

## Correspondence.

## THE ANABAPTISTS.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

BY N. K. S.

(Continued.)

In May, the bishop of the diocese besieged the city. This stirred up fresh the fanaticism of the usurpers. All goods were held in common. Mathys, the leader, believing himself called on to slay the besieging foe, made a sally from the gates, in which he was slain. Bockelson was the name of his successor. It was agreed that twelve elders, under the control of this prophet, should govern the city. Bockelson now introduced polygamy; and all the abominations with which Mormonism in this age has made us familiar, were practised in Munster. Bockelson himself had three, and afterward thirteen wives. Some of the better class of the Anabaptists resisted these scandals, but they were overpowered, and with their leader were mercifully put to death. Bockelson was then proclaimed king of the whole earth, and set up a splendid court. He claimed authority to introduce the millennium; he sent out twenty-eight apostles and appointed twelve dukes to govern the world as his viceroy. But his apostles were seized and mostly put to death, and instead of governing the world, his little kingdom of Munster, after undergoing a siege of many months and being dreadfully reduced by starvation, was captured in 1535 by the bishop's army; and King John, with his governor and chancellor, were seized and actually pinched to death with red-hot tongs by their Catholic conquerors.

While this siege was going forward, the Anabaptists were causing great disturbances in Amsterdam and other parts of Holland. They embarked at one time in twelve vessels, scarcely knowing whether they were bound, and foolishly hoping that God would guide selfish, corrupt and fanatical men, to some place, where they might carry on their vile practices in safety. But it is melancholy to think, that by the connivance of our own Christian government, in this nineteenth century, the half-formed plans of the licentious errorists of the sixteenth century, are enjoying the most complete and prosperous fulfillment in the great Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City.

These wild and furious reformers would rush through the streets of Amsterdam with drawn swords, crying "Woel woel!" "Repeat ye!" On the night of the 11th of February, 1535, seven men and five women of this fanatical party, some say fifty persons in all, having spent four hours in preaching and praying after their manner, threw off all their clothing and cast it into the fire, and then rushing out of doors, ran up and down the streets of the city, perfectly naked, and crying out in dreadful tones, "Woe, woe, woe; the wrath of God, the wrath of God, the wrath of God!" When arrested, they refused to put on clothes, saying that they were "the naked truth." They were condemned to death, and so deep was their delusion, that one of them, on the way to execution, declared that they could not kill him with any instrument, though his head was soon after struck off.

These miserable creatures were treated with all the severity which a persecuting age was accustomed to exercise toward heretics of every class. They were hunted out, burned, beheaded and drowned in great numbers. The records of those times are full of bloody executions of poor creatures, many of whom could have been reclaimed by kindness; while many others, with all their errors, were perfectly harmless, and should have no more been disturbed than were the Millerites of our own country, thirty years ago. Many others needed treatment for lunacy, rather than punishment for crime. But others still, and these the leading spirits among them, were men made dangerous by fanaticism, with the most extraordinary aims and ambitions, open enemies to the peace and order of society.

What wonder that the people and authorities of Amsterdam were ready to inflict the severest penalties upon the Anabaptists, when they were kept in constant alarm with rumors of a conspiracy to seize upon their city, and give it over to violence and rapine, as had been the case with unfortunate Munster? The people of New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and other cities, who remember the alarm created and the vehement feelings stirred by rumors of rebel plots to burn these cities, can sympathize with the alarm of the citizens of Amsterdam when rumors of Anabaptist plots came to their ears; when actually over one thousand of these wild people flocked from other parts to Amsterdam, and had to be dealt with as cautiously as a madman who has you by an open window and wishes you to jump out with him; when the siege of Munster was yet undecided and likely to be abandoned, and when one hundred soldiers fell in capturing Oudwater, a little town in Friesland, across the Zuyder Zee, where they had established themselves and were committing all their accustomed acts of violence.

On the 10th of May, the goodly city had, in fact, well nigh fallen into their hands. One John van Geelen, who had been appointed by the Anabaptist king of Munster, general of all the Anabaptists in the world, came publicly to Amsterdam and professed to have renounced his errors. In secret, however, the

traitor maintained the closest relations with the Anabaptists, and carried on his detestable plots; and having got together a sufficient number of followers who believed that God had given the city to their king, he named the night of the 10th of May as the time, and appointed as the signal the ringing of the state house bell.

