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"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL." "ONE THING HAVE I DESIRED OF THE LORD;" "THIS ONE THING I DO."

WHOLE NO. 378

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TERMS.—IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

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From our London Correspondent.

Charge of the Times Against the French Government—Sensation and War spirit Awakened—Proposal for Disarmament—What is its Value?—Imperial Spider and the European "Flies"—Smith O'Brien and Vengeance—John Mitchell Coming, and Not Coming to Ireland—The Young Irelanders and the Priest Party—A London Priest and a Protestant Layman—Treaty of Zurich and Italy—Pro-Papal Demonstrations—The Moderate Irish Romanists—Doctor Kane Castigating the "Bad Boys"—Doctor Newman Disgusted—The Two Brothers—The Editor and "The Snake"—London Antiquities—Irish Revival.

LONDON, Nov. 25th, 1859.

THE RELATIONS between France and England, have awakened very earnest and remarkable interest in connexion with a charge brought against the Emperor and his Government, by the London *Times* It was quite a "sensation article." The following is its opening portion:

From information derived from a vast number of independent sources we entertain no doubt that a feeling of hostility more bitter than has existed in France since the peace of 1815 is at this moment entertained toward this country. The French press, so guarded on all other subjects, is on this outspoken. The moderate and reasonable *Journal des Debats* contains attacks upon England such as never before, in moments of the greatest irritation, have appeared in its decorous columns. The *Gazette de France* lacks language to express the bitterness of its detestation, and the *Univers* is still more virulent. The talk of the Army and Navy is of revenge for victories forty five and fifty five years old, and their firm belief, as well as their ardent wish, is that in a few months the signal will be given for the invasion of this country. The inhabitants of the departments from Brest to Calais experience a revival of the hostility of fifty years since, and, strange to say, burn with ardor for a war of which they must bear the brunt. * * * We believe he (the Emperor Napoleon) would tell us that he is our only friend, and that to his intervention alone we owe it that the two most powerful States of the world are not already involved in an exterminating conflict. * * * The next question is, how does it happen, after a peace of forty-five years, that this should be the feeling of France toward us? * * * We fear that the fact can be accounted for in no other way than by the assumption that these evil passions have received a powerful impulse from the French Government itself. It is not too much to say that for so much of the present irritation of feeling as arises from the attacks of the press upon England the Government of France is responsible. To check them would require no exercise of power. An intimation that they are displeasing to the Government would have sufficed, and that intimation has never been given. The other way by which the opinion of France may be simultaneously moved is through the official hierarchy. The Minister of the Interior in Paris wields a power more tremendous than was ever vested in any Minister of any Government. He has but to express a wish and an enormous bureaucracy, whose ramifications extend to the smallest commune in France, is immediately set in motion. Their advancement depends on their diligence; their power penetrates everywhere, and their influence reaches every one. The same is the case in the army. The Minister of War has only to give the word, and thousands of zealous emissaries are ready to propagate it like lightning through the ranks of six hundred thousand men. Has this influence been used in the present instance to excite the feelings of citizen and soldier against England? We believe it has.

Opinions differ in this country as to the extent of hostile feeling entertained in France against this country. I myself do not believe that it is by any means universal; especially is it not so in manufacturing towns, whose chief trade is with England, and who know that a war with her would ruin them. But the worst of it is, that the French press has been allowed to defame England; that the French Emperor may say, like Louis the Great, "I am France," and that an army of half a million, including marauding Zouaves and Turcos, would, above all things, like to unite in a *razzia*, rich in its result as to plunder, with the darkest desire to avenge Waterloo.

Some portions of our press cried out violently against the *Times* as guilty of "a plot," to hurry us inevitably into a conflict. But the *Times* kept "never minding," and at length had the victory to its hearts content For lo! out comes a Circular from the French Minister of the Interior, to the Prefects of Departments, inviting them to point out to the French press the duty of moderation in reference to a power with whom the Emperor was at peace! It may be that the subject had been discussed in a Cabinet Council here, and that the *Times*, getting an inkling of this, resolved to thunder forth an alarm!

The country was stirred from circumference to centre, and rifle uniforms were in urgent demand. Certainly the volunteer movement has received a mighty impulse during the last fortnight, and this was intensified by a flaming speech, delivered by Sir A. Alison (the historian,) at a great meeting at Glasgow, yesterday. At its close, he referred to the safe outriding, by the Channel fleet, of that terrible storm, in which the *Royal Charter* was broken to pieces on the coast of Wales, and by which our shores were strewn with the *debris* of shipwrecks unparalleled in number. And upon this he based his peroration, prophesying that in like manner, old England would outride and survive all the storms of opposition and invasion brought against her.

