In a letter to Orestes Augustus Brownson, Henry Thoreau mentioned having read the initial issue of his magazine.

THE

BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Art. I. — Introductory Remarks.

In adding another to the numerous periodicals of our country, I have not much to say by way of introduction, and nothing by way of apology. I undertake the present publication, with a deep feeling of responsibleness, and with the hope of contributing something to the moral pleasure and social progress of my countrymen.

Had I consulted my ability to conduct a periodical as I would see one conducted, or had I listened to the counsels of some of my warmest and most judicious friends, I had not engaged in my present undertaking. But I seem to myself to be called to it, by a voice I dare not and even cannot disobey if I would. Whether this voice, which I have long heard urging me to the work, be merely an illusion of my own fancy, the promptings of my own vanity and self-esteem, or whether it be an indication of Duty from a higher Source, time and the result must determine. It speaks to me with Divine authority, and I must obey.

No man is able to estimate properly the value of his own individual experience. All are prone to exaggerate, more or less, the importance of what has happened to themselves. This it is altogether likely

is the case with me. Yet in my own eyes my experience possesses some value. My life has been one of vicissitude and trial. My mind has passed through more than one scene of doubt and perplexity. I have asked in the breaking up, as it were, of my whole moral and intellectual being, What is the Destiny of Man and of Society? Much of my life has been spent — wasted perhaps — in efforts to decipher the answer to this question. In common with others, I have tried my hand at the riddle of the Sphinx; and in common with others too, I have, it may be, faith in my own explanation. In seeking to solve the problem which has pressed heavily on my heart, as well as on my mind, I have been forced to appeal from tradition and authority to the Universal Reason, a ray of which shines into the heart of every man that cometh into the world; and this, which has been forced upon me, I would force upon others. The answer, which I have obtained and which has restored peace and serenity to my own soul, I would urge others to seek, and aid them to find. For this purpose I undertake this Review.

I have not sought to solve the problem of the Destiny of Man and of Society, without thinking for myself. By thinking for myself, I have found myself a solitary being, in a great measure shut out from communion with my race. Whoever thinks for himself, will find himself thinking differently from the majority around him, and by this fact he will be alone in their midst. He will find few who can sympathize with his soul, recognise his voice, or comprehend his language. However his heart may yearn towards his brethren, and however affectionately he would fold them in his bosom, he must submit to be regarded as a stranger, as an alien. He cannot speak to them and make them acquainted with what is concealed within him, through popular organs, or the established channels of communication. Those channels, though readily opened to others, are closed to him. They, who have it in their power to open them to whom they will, and shut them to whom they will,

are afraid of him; they are ignorant of the value of what he would utter, and they see no mark by which they can even guess what it will pass for in the market. His thoughts have not been through the mint of public opinion, and therefore must be debarred from general circulation. In this case he must have his own medium of communication, organs of his own through which he can speak, or else he must remain silent. Perhaps the world would lose nothing were he to remain silent; but silence, when one's thoughts are pressing hard for utterance, when they are even rending one's bosom, and resolving they will out and to the world, is a thing not entirely at one's command. There are times when I experience something like this, and when, do what I will, hold my peace I cannot. I must and will speak. What I say may be worth something, or it may be worth nothing, yet say it I will. But in order to be able to do this, I must have an organ of utterance at my own command, through which I may speak when and what I please. Hence, the Boston Review.

I ought in justice to the periodical press of the country to say, that it has always been at my service as far as I have sought to use it. With one or two insignificant exceptions, I have never asked the privilege of inserting an article, which has not been granted. The Christian Examiner, a periodical for freedom and freshness unsurpassed in the world, has always been open to me; and, for aught I have reason to think, still would be; but that removes not the difficulty. There is a possibility of refusal. The editor's imprimatur must be obtained. The censorship may be indulgent, liberal, obliging, yet it is censorship, and that is enough. The oracle within will not utter his responses, when it depends on the good will of another whether they shall to the public ear or not. The evil of the thing does not consist in the refusal to publish what is written, but in hindering one from writing what he otherwise might. This is after all a small affair; but who is there that is not disturbed by small affairs more than by great?

I undertake this Review, then, for myself; not because I am certain that the public wants it, but because I want it. I want it for a medium through which I may say to those who may choose to listen to my voice, just what I wish to say, and through which I may say it in my own way and time. This is the specific object for which I undertake it. I cannot say whether what I shall utter will be for the public good or not. What is for the public good? Who knows? I do not. This or that may seem to me to-day for the public good, and to-morrow's eve proves me mistaken; and yet how know I that? That, which I shall to-morrow's eve account a public evil, may turn out to have been a public blessing. Man seeth not the end, and knoweth not the termination of events. He cannot say which is the blessing or which is the curse. All that is for him is, what his hand findeth to do, to do it, and the word which is pressing for utterance, to utter it, and leave results to God, to whom alone they belong. I am not wise enough to say dogmatically what is or what is not for the public good; but I know what I think, what comes to me as truth; and as a watchman I would tell what I see, or seem to see, and let them of the city treat it as they will. Man is a seer and it is each man's duty to declare simply what he sees, without attempting to fix its precise value, and without allowing himself to be disturbed because others may not rate its value precisely as he does.

I would not, however, leave it to be inferred from this, that I am indifferent to the welfare of my fellow-men. Perhaps their interest is dear to me; and it may be that I would do them good; but I dare not say that this or that *is* for their good, and that they must do as I bid them. Once in my life I set up to be a Reformer, a bold Innovator, but not now. I would aid a reform, it is true, but I dare not say, that what I may propose, or what seems to me as desirable, ought to be adopted, and must be adopted, in order to obtain that greater good, after which Humanity

yearns and struggles. All I can do, all I have a right to do, is to throw my opinion into the common mass of opinion, and let it go for what it is worth. It may be worth something, as is every man's independent opinion, but it cannot be worth much. No man's opinion is worth much, except to himself. Men themselves, in the great movements of Humanity, count for less than they imagine. There is a Power above man, call it Fate, Necessity, or God, that carries all things along as they should and must go, without any deference to individuals, and without any aid from human volitions. What a man wills, says, and does, is of grave import, as concerns himself, his own moral character, his acquital or condemnation before the august tribunal of conscience; but it alters not the fate of nations, and neither hastens nor retards the progress of Humanity. The Power above achieves his own work with or without human coöperation in his own way and time, and in my humble belief, makes all things at last turn out for the best. With this belief my mind rests easy as to the final result. With this belief I come forward merely to play my part, utter my word, do my duty, and then pass off, satisfied if I have executed my mission, whatever it may be, to the acceptance of my Master, I would say, my Father, that I need not be at all uneasy about the consequences.

It may easily be inferred from what I have said, that I have no very definite objects to accomplish. I establish no journal to carry this or that proposed measure, to give currency to this or that doctrine, to support this or that party, this or that class. I belong to no party under Heaven, to no sect on earth, and swear allegiance to no creed, to no dogma. I have no wish to build up one party or to pull down another, to aid one sect or to depress another, or to recommend this school in preference to that. I would discourse freely on what seem to me to be great topics, and state clearly and forcibly what I deem important truths; — push inquiry into all subjects of general

interest, awaken a love of investigation, and create a habit of looking into even the most delicate and exciting matters, without passion and without fear. This is all.

I own, however, that I am desirous of contributing something to the power of the great Movement Party of mankind, or rather of showing that I have the will, if not the ability, to aid onward the great Movement commenced by Jesus of Nazareth, and which acquires velocity and momentum in proportion as it passes through successive centuries, and which is manifesting itself now in a manner that makes the timid quake, and the brave leap for joy. With this Movement, whether it be effecting a reform in the Church, giving us a purer and more rational theology; in philosophy seeking something profounder and more inspiriting than the heartless Sensualism of the last century; or whether in society demanding the elevation of labor with the Loco foco, or the freedom of the slave with the Abolitionist, I own I sympathize, and I thank God that I am able to sympathize. I sympathize with the progress of Humanity wherever I see it; and it is my life and my delight to contemplate and try to aid it.

But I am growing too egotistical; what I have said will disclose the character of this Review as far as it needs to be disclosed in an introduction. I will only add, that it will probably be very heretical, and show a fellow feeling for heretics of every name and nature. All, who are afraid of heresy, who want the nerve to look even the most arch-heresy in the face, had better not patronize it, nor even undertake to read it. It is not designed for them, and will by no means do them any good. It is addressed only to those who love truth, and are willing to follow wherever her light may lead, to those only who are willing to "prove all things" and have the desire to "hold fast that which is good." How many such there be I know not; perhaps I shall not find out; but I venture to say that they are three times more numerous than most people think, and their number is every day increasing.

One word as to the name I have selected. I call it a Review, because that term is indefinite, and allows me to discourse on any thing I please. Moreover it has nothing in it offensive like the name "New Views," which I was sometime ago so foolish, not to say presumptuous, as to give to a little work I thought worth the publishing, though hardly any body seems to have thought it worth the reading.

I add the epithet Boston, both to designate the place whence it is published, and to pay a sort of compliment to this goodly city. Boston is, of all the cities in the Union, the one in which thought is freest and boldest, and in which progress finds its warmest and most enlightened friends. I may say this, for I am not a Bostonian. I know Boston is called an aristocratic city, and I know also that democracy is a word for which it has no slight aversion; but in point of fact, it has less aristocracy than any other of our cities, and is more truly democratic in its practice. One may indeed see now and then the representative of a by-gone generation, walking the streets with an antique air and dress, but he is, after all, one who makes us doubt whether we have advanced much on our fathers. True, there is here and there a purse-proud *parvenu*, and a poor worshipper of Fashion, but even these it has been conjectured, and not without reason, have souls, and even hearts * which may with proper applications be made to beat with something like sympathy with Humanity, and admiration of a generous sentiment or a heroic deed. Boston is, say what you will of it, the city of "notions," and of new notions too; and in the progress of liberal ideas in this country, it ever has and ever will take the lead. Elsewhere there may be more bustle, more pretence, more profession of liberty, of reform, of progress, of democracy; but when it comes to the reality, Boston need not blush in the presence of any of her sisters. This being the case, it is proper that I should

* Sartor Resartus.

call my Review the *Boston* Review, intimating thereby that it contains in some sort *Boston* notions; and sure am I that in Boston shall I find for it the most sympathy and its best friends.

In conclusion, I merely add that, as this Review is the organ of no party, nobody but its Editor, and those of his friends who may contribute to its pages, must be at all implicated in its sins and heresies. It is a free Journal. It will be open to the discussion of all subjects of general and permanent interest, by any one who is able to express his thoughts — providing he has any — with spirit, in good temper, and in good taste.

THE EDITOR.

ART. II. — CHRISTIANITY NOT AN ORIGINAL REVELATION WITH JESUS, NOR A SYSTEM OF THEOLOGICAL DOCTRINES, PROPERLY SO CALLED.

CHRISTIANITY is generally, at least extensively, taken to be an original revelation, a set of moral and religious doctrines communicated to mankind for the first time by Jesus of Nazareth. Two controversies have thence arisen, which have not been without their effect on the faith and prosperity of the Church. The first has been among professed Christians themselves, and has had for its object to ascertain and settle the precise doctrines Jesus revealed. The other has sprung up in modern times between professed Christians and Unbelievers.

Unbelievers, raking together a modicum of erudition, have attempted, by an appeal to the records of antiquity, to show that all the doctrines and precepts contained in the New Testament were known in the world long before the time of Jesus. Some of the defenders of the faith have denied this, and set them-

selves at work to find out the doctrine or the precept which was peculiar to Jesus, and of which there is no historical trace anterior to the Christian era. But in this, so far as I am informed, they have not succeeded. At one time they have claimed one doctrine, at other times another; now this moral precept and now that. Some have insisted upon it that the command to forgive or to love one's enemies is the original and peculiar revelation; others have claimed the doctrine of the resurrection, or the immortality of the soul; and others, that of a future retribution; and others still, the doctrine of the ultimate holiness and happiness of all mankind. But none of these are peculiar to the Gospel. Plato, as well as Jesus, teaches the forgiveness of enemies; and all antiquity believed in a future life; and all the views which now obtain in regard to that life were prevalent long before Jesus lay in his manger-cradle. Indeed, if the truth of Christianity depended on the fact that it was an original revelation with Jesus, we should be obliged to give it up. Nothing is more evident to them who have investigated the subject, than that all the doctrines and precepts of the New Testament were known in the world at least many hundred years before the time of Jesus; and they who contend to the contrary do great disservice to the Christian cause, besides exposing themselves to a certain and even shameful defeat.

On the other hand, the controversy among professed Christians themselves, as to the precise doctrines Jesus taught, is very far from being ended, and does not seem likely to be brought very soon if ever to a satisfactory termination. Each party appeals to the Bible; but, little is done save to pit text against text and commentary against commentary. Each, according to its own reading, finds the Bible expressly in its own favor, and pointedly against its opponent; and each may fight on, and fight on, with no danger of exhausting its ammunition. For nearly two thousand years the wordy war has been waged, and for aught we can see it may be waged for two thousand years to come,

without any prospect of peace or even of a temporary cessation of hostilities. The truth is, — and we may as well own it as not, — that it is very nearly if not quite impossible to settle definitely, to the satisfaction of all concerned, what are the precise doctrines taught or implied in the New Testament. The book itself is none of the clearest, and its language, on most occasions, is far from being definite. And then it was written long ago, amidst peculiar circumstances, by peculiar men, and in an idiom altogether different in its genius and complexion from ours. Its exact meaning, it appears to me, must forever remain a matter of doubt and dispute to the ablest philologists and the most experienced critics. Each interpreter, notwithstanding his most strenuous efforts to the contrary, will interpret it according to the peculiar cast and biases of his own mind; and as these vary in each interpreter, each must necessarily interpret it differently from the other.

Now it strikes me that both of these controversies are needless and uncalled for. Christianity, according to its usual interpretation, that is, as a particular set of moral and theological doctrines, is not an original revelation with Jesus, and when interpreted as it should be, it is not the revelation of any specific doctrines or dogmas at all.

All truth is immutable and eternal. There is no new truth; there is no old truth. Relatively to us, truth may indeed be new or old, but not in itself. It is from everlasting to everlasting, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It is not made, not created, but is, ever was, and ever will be. We may be ignorant of it; that is, it may be unrevealed to us; but it exists not the less, is the same, just as much the truth before as after we become acquainted with it. The time when, or the individual by whom it is made known do not affect it. The age in which it is first revealed can add nothing to its truthfulness, and the individual who first declares it can add nothing to its legitimate authority. The truth of Christianity can,

then, in no way, be made to depend on the time when or the individual by whom it was first taught. Say it was taught thousands of years before Jesus, by nobody knows whom. What then? If true, it is not the less true on that account. If it be not true, the fact, that it was taught about eighteen hundred years ago by Jesus of Nazareth, cannot make it true. In order to determine whether it be true or not, it is needless to inquire when or by whom it was first taught. The teacher does not make the truth; he but teaches that which is as true without him as with him. Grant then to the unbeliever, that all the doctrines of the New Testament were known to the world long before the age of Jesus, you grant him nothing to the detriment of Christianity.

But in point of fact, the New Testament writers, and even the early fathers do not profess to regard Christianity as an original revelation with Jesus. Several of the early fathers stated expressly in their Apologies for Christianity, that it was no new religion; that they did not consider themselves as teaching any new faith or philosophy, but merely that which had been embraced by the sages, patriarchs, and philosophers of old. Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians, assures us that he was teaching no new religion; "for the scriptures, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham." And he contends earnestly that they who believe are justified with "faithful Abraham;" that is, as I interpret it, on the same ground, by the same faith or religion as that on or by which Abraham was justified. Jesus himself says to the Jews, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day; and he saw it and was glad." The Jews say unto him, "Thou art not yet fifty years old; and hast thou seen Abraham?" "Before Abraham was, I am," was his reply. The New Testament writers all teach us, so far as they teach us any thing on this point, that the "Lamb of God which taketh away sin," was "the Lamb slain from the foundations of the world." Indeed, had they not

regarded the doctrines they were teaching as having been previously taught, how could they, with the least show of propriety, have made the use they did of previous writings? Whenever they preach or address themselves to the Jews, they appeal to Jewish writings, and undertake to prove from them that what they were preaching was not only in harmony with, but actually contained in "the law and the prophets." Paul, when he preaches to the Gentiles, quotes or refers to Gentile writings, apparently for the purpose of proving to them that he was but teaching what had already been taught by their own poets, wise men, and philosophers. Whence the propriety of this, if they were the teachers of a new, original, and peculiar revelation?

Now these considerations satisfy me that neither Jesus nor his Apostles ever pretended to teach a new religion, that they did not regard themselves as setting forth doctrines essentially different from those which had long been entertained, and perhaps widely diffused. They laid no claims to originality. They appeared to themselves to be but reviving the faith which had been from the beginning. They were reformers, but not innovators. And this has in reality been the uniform belief of the great majority of the Christian world. In ascertaining the doctrines of the Gospel, until quite lately, at least, the Christian world has considered the Old Testament of equal authority with the New.

But in the next place, I contend that Christianity, understanding it as Jesus and his Apostles seem to have understood it, is not a system of moral and religious doctrines. It was not the doctrines Jesus and the Apostles preached, as we usually understand the word doctrines, that produced the Christian Movement, the Christian Revolution; but the life they lived, the spirit and disposition they displayed. The doctrines they preached had been preached before, and by others, but without the effect Jesus and his Apostles produced. The simple preaching of those doctrines never could have revolutionized the world.

The new power they seemed to acquire was the power of a new life. Not they, but the new life arrested men's attention, moved men's hearts, changed their dispositions, commanded their assent, and made them new creatures. The power of Jesus to live and die for man as man, of the Apostles to endure hardships, and perils, and death, in the cause of Humanity, was the moving power, the creator of that mighty change in the face of the moral world effected by preaching the Gospel.

This is the view which all the New Testament writers seem to me to take of Christianity. They never, if I rightly recollect, represent the Gospel as a proposition for the intellect to grapple with. They always propound it to the heart; never, I believe, to the understanding. It is the faith indeed, but the faith of the heart, not of the head. It is a life. It is spirit and an influence. Contrasted with Judaism, which the New Testament writers frequently designate as the flesh and as the world, it is spirit, the power of God, and the kingdom or reign of God. It is the spirit of power, of love, and a sound mind; God dwelling in the soul, presiding over the inner man, and guarding all the issues of life. It is the word of God, but not a mere doctrinal proposition which God reveals, for it is "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The same view is taken by Paul, when he says to the Corinthians, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness. But unto them who are called, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Jesus speaks of himself as a way, and as the life. "I am the way and the truth — the resurrection and the life." "He that believeth on me shall never die," and "the dead, who hear my voice, shall live." "That," says John, "which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our

eyes and looked upon, which our hands have handled of the word of life, that declare we unto you; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and do bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father and which was manifested unto us." Now it is evident from the whole tenor of this first Epistle of John, that this "word of life," this "life," this "eternal life, which was with the Father," is not an intellectual but a spiritual life. John did not call Christianity a life, because by believing it one would be entitled to life and immortality in the world to come, but because it was life in itself, an endless life, the only life acceptable and well pleasing to God the Father.

We are exhorted to come to Jesus. "Come unto me," says Jesus, "all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life." In order to be what God requires us to be, we must "receive the Son," — "believe on the Son," — "eat his flesh and drink his blood;" and we are assured that if we do not, we have "no life in us," — "have not eternal life," — "are dead," — "condemned," — with the "wrath of God abiding on us." Paul teaches us the same thing by the phrases, being in Christ, and Christ in us, which he so frequently uses. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." — "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature." — "If a man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." — "If Christ be in you the body is dead." — "Christ liveth in me." — "Of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." — "That Christ may dwell in your hearts." — "Christ who is our life." Now all this, and much more like it, is explained to my understanding, by the exhortation, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." We are taught by it, that in order to be a Christian; to have true, spiritual, eternal life; to be a saint; to be saved; accepted with God; one must have that mind in him, which was in Jesus, be filled with the spirit with which

he was filled; in a word, be what he was, a son of God, as he was a son of God, a joint-heir with him of the kingdom of heaven. That, by virtue of which one becomes a true Christian, must of course be Christianity; and nothing is more certain than that one becomes a true Christian according to the New Testament, by living and only by living the life which Jesus lived,—not by believing what he may have taught, but by being what he was, righteous as he was righteous.

Now nothing is more evident, than that the life which Jesus lived was the life of pure, disinterested love, manifesting itself, on the one hand, in warm and unaffected piety towards God, and, on the other hand, in an abiding and all-enduring friendship for man—a friendship which led him to taste death on the cross for the human race. All his divine worth and exalted virtues are integrated in pure, disinterested love. He therefore is able to sum up all his commands in that simple declaration, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Or more simply still in that new commandment he gave to his disciples, that "they should love one another as he had loved them." They who observed this commandment were his disciples, and by observing it they were to be known as such. The simple fact, of loving one another as Jesus loved them, was to be a proof unto all men of their discipleship. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one towards another."

If this be accepted, and I see not how it can be avoided, it is certain that Christianity is not a system of theological doctrines, a set of propositions propounded to the understanding, but a life, the life of pure, disinterested love. This conclusion to which I have arrived, if duly considered, will carry us much further, and perhaps help us to solve several important and oftentimes troublesome problems.

The possession of the love which Jesus manifested proves one to be a true disciple. A true disciple is

unquestionably a true Christian, one who has true, spiritual, eternal life, and is a subject of the kingdom of God. By possessing this love, then, one becomes precisely what he would be, by coming to Christ, receiving the Son, possessing the Son, by being in Christ, or by having Christ in him. The Christ, the Son, and love, then, are identical. The Christ which sanctifies, the Son which gives life, and the love which proves discipleship are, then, one and the same thing; and the three terms are only so many different terms for expressing the same spirit, power, influence, state, or disposition of the inner or spiritual man.

Now this fact implies a distinction which is sometimes overlooked, a distinction between Jesus and the Christ. Jesus, it is true, is called Christ, the Christ, but I apprehend only by that figure of speech by which the attribute is put for the subject, the character, office, or endowment for the individual. The term Christ was applied to Jesus, because it was supposed that he answered to the Jewish prophecies of a Messiah. But the Jewish Messiah, in strictness, was not a person, but an impersonation of an idea, principle, or power. This I think will readily appear to all who will study the Jewish prophets carefully and without prejudice.

The Jewish prophets were dissatisfied with the state in which they found their nation and the world. In their view, the earth was abandoned to tyranny and oppression, to ignorance and gross idolatry. Darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people. The nations sat in the region and shadow of death. Justice and judgment were not executed; truth and holiness had no dominion, and peace no dwelling-place. Men knew not God, and loved not one another. But this could not last forever. By the Holy Spirit with which they were inspired, they foresaw that the period must come round when this state of things would cease to exist. They saw in that distant Future into which God gave them to look, and from which they derived wherewithal to cheer

their drooping spirits, that there was an unattained good in reserve for poor, suffering, struggling, down-trodden Humanity; that the night would run out, a glorious morning dawn, a new sun arise with healing in his beams, to dispel the darkness and dry up pollution; that the sword and spear would be broken, the tyrant overthrown, the captive set free, wrongs and oppressions ended, the true God universally known and worshipped, and the whole earth filled with love and peace.