But on that very night, the plot was, by some means, made known to the burgomasters. It took some time for these worthy men to allow themselves to be convinced of its reality, and still longer to settle in what way the citizens should be armed and assembled with the utmost privacy. Meantime, the revolutionists did not wait for them to complete their preparations, but marched from their rendezvous to the market-place, with drums beating and colors flying. They attacked the building in which the tardy burgomasters were still deliberating, so that they escaped with difficulty; most of the watch were killed or taken prisoners. One of them, who was lying drunk in the state house during the attack, was frightened half into sobriety by the tumult, and ran up stairs and hid the rope of the alarm bell, without knowing what he did. The officers of the militia, overcome with the effects of a feast of the preceding day, were not at their posts, and the rebels, for a time, had everything their own way. Such of the citizens as finally rallied to meet them were repulsed, and several were shot dead with poisoned bullets. A barricade of sails and hop-sacks was then erected by the citizens, and the conflict ended for the night. The rioters sang Psalms and looked for a complete and bloodless victory by ten o'clock next morning. But the morning brought with it some pieces of artillery, with which the citizens and soldiers broke down the doors of the state house, and then rushing upon the building, they killed all the Anabaptists in it but twelve. John van Geelen, the leader, ran up to the tower, and there exposed his naked breast to the aim of the soldiers, preferring to die by a shot, rather than suffer the horrible fate which he knew was in store for all who were taken alive. With the capture of the state house, ended the rebellion in Amsterdam, and the news of the failure greatly discouraged the king of Munster in his desperate attempt to hold that place; no doubt hastening the capture, which took place in less than three weeks time, May 28, 1535.

(To be Continued.)

## THE EASTERN REF. PRESB. SYNOD OF IRELAND ON UNION.

MR. EDITOR.—It has occurred to us, in reading your paper, that a brief statement as to the position of the Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Ireland in respect to the union movement now in progress, might be interesting to your readers, and might also serve to prevent misapprehension upon the subject. There are two bodies with which the Eastern Synod has been negotiating upon the subject of union: the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, and the United Presbyterian Synod of Ireland. With the first of these, it was thought a union might easily be effected. Some of the leading ministers of the Church in Scotland had expressed themselves in favor of such a union; and as both Churches had the same name, the same Testimony and the same historic associations, it was thought there could be no difficulty in the way.

A difficulty, however, did arise where it could least have been expected, viz: in the union movement itself. For as the Scottish brethren have already engaged in negotiations for union with the other Presbyterian bodies; and as the design was, (should these negotiations be successful,) to form a United Church for Scotland, and another for England; it was felt by those brethren that they could not, in such circumstances, unite with us without interfering with the negotiations in which they were already engaged. The result is, that while the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Scotland and the Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Ireland continue, as sister Churches, to sustain the most friendly relations to each other, yet the idea of forming an organic union between the two bodies has been abandoned.

The other body with which the Eastern Synod has been conferring upon the subject of union, viz: the United Presbyterian Synod of Ireland, is also very closely connected with us in doctrine, discipline and worship. The United Presbyterians of Ireland were originally old Seceders. They are strict in their discipline, acknowledge the obligation of the Covenants, use only an inspired Psalmody in worship, and are, moreover, very anxious for union with our Synod. Still, there is a difficulty in the way here, also. The United Presbyterian Synod of Ireland is connected with the United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland. And the same difficulty that stood in the way of our uniting with the Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Scotland, stands in the way of our uniting with the United Presbyterian Synod; together with some additional difficulties arising out of the greater differences existing between the two bodies. Hence, while we continue on the most friendly terms with those esteemed brethren of the United Presbyterian Synod of Ireland, and while our Synod, at its last meeting, agreed to unite with them in the prosecution of home missionary work, there is no immediate prospect of an organic union being effected.

Besides these bodies with which we

have been negotiating concerning union, there are others, with which it may be supposed that we ought at least to have had some conference upon the subject. Why not unite, it may be said, with the other section of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland? Our reply is, that is a union that will no doubt come in its time, but as yet there is not a readiness for it. We must have patience and wait—the time is approaching. Again it may be said, Why not unite at once with the Presbyterian Church of the General Assembly, and so constitute a large, powerful and united Presbyterian body in Ireland? Our reply is, so long as the Presbyterian Church receives the "Regium Donum," the question of union with her cannot, for a moment, be entertained. There are, no doubt, other difficulties in the way, but this is the chief. If this difficulty were removed, we think the Presbyterian Church might be induced to occupy substantially the same ground as that now occupied by the Reformed Presbyterian Church on the subject of the covenants, and also on the question of Psalmody.

