormous wing ;

And now in weariness,  
 Displeased with thee, Delayer, turns to twine  
 His smooth white arms with childlike fondness round  
 The neck to which he loves and joys to cling.

Lo ! the first star of eve is on the sky,  
 The first fair star which poets love to praise,  
 And which was worshipped in the elder day,  
 As well it might have been,—for throned on high  
 In the blue arch of heaven, the firmament,  
 It seems a jewel on the hidden brow  
 Of some good spirit, placed by God's behest  
 To keep a look out on the land and sea,

And on his trust intent.  
 And yet, O Breeze of evening—where art thou ?  
 Thou that wert ever eager to contest,  
 Which should come first at evening's revelry.

The bat that on the cypress all day long  
 Tenaciously had stuck, now quits the tree,  
 And through the blue air hastens silently ;  
 To distant groves the rivers marge along,  
 Where on their slender pillars cluster thick  
 The ripened betelnuts ; the busy crow  
 Faint and o'erwearied seeks its twig-built nest  
 In the huge banyan's wilderness of leaves ;

And nature, tired and sick,  
 Longs for thy presence and thy music low ;  
 And yet thou ridest on the ocean's breast,  
 And reck'st not, in thy pleasure, that she grieves.

What keeps thee from us ? Wherefore this delay ?  
 The rose is yearning for thee—holding up

With a reproachful air her incense-cup,  
 And the pale lotus wafts in sighs away  
 Her virgin heart, and that still paler flower  
 The eldest born of eve, and fairest far  
 Of all her children, which unbidden blooms  
 In every thicket where the queen of night  
     Pours forth her golden shower,  
 Hangs down her head in sorrow,—like a star  
 New fallen on earth and mourning mid its glooms  
 For regions, where it dwelt, of endless light.

The shades of evening deepen. Veil on veil  
 Falls on the landscape. Rising from the stream  
 Whose sluggish waters now more sluggish seem,  
 Faint mists,—as faint as gauze—on ether sail  
 And spread their haze the palms tall plumes around  
 On which the fire-flies sparkle. Silence steals  
 Where late the feverish pulse of life beat high  
 A silence that expects thee—bids thee speed,

    A silence most profound!

And now the rising moon the tank reveals  
 Where cattle drank—its waveless waters lie  
 Reflecting but the sky and bending reed.

Hark! from the distant roofs—the Bramin's bell!  
 That well known summoner with its silver tone.  
 —Again—Again—canst thou that spell disown  
 And linger yet upon the billows' swell?  
 No! No! I hear thee rustling mid the boughs,  
 —Weary of earth thou'dst sought the restless sea,  
 But back returnest—yes, return'st at last,  
 Like a kind angel on a mission kind;

    I feel thee on my brows,

And my heart leaps to greet and welcome thee,  
 Thou that recallest with thy voice the past,  
 And giv'st new life to body and to mind.

CALCUTTA: 12th September, 1851.

## JESUITISM, THE INQUISITION, AND DR. ACHILLI.\*

It is impossible to deny Dr. Achilli our sympathies, or, in a great many points, our admiration. True, he seems, in his repudiation of her errors, to have lost sight of many of those deep facts and doctrines which are embraced in the marvellous system which he has renounced; which, inhering, to some extent, in almost all her corruptions, and addressing themselves to the longings of the human heart, should therefore the rather be distinguished and claimed by those who would relieve others from the fascinations of the Roman schism; but we trust, and we confess, we see no sufficient cause to doubt, that his is a noble and a valiant heart, and therefore, though we think that he has often abandoned his better judgment, and bent his ardour upon impracticabilities, and been (most lamentable of all) rudely recusant to some to whom he should have submitted himself—(we allude especially to the excellent Bishop of Gibraltar, a prelate who, we know, has struggled hard in perhaps the most difficult and unmanageable of all *protesting* Dioceses)—yet, when we see him importing Bibles by case-full into Rome through all the terrors of the French rule of July; braving the peril of a residence there after their confiscation; arrested, at dead of night, by officials and chasseurs; torn from the young and heroic wife whom he had wedded scarce a month; escorted to the Inquisition; incarcerated in its dungeons; witnessing for the truth to his fellow-priests in prison; summoned from his pious labours by a party of carbineers; placed in closer ward in that ill-starred castle where the Nero of the Pontiffs held his orgies; circumscribed to a miserable cell, dark and stifling, reeking with pestilence from the filth and rubbish accumulated without,—and within, a foul and fetid mattress, which “seemed to have served for dogs,” but must now be “both his chair and bed;” and even there,—though aware that there were hoarded, for the intimidation of future recusants, iron staples from which cardinals\* had been suspended,—preaching glad tidings of the Gospel to his

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\* DEALINGS WITH THE INQUISITION, or Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits. With important Disclosures. By the REV. GIACINTO ACHILLI, D.D. Late Prior and Visitor of the Dominical Order, Head Professor of Theology, and Vicar of the Master of the Sacred Apostolic Palace, &c. &c. LONDON: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co. 1851.

indulgent and hopeful gaoler—we lose sight of the many painful recitals which affect, in our opinion, the worth and prospects of his so-named “reformation,” and utter our indignant scorn of that hateful and cruel heresy by which he has been so ignominiously put to despoise. It is in no spirit of unkindness, or desire of fault-finding, therefore, that we take up Dr. Achilli’s volume; in which there is much to call for censure, but we will dispatch it speedily. We dislike the tone in which he approaches the discussion of some most sacred mysteries of our religion. That this has something of irreverence in it we are the more convinced, because we read the book aloud, in our family, and the impression it excited, in those parts especially which discuss the Holy Eucharist, were often so unfavourable that we were asked to discontinue. We dislike almost the whole of his proceedings at Malta, where we do persuade ourselves that a great and effectual door was open to him, which his own impatience of even lawful control has now closed altogether. It so happens that we were with Dr. Tomlinson, the admirable and learned Prelate of the English Church in Malta, when news reached him of Dr. Gobat’s election to the see of Jerusalem. Dr. Gobat held a chair in the Protestant College in that Island, to which, we presume, or at least to some office of instruction auxiliary to which, Dr. Achilli was nominated his successor. We have, therefore, the best possible means of knowing the deep interest of its Bishop and Visitor in that Protestant College at Malta, and the important and that he is ready to render its authorities, of course always with the understanding that they submit themselves to his ecclesiastical rule. It is quite evident, too, from Dr. Achilli’s own narrative, that the Bishop of Gibraltar was perfectly friendly to his reformatory labours among the monks and friars at Valetta, for he himself “sent a young friar, of the Capuchin order” to Dr. Achilli, for conference; notwithstanding that, instead of joining himself to the Protestant Episcopal communion, he became the leader of a new schism in that already distracted Island, and must needs “proceed to compose a liturgy and prepare a collection of hymns” for what he somewhat precipitately indicated as *The Italian Church of Malta*. But Dr. Achilli succeeded in establishing his Missionary institution in competition with the College, on the distinct understanding that on all important matters, he communicate with the Principals. Well—an Armenian Priest named Keosse having, Dr. Achilli was in communication with the College