But how is this God-sent vision to be realized? The movement towards its realization, whether it be of the Jewish or Gentile world, will need a leader, some one who may guide it to the end desired. Hence the conception of the Messiah, of a personage one day to appear, God-anointed, consecrated, commissioned to achieve the universal Palingenesia of man and society. The Messiah of the prophets was a Deliverer, a Renovator, the Father of the age, the new order of things, which they foresaw, would in its appointed time be introduced. At one time they regard him as a prince of the line of David, far surpassing his renowned ancestor, a wise and judicious king reigning in righteousness, the father of his people, caring for the poor and needy; at another time, as a conquering hero, taking vengeance on the enemies of the Jewish nation, breaking the rod of the oppressor, and subjecting the heathen by his might in battle to the Jewish dominion; then again, as a priest, a prophet, an inspired teacher of truth and righteousness, converting the world by moral and spiritual means to the worship of the true God. But these are only the different forms which their fancy, their wants, or prejudices, as individuals or as Jews, necessarily led them to give, if I may be allowed the expression, to the Messianic Idea. Divested of these forms, which are accidental and not necessary to the Idea, the real Messiah of the prophets was the spirit, power, or agency by which the new order of things, in which they believed, was to be introduced and established.

Now if we can determine what is the spirit, power, or agency, which really introduces and establishes this new order of things, we can at once determine who or what is the real Christ. Whatever may have been the opinions of the Jewish prophets, the expectations of the Jewish people, or early notions of the disciples themselves, we know well to-day what it is. It is love, pure, disinterested love of God and Humanity. Nothing but love is able to achieve a work so vast and so glorious. Nothing but love can make the wolf and the lamb lie down together, dethrone the tyrant, break the chains of the captive, unbar the prison door, beat the sword into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning-hook, wipe the tears from off all faces, and fill the earth with gladness and peace. Love, then, is the true Messiah, the real Christ. And this is what I have before proved.

But Jesus is not love. He was an individual, and is no more to be called love, or the Christ, than Socrates is to be called philosophy, Demosthenes eloquence, or Washington patriotism. The term Christ applies to him merely as the term eloquent to the great orator, or as we call the man, most eminent for oratory, the orator. Jesus in strictness was not the Messiah, the Christ; but he possessed the Christ; he was the individual who possessed, and in the most eminent degree of any of the sons of men, that which brings in the new age, and effects the regeneration which the prophets foresaw and foretold. This is why he is called the Christ. The Christ was in him, and without measure. This distinction between the individual Jesus and the Christ explains, if I mistake not, the mystery of the two natures which have been attributed to Jesus. The Scriptures plainly teach us that Jesus was a man, but they also seem to teach that he was more than man, that he was divine, if not God. Understand all that is said of Jesus Christ as a man, as applying to the individual Jesus, and what is said of him which seems to imply that he was more than man, as applying to the Christ that was in him, and you will have no difficulty.

By means of this distinction, we can easily dispose of the difficulty concerning the alleged preëxistence and Deity of Jesus. Jesus was a man, and no more existed before he was born than other men. In a certain sense, preëxistence may be affirmed of all men. In this sense, it may be affirmed of Jesus, but in no other. But the Christ preëxisted and was divine. The Christ, I have proved, is love; but love existed long before Jesus was born. The Christ existing in Jesus was love incarnated, or made flesh, or manifested by one in the flesh. But God is love. The Christ being love, then, must be one with God. The Christ being, as I have shown, identical with the Son, it follows also that the Son is one with the Father, with this difference merely, that the Son is love incarnate, and the Father is love universal, constituting the ground and being of all that is. Christ, the Son, is then literally and truly God, only God under accident, God revealing himself in and through Humanity. The Christ was in Jesus. Jesus loved; therefore God was in him. He dwelt in love; therefore he dwelt in God and God in him; as John says, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

This distinction enables us to understand what Jesus meant, when he said, "Before Abraham was, I am." He did not mean that he, the literal man, the man after the flesh, was before Abraham, for that was not true; but that the Christ, the Divine Love, which was in him, and in whose name he spoke, whose words he was uttering, and for which he was suffering reproach, was that by virtue of which Abraham had been raised to the dignity of being called the friend of God; that in which Abraham rejoiced, which he saw, though it may be but through a glass darkly, and in which he was glad. This Christ was before Abraham; it was eternal; it was in the beginning with God, and was God. And Jesus, by the passage referred to, would also teach the Jews, that what he was urging upon them, the love he was urging them to possess and show forth, had been before Abraham,

even from the beginning, the only savior of men, the only way of life, the only sacrifice, all-sufficient sacrifice, for sin, and the only means of justification and acceptance with God. The way of salvation is the same in all ages of the world. It is now what it ever was, and ever will be. No man is accepted with God, till he is reconciled to him, at one with him; and what, but the possession of love, can reconcile or make us at one with a God who is love? Love only can make at one with love.

It is easy to see now why Jesus and his Apostles gave the world no new religion. There had been good men before Jesus. But goodness, or that by virtue of which one is good, is the same in all ages and in all countries of the world, and in all individuals too. They, who had been good before Jesus, had been good in the same sense, though it may be not in the same degree, in which he was good. There is none good, absolutely considered, but one, and that is God. Men at best are only relatively good, and good only as they approach or partake of God. God is love; consequently men become good in proportion, and only in proportion, as they love or are filled with love.

Of the millions who had lived before Jesus, had none ever loved? Shall we say none of them had ever known any thing of that love which was manifest in Jesus? If we may not say so, then Christianity was no new religion. It revealed no new truth; for every man, who had loved, had experienced and known its truth. To that truth Jesus may have given a fuller meaning; he may have developed and quickened the life of love, as it never had been before; but the truth he taught had always been in the world, and borne witness to by every man, in whose heart love had found a resting-place.

If I am right, I gain this important conclusion; to wit, a man's creed does not constitute his Christianity. He who fears God and works righteousness, that is, loves, is accepted with him, whatever be his creed, sect, nation, or mode of worship. The man who loves

the Divinity with all his heart and soul, and his neighbor as himself, be he Jew or Moslem, be he Pagan or a professed Christian, is a Christian in the highest and only worthy sense of the term. He is a member of the true Christ's Church, and is one in the unity of his love with the good of all ages and nations, one with Jesus, and one with God. Thank God, there is and there never was but one church, and all who love are its members, and are brethren of the same religion, and will one day come together, however they may be separated now.

Art. III. — *Poems written during the progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the years* 1830 *and* 1838. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Isaac Knapp. 1837. 16mo. pp. 104.

Not yet can justice be done to those philanthropic men and women, who have taken the lead in the effort to abolish Negro Slavery. They disturb too many prejudices, interfere with too many interests, and stir up insurrection in too many consciences, to be able to find at once their true place in the love and reverence of their countrymen. But they need not be disheartened. Humanity will not forget them. The very children of those, who now call them madmen and fanatics, who treat them with scorn and contumely, with "brickbats and stones," will vie with one another in building their tombs or garnishing their sepulchres.

Slavery — whatever opinion we may form of the ultimate effects of Abolition movements on the destiny of the Negro race, — slavery is doomed, its days are numbered, and as recedes the primitive forest before the advancing emigrant, so must it recede before the onward march of modern civilization. It is not in

any human power to save it. Go it must and will; and they who think it can be retained are ignorant of the age in which they live, and of the influences at work around them. They, who would wish to retain it, are strangers in their generation, and worthy of being studied as the last representatives of an order of things, of which we are beginning to know nothing save through the uncertain medium of hoary Tradition. They should be labelled, numbered, and arranged in the cabinets of the curious, as genuine specimens of the antique. In that inviting Future which draweth nigh, the patriarchal relation of master and slave, and even that of employer and employed, will find no admittance; for in that Future man is to be man, and nothing more and nothing less.

When that Future has become the Present, and man stands up by the side of man, in the native dignity of manhood, and in the image of his Maker, they, who now weep and yearn, toil and struggle, suffer reproach and persecution, for the rights of man, will be owned as the true nobility of their day, the God-sent benefactors of mankind. In that day the author of this little volume of poems will not be forgotten. He will then stand out as one who cared for the poor and needy, — who was prompt to save him who was ready to perish, and as one in whose heart lived and burned the genuine love of Humanity. That distinguishing honor awaits him, and that, if we have not wholly mistaken his character, is the honor he is the most ambitious to receive His reputation as a literary man, as a poet, is not that which lies nearest his heart. He does not make it his vocation to write, nor his end to sing. He feels that God has given him a higher mission, a nobler calling, that of breaking the chains of the bound, abolishing tyranny and oppression, and raising universal man to universal freedom and virtue.

Nevertheless, Mr. Whittier is a poet, and a poet of a high order too. He is a living answer to the accusation, that this country can produce no genuine poet. In the volume before us there is poetry, as true, and

of its kind, as lofty, as ever burst from the soul of man. Poetry is the outspeaking, the overflowing of a soul, filled and more than filled with a great and quickening Idea. The poet is always inspired. God moves in him, and he speaks not because he wills to speak, but because he must speak; in numbers, not because he seeks them, but because they come. His words are words of fire. His song kindles. The God in him wakes up the God in those who listen — fills them with lofty thoughts, gives them noble impulses, and makes them feel that they can do, dare, suffer any thing and every thing in the cause of truth, liberty, justice, religion, country or Humanity. Tried by this standard, Mr. Whittier is a poet. His subject is the greatest that can engage the thoughts or the sympathies of the human mind or heart. He sets us on fire and makes us burn as he burns. As we listen, the slave becomes a man; he becomes a brother; his chains rust into our flesh, eat into our souls, and we concentrate ourselves in one mighty effort to break, and to break them forever.

Mr. Whittier is a poet; and what we love him for is, that he is an American poet. We mean not merely that he was born and lives in the United States. The word American means more than this to us; and our countryman is far other than he who may chance to have been born on the same soil with ourselves. Where freedom is, there is America; where the freeman is, there is our countryman. We call Mr. Whittier an American poet, because his soul is filled and enlarged with the American Idea; the Idea which God has appointed the American people to bring out and embody; the Idea of universal freedom to universal man; the great doctrine that man equals man the world over, and that he who wrongs a man wrongs his equal, his brother, himself, a child of God. This is the American Idea. The mission of the American people is to realize this Idea, and to realize it for the world. He who is not inspired by this Idea, and who embodies it not in his song, is no American poet.

He may be a poet, he may even have been born in America, he may sing her rivers and lakes, her woodlands and mountains, the fertility of her soil, the wildness and beauty of her scenery, the exuberant life of her spring, or the gorgeousness of her autumnal sunsets; but he must surrender all claim as an American poet, if his soul be not on fire with love of freedom, and if his verse do not breathe eternal hostility to every form of slavery or oppression. He may even deal in all the phrases of a vulgar patriotism, he may even kindle up enthusiasm for national independence, make the farmer, the mechanic, and the merchant rush to the battle field to protect or enlarge her territory, and still be infinitely removed from an American poet. The American poet is the poet of Liberty.

The American poet is not only the poet of Liberty, but of Liberty in a new and enlarged sense, in a sense the world has never yet comprehended it, and in which it never has, and out of this country never could have had a poet. Liberty, in the American sense of the word, is not national independence, is not the power to choose our own form of government, to elect our own rulers, and through them to make and administer our own laws; it is not, as Miss Martineau and some pseudo-democrats imagine, the liberty of the majority to govern, and to make the interests of the few bend to those of the many; but the realization of justice and love in the case of each individual member of the human race. It is the liberty which surrounds even the minutest right of the obscurest and most insignificant man, with the bulwarks of sanctity, and secures to every man, whether white, red, or black, high or low, rich or poor, great or small, the free exercise of all the rights and faculties, which God has given, and in the precise order in which the Creator designed them to be exercised. It is the "perfect law of liberty," developed and universally applied and obeyed. It is liberty in this sense he must sing, who would be an American poet.

In this sense, Mr. Whittier is an American poet. It is in this sense, that he understands the word *liberty*. Negro slavery is the occasion on which he strikes his lyre, but universal justice and love to man, and to man as man, is the spirit of his song. The song is an outburst of a soul sympathizing with man, simply as man, filled with a lively sense of his wrongs, and burning with the desire to make him free, virtuous, and happy. Nowhere else do we find a poet of equal powers singing this ennobling song. Körner, to whom the editor of the poems before us compares their author, is a poet inspired with a theme altogether different. He sings liberty, it is true, but it is the liberty of Germany, not of man. Elliot pours out no small share of good old English indignation at taxes and corn laws, but the conception of liberty, as the result of the universal practice of justice and love, seems never to have entered his mind, nor to have warmed his heart. Béranger was inspired more by recollections of the Republic and hatred of the Bourbon dynasty, than by genuine love of true liberty. Shelley is the only poet we are acquainted with, who has sung liberty in the broad and deep sense, in which we have defined it. Shelley loved Humanity. Human freedom was the God of his worship; and it rescued him from Atheism, even after he had ceased to worship or to believe in any other. But Shelley was more of the metaphysician than the poet; he lost himself in the region of abstractions, and his strains were only a prelude to the universal song of freedom. Whittier is the truer poet of the two; and freedom is more living in him than it was in Shelley. In Shelley it was a matter of speculation; in Whittier it is a life. In one it was the result of reflection, and was sung after it had been demonstrated to be worthy of a song; in the other it is the spontaneous expression of his very soul, the outpouring of his inner and higher life. In one it was a philosophy, in the other it is a religion.

Of Mr. Whittier's merits as a poet in other re-

spects, as to the strength of his genius, the structure of his verse, his skill in the art of verse-making, we have nothing to say. Whether in these respects he be above or below many others whom we delight to honor, we do not ask, and we have no wish, even if we had the ability, to answer. It is not our humor to raise one man by depressing another. The world has no great and good men to spare. All that concerns us in the present case to know or to state, is that Mr. Whittier strikes the lyre with a bold and skilful hand, and that he strikes it in a noble, an American, and a Christian cause. If others can strike it more effectually and give us richer and more thrilling music; if they can wake us to a more earnest struggle for a loftier end, then, in God's name, and in Humanity's name, let them do it. We shall not object, and we are sure Mr. Whittier will not.

Some regret that Mr. Whittier so seldom gives us a song. We do not. When the God within moves, the oracle will give forth his responses; and it is only then that they are worth the hearing. No man should speak in prose or verse, unless he have a word lying heavy on his heart and pressing for utterance. When he has a word so lying and pressing, let him out with it; it cannot fail to be a word fit to be spoken. When Mr. Whittier, in the language of the class of Christians with which he is associated, feels "the spirit move," he will sing to us again; and whenever that may be, he will find us waiting and in the attitude to listen.

Our limits do not allow us to justify our remarks by large quotations. But this is no cause of regret. It will not be in the power of our Review to make Mr. Whittier's poems more extensively known than they are. They have already gone infinitely farther than this notice will ever go. Yet we cannot forbear to enrich our pages with a few extracts. We begin with the stanzas, "Our Fellow Countrymen in Chains!" which we copy entire, except the last two stanzas, which, though very fine, are necessary

to prevent Abolitionists from being misinterpreted, rather than to complete the poem. If a man can read these stanzas, and not feel that he could joy to be a martyr in the cause of Freedom, he can do more than we can; or if he can read them, and not call them poetry, we must say his judgment and ours in poetical matters do not coincide.

"Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves — in a land of light and law?
Slaves — crouching on the very plains,
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood —
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell —
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there —
The falling lash — the fetter's clank!
Slaves — SLAVES are breathing in that air,
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What ho! — *our* countrymen in chains!
The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us, whose fathers scorned to bear
The paltry *menace* of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
Of holy liberty and light,
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong,
Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where manhood, on the field of death,
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up — and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning —
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendôme's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland, grasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave;
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave;
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go — let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat —
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote.
Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, and fiery Russ —
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn — the heathen's mirth —
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse, which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain,
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart,
Scatter the living coals of Truth!
Up — while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up — while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh rouse ye — ere the storm comes forth —
The gathered wrath of God and man —
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up — up — why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?" — pp. 36–39.

The "Stanzas for the Times," that is, for the times of a certain meeting in Faneuil Hall, and of a certain *gentlemanly* mob, in this city, are bold, spirited, and such as the occasion demanded; but as the principal actors in that meeting, and in that mob, probably do not now care to remember the part they took, we pass them by. "The Song of the Free," is worthy of a New Englander, and such as a descendant of the Pilgrims should ever have a voice to sing. "Clerical Oppressors," is too bad. Mr. Whittier ought to have some mercy on the clergy. They have not, it is true, gone in a body for Abolition; but they can hardly be blamed. The people have not hired them, as ministers of religion, to free the slaves, but to make sermons and say their prayers. The poem addressed to Governor M'Duffie of South Carolina is a compliment, which his Excellency richly merited for his defence of slavery. We give the first five stanzas.

"'*The Patriarchal Institution of Slavery.*'—Gov. M'Duffie.

King of Carolina! — hail!
Last champion of Oppression's battle!
Lord of rice-tierce and cotton-bale!
Of sugar-box and human cattle!
Around thy temples, green and dark,
Thy own tobacco-wreath reposes —
Thyself, a brother Patriarch
Of Isaac, Abraham, and Moses!

Why not? — Their household rule is thine —
Like theirs, thy bondmen feel its rigor;
And thine, perchance, as concubine,
Some swarthy prototype of Hagar.
Why not? — Like those good men of old,
The priesthood is thy chosen station;
Like them thou payest thy rites to gold —
And Aaron's calf of Nullification.

All fair and softly! — Must we then,
From Ruin's open jaws to save us,
Upon our own free working men
Confer a master's special favors?
Whips for the back — chains for the heels —
Hooks for the nostrils of Democracy,
Before it spurns as well as feels
The riding of the Aristocracy!

Ho! — fishermen of Marblehead! —
Ho — Lynn cordwainers, leave your leather,
And wear the yoke in kindness made,
And clank your needful chains together!
Let Lowell mills their thousands yield,
Down let the rough Vermonter hasten,
Down from the workshop and the field,
And thank us for each chain we fasten.

Slaves in the rugged Yankee land?
I tell thee, Carolinian, never!
Our rocky hills and iron strand
Are free, and shall be free forever.
The surf shall wear that strand away,
Our granite hills in dust shall moulder,
Ere Slavery's hateful yoke shall lay
Unbroken, on a Yankee's shoulder!" — pp. 54, 55.

The spirited piece addressed to George Bancroft proves, that Mr. Whittier's notions of liberty are not restricted to liberty for the black man only. The piece is a noble tribute, paid by one noble soul to another. Mr. Bancroft is able to appreciate it; and in his History of the United States he is proving that he both comprehends and loves true liberty. "Lines written on the Passage of Mr. Pinckney's Resolution in the House of Representatives, and of Mr. Calhoun's 'Bill of Abominations,' in the Senate of the United States," are equal to any thing in the language. They are so well known to all our readers, that we must pass them by. They will not be unknown, till the love of Freedom dies out of the Yankee heart.

But it is time that we bring this notice to a close, and we do so by copying entire the following tribute,

"TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS SHIPLEY,

President of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, who died on the 17th of the 9th mo. 1836, a devoted Christian and Philanthropist.

Gone to thy heavenly Father's rest —
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing!
And, on thine ear, the murmurs blest
Of Shiloah's waters softly flowing!
Beneath that Tree of Life, which gives
To all the earth its healing leaves —
In the white robe of angels clad,
And wandering by that sacred river,
Whose streams of holiness make glad
The city of our God forever!

Gentlest of spirits! — not for thee
Our tears are shed — our sighs are given:
Why mourn to know thou art a free
Partaker of the joys of Heaven?
Finished thy work, and kept thy faith
In Christian firmness unto death:
And beautiful, as sky and earth,
When Autumn's sun is downward going,
The blessed memory of thy worth
Around thy place of slumber glowing!

But, wo for us! who linger still
With feebler strength and hearts less lowly,
And minds less steadfast to the will
Of Him, whose every work is holy!
For not like thine, is crucified
The spirit of our human pride:
And, at the bondman's tale of wo,
And, for the outcast and forsaken,
Not warm like thine, but cold and slow,
Our weaker sympathies awaken;

Darkly upon our struggling way
The storm of human hate is sweeping;
Hunted and branded, and a prey,
Our watch amidst the darkness keeping!
Oh! for that hidden strength which can
Nerve unto death the inner man!
Oh! for thy spirit tried and true,
And constant in the hour of trial —
Prepared to suffer, or to do,
In meekness and in self-denial.

Oh, for that spirit meek and mild,
Derided, spurned, yet uncomplaining —
By man deserted and reviled,
Yet faithful to its trust remaining.
Still prompt and resolute to save
From scourge and chain the hunted slave!
Unwavering in the Truth's defence,
Even where the fires of Hate are burning,
The unquailing eye of innocence
Alone upon the oppressor turning!

Oh — loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee!
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee —
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again!
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine,
Recalling memories sweet and holy!

Oh for the death the righteous die!
An end, like Autumn's day declining,
On human hearts, as on the sky,
With holier, tenderer beauty shining:
As to the parting soul were given
The radiance of an opening heaven!
As if that pure and blessed light,
From off the Eternal altar flowing,
Were bathing in its upward flight
The spirit to its worship going!" — pp. 58 – 60.

ART. IV. — *Address of the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts, holden at Worcester, September* 20, 1837.

WE have introduced this Address, because it gives us an opportunity for expressing ourselves on the vexed and sometimes vexatious question of Democracy. In common with the great body of our countrymen, we are sturdy democrats; and, do what we can to prevent it, democracy will more or less tincture all that we write. But in order to avoid all just occasion of offence to those — if such there be — in whose minds the word *Democrat* calls up unpleasant associations, and to save ourselves from being misapprehended or misinterpreted, we design, in this article, to give as clear and as satisfactory an exposition, as we can, of what we understand by democracy, and of the sense in which we consider ourselves and wish others to consider us democrats.

1. We may understand by Democracy a form of government under which the people, either as a body or by their representatives, make and administer their own laws. This is the original and etymological sense of the word; and in this sense, a Democrat is one who believes in, or contends for a popular form of government. All, or nearly all Americans are democrats in this sense of the word. We have estab-

lished a democratic government, both for the Confederacy and for the several States; and there are few among us, if any, who would exchange it for another. Some may have less faith than others in the utility or permanence of this form of government; here and there one, perhaps, may be found with an individual preference for a limited monarchy; but virtually the whole people are seriously and honestly bent on preserving the institutions the wisdom of our fathers adopted. There may be those who question the propriety of this or that public measure, who object to this or that law, but none who object very strenuously to the form of the government itself. The American people are not revolutionists. They are conservatives, and to be a conservative in this country, is to be a democrat.

2. By the word *Democracy* we may designate the great body of the people, the unprivileged many, in opposition to the privileged few. In this sense of the word, a Democrat is one who sympathizes with the masses, and who contends that all political and governmental action should have for its end and aim the protection of the rights and the promotion of the interests of the poorest and most numerous class. The whole, or nearly the whole American people are democrats also in this sense of the term. There may be differences of opinion, as to the means of promoting the good of the many, as to what constitutes their good, and as to the amount of good God has made them capable of receiving, obtaining, or enjoying, but none as to the principle that the government is bound to seek "the greatest good of the greatest number."