And having alluded to this question of Psalmody, we may take the opportunity of saying that the question is one that has never come up for discussion in the Eastern Synod. Our practice is uniform; we confine ourselves in worship to the Book of Psalms; and we are not aware of any difficulty being felt by any of our ministers or members in regard to this matter. The only case in which this Psalmody question could arise with us would be in connection with some question of union; and even in this connection, we think it is not likely to be raised. For, should a union be attempted of all the unendowed Presbyterian bodies in Ireland, such as that which is contemplated in England and Scotland, then, as all those bodies are already in favor of the exclusive use of an inspired Psalmody, on this point there would be perfect unanimity. The only case, then, in which this question of Psalmody is likely to arise with us, is in connection with a question of union with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. And as great changes must take place before such a question can be entertained, it is unnecessary, we think, to indulge in conjectures as to what may or may not be done in circumstances which, in all probability, may never occur.

From these remarks it will appear that while the Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Synod of Ireland has no immediate prospect of entering into union with other bodies; still, as a Church, she sympathizes most heartily with the union movement. We are all delighted to see the different tribes of our New Testament Israel drawing nearer and closer to each other. And we doubt not but that good Covenanters all over the world will be favorable to this union of the Churches. The Old Covenanters were all union men; and the "Solemn League and Covenant" itself was just a bond of union on a large scale. Still, in taking our measures in such a case, it is important that we should avoid anything like hasty or precipitate action; that we should seek, as far as possible, to act in concert; and that, should any of us feel as if the time for making a movement had come, yet find that brethren with whom we have long been associated are not prepared to move with us, in that case let us not be impatient. Let us only "wait a little longer." When the fullness of the time has come, God will give such measures of light as will enable us to march on in unbroken line to that higher vantage ground that He is doubtless preparing for us. And, by thus acting in concert, we may rest assured that in the changes that are about to take place, we shall be able to exert a far greater influence in bringing the Churches and the nations up toward that high platform of principle for which, as a Church, we have been so long honored to contend. JOHN BOLZ.

BELFAST, Oct. 3d, 1866.

\* Recent movements contemplating the toleration of hymn books in some of these churches have taken place, which our correspondent apparently overlooks.

## REV. MR. HAMMOND'S LETTER FROM VENICE.

VENICE, ITALY, Sept. 28, 1866.

DEAR MR. MEARS.—You see we are now in Venetia. The King of Italy was expected here on the 15th; but it takes a longer time than was at first expected to adjust matters with Austria. The Italians have set their hearts on having the Southern Tyrol, and there are many preliminaries to be adjusted before the multitude of Austrian soldiers will take their final departure from this part of Italy. The movables of Venice in the shape of guns, stores, &c., alone, which Austria claims as her own, amount to not far from a quarter of a million of dollars. There will be great rejoicings when the Austrians take their final departure. Mrs. Cotton, the wife of our excellent American consul, told me that she knew of a Venetian lady who had a large number of tri-colored flags secreted in her house ready to hoist when she sees the last of the Austrian power in Venetia. The Italians are very much chagrined that they are obliged to receive back Venetia through Napoleon. They do not look upon him as so generous and philanthropic a man as he professes.

The Italians, also, are much humiliated at the ill success of their own arms against their great enemy, Austria. At the battle of Custozza, near which place we passed on our way here, they were

sadly defeated. An intelligent Italian gentleman stated to me the occasion of the defeat. The Austrians numbered 60,000 and the Italians but 28,000. There were plenty of Italians across the Po, but its angry waters were so high it was impossible for them to pass over and assist their comrades. The battle (or the "fight," as the Italians insist upon calling it), lasted from morning till nine o'clock at night. The Austrians went back to Verona, having lost 25,000 men, killed and wounded, while the Italians crossed the Mincio, having lost 14,000. So it appears that both armies lost near half their number. The Italians, therefore, after having made such great sacrifices, are mortified that they have not directly accomplished their object. The following letter to a private gentleman in Venice, has recently come to light. It is expressive of the feelings of very many:—

"When the comedy of the plebiscite shall have been carried to a conclusion, it is probable that there will take place in Venice and the rest of the province great fetes in which high personages will take part, though they ought, and probably would wish, to keep out of the way. I am sure that you, a man wise, just, and appreciating truly things as they exist, can well understand that if the Venetians of town and country have reason to be contented with the final result obtained in the last campaign, and if they can hastily make merry over an event so long sighted for, other powerful motives will not permit the rest of the Italian citizens to be equally satisfied either with reference to the deeds of arms by land and sea, or the conduct of the diplomatic arrangements; therefore I have renounced with much pain my visit to Venice on this occasion, though I had set my heart upon it."