Mutual disarmament is now proposed, it is said, by the French Government. It is also believed that our Cabinet had previously conferred on the subject, in consequence of the Emperor having communicated the idea and proposal to Lord Cowley. The Ambassador undoubtedly has been in London, probably on this business. The *Times* has not pronounced to day. The *Morning Star* (Bright's organ,) is in extacy at the prospect. But with such a man as the mysterious Emperor to deal with, whose web consists of innumerable threads, all terminating in the one centre, whence he looks out for flies of all sorts—East, West, North, and South—what trust can there be in the sincerity of his professions or proposals? In such a matter, England is not on equal terms with France. She is defenceless, if she have not fleets ready for any emergency. It would be treachery to herself, and to the cause of liberty all the world over, were she to put up her ships "in ordinary," and dismantle those sea defences which she is now arming. The people of England would not suffer it.

We expect peace yet a little, but as long as Napoleon lives, and as France is without free institutions; as long as her army is unemployed, vast and ambitious, and if disbanded, capable of being called to arms in one week; how can we reduce either our fleet or our land army, the latter, with all possible additions from militia volunteers, comparatively small.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN denounces the wickedness of the war with China, (which it is now said, refuses to open the ports agreed upon in the American treaty,) and indicates his traitorous feelings, by indicating the probability that when our troops and ships are off to China, then will Napoleon invade our shores!

John Mitchell, also, writes from Paris, weekly, all manner of bitter invective against the Queen and her Government. He ridicules the idea of an agitation for an "amnesty," (as proposed,) for himself, Martin, and others, who are now forbidden to live in the United Kingdom. He will not take any advantage of the Queen's permission to come to Ireland; no! but he expects to be in Ireland notwithstanding! This man I knew in his youth; a proud spirit is his; pride in him is patriotism, and patriotism is pride—"deep, interminable pride"—and his ambition is ready to wade through blood to the Presidency of a Republican Ireland. But as I have often indicated, Popery would fear him more than ten thousand Palmerstons and Russels. It would be the Wolfe Tone *regime*—the French Republic of 1793, with a little bit of its skepticism.

A friend of mine traveled the other day in a railway carriage, with the chief resident ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic Church in Southwark, London; the two had a good deal of polite and friendly interchange and antagonism of opinion. The priest was a man of the world, as well as an ecclesiastic; but speaking from the Romish standpoint, he declared that he feared Infidelity far more than Protestantism. He also admitted that he and his friends, while winning over some of the aristocracy, and also making some way among the masses, found the great middle class of England, impracticable. He pointed to Austria in her alleged concessions to the Protestants of her Empire, as an example to England (said concessions being regarded by the parties most interested, as a tyrannical sham, and leading to bold remonstrance, especially in Hungary,) as to what she should do in endowing Romish schools, if not the priests themselves.

THE TREATY OF ZURICH having been signed, Austria has received the first installment of money to be paid over to her by Piedmont, in connexion with the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia. Garibaldi has retired from public life for the present, and Central Italian affairs are at a dead lock till the Congress assembles next month.

FRESH DEMONSTRATIONS continue to be made in Ireland, in connexion with the "sorrows of that poor old man," Piux IX. The resolutions passed at public meetings are peculiarly eloquent and fervid on the "sacrilegious" character of the attempt to rob the Holy Father of his temporal supremacy. There is, however, a Moderate and Whig Roman Catholic Press, which represents the views, feelings and desires of an eclectic and upper class in Ireland. The "*raal ould Irish* families" never liked Dan O'Connel, though they were sometimes dragged through the mire by him in the days of the Repeal Agitation. The *Dublin Evening Post*, the *Cork Examiner*, and the *Newry Examiner*, are all types of this Moderate minority. The last mentioned replies to the complaints made against Irishmen not being armed as volunteers, by pointing out that it would set Orangeman and Romanist in antagonism, and lead, perhaps, to "another battle of the Boyne," for the want of something else to do.

Sir Robert Kane, the President of the Cork Queen's College, has snubbed "Cullenism" severely, in his opening address, delivered recently in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant. He shows that the Roman Catholic youth form one half of the students, and that six hundred and twenty four have matriculated at the Queen's Colleges. He declares that these, "were founded for the special advantage of the Roman Catholic middle and upper classes, excluded by the necessarily ecclesiastical character of the University of Dublin from participation in its government, and the possessors of its highest honors and appointments." The following is a piece of delicate yet withering satire on the prelates who want to establish a medieval night in Ireland. The mock respect is all the more amusing, as contrasted with the telling severity of the assault:

It is well known that eminent authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have lately expressed a strong opinion against every form of united education, and have demanded to have placed under their exclusive control the educational institutions of the country, in order that the Roman Catholic people of all classes may therein be separately trained; such a system as that they demand scarcely exists in the most despotic states, and is apparently inconsistent with the responsibilities of a constitutional country. It is certain, however, that any proposal from such learned, and such venerable personages should be, and has been, received with profound respect by the educated Roman Catholic laity, and if we had not to deal with the practical realities of professional and business life—if we did not live in communities of mixed and often jarring interests—if we had merely our sentiments as religionists, and not our duties as citizens and as fathers to consult—if we had not before us our country torn asunder and paralyzed for centuries by the hatred and antagonism of religious feuds, then it might be our duty to consider how far these aspirations after an ideal monastic perfection could be carried into effect in civil life and in a free country. But imperfect as all human institutions necessarily are—limited as public expenditure must be—having to consult, in a mixed community and under a constitutional government, the feelings and opinions of others beside ourselves, it is incumbent on us, as Roman Catholics, to make use of and improve what is practically at hand, to appropriate the substance rather than risk its loss by catching after a shadowy ideal, a splendid phantom. Such has been, after ten years experience, the practical verdict of the Roman Catholic laity of this province.

Dr. Newman, who went to Dublin to found a Roman Catholic University, according to the London *Observer*, is disgusted with the state of feeling in Ireland, so far as it seems to sympathize with French antipathy to England. His better instincts are apparent in the declarations he has made, and he has still the leanings and predilections of an English gentleman, and a friend of constitutional freedom His brother, Francis Newman, has a Chair in the London University. He is emphatically a skeptic. I see in a window in Paternoster Row, an answer, by some writer unknown to me, to a book of Francis Newman, full of unbelieving arguments. The answer is styled "Irrationalism and Infidelity." It is very melancholy to think of these two brothers Newman, diverging to opposite extremes. May both yet be brought back to the faith taught them at the knee of an English mother!

Holyoake's infidel shop, in Fleet Street, still continues open. But I never see more than one person in it, and generally no customers at all are there. A London editor, with whom I was conversing not long ago—a Christian, as well as an accomplished man, who in troubles had "found religion his comfort and his guide"—talking of certain parties whom he was obliged occasionally to see, remarked that as long as one of them was present, he "felt as if a *snake* was in the room!" It is truly marvelous what in numerable slimy disguises the father of lies takes, in these days—but even in the fairest and most beautifully spotted skin, he is *the* serpent still.

ANTIQUARIAN EXCAVATIONS are now being extensively made at a country town, called Wrotoxeter, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Wright, who is very eminent as an antiquary. In like manner we have ancient London, the "Londinium" of the Romans, (sometimes called "Augusta,") illuminated, so to speak, by Charles Roach Smith, Esq.

As to Wrotoxeter, near Shrewsbury, the Duke of Cleveland has given over four acres into the hands of a Committee of Excavations. Two acres are now being excavated. Large masses of Roman masonry have been revealed, and a great variety of buildings are about to be laid bare, including a public establishment of baths, a market place, private houses and streets. As to Roman London, its area was confined to the city proper, beginning about the site of the Tower to the East, extending round by Bishopsgate, Aldersgate Street, Ludgate Hall, and thence Eastward along the River Thames. The ruins have not been well preserved, nor when discovered have they always been cherished and cared for It is not like Pompeii, which stands in a class by itself, having been potted for us entire by the lava flood of Vesuvius.

Britain was a Roman Province, and at the time of the withdrawment of the legions of Rome, she possessed more than fifty walled towns, united by roads. There were also the "*castra*" military stations, the plans of which have been partially discovered. In some towns, such as Rochester, Colchester, Chester, and Lincoln, the original Roman plan can be defined so as to indicate the entrance and principal streets.

The comparative splendor of London may be inferred from one of its ornaments, a statue of bronze of the Emperor Adrian, of heroic size. In the reign of Nero, (A.D. 61,) London was not a *colonia* nor a *municipium*, nor a place where a coin was struck, but according to Tacitus, it was even then eminent as a place of trade. Gradually it obtained supremacy, and the mint established in the time of Constantine conclusively proves its superiority to other towns.

It largely contributed to the army of seventy thousand, who perished before the vengeance of the insurgent Britons. In A. D. 380 it was the seat of the Treasury of Britain, and Ammeanus Marcellus speaks of it under its new name, as "*Vetuis oppidum, quod Augustan posteritas appelavit.*"

Inscriptions, sculptures, tesselated pavements, have all been discovered, and also evidence is clearly furnished that here was manufactured beautiful, red glazed pottery. Drawings of all these are furnished in Mr Smith's "Illustrations of Roman London," and also, (this part of my "dry as dust" description the ladies among your readers will, I hope, just look at,) the personal ornaments and implements used by the Roman dames of ancient London at the toilet, including "tweezers, nail cleaners, and mirrors."

Fragments of clay, statuettes, terra cotta lamps, tiles, and glass, have been found, and among the Roman glass are several pieces of a flat and semi-transparent ("we see through a glass darkly,") kind, which seems to have been used as window glass.