Committee, at London, been placed, by the Principal, among the élèves of the Theological seminary, Dr. Achilli, on his return, evidently annoyed at what he judged an interference with his peculiar, entertains some rumours to that student's prejudice, and not content with his dismissal from the theological branch by the College authorities, requires that he be at once condemned and abandoned in the general branch as well, though in that he was making himself very useful as a Professor of the Turkish Language, there having been nothing whatever proved against him to the satisfaction of any but the Doctor's self. This manifestly could not be conceded, and at once he is in arms—prints *ex parte* complaints of vexatious opposition, and inattention to his protests; declares Keosse to have been "employed as a tool to separate him from the College, and make him close the Missionary department;" states that "an author of vile and ridiculous slanders had the art to induce some English Clergymen, and others who called themselves Protestants, to oppose themselves to his proceedings;" eulogizes the *Italian Church* as already the inheritor of "the boast of persecution in the treatment of her promoters, who had been oppressed and calumniated, and betrayed by false brethren;" parades the following (we are grieved if the Committee in England *did* receive or entertain any such proposal) as his original stipulation with the Home Trustees of the Malta Protestant College,

"If the College and the Theological Branch are under the patronage of the Bishop of Gibraltar, do not, on that account, imagine that my Church will also be subject to him. I shall consider it my duty to be equally courteous to him as to yourselves; but neither in one nor the other do I recognize the head or ruler of your Church. Furthermore I declare, that my companions, as well as myself, not being members of the Anglican Church, we purpose to be in communion with all Christian reformed Churches whatever, beginning with your own;"—  
p. 393.

flings his Lordship's judgment to the winds, and walks sulkily away. It is not, we think, to Dr. Achilli's advantage that he appeals to so important a transaction as this as a *mere verbal arrangement*. It should have been formally drawn up, and acknowledged by the several parties to the agreement, and have been left to the Bishop to accept or not, at his discretion. In regard to the immediate mover of the hostility, Keosse, it is true we have Dr. Achilli's word for it, that "after having awakened discord, inseminated scandal, turned Protestantism into derision, and elated the Jesuits with their victory, he turned his back on the Malta College, and repaired to Rome



to receive the reward of his labours, where doubtless he will be made a Bishop." Perhaps so. We venture to write nothing against the truth of Dr. Achilli's testimony. But nevertheless we do consider his whole management of the affair most indiscreet, and that for the result, he is in a large degree responsible. The fact is, he has become the most thorough-going and ambitious of dissenters, aspires to erect a church without even so much of a model as to be sure "whether he will adopt the Episcopalian or Presbyterian form of Government," and even without "any great interest about the question," on which he writes in the following somewhat patronizing strain;—

"I consider the question altogether a secondary one. It will greatly depend on the Bishops of the Latin Church in Italy. If they receive and promote our views, it is probable that they may, like the Bishops of England, be received by the general body of the Reformers; otherwise they will be done away with, as is the case of Scotland, Sweden and other Churches."—p. 381.

This supercilious tone is a fair specimen of Dr. Achilli's pretentiousness, which runs completely through his volume. He pleads guilty to the charge of "extravagant desires and overweening ambition." His heart is set on nothing less than to be the ungoverned restitutor of the Church of his country, his desire being that "the people of Italy be no longer the slaves of the priesthood, or at once the prey and laughing-stock of the Jesuit;" and his ambition, "to be foremost in this good work, and to teach others to labour effectively, through the grace of God, in the same holy cause;"—but as he commences, we are sadly afraid, without much temper, much judgment, much self-control, or much knowledge, or any settled plans whatever, or the least mistrust of his own sufficiency for these things, or indeed, as we have hinted before, any one quality which we can admire save his exceeding boldness for conscience' sake, upon his own shewing there are perhaps strong grounds of doubt whether he be the man to accomplish his "*mission*" (for so he names it). So much we are constrained reluctantly to say. We turn with far more pleasure to the nobler features of his character, and to such reflections as his history elicits on that extraordinary Society which still appears to wield an iron sceptre over the destinies, of which it can usurp the control.

How dark those pages of human annals are, on which the history of Jesuitism is written, we need not say. Prohibited,

for its notorious infamies, successively in several nations, eastern and western, and at length universally proscribed and anathematized by the Pope himself, a marvellous vitality still inhered in its organization, which no ban was able to extinguish, but which continued to support it, in many lands, a striking demonstration of the mystery of iniquity, until its solemn restitution to all its privileges and prerogatives, in 1814,\* by Pope Pius VII., on the false allegation of "the anxiety of all the Churches." Through Europe, and, perhaps, as much as anywhere, in England and its dependencies, have the Jesuits, from that time, been pushing their principles with a territle fatality before unknown; there can be very little doubt but that they have widely introduced themselves in their old vocation, of "domestic spies" (see *Calcutta Review*, No. III., p. 109. "The Jesuits' Missions in India"), and have taken a large share in fomenting the discords which have shaken thrones and nations within the past three years. The extent, as well as the secrecy, of their operations is proved from the large number of editions through which their *constitutions* have gone, and still the great difficulty of procuring a single copy, the whole being carefully guarded within the walls of their colleges, with the exception of those which are in the possession of the initiated. M. Collin de Plancy testifies to *sixteen editions*, and when it is considered that scarce a copy transgresses beyond the privileged, and to some extent the learned of the Order, the aggregate of its Professors must certainly be immense. They are also, apparently, always on the increase. From some documents which may be depended upon, transferred from Heinrich Bode's *Das Innere der Gesellschaft Jesu* to the *British Quarterly Review*, (May 1851, p. 504.) we find that between January 1st 1843 and January 1st 1845, the number of their priests in seven districts only, was augmented by 172, of their scholars by 256, of their lay brothers by 160. Shewing a total increase of 588, or above twenty-five per cent. upon the active agents of the body, in two years; the total of priests, scholars, and lay brethren in those districts being, in 1843, 2,419, and in 1845, 3,007. Supposing the rate of increase, which it has been said has in all probability advanced considerably, to have remained stationary from then till now, there cannot be less than some five thousand

