

A slight sketch of the life of the late Whitlock Nicholl, M.D. together with a few manuscripts, written during his leisure hours, and left unfinished at the time of his death.

Contributors

Nicholl, Whitlock, 1786-1838.
Hume, Menella.

Publication/Creation

London : W.A. Wright, 1841.

Persistent URL

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Life of
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Probably by W N's sister in law
Menella Hume.

See P. H. Thomas.

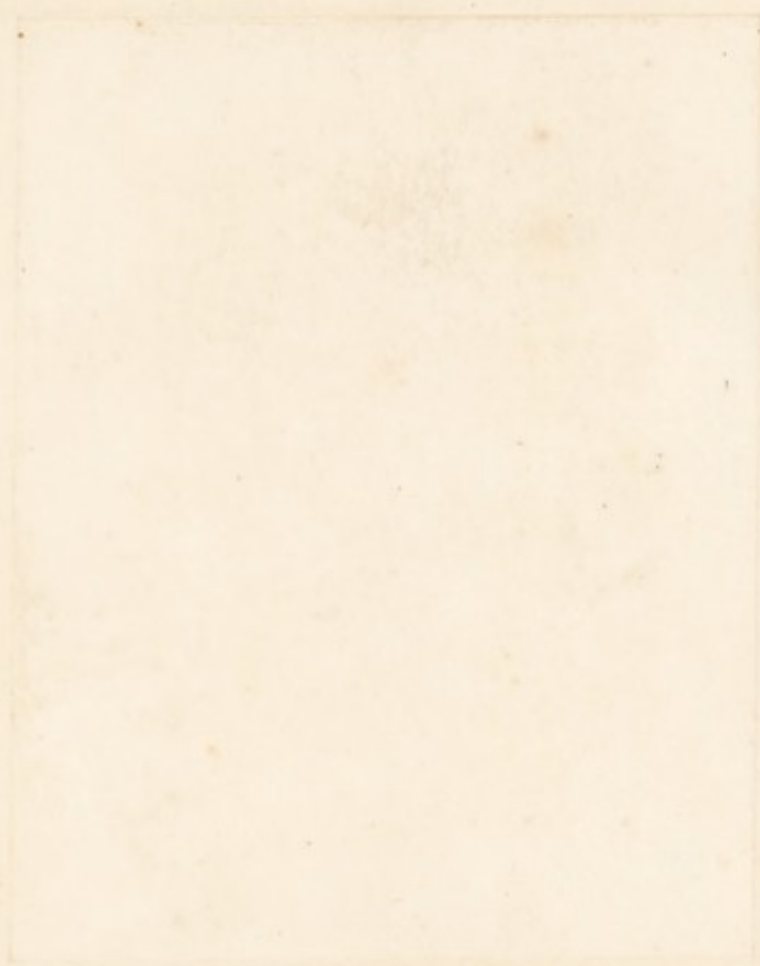
Glamorgan Historian 1965, 2, 173

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Gracey a first brother
Whitlock Nicholl

A SLIGHT SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE
OF THE LATE
WHITLOCK NICHOLL, M. D.

TOGETHER WITH
A FEW MANUSCRIPTS,
WRITTEN DURING HIS LEISURE HOURS,
AND
LEFT UNFINISHED AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY W. A. WRIGHT, FULWOOD'S RENTS, HIGH HOLBORN

1841.



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THE following pages have been written without any view to publication, but chiefly to gratify the desire of Dr. Nicholl's family and friends, that some memorial should be preserved, of a character so much esteemed and loved ; and in part also, for the sake of his infant son, that, should he attain to manhood, though all those who associated with his father may have passed away, he shall yet possess a record of those virtues, which, it is hoped, his study through life will be to imitate. The reader of this imperfect sketch, is requested to bear this in mind, as many things are here inserted, which would not have found place, in a work destined for more than private circulation.

SKETCH,

&c.

Dr. Whitlock Nicholl was the son of the Rev. Iltyd Nicholl, D. D. rector of Treddington, in Worcestershire, and Anne Hatch, daughter of George Hatch, of Windsor, Esq.

His father had distinguished himself at Oxford, and had been college tutor there, before he held the living of Treddington, where Whitlock, his fifth child, was born, in 1786. He was scarcely two years old when his father died, after an illness of only a few hours. Dr. Nicholl is described by all who knew him, as a character of excellence almost amounting to perfection, and his wife, although full of humble and trusting piety, mourned, as all tender hearts must mourn, under such a bereavement. Left a widow, at an early age, with six young children,* she had, in addition to her other cares, this heavy aggravation of them all, an income barely sufficient for the maintenance of her family, as her husband, though the eldest son, dying thus suddenly, while his father yet lived, was unable to make any provision for his widow, beyond the small income which she derived from her marriage settlement.† Under these circumstances, her

* These children were ; Louisa, now the wife of W. Williams, Esq. M.P. of Llangibby Castle, in the county of Monmouth ; Augusta, married to Dr. William Nicholl, of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight ; Lydia, who died young ; Iltyd, who succeeded to the family estate, in Glamorganshire, at the death of his grandfather ; Whitlock, the subject of the present memoir ; and Susanna, wife of the Rev. Robert Plumptre, of Forthampton, near Tewkesbury.

† This income was in the year 1798 rendered a comparatively comfortable one, by the death of her mother-in-law, (who survived her husband) when the Ham estate in Glamorganshire, which was settled upon Mrs. Nicholl, came into her possession.

husband's relations offered to assist Mrs. Nicholl, by taking charge of some of her children, to which arrangement, the most distressing to a parent's feelings, she yielded in sorrowing submission, and her little Whitlock, being chosen by his uncle, the Rev. John Nicholl, went to reside with him, at his living of Remenham, in Berkshire. He was then three years old, and his sweet affectionate disposition had so endeared him to his poor mother, that she soon after visited her brother-in-law, with the intention of reclaiming her child, feeling, she said, that she could not live without him. She was however finally persuaded, that it was more for his advantage to leave him there, and true to her nature, as a woman, and a mother, she sacrificed her own wishes, and returned to her melancholy home, alone. Although too young to preserve any recollection of these events, her son could never speak of her sufferings without emotion; he never forgot what she had endured, and her happiness in after life, was his constant study. He retained too the most affectionate reverence for his father's memory, more proud to know himself the son of a good man, than if he had traced his descent from the greatest names that History can boast. His feelings on this subject, are beautifully expressed in the poem entitled "Thoughts in Rhyme," which will be found among his works, and which was written in the year 1819.

The uncle to whose care the little Whitlock was thus consigned, was a man of learning, and of great benevolence, whose sweetness of temper, and gentleness of manner, peculiarly endeared him to the young. His nephew was much attached to him, and always spoke of him with affection and regard, as the most single-minded, and simple-hearted man he had ever known. He treated his little charge with the utmost kindness, but having no family of his own, he was quite inexperienced in the management of children, and left him almost entirely to his own guidance. Shut out from the usual amusements of childhood,

Whitlock evinced at a very early age, a great love of learning, and extraordinary powers of application.

Though he had no appointed tasks, he studied with unremitting diligence, regularly saying his lessons to his uncle, who was at all times ready to hear them. Nor were his studies desultory, though left to his own discretion, for his persevering eagerness could never be satisfied till he knew all that was to be learned, on any subject which engaged his attention.

He was very fond of his aunt, who was most kind in her intentions towards him; but like her husband, unused to children. She spoiled, instead of guiding him, and by making herself more his plaything than his companion, lowered her own dignity in his eyes, and caused him to treat her often with less respect than was her due, though he loved her tenderly. His chief pleasure was to help her work in the garden, or attend her in her visits to the poor; he wished to share every enjoyment with her, and though like all children, very fond of sweet things, he never received any, without saving half for his aunt. To her, he would say, he owed his knowledge of French, for as she puzzled him by constantly speaking that language in his presence, he determined with childish curiosity, to penetrate her secrets, and discovering an old dictionary among his uncle's books, he applied himself to the study. Whenever he could catch a few words of her conversation, he laboured earnestly to fix them on his memory, and would then search out their meaning with the perseverance which always distinguished him.

He subsequently received instruction from a French emigrant gentleman, and acquired a more perfect knowledge of the language, and a purer pronunciation, than are generally to be found in those, who have not enjoyed the advantages of a continental residence.

In his earliest years he was thus thrown on his own resources for instruction, and also for amusement. In all his studies, in most of his pursuits he was alone, never having a companion of his own age, or even an occasional playfellow. This mode of life

might have been highly disadvantageous to many, perhaps to most children, but Dr. Nicholl's mind was of that order, which *cannot* suffer from any accidental circumstances; his ardent desire for knowledge was not for one instant damped, by the difficulties which impeded its attainment; they served to call forth energies that might have slumbered, and gave him that reliance on his own strength, which is so often an essential ingredient of success. The solitude in which he passed so many hours encouraged his habit of deep thinking, and the workings of the natural world around him, furnished abundant food for contemplation, to his enquiring and speculative mind. Thus, the very obstacles which strewn his path were so many incentives to exertion, and all the powers of his intellect were summoned to surmount them.

One great advantage he derived from associating with his uncle. Mr. John Nicholl was a man of liberal mind, untainted by bigotry or prejudice, and from him he first derived those principles of universal toleration, and pure christian charity, which distinguished him, in an age, when party spirit is unfortunately suffered to mingle with our feelings on every subject, to the injury of all that is best and holiest in our nature. Both Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholl had hearts overflowing with kindness, and his own natural benevolence of disposition was thus fostered and encouraged by their example. At an early age he was distinguished as the poor man's friend.

His piety seemed almost a part of his nature. His mother, who has been already mentioned as a woman of strong religious feeling, and great, though unpretending excellence, had early sown in his mind that good seed, which was destined to bear so much fruit in after years. She was accustomed to spend a part of every day in private devotion, and little Whitlock, while he remained with her, was her constant companion, at which times he would sit in perfect stillness by her side, never giving her the slightest disturbance, and listening with thoughtfulness beyond

his years to all her tender instructions. The circumstances of his childhood tended to the growth of the principles thus implanted. Almost as soon as he was capable of thinking, he found himself bereft, as it seemed, of both his parents, separated from all the objects of his early love, and transferred to another home, where, though in the care of relations who wished to shew him every kindness, he led in fact a solitary life. No wonder that he should sometimes feel desolate, but when a sense of his loneliness pressed heavily on the orphan child, he would comfort himself with the thought, that having lost his earthly father, he was guarded in an especial manner by his Father in Heaven; he loved to address his Maker by that endearing title, and frequent prayer was one of his earliest pleasures. He could remember that once, having lost his knife, he shut himself into his room, and kneeling, prayed that he might be directed where to find it. One smiles at this specimen of childish devotion, and yet, in the picture of the little orphan, so full of trusting faith, thus casting all his cares on Him who loved that children should come to Him, there is a touching beauty which almost beguiles one of a tear.

In the year 1797, Whitlock's happiness was much increased by the society of his only brother Iltyd, who, being obliged to quit London for his health, now joined him in his studies, under the superintendence of their uncle. In the following year Mr. John Nicholl resigned his living, and retired to Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, his nephews both continuing with him. Here they were within a mile of some aged relations, with whom their sister Augusta resided, and were in the habit of meeting nearly every day. His sister thus speaks of him at that period. "Never shall I forget the bright sunshine which their arrival threw on the seclusion in which I dwelt. Dear Whitlock's gaiety of spirits and keen relish for the ludicrous were most remarkable; in vain did we determine to be grave if he chose to make us otherwise; his sallies were always irresistible. His ardour for

knowledge seemed to know no bounds, and was only equalled by the ease with which he overcame those difficulties with which boys have to contend in their rugged studies. Often when he has been staying with us for weeks, (during the absence of my uncle and aunt) I have urged him, being three years his senior, to attend to his lessons, lest their return should surprise him unprepared. I was a very useless mentor, for however short the time he allowed himself, he always came off well."

Mr. John Nicholl had destined his nephew for the Church, and such was the progress he had made in all his studies, that at the age of thirteen, he considered him quite fit for the University, but he, finding that the expenses of a college education would fall on his mother, determined to forego its advantages, and making choice of the medical profession, as that, in which he could best advance by his own exertions, was placed, in the year 1802, with Mr. Bevan, a respectable practitioner of Cowbridge, (who had married a sister of the Rev. John Nicholl,) and studied with him for three years.

In 1804, Mrs. Nicholl took up her abode at Cowbridge with her daughters. The youngest, Susanna, had lived for some years with an uncle and aunt in London, and had returned to her mother in ill health, being confined to the sofa, a situation, which called forth all the kindness of her brother's heart, and all his powers of entertainment. They did not however long enjoy his society, for, in the following year he repaired to London, to finish his medical studies.

He may now be said to have first entered upon the world, and a great trial it undoubtedly was, for one, educated in perfect retirement, and never having passed through the ordeal of a public school, to find himself, at the age of nineteen, with all his youthful inexperience, suddenly transported from the seclusion in which he had lived, into the vast metropolis, where he possessed not a single friend to aid and direct him in his profession, or pursuits, and with but one hundred

pounds in his pocket. Literally, *in his pocket*, for he had no desk or box, wherein he could safely deposit his little treasure, and he therefore always carried it about with him, avoiding crowded streets, and never, if he could help it, passing where the throng was thickest, lest some dexterous hand should deprive him of his slender resources.

Naturally impetuous, and never having been instructed in the difficult but important art of self-controul, it is almost matter of wonder that his unpractised youth should not have been led astray, and, that, left entirely to his own guidance, he should so perseveringly have pursued his studies, to the exclusion of nearly all the amusements which surround the path of a young man in London. It is true that during a part of the time he resided with his uncle, Mr. William Nicholl, then living in George-street, Hanover Square, but the early hours he was there compelled to keep, and the restraints to which he was subjected, were exactly calculated to make him mis-use his liberty, had he been so inclined. To his credit however be it said, that during the four years he was in town, there was not one action of his life, on which he could look back with regret, and those who are acquainted with London, will acknowledge this to be no small praise.

He now became a pupil of Dr. Hooper, who had succeeded Dr. Rowley, as Lecturer in Saville Row, and attended two courses of his Lectures on the practice of Physic, and Materia Medica. Midwifery, and the diseases of women and children, he studied with great care under the late Dr. John Clarke, brother to the present Sir Charles Clarke, and Physic and Chemistry under Dr. Pearson. In the year 1806, he entered at St. George's Hospital, under the late Sir Everard Home, whose Surgical Lectures he attended. Here too, in the absence of his friend Mr. Ewbank, resident Surgeon of the Hospital; he acted in his place, and his attentions to the sick were kind, regular, and unvarying.

In 1808, he obtained the appointment of resident House Surgeon at the Lock Hospital, which he held

for one year, and was universally considered the most useful and efficient member of the Establishment.

Here, he had the advantage of the skill and experience of the late celebrated Mr. John Pearson, and attended his Lectures on Surgery. He also became a pupil of the Hunterian School in Windmill Street, (which then had the advantage of the Museum, since removed to Glasgow, according to the directions of Dr. Hunter's will) where the subjects of his studies were Surgery and Anatomy, under the late Mr. Wilson. He was remarkable for his diligent and punctual attendance, and for the care with which he took down the Lectures in short-hand, all of which he afterwards fully transcribed into long-hand. He, and his cousin William Nicholl, (now Dr. Nicholl of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight,) were the only two out of a large class of pupils, who wrote short-hand, and their Lectures were therefore much sought after to be copied. Mr. Wilson at this time, earnestly and repeatedly recommended, that some of his senior pupils should agree to give Lectures in their turn, in the Dissecting room. About a dozen put down their names, and having been preceded by his cousin, and another gentleman, Whitlock delivered the third Lecture on the Nerves of the Face and Neck, from a beautiful dissection of his own. It was of so very superior a character, that it put an end to the Lecturing, the other pupils being deterred, by the apprehension of not being equally successful.

In the spring of 1809, he obtained his Diploma from the Royal College of Surgeons, and then, being anxious for a settled home, and having no tie to London, or to any place save Cowbridge, where so many of his family resided, he determined to accept an offer of partnership made to him by Mr. Bevan of that place, with whom he had commenced his professional studies, and to leave town as soon as he had terminated his engagement at the Lock Hospital.

This was one proof among many, of that impetuosity of temper, which always led him to act on the impulse of the moment. He gave but one half hour

to the contemplation of a question, which seemed to involve the whole of his future destiny ; no friend was at hand to counsel him, and disregarding every consideration, but the one, that he should be with his family, he settled himself, apparently for life, in an obscure town, where the limited sphere of action was equally ill-suited to, and unworthy of, his brilliant talents. He thus communicates his intentions and hopes for the future, in a Letter to his brother.

“ TO ILTYD NICHOLL, ESQ.

“ Lock Hospital, April 18th, 1809.

“ * * * * *
 * * * * * I have now come to a determination of residing in the country, and have in consequence written to Mr. Bevan, to acquaint him with my acceptance of half his business. His answer was friendly, open, and liberal, and I am now arranging every thing in order that I may be able to commence as soon as I arrive in the country. I am more than usually hurried, as I have several things to procure, and much to do, ere I quit this place. My engagement here, ceases on the 1st of June, when I deliver up the charge of the Hospital into other hands ; I shall then set off directly for Glamorganshire. I shall take all the surgery and midwifery, especially shall I attend to the former. Mr. Bevan will only retain the medical department. I shall therefore you see have *something* to do ; half the profits will be mine, free of any premium, so that I hope I shall be able to keep my head above water. I know this determination will be pleasing to most of my friends, and I think it is the most likely to ensure me happiness, if not that which will lead to the most honour. I have then just finished my education in a profession of my own choice, one in which I had not a single guide, no one person to direct or advise. When I recollect, as I ever shall, my arrival in this metropolis, in search of knowledge, without a finger to point out the proper source whence that was to be derived,—a stranger to the characters of the different teachers, unacquainted with the proper routine of education,—an entire stranger to the whole medical world ;—when I look back, and find that I

have pursued a regular proper mode of study, that I have not the least cause to repent any part of my plan, but that I have done all for the best, I have great cause to be thankful. I have worked hard, and have the satisfaction of feeling that I do not see many, (scarcely one) of the numerous students my cotemporaries, who are in any point of view better off than myself. I hope when settled to be a respectable useful member of society, which is as much as any man can wish to be. I shall be also in the midst of my friends, who will I hope be pleased at my residing among them, and one day or other, Fortune may in a good humour, make me as happy as she has my brother, in the possession of an amiable partner.

“It is one pleasing reflection, that I have never had a favourite in this part of the world, so that my heart does not suffer in quitting Town; for a person however who likes London, it is rather unpleasing to renounce it altogether, but as the proverb says, ‘It is all the same a hundred years hence.’”

In residing at Cowbridge with his mother and sisters, he first felt in all their force, the pure pleasures of home; pleasures, which throughout his life, no one could appreciate more fully, or more highly value, than he. In the family circle he gave as much pleasure as he received; his mother from whom he had been so long separated, was the object of his tenderest affection and care, and between him and his sister Susanna, there existed a similarity of tastes and pursuits, which rendered them delightful companions to each other. His professional duties occupied much of his time, but his mind seemed too capacious to be engrossed by them, and though devoted to other studies, in a manner that left him not one idle hour, he also found leisure to indulge his poetical talent, and his verses flowed for the amusement of his friends, on every occasion that could call them forth.

Among his patients was a Mrs. Rickards, widow of the Rev. Robert Rickards of Llantrissant, a very delightful woman, for whom he felt great regard, and in the course of his attendance on her, during a painful and lingering illness which terminated in her death, he

spent much time in the society of her youngest daughter, who possessed, together with fascinating manners, and cultivated understanding, a heart purified by sorrow, and a mind fully capable of appreciating his. Thus admirably suited to each other, a strong attachment subsisted between them, which on his side soon ripened into love. Margaret Rickards was some years his senior, and it was long ere Whitlock could obtain her consent, not from any want of affection in her, but from the natural womanly apprehension, that the disparity of their ages might occasion him regrets in after life. His aunt, Mrs. William Nicholl, who was then living in Cowbridge, and who was much attached to him, warmly pleaded his cause. To her Miss Rickards wrote in the following manner.

“ February 18, 1812.

“ * * * * * You can say nothing in favour of your nephew, to which my reason and my heart do not entirely assent. Can I speak my sense of his merits more fully, than their having any degree overcome the obstacle, which has been in my mind the source of many most painful struggles, and which I honestly confess is still formidable in my eyes. He merits an alliance to which no objection could be made. To the respect and esteem I bear him, should be added the charms of youth, and a mind unsubdued by the sorrows of life.

“ But though I feel the utmost confidence (which what is still human can inspire) in the object of your merited affection, yet I am a very coward when I consider how much I may be the unwilling cause of future disquietude to him; positive happiness we know does not exist below, I can only hope that the consciousness of restoring such happiness as mortals may taste, to one, whose heart has been pierced by many sorrows, will be his recompense here, and added to his many acts of benevolence, which in the hour of distress I have so often shared, may lead to unalloyed and permanent felicity in a better world.”

His ardent attachment, his high character, together with her sincere and increasing regard, having at length

overcome her scruples, they were married at Llantrisant, on the 12th of July 1812. Writing to his mother after this consummation of his hopes, he says:

“ July 16th, 1812.

“ Fortunately for us, living together is no new experiment, we have long been used to bear each other company without ennui, and marriage has only brought together two old sworn friends. How much fairer is my prospect of happiness, guided as I have been in my choice by reason, friendship, virtue, and purest esteem, than his, who marries upon a hasty attachment, founded on the mere glittering allurements of personal attraction, or superficial charms. If female virtue the most tried and pure, if manners engaging and refined, if regard the most exalted and disinterested, if all these cannot secure to my Margaret my unabated affection, and to me durable happiness, I know not on what domestic felicity can be built, or how it is to be attained. We have certainly one most substantial ground on which to rest our hopes, that is, (pardon the personal vanity) perfect similarity of disposition and feelings. I should be miserable were I united to a woman who had not a turn for the pure chaste joys of a domestic fireside, and who liked every place better than home. I certainly shall not seek happiness elsewhere, and if I do not find her in my own parlour, I shall give up the pursuit in despair. To a discharge of my several duties, as a member of society, as a christian, a husband, and a master of a family, and to the society of my Margaret, and a few select friends, do I look for that species of happiness, which being supported by reason and by virtue will bear the test of time, and while it gilds our life on earth, lightens and points out the path to a more exalted and refined state of existence hereafter. Believe me, I never would marry from considerations of a temporal nature only, and I humbly hope that the union I have formed, will secure to me the protection and countenance of that Being, who having ever upheld me under every trouble, seems now to have dispelled these clouds which long have hung over me, and to open to my view perfect happiness.”

These hopes were realised, and for many years he enjoyed the happiness he so fondly anticipated. His excellent wife took an active share in all his occupations and pursuits, thus enhancing his pleasures, and lightening every care. Their quiet useful life offers but few events to the Biographer, but in the exercise of the duties he had prescribed to himself, he found that peace and contentment which are only thus to be obtained, and while his own happiness centred in his home, his active benevolence diffused it around him, in the homes of others. One anecdote of him at this period, though trifling, is too characteristic to be omitted.

In the year 1814, his wife spent a few weeks at the sea-side for her health. Lost and miserable without her, he could do nothing but count the hours till her return, and on the appointed day went some distance to meet her, when to his inexpressible chagrin, instead of his wife, he found only a messenger, bearing a note from her, with the intelligence that she had agreed to remain there a few days longer. In his first burst of disappointment he hastily dispatched an answer expressing all his regret in such forcible terms, that he afterwards reproached himself for having given way to his feelings, in a manner calculated to give pain to his affectionate wife, and eager to remove the impression, he sent off another messenger, with a letter containing the following lines.

“ O wonder not, Peggy, that mourning and listless,
I wander and weep, in thine absence forlorn,
For the sigh will break forth, and the tear is resistless,
When the joy of my soul from my bosom is torn.
When I look at the seat where I used to behold thee,
Where thy voice and thy smile did their sweetness impart,
When I think with what raptures I used to enfold thee,
And to tell thee the tale that came warm from the heart !
I look, and the tear-drop already has started,
I think, and the stream trickles down from its bed ;
For thou art away, and that smile has departed,
My Peggy is gone, and that rapture has fled.

O blame not the tear while it flows forth in sadness,
It tells thee at least that this bosom is true;
And tho' sullied the eye, it shall beam forth in gladness,
When permitted once more thy loved image to view.

Yes, Peggy, this heart with anxiety beating,
Shall thrill once again with the rapture of love,
Shall feel at thy voice all its sorrows retreating,
Like vapours dispers'd by the sunbeams above.

But now thou art absent, both gloomy and lonely,
Let me pour forth the tear that I vainly repel,
For the charm that can cheer it is thine and thine only,
Unless it in fondness burst forth from its cell.

Then wonder not, Peggy, that mournful and listless,
I wander and weep in thine absence forlorn,
For the sigh will break forth, and the tear is resistless,
When the joy of my heart from my bosom is torn."

In 1816, he accompanied his wife in a visit to a friend of Mrs. Nicholl's, Lady Coffin Greenly, wife of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, K. C. B. who lived in the neighbourhood of Ludlow in Shropshire, which visit exercised an important influence on his future life, as it led to his change of abode, raised him in his profession, and brought him from the comparative obscurity in which his talents had for some time been buried. Having been persuaded to settle permanently at Ludlow, he quitted Cowbridge in the same year, and soon became as popular in his new residence as he had been in his former one.

He was deeply regretted at Cowbridge, where he left many a grateful heart to lament his departure. After he had been for some years at Ludlow, he received a striking proof of the attachment he had created among his poor neighbours, one of whom an aged man, and nearly blind, walked all the way from Cowbridge, a distance of seventy miles, solely for the purpose of seeing him again.

Shortly before this change of residence, he had injured his right hand, and lost the use of one finger, by a severe cut from a glass bottle; which broke as he

was endeavouring to force a cork into it. This determined him to relinquish the practice of surgery and midwifery, and confine himself to medicine, and accordingly he settled at Ludlow as a physician, taking out his diploma, at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen. But in spite of this degree, and his licence from the London College, he found difficulty in establishing his claim to precedence in his profession, and he therefore, through the interest of his relation Sir John Nicholl, procured a diploma from the Archbishop of Canterbury, to which he alludes in the following letter to his brother.

“ TO ILTYD NICHOLL, ESQ.

“ Ludlow, October 3rd, 1817.

“ I sent up £63. 3s. last Wednesday to Lambeth Palace, for my degree as Doctor of Physic; the commission has been returned with the money, and the degree will be down in a night or two. The advantage of having this is to me very great. I sink my Scotch degree, which was only a kind of preliminary to this English degree, and in spite of which the Faculty office persisted in styling me W. N. Esquire, and I rise in precedence next to the rank of knight. Thus the surgeon and apothecary pay greater respect, and no longer consider my assumption of precedence a mere courtesy, but feel deference and respect towards what they view as my right. For, though I was legally a physician before, by virtue principally or entirely of my English licence from the London College, and as such had a powerful control over the apothecaries by their late act, yet *civil rank* I only possessed by courtesy above the esquires.

“ Now precedence and rank you will justly say, are matters of no significance, and of little moment in a country town, but *here* people are very high about professional men, and as there has always been much party feeling on this subject, it is as well to feel one's place in society. A physician here must be as purely a physician as in London itself. He must not dabble in surgery or midwifery, and if he cannot command respect it will not be paid to him.

"I am well satisfied with the progress I have made in a few months, as far as I have been able to get known, and the circle must extend, please God I have health, and am able to manage what is put into my hands as well as I have hitherto done."

The only thing now wanting to complete his happiness was the possession of a family, for his marriage had not been blessed with offspring, and this to a man remarkably fond of children, was really a source of grief. His wife's health had always been indifferent, and though happy more than once in the expectation of a family, their hopes had been repeatedly disappointed. The air of Ludlow however worked a surprising change, giving her health and strength beyond what she had known for years, and their anxious hopes seemed on the point of being realized. It was in this delightful anticipation that he wrote the following lines, addressed,

TO A CHILD UNBORN.

" Ah, thou wee bit of human flesh
On life's rough journey starting fresh,
Thou little knowest all the dangers
That wait upon such hapless strangers ;
For thou must brave the chilling breezes,
Must bear the conflict of diseases,
And like a bark on ocean hurl'd
Must steer through a tempestuous world.
How shall thy little trembling form
Resist the fury of the storm ?
For rage it will, though joy and mirth
Smile at thine entrance upon earth ;
Or soon or late the winds will rise,
Clouds will obscure thy sunny skies,
And all the forms by Fancy drest,
And all the stars in Pleasure's vest,
And all the dreams of sanguine Hope,
All in Imagination's scope,
Lost in the terrors of the night

Shall fail like phantoms from thy sight.
Such is the lot to Man decreed,
The hapless fate of Adam's seed.
'Tis not the momentary sob,
The transient pain of infant throb,
Those fleeting tumults of distress
By lisping tongue called bitterness ;
These are not griefs—they are as clouds
Whose lightsome form the sun enshrouds,
And dims his sparkling face a while,
To make him wear a gladlier smile.
What then is grief?—'tis when the soul
Hath 'scaped from Reason's strict controul,
And lur'd away by tempting Sin
Rouses the monitor within ;—
It is, when Conscience whets his dart
And steeps it in the awaken'd heart ;—
It is, to see the soul we love
Escaping to it's peace above ;—
It is, when friendless and forlorn
To feel the tooth of savage scorn,
To struggle hopeless with the tide
By Defamation's poison dyed ;—
It is, to moulder in neglect
Though born and form'd to claim respect,
These are the vulture griefs that prey
On that which dwells in human clay ;
And how may'st thou, a morsel weak,
Escape the fury of their beak ?
Vain were the hope ; their changeful shape
No care, no caution can escape ;
Learn then betimes, thou tiny elf,
With Virtue's robe to guard thyself ;
And when equipp'd to take the field,
Be this thy breast-plate and thy shield.
Then, though the storms of sorrow low'r,
Though Grief her cup of sadness pour,
Though every ill of ev'ry kind,
With ev'ry anguish come combined,

Though of thine ev'ry friend bereft,
Thy sure protector will be left;
For thine integrity shall guard thee,
Thy peaceful conscience shall reward thee,
And spite of frailties and of errors,
Shall cheer thee in this night of terrors.
And if thou would'st thy pattern see,
Ah, child belov'd, look not to me;
For thine example is before thee,—
Turn to the virtuous breast that bore thee;
The path which she hath surely trod,
Shall lead to Heaven, and to God."

Dec. 24, 1817.

In writing to his mother, about the same time, he thus alludes to the coming event.

"You will ask about my wife; poor soul! she is low and nervous at times, but going on well; one month more will I hope release us from suspense. God grant her health, and next to that, if I should ever possess a brisk little play-fellow, what *shall* I say or do!—But I do not allow myself to indulge in these pleasing fancies. It does not do to look forward too far. '*Trust*' is my motto, and I daily derive comfort from commenting upon that word."

And well was it for him that his faith was firm and unwavering; well for him that he had long learned not to fix his hopes of permanent happiness on earth, for now, when the crowning blessing of his life, so ardently desired, seemed almost within his grasp, he was doomed to the severest sorrow he had ever yet known. With no more indisposition than is incidental to her situation, Mrs. Nicholl approached her hour of trial, but then, her sufferings were so severe as even to threaten her life, to preserve which, medical skill afforded no means, save the sacrifice of her unborn child. In this agonizing alternative, no fond husband could hesitate in his decision, but the bitter pang of

dooming to death the little helpless being, to whose birth he had looked for months, as the first of blessings, will be compassionated by every feeling heart. So long as his wife remained in peril, most fervently did he pray that *her* life might yet be spared, that life, on which his every earthly hope of happiness depended, and when she recovered, his gratitude was proportioned to the intensity of his previous sufferings. He wrote to his mother under the influence of this feeling, declaring that since his prayer had been granted, and his dear wife restored, he humbly resigned himself to the Divine Will, and would never again breathe a murmur of regret, though he should go childless to his grave. This promise, so solemnly given, he kept inviolate, and often afterwards, when by an impulse natural to him, he was led to sport with, or take notice of children, he might be seen to check himself, lest by so doing, he should inflict a passing pang on the sensitive feelings of his wife; but, as a proof how deeply he felt his deprivation, how tenderly he could have cherished the little infant that was destined never to see the light, it may be mentioned, that to the day of his death, he carefully preserved a small lock of hair, taken from the head of his dead child.

In spite of this extinction of his hopes, he was a happy man. His amiable wife possessed, and was worthy to possess, his entire and devoted affection. One who knew her well, speaks of her, as, "a lady whose captivating manners, exemplary conduct, and solid worth, ensured to her, not only the warm love of her husband, though some years younger than herself, but of every member of his family, and indeed of all who knew her."

She was an elegant woman, and exquisitely neat in her person, which was always a great charm in his eyes; her understanding was cultivated and refined, her manners in the highest degree fascinating, and her disposition benevolent as his own. Engaged in a round of active duties, happy in their mutual love, and the warm regard of all their associates, time passed

them lightly by, nor did prosperity render them unmindful of Him who bestowed it. Both had known enough of sorrow to make joy doubly precious, and Dr. Nicholl's early struggles had prepared him to appreciate his present ease. His perfect contentment with his lot, and his gratitude to the Almighty Giver of so many blessings, are well displayed in a letter to his mother, in which, after giving her some medical advice, he says :

“ 'Tis all these precautions that will maintain you in health, and prolong the life in which your children have so warm, and justly warm an interest, and surely my good mother, if not for your own sake, you will for their sakes, pursue the plan, which experience, not theory lays down. Now that the days of affliction are passed, the rugged steep of life ascended, when your children, for whom you endured those afflictions are in credit and affluence, with prosperity smiling on their path, now is the time for you to look for tranquil enjoyment, and such I trust, and confidently hope you will long find, in the quarter where you have every right to look for it, namely, in the bosom of your own offspring, and in the cheerful society of *their* fire-sides. Surely we, and you as our mother, have cause for thankfulness to Providence ; to Providence which seems daily removing one by one the clouds that have overhung us.—Ought we not then to *trust*?—Is not the history of your children a strong commentary on the assertion that the seed of the righteous are not left to beg their bread? Have we not cause to rejoice that our estimable father left us the inheritance of a good name, and his virtues for our protection, rather than that we had inherited tens of thousands from a man devoid of worth? Look to the facts—are not his children all independent? do they not all confess that they are happy? I dwell on all this, to conjure you the more to take care of your health and strength; the time is I hope coming, when your children will pay the interest of all the kindness they have ever experienced at your hands; when you will in every way derive comfort from them, and hand in hand jog easily on, along the jolting road which we must all pursue.”

His poetical writings of this period mark the same feeling of perfect contentment. They are mostly addressed to his wife, and to her indeed were they due, for wedded love was the source of all his purest and truest joys. Of this he was deeply sensible, and we find the subject introduced on every occasion, with a warmth of expression that could only proceed from the heart. In a droll rhyming letter addressed to one of his sisters on her approaching marriage, the following passage occurs.

“ Believe me, Louisa, (I’m serious though rhyming),
 For the best joys on earth we’re indebted to Hymen.
 The voice of regard from the lip that caresses,
 The support from the hand that so tenderly presses ;
 The look from the eye by soft tenderness brightened,
 That look by which all our distresses are lightened ;
 That union of hearts with delights past revealing,
 One wish and one aim, and one thought and one feeling ;
 The bosom whose constancy braves every sadness,
 The haven of Peace, and the pillow of Gladness,
 These, Wedlock, are thine !—Yes, by Heaven, I’ve prov’d it ;
 If e’er I knew care, then has marriage removed it.”

* * * * *

He now devoted all his leisure to study, and most of his writings on professional subjects, published in the Medical Journals of the day, bear the dates of these, and the few following years. He also wrote at this period a little Essay entitled “Sketch of the Economy of Man,” the plan and object of which, he thus describes in a letter to his brother.

“ Ludlow, Aug. 18, 1819.

“ I have plenty of leisure, and that pleases me ; a fair allowance of practise, and that does not displease me ; some profit, and that pleases me very much. I have nothing very interesting to communicate. My pen amuses and occupies me a good deal, the cacoethes scribendi not having yet deserted me entirely. A case to one society, a paper to another, a little

essay to some journal, a letter to some medical correspondent, on professional subjects, these consume ink and paper, and fill up leisure. My essay has engaged me a good deal; as I wrote the first sketch of it, I had the sheets printed, in order to obtain a clean copy, and a corrected edition is now in progress through the press (in this town) to be published by Longman, Hurst, and Co., 400 pages 8vo. will complete it, about 120 pages are now struck off, the rest will be finished in October, so that it will be launched in November, the number of copies 500. I am far from being satisfied with it. The intention of it, is to exhibit an outline of the œconomy of man deduced from analysis; to exhibit his intellectual part, and the operations of this, in connection with the functions of the bodily organs; to trace out the history of each of these; to combine physiology with metaphysics, and to bring these to strengthen our religious belief on some of the leading points, while sacred truths are brought forward to illustrate some points connected with the history of the human œconomy. In short, you may call it, if you please to burlesque it, a Physiologico—Metaphysico—Theologico—Anatomico—Medico—Essay. It is an outline, traced from consulting my own noddle, without any reference to the writings or the opinions of those who have treated either of metaphysics or physiology. It is calculated for general reading, and one of its intended effects is the refutation of the arguments of the sceptic."

Among Dr. Nicholl's medical writings are some interesting papers on Peculiarity of Vision,* one on Affections of the Cranial Brain in Infants,† and another on Erethismal state of the Brain.‡ Several cases of Purpura Hæmorrhagica, successfully treated with Oil of Turpentine,§ and Observations on this Disease, with an Account of the Effects produced by the same remedy,||

* Medico. Chir. Society, vol. 7, part 2, page 177: and again in vol. 9, part 2, page 359.

† Transactions of the Irish College, vol. 3, page 177.

‡ Do. vol. 3, page 268.

§ London Med. Repository, vol. 1, page 455; do. vol. 3, page 18.

|| Edinburgh Medical Journal, vol. 18, page 540. His other writings may be found in the Lond. Med. Repository, vols. 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 16, 19. In the Trans. Irish College, vols. 2, 3, and in the Edin. Med. Journal, vol. 14.

all of which were highly esteemed, and greatly raised his reputation. The papers which he sent to the Irish College procured for him the honour of being elected as a member of that body, which compliment having been entirely unsolicited, and unexpected on his part, gratified him exceedingly.

Always unsatisfied with the extent of his knowledge, and eagerly seeking for more, he began the study of Hebrew, but the mere learning of the *language* was insufficient for his mind, and he soon devised for himself a more engrossing pursuit, in an accurate analysis of it's construction, which thenceforward became his favourite occupation. The following is his own account of the rise and progress of his undertaking.

“ TO ILTYD NICHOLL ESQ.

“ Ludlow, Dec. 28, 1822.

“ * * * * * I dedicate much of my time to Hebrew, which interests me greatly. I have a very handsome folio Hebrew Bible, but I have at present abandoned reading it, being occupied in a thorough investigation of the structure of the language, so as to get at the radical import of each word. I am busy in prosecuting an analysis of the whole language, and in folio tables which I am constructing, I am endeavouring to show the mode of it's *constitution*, and the influence which each letter in each word has in regulating and modifying the signification of the word. At all events I shall not only teach myself, but I shall be much disappointed if I do not, by placing the whole language *at one* view before the learner, enable any one in a *very* short time, to read it with ease. As I have no guide but my own noddle, many months will be required before my analysis is finished; this, and my last labour spent on the Bible have been the most interesting of my studies; I shall submit my task (if I ever live to finish it) to some Hebrew scholar of eminence. As the Bible is after all, the only book worth reading, it is surely most desirable to read it in the original.”

Dr. Nicholl did not however devote himself exclusively to his new pursuit, being at the same time actively engaged on another work, entitled "An Analysis of Christianity, exhibiting a connected view of the Scriptures, and showing the unity of Subject, which pervades the whole of the Sacred volume," which was published in 1823. This admirable work, written, not in the spirit of controversy, but with the sincere, and pious wish of advancing the Christian cause, however it may *now* differ from prevailing opinions, was at that time highly applauded, by many, whose talents and piety qualified them to pass an unprejudiced judgment.

Distrusting all human testimony, he avoids the bewildering labyrinths of polemical divinity, and rests his evidence solely on the authority of the Bible, appealing to no particular tests, but making the whole of the Sacred writings interpret themselves. His knowledge of Hebrew was not yet sufficient to afford that assistance which he afterwards derived from familiarity with the language, but the Bible had been his favourite study, and constant application had made him so completely master of it's contents, that he was able at one view to embrace the whole, and from thence to combine the most striking and conclusive evidence of the truth of Christianity.

Beginning with the earliest of the inspired records, he explains in beautiful and impressive language, the figurative narrative of the first existence of man; the symbolical nature of the Tree of Knowledge, and the Tree of Life, the former representing the Covenant of Works, an acquaintance with which revealed to man his own inability to fulfil it's obligations, his frailty, his impotence, his spiritual *nakedness*; the latter, to which man may "stretch forth his hand, and eat, and live for ever," typifying that Covenant of Grace, by virtue of which, we attain eternal life. Then, continuing his exposition of the Old Testament, he shows, how throughout it's pages the Christian scheme is typically represented, more or less clearly in every part of the Israelitish history, and how it is in all

instances clearly foreshown that the elder should give place to the younger, the Covenant of Works, to the Covenant of Grace. Having thus, "beginning with Moses and the Prophets, expounded in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Him," he concludes with a general view of Christ's ministry on earth, the nature and extent of the Christian scheme of salvation, and the various obligations which it imposes.

A few letters on this subject which have been preserved, will be interesting, as showing how lowly was his own opinion of the merits of his work, compared with that entertained by others.

"TO ILTYD NICHOLL ESQ.

"Ludlow, Feb. 10, 1823.

"I cannot but feel happy that you have derived pleasure from the perusal of my Biblical Analysis, the *conduct* of which occupied my leisure moments during one year. As a work it lays no claim to being a finished performance, indeed some of the latter parts were put hastily together, in order to enable Lady Greenly to take them with her to Bath, when she visited Mrs. Bowdler last year, and as the manuscript was never seen by me again, I could neither add nor correct. The frequent interruptions to which I was exposed, the constant necessity of referring to the whole *mass* of the Bible, the entire absence of all assistance from commentaries of other persons, my ignorance of Divinity as a study, and my utter ignorance of the Hebrew version of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, all conspired to prevent my notes assuming the character of a complete and regular work, even as a *sketch*; and that sketch being submitted to the perusal of Mrs. Bowdler, was by her and Lady Greenly approved of, so that the latter lady took it with her to London, and placed it in the hands of Hatchard, with whom I have not had any communication, nor did he know who was the author, until Mr Hatch, meeting Mr. Justice Park in Hatchard's shop, mentioned my name, as that of the person who had written it. I knew nothing of the progress made by the printer until I received some

copies which I had ordered. So that I am as ignorant as you are of the numbers printed, or of the number disposed of. I sincerely wish that the work, imperfect as it is, may be of service to the cause of our religion.

I have neither proclaimed myself as the author, nor denied my being so. I have no wish to enjoin any secrecy on your part, whenever your feelings may prompt you to speak of me in connection with it. I have no conceit to gratify by the avowal, nor am I ashamed of having pursued an enquiry, which has afforded me more satisfaction, and I hope more benefit, than any investigation, that I ever took in hand. To attain that wisdom, which is, after all, the only knowledge really worth attaining, is the most natural pursuit of a being, who, as far as regards this world, is merely *in transitu*."

" From Mrs. Harriet Bowdler,

" TO DR. NICHOLL.

" Bath, Nov. 8, 1823.

" Dear Sir,

" On my return to Bath, after a very long absence, I find your admirable work, for which I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks. The hasty perusal with which I was favoured by Lady Greenly was by no means sufficient to enable me to do justice to a work of such deep reflection, and which touches on so many subjects of the utmost importance, I am now reading it again, with all the attention that I am capable of giving, and I am more and more struck with the great extent of Scriptural learning, and the admirable use that is made of it.

" You must expect to be attacked by some readers, but the humble and pious Christian, must feel greatly indebted to you for the light which you have thrown, and the importance you have given to many apparently uninteresting parts of the writings of Moses. The New Testament certainly teaches us to seek for a hidden meaning, when we should not have been led to expect it, as in the 'two Covenants,' Gal. iv. 24. and many other places. I have been accustomed to this mode of interpreting Scripture from the writings of my favourite divine,

Bishop Horne, and some other Hutchinsonian Commentators. With these you are probably acquainted, and particularly with the four first sermons of the good bishop, and with his Commentary on the Psalms. I have often heard him accused of being too *fanciful*, and I shall probably hear the same of you, but I think you have the example of St. Paul, as well as the Bishop, and one may bear to be abused in such company. I sincerely hope that your book will meet with all the success which it so well deserves.

"If I live to travel the same road again, I hope it may be in my power to pay you a longer visit, and if you ever come to Bath, I hope to have the pleasure of thanking you in person, for this valuable present, and shewing you *my* Bible, with notes collected or composed by my dear mother, during thirty years of constant study of the Sacred writings. You would find her views very like your own, and no person would have been more interested and delighted by your excellent work, if she had lived to see it.

"Believe me, with the sincerest regard,

"Dear sir,

"Your much obliged and obedient servant,

"H. M. BOWDLER."

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"TO DR. NICHOLL.

"Bath, Dec. 2.

"Dear Sir,

"The enclosed is from one of the best men that I have ever known, and therefore I think his letter will give you pleasure. I venture to send it for your perusal, and I wish it may induce you to allow me to break the promise of secrecy, (which I have faithfully kept), for I wish you were known to each other.

"Mr. Bevan is Rector of Crickhowel, and the Author of a little Collection of Sermons, entitled "a Country Parson's offering to his Mother Church." Sold by Rivington. He has now published three of these little volumes.

"I am, dear sir,

"With the sincerest regard and esteem,

"Your much obliged and faithful servant,

"H. M. BOWDLER.



Enclosed in the preceding :

“ TO MRS. H. BOWDLER.

“ Crickhowel, 28, Nov. 1823.

“ Dear Madam,

“ When I adventured upon mentioning to you, through my mother, the Analytical view of Christianity, and recommending it to your notice, I little suspected it to be so well known to you, much less could I suppose you acquainted with it's able author. To that gentleman, be he who he may, I feel it a debt of mere justice to return an answer to your observation that ‘ you fear some people do not like his work from supposing it fanciful.’ For my part, I cannot sufficiently express my obligations to it, and as I have estimated it *by it's usefulness to the work of a parochial minister*, in explaining the word of God, I think I may consider myself representing a class, and in that representative character entitled to say with some firmness, what I could hardly venture to affirm, as an individual.

“ The book appears to me to carry conviction in it's statements, and conviction of the most important character, and not even to admit of doubt whether they be, or be not hypothetical.

“ One is astonished at the broad and clear light he has thrown over his subject, a new light as it were, and almost prophetic,—in one sense of the word ; and yet more astonished that the same train of thought or study should not, years and years ago, have led others to the same most masterly development of Scriptural truth.

“ Beautifully indeed has he joined line to line, and precept to precept, here a little, and there a little, collecting them into one symmetrical and accordant mass, from their before distant and disjointed position, and assigned them their meaning ;—and mightily has his success strengthened the command to “ search the Scriptures,” shewing, as he does, that even now, after all our pains-takings to exhaust their living well, they are yet overflowing. He has opened to me such sources of truth,—such mine of richest ore,—as I trust both myself and my people will be the better for, in many a sermon, which I flatter myself with the hope of enriching from his stores, and I



would, through Mrs. Bowdler, willingly return him, a Parish Priest's most cordial thanks.

"Once or twice I think he may have gone a little too suddenly and confidently to his conclusions; and on the subject of '*works*,' I would venture to say that I am not quite satisfied with seeing them estimated *only* as *proofs* of '*faith*.' I could say much more upon this, but I will not intrude longer on your valuable time. As this letter is merely the payment of an honest debt to an unknown creditor, through you, my dear madam, I must be allowed to add (for your sake) that it has no title to any answer.

"I am, dear madam,

"Your obliged servant,

"GEORGE JONES BEVAN."

After the publication of this work, Dr. Nicholl continued his Hebrew studies with increasing interest, and in writing to his brother says :

"Having much leisure, and but little inducement to face frost, snow, and rain, I sit at the fire a good portion of my waking hours, and a good portion of those hours I continue to devote to my investigation of the Hebrew language, principally at present with a reference to it's structure. Having set about this pursuit according to the whim of my own pate, having *two thousand radical subjects to dissect*, and nought but that *whim* to guide my dissections, you may suppose that it required much trouble to obtain one definite and sure point of ground, from whence to make a start. Accordingly I have traced, and re-traced, and obliterated many a weary step. What I may ultimately make of it, I do not know, but I am not without hopes of opening a good many twists in this Gordian knot. There is at least *impudence* in the attempt. Had I instead of pursuing this analysis, dedicated my time to mere plodding reading, as other learners of Hebrew do, I should by this time have been a decent reader of the Hebrew Scriptures; as it is, I seldom *read*, as I am busied in my investigation. I derive great amusement from this new employment, which having originated in an idea of my own, is, *to me*, the more interesting. I shall I hope



make this road more easy to others, and induce more persons to take up the study of a language, which will enable them to read the Sacred writings with indescribable superiority of advantage."

Having, as he considered, completed a part of his undertaking, he published it under the title of "*Nugæ Hebraicæ*." This he printed himself, the type having been prepared under his own directions. It was not till some years after, that Dr. Nicholl met with a dictionary of the Hebrew, Samaritan, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Persian languages, which rendered him great assistance, though the first benefit he derived from it, was the unpleasant conviction, that he had hitherto pursued a mistaken course, and that with the Hebrew alone he would be unable to work out his idea successfully. Never bigoted to a theory because it was *his own*, he readily admitted and acknowledged his error, and casting aside the labour of years, proceeded with renewed vigour and unshaken patience, to trace with his newly discovered clue the maze in which he was involved.

Before this light dawned upon him however, he had toiled for many a day, and had published various papers on the subject, in the *Classical Journal*, of which he was the first to detect the fallacy, but this was at a period subsequent to that on which we are at present engaged, and we return to his busy life at Ludlow.

He once said of himself that at this time his mind was incessantly occupied with *intense thought*, the only relief which he permitted to his faculties, being, by the change from one subject to another. Gifted with such extraordinary powers, and with a persevering patience which rarely accompanies great talents, he seemed to command success in all his undertakings. He had but to fix on any object which he deemed worthy of desire, and giving his whole mind to the pursuit, seldom, if ever failed in the attainment of his end.

Many proofs of his success in trifling instances are remembered by his friends. He had a great wish to



draw, and the first time that he tried his powers, a horse's head, most beautifully executed in chalk, was put before him to copy, which he did so accurately, that it was invariably mistaken for the original. He afterwards attempted oil painting, in which his wife was a proficient, and was equally successful, but the only time he could devote to such pursuits was stolen from more important avocations, and having seen what he *could* do he relinquished them entirely.

He could *print* and *bind* a book as neatly as those who have made it their trade, and such was his delicacy of finger, as well as accuracy of eye, that he once took his watch to pieces, and shaking the parts in a glass, put it together again, without the smallest injury to the mechanism.

But perhaps the most extraordinary of his performances, as every chess-player will agree, was the victory he obtained in that difficult game, after a study of only two days. A gentleman visiting at Ludlow, of some reputation as a scientific chess-player, was one evening, in the triumph of conscious superiority, challenging every one to a trial of skill. Dr. Nicholl instantly accepted the challenge, but never having played before, was to be allowed two days for preparation. This interval he employed most diligently, for he was piqued to humble the boasting of his adversary. He met him at the appointed time, played three games, and beat him in all, to the wondering admiration of those who witnessed it, and the unconcealed mortification of his opponent.

The exertion however, had been to Dr. Nicholl, so great, and so fatiguing, that the result of his success, was a determination never again to waste such intense mental application on so useless an object, or to convert into a painful effort of the mind, that, which ought only to be employed as it's recreation.

It is much to be regretted that very few of his letters have been preserved, as his own words can best portray his character, but in those already introduced, will be clearly seen, his amiable disposition, his affectionate



heart, above all, his deep and fervent sense of religion. This latter feeling, the governing principle of his life, the guide of all his actions, mingled with every thought, purifying his affections, and elevating his mind. Firm in his faith, the talents, which without that support, might have proved a dangerous gift to their possessor, were by it's sanctifying influence exalted and refined. Sincere in his piety, he was as far removed from enthusiasm as indifference, and tolerant to all others, it was only the cant of Pharisaical pride that could provoke him to severity. To bigotted and narrow-minded persons he might perhaps give offence, for what he felt, he expressed openly and without fear, but to the *true Christian*, whatever might be his sect or denomination, he was a *brother*, for he worshipped the same Father "in spirit, and in truth."

His wrath was sometimes excited by the assumed superiority of those persons, whose views of religion lead them to condemn all innocent recreation as sinful. In a letter to an intimate friend, he relates a conversation he had held on this subject with a lady, who, on being asked what amusements she provided for her guests, said; "We take tea and cake, and talk." He then adds the following comment.

"Not a word about Satan's bon-bons, Spades, Diamonds and Co.; nor about unholy minstrelsy, or more unholy alternate skippings upon either foot, to the sound of wicked strains, and winding through the soul-catching mazes of a quadrille! O sanctified bolters of tea and cake! how great is your superiority in holiness over the unrighteous, who, unconscious of wrong, indulge their ears with harmony, and their legs with dancing!"

Another striking feature in his character was his exalted opinion of female excellence; with such a mother, and such a wife, it was perhaps not wonderful, but he was always remarkable for his fondness for women, his admiration of their character, his delight in their society. He himself, though he would not allow it, was very free from that selfishness, which he considered the



characteristic of man, and possessed in an eminent degree, the tenderness of heart, and delicacy of feeling which are supposed to be peculiar to woman.

He would sometimes say that the definition of "the works of the flesh," and "the fruit of the Spirit," in the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, was intended as a description of the male and female character, and he thus expresses his own opinion on the subject.

"What a contrast, as you say, between —— and his wife! Is it wonderful that I prefer women to men? the former, trusting, confiding, meek, mild, pure, enduring; man proud, impatient, relying upon self, and trying to substitute business, or speculation, or scepticism for those religious feelings which woman freely admits, and cordially embraces, because they are consistent with her own helplessness, her own purity, her own loveliness. Bah! I hate all conceited, philosophic, male bipeds! Give me *ignorant, feeble, woman*, and *you* may have, if you like, the whole of the wise and speculative of the other sex. What a miserable man (at bottom) —— must be! His health declining, his affairs embarrassed, and the future not presenting him with any hope,—only the *peutêtre* of Voltaire. Well, as I said before, I do love women, and there is my confession. They give to man his existence, and they form the essence of his existence through life. Speculation and philosophy are a poor substitute for these said women."

In the year 1826 Dr. Nicholl quitted Ludlow, and repaired to London, a measure which he had had for some time in contemplation. With his aspiring genius, and eager thirst for knowledge, it is no marvel that he should in time weary of his residence in a remote country town, where he felt his mind stagnating, from associating with none but inferior spirits. He longed in the proud consciousness of superior abilities to mingle with his equals in power, to share in the advancement of science, to take his place among the brighter intellects of the London world. His professional



success in the country had enabled him to lay by money, even while dispensing it with a liberal hand, and having no children to provide for, he had only himself and his wife to consult in the disposal of their fortune. As his wishes, when expressed, immediately became her's, they soon agreed to settle in London, finding that a small addition to their income from his professional labours, would enable them to live there with comfort and ease. His medical writing had made him very generally known, and he anticipated no difficulty in forming a sufficient connection, while he looked forward with delight, to personal intercourse with those, whose names, well known in the history of science, had been at a distance the objects of his admiration.

Before proceeding to London, he visited Scotland, and took the Degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of Glasgow, having matriculated there in the November of the previous year.

The following are extracts from the letters which he addressed to his mother, during his stay in the North.

“ Glasgow, March 5, 1826.