The list of Roman coins found in London, and enumerated by Mr. Smith, amounts to upwards of two thousand. Yet this list only includes a small part, and chiefly those from the bed of the Thames. Vast quantities were found in removing the piers of old London Bridge. The *Times*, in a review of Mr. S's volumes, deals a severe rebuke to the London City Corporation, for its carelessness as to the preservation of discoveries made, as well as its doing nothing to encourage excavations. There is some cause for this, "seeing they inherit a Roman municipal site, and are built and sustained upon Roman foundations."

All these things carry back our thoughts to the day when Cæsar first landed in Britain, and prepared the way for the advent of the Gospel. They tell us of a heroic past, and of a people of indomitable, iron will, whose advance only the *Ultima Thule* of the British Isles could arrest Now London is mightier far. Scandinavian, Teutonic, Norman, Celtic, and Pict elements, all related together, as well as colonies, (*socii*) from all nations. Thus combined, it presents a confederated host of two million seven hundred thousand souls, from whom goes out a world-wide influence, and to London, as the representative city, Anglo Saxons on both sides of the Atlantic, and everywhere, look, as the centre and spring of all their marvelous forces. When shall the time come when the heart of mighty modern London shall throb responsive to the behests of the King of Kings, and on its Literature, its Wealth, and Commerce, its Legislative Halls, as well as on its solemn fanes, shall be inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord."

Great efforts are being made to infuse into it a new life. Urgent is the necessity, although God has a large number of devoted servants here.

THE IRISH AWAKENING continues to spread with power. On the 15th of this month, the Irish General Assembly held a special day of thanksgiving throughout all its borders. What "great things" done for them had ministers and people to rehearse! Truly glorious as well as marvelous continues the movement, and with unabated power.

From the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ward, Rector of Killinchy, I received this morning a beautiful letter, indicating the mighty work as progressing and prosperous, and crowned with richest fruits. Quiet yet deep rolls on the River that makes glad the land, and which has begun to lave and irrigate both Scotland and England.

J. W.

An Address

Delivered by request, at the Temperance Meeting, at Good Land, Towson County, Choctaw Nation, July 9th, 1859, by Rev C. Kingsbury.

THE CHOCTAWS AS THEY WERE IN 1818, AND AS THEY ARE IN 1859.

The missionaries came to the Choctaws, forty-one years ago. At that time the Choctaw language had neither been written nor printed. There was no school, or school houses; there was no house for the worship of God; and no minister to preach the Gospel, and no one to teach a school.

At that time there were no wagon roads in the Choctaw country, except the one leading directly through it, from Natchez to Nashville, and which was for the use of white people from the States. Not a wagon of any kind was owned by a Choctaw. The missionaries, in taking their wagon to Yalo Bushe, had to cut through the cane brakes, and in crossing some of the creeks, poles were placed against the perpendicular bank on one side of the creek, on which to slide the wagon down, where it could be drawn out by the horses on the opposite side.

Drunkenness was common among all the leading men of the Nation, when they could get whisky. Col. Daniel Folsom said he knew but one man in the Nation who would not get drunk if he could get any thing to make "the drunk come." But fortunately for the Choctaws, it was not easy at that time to get what would intoxicate. They had to travel a long road to find it. It was not often brought into the country, but when it did come, there was a big spree till it was gone. At that time it was the leading men, the most respectable portion of the Nation, that drank. Young men and boys did not drink in those days. At their Councils the big men were sure to get drunk before they went home, if there was whisky.

Capt. Levi Perry, a man greatly respected, who spoke good English, and who was one of our early and valued friends, lost his life by whisky.

Take another instance of what happened in those days. We had been attending a Council at the Chief Mushulatubby's. After the Council broke up we started for home in company with eight or ten of the most respectable Choctaws in that part of the Nation. Six of the company were brothers, and one was a white man who had married a sister of these brothers. And as was the custom of the times, a jug of whisky was taken along, and every three or four miles the company must take a drink. When they came to the Mission house we stopped. They next passed the house of the white man, where he stopped. The rest of the company passed on about three miles further, where all stopped for the night. There a finish was made of the whisky. In the course of the night a difficulty arose between the two elder brothers, and one of them struck the other with a fence rail, and broke his skull. The next morning we were sent for to visit the dying man; but nothing could be done for him. He spoke but once after he was struck down. He was a kind husband and father, a good neighbor, and a sincere friend to the best interests of his people. His death was a great loss to his family and friends, and to the Nation. Never shall we forget the lamentation of his poor mother, Susso-ma, (my son, O my son,) she cried, as long as we were within hearing.