\* The Society had, in Russia and in Sicily, been previously reorganized in a more private manner, but still by briefs bearing the stamp of solemnity. Catherine II. of Russia was a zealous patroness of the Order, and appears to have applied for its re-establishment to Pope Pius VII. in 1801.

five hundred Jesuits actively engaged in propagating their doctrines in the three Italian States of Rome, Sicily, and Turin, in Spain and Belgium, Paris and Lyons, these being the localities for which Bode has been able to obtain absolute and authentic returns. Besides these, an immense number of agents are employed in places from which the return is unknown, Naples, England, Ireland, Austria, North Germany, Maryland, Missouri. On the first of January 1844, Bode calculates that there were 164 Jesuits in England, and 73 in Ireland; and notwithstanding that it was stated in the Emancipation Act that it is "expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression and final prohibition" of Jesuits in the United Kingdom, and that any future immigration of them was to be considered a misdemeanor, and punished with banishment for life, yet it was declared by Lord Abinger from his place in the House of Peers, February 11th 1851, "I have good authority for stating that there are now *thousands* of Jesuits in the country, who have not only penetrated our schools, our colleges, and our universities, but are to be found in every class and department of society." This estimate is probably exaggerated. From other data however, which we have carefully examined, it seems not impossible that there may be some 350 priests, and from eight to nine hundred active lay-members, of the Society of Jesus, in England and Wales, at the present time.

These individuals are for the most part enrolled in the "*Sodalities of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*," an association restored at the commencement of the present century by a brief of Pope Pius VII. The origin of this celebrated Devotion is traced to one Marie Alacoque, a sister of the Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Paroy, in Burgundy, chosen, it is said, by Jesus Christ for the especial purpose of revealing a knowledge of the perfections and sufferings of His Heart, and the institution of solemnities in its honour. Her humility, it is pretended, tempted her for some time to disregard this call, until the guilt of this was exposed to her by the Jesuit Claude de Columbiere. She submitted, and so attained to a blessed odour of sanctity in which she died, October 17, 1690. Columbiere, who was for some time Confessor to the Duchess of York, afterwards Queen of James II., introduced the Devotion into England. We do not find whether these Sodalities were at a later period proscribed in England. We are inclined to think they were, as was the case in France, on account of the extra-

ordinary influence under which they held the troops; for, in a remarkable revival of the Devotion in the Papacy of Clement XIII., (whose predecessor had authorized the Sodalties, and endowed them with a treasure of Indulgences and other privileges) we find that a confraternity for *British* members was established at Bruges, who petitioned the Pope for the benefit of Indulgences on the part of absent members who performed (we presume privately) the prescribed devotions. However this may be, the Devotion was certainly revived in England, on the credit of one Paccanari, about the year 1798. This man was a Tyrolese stone-mason, who afterwards enlisted in the Papal army. He either thought, or professed to think himself inspired to restore and reform the institutions of Loyola. Being aided with funds by the Archduchess Marianne of Vienna, he founded the Society of the *Pères de la Foi*; and, further encouraged by the countenance of Pope Pius VI., he managed to open a College at Rome, to gain credit as a man favoured with celestial visitations on which to order anew the Society of Jesus, and to attract the best learned youths of the faith. But the Viennese, apparently jealous of their Princess's patronage of a foreigner, organized another Sodality under the Abbé Prince Charles de Broglio, a young nobleman whose family had always been most influential among the Jesuits, who was the *reviver*, (not the *founder*, as stated in the *British Quarterly*) of the *Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*. Some years later Pius VI. called on Paccanari to propose a union of the two Societies to the Abbé, which was confirmed by a solemn act, April 18th, 1798, the Brethren being designated "Companions of the Order of the Faith of Jesus." This was formally announced in England and elsewhere; but the old Sodalties appear nevertheless to have been often disposed to retain their distinguishing names; and hence it is that the Brethren who describe themselves as "*Of the Sacred Heart*," at Rochampton, and the so-named "*Väter des Glaubens*" of Aschbach's *Kirchen Lexicon*, are both denominated as of the "*Order of the Faithful Companions of Jesus*" in the *Catholic Directory*. This, we believe, will be found the real solution of the difficulty which has led the writer in the *British Quarterly* into some error. Paccanari subsequently proved himself worthy of his vocation. In the superfluity of his zeal, he would fain organize a Sodality of Ladies; but being over-attentive to his female devotees, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Inquisition. The French armies afterwards liberated him; but he was cast a

second time, it is not said on what indictment, and, being again forcibly liberated, it is believed that the indignant populace killed him with daggers and cast his body into the Tiber. Pius VII., however, still patronized the Order, which multiplied amazingly; a thousand convents are spoken of as existing in France in 1820, and the authorities at Maynooth enlisted a Sodality among the students there in 1822, which shortly after numbered 200 members. Similar Societies exist in most of the larger Irish Convents. The "*Manual of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart*" has, we are told, an increasing sale both in Ireland and in England.

The first retreat of this Sodality in the latter country was at Stonyhurst, near Clitheroe, in Lancashire, a very spacious and noble mansion, which was, in 1795, made over to some French exiles who described themselves as "*The Gentlemen of the English Academy of Liege*," and made no secret of their profession of Jesuitism. In the political distractions of that period they excited no suspicion, and an asylum being thus afforded to them, as to their fellow-sufferers in the Revolution, they found, before the reconstitution of their Society by Pius VII., ready means of disseminating their tenets by that lever whose power they knew so well (as witness the defunct Seal's College, and the various Academies and Loretto Houses which are springing up in the cities of India)—*education*. Their professions sounded well—*Science and Rhetoric* was the curriculum—*classical and commercial*, the education;—from *five and thirty to seven and forty guineas a year* the charge inclusive—clothes, physic, books, cricket-bats, and rewards to boot. What a sop for fathers of small incomes and the *injuncta novercæ* of our pseudo-aristocracy—five and thirty guineas a year and no further encumbrance—no—not even for the *vacations* of ordinary institutions, for Stonyhurst maintains her table all the year round, and one month in the twelve is the last limit of indulgence. And then to read philosophy and the *Belles Lettres* with the flower of England's youth—(for there are no class-prejudices at Stonyhurst) with her Howards and her Talbots, her Stourtons, Cliffords, Petres and Jerninghams! The muster-roll, for one hundred and fifty, was soon without a single vacancy, the continent eagerly embracing the invitation to send alumni who might compete with the best blood in the *right little island*. Soon were the Liege Fathers rich enough to open an eleemosynary school, for the training of readers, acolyths