3. The term *Democracy* may also be applied, as it is applied in this country, to a certain political party. There is a political party in this country called the Democratic party. It sprang up on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to which it was opposed, and which it refused to accept without some important amendments. It came into power with Mr. Jefferson, in 1801, and has had at least the nominal control of

the General Government ever since, though it has seldom had a majority in all the States. Its first party appellation was that of Anti-Federalist; in 1798 it was called the Republican party; since 1812, especially since 1825, it has assumed the name of the Democratic Republican or Democratic party. When we use the word *democracy* to designate this party, we call an adherent of this party a democrat. A democrat in this sense, however, does not imply so much the one who believes in the general doctrines of the Democratic party, and who countenances its principal measures, as the one who enters its ranks, puts on its livery, submits to its rules and usages, and feels himself bound by his duty to his party to vote for its candidates and to support its policy, whether he like them or not. He must be a good man and true, one on whom the party can count, and who will not disturb it by any obstinate adherence to the convictions of his own understanding, or the dictates of his own conscience. In the sense of a member of this party, a considerable number of the American people are not democrats. Some are not democrats because they disapprove the doctrines and measures of the Democratic party; others, because they have a very great aversion to being swallowed up in a multitude that goes hither and thither, just as some irresponsible will directs. We are of the latter class. We do not call ourselves democrats in a party sense, because we have a great dislike to party tyranny, and because, wherever we are, we must speak according to our own convictions, and act as seemeth to us good, without asking the leave of a party. In a party sense, we are nothing. There is no party that can count on our fidelity. In politics, as in morals, theology, and philosophy, we are eclectics, and hold ourselves free to seek, accept, and support truth and justice wherever we can find them. No party is always wrong; no one is always right. We agree with all parties where they agree with us; but where they do not agree with us, we cannot and will not

surrender our own convictions, for the sake of agreeing with them or with any one of them.

4. The word *Democracy*, in the last place, may be taken as the name of a great social and political doctrine, which is now gaining much in popularity, and of a powerful movement of the masses towards a better social condition than has heretofore existed. In this sense the word is used in England and on the continent of Europe, though not often in this country. A democrat, in this sense of the word, is rather a philosophical, than a party democrat. He takes the word, not in a party and historical sense, but in a broad, philosophical sense. He distinguishes between party democracy as it exists in this country, and philosophical democracy, or democracy as it should be. With the first we do not concern ourselves. In the second, we take a deep interest, both as a man and as a citizen; and this Review will ever be found its fearless and untiring advocate.

But, what is philosophical democracy? or the social and political doctrine, which may be called, not in an historical and party sense, but in a philosophical sense, the Democratic Doctrine? This is not a question without significance. It is a question it behooves every American citizen to ask, and, as far as he can, to answer. It needs a deliberate answer, such an answer as it has never yet, to our knowledge, received. Not a few of those who call themselves democrats are entirely ignorant of what democracy is, and wholly unable to legitimate the doctrines or the measures they support. Notwithstanding the much that has been said and written about democracy, it is yet more of an instinct, an impulse, a sentiment, than an idea. The masses feel its power and yield to its direction, but they see not whither they are going, and they comprehend not wherefore they ought to suffer themselves to be borne along on its current. They go, perhaps, where they ought to go, but they go blindly, without legitimating or being able to legitimate their course. It will not be useless

then to attempt to seize this vague sentiment, this democratic instinct, and to do something to present it in a form that shall enable men to perceive what it is, and what are the grounds on which it may be legitimated.

Democracy, in the sense we are now considering it, is sometimes asserted to be the sovereignty of the people. If this be a true account of it, it is indefensible. The sovereignty of the people is not a truth. Sovereignty is that which is highest, ultimate; which has not only the physical force to make itself obeyed, but the moral right to command whatever it pleases. The right to command involves the corresponding duty of obedience. What the sovereign may command, it is the duty of the subject to obey.

Are the people the highest? Are they ultimate? And are we bound in conscience to obey whatever it may be their good pleasure to ordain? If so, where is individual liberty? If so, the people, taken collectively, are the absolute master of every man taken individually. Every man, as a man, then, is an absolute slave. Whatever the people, in their collective capacity, may demand of him, he must feel himself bound in conscience to give. No matter how intolerable the burdens imposed, painful and needless the sacrifices required, he cannot refuse obedience without incurring the guilt of disloyalty; and he must submit in quiet, in silence, without even the moral right to feel that he is wronged.

Now this, in theory at least, is absolutism. Whether it be a democracy, or any other form of government, if it be absolute, there is and there can be no individual liberty. Under a monarchy, the monarch is the state. "*L'Etat, c'est Moi,*" said Louis the fourteenth, and he expressed the whole monarchical theory. The state being absolute, and the monarch being the state, the monarch has the right to command what he will, and exact obedience in the name of duty, loyalty. Hence absolutism, despotism. Under an aristocracy, the nobility are the state, and consequently,

as the state is absolute, the nobility are also absolute. Whatever they command is binding. If they require the many to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to them, then "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to them the many must feel it their duty to be. Here, for the many, is absolutism as much as under a monarchy. Every body sees this.

Well, is it less so under a democracy, where the people, in their associated capacity, are held to be absolute? The people are the state, and the state is absolute; the people may therefore do whatever they please. Is not this freedom? Yes; for the state; but what is it for the individual? There are no kings, no nobilities, it is true; but the people may exercise all the power over the individual, that kings or nobilities may; and consequently every man, taken singly, is, under a democracy, if the state be absolute, as much the slave of the state, as under the most absolute monarchy or aristocracy.

But this is not the end of the chapter. Under a democratic form of government, all questions, which come up for the decision of authority, must be decided by a majority of voices. The sovereignty, which is asserted for the people, must, then, be transferred to the ruling majority. If the people are sovereign, then the majority are sovereign; and if sovereign, the majority have, as Miss Martineau lays it down, the absolute right to govern. If the majority have the absolute right to govern, it is the absolute duty of the minority to obey. We who chance to be in the minority are then completely disfranchised. We are wholly at the mercy of the majority. We hold our property, our wives and children, and our lives even, at its sovereign will and pleasure. It may do by us and ours as it pleases. If it take it into its head to make a new and arbitrary division of property, however unjust it may seem, we shall not only be impotent to resist, but we shall not even have the right of the wretched to complain. Conscience will be no shield. The authority of the absolute sovereign extends to

spiritual matters, as well as to temporal. The creed the majority is pleased to impose, the minority must in all meekness and submission receive; and the form of religious worship the majority is good enough to prescribe, the minority must make it a matter of conscience to observe. Whatever has been done under the most absolute monarchy or the most lawless aristocracy, may be reënacted under a pure democracy, and what is worse, legitimately too, if it be once laid down in principle that the majority has the absolute right to govern.

The majority will always have the physical power to coerce the minority into submission; but this is a matter of no moment in comparison with the doctrine which gives them the right to do it. We have very little fear of the physical force of numbers, when we can oppose to it the moral force of right. The doctrine in question deprives us of this moral force. By giving absolute sovereignty to the majority, it declares whatever the majority does is right, that the majority can do no wrong. It legitimates every possible act, for which the sanction of a majority of voices can be obtained. Whatever the majority may exact, it is just to give. Truth, justice, wisdom, virtue can erect no barriers to stay its progress; for these are the creations of its will, and may be made or unmade by its breath. Justice is obedience to its decrees, and injustice is resistance to its commands. Resistance is not crime before the civil tribunal only, but also *in foro conscientiæ*. Now this is what we protest against. It is not the physical force of the majority that we dread, but the doctrine that legitimates each and every act the majority may choose to perform; and therefore teaches it to look for no standard of right and wrong beyond its own will.

We do not believe majorities are exceedingly prone to encroach on the rights of minorities; but we would always erect a bulwark of justice around those rights, and always have a moral power which we may oppose to every possible encroachment. The majority, we

cause, are mere wind when there wants the power to live, and to die, in defence of what one's own heart tells him is just and true. A free government is a mockery, a solemn farce, where every man feels himself bound to consult and to conform to the opinions and will of an irresponsible majority. Free minds, free hearts, free souls are the materials, and the only materials, out of which free governments are constructed. And is he free in mind, heart, soul, body, or limb, he who feels himself bound to the triumphal car of the majority, to be dragged whither its drivers please? Is he the man to speak out the lessons of truth and wisdom when most they are needed, to stand by the right when all are gone out of the way, to plead for the wronged and down-trodden when all are dumb, he who owns the absolute right of the majority to govern?

Sovereignty is not in the will of the people, nor in the will of the majority. Every man feels that the people are not ultimate, are not the highest, that they do not make the right or the wrong, and that the people as a state, as well as the people as individuals, are under law, accountable to a higher authority than theirs. What is this Higher than the people? The king? Not he whom men dignify with the royal title. Every man, by the fact that he is a man, is an accountable being. Every man feels that he owes allegiance to some authority above him. The man whom men call a king, is a man, and inasmuch as he is a man, he must be an accountable being, must himself be under law, and, therefore, cannot be the highest, the ultimate, and of course not the true sovereign. His will is not in itself law. Then he is not in himself a sovereign. Whatever authority he may possess is derived, and that from which he derives his authority, and not he, in the last analysis, is the true sovereign. If he derive it from the people, then the people, not he, is the sovereign; if from God, then God, not he, is the sovereign. Are the aristocracy the sovereign? If so, annihilate the aristocracy, and

men will be loosed from all restraint, released from all obligation, and there will be for them neither right nor wrong. Nobody can admit that right and wrong owe their existence to the aristocracy. Moreover, the aristocracy are men, and as men, they are in the same predicament with all other men. They are themselves under law, accountable, and therefore not sovereign in their own right. If we say they are above the people, they are placed there by some power which is also above them, and that, not they, is the sovereign.

But if neither people, nor kings, nor aristocracy are sovereign, who or what is ? What is the answer which every man, when he reflects as a moralist, gives to the question, Why ought I to do this or that particular thing ? Does he say because the king commands it ? the aristocracy enjoin it ? the people ordain it ? the majority wills it ? No. He says, if he be true to his higher convictions, because it is right, because it is just. Every man feels that he has a right to do whatever is just, and that it is his duty to do it. Whatever he feels to be just, he feels to be legitimate, to be law, to be morally obligatory. Whatever is unjust, he feels to be illegitimate, to be without obligation, and to be that which it is not disloyalty to resist. The absolutist, he who contends for unqualified submission on the part of the people to the monarch, thunders, therefore, in the ears of the absolute monarch himself, that he is bound to be just; and the aristocrat assures his order that its highest nobility is derived from its obedience to justice; and does not the democrat too, even while he proclaims the sovereignty of the people, tell this same sovereign people to be just ? In all this, witness is borne to an authority above the individual, above kings, nobilities, and people, and to the fact too, that the absolute sovereign is justice. Justice is then the sovereign, the sovereign of sovereigns, the king of kings, lord of lords, the supreme law of the people, and of the individual.

This doctrine teaches that the people, as a state,

are as much bound to be just, as is the individual. By bounding the state by justice, we declare it limited; we deny its absolute sovereignty; and, therefore, save the individual from absolute slavery. The individual may on this ground arrest the action of the state, by alleging that it is proceeding unjustly; and the minority has a moral force with which to oppose the physical force of the majority. By this there is laid in the state the foundation of liberty; liberty is acknowledged as a right, whether it be possessed as a fact or not.

A more formal refutation of the sovereignty of the people, or vindication of the sovereignty of justice is not needed. In point of fact, there are none who mean to set up the sovereignty of the people above the sovereignty of justice. All, we believe, when the question is presented, as we have presented it, will and do admit that justice is supreme, though very few seem to have been aware of the consequences which result from such an admission. The sovereignty of justice, in all cases whatsoever, is what we understand by the doctrine of democracy. True democracy is not merely the denial of the absolute sovereignty of the king, and that of the nobility, and the assertion of that of the people; but it is properly the denial of the absolute sovereignty of the state, whatever the form of government adopted as the agent of the state, and the assertion of the absolute sovereignty of justice. Still, we are not insensible to the fact, that the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people marks an immense progress in political science, and in the sense in which they, who assert it, mean to assert it, it is no doubt true.

Sovereignty may be taken either absolutely or relatively. When taken abosolutely, as we have thus far taken it, and as it ought always to be taken, especially in a free government, it means, as we have defined it, the highest, that which is ultimate, which has the right to command what it will, and which to resist is crime. Thus defined it is certain, that neither people, nor

kings, nor aristocracies are sovereign, for they are all under law, and accountable to an authority which is not theirs, but which is above them, and independent on them.

When taken relatively, as it usually is by writers on government, it means the state, or the highest civil or political power of the state. The state, we have seen, is not absolute. It is not an independent sovereign. It is not, then, in strictness, a sovereign at all. Its enactments are not in and of themselves laws, and cannot be laws, unless they receive the signature of absolute justice. If that signature be withheld they are null and void from the beginning. Nevertheless social order, which is the indispensable condition of the very existence of the community, demands the creation of a government, and that the government should be clothed with the authority necessary for the maintenance of order. That portion of sovereignty necessary for this end, and, if you please, for the promotion of the common weal, justice delegates to the state. This portion of delegated sovereignty is what is commonly meant by sovereignty. This sovereignty is necessarily limited to certain specific objects, and can be no greater than is needed for those objects. If the state stretch its authority beyond those objects, it becomes a usurper, and the individual is not bound to obey, but may lawfully resist it, as he may lawfully resist any species of injustice, — taking care, however, that the manner of his resistance be neither unjust in itself, nor inconsistent with social order. For instance, the state assumes the authority to allow a man to be seized and held as property; the man may undoubtedly assert his liberty, his rights as a man, and endeavor to regain them; but he may not, in doing this, deny or infringe any of the just rights of him who may have deemed himself his master or owner. The Israelites had a right to free themselves from their bondage to the Egyptians, but they had not the right to rob the Egyptians of their jewelry.

Now this qualified, limited sovereignty, which in the last analysis, as we have said, is no sovereignty at all, is the sovereignty which has been asserted for the people, and to this sovereignty they are undoubtedly entitled. This sovereignty, which is the sovereignty of the state, may be vested in one man, and then the government is a monarchy; it may be vested in a few, and then the government is an aristocracy, or an oligarchy; it may be vested in the priesthood, and then the government is a hierarchy, or a theocracy, as it is more frequently called, because the priesthood never claim the sovereignty in their own name, but in the name of God, the priestly name for justice, the absolute sovereign; or, in fine, it may be vested in the people, and then it is a democracy, and a democracy, although the exercise of authority be in fact assigned to one man, or to a few nobles, if the one man, or the few nobles are held to derive their authority to govern from the people. France, in theory, was a democracy under Napoleon, although the exercise of authority was delegated to one man, and made hereditary in his family.

If the question come up, which of these various forms of government is the best, we answer unhesitatingly, that which vests sovereignty in the people. One thing may be affirmed of all forms of government. Wherever the supreme power of the state is lodged, they who are its depositaries always seek to wield it to their own exclusive benefit. Government is, whatever its form, invariably administered for the good of the governors. Theorists, indeed, tell us that government is instituted for the good of the governed; but that they are wrong is proved by the experience of six thousand years. Some have thought that governments were made for the good of the people; they who think the people were made for the good of governments, think more conformably to fact. They who have the power invariably seek to derive the greatest profit possible from it for themselves. Thus, in a monarchy, all things must be held subordi-

nate and subservient to the interests and glory of the monarch; in a theocracy, all succumbs to the priesthood; in an aristocracy, the few must ride, though the many trudge on foot; in a democracy, the many are cared for, though the few be neglected. Without claiming any peculiar merit for the governing class in a democracy, we say, therefore, that a democracy is the best form of government for Humanity, — as much better as it is that the many shall be well off, though the few suffer, than it is that the few should be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, while the many lie at their gates, covered over with the rags and bruises of poverty and abuse, begging to be fed with the few crumbs which may chance to fall from their tables. So far, then, as sovereignty is to be affirmed of the state, we say let it be affirmed of the people. If we be told that the people are incapable of using it to their own good, we say, let them use it to their own hurt then. They will have a hard time of it, even with a good share of infernal aid to boot, to govern themselves worse than kings, nobilities, and hierarchies have hitherto governed them.

We suppose all that any body really means by the sovereignty of the people is, that the highest civil or political power in the state is the people; and that all officers of the government, whether bearing royal, patrician, or plebeian titles, are to be regarded, not as the governors or rulers of the people, but as the simple agents of the people, to whom they are directly accountable for their official conduct. This we hold to be a truth; and the fault we find with them who assert the sovereignty of the people is, not with the doctrine they seem to themselves to be setting forth, but with their neglect of the obvious limitations of that sovereignty. The advocates of popular sovereignty have taken good care to limit the authority, to circumscribe and define the powers of the government, so as to keep it in due subordination to the people, from whom it derives its existence; but they

have not taken as good care to guard the people, as individuals, against the people, as a body politic. They have limited the government, which is a creature of the body politic, but they have left the body politic itself in possession of unlimited sovereignty. In denying the sovereignty of the people, we mean to deny to the body politic unlimited authority, or the right to act at all, in any way, or by any agents whatever, on any except certain specific objects, indispensable to the maintenance of social order, and, if the phrase will be taken strictly, the common weal.

But the doctrine of the popular sovereignty, whatever its unsoundness or dangerous tendency, when asserted without any qualifications, has had an important mission to execute, and it has done no mean service to Humanity. From the moment it was first asserted, up to the present, it has been the rallying point of the friends of freedom and progress; and, as things have heretofore been, neither freedom nor progress were possible to be attained without it. It is not for nothing, then, that the friends of freedom and progress, in this and other countries, cling to the sovereignty of the people; and we are not to be astonished, if they now and then stretch it somewhat beyond its legitimate bounds, and continue to defend it, even after its mission is perfected. We do not willingly let go a doctrine which has stood us in good stead in our days of darkness and trial; nor is it an easy matter for us to determine with precision the exact amount of good it has done, or may yet do us. Moreover, we are slow to learn that in contending for the same form of words, we are not always contending for the same doctrine, and that in giving up an old form of words, we do not necessarily give up the old truth we had loved. Words ever change their import as change the circumstances amid which they are uttered. The form of words, which yesterday contained the doctrine of progress, to-day contains a doctrine which would

carry us backward. The watchword of liberty under one set of circumstances becomes under another set of circumstances the watchword of tyranny. It is the part of the wise man to note these changes, and to seek out new watchwords as often as the old ones lose their primitive meaning.

So long as the sovereignty of the people was the denial of the sovereignty of kings, hierarchies, and nobilities, it was true, and was the doctrine of progress. The assertion of the sovereignty of the people was necessary to legitimate popular liberty. In every human heart, there is a more or less lively sense of legitimacy. Men revolt from one authority, not because it oppresses them, or restrains them in the free use of their persons or property, but because they regard it as illegitimate, as a usurper; they submit to another authority and uphold it, although it impose severe burdens, take the fruits of their labors to squander on its pleasures, their daughters for its debaucheries, and their sons for its battles, because they hold it to be legitimate, the rightful sovereign, which they are bound in conscience to obey. To uphold the first, or to resist the last, would in their estimation be alike disloyal. This sense of legitimacy meets us every where throughout the whole of modern history. It has made the people sustain a corrupt and demoralizing hierarchy, cling to old forms of government, and fight for old abuses, long after the reformer has appeared to demand meliorations from which they could not fail to profit. It is so deeply rooted in modern civilization, — indeed, in human nature itself, — that to eradicate it is impossible. In point of fact, we ought not to eradicate it even if we could; for at bottom, it is one of the noblest attributes, we may say, the distinguishing attribute, of man himself, that, without which man would cease to be man. It is, in the last analysis, identical with the sense of right, the correlative of the sense of duty. Take it away, and right and wrong would be empty names, man could acknowledge no sovereign, feel no obligation,

and never be made to comprehend the fact that he has rights. The principle in itself is good, and must be retained, if man is to be preserved. But it depends almost entirely on circumstances, whether the sense of legitimacy shall be combined with a truth, or with a falsehood. If the individual be enlightened so as to discern the true sovereign, then this sense of legitimacy makes him invincible in the support or defence of the right, of freedom, of progress; but if he be darkened by ignorance or warped by prejudice, so as to mistake the true sovereign for the one who is no sovereign, then does it make him equally invincible in the support and defence of the wrong, the bitter and untiring foe of freedom and progress.

Now at that period of modern history, when the popular movement began to manifest itself, legitimacy was almost exclusively attached to the hereditary monarch, and passive obedience was the order of the day. Opposition to the monarch was revolting to the general sense of right; and yet, the cause of the people could not advance without opposing him, and in some instances not without dethroning and even decapitating him. The monarch was held to be sacred and inviolable; but so long as he was so held, the cause of the people must sleep. The people must desist from their efforts to meliorate their condition, unless they could discover some means by which opposition to the hereditary monarch should become sacred and venerable in the eyes of conscience. To act against their sense of right, is what the people never do. A mob may be excited; and, in the intoxication of the moment, it may trample on justice and humanity; but the people are always serious, conscientious in what they do. Long ages will they endure the most grievous wrongs and the most grinding oppression; but to relieve themselves at the expense of what they conceive to be justice, — that will they do never. Knowingly, intentionally, they never do wrong. When they have laid it down or found it laid down, in their conscience, that the hereditary monarch is the legiti-

mate sovereign, they gather round each, the smallest even of his prerogatives, and defend it at the sacrifice of their lives.

Here, we perceive, was a serious difficulty to be removed. The physical power was on the side of the people; but physical power is as chaff before the wind, whenever it has to encounter spiritual might. The people had numbers and the physical strength to gain their freedom, but they dared not. Conscience disarmed them. They felt that they were bound to obey the monarch, and they had no courage to resist him. The stoutest and bravest are children and cowards in a war against conscience. What could be done? How could opposition to the monarch be made to appear justifiable to those, who had been taught and long accustomed to hold him sacred and inviolable? Assuredly, by denying his absolute sovereignty, that is, his legitimacy. But this alone was not enough. Sovereignty must be somewhere. There must be a sovereign; we feel that there is somewhere an authority we are bound to obey. Where is it? If the monarch be not sovereign, who or what is? Had this question been asked at Runnymede, it might have been answered that the nobles were sovereigns; but Louis XI. in France and the Tudors in England had rendered such an answer invalid. The old feudal chiefs had succumbed to the lord paramount, and ceased to be regarded as legitimate sovereigns by the people. If the question had been asked of Hildebrand, he might have said, that God is the legitimate sovereign; but this, at the time of which we speak, would only have been reasserting the supremacy of the Church, which Protestantism had denied. The philosopher might have answered it, as we have answered it today, in favor of justice; but the people were not philosophers then, and to have told them to submit to justice, would only have been to tell them to obey the laws, which again would only have been telling them to obey the monarch from whom the laws emanated.

Under these circumstances it is evident, that the

legitimacy of the monarch could be denied only in favor of the people. The people was the only competitor of the king for the throne that it was possible to set up. The people, not the king, is the legitimate sovereign, was the only answer the question admitted. All government is for the good of the people, and every government, which fails to effect the good of the people, is by that fact rendered illegitimate, and may be lawfully opposed. Kings are crowned to protect the rights and promote the interests of the people, and are, therefore, answerable to the people for the use they make of the power given them. The people, in fine, are superior to kings and may judge them. The people then are the sovereign authority. "The people are sovereign;" what words, when first they were uttered! The moment they were uttered, the people sprang into being and were a power,—a power clothed with legitimacy and capable of imparting sanctity and inviolability to its adherents. The people could now legitimate their opposition to the hereditary monarch. In opposing him, they were but calling its servant to an account of his stewardship. They were not contending against just authority, for license, for disorder, but for order, for liberty, for the legitimate sovereign against the usurper. They were able, therefore, to shelter the Reformer, and to save him from those compunctions of conscience with which, otherwise, he would have been visited for opposing an authority he had been taught to reverence and long accustomed to obey. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people made their cause a legitimate, a holy cause, and gave men the right and made it their duty to assert and maintain it.