We will now give another instance to show what was the practice of the Choctaws forty years ago. Soon after we settled at Elliot, in the old Nation, a young woman of a good family in the neighborhood, died of consumption. In those days when a person wasted away and died, it was supposed to be the effect of witchcraft. The father was greatly afflicted by the death of his daughter. He went to a conjurer, and hired him to tell who had killed his daughter. The conjurer was an artful fellow, and pointed out a poor old woman as the witch who had done the mischief. He knew this old woman had no strong family relatives to avenge her death. The father who had lost his daughter immediately determined on taking the life of this poor old woman. He collected some of his friends and went in pursuit of her. We saw them pass the Mission house about an hour by sun in the evening, but knew not their object. They went to her cabin, which was about a mile from the Mission, where she was living with a son and daughter, her only relatives in that part of the country. The old woman was cooking in the yard before her house. They alighted from their horses, went to where she was, and she, in true Choctaw style of hospitality, set before them a dish of Tah-fulah. After they had eaten, one of them arose, caught the old woman by the hair, drew his big knife and said, "you are a witch and must die." She had just time to say, "other folks tells lies, and you believe them," when he plunged his big knife into her breast, and poor Elizabeth fell, a butchered, bleeding corpse. Her son came immediately to let us know what had been done. It was dark before we reached the lonely cabin. The murdered woman was lying in the middle of it, on the dirt floor. The sorrowful son lighted some dry cane, and lifting the blanket, showed us the deep and ghastly wounds in the breast of his poor mother. It was a horrid sight. We felt assured that we were in one of the dark places of the earth, where were the habitations of cruelty. The man who had this done was not a poor ignorant tubby who had always lived in the woods. He was one of the enlightened and respectable men of that day.

One other fact that will serve to show what the Choctaws did in those days. Some of them, as the Apostle Paul says of the heathen in his day, were "without natural affection." They killed their own infant children. After some of their leading men had become acquainted with the Gospel, they made a law to prevent the killing of infants. In 1822 a Choctaw woman was convicted of having killed her infant by knocking it on the head with a pine knot. She was publicly whipped until she fainted; her husband, who instigated her to do the deed, suffered a similar punishment. Since that time it is believed there have been but few infants destroyed by their parents.

In one part of the Nation forty years ago, the corn fields of the Choctaws were without fences. At that time these people had no stock except horses and dogs. The horses they either kept tied or hobbled at a distance from their fields, while their corn was growing.

There were also parts of the Nation where they did not bury their dead. The bodies of those that died were put on scaffolds eight or ten feet high, near the house, and in front of it, where every passer by could see them. We have seen the bodies of those that died with the small pox, placed on scaffolds and near to the house where people were living. After the flesh on their bodies was mostly consumed, they were delivered to the bone packers. These persons had enormous finger nails, and their business was to pick off the flesh and sinews that might remain on the bones, and place them in a box. These boxes were deposited in what was called a bone house, at which a great cry was held at certain times, after which if it is believed these boxes of bones were buried.

We have given these few particulars to show what practices prevailed among the Choctaws forty years ago. Those living in the Nation can easily make the comparison and see for themselves what changes have taken place since that time. Intemperance has been almost entirely banished from the better class of Choctaws. Forty years ago, as before stated, your principal men, with almost no exceptions, were drunkards. Now, your Governor, your Chiefs, your Judges, your Senators, your Representatives, are most of them sober men. They would consider it a disgrace to be seen intoxicated. This of itself is a most important change. It has a favorable bearing on all the interests of society. I hope all the young men of the Nation will take pattern from this salutary change. If they wish to be patriots, and the benefactors of their people, let them quit the society of the drunkard. "He that walketh with wise men, shall be wise, but the companions of fools shall be destroyed." Not only the leaders are now generally sober men, but there are thousands of the most respectable Choctaws in every part of the Nation, who never taste liquor. This great and salutary change has been wrought within about forty years. And this is but a small part of what we have lived to see among the Choctaws, in the way of their improvement.

Look at your schools. Forty years ago, as before stated, there was no such thing as a school in the land. Now they are to be found in every part of the Nation. The progress of education and civilization is always of slow growth. It takes time to civilize and enlighten a nation. The Hon. Edward Everett, one of America's great orators, said on the floor of Congress, that the progress of improvement among the Choctaws and Cherokees, had been more rapid than among any other people, of whom he had read, except the Sandwich Islanders. The Choctaws have a good name among the white people, and we hope they will keep it.

Wagon roads are now to be found in every part of the Nation; and wagons and ox-teams more than can be numbered, are now owned by Choctaws. Forty years ago, not a single Choctaw had a wagon of any kind.

Look at your printed Constitution, your Laws, your Executive Officers, your Senate and House of Representatives, your Courts of Justice, your Judges, your Sheriffs, your Lawyers, your Light-horse men, and a trial by Jury secured to every Choctaw, and say if mighty changes have not come over you within the last forty years. Many of these changes are certainly for the better; if all are not, it is only what has happened to more enlightened Nations.

The first instance of the organization of a civil power among the Choctaws, to execute the laws, was in 1824. At a Council held in Mushulatubby District, in September of that year, ten men were commissioned as Light horse men, to punish offenders.

Last, but not least, we ask you to look now at your churches and houses for the worship of God. The religion of a people is the true standard of their advancement. The history of all past time teaches us, that "those who honor God, he will honor," and that those who neglect his worship and service, shall be lightly esteemed. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Where the worship of the one living and true God is set aside, the people never prosper.