and choristers, and the regular supply of the ranks of the priesthood. But all this latter part of the undertaking, and even the existence of a charitable foundation at Stonyhurst, was kept profoundly secret, a tolerably clear omen of the system of education which was to prepare them for their future work. In fact, from the very beginning, the rule of Loyola was steadily inculcated; "to be resigned, in all and for all, in the presence of my Lord God and of my Superior;" "to desire to be implicitly governed by a Superior who will look strictly to the renunciation both of judgment and of understanding;" to respect him, apart from all consideration of his rank in the order, as "*to me, in the place of God;*" and "*to believe him without proof;*" and transact all his commands, though the thing he order be a *sin against which conscience rebels*. Subordinate to the Superior are a considerable number of *prefects* for the constant surveillance of the alumni, whose eye they never escape, even in their dormitories, and who keep a strict watch over the *masters* in the lower school, lest they should be not enough punctilious in exacting unswerving obedience and the abnegation of self-will. The very method of administering castigation sustains the same ruling object; the young delinquent receiving sentence from the *Superior*, and then presenting himself to his *prefect* for the execution of the decree, the full tale of which he is enjoined to *petition for*, if ever the prefect, as it is said sometimes happens, dissimulate a disposition to be relenting. At the age of seventeen the fetters are more firmly rivetted by the transfer of the alumni to the College department, in which, under the strict guardianship of priestly professors, the frequent practice of the Confessional is enforced. So early as 1803, we learn from an intelligent German writer quoted in the *British Quarterly*, that "besides their College at Stonyhurst," the Jesuits in England "possessed thirty larger or smaller establishments such as residences, Missionary-houses, &c." and that "during the thirty-five years which have since elapsed, and especially since the emancipation of the Catholics, they have made such extraordinary progress in Great Britain, that they now possess more than three times that number of institutions," including the Colleges at Canterbury, Liverpool, Dublin, &c. &c.

We certainly are inclined to hope that this estimate, again, is greatly in excess, or at any rate that a large number of the houses must be small and comparatively unimportant. No one who is aware of the condition of the Lan-

cashire peasantry in the neighbourhood of Stonyhurst will believe that there can be any very large number of *such* institutions,—(we speak of character and discipline, rather than extent)—for if there were, they must needs have convinced the general rural population to a degree which recent demonstrations give no countenance to the existence of. But nevertheless that they are in force enough at home to be vastly dangerous, and to call for all the counteractions with which the Church can properly meet them, is beyond a question. And this the more as their army is at present marshalled—(as it has been, indeed, for above two and twenty years past—the most successful, perhaps, which the order has ever known)—under a commander of wonderful address and vigilance, the Father-General Johannes Roothaan.

This individual is gifted, beyond all dispute, with peculiar qualifications for restoring the policy of Laynez and Acquaviva. Of humble birth, and originally a shopman to a tobacconist of Amsterdam, he “undoubtedly,” like another great one in his Church’s annals, “was fashioned to much honour.” He early displayed an extraordinary ambition and ability for intrigue in some rather complicated transactions which were entrusted to him while yet a student of the Jesuit College at Polozk. He was elevated to his present office at the comparatively early age of forty, viz. July 9, 1829; his extensive acquaintance with European politics, great penetration and singular self-command, and his determination to apply his almost incredible courage and energy to vindicate the impious boast of Cardinal Ludovisio,\* especially designating him for an installation which was celebrated with splendid festivities in all the houses of his Order, and ratified, it was declared, by a sign from heaven. The wretched poverty which, upon assuming the tiara, Pope Pius IX. found to be the scourge of his dominions, it is beyond question, was caused mainly by the exactions of Roothaan for the aggrandizement of his Order, and for the magnificent dues due to the Papal Treasury for the several coronations which he demanded of his weak instrument Pope Gregory XVI. It will not be difficult to

\* This Cardinal was a nephew of Pope Gregory XV. and is said to have been in the habit of declaring certain expressions with which the Epistle to the Hebrews opens equally applicative to Loyola and to Jesus Christ. “*Novissimus autem diebus istis locutus est nobis in filio suo Ignatio, quem constituit HÆREDEM UNIVERSORUM.*”

understand this when it is stated, that the expence of a single canonization is no less than a hundred and twenty-five thousand Roman crowns, and that there has been scarce a Jesuit of any public note, from Peter Canisius to the last generation, for whom he has not contrived to procure an honour\* which had, under weaker auspices, been repeatedly refused on behalf even of Alphonso de Liguori. We have some doubt of the correctness of Dr. Achilli's rhetorical declaration that the inquisitory "system which at this moment flourishes in Rome has never yet been worn out or modified;" because we find it stated by an eminently trustworthy witness, Count de Tournon, a most honourable, accomplished and observant nobleman who was Prefect of the Roman Department during the French occupation from 1810 to 1814, and therefore must have had abundant opportunities of informing himself:—

"When the French took possession of Rome, they found the prisons of the Inquisition nearly empty, as they had been for many previous years; and there was nothing either in the rules or the arrangements of the house to indicate it as the scene of any recent act of cruelty. On the contrary, the commodiousness of the prisoners' apartments, their