“ We quitted Ludlow, my dearest mother, on Thursday Feb. 23, and reached Liverpool on Saturday night, crossing from Eastham Ferry, where there is a passage of about seven miles by water, which we accomplished in a steam boat. The weather seemed so promising, the land journey to Glasgow so tedious and uninviting, and the sample of steam sailing that we had had so pleasing, that we were induced by the assurance of being landed in Scotland in twenty-four hours, to put ourselves, coachman, Cora and puppy, our carriage, and our two horses on board the Henry Bell packet at half-past four in the afternoon of Tuesday last. We started under fair auspices, but as night approached, a gale came on; the vessel rolled from side to side, giddiness and woful sickness attacked us, we took refuge in the carriage which was lashed to the deck, and there we sat until the vessel reached the quay of Greenock at twelve at noon of Thursday. We got to the Isle of Man at nine in the morning of Wednesday, deposited passengers



at Douglas, then set sail, passing through the troubled sea off the Mull of Galloway, the gale being still very strong throughout the evening, and the early part of the succeeding night; but morning brought a calm, and we had a delightful sail, past the Isles of Arran, Bute and Cambray, along the borders of Argyleshire, up the magnificent Clyde. We sailed close to the buoys which mark the spot where the Comet steam-vessel lies in it's grave of waters; astonished, as every passenger must be, how it could happen that so many lives could be lost, within so insignificant a distance from a smooth shore, lined with boats and houses. The perils and inconveniences of the voyage were forgotten when we landed, but I had abundant source of vexation in finding my horses, of which I am so fond, perfectly galled, crippled, and bruised, by the boisterous voyage, during which they were pent up in narrow cribs. Whether one of them will ever be fit for service again, I very much doubt. I cannot tell you how vexed I was, when I followed my faithful animals as they hobbled up to the inn; vexed that I could not *explain* to them that my journey by sea was undertaken to spare *them* the fatigue of a long land journey; fatal as it has been to their comfort, I will take good care not to venture upon a voyage in a steam-vessel again, at least at this season of the year.

“My being in Scotland is no secret; I told the Ludlowites that I meant to visit this part of the kingdom, and letters are continually sent here from the post office at Ludlow. It is true that I did not tell them what is my chief motive for coming here, nor were they ever made acquainted with my visit to this place in November last; they merely suppose that I am taking a circuit of pleasure, before I again become professionally fixed. You are aware that I am keeping residence (keeping term, or whatever appellation you choose) at the College or University here. The term, or session, as it is called at the Scotch Universities, lasts from the commencement of November till April, so that there is one long session only in the twelvemonth, the vacation lasting the whole summer. As in my case, the residence is only a matter of form, it is sufficient that I enter my name in the College Album at the commencement of the session, remaining a few days, and making my



appearance again at the close of the session. Thus, I matriculated in November last, and by residing here as I have done during my present visit, I have kept residence for one session, i. e. for one year. By coming again in March 1827, I shall keep another session, and I shall then have kept residence two years.

"The session which I have now kept, coupled with the several courses of lectures which I formerly attended in London, and with hospital attendance there, authorizes me to be a candidate for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine in this University; accordingly I intend to graduate here, in addition to my already double Doctorate; the Degree in Medicine here ranking with that of Edinburgh, the examinations being precisely similar.

"The regulations concerning Degrees in Medicine are here, as follows.

"The candidate must produce evidence of his having during three years (or sessions of six months each) regularly attended the following classes in some University.

|                                                        |             |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Theory and Practice of Physic, during 2 such sessions. |             |
| Chemistry . . . . .                                    | 2 sessions. |
| Materia Medica . . . . .                               | 2 ditto     |
| Anatomy . . . . .                                      | 3 ditto     |
| Midwifery . . . . .                                    | 1 session.  |
| Principles and Practice of Surgery . .                 | 1 ditto     |
| Botany . . . . .                                       | 1 ditto     |
| Hospital Practice . . . . .                            | 2 years.    |

"But two courses (of between three and four months each) on anatomy, practice of physic, &c. given by eminent men (teachers) in London, are allowed as a course or session on these particular subjects at a University. Medical classes must be attended during one year, or session, at least, at this University. The candidate to undergo three examinations in private by the Medical Professors of the University, and to write a Latin commentary on an aphorism of Hippocrates, and another on a case of disease propounded to him by the said examiners. The first examination to be on anatomy and physiology. The second, on the institutions and practice of



physic; and the third on chemistry, materia medica, and pharmacy. The merits of the candidate to be then reported to the senate, before whom he is to appear, and so on, &c.

“Accordingly, I put down my name for examination, and the beadle called on Thursday, to summons me for my first examination for last night. I presented myself at the appointed hour, and as I was placed at the bottom of the paper, I waited till the place was cleared of candidates, three or four of whom are examined on each examining night; about half an hour being allotted to each candidate.

“On my entering the examining room, the professor of anatomy walked up to me, and shaking me by the hand, said; ‘Pray come and sit with us, Doctor Nicholl; we cannot think of putting any questions to you;’ so, after starting one point of anatomical investigation, we entered into general conversation, and the meeting then broke up. I had previously presented him with two of my medical publications, to remind him who I was, Dr. Thompson, professor of chemistry, having on my former visit to this place, introduced me to him. The latter professor, Dr. Thompson, has been extremely polite to me, he received me indeed when I came here in November last, as an old acquaintance, and I was only known to him through the medium of something I had written; so that, though I came hither without a single note of introduction, I have made my way with these northern lights very well. I hope to get my second examination over on Tuesday night, and the third on Thursday or Friday. This job will then be finished. I was pleased with the courteous and liberal conduct of the professors; you will say indeed that it would be too hard if after all my labours in the cause of physic, I were to be placed on a level with the mere student, but men in authority do not always demean themselves with courtesy and liberality. The examination of half an hour would have given me but little trouble, it was the *motive* for waiving it, that constituted the liberality of the examiners.

“Sunday, March 12.

“We went to the cathedral this morning, (the only cathedral now remaining in this Presbyterian land.) The state of



the burying ground is most disgraceful to the character of the creed of this people, if disrespect to the earthly remains of man, form a part of their creed. Certain it is, that you would suppose a regiment of resurrection men had been at work in the church-yard ; the stones are uneven, and irregularly placed portions of decayed coffins with their mouldering trimmings scattered about ; the newly formed graves having the earth shovelled carelessly into a loose mis-shapen heap. The truth is, that these disciples of John Knox, hold consecrated ground in avowed contempt ; yet, inconsistent beings ! they place the remains of their friends in the cemetery which they affect to disdain, and think they show their consistency by neglecting to smooth that earth, with which their dearest ties become associated.

“ In casting off the shackles of popery, these men, equally bigots in their turn, have cast aside many of the decencies of religious service, for no better reason, than that they saw the catholic observe those decencies ; and their leading principle seems to have been, a determination to substitute black for white, and white for black. Thus, the men march into the church with their hats on, solely because catholics uncovered the head in the temple of the Deity ; they discard musical instruments, because catholics used them ; they stand up to pray, because catholics knelt, as even Nature, untaught by precept or custom, teaches supplicants to bow the knee ; they sit down to sing, because catholics stood ; they use no written form of prayer, because catholics used those forms, so that to the member of our church, the service of the Scotch church presents nothing that gives the semblance of a service of prayer, but merely that of preaching. For what appearance of congregational prayer can there be, when the whole assembly is standing erect, listening to the studied extempore composition of the minister ? Nay, the absurdity and contradiction is this ; that as far as I have heard, each minister in his long prayer, observes a similar arrangement. Each, for instance, in the morning prayer, begins by addressing the Deity as encompassed with all the majesty of glory and power ; offering thanks for the opportunity of re-assembling in his house, and for all benefits hitherto conferred ; then introducing the supreme benefits



bestowed by the coming of the Son; then, the blessings imparted by the spirit; then begging blessings on all the congregations assembled in worship, on the particular assembly then present; on the king, on the government, on the ministerial office, on the presbytery, and so forth; so that, while they deny to the people the benefit of a regular form, in which they might join, they nevertheless, adopt a general form in their prayers, and are thus chargeable with inconsistency, in refusing to make use of printed forms.

“We have been with Mrs. Thompson to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which is very well conducted, you would be much pleased to see how thoroughly they understand the signs made by the teacher, and how well they comprehend the structure and force of the language, which they write without mis-spelling, and with very few inaccuracies.

“They have an extensive vocabulary, each word of which has a corresponding sign, expressed by the features of the face, by the gestures of the body, by the touch of the fingers, or by these combined. The master dictated to one class a fable of a Bee and a Wasp, which they wrote down on their slates verbatim, he denoting every word, (whether noun, pronoun, article, &c.) by a peculiar sign, in some way or other descriptive of what he wished to express. The children, in addition to their regular lessons, write letters to the master, containing their observations on the occurrences of the day, which are very interesting.

“When he wants to gain the attention of a class, he strikes his foot on the floor, and the agitation produced by the blow is felt by the children, who are all up instantly. He is going perhaps to communicate a sentence by signs, perhaps not a sentence expressed by a distinct set of signs, but a sentence, the import of which is to be gathered from the general expression of his features and gestures. The whole class is all fire and attention; necks outstretched, eyes glistening, fingers of each hand like lightning playing about, spelling words to fix on the idea, and the word most expressive of the idea; the eye of the master darting through the class from hand to hand, to discover who has succeeded best in catching the idea, and who has embodied it in language; fixing promptly his



finger on the successful guesser, who then repeats the letters on his or her nimble fingers, to serve as a guide to the rest, who then transfer it to their slates ; and thus, almost with the rapidity of thought, the sentence conceived by the master, is written out fairly on every slate. I cannot convey to you by this imperfect outline any idea of the magical manner, in which the business of dumb show is carried on. A few indeed can repeat each word as they write it down, and one girl repeated the Lord's prayer very articulately and distinctly.

“ Tuesday, March 14.

“ This evening I attended the college for my second examination. The Deputy Professor of Physic examined me. \* \* \* \* \* Wednesday 15. I this morning got my Latin course of Diseases from the Professor of Physic's Deputy, on which I wrote a commentary very expeditiously that I might send it in before dinner time, so that I might get my third examination over this evening. We dined at Doctor Thompson's, and at eight o'clock I accompanied him to the college where the deputy professor gave me a short examination ; after which Dr Thompson and I returned to his house. I have thus gone through all the forms required by the statutes of the University, for candidates for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine, and nothing remains but to have the ceremony of admission gone through before the senatus academicus. \* \* \* \* \* Friday 17. I went this day to the college, and *underwent* the *operation* of being created Doctor of Medicine, by the imposition of a bonnet. \* \* \* \*

“ Friday 24, March.

“ This is good Friday, a day of which the presbyterians take no notice, solely because the Roman catholics observed it. There is a hard, unfeeling, cold, obstinate character in the religious creed of the presbyterian church which makes it unlovely. The observance of the feast of the passover was superseded by the sacrifice of the Antitype, but it became still more imperative to the Christian disciple, to notice with respect the commemoration of the crucifixion. Not so John Knox. Popery was the name applied to every observance of this kind.



Easter day is in like manner unheeded, excepting as it is the ordinary Sabbath. They say that they see no commandment respecting any commemoration of the passion and resurrection of our Saviour, and therefore they do not commemorate the days on which those events are commemorated by other Christians. They pay no attention to Christmas. These pig-headed saints do not even introduce the Lord's prayer in their services, solely because they pretend to discard all formal or written prayer. Glasgow is the focus of rigid presbyterianism. Long, stern, formal, unrelaxed visages, guiltless of smiles may be seen on every side; but all symbols of mirth, singing, (except at church,) whistling, laughing, seem to be forbidden as heathen rites. \* \* \* \* \*

“Edinburgh, Sunday 26.

“We went this morning to the Bishop's chapel, (a very elegant new building with a tower in the Gothic style) where we were once more gratified with the calm, reverential, soothing and satisfying service of the Church of England. The old Bishop Sandford assisted, and the feeble faltering voice of the reverend old man, added to the interest of the scene.” \* \* \* \*

On Dr. Nicholl's first arrival in London, he took a house in Old Burlington Street, (from whence he shortly after removed to one in Curzon Street, May Fair,) and here he was soon surrounded by many, whose acquaintance opened to his mind, a new source of enjoyment. He became a member of the Royal Institution, of the Atheneum, and other clubs. From the president of the Royal College of Physicians, he received the same compliment which had been paid him by the professors at Glasgow. The usual forms being set aside, and his examination completed in one day.

In the following year, he and his wife went for a tour of six weeks on the continent, passing through Belgium, by the Rhine to Switzerland, and the north of Italy. He kept a journal of their proceedings, which like all his writings, marks the man of talent, and the acute observer; but descriptions of scenes, that have been so



often described, however well written, would afford but little interest, and they are therefore altogether omitted.

Yet a little longer was he permitted to enjoy that fulness of content which his grateful heart so truly valued, but even now was the cloud impending, fraught with the destruction of his happiness for years.

In 1828 Mr. and Mrs. Plumptre being at Ramsgate, Dr. Nicholl took his wife thither in company with their friend Dr. Hawkins, and his daughter; leaving Mrs. Nicholl with his sister, he accompanied Dr. and Miss Hawkins in a fortnight's tour through Belgium. It was during this short absence, that Mrs. Nicholl felt the first approaches of that dreadful malady, which was destined to bring her to the grave, through a series of such suffering, as human nature shudders to think upon. Unconscious of the fate which awaited her, she complained only of a strange and violent pain in her tongue, but her husband's medical knowledge would not suffer him to deceive himself; too soon, and too surely, did he see the bitter prospect before them, of agonies, which he could neither remove nor alleviate, and whose termination could only be with life itself. As long as it was possible, he endeavoured to sustain her hopes, by concealing the terrible truth, and endured his own weight of sorrow, in silence and alone; a burden almost too heavy to bear, unsupported by the loved companion, to whose soothing tenderness, and cheerful fortitude, he was wont to fly, as a protection from all the ills of life; while she, solicitous as ever for his comfort, and forgetful of herself, was striving with unremitting care to conceal the extent of her sufferings. But the time came when neither could be deceived, and nothing then remained for them, but to sustain each other by mutual affection, and to seek for strength where alone it can be found. For three years the struggle lasted; for three long years did her delicate frame resist the mortal disease which preyed upon it, and, he, to whose tenderness of heart the sight of pain was a positive *suffering*, was doomed to witness day by day, the tortures of her who was dearer to him than



all the world beside. During the whole of this melancholy period he derived great comfort from the unceasing kindness of his friend Dr. Hawkins, who attended Mrs. Nicholl with tenderness and care, through many a scene, which would have too severely wrung the heart of her husband. He himself, relinquished nearly all his practice, which was then rapidly increasing, in order to devote his time exclusively to her, and little as his skill could effect, in mitigation of her pangs, it was his only comfort to know that nothing was left untried. Dr. Hawkins was so deeply impressed with her exalted goodness and unshrinking fortitude, that at his death, which took place in the year 1833, he begged to be buried near her, which request was complied with, as we learn from the following passage in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Plumptre, in which we may also see the tender regard which he entertained for his first wife, though at that time the happy and devoted husband of another.

“ 18, Charles Street.

“ July 27, 1833.

“ Our friend was interred (agreeably with a wish which he had expressed to his daughter) close to the earthly remains of a pure and gentle being, whose severe sufferings he had often endeavoured to soothe, and whose most unexampled patience under dire disease, he had witnessed with such admiration, as to feel a strong desire that his burial place might be by the side of that, where the relics of this sainted being repose. They both are, ‘ where the weary are at rest.’ I have never seen the spot, since with him we wept over her grave,—until this morning.”

In the year 1831, on the 13th of April, Mrs. Nicholl was at length released, having received throughout her long agony, all the soothing consolations which unwearied love and kindness could bestow. Her deep sense of this tender care was frequently and warmly expressed, and her last words, “ May God bless the best and kindest of husbands !” were long cherished in his heart, as his comfort and reward.



Of the period immediately subsequent to her death no letters are preserved, but he feelingly alludes to that event, in the following, addressed to one of his most intimate friends, Dr. Badham, Professor of the University of Glasgow, whose acquaintance he had formed on first coming to London, and whose great natural talents, and highly cultivated mind being understood and appreciated by Dr. Nicholl, a warm friendship had speedily risen between them, the result of their mutual admiration.

“25, Curzon Street,  
“June 4, 1831.

“Your kind letter, my dear Sir, was mislaid among sundry papers, and I have searched for it in vain until this moment. I wanted it in order that I might get your address, and now perhaps you have shifted your quarters, and are gone; but I must take my chance. I am much obliged to you and your's for the kind sympathy which your letter conveys. The common forms of condolence which mere ceremony offers, are, as you truly say, valueless enough, but one is keenly sensible to the tone of friendship, when one is labouring under deep affliction, and the mind is both gratified and soothed by it. Your former letter found me in a state of great anxiety. I was expecting every day to witness the termination of those severe sufferings, which I was constantly endeavouring to alleviate, but which were only slightly mitigated by repeated and powerful doses of opium. I never witnessed such calm and happy resignation as my poor sufferer exhibited; and I think that I never saw a case in which life clung so pertinaciously to an exhausted frame. But I will not inflict on you an enumeration of the sorrows which I have been doomed to witness and to share; you know from sad experience what real sorrow is, and how bitter is its taste.”

“Curzon Street,  
“March 14, 1832.

“Not one among those who know you can more lament your sufferings than I do, who while I can and do admire the brilliancy of your cultivated mind, am also well acquainted



with the keen susceptibility of that mind, and with the warm and tender affection, which nature has implanted in your heart. I know too how severely you have suffered, and with what agony you anticipate evil; I know too how easy it is to read lectures on resignation, but that we must endure sorrow in this world, I have known and *felt*, and it is in vain to kick against the pricks. If it be a world of woe, the consolation arises that our career will not be extended many years longer, and a great consolation this is. After all, philosophy can furnish no balm to the sorrows of the soul; *that* can only be found in unhesitating reliance on the Deity, and on the promises, which religion, both natural and revealed, holds out. Hence it is, I believe, that woman, naturally more confiding than man, and less used to 'questions and strifes of words' than he is, bears affliction and pain with greater calmness and patience than the restless lord of the creation; certain it is, that I have seen agony endured for a long season with happy cheerfulness by a woman, who displayed one of the most beautiful examples that humanity could furnish, of the sovereign efficacy of an unflinching confidence in the wisdom and goodness of Providence.

"I am not however going to give you an extended lecture, although I feel that a physician does not exceed the bounds of his province, when he leads a patient, suffering under acute affliction to the adoption of moral remedies. Chemicals and galemicals minister but poorly to a mind diseased."

He had now experienced in all its force the bitterness of widowhood, than which no sorrow could be greater to one whose comfort entirely depended upon female society, and the cheering influence of domestic love. Although he had been so long prepared for his Margaret's dissolution, though the approach of death had been hailed by her, as a most welcome boon, and even by him been blessed as the means of her release, although resigning himself in humble faith to the will of God, he could not reconcile himself to his sense of isolation, and soon began to look to a second marriage, as the only cure for his griefs. He had taken a house



in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and contemplated really with dread the prospect of settling there in solitude. That *home* whose praises his pen had so often celebrated in poetry and prose had lost all charms for him, when uncheered by the smile of love, and being urged to marry by his mother, and many of his friends, he was not long in selecting a wife worthy to possess the treasure of his affection.

The object of his second choice was Charlotte, daughter of James Deacon Hume, Esq. of the Board of Trade. He had attended her professionally some years before, and had restored her to health, after a long and tedious illness, which she bore with a sweetness and patience, that even then won his regard. He had subsequently many opportunities of seeing her, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with her character, and while her personal loveliness attracted his eye, his affection was secured by the charms of mind and heart which rendered her the cherished darling of her family.

It was in the autumn of 1832 that his fate was once more fixed, and he thus communicates his happy prospects to his brother.

“Sep. 12, 1832.

“A little fairy has dissipated the mist and gloom in which I have been so long enveloped, and has promised to take care of me in future. I have not *tumbled* into this net, but have walked deliberately and advisedly into it, and I *think* that you will agree with me in *thinking* that I have done wisely. I was sick and weary of my existence, going on as I was, and the idea of entering upon my new abode in solitude, made me almost determine upon letting the house. Under this state of feeling I received a letter from our good mother, strongly urging me to take a wife, and giving me a sketch of what her wishes suggested as an outline of the kind of person whom I ought to select. My mind had been musing on the person and character of a little being whom I have long known (she was my patient three years ago), and whose mind and feelings have been gradually developed before me during various attendances on her, and other members of her family. \* \* \* \* \*



"Charlotte is the flower, (the fair modest violet) of the flock. She is *very tiny* and young looking; with a round pretty face, sweet playful eyes, a countenance replete with most perfect good-humour. She has plenty of sense, a playful arch drollery when she chooses to display it; her manners are very gentle, modest, and unassuming; her disposition most affectionate, her habits domestic, her temper perfect. She is no *miss*; she has never been sullied by a school education; her mind is as blameless, as it is uncognizant of wrong.

"I now discover that my little betrothed was deeply attached to me, and that my proposal was most welcome to her, and surely I cannot love her *less* since I found out this."

Writing to Dr. Badham soon after, he says: "I grew sick of empty streets, and longed for sea breezes, so I took a lazy tour along the coast, making Sandgate my head quarters. I was absent three weeks, and now I am visiting at Eltham, coming to town daily. And why go I to Eltham? Why truly, because there sojourneth there one Charlotte Hume, a nymph whose career has extended over one quarter of a century, and who means to make a promise of *obeying* me, in about three weeks hence. In plain English, my state of widowhood was so painful to me, and I dreaded so much a re-commencement of house-keeping *alone*, that I valiantly determined upon marrying a sweet-tempered tiny, merry-eyed quondam patient, and said nymph did not object to my proposal."

Mrs. Hume, and some of her daughters were spending the Autumn at Sandgate near Dover, but Charlotte was on a visit to a married sister at Eltham in Kent. Dr. Nicholl was also an inmate of the house, and from thence he wrote the following letter to Mrs. Hume, in answer to one which had conveyed her joyful approbation of his union with her child.

"Eltham, Sep. 11, 1832.

"My dear Mrs. Hume,

"I cannot express the gratification which I have felt at the cordial greetings with which the announcement of my good



fortune has been received by yourself, and the other members of *my* dearest Charlotte's family. This kindness has not been thrown away; it has sunk deeply into a heart susceptible of the most powerful emotions of love and gratitude, and I trust and believe that they who have thus welcomed me as their new relation, will never regret that Charlotte has made choice of me. It is easy to make professions, and to tender promises; I would rather refer to the domestic history of my past life, for pledges that I shall not abuse the treasure, which providence has been pleased to entrust to my keeping. As yet, I am convinced that I know but a small part of the excellencies and charms of Charlotte's character, for every day exalts my admiration of her delightful self, and heightens the esteem, and love, and respect which I feel for her. But I need not attempt to delineate her to you. I think that I can estimate her as she deserves to be estimated, and I think I may fearlessly promise that she shall never repent having taken me "for better, for worse."

"My visit to Sandgate has not been an unprofitable one; it has made me more intimately acquainted with you and yours, and it has shown you that I can enjoy the calm pleasures of a happy home. I had indeed sighed and prayed for a restoration of that peace which a home brightened by the presence of a beloved wife unceasingly affords, and which cannot spring from any other source, and I must ever bless and idolize my pretty dear little Charlotte for having removed the sorrow which has so long oppressed me. I have promised to leave a corner for Tarly, so for the present I will bid you adieu.

"Accept and distribute my assurance of affectionate esteem, and believe me to be, my dear *mamma*, your much obliged and *dutiful son* and servant,

"WHITLOCK NICHOLL."

On leaving Eltham for Sandgate a few weeks before his marriage, he addressed the following lines to Mrs. Willimott, in whose house, as before mentioned, he had spent much of his time.

"Eltham farewell! I quit thy peaceful scene,  
Where nature smiles in robes of loveliest hue;



Where strung to joy my widowed heart has been,  
 And love for me has lit his torch anew ;  
 I bid to thee a grateful fond adieu ;

In the bright sunshine of my future hours,  
 Should the fond dream of coming bliss be true,  
 How oft shall memory retrace thy bowers,  
 And mingle in her wreath thy never-fading flowers.

And thou, enchanting hostess, sister, friend,  
 The lovely tenant of this loved retreat,  
 In whose soft features grace and mildness blend,  
 And beauty and expression fondly meet ;  
 Thou in this heart must ever hold a seat,

And when thy kindness is remembered not,  
 This bosom must indeed have ceased to beat ;  
 Farewell dear Eltham ! tranquil, happy spot !  
 A fond farewell to thee, sweet Mary Willimott !"

During the period that intervened between this visit to Sandgate, and his wedding, he was necessarily much in London, and maintained a constant correspondence with his betrothed. Some years after, in a season of bitter grief, he destroyed those fond records of his love, which *she* had carefully preserved, but some of her letters still remain, and a few extracts from these will give some idea of this gentle being, of her tenderness, her lowly modesty, and of the playful drollery which he mentions as one of her attractions. Writing to her mother of all her love and happiness, she says :

" My dear mamma, do not call him too old for me ; I assure you, could you see him, you would say he is a perfect *boy*, so animated, gay, and *absurd* can he be. And then half an hour afterwards, I find myself almost forgetting *him*, to attend to his conversation, so full of interest. It is delightful to feel my inferiority, to know that I shall always be able to look up to him, for instruction, advice, and guidance. My heart is deeply thankful to God, for the promise of happiness he gives me in this world, and also for the conviction that a union with



such a man, cannot fail to promote my eternal welfare; he will lead me in the way of that religion, whose paths are peace.

"He has found, he says, that kindness shown to my dear sisters, will be the sure means of increasing my affection for him; he is most right in the judgment he has formed of my disposition on this point, but I fear in all others, he dreadfully over estimates me. To become what he thinks I am, must be my endeavour, and in the mean time, I do not try to appear *better* than I am. I want him to know my imperfections; is it not the best for me that he should be aware of the dross that mingles with what he *will* conclude to be pure gold."

With the same humility mingling with tenderness, she thus addresses Dr. Nicholl.

"Sandgate, Oct. 10.

"Thank you a thousand times for the long letter I received last night. So welcome, so unexpected! I find that mamma wickedly counted the number of times I read it. I do not blush to own it was *seven* times, and once again this morning (in order to remark whether any part required an answer). Surely not to value your kindness would prove me most unworthy of it, and oh, how I wish, that placing a high value on your regard were sufficient to render me worthy to possess it. Indeed my dear Whitlock you will eventually be disappointed, if you persist in giving me so many imaginary perfections. When I find that you think me tolerably '*tidy looking*' I do not mind; perhaps (for I will tell the whole truth) I am rather pleased, for as this same *tidiness* is no merit of mine, so, if ever you change your opinion concerning it, my plain face cannot be considered among my faults. I know it to be plain, but I am by no means anxious to bring *you* to the same opinion.

"It is when you speak of me as if endowed with almost every perfection, that I feel how dreadfully deficient I shall, sooner or later, be found, and then indeed I am frightened, lest, on making the discovery, you should love me less. I am *perfectly serious* in what I am saying.

"Why do you keep me in suspense as to the colour of the '*new hat*' which you have bought for '*the occasion*'? I must



say I do not think you are sufficiently attentive to my feelings. You must be aware that so important a subject as the colour of this hat, could not fail to awaken my warmest interest. It could not be lack of time that caused your omission of the word black or the word brown, because either of them could have been inserted, instead of the word '*new*,' which word, my active fancy could have supplied imagining you would not purchase an *old* hat at any time, still less when you might be expected to wish to appear to advantage, in the eyes of numerous dirty children and working people, who will it is presumed, be assembled, endeavouring to gain a glance at your features as you *hobble* up the church-yard at Cheriton."

On one occasion, Dr. Nicholl, who, when in town, expected a letter every day, was by some accident at the post-office, disappointed, and wrote to Charlotte a letter of tender reproach, which she thus answered.

"I am grieved, dearest Whitlock, that you should for a moment consider me careless or neglectful of your wishes; perhaps *you* also are now a little *grieved*, at having blamed me without a cause. Have you not received the letter I wrote on the third? It was a long letter, and I had felt pleasure in writing it, partly, because I seemed to be talking to you, and partly, because I knew you would like to read it. If you have never received it the post is to blame, and not your poor little friend. Do you know that your letter made her quite dull for a time, but she is cheering up now, in the idea that to-morrow she can *insist* on your asking her pardon. There is pleasure in forgiving. Another time however be more inclined to blame posts and postmen, rather than instantly take it for granted, that occupied with other friends, I will not take the trouble to write to you, when you tell me that *one line* would cheer your utter solitude. I quote from your own naughty letter. I remember once when Caroline was anxiously expecting a dispatch from Hassard, I wrote three or four verses inculcating the same excellent advice that I now give you, concluding with the following exquisite lines:

"Better to think the post is wrong  
Than deem your love untrue."



"Keep this in your mind for the future, Doctor Whitlock Nicholl! I said there was pleasure in forgiving. It is also pleasant to triumph, but I generously give up my right, having a strong conviction that had I *really* deserved blame, the blame you bestowed was very very mild."

A few days after, she thus remarks upon a letter full of *penitence*, which was an answer to the above.

"*Contrite!* so at last you are *contrite!* you really do own yourself to blame about that letter. O poor deluded man! why did you confess your error? Why did you let me see that I can tease you into submission? There now remain for you no hopes of peace and a quiet life; I shall rule you. We shall see!"

On the 15th of October, 1832, Dr. Nicholl's marriage was solemnized, in the parish church of Cheriton, near Sandgate; in the afternoon of the same day, he repaired with his bride to Tunbridge Wells, from whence he soon after wrote the following letter to Mrs. Hume.

"My dearest Mam,

"Tiny wife and I are here in perfect safety and contentment. Tarly was rather weary yesterday but this morning the little fellow is brisk and blithe, and is looking at this moment *very nice*. We have been making an essay to walk out, but the rain drove us back to the inn, and as the skies hold out no promise of smiles, we intend to dine at three o'clock, and go to Seven Oaks in the afternoon; you shall hear of our progress from time to time. And now, my very dear and kind friend, let me, who am but a bad hand at making or writing speeches, express briefly the very strong sense which I feel, and must ever feel, of the extreme kindness which you have in so marked a manner shown to me in looks, words, and acts, since my engagement to your delightful little daughter. (I pass over all the hospitality and kindness of an earlier date.) I assure you that this kindness has sunk deeply into my heart, and as I cannot hope to be able in any way to repay it to you, I must endeavour to shew by the manner in which I acquit myself towards my small wife, that I have not been altogether



unworthy of the many kindnesses which you have manifested towards me. Indeed, I should be insensible and ungrateful, did I not feel and acknowledge the very flattering and affectionate acceptance which I have met with at the hands of all your family. And having said *thus little*, I will not worry you with more of myself. Chatty is soberly and sedately sitting like unto an antique matron, netting her purse, while I am writing, so that we already enact the parts of Darby and Joan in a very respectable manner. I have never told you a tithe of what I think of *her*; were I to draw my *sketch* of her, you would not fancy that I am a bad discerner of character, and of merits, and of charms, although you would find that I have omitted to notice much which has not as yet become known to me, for I every day see her bring forward something new, which increases my admiration and my love, although these are *now* not *very moderate* in degree. She sends her kindest love, and she bids me say how glad she is that you had the thought to give her the little heart with your hair, which she is continually *petting* and apostrophizing. She will write 'some day.' She bids me say also that she is comfortable and happy. We have not yet had any altercation, which is rather surprising, and is attributable I guess, to the vast forbearance, and honied sweetness of *my* temper. My kindest love to Mrs. Willimott, and the girls. Accept the assurance of my very affectionate regard and high esteem, and believe me to be,

"Your *very amiable* and *meritorious child*,

"WHITLOCK NICHOLL."

A part of their honey-moon was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Plumptre, at Forthampton, near Tewkesbury, where Mrs. Nicholl was also staying, and was thus made acquainted with her daughter-in-law whom she soon began to love. The following letters were written after their return to London.

"TO MESDEMOISELLES HUME.

"18, Charles Street, Oct. 31.

"My dear Sisters,

"We stayed at Forthampton until Friday, having spent our time there very soberly and quietly, not having gone out to



visit the most tiny cub of a lion. And yet I know not how it happened, that poor dear Charlotte was doomed to suffer very acutely, from inflammation in the left wrist, which she attributed to a cold, caught while sketching. Leeches, fomentations, poultices lent their aid to subdue this grievance, and they effected their purpose. Then came on pain in the shoulder (evanescent); in the left supporter (transient). All these evils subdued her, and made me not sorry to bring her home. As we were coming away, the right elbow began to ache. We came to Cheltenham on Friday evening; on Saturday, we arrived at Burford. Here the elbow was much worse. (Leeches and fomentations.) Got to Oxford on Sunday night; (more leeches.) Joint very red, swollen and motionless. On Monday came to Henley, arriving every day at a late hour because we could not get away from the previous resting place before a late hour in the afternoon, the morning being consumed by *doctoring*. We left Henley yesterday and came to Cranford Bridge, where we left our own horses and coachman, and took post-horses, which brought us *home*. I was not a little rejoiced to get dear *wife* to a place where she would be quiet; I have been enabled since our return to use soothing remedies, which have subdued the great heat and redness of the poor elbow, and I hope that henceforward she will rapidly recover the use of it. She has suffered very severely during the whole of this *poultice-week* of her honeymoon, but *in herself*, as the poor people say, she is quite well, and last night she had a good allowance of sleep. I need not say that she cannot write. Thus has terminated our expedition, commenced under clear skies and sunshine, and concluded in pain and inconvenience, and under less auspicious weather. To-day all is bright without again, and I begin to feel comfort within. It was not pleasant to have my poor invalid so helpless and suffering on the road, and to complete the picture, her lord was oppressed by a general bad cold, and head-ache. Charly has not been able, nor has she had time, to survey her new abode. When her arm is well she will write to you; she thanks Menella for her letter. Her arm is *vastly* better now; she is sitting down to a mutton chop, and she has had Mrs. Davis up, and has *ordered dinner!!!* There's for you, *girls!* I hope that we



shall see you all soon. This is a hasty letter which you must excuse, as I have *all the writing* on my hands. So my dear girls, good bye. Kind love to mamma, and accept for yourselves collectively, and individually as much love as you like, believing me to be, your very affectionate brother.

“WHITLOCK NICHOLL.”

“TO MISS MENELLA HUME.

“18, Charles Street, Nov. 2,

“A hasty line must satisfy you, my dear Menella, as I have not time to indulge myself in scribbling a long epistle, my mistress employing me as head nurse and amanuensis, in addition to my other avocations. She passed a very good day yesterday, but her night was restless, owing to the uneasy state of her elbow. \* \* \* \* \*

“I need not say that we have been quite quiet since our return; all plans of domestic arrangement, of visiting, &c. being necessarily postponed. She takes upon herself the office of mistress of the mansion with perfect self-possession, and she acquits herself with *great ease and dignity*, and much to the satisfaction of the master (so styled by courtesy) of the house. I regret that you were disappointed so repeatedly in not hearing from us, but in truth I did not like to write, when Charlotte was suffering so much pain and discomfort on the road. I shall be most happy to see all your merry visages again, and I hope you will think Charly looking well, all things considered. Kindest love to mam, and all.

“I am, my dear Menella,

“Your very affectionate brother,

“WHITLOCK NICHOLL.

“P. S. I, Charlotte Nicholl, send my love, and testify by my signature that I am alive, though crippled.

“CHARLOTTE NICHOLL.”

“TO MRS. HUME.

“18, Charles Street.

“I am delighted to think that this letter will find our dear kind mam returned to her home, and consequently within reach of her amiable yet suffering children, the crippled and



limping bride and bridegroom, who are spending this final week of their honey-moon in a sick chamber. Charlotte has had a very good night, and this morning she is easy. This unfortunate seizure of the elbow may lay claim to the *merit* of having soured our stock of honey, which proved so sweet and good, during our first week's peregrinations; it has been very obstinate, requiring a frequent repetition of remedies. I hope soon to be out and about again, and to see my dear little wife recovered. She has had a wretched fortnight, and *I* have not been in perfect ease and bliss.

"Pray send us word by the bearer of this note, how you all are, and whether you can spare time to come and see Charlotte to-morrow; I hope some of the sisterhood will accompany you. I need not say we shall be delighted to see you.

"Kindest love to all. I am,

"Most affectionately your's,

"WHITLOCK NICHOLL."

A few weeks restored Mrs. Nicholl to health, and her husband began at length to *feel* that he was happy. It was some little time before he could entirely throw off the depression which had so long affected him, but his spirits gradually recovered their former tone, while day by day he found abundant reason to bless the union he had formed.

Yet, idolizing as he most surely did, his "dear pretty little Charlotte," his love for his lost Margaret remained undiminished; when alone with his wife and her sisters, he often talked of her; and it was no small joy to him to find in that dear wife such freedom from petty jealousy, as could lead her to take a lively interest in his fond recollections, and to share his reverence for her memory. His intercourse with his wife's family was most affectionate and unrestrained; his *exceeding* kindness, his readiness to serve them whenever an opportunity offered, his truly *brotherly* conduct under all circumstances, claimed their gratitude, and secured their warmest affection. All who ever knew him can bear witness to the charm of his conversation.



The ease with which he could turn from grave to gay, or lead from the most trifling to the most interesting subjects, his ready wit, his playful humour, and the flow of clever *nonsense* in which he would sometimes indulge, rendering him altogether the most entertaining of companions. Their meetings were almost daily for many months, and with so much regard on both sides, the intercourse of years could hardly have placed them on a more intimate footing.

In the autumn of 1833, Mrs. Nicholl's sister Caroline was married to her cousin, Mr. Hassard Hume Dodgson, and at the meeting of the family which took place on that occasion, Dr. Nicholl became known to many of his wife's relations, who had not previously been acquainted with him, and who laughingly *thanked* Mrs. Nicholl, for having brought among them so delightful a companion. As one of a large merry party in the country, he was, it may easily be believed, a great acquisition, and his name will ever be indissolubly linked with the remembrance of those happy days, in the minds of those who shared the enjoyments to which he so greatly contributed.

Yet brighter times were in store, and it seemed as if all his sorrows were ended, when on the 21st of February, 1834, a son was born to him, on whom he lavished all those stores of love, which had so long been pent up in his bosom. It was delightful to see him with the little babe, who was almost as much in his father's arms as in those of his young and happy mother, for Dr. Nicholl was an *accomplished nurse*, and it was his pride to put his boy to sleep, when every one else had failed. The child was thriving, and from a very early age remarkable for intelligence and extreme vivacity. In the following August, circumstances which it is unnecessary to detail, rendered it advisable that Dr. Nicholl should leave the house in Charles Street, which he had taken for three years.

As his wife was expecting her second confinement early in the ensuing year, he was reluctant to expose her to the unavoidable fatigues attendant on a change



of residence, and having passed a few weeks at Boulogne for her health, he accepted an invitation to spend the winter in her father's house. This arrangement gave unmingled satisfaction to all parties, and happy indeed were those winter months. Dr. Nicholl, who was still busied with his Hebrew papers, had a room assigned him as his study, but he would readily quit it at any moment, however deeply engaged, if wanted by his wife or sisters; they had but to express their wishes, and he was instantly at their service. He would give them *lectures* on any subject they might choose, for there was not one that he could not handle with success; he procured for them new and interesting books, and if ever at a loss, when engaged in their studies, they had but to apply to him, and his lucid explanations rendered every thing clear. It was his amusement when reading to them, with perfect gravity, to coin some strange name, or introduce a few words of utter nonsense, to ascertain whether they were listening, and he was always well pleased when a look of wonder, or a merry laugh attested that their attention had not wandered. He was their ready escort if they walked, at home their cheerful companion, in all things their kindest friend. His spirits were light as a boy's, his mirth inexhaustible, his heart free from care, and but too free, alas! from all bodings of evil. Thus sped the winter, in deep thankfulness for present pleasure, and joyful anticipation of increased happiness for the future.

In a letter to Dr. Badham, written at this time, he says: "My little boy is nine months old, and he expects a new playmate in the early part of March; so that I hope, ere long, to have a brace of arrows, with which to contend with the enemies in the gate."

On the 4th of March, 1835, Mrs. Nicholl was confined, and her husband's heart bounded at the news that Providence had blessed him with a daughter! This was the choicest boon of all; that which he had through life most earnestly desired; for, setting aside the tie of husband and wife, that of father and daughter was to his mind, the holiest, and the most endearing.



Short-lived was this happiness, for on the fourth day after his wife's confinement, symptoms of violent inflammation appeared, requiring the utmost skill and care; these were subdued, though not till her medical attendants had for some days deemed her recovery hopeless. The danger over, as it seemed, the gradual amendment of her health inspired the most sanguine hopes in the hearts of her anxious nurses. For five days she continued to gain strength; five days of happiness as exquisite and unmixed as mortals ever tasted, and during this interval Dr. Nicholl wrote thus to his sister.

“ TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

“ 15, Russell Square, March 12,

“ We have had a sad anxious time ever since Saturday morning, when symptoms of deep seated inflammation, insidiously formed, burst forth. I may at once however tell you that dear Charlotte is now, I hope and believe, out of danger, and thankful am I to God for his mercy in restoring the fond mother to her little babes. I have been with her unceasingly, night and day. This morning for the first time, I went to bed at seven o'clock. On Monday and Tuesday there appeared every reason for expecting that a few hours would again leave me widowed, and as I had to struggle with my feelings, while I endeavoured constantly to be devising means of relief, which were very energetic, I need not say that I had a severe trial. Thank God that this trial has passed, for the favourable result has removed all consequences of fatigue of body and mind, and has made me happy, and brisk, and grateful. We sent the nurse and child out of the room, and Menella and I took upon ourselves the whole care throughout. Charlotte has maintained her cheerful placidity without a murmur, and is now in very good spirits, reduced of course by repeated bleedings, and other powerful remedies. She takes nourishment plentifully, and feels as well as after her last confinement. I am glad that you did not know anything of her severe attack.”



It is painful to reverse this picture, but it was the decree of that God whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, that this excellent man should again endure the extremity of grief. Unfavourable symptoms re-appeared, and while Dr. Nicholl would fain have resisted the conviction, he *felt* and *knew* that all hope was at an end. Delirium ensued, with fearful convulsions, which exhausted all the powers of her slight and enfeebled frame. The struggle could not be long protracted; after a night of great suffering, she sunk into a state of torpor, and the following morning saw the close of her pure and blameless life. Those who witnessed, will never forget her husband's agony on that day. Unable to remain in her room, he would yet occasionally enter it, to press a kiss on her cold lips, when she, thus recalled to earth, would raise her eyes, and fix on him such a look of undying love, that again unmanned, he would hurry forth, and wander distractedly through the house, calling on her name, though no voice could answer, or casting himself on the ground, would pour forth his soul in prayer, striving for that resignation which only God can impart. Not a murmur escaped him; but the eloquence of his grief seemed inexhaustible, and surrounded by those who shared, though they could not mitigate his sorrow, it flowed forth unrestrained. Gladly would he then have died; earnestly did he supplicate for a speedy re-union with his lost treasure, but at the sight of his little boy, his feelings changed, and folding him to his heart, he exclaimed; "You tie me to earth, my child, my child!"

The next day he was calm, and he continued so; how could his stedfast faith fail to support, his fervent piety to comfort him! He attended her funeral with a composure which excited the astonishment and admiration of his friends; nor was this the passing fervour of a highly wrought mind; it will be seen that when writing some years after her death, his sentiments are exactly such as he expresses in the letters which were written during the first moments of his affliction. To a friend who had known much of his earlier sorrows, but had



had little intercourse with him since that period, he addressed the following interesting account of his short-lived joy, and it's melancholy termination.

“ You were aware of some of the misery I endured during a long period in Curzon Street, when wearied with woe, and hopeless with regard to my future course on earth, I met with a bright and beautiful being, who, I know not why, suffered herself to love me with all that ardour and affection, which a young and innocent woman feels for a first and fixed attachment. I married her, and bliss more perfect never blessed the hallowed bonds of wedlock ; she was all that my fondest dreams could fancy. Her soft, and soothing, and endearing manners, her animated and playful conversation, her graceful elegance of form, her perfect loveliness, her ready comprehension, her kindness to all and every one, her entire contentment at her own fire-side, her deep and devoted affection for me, her most unworthy husband, her extreme purity of mind, her sweetness of disposition, her fervent unaffected piety, all these rendered her the choicest boon which heaven could have bestowed on one whose heart had been so long and deeply wounded.

“ A child was born to us ; a son, in whom we saw all that our fondest wishes could desire. Soon, too soon, alas ! was added another treasure, which we each so gladly hailed ; a daughter, born with scarcely any of the suffering which women generally undergo, all was joy and smile beneath this roof. For three days all went well ; then came disease and danger ; half frantic with the idea of losing her, how earnestly did I supplicate Heaven to spare the wife to her husband, the mother to her babes. After three days of despair and anguish, favourable symptoms appeared, and all our fears were lulled. Then did I endeavour, feebly perhaps endeavour, to make my offering of praise and thanksgiving, as fervent and as warm as had been my prayer for her recovery. For five days she remained in a state of convalescence, which seemed to promise the happiest results ; when, in an instant, without the slightest warning, a change took place which again roused the most fearful apprehensions. Whilst every remedy was resorted to, which judgment could devise, again did I have recourse to



fervent prayer, and by every promise which I could call to mind did I implore the Almighty to spare to me my wife. But my prayer was unheeded by Him whose power is infinite, whose judgment is unerring, and whose mercy is sure. A night of horror and delirium succeeded, and hope utterly vanished. After many hours of unmixed agony to all around, our worst fears were realized, and the idol of my heart was torn from my bosom. Thus, again am I widowed, left desolate at the very moment that I thought my happiness was perfect, and when I fondly regarded my Charlotte as given again to me, by the fatherly hand of Him, to whom I had preferred my sorrowing petition. My punishment is indeed severe, but that it is intended for my good, I cannot doubt; may God in his mercy enable me to make a right use of it!

I have this day placed the remains of my sweet Charlotte, by the side of my long-loved, ever cherished Margaret. Soothing, inexpressibly soothing is the conviction that these kindred spirits are at peace, escaped for ever from sorrow, and from sin; and that a few short years must at the utmost terminate my career on earth, and will I humbly hope re-unite me to those whom I have so fondly loved, and so tenderly lamented."

" TO DOCTOR BADHAM.

" March 27, 1835.

" My dear Friend,

" I thank you very warmly and sincerely for the kind expression of your sympathy. I have indeed lost,—lost too, under circumstances calculated to aggravate the loss,—as good, and fond, and beloved a wife as ever man was blessed with. My happiness with her was brief but it was perfect! Your kind wish for me is fulfilled; God has comforted me. Under the full conviction that he is as merciful as he is wise, I resign myself gratefully and confidingly to his will, and I am enabled to bless the hand that has thus deeply, sorely smitten me. Keenly as I feel the separation from my darling wife, I yet am perfectly calm, and I feel deeply the unspeakable value of religious consolation, which alone can give peace to the afflicted



soul. I believe fully all that you say respecting your kind feelings towards me, and I am grateful to you for entertaining and for expressing them. Just before my dear Charlotte expired she was for a moment unable to see, and she said; 'I am blind! I am like that poor daughter of Dr. Badham!' How lamentable truly is this continued state of that excellent woman! I have many letters to write, so that I must conclude, but I will not do so, without expressing my earnest wishes for your good, and for your peace, as also for the welfare of Mrs. Badham, and her infant.

"I am, my dear friend, with much regard,

"Your affectionate and obliged,

"WHITLOCK NICHOLL."

"TO THE REV. ROBERT PLUMPTRE.

"March 27, 1835.

"Your kind expressions of sympathy, my dear brother, are very gratifying. I have indeed been bereaved of my earthly treasure; have lost it under circumstances calculated to heighten the affliction; but I am placid and resigned. It is useless mockery to assent to truths with the lips, if we transplant them not to the heart, and feel their influence there. If I assent most thoroughly to that doctrine, which teaches that every event is regulated and determined by the all-wise upholder of the universe, who never wantonly inflicts pain or sorrow on those who trust in him, but who makes all work for their ultimate good; how can I who am unable to discern the modes in which his dispensations are made instruments of mercy, fail to acknowledge that it must be good for me to be afflicted? Happy as I was in the possession of the devoted love of as amiable, and excellent, and unspotted a being as ever existed on earth; keenly sensible of the void created by her removal, how is it, that formed as my temperament and habits especially are, for enjoying the indescribable blessings of domestic life, I feel calm and resigned when these blessings have been thus suddenly and unexpectedly withdrawn? I have sought the only real remedy for such a loss; I have prayed that I might receive comfort and guidance from the God of mercy; I have



endeavoured to submit my heart and my feelings entirely to his will. I have received the support and the consolation which I sought, and I have been brought into a frame of mind, which has enabled me to bless God for laying upon me this sorrow. My days and nights are calm. I dwell constantly and tenderly on all the varied excellencies of my sainted Charlotte; I am happy under the conviction that she has passed from happiness which was precarious, to bliss which never can be hazarded or lessened. On this point I am quite at ease; I have not any doubts. Then, as regards myself, I feel assured that this trial of my trust in the promises of our God and Saviour, will, under the divine blessing and controul, be instrumental in weaning me from this world, and in fixing my view on that rest, into which have entered two spirits, with whom I have been intimately associated in feeling. Into that same rest, I firmly trust that my spirit may, when God shall please to release it from it's present bonds, enter through his mercy, and through Christ's intercession.

"A real, but very different kind of consolation is derived from the sympathy of friends, and of this, I have a full share. I enter into this long detail of my feelings, because it is right, that you who feel so kindly towards me, should know something of my state of mind.

"My infants are well. Hume advances every day in intelligence; the little girl has a nurse and she thrives. These dear motherless babes are now the objects for which I have mainly to live. Their presence here is extremely beneficial to their afflicted grandmother. At their tender age constant superintendence is required, and that they receive here. My future plans must be left to the future; at present I remain where I am."

"TO THE REV. CHARLES DODGSON,

"15, Russell Square, April 1.

"My dear kind friend,

"I feel very sensibly and gratefully your kindness in bestowing upon me so large a portion of your sympathy, and for offering to me in so acceptable and convincing a manner those



consolations, which alone can convey comfort and peace, in cases of real and deep affliction. As by God's blessing, I feel the full force of all that you have said, I need only refer to those sentiments, to enable you to form an estimate of what my feelings are, and what my consolation is. And as I powerfully feel that all my present comfort and peace flow from the same source as that whence the cause of my sorrow proceeded, namely from God; as the comforter has, in answer to my prayers, enabled me to repose confidently on the mercy and wisdom and promises of God and our Redeemer, and has given me the full assurance that my dear Charlotte has been taken from me for my real and permanent good; so, am I anxious to attest the powerful and certain efficacy of the remedy which you propose. For it is easy to assent with the lips to the truths of christianity, while affliction is at a distance; but when the hand of God deals out the heaviest sorrows that man can feel, then it is that the real efficacy of faith is tested; and it becomes the duty of every one who experiences the happy influence of that faith, to bear witness to it's healing power. I have lost the society of as pure and excellent a being, as ever existed on earth. You know something of my dear Charlotte's character, but no one but her husband can form a due estimate of her bright and varied excellencies. Her mind was free from stain, artless, and innocent; her temper perfect. I never saw it clouded or ruffled even for a moment. She possessed that never failing cheerfulness of disposition which can only spring from a breast ever at ease, and unconscious of wrong. All her looks, her words, her acts were those of mildness and of kindness; and her love and devotion towards her husband, were unbounded. Before I married her, I had drunk deeply of the cup of sorrow, even to it's bitterest dregs. She came as an angel of peace, and all my sorrows were soothed, or were forgotten. She was all that my heart could desire. It has pleased God to take her to himself, at the moment when my heart was over-flowing with thankfulness to him, for having as I had fondly imagined, restored her to my earnest supplications; and what is my present state of mind? acutely as I feel the loss of my beloved, Charlotte, I enjoy a tranquillity and composure of mind,



springing from resignation and christian faith, which enable me, as I think, to say from my heart, 'thy will be done,' 'the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!' I trouble you with this detail of my feelings, because it is due to you to let you know that your 'desire of soothing and comforting' has been accomplished. It is right you should know that I am a fixed believer in those 'trite' but 'cogent truths' which you so powerfully press upon my consideration, and that I am deriving from them the most perfect consolation, and relief, and peace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Your truly excellent brother has been to me also, a kind brother and active friend in my affliction. \* \* \* I beg to offer you my congratulations on the safety of Mrs. Dodgson, and on the addition of another daughter to your family. Earnestly hoping that you may preserve the treasures which you now possess, and warmly wishing you all good, and all happiness, I am, my dear kind friend, with every sentiment of affectionate regard,

"Your's very sincerely,

"WHITLOCK NICHOLL."

It was natural that letters such as these, should be read with emotion and interest by the friends to whom they were addressed, one of whom in writing to Miss Hume, observes : "You have a companion in the bitterness of your grief in Dr. Nicholl, whose society must, I should imagine, from the tone of his letters, be soothing and delightful beyond description. It is a rare and beautiful sight to see such very, *very* heavy affliction at once *felt* with the uttermost intenseness, and endured with the most undoubting faith, and the most perfect resignation."

This just praise was accorded to him by all who had the opportunity of knowing his sentiments and seeing his sufferings. The composure he evinced was rarely disturbed; he would speak freely of his Charlotte to those who had loved her; he was willing to meet his friends, and to discourse with them upon any subject, but, the look of settled sorrow on his face, the depression of those spirits formerly so buoyant, the subdued



tone of his voice gave evidence of a deep-seated grief, which time could neither lessen or remove. It was sad to see him with his little infant in his arms, at first *constraining* himself to love her, for, precious as she was to his heart, he could not but remember the life that had been laid down for her's, but this feeling was soon overcome, and he loved her with an intensity of affection which was destined to be the source of fresh trials.

His sole interest on earth was now the care of his children, and their welfare his first consideration. He soon determined upon quitting London, and uncertain where to fix his residence, wishing for nothing so much as retirement, he went, accompanied by some of his sisters, to Little Hampton, a quiet watering place on the Sussex coast. Writing from thence to Mrs. Dodgson, he says: "I fancy when I look upon my little girl asleep that I trace her sweet mother's features. Ah, these children! dear helpless beings! how closely and how firmly do they entwine themselves round the heart! Interesting and lovely in themselves, as Charlotte's babes they are beyond expression dear to me, and dear indeed must they be, because I should feel a pang in leaving them, strong and ardent as my desire but for them would be, to be where my other treasures are."

Soon after their arrival at Little Hampton, the poor baby was attacked by violent inflammation in one of her eyes, which threatened to destroy the sight. For some time this evil was impending, in spite of every remedy which could be applied, but these at length were permitted to avail, and with a feeling of happiness, such as he had thought he could never know again, he returned his heartfelt thanks to God for sparing him so much misery. The following passage in one of his letters to Dr. Badham, breathes forth this spirit of patient resignation, and deep gratitude for all his remaining comforts.



“ Little Hampton, June 13. 1835.

“ We are still here my good friend, and here we have been ever since the 7th of last month. How long we may remain I know not. The sea-air has done my boy much service, and as my little girl has but just emerged from her dark chamber, I must let her have a course of marine breezes before I think of going inland. Her eye has improved very much in the last fortnight; the state of it at one time was frightful; there is yet mischief within it, but I am *so thankful* for the amendment which has taken place, that I dare not murmur at what remains. I must hope that further improvement will be visible in a little time. I have with me two of my sisters-in-law, who are great comforts to me and mine. The retirement of this place is extremely grateful to me, and harmonizes well with my feelings, which are peaceful, and full of resignation and trust. I say this with deep gratitude.”

After passing some weeks more at Little Hampton, Dr. Nicholl accompanied by one of his sisters-in-law, took his infants to Malvern Wells, to visit his mother, who was spending the summer there. They returned to London at the end of August, and Dr. Nicholl searched vainly for a residence in the neighbourhood of London, till, wearied with fruitless enquiries, and anxious to take his children from town, he resolved upon going to Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, where he could be sure of, at least, repose and tranquillity. But these were not yet to be attained. Shortly before their departure, his little girl who was nearly six months old, and who had grown into a lovely, engaging, and apparently healthy child, was taken suddenly ill, and after hovering for three days between life and death, the spirit was released from her little suffering frame.

Dr. Nicholl's heart had been already so deeply wounded, as to be almost insensible to a lesser degree of pain, and he bowed beneath this fresh stroke in passive resignation. For the death of his wife he had been unprepared, for with the self-deception which fond love engenders, he had fancied it almost an *impossibility*



that he, so many years her senior, should have to lay her in the grave; but when that blow had fallen, he was ready for every other, and each succeeding sorrow only made him lean more confidently on Him who has promised rest to the "weary and heavy-laden."

Soon after his arrival at Shanklin, he addressed the following letter to Dr. Badham.