In this way, the doctrine of the popular sovereignty has wrought out deliverance for the people. It has made the people kings and priests, and declared it sacrilege to touch the least of their prerogatives. This is its victory for Humanity. In the Old World, where the masses are trodden down by the privileged orders, it may still have a mission. There it may not

have ceased to be the doctrine of progress, and may yet need its soldiers, battles, and martyrs. But here its mission is ended, and its work done. Here it is the doctrine of yesterday and not of to-morrow. To assert it, is not to deny the sovereignty of kings, hierarchies, and nobilities; for kings, hierarchies, and nobilities, thank God! are not at home on American soil; and, if by some mischance they should be transplanted hither, they would not thrive, they would soon droop, die, and be consumed in the fires of freedom, every where burning. The assertion of the sovereignty of the people with us, can be only the assertion of the right of the majority to tyrannize at will over the minority, or the assertion that the people, taken individually, are the absolute slaves of the people, taken as a whole. No; the sovereignty of the people, has achieved its work with us, and the friends of freedom and progress must anoint a new king. Democracy to-day changes its word, and bids its sentinels require of those who would enter its camp, not "The sovereignty of the people," but "The sovereignty of Justice."

Democracy, as we understand it, we have said, is, on the one hand, the denial of absolute sovereignty to the state, whatever the form of government adopted, and on the other hand, the assertion of the absolute sovereignty of Justice. It therefore commands both the people and the individual to be just. It subjects both to one and the same law; and, while it commands the citizen to obey and serve the state with all fidelity, so long as it keeps within its legitimate province, it takes care not to forget to remind the state, that it must leave the citizen, as a man, free to do or to enjoy whatever justice permits, commands, or does not forbid.

According to our definition of it, democracy reconciles conflicting theories, and paves the way for the universal association of the human race. By enthroning justice it accepts and explains the leading ideas of theories apparently the most contradictory. Every

theory, which obtains or ever has obtained currency, embraces some essential element of truth. He, who has yet to learn that the human mind never does, never can believe unmixed falsehood, has no reason to boast of his progress in philosophy. The monarchist has a truth. His truth is that sovereignty is necessarily absolute, one and indivisible. This truth the democrat accepts. In declaring justice the sovereign, he declares the sovereign to be absolute, one and indivisible. The authority of justice is unbounded, and there are not two or more justices, but one justice, — one God. The error of the monarchist is in confounding the absolute sovereign, in practice at least, with the man whom men call a king. This error the democrat escapes.

The theocrat has a truth, a great truth. His truth is that the Highest and Best, — God, is the sovereign. The democrat asserts the same thing. Justice is the political phasis of God, it is identical with God, and in asserting its sovereignty, the democrat asserts precisely the same sovereignty as does the theocrat. The error of the theocrat is in making the priesthood the symbol of this sovereignty and the authoritative expounders of its decrees. This error the democrat escapes by adopting no symbol of sovereignty, but the universal Reason which is ever shining in the human soul, and in making the people in a few instances, and the individual in all the rest, the only authoritative expounders of its decrees.

The truth of the aristocrat is that some men are greater and better than others, and that the greatest and best should govern; that is, that wisdom and virtue, not vice and folly should rule. This truth the democrat by no means rejects. He believes as strongly as any aristocrat, that there are diversities and even inequalities of gifts, that in all communities there are a few men, God-patented nobles, who stand out from the rest, the prophets of what all are one day to be; and he contends that these are the natural chiefs of the people, and that they ought to govern.

In asserting that justice is sovereign, he necessarily asserts that they in whom justice is most manifest, in whom God dwells in the greatest perfection, should have the most influence, the most power; but at the same time, he asserts as a necessary consequence of this, that their power should be moral, spiritual, not physical. The error of the aristocrat is in looking for these God-patented noblemen in a particular class, in an hereditary order, or in a special corporation; and in seeking to give them in addition to the superior power with which they are naturally endowed, the physical power of the state and the factitious authority of an established régime. This error the democrat avoids. He proclaims equal chances to equal merit, and leaves every man free to find the place and to wield the authority for which nature — God — has fitted him.

The old-fashioned democrat's truth is, that there shall be no political authority in the state which does not emanate from the people, and which is not accountable to the people; that where there must be state action, it shall be the action of the whole people, not of one man, or of a few men, who may have an interest directly hostile to the interests of the great body of the people. His error is in the fact, that he does not take sufficient care to mark the bounds of the people's authority, and to preserve to the citizen his rights as a man. The democrat, in our sense of the word, accepts the truth, and avoids the error.

It may be seen from these few examples, that democracy accepts and explains all. It is not monarchy, it is not aristocracy, it is not theocracy, in the sense in which the word has been appropriated, nor is it democracy as some would teach us to understand it, but it is a sort of chemical compound of them all. It is a higher and a broader truth than is contained in any one of these systems, one which comprehends and finally absorbs them all.

Democracy is the doctrine of true liberty. The highest conception of liberty is that which leaves every man free to do whatever it is just to do, and not free

to do only what it is unjust to do. Freedom to do that which is unjust according to the laws of God or, — which is the same thing, — the law of nature, is license, not liberty, and is as much opposed to liberty, as lust is to love. "A free government," say the Old English lawyers, "is a government of laws," and they say right, if law be taken absolutely, and not merely as the enactment of the human legislature. Where there is an arbitrary will above the law, be it the will of the one, the few, or the many, there is, in theory at least, absolutism, and the room for pure despotism. A free government must be a government, not of the will of one man, nor of the will of any body of men, but a government of law; not of a law which a human authority may make or unmake, but of that which is law in the very nature, constitution, and being of this system of things to which we belong. Under a government of law in this sense, where authority may never do, command, or permit, only what the immutable law of justice ordains, men are free; they live under the "perfect law of liberty," and may attain to the full and harmonious development of all their faculties.

Governments have not yet been brought under this law. Hitherto, they have all been more or less arbitrary, and have sought to make the law, rather than to discover and publish it. They have, therefore, often declared that to be law which is not law, imposed burdens on the individual, for which nature — God — never designed him, and attempted to do what they have no capacity to do, what ought not to be done at all, or if done, to be done by the individual. Forgetful of their legitimate province, transcending the bounds which nature had marked out for them, they have created an artificial state of society, disturbed the natural relations between man and man, invaded the individual's rights in all directions, and cursed the human race with the unutterable woes of tyranny and oppression. The democrat enlightened by the study of past ages, and still more by the study

of human nature as it unrolls itself to the observer, in the consciousness of the individual, comes forward to-day, and summoning all governments, — whatever their forms, — to the bar, tells them in the name of God and Humanity, that they have no law-making power, that they must limit their legislative functions to the discovery and promulgation of the law, that they must lay aside the robe and diadem, the sceptre and the sword, and sit down at the feet of Nature, as simple disciples; that they must study to conform their enactments to the enactments of God, which are written in God's book, the universe, and especially in the universe in man; and that they must deem it their duty and their glory, to leave man and society free to achieve the destiny to which God hath appointed them. It will be long before this lesson will be heard or regarded. The mania for governing has become too universal to be speedily cured. But we need not despair. The world rolls on, and becomes wiser with each revolution. Governments are meliorating themselves. The doctor of medicine begins to admit that, notwithstanding the efficacy of his drugs, nature is the best physician; and the time may not be so far distant as our fears would indicate, when the doctor of laws shall own that nature is the best and only lawgiver. That time must come. The human and divine laws must become identical, the Son must be one with the Father, and the God-Man be realized.

Democracy takes care not to lose the man in the citizen. In the free states, or rather free cities, of antiquity, there were rights of the citizen, but no rights of man. As a citizen, the individual might use his personal influence and exertions in making up the decision of the city; but when the decision was once made up, he was bound in conscience, as well as compelled by physical force, to yield it, whatever it might be, the most unqualified submission. He had no rights sacred and inviolable, beyond the legitimate authority of the city. In a question between the city and himself, he could demand nothing as his right. The city

was in no way responsible to him; but he owed it every thing he had, even to his life. Athens condemns Socrates to death, and sends him to prison to await his execution. His friends provide the means, and urge him to escape. No; Socrates is a conscientious man. He knows his duty. Athens has condemned him to die, and he is bound, as a good citizen, to submit to her sentence. He drinks, therefore, the hemlock at the appointed time, of his own accord, and dies in discharge of his duty to the laws of the city of which he acknowledged himself a citizen. As a citizen of Athens, Socrates knew he could not save his life, without incurring the guilt of disloyalty. He had no rights as a man, that he might plead. He felt himself as much the slave of Athens, as the Persian was of the "Great King." His rights as a man were sunk in those of the citizen, and those of the citizen were sunk in those of the city.

Here was the great defect of ancient democracy. In Athens, in any of the ancient republics, there was no personal liberty. One individual might indeed call in the city to maintain his rights, in a dispute with another individual; but beyond this, he had no rights. There was municipal liberty, but no individual liberty. The city could bind or loose the individual at its will, declare him a citizen, or degrade him to a slave, just as she deemed it most expedient. The city differed in no respect from an absolute monarchy, save in the fact, that the absolute sovereignty, in the case of the city, was supposed to be vested in the majority of the citzens, instead of being vested in one man, as in the monarchy. But she was as absolute, and in case she could get a majority of voices, she might go as far, and play the tyrant to as great an extent, as the king of Persia himself. Her democracy was then by no means liberty. It was liberty, if you will, for the city, but none for the individual man. The individual man was not recognised as an integer; he was, at best, only a fraction of the body politic. He was, in truth, merely a cypher; without inherent value, augment-

ing the value of the city, indeed, if placed at her right hand, but counting for nothing if placed at her left hand. But, thanks to the feudal system, and still more to Christianity, an element is introduced into the modern city, which was unknown in the ancient, the element of Individuality, by virtue of which the individual man possesses an intrinsic value which he retains in all positions, and instead of a fraction, becomes a whole.

Modern democracy, therefore, goes beyond the ancient. Ancient democracy merely declared the people the state; the modern declares, in addition, that every man, by virtue of the fact that he is a man, is an equal member of the state,—universal suffrage, and eligibility, two things the ancients never dreamed of,—and that the state is limited by justice, or, what is the same thing, the inalienable Rights of Man. These inalienable rights of man are something more than the rights of citizenship, or certain private rights, the rights of one man in relation to another, which the state is bound to protect; they stretch over nearly the whole domain of human activity, and are, in the strictest sense of the word, rights of the individual in relation to the state, rights of which the state may not, under any pretence whatever, deprive him, and to whose free exercise it may, in no case whatever, interpose any obstruction. In the ancient democracies the individual, if a member of the ruling race, was a citizen with duties; in the modern, he adds, in theory, to the citizen with duties, the man with rights. Democracy, as we understand it, does not give all the rights to the state, and impose all the duties on the individual. It places the state under obligation to the citizen, in the same manner, and to the same extent, that it places the individual under obligation to the state.

This, if we mistake not, is a novelty. The old doctrine, and the one yet prevalent, recognises in the state nothing but rights, and in the individual nothing but duties. We hear not a little of the responsi-

bility of citizens to the state. Patriotism, although not recognised in the Christian code, is made one of the cardinal virtues. Men must love their country, support its government, give it their time, their talents, their property, and, if need be, their lives. But what may they claim in return; that is, demand as their right? The privilege of paying taxes and — a grave. The responsibility of society to the individual sounds as a strange doctrine in our ears. Few admit it, and fewer still comprehend it. The state, we deny not, owns that it is bound to act the part of judge, between man and man, and to vindicate him whose rights a brother invades; but it owns no obligation, in a question between itself and the individual man. It may take all he hath, and give him nothing in return, unless it please. If he trespass on its rights, it may send him to the tread-mill, the galleys, the dungeon, the scaffold, or the gibbet; but he has no right to do aught in his own defence against its invasions. He has no rights which he may hold up, and in the name of God and of Humanity, command it to respect. However rudely authority may treat him, grossly invade what in truth are his rights, however insupportable the burdens it may lay on his shoulders, he must not even protest. It can do no wrong. But happily this old doctrine is giving way. Governments are beginning to comprehend that they are not created merely for the purpose of laying and collecting taxes, that they are servants, or rather agents, and not masters, and that it is their mission merely to see that what eternal justice ordains, be respected and obeyed alike by themselves and the individual.

Democracy declares that the state, as well as the individual, has rights and duties. Where the rights and duties of the individual begin, there end those of the state; where those of the state begin, there end those of the individual. Where is this point? This is the great political problem of our epoch. The conciliation of individual with social, and of social with

individual rights, and the subordination of all social and individual action to the laws of justice, the law of nature, or the law of God, is the mission of the moralist and politician throughout Humanity's whole future.

Something in reference to the first of these problems has been attempted in all countries, which have adopted constitutional governments. In this work, England claims precedence of all other nations. She has been the first, we believe, to establish a constitutional government. She has done more than any other nation for the extension of the practice of individual liberty, though, it must be admitted, she has done less than some others to enable the world to legitimate that liberty as a right. Her citizens have a large share of practical freedom; but, in theory, they hold it not as a right, but as a grant. And they defend it not by an appeal to the rights of man, but by an appeal to certain parchment rolls, carefully preserved in the archives of state. Magna Charta is not an ennumeration of natural rights, but a grant,—a forced grant, if you will,—of certain specified privileges. Her bill of rights, drawn up in 1688, is the same. Her Parliament assembles by virtue of a writ from the king, not by virtue of the right of the people of England to be represented. Her liberty, in a word, is an admirable thing as a fact, but totally indefensible on the only ground, on which liberty is defensible at all, that of natural right. Of this the Englishman has an instinctive sense at least, for he never calls his liberty by the broad name of the natural liberty of man, but *English* liberty; and the English nation, while it has everywhere contended for liberty as a grant, has spared neither money nor blood to suppress it, wherever it has been asserted as a right. English liberty rests solely on compact, and is defended solely by an appeal to charters and precedents. Hence, the contempt with which all English statesmen speak of "abstract right," and their uniform practice of legitimating their measures, not by

justice, but by precedent. The minister of state entrenches himself behind a wall of precedents; the member of parliament asks for precedents; the lawyer alleges precedents in favor of his client; the judge decides according to the precedents; and no one thinks of inquiring what is right, but what are the precedents? This is all in perfect keeping. An Englishman has no business to inquire for justice; for his liberty is a precedent and not a right, founded on precedent not on justice; though it must be said in his favor, that his precedents are often coincident with justice.

France, if we mistake not, has taken a step beyond England. We do not mean to say that France has more liberty than England, as a fact, but she has more as a right. The king has ceased to *octroyer* the charter; he accepts it, and in theory, it emanates from the people. The French people are therefore the sovereign of the king. This is much; it is at least the entering wedge to freedom. The old monarchy of Louis XIV. is abolished, the old feudal nobility is extinct, and the *Bourgeoisie*, or middle class, is now on the throne. This class is the one in every community the most praised; and it is always accounted the most virtuous. Perhaps it is so. It certainly has some very respectable virtues. It is composed of merchants, bankers, manufacturers, lawyers, large farmers, in a word of the stirring, business part of the community. It has no affection for hereditary nobility, and none for the doctrine of equality. It has no objection to levelling down to itself those who are above it, but it has an invincible aversion to levelling up to itself those who are below it. It demands a laboring class to be *exploited*, but it loves order, peace, and quiet. These, however, it knows are incompatible with the existence in the community of an ignorant, vicious, and starving populace; it, therefore, will attend to the wants of the lower classes, up to a certain point. It will build them, if need be, churches, and establish ministries for the especial purpose of

teaching them to be quiet; it will furnish them with the rudiments of education, see that they are fed, clothed, maintained in a good working condition, and supplied with work. All this it will do for those below itself; and this, though not enough, is more than a little; and when this is done more will be undertaken. This is the first step; and when the first step is taken, the rest of the way is not difficult. The *prolétaires* soon disappear, and the *canaille* become men and citizens. We are, therefore, far from deprecating, with some of our friends, the "monarchy of the middle classes." We believe its reign in a certain stage of social progress, not only inevitable, but desirable. We believe no worse calamity could at this moment befal France, than the overthrow of the present dynasty of the *Bourgeoisie*. Its reign will and must be salutary, however far short it may come of satisfying the wishes, or the views of the ardent friends of liberty. It has a mission to execute, and when it shall have executed its mission, it will then give way to the monarchy, not of a class, not of an order, but of Humanity, of justice. France appears to us to be on the route to freedom. May she obtain it! With her fine social qualities, and after all her toils, and struggles, and sacrifices, she deserves it.

But it is to our own country, that we must look for constitutional government, in the worthiest sense of the word. In the bills of rights which precede several of our constitutions, we have attempted to draw up an inventory of the natural rights of man, rights, which authority must ever hold sacred, and which the people, in their associate capacity, can neither give nor take away, in no shape or manner, alter or abridge. In the constitution of the United States, and in those of the several states, we have attempted to define the natural boundaries of the state, to fix its authority, and to determine the modes of its action. These constitutions and these bills of rights may be very imperfect; they may not enumerate all the rights of the individual, and they may not ac-

curately define the powers of the people in their capacity as a state; but if so we may perfect them at our leisure. They recognise the great principle for which we contend, that the people are not absolute, that the individual has rights they cannot alter or abridge, and which it is the duty and the glory of authority to preserve untouched, and which it may neither invade nor suffer to be invaded. They teach us that if society has powers the individual must obey, the individual has rights society must respect; that if the people as a body politic may do some things, there are some things they may not do; and that if majorities may go to a certain length, there is a line they may not pass. They teach us then what we have denominated the great democratic doctrine, and they prove that doctrine to be the doctrine of the American people, however far short they may fall of its perfect realization.

There may, indeed, be some among us, who, affected by their reminiscences of English Whiggism, regard our constitutions and bills of rights, not as attempts to enumerate the natural rights of man, and to define the natural powers of government, but as compacts between the people as individuals, and the people as a state, or, more properly, as declarations of what the people in convention assembled have willed to be the rights of individuals, and have ordained to be the powers of government. According to these persons, our liberties are not, in the strict sense of the word, rights, but grants. They are not grants from what is technically called the government, but from the people in convention assembled. They are not limitations of the supreme authority of the state, but favors which that authority is pleased to confer on its subjects. The people in convention assembled might have willed, had they chosen so to do, that the powers of government should be more or less than they now are, or that our rights should be different from what they are now declared to be. They were competent to draw the boundary line between the authority of

the state and the rights of the individual where they pleased. By meeting again in convention, they may unmake all our present rights, and make such new ones as seems to them good.

But this view of our bills of rights and constitutions, we are not prepared to admit. It implies the absolute sovereignty of the people, a doctrine we have denied and refuted. The people, neither in convention nor out of it, can make or unmake rights. If they can, if they may bind or unbind as they please, then are we, as we have already shown, absolute slaves as individuals to the will of the majority. If we allow that the people make the rights of the individual, we deny the validity of his rights, and deprive him of every thing to oppose to the tyranny of the many. Bills of rights and constitutions can avail him nothing when it is a question, not between him and the ministers of state, but between him and the state itself. They limit the action of his majesty's ministers, but not of his majesty himself. But this is not the fact. If these bills of rights and constitutions enumerate on the one hand all our natural rights, and recognise nothing to be a right which is not a right by decree of justice; and if they on the other hand accurately define the powers of government, they are unalterable, and are as much binding on the people in convention, as they are on the people's ministers of state, or on the individual. In denying sovereignty to the people, we deny that the people can make or unmake rights, bind or unbind; we limit their functions to the discovery and promulgation of the law, as it is in justice, which is anterior and superior to all conventions. Consequently our rights, in truth, are the same before as after the sitting of the convention. If we had no rights before, we have none now.

It is true that, in the form of our bills of rights and constitutions, there are some things which would seem to authorize this English interpretation of them; and no doubt many statesmen, and most lawyers, have so

interpreted them, and done it very honestly too; but in reality our institutions are fundamentally distinct from the English, based on an entirely different idea; and instead of interpreting our bills of rights as grants, we ought to interpret them as an attempted inventory, more or less exact, of the natural rights of man; and our constitutions, instead of compacts, should be regarded as attempts to determine and fix the legitimate powers of government. They are shields interposed between the minority and the majority, between the individual and the people. The people say to the individual, and the majority say to the minority, by these instruments, not merely that they *will* exercise their authority according to the rules herein specified, but that, errors excepted, they have no *right* to exercise it according to any other rules. Constitutions are not needed by majorities; they are needed merely as a moral force by the minority, who want the physical force to protect themselves against the aggressions of the majority. They are not needed, as some suppose, to constitute the people a body politic. The people are as much a body politic, before assembling in convention and adopting a constitution as afterwards. Bodies politic, rights of societies or of individuals, are not things to be created by a few arbitrary slopes, curves, and angles on parchment. Right and wrong, for governments, individuals, and societies, for cities and citizens, are eternal and immutable.

For ourselves, we have no patience with the notion that we hold our liberties as grants. We do not like to be sent to rummage in the dark and dusty cabinets of old state papers, and to decipher old worm-eaten parchments, in order to find out what our liberties are, and what is the authority by which we may legitimate them. The charter, by virtue of which we legitimate our rights, is no charter engrossed on parchment, but one which God Almighty has engrossed on the human heart. The Magna Charta, to which we appeal, is no grant forced from king John, king Edward, king Har-

ry, king William, nor any other king, from no hierarchy, no aristocracy, from no democracy or conventions of the people, but that which God gave us, when he made us men, and by virtue of which we are men. We consult no constitution to learn what our rights and duties are, but the constitution of human nature itself. And all constitutions which do aught but faithfully transcribe that, we declare null and void from the beginning. We are free, not because the king wills, not because it is the good pleasure of the nobility, not because the priesthood grants permission, not because the people in convention ordain, but because we are men. It is not a privilege of American citizenship, but a right of universal Humanity.

By assuming this position, democracy gains a vantage ground for Humanity. If we hold our rights not by virtue of compacts, grants, or decrees of conventions, then we hold them by virtue of our human nature. Our rights and duties belong to us as men, as human beings. Then all who are men, human beings, have the same rights and duties. If all have the same rights and duties, then, in matter of right and duty, all men are equal. Hence, the grand, the thrilling, tyrant-killing doctrine of EQUALITY,— THE DOCTRINE THAT MAN MEASURES MAN THE WORLD OVER. Men may be diverse in their tastes, dispositions, capacities, and acquirements; but so long as they all have the same rights and the same duties, so long it may be affirmed of them with truth, that they are equal one to another, in all respects in which equality does not tend to lose itself in identity. This doctrine will not remain unfruitful.

If all men have equal rights and duties as individuals, then is society bound to treat them as equals. If she exalt one or depress another, confer a favor on this one and not on that, place one in a more favorable position for the enjoyment of his rights or the performance of his duties than another, then is she partial, and therefore unjust, therefore illegitimate; then does she disturb the original equality, which God

established between man and man, and therefore does she become an usurper, to be driven back to her legitimate province. This rule is broad; it reaches far, but society will one day observe it.