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\* A very similar view of the results of modern Jesuit policy is, we find, taken by Vincenzo Gioberti, in his *Prolegomeni del Primato*, 1845, as well as in his later work in answer to Father Curci, *Il Gesuita Moderno*. 1847. In the former volume he dilates enthusiastically on the intellectual and moral eminence of Italy, in his opinion unshakable. This he ascribes to her possession of the true Church, and thereby, as self-inherent, every element of national greatness and regeneration, and a primacy in Christendom. Still he contends that she has fallen from her high estate, and that reform has become necessary; and to account for this, he adduces the phenomena of Jesuitism. This, he argues, has arrested her in her march of progress—all her palmy days and noble hearts were anterior to Loyola and Lainez and Acquaviva—her revivers of learning in the west, her Cimabue and Giotto, her Raphael du Urbino and her Michael Angelo. Then was her commerce flourishing, her merchants princes, her cities splendid beyond compare. The Jesuits came and saw, and the triumph was over, of her arts, of her learning, of her philosophy, of her commerce. For three centuries have they been the obstacle of all order and all progress, and must be suppressed and banished, if Italy be to revive. So thought Gioberti; but Gregory XVI. was apathetic to such appeals, and Lambruschini too good a judge of what Boethian was worth to him; and so the matter slumbered till the days of Pío Nono. Then arose the Reform agitation, and the demerits of the Jesuits were again bandied. Father Curci wrote fiercely—they were excommunicate of the Sanctuary who dared assail his Society, of which the learning and the prowess had stemmed the tide of Protestantism, and reclaimed revolting kingdoms under the banners of the Church. This bold declamation was followed by Gioberti's ponderous, and we are informed most ample reply, "*The Modern Jesuit*," which procured the expulsion of the Order from Naples, from Sardinia, and ultimately, in 1848, from Rome itself, notwithstanding the proclamations of Pío Nono on their behalf. Now, however, their cause is looking up again in the Eternal City.



ample ventilation and cleanliness bore testimony to the humanity of those in charge of the establishment. I may declare that at the present time the Holy Office at Rome is merely a Church tribunal to control the irregularities of the Clergy themselves."—p. 48.

This certainly is widely different from Dr. Achilli's account; and we are inclined to associate any grounds which there may be for the variety of statement with the conservative genius of General Roothaan, one who, we make no doubt, would be quite unscrupulous as to the torture to be applied to such as Dr. Achilli, even though it were proposed, as by Father Ancarini, "to prevent the possibility of his ever troubling them any more" (p. 100), or though the strange torture were produced which he saw described in the celebrated *Libro Nero* for eliciting the guilt of the accused:

"The bit, or, as it is called by us, the *mordacchia*, which is a very simple contrivance to lodge the tongue, and compress it between two cylinders composed of iron and wood, and furnished with spikes. This horrible instrument not only wounds the tongue and occasions excessive pain, but also, from the swelling it produces, frequently places the sufferer in danger of suffocation. This torture is generally had recourse to in cases considered as blasphemy against God, the Virgin, the Saints, or the Pope."—p. 109.

A very effectual implement, no doubt, for the restoration of the theocracy planned by Hildebrand; but which, if we mistake not, even with a Roothaan to lead them, will prove, as their devices so often have before, as an overloaded musket in the hands of these ecclesiastical *militaires*, which they can't let off without danger to themselves.

Dr. Achilli tells the cruelest stories about the Inquisition in the nineteenth century;—for instance, of the very Keosse of whom he speaks in one place "doubtless he will be made a Bishop" (p. 392) he writes elsewhere;

"It is notorious that in Constantinople, in the year 1847, though an Armenian Priest, an Ottoman subject, and born in Constantinople, he was seized in the night by four bullies from the Austrian Embassy, and hurried into a steamer, to be conveyed as a prisoner to Marseilles, and thence to Rome, to be handed over to the Inquisition."—p. 107.

Again, as to the method of conducting a process, he reads this following detail in the *Libro Nero*:

"With respect to the examination, and the duty of examiners—either the prisoner confesses, and he is proved guilty from his own confession; or, he does not confess, and is equally guilty, on the evidence of witnesses. If a prisoner confesses the whole of what he is accused, he is unquestionably guilty of the whole, but if he confesses only a part, he ought still to be regarded as guilty of the whole, since what he

has confessed proves him to be capable of guilt as to the other points of accusation. And here the precept is to be kept in view, *nemo tenetur prodere seipsum*. Nevertheless, the judge should do all in his power to induce the culprit to confess, since confession tends to the Glory of God. And as the respect due to the Glory of God requires that no one particular should be omitted, not even a mere attempt; so the judge is bound to put in force, not only the ordinary means which the Inquisition affords, but whatever may enter into his thoughts, as fitting to lead to a confession. Bodily torture has ever been found the most salutary and efficient means of leading to spiritual repentance. Therefore the choice of the most befitting mode of torture is left to the judge of the Inquisition, who determines according to the age, the sex, and the constitution of the party. He will be prudent in its use, always taking care at the same time to procure what is required from it—the confession of the delinquent. If, notwithstanding all the means employed, the unfortunate wretch still denies his guilt, he is to be considered as a victim of the devil; and, as such, deserves no compassion from the servants of God, nor the pity or indulgence of holy mother Church: he is a son of perdition. Let him perish, then, among the damned, and let his place be no longer found among the living.” p. 111—12.

The most artful dodges are, by Dr. Achilli's account, practised to procure convictions. Wives and children are diligently enjoined of their duty to become the impeachers of their husbands and their parents, and this upon the most trivial breaches of discipline, even so far as the touch of meat upon a Friday or a Saturday. In order that this may be managed without the smallest show of treachery, the lady is instructed by her Confessor “to go to another town, where she is not known, and there make her disclosure, keeping it secret that she is the wife of the accused, and concealing his real name, till the Confessor has disclosed the affair to the Inquisition.” Perhaps the husband is arraigned under the name of *Titius*, and without the smallest clue to his accuser being given him, is questioned on the localities of the house where the guilt has been stated by Caius to have been contracted, which may be *his own house*, and all without the smallest intimation that any charge whatever has been entertained against him. If he happen to know the disposition of the apartments, offices, gardens, &c., he is considered *guilty*, and cast forthwith. Dr. Achilli gives an instance, in which he himself was the presumed delinquent.

“In the year 1842, I was accused of having spoken, in a certain house, against the worship of saints. If the judge had made my accusation known (as in the case of all other tribunals throughout the world,) saying to me: You are accused of having, in such a house, spoken of such and such matters, in the presence of so and so,—I should have known my accuser by the part he would take in the question. But instead of interrogating me in a straight-forward manner, I

was made to give a description of the house in question, together with that of several other houses; to describe the persons belonging to it, and many other persons at the same time; to discuss the real subject of accusation, mixed up with other irrelevant matters, in order to mislead me as much as possible, and prevent me from gaining any insight whatever of the points of which I was accused, or of the persons who had accused me. Whether I confessed or not, *I was to be declared guilty, or, as they term it, reo convinto.*”—p. 113.

It cannot escape remark that Dr. Achilli does not mention here—(nor can we find that he does elsewhere)—either that he *was* declared guilty, or the penalty which he incurred. Indeed, we remark throughout, in regard to his *first* imprisonment, that he does not satisfy our curiosity in detail.

