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ART. I.—*A Discourse on the Moral Tendencies and Results of Human History*, delivered before the Society of Alumni in Yale College, on Wednesday, August 16, 1843. By Horace Bushnell. Published by request of the Society. New Haven, 1843.

It is proper to explain for what reason we make this speech the subject of a review, and with painful endeavour attempt to resuscitate and bring again into notice what, to judge by the usual fate of such productions, Time something like two years since should have put into his wallet as alms for Oblivion. Indignation perhaps may be kindled in some breast respectful for the dead, and surprise in others, that in the case of such an evident "relictum," such a ghost as a speech becomes when disembodied of speaker, audience, and elocution, we should seek

"To offer it the show of violence;  
For that 'tis as the air, invulnerable."

It should indeed have been permitted to die where it fell,

"Troje sub mœnibus altis  
. . . . ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis  
Scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit."

But since it was taken up, we must believe by no friendly deities, and driven on a hostile shore, it is incumbent on us to say that for our own part we notice it, first, for the double cause of

But our faith here stands in clear light. If the sacred record raises no rebellion in the heart, it presents no stumbling block to the reason. If we feel no aversion to the doctrine of God in Christ, we shall feel no provocation to torture the language of the history into a denial or a withholding of it. We can then see in Jesus, as he is delineated on the inspired page, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person. We behold the power and love of God personally resident and active in him. Having fairly found the doctrine of his divinity in the scriptures, we love it. We rejoice in the service which it renders to our hope in God. As we believe in God, we believe also in Jesus; and this our confidence in him is inexpressibly enlivened, while we see the Deity mysteriously concurring with humanity, to utter his tender compassion for his friends in sighs and tears.

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ART. VII.—*Puritanism: or a Churchman's Defence against its Aspersions, by an appeal to its own history.* By Thomas W. Coit, D.D. Rector of Trinity Church, New Rochelle, N. Y., and a member of the New York Historical Society. New York: Appleton. 1845. pp. 527, 12mo.

IN no field of knowledge has the march of mind been more conspicuous than in that of history. Niebuhr has taught us to regard a large part of the Roman annals as mere fables, and a glance at Bishop Thirlwall's recent work will show what improvements of the same kind have been made by the Germans in the history of Greece. Some worthy people were at first displeased with this disturbance of their old associations, and believed, or affected to believe, that such speculations must eventually shake the credit of all history. But in spite of these alarmists, the good work has gone on, and its effect begins to be perceptible in modern no less than in ancient history. More than one audacious hand has been laid upon the cherished traditions of the leading states of Europe, and the volume now before us is a pleasing proof that our own myths and legends are about to undergo the same severe but salutary process. The beginning, though imperfect, is auspicious, and already entitles Dr. Coit to be re-

garded as the Niebuhr of New England. With a boldness of conception, rarely displayed by an inferior writer, he disdains the correction of minute and trivial errors, and at once upsets the entire fabric of tradition and history, which has been rising for the last two hundred years. The recent date of the events in question, and the previous unanimity of judgment with respect to them, enhance the difficulty of his task, but in the same proportion make success more glorious.

The grand historical positions taken and courageously maintained by Dr. Coit are these: that the primitive settlers of New England, and especially the Pilgrim Fathers of the Plymouth colony, were actuated in their emigration, not at all by any love to freedom for its own sake, nor even by weariness and impatience of oppression, much less by any view to the promotion of religion, either among the Indians or the whites, but by two secular and selfish passions, the love of money and the love of power; that their flight from tyranny and persecution is a sheer invention; that the first Pilgrims came not from England but from Holland, where they enjoyed entire peace and freedom, but were shut out from the conduct of affairs, as well as from the prospect of great wealth; that their only objection to the English government, in church and state, was its being in other hands and not their own; that the liberal charters under which they lived were granted by the very government of whose oppression they complained; that they obtained these charters under the pretence of wishing to convert the Indians, instead of which they robbed them of their lands, and cruelly endeavoured to destroy them; that the Puritan spirit has at all times favoured arbitrary power, and the sacrifice of every thing to that and money; that some of the worst attributes of Popery, and especially of Jesuitism, may be traced in the Puritanism of New England; and that the customary glorification of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Plymouth Rock is at once hypocritical and superstitious.