No government or society has ever yet respected this equality. In the Grecian and Roman city, the individual, as we have seen, counted for nothing. There were municipal rights, but no rights of man. The city might do what it pleased. The same remark may be made of all aristocratic and monarchical governments. All, like the English parliament, have called themselves omnipotent, have usurped all the rights of man, and claimed them, as their own property. Claiming, as their own property, all possible rights susceptible of being exercised by individuals, they have claimed, as a natural consequence of this, the right to parcel out the exercise of these rights to individuals or to corporations, as they pleased. Hence PRIVILEGE, a private law, by which authority confers a special favor, or grants to an individual or a corporation, the right to do what he or it had not the right to do before, or exempts him or it from a duty, which was previously obligatory. Authority, under the character of a privilege, confers on this man the exclusive right of baking all the bread for a given number of people, upon that one the right to distil corn into whiskey, upon this company the exclusive right to buy and sell slaves, and upon that one the right to traffic at a certain place in certain kinds of foreign productions, upon this one the right to wear a certain ribbon or garter, and of receiving the income of certain lands or offices. We need not be particular on this head. Society is and ever has been filled, and covered over, with privileges of every name and nature.

Our first emotion, on contemplating this immense system of privilege, which has grown up through successive ages, is that of indignation. We go even so far as to rail at the privileged, and to charge the whole to their selfishness and rapacity. But after

a while, after having penetrated more deeply into the matter, we calm ourselves, and suppres our wrath and indignation. The evil lies not at the door of the privileged alone. Few, at least not many, of the unprivileged would have refused to accept these privileges, had they been offered them. Of those who declaim against privilege now, not the smallest half do it somewhat on the principle that the fox declaimed against the grapes. The error is not in the privileged, the evil is not in the fact that one set of men rather than another enjoy the privileges; but in the fact that authority ever presumed to have any privileges to grant, any favors to confer The evil lies not in the fact that privileges have been conferred, but in the fact that governments have been allowed to usurp, and hold as its own, all the rights of the people as individuals. Having usurped these rights, having robbed them from individuals, governments could, perhaps, do no better than to parcel them out under the name of privilege. It was only under this name, only by favor, that individuals could get back some portion of that of which authority had robbed them. Unequal as this must necessarily be, in its bearing on the whole mass of individuals, it was nevertheless better to get back something in this way, than to be left entirely destitute. He, who has been robbed of his all by the highwayman, can sometimes do no better than to accept back part of the contents of his purse as a present.

It is true that what was granted as a favor, should, if granted at all, have been granted as a right; but every favor granted weakened, in the end, the government which granted it, and did something towards raising it up a successful rival. Every individual who became one of the privileged, became one who would not easily be reduced to slavery again. When the crisis came between him and authority, he would claim his privilege as his right, and defend it with his life. Paradoxical as it may seem, modern liberty is the natural, if not the legitimate, child of privilege.

These special grants and monopolies, which are so abhorrent to democracy, have been the means, or one of the means, by which the mighty Demos has broken himself loose from the grasp of the monarch, and become strong enough, and wise enough, to demand, as his right, what he had formerly been proud and most thankful to receive as a boon. These special grants and monopolies have, in reality, been victories gained by the people over their masters, so many provinces wrested from the dominion of the usurper. The system of privilege, therefore, though founded on usurpation, and unjust and unequal in its bearing, has been the means, or one of the means, under God, of carrying onward the progress of society, and of restoring to individuals, in some measure, the exercise of rights of which authority had violently dispossessed them.

But while we admit all this, while we admit and even contend, that during the past under the circumstances which existed, privilege was one of the means by which individual freedom was to be obtained, we contend that Democracy is right, to-day, and in this country, in asserting herself, as she does in the Address before us, as "equality against privilege." For a time privilege was to be resorted to, as we sometimes resort to one evil to cure another; but it needs no argument to prove that that time has gone by, and that the doctrine of privilege has ceased to be the doctrine of progress. Humanity demands to-day her rights; she has ceased to solicit favors. She makes no war upon the privileged few; for, aside from their character as the privileged, they are her children and equally as dear to her heart as any of the other members of her vast family; but she proclaims in a voice which all must hear and shall respect, that all which any one may, in obedience to justice, enjoy, he may demand as a right, and that he needs no patent from human authority, to empower him to do whatever is right in the sight of God, and that all the patents in the world cannot make it just for him to do what in the sight of God it is wrong for him to do.

Democracy, we repeat it, does not declaim against men for having accepted privileges when it was admitted that governments had them to bestow; but it tells governments, and the people in this country, as the only government we acknowledge, that they have no privileges to grant, no favors to confer. They have nothing to deal out to individuals. If they have favors to bestow, will they be good enough to tell us where they got them. Did they take them from individuals? Then have they no right to them. What belongs to the individual can never become the rightful property of the government. If it was ever the property of individuals, it is now, and individuals may possess it without asking permission of the government. If the powers in question be not individual rights, the property of individuals, then has government no right to confer them, and the individual no right to receive them. Governments can confer on individuals no powers which God has not given them; and, if individuals claim, by authority, that which is not theirs by Divine right, or do, under cover of man-made law, what is not authorized by God's law, they are guilty, and must be condemned, if not in the civil court, at least in the court of conscience. Governments have, therefore, no privileges to confer, and individuals have no right to ask or to receive them. The government can confer on one individual only what it has robbed from him or from another. Has it a right to rob one individual for the sake of enriching another? or is it desirable that it should first rob a man of his rights, and then give them back to him in the form of a present, or a privilege? Whenever governments forbid this man to do what he has a natural right to do, or authorize that man to do what he has not a natural right to do, it assumes the power to readjust the regulations of Infinite Wisdom, and to recast the handy work of God. We know of no governments that have the right to assume so much. We have a profound respect for the wisdom and governmental skill, manifested by those who are charged

with the management of our state and national governments; but we very much distrust their capacity to enter the courts of heaven as cabinet ministers to the All-Wise. It is enough for even our enlightened governments, in this most enlightened country, to sit down at the feet of Great Nature, as humble disciples, content to learn and obey what God ordains.

The great error of government, in all ages of the world, has been, that of counting itself the real owner and sovereign disposer of the individual, — that of disfranchising all individuals, and then pretending to redistribute individual rights, according to its own caprice, interests, or necessities. To put an end to this system of privilege is now the great aim of Democracy. Its object is to restrict governments, whether royal, aristocratical, or popular, to their legitimate province, and individuals to their natural rights, and to teach both to perform those duties, and those duties only, which everlasting and immutable Justice imposes. To this it steadily makes its way; for this it struggles; and this it will ultimately achieve.

The reduction to practice of the theory we have now imperfectly, but we hope distinctly set forth, will demand great changes, and more changes, perhaps, than any one can foresee; and changes, too, which can be introduced at once, in no country, without violence, and probably not without bloodshed and great suffering. He who pleads for justice will not be anxious to promote violence, bloodshed, or suffering. There may be times when the kingdom of heaven must be taken by violence, and when a people should rise up and demand its rights, at whatever sacrifice it may be. But there is and there can be, in this country, no occasion for any but orderly and peaceful measures, for the acquisition of all we have supposed. We must not dream of introducing it all at once. We must proceed leisurely. Let the men of thought speculate freely, and speak boldly what comes to them as truth; but let the men of action, men who have more enthusiasm than reflection, great-

er hearts than minds, and stronger hands than heads, guard against impatience. Practical men, men of action, are, after all, the men who play the most mischief with improvements. Our principle is, no revolution, no destruction, but progress. Progress is always slow, and slow let it be; the slower it is the more speed it makes. So long as we find the thinkers busy canvassing all great matters, discussing all topics of reform, and publishing freely to the world the result of their investigations, we have no fears for the individual, none for society. Truth is omnipotent. Let it be uttered; let it spread from mind to mind, from heart to heart, and in due season be assured that it will make to itself hands, erect itself a temple, and institute its worship. Set just ideas afloat in the community, and feel no uneasiness about institutions. Bad institutions, before you are aware of it, will crumble away, and new ones and good ones supply their places.

We hold ourselves among the foremost of those who demand reform, and who would live and die for progress; but we wish no haste, no violence in pulling down old institutions or in building up new ones. We would innovate boldly in our speculations; but in action we would cling to old usages and keep by old lines of policy, till we were fairly forced by the onward pressure of opinion to abandon them. We would think with the Radical, but often act with the Conservative. When the time comes to abandon an old practice, when new circumstances have arisen to demand a new line of policy, then, we say, let no attachments to the past make us blind to our duty or impotent to perform it. All we say is, let nothing be done in a hurry, and let no rage for experiments be encouraged.

We are far from being satisfied with things as they are. We have had, perhaps, our turn with many others, of mourning over the wide discrepancy there is between the American theory and the American prac-

tice, and days and nights have given to the question, How shall the evil be remedied? The only answer, we can give, is one, perhaps, that will show little more than how ineffectually we have inquired. All we can answer is simply, Let each man keep at work freely and earnestly in his own way; let all labor together, to raise the standard of thought, to give a higher, freer, and fresher tone to American literature; more purity and rationality to our theology; more depth and soundness to our philosophical speculations; to embody less of expediency and more of Christ in our systems of morality; and withal, let there be fervent prayer for more faith in God, in Truth, in Justice, in Humanity, and then, — let things take pretty much their own course. The whole that can be done may be summed up in the words, Let reformers do all in their power to EDUCATE THE PEOPLE, AND THROUGH THE PEOPLE THE GENERATION TO COME.

ART. V. — *Poems* by WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 134.

THIS little volume is the first offering of a young graduate of Yale College. He has just come out from the academic grove, and he brings with him his best. The songs he has dearly loved to warble by himself, or with his friends, he now flings out before the wide world, to see what echoes they will fetch. We have been won by his frankness, and somewhat inspired by his spirit; and therefore welcome the new-comer, though others may deem him forth-putting. He is a stranger to us until now, and his theory of poetry not altogether a favorite one of ours; so that whatever good word we say of him is more than the cheap praise with which we put men off that importune us. There is something in the boldness of his position, coming forward as he does, and in a seeming egotism

of manner, especially in his notes, where "*I think*," and "*my opinion*" occur quite too often, which would dispose us to greet him with a stare of irrecognition, did we not find on further acquaintance, that he is honest in this, and that he really feels something within him, and a child's confidence in the world to whom he utters it. These poems are mostly confessions; they are too uniformly personal; while he aspires to the highest, he never quite loses *himself* in it. This is a fault, which he vindicates in his note, but which we trust he will not always have to vindicate. If the true spirit be in him, a little acquaintance with the world will soon rid him of such morbid self-consciousness. He seems to speak what he has first felt, and then thought of and approved, and to speak it simply, though not always strongly. In this there is much hope. A genial reception should await all who write from a genuine impulse, and with a clear understanding. If the beauty, with which he seeks to charm, be that wherewith his own heart has glowed; if the noble truths, which he proclaims, be truths in which he himself has faith, to whose workings he bears the testimony of his own experience here in song, then let him write, in God's name. We will not quarrel with any little weaknesses, or crudities, or affectations, if there is only something genuine in the midst of them. The critics, who censure "*ex cathedrâ*," have made more of these faults in young authors, than they have cured. They have always warred with what is simple, and therefore of marked individuality; they have frightened the whole world into affectation of the world; they have let nothing grow freely into its natural fair proportions. One *must* be somewhat forth-putting and egotistical to resist the influence.

Mr. Bacon has studied a good model. He owns himself much beholden to Wordsworth for his inspiration, and, in a long note upon the poetical prospect of our country, prophesies that our only hope for poetry is in the spirit which responds to him. In this

he does well, in seeing that there is a fervor not of passion, and a poetry richer than the dreams of a sick fancy. The influence of the example is very obvious in his own poems. It has given them a freshness, and a simplicity, often homely, but interesting. The tone of sentiment is high. His is the doctrine, which contains all, *Faith in Man;* and his the ethics which may be all summed up in *Love*. And yet something, we know not what, makes us ever and anon suspect that he is not yet at home among these great ideas. He reasons too much about them. The Poet, as such, *lives in* his cherished sentiments; he does not preach them. The Poet differs from the Philosopher in this, that he holds the highest truth, without proclaiming it, often without knowing it. He does not discourse much about high matters and abstract ideas; but he *feels* them all the while he is talking about little casual things; a holy light goes forth from his heart over all around him; a holier glow is in his words. The Poet is known, not by what he talks about, but by the way in which he talks *about any thing*. What in the philosopher is thought, in him is feeling.

Our objection to Mr. Bacon's theory of poetry is this. He seems to underrate poetry in comparison with reflection. He speaks of it as hardly a solid thing, as the mere ornament, where reason is the substance. He denies its universal power over the common mind; and seems to hint that the decay of poetry, (though he does not fear any such decay,) would be a comparatively small evil to society. We cannot agree with the following passage from the note above mentioned:

"The poets can never wield the nation: he who thought that, give him the making of the songs of a nation, and he would thereby mould its character, was a Utopian in theory, and would have been found worse than that in practice. There is *a set of principles* to be elucidated, and sent abroad among the gifted and powerful spirits of the day, and there diffused, that they may work themselves gradually into the

economy of society, *with which poets have nothing to do. Poetry is too volatile in spirit, and delicate in substance, to affect the common mind to any considerable degree, where the philosopher has not previously been, and succeeded in laying a deep and broad foundation.*" — p. 129.

Now we believe that Poetry is a very substantial thing; a thing deep and eternal as the spirit of Man; one of the primeval forces of the moral universe. It is earlier than Philosophy or Ethics, and is the foundation of them. Man, as philosopher, can only reflect on what Man, as poet, has felt. Philosophy, in itself, has no power at all, until it is *lived* and becomes poetry. Certainly *feeling* is the *substance* of life; *ideas* are only the *forms.* In desiring poetry to be wedded to a sound philosophy, which shall save it from passion, and make it pure and universal, true to the instincts of all men, our poet goes too far, and forgets that in true poetry the germ of the highest philosophy is contained. He thinks that philosophy is to work out the needed revolutions in society; and that when the "solid columns of the superstructure" are already reared upon the basis of accurate knowledge, then "the poet may step in and think to give it the decorations." But shall poetry have no part in the revolution? Does not it always help to mould characters and institutions? Much is due to Wordsworth for showing how much poetry gains by its union with pure philosophy. But this writer exaggerates the theory of Wordsworth, when he places the poetic element so low. "*A set of principles with which poets have nothing to do*"! — How can this be said by a disciple of Wordsworth, whose ideal of a bard, is of one "who loves all things"?

We admire the noble sentiments which breathe through this volume of poems. But considered as poetry, we think the poetic element does not predominate in them. It may be doubted whether Wordsworth is the fairest specimen of what may be distinctively called the poet. We should rather point to Burns; or to Byron, though, perhaps, corrupt as a

man; or to Schiller, though philosophizing gradually spoiled the simplicity of his native poetry. Our author seems to have a poet's heart, and a poet's eye; he finds his world of beauty every where; he aspires to full communion with the highest; he sighs for lost childhood; he reverences the simple, loving, trusting child as the prophet of Humanity;— only would he were not quite so didactic! Must the lyric wholly disappear from poetic literature? The most cherished sentiments of the poet seem to be uttered in the last piece in his volume, a Valedictory Poem on leaving College. We extract the following:

"Man *is* a gifted being. There is that
In the eternal temper of his mind,
Which showeth his affinity to Heaven!
And greatness sits upon him naturally!
And goodness — when the bad world is shut out,
And virtue — when the heart lives in itself,
And sweetness — when its sweet streams are all free:
And woman gives him her warm heart to keep,
And children climb his knee and lisp his name,
And widows call down blessings on his head,
And orphans steep his ashes in their tears,
And he is that bright being Heaven designed!
— But in him is another principle
God-like and great, and in his hours of ease,
It cometh with a voice of witchery,
And giveth his strong spirit to the world.
It is Ambition! and upon his heart,
Robing itself like a fallen child of light,
It sits and breathes a madness in his ears.
Around his brow it wreathes a band of fire,
Within his grasp a sceptre, and his foot
Treads proudly over graves and dead men's skulls.
Virtue is all forgotten; all his dreams,
Distempered by the madness of his heart,
Are foul, and his great thoughts are thoughts of blood.
Peace is his discord; the soft slavery
Of the domestic circle is despised,
And woman is the plaything of his lust,
And virtue is a thing that hath no name.
And so it leads him on, till, tearing out,
One after one the virtues from his heart,

It sends him to the grave — without one tear."

* * * * * * *

"This is the lesson — *love, love all the world!*
He wrongs his nature who has learned to hate.
God hath made nothing man should *dare* despise.
The fountains, and the feelings, and the thoughts
That make up virtue, He hath so advised,
Shall only bring the heart true happiness,
And he but starves himself who turns away.
The natural passion of the heart is virtue,
Its streams flow backward when hate centers there;
It lives in its affections, and the man
With a warm bosom may look down on kings!
The world has more of truth in 't than appears.
He 's but half villain who seems wholly so.
Nero was all a villain, yet one heart
Loved him, and strewed fresh garlands on his grave.
And at this parting hour, should truth have weight.
Sorrow is most forgiving, and to be
Made humble by its true nobleness.
Forgiveness is true happiness, and he
Is happiest most who shall the most forgive.
And happiness is holiness, for he
Can only holy be whose heart is love.
So live — and, trust me, a long life is yours!
So live — and ye shall proudly walk with men!
The great man with you shall forget his greatness,
The good shall come to you and call you theirs,
And she, to whom man's slavery is no sin,
Why even she shall lay aside her pride,
And come to you and tell ye of her love.
And when that last, dread, parting hour comes on,
And the bright sky, and the bright world around
With all it hath of beauty and of sweetness,
With all it hath of poetry and life,
With all it hath to elevate, and purify,
And make men's natures noble; when all these
Fade from thy vision, and thy hold on life
Is frail and feeble, then lift up thine eye,
And where the star of faith hangs in the heavens,
Look! and go hence — rejoicing." —

pp. 118, 119, 124, 125.

The following is a professed imitation of Wordsworth. It is graceful, and musical, and simple; and

contains some deep philosophy in the form of deep feeling.

"THE FOUNTAIN.

"WHAT is there in a fountain clear,
What is there in a song,
That I should sit and ponder here,
And sit and ponder long?

The wave wells beautiful, 't is true,
And sparkles in the sun, —
But that 's what other fountains do,
And sparkle as they run.

The wave wells beautifully, and
Sings as it pours along, —
But every fountain of the land,
Runs, murmuring a song.

Then what is it that keeps me here,
Beside this fountain's brink?
Why is it that, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think?

The robin whistles in the sky,
The squirrel's in the tree, —
Yet here I sit me moodily,
My gun upon my knee.

And sporting round the openings
Of yonder forest green,
The golden light of glancing wings
At intervals is seen.

And forms and things to catch the eye,
And sounds of grove and grot,
They pass uninterruptedly —
They move, yet move me not.

My hound, besides, the fit has caught;
For, looking in my face,
He sees his master thinks of nought
So little as the chase.

Then what is it that keeps me here
Beside this fountain's brink?

Why is it that, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think?

The wave runs round, the wave runs bright,
The wave runs dancing free,
As if it took a strange delight,
A dancing wave to be.

And down the vale it goes, a brook,
Over a golden pave;
And from the brink the cresses look,
And dally with the wave.

And every hue of leaf and sky,
And forms and things are caught,
Which dance, and glance, and glitter by,
As rapid as a thought.

As now the sun drops down the west,
And Hesper shines afar,
When lo! upon the fountain's breast,
Sparkles a mimic star.

And soft the reflex, glimmering out,
Is cut a thousand ways,
As there the bubbles whirl about,
And revel in the blaze.

And far along the sky of even,
The clouds, in golden dress,
Have painted here a little heaven
With added loveliness —

With every light and shade so true
And exquisitely wrought,
As fancy never, never drew,
As fancy never taught.

And now the woods and sky are one,
And up the orient driven,
The crescent moon hangs off upon
The canopy of heaven.

And round her come a troop of stars,
And round her comes the night;
And o'er her face, the clouds in bars
Are braided by the light.

And on her beams the Oreads sail
And revel as they go,
And little warriors clad in mail,
And Gnomes — a faery show!

And every other combination
With poetry agreeing,
That nonsense and imagination
E'er conjured into being.

Odd fancies! — yet, they came to me,
A solitary child;
A lover of the waters free,
A lover of the wild!

And here, I were a traitor vile,
If — though I mix with men —
I could not lose the man awhile,
And play the boy again.

Then ask you *why*, I sit me here,
Beside this fountain's brink?
And ask you *why*, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think?" — pp. 82–85.

We had marked further extracts, but we are obliged to omit them for want of room. But the extracts we have given will serve to exhibit some of his characteristic traits. They certainly are not without promise. They breathe a noble spirit, and show an early and a resolute determination to shun the faults upon which so many geniuses have gone to wreck. Mr. Bacon would profit by a rigid verbal criticism. His style is too diffuse. There is often a slovenly confusion of incongruous images, an awkward phrase, or a violation of grammar, which mars its beauty. For instance, on page 54, we read:

"True to its nature — to the *impress graved*
Upon it by the hand of Deity."

Here are other instances of faulty expression:

"A chaplet *wove* of oak and rue." — p. 65.

"Pictures he bought, and statues, *such as where*
The soul speaks from the marble," &c. — p. 105.

> "And he who scribbles verses knows (and no one knows but *him.*) — p. 81.

We did not know that the little word "*but*" had force enough to rule a pronoun into the objective case. But these are trifles; and the poet is not so poor in higher qualities, but that he can afford to have these defects pointed out.

ART. VI. — *The Christian Examiner, No.* LXXXIII. *November,* 1837, *Article* II., *Locke and the Transcendentalists.*

WE have read with some interest an article in the Christian Examiner for November last, on Locke and the Transcendentalists. The article is written with spirit, in a sincere and earnest tone, and, for style and language, it deserves more than ordinary commendation. It is obviously the production of a mind somewhat given to philosophizing, although we should think of a mind which has not yet grappled, very closely, with the real problems of metaphysics. Its author appears to us a young writer, whose philosophical views are a little vague and fluctuating; but at the same time a writer who, if he duly apply himself, may yet do himself great credit, and exert a salutary influence on the literature and philosophy of his country.

So far as we can judge from the article before us, we differ widely from the present philosophical tendency of its author; but we nevertheless welcome him into the philosophical field, and are glad to find him disposed to be one of its cultivators. We may from time to time take an account of his labors, but we will assure him, that we shall not quarrel with him, because he may chance to labor in a direction different from the one we have marked out for ourselves. They

who cultivate philosophy must labor in peace. They must not call one another hard names, and seek to render one another odious to the public. Into all philosophical subjects we must carry calmness of mind, a catholic spirit, and a respect for every man's honest opinions. We must carry with us a disposition to seek for truth under the forms of gross error even, and that love for man and all that is human, which will prevent us from harboring, for one moment, a single intolerant feeling, and which will prevent a single harsh word from ever escaping us. We may subject, we ought to subject, all opinions to the most rigid investigation, not for the sake of triumphing over adversaries, not for the sake of proving others in the wrong; but for the purpose of discovering the truth, and quickening our love and reverence for mankind.