He does, however, confirm our *à priori* suspicion that the Jesuits are the principal agents in this iniquitous organization. At Trevis, he informs us that a son of Loyola, who had been his Master and was at that time his friend—(one out of the only two or three honest men he had found who, to their misfortune, had adopted the robe of the Jesuits)—entertained him with the following conversation:—

“‘The Inquisition is invidious to the Dominicans, who are prompted by an insane ambition to become Inquisitors, and this entails on them the hatred of the whole world. The Franciscans are too prudent to connect themselves with it. We Jesuits, more cunning than the rest, act as the monkey did when he made use of the cat’s paw to get the chesnuts.

‘How!’ (replied Achilli) ‘do you Jesuits meddle with the Inquisition?’

‘My dear friend, is it *new* to you? What would the Inquisition be without the Jesuits? The Dominicans may call themselves Inquisitors; but they could not even decline the noun *Inquisition* unless the Jesuits taught them.’”—p. 150.

Our author shortly after gives a confession of his Jesuitical friend on their conscientiousness in the exercise of their high and holy trust:—

“‘An Inquisitor once told me in confidence, that he found it necessary in order to live, to abstract a little money occasionally from the office, by augmenting, in his accounts with it, the amount of his expences. Another lost his situation at Perugia, because it was discovered that he had regularly charged double for the maintenance of the prisoners under his care. And at Faenza, a certain Inquisitor seized upon a poor shoemaker, and imprisoned him, that he might be obliged to work for him; and when he wanted his clothes to be mended, he laid hold of some tailor whom he shut up on the pretence that he indulged in a habit of profane swearing.’”—p. 152.

Our next extract must be a long one, but as it is very instructive, and as it immediately touches an expression which

we have before quoted from Count de Tournon, we present it without apology. It will be nearly our last. The Jesuit *confidant* still addresses himself to Dr. Achilli.

“ Doubtless you imagine that the Holy Office is engaged in taking notice of crimes and offences against religion. It is true, when such cases occur, they proceed according to rule. But you are not to conclude that such is the sole occupation on which above seventy counselors and twelve cardinals, with the pope at their head, are engaged in the weekly meetings. If it be necessary to punish, as they say, all who deserve it, they ought to begin with unbelievers, and they would find many among the cardinals themselves, who in points of religion have no belief whatever; and the same infidelity descends throughout every class of society. But it never happens that any of these unbelievers are subjected to punishment; on the contrary, those heretics alone are the objects of attack, who are unbelievers merely as to some of the doctrines of Rome, although firm in their faith as regards the doctrines of Christ and His Apostles. But of these, few allow themselves to be seized by the Inquisition. An Italian who changes his creed, generally contrives, before the fact gets known, to make a pilgrimage to Geneva,\* and the Holy Office has to delay its vengeance till its victims can be arrested. Were the Inquisition to have no other care than to look after heretics, it would be the same as if the Jesuits were to have nothing else to do but to attend to their schools for young boys, in which case two-thirds of the Order might well be dispensed with. But real heresy is the last subject to be thought of or attended to. The principal object of the Inquisition is to possess themselves, by every means in their power, of the secrets of every class of society. Consequently its agents enter the domestic circle,† observe every action, listen to every conversation, and would, if possible, become acquainted with the most hidden thoughts. \* \* \* \* The mere government spy seldom is enabled to arrive at the exact truth: it is difficult for him to get at the secrets of a family; he is met with counter operations; schemes are laid expressly to deceive him, and he is frequently put to considerable trouble and inconvenience to ferret out an affair, without obtaining any final success. \* \* \* But nothing of this sort takes place with the Jesuits, to whom no door is closed, no curtain drawn, no veil or shadow cast over secret or mystery. What they cannot learn from the men, they ascertain from the women; what the father will not disclose, the son will reveal; and what the master of the house may desire to hide, the servant may bring to light. \* \* \* The confessional leads to many interesting discoveries; and where this is insufficient, much is learned even from the children in the schools. \* \* \* You know the Church of the *Genou*. Every morning at break of day, twelve Reverend Fathers ascend the steps of the sacred edifice, dressed in their robes and surplices, and seat themselves in their chairs

\* A common expression in Italy to denote that a person has become a Protestant.

† A very extraordinary history has lately appeared of a certain mysterious female, who introduced herself in the character of a refugee from Conventual discipline into the family of a London Dissenting Minister. The book is well worth a perusal. Its title is *The Female Jesuit, or The Spy in the Family*. London: Partridge. 1851.

of confession. At that early hour, who are they who present themselves to give an account of their sins? Servants of both sexes, and all the old men and women who are stirring betimes in the morning, shopkeepers and workpeople; in short, all those who are better acquainted with other people's business than their own. So that in less than an hour, all the transactions and the gossip of the city are related at these twelve confessionals; from whence, at the termination of the audience, they are taken home, as you may imagine, to be examined, discussed, and, with due caution, registered as *cases of conscience*, &c.

What is done in the Church of the *Gesu*, is also done in those of St. Ignatius, of St. Andrew on the Mount Cavallo, of St. Vitale, and others belonging to the Fathers of the Company. Frequently a fact or a conversation which is half ascertained in one place, is fully disclosed and confirmed in another. The cleverest among our body have the office of confronting those they desire to examine, and every day they go from house to house collecting whatever intelligence of interest may present itself. In this manner we become acquainted with the most minute and secret affairs of the city. But our exertions do not end here. We have our nocturnal oratories, as that of the *caravita* in Rome, whither the *élite* of good society generally resort. We have besides, as you know, our courses of spiritual exercises, which are always well attended; the *oratories* for the scrupulous, where they worm every thing out of them; friendly visitations, which are never deficient in supplying information; and of these latter, there are always a vast abundance over the country. Every one who is desirous of place or office, applies to us; and 'tis impossible to be more courteous or zealous than we are in proferring our services. And what we ask of the Government for our friends we naturally succeed in obtaining. We supply families with servants, and change them when required. Consequently, every one is obliged to us, and entirely devoted to us.

"What I have told you respecting Rome is equally true with regard to all other places wherever we are to be found; in Naples, Turin, Genoa, Modena, Verona, or anywhere else. Look, for instance, at the little town of Tivoli. No one stirs a foot but we are aware of it; and we have no occasion to go out of our houses for information. I myself have been here seven years; I have never ascended the staircase of any house in the place, and yet I am well acquainted with the affairs of every family that resides here: what they are doing, what they are talking about, what their intentions are, even to the most minute matters, in proof of which, the next time we are walking out together, ask any question of me respecting any person we may chance to meet, and you shall have copious information."—pp. 153—7.