If any thing were needed to increase the interest excited by the wide revolutionary sweep of these assertions, the additional attraction is afforded by the singular position of the author and the practical design of his performance. The correction of these long cherished errors, if attempted merely as a contribution to the truth of history, would be entitled to applause and grati-

tude. But there is something more affecting in the effort, when we know that it was prompted by attachment to the Church of England, and especially to Laud as its chosen representative. The author candidly avows that his design is to stop the mouths of the New England Independents who are wont to charge the martyred archbishop, and 'the Church' of his day, with worldliness, hypocrisy, unfaithfulness, and cruelty. This he proposes to effect by showing that the Puritans themselves were guilty of the same offences. In the purpose thus conceived, and still more in the *naïveté* with which it is avowed, there is a childlike simplicity extremely winning, and at the same time a marked superiority to commonplace or vulgar modes of thought and feeling. A Puritan, or any other ordinary man, would probably have been afraid, that such a purpose might appear unworthy, and that men might be disposed to say, what if the Puritans did cheat and lie and persecute? What if they were no better than Archbishop Laud? What if their followers have no right to say a word against him or 'the Church'? What does the world care whether this or that man, this or that church, this or that race, can consistently bring certain charges against others, if the charges after all are true? If the intolerance of Endicott and Cotton forbids their charging Laud with persecution, it equally forbids their charging Charles IX and Louis XIV. But does the stopping of their mouths stop the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth against the cry of the poor Huguenots, whose sufferings Dr. Coit himself so well describes? If the charges against Laud and the Church of England are unfounded, their falsehood must of course be susceptible of proof, irrespective of the question whether similar charges against others are well founded. If the charges are well founded, but the acts charged venial, then the same acts committed by the Puritans must be venial, and the laboured proof of their committing them is wasted. If, on the other hand, the acts charged are criminal, it matters not how many Puritans were guilty of the same; the guilt of Laud and his abettors remains undiminished. Whatever mouths this process may succeed in stopping, the truth will still be spoken, and the proverb still be verified, that *murder will out*. We have given these captious objections at full length, that Dr. Coit may have due praise for his independence and deci-

sion in despising them, and boldly admitting that his arguments are nothing more than arguments *ad hominem*. Incidental thrusts of this kind have been always deemed allowable in controversial warfare, and the only novelty in this case is that they are used exclusively. That the kind of revenge here taken is a natural and therefore a becoming one, is known to the experience of every school-boy, who has ever said to a comrade in mischief, *you need not talk!*

Having thus shown the propriety, if not the necessity, of whitewashing Laud and his contemporary churchmen, by blackening their opponents and accusers, we invite attention to the singular coincidence of circumstances which has forced upon the author this painful and not very cleanly office. The warmest advocate for capital punishment might shrink from the necessity of personally hanging others, and especially of turning off a party of his own neighbours, namesakes, and acquaintances. Supposing this ungrateful operation on the memory of the Puritans and Pilgrims to be unavoidable, it might have been supposed that some hereditary 'Churchman,' or at least some Huguenot or Dutenman, would be hired to officiate at the gallows. One of the old Virginia names, or of the few which even in New England have always been associated with episcopacy, might at first sight have looked better on the title-page before us. But this is a mere prejudice, which needs but brief reflection to remove it. We cannot indeed venture to affirm that Coit is one of those familiar names which instantly recall to mind the gay malignants, cavaliers, and anti-puritans of old. We are far from being adepts in genealogy or in succession, whether apostolical or puritanical. But even if the name had been borne by roundheads and by pilgrims without number, this would be a very insufficient pretext for assuming that our author was ever other than he is, or that his ancestry was not connected with the Church of England. We learn from himself that he is descended from Sir Richard Saltonstall, who told the Puritans of Massachusetts that their rigid ways had laid them low in the hearts of all the saints in England, and from another worthy person who forsook the Quaker meeting for the 'Church.' But even though the knight had never scolded, and the Quaker had never been read out of meeting, our author's Christian liberty would still be unimpeached, to