"Shanklin, Sep. 18, 1835.

"Yes, my dear kind friend, although mere formal expressions of condolence bring with them no comfort in the season of sorrow, there is something inexpressibly gratifying in the voice of friendly sympathy. The mind is never so sensitive with regard to kindness, never so jealous under any appearance of neglect, as when it is laid prostrate by some heavy affliction. You may rest assured then that I receive with warm welcome and thankfulness your assurance of sympathy, and that I regard the constant tender of that sympathy, under my repeated trials, as the strongest proof of real and steady friendship. Your letter reached me this day, having been forwarded to me from town. I am sorry that I was not so fortunate as to be at Little Hampton, when you favoured me by coming to see me there. I went from thence to Malvern Wells, in order that I might introduce my two babes to my mother, who was staying there. At that place I took a cottage for six weeks, at the end of which time I returned to Russell Square, as a point of rest from which I might start anew, if I could meet with some suitable abode near London, where my children might have fresh air, and where I might continue to enjoy freely the pleasure of carrying and drawing them about, which had been my principal occupation at Little Hampton, and at Malvern. I searched in vain in Hampstead, about the Regent's Park, Blackheath, &c. and not getting what I wanted, I determined upon bringing my little ones to this place, my sister (Mrs. Dodgson) with her husband and child, being here already, and I had arranged matters so as to be here on the fifth. I was anxiously preparing for our journey, anxious to get my children out of the hot and close atmosphere of London, while



they were yet fresh and well, after their abode in the country ; when, suddenly, my little girl, the sweet, inexpressibly sweet miniature of her dear delightful mother, was seized with a severe illness, which in the course of three days left the lovely frame which I had so fondly clasped, a corpse in my arms. She died on the 4th inst. on the day previous to that which we had fixed upon for our departure, the day which filled up her short measure of six months' existence.

"Many a severe pang had I suffered from a strange and unaccountable affection of that dear infant's eye, which made me shut her up in darkness during the greater part of our stay at Little Hampton. Thankful and joyful had I been at the restoration of the healthy appearance of the eye, and all this anxiety had been spared, could I have foreseen that I should so shortly lay her beautiful form in the grave.

"On Monday se'nnight, after placing the remains of my child, of my *daughter*, (precious delightful word to parent's ear,) on the coffin of her mother, I quitted London with my boy, accompanied by Mrs. Hume, and my most kind sister Menella Hume (who has acted the part of a mother to my babes ever since they were motherless) for this place, at which we arrived on the following evening. Here we have perfect quiet, which after the din of the metropolis is very delightful, and here I intend to remain, having taken a pretty ornamented cottage, very pleasantly situated, which is to be given up to me, on the 10th of next month. It is not one of the many cottages which have been built here as lodging houses for temporary residents, but a well-built, pretty, gentlemanly abode, which was built by a gentleman for his own residence. I have taken it of it's present occupant for the remainder of her term, nine months. If you come to Portsmouth, I would fain tempt you across the water, but you will soon be in the north, and I can only hope that we may meet in May ; but who knows what may happen in the intervening time ? For myself, I feel that the greater portion of my treasures lies on the other side of the grave. My boy remains yet with me ; if it please God to take him from me, I shall then have been bereaved of all my treasures, and nothing will remain for me to do, but patiently to await, and to prepare for



my own removal from this treacherous world where nothing is assured to us, even for an hour, in the hope that where my treasure is, there I may be also. Fond as I have ever been of children, disappointed as I often had been in my hopes of possessing offspring, I thought myself supremely blest, when a daughter was given in addition to my darling boy. But the price of that daughter was the cherished wife of my bosom, the healer of all my wounds. That delightful being thus snatched from me, left me a lovely image of herself, a child whose features strongly resembled in all points those of her mother. You may guess then how dear to me this little daughter was. She was moreover so placid, so gentle a babe, so lovely under her constant smile, that she won the admiration of all who saw her. She was apparently in high health,—in three days she was gone! How then is it possible to rest with any feeling of security, on possessions, the tenure of which is so uncertain?—But in the first place, after the loss of a wife, the death of a child is a trial of a much lighter kind; and again, when the heart has had it's fill of sorrow even to overflowing, it cannot hold more; and lastly, I recollect that my child has been transferred to that safe and certain haven of repose, into which my angelic Charlotte has entered,—that she has escaped all the woes of earth,—that my own career is drawing rapidly to a close,—that God orders all things for the best,—and that he who takes away, is he who gave, or rather lent for a season, and I unfeignedly say, 'his will be done!' But I have said far too much of self. My boy is well. Long may you be spared further suffering! May all happiness be your's, here, and hereafter!"

When once settled in the quiet abode which he describes, there was little to disturb the even tenour of his life. His chief amusement was afforded by his little boy, who was at that delightful age when each day seems to impart an increase of intelligence, and who was happily by nature, a child of excellent dispositions, and lively talent. To take long walks in the country, with the little fellow on his back, or to draw him along the road on a wooden horse, which was one of his toys,



endeavouring to increase his slender stock of words, by teaching him the pronunciation of new ones, would often divert his mind, when other occupations failed. When sufficiently composed for the task, he would return to his Hebrew papers, and there was one duty for which he was at all times prepared; the exercise of charity. His attention to the poor, which his medical skill rendered particularly effective, was unremitting, and his gifts were always bestowed with a degree of kindness and delicacy, which greatly enhanced their value. He was not of that too numerous class of givers, who make their bounty unacceptable, by neglecting the *feelings* of those whom they relieve. His kind courtesy of manner never forsook him, and he did not forget to be *polite*, even to the rough and the uneducated.

The letters which he wrote from time to time to his friends, are interesting, as showing how the one engrossing grief pervaded every subject, while he was supported by faith which nothing could weaken, and soothed by resignation which no power could shake. They are given in the following pages, either wholly or in part, as affording the truest picture of that state of sorrowful composure, which was now become the habitual mood of his mind.

“ TO DOCTOR BADHAM.

“ Dec. 28, 1835.

“ I wish most sincerely my dear friend, that I could receive *one* letter from you, which both in warp and in woof was a complete tissue of happiness, but as the life of the most fortunate is but a mingled yarn, I must not expect that you should ever be enabled so to gratify me.

“ Your child indeed forms a bright and lovely spot in the picture which you draw, and I most earnestly hope that this ‘prodigious boon,’ as you justly call him, (second in value only to his mother, for at the head of all earthly blessings, the wife stands prominently alone) will be spared to gladden your heart



as long as you live. And I wish moreover that he may have smaller playmates than yourself. You need not be afraid of wearying me with details dated from the nursery, for I am quite as much delighted with my little treasure as you are with yours.

"He too advances rapidly in intelligence, and his vocabulary is now pretty extensive. This place agrees perfectly with him.

"Truly, as you say, death daily makes havoc. One of the last persons whom I saw before I left town, was Dr. Warren, driving about as usual; and now, he has joined the ample throng of the departed! Seeing these daily examples of the unstable nature of man's earthly existence, I have at last learned to apply practically the lessons thus amply furnished, on every side, on every day. I have consigned the ambition, the doubts, the anxieties, the endeavours, and the hopes, which in common with many others, I once allowed to controul and to direct, to agitate and to disturb me,—I have consigned all these to the tomb, in which repose the remains of beings, whose love and whose presence could so temper those feelings as to keep them within bounds, and I now prize above all things, peace of mind, and ease of body; quiet retirement in which I can muse fondly on the recollections of exalted happiness, and the fondest love, and in which I can indulge in unclouded hope in the prospect of another state of being, into which I must shortly pass, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,—where sorrow, and separation from beloved friends shall never more occur,—where disappointment cannot exist, nor happiness ever wane! It is in vain to endeavour to secure happiness by striving after anything that this world can yield; it is well for us that we cannot do so.

"That hand is extended in mercy, which while it sorely afflicts, points out a rest, to which the grave is but the portal."

In the beginning of the following year, Miss Hume went to London, to spend a few weeks with her sister Mrs. Dodgson, whose confinement was daily expected. Dr. Nicholl maintained a constant correspondence with her during her absence, but his letters being chiefly



filled with anecdotes of "the boy," and details concerning his poor neighbours, such passages only are selected from them, as are likely to be of general interest, or as serve for the illustration of his character and opinions.

"TO MISS HUME.

"Shanklin, Jan. 27.

"I am quite contented to be alone while you are away; happily I have always been able to bear my own company, although I fancy I delight more than men usually do, in a domestic tête-à-tête. I have at least proved to my own satisfaction, that I have ever prized that delight above all that is in this world, be it wealth, honour, fame, knowledge, or anything but peace of mind, to which that delight most essentially ministers. But this is a subject of which I must not trust myself to speak; it fills my eyes, as it fills my heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am amused with your anecdote of poor ——, with his innocent conceit about his *elegant carcase*. I am very sorry for his poor mother, at length subdued by her redundant circulation; what a sad state, imprisoned in a frame, deranged by the overflowing of it's own fluid! Pretty frames these to be proud of! —Yet I shall ever regret for my boy's sake, that I did not get a picture of his dear mother's sweet little frame; it might to him have conveyed some faint notion of what she was; but now, to him she must ever be a being utterly unknown, and unimagined. To me such a record would not be of any use. What portrait can ever be like that, imprinted together with a thousand fond records upon the heart! Ah, dear, dear soul! how fortunate for me that she was not an heiress, an only daughter. I should then be indeed forlorn, but now, I have *her* sisters, *my* sisters."

"Jan. 28.

"I fully agree in all you say concerning those whose puritanical spirit has so distressed you, and had I been present, should perhaps have said more than you did. They may well separate themselves; there is no having any comfortable intercourse with them. The same cant belongs to them all. 'Only



one right way.'—'Be ye separate.'—'Hold no intercourse with unbelievers.'—'He that is not with me is against me,' &c. I wish that they did not annoy me so much. It is of course the part of us all to sympathize with any errors, to show leniency and forbearance towards them; to respect all honest doubts; but there is something in pharisaical selfishness, hardness, and exclusiveness of pride, so offensive to the feelings, coming as they do, clothed in the garb of that religion to which one looks for all good and all peace, that it is hard to meet these with toleration. The more one is impressed with the truths of christianity,—the more deeply one feels indebted to it for support and hope,—the more thoroughly one venerates truth, and detests all departures from it,—the more must one be offended at the affected superiority, and unchristian intolerance of these puritans. Look only at the character of our darling Charlotte, unspotted with, as ignorant of evil. Can I, who knew her innocence hear these people denounce as sin, those harmless recreations, which such as she, and which such as her sisters have pursued, with minds, I will venture to assert, as pure and guileless as those of these self-elect. Did *they* retire from the quadrille with their hearts defiled? Surely these bigots would have been among the first to call our benevolent Saviour to account for mingling with publicans and sinners! I am not now to learn what is excellent in female character. A great portion of my life has been passed with females, with whom the most exalted in point of purity and goodness might be glad to be compared, and I will not hear with silence, sentence of condemnation passed, by implication even, on those to whose memory I cling with the most endearing fondness, and whom I regard in imagination and conviction, as inmates of that paradise which is the object and goal of all christian believers."

"Feb. 4.

"I hail the prospect of your return; no one can employ himself more constantly than I can and do, but no one is more dependant for peace and comfort, and healthiness of mind, on the presence, and society, and conversation and solace of a female associate. I hate such entire solitude and silence as that which I now *enjoy to perfection*.



"I wished much for you in my walk on the shore to-day. The air would have done you good, and your company would not have done me harm. There is something in the wildness and desolation of the shore and the ocean, something in finding oneself with one's little *black speck* toddling on before one, no other human being in sight, that altogether fills the mind with thoughts, which betray themselves in the moisture of the eyes. So at least I found it. My dear little pet! the lovely remnant of a lovely mother, my only possession *here*, how fond his father is of him! Can I be *too* fond of him?

"My mind is constantly paying visits to Bernard Street, where it pictures to itself, Caroline at ease, tranquil under the influence of an opiate; an orange-red infant coiled up on the nurse's lap at the fire, and you, all gentle bustle, ministering to mother and babe. Ah! these are sad jobs in enacting, delightful as are the feelings to which they give rise when they are happily over. They form the only drawback to the happiness of wedded life, and certainly, though the bodily suffering fall to the lot of the poor woman, the husband has an ample share of anxiety, *especially if he be a medical man*. They are not indeed the only drawbacks, for the perils and diseases which beset infancy are a fertile source of anxiety, and oft of keen sorrow. But then, this is the character of all earthly blessings; all are held by most precarious tenure, and those which we prize most highly, must torture us the most when they are in jeopardy. The only way to escape such suffering, is to forego entirely the treasure, to live in isolation of heart, like the sulky selfish bachelor. But O, while the fleeting pleasure lasts, there cannot be on earth happiness so exalted and refined, as that of a man, possessing a wife whom he tenderly loves, and whose affection he possesses, and having about him the children of that wife. And although we may rest abundantly satisfied, that the joys of a future state will be far more exquisite than any that can gild the clouds of this earth, I have, I own it, ever felt that I should (with my present limited ideas and perceptions, and human infirmities) have been better pleased, had there not been an express declaration on record that none are there 'married or given in marriage.' "



"Feb. 8.

"I hear that scarlet fever rages at Llangollen, carrying off several daily. What a fearful disease this is! And they lecture on physic, and institute medical colleges, and make medical doctors, and yet how little does man know of the essence of diseases, (of *this* literally nothing), and how little can he do in nine cases out of ten, where nature is unequal to the task.

"It is utterly impossible for me to find subjects for my daily letter, since I never see any one, nor speak to any one, but I cannot refrain from sending this, to tell you that the boy, with his dad's kerchief tied round his head, and crowing with delight as he ran after his ball, looked very pretty and interesting. How much I wish that little Frank were with him at this moment! I would give 2s. 10d., (*all that I have,*) to see him here such a day as this. It is really beautiful; health floats on the breeze, which is so fresh and active as to wave the trees to and fro, and so mild as merely to excite a glow. 'Man made the town' says Cowper; O, why did he make it so large, and fill his grates so full of coals! \* \* \* \* \*

I have not taken my hat off the peg this day. I believe if left to myself, I should soon cease ever to quit my chair; when you return I shall get a stroll now and then. It would be odd indeed if I did not miss you *greatly*. I feel no inducement to ramble alone; I have not been used to it; it reminds me too decidedly of my solitary widowed state; a state of trial and endurance, and one into which active enjoyment enters not, although it admits of peace and hope, and expectation, and I do not murmur."

"TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

Shanklin, March 12, 1836.

"I thank you most sincerely, my good sister, for your very welcome letter, in acknowledgment of which I commence my reply on a large sheet, that I may likewise write a long one. Your account of our good mother corresponds with the general tone of her letters, which betokens a healthy condition of body and mind. She always expresses great satisfaction from the



visits of her grandsons. Her kindness to young persons is indeed one of the many amiable traits in her character. The spirit of contentment and of cheerful religious hope which pervades her letters is very pleasing. \* \* \* \*

"Twelve months have now slowly glided by since the treasure of my bosom was suddenly snatched from me. On the day of my Charlotte's translation, I bowed myself to the earth in prayer, and in an attempt at resignation, and I found comfort and support in a degree far beyond (if I am to judge from what I hear, and read, and see, as regards others) what many so situated have found, under affliction so terrible and so recent. My grief was calm though deep. A year has elapsed, and my feelings are what they were twelve months ago. Time has but more thoroughly confirmed my estimation of the treasure which I have lost. The lengthened absence of my enchanting partner only adds to the severity of the separation from her. When she died, I saw my ambition expire,—it has not revived. My former pursuits lost their charms,—my taste for them has not returned. I *then* fled from the noisy throng and bustle of London, and sought peace and composure in retirement and contemplation; I *now* yet more strongly turn with fixed aversion from scenes of strife and turmoil, and I more and more cherish the soothing influence of tranquility. In short, the death of my dear Charlotte entirely changed my whole *morale*, and I have retained the change which that event effected. I have been blessed with kindness and affection far beyond what I could have looked for, my boy has yet a mother, and I have a kind and most agreeable sister, who without any display of sacrifice on her part, cordially shares my retirement. My mind is at ease, and in a state of peace, and while I endeavour by the most effective means to maintain a state of patient hope, and of tranquil resignation, I never cease to look forward with earnest aspiration to a re-union with those blessed beings who now repose in blissful security."

"TO MRS. NICHOLL.

"Shanklin, May 6, 1836.

"We were very glad to receive so good an account of you, my dearest mother. 'The lovely season' which you anticipated



with so much delight is very coy, it has not yet visited us, and the accounts from the other places speak of the weather as cold and ungenial. We have had frequent showers as well as cold winds, so that Hume has rarely had a day on which he could run about on the turf of the garden, and the sands here are so much wetted by the little rills from the shore, that the poor boy has been confined chiefly to the roads and lanes. He is flourishingly well, and within the last few weeks he has made great progress in speech, so that he now attempts to articulate any word that is proposed to him, and he jabbers from morning until bedtime. His ways are full of frolic, and he has a keen sense for the ridiculous. He gallops away most independently on the walking stick of 'Old Dad,' (which is my usual appellation) and sometimes rides in his own little carriage. His mania for horses and coaches continues in full force.

"So your rich old miser, James Wood, has gone, as he came, penniless, leaving those hoards which might have caused thousands to bless him during his lifetime, to be divided among four persons, to whom possibly, he would not have given sixpence when alive, to save them from perdition! One of the many instances to prove the utter worthlessness of means unapplied. It is strange that he did not bequeath a farthing to any charitable institution, with the view of purchasing a requiem for his manes. \* \* \* \* \*

"I do not think that I have any thing more to tell you of my boy, my delightful little remnant of my sweet Charlotte, whose dear image is ever before my eyes, and for whom my affection daily seems to acquire fresh strength, as the time for my reunion to her more nearly approaches. How delightful it is to hold communion through the medium of the the most hallowed feelings, with the dearest treasures of the soul in Hades! Not to think loosely and vaguely of the beloved dead, as of beings of mere memory, but to think of them with 'sure and certain' hope, as of *living* beings, in actual existence, resting in happy and peaceful slumber, under the peculiar tutelage of the Redeemer, for ever gladdened by the cheering visions of a glorious resurrection! Such is the anchor of my soul, such my faith as touching beings of whom I cannot speak, without having my



eyes drowned in tears of the most devoted affection. The place which they now inhabit is the goal to which my prayers and hopes and aspirations point, and blessed be God, that those whom I have loved most tenderly, are beings, respecting whose happiness, through His mercy, I cannot entertain the slightest doubt or fear. You, my dear good mother, are of the number of these, and so, God bless you." &c.

"TO DOCTOR BADHAM.

" East Cowes, Oct. 30, 1836.

" My dear friend,

" Months have elapsed, I know not how many, since last I heard from you, and although I have long wished to write to you, I knew not where you were, whether abroad or in England. I have therefore waited until a return of this season makes it probable that a letter addressed to you at Glasgow will find you there.

" Since I quitted Shanklin in the middle of July, we have been wandering. We went to the Channel Islands, first to Guernsey, then to Jersey, and thence to Weymouth, at which latter place we spent seven weeks. We then once more visited Shanklin, hoping to find some spot there to winter in, as we knew not whither to go, and as the change of weather warned us that winter was approaching. But we could not find a house in that part of the island, so we came hither, and here we have taken a cottage for a year. We took possession of it five days ago, having waited in lodgings till the owners could cede it to us. Glad and thankful are we to be once more quietly seated. We have a pretty cheerful cottage, opening into pleasant airy *grounds*, on a dry gravelly soil, distant less than half a mile from East Cowes, which is separated by the Medina from West Cowes, at which latter place steam-boats from Southampton and Portsmouth touch twice a day.

" I wish much to know how you and your's are ; I have so few correspondents, and I have seen newspapers so irregularly and so sparingly, that I scarcely know what changes, public or private, have taken place within the last few months, but a friend whom I saw at Weymouth told me that he believed you had experienced fresh sorrows since I last heard from you ; but



he could not communicate anything positive. You know that I can and do sympathize with you in all your afflictions, and severe bereavements, and that no one more anxiously wishes than I do, that peace and comfort were the constant inmates of your dwelling. Pray let me hear from you, that I may know all that concerns your happiness. You have my best wishes, but these unfortunately cannot do you any good.

“What misery is man doomed to in this world! The brother of a friend of our’s, was staying at West Cowes, awaiting the return of his wife and family from the Mauritius (as I think). Week after week passed, and they came not. He went over to Portsmouth. The first intelligence that reached him, was, that the vessel, (the Doncaster,) with all on board, had been lost! So that at one moment, his wife, four daughters, her mother, two sisters, and the husband of one of them were swallowed up! Yet such is the world to which man fondly clings, hoping against all hope, and all experience! Adieu. I am, as ever,

“Very faithfully your’s,

“WHITLOCK NICHOLL.”

“TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

“East Cowes, Oct. 29, 1836.

“We took possession of our new abode last Tuesday, which I have taken for a year. The situation is much more open than that of Vernon Cottage, which certainly was too much confined, and the air is fresh and bracing. The soil is dry, a light gravel. The cottage opens into a garden, with a dry walk among shrubs, and our *grounds* occupy about an acre and a half. Hume will enjoy the liberty of the country once more, but hitherto the weather has not favoured his going out much. We had a slight hint of snow this morning, and a stormy day has succeeded. The wind has not yet gone to sleep, although one o’clock, but if the *wind* will not take repose, my *spirit* must, and so, good night. I cannot tell you how glad I am once more to get into still and peaceful retirement, where no sound reaches my ears out of the house, but that of the wind. I hope that you and your husband are well, and that your pretty interesting pair of daughters and my friend Robert, are well and



thriving. May you ever preserve these blessings! Hume, as you may suppose, talks fluently. Dear little fellow! how would his angelic mother have prized him! Ah, and how would she have heightened the value of him to his father, highly as he prizes him now! But I must not enter on this fond theme, or I shall not close my letter, for on this theme I could dwell for ever, and may God grant that it may be to me a subject which may share my deepest thoughts and highest joys throughout eternity. My blessed Charlotte; how fondly clings my heart to thee!"

"TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

"East Cowes, May 9, 1837.

"Hume and I have this place to ourselves, Menella being in Russell Square, to which place I accompanied her on Friday, returning on the following day. I did not call on any one, excepting my old friend Captain Chapman, who lately had a paralytic seizure, and whom I was anxious to see, that I might know what state he was in. The whole party in Russell Square was well; every thing so exactly what I had seen there some thirty moons ago, with the exception of my own sweet pet, that I could scarcely fancy that as the door opened, she might not enter, and as they sat ranged round the table, I was for ever looking for that dear angel, whose eyes always beamed loveliness and kindness. Then, when I left the house, on my return to a place with which she never was associated, all the bitterness of widowhood was too plainly discerned. As I approached the landing place at East Cowes, I caught the tiny form of my boy coming to meet me. \* \* \* \* \*

"Menella has been for so long a time separated from her friends, that I could not ask her how long she meant to stay with them; but I suppose that her kind feelings towards the boy, and her compassion for me, will induce her to come back to us in about a fortnight, when I hope that her mother will accompany her.

"London was thronged, and noisy, and bustling as usual; it's unceasing din distracts me, and at this moment my ears retain the singing whirring sound, which was induced partly by the noise of London, and partly by the wheels of the coach.



Strange is the change effected in taste and feeling in one instant! I, who was wont to identify my existence with certain parts of London, and to connect that existence in part, with certain precincts there, and to feel connected also with various individuals, and bodies of individuals there, now feel that I have neither part nor lot in anything within it's walls. All seems strange, detached, alien. I avoid, even unconsciously all my old haunts, my club, every thing that once linked me in any way to the busy world! every place but *the* house in Russell Square, and there, there is the blank which nought can fill. Thus it is that man becomes effectually weaned from things which once could interest and bind him, and thus may we conceive how entirely we may in another state of being, have every feeling and taste altered."

" TO MISS HUME.

" East Cowes, May 7.

" Very good report of the boy I have to make, my dear Menella. The first objects on which my enquiring eye rested, as it swept the terrace in front of the Medina Hotel, were the *little spot* and his nurse, and my heart, which had for so many hours been brooding over it's widowhood, bounded at the sight of the dark atom. I had a good passage, and here I am once more at the hermitage, my ears full of noise from recent sounds and shakings. Hume likes his kite, his ball, and his cake; he was very kind and *loving* in his greeting.

" I was very sorry to quit your group, and sorely did my isolation press upon me, when I found myself separated from you all, and yet there was too great and too close a semblance to former scenes, too much that seemed to woo the fancy into a momentary belief that things were as they once were, to suffer me calmly and resignedly to endure the blank which was constantly before my eyes, diverting my thoughts from tranquil and pleasurable enjoyment of the society of so many near and dear relatives and friends, which otherwise I could have felt. I was always looking for that, which with eyes of earth I shall never again see, and my mind seemed in continual surprise that others were not enquiring loudly, for what I was continually enquiring in thought.



"I earnestly hope that your mother will come back with you. Much do I regret having brought you so far from all our kind friends; but this is not to be again. There seems to be something like a dawn of probability as to the point to which our horses' heads may turn when we quit this island; but who shall say what the morrow may bring forth.

"May 10.

"I have been writing letters this evening, having read Young's Night Thoughts to compose me a little. I should be a brute if I did not miss you every moment, and worse than a selfish brute if I did not rejoice that you are with our dear good relations in Russell Square. You can understand, but I could not with any words adequately describe, what my feelings were, while I was there; for while my sweet angel was ever before my eye in all freshness, as though she were yet my living wife, yet her constant absence from the group, and, what I had no sense to understand, the constant absence of all mention of her, of all notice of her absence, of all enquiry respecting her, seemed so at variance with what I had before witnessed, if I called there without her, that it made me scarcely able to bear the banishment of her dear name from conversation, any better than her absence from those rooms, in which her lovely countenance was ever wont to beam kindness upon me. I cannot describe, why should I, the loneliness of heart with which I retired to my resting place at Southampton. Surely our affections will be prolonged into another state of being, else why are they so prolonged after the removal of the object of them? If I am never again to renew my affectionate communion with what on earth was my Charlotte, why does my affection for her go on increasing, as the day of her departure recedes more deeply into the abyss of time? Why am I led instinctively as it were, to bless her in my every supplication to the Deity, and to condense my prayer into the entreaty, that I may for ever be where she is,—where others are?

"To the limited comprehension of incarnate man, to *my* human faculties and feelings at least, the blessings of heaven would have been most perfectly described, under the promise of a re-union of conjugal ties. Alas! there are not a few to



whom such a promise would savour of the threat of punishment. I could not ask for more, for higher joys I cannot conceive. But I must close this dear subject, must release you, and must go to my place of sleep, where my last words are ever addressed to her, who was at once my pride and my hope, my soul, and my life !”

“ May 15.

“ I went to East Cowes yesterday, and fell in with ———, who said laughingly, ‘ I was coming to see you in your *widowhood* ;’ alluding to your absence. People are heedless in what they say, or rather, ‘ They jest at scars, who never felt a wound.’

“ I shall be truly glad to bring you and your mother hither, for assuredly of all isolated desolate places, this, for a widowed being in solitude, like myself, is the worst I ever knew. The sudden transition from Russell Square, where every thing spoke of my own dear Charlotte, to this spot, where nothing speaks of her, and where I had never before known solitude, was too much ; I will never try the experiment again. My boy indeed has been a great comfort, but I cannot feel *at home*. What then would have become of such a wretch, if providence had not given me in you, so kind and soothing a companion !

“ The more I muse on, and in my own case feel that appointment of the Deity, which made man of two kinds, designed to be so united, that they should no longer be ‘ twain, but one flesh,’ and when harmoniously joined forming an union which entirely unfits either party for existence in a detached condition, the more am I lost in wonder at that appointment also of the Deity, which causes that union to be so abruptly, so totally severed, by the removal of the one party out of the reach of every sense of it’s late associate, while the latter is left in all the bitterness of bereavement, without any communication with that other being, that better and more important self, which is snatched away into darkness that no eye of flesh can penetrate, and without any revelation of the mode or place of being into  
• which the separated spirit has been removed ;—without any power of holding spiritual intercourse,—without any positive assurance of future recognition and re-union, save what the



earnestness of desire converts into hope, and calls on religious faith to picture as certain. It is, most undeniably a strange mysterious appointment; it were idle and wanton to pretend to say that it is not a severe punishment, a positive infliction of spiritual pain, scarcely tolerable. Man is encouraged and called upon by every feeling, by all the most hallowed feelings of his nature, to form this union,—it is cemented by all that is estimable in his nature,—it calls forth into full energy all the tenderest and best feelings of which that nature is capable, and in a moment, this lovely union is dissolved, is rather, rent violently asunder, never to be rejoined, and he is left with his wounds bare, his senses tortured,—and why? How is this mystery to be solved? by time alone. But assuredly, when two beings have been blended into one,—that the outward form of the one should be dissolved,—the disembodied spirit be gone, God alone knows whither, and that the other being should remain, to all appearance exactly as before, walking still in flesh upon earth in isolated bereavement, is most strange, most unaccountable, when we consider, that He who has ordained these things, acts, not with the wanton cruelty of a resistless despot, but with the fond tenderness of a father. If there be legions of ministering angels, O that one were permitted to soothe the sorrowful pilgrimages of those who are left, by some intelligence relating to the departed! But all is silent! Earnest prayer, soaked in tears, procures not even a still small voice to satisfy the soul. The reality of woe has but the unseen things of belief and hope to soothe it, and these are in the distance! Yet, some will say that man is unreasonable if he mourn. Strange, strange! *Here* are my boy and I; *there* are mouldering forms, mere dust and ashes; and somewhere else, are, God be praised, blessed spirits, safe, at rest, in peace! O that the separation were at an end! You see how I suffer my thoughts to ink my paper; out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth will speak, the pen will write."

" May 17.

" My boy came in from his evening stroll, full of life and and fun; 'tis a dear pet! Ah, have I not treasure in both worlds? Fancy being welcomed into the abodes of lasting



peace, by such spirits as those of the mother and sister of my boy! What can imagination conceive so enchantingly delightful as such a welcome, in such a place, after the storms and buffetings and achings of soul endured on earth? O, that the boy shall never know on earth his angel mother! May we all form a group inseparable hereafter! The waiting is the hard part; hard, because the separation of soul from soul is so intensely painful; where the treasure is, there *must* the heart be also. But while I have yet treasure on earth, my heart must also cling to that treasure, while my memory and my hopes rest on those which have been taken from me. Blessed be God! the world *cannot* rob me of those dear treasures which he has removed into that region, wherever it be, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' How can I but look with longing eyes to that abode, where the idols of my soul are at this moment actually *living*?—O, what a glorious, what a blessed thing is christianity! that glorious realization of all that is lovely, and splendid, and animating, and cheering, and exalting, and consoling! And how defaced and degraded, and lowered, and narrowed, and obscured, and overlaid by man, is that grand yet simple scheme!—How many rambling thoughts run through my pen on my paper! but what have I to write about, save what passes through my mind? So you must excuse my prosiness. I have not had *head* enough yet to set about Hebrew. There is a strangeness about my condition, which makes me unable to abstract my mind sufficiently for that pursuit, which requires clearness of thought, and entire dedication of it; so that must wait till I am more *settled*. Yet in my solitude I have composure and peace of soul, from the very contemplations and musings which moisten my eye, and heave my breast. When I am troubled, I kneel, and peace waves her wand, and all is hushed and still. I am counting the days that intervene before your return, and I look forward with much pleasure to the comfort of your dear mother's visit. Ah, my darling wife, for my wife you still are, and still must ever be, I owe it to you that I possess such kind relations as your relations are to me, for what was your's ever must be mine. I owe to their attachment to you, much of their undeviating kindness to me. Never was being more loved in



life and death than our sweet Charlotte,—never being whose memory was more deeply embalmed than her's. Have not twenty-seven months in some degree reconciled me to the thought of her being dead? In some degree mitigated the sense of bereavement? *Not in the slightest degree.* When I enter my room in an evening, I miss the white dressing gown thrown over the chair, which I never saw without blessing the sign, and I cannot reconcile myself to the thought that *I am alone.* I miss her, sitting twisting her merry ringlets, and playfully *making eyes* at me;—I miss her clinging with both her little hands, as she was wont to do (knowing how I liked it) to my arm;—I miss her as the fondest, dearest pet that man could have, her name is ever on my lips, and the thought of her in my heart. Thus may I continue to live, thus may I quit this life,—blessing her!"

"May 20.

"Well, a fortnight has passed, (I will not say *slipped*, but *grated*) since you went, and I may hope soon again to see you. I should soon become moped, and ere long *apoplectic* if left in isolation, and isolation I prefer to what is called society. The truth is that a *Suttee* for men, as for women in India, would be a humane practice, for verily a man deprived of his wife scarcely knows how to endure existence; there is a constant sense of vacuity which never departs, and no one can understand this but the sufferer, and a *few*, a cherished few. I ought to be full of gratitude that I have one who has all the sympathies that I could desire, and who manifests them so kindly, and it cannot be strange that in her absence I should feel pre-eminently solitary; and yet it is wickedly selfish to wish for society and kindness which ought to be differently bestowed.

"I have just concluded my little tract, 'Nature the Preacher of Christianity,' (or 'Natura Ecclesiastes' if you will). The writing it has tranquillized me, and has occupied me a little. It has two characteristics,—any one might have written it, every one may enter into and understand it, so let it pass.

"I said in my last letter that I should meet you at Southampton; I wrote heedlessly, for I meant to say that I should



prefer meeting you in town; only tell me the day and I will come up by the mail, and return with you, which, (having my *new travelling cap*) would be nothing at all as regards fatigue. I should certainly much prefer accompanying you, to letting you be by yourselves. I should secure a place by the mail; go over to Southampton, arrive in town in time to come for you, and return with you both in triumph home. You make me out to be a sad idle fellow, when you speak of my going to Southampton as a great effort. I only want motive, and *therefore* I shall *like* coming to town as I propose, to fetch you.

“ I somehow or other associated you and your wishes with the alteration and completion of the little Essay that I have just finished, and as it possibly may awaken some minds to the association which things around us have with higher expectations, I shall send it to you. Not from conceit, but I think, from better feelings, among which, affectionate regard for yourself to whom I offer it, holds a chief place. Do with it what you will; it bears sufficient marks of haste, but it professes to be merely a light trifle.”

This little Essay was published by Houlston and Son, Paternoster Row, to whom he presented the copyright. It has been much admired for its simple elegance of style, and the pure christian spirit which pervades the whole, and being as he describes it, intelligible to all, has found many readers among the poor. Another work entitled “Remarks on the breaking and eating of Bread, and drinking of Wine, in commemoration of the Passion of Christ,” was published in the same year.

“ TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

“ East Cowes, Sep. 1, 1837.

“ I am glad that you have had so pleasant a tour, and that Robert as well as yourselves approves of his present abode. Menella says she formerly heard of it as a very good school, but she rather speaks in testimony of the pleasantness of the house, &c. for by a *good school* was meant in the *good old times*,



which school-masters would fain perpetuate, a school in which all useful information was religiously withheld from boys, into whose intellect nothing but Latin and Greek was forced. But I will hope better things for young Robert's sake; that he will learn something more important than that most useless of all inutilities, the forging of hexameters and pentameters, which forms the highest glory of many a lad, but of which no man presumes to boast.

"Frank and Hume were very good friends, the younger paying much deference to the elder, who assumed the lead; but now that Hume knows that his cousin is gone, he gets on without him, as he used to do. Happy age, when privations such as these leave not any bitterness behind; when the gaiety of the present moment suffices for full happiness and satisfaction, and when there are no doubts, no forebodings or fears as to the future. Dear little fellow! his only misery is tooth-ache, from which I grieve to see him suffering at so early an age. He has two decayed grinders, and anything getting into these, puts him into pain, making his eyes roll in tears, while in a tone which cannot fail to excite pity, he exclaims, 'my tooth does ache.' He was full of fun as we crossed over in the steam boat yesterday, and afforded much amusement to the passengers by his *witticisms*. If his sweet mother could see him! Ah, what feelings hang upon that *if*! I dare not trust myself with pen in hand to enter upon that soul-stirring theme. Were she living, the thought of being taken from her would be bitter; there is nought of bitterness in the prospect of following her; I am blessed with the kindness of her relatives, and in Menella I have a most kind sister and companion, and my boy has a most tenderly attached aunt, who is in conduct and feeling, what she has chosen to be, his mother by adoption, so that I have great cause to be thankful, but my bereavement remains in all its severity."

When the term for which he had engaged the cottage had expired, Dr. Nicholl was as far from any prospect of a fixed residence as he had been the year before, and he therefore took lodgings at Southampton for three months, in the hope that when on the other side of the



water, he might pursue his enquiries with a better chance of success. His last letter from the Isle of Wight was addressed to Mrs. Plumptre, as follows.

“East Cowes, Oct. 18, 1837.

“It is full time that I acknowledge the receipt of your long letter, my dear Susanna, for which I thank you much. I am glad to receive a good report of you all, and so excellent an account of our good mother. We have not been away from here, as Hume’s hooping cough subsided so favourably that it was not necessary to remove. We purpose quitting this place on Tuesday next the 24th, inst. for Southampton, at which place I have secured good airy lodgings, in what appears to me the best part of the town. I have engaged a boat to convey our packages and carriage on Friday next, so that on Tuesday we shall only have our own selves, boy, and Frances to transport, as we discharge our island domestics on the day of our removal. When once on the other side of the water, we shall be able to form further arrangements. I have taken the lodgings for three months certain. Right glad shall we be to be out of this place; the cottage, never having the direct rays of the sun upon it, is dark and cold at this season, and it is so badly built that it is anything but comfortable as a residence, excepting during the few hot weeks of summer. And there are manifold inconveniences attendant on a residence in this out of the way spot, with fourteen miles of water between us and *real England*.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am truly sorry for poor D——’s affliction, knowing as I do, how inexpressibly, horribly severe and terrible is such a bereavement; one which *entirely* robs life of all it’s charm, of all it’s worth. His wife was a superior person, of excellent tone and temperament of mind; I was not aware that she was ill, until a very short time before I heard of her death. Thus pass one by one all our friends away!—Five years ago on this day, I was on my way to your house, accompanied by a being as lovely as God ever clothed in humanity. Where is she now?—How painful it is to be in ignorance on these points,



in utter ignorance ; cut off from all knowledge, from all communication with one's more than self ! Such are the hard terms on which we hold our life in this penal settlement of earth."

"TO DOCTOR BADHAM.

"Southampton, Dec. 1837,

"You are now in the land of *σχοτία* and of Knox, as your favourite epigram has it ; a little reconciled to it, I will hope, by the smiles of your children, and the health of them and of Mrs. Badham. You must have had a fatiguing journey, but I hope that you are now going on smoothly. I must ask you to direct to me at J. D. Hume's Esq. 15, Russell Square, as we are about to quit this place, and although we purpose going to Richmond when we leave Southampton, I know not where we shall be there. Our object in going thither is to be close to my sister (Mrs. Dodgson), who now lives there, and who is shortly to be confined, and to whom the presence of her kind sister, (who takes care of my boy and of me) will on that trying occasion be a great comfort, and moreover my boy will renew his acquaintance with her children, of whom he is fond, while at the same time he will be within easy reach of his grandmother, and other aunts.

"This is but a poor place. The first appearance of High Street is imposing, but the rest of the town is sadly neglected, the roads filthy, the land which every where borders on the town, in a very disgraceful state ; and the place has been suffered to remain without an adequate supply of water, so that the late fire, at least it's progress, may be set to the charge of the indolent managers of the water. I think it decidedly an unhealthy place ; certain it is that there is a degree of dull paleness in the women whom one meets, exceeding what one sees elsewhere. I feel a constant tendency to drowsiness, due, as I think, to the air, and I have had so long a draught of sea air, (and that, not of real fresh salutary ocean breeze) that I shall be very glad to get inland. But I have lived until I have become so circumstanced that it matters little where I am. Memory and hope can expatiate as freely in one spot as in another, and my mind is chiefly divided between these. Three



years have nearly dragged their length along, since I lost her who was my delight, my pride, my pet, my angel wife, and the sense of barren isolation seems to strengthen as time advances. My boy is a great treasure, and he has a *large* portion of my affections, but all my other treasures are on the other side of the grave.

"I was very glad to see you in possession of two such fine and healthy children. Long may you preserve them, and long and uninterrupted be your domestic happiness, for when that is gone there is an end of all that can please or interest in this world. It is impossible to express what I owe to the hourly kindness of my most considerate sister, and in my boy I have a perpetual source of enjoyment, but what can supply the place of a beloved and lovely wife!—of such a wife as I have lost!"

" TO MRS. PLUMPTRE.

" Southampton, Jan. 5, 1838.

" You see, my dear Susanna, that I date still from our lodgings at Southampton. You ask me how we like the place; I answer not in any one respect. The town lies low, close to the inlet of the sea, having a river on each side. Consequently the air is moist, and extremely relaxing, so much so, that I can scarcely keep myself awake, and I have for weeks been utterly unable to do anything that requires thought or clearness of head. There is a great deal of open land encompassing the town, and interspersed with it, but the tenure of it is such, that it is a nuisance and not an advantage; for, during half of the year it is public property, while during the other half, a farmer holds it; so that he takes his crop off a large portion of it, and then ploughs the land, which remains in it's furrowed state for the benefit of the public. Then the streets are never swept, not even at a single crossing, and much of the long line of street, reaching from the entrance of the town, down to the quay, is not paved, and the gravel does not bind, so that during the wet weather which we have had, the place is most filthy for foot passengers. As to the lower part of the town, near the river on the east side, the streets not being under the care of any one, are crammed with filth, so as to be scarcely passable.



No one seems to feel the slightest interest about anything here. The *town*, or body of tradespeople is so disturbed by politics, (that bane of society) that whatever one party proposes, is assuredly opposed by the other.

“Thus, it has happened that they have been squabbling for years about the source whence water was to be procured, while ample currents were close at hand, and so they left their town without a supply ; and thus we remain. The disastrous consequences of this neglect were severely felt, during the late tremendous fire. They are now going to bore for water on the common above the town, at an expense they say, of £10,000, rather than take the water of the river, which belongs to an adverse political party. So that, what with the neglected state of the place, the narrow-minded character of the people, and the relaxing character of the atmosphere, I reckon Southampton among the places which are *not habitable*. On the 16th, inst. our term at our lodgings expires, and we anxiously look forward to deliverance. From hence we mean to go to Richmond, to which town Caroline Dodgson has removed from London, in the smoky atmosphere of which place it was found impossible to retain little Frank. We purpose going direct to the Star and Garter, and when there, we can seek an abode. Thus are we indeed and in truth, pilgrims on the earth.

“I am sorry that my friend Robert is to leave you ; he is a fine open-minded boy. God preserve him from being cramped, and narrowed, and crammed, so as to receive only one side of the polygon of knowledge, (a queer expression, but I know what I mean), according to the old humdrum orthodox system, from which, may providence in it's mercy deliver this our land!—Hume will have his playfellow Frank once more, when we get to Richmond. He is a sharp fellow, full of enquiry, and with as much taste for sober and sedate *learning*, as we have for this place. He takes many a ride on my back, about this neighbourhood.

“I have not heard anything lately of Mrs. ———, and not hearing, I conclude she is still alive ; and thus it is ; many linger on in the flesh, who would seem to have finished their course, and others, in the bud or bloom of life, whose existence was essential to the being of others, have prematurely (as it



should seem) passed away. All this is a mystery (what is there that is not a mystery ?) which will of course hereafter be cleared up; in the meanwhile, those who remain, are left, if not to sorrow without hope, certainly to mourn without alleviation.

“Menella is looking forward anxiously to the 16th, as are all in Russell Square, who will then be within a short drive. I wish I could manage to show Hume to his good grandmother at Gloucester. I had at one time thought of going round to Richmond by Gloucester; but the shortness of the days, and the unsettled state of the weather, deterred me from this plan. I must, if we live till the spring is advanced, take him to see her.

“I shall see my friend Robert, when we get to Richmond, where we shall be near neighbours, which will be agreeable. I *guess* that he will get more pudding than Greek if he visits me, so, my love to him, &c.”

While at Southampton, Dr. Nicholl published a work entitled, “An Inquiry into the nature and prospects of the Adamite race, as viewed in connexion with the scheme of Christianity,” in which he recapitulates much that he had already written in his Analysis, taking however a more extended view of the Christian scheme, and making many valuable additions, the result of his continued study and research.

He enlarges on the importance of faith, showing the imperfect nature of those “good works” of which man would fain make his boast; their total inability to establish any *claim* for the justification of man; their utter worthlessness, saving as evidences of that faith “which worketh by love.” He dwells on the sinfulness of man’s nature, as due to the mortal body in which his spirit is incarcerated, and not to any act of his own (by which act it is asserted or implied, that he *frustrated* the *eternal purpose* of God.) For, *had* he been created righteous, and capable of maintaining his righteousness, then would he not have sinned, and the sacrifice of Christ would have been to him, unnecessary



And since the sacrifice of Christ was ordained from all eternity, then, must the corruption of man have equally formed a part of God's eternal scheme.

- This is the argument, but it shall be given in his own words.

"In order to form any conception of the mysterious scheme of christianity, as relates either to the first Adam, or to the second Adam, we must keep in view, at the same time, both these parts, the first Adam, and the Christ Adam. We are to see in the first Adam a spiritual being, bearing the image of God clothed in flesh. We are to see him as thus incarnate in a state of bondage, of degradation, of blindness, incapable of perceiving or comprehending spiritual things; unable so to act, as to accomplish that which his own intuitive perception or conscience, tells him to be right; utterly and entirely incapable of acting up to such a standard of righteousness as is consistent with the holiness of heaven.

"Viewing this part of God's scheme as isolated and detached from the other part, we should see that the Deity had subjected His image, His own offspring and creation, to a state which necessarily involved unrighteousness; had precluded man from any future advancement in the scale of being, and had unfitted him for admission into the celestial mansions. For the fixed and unrelaxing laws of eternal righteousness would have opposed the admission into those mansions, of a being, which did not exhibit, as it were, a testimonial of perfect righteousness and holiness. But view the other part, the vital part of this same scheme, The bright image of God, the representative, the equal of the Most High; a being who was also, in himself, God; was to become incarnate, to be made man, to represent the whole human race; was to exhibit perfect and undeviating holiness and righteousness, yet was to undergo severity of suffering, of which we cannot form a conception; and all this voluntarily on his part, in order that a sacrifice might be offered to the majesty of eternal righteousness, equivalent to that expiatory punishment which the accumulated sins of the whole human race, should, according to the scale of God's strict justice, and the eternal rules of righteousness, merit and demand. \* \* \*



“ Thus, while the creation of the first man, or Adam, introduced guilt, the incarnation of the second Adam annihilated that guilt by making full and ample and entire satisfaction for it, and thus, did Christ become the righteousness of all men. Here then was a marvellous outlay of mercy and of goodness, such as was indeed worthy of the great and universal creator. Here was a marvellous tribute paid to holiness, such as was indeed worthy of the majesty of Jehovah. Here was indeed, a display of ‘Glory to God in the highest,’ and of ‘good-will toward men.’

“ If we view Adam’s acquisition of ‘the knowledge of good and evil,’ apart from the ‘eternal purpose of full and free justification through Christ; and dwell on the guilt of Adam, as viewed apart from the incarnation and passion of Christ; and comment upon it’s fatal effects; what do we do? We separate, what never can be separated; we separate man’s frailty and guiltiness, from the incarnation and passion of Christ, with which they have from eternity, been intimately blended. We rob the christian scheme of it’s glorious character. We reduce it, so far as man is concerned, to an expedient, devised to remedy an act, committed by the first of a race, whom God had, from eternity, determined to create; which act, he had forbidden. We make the voluntary act of Adam the cause of that sacrifice of Christ, which had been fore-ordained from eternity. We are driven to employ the subtle casuistry, which maintains,—that God intended man for a state of ignorant innocence, knowing of course, that he would not continue in that state;—that God’s purpose in creating man had been founded in love, but that man had frustrated that purpose;—that God had called man into existence in order that he might be pure and happy; but that man had voluntarily rendered himself impure, and so, had forfeited his happiness;—that God, all-wise, all-powerful, and seeing, at once, the past, the present, and the future, had created man to be, what He knew he would not be; for acting, as He knew he would not act; for a state, which He knew he could not attain to, or maintain;—that the Deity, with all His feelings of benevolence towards man, with all His wish to preserve him in innocent ignorance, did yet, put within his reach, knowledge, which he knew he would acquire, and which



he knew would be fatal to him ;—that he had wished man to be a fit object for the reception of his love and favour ; yet, had of his own irresistible will, called into existence that being, whose future conduct he, at the moment of his forming him, fully foresaw ; and who by his very nature, was rendered utterly incapable of using, in any way but to his own destruction, that knowledge which God foresaw that he would seek, and acquire.

“ We perplex and confuse the mind of man, with the mazes of this subtle casuistry, leading him at one moment, to murmur against God, and at another moment to curse, with Job, the hour of his conception.

“ And, how does all this happen ? Partly, because in taking a view of christianity, the *unrighteousness of man*, and *his free justification through Christ*, are regarded apart from each other ; but in a great measure also, because man does not like to see the whole human race reduced to one and the same level of prostrate frailty and unrighteousness ;—because the pride of each individual man makes him cherish the idea that there is somewhat of superiority, of exclusiveness, which separates him from the vast herd of the human race ; which makes him in some way or other, more highly gifted, more fraught with privilege than the mass of mankind ;—because that self-pride which will yet allow man to acknowledge deficiencies in righteousness, will not allow him so entirely to divest himself of all merit, as to receive justification through Jesus Christ, solely and purely, as a free gift, totally independent of any title of righteousness on his own part ;—because such a view of christianity places the heathen on a level, as regards righteousness, with the professor of christianity, and equalizes the opposite sects into which professing christians are divided ;—because, man disowns that principle of God’s law, which maintains, that an infraction of the least tittle of that law is the violation of the whole law ;—because, man has established codes of right and wrong for himself, which are at variance with the code of God’s law of righteousness ; and in which acts are classified, and made to partake of various degrees of merit and of guilt, according to a standard and scale conventionally received among men ;—because, man measures his conduct by this human



standard and scale ;—because, he accounts any deficiency, with regard to one species of *right*, as counter-balanced by the due observance of another species of *right* ; thus establishing, as it were, a system of debtor and creditor to his general code of *right*, and drawing up a balance-sheet of his acts, in which his own partial admeasurements will, generally, leave in his favour a surplus of good works."

"In a christian community, every person who is born into that community, is, generally speaking, made a believer in the tenets of christianity by education and habit. This religious belief has been determined and fixed, by his education and habits, independently of any consciousness on his part of his having embraced the creed which he professes as the result of conviction.

"And, whatever be the religious creed professed by any given community ; whether it be any modification of Christianity, or be Judaism, or Mahometanism, or Buddhism ; we find that every individual, without exception, throughout that community, professes, generally speaking, that particular creed ; the children inheriting it from their parents, and transmitting it to their descendants ; all firmly believing in it's tenets, simply because they have from their infancy, been trained in a belief in them.

"Generally speaking then, no man can be held accountable for his belief ; whatever his belief may be, if it be really his belief, he must act rightly in adhering to his creed, so long as he continues to hold it to be true. He who has chanced to be born and educated in a christian community, is a believer in the tenets of the gospel ; and he is so, in a vast proportion of cases, purely, because he has been trained in those tenets ; he holds to his creed because he believes it to be true, and he must act rightly in so doing. But the man who adheres to a different creed, from honest belief in the truth of that creed, is quite on a par, as regards any merit which may be supposed to belong to mere belief, with the man who adheres to the tenets of christianity, solely, because it has been his lot to be born in a christian community. As regards merit or demerit, as connected with belief, both these men must be equally meritless and blameless.



“We see then, that mere religious belief cannot be a subject of merit or demerit. Self-estimation, indeed, makes every man jealous of his own belief, and opposed to those who entertain a creed different from his own. It leads a man to regard his own creed as a thing of his own adoption, as embraced by him from a conviction of its superiority to other creeds; and so regarding it, he assumes merit to himself for his belief, and he looks upon every different creed as an impeachment of his own judgment. Thus, every man clings to his own creed, not only, because he believes it to be true; but, because it is his own. And thus, in religious controversies, it seldom happens that any converts are made, by the arguments which are adduced on either side.

“But we may safely conclude, that the benevolent Creator views the variety of creeds which are established among his creatures with complacency and tenderness. He, who knows what man is, and who, from eternity, contemplated the variety of opinions which would of necessity, as it were, spring up among men, views them not, we may rest assured, with that jealousy and enmity which man, presumptuous man, feels and and fosters, towards those, who hold opinions on religious matters different from his own.

“For, christianity represents the Creator as having from eternity, included all his creatures in a scheme, founded in benevolence and love, and based on their common impotency. It represents all men, as equal in the sight of God; all, on a par as regards merit or demerit; all, as destined to appear ‘guilty before God,’ some in belief, and some in unbelief; with this glorious, this benevolent design, ‘that he might have mercy on all.’”

On their arrival at Richmond, Miss Hume went to her sister's house, leaving Dr. Nicholl, and his little boy at the hotel—Mrs. Dodgson was in very delicate health and Dr. Nicholl full, as ever, of kindness and thought for others, was unremitting in his attention and almost every night, he would quit his fireside after dinner, (an exertion particularly unpleasant to him,) and walk to Mrs. Dodgson's, a distance of more than half a mile, in the intense cold of that severe winter, because he found that his presence and conversation



served to while away the long evening for the invalid. After the lapse of a fortnight, he thus writes to his sister, Mrs. Plumptre.

“Since the weather has been less severe, I have rambled about the neighbourhood in quest of an abode, but none can I find. Small comfortable houses are extremely rare, and we are just as far from having any place to go to, as we were when first we came here, nor have I a notion as to the probable spot on which I may next pitch my tent. Thus am I, as you see, a vagrant on the earth, caring little which way I bend my steps, so long as I can avoid turmoil, and not having any object in view, but the getting through the present day without fresh sorrow. I have been but once into London to pay a morning visit in Russell Square, not feeling any inducement to enter that town, and rarely recollecting that I am so close to it. If I could find a snug cottage at an easy distance from town, so as to admit of Menella’s going to and fro, and the visits of her mother and sisters, I should be satisfied; that is, as satisfied as I can ever expect to be, for I am in all points exactly as I was thirty-five months ago, when my pride, and hopes, and joys, were withered in a moment. Hume is a delightful child certainly, and my only pleasure is being with him, but with him is inseparably connected the idea of his exquisitely delightful mother, and the deep wide void caused by her absence, is ever before me. The account of our dear mother is indeed very comfortable. It is strange that she should find time pass so smoothly and so pleasantly. As soon as I have any settled plan you shall hear; in the mean time, adieu. My kind love and best wishes to your husband, and sweet little girls; I am, as ever, your very affectionate brother,

“WHITLOCK NICHOLL.”

About this time Mrs. Hume was suddenly seized with a severe illness, which left her in a very languid state. Dr. Nicholl was then, in a lodging at Richmond, and as Mrs. Hume was about to leave London for change of air, he persuaded her to go there, that she might be under his eye. She had not long been settled, when



she was again taken most alarmingly ill; all her daughters were assembled round her, and he assisted them to nurse her, with a care and tenderness, equal to their own. His skill, promptly and vigorously exerted, brought her back from the verge of the grave, nor was this all; laying aside every thought of *self*, he forsook the peaceful quiet life to which alone he now looked for comfort, and devoted his whole time to their service, among other acts of kindness, taking entire charge of Mrs. Dodgson's baby, which was very ill, and obliged to be separated from it's mother, in consequence of her delicate state of health. He would nurse the poor infant for hours, and his happiness when it began to recover, and his extreme delight when he found that the little creature seemed to know him, and would turn it's head at the sound of his voice, were most touching to those who knew the sad history of his domestic griefs.

In consequence of Mrs. Hume's continued indisposition, Mr. Hume gave up his house in London, and settled his family at Putney, in Surrey, and soon after, Dr. Nicholl met with a cottage on Wimbledon Common, which exactly suited his wishes. The retirement of his pretty residence, the pleasure of being settled after his long wanderings, the comfort of seeing his boy in good health, and his kind sister happy, in living so near her family, all tended to soothe his mind, and give repose to his wearied spirit. He soon began to interest himself in his poor neighbours, and some cases of sickness which fell under his observation, receiving prompt relief his fame quickly spread among them, and he was resorted to, by all, to whom sickness or sorrow gave a claim on his bounty. His judicious benevolence offered no encouragement to the undeserving, but to the honest and industrious he was a never failing friend.