But visitors at Venice trouble themselves very little with the political aspect of affairs. The strange appearance of this city, rising from the water, with its many attractions, is enough to absorb all one's attention for days. The Italian interpreter for Mr. Cotton, the American Consul, said to us, "You will need two or three months to see Venice well." Lord Byron evidently thought so from his long residence here. The house in which he dwelt was pointed out to us. A woman is often seen selling bread on one of the streets of Venice, with whom Lord Byron's name was once closely associated. History tells us that Venice owes its existence as a city to the fugitives who, on the invasion of Italy by Attila, sought safety from the sword of the Huns among the neighboring islands. As early as A. D. 421 a church was erected on one of the seventy-two islands on which the city of Venice now stands. How little did those who so long ago fled for their lives to these low, marshy islands, then think that they were laying the foundation of a beautiful and powerful city.

San Marco is one of the most remarkable churches in Venice. It professes to contain the real remains of St. Mark, the evangelist, which were stolen from Alexandria. It was commenced in 977. It is ornamented with many fine mosaics. Over the central portal are four bronzed horses, brought from the Hippodrome at Constantinople by the Venetians, as their share of the plunder, when the city was taken by the crusaders in the fourth crusade. In 1811—Napoleon took them to Paris, when he carried so many of the paintings and ornaments of the city with him; but they were afterward brought back. In the pavement of the vestibule there is pointed out by the guide a lozenge of white and red marble, which marks the spot where, on the 23d of July, 1177, Pope Alexander was reconciled to the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. It is said that the Pope placed his foot on the head of the prostrate Emperor, repeating the words of the Psalm: "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder." This, however, looks like an exaggeration. But how changed are affairs now! Emperors are putting their feet on the neck of Pio Nono.

The treasury of St. Mark's contains, it is affirmed by the guide, some precious relics. He shows "a bit of the cross of our Saviour; a small quantity of earth which drank up his blood, and a fragment of a pillar to which he was bound." As a matter of course, an ancient and renowned church like this has "a piece of the true cross."

The Doge's palace has most deeply interested us. No words of mine can describe it. It was here that the "council of ten" held their secret meetings. Its halls and senate chambers and library are filled with most magnificent paintings. The largest one on canvass in the world, by Tintoretto, is here. It represents Paradise as having nearly three-fourths of its inhabitants composed of children. It did my heart good to look at it. Here is one of Titian's great works. It portrays the Doge Marino Grimani on his knees before Faith. I was also much impressed with a life-size painting in the senate chamber, which showed the venerable Doge on his knees addressing the Saviour. It made me think of what I had heard of Abraham Lincoln being daily on his knees, in the early morning, with his Bible before his Saviour, in acts of devotion. Would that in the Capitol at Washington some of our American painters would render immortal the remembrance of this repeated act of our late President. From what we hear of the speeches of President Johnson, we fear there is little reason to believe that he knows what it is to ask the guidance of Heaven in his deliberations.

From these gilded apartments we descended to the pazzo, or wells, as this word means. They are certainly darker than the bottom of any well would be, though it were five hundred feet deep. Only one hole, as large as a man's arm,

admits what feeble light may chance to find its way into the cell from a dark passage. O, how many sad hours have been spent in these dismal, dark dungeons. In one of these, the guide told us, the King, or Doge, as they called him, was imprisoned, and from thence taken to the guillotine. Yes, in a few days he went from the brilliant halls of his own palace down into its deepest dungeon, and from thence to execution.

From thence we crossed over "the Bridge of Sighs." Prisoners, it is well known, were led from the prison to the palace across this gallery to hear their sentence of execution.