do the hangman's part in this historical execution of the Puritans and Yankees. If Robert Walsh, or any other American long resident abroad, should become a convert to the principles of monarchy, and be convinced that our Revolution was a wicked rebellion, he would naturally feel indignant at the coarse abuse of good king George, of Grenville and North, of Gage and Hutchinson, and even of Arnold and the Hessians, which is so unfortunately common in America on Independence Day. Under the influence of this emotion, he might wish to vindicate the injured innocents, and as the most effective method of accomplishing his purpose, he might undertake to prove, from public records and from private letters, and especially from those of spies, deserters, and insurgents, or of the people cruelly called tories in the Revolution, that the authors of that movement had no regard whatever to civil or religious freedom, nor to the welfare of the people generally, but to mere personal and selfish interests; that Washington was a tyrant in the camp and Adams in the cabinet; in short, that every thing charged against the British Government was chargeable, in some form or degree, on all the leading men and public bodies of the revolted colonies, whose successors therefore must forever hold their peace about taxation and the stamp-act. If the author of this discovery, instead of employing Chevalier or Mrs. Trollope or O'Connell to carry out his plan, thought proper, or felt bound in conscience, to do it himself, no one certainly could question either his legal or his moral right to do historical justice on his fathers or the fathers of his country, whatever sentimental democrats might think of his discretion or his taste.

But besides these claims to the attention and the sympathy of readers in general, the work before us makes a strong appeal to Presbyterians in particular. The author is careful to record the fact, that the name Puritan was applied in England to three very different classes, those who continued in the church, those who became Presbyterians, and the Independents. He distinctly asserts that the New England Puritans were of the last class, and that these are the exclusive objects of his own hostility. He includes among the crying sins of the Puritans their enmity to Presbytery and its advocates. He draws distinctions, almost invidious, in favour even of the

Scotch and the English, still more of the Dutch, but chiefly of the French Presbyterians, as contrasted with the Puritans of England, Old and New. He arrays the Presbyterians, as a body, together with the Baptists and the Quakers and the Indians, on his own side of the quarrel, with a kind of tacit promise, that if they will be quiet, and assist as mere spectators at the slaughter of the Puritans, they shall experience the tender mercies of 'the Church' and her defenders. The Presbyterian, who is not won by such forbearance and such flattering discrimination, must be sour indeed.

There are some slight inconsistencies, no doubt, and careless forms of expression, which a captious Presbyterian, if he chose, might wrest, as proofs that the author does not love us quite so well as he imagines. One or two of these particulars we feel bound to specify, as candid critics, and for the purpose of explaining them away. The first that we shall mention is the fact, that notwithstanding his admission of the latitude with which the name of Puritan has been applied in English history, and his express enumeration of the three great parties which its widest sense included, he adduces his testimony and argues his cause, exactly as he must have done, if all the Puritans who ever lived were Brownists of the deepest dye. We can easily imagine some contracted Presbyterian complaining, that although the author's general and preliminary statements may be fair enough, the details of his argument which fill the book are unfair in the last degree. If it be true, (might such a reader say,) as Dr. Coit himself asserts, that the only Puritans whom he denounces are the successors of the Brownists, and that the Brownists were but a faction of the English Independents, and that these Independents were themselves but one of three great parties known as Puritans, why does he empty the vials of his wrath on Puritans, as such, and in the general? Why does he draw his facts and arguments, his jokes and his invectives, almost without discrimination, from the writings of those who hated Puritans as Puritans, and not as Independents or as Brownists; nay, who hated Presbytery more than Independency, because they feared it more, and hated Puritan episcopacy most of all, because, instead of leaving 'the Church,' it tried to purge it? Why does he sneer at Bishop Hooper, and his holy horror of the Popish

vestments, if his strokes are aimed only at the Puritanism of Brown and Robinson and their successors? We are almost ashamed to put these cavils into the mouths of Presbyterians; but we cannot dissemble our belief that if we did not, they would do it for us, and we therefore think it best, for ourselves and for our author, to defend him from the charge by anticipation. The defence, to any candid mind, is obvious. It is plain that Dr. Coit does not always know exactly what he says, nor even what he means, or at least that he forgets what he has said before, and therefore, after promising to fight the Independent Puritans exclusively, lays hold with eagerness of every sentence in the old books where the name Puritan occurs in such a connexion as will suit his purpose, without reflecting whether it means Puritans in general or Brownists in particular, a question which he could not have attended to, without much additional trouble, and without losing many a good joke and many admirable 'proofs and illustrations,' which have only two defects, to wit, that they are sometimes false, and sometimes true but nothing to the purpose. Now to make this a proof of malice or deliberate injustice would be monstrous.