Forty years ago, as before stated, there was not a house of worship, nor an organized church, nor a minister of the Gospel, in the Nation. And what is more, there was not, at that time, one praying Choctaw man or woman, in the whole land. Now there are comfortable houses for the worship of God in every part of the Nation. There are also ministers of the Gospel, of different denominations, among whom are a number of educated and enlightened Choctaws, who preach to the people on every Lord's day, the glad tidings of salvation, through a once crucified, but now risen and ascended Redeemer. In the different churches there are thousands of men and women, who, we trust, are pious, praying people. These all are friends of temperance. We thank God that we have lived to see these happy changes; all of which have been brought about through the orderings of his gracious providence.

From the Presbyterian Herald.

Andover and Danville.

BEING A REPLY TO AN ARTICLE IN THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA FOR OCTOBER, 1859, CONTAINING A REVIEW OF BRECKINRIDGE'S THEOLOGY.

It was remarked by the late Robert Hall, when speaking of the motives which not unfrequently actuate the writers of reviews, that "it would be an advantage to literature," were the whole system of reviewing abolished. So great is the opportunity furnished by this system for the undetected indulgence of all the littlenesses, which degrade human nature, and which personal pique, resentment, or malignity, or any similar feeling or disposition may prompt one to employ in effecting some ungenerous end, that minds of a certain character are, when such opportunity presents itself, wholly unable to resist the temptation to make use of it. And hence it so often happens that the anonymous reviewer, instead of doing what he professes to do, makes his article a vehicle for the indulgence of rude and gross personalities. This matter, however, is beginning to be well understood; so well, at least, that whenever a reviewer, while professing to review a book, is found indulging his spleen in rude, personal assaults upon the author, and which in no way concern the subject of the work itself; no doubt is entertained (and indeed none could be rationally entertained,) that his course of procedure is prompted, not by a regard for truth itself, but by far other considerations; and that, of course, as truth is thus practically regarded as only secondary in the matter, no very painful effort will be made to accord to its fall claim, if that claim is found to conflict with the primary aim and intention of the reviewer himself.

It is truly painful to be compelled to associate such reflections with the once honored name of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*; which until within a few years past sustained a high reputation abroad, as well as at home; and we shall leave our readers to judge whether these remarks are uncalled for. But in the last number of this periodical (which usually, when its articles are not editorial, publishes the names of its contributors,) an article obviously editorial has appeared, purporting to be a review of the recent contributions of the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, to our theological literature; and in which the reviewer introduces the rudest personalities; and instead of confining himself to a critique upon the work itself, proposes to discuss the antecedents of Dr. B., his connexion with the past controversies in the Presbyterian Church, and other matters, as evincing his unfitness and disqualifications for such a work. It were idle to pretend that the friends of the theological system, which Dr. Breckinridge has with unsurpassed ability presented and illustrated, can contemplate an assault of this kind with indifference. Whatever may be thought of the review itself, or of its author, the mere fact of its appearance in the acknowledged organ of a respectable theological school, and which is still extensively circulated in our country, forbids that it should be passed over without notice. We shall proceed to consider the article, therefore, not precisely in the way that we should prefer to do, but in the way which Prof. Park himself has rendered necessary. He himself has marked out our course for us, and we shall follow it.

Before we proceed further, however, it will be proper here, as illustrating the *animus* of the writer, to present a few extracts from the review itself. "Dr. Breckinridge," says the reviewer, "commenced his public career as a lawyer, and was at one time honored, we have been informed, with a military title. He certainly brought into the Church something of the atmosphere of the forum and the camp."—P. 764. "That there are special reasons why *he*, of all men, with his 'history' should be the man to make it, [the plan,] a large class at least of his readers will have to be pardoned, if unable altogether to repress a sense of amusement." "That a grand work on Scientific Theology, bringing it up square with the last results of more than eighteen centuries of Christian life and study, was to be *expected* to spring, with peculiar advantages, from a movement so purely in the interest of a single denomination, so narrow in its theories and in its sympathies, so violent and so unscrupulous; and that the man in whom these traits found their natural and strongest expression, should, for these reasons be thought, even by himself, the one elect person, whose call it was," &c., &c. "All these together constitute in our apprehension, an example of hallucination that has few parallels of the kind."—Pp. 765, 766. "Dr. Breckinridge's *indebtedness to Stapfer* for materials which he has not duly acknowledged. 'The few preliminary words,' with which Dr. Breckinridge prefaces his volume, are turgid with the consciousness of a grand theme and a vast achievement."—P. 672. "The erudite Doctor."—P. 773. "The audacious spirit in which the statements and proofs of his co-Presbyter were then met, and the cold assumption with which the subject is treated in the 'Preliminary Remarks' prefixed to the second volume, are calculated to awaken a sense of shame in men of Christian or of scholarly honor."—P. 782. "It would be a tiresome and a useless task, to pass the opinions of such a writer in review. The work is of no value to the scholar, and but poorly suited to the wants of the unlearned. Beside the great masters in Theology, the author is a child babbling confusedly."—Pp. 787. "These two volumes on Theology are a misfortune to their author, and calculated to bring discredit upon the scholarship of the country. Such enormous pretension we have never before seen conjoined with so humiliating a performance. And now, if there be any in whose bosoms the passions of past conflicts survive, and who still cherish unkindly remembrance of what seemed to them abuse and violence, we conjure them to bury such thoughts, in peace, forever. Dr. Breckinridge has written a book—this book. It is enough."—P. 788.