No greater evil can befal us, than that of entering into a career of angry disputes, and of passing from the calm and rational inquiry after truth, to the violent and passionate crimination of individuals. In philosophizing, we ought to make an abstraction of individuals and their motives. Men honestly differ in their views. The views of all are more or less partial, and therefore defective, and therefore erroneous; and no one, therefore, has the right to condemn another. The philosopher, instead of complaining of men, charging them with folly, or with evil intentions, and seeking to render their views odious or suspicious, sets himself down to collect, quietly, the partial views of each, and to mould them into one systematic and harmonious whole. We insist on this point. A philosophical epoch for our country begins, and we would not have it disgraced by wrath and bitterness, by personal contentions, railings at individuals or systems. We would have every man, who enters the field of philosophy, enter it with a heart at peace with mankind, and solicitous only for the truth. Let every one guard against the trammels of a school, and the pride of system. Let him beware how he

adopts a darling theory, which he shall be ambitious to make prevail. Let him beware how he looks on his fellow laborers as the disciples of another school, and therefore enemies to be fought and vanquished. Let him wed himself to the truth, and give it an uncompromising support; but let him, at the same time, expect truth in all theories, and be willing to receive it, let it come to him from what quarter it may.

We young Americans, who have the future glory of our country and of Humanity at heart, who would see our country taking the lead in modern civilization, and becoming as eminent for her literature, art, science, and philosophy, as she now is for her industrial activity and enterprise, must ever bear in mind the greatness and the sanctity of our mission. We must set an example worthy of being followed by the world. We must feel the dignity and immense reach of the work to which we are called. Into all our discussions we must carry a free, lofty, and earnest spirit; we must purge our hearts of all low ambition, of all selfish aims, of all wish for personal triumph. We must fix our eyes on the True, and aspire to the Holy. We must be invincible in our dialectics, but still more so in our love of truth, and in our sympathy with Humanity in all its forms. A great and a glorious work is given us; may we be equal to it, and worthy of achieving it!

We say we have read this article in the Examiner, with some interest, and so we have; but not altogether on account of its intrinsic merit. It interests us mainly as one of the signs of the times, as an indication of a change which has been silently taking place among us, on philosophical matters, and as a proof that our countrymen are beginning to lose some portion of their hereditary contempt for abstract thought, and that they are preparing themselves to raise hereafter the study of metaphysical science to the rank it deserves. It proves to us, that the day for philosophical discussion is ready to dawn on our

land, and that thought with us is about to assume new and nobler forms. Intellectual pursuits are beginning to have charms for us, and a Future, worthy our free institutions, is beginning to be elaborated. We need not say that this gives us joy. It is what we have for years been yearning and laboring for; but which we have not generally dared hope that we should live long enough to see realized. Discussion of the great problems of metaphysics must come, and we are glad of it; for discussion in this country, of whatever subject it be, cannot fail to be followed by important and useful practical results.

The specific design of the author in this article we profess not to have discovered, and we think he himself would be somewhat puzzled to inform us. Apparently, however, the article was intended to vindicate the character of Locke as a metaphysician, and to put the community on its guard against certain individuals, whom its author denominates Transcendentalists. Who these Transcendentalists are, what is their number, and what are their principal tenets, the writer does not inform us. Nor does he tell us precisely the dangers we have to apprehend from their labors; but so far as we can collect his meaning, it would seem that these dangers consist in the fact that the Transcendentalists encourage the study of German literature and philosophy, and are introducing the habit of writing bad English. He may be right in this. It is a matter we do not feel ourselves competent to decide. So far, however, as our knowledge extends, there is no overweening fondness for German literature and philosophy. We know not of a single man in this country, who avows himself a disciple of what is properly called the Transcendental Philosophy. The genius of our countrymen is for Eclecticism. As to the bad English, we presume those, whom this writer calls Transcendentalists, may sometimes be guilty of it, and we shall be happy to learn that they alone are guilty of it.

This writer may be correct in his estimate of the

merits of Locke. If we understand him, he does not mean to defend Locke's philosophy — although we should think him partial to it — but merely his candid spirit, and the manner in which he wrote on metaphysics. He thinks Locke wrote on metaphysical subjects in a free and easy manner, altogether more in the manner of a man of the world, than of a cloistered monk. We agree with him in this; but we think several of Locke's predecessors and contemporaries are entitled to this praise as well as he. Hobbes, who preceded Locke by some years, is much his superior, so far as style and language go, and so is Cudworth. Locke is transparent; there is seldom any difficulty in coming at his meaning; but he is diffuse, verbose, tedious, and altogether wanting in elegance, precision, and vigor. Hobbes, while he is equally as transparent as Locke, infinitely surpasses him in strength, precision, and compactness. He tells you more in a few short sentences, than Locke in the whole of a long chapter. If the proper style and language, the proper manner of writing on metaphysical subjects, be the matter in question, we think Locke should not be named in the same year with Hobbes, a man to whom justice has never yet been done; whose name is a term of reproach; but who, as a philosopher, has exerted a thousand times more influence over the English mind, than Locke, and whom Locke himself reproduces much oftener than he acknowledges.

The writer in the Examiner, we think, also ascribes improperly to Locke the merit of delivering us from the technical phraseology and barren logic of the Scholastics. Between Locke and the Scholastics there intervened a considerable space of time, Des Cartes, Bacon, Gassendi, and Hobbes, and the most glorious period of English history and literature. The Scholastic philosophy was shaken and nearly destroyed by the Revival of Letters and the study of Antiquity, which so strongly marked the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The little dominion,

it retained at the commencement of the seventeenth century, was completely overthrown by those two fathers of modern philosophy, Des Cartes and Bacon. The Scholastics were defunct in all the world — unless Oxford offers an exception — long before Locke began his philosophical career.

But these are small matters. The article, we are examining, appears to us to assume, that the metaphysician should always restrict himself to what may be called common sense modes of thought and expression, and that the highest philosophy may be so announced as to be comprehended at once, by any one of ordinary capacity, whether accustomed to philosophize or not. The article, it is true, does not expressly state the doctrine here implied; but it appears to us to proceed on the supposition of its truth, and we are unable to legitimate its reasonings without assuming it. Through the whole article, there seems to us to be a striking want of clear discernment of the difference between philosophy and common sense. The writer evidently wishes to reconcile common sense and philosophy, which is laudable; but he sees no way by which this can be done, save by reducing philosophy to common sense. He asks, "what is common sense, but the highest philosophy, applied to the usual purposes of practical life? And what is philosophy, but common sense, employed in abstract investigations?" Do not these questions confound philosophy with common sense? or rather, instead of reconciling philosophy with common sense, do they not sink philosophy in common sense? To us they betray no slight confusion in the mind of him who puts them in earnest, and they are a very good proof that he does not discern clearly, if any difference at all, the difference there is between knowledge and philosophy, two things as far asunder as intuition and reflection.

But this writer is not the only one who does not discern distinctly the difference between common sense and philosophy, in whose mind the limits and

precise characteristics of each are not determined. We trust, therefore, that we shall not be doing a needless work, if we undertake, in what follows, to aid our readers to draw the line between common sense and philosophy, and to determine what is the precise object of philosophy. Moreover, something of this is necessary, to serve as a sort of introduction to a series of articles on metaphysics, which we propose to lay before our readers in our future numbers.

The term *common sense* may be applied to what Hobbes calls the *cognitive faculty*, or faculty of knowing, which is common to all human beings. It is by this faculty, and only by this faculty, that we know either in the ordinary affairs of life or in abstract science. The faculty, by means of which we are capable of acquiring knowledge, is the same in all cases. Knowledge then admits of no other divisions than those of the subjects with which we may seek to become acquainted. This is what the writer of the article, we are reviewing, probably meant to assert. But knowledge is not philosophy; and though it is indispensable to philosophy, it can and does, in most men, exist without philosophy.

But the term common sense is also used to designate the common or universal beliefs of mankind, the simple spontaneous beliefs of Humanity. These beliefs may be true, they may be acted on; but with the multitude they are taken on trust, adopted without being legitimated. Philosophy is not a contradiction of these beliefs, a substitution of something else for them, but an explanation and verification of them. This is the precise object of philosophy.

Philosophy and common sense are not opposed to one another. There is no discrepancy between them. Common sense furnishes the philosopher all his knowledge, all the data from which he reasons. His sole mission is to clear up and legitimate the universal beliefs of mankind, or the facts of common sense. The common sense man is not in the wrong; he does not err; he has the truth, but he does not know that

he has it. He believes the truth, but he does not comprehend what he believes, nor wherefore he believes. He cannot tell how he came to believe what he does believe; he knows not what right he has to believe it; and when asked, why he believes it, he can only answer, he believes it because he does believe it. The philosopher believes precisely the same things, as the common sense man, but he knows what he believes, and he can tell wherefore he believes. The common sense man believes, but does not comprehend; the philosopher comprehends, and therefore believes.

We may easily bring up to our minds the common sense man, by recalling our childhood and youth. In early life, faith is strong and implicit. We believe. We are conscious of no difficulties. We are conscious of no thoughts and feelings too big for words, and which cannot be easily communicated to all who will give us their attention. We see no mysteries in nature, in man, or in God. All things appear to us open and plain. Things are to us what they seem. The primrose is a primrose, and nothing more. The sun and stars are beautiful, and the rain-bow is pleasant to look upon; but they contain no dark, perplexing mystery we are dying to wring out. Day and night, summer and winter, spring and fall, sickness and health, life and death, are alternations to be welcomed, or not welcomed, but they are not mysteries. They are not a book we would learn to read; hieroglyphs we would be able to decipher. We see all. The outward, the sensible, sufficeth us. Common sense satisfies curiosity, and prevents inquiry from becoming doubt. This, which is a description of the childhood and youth of all, is also a description of the greater part of men through their whole lives. All who come under this description are common sense men.

But childhood and youth, with their ready answers to all inquiries, their open brow and laughing cheek and trusting heart, for whom life is all one holiday,

and all things are but their morris-men, do not abide with us all forever. Some of us grow old, and lose the light which plays around our heads in our younger days. One day, one hour perhaps, never to be forgotten, a sudden darkness spreads over the universe, and we no longer see where we are, or what we are. The bright sun is extinguished; the stars no longer glimmer in the firmament, and the beacon-fires, which the philanthropic few had kindled here and there to cheer, to warn, or to guide the solitary traveller, are gone out. Friends drop away; we stand among the dead, by the graves of those we loved, surrounded by the ghosts of affections unrequited, hopes blasted, joys cut short, plans defeated; and — there are mysteries. The universe becomes to us a scroll, a book, like that which John saw in the right hand of Him who sat on the throne, sealed with seven seals. Every object we make out in the darkness is a hieroglyph, big with a meaning of fearful import, which we can divine not; we are to ourselves a riddle we can rede not; and in tumult of soul, perplexity of mind, and sorrow of heart, we find ourselves standing face to face with the dread Unknown.

A change has come over us. Childhood and youth are gone forever. We have broken with the whole past. We stand alone; yet not alone, for the awful Mystery of the Universe is round, about, and within us. For a time our courage forsakes us; we can stand up no longer; we sink down, weak, helpless, forlorn. But this weakness passes away. After a while, in a sort of desperation, we draw ourselves up into ourselves, and bid the monster in whose presence we are, a "grim, fire-eyed defiance." Little by little, we become inured to the obscurity, and able to discern the outline of things in the dark. By straining, by recollecting, by comparing, by reflecting, we become able to spell out, here and there, one of these fearful hieroglyphs, till we obtain the word of the universe — God. Then the darkness rolls back; things become plain again; conviction supplies the place of lost

faith; and foresight makes amends for the inspiration of hope which returns no more forever. A change has indeed come over us. We are no longer in the trustingness of common sense. We have become philosophers. We have looked beneath the surface, beyond the shadows of sense; in the visible we have found the invisible; in the mutable, that which changes not; in the dying, the immortal; in the evanescent, the abiding and the eternal. We have seen the world of childhood and youth vanish in the darkness of doubt; but we have found a new world, the world of truth, a new universe which is really a universe. We see and comprehend the hidden sense of that of which we saw at first only the form, the shadow. We now know what we believe, and wherefore we believe it, and are able to legitimate our belief. He who has been through this scene of darkness, doubt, perplexity, grief, and has attained to a well grounded conviction of the great truths comprised in the universal beliefs of mankind, is a philosopher.

Now, between this man whom we have pointed out as the philosopher, and the one we called the mere common sense man, is there no difference? and can they converse together with perfect ease? Can they utter themselves by means of the same symbols? Or, which is more to our purpose, will the same symbols have the same significance to them both?

Suppose a man, over whose mind and heart has passed the change of which we have spoken, a man truly born again, who has been able to see that there are mysteries, and who sees a little way into them, and who looks on man, nature, God, with other eyes and other feelings too, than those of childhood and youth; has he nothing within him, no thoughts, no spiritual facts, of which the mere common sense man knows nothing, has dreamt nothing; and which, therefore, he has not named; and which, therefore, are untranslated into his vocabulary? Can this man utter himself in the language of the market, in terms, the full import of which can be easily seized by them

in whom no such change has been wrought? Would you talk with a blind man of colors? Couch his eyes. Will the miser comprehend you, when you speak to him of the pleasures of benevolence? Can you, by any possible form of words, make the meaning of the word love obvious to him, whose heart has never thawed in presence of sweet and gentle affection? Whoever has had some little acquaintance with the world, knows to his sorrow, that he often fails to make himself understood, even when he adopts the commonest and simplest forms of speech. The words a man utters are not measured, in the minds of those to whom he speaks, by his experience, but by theirs. Words are meaningless, save to those who have, in their own experience, a significance to give them. Be they as full of meaning as they may, in the mouth of him who utters them, they fall as empty sounds on the ears of those who listen, unless they who listen have the same inward experience as he who speaks. How different is the import of the same words to different minds. How different is the import of that word death, when, with our childish simplicity and curiosity, we look from our mother's arms into the coffin to see the baby-corpse, from what it is in after life, when, one by one, all our early associates and friends and companions have dropped away, and we stand alone by the new-made grave of the last, the best loved one! And how different, too, is the meaning of that same word death, to him who looks upon the grave as the end of life, and sees buried, in its darkness and silence, all that which is to him but the dearer and lovelier and more beloved part of himself, from what it is to him who regards the grave merely as the door of entrance, through which we pass from this world of trial, sin, and suffering, to our everlasting Home, where is repose and joy and blessedness forever and ever! No matter what are the words one uses, nor what is the meaning he seems to himself to be conveying. If that particular fact, he would communicate, be not a fact of the experience of

him to whom he would communicate it, let him be assured that to him it is incommunicable. No matter with what wisdom we speak, we can impart no more than they, to whom we speak, are prepared to interpret by what they have thought, felt, joyed, or sorrowed in themselves.

The darkness, we sometimes complain of in men's speech and in books, is not unfrequently the darkness of our own minds. To say of a book, that it is unintelligible, is seldom any thing more than to say, that we are aware of nothing in our experience, by which it can be interpreted. A wise man, especially a modest man, is slow to infer, from the fact that he does not comprehend a book, that it contains nothing to be comprehended. We often fancy, too, that we understand an author, when we have not the remotest suspicion of his meaning. His words are so common, his manner is so familiar, he talks so much like one of our old friends, that we never think of asking ourselves, whether we understand him or not. One day we shall read him, and be startled at the new and unthought-of meaning we discover in his words, and we shall be filled with wonder that we did not see it before. We rarely understand one another. Only they who have a common experience are mutually intelligible. This is the reason why we are so estranged one from another. Two men meet for the first time, they converse together, understand each other, and they are friends forever. Let men but understand one another, and all strife, hatreds, contentions, wars, are at an end; and of this they seem to have a secret consciousness, for this is what they imply, whether they know it or not, when they say of two or more persons, "there is a good understanding between them."

They, who, like Nicodemus, sneer at the New Birth, have made as little proficiency in philosophy as in theology. No man, who has not been born again, been born spiritually as well as naturally, can see the kingdom of God, in a philosophical, any more than in

a religious sense. There are some things which the natural man may understand, and there are some things which he cannot, for they are spiritually discerned. Spiritual things, be they expressed in what language they may, can be discerned only by spiritual men. Spiritual things are foolishness to the natural man, and the common sense man laughs outright at the profound words of the philosopher. When the natural man becomes a spiritual man, he finds that what he had called foolishness, are the deep and unsearchable things of God, and the common sense man, when he becomes a philosopher, stands in awe of that at which he had laughed. Let no man laugh at what he understands not, for the day may come when he shall weep at his folly; when he shall bitterly condemn himself, for his previous want of spiritual discernment.

We know no help for this difficulty, on the part of the unregenerate, to understand the regenerate. No matter what terms are used; the most common household words will be as dark, as unmeaning, as are said to be the most abstruse, the most far-fetched terms ever adopted by the most hopeless Germanizing Transcendentalist. Admitting then that Locke did write on metaphysical subjects in a sort of common sense phraseology, we cannot esteem it a very great merit. We have sometimes thought that, by studying to adapt his style and language to the apprehension of the unlearned and the superficial, he retarded instead of accelerating the progress of metaphysical science. It is true, that the manner in which he treated metaphysics made his "Essay" somewhat popular, and secured it a much larger number of readers, than it probably would have had, if he had written more in the manner of the scholar; but we very much doubt whether he by this means added at all to the number of metaphysicians. He became popular because nobody found anything in his "Essay," which made any body a whit the wiser. People read him and called themselves philosophers, without hav-

ing one grain more of philosophic thought than they had before they read him. By creating the impression that men can become philosophers, without any severe mental discipline, he checked instead of encouraging that patient and laborious thought, without which no man becomes a philosopher; just as he, who is always telling what an easy thing it is to be a Christian, hinders those efforts which alone can make us Christians. We are far from thinking that Locke himself was superficial, but he helped to make others superficial, or rather he hindered others from becoming profound. The most striking characteristic of his followers has ever been their superficialness. Few of them have ever dreamed of penetrating beneath the surface of things. English literature, during the period of his reign, contrasts singularly enough with that of the epoch which preceded him. Saving the productions of those writers who were not of his school, of those whose hearts were touched with the coals from off religion's altar, or whose souls were kindled up by the great democratic movements of the time, English Literature of the eighteenth century is, to the earnest spirits of our times, after the age of childhood, or early youth, absolutely unreadable. It is as light, as shallow, as unproductive, as the soil on one of our immense pine barrens. We look into it in vain for a new or profound thought, for a thrilling remark, for something which goes down into the deep places of the heart, and moves the soul at its bottom. We grow weary of it, and pass it over in order to come at the richer and profounder and more living literature of the seventeenth century, — the literature of those "giants of old," as they have been called. How far the light and shallow, cold and lifeless literature of England, during the eighteenth century, is to be attributed to the influence of Locke's philosophy, we shall not undertake to determine; but of this we are certain, that a different literature is never to be looked for, where that philosophy is the dominant one.

We trust that the design of these remarks will not be misinterpreted. We have no wish to dress up philosophy in the garb of the old Schoolmen. We are advocates for no technical phraseology, for no unintelligible jargon. We set our faces, as much as any one, against all affected or far-fetched modes of speech. We ask for naturalness and simplicity. We ask every man to make it a matter of conscience, to speak and write as intelligibly to even the undisciplined mind, as the nature of his subject will admit. But we insist upon it, that the interests of science, literature, philosophy, are never to be sacrificed for the sake of adapting ourselves to the apprehension of men of no spiritual experience. We need not "bring philosophy down from its high places, in order to add to its usefulness." This is a sort of levelling which is uncalled for. Bring the masses up, if you will, enable them to comprehend the highest philosophy, if you can; but never talk of bringing philosophy down to vulgar capacities. We have heard too much, in our day, about the necessity of "adapting ourselves to the capacity of the common people," and about the danger of "shooting over the heads of the people." We have no patience with this left-handed democracy. We have no patience with men who talk of letting themselves down. There has been quite too much letting down. We would not bring the great gods down to earth, even if we could; but we would raise men to heaven, and enable them to hold fellowship with the Divinity. Philosophy is not, and never was, too high; but the people are, and ever have been, too low. Let him, who would "enhance the dignity of philosophy by adding to its usefulness," set himself seriously and earnestly at work, to elevate the people. Let him, if his heart throb with genuine love of man, and his soul burn to augment the sum of human well-being, let him study to elevate the masses, to quicken their dormant energies, to create within them a craving for the loftiest range of thought, and to make them feel that they may aspire to it. But we pray

him to withhold his condescension. Let him forget that the masses are below him; let him speak from his own full heart and strong convictions, to the universal heart and mind of Humanity, in his own natural tones, with all the power and depth and sublimity of thought and feeling he can command. Let him speak to all men as his equals, and speak out his ripest thoughts, his profoundest reflections, and have no fear that he will speak in vain.

Assuredly we would not seek obscure modes of expression; we would ever be as transparent as possible; but we cannot consent to sacrifice depth for the sake of clearness, to dilute our thoughts for fear that they may be too strong for the intellects of our readers. We will take no pains to supersede the necessity of severe thinking on the part of those, for whom we write. If we aid them, it is not by thinking for them, but by compelling them to think for themselves. There is no such thing as one man's thinking for another. The real difficulty in the way of acquiring a knowledge of a given science, does not consist, and never did consist, in the language adopted by its cultivators. There are difficulties which lie deeper than words, and which no form of words can remove. Set all the world a-talking metaphysics, and nothing is gained, unless the real metaphysical problems be clearly seen, and the bearings of the proffered solutions fully comprehended; and these problems — state them in what words you will — are not perceived, and these solutions — express them in the simplest terms you can — are not and cannot be appreciated, without severe mental discipline, without long, patient, and profound thought. And thought is one's own act. It cannot be imparted from one mind to another. It is impossible to form a tunnel out of common sense phraseology, by means of which, thought may be poured from one mind into another, as we pour wine into a demijohn. Knowledge, in its higher and nobler sense, is ever the mind's own creation. It is wrought out in the mind by the mind

itself. Man was to gain his bread by the sweat of his face, by hard work; and it is only by hard work, by incessant toil and mental labor, that the mind can attain to true philosophical knowledge. This may be discouraging to the indolent, and frightful to all who are wanting in robust mental health; but so be it then. There is no help for it. There is no labor-saving machinery, that can be introduced into the mind's workshop, no locomotive to run by steam on the mind's rail-road to philosophy. The old way is still the only way. The various inventions, christened "Thinking made easy," so numerous of late, stand us in no stead. The only machinery that will work at all, is that of patient and scrupulous observation, and calm and profound reflection. He who will not observe, he who will not reflect, can, by no process yet discovered, ever become a philosopher.

We have dwelt long on this point, not so much for the sake of replying to the writer in the Examiner, as because we deem it of some importance in itself; because we are fully convinced that a preparation is no less needed, in order to be a good hearer or a good reader, than in order to be a good speaker or a good writer; and because we have thought it neither mistimed nor misplaced, to admonish those — and many there are — who sneer at what they do not understand, and "speak evil of dignities," that

> "There are more things in heaven and earth —
> Than are dreamt of in" their "philosophy."

Still we wish it to be understood, that we do not look for this preparation exclusively in saloons nor in universities. These places are not the ones, in which we are most likely to find those, whose hearts and minds are best prepared to hear and comprehend the philosopher. They only have the preparation needed, whose hearts have sorrowed before the Mystery of the Universe, and whose minds are scarred by their conflicts with Doubt. And these are not seldomest found in that mighty multitude, on whom we often look down, from our high places, in pity or in scorn.

We shall, if we seek, often find those who have the inward experience required, among those who have been to no school but Nature's, and had no instructers but the internal whisperings of God's Spirit. Whoever has doubted, whoever has really sorrowed that there was no man found to open the book of God's providence, and read him the Destiny of Man and Society, is prepared to hear and to comprehend the philosopher.