Those who may read the "Hints, for the Improvement of the Poorer Classes," which will be found in the latter part of this volume, will there see what were his opinions concerning their treatment, and as he scrupulously



practised all that he recommends, will not wonder that his popularity should daily have increased.

In this season of repose, he again turned to his Hebrew manuscript, and made great progress in the work, the title of which, he intended should be:—  
 “מפתח לשונות an Analysis of the Semitic languages, exhibiting the etymological construction of the *Arabic*, *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syriac*, *Ethiopic*, and *Samaritan* tongues, and affording a key to the etymology of language in general.”

He sometimes expressed a hope that he might live to complete it, and was wont to say, that his boy might in after-times be known, as, “the son of that Nicholl, who wrote the Analysis of Hebrew;” it might certainly, be some gratification, to have one’s father’s name thus recorded, as the author of a work of general utility, but the darling child, whose welfare was the dearest wish of that father’s heart, may make a yet prouder and a happier boast, as,

“The son of parents, passed into the skies.”

One of the first letters which Dr. Nicholl wrote after settling in his new abode, was addressed to Mr. Plumptre as follows.

“Wimbledon, June 25.

“I am very sorry my dear brother, that our poor Susanna has suffered so much from the influenza. The remedy which you propose, namely change of air, is of all remedies, the one most likely to remove the consequences of the attack. It would be no bad *move*, were she to come, to fetch your son from Sheen, and to spend the time that now intervenes between the present day, and the commencement of his summer vacation, in the open space and fresh air, afforded by our cottage, where we could find a niche, capable of containing her, and you also. Turn, then, this suggestion in your mind.

“Louisa, and her husband and son, dined here on Saturday, and they were met by your son, who has left us this morning. He has made himself a most acceptable playmate to Hume, during his short visit, which I hope he will hereafter often repeat. He is going to town on Wednesday, for the coronation,



about which the London world is now all in bustle, and preparation, and expectation. I have not been in town for the last fortnight or three weeks, but I hear much of it's hurried state. Here, we are as quiet as you can be, as much in the country, and as entirely out of the influence of the vortex, as though we were a hundred miles out of London, although seven miles only separate us, and glad am I to have so calm a retreat, in which I can repose, while the tumult in the metropolis is going on. We like our cottage very much, and the situation is *by far* the best that I have seen, anywhere round London, and as it is the only house of the kind, that we have seen in all our search, we may consider ourselves fortunate in having lighted upon it. Mrs. Hume enjoys her house at Putney very much, as do all her daughters; we are not three miles from them, and we generally see some of the party every day, so that we have gained much by coming from the Isle of Wight."

He had indeed gained much by this removal, for the chief of his happiness consisted in showing kindness to others, and here, he had abundant opportunity for so doing. To the mother and sisters of his dear Charlotte, especially, whom he regarded quite as his own, he was eager to render every service in his power, and their debt of gratitude to him, seemed almost daily to increase. Although there was but little which they could do, to requite so much kindness, yet the pleasure of their frequent meetings, was in some degree reciprocal, for to them, Dr. Nicholl could speak with more perfect freedom than to almost any other persons of his acquaintance. It had been a great satisfaction to him, when he married, to find that his wife and most of her sisters, entertained, on many subjects, opinions exactly similar to his own: and this accordance of sentiment imparted additional ease to the affectionate intercourse established between them. His spirits began now, in some degree, to revive; and the pleasure of seeing happy faces around him, made him exert himself for the entertainment of his companions. Though no longer able to enjoy the feeling of mirth, he was yet the cause of mirth in others, and his griefs were never obtruded



upon the notice of his friends. To the "cherished few, who, as he says, could understand his feelings, he spoke without restraint, and to them it ever was apparent, that there could be no rest for his spirit, on this side the grave.

That his grief was unsubdued by time, or change, and that no prospect of earthly comfort could render life a pleasurable scene, is shown, in the following letter to his mother.

"Wimbledon, August, 1838.

"Hume has derived much benefit from being here; the garden is a great amusement to him. Every Tuesday brings a gardener, who comes to mow and trim, and Hume calls this, his *grand holiday*. His aunts have given him a noble wheelbarrow, into which he puts the grass and leaves he has raked up, and he says sometimes, 'I must work hard, because I am to be a gardener.' Fear not, my dear mother, as to his intellect being overstrained by tasks. He is quick enough, but no child has less of *book* than he has had, and has.

"I do not think that I have seen any one since I last wrote to you; it rarely occurs to me to think that I am so close to London. I wish I could by force of arms bring you here; you would so much enjoy the freshness, the quiet, the openness of the place. Our little drawing-room opening at one side into our little garden, and on the other upon the common, where sheep and cattle, and cricketers, with here and there a walker, chequer the scene.

"I was not aware of the existence of this place. I wish deeply that I had known there was so favoured a spot, within seven miles of London. But these wishes are vain, and I have found it out, too late for all, but my child. Had I not been bereft of the faculty of *enjoyment*, I should much delight in this spot;—as it is, I exist here quietly."

As the year advanced, Dr Nicholl became more acquainted with the humble community in which he resided. It was his practice, when walking with his little boy, upon the common, to enter into conversation with the labourers whom he might encounter, or the



tradespeople who served him, and who, delighted with the urbanity of his manners, and grateful for his ready interest in their concerns, would watch for him as he passed, eager to engage his attention. As his knowledge of them increased, he began to form plans for their improvement, into which they readily entered. Finding that many of them were fond of music, and had practised it successfully, he encouraged them to persevere, promised to hire a room, where their concerts might be held, to engage some among them to instruct the younger members of their body, and to give them an occasional meeting, and a supper, at his expense. He also proposed to them the establishment of a book club, offering not only to become a subscriber, but to select their books for them, and make them a present of some as a commencement. He was aided in his schemes by the poor-law guardian of the place, a sensible and intelligent man, who was most grateful to him, for his advice and encouragement. These projects met with the eager concurrence of those, for whose benefit they were framed, and Dr. Nicholl, always full of energy when serving others, exerted himself actively in arranging and completing them. But this valuable life was now drawing to a close, and he was not destined to accomplish his wishes. Mortal disease had attacked his frame, and was slowly but surely working for the release of his fettered spirit. No symptoms of this appeared, till within a few days of his death, when a slight indisposition attacked him, which however seemed to pass away, and on the morning of Sunday the 2nd of December, he was in his usual health. At the close of that day, he was suddenly seized with violent internal pain; all the remedies which he could himself suggest failed to produce the slightest abatement of his sufferings, and a medical man was summoned at Miss Hume's earnest entreaty, who remained with him throughout the night, but whose efforts were equally vain. Towards morning, his agony was in some degree mitigated by the use of a hot bath, but he was scarcely replaced in his bed, when



it returned, with even increased force, and he continued thus, with hardly an interval of ease, until six o'clock in the evening, when his cares and sorrows were ended, and he entered upon his reward.

The friends of such a man, even those who knew how long he had pined in spirit, "desiring to depart, and be with Christ," may be pardoned, if in the first bitterness of grief, they would fain have stayed the hand, extended to strike; but in watching the mortal struggle, with that deep and thrilling interest, which the last hours of a christian must always possess for those who witness the final contest between the body and the soul, they could find "joy and peace in believing" that the victory of his spirit was at length complete,—through Christ.

He died, as he had lived, full of faith and love, and the few words which he spoke, in the intervals of his agony, testified his readiness to meet that hour, for which his whole life had been a continued preparation. At the commencement of the attack, he said, "I am sick unto death;" and when Miss Hume took his little boy to wish him "good-night," he kissed him fondly, and as if foreseeing that it was for the last time, laid both hands upon his head, saying with deep earnestness: "God bless thee, my child, with His choicest blessings!" He did not afterwards see him; his sufferings were too dreadful to be witnessed by one of tender age, and these continued almost without intermission. Throughout this terrible trial not a murmur escaped him, though he often prayed for a speedier release. When Miss Hume told him that he was sinking, he seemed at first surprised, saying; "Ah, is it so!" but immediately added, "I am willing to die; living or dying, we are in the hands of a merciful Father." After this he spoke but little, save to express his entire trust in God, and his readiness to depart; his last words were, "I am willing, *quite willing*."

Grief and consternation were spread throughout the village of Wimbledon by the news of his decease, and the inhabitants might be seen assembling together,



lamenting, even with tears, the loss of their friend and benefactor. Some of his neighbours entreated permission to attend the funeral, that they might bear his body to the grave, and before many days had passed, the tradespeople published a testimonial of his merits, expressing with touching simplicity, their grateful sense of his kindness. This received the signatures of nearly a hundred persons, many of the poor, who were unable to write, begging to put *their mark*, that they too might pay their humble tribute of gratitude to his memory.

The family and friends of Dr. Nicholl, to whom this brief record of his virtuous and useful life is addressed, need not to be told *how deeply* he was lamented. They too, have mourned over his grave,—they too, have deplored the extinction of a life, devoted to the good of others,—they too, have sustained a loss never to be repaired, and the voice of grief which speaks in these pages, will find an echo in every heart that loved him.

The “good mother,” who is always thus affectionately mentioned in his letters, did not long survive him; he was, as she expressed it, “the comfort and support of her old age,” and though she endured this new trial with the same fortitude which had borne her through her many sorrows, it proved her death-blow. She never seemed the same afterwards, and ere many months had passed away, she too was at rest.

The letters written by Dr. Nicholl’s friends, on the occasion of his death, all express the same sentiments of warm admiration, and fond regret; and some of them are too valuable to be altogether omitted. One friend, who had known him intimately for twenty years, thus speaks of him.

“Our acquaintance began by his attending me as a medical man, and can I ever forget with what attention and kindness I was often nursed in his house, and how many of my most happy days were passed there!—From Dr. Nicholl I learnt much; his was indeed a superior mind; I can conceive nothing more upright in thought, word, or deed; all sprung from his feeling himself an accountable being. Few ever studied or knew



the Holy Bible, both old and new Testament, as he did, and he acted *upon*, and *up to*, the christian duties there pointed out. His religion was free from parade or cant; it was that religion of the heart, which I conceive to be most acceptable to the Deity, and I firmly believe he never swerved from what he felt and thought to be right. He trusted alone in the merits and mediation of his Saviour, and the firm and humble hope of a future and better state, where he felt most strongly he should rejoin those, to whom he was devoted on earth, soothed and supported him under very severe trials.

“I never saw or knew any man so devoted to domestic life; it was all in all to him, and alone, he was miserable. From the tone of his letters to me after the death of his first wife, (my most dear friend) I saw this, and I strongly urged him to marry again. It had been too my dear friend’s earnest wish, for she knew what he would suffer without a companion.

“The loss of his second wife he never recovered, yet, in the midst of his affliction, he forgot not from whose high behest it came; he bowed submissively, but the heart and spirit were broken, and he looked to his earthly release with feelings that all might envy. He did not however forget the duties of humanity; he fed the hungry, he clothed the naked, he visited the sick, and only lived, I believe, to do good.\*

“In his profession, his judgment and ability were far above the common run, but, as I always told him, he was too honest for it. Kind and liberal to a fault, and to his own injury, for many could not understand it, and again, as I know well, too many took advantage of it; but he was not the less anxious to render what good he could.

“His mind and time were always occupied; he never had any advantages in education, but spared no pains

\* The last act in which he was engaged, was one of benevolence. On the day that he was taken ill, and but a few hours before the pain attacked him, he went through a storm of wind and rain, to see a poor woman. As he had been indisposed for several days, Miss Hume tried to dissuade him from going in such weather, but he persisted, saying: “No, no; I should not like to have it said to me, ‘I was sick, and ye visited me not.’”



to educate himself, and, through his own exertions, blessed with a good understanding, and a persevering mind, he became what he was, under God's blessing, and those who *did know* him, fully appreciated his talents. He was entirely above all subterfuge, all meanness, and littleness of mind, upright in all his dealings, pure in heart; can I mourn that he is taken to that rest for which he pined? \* For myself I *do* mourn, for I can never meet such another friend; but he is, I feel, among the blessed, where all cares cease, re-united I trust, with those most dear to him on earth. He was worthy to live, and fit to die."

The following letter from Mr. Farady to Miss Hume, which is inserted by his permission, shews the opinion entertained of Dr. Nicholl, by one, who, himself of superior abilities, was able to estimate to their full value, the talents and acquirements of his friend. After speaking of some of Dr. Nicholl's writings, he proceeds:

"I believe there are very few of a philosophical nature. This has often surprised me, for his mind was very active amongst such subjects, and frequently when he has come in, whilst I have been experimenting, the quickness with which he has caught and canvassed the idea under investigation, has struck me, and made me wish again, and again, that he would turn experimenter. So correctly did he catch my thoughts and views, that I have often gone to him, as the combined philosopher and scholar, for new words, and several that are now current in electrical science, we owe to him.

"Again, in medical cases, his penetration and judgment often surprised me. I was personally much indebted to him in the matter of health, and so were many of my friends, and when he had occasion to attend us, his attention and kindness were never weary. But, besides that, he appeared to have such a

\* His ardent desire to be released from life, was, in spite of his humble resignation, constantly evinced. Only a few days before he died, his sister, coming in from the village, told him of the death of a poor idiot dwarf, called Polly, whom they had often seen, and pitied. "What, poor Polly gone?" said he; then, after a pause; "*Happy Polly! who would not change with Polly now?*"



clear perception of the nature of the derangement of the system and to pass so well from the mere symptoms, to the true cause of the derangement, and after that, to apply the needful remedies so well, and so quickly, that, though unable to judge of these matters, except from experience, I certainly always considered him as a most philosophic, and yet, a most practical, and safe physician.

"All here who knew him, remember, and will continue to remember him; all regret his loss. I never knew a man, who so quickly, and so generally, left pleasant impressions on the minds of those who came into his company:—and then, that we should be so suddenly struck with the news of his death, when we were in a manner, waiting for his re-appearance amongst us!

"I owe very much to the kindness of those, who are, or have been around me in life, but in the remembrance of them, Dr. Nicholl's character stands very separate, and independent, and I think will ever do so. I can wish nothing better to his boy, than, that in all these respects, he may prove like his father.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear madam, your's very faithfully,

"M. FARADAY."

"Royal Institution.

"Jan. 23, 1839."

One other letter must be given, as a touching proof of the affection with which Dr. Nicholl was regarded by his humbler friends. It is from a poor village school-master, at Cowes, who, self-educated, and possessing a mind superior to his station in life, had derived benefit, as well as pleasure, from Dr. Nicholl's conversation, and had in other ways, received much kindness from him.

"TO MISS HUME.

"East Cowes, Dec. 8, 1838.

"Madam,

"With deep sorrow I heard (by Miss Chapman) of the death of my *dear friend*, your brother. O, that I could have flew to



his relief! But it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good, yet, it seems hard to kiss the rod. I sincerely hope not to distress your feelings, but in fullness of heart, I wish to sympathize with you in this trying hour. I most humbly pray that Almighty God will bless you with health to see his dear son equal to his affectionate father, and that will be living next door to heaven.

"I have put a piece of crape on my hat, to wear every day in strict obedience to the dictates of the grateful heart of one that mourns for his *friend*. I most humbly ask forgiveness for thus obtruding on you, and may the God of heaven bless you both, and the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit be with you always, is the hearty prayer, of, madam,

"Your sorrowful, and very humble servant,

"ROBERT SNELLING."

Many similar instances might be given, of gratitude on the part of those whom he had obliged, which prove (as he was wont to say,) how much of kindly feeling may be found among the lower orders, if we will only take the trouble to elicit it. When it was known in the village that Dr. Nicholl was ill, many of the inhabitants called on Miss Hume, offering every assistance in their power; and those, whose services could be accepted, seemed quite grateful for the distinction, and refused all payment, some of them declaring, "they had always said, that Dr. Nicholl was a gentleman, whom they would serve by day or by night, and they were too happy in being able to make good their word." These were, generally speaking, persons who owed him no particular obligation, but whose good-will had been won by Dr. Nicholl's courteous manners, and universal kindness. The benevolence of his heart did indeed extend to all, and *charity* in it's most comprehensive sense, directed his every thought, word, and action.

Dr. Nicholl has been blamed by some persons, for "retiring from the world;" "relinquishing his profession;" "throwing away his talents," &c. But was this censure just? While he fulfilled his duties



in every relation of life, did he injure the *world* by withdrawing from *society*?—While he devoted his leisure to the indigent, visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, instructing the ignorant, was his time mispent?—Because he no longer sought practise for the sake of emolument, but bestowed his skill on the poor and needy, giving to those who could not give again, were his talents wasted?—Surely not in the eye of God, to whom the distinctions of rich and poor are as nothing, and who hath said; “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

Little now remains to be added. Dr. Nicholl had requested to be interred “in the same grave with his two excellent and dear wives, and his only daughter;” and there was his body laid. The friends whom he has left behind, must mourn, while yet on earth, that such a spirit has departed from among them, and to mortal perceptions, the fate which embittered his latter years, may seem a hard one. But let us not think of him, as he *was*, crushed by a weight of sorrow, or writhing in agony on his death-bed. Let us rather think of him, as we hope through Christ, he *is*;—divested of the body, which entailed on him so much suffering;—united to those, whom he ceased not to deplore;—with them reposing, in perfect joy, and love, and peace, in the paradise of God; where “the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”







THOUGHTS

IN

R H Y M E,

&c.







## THOUGHTS IN RHYME.

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Lo, in the west the crimson beam expires,  
And night's grey mists float lightly o'er the scene,  
While heav'n's bright gems put forth their twinkling  
fires,  
And mildly beams pale Even's modest queen,  
Advancing slowly in her silver sheen,  
Emblem of peace, of innocence, of love,  
O'er the wild mountain and enamell'd green,  
Shedding her gentle lustre from above,  
And cheering with her smile the bosom of the grove.

O how delightful at this tranquil hour  
To rove unseen, unheeded through the vale,  
To rest awhile in Contemplation's bow'r,  
To catch the whisper of the murmuring gale,  
Or the soft plaint of Philomela's tale,  
The bubbling eddy of the rippling rill,  
The screech-owl's piercing solitary wail,  
The sheep-bell tinkling on the distant hill,  
When every thing beside is sweetly hush'd and still.

No jarring discord of the noisy world  
Invades the silence of this lone retreat,  
But Peace all-smiling with her flag unfurl'd  
Waves the white streamer o'er my happy seat,  
And bids my bosom's tenant calmly beat,  
While memory leads my fancy through each maze,  
Retracing all the wanderings of my feet  
Through every winding of life's various ways,  
In lands far distant hence, in long-forgotten days.

Arise, ye spirits of departed years,  
Spread forth in long array your motley train,



Moments of pleasure sprinkled o'er with tears,  
And hours of peace, with many an hour of pain,  
Wake to my musing fancy once again!  
Where are those years when childhood lisp'd its tale,  
And reason shed her dawns o'er the brain,  
When Truth with cautious hand first raised her veil,  
When rapture trimm'd the bark, and laughter swell'd  
the sail?

Where are they now? E'en like a distant dream  
Wrapt in oblivion's murky mist they lie,  
Or like a phantom of the night they seem,  
Through dreary darkness gliding swiftly by,  
Cheating with rapid glance pale Fancy's eye.  
Those days will wake no more; I know them not,  
Albeit once I saw them gladly fly:  
For now they are but as a faded blot  
In life's neglected page unheeded and forgot.

And where art thou who o'er my infant frame  
With blessings on my lips so fondly hung,  
Delighted to receive some new wrought name  
From the first efforts of my mimic tongue?  
My father! thou from whom my being sprung,  
Though memory hath not kept one trace of thee  
Yet to thy name my heart hath closely clung  
Through all the tumults of life's boist'rous sea,  
And ever hath that name a safeguard been to me.

Like the tall beacon, whose aspiring keep  
Flings its bright radiance o'er the troubled wave,  
Brightening the horrors of the rocky deep  
To warn the sailor from a watery grave;  
So thy bright name a ray of sunshine gave  
To steer my little vessel through the tide  
And bade it all the storms of sorrow brave,  
Guiding its steady course o'er ocean wide,  
In haven all-serene of happy peace to ride.

Yes; though thy soul was summon'd to its rest,  
Ere yet I knew the anguish of that blow,  
Save when fast-clinging to my mother's breast,



I started at the sigh that heav'd so low,  
And caught upon my cheek the tear of woe  
That stole in silence from her drooping eye,  
Thy virtues did a sure defence bestow,  
They brought a blessing from that Pow'r on high,  
Who soothes the widow's grief, and stills the orphan's  
cry.

Yes, holy minstrel, thou hast truly said  
That God will ne'er forsake the good man's seed,  
That these shall ne'er be left to beg their bread,  
Nor be neglected in their hour of need;  
For his kind Providence hath deign'd to lead  
My fault'ring footsteps by his mighty arm,  
And, spite of every frailty and misdeed,  
Hath shielded me secure from every harm,  
Subduing ev'ry ill, and quelling each alarm.

Oft, O my father, when the world hath frown'd,  
When nought but doubt and darkness seem'd my  
doom,  
When in despair I wildly look'd around,  
And saw my hopes all buried in thy tomb,  
The thought of thee would dissipate the gloom  
And light anew the dazzling torch of hope,  
Would make the flow'rets of the desert bloom,  
And bring the joys of earth within my scope,  
When, like a pilgrim blind, I scarcely dared to grope.

Shall I forget thee then? No, while I live  
Still let my soul thy hallowed name revere,  
And pay to thee, 'tis all that I can give,  
The heart's best tribute, warm affection's tear;  
O, be the thought of thee for ever dear!  
And when that heart is mingled with the dust,  
When all it's hopes and doubts are ended here,  
May that same Providence, in whom I trust,  
My spirit place by thine, in mansions of the just.

And thou, my mother! who hast drank so deep  
The bitter dregs that stain the cup of life,  
For many a season doom'd unblest to weep,



The hapless victim of affliction's strife ;  
Say ! when thy keenest sorrows were most rife,  
Did'st thou not even then rejoice to think  
That thou had'st been a good man's happy wife,  
Though death had snap't in twain the tender link  
And left thy widow'd heart on grief's extremest brink ?

Did'st thou not own that, better, dearer far  
The simple legacy of virtuous name  
Than all the proudest, richest gifts that are,  
Which heirs of glory or of rank may claim ?  
The blessing from those dying lips that came  
To us hath been a heritage more sure,  
A prize more bright than all that wealth or fame,  
Or talent, or high birth could e'er procure  
A firm, a sure bequest which ever will endure.

For ah, the time hath been when woe and want  
Conspired together to subdue thy mind ;  
But thou didst still maintain a placid front,  
Peaceful though sad, and hoping though resign'd ;  
Joy came at length thine ev'ry wound to bind,  
And fortune beam'd with cheering look once more,  
Thy children prosper'd and thyself did find  
That there were blessings for thy soul in store,  
That soul which in distress could suffer and adore.

Thou heav'n-born blessing ! that dost shed thy balm  
O'er hearts which but for thee would cease to throb,  
Whose potent influence can each anguish calm,  
Lull every pang and stifle every sob,  
Whose power can check the passions' furious mob,  
And tune to hope the accents of despair ;  
How merciless is he who tries to rob  
Man's anxious bosom of a gem so rare,  
To steal the light of life, and leave all darkness there !

Religion ! it is thee that I address :  
What else but thou could be what I have trac'd ;  
What else but thou can silence all distress,  
Can make the heart's deep sorrows be effac'd,  
And bid the wretched consolation taste ;



Can cheer the weary pilgrim on his road,  
And guide his footsteps o'er the dismal waste,  
And as he wanders ease him of his load,  
And point the way to rest, and peace's blest abode.

Rear thy bright banner mid the storms of fate,  
And plant it's standard o'er the wreck of time ;  
Teach haughty man with tinsel joys elate  
To turn his vision to thy height sublime,  
Whence Faith describes a vaster, nobler clime,  
Where boundless glory pours a flood of light,  
And joys that mock the puny flights of rhyme  
From springs eternal burst upon the sight,  
Till wonder is absorb'd and lost in scene so bright.

Yet as he journies through this chequer'd vale,  
While all thy prospects claim his earnest eye,  
Let not the shades of gloom his soul assail  
To prompt the constant tear and mournful sigh ;  
But rather let thy steady light supply  
A ray of peace to gladden earthly things,  
And as the moments rapidly pass by,  
To give a lustre to their fleeting wings,  
To draw their honey forth and rob them of their stings.

Behold sweet Nature's face ! Can sadness dwell  
In charms so perfect or mid tints so fair ?  
The holy breath from lips divine that fell,  
Lives in each look, in ev'ry feature there,  
What ease, what loveliness in ev'ry air.  
In all her smiles what rapture and delight,  
Each tone she breathes a melody most rare  
Whose cheerful accents ev'ry heart invite  
In one harmonious strain of gladness to unite.

And shall she call in vain ? While all that breathes  
Joins the glad shout of revelry and praise.  
Shall man alone for whom she twines her wreaths,  
For whose delight her bounties she displays,  
Shall man refuse the voice of joy to raise,  
Nor lend one note to swell the general song ?  
In sullen sadness shall he pass his days,



Such glorious scenes of happiness among,  
And Terror scare his path as pale he moves along?

Why should he weep? What though thro' realms so  
glad

His path way lead but to that silent bourn  
Where the dark cypress and the yew-tree sad,  
Wave their mute boughs in solitude forlorn?  
There is the spot where many a pilgrim worn  
Hath laid his burden down beneath the shade,  
Where many an aching heart hath ceas'd to mourn,  
And breasts so long the sport of passions made,  
Lie mould'ring into dust beneath the verdant blade.

Is this a cause of sorrow, that his way  
How beautiful soe'er must shortly close?  
What though the blossom bloom but for a day,  
Doth he refuse the fragrance of the rose,  
And scorn the flow'r that with such transport glows?  
Because Religion points to future joys  
Must he disdain all bliss and cleave to woes,  
Nor stoop to trifle with those glittering toys  
Which ev'ry where abound, which time so soon destroys?

No! as he hastens onward to that goal  
Where all that dazzles now must cease to be,  
Let joy and gratitude inspire his soul  
Such blessings scatter'd o'er his path to see;  
And as in warmest praise he bends the knee  
How cheering is the thought that when his feet  
Have done their task, when earthly things shall flee  
And ev'ry anxious pulse shall cease to beat,  
That joy may still be his in love's unclouded seat.

There shall his spirit feed on endless bliss,  
And still have fresh delight; there many a friend  
On whose cold lips he pressed the parting kiss  
As if to meet no more, with him shall blend  
In sweetest intercourse, and pleasure lend  
E'en unto paradise; for what more dear  
To earthly mind at least, than to unbend



Each wish, each thought to friendship's sacred ear,  
To open all the soul without restraint or fear?

Ah friendship! dreary were the road of life  
But for thy presence; cold would be the heart,  
And snapt in twain by many a passion's strife  
Did not thy magic voice a joy impart  
To still its murmurs and to ease its smart;  
A smile from thee can bid the soul revive,  
And pluck from memory the rankling dart,  
From the rack'd bosom all its cares can drive,  
Can fan the flame of love and keep its fire alive.

To live at rest—to cherish meek content;  
Calmly to glide life's ebbing tide along;  
To take with thankfulness each comfort lent;  
To think no evil; and to do no wrong;  
To be the friend of those we dwell among;  
To cultivate the fruits of love and peace;  
To prize the quiet blessings that belong  
To truth and innocence; joys that increase  
Delighting more and more with charms that never cease.

These are the things where guilt hath left no leav'n,  
Which make man blest and teach him how to bless;  
These fit the soul to taste the peace of heav'n,  
And give an earnest of its happiness;  
Cloth'd in the chastest garb of virtue's dress  
They bring a blessing on the heart they feed,  
And, while each baser passion they repress,  
They rid the mind of ev'ry noxious weed,  
And breathe the voice of hope, and make us blest indeed.

Man from the dawn of childhood to the grave  
Hath but one common aim;—as the wild sea  
Whose waters press in many an anxious wave  
To reach the self-same harbour, there to be  
All tranquil and unruffled; so doth he  
With restless bosom urge his toilsome way  
The angry tempests of the world to flee,  
And safely sheltered in some placid bay  
To heal and to forget the sorrows of his day.



Why doth the infant for a feather weep?  
Why doth the boy for hours of pastime sigh?  
Why doth the youth deny his eyelids sleep?  
Why doth the man for wealth and honour try?  
All grasp at something which they hope will buy  
More perfect bliss. The infant at the breast,  
The boy, the youth, the man, all fix the eye  
With sanguine hope on something unpossess'd,  
And weep, and sigh, and wake, and labour, to be blest.

Blest? What is that? A word which all men use,  
Which few can well define; a sound which charms  
The ears and hearts of all; which man pursues  
With unabated vigour, and which warms  
With dream of distant good, though to our arms  
That which we loudly crave be still denied:  
Spite of all present ills or pending harms  
We talk of being blest; though foul the tide  
It's waters may be bright when all its dregs subside.

Thus expectation cheers the drooping soul,  
And whispers gaudy tales; thus clad with smiles  
Hope lights her taper on the distant goal  
And sweetly beckons; with delusive smiles  
The sorrows of the journey she beguiles,  
Laughing at all the traveller's sad tears,  
Who counts with heavy heart his weary miles,  
Chiding she bids him check his coward fears,  
And patiently endure till happiness appears.

Where doth she linger? Why like maiden coy  
Shuns she the warm pursuit, and veils her face  
From those who woo so fondly for the joy  
Of calling her their own? Say, who shall trace  
The secret windings of her hiding place;  
Where the heart's anguish and the pang of grief  
Shall be forgotten in her warm embrace,  
Where calm repose may yield the soul relief,  
And make the labours past appear but slight and brief.

Dost thou seek happiness? Behold yon shrine  
Deep in the covert of the peaceful glen,



Where myrtle-boughs their flow'ry limbs entwine,  
To skreen the spot from view of busy men;  
Fix on the sacred fane thy steadfast ken,  
For there she dwells; there love and friendship meet  
In close alliance ne'er to part again;  
'Tis wedlock's shrine, and hallow'd be the seat,  
Where pleasures ever bloom, which time can ne'er defeat.

O, I have touch'd a chord whose trembling nerve  
Thrills through my breast and wakens many a tone,  
Which slumber'd there; long may my heart preserve  
Such music in its strings, for that alone  
Though ev'ry other joy on earth had flown  
Would yet delight. Speak out ye quiv'ring threads  
And tell your happy tale; say ye have known  
Accents as sweet as angel-minstrel sheds  
When o'er his harp divine the voice of peace he spreads.

Yes, ye have sounded to the purest strains  
That warm affection ever pour'd on earth;  
For she who in my bosom mistress reigns  
Strung ev'ry fibre and call'd forth its mirth,  
And gave to all the melody its worth;  
Each secret pulse was faithful to her call,  
And as she gave the soft emotions birth  
How did each feeling glory in its thrall  
That gave them all their force, yet held them captive all.

When the young plant first rears its tender head  
Crown'd with the gem of morning bright and cold,  
Faint as it rises o'er its parent bed  
Ere yet its buds their secrets have unroll'd,  
How chaste its form and lovely to behold;  
Around its bosom laughing zephyrs play,  
While its weak veins from vessels tipp'd with gold  
Drink the warm nectar of the summer ray  
Which wakes its sleeping charms and calls them into  
day.

Then the thick boughs their mazy shadows weave,  
The crowding leaves their balmy drops distill,  
From ev'ry branch burst forth with gentle heave



Gay clust'ring flowers which with unceasing rill  
Pour forth a tide of sweets, whose odours fill  
The lazy pinions of the evening gale,  
Which lightly floating down the heathy hill  
Spreads the mild fragrance thro' the winding dale,  
And through the forest rude prolongs its murmuring  
tale.

Such was my love; when first within my breast  
It fixed its twining root, 'twas weak though fair;  
Bright was the bud, but ah! I little guess'd  
How firmly and how deep 'twas planted there;  
Virtue protected it with fondest care,  
And all the warmth that feeling could impart  
Nurtur'd its rapid growth; each charm most rare  
Sprung from its tendrils which around my heart  
Wove their entangled web with more than magic art.

Dearest of women! It was thou who plac'd  
The tender seedling there; thy fostering hand  
Call'd forth its blossoms in a dreary waste,  
And made an Eden of a barren land;  
The stems put forth their fruits at thy command,  
While thy fond smile its ready sunshine lent  
To gild them with delight; thy waving wand  
Imparted life and joy where'er it went,  
And through my glowing breast a thrill of transport  
sent.

Athwart the desert when the slanting ray  
Casts its broad gleam to chase the fiends of night,  
How cheering is the promise of the day  
That lingers yet behind those fields of light;  
So cheering was the promise, and so bright,  
Which Hymen gave, when in his silken chain  
He linked our hearts and hands with solemn rite,  
And spoke of pleasures in his future reign  
Unsullied with a tear, and unalloy'd by pain.

But though the waking smile of morn be sweet,  
Yet when she journeys forth on golden wing,  
And from the bright meridian darts her heat,



What glow, what lustre do her tresses fling—  
Thus warm, my Marg'ret, are the joys that spring  
From wedlock's mellow day, when fondness throws  
A brighter beam than infant love can bring;  
A beam that ev'ry blessing can disclose,  
And banish from the soul a host of gloomy foes.

The weary day adown the streaky sky  
Sinks with slow step, and tho' her soft adieu  
Be mingled with the Zephyr's chilling sigh;  
Tho' her retiring rays be faint and few,  
They shed a light of such enchanting hue,  
That when we view her fading in the west,  
We deem her lovelier than when she threw  
Her vivid beams in warm effulgence drest,  
So tender are her looks, so tranquil is her rest.

And thus, when calmly gliding down the slope,  
Whose limit is the grave, tho' faintly glow  
Life's flutt'ring taper, yet the smile of Hope  
O'er our horizon her mild beam shall throw,  
To light our feeble footsteps as we go,  
Making us bless the evening of our days,  
When tho' the pulse of joy may feebler grow,  
Yet peace shall scatter round her placid rays,  
More lovely in their tint than pleasure's gaudier blaze.

Ee'n now—tho' o'er our heads years of delight  
Have wing'd their rapid way, yet when we trace  
The vivid train of bliss that marks their flight,  
How shall we blame the swiftness of their pace?  
Since as each moment joins the eager race  
Of envious Time, fresh pleasures deck the scene,  
And happiness appears with brighter face,  
While memory looks back at what hath been,  
And with her past delights makes present joys more  
keen.

Whether with thee I climb the mountain's side  
Whose winding path o'erhangs the silver Teme,  
Where the tall turrets in their mould'ring pride  
Frown o'er their dusky image in the stream;



Or ramble mid those halls where Milton's dream  
Led laughing Comus forth,—where Butler's wit  
Arm'd with keen satire's edge, his poignant theme ;  
Or underneath those classic ruins sit  
Where the long rows of elm their leafy meshes knit :

Or whether calmly seated in our home  
We open ev'ry secret of the breast ;—  
Where'er we linger or where'er we roam,  
Peace is our inmate, and content our guest ;  
For why ? Because thy presence gives a zest  
To ev'ry dwelling and to ev'ry scene,  
And ever makes me deem that spot the best  
Which thou dost gladden with thy look serene ;  
Such is it's sweetness now—such has it ever been.

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### ON THE NEW YEAR.

(1810.)

The peal of mirth is floating round,  
It greets the coming year,  
Alas, methinks the heavy sound  
Should prompt the mournful tear.

'Tis true the clang of trembling bell  
May hail a new year's birth ;  
But ah, it sounds the old year's knell,  
And checks the flow of mirth.

What though we o'er the infant bend  
And greet him with a smile ;  
We weep for that departed friend  
Who crowns the funeral pile.

The child may live, may be our pride,  
May also be our pain ;  
We know the worth of him who died,  
He ne'er shall please again.



The year whose months have roll'd away  
Hath brought us many a joy ;  
Of the new year, an early day  
May all our bliss destroy.

What tho' the days so quickly flown  
Were sometimes overcast,  
Still as our hearts will gladly own,  
They brought us peace at last.

Tho' the past year hath many a breast  
Of many a friend bereft,  
We cling the closer to the rest,  
Whom Providence hath left.

But who can lift the curtain up  
That skreens the coming days ?  
Or tell what sorrows in our cup,  
*That* Providence may raise ?

The year which doth but now begin  
May wake a host of woes ;  
And those who hail it's entrance in,  
May never see it's close.

Departing year—I heave a sigh  
To bid thy course adieu ;  
And if a tear bedews my eye,  
It starts to greet the new.

I heave a sigh to think on bliss  
Which long hath cheered my heart ;  
I drop a tear to think that this  
May speedily depart.

But 'tis not meet to picture grief  
Which never may arise ;  
O let us then, since life is brief,  
Our present blessings prize.

True Christianity, in short,  
Consists of joy and peace ;



And virtue, of the purest sort,  
Must every joy increase.

And happen whatsoever will,  
Howe'er it look like woe,  
We learn that Heav'n sends no ill,  
Although we think it so.

Resting on Providence's pow'r,  
We ne'er shall be perplex'd;  
So let us prize the present hour,  
Still trusting for the next.

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### TO HIS WIFE.

(JULY 1812.)

Time may turn thy ringlets grey,  
Time shall steal thy bloom away,  
Time, my Margaret, may efface  
Charms, I now so fondly trace;  
Yet, dearest object of my love,  
Time shall thy brighter charms improve,  
And make the beauties of thy mind,  
Each year more lovely, more refined.

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### TO HIS WIFE,

WITH AN ALMANACK.

Peggy, I give this book to thee,  
To guide thee through the year,  
Useless were such a guide to me  
When thou, my love, art near.

For shall I search the Almanack  
For days of merriment,  
For days of Red, and days of Black;  
No—that were time mis-spent.



Is not each day, a day of joy ;  
Yes—that my heart can prove :  
A day of bliss, without alloy,  
A festival of love.

Spring comes with all her smiling train,  
And wakes the infant year,  
Bursts rigid Winter's frozen chain,  
And bids new joys appear.

'Twas thus in Virtue's charms attired,  
My Margaret appeared ;  
Brought happiness so long desired,  
And every prospect cheered.

Now Phœbus darts a warmer ray—  
A ray of vivid hue ;  
Thus glows my love, like Summer's day,  
As bright, as fervid too.

And now succeeds the mellow morn,  
When plenty cheers the swain ;  
And Autumn from her copious horn  
Pours forth each fruit and grain.

Thus love with never ceasing flow  
Pours forth it's joys for me ;  
The heart's content, the bosom's glow,  
And sweet tranquillity.

Now is the pride of Autumn past,  
And Winter claims the hour ;  
All nature shivers in the blast,  
And shrinks beneath it's power.

Unsullied as the snows that came,  
In fleeces from above ;  
So spotless is my Peggy's fame,  
So pure her Whitlock's love.

'Tis thus, my love, as seasons roll,  
They still shall find me blest ;  
The thought of thee shall fill my soul,  
And lull each care to rest.



(JANUARY 22, 1815.)

Beauty may charm, and youth may please,  
But these shall pass like Summer's breeze;  
The bloom of beauty shall be o'er,  
The form shall boast it's youth no more,  
The lover sees the breaking spell,  
And wonders how he loved so well.

While Virtue, that in youthful hour  
Exerted it's resistless power,  
Shall with increasing years improve,  
And mend the heart it melts to love;  
The lover owns the spell not brittle.  
But wonders how he loved so little.

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### ON A GOLD CHAIN,

TO WHICH A HEART WAS SUSPENDED.

Though hard the simile to explain,  
Methinks, my love, I'm like thy chain;  
In the first place that chain, like me,  
Hangs round thy neck, embracing thee,  
That chain, like me, performs it's part,  
For Peggy, it supports thy heart;  
It's links are many, strong, and pure,  
A thousand links my heart secure—  
Links pure, and lasting form'd by love,  
And rivetted by God above.

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Peggy I took thee, fondly took thee,  
For better, and for worse,  
When sickness came, and health forsook thee,  
Thy Whitlock was thy nurse.



He called thy bloom, thy cheek to brighten,  
Called lustre to thine eye—  
Call'd forth the smile, his heart to lighten  
And check'd, thy bosom's sigh.

Thy Nurse, thy Friend, thy Mate, thy Lover,  
He still shall hang o'er thee,  
With smiles, and fondness o'er thee hover,  
Till time shall cease to be.

For ah, his soul, with thine united  
Shall in the realms above,  
Renew the vows it often plighted,  
And live, in endless love.

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True, dearest Margaret, Spring has charms,  
And true it is that Summer warms,  
And Autumn's fruits are sweet ;  
Yet when the joys of Spring are flown,  
And Autumn's golden triumphs gone,  
And past the Summer's heat :

When Winter holds its icy reign,  
And desolation marks the plain,  
No trace of verdure left ;  
When Nature bound in stubborn frost,  
Mourns all her former beauties lost,  
Of every charm hereft ;

Rude tho' his mien, tho' hoarse his voice,  
Still winter bids mankind rejoice,  
And gladdens all the earth ;  
Guards Nature's store with fost'ring care,  
And bids the barren world prepare,  
To spring to second birth.

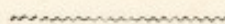
Thus, when the spring of life, is o'er  
And Summer's roses bloom no more,  
Life's day no longer warm ;



When past is Autumn's mellow day,  
And wintry age, with tresses grey,  
Shall seize upon thy form :

Still, still shalt thou possess the power  
To charm, to life's remotest hour,  
With every virtue fraught ;  
Shall bid each rising murmur cease,  
And softly, kindly whispering peace  
Shall purify each thought.

Still be my comfort, and my love,  
By sovereign pity from above,  
To me, in mercy given ;  
Each struggling passion to controul,  
From earthly views, to wean my soul,  
And point the way to heaven.



When captive Nature bound in icy chain,  
Marks rugged Winter's desolating reign ;  
When all creation seems alike to mourn,  
And all around is dreary and forlorn ;

How sweet to turn from prospects such as this,  
To brightest picture of domestic bliss !  
Such bliss is mine—such, Peggy, is thy power  
To cheer my soul, in Winter's saddest hour.

When snows descend, and furious howls the storm,  
Thy look shall gladden, and thy presence warm ;  
When vapours lend the darkness of the tomb,  
Thy cheek shall smile, and dissipate the gloom.

When frozen paths my sliding feet betray,  
From thee I'll learn to quit each slippery way ;  
Thy firm support shall make each footstep sure,  
From every vice protect, from every ill secure.



## TO PEGGY.

Say, dearest Peggy, where is peace,  
 Where purest joys that never cease,  
 Joys that from day to day increase?  
 At Home.

Where is my ev'ry pleasure centr'd,  
 And where has discord never enter'd,  
 Nor care to show her visage ventur'd?  
 At Home.

Where has Contentment fix'd her seat,  
 Where Happiness her blest retreat,  
 And where do Love, and Friendship meet?  
 At Home.