Such is the spirit which dictated this malicious and most unrighteous assault.

In the righteous providence of God, it seems to be ordained, that selfishness shall ever discover itself, and secure to itself a just retribution even in this world. When Dr. Park undertook the editorial supervision of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, it stood, as already intimated, in high favor both at home and abroad An able fraternity of editors were associated with him, and the work was regarded abroad as of sufficient importance to warrant republication. He, however, began to regard it as the proper vehicle for disseminating his own crude and unformed conceptions of theology, rather than as the organ of the descendents of the Puritans; and one by one his brethren have fallen away, till now (for Davidson, with whom he appeared most to sympathize, had to be given up,) he stands well nigh alone. It seems to be the fatality of some men to mar whatever they would support. And of Prof. Park it may be said, with scarce a figure, that everything he assails is worthy of support, and everything he would support languishes.

The three points upon which he dwells in his review, are, 1st The antecedents of Dr. Breckinridge. 2d. The method of his work. And 3d. The charge of plagiarism. As to the work itself, there is sufficient evidence that the reviewer has not given it even a cursory perusal; or if he has, he evinces as much horror of getting into its depths as a man with the cramp in his limbs does of getting into deep water.

1. In respect to the antecedents of Dr. Breckinridge, as evincing his ability to perform the noble task which he has undertaken, Dr. Park professes to take a lengthy view, for he extends it to upwards of *thirty years*; and this is for the purpose of awakening the prejudices of the reader against the work itself. It is sufficient merely to refer to this fact, for it would be difficult to find, even in the ambitious verbosity of the reviewer himself, a more contemptible utterance. But if the antecedents of Dr. Breckinridge are of so much importance for enabling us to judge of his performance, surely the antecedents of the reviewer are of equal importance to enable us to judge of his. But not to dwell upon the fact of the degradation of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* since it came into his hands, the reader will remember, as enabling him to form a proper estimate of the real causes which impelled the reviewer to make his unmanly personal assault upon Dr. Breckinridge, that Dr. Park is the successor of Dr. Woods in the Theological Chair at Andover; and that, like his predecessor, he has sworn to support the doctrines asserted in the Saybrook Platform, and in the Westminster Shorter Catechism. It has not yet passed from memory how the anxiety and apprehensions of multitudes of the most learned and godly men in New England were aroused in respect to their favorite and beloved Seminary, when they found that Dr. Park, with his well-known theological antecedents, professed without change of sentiment, to take the solemn oath administered to the Professors of that Seminary. They could not reconcile it with consistency, truth, and candor; and it remains yet to be reconciled with them. And of everything he has done or written since, nothing has transpired, but what has served to keep alive and increase those anxieties and apprehensions. To say nothing of the clumsy erudities, and pompous inanities which graced his attempts at theological discussion with a Princeton Divine, and which may be taken for anything or nothing, as the case may be, it might be sufficient to say that the aforesaid apprehensions were more than justified by his laudatory greeting and welcome of the rationalist Davidson to a copartnership in the editorial department of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. Nor could this keen discerner of the propriety of antecedents then discover any antecedent impropriety in placing a rationalist in the chair of Stuart, as editor, and in keeping him there, if we mistake not, even after his treacherous maltreatment of "Horne's Critical Introduction to the Scriptures." But the ground for the present alarm and apprehension in respect to Dr. Park's course, is found likewise in that increasing effort on his part to locate at all the strong points about him those (favorite theological pupils, who most fully sympathize with him in his notions of things; a movement which, as it evinces a like cunning with that of the crafty steward in Luke xvi: 3, would seem to be based upon a similar apprehension, or at least an apprehension that a struggle in defense of the Catechism must come, and a determination to be prepared for it so as to carry his point. Is it to be wondered that such a consciousness as must in the very nature of things lie at the basis of these anticipations, should be deemed irreconcilable with an honest subscription to those Standards? Or that there are serious apprehensions amongst the friends of evangelical religion in New England that Andover may yet fall into like hands with those that have made Harvard what it is?