Equally venial is the other little inconsistency, with which it must be owned that Dr. Coit is sometimes chargeable. We mean his occasional reflections upon Calvinism, and his use of *Calvinist* as a convenient synonyme of *Puritan*, not in the wide sense merely, but in its restricted application to the objects of his own attack. Now if it is the Calvinism of the Puritans that he denounces, it may be plausibly demanded, how he contrives to exempt the Presbyterians, the Dutch, and even his favourite Huguenots, from condemnation. If it is not for their Calvinistic creed that he attacks the Puritans, his sneers at Calvinism are nonsensical. If it is, his expressions of respect for Presbyterians must be insincere. If a European writer against Mexico, who wished to make that people odious both in the old world and the new, after drawing the most flattering distinctions in favour of our country, should begin to ridicule the Mexicans because they were republicans, and to revile them as Americans; or if a writer of church-history, in exposing the tyranny of the Romish priesthood, should constantly describe them as Episcopalians, and insinuate if not assert that



prelacy lay at the bottom of their worst misdeeds ; he would be doing very much what Dr. Coit does with respect to Calvinism, even while professing a comparative respect for the great majority of its adherents. This is a strong case, but it evidently ought not to be pressed against our author. As to the Huguenots, it is a very common notion, that they were as liberal in their creed as they were polished in their manners, and who knows whether Dr. Coit is not of this opinion? It is easy to assert, that in all his flings at Calvinism he never imputes it to the Huguenots, and that in all his panegyrics on the Huguenots he never makes allowance for their being Calvinists. It is easy to say, that every smatterer in history ought to know by this time, that in point of doctrine, the Protestants of France were the strictest sect of the Reformed, and perhaps the only one which made its clergy swear that they would never change their minds. But how unreasonable is it to expect that every body should know everything, and how uncharitable to make such mistakes a proof of bigotry or want of candour. It is plain that Dr. Coit could have no motive for offending those whom he elsewhere takes such pains to propitiate. The state of the case obviously is, that knowing Calvinism to be one of the appointed bugbears or scarecrows of his own sect, just as Laud is to the Puritans, he has unconsciously acquired the habit of never mentioning the latter without praise or the former without insult, except when he happens to remember, which is very far from being always, that according to his own account, the great body of Calvinists, throughout the world, is on his side. It would be strange indeed to make the Calvinistic doctrines answerable for the sins of Independency and Brownism, when these were never more pugnaciously opposed than by the Scotch and English Presbyterians, and when the worst defections from the Calvinistic system have occurred precisely among those who are the objects of our author's own hostility. All this he knows and has acknowledged in his book, so that if he does at times appear to say the contrary, and to describe the same class of persons as semi-pelagians and yet Calvinists *par éminence*, it cannot be from any evil motive, but because he just then knows not what he says nor whereof he affirms.