Nor let it be supposed that we would debar the people at large from the truths the philosopher professes to have demonstrated. These truths are not the peculiar possession of the philosopher. They are the truths of the universal reason, and are the property alike of all men. They are taught to all men by the spontaneous reason, which is the same in kind in every man. These truths are not the philosophy. Philosophy is the explanation and verification of them. The masses, who see nothing mysterious in these truths, and who have never thought of questioning them, do not wish to have them explained or verified. The explanation and verification, which is philosophy, are unintelligible to them. But the truths themselves, are not unintelligible to them. Whoever proclaims to the masses these truths, which the philosopher has demonstrated, cleared up, and legitimated, is sure to be heard and believed and followed.

The fact is, the great mass of mankind are not, as to their beliefs, in so sad a condition, as schoolmen sometimes imagine. The educated, the scientific are prone to look upon the masses as possessing no ideas, as having no knowledge but that which they obtain from human teachers. This is peculiarly the case with Locke and his followers. According to them, the child receives no patrimony from his father; he is born into the world naked and destitute in soul as well as in body, and with no innate power to weave himself a garment. His mind is a *tabula rasa*, on which others indeed may write what they will, but upon which he himself can write nothing, save the

summing up of what others have written thereon. Evil as well as good, falsehood as well as truth, may be written thereon. It depends wholly on the external circumstances, the quality of the masters secured, whether the mind's blank sheets shall be written over with truth or falsehood. The masses, after the flesh, it must be admitted, are surrounded with unwholesome influences, and provided with most wretched teachers. They must then be filled with evil thoughts and false notions. Their beliefs, their hopes and fears, likes and dislikes, are deserving no respect. Hence, on the one hand, the contempt of the masses manifested by so large a portion of the educated, even in democratic America, and, on the other hand, the pity and commiseration, the great condescension, and vast amount of baby-talk, which equally characterize another, but more kind-hearted, portion of the more favored classes. Of this last division, we presume, is the writer on whom we are remarking. He is not a man to look with contempt on human beings; he feels that we ought to labor to benefit the masses; but we presume he has no suspicion that the masses have any correct beliefs, but such as they receive from the favored and superior few. Hence his strong desire that all men, who write, should write in a simple style, and so let themselves down, that they will not be above the capacities of the many. He would not, we presume, think of learning from them, or of verifying their beliefs; but merely of teaching them what they ought to believe. We bring not this as a charge against him. It speaks well for his goodness of heart, and proves him to be as good a democrat as a follower of Locke consistently can be.

But in point of fact, the masses are not so poor and destitute as all this supposes. They are not so dependent on *us*, the enlightened few, as we sometimes think them. We need not feel that, if we should die, all wisdom would die with us, and that there would be henceforth no means by which the millions would be able to come at truth and virtue. Reason is the

true light, and it enlighteneth every man who cometh into the world. It is, as we have said, the same in all men, and therefore it is that no man is left in darkness. The reason has two modes of activity, one the spontaneous, the other the reflective. In the great majority of men, the reflective reason, which gives philosophy, is never awakened, and consequently but a small minority of mankind ever become philosophers. But the spontaneous reason developes itself in all men, in the highest and the lowest, in the uneducated as well as in the educated. This reason, the spontaneous reason, furnishes the universal beliefs of mankind, which are termed common sense. It furnishes all the ideas we ever have; teaches us all the truths we ever know. As this reason is the same in all men, it gives to all men the same ideas, furnishes them with the same truths, the same beliefs. These masses then, on which we look down with contempt or with pity for their weakness and ignorance, have all the truths we who look down upon them have; they have the same ideas, and the same beliefs. They are not so destitute then as the Lockeites thought them; they are not so erroneous then as the self-complacent aristocrat judged them, nor so dependent on their betters, as *great* men have generally counted them. Their views, beliefs, hopes, fears, likes, dislikes, are worthy to be examined, are to be respected. The masses are not to be pitied then, but respected, and herein is laid the foundation of true philanthropy.

But we are controverted. We are met by men who have no confidence in the masses, no respect for their beliefs, and who regard them as blind, infatuated, bent on evil, and only evil, and that continually. Here comes then the doubt; common sense is suspected, and put on trial. We may ourselves doubt. That is, we may, in looking in upon ourselves, doubt the legitimacy of those beliefs we have had in common with the rest of mankind, or, looking abroad upon the immense masses of human beings, following blindly their instincts, we may seriously doubt whether they are

going in the right direction. There is a problem now in our minds. The reflective reason awakes, and we reflect on this problem, and seek its solution. This is to philosophize; and here is seen the utility of philosophy. We did not seek philosophy for the sake of instructing those masses; we do not need it, that we may communicate it to them; we merely desire to know whether their beliefs be well founded, whether relying, as they do, on common sense, following, as they do, the teachings of the spontaneous reason, they are safe, or not. Shall we pity, or reverence them? War against them, or become their allies? This is the problem. Philosophy is merely the solution we arrive at by reflection.

Well, what is this solution? Is common sense a liar? Are the teachings of the spontaneous reason false? Is Humanity doomed to everlasting and universal error? So says the skeptic, so say Locke and his followers, or so they must say, if faithful to the principles they avow. But so say not we. Different from this is the solution we have obtained. We cannot now undertake to prove that our solution is the true one; but the reflective reason has with us legitimated the teachings of the spontaneous reason, legitimated common sense, assured us that it is the voice of the spontaneous reason, and that the spontaneous reason is the voice of God. True and holy for us then are the instincts of the masses; true and holy for us then are the universal beliefs of mankind. We no longer pity the many, we no longer apologize for their conduct, no longer labor to change their faith. We stand in awe of them, and apply ourselves to the work of enabling them to march to the glorious destiny God hath appointed them, and to which his own hand is leading them.

Philosophy, as it is a solution of the problem which doubt has placed in the mind, can be understood only by those in whose minds the problem has been placed. By this fact the philosopher is, and must be, separated from the great mass of his brethren; but since the

truths he has demonstrated, and which he believes, are precisely the truths of the spontaneous reason, precisely the universal beliefs of mankind, he is also connected with his race, and, by all the truth he believes, intimately bound to the humblest, as well as to the proudest, member of the human family. No stranger then is he to Humanity. Not with contempt does he look on the masses, not with scorn does he treat their instincts. Nothing that is human is foreign to him. He reverences in each human being the human nature, he reverences in himself, and in each human being he finds all the elements of that truth and virtue, his own reason and conscience bid him believe and obey.

Philosophy is not needed by the masses: but they who separate themselves from the masses, and who believe that the masses are entirely dependent on them for truth and virtue, need it, in order to bring them back, and bind them again to universal Humanity. And they need it now, and in this country, perhaps as much as ever. The world is filled with commotions. The masses are heaving and rolling, like a mighty river, swollen with recent rains, and snows dissolving on the mountains, onward to a distant and unknown ocean. There are those among us, who stand awe-struck, who stand amazed. What means this heaving and onward rolling? Whither tend these mighty masses of human beings? Will they sweep away every fixture, every house and barn, every mark of civilization? Where will they end? In what will they end? Shall we rush before them and attempt to stay their progress? Or shall we fall into their ranks and on with them to their goal? "Fall into their ranks; be not afraid; be not startled; a Divine Instinct guides and moves onward that heaving and rolling mass; and lawless and destructive as it may seem to you, ye onlookers, it is normal and holy, pursuing a straight and harmless direction on to the union of Man with God." So answers philosophy, and this is its glory. The friends of Humanity

need philosophy, as the means of legitimating the cause of the people, of proving that it is the right, and the duty, of every man to bind himself to that cause, and to maintain it in good report and in evil report, in life and in death. They need it, that they may prove to these conservatives, who are frightened almost out of their wits at the movements of the masses, and who are denouncing them in no measured terms, that these movements are from God, and that they, who war against them, are warring against truth, duty, God, and Humanity. They need it, that they may no longer be obliged to make apologies for their devotion to the masses, their democratic sympathies and tendencies. They who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, who are loaded with reproach for their fidelity to truth and duty, who are all but cast out of the pale of Humanity, because they see, love, and pursue Humanity's true interests, — they need it, that they may comprehend the cause of the opposition they meet, forgive their enemies, silence the gainsayer, and give to him that asks it a reason for the hope that is in them. The friends of progress, here and everywhere, need it, that, having vindicated, legitimated progress, as philosophers, they may go into the saloons, the universities, the halls of legislation, the pulpit, and abroad among the people, and preach it, with the dignity and the authority of the prophet.

It will be seen from this, that our philosophy, notwithstanding certain aristocratic airs, is by no means wanting in its democratic tendencies. Its aim is not utility, but the establishment of truth, and that not for the many, but for the few; nevertheless the truth established, always benefits the world, and the truth established in this case, is the truth which every body is interested in. We by no means reject common sense; we love, we obey it, because we have legitimated its right to be loved and obeyed. All true philosophy accepts, and explains, and legitimates, the instinctive beliefs of mankind. Philosophy there-

fore, though it is not common sense, is in perfect harmony with it.

Will the respect, the writer in the Examiner has for common sense, carry him as far as this? Does he credit common sense? Does he believe the instinctive beliefs of mankind are true, worthy to be trusted? If so, we pray him to legitimate those beliefs on the ground of Locke's philosophy. If he does not believe them true, if he denies them, we ask him, what right he has to require philosophical writers to respect common sense? Moreover, if common sense, the universal beliefs of mankind, the instinctive beliefs of Humanity, the teachings of the spontaneous reason, be discredited, as they must be by a disciple of Locke, we ask, how it is possible to establish the certainty of any thing whatever? We ask those who rail against Humanity, and look upon the instinctive beliefs of the masses with contempt, how they will save us from universal Skepticism?

ART. VII. — *An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August* 31, 1837, by RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 26.

WE have been not a little amused and somewhat edified by the various criticisms on this address, which we have seen and heard of all kinds, from kindling admiration to gaping wonder, shrewd cavilling, sneering doubt, and even offended dignity. We wish, for ourselves, to express our hearty thanks to the author, to disburden our minds of a small load of censure, and utter some thoughts on the subject-matter of the address.

There are writers whom we should designate as in the twilight state, walking ever in an opposite direc-

tion to the motion of the earth — following with longing admiration the descending glory of the past — delighting in each tall peak, each floating cloud, which reflects the lustre of a fading day. To them the present is weary and worn, and the darkness and vapors steam up from the sunken vales of common life. There is a second class, in the midnight season of thought, lone and abstracted — watching the truths of eternity as they smile through far space on a darkened world. To them the present is the gleaming lights, the snatches of music, the distasteful clamor of foolish revelry, breaking harshly in upon their hour of rapt and solemn meditation. There is a third class, in morning wakefulness. Their gaze is on the brightening orient. They stand as *muezzins* on the mosques, as watchmen on the towers, summoning to prayer and work; — for the streaks of the dawning, and the golden flushes, are heralding the sun. The present is bright to them with hope; and the dewy incense promises fruitfulness, and the rising race are going forth to husband the garden of life. There is a fourth class, in the noonday and sunny cheerfulness, and clear light, of God's providence in the present time, on whose useful toil the *spirit of the age* shines down to ripen and to bless.

When we read a former production by the author of this address, we feared from its tone of somewhat exclusive and unsympathising contemplativeness, that he was of the second class. But we hail him now as one of the youthful expectants of a coming brighter hour of social life. Shall we not indeed say, that in his industry, and the unreserved communication of his best nature, as a preacher and lecturer, we gratefully recognise him as one of the working men of this generation? And yet would we see him more fully warmed with the great social idea of our era, — the great idea, which he has hinted at in this very address — of human brotherhood, of sonship to God. We have full faith that in this land is this idea to be manifested in individual character, in social life, in

art, in literature, as for the last eighteen hundred years it has been in religion. We echo with joy the language of the orator.

"Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp which now flames in our zenith, as astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years. — p. 1. And again, "This confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation to the American Scholar. — p. 25. And again, "A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men." — p. 26.

Why did Providence veil our land till the fulness of time, and then gather upon it an elect people from all nations of the earth, under institutions the most favorable to individual development, if not, that in a recovered Eden of freedom, love and peace, the products of all by-gone civilization, might blossom together? And shall not such a social state of Humanity utter itself, and is not that utterance a Literature?

We see, in Mr. Emerson, many traits befitting an American, that is, a Christian, free writer. He has deep faith in a heavenly Father of souls, reverence for each brother as a child of God, — respect for his own reason as a divine inspiration, — too much love for men to fear them, — a conscientious hungering and thirsting for truth, — and a serene trust in the triumph of good. He seems to us true, reverent, free, and loving. We cheerfully tolerate therefore any quaint trappings, in which a peculiar taste may lead him to deck his thoughts; and we pity the purists, who cannot see a manly spirit through a mantle not wholly courtly. At the same time we will freely express our regret that Mr. Emerson's style is so little a transparent one. There are no thoughts which may not be simply expressed. Raphael's pictures with their profound beauty are simple as a family group in a peasant's cottage, or a crowd in a market place. The author of this address, we feel assured, does not

willingly hide his thoughts from the poor vanity of being understood only by the initiated; and we have no doubt endeavors to be intelligible. He loves truth and respects man too well for such folly. His faith that man's very holy of holies enshrines no ideas too pure for popular worship, is thus beautifully expressed:

"The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, — his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, — until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers; — that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, — to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, this is my music: this is myself." — p. 18.

Why then should he not open himself freely, simply? We think he means to do so. He cordially welcomes us to his high summits of speculation, and to the prospect they command, in full faith that our sight is keen as his. But he forgets that he has not pointed out the way by which he climbed. His conclusions are hinted, without the progressive reasonings through which he was led to them. Perhaps he does not come at them by any consecutive processes. They rather come to him unasked. To use his own language,

"The new deed is yet a part of life, — remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour, it detaches itself from the life, like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind." — p. 13.

There are no developments of thought, there is no continuous flow in his writings. We gaze as through crevices on a stream of subterranean course, which sparkles here and there in the light, and then is lost. The style is in the extreme aphoristic. But again, another cause of his obscurity is a fondness for various illustration. He has a quick eye for analogies, and finds in all nature symbols of spiritual facts. His

figures are occasionally so exquisitely felicitous, that we have hardly the heart to complain of this habit of mind, though, we confess, that not seldom we are attracted from the feature of his thoughts to the splendid jewelry of their attire, and yet oftener annoyed by the masquerade of rural or civic plainness, in which they see fit to march.

The subject of this Address is "The American Scholar," his training, duties, and prospects; and we cannot but wish that there had been more unity and order observed in treating it. The division is good — and the thoughts are apparently cast in a form. But the truth is, there is no progress, no onward stream. The best thoughts are not the leading but the incidental ones, and their arrangement might be varied without much altering the effect of the whole. But then these thoughts are fine ones, and there is a mass of them. And they might easily be run into shape, or rather built into a beautiful composition; or yet again grow naturally forth from the root of his central idea. This idea is variously expressed:

"There is One Man — present to all particular men only partially; you must take the whole of society to find the whole man." "Man is one." "It is one soul which animates all men." "In a century — in a millennium one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being ripened." "A man rightly viewed comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor, has only done for me as by a delegate what I can one day do for myself." "The one thing of value in the world is the active soul, — the soul free, sovereign, active." "A nation of men, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

This fundamental truth, which Jesus felt, uttered, and lived as no disciple has ever faintly dreamed of, our author has apprehended with awe. It is a thought to open the fountains of the soul. As the orator says,

"No men are now perfect. Each is part only of a man, and in this distribution of the functions the scholar is the del-

egated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking.*" "Him nature solicits, with all her placid, all her monitory pictures. Him the past instructs. Him the future invites." The scholar's first teacher is nature. "What is nature to him? There is never an end to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself." "Classification begins; and what is classification but perceiving that all objects have a law, which is also a law of the human mind?" Thus to this "school-boy" is suggested that "nature and he both proceed from one root. And what is that root? Is not it the soul of his soul?" "He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind."

The next teacher of the scholar is "the mind of the Past." "The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him — life; it went out from him — truth. It came to him — short lived actions; it went out from him — immortal thoughts. It came to him — business; it went out from him — poetry. It was — dead fact; now, it is quick thought." "But the transmutation is not perfect; no artist can entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book." "Hence arises a mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, — the act of thought,— is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man. Henceforth the chant is divine also." "Instantly, the book becomes noxious. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books." "Books are good only to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system." "The soul active sees absolute truth; and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. Genius looks forward. Man hopes. Genius creates." "Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings." "One must be an inventor to read well. There is then creative reading, as well as creative writing." "Of course, there is a portion of reading

quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office, — to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us, when they aim not to drill, but to create."

The third teacher of the scholar, is action. "Action with the scholar is subordinate, but it is essential. Without it, he is not yet man. Without it, thought can never ripen into truth. Only so much do I know, as I have lived." "He, who puts forth his total strength in fit actions, has the richest return of wisdom." "If it were only for a vocabulary the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary." "The final value of actions, like that of books, and better than books, is, that it is a resource." "The mind now thinks; now acts; and each reproduces the other." "Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary." "Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives." "There is virtue yet in the hoe and spade, for learned as well as unlearned hands."

The scholar then is educated "by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties." "They may be all comprised in Self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation." "In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation; patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time." "Free should the scholar be, — free and brave." "The day is always his, who works in it with serenity and great aims."

The orator now passes from this abstraction of the scholar, to what he has to say of nearer reference to the time and this country. "I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact, that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried." "If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution?" "One of the auspicious signs of coming days is the fact, that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetised." "The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time." "Give me insight into to-day, and you may

have the antique and future worlds." "Show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature." "Man is surprised to find that things near are not the less beautiful and wondrous than things remote." "This perception of the worth of the vulgar, is fruitful in discoveries." "Another sign of the times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person." "The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future." "If there should be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all." "We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat." "The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant." "What is the remedy? If the single man will plant himself indomitably upon his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience — patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace, the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work, the study and communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world." "We will walk on our own feet, brothers and friends; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds."

Now to our thinking this is high doctrine — timely, and well put. We trust all who have heard or read will lay it to heart, and go forth in the brightening day of a Christian, free literature with solemn purpose, patient resolve, cheerful hope, and forgiving tolerance; filled with the thought that, "God is working in them to will and do of his good pleasure;" and greeting each brother heir of immortality with a reverence and a benediction.

We have endeavored to give a skeleton of this, to us deeply interesting address, and now would proceed to remark upon the subject-matter itself. The theme proposed by the orator is the "American Scholar." Why did he not say Author? Every man is or should be a "student," "man thinking."

On every mind Nature, the Past, and Action, pour their influences. Some of the most active souls — the freest, bravest thinkers of our time and country, communicate their observations, make their instincts prevalent, embody their highest spiritual vision; but it is only in their lives — their manners — their public acts — their social talk. They fill up the idea of the orator's "scholar." But they are not authors; they do not utter the spirit that is in them. They are the seers, but not the poets — the teachers, but not the artists of the time. Their influence is falling on the mountains and in the vales, instilling through the mass of the universal mind the waters of life, which one day shall well forth in crystal gleams and musical trillings to swell the stream of a truly American literature, and pour along a fertilizing stream of thought. When and how shall our *Authors* be formed? They are forming. When the idea of human brotherhood, of sonship to God — of eternal reason in each human soul — of respect for man — shall be assimilated and organized in our social frame, then shall American Literature go forth in vigor, symmetry, and graceful action. Men will utter when they are filled with the spirit. Our manners, our tone of life, our habits of thought, our social garniture, are a worn out casing, and the new robes of nature's handiwork to clothe a higher form of life as yet but imperfectly grown. Many a poet is walking now our green hill sides, toiling in our mechanic shops, ay, bartering in the bustling mart, even jostling in the caucus and voting at the polls, living a poem in the round of professional duties and the ever fresh romance of quiet homes. And wherever they are, the forms — the castes — the trappings — the badges — the fashion and parade of life, are seen by them as thin disguises, and the purity and vigor of the soul in each brother, the true spiritual experiences of man beneath God's sky upon God's earth, are the only things of worth. When shall they utter the music which swells sweetly in the chambers of their own spirits? When the stand-

ard of man's measure is changed, and persons are prized for what they *are*, not for what they *have*. And whenever and however any one is filled to overflowing with this grand idea of God in the soul of man, he will utter it — he must utter it. He will be an American Author. He may prophesy from the pulpit, at the Lyceum, in the schoolhouse, in the daily press, in books, in public addresses. But the burden of the prophecy will be the same: "Man measures man the world over:" Man's spirit is from God: We are brethren.

In speaking therefore of the training of American authors — we should place first, second, and third, action, or rather *Life*. A man to utter the American spirit, which is now in embryo, and will sooner or later be born into life, should walk in the noonday brightness of the great Idea of our era and land, till he is quickened by its beams. The great author is he who embodies in language the spirit of his time. The great American author will be he who lives out the American idea — the Christian — the Divine idea of *Brotherhood*.

He must study "Nature." Yes! open his inmost soul to this beautiful smile of God's perfections, that the spirit of God may abide in him as a temple. But nowhere does nature respond to the call within, nowhere do the floods of being answer to the floods of will, as in the form and presence, the ways and deeds and will of man; nowhere, as in the mighty social movement, which ever sweeps along through a silent eternity the ever new present age. The nature of man, and the cycle of that nature, which even now is revolving, is God's voice to us, — a new-born creation which angels hymn.

The author must study the "Past." Yes! For every genius, every martyr, every hero, every living soul, has been a hue of promise, which Humanity has caught from the day-spring from on high. And silently through the tide of roving hordes and the storms of desolating revolutions — in calm hours of bright

prosperity — and the wide hush of peaceful eras — in the uprising of down trodden millions — and the fervent hopings and prayers of philanthropy, has the present time been slowly preparing — the aloes sometime to bloom.

And the Author must "act." Yes! but chiefly, not "subordinately." He must throw himself heartily into the moving army of the time, and serve an unnoticed private or a followed leader, as his strength may be — willing to be trampled down, so the powers of good triumph. And he must go out into life too, not to build up himself and complete his being only; not to gain wisdom, to gather raw material only — not to stock a vocabulary, not to recreate only — but from a deep insight into the sublimity of daily, hourly, common life, from awe of the force of Providence stirring in the deep springs of the present generation. Not as a scholar, not with a view to literary labor, not as an artist, must he go out among men — but as a brother man, all unconscious that he has uttered any thing, all purposeless of future utterance till it is given. We rejoiced with sympathetic joy when we read that sentence in this address, "I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic, what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek Art or Provençal Minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low." A distinguished sculptor was asked, "where when the gods had returned to Olympus, and the iconoclastic spirit of the time had overturned the Madonnas and the martyrs, he would look for subjects for his chisel?" "To the grace and poetry of the simple acts of life," was his answer. The greatest painter of the age has breathed his purest ideal beauty through the unpicturesque attire, the easy attitude, the homely plainness, of peasant girlhood. And perfectly true is it, as our orator says, that this idea has inspired the genius of the finest authors of our day. A man must live the life of Jesus, according to his power, would he be a truly American author; yes! he must live a self-forgetting minister to men, in the

charities of home and acquaintance — in thankless and unnoticed sympathy, — in painful toil amid great enterprises, — among interests of the day — sacrificing notoriety, relinquishing unfavorite tastes, penetrated through his habitual thoughts with the prayer, that the kingdom of God may come — the kingdom of truth, love, beauty, and happiness — of fresh minds and warm hearts and clear consciences, the kingdom of brother souls in their Father's mansion. And he must do this because he feels the worth of man as man — because he sees the infinite in the finite — the spiritual in the material — the eternal in the present — the divine in man. When his heart is tuned to unison with every chord that vibrates through the moral universe, and responds to the music of love through his whole being, let him pour out the joy of a spirit communing with the All Holy, of an Immortal stepping onward hand in hand with growing spirits on a brightening pathway to heaven.