Thus, then, most unquestionably, on the evidence of one of their own body, in the strangely-blended character of priest and soldier, does this infernal Militia stalk through many lands: wearing the guise of humility; carefully checking all show of obtrusiveness; abroad, with downward gaze, as in a sacred reverie; at home, with such slender appurtenance, as seems to indicate the utmost indifference to the world and the things of the world; yet most observant of every sign of the times, most watchful of opportunities, most obedient to that rule under which they are enlisted,

learned by their founder and greatest Captain of Antonio de Leyva in the Spanish campaigns;—*ad majorem Dei gloriam, in the discipline of obedience, and the simulation of amity, DIVIDE AND RULE.* We have heard with our own ears, long before we guessed such to be their tactics, the very style of conversation from the mouth of one of them here in India, which his confidant describes to Dr. Achilli as the method of opening the siege upon an English Clergyman;—the praise of our doctrines; the reserve upon every point on which we differ from them; the comparison of our churches, officers and canons with their own;—he would borrow a prayer-book—so much, he had always thought, like his *Mass*;—and the beautiful Hymns from the Paris and Roman Breviaries, which it comforted him so much to know that we could read and enjoy;—and even on the point of the marriage of the priests, which we insisted on discussing, he would come to no *avowed* difference—on that he *could not speak*—in some things he must confess that our English Church was right, and must agree that in our thoughts upon the Bible (including, we suppose, all our responses to his reserved batteries) on the Episcopacy, on the eminence of Peter, or the grace inherent in the two Sacraments rightly received, we were *at one*—“no difference—not at all, not at all.” But as for marriage—“you must consider—I must tell you—I am a friar—and so for me, celibacy is best—that is all—that is all.”

We *were*, and not without a blush do we confess it, in the face of all warnings which our smattering of Church history should have awakened, we *were* deceived, and our delusion was not dissipated for twelve months. True, there were within that period occasions which *did* give us some little twinges of anxiety—a marriage which our less scrupulous conscience did not constrain us to refuse to solemnize—(though there were, we must confess, sufficient grounds to enjoin caution, and we cannot pronounce that our own adoption was *certainly* either the wiser or the safer;) a burial—(of the bridegroom, in the case just cited) who, though a Romanist, could not be received within the cemetery of the church he had, by his spousals, contravened;—for peace-sake, we always called, and sought a reconciliation, and were invariably received with so much graciousness, and, we hoped and believed, *Christian* welcome, we could not harbour the suspicion of offence apparently incurred. But at length and suddenly, a change came over the spirit of our dream. All hope of us, we lost; our for a while complaisant expositor

veral points we had in harmony had satisfaction enough that we were moved, neither by his own not ungrateful courtesies, nor by conformities discovered in us with the Apostolic traditions. So other interest had better be purchased—no matter how—even though we be sacrificed. A trifle of espionage, some small variation between the word written and spoken—(we advise all our friends to do as we did if ever they have any thing to hope or fear from a Jesuit—to get a witness to what transpires verbally, and reduce it at once to writing;) with this, what recruiting-sergeant of the Ignatian army would hesitate to avenge the failure of a plot which may have opened only too encouragingly? However, whether thus or not, we were, we may safely say, guiltless of all delusory intention and inclination, and considered only what inlets there might be for the charities of social life. We are now convinced—(thanks to Dr. Achilli for it) that the vowed Jesuit has shaken off every fetter of moral obligation, and is subject only to that federal obligation in submission, to which his whole faculties, moral, mental and corporeal, have been trained and controlled; for, as has well been said of the system under which he serves, *elle peut frindre la mort mais elle ne meurt point; elle a son brevet d'immortalité dans la faiblesse des hommes.* We might add still another chapter to Dr. Achilli's disclosures touching India; ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐστὶν ἔτι λόγος. Still, as we imagine that our readers cannot fail to be interested in facts vouched for on such authority whose scene is not distant from their own doors, we will just epitomize Dr. Achilli's account of a late affair at Bombay. He declares this to rest on the authority of a letter received from Rome under the hand of the very individual whose story it rehearses, through Sir Culling Eardley Eardley, in March 1850. This letter he prints entire, suppressing merely the name of its writer.

It recites that its author is a Roman priest, who, for pure Missionary enterprize, sailed as soon as ordained, from Rome for India, March 1840. He was an incumbent on the *Propaganda*. Understanding English, he was appointed by the Roman Bishop at Bombay Military Chaplain to the camp at Belgaum. A Presbyterian named Taylor having celebrated a marriage between two Romanists, he felt it his duty to write to him; and received in reply a kind note and Protestant books. These he returned, but shortly received a visit from their donor, who expounded to him the doctrine of justification through faith. His language

went to the writer's heart, and induced him to read a work on the spirit of the Papacy, whose perusal further awakened him to the errors of the Church of Rome. Then, proceeding to the Bible, and finding his religion in direct contradiction thereto, he opened his mind to Mr. Jackson, the Chaplain of Belgaum, who referred him to the Bishop of Bombay. Dr. Carr wrote a polite answer, enquiring his sentiments on the real presence and the authority of the Pope, and his expositions being satisfactory, the Bishop invited him to Bombay. There, the writer tells us, he "embraced the Protestant Religion." For the sequel, we must produce the new convert's own expressions, as given by Dr. Achilli.

"A Spanish Jesuit priest, named Francis Xavier Serra, whom I never saw before, called on me, in a secular dress; and speaking the Italian language well, he told me that he was an Italian layman, and having heard that I was an Italian too, he called on me: but he did not mention any thing about religion, saying he did not care about it;—and he was very kind to me. He called on me four or five times; till one day, being a very agreeable evening, he begged me to take a round with him, which I did. And we went near the Catholic Church, and, to my great surprise, I was taken by four men, and forced to go to the vicar-general, where they forced me to write a letter to the Protestant minister, Mr. Valentine, in whose house I lived, stating my intention to return to the Catholic religion; which, I am very sorry to say, I did. They then closed me in a room till Sunday, when the vicar took me by force to the pulpit, and dictated to me what I was to say to the congregation; and he obliged me to declare that I left the Catholic religion for worldly motives; which was quite contrary to my sentiments. When night came, they took me from the room in which I was closed, and delivered me to the Captain of a French ship, as a prisoner, with the order to take care of me to Marseilles, where he delivered me to the Bishop, who, with a French priest, sent me to Rome. From Rome I was sent, as a punishment, to a convent at Perugia, where I remained for five years, till I got again my liberty, and returned to Rome; this was in November, 1848."—p. 104, 5.