And why has Home such charms for me?  
 It is, because I'm there with thee;  
 For where thou art, must ever be  
 My Home.

~~~~~  
 TO HIS WIFE,

DURING AN ILLNESS, ON HER URGING HIM TO REMOVE TO
 ANOTHER ROOM, THAT HE MIGHT NOT HAVE HIS REST
 DISTURBED.

When Parson Roderick joined our hands,
 In soft indissoluble bands,
 I promised thee in every state
 Ever to be thy faithful mate,
 In time of poverty, and wealth,
 In sickness, sorrow, or in health
 To guard, to comfort, and to love—
 That oath was registered above—
 And, Peggy, since our wedding day
 Three happy years have rolled away,
 And in those years, I've truly loved,

And in those years, thy worth I've proved.
And would'st thou then thy husband chase
From thy pure bosom's warm embrace,
And banish him from thy caresses
Because the hand of sickness presses?
Still let me fondly watch o'er thee—
Still let me e'er thy guardian be ;
And should the clouds of sorrow lowr,
Let *me* the cup of comfort pour,
Lull to repose thy aching head,
And watch, and pray, around thy bed ;
But should I ever prove unkind—
In word, in action, or in mind,
Dead to thy virtues, or thy charms,
Then bid me quit my Peggy's arms.

HOME.

I ask no Muse, to prompt my artless lay,
Unstrained it flows, the simple voice of Love,
To Margaret's heart it finds an easy way,
And she will prize the careless strain above
All that the favourites of the Aonian grove
Have ever tuned their seraph lyre unto.
With fairer wreath, than fancy ever wove
She crowns my song ; the flowrets ever new
Blossom unchanged by time, with never fading hue.

Let others strike the harp to deeds of arms,
To tell of warlike feats and battles won,
My humble skill, shall sing of peaceful charms
And themes of blood, and wrath, and fury shun ;
While the shrill trump of Fame, the ear shall stun
With the loud praises of the warrior's name,
Mine be the lot, the path of peace to run,
Unknown to Glory, and unknown to Fame,
The joys of Home to taste and Virtue's meed to claim.

Oh, there is something in that name of Home
That thrills resistless, through the swelling heart,
And where is he, who doom'd abroad to roam,
Forced from the treasures of his Home to part,
If as he turns to view the peaceful chart,
Casts not a wistful eye on that dear spot,
And feels not from that eye, the tear drop start
At recollection of his peaceful cot,
And then feels keener for the sorrows of his lot.

Dear is that Home to me where Margaret smiles—
Dear seat of peace, of transport, and of bliss,
Where friendship's charm, the passing hour beguiles,
And Love, and Happiness each other kiss ;
Go ask of him, who plunged in the abyss
Of worldly grandeur, basks in Fortune's glare,
Ask him, if he can boast of joys like this.
No! envy, strife, ambition are his share,
Mine, the glad heart's content, the bliss without com-
pare.

Peggy, my love, let others slave
From earliest childhood to the grave
To serve the idol Mammon ;
Let us from bus'ness snatch an hour,
To prove the force of love's soft power,
And struggle at Backgammon.

And what's the stake—a stake so rare,
So far above all price, I swear,
And that by Jove of Ammon,
'Tis worth a fleet of India's ships
The kiss that parts from thy dear lips
When beaten at Backgammon.

And art thou vexed, my love to find
That chance still proves to thee unkind,

And that, when at a leisure hour
We at Backgammon try our power,
That thou art ever doomed to yield,
Beaten and driven from the field.
Oh, vex no more—let every move
Remind thee, Peggy, how we love.
The dice roll out—heed not the throw,
But think our die is cast below,
Then breathe thy thanks, my dearest wife,
That it is cast, and cast for life,
Turn then to me, and softly tell
That we have thrown, and thrown full well.
Is there a blot? then think again
That our pure love has known no stain,
You lose the game—well, what of it?
We both have made a lucky hit.
Alike our thoughts, alike each aim,
We both pursue a steady game,
Rich in ourselves, we heed not Mammon,
But live, and love, and claim the Gammon.

MY CHEERFUL FIRE.

WRITTEN ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, WHEN
HE RESIDED AND PRACTISED AT COWBRIDGE.

'Tis gloomy night—the door is shut,
The day of toil and worry past,
The snow sends down the milk-white fleece,
The terrors of the storm increase.
The sound of men, and busy feet,
No more is heard along the street,
Fatigued—I merrily retire
To chatter by my cheerful fire.
The sick man by diseases worn,
By gout or cholic sadly torn,

Sends forth his messenger in haste
 And bids him not a moment waste.
 Chill runs my blood to hear the knock
 Which thunders like the bursting rock,
 To think that I, for paltry hire,
 Must quit my cheerful happy fire.

'Tis not alone the frost or snow,
 That makes me so reluctant go,
 Though the dark road be rough, and drear,
 Yet feels my heart no coward fear.
 I grieve—because I thereby wound
 The heart which to my own is bound:
 That heart, whose love made mine beat higher
 When seated at my cheerful fire.

Farewell! I go o'er hills and dales;
 Farewell! thou dearest home in Wales—
 Though far abroad I'm doomed to rove,
 With thee I leave my faithful love;
 Peggy farewell, my wife, my friend,
 To thee my thoughts shall always bend;
 But others now my aid require,
 Farewell, thou sparkling cheerful fire.

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

Agricolam laudat

Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.—Hor.

Luckless is he whom hard fates urge on
 To practise as a Country Surgeon,
 To drag a weary, galling chain,
 The slave of all for paltry gain;
 To ride, regardless of all weather,
 Through frost and snow, and rain together,
 To smile, and bow when sick and tir'd,
 Consider'd as a servant hir'd;
 At ev'ry quarter of the compass,
 A surly patient, makes a rumpus
 Because he is not seen the first,

(For each man thinks his case the worst:)
And oft at two points diametric
Call'd to a business obstetric;
There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who at the acme of her fever
Calls him a savage if he leave her;
For days and nights in some lone cottage
Condemn'd to live on crusts and pottage,
To kick his heels and spin his brains
Waiting forsooth for labor-pains;
And this job over happy he
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Now worn like culprit on the wheel,
He sits him down to hasty meal,
He sits, when, lo! a patient comes
With rotten tooth and putrid gums,
The doctor draws his dentist-tools,
Fixes the screw and tugs and pulls;
His dinner cold, his hands this mess in,
All for a shilling or a blessing.
Now comes the night; with toil oppress'd
He lays him down, in hope of rest;
Vain hope! his slumbers are no more,
Loud sounds the knocker at the door,
A farmer's wife at ten miles distance,
Groaning, calls out for his assistance;
Fretting and fuming in the dark
He in the tinder strikes the spark,
And as he yawning heaves his breeches
Envies his neighbour blest with riches.

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE SERVANT.

Though Poverty, it's humble spirit flown,
Sinks to the grave, unheeded and unknown;

Though no proud plumes, no pageantry proclaim
The empty titles of a noble name,
Yet sorrow o'er the swelling turf shall bend
Where lie the relics of a virtuous friend.
There in still silence drop pure Pity's tear,
The artless offering of a heart sincere.
Beneath this heaving sod a sister lies,
Whose soul may claim a mansion in the skies ;
Poor gentle Mary ! though of birth obscure,
Her mind was spotless, as her bosom pure,
Meek, simple, modest, inoffensive, mild,
Her soul no thirst of wealth, nor power defiled,
Calm and content—the path of peace she trod,
The path which leads to Virtue, and to God.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

(1825.)

“ These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God, and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God.”—*Revelat.* xiv. 5, 6.

O Lady ! weep not that thy darling child
Hath pass'd from hence unblemish'd—undefiled :
Weep not that one whose soul was link'd with thine,
Now walks those courts where Angel-spirits shine.
On this world's waste the sinless Infant beam'd,
Disown'd the earth, and flew to the redeem'd.
Check, then, each sigh—thy pledge of earthly love
Be now thy pledge of endless joys above.
A seraph voice in whispers from on high,
Bids thee look up—Redemption draweth nigh,
Thy Cherub's path points out the road to thee,
And where thy treasure is, thy soul shall be.

ON SELF.

Unfathomable—unintelligible Self!
Philosophers may spin their mazy brains,
And print their visions till the groaning shelf
Bend with the mystic lore—but Man remains
A dark enigma which defies their pains.
Why feel I now the workings of that leaven
Which spreads corruption thro' this earth-born frame?
And now, aspiring, mount in thought to heaven,
My spirit glowing with Religion's flame?
Rooted in Faith, yet rebel to it's creed—
Now chasing eagerly the bubble Fame,
And now despising Honour's empty meed,
O Self!—thus ever varying yet the same—
Thou art a mystery, dark, and strange indeed.

Thou tenement of Earth, whose prison holds
My fetter'd spirit captive! Through whose walls
Dimly is seen the glorious Light of Heav'n
And faintly sound those strains of melody
Which chaunt the praises of Almighty Love!
When shall thy bonds be broken? When shall I,
Releas'd from this captivity of clay,
Mount upon Seraph's wings to realms of bliss,
And at the feet of God's Eternal throne
Plead the atonement of a Saviour's blood?
Transcendant mercy! shall a soul so frail
Stand in the presence of that Holy One
Before whose footstool all Creation bends?
Shall spirit base and profitless as mine
Dare to appear in courts of righteousness?
Yes! frail, and foul, and fruitless as I am,
Salvation *may* be mine. E'en I may gain
A robe of righteousness to hide my shame;—
And in that garment of Salvation cloth'd
May mingle in the throng of the redeem'd,
And lend my voice to swell the praise of God.

A CONCISE AND FAMILIAR VIEW
OF
MENTAL PERCEPTION,
AND OF
THE FALLACIES TO WHICH IT IS LIABLE;
WITH
GENERAL REMARKS
ON
THE CREDIBILITY
OF
HUMAN TESTIMONY.

PART I.

ON
MENTAL PERCEPTION,
&c.

MAN is but little aware of his actual mode of existence as a being of this earth. He appears to himself to enjoy freedom and activity, to mingle intimately with his fellows, and to come into immediate contact with the physical world around him. It is with difficulty that he is made to apprehend his real condition, which is that of close imprisonment and absolute seclusion; his residence being concealed within that body of which he is the inmate; his spirit or self, being as it were, chained to one spot throughout the whole period of its abode in that body. The secluded retreat in which he dwells, is not, however, an isolated retreat. It is a centre with which numberless media of communication are established throughout the body; these several media, and their several points of union, and their common centre, constituting what is called *the Nervous System* of the body. In the common centre of this system, the spirit or mind (as it also is termed) has its residence. In this its hidden seat it is affected and occupied in various ways. It experiences various affections which are termed *Perceptions*; these being spoken of collectively under the term *Perception*; its experience of these affections being called its Perception. The mind broods, as it were, over these perceptions; it examines them separately, and it compares them with each other; and the result of these examinations and comparisons leads it, to connect many of these perceptions with affections of that nervous system

to which it is linked; to connect the former with the latter in the relation of effect and cause; to attribute the former to the latter. Those perceptions which the mind, thus refers to corresponding affections of its nervous system, are termed *Sensations*; these being, collectively, spoken of under the term *Sensation*.

The Nervous system consists, of pulpy masses called *Brain*, which occupy the cavity of the skull and the cavity of the vertebral column; of innumerable filaments or threads, variously ramified and variously connected with each other, which pervade the body generally, and which are connected with those pulpy masses, these filaments or threads being called *Nerves*; and of small masses or knots of nervous matter situated in various positions along the course of nerves, which are called *Ganglions*.

But, although the mind is led to attribute sensation to affections of its nervous system, it is unable to attain to any knowledge, or even to form any conception, of the nature of those bodily affections. It has sensation present to it; and, by some operation which it cannot explain, it is led to refer this to some change of condition in a portion of its nervous system; and it is led, also, to refer this change of condition in a portion of its nervous system to the agency of something foreign to that system, and, in the great majority of cases, to the agency of something foreign to its body generally. Its sensation leads it to infer the agency, and consequently, the existence, of something foreign to its body; and, as there are many kinds and varieties of sensation, it is led to infer the agency, and, consequently, the existence, of many kinds and varieties of things foreign to its body. Thus, sensation leads the mind to infer the existence of physical agency, and, consequently, the existence of physical agents.

The mind, then, is led, to connect sensation with physical agency; to infer, from sensation, the action of a physical agent. In almost every instance, it refers sensation to some affection of a nervous filament, which affection it imputes to an impression of some kind or

other made by a physical agent external to its body. Thus a chain is established connecting sensation with the influence of external physical agents, these being the two extreme points of the chain in which there are intermediate links; and, in order that physical agency be connected with sensation, this chain must be perfect and unbroken; if the chain be imperfect, if one of its links be wanting, external physical agency will not lead to the presence of sensation.

In order that a physical agent, acting upon any part of the body, should induce sensation, many things are necessary. In the first place, there must exist, in that part, filaments belonging to the general nervous system. In the second place, there must exist an uninterrupted continuity of communication between those nervous filaments and the cranial brain or common *Sensorium* (as it also is termed); for if that communication be interrupted or imperfect, sensation will not result from physical impressions on those nerves. In the third place, the nerve impressed must be in that condition which causes it to be so affected by an impression as to communicate to the sensorium that affection from which sensation results; such a condition of nerve (whatever be the essence of that condition) being termed the *Sensibility* of a nerve. For, if a nerve be devoid of this sensibility, no impression on it will lead to the production of sensation. In the fourth place, the impression must be sufficiently powerful to produce such an affection of the nerve impressed as shall lead to the production of sensation. In the fifth place, the sensorium must be in a condition fitting it for receiving such an influence from those affections of nerves which physical impressions have produced as shall lead to that affection of the mind which is termed sensation. And, lastly, the mind must be in a state which admits of its taking cognizance of the sensorial affection.

The intensity of a sensation resulting from physical impression depends, upon the tone of the impression, upon the degree of sensibility possessed by the nerve impressed, and upon the condition of the sensorium.

The character of a sensation resulting from physical impression, will depend upon the particular nerve impressed, and upon the physical agent, and it will be much modified by the character and condition of that insensible medium which, usually, is interposed between the impressing agent and the nerve impressed.

The following, then, is the order in which we consider the links to be arranged in the chain which connects physical agency with sensation: a physical agent, acting with a certain degree of intensity (and, commonly, through an insensible medium) upon a nerve which is endowed with sensibility, and which is uninterruptedly connected with the sensorium, produces an affection of that nerve, which affection may be termed *a sensual state*. The nerve, having this sensual state produced by the physical impression, conveys to the sensorium some influence resulting from this sensual state, which influence produces a sensorial affection, from which the mind receives sensation.

Thus, a physical substance impresses the extremity of my finger. It impresses a nervous filament seated in my finger but having an uninterrupted communication throughout the whole length of my upper extremity up to the sensorium. The insensible cuticle is interposed between the physical agent and the point of nerve impressed by it. This impression so affects the nerve as to cause it to assume a condition (a sensual state) the effect of which is propagated or transmitted in some inconceivable manner to my sensorium so as to affect it in a peculiar manner (inducing a sensorial state of it); and from this sensorial affection my sensation springs. In this way, throughout this chain of causes and effects, various sensations become present to my mind from impressions made by physical agents upon nervous filaments in my fingers. I, thus, am made to *perceive* or *feel* a variety of effects resulting from *touch*; such are the various sensations which I impute to various degrees of resistance offered by a physical agent impressing my finger, as hardness softness, angularity, smoothness, roundness, and the

like ; the causes of all which sensations are propagated or transmitted (in some manner of which I am unable to form any conception) by and from the point of nerve impressed in my finger up to my sensorium, so as to beget in my sensorium certain conditions from which these my sensations arise. My mind, then, receives its several sensations of hardness, softness, angularity, smoothness, roundness, and the like, from some corresponding condition of the sensorial organ with which it is (in some way of which I know nothing) connected. It derives these and other sensations directly from sensorial affections. Deeply seated in its sensorial retreat, it derives sensation from affections of that sensorial organ in which it resides, and with which it is intimately connected. Its sensations are present to it ; but, although it derives these directly from sensorial affections, it has not any cognizance of its sensorium, nor can it ascertain anything of the nature of those various affections of the sensorium from which corresponding sensations result. Nor, when sensation arises, has the mind any cognizance of the propagation or transmission of that influence from an impressed nerve to the sensorium which is effective in giving rise to that sensation ; it is not cognizant of any propagation of such influence in any portion of that line of communication which connects that nerve with the sensorium ; it knows nothing of any transference of the sensual state of that nerve to the sensorium. But, if, in a case of sensation, the mind have cognizance of its sensation only ; if it know not anything of the essence of the sensorial affection whence the sensation arises ; if it have no cognizance of the passage of any influence from the impressed nerve to the sensorium ; how is it led to infer the existence of it's nervous system, and to impute its sensations to the agency of this system ? How is it led to infer that sensual states of nerves have been present ? And why does it attribute those states to impressions made on those nerves by physical agents foreign and external to them ? These are questions which we cannot answer in any other way than by

declaring our ignorance of the process by which the mind is led to these inferences. The fact, however, is, that the mind is led by habit and observation, and, for ought we know, by something more than these, to connect sensation with nervous affection, and, in a majority of instances, to attribute this nervous affection to physical agency exerted by foreign agents. Seated as it is at one extremity of the chain which we have described as connecting sensation with physical impressions, it seems, when sensation becomes present to it, to trace the sensation throughout the whole extent of that chain, in a direction the reverse of that in which the influence resulting from an impression had been propagated or transmitted. It traces the sensorial affection to the sensual state of Nerve. It not only does this, but it actually refers its sensation to that sensual state of nerve, it refers it to that particular nervous filament, and to that part of it which has been impressed. It goes yet a step further. It refers that impression to the physical agent which produced it. And, although that agent be external to that nerve, external to the insensible cuticle which covers it, and, consequently, without the boundaries of the body, the mind, nevertheless, so connects the sensation with that agent, that it overlooks, as it were, the sensorial affection; it is not cognizant of any thing that has passed between the nerve impressed and the sensorium; it has not had any perception of the transference of the sensual state of nerve from the impressed point of the nervous filament to the sensorium; but it goes at once, as it were, to the point impressed; it refers the sensation directly to that point; and it proceeds to refer it, ultimately, to the external agent which impressed that point. Thus, if I touch a body with my finger, I have a sensation due to that touch; but I do not refer my sensation to my sensorium; I am not cognizant of any sensorial affection as connected with the sensation; I am not sensible of anything proceeding from my finger up my arm to my sensorium; but I refer my sensation immediately to my finger, and, from my finger, to the

body which impresses it. I call this sensation *feeling* that body ; I *feel*, that body ; I *feel*, perhaps, that it is *hard, round, rough, hot* ; and, although my sensation springs directly from the sensorial affection resulting from the impression on my finger, I am not aware that there is any such sensorial affection bearing a relation to what I call *hardness, rotundity, roughness, heat*, although the representatives of these *qualities*, which I refer to the body which impresses my finger, must be, in some way or other, present in the sensorium, constituting the sensorial affection ; nor am I aware that any influence, corresponding to that resulting from these qualities which I refer to the body which impresses my finger, has travelled up my arm from my finger to my sensorium ; nor do I infer that what I call *hardness, rotundity, roughness, heat*, are sensations referable only to my finger ; but I refer them to the body which impresses my finger, and I say that *I feel a hard, round, rough, hot body*. In some cases, I seem to go yet further than this. Thus, if I hold a long probe between my fingers, and if, with the further extremity, I trace out the inequalities of a surface, I *feel* all those inequalities ; I refer what I *feel* to the end of the probe, I *feel* them at the end of that instrument ; my mind seems to trace them as though it came directly in contact with them. When the vibrations of a bell in a distant tower have excited undulations in the surrounding air, which undulations extend onwards till they reach and impress the drum of my ear so as to cause it to vibrate ; and, when these vibrations of my tympanum repeat those undulations in the air behind that membrane, which undulations being propagated to the drop of fluid within the bony chamber of my internal ear cause its tiny waves to act on the pulpy expansions of my auditory nerve so as to excite that sensual state of them from which a sensorial affection results whence that sensation springs which is termed *Hearing* ; in such a case, I have no cognizance of all these intermediate links which connect my sensation with the distant bell ; and yet, my mind must perform some process

by which it traces its sensation in a retrograde direction through these links; for, I refer my sensation, at once, to something external to my ear; and, by close attention to it, I am enabled to trace it to its primary source. So, when light, emanating from a distant object, and, passing through the transparent media of my eye, so acts upon my retina as to induce a sensual state of it (the retina being an expansion of a stout nervous chord which is called the optic nerve, whose other extremity is blended with the structure of the sensorium); some effect is communicated from my retina through the optic nerve to my sensorium, giving rise to a corresponding sensorial affection, whence results that sensation which is called *seeing* or *vision*. But, in such a case, when vision is thus excited, my mind does not refer the sensation to any sensorial affection; it has not any cognizance of the sensorial charge; it has no cognizance of any effect on the chord of the optic nerve; it refers the sensation to some affection of its eye, of its retina; but it does more than this; it refers that affection of its eye directly to the object whence the light which impinged the retina proceeds. It has no cognizance of the passage of this light; nay it, altogether, passes over, as it were, the retinal affection, and it refers its sensation, at once and immediately, to the illuminated object; and I say that I *see* that object. I am not, in any degree, aware, while I thus speak, that my perceiving self is, all the time, shut up in the deep recesses of the sensorium, housed in a skull of bone, secluded and separated from all those objects which I seem to my-self directly and immediately to *see*, and is connected with them only through the media of pulpy brain and nervous threads and the agency of light.

The process by which the mind, thus, traces sensation to their primary source in external physical agency, is one which we cannot comprehend, and of which we cannot even form any conception. Yet, that we should not have any knowledge of a process on which we are perpetually engaged, is still more marvellous

than the process itself can be. We may, indeed, figure the sensorium to our imagination, as being a secluded centre of observation, susceptible of vibratory motion, in which centre the mind sits ever on the watch; and that we may imagine the nerves to be wires, nicely hung, extending from that centre to the several parts of the body, forming lines of communication between the remotest parts of it and the common centre of observation. We may imagine, also, that various kinds and degrees of vibratory motion are imparted to those nervous wires by impulses from physical agents external to the body, and, that these vibratory movements are propagated along the wires until they reach the sensorium, which they cause to vibrate in a similar manner and degree. We may imagine, also, that the vigilant watchman who is seated in the sensorium, becoming sensible of vibratory movement in his seat, traces it to the thrilling wire so as to ascertain from what part of the body the motion primarily proceeds. We may figure to ourselves some vague imagination of this kind, and we may be induced to apply it to the explanation, or the illustration, of the mode in which the mind refers sensorial affections to impressions on nerves. But, what we can, thus, imagine, conveys but a crude and imperfect notion of the mode in which sensations result from physical impressions, this being one of the many mysteries which man is unable to explain. For, when we consider how numerous and how various our sensations are, differing as they do from each other not in degree only but in kind, we are utterly unable to conceive how they can be produced in the mind by a corresponding number and variety of sensorial affections resulting from different conditions of nervous filaments. That the boundless variety of the objects of Vision—the myriad forms and combinations of form which that sense presents to the mind, with all the several hues in which these are dressed—that every variety and modification of Sound, with all its several combinations as yielding harmony or discord—that all the varieties which belong to smell

and taste—that all the qualities which we ascribe to matter as recognized by the touch, such as hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, angularity, rotundity, and the like—that the sense of heat and its opposite—and all the several other kinds of painful and pleasurable feelings—that all these several sensations are due to different corresponding conditions of the sensorial organization in which the mind resides and with which it is linked by some mysterious tie;—and, that all these various conditions of the sensorium are induced by corresponding influences, propagated or transmitted by and through delicate nervous threads, and resulting from impressions made by various physical agents upon these threads—these are matters, which, although they form, not only part and parcel, but, as it were, the very staple of our present mode of being as regards sensitive existence, are, nevertheless, matters, which we can neither comprehend nor conceive, although the conviction of their truth be forced upon the mind.

All the knowledge, then, that the mind can possess, respecting the body in which it dwells, and respecting the whole of physical existence foreign to its body, is derived from sensation, through the instrumentality of the nervous system of the body. The mind knows nothing respecting its own body excepting what is communicated to it respecting it by sensation. Sight and touch give to it information respecting the outward surface of the body; and it also has information respecting such parts of the internal structure of the body as have nerves in which sensual states arise, that information being derived from the sensation which such sensual states excite. But, as the ordinary processes carried on in the interior of the body, under a natural and healthy condition of the œconomy, do not, commonly, give rise to sensual states of nerves, the mind, generally speaking, has not any cognizance of them. Thus, the circulation of the blood; the digestion and passage of food in the alimentary canal; the processes of absorption, secretion, deposition, and the like; these are, for the most part, carried on, through

life, without exciting sensual states of nerves ; and the consequence is, that the mind has not any cognizance of them, so that it remains ignorant of what exists and of what is going on in the interior of its body ; and it knows nothing respecting these processes nor respecting the internal organization of its body, save what it learns from experimenting on other bodies, and from the anatomical examination of other bodies. Thus, while the mind, seated within its sensorium, forms, through the instrumentality of its nervous system, an acquaintance with nearly the whole range of physical being external to its body, it remains an utter stranger to the greater portion of its own body, and it has no knowledge respecting the organization or the existence of that complicated nervous system which is the medium through and from which it derives its knowledge of the physical world.

The whole range and variety of physical being, then, is represented to the mind through and by the sensorium. So that, while the mind fancies to itself that it is taking a wide and discursive survey of the natural world, roving from earth to heaven, and glancing from star to star ; it is, all the time, a close prisoner in a mass of pulpy substance fenced round on all sides, shut up in a narrow cell from which it never can emerge till death loosens its bonds and sets it free, and occupied only in sensorial affections or in other processes confined to itself.

The sensorium or brain is, then, to the mind, the representative of all physical existence : to the mind, it represents the whole of nature—the world—the universe. If the sensorial affections which give rise to sensation, could occur independently of any effect transmitted by nerves ; or, if sensual states of nerves were to occur independently of impressions made by physical agents ;—in either of these cases, the mind, so long as it remained in connexion with the sensorium, would fare as well, as regards sensation, if the whole of the rest of the physical world were to cease to exist. Take, for example, those sensorial affections which

give rise to vision, and which result from sensual states of the retina, which sensual states are, ordinarily, produced by the influence of light. If these sensorial affections arose independently of any such state of the retina, and, consequently, independently of the agency of light, vision would be present to the mind as perfectly as if sensual states of retina had preceded and produced it. So also, if sensual states of the retina occurred independently of the agency of light, the sensorial affections inducing vision would result from those retinal states as perfectly as though these states had been caused by the agency of light. Thus, although the sensation *seeing light* ordinarily results from the action of light passing through the transparent cornea and humours of the eye and impinging the retina; yet this sensation may, also, be produced, by pressure with the finger upon the covered eye, or by a blow, in which cases, no light passes through the pupil to the retina.

When the action of light on the retina has led to the presence of sensation, we find that the sensation continues for a short time after the light has been withdrawn. This is shewn to be the case in the common experiment of whirling a lighted brand in a circular direction, the effect of which, as regards vision, is to cause us to *see* a blazing circle; the sensual state of retina, caused by the action of the light from the brand, remaining in each portion impressed by that action after that action has ceased. But, if light act powerfully upon the retina, and if its powerful action be maintained, we find, that, although it will, at first, excite the sensation *seeing light*, this sensation will, sooner or later in proportion to the degree of power exerted by the light, cease to be present, although that action be still kept up. In such a case, we consider, that a high degree of sensual state of retina can be maintained only for a limited time; or, in other words, that the retina, after having a high degree of sensual state produced and maintained in it, loses, for a time, its sensibility.

We find, then, that the sensation *seeing light* may be produced by other means than by the action of light; and that, when it has been produced by the action of light, it may continue after that action has been withdrawn; or, it may cease although that action be continued.

If light be made to pass through a prism of glass before it reaches the eye, we find, that it excites different kinds of vision, which we distinguish as *seeing red, seeing orange, seeing yellow, seeing green, seeing blue, seeing indigo, seeing violet*. The light so passing is said to be refracted into these different *colours*.

If the sensation *seeing red* be powerfully excited by the action of what is called *red* light, we find, that, although that action be continued, this sensation will, sooner or later, cease. We shall then find, that, if we exclude all light from the retina, the sensation *seeing green* will arise. Thus, if we cause strong light to pass to our eye from an object coloured *red*, as from a red ace of clubs, we shall *see a red ace*; if we keep the eye steadily fixed on that ace, the sensation will grow more and more faint until it disappears. If we, then, cover the eye, and exclude from it all light, the sensation *seeing a green ace* will arise, and will continue present for some time. In such a case, we consider, that the action of the red-exciting light on the retina produces a certain corresponding sensual state of that nervous expansion from which the sensation *seeing red* results; and, that the retina cannot maintain a high degree of this state beyond a limited time; but, that, after that state has been kept up to the utmost limit, the state ceases; and that there, then, arises in the retina, as the direct consequence and effect of that previous sensual state, another and an opposite state, which, also, is a sensual state, and from which, consequently, another sensation results, which latter sensation is *seeing green*. We call this latter state of retina the opposite of the former, because, if, in the experiment, we, in the first instance, employ a highly illuminated *green* ace in the place of a red ace, we shall,

at first, *see a green ace*, and, then, on closing the eye, we shall *see a red ace*. From these experiments we learn, that vision depends directly on the condition of the retina; that it results from, and has its character dependent upon, the peculiar state existing in that nervous expansion, and that light is only instrumental in exciting vision inasmuch as it is effectual in producing a sensual state of retina. For, in whatever way, or from whatever agency, a sensual state of retina arise, vision will, equally, be present to the mind. The sensation *seeing red* is equally present, and is the same in kind, whether it be the direct result of the action of red light, or the indirect result of the action of green light. And the sensation *seeing green* is equally present, and is the same in kind, whether it be the direct result of the action of green light, or the indirect result of the action of red light. In short, by whatever means, or in whatever way, a sensual state of retina be induced, whether by the direct or indirect agency of light, or by other means, the corresponding sensation *seeing* will, equally, be produced. Whenever vision is present to the mind, whatever be the mode in which it is brought about, it *is* present; whenever or whatever we *see*, then and that we, actually, *see*. But, as we have learned, in a great majority of instances, to trace vision to the action of light emanating from objects external to the cornea of the eye, and to refer what we *see* to some such object; we are apt, in every case of vision, to attribute our sensation to the ordinary agency, to infer, at once, that it is due to the action of light proceeding from something external to the cornea, to conclude that what we *see* is external to the cornea; although our vision may result from a state of retina independent of any direct action of light, or be altogether independent of that action.

Although a sensation has ceased to be present to the mind, it, very commonly, leaves behind it some trace which is called the *remembrance* of it. This trace may be faint, or it may be strong; it may be fleeting, or durable; the degree of its strength and duration being

dependant on the strength of the sensation with which it is connected, on the frequency with which that sensation has been repeated, on the mode in which the mind has been influenced by that sensation, on the connexion which has subsisted between that and other sensations, or between that sensation and the influence of other sensations, and on the mode in which it is associated with the *remembrance* of other sensations.

That trace left by a past sensation which we term the *remembrance* of that sensation, although due to that sensation, is, however, something very different from the sensation itself; and it differs from it, inasmuch as the sensual state of nerve corresponding with that sensation is wanting. Thus, a man may remember many varieties of past vision, many things that he has *seen*, although his retina may no longer be susceptible of sensual states (as in the case of what is called *amaurosis* or permanent insensibility of the retina) or be altogether removed (as when exoculation have taken place). But, as sensual states of retina induce corresponding sensorial states whence vision results; so, when the *remembrance* of a past vision alone, is present to the mind, as no sensual state of retina accompanies that *remembrance*, we may infer, that the sensorial affection, which gave rise to that vision which is *remembered*, is also, absent. We may infer, that the *remembrance* of a past sensation is an affection, confined to the mind, and retained by it after the sensual state of nerve and the sensorial affection have ceased. The faculty of retaining these remembrances of past sensations is termed *Memory*. The power of reproducing them at will is termed *Recollection*. The memory may be very tenacious, yet the power of recollection may be feeble. Memory, then, may be a condition of the mind itself, independent of any corresponding and co-existing sensorial state; or, if the remembrance of a past sensation be directly connected with any co-existing and corresponding state, then is that state very different from the sensorial state which accompanies and excites sensation.

We have shewn that the mind, when a sensation is presented to it, traces it, by some mode of operation which we cannot comprehend, in a retrograde direction, to the particular nervous filament whose sensual state has given rise to the sensation. But, the mind may exercise its memory of past sensations independently of any such operation. The *remembrance* of a past sensation is, as we have said, something very different from the sensation itself. Thus, I may remember very perfectly the form and features of a friend, so as, in his absence, to describe these very accurately; but, this *remembrance*, from which I draw up my description, is something very different from *seeing* that friend. If, however, I wish to *recollect* very accurately the precise appearance of that absent friend as formerly *seen* by me, I am conscious to myself that I make some direct reference to the retina, and that my attention is fixed exclusively on this organ. I cover my eyes, so as to exclude all impressions from light, which, by exciting a sensual state of retina, might interfere with my operation. I exclude other impressions, as those on my external ear, that no sensation resulting from such impressions may distract my attention. I discard from my mind all other thoughts but those directly associated with my absent friend; and I endeavour so to abstract it from all other things that it may concentrate all its energies and direct them to the retina. I *perceive* that I do all this; and, while I am so doing, I find, very commonly, that the *remembrance* of the features of my friend becomes more and more clear and distinct and perfect; until, at length, these become present to my mind in a degree approaching, more or less closely, to that in which they were present to it when he actually stood before my eye; so that it may happen, that I *see* those features as perfectly as when he so stood before me. In such an operation my mind appears so to influence the retina as to produce, in a greater or less degree, that sensual state of it which formerly resulted from the agency of light emanating from the features of my friend when he stood before my eye, and which

then gave rise to my *seeing* those features—the powerful exertion of recollection seems, not only to revive the remembrance of the past sensation, but, by referring strongly to the nerve from whose sensual state that sensation arose, to produce also that sensual state; and, if that sensual state be reproduced, the corresponding sensorial state will result from this; and that sensorial state will give rise to sensation—will reproduce that former sensation. If, then, in the operation of which we are speaking, I reproduce that former sensual state of retina; if, by a mental operation, I reproduce that sensual state which was formerly excited by light emanating from the features of my friend; I have presented to my mind the same vision as that which was present to it when that friend stood before my eye; I *see* what I then *saw*; I *see* the features of my absent friend, my vision being due to a state of retina produced by the operation of my mind under the influence of memory; whereas, when I formerly *saw* those features, my friend was present, and my vision was, then, due to a state of retina produced by light emanating from his features. The sensation must, in both cases, be precisely the same, provided that the sensual state of retina be, in each case, the same. If, then, the mental operation which we have described lead to these results, it appears, that, in such a case, the mind, from its remembrance of a past sensation, can cause that sensation to be reproduced; and that it does this by causing the reproduction of a former sensual state of retina, which, so acting on the sensorium as to induce a sensorial state, gives rise to sensation; so that the influence of the mind on the retina causes a re-action which leads to sensation. But, if, subsequently to the presence of that former sensation which was connected with the bodily presence of my friend, my retinae have lost their sensibility or have been destroyed, no effort of my mind will be effectual in causing the vision of his features to re-appear. I never again can *see* those features; because, as the former sensual state of retina cannot be reproduced, the

sensation *seeing* never can return. I may, indeed, still retain the *remembrance* of past visions, but I never again can have *vision present* to my mind,

As we refer sensation, directly, to a corresponding state of the sensorium, and this sensorial affection to a corresponding sensual state of nerve; we might, on first considering the subject, be induced to think, that the mind, in the operation which we have been describing acts on the retina through the medium of the sensorium; that it acts, primarily, upon this organ,—that it produces some affection of the sensorium which leads to the production of a sensual state of retina, which state re-acts upon the sensorium, the latter organ re-acting upon the mind. But, as the sensorium cannot assume that state which is essential to the existence of vision without the pre-existence and concurrence of a sensual state of retina; and, as, when the retina has become insensible or has been destroyed or removed, that sensorial state cannot exist, (although the sensorium remain capable of assuming every other kind of sensorial state which may be excited by the sensual states of every other nerve, and, consequently, may be supposed not to have had any part of its sensitive character destroyed); we may, rather, suppose, that the mind, in the operation which we have been considering, refers, immediately, to the retina; and that, if this reference be followed by the production of a sensual state of that nervous expansion, this sensual state leads to a sensorial affection whence vision directly results. For, if the mind, in this operation, acted primarily on the sensorium, (as its former sensation was immediately due to an affection of this organ, the sensual state of retina being a more distant link in the chain of sensation;) we might expect, that the mind, if capable of reproducing vision by its own agency, would be able to do so by its immediate influence on the sensorium, independently of any influence derived from the retina. Whereas, we find, that no vision can be present if the retina be insensible or be destroyed or removed; and, consequently, that the peculiar sensorial affection from which vision directly

results, cannot be produced by the direct and immediate action of the mind on the sensorium, but can only result from the direct influence of a sensual state of the retina. So that we may infer, that the mind, when, by its own agency, it induces vision, acts directly and immediately upon the retina so as to induce a sensual state of that nervous expansion, which state re-acts upon the mind through the medium of the sensorium. So that the action of the mind upon the retina may be regarded as immediate; while that of the retina on the mind appears to be indirect, a sensorial affection being mediate between the retinal and the mental affection.

The facility with which sensual states of nerves result from external physical impressions upon nerves, depends greatly upon what is termed the sensibility of those filaments. The degree in which sensation is present, as resulting from such states of nerves, depends greatly upon the condition of the sensorium. Under certain conditions of the nervous system, the sensibility of nerves generally, and that of the sensorium, is increased considerably above the usual standard. In such cases, the operation of the mind which we have been describing, namely, that whereby it endeavours to recal powerfully the remembrance of a past sensation, is, often, found to resuscitate, as it were, that sensation, so that it is again present to the mind as strongly as it formerly was when it resulted from an external physical impression. Thus, when, from any cause, (as from great anxiety of mind, or from the powerful operation of fear, or from long-continued watchfulness, or from the proximate causes of that state which is termed *Fever*, or from other causes,) the sensorium has become extremely susceptible, it may happen, that the mind, after dwelling intensely upon the memory of a past sensation, may have that sensation again made present to it, although that physical impression from which the original sensation resulted be not repeated. Thus, if, under such a condition of my sensorium, I think intensely on an absent or a deceased friend, (my mind being abstracted from all other thoughts and from all

sensations due to external impressions,) I may have the *vision* of the features of that friend present to my mind as perfectly and as powerfully as it was present to me when that friend stood before my eyes. In such a case, the vision is real; my mind actually *sees* the appearance of that friend; no fallacy can exist as regards the sensation; for, what I perceive, I cannot but perceive; what I *see*, I cannot but *see*; the vision is real; but, if, in such a case, I impute my vision to light emanating from the bodily features of that friend; if, from my sensation, I infer, that he actually is present externally to my eyes, I draw a false inference; the fallacy consists in my imputing that vision, which results from a sensual state of retina due to the agency of my mind, to a state of retina resulting from the agency of light emanating from the person of my friend; it consists in my attributing the sensual state of retina to external agency, whereas it is due to the agency of the mind, to the agency of recollection. It would be highly incorrect, unphilosophical, untrue, in such a case, to say that the vision is unreal; for it is as real as vision ever can be. In such a case, all the essentials which are necessary to constitute vision are present; namely, the sensual state of the retina, and the sensorial affection resulting therefrom, and the affection of the mind resulting from the sensorial affection. But, in such a case, vision is not, as it ordinarily is, a proof of the existence of an external impression, because it arises in the absence of such impression. If, in such a case, I am aware that the friend, the vision of whose features re-appears, is not present before my eye, I may impute the vision of these to light reflected from a picture or statue of that friend; or I may be led to refer it to some super-natural agency, in which last case, I say, in the language of common parlance, that I *see a vision* or *an apparition*, which is tantamount to saying that *I see what I see*, and that *what appears to me appears to me*. For, in all cases of vision, vision is, equally, present to the mind, whatever be the primary exciting cause of the sensual state of retina connected with the vision; the vision is, equally

present to the mind, whether the sensual state of retina connected with it result from an external physical impression, or from some action originating in the retina itself, or from the direct influence and agency of the mind. It appears, however, that, when the mind, in the operation which we have been considering, refers to the retina with a view to recal forcibly a past sensation, its influence upon that nervous expansion varies considerably in different instances. That reference may merely heighten the simple remembrance of the past sensation, or it may, as we have said, reproduce that sensation in a perfect degree; and, between these two extremes of effect on the mind, resulting from what we may impute to some affection produced on the retina and re-acting upon the mind, there may be various degrees of the mental affection produced by the retinal affection; all which degrees of affection may be considered as so many varying degrees of a sensual state of the retina, the highest degree of the affection constituting a perfect sensual state which excites a full degree of vision, the less perfect degrees of that affection excites proportionately less perfect degrees of vision.

As the remembrance of past sensations may, thus, lead to the reproduction of those sensations, independently of the recurrence of the external physical impression from which those past sensations, originally, resulted; so may it be revived by newer sensations resulting from similar impressions. Thus, the present vision resulting from my looking at the residence of an absent or a deceased friend, or at any article which he may have given to me, or from reading his name, may cause the remembrance of his features to arise vividly in my mind, although that remembrance had not been previously awakened, or had lain dormant for many years. Or, that remembrance may arise from hearing the sound of that friend's name, or from hearing a remark formerly written or spoken by him. Or, it may arise from innumerable other present sensations which are connected, in some way or other, with that friend. The remembrance of a past sensation may, also, be revived by the remembrance of other past sensations,

which were, in some way or other, connected with that particular sensation. Thus, when I remember a house, the remembrance of the persons whom I have seen in that house may arise in my mind, and the remembrance of these persons may lead to the remembrance of a thousand past sensations which were, in some way or other, connected with the acts or sayings of those persons, or with some events connected with their history. So that the remembrance of a past sensation is intimately connected with present sensations and with the remembrance of other past sensations; a present sensation leading to the remembrance of various past sensations; and the remembrance of one past sensation leading to the remembrance of many other past sensations, which, in their turn, call up the remembrance of other past sensations; while, in some cases, the remembrance of a past sensation leads also, as we have seen, to the reproduction of that sensation, independently of the recurrence of the physical impression from which it originally resulted.

A present sensation, then, implies the existence of a corresponding sensual state of nerve, which state may be the direct or the indirect result of external physical agency, or may be the direct result of the agency of the mind. In some cases, the sensation which is present to the mind appears to be compounded, of a sensation due to external physical agency, and of the remembrance of past sensation. Thus, when I amuse myself in tracing the resemblance of various forms from the rude and imperfect outlines presented by the red cinders in the fire of a grate; the actual sensation due to the impression made by the light from those burning cinders, bears, perhaps, scarcely any resemblance to any definite past sensation as remembered by me; yet, faint as the resemblance may be, it may serve to recal the remembrance of some past sensation, and my mind may, from that remembrance, as coupled with the vision excited by the cinder, cause that past sensation to be present to it in a more or less perfect degree, the degree of that perfection depending, not only on the resemblance between the present and a past impression, but,

also, on the more or less effective influence of my mind. Thus, the vision of a rude and imperfect outline, as resulting from the impression due to light from the red cinder, may cause me to *see* accurately the features of a friend, or the form of an animal. In such a case my mind supplies the deficiencies of the sensation produced by that red cinder, and it may do so, either, simply, by its act of remembrance, or by its agency on the retina as consequent to that remembrance; in which latter case, the sensual state of retina which is present, will be due, partly, to external impression, and, partly, to mental influence.

The conclusions which the mind forms respecting any given sensation, are founded, generally, on those drawn from various concurrent and past sensations—they are influenced by other present sensations and by memory. They are dependent, on the connexion which the mind traces between that particular sensation and other sensations past or present; on the similarity which that sensation bears to remembered sensations respecting which the mind has established certain conclusions. Thus, when vision is present to the mind, the mind is led to refer the sensation to something external to the cornea of the eye; and, in order to confirm or refute this reference, it may appeal to the additional evidence furnished by touch. If that vision be produced by light emanating from something palpable (that is from a thing which can so resist or impinge the nerves of touch as to induce a sensual state of these) the inference drawn from touch may confirm that deduced from vision. Thus, if vision present to me the features of a friend, and if, at the same time, I *feel* those features by the touch, I am satisfied that my friend is present. But, if, when that vision is so present, I am unable to *feel* by *touch* what I *see*, I infer that my friend is not present; and, in such a case, I must conclude that my vision is produced by the agency of light reflected from some concealed quarter (either from the person of that friend, or from a painting or statue representing him) as when light is thrown from a concave mirror on a focal point, or is refracted

to such point by passing through a lens, as in various optical deceptions is often practiced; or, if I am unable to ascertain that such a source of vision is present, I may be led to refer the vision to a state of retina brought about by the agency of the mind only. When I turn my eyes towards a mirror which is suspended against the wall of a room, I *see* all the things contained in that room precisely as I *see* them when I turn my back towards the mirror and my eyes towards the things themselves. The sensation present to me, is, in both cases, the same, the vision is identical; for, in each case, my sensation is due to a sensual state of retina induced by the action of light emanating from the surfaces of the things in the room; and, whether that light come directly from those surfaces to my retina, or be first thrown upon the mirror and be thence again reflected so as to impinge my retina, the effect on the retina is the same, and consequently, the sensorial affection and the sensation resulting therefrom are the same. In order, then, to ascertain whether, in such case, my vision result from the agency of light coming to my retina directly from the illuminated surfaces of the things in the room, or as thrown from them on the mirror and thence reflected upon my eye, I either resort to the memory of similar past sensations which I have traced to light so reflected, or I call in the evidence of touch. Thus, various kinds of sensation are brought to bear upon each other; and, thus, sight, touch, hearing, taste, smell, are compared with each other, and the inference which the mind draws from either of these is modified or corrected or confirmed by inferences deduced from one or more of the others, and by the memory of inferences which it has previously drawn from sensations, which memory is termed *Experience*. The comparisons which the mind, thus, makes between sensations present and remembered, and the inferences which it draws from these comparisons, betoken something on the part of the mind differing from that affection of it, or that perception by it, which we term sensation; they involve an operation on the part of the mind, a process

which is called *Reasoning*, the ability to exert which process is termed *faculty of Reason*, or *Reasons*. As, in different individuals, and in the same individual at different times and under different circumstances, the memory is more or less retentive, the recollection more or less ready, so, also, is the reasoning process, the ability to exercise reason, the reasoning faculty, more or less vigorous and perfect in different individuals, and in the same individual, at different times, and under different circumstances.

The mind calls in the aid of reason in a great variety of instances to enable it to form a judgment respecting the primary source of its sensations. Thus, when it has present to it the vision of the features of a friend, if it know that this friend is in a distant country or is dead, its reason tells it that the vision must, either be due to light reflected from some painting or statue, or must arise from a sensual state of retina resulting from the exercise of memory. And, in such a case, its decision as to the actual exciting cause of the retinal affection, will be determined by the result of its reason as brought to bear upon other concomitant circumstances connected with present or past sensations. So, in the case of a *mirage*, the exercise of the reason will be requisite to preserve the mind from error as regards the primary source of that which excites the vision. In a variety of other cases, as in cases of double vision, resulting from the axes of the eyes being diverted from their due position with a reference to each other, or from the interposition of a refracting medium between an illuminated object and the eye, the exercise of the reason will be necessary to guard the mind from false inferences.

As the conclusions, then, which the mind forms respecting sensations, depend much upon the exercise of the reason; and, as the manner in which this faculty is exercised, may be, more or less, perfect or accurate; and, as these conclusions are much influenced, also, by the memory, which may be, more or less, retentive or ready; so will they be, in a great degree, dependent, on the state of the memory, and on the powers of

reason, as well as on the manner in which those powers are exercised.

The state of the memory is much influenced by the condition of the sensorium; it being, in some affections of the sensorium, diminished or enfeebled or, even, partially or wholly suspended or destroyed. It is, under a healthy condition of the sensorium, much influenced, also, by the degree in which it is exerted; it being, in a great degree, retentive and fertile in proportion as it is exercised. The reasoning power, also, is much influenced by the state of the sensorium; it being under certain conditions of the sensorium, diminished or enfeebled, or, suspended or destroyed. It is dependent, also, in a great degree, upon the manner and the degree in which it is exerted; frequency and variety of exercise being found to strengthen and quicken the reason, while inaction, or limited exertion, is found to produce an opposite effect. And, as memory supplies a large portion of the subjects on which reason is employed, it follows, that the condition of the reasoning power will be closely connected with, and influenced by, that of the memory.

But, sensation is not an isolated affection (so to speak) of the mind; it does not terminate in itself; it is not merely a perception on the part of the mind which leads to the investigation of the primary source of that perception, or which awakens memory only. It is a perception which in a great many instances, leads, directly or indirectly, to an altered condition of the mind, causing it to be affected, or influenced, or to suffer, in various ways, and in various degrees; such consequences of sensation being termed *Passions*. The various passions of the mind spring from sensation present or remembered, and they may be variously influenced and moderated and controuled by the exercise of reason. In some cases, however, the powers of reason yield to the more potent influence of passion. So that, as the conclusions which the mind forms respecting sensation, may depend in a great degree, on the exercise of the reason; if that exercise be restrained

or overpowered by the influence of passion, that passion may, by checking the reasoning power, affect very considerably the conclusion which the mind draws from sensation.

But, the mind is influenced as to the inferences which it deduces from its sensations, not only by its own reasoning and its own experience, but also, by the opinions furnished to it by other minds. Thus, in forming a conclusion respecting a *mirage*, or the *Fata Morgana*, or the *Aurora Borealis*, or with regard to the size or the distance of an object, as of the heavenly bodies, the mind may adopt the conclusions which have been formed by other minds, and may rest satisfied with these. In all which, and similar, cases, as we adopt the conclusions of others, we of course, adopt also all the correctness, or all the incorrectness, of those conclusions.

But, in referring to the conclusions of other minds for the judgment which we ourselves are to form respecting any given sensation or set of sensations, we must remember, that we cannot ever ascertain what the sensation is which is present to the mind of another person. We are apt, indeed, to infer, at once, that if another person derive a sensation from a primary source identical with that whence we also derive sensation, his sensation must be identical in character with our own. But, in no instance, can we ascertain that it is so. When I look at grass, I have a sensation which I call *seeing green*; when I look at a boiled lobster, I have another sensation which I call *seeing red*; and I call these two different sensations of *colour* by these two different names because others have two different kinds of vision, as to colour excited by these two objects, which they denote by these terms. But, I never can ascertain, when another person *sees* grass and calls *its* colour *green*; and, when he *sees* a boiled lobster and calls *it* *red*, that these his two sensations are the same as my own. All that I can ascertain is, that the *colour* which he *sees* when he looks at one of these objects is different from that which he *sees* when he

looks at the other. He, like myself, hears every one agree in calling grass *green*, and a boiled lobster *red*; but there are not any means by which I can ascertain the precise character of his sensations *seeing green*, *seeing red*. His *seeing green*, may, for ought that I know or ever can know, be the same as my *seeing red*, and his *seeing red* the same as my *seeing green*. There are many persons who cannot discern a difference as to *colour*, between two different objects one of which I call *green*, and the other *red*; in such a case, I never can ascertain whether by such persons both such different objects are seen as regards colour, as I *see green*, or as I *see red*; all that I can ascertain is, that, by them, both these objects, which by me are *seen* as of *different colours*, are *seen* as of the *same colour*. The same observation applies to sensations referred to other organs. Sugar excites in my *taste* a sensation which, to me, is agreeable, and which I call *sweetness*; and I call it by this name because others call by that name the sensation produced by sugar on the organs of taste. I may find that, to the taste of another person, sugar causes a disagreeable sensation, which that person, adopting the general language of others, also terms *Sweetness*; and such a person will say that the *sweetness* of sugar is disagreeable to him. Again, gentian applied to my organs of taste produces a disagreeable sensation which I call *Bitterness*, and I apply that term to it because others give it to the sensation resulting to the *taste* from gentian. But, I find, that, to the taste of another individual, gentian causes a sensation which he finds agreeable, and to which he also applies the term *Bitterness*, because he observes as I do, that this term is always applied to the sensation excited in the taste by gentian; and such a person will say that the *bitterness* of gentian is agreeable to him. But, I never can ascertain, that my sensation *sweetness* is the same in character or kind as the sensation of another which by him also is called *sweetness*; nor, that my sensation *bitterness* is the same in character or kind with the sensation of another which he also calls

bitterness. I never can prove that the *sweetness* tasted by another is not the same as the *bitterness* of my *taste*, and *vice versa*. All that I ever can ascertain, in such a case is, that sugar and gentian excite different sensations in another as well as in me, and that I like the sensation which I derive from sugar, and dislike that which is caused by gentian; whereas he dislikes the sensation which he gets from sugar, but likes that which is due to gentian. The terms, then, by which other persons designate their sensations, cannot furnish me with any means of judging respecting the nature of their sensations, and, consequently, they cannot enable me to compare my sensations with theirs either as regards the kind or the degree of these. We are apt to think and speak of *sweetness* as a quality proper to sugar, and of *bitterness* as a quality proper to gentian, not recollecting that the qualities which we ascribe to things are but the sensations which they give rise to in our minds. I cannot form any conception of that peculiar sensation which I call *sweetness* as in any way inherent in sugar; I only know that sugar, which, if it be applied to the conjunction of my eye excites pain, when applied to my tongue or palate excites what I call *sweetness*; so that, when I say that sugar is *sweet*, I merely mean to say, that *sweetness* being a sensation derived by me through the organs of taste, sugar, when applied to those organs, excites that sensation. The same remarks apply to *bitterness* as connected with gentian, and to all other qualities ascribed to things acting upon the organs of sense.

The terms, then, by which other persons designate their sensations, cannot furnish us with any means of judging respecting the nature of their sensations; and, consequently, they cannot enable us to compare our sensations with theirs, either as regards kind or degree of sensation. But, if I have present a sensation which I refer to a thing, which, if my reference be correct, may be expected to excite sensation in another person who is with me, and if I find that he has not any sensation referable to that thing, the absence of any such

sensation, so referable, on his part, may lead me to question the accuracy of my conclusion with regard to the source of my sensation. Thus, if a friend be with me who possesses the power of *seeing* external objects; and if I have present to my mind vision, which I refer to some object external to the eyes of myself and of him also, and if he says that he has no such vision present to his mind, although his eyes be uncovered and perfect as mine are; in such a case, I can only infer, either, that he, in reality, has vision excited by that object external to the eyes of us both, and that he tells an untruth in saying that he has not any such vision; or, that I am deceived in supposing that my vision is due to an object external to my eye, it being, in reality, due to a retinal affection arising without any impression from without. In such a case, how am I to decide as to which of these inferences I shall adopt? I may, perhaps, call to my aid the sense of *touch*, and if I am unable to *feel* with the hand that object which I appear to *see*, I may, then, conclude that I am in error as to the source of my vision. Or, I may be aware that I am in a state under which sensations are apt to arise independently of impressions from without, while my friend is in a state of perfect health. Or, I may find that several persons who are present agree in denying that they have any sensation referable to such external object as I apprehend to be present, and their united testimony may prevent my having any doubts as to my being in error.

From the foregoing brief outline of the nature of sensation, we see, the nature of the evidence with which the mind is furnished with respect to the primary sources whence sensation may derive its existence. We see, how liable the mind is to be deceived in its inferences respecting those sources, both when it relies on its own deductions, and when it rests on the conclusions formed and communicated by other minds. We see, that what is called "the evidences of the senses," an evidence usually regarded as finally conclusive, is an imperfect evidence, an evidence, which, taken alone, cannot, in all cases, be relied upon as satisfactory, either in our

own case, or in the cases of others as reported to us. And we see, also, that, as regards the evidence furnished to us by others, as by them derived from their senses, we are liable to deception of two kinds; the one being that deception to which other minds, as well as our own, are liable when they form inferences from sensations; the other being that misrepresentation which other persons may, intentionally, or unintentionally, be guilty of, when they report to us their sensations and the inferences drawn by them from these. We see, too, that all the conclusions which we form, or have formed, respecting the physical world, all the qualities which we ascribe to the various portions of it, are but conclusions drawn from sensations; that all the experiments which we have made respecting these, are but experiments having relation to sensation. The same may, of course, be said respecting similar conclusions as formed by other persons.