In one of the churches of Venice we saw a beautiful painting depicting the martyrdom of St. Catherine. A professor from a New England college, who spent some time with us visiting Venice, related to us one day, as we were leisurely gliding along in a gondola, the following interesting event in the history of St. Catherine:—

She lived in Egypt in the 4th century, and was the daughter of a powerful king. When the time came for her to think of securing a husband, her father asked her whom she would choose. Her answer was, "Whomsoever I be satisfied with. For he must be richer than the richest man on earth—so beautiful that son of man never equalled him—so powerful that all the kings of the earth must do him homage—so good that no one can think of his excellencies without admiration." Her father could think of no prince who possessed all these qualifications. But in the night, in a vision, the Prince of Peace revealed himself to the young princess. She at once recognized in him all that she had desired in the person of her husband. He placed upon her finger a ring in token of her espousal.

Though this may be an unfounded legend, yet it is suggestive of the great fact that Christ alone can fill the soul with lasting peace and happiness. Your brother in Christ,

E. P. HAMMOND.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

BY EDWARD IRVING.

As in political affairs the enlightened Scottish patriot and statesman, in order to work upon the people, asked for the songs of a nation, rather than its profound and laborious literature; and in ecclesiastical affairs, the politic churchmen of Rome apprehended more danger to their craft and mystery from Luther's spiritual songs than from all his writings of controversial and popular theology; so, in spiritual affairs, it is to be believed that no book of the sacred canon seizes so hold upon the spiritual man and engendereth in the Church so much fruitfulness of goodness and truth, of comfort and joy, as doth the Book of Psalms. We say not that the Psalms are so well fitted as the pure light of the Gospel by John, and Paul's Epistles, which are the refraction of that pure light over fields of human well-being, to break the iron-bone, and bruise the millstone-heart of the natural man; but that they are the kindest medicine for healing his wounds, and the most proper food for nourishing the new life which comes from the death and destruction of the old. For, as the songs and lyrical poems of a nation, which have survived the changes of time by being enshrined in the hearts of a people, contain the true form and finer essence of its character, and convey the most genial moods of its spirit, whether in seasons of grief or joy, down to the children, and the children's children, perpetuating the strongest vitality of choice spirits awakened by soul-moving events, and holding, as in a vessel, to the lips of posterity, the collected spirit of venerable antiquity; so the Psalms, which are the songs and odes, and lyrical poems of the people of God, inspired not of wine, or festal mirth, of war, or love, but spoken of holy men as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, contain the words of God's Spirit taught to the souls of His servants, when they were exercised with the most intense experiences, whether of conviction, penitence, and sorrow, or faith, love, and joy; and are not only fit to express the same most vital moods of every renewed soul, but also powerful to produce those broad awakenings of spirit, to create those overpowering emotions, and propagate that energy of spiritual life in which they had their birth.

Be it observed, moreover, that the songs of Zion express not only the most remarkable passages which have occurred in the spiritual experience of the most gifted saints, but are the record of the most wonderful dispensations of God's providence unto His Church,—containing pathetic dirges sung over her deepest calamities, jubilees over her mighty deliverances, songs of sadness for her captivity, and songs of mirth for her prosperity, prophetic announcement of her increase to the end of time, and splendid anticipations of her ultimate glory. Not, indeed, the exact narrative of the events as they happened, or are to happen, nor the prosaic improvement of the same to the minds of men; but the poetical form and monument of the event, where it is laid up and embalmed in honorable-wise, after it had been increased and perfumed with the spiritual odors of the souls of inspired men. And if they contain not the code of the Divine Law, as it is written in the Books of Moses, and more briefly, yet better written, in our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, they celebrate the excellency and glory of the law, its light, life, wisdom, contentment, and blessedness, with the joys of the soul which keepeth it, and the miseries of the soul which keepeth it not. And if they contain not the argument of the simple doctrines, and the detail of the issues of the Gospel, to reveal which the Word of God became flesh, and dwelt among us, yet, now that the key is given, and the door of spiritual life is opened, where do we find such spiritual treasures as in the