We have received the volume in which this extraordinary letter occurs too recently to admit of our making enquiry into the circumstances at Bombay; however, this may easily be done by the curious, and meanwhile, we must confess, that notwithstanding the obvious singularity of its having been written *in English*, by an Italian to an Italian, we are inclined to think it *must* be a genuine document. The language adopted may very possibly have recommended itself to the writer as a voucher for his statement that he was appointed to minister *in English* to the force at Belgaum.

One thing we *do* remember, that just about the time referred to, a very strong muster of Jesuits had been only recently imported into India, who were then making extraordinary efforts to gain a footing in our Presidency cities.



And though the individual whose letter we have above referred to had evidently no relish for martyrdom in any cause, yet it is quite probable that his influence as a seceder from Rome would have been a terrible thorn in the side of the Jesuits, whose popularity among both the Hindoo and the East Indian population was just culminating. Witness the large seminary which they presided in at Chowringhee Road, and the footing they for a while maintained in the counsels of Baboo Mutty Loll Seal. We never heard how Calcutta became for a time and in a measure clear of them, or why they shut up their College and were ousted by the Baboo—but we have not the least idea that this should be understood as an evidence of any relaxing energy or earnestness in the cause they have embraced. A confederacy which defies the Nation, and rules the Inquisition, and thrives upon the thrones of all the potentates of Europe, and calls “bugbear” of the outlawry of the British Parliament, is not a very likely subject to grieve at the *os aversum* of a Bengali magnate, or the discontinuance of the Calcutta Vicariate Apostolic (which it may be under, for all we know, and is under, except we misunderstand, or are misled by, the communications of his *intimate* Jesuit acquaintance); no—nor even at the rebuke and ignominy of the Governor General himself. That their cause is prospering in India still, there can be no question whatever. The able essayist of the *Calcutta Press* before alluded to, an older resident in India than ours was, informs us that up to 1830 they had but one school in Calcutta, and we dare say there was no other in the Bengal Presidency;—indeed that one was only then established. The most respectable individuals professing Romanism then sent their children to the various Protestant institutions. “In religion, in education, in all that concerned the welfare of India, when all else were up and stirring, the voice of Rome was *unheard*; and, spiritually and intellectually, (though present in the body) she was not only *absent*, but *forgotten and unmissed*.”

Now take up a file of almost any of our newspapers, urban or provincial, for any one month. You will observe every species of puff, direct and collateral, in advertisements, in letters, in the columns open for intelligence, of the completeness of their didactic arrangements, the saintliness of their pedagogues, the unostentatious eminence of their lady-professors, the éclat of their examinations, the heads of honour which grace them, the prudence and the safety with which our society may promote their several objects—which are

purely educational, and within the mark of the humblest, and all proselyting influences are sincerely abjured. Just so was it at Clougowes, near Maynooth, to which the *lay* department of that latter College was transferred in 1814. Accommodations were announced for two hundred and fifty, which, as at Stonyhurst, so there, were made available in a trice and as eagerly secured. All our great *reformed* seminaries were cleared of the cadets for whom they were the only previous resorts for a liberal education, and the whole formation of a constant succession of some four or five hundred youths of our best Norman blood was confided, without a counteracting effort, to the tender mercies of the Jesuits. It would be long to tell (and the chief of the evil remains untold) what a sway they wield over the many scions of the middle classes of Great Britain who, for motives of economy, and often irrespective of their family faith, are brought up in the *Pensions* of the continent. That this is *very great indeed*, especially among the young ladies of our island home, we know from sad experience to be past all question.

Now, this is the sort of hold they seek among our rising Eurasians, and Hindus under education. They are too old soldiers to attempt much among our loyal and consistent covenanted services, and the higher and better informed guides of our subordinate officers. Though something they may be attempting among the latter, and we do confess our regret that the High School at Calcutta is just now without a Rector; even though this elevate its late scholarly and *truly* Catholic *chef* to a chair in Bishop's College. It is our hope and persuasion that he will still watch for its interests: and may our Bishop find in England a successor of whom the Church shall say, *uterque optimus; dignus alter eligi, alter eligere*. But their *prime* endeavours are bent towards the Mofussil; where, however secretly and silently, they are still we find effectually pushing their interests; and the only antidote seems to us to be a very much larger number of Christian seminaries of a very much higher character than has yet been attempted except at Agra, encouraged by the zealous recommendation and recruit of every influential section of our reformed community. And we must not blind ourselves to the facts that the feelings with which men recur to the scenes and associations of their youth are commonly *most enthusiastic*; and that it has been said by one who knows\* (if any) that "no attachment can exceed that

of a boy brought up under a Jesuit to his master ;" and that moreover, it is past denial, that the advantages they propose are neither small nor unalluring. Our counteractions therefore should be both immediate and well considered.

We have already exceeded our measure, and must conclude. Yet we must not leave Dr. Achilli in the dungeons of the Inquisition, for he escaped most marvellously. It was in the dictatorship of the French General Baraguay d'Hilliers. The Cardinal-vicar had appointed one Dr. Augustine Theiner, the Ecclesiastical History Professor in the *Propaganda*, to confer with him, and if possible reclaim him to the Faith. During his third visit, two *Chasseurs de Vincennes* rode up to castle St. Angelo, and summoned the conferrers before the French Council of War. He went to the *Piazza Minerva*, the great Dominican Institution, and after a little questioning, Achilli was remanded to the Castle. Next day, the prisoner was summoned again *alone*. The *Capitaine Rapporteur* was more sympathizing than ever, and evinced a lenity of which our ingenious hero was not slow to take advantage. He walked into an ante-chamber, equipped himself as a French soldier, descended at half past five p.m. into the *Piazza Minerva*, passed through the *Strada Pie de Marmo* and the *Piazza del Collegio Romano*, walked down the *Corso* in his military garb; arrived at where he might change it unrecognized, uninterrupted; found money ready, and a passport and a post chaise easily procurable, and before the clock struck seven was beyond the walls of Rome!

His life has been a long succession of signal, and seemingly providential escapes. May many years be still before him, marked by energy as untiring, and zeal as laudable, and consistency *more!* So may he embalm his name and memory as the Apostle of the Reformation in the States of the Church.