The conclusions which the mind forms respecting the physical world, in general or in part, constitute its opinions, its belief, its knowledge, as regards physical existence. And, as these conclusions are drawn from its own sensations, or are derived and adopted from the representations of other persons, they are, as we have seen, very liable to be erroneous. The sources of error are, as we have seen, two-fold; the one source of error being the liability to error to which the minds of ourselves and of others are, and ever have been, exposed, in forming conclusions from sensations; the other source being mis-statement and mis-representation, on the part of other persons, in describing their sensations or the conclusions which they have formed from them, such mis-statement and mis-representation resulting from defective memory (in consequence of which past sensations are imperfectly or erroneously recalled, or the inferences which have formerly been drawn from them are forgotten or are misrepresented) or being voluntary and intentional.

Observation, then, which is the application of reason to sensation, and experience, (which is remembered or

recorded observation,) are the sources whence we derive all that we know, or that we think we know, respecting physical existence. And, as reason may be fallacious, or may be imperfectly exercised; as memory may be defective or deceptive; so may our observation be imperfect or erroneous; and our experience may be faulty or it may mislead us. Observation relates to present or existing sensations, and to the inferences drawn from these; while experience refers to past sensations, and to the inferences which have been drawn from them. Observation refers, then, to what *is*; experience to what *has been*. We have said that experience is remembered or recorded observation; for, as memory cannot faithfully store up or transmit all that has been observed, we record, or commit to writing, what are regarded as the most interesting or the most valuable portions of our experience, for the future benefit and instruction and guidance of ourselves and of others. We refer, then, for information respecting what *is*, to the observation of ourselves and of others; and, for information as to what *has been* to the experience of ourselves and of others. But, as the information derived from observation and from experience may be defective or erroneous, the opinions which we entertain respecting *what is* and *what has been* may be faulty or incorrect. And, as the memory of ourselves and of others may be treacherous; and, moreover, as written records of the experience of other persons may have been intentionally framed to deceive, the writers having given as the results of their experience misrepresented or fictitious reports; our information respecting *what has been* is peculiarly liable to be imperfect or untrue.

Thus, as truth refers to *what is* and to *what has been*, to reality as opposed to what is un-real; and, as, in appealing to observation and to experience, we are not certain of ascertaining *what is* or *what has been*; we see the difficulties which beset us in our endeavours to ascertain what is true, with regard to physical existence. For, if our own observation be so liable to be mistaken; if the observation of other persons be equally liable to

error, and if it be also liable to mis-representation; and if experience be liable to all the errors which attach themselves to observation, and be liable also to the defects and fallacies which imperfection of memory entails, and, moreover, to the fallacies with which the records of it may, purposely, be invested; it cannot be matter of surprize, if the information which we possess respecting physical existence be imperfect, and, in many respects, false. Want of truth, then, may be attached to observation, from error or imperfection of reason; the deductions of the mind being erroneous, but being truly stated and reported. Or, the deductions of the mind, whether true or untrue in themselves, may be untruly stated and reported. So experience may be untrue, because the original observation was erroneous, or because it has not been faithfully preserved in the memory, in both which cases we suppose all voluntary deception to be wanting; or it may be untrue, inasmuch as the statements of what has been observed are purposely made defective or are misrepresented.

Truth, then, as having reference to the opinions drawn from observation and experience with regard to physical existence, is two-fold. As referring solely to those opinions, it merely argues veracity as to statement. As having reference to physical being, it applies to actual existence, to what really is; it implies reality. What is truth as regards statement of opinion, may be fallacy as regards what really is; or, truth may embrace both veracity of statement and reality as to existence.

It is that truth which has reference to what really *is* which, alone, is valuable, and which, alone, ought to be the object to which rational beings should endeavour to attain. But, truth, as regards what really *is* in the physical world, may be partial and imperfect; and it may be so in various ways. In the first place, as all that we infer respecting physical existence is due to the action of reason upon sensation; it follows, that we can form conclusions respecting those things only, which so impress our bodies as to excite sensation. So that, for ought that we know, or can know, to the

contrary, there may exist many things in the physical world of whose existence we cannot have any knowledge, because we have no organs so susceptible of impressions from these as to transmit that influence which gives rise to sensation. Thus, if all mankind had been produced without retina, no man could have inferred the existence of what we call light; to man there would not have been light; to him it would not have existed. The grand agent of nature, the vice-gerent as it were of the Deity in the physical world, that something which is denominated electricity, under the more ordinary conditions of things, does not give to our senses any evidence of its existence; it is only when its relation to things is disturbed and its influence is interrupted, that it so excites our organs as to produce sensation. If therefore, these disturbances and these interruptions did not occur, we should not have any grounds for inferring the existence of this mighty and universal agent. But, although we have organs of sense which are so acted upon by light and by electricity as to transmit influences which generate sensation, from which our reason infers the existence of that which we term light, and of that which we term electricity; yet, as to the actual essence either of light or of electricity, we are in ignorance. Our reason may lead us to truth when it infers the existence of light and of electricity, but it may lead us into error when it forms inferences respecting the actual essences of these; and there may not be any means of which the mind can avail itself by which it may arrive at these advanced points of truth. Again, there are a great many things in the physical world respecting whose existence we may form correct inferences; and yet, as regards the relation of these to each other, or their influence on each other, we may form erroneous inferences, or we may be utterly in ignorance; or, in our inferences, truth may blend itself with error or with ignorance. Thus, truth, as having reference to many existing physical things, may, altogether, elude our notice; as regards others of these things, it may be partially established, and, as far as it goes, it may,

perhaps, be free from error ; or, it may be blended with fallacy or with ignorance, or with both these.

The attainment of truth, then, with regard to physical existence, can only be arrived at by man, as regards human efforts, through the medium of observation, either as personally made or as communicated by others ; it can only be accomplished through the medium of present or past sensation as acted upon by reason ; the first step towards the attainment of it being sensation. The attainment of it may be imperfect, in consequence of defective sensation ; or in consequence of defective observation or of erroneous observation, both which latter cases involve deficiency or error on the part of reason ; or, in consequence of inaccuracy with regard to reported or recorded observation, which inaccuracy may involve original deficiency or error of observation, or deficiency or error with a reference to the mode in which such observation is communicated or recorded, or wilful mis-statement and mis-representation on the part of the reporter or recorder.

In endeavouring, then, to arrive at truth, as far as our nature will allow us to do so, with a reference to the physical world, our object must, ever, be, to increase, as far as we can, the scope and variety of our sensations, to cultivate our reason, and to apply it as powerfully as we can to our sensations ; and to compare our own observations with each other and with the observations of other persons. And, in referring to the reported or recorded observations of others, we must enquire, firstly, whether these persons accurately reported or recorded the sensations on which their reason was exercised ; secondly, whether they were competent to reason correctly respecting their sensations ; thirdly, whether the inferences which their reason has drawn have been accurately related or recorded ; and fourthly, whether their observations accord, or are at variance, with our own observations on similar points, or with the observations of other persons whom we regard as competent to reason on their sensations, and on whose accuracy of report and veracity we can confidently rely.

We have already stated, that, when an external physical impression excites sensation, the mind, in most instances, refers its sensation not only to that impression, but, also, to the physical agent whence the impression arose, and that it so refers it as to identify, as it were, its sensation with that physical agent. And we have also remarked, that the conclusions which the mind forms respecting any given kind of sensation, are, rarely, drawn from an isolated sensation, but are, generally speaking, deduced from reasonings applied to various concurrent and past sensations, and from the connexion which it traces between that particular sensation and other sensations both past and present. When the mind observes that two or more different sensations constantly occur together, either at the same instant or after short intervals, and always in the same order with relation to each other, it learns so to connect them with each other as to regard the physical agencies to which it refers them as having a regular and established and determinate connexion with, and relation to, each other; and, when it has thus marked a regular connexion between two such physical agencies, it learns, to regard them as having a necessary reference to each other, and to infer, either, that the two agencies are produced by some third agency, or that one of the two agencies brings about or causes, in some way or other, the other agency. Thus, from observing that flame and sound constantly accompany the detonation of a fulminating powder, the mind learns to impute both the flame (which it *sees*) and the sound (which it *hears*) to some change in the condition of the elementary parts of that powder as brought about by that process which causes the detonation. When observation has remarked that certain relative positions of the sun and moon and earth are uniformly concurrent with certain states of the tides of the ocean; the mind learns to regard these changes of position in these orbs as having a direct connexion with, and relation to, the tidal changes; and, as, from reasoning on these phænomena and on other phænomena as brought to bear upon

these, it cannot refer the alterations in the relative position of the sun and moon and earth to altered states of the oceanic tides; it is led to impute the tidal changes to the altered positions of the two luminaries with a reference to our planet. Thus, the mind learns, not only to refer sensation to physical agency, but, to establish relations between physical agencies. It learns, not only to consider its sensations as effects due to physical agencies, but also, to establish certain relations between different physical agencies, to regard some physical agencies as effects due to other physical agencies. Observation, then, leads the mind to regard sensation as caused by external physical agency; it leads it, also, to consider one physical agency as the effect or the cause of another physical agency. Thus, having been led to refer tidal changes to alterations in the relative positions of the sun, moon, and earth, the mind is led, by its reason, to regard the altered relative positions of these orbs, also, as effects due to causation of some kind or other.

Thus, observation established causation. Thus, does the mind learn to regard every sensation as having something to which it bears relation as effect to cause; and every physical agency, to which sensation is referable, as also having some other agency to which *it* also bears relation as effect to cause. And, as all agency implies the existence of an agent, the mind learns, to trace all physical agency to physical agents, to regard the agency of one agent as the effect or cause of the agency of another agent; and, thus, does it establish systems of relationship between physical agents. But, as the mind is, in many instances, mistaken in the inferences which it draws from its sensations as regards the primary source of these, so is it often led to form erroneous conclusions with regard to the relationship which it traces between different physical agents. It may regard a given physical agency as the effect of another physical agency with which that former agency has not any connexion; or, in tracing the connexion which really exists between two physical agencies, it

may mistake the effect for the cause and the causes for the effect; or, it may regard two concurrent effects due to one common cause, as standing with regard to each other in the relation of effect and cause.

Observation having, thus, established in the mind the principle of causation, this principle is always referred to when the mind reasons on any subject. In examining the extensive range of physical being, with which sensation makes it acquainted, the mind traces, or endeavours to trace, relations between the various kinds of physical existence so as to ascertain in what way or in what variety of ways, to what extent, and in what degree, these influence, or are dependant upon, or spring out of, one another. And, as, in contemplating physical being, it observes, in many cases, certain fixed and constant relations existing between certain different things, and certain constant influences exerted by some things upon other things, it is enabled to record these relations and these influences as things certain and invariable, and it refers to these as established realities in the œconomy of physical existence, which it designates as *fixed principles* or *laws* in that œconomy. In pursuing the links of causation which connect agency with agency, and, consequently, agent with agent, the mind arrives at certain ultimate points in physical existence beyond which it cannot any further trace any causation as referable to any other physical agent. These ultimate points in physical existence form the primary sources whence we trace the relations which subsist between physical things and the influences which they exert upon each other; they form the *elements* in the œconomy of physical existence. But, as, in tracing the various modifications of physical existence up to these elements, the mind has proceeded from what it has regarded as effects, to what it has inferred to be the causes of these, and has traced these supposed causes further up until it has arrived at what it regards as the causes of these causes, until it has reached points in the chain of causation beyond which it cannot go; as the mind has learned, from such

investigation, to link on, effect to cause, in such a continued series that cause becomes an effect, and effect a cause; so has it acquired such a habit of regarding every modification of physical existence but as the effect or result or product of some other physical thing holding a more advanced position in the chain of causation, that, when it has arrived at what appear to it to be the elements of physical existence, it, yet, seeks the cause of these; its habits of deduction leading it to infer, that these elements must be the effects or results or products of something still higher in the chain of causation. The mind is, thus, led to infer the existence of some cause which has given rise to the physical elements at which its observation terminates, of some cause beyond the limits of that kind of existence with which sensation makes it acquainted, of a cause beyond the range of physical existence as cognizable by man, to which extra-physical cause it attributes the whole range of known physical existence as an effect or a product. Of the nature or essential character of this extra-physical cause, whose existence is, thus, inferred, the mind can neither, of itself, acquire any knowledge, nor can it form any conception, because, as reason places cause beyond the range of physical existence, so cannot it be made known to the mind through the medium of sensation, which is the primary source whence the mind derives all that itself can learn respecting other existences than that of itself. But the mind finds, that although its habits of deduction will not allow it to rest upon the elements of physical existence as the extreme points in the chain of causation, but lead it to infer the existence of something yet higher in that chain, of something causative beyond the range of physical existence; yet, having been led up to this supposed cause, it must either proceed yet further in an imaginary extension of the chain of causation, and must infer the existence of a cause of the extra-physical cause of physical existence, and so proceed onward *ad infinitum*; or, having been led one step beyond the range of physical existence, and having inferred the existence of a cause of that existence, it must

rest at this point, it must rest satisfied with considering the chain of causation as terminating at this point; it must be content with having inferred the existence of a cause of which it is utterly unable even to imagine a cause, unless it could imagine a perpetually extending and interminable chain of causation, which it cannot do. But, if the mind, finding that it cannot proceed *ad infinitum* in imagining a perpetual chain of causation beyond the range of physical existence, be, thus, forced to admit a final limit to causation; it may, perhaps, be led to return to the elements of physical existence as the extreme points in the chain of causation, and to infer that these elements exist *per se* and are not referable to any cause.

Thus, the reasoning mind, in pursuing the chain of causation, must come to some terminal point. It either pursues that chain until it reaches the utmost confine of physical existence, and there takes its stand, regarding the elements which occupy that confine as endowed with an independent existence, and deducing from the agency of these all subordinate causation, thus regarding the elements of physical existence as the source of all physical causation, or, in other words, making nature the source of natural cause and effect; or, the mind, resigning itself to reason, advances one step further, and, proceeding beyond the confine of physical existence, infers the existence of a cause of that existence, or, in other words, of a cause of nature, and at that point it rests. That cause of nature, whose existence reason may thus be led to infer, is, thus, assumed to be the ultimate, the primary, cause of all physical existence; and, consequently, to be the source of all the endowments with which that existence is invested.

But, the mind, which infers the existence of the physical world from sensations, has other perceptions than these. Sensations do not constitute its sole perceptions, it has other perceptions besides those which lead it to infer the existence of physical agency, and, consequently, of physical agents; it has other perceptions besides present and remembered sensations. It has that perception whence it derives the consciousness of

its own existence. It has various other perceptions, some more awakened and distinct, some more dormant and indistinct, which lead it to the contemplation of things which belong not to any part of the range of physical existence, which make it acquainted with things which belong not to the physical world, perceptions independent of any sensual states of any portion of the nervous system, and, so far as we can ascertain, as independent of any sensorial state as any perception of the mind can be while it resides in sensorium. To these perceptions, thus distinguished from sensations whether past or remembered, it is not easy to assign an appropriate name which may clearly distinguish them from remembered sensations, which we have also described as perceptions of the mind existing independently of the co-existence of a sensual state of nerves. They may be called *spiritual perceptions*, and they include those perceptions which have been denominated *moral*. Now, as the mind has been led, by reasoning on its sensations, to acknowledge a principle of causation as established with a reference to physical existence; so is it led by reasoning on its spiritual perceptions to infer a principle of causation as established with a reference to its own existence, and to the existence of other minds, and to the existence of whatsoever is not physical, to all spiritual existence. But, in tracing the chain of causation as regards physical existence, the mind arrived at certain elementary points, and it was obliged to regard the chain as terminating in these points, or it was led one step further, and, proceeding beyond the confines of physical existence, it inferred the existence of a cause of that existence. In seeking to trace the chain of spiritual causation, however, the mind cannot link this to any part of the chain of physical causation; it cannot refer spiritual causation to the elements of physical existence; it cannot attribute the existence of itself and of other minds and of all other spiritual existence, to the agency of physical elements. It must refer these spiritual existences to some other agency, to some other source, to some other

cause. In proportion as the mind employs its observation on the examination of the physical world, it discovers, more and more plainly, increasing instances and evidences of the operation of the most consummate reason ; it observes, amidst the vast range of physical existence, the most perfect harmony, the most convincing evidences of design, and utterly irresistible proofs of contrivance. All these evidences and proofs bespeak the operations of high intelligence, of absolute wisdom, of perfect reason, of vast power over physical existence, of something similar to, but immeasurably superior to, the mind of man. As such evidences and proofs, then, constrain the mind, as it pursues the chain of causation with a reference to physical existence, to refer all physical existence to some cause beyond the limits of that existence ; as they constrain the mind to infer the existence of an extra-physical cause, as the cause of physical existence ; so, do these evidences and proofs lead the mind to regard the cause of physical existence as endowed with high intelligence, with absolute wisdom, with perfect reason, with vast power, with mind of an exalted character. And, having been constrained to infer the existence of such a cause of physical existence ; it cannot, as it seeks to trace the chain of causation as regards the existence of the human mind and other spiritual existences, come to any other conclusion but that which leads it to refer these, also, to the same cause as that to which physical being owes its existence and its endowments.

The human mind, then, as guided by reason, is constrained to refer all physical and all spiritual existence to one and the same cause, to an intelligent, wise, powerful, reasoning existence, to a mental being, to something spiritual, exceeding in endowments and in might all that has being whether in the range of physical existence or in that of spiritual existence. This one great and universal cause of physical and of spiritual existence, constitutes the God of reason, the deity of rational inference. Beyond this cause, the mind cannot proceed. It has no grounds on which to found

any inference as to the existence of any cause of this great cause; it cannot conceive the existence of any such higher cause; for, as it infers that this great cause is the universal cause of all physical and spiritual existences, and, as it has neither knowledge nor suspicion of any other kind of existences than these; so, by this very inference, it is precluded from supposing that there can exist anything higher in the scale of causation than this great and universal cause, which we designate as *the supreme being*.

The mind has a perception of its own existence. It has a perception also, a knowledge derived from sensation, of the existence of the physical frame in which it dwells, of the existence of its bodily organization. It is enabled to ascertain, that the materials of which this its bodily organization is formed are continually changing; that fresh materials are continually added to, are continually entering into the composition of, its bodily structure, while portions of that structure are continually separating themselves from that structure and are entering into other combinations in some other part of the range of physical existence; so that during the period of its investiture with a bodily organization, all the materials of that organization may have been, repeatedly, changed; the, mind in fact, having resided, during its incarnation, in many different bodies. But, the mind, throughout all these changes of the materials of its bodily fabric, throughout all these exchanges of one body for another, has not any perception of any change of identity as affecting itself; but, throughout all these bodily changes, it, ever, preserves a consciousness of its own identity. Thus, the mind has an intuitive evidence of the most conclusive nature that its own existence, its own identity, is not affected by the removal and exchange of the materials which constitute the organization of its body, even although that removal and exchange proceed so far as to deprive it of the whole of one body and to substitute an entirely new body; it has the most conclusive proof that its own existence, its own identity, is independent of physical

existence, and that it can continue, and that it does continue, one and the same, under all changes which the body undergoes, and after the whole of a former body has been removed.

The residence of the human mind in a physical body is but a temporary residence. The time, sooner or later, arrives, when the bodily organization, in which the mind resides, and which has been continually undergoing gradual removal and exchange, is, entirely and at once, subjected to decomposition without renewal or reconstruction; when, in short, the mind has its body, suddenly and entirely, instead of gradually and partially, withdrawn from it. This sudden and entire disorganization of the bodily residence of mind differs from the gradual and partial disorganization which has unceasingly been going on ever since the organization first took place, only, as regards time and degree; it is an instantaneous and a simultaneous removal of the whole of the materials of the body in the place of a slow and separate and partial removal of those materials. The mind, as contemplating this sudden and entire disorganization of the physical structure in which another mind has resided, and from which it has received those impressions which, alone, have led it to infer the existence of that other mind, is apt, when that physical organization is, thus, entirely decomposed, to imagine, on the first view of the subject, that this other mind has partaken of the decomposition which has befallen its body; for, as it can no longer trace any relic of that specific organization which it recognized as the residence of that other mind, and from which it derived all that it knew of that mind, so cannot it any longer have any sensible evidence of the existence of that mind, it cannot have any sensible evidence of the existence of disembodied mind. But, when the mind exercises its reason on this subject, it perceives, evidently, the erroneousness of its hasty conclusion. It satisfies itself, that mind, preserving identity and permanence of existence, during all those gradual and partial changes of the organization of its bodily dwelling

which proceed to the entire removal of one body and to the substitution of another body, cannot but equally retain its identity and its permanence of existence when that, which took place gradually, takes place suddenly ; it cannot but perceive, that a mere question of time as regards these occurrences cannot affect the permanent existence and identity of mind ; it cannot but infer, that mind preserves its existence and its identity after its residence has been altogether disorganized and removed,—that the mind, when entirely disembodied, must preserve its existence and its identity unimpaired.

Thus the mind is not only conscious of its own existence, but it perceives, also, that it has an existence independent of the physical organization with which it is temporally connected, and consequently, an existence which remains after the entire disorganization of the body in which it has a temporary residence. The mind perceives that it has an existence independent of physical existence.

As the mind, then, is constrained to infer the existence of one great and supreme and universal cause of physical and of spiritual existences, and to infer also that this ultimate cause is an intelligent and a reasoning being, a mind of vast capacities and powers, bearing sway over all that results from its causation ; as it infers an existence of its own independent of physical existence ; so is it led to infer also that the ultimate cause in the scale of universal causation has an existence which is independent of physical existence.

The mind, then, infers the existence of physical being. It has perception of spiritual existence. It perceives that itself has an existence, which is independent of physical existence, and which may, and, in all probability, will, continue after its connexion with a physical body has ceased. It infers the existence of a vast and powerful mind, or of something analogous thereto, to which it refers all causation, and to which it is constrained, by its own reason, to assign an existence independent as supreme. Such are the perceptions which the mind has within itself ; such the inferences which it deduces from observation and experience.

We have stated, that the mind retains relics of past perceptions, such retention being called memory, and that, as, memory may not be sufficiently retentive, it commits many of these to writing for the benefit of itself and of others. In many instances, it communicates its past perceptions orally to others, who either record these in writing or transmit them, in their turn, orally to other persons. Thus, the past perceptions of one mind are communicated or transmitted to other minds, either orally, or by writings, either by tradition, or by record. We have seen, the difficulties which beset the attainment of truth as regards our own observation and the observation of other persons, and the error and fallacy to which all communicated observation is liable. Thus, traditional information will transmit all the error and the fallacy which may have accompanied original observation, and it is liable, moreover, to all the additional error and fallacy which may accrue to it from defective memory on the part of those who successfully transmit it, or which may be imparted to it by intentional misrepresentation. So recorded or written information will transmit all the error and all the fallacy which may have attended original observation; it may blend these with the errors which tradition has introduced from lapse of memory or from wilful misrepresentation; it may be faulty and imperfect from the loss or obliteration of a portion of the record, or from some of the language in which it is conveyed having become obsolete and unintelligible, or from clerical errors or omissions due to the inadvertency of copyists, or from the interpolation of annotators, or from wilful alteration of the original record, and the like. All traditional information, then, and all recorded information, are liable to error and fallacy from various sources. Thus, all history, which consists of written records, founded, in a great measure, on traditional information, is liable to error and fallacy of various kinds, proceeding from various sources. But, as all that is known, or can be known, respecting past occurrences, must be derived from tradition or from record, or from both these blended together, it becomes necessary to subject every particular tradition and every

particular record to certain tests in order that we satisfy ourselves respecting the degree and extent of credit which is due to these. In examining into the credibility of any traditional information, we must endeavour to ascertain whether there be any evidence to be derived from any other source bearing upon the subject to which such tradition refers, or bearing upon some subject connected with it. We must regard the character of the persons by and through whom the tradition has been transmitted to us, the motives which may have influenced them in propagating it, and the length of time embraced by it, we must consider the probability of the circumstances handed down by tradition, and see how far these tally, or are at variance, with ordinary experience. So, in examining into the credibility of any particular record, we must ascertain who the original framers of that record were; whence they derived their information as to what they narrate; the character of those whence they derived it; their own character; the liabilities to error and fallacy to which these parties were, severally exposed; the motives which may have influenced them in detailing what is narrated, and which may have induced them to invent or to exaggerate or to distort the subject matter of their narration. We must take into account the style and tone of the narration, whether it be grave and unembellished, or florid and poetical. We must have a regard to the age and country in which it was written, and to the language in which it was originally composed; we must take into account the character of that language, its structure, scope, phraseology, dialects, idiom. We must collate and compare different copies and different versions of the record. We must see whether the several portions of it harmonize, or are at variance, with each other. We must have recourse to contemporary records, if any such exist, for collateral evidence which may bear upon the subject of the record in question. We must ascertain whether the circumstances detailed in the record accord, or are at variance, with the common experience of mankind as regards

similar circumstances if such have occurred subsequently to those detailed in the record.

All history, then, whether traditional or recorded, is to be received with great caution, and must be carefully scrutinized and tested before it be received as authentic evidence of what it narrates. And we must, ever, bear in mind the nature, the unavoidable nature, of all human testimony, which, founded as it is on observation and experience, personal or derived from others, must, ever, and under all circumstances, be liable to some degree of fallacy. We must, ever, when examining into the truth of history, remember, that, as has, already, been remarked, truth is two-fold; it has regard to the *Belief* of the narrators, and it also has a reference to the *Reality* of what is narrated. The history may truly record the *Belief* of the narrator, and, yet, the circumstances narrated may have been *un-real*. Or, the narrator may have honestly recorded his *belief*, and the circumstances narrated may be partly *real* and partly *un-real*. Truth, too, as attainable by the mind, as capable of being discovered by human reason, must, always, be partial. There ever may, and must, be much reality of which the mind must, during its present state of existence, remain in ignorance. There are many realities, indeed, known, in the present day, by man, of which our ancestors were ignorant; and we may fairly conclude, that continued observation and experience will add to our present stock of known realities. There are, however, bounds within which human knowledge must be circumscribed. There are many things which cannot be known to us because we do not possess any avenues of sense through which the perception of them can reach the mind. Among the things which are, thus, without the pale of human knowledge, are, the condition, the essence, the *habitat* of disembodied mind; and the essence and individuality of the great universal first cause. These are subjects utterly beyond all our powers of perception. And yet, the mind is, by the exercise of its reason, led, as we have seen, to infer, that mind does exist independently of all

connexion with physical being; that its existence continues after it has been separated from its union with a physical body; and that there does exist a great universal first cause which is intelligent, which is mind.

There exist, among other records handed down from past ages, certain records which communicate information of a higher kind than is attainable by human observation and experience; which information claims for itself the high character of direct revelation from the Supreme Being to man. In enquiring into the authenticity of these records, we must subject them to all those tests which we have enumerated as applicable in the examination of the credibility of the records of past times; we must apply these tests freely but judiciously, and we must sit down to the investigation with minds open to conviction and unfettered by prejudice. As the human mind is constrained by its reason to infer the existence of a great intelligent first cause, so a record which asserts the existence of such a Supreme Being will only assert what the mind has already established as true from the operation of its own reason. Such an assertion in a record could not, then, meet with any opposition from prejudice on the part of the mind; for, the preconceived opinion of the mind would accord with such an assertion. So, if a record were to assert that the human mind has an existence independent of physical existence, and that it continues to exist after its connexion with physical organization has ceased, there would not be anything in such an assertion which could meet with opposition from preconceived opinion, since the inferences drawn by the mind from the operation of its reason already accord with such an assertion. But, although a record professing to convey a direct communication from the Supreme Being to man, were to assert only the existence of that Being and the existence of the human mind as independent of physical organization, its containing these assertions would not prove that what it asserted has been directly communicated to man by immediate revelation; for such assertions would only advance

what reason had already established, they would only accord with the inferences of reason. These inferences of reason the mind cannot but believe to be true; it admits them, it adopts them, as truths. And, although there could not be any difficulty, *à priori*, in supposing that the Supreme Being, whose existence the mind cannot but admit from the exercise of reason alone, might hold direct communication with man; yet the mere communication of those truths which reason alone is competent to establish, would not, of itself, be a proof that a record containing them could claim for itself the high character of a direct revelation from the Supreme Being, seeing that the original writer of that record might have arrived at these truths simply through the operation of his reason. But, if a writer in a past age, who had arrived at these truths through the operation of his reason alone, and who had never received any direct communication from the Supreme Being, had left behind him a record in which he professed to have received these truths by a direct revelation from that Being, such an assertion on his part, though utterly untrue, would not, in any degree, do injury to these truths; for these truths would still be truths; they would not be less true because such writer had blended them with assertions due only to his fancy or invention. The discovery of deception on the part of such a writer would not affect the reality of the truths contained in his record.

There is nothing, then, *à priori*, to lead the mind to think it improbable that the Supreme Being should hold direct communication with man. But, if such communication took place, we might, perhaps, expect, that it would relate to things beyond the reach of man's own unassisted observation and experience, and that it would not be confined to subjects which the human mind could attain to by the operation of its reason. We should, *à priori*, be prepared to find that those inferences, which our reason had been constrained to admit, would be confirmed by such revelation. We should also be prepared to expect, that, of those truths

which lie beyond the pale of our observation, a portion only could be revealed, such a portion consisting of such realities only as our present limited faculties could comprehend. We should not expect that the revelation would extend to the display of truths which would overpower and bewilder our imperfect perceptions and confound our limited reason; for, such a revelation would, in fact, not be a revelation to man as at present constituted and endowed. We should expect that such a revelation would, of necessity, be partial and limited; that it would be adapted to our present condition and discernment and endowments and necessities; that it would confirm our belief in the existence of our minds as independent of physical organization; that it might impart to us some knowledge of the state in which they will exist after they have been detached from their physical bodies; that it would confirm our belief in the existence of a great first intelligent cause; and that it might communicate to us something in relation to that Supreme Being at which we could not arrive by the mere exercise of our reason. If, then, a record professing to contain a direct revelation from the Supreme Being to man, contained such matter as we, *à priori*, should expect such a revelation to communicate, our minds would not find any difficulty in believing such a revelation to have been made, if they were furnished with conclusive evidence that it had been made.

But, supposing the great first cause to have made any direct revelation to man, in what mode can we suppose that such revelation could be made? How should we, by reasoning *à priori*, conceive that this Supreme Being would make a direct communication to man? As the human mind can only have two kinds of perception, the one originating in sensual states of nerves resulting from physical impressions, the other altogether independent, as we have supposed, of such states and, consequently, of such impressions; the one having relation to physical, the other to spiritual existence; so must we suppose, that all direct communication or information from the Supreme Being to man, must be

made through the medium of one of these two kinds of perception. Suppose, then, that such communication were made through the medium of sensation, what are the kinds of sensation which we can suppose capable of conveying to the mind a conviction that such sensation is due to the immediate agency of the Supreme Being? We can only suppose vision and hearing to be the kinds of sensation by and through which such a communication could be made. Let us take, then, either of these as the supposed medium of such communication. Suppose vision to be that medium. In such a case, the vision must be supposed to be different, in kind or degree, from any which the mind has had presented to it when it has been led to impute *what it saw* to ordinary physical agency. We must suppose, that the mind *sees* something which its reason refuses to impute to ordinary agency, and which it, therefore, imputes to extra-ordinary agency. There are many varieties of vision, however, which result from ordinary physical agency, but which a mind, from want of due acquaintance with such agency, may be led to impute to something of an extra-ordinary character, to physical agency of a higher and distinct kind, or to extra-physical agency. And, as the mind naturally, as it were, infers the existence of disembodied mind, of mind continuing to exist after the physical organization in which it resided has been dissolved, and the existence also of a great first cause or Supreme Being which it regards as extra-physical, as mind of a high order; so, a mind which is led, through ignorance, to impute a sensation resulting from ordinary physical agency to something else, to something extra-physical, is inclined to regard that something either as the Supreme Being or as some other disembodied mind, whether human or of a higher order; it is inclined to attribute the sensation to the direct agency of the Supreme Being, or to that of some other disembodied mind. Thus, in one age, or in the case of one individual, a variety of vision, which, in a subsequent age of greater knowledge or by a more enlightened person, would, at once, be referred to an

ordinary and familiar physical agency, might, through mere want of knowledge, be imputed to some supernatural agency; it might be referred to the direct agency of the Supreme Being, or to the direct agency of an angelic being, or of a disembodied human mind. A large meteor, an eclipse, a mirage, and the like, might, by a mind utterly unacquainted with physical phenomena, be supposed to betoken the immediate agency or the presence of some super-human being. But, if the mind be led by reason to infer that the Supreme Being, whose existence it is, by that reason, constrained to admit, is an extra-physical being, a being of mind, a mind unconnected with physical organization; and, if such inference be the truth; then do these very terms imply that such a being cannot be perceived by the human mind through the media of its bodily organs, through the medium of sensation. Such a being could not be an object of vision. It could only impress the mind with a belief in its presence (through the agency of vision alone) by investing itself with some appearance quite distinct from any appearance ever assumed by known physical being; in which case, the mind would refer to its reason for the source of this extraordinary appearance, and the inference deduced by that reason, with a reference to such appearance, if the mind had no other perception connected with that appearance to refer to, would be little or nothing more than vague conjecture. If, indeed, the vision were to represent the characters of some known language, in such a mode, or in such a situation, that the mind could not refer the formation of such characters to human agency; and, if those characters formed words employed conventionally by man as vehicles of thought, words, in short, of some known language; then would the mind be compelled to refer such vision to some super-human agency. And, if the words so presented by vision, announced themselves as resulting directly from the agency of the Supreme Being, or professed to communicate a message or information immediately from that Being, the mind could not but conclude that the vision was, in truth, due

to the immediate agency of the great first cause. But this appears to be the only case in which we can suppose that vision alone, unassisted by any other perception, could be the medium by and through which the human mind, in its present state of existence, could receive direct intelligible communication from the Supreme Being. We can easily conceive, however, that a person, unacquainted with optical phænomena, might be so imposed upon by the appearance of written language, traced in characters in some mode or in some situation which seemed, to him, to preclude the possibility of their being due to human agency, but, yet, being, actually, due to that agency, as to be led to refer the vision to super-human agency; there being no effect more easily or more certainly produced, than the deception of an ignorant mind by optical illusions. We can easily conceive various other kinds of vision, also, which may result from physical agency, but which a mind, through ignorance of the various modes in which that agency may be exerted, may be led to refer to extra-physical agency.

Let us now suppose hearing to be the medium of immediate communication from the Supreme Being to man. In such a case, we must suppose a person to *hear sounds* which differ, in some respect or other, from any which his reason can lead him to impute to any known physical agency. There may, however, be many sounds which are due to physical agency, but which the mind, through ignorance of the cause of them, may refer to some extraordinary agency. Thus a person unacquainted with acoustics might impute thunder, or, sound resulting from other meteoric explosion, or echo, to something distinct from the common physical causes of sound; he might refer these sounds to some supernatural agency. But, if a person, were to *hear sounds* similar to those modifications of articulate sound which are conventionally employed between man and man as vehicles of thought and as expressive of feeling, sounds such as those by which language is formed; and, if he were utterly unable to refer these sounds to any human

being, or to any other animal being, or to any artificial machine; if, in short, he were unable to discover any ordinary source whence these artificial modifications of sound could arise; he could not do otherwise than impute them to some extra-ordinary source, he could not but infer that the language proceeded from some rational being other than a man like himself; and he might be led to suppose that such being was, either, a disembodied human mind, or some super-human being, and, possibly, the Supreme Being. And if these sounds of language were uttered as in the first person of a speaker; and if they declared the words to be directly uttered by the Supreme Being or by a delegated messenger sent by that Being; we cannot conceive how the person hearing these sounds could come to any other conclusion than that such declaration was true. But, if such sounds as these were accompanied by some extra-ordinary vision, by some suspension of the ordinary modes of causation, by the substitution of extraordinary effects for ordinary effects as the results of some familiar kind of causation, or by the display of a new kind of causation; and, if such changes of cause and effect were declared, by those sounds, as assuming the form of familiar language, to be directly connected with the presence, or with the direct interference, of the Supreme Being; the person whom we suppose to perceive these several things would be constrained to believe that the declaration which *he heard* was true; he would be constrained to admit that the evidence of a direct interference of the Supreme Being, of an immediate communication between that Being and himself, was irresistible and conclusive. We can conceive then, that hearing alone (independent of any other sensation) might be the medium of direct communication from the Supreme Being to man; and we can well conceive that hearing, coupled with vision, might afford to the mind irresistible evidence of the existence of such communication. But, we can, also, readily perceive, that ignorance on the part of man, both as regards optics and acoustics, might lead him to impute to super-natural agency the mere results of ordinary physical agency.

But, although a man may be constrained to believe that he has, through the medium of sensation, received a communication from the Supreme Being, either directly, or through the agency of a delegated super-human messenger; how is he to persuade others to adopt his belief? His belief may be the effect of credulous ignorance, how are other persons to ascertain that what he believes is true? Or, he may firmly believe that what he asserts is true, and his belief may be well-founded.

The persons to whom a man states that he has received a communication from the Supreme Being or from some other super-human being, will have two points to consider, in the first instance, when they proceed to examine into the credibility of his statement. The first point will be, whether the narrator really believes what he asserts; or, whether his statement be, altogether, a fiction on his part. If it be ascertained that he believes his statement to be true, the next point will be, to discover whether he may not have been deceived. In determining the first of these points, the character of the narrator must be taken into account, as well as the motives which may be supposed to have induced him to make a false assertion. In determining the second point, several things are to be considered. The probability that the narrator was deceived, owing to his unacquaintance with physical phænomena, or to the circumstances under which he was placed at the time of the supposed communication, or to his state of body and of mind at that time, or to the general character of his reasoning powers, or to other such causes. The nature of the supposed communication must be taken into account; the necessity that may seem to have existed for such immediate interference on the part of the Supreme Being; the advantage that could accrue from such interference; the possibility, or impossibility, that such information as the supposed communication imparted could be derived from ordinary sources; the accordance of such information with known realities, or with what are generally supposed to be truths; all these things must be taken into consideration. If the

supposed communication contain assertions which are at variance with known realities, we may be warranted in rejecting it, at once, as a fallacy or an invention; but, if it be at variance only with what are commonly supposed to be truths, it must not be rejected on such a ground until it has been ascertained, beyond a possibility of error, that those supposed truths are in reality true. Yet, if the supposed communication involve expressions which are not strictly consonant with actual reality, it does not follow that persons would be warranted, on this ground alone, in rejecting such communication as spurious; for, such expressions might be used in accordance with the general opinions then current among mankind; for, it is to be supposed, that, if the Supreme Being were to make a direct communication to any individual through the medium of language, the language employed would be such as was familiar to that person; it might, *à priori*, be expected that the terms of that language, and the expressions relating to physical things, and any illustrations drawn from those things, would be such as were familiar to the understanding of that person, rather than in strict accordance with the actual realities of physical existence of which he might be utterly ignorant, and respecting which he might entertain most erroneous opinions. For, terms of language and expressions which strictly accorded with the actual realities of physical existence, would, to a person utterly unacquainted with these realities, or to one entertaining extremely erroneous opinions with regard to physical existences, be altogether unintelligible and embarrassing. So that we might, *à priori*, expect that the supreme being would accommodate the expressions in which the communication was couched, to the intellect and endowments and acquirements and fixed opinions of the recipient of that communication. It is the palpable misrepresentation of known realities, the statement of things known at the time of the supposed communication to be untrue, the use of expressions directly at variance with what was then known to be true, which will, at once, stamp such supposed communication with the character of fallacy or deception. If the information

which is said to have been received directly from the Supreme Being appear to be such as the person professing to have so received it could not have acquired without an extra-ordinary revelation, this will be a point strongly in favour of the truth of his statement. If that pretended communication predict several events which afterwards occur exactly as they were foretold by it, this, again, will be a point which may tend strongly to confirm the truth of his statement, provided that the events predicted were such as could not be foreseen and foreknown by any human being. For, there may be events which a man, conversant with the order of the physical world, may accurately, foretell, the prediction of which, to one not acquainted with the subject, might appear beyond the powers of man; such as the prediction of eclipses of the sun and moon, of the re-appearance of comets, and the like. If the pretended communication rest not on the testimony of one individual, but be supported by the concurrent testimony of several credible persons who assert that they were parties with him in the reception of such communication, and whose representation of all the leading circumstances connected with it accords with that given by him; and, if there be not any ground for supposing that these persons have conspired together with that individual for the purpose of propagating a falsehood; then will this additional evidence tend powerfully to establish the truth of his statement.

The persons, then, to whom a man states that he has received a direct communication from the Supreme Being or from some other super-human being, will form their conclusions as to the credibility of the statement from the consideration of the several points to which we have briefly adverted. They will possess the advantage of personally examining and cross-examining the narrator. We suppose these persons to be competent to institute and to maintain such an examination, and to apply themselves to it with honest and unprejudiced minds. For, there are, ever, many persons, who, with ready credibility, believe whatever is asserted, and whose appetite for the marvellous is such, that they greedily

devour everything of a marvellous or super-natural character that is proposed to them. The concurrent testimony of a host of such persons would add little or nothing to the credibility of such a statement as we are considering. But, if several persons, whose character for honest and dispassionate inquiry was well established and above suspicion, received such a statement directly from the narrator, and agreed in avowing their belief in the truth of that statement; and, especially, if the previous opinions and the prejudices of these persons were such as opposed, rather than favoured, the willing reception of such a statement; then, would their concurrent belief go far to establish the truth of such a statement.

The credibility of the testimony of a person who asserts that he has received a direct communication from the Supreme Being, rests, then, in a great degree, upon the judgment formed of it by certain of the contemporaries of that person. But, where the communication stated to have been so received, relates to future events in subsequent ages, those who live in those succeeding ages may see the realization of the events so referred to and predicted, and may, by this fulfilment of the predictions, be convinced of the truth of the antient statement which tradition or record may have handed down to them, although the contemporaries of the party who originally asserted that he had received that communication, may have disbelieved his assertion, and may have regarded him as a dupe or as an imposter. So that, although the contemporaries of a person professing to have received such a communication have many advantages over persons in after-times as regards the means of forming a correct judgment as to the credibility of such profession, there are, also, some advantages on the side of the latter persons.

A record which professes to contain a direct revelation from the Supreme Being, may have been written by the party who professes to have received it, or by a person or persons to whom he had communicated it. The record may, simply, communicate the matter which it asserts to have been revealed; or it may

contain also sundry other matters, and these other matters may have been added by the writer from his own observation, or may have been collected by him from other sources, whether from his contemporaries as relating their own observations or traditional information, or from pre-existing records; or, a part, or the whole, of such additional matter may have been added by subsequent annotators. The record may be, or may be supposed to be, the original manuscript of the supposed writer of it, or it may not pretend to be the genuine manuscript, but, merely, a copy of it, or the copy of a copy of the original. Or it may be a translation into another tongue of the supposed original record, or of a copy of it. All these are points to be taken into consideration when we examine into the credibility of any recorded matter which is asserted to have been the subject of a direct revelation from the Supreme Being to man, and we must attend, also, to those other points already adverted to as demanding attention from the contemporaries of a person pretending to have received such a direct revelation, as well as to those points which we have noticed as requiring the attention of those who examine into the credibility of history in general, whether traditional or recorded.

Having now inquired into the modes by which we might suppose *à priori*, that a direct communication from the Supreme Being to man might be made through the medium of sensation, or, in other words, through the medium of his physical organization, let us now inquire whether we could suppose, *à priori*, that such a communication would be made through the medium of the other mode of perception, or of what we have called spiritual perception, that is, independently of all agency referable to physical organization. The question, then, now to be considered is, whether our reason would lead us to suppose that the supreme being would make a direct communication to man through the medium of his spiritual perception; or, in other words, whether that being would communicate directly with the human mind, without any reference to the physical organization

with which that mind is associated. As our reason leads us to infer that the human mind, has an existence independent of physical existence, not only after its separation from its physical organization, that is after its bodily structure has been completely disorganized, but, also, during its abode in that body; and, as our reason also infers the existence of a powerful and intelligent primary source of causation, which we denominate the Supreme Being, and infers also that this great Being is mind or something analogous thereto; as we can readily suppose that direct communication from the Supreme Being to man might be made through the medium of sensation; so there seems not to be any difficulty in supposing that the Supreme Mind, the universal source of all causation, might make a direct communication to the human mind by its direct influence upon it, or, in other words, through the medium of spiritual perception.

But, if the Supreme Being were to make a direct communication to the human mind through its spiritual perception, how, we might ask, could the mind ascertain that what it so perceived was due to the direct agency of the Supreme Being, and was not due to its own imagination? It may be said, in answer to this question, that the same power which caused the perception might also cause the mind to refer it to the agency of some external being, which it could only conceive to be the Supreme Being. And we can readily conceive that this might be the case. But, we also know, how very possible it is for a mind, which has indulged its imagination with uncontrouled freedom, and which has been wound up to a high pitch of feeling by enthusiasm, to attribute its own fabrications to the direct agency of the Supreme Being. We constantly see instances where this is the case without referring to cases of mania or delirium. If a person become instantaneously possessed of knowledge which he never had before possessed, and which he is conscious to himself that he did not derive from any source on earth; if he become impressed with the irresistible conviction that certain events, to all other persons unforeseen, will occur, and if he finds, afterwards, that these do occur precisely as he felt

convinced that they would occur ; in such cases, we cannot conceive how such a person could avoid coming to the conclusion that a direct revelation had been made to him from the Supreme Being. Or, if a person were to be sensible of some instantaneous change in all his sentiments and affections, without any consciousness of any alteration in the condition of any portion of the physical organization of his body, or of any other external natural influence to which he could attribute such change, we can imagine that he might be led to impute such a change to the direct influence of the Supreme Mind.

Supposing, then, that a person is impressed with the assured belief that he has received a direct communication from the Supreme Being through the medium of spiritual perception alone, how are we to suppose that he can persuade other persons to adopt his belief; how can he furnish others with satisfactory proof of his having received such a communication?

If we find a person displaying a correct knowledge of things or of past events which we cannot suppose him to have acquired by any ordinary means from any source; or, if he predict events which afterwards happen precisely as he foretold them; we cannot but infer that he has had some revelation from some extraordinary source; but, in the latter instance, we must be assured that we determine correctly when we conclude that he could not have any ordinary means of fore-knowing the events which he predicted; since, as we have already observed, there may be events which a man conversant with physical existences may accurately foretell, the prediction of which, to one unacquainted with these subjects, would appear beyond the powers of man. If we were to find a person acquainted with our most secret thoughts, telling us accurately what was passing in our minds, when it was not possible for him to have any clue to our thoughts, we should, naturally, infer that he had some extra-ordinary and super-human source of information. But there does not appear to be any other case, than these which we have supposed, in which we could be satisfied and

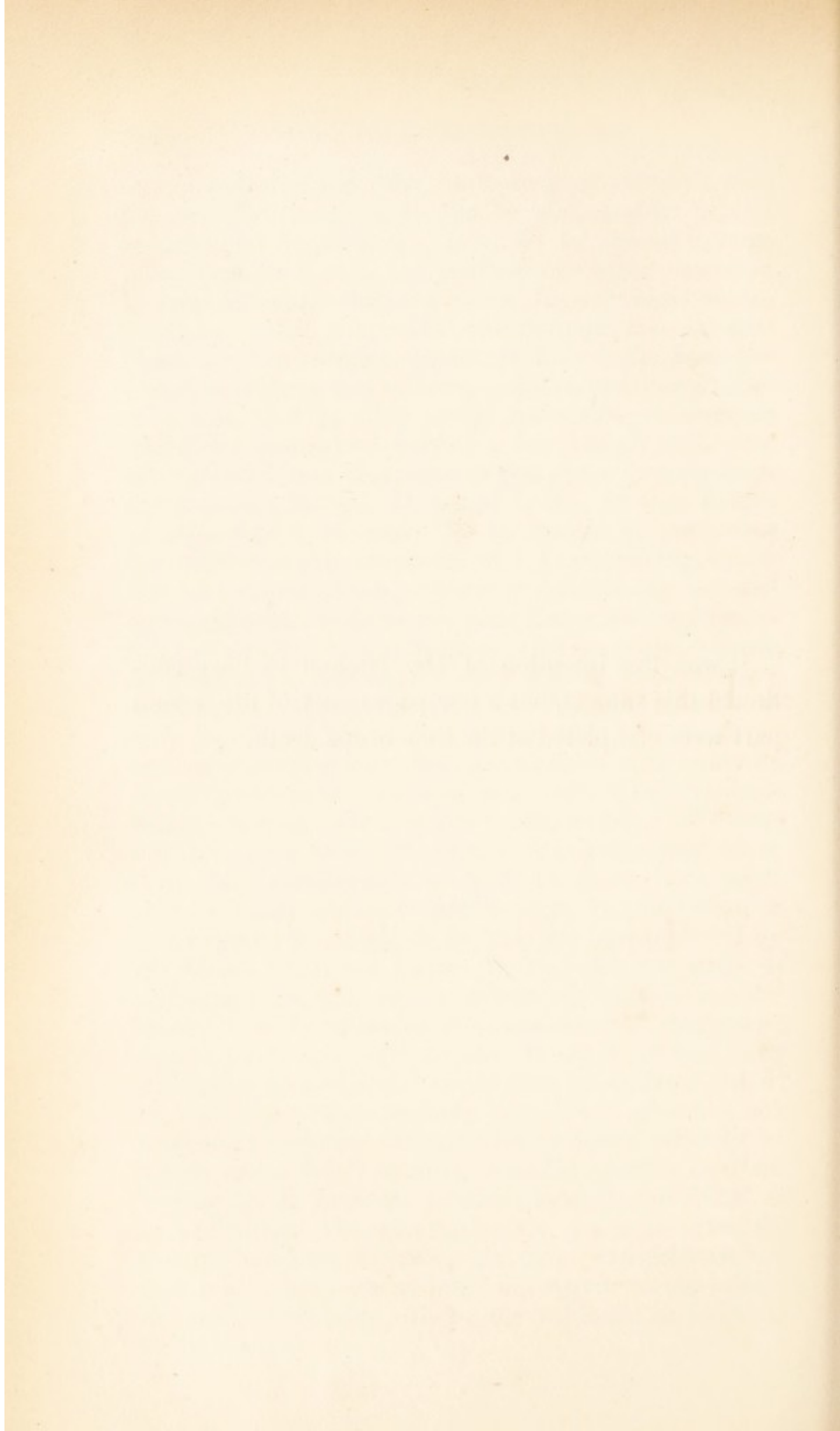
convinced that a person had received an extra-ordinary and super-human revelation through the medium of spiritual perception alone. A communication supposed to proceed directly from the Supreme Being to the human mind, independently of all physical agency, is termed inspiration, and the person supposed so to receive such communication is said to be inspired.

A person who is supposed to have been thus inspired, may communicate to others, orally or in writing, what has been, thus, imparted to him; or, those to whom he, orally, communicates it, may transmit it orally to others, or they may record it in writing. The supposed communication may, thus, be handed down by tradition or by record; and, in judging of the credibility of such traditional or recorded information, we shall be guided by attention to the points already adverted to when speaking of the credit to be attached to tradition and to records.

But, if we assume that matter contained in any record has actually been communicated by inspiration, it does not, necessarily, follow, that the actual writer of that record has so received it, since he may merely have committed to writing that which had been imparted orally to him by the inspired party or by some one who had received it orally from that party. Nor does it follow, even if we assume that such record were actually written by the party inspired, that the whole of the contents of it were the subject of inspiration. A person may have received a certain communication by inspiration limited to a particular subject or to the simple annunciation of that subject; and that person may record in writing what he has so received; but he may add various comments of his own on that inspired matter, and he may introduce or annex other matters which have not any connexion with that inspired matter; and we are not to assume, because we admit one part of the record to contain matter which has been inspired, that the whole of the contents of the record, everything added and annexed to such matter, has also been directly communicated to him by inspiration. We are not to take for granted, because a man has been inspired

on one occasion and with reference to one subject, that he, ever after, received all that he said, and all that he recorded, by inspiration. It would be absurd to suppose, because a man had received one communication by inspiration, that his own reason, his own observation, were, ever after, superseded and dormant and unexercised, so that he never could speak or write from the dictation of these, that he never could record the opinions of others, that he never could transcribe occurrences related by uninspired persons ; but that all that, ever after, flowed from his tongue or pen came directly from the Supreme Being. It would be the utmost height of absurdity to entertain for an instant so gratuitous and unwarrantable a supposition. In examining, therefore, any record which professes to contain any inspired communication from the Supreme Being, we ought carefully to scrutinize every portion of its contents, bearing in mind, that, although it may contain such a communication, it may, nevertheless, contain much, not only that is not inspired, but that may be erroneous ; and remembering also, that, if the whole of its contents should prove to be consistent with truth, it by no means follows that the whole is due to inspiration. We cannot test such a record too closely or too minutely, since it is the characteristic of truth to stand forth more conspicuously and more convincingly in proportion as it is examined. And, as all that has been effected by the Great Universal Cause, throughout the range of physical existence, so far as our observation has extended, exhibits harmony and consistency in every most minute particular, and displays these, more and more strikingly, in proportion as our observation is extended ; so, may we, safely, conclude, that, if any record which professes to contain information imparted directly by the Supreme Being to man, actually contain such information, the more we examine into the credibility of its pretensions, the more rigorously, we subject it to the test of judicious criticism, the more conspicuous will that which has been so imparted appear to our minds, the more convincing will be the evidence in favour of its credibility.

It was the intention of Dr. Nicholl to have continued this subject, but a few pages only of the second part were completed at the time of his death.



AN ANALYSIS
OF THE
PRIMARY RECORD
OF
THE PENTATEUCH.

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THE PRIMARY RECORD
OF
THE PENTATEUCH.

That division of the Pentateuch which we call *Genesis* consists of several records and of portions of records attached together and interwoven so as to form one book. The first record commences with the first chapter of "Genesis" and terminates with the third verse of the second chapter. The second record commences with the fourth verse of the second chapter and terminates with the concluding verse of the fourth chapter. The next record occupies the fifth chapter. After this, the history seems to be formed from portions of different records tacked or blended together. It is not anywhere said that Moses was the author of these records. Had he been the original composer of them, he would, in all probability, if we may judge from the extreme brevity of some of the most interesting and important parts of the narrative, have avoided all repetitions of the same fact or occurrence, as well as all variety of style. Whereas, if he compiled the book "Genesis" from antient pre-existing records, we can readily understand how, in wishing to preserve every memoir of importance, he would be induced to insert repetitions of the same fact or occurrence, and how, in rejoining together and interweaving different portions of different records, he would so arrange his materials as to give to his compilation so much, and so much only, of the character of a continued narrative, as was consistent with the preservation of every important memoir in the different records from which he compiled his volume.

Our present examination relates to the first of these antient records.