Dr. Coit having thus done the Presbyterians the jus-

tice to exclude them from the Puritanic body which it is his purpose to demolish, we feel the more emboldened to use the freedom of associates and allies in our further observations, without any fear of being charged with prejudice or party-spirit, at least on the wrong side of the question at issue. Having stated the positions which our author has assumed and undertaken to maintain, we may be expected to examine in detail the proofs and arguments by which his chivalrous pledge is here redeemed. From this, however, we must beg to be excused, for several reasons. In the first place, his arguments and proofs, as stated by himself, are avowedly all arguments *ad hominem*. His charges seem to be contingent and conditional, such as may be withdrawn as soon as his opponents withdraw theirs. If they will let the ashes of the martyred Laud rest in peace, he will cease to insult those of Cotton and the Mathers. If they will say nothing more about the act of uniformity or ejected ministers, he will say as little about quakers and witches. This compromise, of course, is nowhere formally proposed. That would be too absurd and suicidal for so shrewd a polemic. But such is undoubtedly the tone and spirit of the whole book. It would be endless to enumerate the places in which he winds up his triumphant demonstrations by expressing the hope that we shall hear no more of Laud's doing this and refusing to do that, of 'the church' making use of the Apocrypha, or excluding dissenters from her pulpits. Whether the acts charged were wrong or right in the author's judgment, whether only wrong when committed by the Puritans, and only right when perpetrated by 'the church,' we are left to conjecture or discover at our leisure. This peculiar feature of our author's argument, while it displays his dialectic skill in cornering an adversary, and his magnanimity in furnishing so obvious and easy a method of escape from his tremendous castigation, must at the same time serve as an apology for our declining to examine in detail a course of reasoning which may be abandoned by its author, if the Puritan malignants should ever repent of their injustice to 'Ap. Laud' and to 'the Church.' The whole thing, as it now stands, is precisely like a fashionable duel or a legislative fight, in which one party is miraculously convinced of the other's honour and gentility, as soon as the other ceases to

impugn his own. To interfere in such a quarrel would indeed be to act the part of one that taketh a dog by the ears.

Another reason for the same determination is, that his arguments and proofs consist almost exclusively of scraps, numerous unconnected extracts from books, to many of which we have no access, some old, some recent but ephemeral, or at least scarcely known to those who are so unhappy as not to be 'Puritans,' either by choice like Dr. Coit's opponents, or by descent like Dr. Coit himself. The book before us is a product of the episcopal controversy in its last and strangest form. We have lived to see that controversy pass through several successive states and exhibit several distinguishable phases. The simple issue once was whether the primitive church polity was presbyterian or prelatical. By degrees, more prominence was given to the exclusive character and claims of high-church episcopacy, with a corresponding change in the complexion of the whole dispute. Now that the war has been transferred to its old battle-field, New England, and especially Connecticut, it is no longer merely theoretical or prelatical, but local and historical. The weapons furnished by the armory of scripture and tradition are now pointed, if not poisoned, by the memory of colonial feuds. The annals of New England have been ransacked, and the labours of modern historical societies turned to strange account, as ammunition in this antiquarian conflict. A large part of what Dr. Coit says in his own name takes its shape, if nothing more, from something previously said by Mr. Young, or Mr. Gray, or Dr. Bacon, or the scribes of the New Englander. This, while it makes the whole affair more *piquant* to the oriental reader, greatly detracts from its effect among barbarians and gentiles. At the same time it operates, of course, to deter from all direct participation in the strife, those who have no immediate access to the records and historical collections of New England.

But we have a third excuse, by stating which we might have spared ourselves the mention of the others. It is this, that although Dr. Coit's propositions are announced with all explicitness, his proofs are to a great extent beyond our comprehension. This is of course our own fault, and we promptly take the blame upon ourselves. We must confess that we were very strongly tempted for a time to charge the book with con-

fused arrangement and a want of any settled or perspicuous method. And even now that we know better, we are greatly puzzled, on referring to the volume, by the beautiful disorder which it seems at first sight to present, not only in its random distribution into text, notes, and notes upon notes, but in the frequency with which the author says in one letter what he meant to say in the one before it, or apologizes for not having done what he proposed, or begs the reader's pardon for digressions which he never would have found out, for want of any *terminus a quo* or *terminus ad quem* by which to measure them. Supposing these to be defects of composition, they might be considered less excusable because the book is really a new and enlarged edition of an old series of letters in the *Churchman*. But we rather think that the apparent confusion of the book is owing to this very circumstance, and to the subsequent accumulation of additional references, extracts, and authorities. It needs no great experience to know, that an abundance of matter is an advantage to a writer, only when he has it at command, and has been able to reduce it, as it were, to an organic state. When for want of time, or patience, or some more essential requisite, he undertakes to work the crude mass into shape without sufficient preparation, it is no wonder that he loses himself and confounds his reader in an endless maze of digressions, repetitions, and 'developments.' It is clear from these considerations, that even if the method of the book before us were defective, the author's previous labours and accumulations, far from aggravating the offence, would extenuate it, by entitling him to plead, that when he thought to have mastered his materials, they mastered him. He seems, however, to have no need of any such excuse or palliation. So far is he from writing without a plan, that he repeatedly refers to it, particularly at the opening of his chapters or epistles, and describes the progress he has thus far made in its execution. We are just as ready to receive his testimony on this as any other point, and we therefore state, in our own words but on his authority, that the apparent want of method is not objective in the book or in its author, but subjective in the reader.