The work of Dr. Breckinridge, which (along with its author,) Dr. Park has so coarsely assailed, is recognized by competent judges as the ablest systematic exposition of the doctrines contained in the Catechism that has appeared in our country. It has had an extraordinary sale, has been read very extensively, and has been hailed by thousands with high applause. Now to a man bent upon accomplishing the designs which Prof. Park obviously has in view, these things presented rather a serious obstacle. The reading of the work extensively in New England must have had a strong tendency to frustrate his hopes, and this must be prevented if possible *But how?* was the question. It could not be done by a fair review of the work itself, for Dr. Park is quite too cunning to undertake a fair fight in open field with the author of those volumes; hence it must be done by a review of the antecedents of the author, and by caricature, and by sardonic grins of contempt, and by all the littleness which cunning and malignity could play off to secure that end. And it is most humiliating to reflect that it was sufficient to provoke this malignity, that the doctrines which Prof. Park has solemnly sworn to defend are most admirably explained and defended in the volumes whose author he has thus assailed.

Such then, are some of the antecedents of the reviewer and of his review. If the antecedents of Dr. B are to be brought into the account to enable us to decide upon the merits of "Theology Objectively and Subjectively Considered," those of Dr. Park are at least equally important to enable us to form a just estimate of the motives which impelled the rude assault in his review; and here we leave this matter.

2. The next point brought forward by the reviewer, is the method of the treatise itself. On this subject he refers his readers to the table of contents, and furnishes pretty conclusive evidence, that his reading has extended but little beyond it; and that he has really made no serious attempt to master or understand the train of thought which guided the author of these volumes in their preparation. It is not surprising, however, that a man should undertake to review a work without reading it, who can pledge himself to sustain and defend a system of doctrine, which his whole course evinces a disposition to ignore and subvert. Nor is even this the most marked feature in his attempted criticism upon the method of the work. For while Prof. Park freely (and we think justly,) concedes his inability to comprehend the method of reasoning and illustration which he assails, his exorbitant vanity ludicrously exhibits itself in the attempt to show that because *he* cannot understand it, no one else should pretend to do so; and all this in the very face of the well known fact, that by many of the most thoroughly disciplined, intelligent and scholarly minds in the country, that method is understood, appreciated and regarded as highly satisfactory.

Dr. Park speaks of the science of theology, and professes to object to the method pursued by Dr. Breckinridge, on the ground that it is not scientific; but he should have had the candor to admit that with his rationalistic tendencies, the term *scientific theology* conveys to himself and sympathisers, an import far different from that which it conveys to the receivers of the theology which he has assailed. There is a great deal of this wretched rhodomontade on the subject. Men who, like Dr. Park, have no conception of theology as a Divine science, or as a Divine method of teaching objective and subjective truth, are yet perpetually prating about a "scientific theology." A little smattering of German, and a glorification of Germanic modes of thought—a glorification based upon the merest smattering of an acquaintance with German theological literature—is deemed by this class of writers as sufficient to entitle them to play the critic in theology. Having spent a year or two in Germany, they return to us with very high conceptions of the humility they evince in consenting to treat, even with the outward forms of respect, the theology of the land of their fathers. Nothing is learned, nothing scientific, save what has passed through the crucible of German metaphysics and philosophy. And hence the wretched empiricism every where manifest, when this Germanic element comes into contact with the recognized theology of the American churches; of which this review and the other lucubrations of Dr. Park, and a lengthy notice of Dr. Breckinridge's second volume, which appeared in the New York *Evangelist*, are marked instances. And amongst other ludicrous instances which could be named, of the same twaddling spirit, a single one will be sufficient One of the co-editors of that pretentious sheet, yclept, *The American Presbyterian*, after picking up sufficient German to enable him to read some of the simple sentences of Gesinius' exposition of Isaiah, undertook, most fatally for his publishers, an exposition of the same prophet; and even came before the world with the announcement that the proof-texts alleged in support of their theology by the older Calvinistic Divines, (amongst whom President Edwards was particularly referred to,) *were not alleged* intelligently. But to return:

It would not be in place here to go into a thorough exposition of the grounds of the method pursued by Dr. Breckinridge in his treatise. We regard it as the true method, and as a *truly scientific presentation* of the subject, immeasurably in advance of any of the so called scientific productions of Germany. We are prepared to sustain this judgment in *extenso*, but this is not the place for it. We make the assertion as an offset to the silly rhapsody of Dr. Park, and then leave that point for the present.

It is really amusing, though the reflections thereby awakened are painful and humiliating, that in the original charges made against this work by the *North Carolina Pastor*, and endorsed by the "nine editors of the *American Presbyterian*," so great was the malignant desire to destroy the reputation of Dr. Breckinridge's work, under the accusation of plagiarism, that he was charged with taking the *method* of his treatise (*that very method* which Dr. Park in his conceited sciolism denounces and attempts to ridicule,) *from Dr. Chambers*. This accusation was dropped, however, upon Dr. Breckinridge's