One great error into which persons have fallen has been that of regarding this record as an historical account of the primary creation or construction of the heavens and of the earth. Viewing it as a concise memoir of the birth and early infancy of the natural world, man has studied it critically and minutely in the hope of being able to reconcile the records which the volume of nature presents with the statements in the written record. The philosophic observer of nature sees many things imprinted in striking characters in her pages which he vainly endeavours to reconcile with what he reads in the first record of "Genesis". He is, therefore, driven to the alternative of doubting the accuracy of his version of the natural record, or the accuracy of the written record; or he is tempted to falsify and distort the text of the natural record, while he strains that of the written record, in the hope of making these harmonize with each other. But if failing in this attempt, he pursue his investigations freely without regarding the details of the written record, he exposes himself to the attacks of persons of, perhaps, well-meaning, but certainly, of mistaken zeal, who, assuming that this record was penned by Moses from Divine dictation, as a revelation to man of the proceedings of the Deity in the primary construction of the natural world, charge the philosopher with making statements and advancing views which are not borne out by the written record, or brand him and his followers with the stigma of impious infidelity for refusing to receive with implicit belief what *they* regard as the sacred history of the primary creation of the heavens and the earth, and for presuming to pursue a train of scientific research by the light of human reason and by the aid of the senses. Thus has an absurd and unfounded outcry been raised against the pursuits of science, as though these could be hostile to the interests of religion; and the geologist of the present day has been assailed as vehemently as was the astronomer in those

days of yore when bigotry and intolerance are supposed to have prevailed more strongly than in an age affecting to lay claim to greater illumination and greater liberality.

Another error into which the readers of the first record of "Genesis" have fallen has been that of regarding it as asserting that the heavens and the earth were first created at the commencement of the Adamic era. This is a very common error, so common that it may be said to prevail almost universally among those who receive the Bible as the record of truth. It is an error closely connected with, and arising out of, the other misconception with regard to the subject of the first record which has just been noticed.

We proceed now to examine analytically this first record of "Genesis."

This record opens with these words: בראשית ברא אלהים את השמים ואת הארץ "In the beginning God (Aleim) produced (formed) the heavens and the earth" (rendered "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.")

We may remark, in reference to this recorded act of the Deity, that, in the Hebrew language, there is not any difference between the perfect and the plu-perfect tense; the past tense simply implies that an act has been performed; and, accordingly, we find that our translators have, in some passages, rendered the past tense by the plu-perfect tense to suit the context (see Gen. i. 2, 3. xii. 1.) So that ברא may be rendered "had produced" or "had formed," "had made," "had created," as well as "produced," or "formed," "made," "created." "Aleim formed (or had formed) the heavens and the earth in the beginning."

The word ראשית (*beginning*) does not specify any date. St. John says "*In the beginning* was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God; the same was in the *beginning* with God; all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." (John i. 1—3.). "The Word" was "with God" and "was God" *in the beginning*; and he made all things. He existed, then, before "the

beginning” of the existence of those things which he made. The “*beginning*” in which He existed “with God” and “was God” was prior to that “*beginning*” of which the record speaks. When the record says that God formed the heavens and the earth “in the *beginning*,” it carries us back to a point of time without a date. When St. John tells us that “the Word” was “with God” and “was God” “in the *beginning*,” we are referred back to a date anterior to what we can call *time*, for that “Word” existed *πρὸ χρόνων αἰωνίων*.

The Deity formed (or, had formed) the heavens and the earth in the *beginning*. If this opening sentence of the record employs the word שמים (*heavens*) in the same limited import as that which is assigned to it in the eighth verse in which place it is applied to denote the earth’s heavens or atmosphere, then does this first sentence of the record merely refer to the earth and *it’s* heavens, and not to the universe generally, and the “*beginning*” of which it speaks may refer only to that point of time at which the changes in the condition of the earth, which it proceeds to enumerate as taking place in obedience to the *fiat* of the Almighty Word, first commenced. As the whole of the remaining portion of the record refers exclusively to operations and changes confined to the earth and *it’s* heavens, so may the opening words of the record refer also exclusively to the earth and *it’s* heavens; or they may be regarded as announcing the general fact that the earth and the whole of the universe had, originally, been formed by the Deity.

והארץ היתה תהו ובהו וחושך על פני תהום “and the earth was (or had been) waste and void and darkness upon the face of the mass of waters” (rendered “and the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the deep.”).

There was a time, then, when “the earth was waste and void and darkness upon the face of the mass of waters.” We are not told that such had always been the condition of the earth’s surface; nor are we told at at what date of the earth’s existence this dreary and

desolate state commenced, nor how long it lasted; nor is anything said of the condition of any other portion of the universe during this state of the earth's surface. We are not told that darkness reigned in any other portion of the universe.

רוח אלהים מרחפת על פני המים “and wind (or spirit) of Aleim fluttered (or hovered) upon the face of the waters.” (rendered “and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters”).

It is not necessary to pause here to comment on the words רוח אלהים which is said to have fluttered or hovered upon the face of the waters. The word רוח, as well as the corresponding nouns πνευμα and *spiritus*, denotes *wind, air in motion, blowing air*; and these nouns are also applied, metaphorically, to express that invisible incorporeal something, the *essence* of which we cannot comprehend (either as regards the רוח, πνευμα, *spiritus*, of אלהים, or that of man which he derives from God) and for which, unfortunately, we have not any exclusive name, but which we agree to denote by a term expressive of a familiar and powerful agent, which also is invisible and to which that incorporeal something which we wish to designate seems to bear some remote analogy or resemblance. It is, much to be regretted that man has, in all ages, employed terms which denote *wind, blowing air, breeze*, to denote also that something of which we are speaking; for, had he agreed upon the adoption of any arbitrary term to express exclusively that something which we term *Spirit*, much ambiguity in language would have been avoided. For it is not possible to avoid confusion when the same term is thus used indiscriminately to denote both *wind* and that incorporeal something which we term *spirit*. Thus when our Saviour says “The wind bloweth (πνευμα πνει) where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth,” he adds “so is every one that is born of the (πνευμα) *spirit*” (John iii. 8.) Here, then, the same word is applied, in the same passage, in two very different senses.

The record, having represented to us the earth as existing in a state of gloomy desolation, proceeds to

detail those operations of the Divine word which reduced that state to *κοσμος* or order, and made it's surface teem with fertility and life. At this point, then, the scene of action, as placed before us in this record, may be regarded as opening. Here commences the specific detail of the operations of the Almighty Word as engaged in altering the condition of the œconomy of the earth's surface; the preceding part of the record having briefly made us acquainted with the condition of that surface previously to those operations wick it proceeds to detail.

וַיֹּאמֶר אֱלֹהִים יְהי אוֹר וַיְהי אוֹר “and God said be (or, *be it, there shall be*) light and light was” (or “*it was* light,” “there was light;” rendered “and God said let there be light and there was light.”)

We are not told that this was the first production or creation of light. We are not told that it was the first dawn of light on our globe. We are merely told that the mandate of the Deity caused the light to penetrate the darkness which *then* enveloped the surface of the watery deep.

“And God saw the light that (it was) good; and and God divided the light from the darkness. And called the light יוֹם (*day*) and the darkness he called night; וַיְהי עֶרֶב וַיְהי בֹקֶר יוֹם אֶחָד and it was evening (or “there was evening,” “evening was”) and it was morning (or “there was morning,” “morning was”) one day” (“and the evening and the morning were the first day,” say the translators.)

Thus we are told that the state of darkness was invaded by the introduction of light; אֹר (fluency, shining forth, light) being substituted for and alternating with חֹשֶׁךְ (*restriction, darkness*). Light was introduced; the alternation of a state of illumination with a state of darkness was established in the place of continued gloom. The light of “morning” was appointed to succeed to the darkness of the “evening;” “day” to alternate with “night;” and these two opposite states were to occupy one of those periods termed יוֹם *a day*; while the term יוֹם *day* was also, in a restricted sense,

employed to denote that portion of *a day* during which light was present.

Here, then, was *יום אחד* *one day* (not "the first day;" the number being cardinal not ordinal). This *יום* (*day*) was the first of six successive periods during which the agencies of the Divine Word were engaged in effecting those changes in the condition of the earth's surface which substituted light and fertility and life for darkness and barrenness. This *יום אחד* is not to be regarded as including the whole space of time from the primary *ראשית* (*beginning*) of the existence of the earth, nor as including the whole period during which the earth lay in barrenness and in darkness; but as commencing with that point of time when the Divine Word began to reduce the state of dark desolation to a state of *κόσμος* or order.

"And God said *יהי רקיע* *be there an expansion* (or firmament) in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters; *ויעש אלהים את הרקיע* and God formed (made, fashioned) the expansion, &c. *ויקרא אלהים לרקיע שמים* and God called the expansion heavens." Here we find that the word *שמים* (*heavens*) is applied to denote "*the heavens*" of this globe, our *atmosphere* or *sky*. (See verse 1.)

ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום שני "and there was (or "it was") evening and there was (or "it was") morning second day." (rendered "and the evening and the morning were the second day.")

"And God said let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place and let the dry land (*היבשה*) appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land *ארץ* (*earth*) and the gathering together of the waters he called *ימים* (*seas*); and God saw that (it was) good."

It appears, then, that the waters covered the whole earth; so that there had been an universal deluge prior to the Noachic deluge. But the record does not say when this general inundation of the earth's surface took place, nor how long it continued.

As the word *שמים* (*heavens*) is used in a restricted sense to denote the atmosphere, so is the word *ארץ*

(*earth*) used here in a restricted sense to designate the land from which the waters had retired,

“And God said let the earth bring forth grass, &c. and it was evening and it was morning יום שלישי third day.”

“And God said יהי מארה ברקע השמים *be there illuminators* (luminaries) *in the expansion of the heavens*” (i. e. “be there instruments for causing illumination of the earth’s heavens or atmosphere,” rendered “let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven”) “to divide between the day and between the night, and be they for signs and for seasons and for days (לימים) and for years; and be they למארה for *illuminators* (or “instruments causing to shine or be light”) ברקע השמים *in the expansion of the heavens* (i. e. in the earth’s atmosphere) להאיר *to cause to shine* (or *give light*) upon the earth; and it was so. And God made (ויעש אלהים) את שני המארה *the two great illuminators* (he ordained them) הגדלים *the great illuminator to rule* (or *for the ruling or regulation of*) *the day* (i. e. the period of day-light) והמאור הקטן לממשלת הלילה *and the small illuminator to rule the night*, ואת הכוכבים *and the stars*. ויתן אתם אלהים ברקע השמים להאיר על הארץ *and God gave* (put, appointed) *them in the expansion of the heavens to cause light* (or *to shine, cause to shine*) upon the earth *and to rule in day and in night*, and to divide between the light and between the darkness, and God saw that (it was) good. And it was evening and it was morning fourth day.”

We find, then, that God who had caused light to alternate with darkness, day with night, morning with evening, appointed the great luminary (the sun) to be the agent in producing illumination of the earth’s atmosphere by day, and the small luminary (the moon) to cause illumination by night. But we are not told that these two bodies, thus appointed to produce illumination of the earth’s atmosphere, were at that instant called into existence. We are not told that they did not exist during, or prior to, the dark and desolate condition of the earth’s surface. We are not told that they had never, at any preceding period, acted the part

of illuminators to the earth; nor is anything said of the illuminating power of these bodies with a reference to any other bodies in the universe. They are spoken of as being the appointed instruments for causing illumination of the earth; for we must ever bear in mind, that the record is speaking solely with a reference to this earth and to changes effected in the condition of *it's* economy at periods subsequent to that time during which it existed in a state of inundation and of darkness; of which time, or of times antecedent thereto, no information is given to us.

The record then states that the Divine mandate called into being living creatures in the waters, and fowls to fly *על פני רקיע השמים* upon the face of the expansion of the heavens (to fly in and through that atmosphere upon which the influence of the two luminaries was appointed to be exerted in the production of light.) And it was evening and it was morning fifth day."

We are then told that God commanded the earth to bring forth living creatures, cattle and creeping things; and that, after these had been formed, the Deity said "let us make man in our image after our likeness, and let them have dominion, &c. And God formed (*ברא*) man in His image, in the image of God (*Aleim*) He formed him, male and female formed He them, &c. And it was evening and it was morning the sixth day."

ויכלו השמים והארץ וכל צבאם and the heavens and the earth and all their host were completed (perfected, finished, reduced to a complete state of $\kappa\omicron\sigma\mu\omicron\varsigma$), ויכל אלהים ביום השביעי, מלאכתו אשר עשה and God completed (or had completed) in (or on) the seventh day his ministration (work) which He did (or made, executed; or had done, had made or executed; rendered "and on the seventh day God ended his work which He had made;" the plu-perfect tense being here introduced as it again is in the end of the verse); וישבת ביום השביעי מכל מלאכתו אשר עשה and He ceased (or rested) in (or on) the seventh day from all His ministration (work) which he made (or "had made," "had done")."

The word מלאכה, which is rendered "*work*," implies *delegated ministration, ministration performed, or executed by a de-legate or de-delegated to a מלאך or legate*; the term מלאך being also used to denote one of those legates (ἀγγελοι) of the Deity, who are said to be λειτουργικά πνεύματα (Heb, i. 14.)

"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it because in (or on) it he ceased (or had ceased) מכל מלאכתו אשר ברא אלהים לעשות *from all His ministration (or work) which God formed (or had formed) for making (or doing, or to make or do)*; from all those delegated ministrations which he had formed for executing His mandates, rendered "from all His work which God created and made."

Here the record terminates.

We may remark that each of the six periods or days spoken of in the record is mentioned as being completed, and as succeeded by another period or day: "It was evening and it was morning one day—second day—" and so on to the completion of "the sixth day." But the record, having introduced us to the seventh day which God sanctified, suddenly ends, leaving us in the contemplation of that unfinished day of rest which the Deity hallowed as a figure of that glorious sabbath (שבת, καταπαυσις) which remaineth for His people. The number seven every where afterwards throughout the Scriptures is made a sacred number, a number expressive of *totality, full completion, saturation, satisfaction or sure pledge*, and the like. And the division of time into weeks, with a day of sanctified rest succeeding to six days of work, took place in reference to the six periods spoken of in the record as occupied by the מלאכה of the Deity, which were succeeded by that seventh day which he consecrated as the day of His שבת (*sabbath, rest*). And, when God delivered His commandments amidst thunderings and lightnings from Mount Sinai, He said "Remember the seventh day to keep it holy (לִקְדָּשׁוֹ *to sanctify it*, as the Deity had *sanctified* the day of His שבת : אתו ; six days

thou shalt labour (תעבד) and do all thy work (ועשית כל) מלאכתך *and thou shalt do all thy ministration*) and the seventh day (is) the sabbath to (or of) Jehovah thy God (שבת ליחודה אלהיך) thou shalt not do all work (לא תעשה) כל i. e. *thou shalt not do any kind of work*, namely, on the seventh day) thou nor thy son, &c. (כי ששת ימים) עשה יחודה את השמים ואת הארץ *for six days Jehovah made (did, was engaged in reducing to order, fashioned) the heavens and the earth* (that is, “the atmosphere and the earth; see the first record) the sea and all that in them (is), and rested the seventh day, wherefore Jehovah blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.” (Exod. xx. 8—11.) So again the Deity says “verily my sabbaths ye shall keep for it is a sign between me and you throughout your generations—Ye shall keep the sabbath day therefore for it is holy—six days יעשה מלאכה *work (ministration) shall be done* and in (or, on) the seventh day *a sabbath of rest* holy to Jehovah כל העשה מלאכה *every one that doeth work* in the sabbath shall surely die and the sons of Israel shall keep the sabbath לעשות את השבת *to do (or perform, make, observe) the sabbath* throughout their generations (for) a perpetual covenant. It is a sign between me and the sons of Israel for ever for six days עשה יחודה את השמים ואת הארץ *Jehovah did (made or was occupied in forming or fashioning or reducing to a state of κόσμος) the heavens and the earth* (i. e. *the atmosphere and the earth*, see above) and on the seventh day he rested וינפש *and took breath* (or “*was refreshed*,” a phrase applied, ανθρῶπος αναπαύσας, to God. Exod. xxxi. 13—17.)

Thus we find the voice of God himself confirming the general statement of the record which we have been considering, and attesting it's truth. The words of the Deity coincide exactly with the expressions made use of in the record; and the explanation which has been offered of the statements in that record is perfectly consistent with the declaration of the Deity.

Much unprofitable discussion has taken place with regard to the extent of each of the six periods mentioned in the record and referred to by the Deity under the

word יום. The discussion is altogether unimportant if we bear in mind that the first of these six periods commenced when that change of the condition of the earth's surface which the record relates, a change from darkness, inundation and barrenness, to a state of light and fertility and life, first commenced. The record expressly says that this change occupied six of these periods, each of which it terms יום or *day*. The Deity also declares that it occupied *six days*. It is true that the word יום does not necessarily specify any particular space of time. In the passage in which it first occurs it is used in two different imports, the one expressive of that portion of a day when day-light prevails (ויקרא אלהים לאור יום) the other of that space of time which embraces both day-light and night (ויהי ערב ויהי בקר יום אחד). And on turning to the second record, we find the word יום used to denote the whole space occupied by the agencies of the Deity in reducing the earth and its heavens to a state of *καταστροφ*. (Gen. ii. 4. where we may observe that the verbs ברא and עשה are used as words of the same import; compare the verb עשה as used in Exod. xx. 11. and in Exod. xxxi. 16.) It may also be remarked that it is said, in the second record, that the Deity had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and that a vapour or mist (אד) went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground (Gen. ii. 5, 6.); and as we are told, in the first record, that the gathering of the waters into one place, so as to let dry land appear, took place in the third יום, in which same יום the ground produced grass and herbs and trees, it might be supposed, that, as the retiring of the waters took place in the same יום as that on which vegetation took place, if each יום embraced only the term of our present astronomical *day*, the ground from which the water had so recently retired would not have needed a vapour to moisten it. But it matters not whether we regard each of the six periods or *days* as embracing a period equal to that of one of our astronomical days, or as including a longer space of time. To the Deity one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years are as one day.

The foregoing analysis of the first record of "Genesis" not only establishes the authenticity of that record as to its general statements, but it leaves the philosopher full and free scope for his researches into, and his version of the record of nature. It shews that the facts related in that record cannot, in any way, be affected by the views which Science has unfolded, or may unfold, with a reference to the changes which the surface of our globe has undergone, or to the time occupied by those changes. Most assuredly, if the record be a faithful record (and, as to many of its statements its truth is attested by the Deity himself) it cannot be endangered by any disclosures which Science may reveal. For Science is but the knowledge (knowledge, indeed, scanty and imperfect, but, yet, progressively increasing) of the natural world, which world sprang from, and is under the continued influence of, the agency of God, who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. The momentous truths of that Religion which God founded, never can be affected, but beneficially, by the developement of the œconomy, past and present, of that natural world which he also founded.

W. N.

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of the President of the United States, from the year 1789 to the present time. The names are given in alphabetical order, and the year of election is given in parentheses.

George Washington (1789)
John Adams (1797)
Thomas Jefferson (1801)
James Madison (1809)
James Monroe (1817)
John Quincy Adams (1825)
Andrew Jackson (1829)
Martin Van Buren (1837)
William Henry Harrison (1841)
John Tyler (1845)
Franklin Pierce (1853)
Abraham Lincoln (1861)
Andrew Johnson (1865)
Ulysses S. Grant (1869)
Rutherford B. Hayes (1877)
James A. Garfield (1881)
Chester A. Arthur (1881)
Grover Cleveland (1885)
Benjamin Harrison (1889)
William McKinley (1897)
Theodore Roosevelt (1901)
William Howard Taft (1909)
Woodrow Wilson (1913)
Calvin Coolidge (1925)
Herbert Hoover (1929)
Franklin D. Roosevelt (1933)
Dwight D. Eisenhower (1953)
John F. Kennedy (1961)
Lyndon B. Johnson (1963)
Richard M. Nixon (1969)
Jimmy Carter (1977)
Ronald Reagan (1981)
George H. W. Bush (1989)
Bill Clinton (1993)
George W. Bush (2001)
Barack Obama (2009)
Donald Trump (2017)

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It cannot fail to be remembered that every proposal to improve the condition of the lower orders of the people of England was, until very lately, strenuously resisted by those among their superiors who affected to be staunch supporters of "The existing Constitution in Church and State" (a specious and imposing phrase, most useful in giving effect to an oration or to a political toast) and who lauded that long-established order of things under which the agricultural labourer and the mechanic were regarded rather as serfs of the soil or as beasts of burden than as rational beings and fellow-citizens. To keep all these inferior persons in utter ignorance was said to be the surest way to make them submissive to their rulers and contented with their lot. It is not necessary, in the present day, to adduce argument to refute assertions so gross and selfish, so absurd and so untrue. Thanks to the determined perseverance of the more liberal and enlightened among the laity, the rulers of the powers of mental darkness have been silenced and overpowered, and education is, at length, making its way slowly but surely among the poor of this land. The children of the most lowly and the most indigent are now taught to read; and, thus, they are rendered capable of acquiring information. Means, too, have been taken to supply the poorer orders with the elements of useful and entertaining knowledge; but, as yet, those means are scanty and inefficient. The institution of societies for the promotion and diffusion of information among all grades of mechanics has prevailed and is extending. And it has been found, wherever the plan of self-instruction has been left to the

people themselves, that every kind of information has been eagerly sought after and examined and appropriated. And it was to be expected that such would be the case. For, how pleasing must it be to the artizan to become acquainted with the principles of his art, to comprehend the object and to understand the effects of his labours, rather than to work blindly and ignorantly as a mere machine; The stores of Nature are inexhaustible, and they are the common property of mankind. Whoever explores them will be amply repaid, for he will always feel satisfaction in the research, and enjoyment in the possession of what he has acquired. Surrounded as we are on all sides by objects of deep and lively interest, the labourer need not quit the beaten track of his daily duties to seek these; they are ever at hand and in his path; and the most toilsome and the most monotonous occupation may be lightened and sweetened by a familiar acquaintance with them. Every herb and flower has a tale of wonder connected with it; every worm and insect has a history to disclose. Theirs too are tales and histories which cost nothing and which never tire. The ploughman in his furrow and the woodman in the forest are equally furnished with subjects which supply the means of beguiling their hard labours. How desirable, then, is it that those who are doomed to toil should be able to avail themselves of those resources with which Nature has so liberally furnished every portion of her domain. How desirable, that, in the intervals of rest from labour, some light and interesting and costless occupation should be furnished to the minds of the humbler classes, in which amusement might be blended with instruction and improvement, so as to engender purer and higher tastes, and to awaken and cultivate the moral feelings. It might be expected that common gratitude, towards those who, by the sweat of their brows and by the toil of their sinews, supply, to all the wealthier part of the community, food and raiment and shelter, and conveniences and comforts of every kind, and an endless variety of refined luxuries and elegancies, would prompt the more opulent to provide cheap and interesting amusement for those to whom

they owe so much. But many seem to imagine that unceasing and unrelieved and cheerless toil is the proper portion of the poorer classes; and that, if this be ever suspended, if any intermission of labour occur, mere inaction is sufficient for them. In no part of the kingdom, whether in town or in village, is any provision made for the solace or amusement or recreation of the humbler orders. Sports of every kind are everywhere discouraged or forbidden, and commons are everywhere inclosed and converted into private property. But, on the other hand, ale-houses are abundantly provided, and shops for the sale of spirits and of beer are opened on every side; and, thus, every temptation and inducement is held out to lead the uneducated labourer to exchange a state of listless vacancy for the excitement of intoxication, and, by so doing, to debase his character while he also destroys his health and starves his family. And the only antidote which is offered to these gigantic and growing evils is presented under the form of religious tracts, which zeal, unguided by discretion, may chance to thrust into the hands of the poor, or may scatter indiscriminately abroad. Surely he who labours early and late, whose toil commences with the morning of Monday and ceases but with the night of Saturday, is entitled to some light and refreshing amusement, in the brief intervals which separate his daily tasks. The man, indeed, who is ever at his ease, and who fares sumptuously every day, whose sole occupation is the pursuit of pleasure, or the invention of new wants which he always has the means of gratifying—such a man may require to be frequently reminded of the evils resulting from too great an indulgence in what are called “the good things of this world;” on him the duty of occasional abstinence may, reasonably, be enforced; he may, with good reason, be urged to practice self-controul, to moderate his affection for the fleeting enjoyments of the present scene, and to retire, sometimes, from the enchantments of life to meditate on the precarious tenure by which he holds all that he so much prizes. But, the poor labourer has but a scanty pittance

of any of these "good things;" nay, he rarely has ought but a bare allowance of absolute necessities; his life is a life of self-denial, of abstinence, of ungratified wishes, of unsupplied cravings; it is a life of want, privation, labour, servitude. To talk to *him* of penance and mortification is but to mock his honest poverty. To call upon *him* to sit loosely to the pleasures of this world who is bound to slavish toil by chains which never are loosened but by disaster or by death, is grossly to insult him. He sees a large portion of those among his fellow-mortals who have been more favoured by birth or fortune than he has been, continually palling the appetites with pleasures which he never tastes; he beholds them as unremittingly occupied with self-indulgence as he is with self-denial. He sees others who labour assiduously in various professions, but who yet have their periods of relaxation during which they resort to amusements of various kinds which renerve them with vigour for the resumption of their several occupations. The school-boy has his holiday, the soldier his furlough, the lawyer his vacation. To every one, but to the poor man, some portion of leisure, some freedom from toil, some cheerful relaxation, is accorded as a matter of right and of necessity. But, if he, whose fate it is to endure the severest privations and to perform the most fatiguing tasks, indulge himself with one holiday, he is reproached as an idler and is taunted with laziness. The indolent epicure, who drowns his thoughts daily in the most expensive liquors, will dare to lecture the poor labourer who may be guilty of sharing a cup of beer with a friend. Well—the six days of labour have passed, and Sunday is at hand. This, undeniably, is a day of legal rest—it is peculiarly the holiday of the poor man. What though, on the other days of the week, his labour be so hard and so enduring that Nature may claim for sleep all the hours which are exempted from bodily exertion, Sunday at least, is all and entirely his own. If he present himself in that general assemblage where "the rich and poor meet together" to offer up their prayers and praises to their common Maker and Saviour, he may, assuredly,

claim as his own all the remainder of that day, and he may spend it in harmless relaxation and enlivening enjoyment. Not so, say the gloomy and austere Puritan, the selfish and hypocritical Pharisee, the hybrid Jew-Christian, of the present day. The Christian, say these dogmatical sabbatarians, must keep Sunday as the law of Moses enjoined the Sabbath of rest to be observed. No manner of work is to be done, no amusement to be permitted, on that day; but all the time that is not spent in the sanctuary must be devoted to religious reading, religious conversation, religious meditation. Here let us pause a while. On the Sunday the poor man must visit the sanctuary, by which is usually meant, exclusively, the Church of the parish in which he resides. It may be observed, in passing, that the industrious poor are strongly disposed to religious worship, to religious assemblages, and especially, to attendance on public preaching. The parochial clergyman calls upon all his parishioners to attend upon his ministration, and he denounces all places of worship save those appertaining to what is called "The Established Church." What provision then, let us ask, has been made for the accommodation of the poor in the churches and chapels of this Establishment? We find, in these, that the space has been parcelled out into separate compartments or pews, which, generally speaking, are the permanent or temporary property of those who do not belong to the poorer class. The proprietors and holders of these pews are jealous of their possessions, and they never, or scarcely ever, are seen to admit into them any one of a condition inferior to their own. The rich may condescend to meet the poor in the parish church, but they take care to keep them at a distance even there. The poor may occupy the aisles, in which a rich man would not deign to remain, and some free sittings may there be provided for them. But, usually, there is accommodation for a very limited number only of the poor of the parish, so that this class of persons is made to feel, as a body, that the parish church is not intended for them, but that they are admitted there on sufferance

only, and as having claims inferior to those of their richer neighbours. The style of the preacher, too, will, generally speaking, be found to be chosen with a reference to the taste and the intellect of the higher orders, rather than to the plain and homely understandings of the lowest class. Such being, very commonly, the case as regards church accommodation for the poor and the discourses preached by the clergy, it need not be a matter of surprize, if the labourer be found, generally, to prefer the meeting-house to the parish church. For, at the former place of worship, he finds himself welcomed as a fellow-christian and treated as an equal; he hears language which he understands addressed to him by a preacher whom he can approach familiarly without fear of giving offence. The building, however, within whose walls a Christian offers prayer and praise is a matter of very inferior importance. But, if those places of worship which belong to the established church are to be attractive to the poor as well as to the more opulent, they ought to offer equal accommodation to persons of every condition. If there be any portion of the community to whose use the parish church should, more particularly, be appropriated rather than to others, that portion is the poorest class. And if the clergy would not pertinaciously and obstinately adhere to the present most absurd system, under which different and distinct services (in themselves, each, sufficiently copious and long) are tacked together, so as to prolong the compounded service to a tedious length, highly to the injury of devotional feeling, and greatly to the inconvenience of the public; if they would open the churches more frequently on days of public worship, and would use short services; if they would address some of their discourses exclusively or peculiarly to the unlearned and ignorant; and if, moreover, they would, in their daily conversation, manifest more *bonhomie* towards their poor brethren; it might fairly be expected, that the poor would resort to the churches, and that the clergy would gain and maintain a powerful influence over the lower orders, which, if prudently exercised, might be powerfully

efficacious in bettering their condition. Nor is there any reason to suppose that such an expectation would be disappointed.

We now come to the employment of that part of Sunday which succeeds to the hour of public worship. And here we would demand the authority which requires the Christian to observe Sunday as the Israelite observed his Sabbath, and we would at once deny that any such authority exists. The Jewish Sabbath is either superseded or it is still in force. If it is superseded, we have nothing to do with it but as a matter of religious history. If it is still in force, all the enactments regarding it must be in force, and whoever picks up sticks on that day ought to be stoned to death.* But, the Jewish Sabbath was kept on the seventh day of the week, which day is not regarded by any Christian as being holy; and, consequently, no Christian keeps holy the Jewish Sabbath-day. The new Sabbatarians, however, tell us that the injunctions to keep holy the Sabbath-day remain in full force; but, that, Christians observe the first, instead of the seventh, day of the week, because, on the first day of the week, Christ rose from the dead;† and as, so long as some one day out of seven is set apart and hallowed it matters not whether that day be the seventh or the first day; therefore, say, they, the first day of the week, or Sunday, is to be hallowed and kept holy as the seventh day, or Sabbath, of the Israelites was. And here we join issue with these persons. We affirm, that no where is any permission or direction given to substitute one day for another and still to call the newly-appointed day the Sabbath day, and to apply to it all the statutes which enforced the observance of the seventh day. We say, that the observance of the seventh, or Sabbath, day has ceased, and that, with its observance, have ceased, of course, all the statutes having reference to it. We say, that the first day of the week is “the Lord’s day,”‡ a day set

* Numb. xv. 32—36.

† Matt. xxviii. 1. (see xxvii. 64.) Mark xvi. 9. John xxi. 19, 26.

Acts xx. 7. 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

‡ Ἡ κυριακὴ ἡμέρα (Rev. i. 10.) *the dominical day, or Christ’s day.*

apart to commemorate the resurrection of Christ, and, as so set apart, is commemorative only. We deny that any injunctions respecting the observance of the seventh, or Sabbath, day, can apply to the observance of the first, or "Lord's," day, since they referred exclusively to the seventh day (seven being a sacred number of peculiar import) which seventh day is no longer regarded as holy. We affirm, that there is no injunction in any of the writings of the New Testament, nor anything recorded in those writings, from which we can infer that "the Lord's day" was the transfer of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. The Mosaic statute says "Six days may work be done, but in the seventh (is) the Sabbath of rest, holy to Jehovah; whosoever doeth any work on the Sabbath day, he shall surely be put to death; wherefore the children of Israel shall keep the Sabbath to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations (for) a perpetual covenant."* If this statute be, yet, in force, it must be so in all its parts; but it is not in force; the seventh day or the Sabbath is not observed; and every Christian feels at liberty to work on that day. But if the Sabbath of the Israelites is to be engrafted on "the Lord's day" of the Christian, and if the Mosaic statute, which refers to the observance of "the Sabbath," is to be regarded as being yet in force and as now applicable to the first day of the week as it originally referred to the seventh day, then must it so apply in its entirety, and, consequently, every Christian who "doeth any work" on the first, or Lord's, day, must be liable to all the penalties attached to work done on the seventh day, every such Christian ought surely to "be put to death." But, no violation of "the Lord's day" is regarded by any sect of Sabbatarians as a capital offence. We may infer, then, that we are not warranted in attempting to engraft the Sabbath of the Israelites upon "the Lord's day," or in endeavouring to enforce a Judaical observance of the first day of the week by reviving that Mosaic statute which declares every violation of the

* Exod. xxxi. 15; 16.

seventh day to be a capital offence. On the the first day of the week, or Sunday, the Christian commemorates the triumph of the Saviour, and the redemption of mankind as the effect and result of that triumph; he commemorates the emancipation of the the human race from the bondage and the penalties of the law. It is a day of grateful commemoration; a day of joyful thanksgiving; a day on which ever Christian may take up the words of the Psalmist and say "This is the day which the Lord (Jehovah) hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." It is not a day of fast and of gloom. It is not "a day for a man to afflict his soul, to bow down his head as a bulrush and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him;" but it is a day of cheerful relaxation: a day, on which "to undo the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke." It is especially, the poor man's day, the labourer's festival. For, it is the day which releases him from toil, which frees him from servitude, which gives to him rest; and the release from labour and from bondage, and the renovating rest, are, on that day, associated with the commemoration of Christ's resurrection, an event, which established and confirmed the assurance of the redemption of man from the curse of the law, and was to him an earnest of the rest which remaineth in the mansions of heaven. The association of these spiritual blessings with temporal enjoyment is, eminently, calculated to give strength and energy and endurance to the poor man's faith; it will give to him, as it were, a practical and a sensible proof of what Christ has effected for him; it will be to him an earnest of better things yet to come; it will make him feel that "the Lord's day" is indeed, a day which gives to him freedom, rest, and enjoyment; and he will be taught to connect the blessing yielded to him by that day, with the Saviour whose resurrection that day of happy rest was intended to commemorate; and, thus, will religious feelings blend themselves with pleasurable feelings; thus, will the poor man's faith as a Christian be strengthened and confirmed by his bodily freedom and his mental enjoyment. To the poor man,

then, "the Lord's day" is an institution peculiarly appropriate; it is an institution peculiarly adapted to his wants. It gives to him that bodily exemption from labour which nature requires for the restoration and the maintenance of the bodily powers. It calls to his recollection those religious truths and obligations which uninterrupted toil might lead him to forget. It affords to him opportunities of enjoyment which are denied to him on every other day of the week. It assembles together his children and gives to him their society. It enables him to keep alive the friendly charities which bind a man to his neighbour. It ought to yield amusement to his mind as well as recreation to his body. It ought to be a day when mirth should be invited to gladden poverty; when cheerfulness should be welcomed under the lowly roof of the cottage; and when all that the poor labourer can know of joy should be freely afforded to him. For, as every other day is to him a day of restraint and of labour, this day, at least, should be to him a day of gladness and a festival. The wealthy man, to whom every day of the week has been, more or less, a day of festivity and of enjoyment, of freedom, and of rest, may well afford on "the Lord's day" to make some personal sacrifices in order that he may secure to his poor dependants the full enjoyment of their day of liberty. Although Sunday may not bring to him greater freedom than any other day; although it be not to him more a day of rest than any other day; yet, if he sees on that day, and on that day only, the whole of the labouring population rejoicing in their freedom and happy in their rest; such a view cannot fail to lead him also, as well as his poor dependant, to associate happiness and rest with that day which commemorates the resurrection of the Redeemer. It is the interest, then, of the richer classes of society, as it is, peculiarly, the privilege of the poorer classes, that Sunday should be a day of enjoyment as well as of rest. On that day, the poor man's holiday, the higher orders should descend a little from the artificial height which they occupy, and should not disdain to

hold something like intercourse, and, in some degree, to mingle, with their lowlier brethren. The barriers which separate the different classes into which society resolves itself ought not to be raised in the temple of their common worship. As, in that general assembly, all use the same words, all acknowledge the same infirmities, the same necessities, all address one common Father, one common Saviour, all use the same professions of humility, and look towards the same futurity in which all human distinctions will be done away and forgotten, there, assuredly, Rank may forget its heraldry, and Wealth its treasures, and both these may take their station by the side of Poverty. The higher orders in this country are, generally speaking, deficient in courtesy and urbanity in their intercourse with their inferiors; and it is this want of courtesy on the part of the great towards the little, of the high towards the lowly, of the rich towards the poor, coupled with the entire separation which is maintained between these different classes, which has tended, mainly to produce that rudeness and vulgarity of manner which, too generally, characterizes the English peasant. But, if the higher classes would not, on all occasions, so scrupulously avoid all association with the inferior classes; and if, in their intercourse with these, they would manifest a little of that politeness and courtesy which they exhibit in their intercourse with each other; they would, by so doing, beget in their inferiors those habits of self-restraint which intercourse with superiors has so natural a tendency to produce, and they would infuse into the manners of the lower orders a portion of that politeness of which they would furnish the example. No one can charge the higher orders in this country with want of liberality towards the indigent as regards the distribution of money. On the contrary, the readiness with which the rich open their purses to the claims of want and woe is notorious and proverbial. They give readily and profusely; but they often give without judgment or discrimination; and the art of giving so as to render gifts really acceptable and useful is but

little understood and is seldom thought of. There are many who bestow alms freely, and who, yet, do, perhaps, more harm than good. They single out as the recipients of their bounty the ragged, the squalid, and the complaining, while they wholly pass over those, who, under the pressure of greater poverty than that of the former set of paupers, maintain a clean and orderly appearance, and do not make their privations and necessities known. They, thus, hold out a bounty to beggary and indolence, while they discountenance those who are industrious and unobtrusive. There are others who burden their gifts with so many conditions as to deprive them of almost all their worth. Others, again, fancy that the dispensation of their bounty justifies them in intruding at all times upon the privacy of the poor, in opening their doors without notice or ceremony, in questioning them closely as to every circumstance connected with their domestic œconomy, in commenting upon all their acts, in criticizing their meals, in dictating to them in all that relates to religious faith and observance. All these are instances of the injudicious and unjustifiable modes in which a large proportion of those who give alms to the poor dispense their charities. We were speaking, however, of what Sunday ought to be to the poor man, and we said that to him it ought to be a day of gladness and festival. But, in order that the poor may have all the advantages secured to them which Sunday is calculated to afford, they must be furnished with the means of amusing themselves harmlessly and without expence. They ought to have amusement provided for them, and they ought to be taught to furnish amusement to themselves. It is eminently the duty of those who regulate the interior œconomy of a country, to devise and methodize appropriate plans for furnishing amusement to the lower orders. There is no subject which has a stronger claim to the attention of the legislature than this; none which can more worthily occupy its time and its thoughts; there is no subject, however, which, in this country, has been so utterly disregarded. But if those,

who constitute the legislature, could be awakened to a sense of the importance of this subject; if they would see how closely it bears upon the character, the condition, the taste, and the conduct, of the vast majority of the community; if they would consider how intimately connected these are, with the welfare of the country at large, and with the maintainance of public order, and with the prevention of crime, and with the safety of all existing institutions; they might then rouse themselves from their apathy, and they might be induced to establish simple but important regulations which could not fail to effect a physical as well as a moral change in the condition of the great bulk of the people. Simple regulations would suffice for this important purpose. Thus in every village there ought to be set apart an open space in which the lower orders might amuse themselves, in various ways, after their hours of labour, and on the afternoon of Sunday; and in which their children might have exercise and amusement. In this vacant space seats should be provided for the aged and infirm; and the ground might be placed under the superintendence of the parish-beadle. The young and active should be encouraged to amuse themselves, in the long evenings of Summer when their work has ceased, and in the afternoon and evening of Sunday, with athletic sports, such as cricket, fives, foot-ball, quoits, bowls, and the like. A taste for Music should be brought out and encouraged and cultivated among the poor. This would afford to them much amusement; it would harmlessly occupy a portion of their leisure; and it would tend, powerfully, to humanize their character, and to elevate their minds. In no civilized country, perhaps, is a taste for music among the poorer classes so entirely neglected as it is in England. The music which is heard in the churches (excepting in those which possess an organ) is, almost universally, a disgrace to the country and to its religion. Nothing could be more easy than the cultivation of a musical taste among the poor; for, as schools are now every where established, music, both instrumental and vocal, might be, and ought to be, made a part of the education

in those schools. Connected with music, is the healthy and enlivening amusement of dancing, than which nothing is more beneficial to young persons; yet, strange to say, nothing is so much discountenanced, by those in authority in England, as music and dancing are among the poor. The higher and the middle classes solace themselves with these amusements when and where they chuse; but a notion seems to prevail, that the lowest class has no right to these recreations; that these are, in some way or other, foreign to the nature, and at variance with the character, and inconsistent with the pursuits, of the poorer part of the community. These inferior persons may visit the gin-shop or the alehouse as freely as they like; they may debase their natures, and may ruin their families; but, they must not meet to fiddle and to dance. It was not always so in this our land. There was a time when the village green, a place now (alas! for the solace of the poor) rarely to be found, was the scene of many a rustic dance, which awakened the mirth of the heart, and contributed to the health both of body and of mind, and was as costless as it was harmless. But, in those happier days, Fanaticism had not spread its frightful gloom over religion, to scare away all that is cheerful, all that is enlivening, all that savours of lightness of heart; and yet, even in those days, Puritanism had induced the people of this land to regard the first day of the week as a day on which the Israelitish Sabbath was required to be kept. So that Protestantism has ever, in this country, proscribed dancing on Sundays as an unhallowed violation of the Sabbath; and, in this proscription, Music has, also, been included, with the exception of such music as is introduced in places of worship, or what is termed Sacred Music. And, so powerful is the influence of early education, so strong the prejudice engendered by habit, that there are few persons throughout this country who would not feel something like horror if a proposal were made to introduce dancing after twelve o'clock on the night of Saturday, or before the clock had struck that hour on the night of Sunday. And yet, the only objection which

can be raised against an indulgence in this innocent and healthy amusement on Sundays, is, that, Sunday, being the Sabbath (which it is not), and dancing being an unholy exercise (an assertion very difficult to prove); as, in the Old Testament, we read statutes enforcing the strict observance of the Sabbath as a day holy to the Deity, and assigning the severest punishment to every violation of these statutes; so, dancing on Sunday must be unholy, and ought to be proscribed among Christians. The objection, then, rests altogether on false ground, and on false inferences. The daily studies at the schools of the children of the poor might be closed by dancing, and thus, the children, after a long sitting in a crowded room, would be benefitted by an animating exercise, and would be dismissed with merry hearts. But, who is there who cares for the animation or mirth of the children of the poor? Where is there any provision made for their entertainment, where is any ground allotted in which they may play in safety. They are left to amuse themselves as they can, in the streets, or on the high roads, disregarded and uncared for, and exposed to the weather and to danger. It would be an act of great kindness and benevolence, if the principal proprietors in every parish were to erect a large open building, consisting merely of roof and walls, in which the infant poor might exercise and amuse themselves in wet weather. For, without exercise and amusement, it is not possible that children can be healthy; and, to disregard the health of the children of the lower orders, is to ensure the general unhealthiness of the future adult poor. But, not only is no provision made for affording amusement to poor children during the intermission or the cessation of education or of labour, on the days appropriated to work, but express means are taken to prevent their having enjoyment or exercise during any part of Sunday. For, on that day, they are, especially, made to assemble in the school-room, where they are kept in a state of strict discipline, and are lectured and examined and reproved unsparingly by over-zealous persons, and, above all, by those rigid females who have no

other scene and no other subjects in and upon which to exercise authority and dominion, and who here can display without restraint the most despotic piety. From the school-room, these victims of injudicious benevolence are marched in rank and file to the church, where they are kept, for two hours, closely packed, and closely watched, while a service, unnecessarily lengthened, and, to them, but little profitable, is gone through, and an oration, which they cannot understand, is delivered. One might expect, that all this would be considered as a sufficient restraint upon the volatile spirits of infants, and that when this church service is ended, they would be suffered to devote the remainder of the day to untaxed enjoyment. Far different, however, is the fate of these hapless children of wrath. They are dismissed only to swallow hastily such a meal as their parents can afford to them, and they, then, are again required to assemble, and are again marched in the same order to the same place to sit out a repetition of a similar service, and to have, perchance, another, unintelligible discourse inflicted upon them. During a great portion of the year, the whole of the Sunday's light is consumed in these attendances at the School and at the Church, and no opportunity is afforded to the children to obtain free air and exercise and amusement. And, during the remainder of the year, when the length of the day would furnish many hours over and above those which are, thus, absorbed, the children are left to wear out what remains to them of their Sunday in idle vacancy, or in pursuing such pastime as they can practice by stealth in places where they are trespassers. And all this cruel restraint, this tyrannical prohibition of all amusement, on the legitimate holiday of the poor, claims for itself the sanction of religion and the title of devotion! Thus is everything done, that ingenuity could suggest to be done, to render Sunday odious to the infant mind, to associate it with penance and prohibition, and to rob it of that freedom and delight which are its due, and which ought ever to characterize it in a Christian country. But, there are many hours of leisure which the poor must of necessity spend in their cottages. Age,

infirmity, sickness, sorrow, the care of children, each and all of these, independently of adverse weather, may confine the peasant to his home. And, moreover, the most vigorous and the most healthy may find a portion of their leisure sufficient for the purposes of out-door recreation. In all these cases, amusing and instructive books, written in a simple and an intelligible style, would furnish delightful resources to the poor of every gradation of age. By means of these, the labourer might acquire some knowledge of the things with which he continually comes in contact, and of the nature of the occupations in which he, daily, is engaged. He may be made familiar with the leading subjects of Natural History, with things appertaining to Agriculture, Horticulture, Cottage œconomy, and the like; and, especially if he be an artizan, he may be instructed on subjects connected with the Arts and Manufactures. He may acquire much amusing information respecting other countries from books of Geography and of Travel. He might, in short, from these ample resources, derive information which would not only interest and amuse him during his reading hours, but which he might carry forth with him to the field and to the factory, and on which he might unceasingly draw for present application. The mind of the poor man would, thus, become furnished with resources made actually its own; it would be expanded and it would be elevated. It would be led to feel a lively interest in those works and processes of Nature which it now disregards through utter ignorance. The supply of books, such as those referred to, might be furnished by lending libraries placed under proper regulations and rendered efficient by judicious management. It may be difficult, however, to beget a taste for reading in the poor of more advanced age, in whom, in earlier life, a habit of reading has not been formed; but the rising generation is now, everywhere, taught to read, and it is the fault of the plan of education pursued in the schools appropriated to the children of the poor, if a taste for instructive reading be not generated and maintained among them. The mind of the future adult pauper population is now receiving form

and impression in schools established by national authority. What, then, let us ask, what is the system of education pursued in these national seminaries? The poor man's child is taught to read, and, thus, as we have already remarked, he is rendered capable of being furnished with instruction. But, the mere ability to read is not instruction, it is not acquirement, it is not knowledge, it merely opens the door to these; and, unless the child be led on further, and be guided in his way, his ability to read may be unprofitable, or, even, injurious to him. Will it, then, be credited by those who are ignorant of the plan pursued in these schools, that the opportunity which now is furnished of storing the mind of the rising pauper generation with useful and substantial elementary knowledge, of freeing it from the prejudices engendered by popular ignorance, and of imbuing it with a taste for reading, is entirely neglected and overlooked? Will it be believed, that the only book introduced into these schools, the only one which the children ever read in them, is the Bible? Yet such is the established rule and the universal custom. And the only commentary upon the Bible with which they are furnished is the catechism of what is called "the established Church." The Bible is, indeed, the fountain of religious knowledge, and it is right and fitting that every one should be taught to seek that knowledge at the fountain-head. The knowledge which is contained in it, is, however, diffused in such a way, and is so communicated, and the various elementary parts of doctrine in it are so inculcated, that those who draw for themselves from this source will get supplies, varying, not in measure only but in kind. So that it ever has happened, and, from the character of the sacred writings, and from the nature of the human mind in its present state of existence, it, ever, must happen, that different minds draw different inferences from this same common source; every sect of Christians grounding its peculiar tenets on the same general authority. And, as each sect, or church, of Christians believes its own peculiar interpretation of Scripture to be the most

correct, its members, naturally, wish to prejudice the vacant minds of their children with their own views, to pre-occupy them with their own sentiments, and to educate them in their own religious creed. And, if it be essential that religious opinion should have a defined form in the minds of those who entertain it, it is absolutely essential also that the opinion should be fixed, and its form moulded, in the minds of the unlettered poor, by education. And, the earlier the age at which the religious opinion is planted and the form of it moulded the more stable and enduring will be that opinion and its form. But, as the mere perusal of the Bible, alone, is, thus, shewn to be ineffectual in securing uniformity of religious opinion, it follows, that, in religious education, if the object be to give to the disciple any definite form of religious opinion, the perusal of the Bible must be accompanied by a commentary, oral or written. But, the only commentary which, in the National Schools, is furnished to the children, is the Catechism of which we have spoken, and which they are made to commit to memory. This, however, is a very brief summary of faith unconnected with any direct reference to any part of the Scriptures. It might, however be said, and justly said, that a *National* School implies one in which the children of the poor of every denomination of Christians receive instruction; and that, such being the case, it is sufficient, and it is right, that the Bible should be read by the children without comment; it being left to the parents of those children, or to the ministers of the sect to which those parents, respectively, belong, to impart to the children their own peculiar form of religious faith and doctrine. But, in answer to this we say, if, indeed, the National Schools were intended for the instruction of poor children of every sect of Christians, why is the catechism of one particular church introduced to the exclusion of every other summary of doctrine, and why are the children compelled to attend the public services of that church? But, such is not the purpose of the National Schools in this island; the intention of them, their avowed intention, is to educate children in the religious doctrines of "the

established church," and in these exclusively. If, then, such be their object, that object would be, more effectually, attained, if, when the Bible is placed in the hands of the children, they were also furnished with a compendious and intelligible commentary on it, which might fix and render familiar those peculiar doctrines which "the established church" is so anxious to establish in their minds. And, indeed, if the schools were really National; if poor children of every sect were admitted into them; if the Bible were read in them without comment; still, it would be necessary that the children, when out of school, should be furnished with books explanatory and illustrative of the Scriptures; for, without these, a great portion of the Bible will be, altogether, uninteresting and unintelligible to the lower classes. A very large portion, indeed, of the Scriptures of what is termed the Old Testament must, ever, be as uninteresting, as they are unimportant, to the unlettered reader; such as the statutes and details which have a reference to the ceremonial law, and a very large portion of what are termed the prophetical writings. The books needed by the poor of every sect and denomination of Christians, as explanatory and illustrative of the Bible, are such as may bring before them the general scope of the Scriptures, and may give them an outline of the several writers of the different portions of these, and of the history of the different ages of the human race, and of the various empires and nations and religious sects and individuals referred to, and of the manners and customs of these nations and sects, and of the various instances in which the prophecies contained in the Bible have been fulfilled. Commentaries such as these would enable the lower classes to read the Scriptures with tenfold interest, and with a corresponding increase of advantage. But, still, important as religion and religious matters are to persons of every class, and peculiarly important as these are to the more indigent classes, the mind cannot, in any class of persons, be occupied, incessantly and exclusively, with these. All that has been revealed to man with a reference to spiritual matters, all his duties and all his hopes,

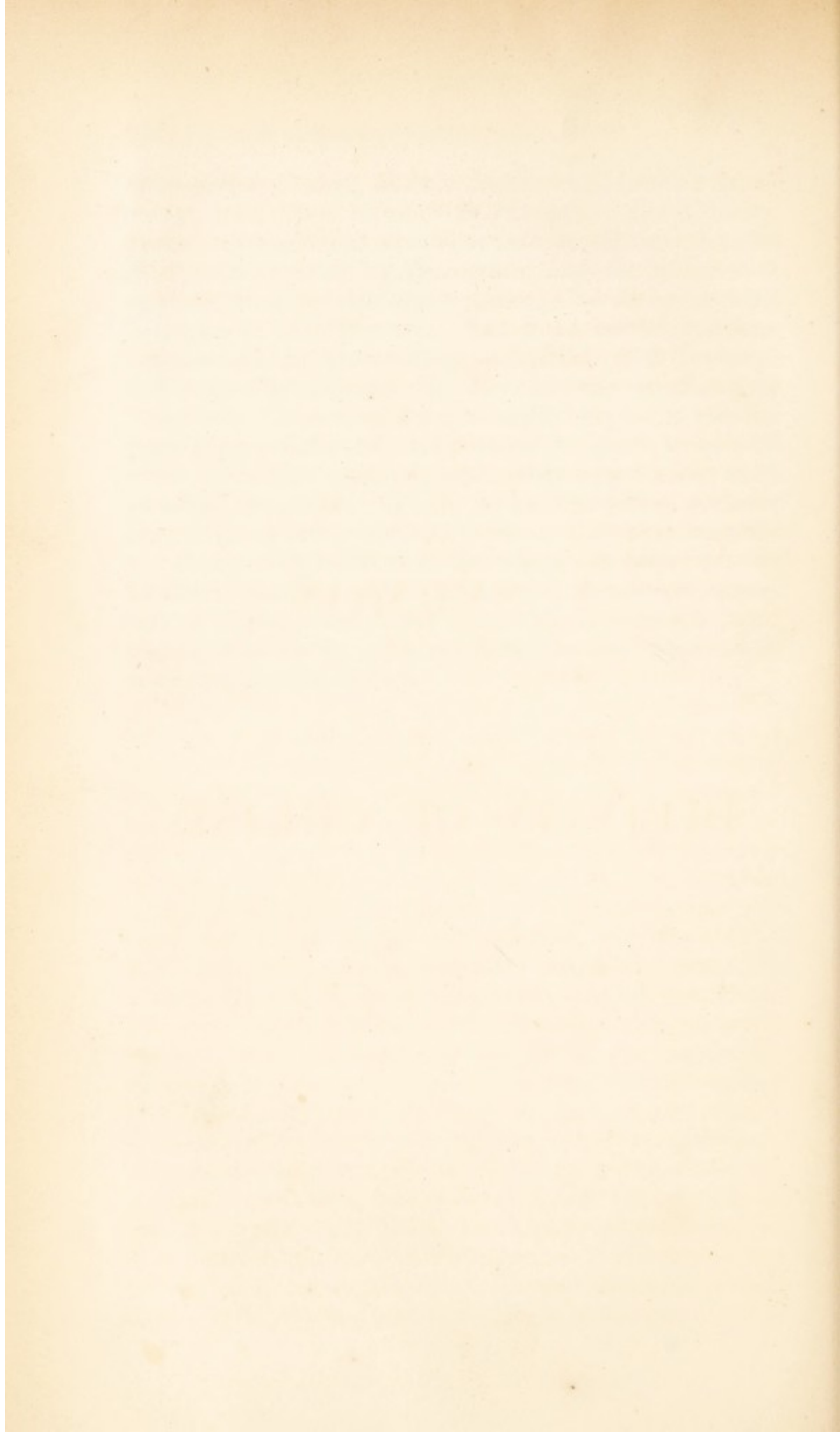
and all his consolation, may be summarily comprehended in a few sentences. To dilate too much on these subjects is but to dilute them, it is but to enfeeble rather than to strengthen their impression on the mind. The information which revelation has given respecting spiritual matters is so brief and so general and lies so open to enquiry, that the most profound meditation cannot penetrate into anything which may not be known to him who sees only the surface which has been exposed; it may stimulate curiosity but it never can succeed in gratifying it. It is not necessary, then, that the mind should be continually occupied with subjects of a religious or spiritual nature; its being so occupied could not be beneficial to it. Such constant occupation, might, indeed, lead the fancy into labyrinths, or might bewilder the reason, but it could neither confer benefit nor advance knowledge. And, if such constant occupation were required and could be beneficial, it could only be indulged in by those, whose minds had been formed or cultivated so as to be capable of such continued exertion, and from whose minds all other considerations were excluded: It could not be indulged in by lowly and uncultivated minds; it could not be pursued by those who are called upon to devote the greater part of their existence to continued occupations of other kinds. But, we do not find that the higher and the richer classes of the community, the highly trained and the highly educated, the people of ample leisure, we do not find that these persons devote all their time and all their attention to spiritual matters, that they are exclusively occupied with religion; we do not find that they confine all their reading to the Bible or to those matters to which the Bible especially refers. We do not find that these persons exclude all books but the Bible from the schools in which their children are educated. These persons have every possible variety of literature laid open and trimmed and garnished for their use and accommodation and instruction and amusement. They have all the varieties of impression which intercourse with cultivated society, and change of scene, and varied recreation,

can yield. With minds thus stored with subjects gleaned from so many sources, they are furnished with ample materials for thought in the absence of any present subject of occupation. Why, then, is the poor man, who is cut off from so many sources of instruction and amusement from which the richer man so freely draws, and who is doomed to spend so large a portion of his life in unvarying toil, why is *his* mind to be left unimpressed by ought save moral maxims, and unenlightened by ought save spiritual glimmerings? Why is he to remain blind to all the objects which encompass him on every side, and which might furnish him with endless amusement "without money and without price"? Is it because brutal ignorance and unawakened reason fit the mind for solitude and privation, and incline it to patient endurance, and reconcile it to injustice and oppression? Are darkness and dulness efficacious in rendering the indigent useful and tranquil citizens, and loyal and submissive subjects? Is it not enough that the poor yield up all their time and all their labour to society for a coarse and scanty sustenance, uncheered in their toil by any prospect of easy affluence, or by any of those rewards which stimulate exertion and kindle ambition in the higher walks of labour, and are they to be the only persons in society whose lives are to be unrelieved by ought of variety or of amusement? But, if the minds of the adult poor are to be furnished with subjects of reflection and of recreation, the minds of the infant poor must be drawn out, must be educated. The horn-book of Nature, the alphabet of the physical world, should be placed in their hands as well as the Bible. The children of the poor should learn to understand somewhat of what they ever see around them; they should be taught to interest themselves in what they thus see, they should be taught to observe and to compare. And, having their minds furnished with a taste for inquiry and with the means of pursuing it, their understandings would be opened, and they would be led, without difficulty, to comprehend many of those wonderful and interesting phenomena which constantly

present themselves, and to study with ease and satisfaction some of the most delightful pages in the volume of Nature. By these means, tastes would be formed and habits engendered which would grow with their growth, and would entwine themselves with all the feelings and all the pursuits of manhood. But, in addition to studies such as these, there are various branches of practical knowledge in which the children of the poor might, with great advantage, both present and future, be instructed and amused. Such are plaiting of straw for hats and bonnets, knitting, netting, basket-making, and the like. They may be taught also, to make their own instruments of play, and to form toys of various kinds: The female children should, moreover, be especially instructed in things relating to cottage œconomy.

By means such as these, simple in detail and simple in execution, the poor of this land may, readily and without expence, have their character and condition raised and improved, and may be furnished, and be taught to furnish themselves, with costless and harmless amusement. The machinery for carrying into operation and effect these simple but important means is in existence; it is already prepared in the schools which are now so universally established in every part of the kingdom. Let not indolence or indifference, then; let not suspicion or jealousy, or feelings worse than these if any such there be; lead those in whom are vested the superintendence and the management of these schools to neglect or to misapply the opportunity and the means which now are offered for bettering the condition of the poor of this land. Let the instruction in reading, which everywhere prevails, be made instrumental in expanding the mind, in improving its tastes, in exalting and refining its character. Let the high and the opulent remember that amusement and recreation are necessary to the lowly as well as to them, and that these are eminently due to the indigent and the industrious. Let the upper classes learn to be less selfish, less exclusive, less haughty, more accessible, more polite, more cautious