All this may seem extravagant and enthusiastic. We say it with the calmest conviction. We look for a high-toned literature in this Christian, free land, where the vine of truth is not overgrown with the weeds of past civilization. We fully expect to see *American* authors. And yet more, we feel sure they will form a most numerous class, or rather be *so numerous as not to form a class.* The benefits of the existence of a literary caste have been vaunted. We have no faith in them. The change which has for years been going on, by which more and more minds have been incited to produce their store for the public good — in reviews, miscellanies, essays, fictions, lectures, is we believe auspicious. Literature has become less monkish, more manly. The days of astrology and alchemy in the world of books is over; and those of its astronomy and chemistry have come; and our bark of life will ride the safer, and our comforts be multiplied by the change. Literature should be the reflection of an age upon itself, the self-converse of the race, and the more expressions of its conscious-

ness, the better; or again literature should be the challenge and answer of "all 's well," as each generation takes its stand in time. The more minds that light up their tapers, the better. All men have genius, if they will be true to the inward voice. Let them serve God and not men, and bear what testimony they can. We cannot spare them. Literature will thus assume a more conversational, a heartier tone; and no man will be ashamed, afraid, or vain, or proud, to be an author. The age is superficial, it is said — the attention is dissipated by variety — there is a slip-shod style in vogue — thinkers are rare. We doubt much the justice of all this. The energy of the time, perhaps the genius of the time, is chiefly turned to the business of life. But never, we believe, was there a period of healthier intellectual action. The people — the public, crave thought. They passionately follow a strong man who utters his deepest self healthily, naturally; the higher, the purer his message, the better prized by them. And compare the thoughts and style of expression too of our reviews, yes even of light novels, and of newspaper pieces, dashed off as they are by ordinary minds, with what was written by the select few of earlier time, and do they not prove really a wonderful development of the thinking faculties? All writers are to some degree thinkers, if not thinking men. For their own sakes, composition is salutary; it reveals to themselves what force they have in them. The next stage will be the casting off of authority; yes, even that of public opinion which now enslaves, and the rising up of an immense class of independent thinkers, to declare what they too have seen of heavenly light through the telescopes in high observatories, or with the naked eye on the bare hills. We sometimes think that the profusion, with which the knowledge of the most interesting facts, laws, and phenomena of nature, of the great miracles of art and invention, of the mighty events of history, of the original characters who have made history, — that the profusion, we say with which a knowledge of these

has been diffused to readers and hearers — though done merely to amuse, will produce a fine result. Men seek novelties, something to animate and awake; where will they find them, if not in the infinity of their own spiritual natures and experiences, — in the marvels and wonders of the quite familiar and common? The crowd of authors even now has broken down the aristocracy of literature. Men are no longer notorious for being writers. Poor vanity no longer, or in a less degree, impels fools to ape sages. But yet the instinct of utterance remains. And we need not fear, that minds, which through the deep caverns of their own spirit have passed to Elysian fields, will be hindered from declaring their bright visions, because the air is full of the murmur of voices. Literature must become what it ought to be, the *best* thoughts of *all*, given out in the grand school room, debating hall, and conversazione of the world, rather let us say in the grand family group of God's children. Inspired prophets and apostles of truth will easily be recognised, — and listened to all the more eagerly by those, to whom all past utterances are familiar, and who seek something new. No Paul will be neglected at Athens. And the temptation lessens every day for a man to desert the field which heaven appointed him to till, by running into the mart to speculate in buying up popular applause. The public are tired of parrots. They want men. We feel convinced that our best minds and all minds, instead of being frittered away and dissipated by chasing the butterflies, and hunting the bright shells, and gathering the choice flowers of thoughts, to amuse or be amused with, will confine themselves more and more to laborious working in their own peculiar mines; that our public lectures will lose their desultory and take a systematic character; that private teachers will appear of higher and higher branches of knowledge. And this will prepare the way for independent, thorough, original action of the American mind. And we long to see what will be produced in that democratic age of literature, where no clan of Authors are tolerated longer

as the dictators of fashion and the judges of caste in the world of books, but where appeal is only to the spirit of truth; where the court garment is always sincerity's work-day dress.

But we must bring these remarks to a close. We look, we say, for an American literature. We feel as if the old strata of thought, in the old world, had been broken up, with the old manners which clothed them and grew out from them; and as if the fused and melted mass had settled here to form a new world of higher beauty. And the rock basis of a new era will be a philosophy, which recognises the divinity of reason in every soul; which sees the identity of reason and faith, and honors common sense as the voice of truth; which feels the mystery of moral freedom in every man of that perfect liberty of the entire obedience to right, and which bows with awe before the conviction that God is in each human soul, that never is the individual so entirely himself as when at one with the indwelling Spirit. And the life, which will pervade this new world of thought, will be a poetry of love and sympathy for the commonest familiar feeling, as well as the higher and holier, and for every human tie and relation. Science is always liberal, for nature is no respecter of persons or of forms. She will speak to the humblest or highest of her children through the light which covers the heavens, as with a canopy for angels, through the swift flashes which rend the mountain, or the unseen influence which follows down the string of the paper kite. And shall not it be, is the world never to see a system of social manners too, growing out from this Christian idea of brotherhood, which shall embody the principles of this philosophy — the spirit of this poetry? Our manners will ever be the leaves to clothe with beauty the trunk and branches of our faith; but through them it must imbibe from the sun of God's love, and the atmosphere of human kindness, a purifying, a vital influence. We shall never have a healthy American Literature, unless we have an American Spirit, an American Manner of Life.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Ernest Maltravers. By the Author of "Pelham." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1837. 2 vols. 12mo. — We have heard this last work of Mr. Bulwer's spoken of in disparaging terms, and represented as the least interesting of the numerous productions of its author. For ourselves, we must say that we have seldom risen from the perusal of a novel which has delighted us more, and never from the perusal of one of Mr. Bulwer's, that has delighted us so much.

The two volumes which are published constitute only the first part of the whole work, but, if the remaining volumes, which we are informed are to be forth-coming, answer at all to the expectations raised by these, we risk nothing in saying that Ernest Maltravers will be the most enduring monument the author has yet erected to his fame. It may be less exciting *as a story* than some of his other novels, it may be less interesting to those who read but to while away the time, to minister to morbid feelings, or merely to forget what they read; but it is a work that betokens a riper intellect, a more thorough insight into the human heart, and which breathes a truer and deeper pathos, than anything else he has produced. The author seems to us to be describing what he has *felt*, and to be setting down in his pages, what he has *lived*. He does not play with passion; he does not sport with our sensibilities; he writes in earnest, and appears to be giving utterance to the fulness of his own heart.

Mr. Bulwer has designed this work as a survey of the Philosophy of Human Life. He has not written it for the purpose of producing a work of fiction, which may be in vogue for a day, and then be forgotten. He has written it with a high aim and a solemn intent. It may not deserve high praise as a philosophical work; but it bears full proof that its author is an acute and accurate observer of man and of men, and that he is able to represent them very much as they are. His pictures are from the life. His creations are not merely life-like, but living.

As it is our intention, when we receive the remaining volumes, to return to this work, and to attempt something of an estimate of Mr. Bulwer's merits and defects, as a writer and as a novelist, we shall enter into no minute criticism at this time. We can say of Ernest Maltravers, that it is a book from the perusal of which a reader may rise a soberer and a wiser man. Its tone is serious, but not melancholy, and by no means misanthropic. It paints life with its shades as well as its lights, and these are often dark, but upon the whole not too dark. Beneath the vainest, the worldliest, and the most selfish exterior, we are shown a human heart, small, it may be, and seldom brought into play, but nevertheless a human heart, through which course sometimes the streams of genuine human feeling. Men are never clean gone in iniquity. Wicked they may be, and often

are, but they always retain something which may be loved, and on which the ardent philanthropist may build his hopes. Women may be vain, and carried away in the vortex of a fashionable life, and yet not lose entirely their nobler nature; they may be frail, and yet one false step not plunge them into the abyss of moral pollution. There may be virtue in both men and women who transgress in thought and in deed, the arbitrary rules of an artificial society

We owe our thanks to Mr. Bulwer, for representing to us the English Aristocracy in a light less revolting than most novelists have done of late. We believe his account of that Aristocracy is worthy of altogether more credit, than those accounts which represent them as utterly heartless and selfish, as wholy sunk in sensuality and vice. There must necessarily be much vice and depravity, glossed over with external refinement and politeness, in every aristocracy based on the privileges of birth, or wealth; but we ought never to believe any numerous body of our brethren can become wholly corrupt. The Divine Image, in which man was originally created, cannot be obliterated entirely, even in an hereditary aristocracy. The Diviner elements of human nature will even there sometimes manifest themselves, and that in no slight degree. To be virtuous in the midst of an aristocracy, like the English, we regard as no easy matter. It is hard for him who is born a member of it, to rise to the true dignity of manhood, and fulfil the great purposes for which man was made, and for which God gives him intellect and affections; nevertheless some can succeed, and do succeed in doing it. The difficulties which a noble soul, richly endowed, born to great wealth, and in possession of all society has to give, must necessarily encounter, are well exhibited in the volumes before us, both as it concerns man, and as it concerns woman. We cannot conceive more unfavorable circumstances in which one can be born, than those amidst which he is born, who has no prize before him, apparently no object of a true and noble ambition. Obliged to make no effort, to struggle for neither wealth nor honors, able at once to take his stand on as high a round in the social ladder, as he can ever hope to attain, what shall quicken his spirit, waken his heart, call forth the power that is in him to be great and to do good? There is a work for him, but he is not likely to see it, or to feel its influence. In a society where great inequality prevails, we believe, from our heart, they who are in the lowest rank are cursed less than they who are in the highest. If any doubt the justness of our belief, let them read Ernest Maltravers.

A great struggle between the aristocratic and democratic elements of society has commenced in England and in this country. It is raging, and with more fierceness every day. The result cannot be doubtful. The democratic element will prevail the world over. But it is a fearful struggle. Strongly as we sympathize with the democracy, and unshaken as is our confidence in the fact, and the right, of its ultimate success, we do

not survey this struggle with a perfectly quiet pulse. We would moderate its fierceness, and lessen the bitterness of one party towards the other. In order to do this, we would labor to bring out the virtues of each party. The aristocrat must be made to see that the great unprivileged many are his own "kith and kin," that they have minds and hearts as great and as richly endowed as his own; and that in this struggle they are right, and must, if there be justice in heaven, obtain the victory. On the other hand, the democrat must bear in mind that the aristocracy are his brethren, made with a nature like his own, that they have their sufferings, their trials and temptations, and also their lofty aspirations, and their love of Humanity. Let him not war against them in wrath; let him love them as his brothers, and hold their interests, as men, though not as a class, as dear as his own. We would that the system of privilege could be done away, and that of equal rights adopted, established in all countries, without a war of the two elements. But in England, we do not believe the thing is possible. In this country, for aught we can see, it is possible. We may proceed here, if we will keep down all unholy passions, peaceably, and harmoniously. The aristocracy here has little external support. It is in the main a reminiscence of England, and may easily be overcome, so far as it needs to be overcome, by the silent but all-powerful working of public opinion. We have but to speak out, proclaim the true dignity of man, and what true greatness is; we have but to weave into our literature the true doctrine of Christ, and instil it into the hearts of our children, in order to effect all the triumph for democracy that can be wished.

Review Française. — The first number of a new Review with this name was published in Paris, in June last, several copies of which we have recently received. It is intended, in some respects, to take the place of the old *Review Française*, which was brought to a close just before the Revolution of July, 1830. It professes to be devoted to no party, but pleged to an independent course in politics, philosophy, religion, and literature. Among the principal contributors, we notice the names of Rossi, Villemain, Jouffroy, Ballanche, Michelet, Buchon, with several others who are less known in this country. The introductory article, which, we presume, is from the pen of M. Rossi, presents a judicious and well-written view of the actual state of opinion in France, on the principal points of human inquiry. Its tone is encouraging, in the highest degree, to the belivers in the progress of man.

The following allusion to the literature of America may be interesting to our readers. It is taken from a short article referring to the interest manifested in this country, in the literature of Foreign nations.

"Of all known countries, North America is the one whose future condition may be previously announced, with the greatest confidence. A

country, still new, young, without history, it presents to the observer a creation, which is not only the result of the social instincts of man and of an unforeseen combination of events, but the deliberate work of the human will, a social and political system applied on a virgin soil, by men who knew what they were about, and who meant to do precisely what they have done. The elements of this system are known, its principles determined, its premises distinctly laid down; hence, the consequences which it contains within its bosom must necessarily be displayed, with a sort of mathematical exactness. The errors of men, their passions, and external events may undoubtedly derange the regular progress of the country, may retard and modify the logical development of the American system; but these causes of perturbation are themselves less difficult to be forseen and calculated in a country, which does not present the varieties, the complicated interests, the contrasts, that make the solution of political and social problems an affair of such difficulty in our aged Europe. By reason of their geographical situation and of the principles of their government, the United States are at the same time less exposed than any other civilized State to the influence of foreign politics: the future prospects of the Union depend entirely on itself, on the elements of its own political and social condition.

"Thus it was easy to forsee that the Americans, occupied at first with their establishment, their material organization, and their fortune, and without many individuals who had secured a social position, and obtained the enjoyment of leisure, would not for a considerable time apply their talents and energy to the department of science and literature.

"This first period now seems to be drawing to a close; new wants cannot fail to make themselves felt; the material world no longer exclusively occupies the strength of America. But the transition to an intellectual life, original, national, and vigorous, is never made at one bound. Besides America is the offspring of Europe; the languages which she speaks are European; American literature must needs have its starting-point on the old continent. In this second period, America must study, imitate, and comment upon the literary and scientific productions of Europe. It is almost in the same condition in which the old Continent was placed in relation to antiquity, at the epoch of the Revival of Letters.

"The third period will open whenever the social condition of America shall have experienced the ulterior modifications which are already foreseen by every attentive observer."

The fact stated in the closing paragraph of the above extract is generally admitted, and begins to be generally complained of. Our dependence on foreign literature is made our reproach. We are accused of following servilely in the track that is marked out by the writers of the old world. For ourselves, however, we are persuaded that the charge would be more just if it were directed against our exclusive tastes, our narrow prejudices with regard to the literature of other nations. We follow the thinkers of England, with too little respect either for our own thoughts, or for those of the mightier intellects of the Continent. A more thorough, wise, and discriminating acquaintance with the great writers in the literature of the Continent, would tend to redeem us from the undue influence of the English mind, and quicken the germs of a vigorous life within our own bosoms. On all questions relating to social progress, political rights, and human culture, the modern literature of

France and Germany is far richer than that of aristocratic England. Our young republicans are fully aware of this, and we shall yet see the fruits of their conviction.

The United States' Magazine and Democratic Review. Vol. I. No. I. Washington, D. C. : Langtree & O'Sullivan. 8vo. pp. 142. — We have read with much interest the first number of this Magazine which is to be published monthly at the seat of our National Government. It is full of promise, and can hardly fail to be creditable to our rising Literature. It is to be devoted to the interests of the Democratic party, and will explain and defend its doctrines and measures. But it also proposes to itself a higher, and, in our judgment, a far more praiseworthy aim. It avows its design to give, as far as it may be able, a democratic tone and character to American literature. It is in relation to this design, that we greet its appearance with a cordial welcome. If it faithfully pursue this design, enlisting, as it will, the best writers in our country, it must necessarily do great good. With this design we have full sympathy.

A literature cannot be a national one, unless it be the exponent of the national life, *informed* with the national soul. It must be based on the great Idea of the nation, and be cemented together by the national instincts. Otherwise it will, whatever its merits in other respects, remain foreign to the people for whom it is intended; and whatever talents, beauty, taste, refinement, it may display, be counted powerless, tame, and servile. The national soul of America is democracy, the equal rights and worth of every man, as man. This is the American Idea. That writer who neglects or rejects it, however amiable, learned, and talented he may be, must relinquish all hopes of being counted an American writer. This Idea is the only element of life that American literature can possess. Our literary men, if they wish to be living men, and aid in the production of a living literature of our country, must acccept it, and make it the soul of their soul. Ours must be a democratic literature.

The Magazine before us is intended to aid in calling forth a democratic literature. Its exclusive party character, by restraining its freedom, will be a great drawback on its influence; but nevertheless it will do much, and prove no mean blessing to the country. The first number is cheering. It appears, as in fact it was, to have been prepared in haste; but it breathes a good spirit and betokens ability. The Introduction, though somewhat vague and unfinished as an exposition of democracy, we have read with much pleasure. It proves that the democracy of its editors, in its doctrinal character, is of the right sort. It embraces the genuine sentiment of Humanity, and the idea of progress. It recognises, and we rejoice that it does, the identity of the great democratic movements of modern times, with the movement commenced by the Great Reformer of Nazareth. The identity of the true democratic spirit with the Christian

spirit is a great and a kindling truth, which ere long will be generally, if not universally, admitted. We have also read the article on De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, with much interest. It is deserving attention.

We have spoken of the party character of the United States Magazine. We have not done this because it espouses the interests of the so-called democratic party, but because we believe the men who are to create our literature must be free from party shackles. They must be above party, and instead of being the instruments of party they must be the judges of party. We would have no literary man avoid party questions, in politics, religion, or philosophy; but we would have every man who loves Humanity and craves progress, discuss those questions as a judge, not as a pleader. We, for ourselves, belong to no party, but we shall never hesitate to express our views of any or of all parties. Since our article on Democracy was written, the Whigs have gained some triumphs. Had these triumphs been gained before that article was written, we should have omitted the censure we cast by implication on the Democratic party. There is a possibility that the Whigs may come into power for a short time. We fear if they do, it will be the triumph of the moneyed interests of the country, of the mercantile, banking, and manufacturing interests, over the agricultural and mechanical interests. We hope that we shall be deceived, and that the Whigs will turn out to be Reformers; but we assure them, if so, they will look forwards and not backwards.

Histoire des Doctrines Morales et politiques des trois derniers siècles, par M. J. Matter. Paris, 1836 et 1837. 3 Tomes. 8vo. — M. Matter is a voluminous and withal a writer of considerable merit. He has given the world several useful publications, the best of which, in our judgment, is his "Critical History of Gnosticism." He strikes us as a man of great industry, extensive and various reading, good sense, good feeling, but as by no means remarkable for depth and originality. We find him frequently common-place, occasionally dull, and usually deficient in true method. He has nothing of the *Artiste*. He has no creative power, and of course never produces a whole. All his works, which have come under our notice, read like articles designed for the pages of a Review. Nevertheless they contain much useful information, and may be read by most persons with profit.

The work before us, a History of moral and political doctrines during the last three centuries, is on an interesting and a very important subject, and one on which it would be difficult for a man of ordinary talents and information to write a worthless book. M. Matter has not written a worthless, but very valuable book. We know not where else there is a work, in which the reader can find, in the same compass, so full and so

just an account of the moral and political doctrines of the last three centuries, as he will find in these volumes. They take the true point of sight, and may be in general safely trusted.

The history contained in these volumes is not a history of the moral and political doctrines, put forth by a few speculators or philosophers in the schools, at least only incidentally; but a history of the moral and political doctrines which obtained currency in the world, which were advocated by statesmen, embraced by monarchs, and acted upon by governments and people. The progress of these doctrines, their influence, their reactions, victories, and defeats, the good and the evil they did, constitute the subject-matter of these volumes, and are treated, not profoundly, nor in all cases satisfactorily, but, in general, fairly and justly.

The work though professedly historical, is written evidently, if not avowedly, for political effect. Its design is to teach a certain lesson, which is summed up, in what the author is pleased to call the axiom, "*That no political progress is desirable, that none is possible even, which is not brought about naturally and necessarily by a moral progress.*" This is a favorite position with the author. It is the burden of his work, *De l'Influence des Mœurs, sur les Lois et de l'influence des Lois sur les Mœurs*, a work whose want of character may be inferred from the fact that it received the extraordinary prize of 10,000 francs. But this position is not tenable. If it were, it would be fatal to all progress, and be most heartily pleasing to all tyrants. The plain English of it is, perfect the individual before you undertake to perfect society; make your men perfect, before you seek to make your institutions perfect. This is plausible, but we dislike it, because it makes the perfection of institutions the end, and that of individuals merely the means. Perfect all your men, and no doubt, you could then perfect easily and safely your institutions. But when all your men are perfect, what need of perfecting your institutions? And wherein are those institutions, under which all individuals may attain to the full perfection admitted by human nature, imperfect? Institutions are perfect or imperfect only as they do or do not contribute to the perfection of the individual man. The only motive for changing social institutions is, that they do not, or that they may, aid moral or individual progress. M. Matter, however, means to be a real friend to progress. He has learned by experience that institutions to have a good influence must harmonize, to a certain extent, with the genius of the people on whom they are to act, and we are willing that he should insist upon this fact. But let him beware of becoming too exclusive. Moral progress and social progress should never be separated. The friends of the one should always be the friends of the other. The end is moral progress, and to this all things should contribute. Social progress is to be regarded as a means of moral or individual progress, and therefore never to be attempted only under such circumstances, and to such an extent, as will most likely contribute to this end.

History of the French Revolution. By THOMAS CARLYLE. — Messrs. Little & Brown of this city have just issued an American edition of the above work, by the author of Sartor Resartus. We have not yet read it; but from the extracts we have seen in Reviews, and from the character of its author, we venture to recommend it as a work of intense interest, which may be read with equal pleasure and profit. Every body, we presume, for some time to come, will betray symptoms of a *Carlylomania.* But no matter; it is a kind of mania which after all betokens a good constitution and rich endowments.

The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations. By FRANCIS J. GRUND. Boston. Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 1837. — We have read this work with some interest. It is written with ability; and, with some errors, contains many correct statements, just views, and valuable observations. We had intended a review of it for this number, but have been obliged to defer it till our next.

New System of Paper Money. By A CITIZEN OF BOSTON. Boston. I. R. Butts. 1837. 8vo. pp. 20. — We commend this unpretending pamphlet to the attention of all who are interested in saving the country from financial embarrassments, similar to the one we are now passing through. It contains, if we mistake not, a sound principle, which must form the basis of every system of paper money, which can be adopted with anything like safety to the public.

Messrs. HILLIARD, GRAY & Co., of this city, have in press, and will publish about the first of March, two volumes of "Philosophical Miscellanies," translated, with introductions and notes, from the French of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Benjamin Constant, by Rev. George Ripley of this city. These two volumes are intended to constitute the first of a series of translations, which Mr. Ripley, aided by some of the first scholars in the country, proposes to bring out under the title of "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature."

⁂ We now present our first number to the public. It has been hastily prepared, and with very little assistance from our friends. But such as it is we send it forth to make, or not to make, its fortune. It must speak for itself and rest on its own merits. We apprehend nothing much worse in our future numbers, and can promise nothing much better. If the public like it and want it, they will support it, and if they do not,—then of course they will not.