Book of Psalms, wherein are revealed the depth of the soul's sinfulness, the stoutness of her rebellion against God, the horrors of spiritual desertion, the agonies of contrition, the blessedness of pardon, the joys of restoration, the constancy of faith, and every other variety of Christian experience? And if they contain not the narrative of Messiah's birth, and life, and death, or the labors of His apostolic servants, and the strugglings of His infant Church, as these are written in the books of the New Testament, where, in the whole Scriptures, can we find such declarations of the work of Christ, in its humiliation and its glory, the spiritual agonies of His death, and glorious issues of His resurrection, the wrestling of His kingdom with the powers of darkness, its triumph over the heathen, and the overthrow of all its enemies until the heads of many lands shall have been wounded, and the people made willing in the day of His power? And where are there such outbursting representations of all the attributes of Jehovah, before Whom, when He rideth through the heavens, the very heavens seem to rend in twain, to give the vision of His going forth, and we seem to see the haste of the universe to do her homage, and to hear the quaking of nature's pillars, the shaking of her foundations, and the horrible outcry of her terror? And oh! it is sweet, in the midst of these soarings into the third heavens of vision, to feel that you are borne upon the wings of a man, not upon the wings of an archangel; to hear ever and anon the frail but faithful voice of humanity, making her trust under the shadow of His wings, and her hiding-place in the secret of His tent, and singing to Him in faithful strains. "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." So that, as well by reason of the matter which it contains, as of the form in which it is expressed, the Book of Psalms, take it all in all, may be safely pronounced one of the divinest books in all the Scriptures; which hath exercised the hearts and lips of all saints, and become dear in the sight of the Church; which is replenished with the types of all possible spiritual feelings, and suggests the forms of all God-ward emotions, and furnishing the choice expressions of all true worship; the utterances of all Divine praise, the confession of all spiritual humility, with the raptures of all-spiritual joy.

If we now turn ourselves to consider the manner or style of the book, and to draw it into comparison with the lyrical productions of cultivated and classical nations, it may well be said, that as the heavens are high above the earth, so are the songs of Zion high above the noblest strains which have been sung in any land. For, take out of the lyrical poetry of Greece and Rome the praises of women and of wine, the flatteries of men, and idle invocations of the muse and lyre, and what have we left? What dedication of song and music is there to the noble and exalted powers of the human spirit—what to the chaste and honorable relations of human society—what to the excitement of tender emotions toward the widow and the fatherless, the stranger and the oppressed—what to the awful sanctity of law and government, and the practical forms of justice and equity! We know, that in the more ancient time, when men dwelt nearer to God, the lyre of Orpheus was employed to exalt and pacify the soul; that the Pythagorean verse contain the intimations of a deep theology, a divine philosophy, and a virtuous life; that the lyre of Tyrtæus was used by the wisdom of Lycurgus for accomplishing his great work of forming a peculiar people, a nation of brave and virtuous men. But in the times which we call classical, and with the compositions of which we imbue our youth, we find little purity of sentiment, little elevation of soul, no spiritual representations of God, nothing pertaining to heavenly knowledge or holy feeling; but, on the other hand, impurity of life, low, sensual ideas of God, and the pollution of religion so often as they touch it. But the songs of Zion are comprehensive as the human soul, and varied as human life; where no possible state of natural feeling shall not find itself tenderly expressed and divinely treated with appropriate remedies; where no condition of human life shall not find its rebuke or consolation; where they treat not life after the fashion of an age or people, but life in its rudiments, the life of the soul, with the joys and sorrows to which it is amenable, from concourse with the outward necessity of the fallen world. Which breadth of application they compass not by the sacrifice of lyrical propriety, or poetical method; for if there be poems strictly lyrical, that is, whose spirit and sentiment move congenial with the movements of music, and which, by their nature, call for the accompaniment of music, these odes of a people despised as illiterate, are such. For pure pathos and tenderness of heart, for sublime imaginations, for touching pictures of natural scenery, and genial sympathy with nature's various moods; for patriotism, whether in national weal or national woe, for beautiful imagery, whether derived from the relationship of human life, or the forms of the created universe, and for the illustration, by their help, of spiritual conditions; moreover, for those rapid transactions in which the lyrical muse delighteth, her lightsome graces at one time, her deep and full inspiration at another, her exuberance of joy and her lowest falls of grief, and for every other form of the natural soul, which is wont to be shadowed forth by this kind of composition, we challenge anything to be produced from the literature of all ages and countries, worthy to be compared with what we find even in the English version of the Book of Psalms. Were the distinction of spiritual from natural life, the dream of mystical enthusiasts, and the theology of the Jews, a cunningly devised fable, like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, these few odes should be dearer to the man of true feeling and natural taste, than all which have been derived to us from classical times, though they could be sifted of their abominations, and cleansed from the inorustation of impurity which defiles their most exquisite parts.

(To be Continued.)