as to giving offence, in their dealings and in their intercourse with their humble neighbours. Let Charity prevail, in sentiment as well as in alms-giving; and let Bounty be guided by Discretion, and let it never be rendered unacceptable and oppressive by an union with Tyranny or with Bigotry. Let it be shewn that Enjoyment and Amusement are compatible with Poverty, and that Cheerfulness and Joy are the associates of Religion. Then may we reasonably expect to see the poor happy and contented; raised in their social and moral character; and, proportionably improved in their physical condition. Thus, without sacrifice, without cost, without difficulty, and without risk, may important changes be effected in the whole œconomy of the humbler classes of society, rendering the several members of these, satisfied and peaceable as citizens, loyal and tractable as subjects, and healthier and happier and more respectable as men.



A SERMON
ON THE
DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

SECTION

DEPARTMENT OF CHRIST

A SERMON

ON THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

“What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?”
(Matt. xxii. 42.)

This question which was put by our Saviour to the Pharisees is the most important question that can be proposed to many, since, on the opinion which we have formed respecting the character and office of Christ, must depend the opinion which we entertain as to our own condition and prospects. Some there are, indeed, who, through prejudice, or pride, disown all belief in Christ. Others there may be who have thought on Him so seldom or so slightly, that they have no settled or determinate opinion to offer respecting Him. Those, however, who call themselves Christians, and who by assuming the name of Christ as their distinctive appellation, profess to acknowledge Him as their Head, must be supposed to have some definite belief with regard to Him whose name they bear, some opinion as to who He was, and as to what He has done for man. But, if we could ask all those who style themselves Christians, what they think of Christ, and if we could collect and arrange their several replies, we should find them expressing such different and such discordant opinions respecting Him, as would abundantly prove that many Christians have little if anything in common excepting their appellation. Yet, if the belief which we hold respecting Christ form the

basis of our opinion with regard to our own state and our own prospects, then must that belief be the most important matter with which we can have concern. Our belief respecting Christ cannot be a mere speculative belief. It must have a powerful influence over us in some way or other, for good or for evil. It must beget hope or destroy it; it must generate peace or lead to indifference; it must be the source of joy, or the parent of dark and fearful forebodings. It behoves every one, then, who is capable of feeling any interest in his own welfare, whether as regards his fleeting existence on earth or his enduring existence in the world beyond the grave, seriously to consider what he thinks of Christ; and to assure himself, that he has earnestly and honestly endeavoured to ascertain the truth respecting Him, and that his belief is founded on pure and candid conviction. It behoves every one, who is capable of so doing, to act thus. But the majority of mankind will, and must, hold those opinions in religious matters which they have received from other persons; they will, ever, believe as they have been taught to believe; they will think of Christ as they have been told and trained to think of Him. Such must, of necessity, always be the case with regard to the general mass of mankind. They must take upon trust the religious opinions which are communicated to them. And, when an article of faith has been impressed strongly and frequently on the mind and has been long retained; and, especially, if it have been planted in the mind before doubt was awakened, and, even, before reason dawned, the conviction of its truth will, generally speaking, be so powerful, that it will hold its ground as tenaciously as the instinctive feelings. Every man, however, is amenable to his conscience; and, if this does not tell him that the belief which he holds respecting any important article of religious faith is an honest and a sincere belief, held under an earnest desire to ascertain the truth and to avoid error, he is bound by his conscience as well as by his interests to use every endeavour to rectify his opinion.

There are some Christians, who, in reply to the question "What think ye of Christ? whose Son is He?" will say with the Pharisees that He is "the Son of David." They will say, that He was a man, in all respects "like unto His brethren;"—that He came, to teach mankind a purer form of religious belief and a purer system of morals than had, previously, prevailed, and to enforce the acceptance of the system which he introduced by a vivid display of future reward and of future punishment; while He, in His own person and conduct, furnished a bright example of the holiness which he inculcated, and by so doing, shewed that the standard of morality which He established was within the reach and compass of human nature.

Such is the cold and lifeless creed which some Christians profess, such the barren view which they take of the glorious scheme of Christianity. Let us suppose, for a moment, that this is a true picture; and let us see the effects which the contemplation of it must, necessarily, produce on the mind of man. If we regard Christ but as a man who preached righteousness and who acted righteously, in what way will our belief in Him affect our condition or our prospects? We shall, indeed, derive from Him a perfect rule of life, a perfect system of morals, a perfect pattern of holiness. But how, and to what extent, could these prove beneficial to us? We all know, but too well, that, constituted as we are, we never can attain to the perfection of holiness which Christ inculcated and exemplified; and, consequently, the rewards which He held out as the recompence of holiness never can be expected by us on the score of our own merits. Did He, then, come but to tantalize us with a display of future glory and to mock our impotent endeavours to attain to it? Did He come but to prove to us our weakness and our worthlessness, and to convert the dim and undefined hopes of mankind into certain despair? Such would indeed, be the effect of His mission had He been merely a man preaching righteousness, and illustrating by His example the holiness which He enjoined. If such were

a correct view of Christ and the object of His ministry, then would He have done nothing for the welfare of man, and He would have been the herald only of evil tidings and of woe.

Some of those, however, who think of Christ as being "the Son of David," tell us, that this holy man, having uniformly practised holiness and never having been defiled by sin, became a substitute for the whole human race; that His uniform obedience to the law of righteousness was accepted by the Deity in lieu of the perfect obedience of the rest of mankind, and that the unmerited sufferings which He endured, and the ignominious death to which He was unjustly subjected by His fellow-men, were admitted by God as a sufficient satisfaction to the holiness and justice of heaven for all the offences and all the deficiencies of all other men. In short, they tell us, that the sufferings of one innocent and virtuous man became an atonement for the sins of the whole world; that the perfect righteousness of one man was accepted as a substitute for the perfect righteousness of all mankind.

But if Christ were, indeed, but one of the many millions of our race, how can we feel satisfied that His perfect righteousness effected more than His own acceptance with the Deity? How feel assured that the sufferings which he endured were ought but the trials to which His constancy was subjected? When we are told, that one man, by the uniform practice of holiness during His brief sojourn on earth, not only justified himself in the sight of God, but procured, also, the justification of all other men;—that, by enduring poverty and privation, by being exposed to obloquy and insult, to ingratitude and persecution, and by being unjustly sentenced to an ignominious death, he, by those sufferings and by that death, expiated all the guilt of other men;—that, by the one oblation of his body on the cross, the man Christ Jesus offered a full and perfect and sufficient sacrifice for the sins of the whole world;—such a statement staggers our reason and repels our belief, Be the arguments which are

brought in support of such a creed what they may, our hearts must tell us that it is unsatisfying and defective. The glorious majesty of the omnipotent Jehovah is displayed every where in the works and wonders of creation. Reason, as well as Revelation, gives ample evidence of His perfections. The preaching of Christ lays before us a code of morality harmonising with those perfections. But, whithersoever we direct our observation, whether to the conduct of other men or to our own behaviour, we see nought but frailty and error, nought but glaring guilt or defective virtue. What, then, does the creed, which we are now considering, interpose between the offended holiness of an all-righteous Deity and the guilt, the universal guilt, of man? It interposes nothing but the unsullied virtue of one human being. It offers nothing in satisfaction of Divine justice but the unmerited sufferings which one righteous man experienced from the malignity of his fellow-men. It leaves the vast interval which separates God from man, and holiness from sin, with nothing to stand between these but the righteousness of one man who was treated with injustice and with cruelty by his fellows. And, can such a creed as this satisfy the wants and calm the apprehensions of the soul of man when sinking under the consciousness of guilt and sensible of its own helplessness? If such were the only atonement which has been made for human transgression, such the only medium between the holiness of heaven and the sinfulness of earth;—if the only ground upon which we could hope for the favour of God were the meritorious conduct of one human being; if the only plea which we could offer in suing for pardon at the bar of eternal justice were the sufferings which one righteous man unjustly endured:—how could we convince ourselves, that the justice of the Deity has been satisfied; that all our guilt has been blotted out, that our pardon has been sealed, our justification established, our eternal happiness secured? It is not possible that we could feel any such conviction. Such a creed never can meet the wants,

or satisfy the necessities, of man. It must introduce doubts which it cannot remove, and fears which it cannot allay. The hopes which it supplies are vague and uncertain ;—the peace which it imparts is unsubstantial and unsettled.

Another and a very different belief in Christ acknowledges Him as the beloved Son of the most High God, himself God, in essence like unto His Eternal Father. It regards this divine being as having shared the inconceivable power and glories of the Godhead before the creation of the universe. It represents Him as the Divine Word, by and for whom was made all that has been made. It represents this colleague of the Almighty, this appointed heir of all things, as having, for a time, divested Himself of His celestial majesty, as having condescended to quit the bosom of His Father, and as having condescended to veil His divinity in a form of flesh, and to visit and to reside on this our globe in the likeness of man ; and in the character of a poor and lowly and despised and persecuted man. It represents Him, in this His human character, as having exhibited a perfect pattern of the most pure and exalted holiness, as having, on every occasion, manifested the most gentle and the most tender benevolence towards the afflicted ; as having been continually engaged in marvellous acts of mercy, such as fully attested His Divinity ; and as having inculcated love towards God and love towards man as the basis and the keystone of all morality. It represents Him as having suffered the malignity of His persecutors so to prevail against Him, that he was dragged by them before an unjust tribunal, and was falsely accused, and mocked and reviled and buffeted and scourged, and, finally, although pronounced faultless, was crucified among malefactors. It represents Him, while yet hanging on the cross, as meeting the taunts and insults of His enemies with a prayer to his Father on their behalf ; and, then, after having uttered those expressive words of mighty import “It is finished,” as yielding up His body unto death, while He descended into the abode of the disembodied spirits of

departed men, to communicate to them, perhaps, the glad tidings of their redemption. It represents Him as quitting that abode after a short sojourn therein, and as resuming the body which He had quitted on the cross, and, shortly after this, His re-appearance in the flesh, as ascending into the heavens to re-occupy His seat at the right hand of His Almighty Father, there to exercise all power in the heavens and on the earth, and there, also, to make intercession for man. It represents Christ as having voluntarily submitted to all this degradation, in order that He might render to the claims of violated holiness such a compensation for the transgressions of mankind as might satisfy all the demands of strict uncompromizing justice. It represents Him as having taken upon himself all the responsibilities, all the liabilities of man; as having transferred to Himself the whole amount of human delinquency, as having paid the whole price of the ransom of mankind from all the penalties annexed to violations of the law of holiness; as having blotted out all record of our guilt; as having purified man from all defilement of sin; as having clothed him in a robe of righteousness; as having established his full and perfect justification.

How totally different, in every point of view, is such a belief in Christ from that which acknowledges Him only as "the Son of David." They who, thus, think of Him may, indeed, think with satisfaction and joy and confident hope of themselves. For, He whom they regard as their Redeemer is no other than the Divine Being who created them. The satisfaction which He, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, has made to the demands of holiness and of justice, must be amply sufficient, for it is a satisfaction rendered by the Deity to the claims of His own holiness and His own justice. Such a creed leaves no deficiency. It blends the work of redemption with the work of creation, and it makes Christ the agent in both these. Such a belief not only satisfies all the necessities of man, but it also exalts his character in the scale of being. For it exhibits the author of nature and the heir of the universe as taking so intense an interest in His creature man,

that He left the bosom of His Father and the adoration of angels to endure degradation, the depth of which we can but very inadequately conceive, in order that He might enable man to receive an everlasting inheritance in the mansions of heaven. It represents Him as enjoining man to address the Most High God by the familiar and endearing and expressive title of Father, even as He also addressed that glorious Being; as saying, just before His ascension into heaven, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." It, thus represents Christ as acknowledging us, as His brethren, as sons of God, as joint heirs with himself. The belief which thus, assigns to man so exalted a being, so glorious a destiny, affords to him also a more clear and just perception of the efficacy of Christs atonement, and a clearer perception also of his own nature as an inhabitant of a form of flesh, and as a sojourner upon earth. For, as Christ, the son of God, became incarnate and dwelt in an animal form, in a frame of flesh derived from the elements of earth, the divine emanation from the Godhead being, thus, for a time, veiled and shrouded and obscured; so is man, a son of God, also made to dwell on earth in an animal form, in a frame of flesh derived from the elements of earth, his immortal spirit, which emanated from God being, thus also, for a time, veiled and shrouded and obscured. We see, then, under this belief in Christ, how exactly He conformed to the likeness of man and how closely man is conformed to the likeness of the incarnate Redeemer. We see, too, how perfectly adapted was the incarnate son of God, God manifest in the flesh, the man Christ Jesus, to become the representative and the substitute of mankind. For we see, how well, how amply, how entirely, He, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, represented the whole race of those beings whose spirits are the emanations of that Godhead. We see well, how perfectly the incarnate Son of God represented the incarnation of all those spirits. We see well, how punishment, laid upon, and endured by, a God incarnate, could represent, and be equivalent to, and be an ample substitute for, the

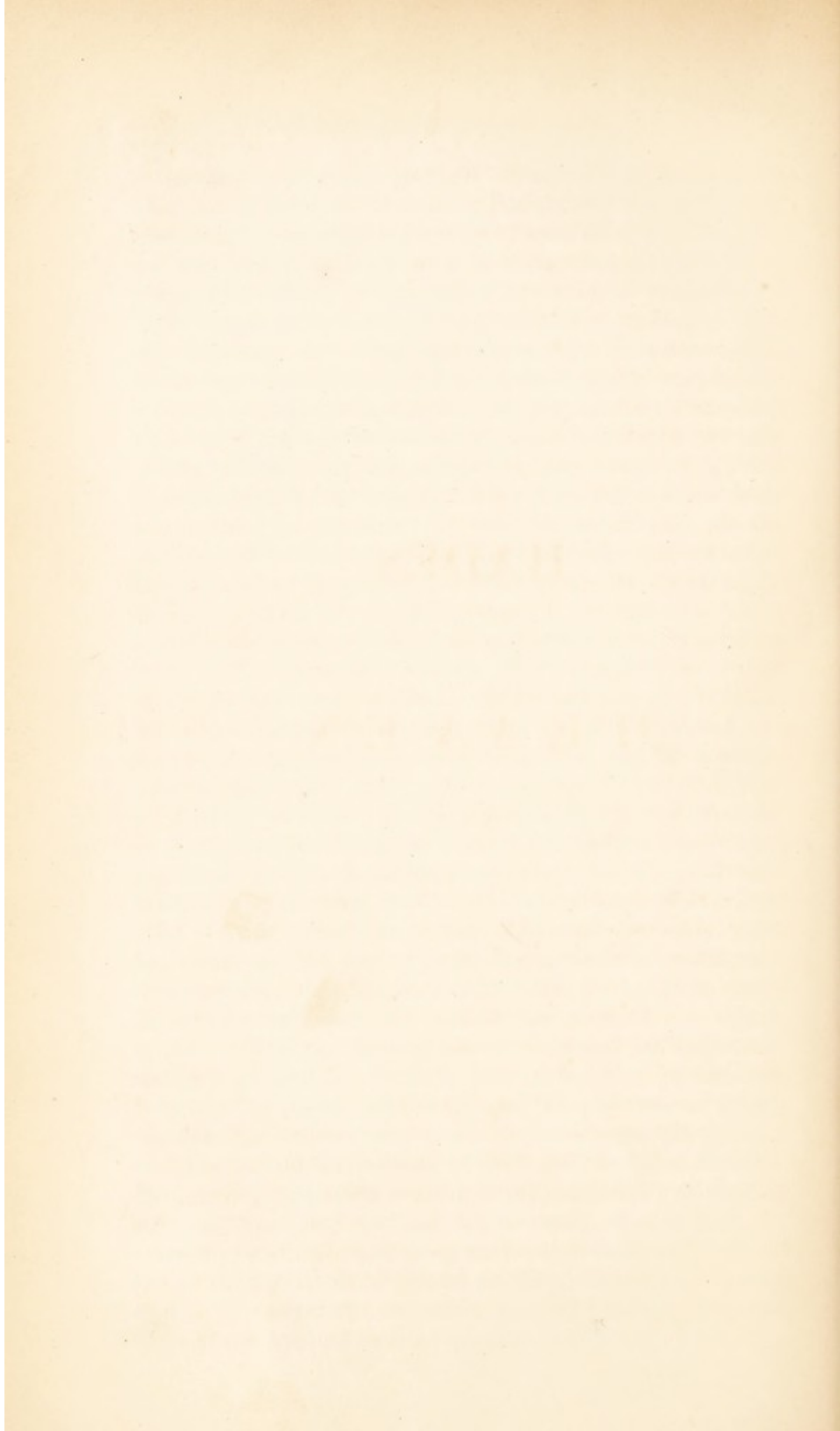
punishment of all mankind. We see, how perfectly that penalty which the incarnate fulness of the Godhead paid for human delinquency, must have satisfied divine justice, and how it may exonerate man from all imputation of guilt. Such a belief in Christ, then leaves nothing to be desired, nothing to be doubted. It represents the interval which separates God from man as filled by Him who is one with the Father, and, as it were, one, also, with man. It thus, brings man into close relation with God, through Christ. Christ, the beloved Son of God has, abundantly, testified His exuberant love towards man. The love of the Father towards man has been fully manifested by His giving His beloved Son to suffer in man's stead. And Christ has asserted and has shewn, that love from man towards God and love from man towards man, constitute the essence of all morality, the sum and substance of human duty. Such a belief in Christ, then, represents love as the basis and as the very soul of the Christian scheme. It establishes a chain of love extending from God to man through Christ; and it exhibits this chain, when binding man to man, and when returning from man, through Christ, to God, as forming a connecting tie of reciprocal attachment, and a perfect bond of religious obligation. How entirely consistent is such a creed with the declaration that God is love! How thoroughly adapted is it to the condition of incarnate man! How perfectly does it meet, and how admirably does it minister to, all his weakness and all his wants, all his sorrows and all his sins! Be he ever so disquieted, such a creed must bring peace to his soul; pierced though he be by pain and lacerated by affliction, such a belief will pour a soothing balm into his wounds. What though his lot be cast amidst poverty and privations; he has awaiting him the glories of eternity;—though he be lowly and despised; he yet is a son of God, a co-heir with Him unto whom has been given all power in heaven and in earth. Knowing that he is beloved of God, whom he addresses as his Father; knowing that he is beloved of Christ who has secured his everlasting

welfare ;—what has he to fear? Under every change of condition, under every vicissitude of life, amidst all its woes, all its bereavements, he must be convinced, that every thing is working, under the direction of Divine love and Almighty wisdom, for his ultimate good, he views with unmoved tranquillity the gradual decay of his earthly tenement, knowing that it is this which fetters and enslaves him, and which detains him from the happiness of the redeemed. He knows, that, until his perishable body be put off, he never can be re-united to those beloved beings whose presence gave to this world all its charms, and to whose society in the mansions of bliss he looks forward with fond and glowing satisfaction.

Some of those, however, who think of Christ as the Son of God and as the expiator of human guilt, take so partial and so limited a view of the effects of His vicarious atonements, as to restrict the benefits of it to a small portion only of the human race. Of such believers, some exclude from all beneficial interest in the Christian scheme the whole of those who never heard of the name of Christ, and who, consequently, have no cognizance of His atoning mediation ; as though the sanction and concurrence of man were necessary to give to this glorious scheme its efficacy and its operation, and as though a man were responsible for the country in which he was born and for the character of the religious creed in which he was trained. Others there are who limit the benefits of Christianity to a few members of the common family of mankind, chosen without reference to conduct or to creed by the mere caprice of an arbitrary Deity. While there are others, who, measuring the actions of men by the standard of morality, assign only to the more meritorious among mankind an interest in Christ's atonement ; thus making merit on the part of man the cause of his acceptance with God, and awarding salvation as the recompense of human excellence. Such persons either make man, altogether, his own saviour, or they make him a co-operation with Christ in the work of redemption. They weigh the

actions of men by the shekel of the sanctuary, and if the balance be not equally poised, they add as a make-weight the all-sufficient merits of Christ. These several believers erase, altogether, from the Christian scheme it's character of love, and, for it, they substitute arbitrary will and partial favor, or the strict standard of justice. So far, indeed, are they from representing Christianity as a scheme fraught with benefit to mankind that they pourtray it as dooming a vast and over-powering majority of our race to certain and intense and enduring misery. They represent the Almighty as calling into existence successive generations of millions of men, in order that a few of these may share His love, and that the many may experience His vengeance. What is this but to represent God as delighting in punishment rather than in mercy, and as indulging feelings of the most cruel hatred rather than those of inconceivable love? What is it but to divest Christ of His glorious character of Saviour of the world, and to make His humiliation an useful display of self-abasement, equally without object and without advantage? For, if the great majority of mankind be, really, called into existence solely that they may be punished, what benefit has Christ conferred upon the human race? And if Christ who suffered, be, indeed, the Divine Word that created, His love and mercy would have been shewn in refraining from creating the many who are destined for punishment, rather than in creating the few who are destined for salvation. And wherefore, then, did He suffer? If a few individuals among mankind could not be advanced to glory unless a sacrifice were offered to the claims of violated holiness for their delinquencies, the perdition of the great majority of the human race would seem to be a sacrifice amply sufficient to satisfy those claims. Such partial and narrow views of Christianity are derogatory to the character of God, and they dispense with the service of a Redeemer. They seem calculated also to destroy hope and to produce despondency and melancholy in those who entertain them. We do not find, however, that those who, thus, limit

salvation to a small portion of mankind, hesitate in numbering themselves among the chosen few, although they readily consign others to eternal misery. Nor do we find that their happiness is disturbed, or their complacency ruffled, by the belief that a large majority of their brethren is doomed to everlasting torment. On the contrary, we find that those who maintain such views are distinguished by spiritual pride and by intolerant presumption and self-esteem, and by the entire absence of that tender and scrupulous behaviour towards others which bears the comprehensive name of Christ. If such then, be the effects which views like these have a tendency to produce; if they be calculated, to diminish our love towards God and our dependance upon Christ, and to engender indifference to the welfare, the eternal welfare of our fellow-men; we may, at once reject such views as false and imperfect, and, if God be love, if He gave His beloved Son to suffer for man; if we be the sons of God, and be not permitted only, but commanded to address Him as our Father; we may, with undoubting and unshaken confidence rest assured that man is the object of His love. If Christ be the Son of God; if He voluntarily offered Himself as a sacrifice for the guilt of man; if He acknowledged mankind as His brethren; we may, with equal confidence, rest assured that man is the object of His love also. And, if the Son of God has made an atonement for human guilt; we may with the same firm confidence, rest assured, that the atonement offered by Him must be amply sufficient to expiate the sins of the whole world. Having, then, this well-founded confidence in the love of God the Father, and in the love of God the Son, and in the all-sufficiency of the atonement which the Son has made; we need not be disquieted by any of these narrow limitations of the benefits of Christianity. But, rather, ought we, resting on this confidence, on this sure and steadfast anchor of our souls, to dwell on the contemplation of that deep and exuberant love which led to the establishment and accomplishment of so vast and so benevolent a scheme, and which has prepared for man so exalted and so glorious a destiny.

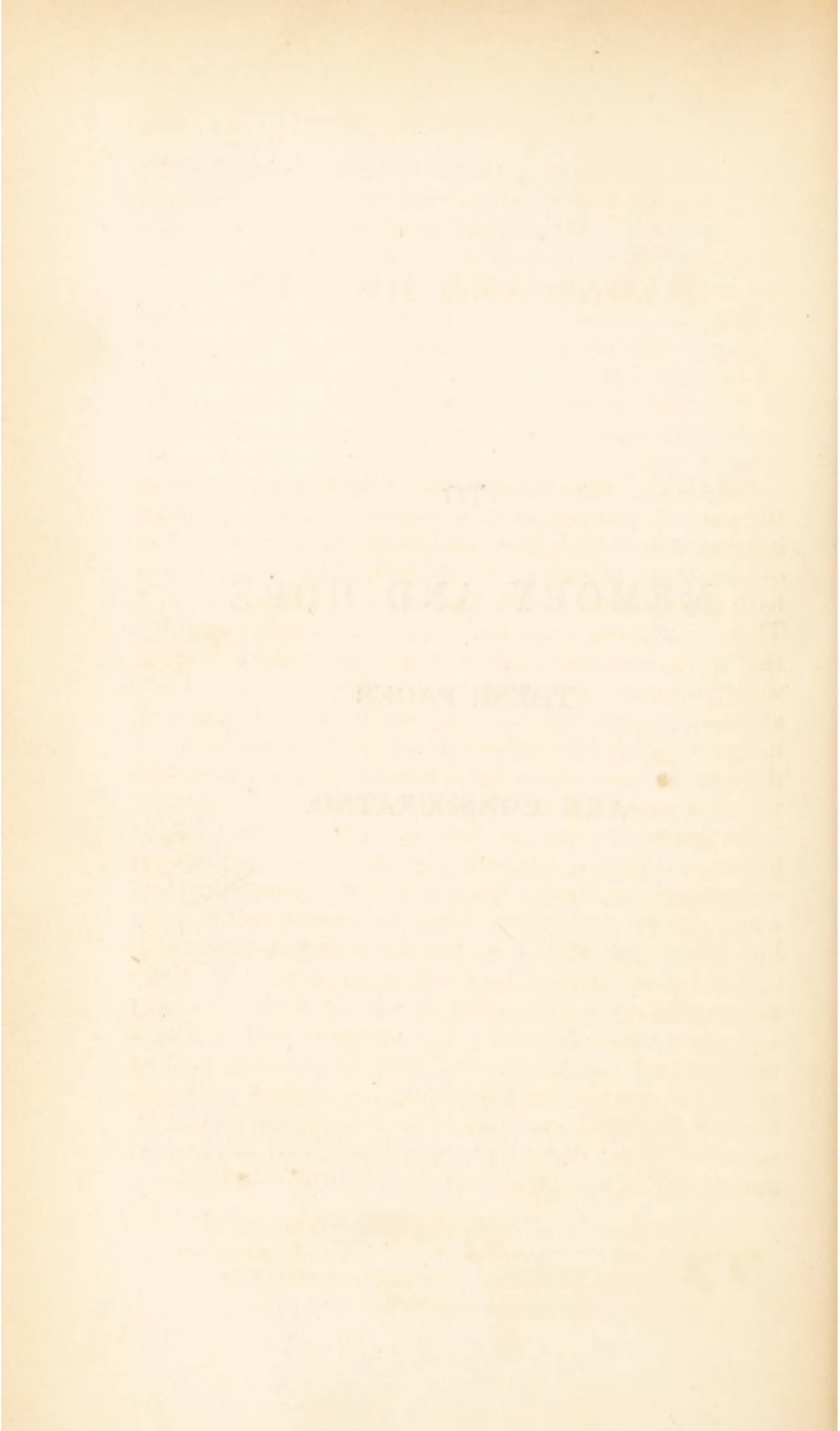


HADES
AND
HEAVEN.

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TO
MEMORY AND HOPE
THESE PAGES
ARE CONSECRATED.



HADES AND HEAVEN.

“By faith,” says the apostle, “Abraham sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles* with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.”† These patriarchs fixed their view on “a better country that is an heavenly”‡ one, “and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”§ They afforded an apt figure of the condition of the spirit of man during its fleeting abode on earth in the body of flesh in which it takes up a temporary residence, and which is spoken of as a *tent* or *tabernacle*. That body is to the spirit what the tent is to the pilgrim on his journey. It is a temporary abode, not a permanent residence; an abode, from which the inmate finds a ready egress, and which, when no longer required by him who sojourned in it, has its structure destroyed, and the place thereof knoweth it no more. St. Peter says, speaking of his continuance in the flesh, “as long as I am in this *tabernacle* :”¶ “knowing that shortly I must put off my *tabernacle* ;” and he calls the *putting off* or *quitting* this his tabernacle, his *exodus*¶ or *departure* .** St. John, speaking of the incarnation of Christ, says, “And the Word was made flesh†† and *tabernacled* among us;”‡‡ and the departure of Christ from the body

* ἐσκηναίς.

† Heb. xi. 9, 10.

‡ Heb. xi. 16.

§ Heb. xi. 13.

¶ σκηνώμα.

¶ ἐξόδος, *going forth*.

** 2. Pet. i. 13, 14, 15.

†† σαρξ ἐγένετο John i. 14.

‡‡ ἐσκηνώσεν ἐν ἡμῖν John i. 14.

of flesh which he had assumed is spoken of as his *exodus*.* The "inward," or real "man,"† the spirit, exists in it's tabernacle of flesh, or "outward man,"‡ as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, having here no continuing city, but seeking one to come.¶ When the spirit quits it's body, that "earthly house" or "tabernacle" is "dissolved;"§ and we express it's "exodus" or departure from that "house" by the term *death*. And, as applied to the body thus "put off" the term is correctly applied. The *putting off* the body is the *death* of the body; when so "put off," it's "earthly house is dissolved." But, when it's body is thus cast off, the spirit is set free; it, then, accomplishes it's "exodus" or departure from the deserted tabernacle. During the residence of the spirit in the flesh, the union of "the inward man" with "the outward man" is so intimate, that these two appear to be one and indivisible; they constitute one individual; so that, in speaking of any individual man, during his abode on earth, we refer to him, ordinarily, as an unity, without distinguishing the inmate from the tenement. Thus, when any one of our race quits this shifting scene, we say, in ordinary language, that *he dies*. And, as with the idea of *death* is associated the idea of *the cessation of existence*; as, when the body is put off, it's structure is dissolved and dissipated; so is there danger lest the application of the word *death* to express the departure of the spirit from it's "earthly house" lead us to regard that event as involving a cessation of the existence of the spirit. It would be well if we had not acquired the habit of thus speaking of the separation of the spirit from the body. It would be well, if, instead of saying that a man *dies*, when he quits the body, we expressed his *departure* by some term similar to that used by St. Peter; if we spoke of the event as *the putting off* of a burdensome and oppressive weight, or as *an exodus* from a wearisome state of bondage. We witness a

* *Exodus* Luke ix. 31.

† Rom. vii. 22; Eph. iii. 16; 2 Cor. iv. 16.

‡ 2 Cor. iv. 16.

¶ Heb. xiii. 14.

§ 2 Cor. v. 1.

mighty change—the form of flesh in which we have long recognized one of our brethren, and in and through which he has been manifested to us, and has mingled among us, and has been endeared to us, is, in one instant, abandoned by it's spiritual inmate, and it becomes, at that instant, senseless, lifeless, loathsome, and corrupt. We have been long accustomed, perhaps, to gaze on that form with fondness and delight; to turn to it as the source of all our worldly bliss; to read in it's outward expressions the emotions of it's spiritual inmate. One moment has sufficed for the rupture of that tie which bound the spirit to its body; and from that moment, the dissolution of that body commences, and all our intercourse with that spirit ceases. The bitter pang, which this abrupt and total cessation of all communication with a being dearer to us than our own existence, excites and maintains;—the decomposition, the loathsome decomposition, of that body which we had identified with it's inhabitant;—these cause us to regard the “exodus” of the spirit as an event inseparably connected with sorrow and with corruption. But the sorrow belongs to those who remain in the flesh, and the corruption belongs to the body which has been “put off.”

When the spirit of man “*puts off*” it's body;—when it accomplishes it's *exodus* from the flesh;—whither does it go?

“We know” says St. Paul (he does not say “we think,” “we believe,” but “we know,”*) “that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”† The spirit of man, however, when it quits it's “earthly house” is not, at that instant, translated to “the heavens;” for “no man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven (even) the son of man which is in heaven.”‡ “David is not ascended into the heavens.”|| David quitted his earthly house; that body was laid in a sepulchre, and it

* οἶδαμεν.

† 2 Cor. v. 1.

‡ John iii. 13.

|| Acts ii. 34.

underwent corruption;* but, whither did his spirit go? Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, put off their bodies of flesh; but their spirits are yet living;† where, then, is now their abode? Whither did Christ go, when he accomplished his “exodus” from the body which yet remained suspended on the cross, and which was afterwards laid in a sepulchre? Where did he pass the interval that elapsed between his departure from that body and his resumption of it? Before he quitted the body on the cross, he said to the suppliant malefactor on an adjoining cross, “verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.”‡ Christ, then, after putting off the body which he had worn, went into some place which he termed “paradise,” and thither, also, the spirit of the malefactor accompanied, or followed him. What, then, and where was this “paradise,” and what does the word “paradise” import?

The English word *paradise*, the Latin *paradisus*, the Greek *παράδεισος*, are but the original word פֶּרֶדֶס (PRDS) clothed in a form which nouns, in these languages respectively, assume. This original word occurs three times in the writings of “the Old Testament,” twice in the singular, rendered *forest*,|| or *orchard*,§ and once in the masculine plural rendered *orchards*.¶ The LXX. in these three passages, retain the original word in it's Greek form *παράδεισος*, by which word they have, generally, rendered also the Hebrew noun פַּ (garden) as referring to “Eden”;** and this Greek word is, thus, used, also, by the author of the Apocalypse.†† The word, thus rendered, by our translators, *forest* or *orchard*, and employed by the LXX. to express the פַּ or *garden* of *Eden* or *delight*, was used by the Persians, from whom the Greeks are supposed to have borrowed it, to denote *a garden* or *an enclosure*, full of every thing beautiful and good that the earth can produce,‡‡

* Acts ii. 29, iii. 36.

† Matt. xxii. 32.

‡ Luke xxiii. 43.

|| Nehem. ii. 8.

§ Cant. iv. 13.

¶ Eccles. ii. 5.

** Gen. ii. 8, 9, 10, 15, 16; iii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

†† Rev. ii. 7.

‡‡ Xenophon's *Oeconomics*. See Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon art. *Παράδεισος*.

such as that place is described to be which is termed the *ᾠ* or *garden*, “of Eden,”* “of Jehovah,”† “of God.”‡ The application of the word *paradise*, then, to express a place of rest and delight set apart for the abode of beings purely spiritual, must be, altogether, figurative. Ever-green meadows, planted with shadowing trees of sweet odour, and watered by refreshing streams, afford especially to those who live in tropical regions, the most delightful images that can be presented to the mind. Such were the images associated with the idea of a *ᾠ*, *παράδεισος*, or *paradise*.|| Such, also, were the images which were associated by the antients with the idea of Elysium.§ The word *paradise*, as used by our Saviour in his promise to the malefactor, was, used, then, only in its figurative and popular application, to express a place of bliss in which disembodied spirits repose; and this familiar usage of the word enabled him to whom that word was addressed, to comprehend, at once, the import in which it was employed by Christ. Our Saviour, thus, employs a popular term, already well-established in familiar usage, to express the happy residence of disembodied spirits; he uses it, so to speak, as he finds it, without commenting upon it, or, in any way, explaining or illustrating it. Such we find to have, ever, been the custom of Christ with regard to the terms which he employed in speaking of whatever had relation to spiritual things. In all his discourses, he uses terms already in popular use and familiar to his auditors, and he applies them in accordance with popular application and acceptance. He takes them up, and uses them, and passes them by, without any comment as to the accuracy or the inaccuracy of the opinions associated with them. There is not any term employed by Christ or by his apostles as having reference to the abode of disembodied spirits,

* Gen. ii. 9; Isa. li. 3; Ezek. xxxvi. 35; Joel ii. 3.

† Gen. xiii. 10; Ezek. xxxvi. 35. ‡ Ezek. xxiii. 13. see Rev. ii. 7.

|| See Gen. ii. 10; xiii. 10; Isa. xxxv. 6; li. 3, &c.

§ See Virgil's description of Elysium, *Æneid* 638, &c.

which was not, already, in general use as the designation of such an abode. We are not told that the opinions established in popular belief respecting these places, were, in any part or degree, correct or incorrect. They were used and referred to agreeably to the sense in which they were commonly received, and in accordance with the views already entertained respecting that to which they referred.

The "*paradise*" to which our Saviour and the penitent thief went on their "exodus" from the flesh, was not, then, situated in the heavens. Christ did not revisit the heavens until after his re-incarnation; *then* it was that "he ascended up on high.—Now that he ascended," says St. Paul, "what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth? He that descended is the same that ascended up far above all heavens."* He went into that place which was denoted, also, by the Greek term Hades (αἴδης† or ᾍδης‡), a word of well-established and familiar import, very commonly employed by our Saviour in his discourses,|| and used, also, by St. Paul,§ and by the writer of the Apocalypse.¶ This word (αἴδης) as occurring in the writings of the New Testament, is rendered, by our translators, *hell*** (in the Latin translation, *infernes*), and, once,†† *grave* (in the Latin translation, *mors*). The LXX. have used this Greek word (αἴδης, *Hades*) in rendering the Hebrew word שְׁאֵל which occurs very frequently in the writings of "the Old Testament, and which our translators have rendered, sometimes, *hill*, and, sometimes, *grave*. We say, in one of the articles of our creed, that Christ "descended into *hell*", that is, into Hades, into the place designated by St. Paul as "the lower parts of the earth,"‡‡ which expression of

* Ephes. iv. 8—10.

† Acts ii. 27, 31, see Ps. xvi. 10.

‡ Written ᾍδης in the works of Hesiod and Homer.

|| Matt. xi. 23; xvi. 18.; Luke x. 15; xvi. 23.

§ 1 Cor. xv. 55,

¶ Rev. i. 18; vi. 8; xx. 13, 14.

** Matt. xi. 23; xvi. 18; Luke x. 15; xvi. 23; Rev. i. 18; vi. 8; xx. 13, 14.

†† 1 Cor. xv. 55.

‡‡ Eph. iv. 9.

the apostle is used also by the Psalmist* and by some of the prophets;† Hades (ᾍδης or שְׁאוֹל) being, often, spoken of as a *low* or *deep* place,‡ as the *infermes* of the Romans implies, by which Latin word, the Greek word ᾍδης (*Hades*) is, in the Latin translation rendered. Hades is also expressed by the Greek word ἀβυσσος i. e. *abyss* or *deep place*, which word occurs in the New Testament, where it is rendered *the deep*,|| or the *bottomless pit*,§ and by which the LXX. have rendered that Hebrew word¶ of common occurrence in the Old Testament which is used to denote the great body of water constituting the ocean, and which the English translators have rendered *the deep*. Hades (ᾍδης, ᾍϊδης, i. e. *the invisible place*), like the corresponding Hebrew word שְׁאוֹל, was used to denote the general receptacle of departed spirits. The antient Greek and Roman poets, however, not only described a place of rest and enjoyment, into which the spirits of the departed were transferred, but they spoke, also, of a place of punishment which they allotted as the residence of the spirits of the wicked. This latter place was pourtrayed as a dark and deep abyss, illuminated only by the hideous glare of a fierce torrent of flame; and to this gulf they gave the name *Tartarus*. Into this abyss they described the rebellious Titans as being cast, bound with chains, by Jupiter. And from this word *Tartarus*, is formed the Greek verb τάρταρον to *Tartarize* or *cast into Tartarus*, which St. Peter employs in speaking of the Deity in reference to “the angels that sinned,” whom “σεραϊς ζοφε τάρταρωςας παρέδωκεν *casting into Tartarus* he delivered unto chains of darkness”;** which verb is rendered by our translators *cast down to hell*. Virgil describes the descent into the infernal regions as dividing into two ways, whereof that on the right hand led to Elysium, while that on the left hand conducted to Tartarus.†† Josephus, in the discourse on Hades which is attributed to him, speaks of Hades as a subterraneous place in

* Ps. lxiii. 9. † Isa. xlv. 23; Ezek. xxvi. 20.

‡ Deut. xxxi. 22; Ps. lxxxvi. 13; cxxxix. 8; Job xi. 8; Isa. xiv. 15, &c.

|| Rom. x. 7; Luke viii. 31 § Rev. ix. 1, 2; xx. 1, 2. ¶ תְּהוֹמִים

** 2 Pet. ii. 4; Jude 6; see Matt. xxv. 41, †† Æneid vi. 541—543.

which the souls of the righteous and of the unrighteous are detained. It is, he says, divided into two regions, to which one common descent leads, that descent branching into two paths, whereof the one on the right hand leads to a region of light, in which the just dwell in peace, cheered by the prospect of eternal life in heaven, (which place, he says, is called *the bosom of Abraham*); while the road on the left hand leads to the place of custody in which are confined the spirits of the unjust who are under the continued fearful expectation of that impending judgment which will consign them to the lake of unquenchable fire which is, perpetually, before their view. This prison of the wicked is, he says, separated from the mansion of the just by a chaos deep and large. This account of Hades given by Josephus accords with the opinions which were popularly entertained with regard to that invisible place. Christ, in his parable of the rich man and Lazarus* constructs his narrative on the opinions popularly entertained with regard to Hades. That narrative, indeed, employs descriptions and terms precisely the same as those used in the discourse on Hades by Josephus; so that we must conclude, either, that Josephus borrowed his description of Hades from that given by our Saviour, or, that he, as well as our Saviour, founded the description of that place on the opinions which were current among the people.

St. Peter refers to that portion of Hades in which the spirits of the wicked were supposed to be confined when he speaks of "the spirits in prison† which sometime were disobedient, &c."‡

That portion of Hades which was regarded as the abode of the wicked, and which was also called *Tartarus*, was also known by a name borrowed from the name of a valley which lay close to Jerusalem. This valley was called *the valley of the Sons of Hinnom*:

* Luke xvi. 19—31.

† εν φυλακις; כשירי Syriac vers. comp. Rev. xx. 7; Matt. x, 25; xviii. 30; Luke xii. 58.

‡ 1 Peter iii. 19, 20.

גִּי בְנוֹ הַחַם,* or *the valley of the Son of Hinnom*: גִּי בֶן הַחַם,† or *the valley of Hinnom*: גִּי הַחַם,‡ which latter name was, subsequently contracted into גִּחְנִם *GHNM* or GeHeNnoM in which form it was applied, in the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Ethiopic languages, to denote *the place of punishment of wicked spirits*, or *Tartarus*. And it was so applied, because, in *the valley of Hinnom*, in a place called *Tophet*, the idolatrous Jews used to burn their sons and daughters in fire|| as a sacrifice to the idol called (מֹלֶךְ) *MoLeCh* (or *the king*) “the abomination of the sons of Ammon.”¶ The scene of these horrible sacrifices of human victims who were, thus, burnt alive by fire, was made to represent *Tartarus*, or the place in *Hades* allotted to the wicked. Alluding to the high places of *Tophet* which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom,** the prophet Isaiah says “*Tophet is ordained of old,†† yea for the king‡‡ it is prepared, he hath made (it) deep (and) large; the pile thereof (is) fire and much wood; the breath of Jehovah like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it.*”||| This *valley of Hinnom* (גִּחְנִם whence, by contraction, גִּחְוִם) is by the LXX. rendered by the word γαιεννα§§ (ΓαιΕΝνα, i. e. GæENna); and the contracted form of the words גִּחְוִם (*valley of Hinnom*) that is, גִּחְנִם (*GHNM* or GeHiNnoM) is used in Chaldee, &c. to express that place of punishment, which, in Greek, is called γειεννα (that is, GeENna, or GeHeNna.) or Ταρταρος (*Tartarus*). This *valley of the son of Hinnom*, or *Gehenna*, or *Tophet*, became, subsequently, a burying-place;¶¶ and, during the siege of Jerusalem,

* 2 Kings, xxiii. 10.

† 2 Chr. xxviii. 3. Jer. vii. 31, 32; xix. 6.

‡ Josh. xviii. 16.

|| 2 Kings, xxiii. 10; 2 Chron. xxviii. 3; Jer. vii. 31, xxxii. 35.

§ Rendered by the LXX. ἀρχοντι *the Ruler*, Lev. xviii. 21, xx. 2, 3, 4, and Μολοχ βασιλη *Moloch the King*, Jer. xxxii. 35, and βασιλη *the King*, 1 Kings, xi. 7; or Μολοχ 2 Kings, xxiii. 10.

¶ 1 Kings, xi. 7.

** Jer. vii. 32; see xxxii. 35.

†† מֵאֵתְמֹל literally, *from yesterday*.

‡‡ לְמֶלֶךְ *for the king*, the same word (מֹלֶךְ) as that used to denote the idol so called, or *Molech*.

||| Isa. xxx. 33.

§§ Josh. xviii. 16.

¶¶ See 2 Kings, xxiii. 10.

and in the famine that followed, so many persons died that there was not any longer place in which to bury the dead bodies,* so that their carcases lay exposed "as dung upon the face of the earth."† To this exposure of dead carcases in Tophet (or the high place of fire‡) that passage in Isaiah seems to allude where it is said "And they shall go forth and look upon the carcases of the men that have transgressed against me, for their worm shall not die, neither shall their fire be quenched; and they shall be an abhorring to all flesh."|| Our Saviour speaks of Gehenna (γεεννα §) in the import commonly assigned to it, that is, as denoting Tartarus or the place of punishment of wicked spirits, referring, evidently, to what had been said, and to what was believed, respecting the real and the figurative *Gehennom* or Tophet. Thus, He speaks of the Gehenna of fire,"¶ whose fire is not extinguished,** as a place "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,"†† which latter words are those which occur in the passage above referred to in Isaiah.‡‡ He speaks of this "everlasting fire"||| as "prepared for the devil and his angels,"§§ and we read in the Apocalypse of (a *Phlegethon*) "a lake of fire and brimstone,"¶¶ into which "the devil"*** and "the beast," and "the false prophet,"††† and "death and Hades,"‡‡‡ and "whosoever was not found written in the book of life,"|||| are represented as being cast.

We see, then, that the places spoken of in the Scriptures as the abode of disembodied spirits, accord, in name, and in character, and in description, with those which were assigned by the popular mythology to the dead. Paradise, the ever-blooming garden, with it's

* See Jer. vii. 31, 32, 33; xix. 6, 7, 11.

† Jer. xvi. 4.

‡ See Jer. vii. 32, xxxii. 35.

|| Isa. lxvi. 24.

§ Matt. v. 29, 30; x. 28; xxiii. 33.

¶ γεεννα τῆς πυρὸς Matt. v. 22; Mark ix. 47.

** Mark ix. 42, 43.

†† Mark ix. 44.

‡‡ Isa. lxvi. 24.

||| τὸ πῦρ τῶν αἰώνων.

§§ Matt. xxv. 41. See 2 Pet. ii. 4; Jude 6. See what is said of *Tartarus*, above.

¶¶ Rev. xx. 12, xix. 20.

*** Rev. xx. 12.

‡‡‡ Rev. xix. 20.

|||| Rev. xx. 14.

||||| Rev. xx. 15.

bowers and it's streams—Hades, with it's mansions of happiness and of woe—Tartarus with it's Phlegethon—Gehennom, or Gehenna, with it's living victims, it's continual flames, and it's worm-eaten carcasses—all these are introduced, and they are spoken of in terms which corresponded exactly with the imagery which popular language and belief assigned to these places. All these terms and all this imagery are employed without any remark on the accuracy or the inaccuracy of the popular opinion on these matters. Spiritual subjects have, ever, been veiled in allegory even when information respecting them has flowed directly from the most authentic source. And, in the present fettered and straitened state of the faculties of man, it is only when clothed in allegory that such subjects can be presented to the mind so as to be, in any degree, received by it. The earliest records which we possess respecting the spiritual history of man are deeply veiled in allegory, and that veil is never withdrawn. It is spread, alike, over the history of individuals and the history of nations, over rites and ceremonies, over promises and threatenings. Its folds are made up of types, figures, symbols, shadows, parables, similitudes, analogies. And, because, Christ manifest in the flesh was the great anti-type which had been shadowed forth under so much of mysterious promise and of mysterious rite; because, His appearance as man furnished the key to so much which had previously been locked up in obscurity; because “the day-spring from on high hath visited us to give light to them that sit in darkness and (in) the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace;”* because, Christ “hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel;”† because, as regards the person of the Messiah “the veil” of “the Old Testament is done away in Christ;”‡ we are apt to persuade ourselves that “the veil” has been withdrawn from everything that was previously concealed or disguised, or mysteriously communicated. We are apt to suppose,

* Luke i. 78, 79.

† 2 Tim. i. 10.

‡ 2 Cor. iii. 14.

that we are to look to the pages of "the New Testament" for a full revelation of all that relates to the spiritual history and destiny of man. We are apt to suppose, that what is there written contains a full, and clear, and precise, and unveiled, and literal, statement of all these matters. But nothing can be more unfounded than such a supposition. The spiritual history of man, whether as regards his primary original, the purpose of his incarnation, the mode of his existence in the flesh, the various periods of the duration of that existence, or his existence after his "exodus" from his "earthly house," all remains wrapt in impenetrable mystery. The scheme of Christianity is a profound mystery. The history of what is called the natural world is, in all its parts, a mystery. The essence of the Deity is an unfathomable mystery. Everything in our own œconomy, everything of which we have any cognizance, is dark and mysterious. When, therefore, we feel, as we often must feel, disappointed and surprised at finding that the gospel revelation fails to satisfy the cravings of our curiosity with regard to spiritual matters, we should recollect, that the mystery which hangs over these matters is not greater than that in which every object of our perception is involved. And when we find that, under this brighter revelation of our destiny, the language of figure and the imagery of allegory are still preserved, we should also recollect, that in no other way could any information on spiritual matters be conveyed to our minds during our existence in the prison-house of the flesh.

The "paradise," then, into which Christ descended and into which the spirit of the penitent malefactor also descended, was a place of bliss; it was in Hades, in what St. Paul terms "the lower parts of the earth." In this place of bliss the spirit of the malefactor remained when Christ quitted Hades, and again invested himself with that body which he had left suspended on the cross, and which had, subsequently, been laid in a sepulchre.

The state of spirits which have accomplished their "exodus" from the flesh is spoken of under the similitude of sleep; this being a familiar image under which the condition of those spirits is shadowed to our minds. In the state of sleep, the spirit seems to dispense, as it were, with the services of the body; it ceases to direct the actions of the body; it is not sensible of holding any communication with its tenement; it is, either, altogether, at rest, or it wanders amidst the memory of the past, and, from the recollections which this furnishes, it frames to itself present perceptions, or anticipations of something future. Under this state, is imaged to our minds the condition of a spirit in Hades. "David, after he had served his own generation, *fell on sleep.*"* Stephen was stoned, and "*he fell asleep.*"† St. Paul, speaking of the five hundred brethren, who, at one time, saw Christ after his resurrection, says "the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep."‡ "I would not have you ignorant, brethren," says he, "concerning them which *are asleep*,|| that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which *sleep* in Jesus§ will God bring with him."¶ This same apostle, elsewhere, expresses a wish to quit the flesh, knowing that the change would be "gain" to him; "for," says he, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart** and to be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."†† And he, in another place, says, "Whilst we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord—we are confident and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."‡‡ Now St. Paul knew that all, excepting those who would be living in the flesh at the time of Christ's second coming,||| would, on quitting

* κοιμήθη. Acts xiii. 36.

† κοιμήθη Acts vii. 60:

‡ κοιμήθησαν 1 Cor. xv. 6. see 2 Pet. iii. 4.

|| περί των κεκοιμημένων.

§ της κοιμηθέντας δια τῆς ἰησῦ. See 1 Cor. xv. 18.

¶ 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

** εἰς τὸ ἀναλυσαι.

†† Phil. i. 21, 23, 24.

‡‡ 2 Cor. v. 6, 8.

||| See 1 Thess. iv. 17.

the flesh, descend, as he expresses it, "into the lower parts of the earth," would, as he also expresses it, *fall asleep*. But, the alternative which he contemplated was the continuance in the body or the being with Christ. If, then, his absence from the body entailed his descent into Hades, and also secured his being "present with the Lord;" it follows, that he expected to be "with Christ on descending into Hades." He must have believed that Christ still gladdened Hades with his presence, that he, sometimes, at least, visited those "which sleep in Jesus." If he did not entertain this belief, his words were uttered without intended import, or they would imply that he expected, on quitting the body, to be, at once, taken up into the heavens. But the whole of what he says throughout his writings with regard to the future condition of those who depart from the body, forbid our supposing that he entertained any such expectation. And if he believed, that, when in Hades, he should "be present with the Lord," that presence could not impart happiness to him unless he were cognizant of it, he must have expected to be sensible of the presence of Christ. And, if he had such an expectation, the "sleep" into which he would fall on quitting the flesh, could not be a state of insensibility. We may infer, then, that the condition of those which "sleep in Jesus" is not a state of dull lethargy, under which all perception is suspended and in abeyance, but a state, the elements of which are peace, rest, refreshment, satisfaction, assurance of salvation, communion with the Saviour, and bright dreams of future and enduring joys in heaven, to a participation in which these blessed spirits shall be summoned when "the last trump" shall rouse them from their "sleep."

How consolatory, how inexpressibly delightful, is the conviction, that those beloved beings who have departed before us, who have finished their pilgrimage, and have "put off" the tabernacles in which they sojourned among us, are, at this moment, have been, ever since they were removed from us, and shall be, until they rise to yet greater enjoyment, in a state of

peaceful and happy repose! Abundant, indeed, ought to be our joy and thankfulness were we assured that these blessed spirits would be admitted to the joys of heaven at the second coming of Christ, even were their intermediate condition a state of insensibility, free, alike, from suffering and from enjoyment. But, infinitely more abundant must be our joy and thankfulness at being assured, not only of their ultimate happiness, but, also, of their present bliss. We, who, yet, remain in the flesh, find, indeed, that the remainder of our pilgrimage has been rendered toilsome and gloomy and sorrowful by the departure of those whose presence shed peace and comfort and gladness on our path, giving to our present existence all its worth, and to this world's future, all its hope. We hold dear the places where they have dwelt;—we hallow the tombs in which their bodies moulder;—and we derive a satisfaction, which we cannot define, from the thought that the dust of our bodies will mingle with their ashes. And when Faith and Hope point to the joys of heaven, and tell us, that, through the all-sufficient atonement which Christ has made, those joys may be ours; the first, and the enduring thought which that prospect furnishes to our minds, is the enchanting thought that we shall share those joys with the objects of earthly love. But we know not how distant may be the day when the redeemed shall be summoned from their “sleep” to partake of the happiness of heaven. We know, however, that a few years must bring to a close our pilgrimage in the flesh. We know that we must, shortly, “put off” this “tabernacle,” and join the host of spirits in Hades. The same Faith and the same Hope which tell us that we may, hereafter, share the joys of heaven, tell us, also, that we may, through Christ, share also the joys of “Paradise” in Hades. The departed objects of our love are, already, there; and we, when this our brief and fretful pilgrimage is ended, shall be there also. And, if the state of those disembodied spirits admit of communication with other spirits (as we are led to infer that it does) then shall we not only repose

peacefully where they, also, repose, but we shall hold direct intercourse with them. How delightful to the imagination is so near a prospect of re-union to those whose absence has annihilated our happiness! And, while the contemplation of this prospect supports us under our grievous bereavements, and cheers us during what remains of our pilgrimage in the flesh; there is something that powerfully harmonizes with our feelings in the thought that the spirits of our departed friends are, yet, inhabitants of the earth on which we continue to sojourn. Although Hades be hidden from our view;—although we know not the locality of its site;—yet, when we think of it as a place in “the lower parts of the earth” on whose surface we exist, we have a feeling that those who have been taken from us are nearer to us than they would be if they had been, immediately, translated from their residence in the flesh to their destined abode in the heavens; and this feeling supplies somewhat of comfort and of consolation.

There is no subject on which the mind of the bereaved mourner dwells so constantly and with such intense interest as the present abode and condition of those objects of his most tender affections who have passed into the world of disembodied spirits. Nothing is more common than the expression of a conviction, on the mourner’s part, that the being whom he has lost has gone to heaven. But we have seen that there are not any grounds for such a belief. Scanty and veiled as is the information which has been imparted to us respecting the place termed “Hades,” enough has been revealed to convince us that this place is not seated in the heavens. Enough, too, has been revealed to afford to us comfort and consolation with regard to those who are gone, and to supply us with hope and satisfaction with regard to ourselves.

But, blessed as is the state of those, who, thus, repose in “Hades,” who enjoy the bliss of “Paradise,” that state is but temporary. “If we believe,” says St. Paul, “that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we

say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive (and) remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God. And the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be ever with the Lord.* “Behold, I shew you a mystery; we all shall not sleep but we all shall be changed;† in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal (must) put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory.‡ O death where (is) thy victory, O Hades where (is) thy sting?|| The sting of death is sin, and the strength§ of sin is the law. But, thanks (be) to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ,”¶ He, who “was manifested to take away our sins”;** who is “the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for (the sins of) the whole world”;†† who hath “put away sin by the sacrifice of himself”;‡‡ who, by that sacrifice, has “abolished in his flesh the enmity (even) the law of commandments (contained) in ordinances,”||| and hath made us “free from the law of sin (and) death”;§§ He, “our Lord Jesus Christ,” has, indeed, amply fulfilled the promise in Hosea to which the apostle refers. “I

* 1 Thes. iv. 14--17.

† πάντες μὲν οὐ κοιμηθήσομεθα, πάντες δὲ αλλογησόμεθα.

‡ בלע המוות לצח Is. xxv 8, rendered “He will swallow up death in victory;” לצח also signifying *for ever*. See Rev. xx. 14.

|| πού σὺ θανάτε, το νίκος; πού σὺ ἄδη, το κεντρον; see Hos. xiii. 14, where the word corresponding to ἄδης is שְׁאֵר.

§ δύναμις *power*. ¶ 1 Cor. xv. 51--57. ** 1 John, iii. 5, see John, i. 29.

†† 1 John, ii. 2. ‡‡ Heb. ix. 26. ||| Ephes. ii. 15. §§ Rom. viii. 2.

will ransom them from the power (or hand*) of Hades,† I will redeem them from death; O death I will be thy plagues, O Hades† I will be thy destruction.”‡

At the second coming of Christ, then, Hades shall deliver up its tenants, and shall, itself, be abolished. Then shall the redeemed come forth and be invested with bodies whose essence and character will be the very opposite of those which belonged to their bodies of flesh, for “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.”|| “The body of flesh was derived from the elements of earth; it was altogether, earthy;” and, as such, it was liable to change, to decomposition, to mortality, to corruption. The body in which the spirit shall, then, be clothed will be a house from heaven,§ it will be “a spiritual body.”¶ The awakened spirit, issuing forth from Hades, instead of returning to a body of earth, to a frame opposed, in every respect, to the essence and character of a spiritual being, shall be clothed upon with a body from heaven harmonizing perfectly with it's inmate. The incorruptible and immortal spirit shall put on an incorruptible, an immortal, a spiritual, body. “Our conversation,” says St. Paul, “is in heaven, from whence we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.”**

“The *dead* shall be raised;” that is, those spirits, which have “put off” their bodies, those spirits who have descended into Hades and whose bodies have *died*, shall be raised, shall rise from their “sleep.” Those spirits have never died, they never have, at any time since their exodus from the flesh, ceased to exist. “Have ye not read,” said our Saviour, “that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead but of the

* ט † שְׁאוֹל אֲדַם, אֲדֵם, LXX.

‡ Hos. xiii. 14 || 1 Cor. xv. 50. § 2 Cor. v. 2.

¶ 1 Cor. xv. 45. ** Phil. iii. 20, 21.

living.”* Man, during his abode in the flesh, is, as we have already remarked, so intimately connected with the tenement in which he resides, that he can scarcely separate in his imagination the spiritual inmate from the earthy tenement. His brethren are known to him only through their forms of “flesh and blood.” Each man is distinguished by the individuality of his body, and is recognized by it. The presence of the spirit is indicated by the life of it’s body; the departure of the spirit is known only by the changes which that structure undergoes at, and after, that departure. When, therefore, we hang over a departing friend;—when we watch with trembling anxiety the ebb of life;—when we can scarcely determine whether the spirit of that friend be yet with us or have departed from among us;—when the only test of it’s still lingering in the flesh is some faint throb or feeble tremor in the expiring body;—and when the cessation of all action in the bodily machine forces upon us the sad conviction that our friend has departed;—as the only change which our senses have discerned has been the change from action to inaction in the body which we have so earnestly watched;—and, as the frame work of that body remains before us in all its former shape and integrity;—we cannot cease to connect the image and the being of our departed friend with the body in and through which he has, always, held intercourse with us and been known to us. That form, the very sight of which was, ever, wont to be the harbinger of joy,—whose presence awakened and sustained the purest, the deepest, the brightest, and the dearest emotions of our soul—whose charms rivetted our admiration and fixed our love—that enchanting image which perhaps, we worshipped with such fond and devoted idolatry;—how can we, in one short moment, so invert the current of every thought and feeling as to regard the form which, yet, remains before us, merely as a mass of corruptible matter, a mere compost of the elements of

* Matt. xxii. 31, 32.

earth into which it will, speedily, be resolved, and with which our departed friend is no longer, in any way connected? We cannot do this. We cannot cease to connect the idea of the spirit which is gone from among us with the deserted body which yet remains with us. That body has lost its vitality—it has become dead—and we so connect the idea of death with the departure of the spirit, that we speak of the friend whom we have lost as numbered with “*the dead*.” In so speaking, we use a form of speech which is at variance with the truth; for that friend yet *lives*; it is the body only which has *died* and has undergone “corruption.” It is in accordance with this form of speech that St. Paul says “The *dead* shall be raised,” and that he and other apostles “preached the resurrection from *the dead*.”* The spirit, having “put off” its body, descends into *Hades*; the body so put off descends into *the grave*. Thus we learn, to connect the *descent into Hades* with the *descent into the grave*, to connect closely the idea of *Hades* with that of *the grave* so as to confound these in imagination and in language. Thus the same word† is employed in the Hebrew scriptures to denote *the receptacle of the mouldering body*, and *the abode of the disembodied spirits*; and these distinct places are, in the writings of the New Testament, denoted, indifferently, by the same Greek word,‡ by which, also, the LXX. have rendered that Hebrew word in their translation of the Old Testament. This confusion of ideas and of language, which confounds *death* with *life*, and *Hades* with *the grave*, involves our minds in intricacies and in difficulties when we meditate on the “resurrection.” When that event shall take place, the disembodied spirits shall be roused from their “sleep” and shall be “clothed upon” with spiritual bodies; and, thus, shall they be made fully capable of comprehending spiritual things, and be fitted for a residence in those heavenly mansions into which “flesh

* Acts, xvii. 18; iv 2, &c.

† שאול, ἄδης, *Hades*, (SAUL).

‡ ἄδης, *Hades*.

and blood cannot enter." But, although we are expressly told that our future bodies will be, in every respect, of a character the very opposite to that which belongs to our present bodies—the body of "flesh and blood," being exchanged for "a spiritual body;" the "earthen vessel," for "a house from heaven;"—the "image of the earthy," for "the image of the heavenly;" the mortal and corruptible, for the immortal and the incorruptible;—yet do we, ever, connect in our imaginations this re-clothing of the spirit, with the re-construction of it's former earthy framework; and we ask such questions as these; How shall those bodies which have, in distant ages, been resolved into their constituent elements from which, in succeeding ages, various portions of various human bodies have been, successively, constructed, how shall these be re-built, how can they be re-constructed without depriving other spirits of the matter with which they were invested? How can the particles of matter which have been distributed among so many different structures be so re-assembled as to assign to each spirit it's own peculiar original body? As the elementary particles of each body were, continually, passing into and from the framework which they composed, what are the portions of elementary matter which can be regarded as peculiarly belonging to the body which each spirit may claim as it's own? As some have put off their bodies in infancy, some in adult, and some in advanced, age, will the re-embodied spirits appear in forms according with these several stages of pre-existence? Will the re-constructed body be so exactly framed after the model of the former body, that defect and deformity, and infirmity and disease, shall be renewed? These and similar inquiries spring from that confusion of ideas and of language which we have noticed; a confusion which leads us, to link the departed spirit with the dust which it has cast off, to confound *the grave* with *Hades*, and, consequently, to confound the rising of the spirit from that *Hades* into which it had descended, with the rising of the decomposed earthy body from *the grave*

to which it had been consigned ; to confound the future spiritual and heavenly clothing with the former earthy and corruptible "tabernacle."

When Christ, on the third day after his crucifixion and *death* (or "exodus" from the flesh) rose from *Hades*, he re-entered the body which he had left on the cross and which had been laid in *the grave*. He again put on a body of "flesh and bones."* It was necessary that he should, thus, re-appear in the flesh. For, as he was known to his disciples through his bodily form only, they could not, otherwise, have identified him as that same Jesus who had been crucified and slain. "Except," said Thomas the Apostle, "I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe."† But, when Christ said to him, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side,"‡ that apostle instantly exclaimed "my Lord and my God."§ The body which Christ had "put off," was, by the power of God, preserved from change so as again to be, what it before had been, a receptacle for the spirit of our Lord. It had, indeed, been laid in the grave, but it did not "see corruption."§ By resuming that body, Christ proved his identity with him who had been sacrificed on the cross, and proved also, beyond all possibility of doubt, that he had "overcome death." After this, his second incarnation, "He was taken up" "into heaven" in the presence of his apostles, "and a cloud received him out of their sight."¶ He quitted this earth, as he had visited it, in a garb of flesh ; but we are not to infer that he, unto whom "all power has been given in heaven and in earth,"** "who is gone into heaven and is at the right hand, angels and authorities and power being made subject unto him ;"††—we are not to infer, from his having been taken up into a

* Luke, xxiv. 39 ; John, xx. 27. † John, xx. 25. ‡ John, xx. 27.

§ John, xx. 28. § Acts, ii. 31. ¶ Acts i. 9, 11.

** Matt. xxviii. 18.

†† 1 Pet. iii. 22.

cloud in the form of flesh which he had worn on earth, that he preserves this earthy form in the seat of his glorious exaltation. Neither are we to infer, because Christ, after he had risen from *Hades*, again put on the body which he had, previously, worn and had “put off”; and so rose from *the grave* also, and, in it, was taken up from the earth; we are not, hence, to infer, in direct opposition to the express declarations of St. Paul, that, when the spirit of man is raised from *Hades*, the decomposed body which it formerly wore shall be raised, also, from *the grave*, and shall be re-constructed so as to form a clothing of “flesh and bones” in which the re-embodied spirit shall be “taken up into the air” and become an inhabitant of heavenly mansions. We are not to suppose this. Not that the re-investiture of a disembodied spirit with a body framed out of the scattered elements of earth involves anything at variance with, or differing from, what is daily witnessed.—For, every day, and ever hour, ushers into the world spirits clothed in new frames formed of the scattered elements that surround us, formed, too, of the *débris* of bodies which, formerly, clothed other spirits, and, subsequently, underwent “corruption.” If, then, revelation had told us that we should again be clothed upon with bodies such as those which we must “shortly put off,” there would not be anything in that announcement which could stagger our belief. For, if spirits are, in every successive hour, coming in newly-constructed bodies to sojourn on the earth; so might the spirits, which have, already, sojourned in the flesh, again appear in re-constructed bodies; and such a re-incarnation would not be, in any respect, a matter of greater mystery than the uninterrupted succession of incarnated spirits which come to perform their short pilgrimage on earth in “earthen vessels.” But, although Christ, at his resurrection, again put on a body of “flesh and bones,” a body identical with that which he had, previously, worn, and similar in structure and materials to that worn by ourselves; we are told that he “shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned

like unto his glorious body.”* Our new body will be “a spiritual body,” a body of “glory” and of “power,” a body “incorruptible” and “immortal;”† a body, of whose nature or essence we cannot, in our present state, form even a conception. For “it doth not yet appear” says St. John “what we shall be; but we know” (*οἶδαμεν*, the same expression of assured certainty as that used by St. Paul in speaking on the same subject‡) “that when he” (Christ) “shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.”|| We must conclude, then, that Christ has already exchanged the body which he wore on earth for a “glorious body,” for a body in nature and in character similar to that in which he will clothe “the redeemed” in the resurrection at the last day.

Those blessed spirits, then, which “sleep in Jesus,” peacefully awaiting in “Paradise,” in “Hades,” the second coming of Christ, shall, at his coming, be roused from their blissful repose by “the voice of the archangel” and by “the trump of God”—“the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, incorruptible, and we shall be changed.” Then shall these happy spirits be invested with a spiritual clothing like unto “the glorious body” of their mighty Redeemer; then shall they be “like him;” neither can they die any more, for they are equal to the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.§ Then shall they ascend into those heavens where joys are prepared for them such as “eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man;” joys, not only exquisite beyond our utmost powers of conception, but pure and unalloyed, and unchanging, and eternal.

* Phil. iii. 21. † 1 Cor. xv. 43—54. ‡ 2 Cor. v. 1.

|| Luke, xx. 36. § 1 John, iii. 2.