But besides the mere rhetorical confusion, of which the volume has been now acquitted, an ill-natured critic might charge

it with confusion of another and a more offensive kind. He might speciously allege that the author confounds, and as far as in him lies leads his readers to confound, the very things which ought to be most carefully distinguished; that he confounds the sober testimony of impartial witnesses with the hyperbolical invectives of excited partisans; that he confounds the absurdities and crimes of individuals with the sins and follies of communities and races; that he confounds the acts and usages of one New England colony with those of others, and of one period with those of other periods; that he even confounds (as we have already been constrained to admit) the genera and species of Puritans together, which is just as accurate and fair as it would be to throw the Papists, Anglo-Catholics, and American Methodists into one category as Episcopalians. These are certainly hard words and serious charges. But why must we resort to the hypothesis of bad faith or deliberate injustice, when the more charitable one of ignorance, mistake, or want of judgment is so obvious and available? We are sure that Dr. Coit, with all his scraps and references, does not aspire to the praise of extensive or profound acquaintance with history, or at least that he would not stickle for his credit as a great historical critic, at the expense of his truth and candour. He seems indeed, with an amiable self-renunciation, to have thrown in occasional proofs of unacquaintance with important parts of history, for the very purpose of preventing an idolatrous reliance on his testimony or authority. Without reverting to some instances of this kind which have been already mentioned, we may cite, as an illustrative example, his attempt to identify the Puritans of England with the German Anabaptists, as if the hasty superficial dictum even of a bishop could change the face of history, and convert the fruits of deep-seated indigenous causes into a crazy importation from abroad. That this must either be intended as a jest, or as a caveat against exaggerated views of his historical attainments, we may gather from the fact, that in other places he represents the first Puritans as a kind of opposition party to the government, and the whole Puritanical movement as political in origin and purpose. If so, to trace its pedigree to Jack of Munster is about as wise as it would be to represent the Anti-corn-law League in England as a capital contrivance

of the late Joe Smith, or O'Connell's agitation as fomented by John Ronge. The magnanimous self-sacrifice, with which the author contradicts himself, on this and other points of equal notoriety, may be considered as his own disclaimer of extraordinary lore in this department, and as justifying our defence of his integrity at the expense of his historical erudition.

In making this concession to our author's critics, we have carefully confined it to historical learning, because we see with what reluctance he would probably forego his pretensions to learning in general. He is justly severe upon the Puritans as despisers if not enemies of literary cultivation; triumphantly refutes Dr. Bacon's assertion that Lightfoot, Owen, and Selden, were Puritans, by saying that Bossuet, Fenelon, and Bourdaloue, were Papists; and commends Ap. Laud as having been 'a scholar,' or in other words, one who 'remembered his Virgil,' a synonymy which may help to explain a seeming fondness for certain parts of that excellent but not very recondite classic, which are usually read by boys at school. Whatever party-zeal or envy may detract from his other literary merits, even Puritan readers must confess that Dr. Coit has not forgotten his Virgil. It appears from some allusions in the book itself, that certain Puritan critics have been rash enough to talk about the 'bad style' of the author's previous lucubrations, a fool-hardy act not likely to be soon repeated. The particular faults charged upon his style are not recorded. We can easily imagine, however, that a critic of that school might accuse him of aping Cotton Mather's polyglot quaintnesses, as if his researches had not set before him many more congenial models; or upbraid him with a motley and incongruous mixture of very old English and very new American, as if this were not a merit rather than a fault, or as if it could have been avoided in a patch-work or cento of allusions, paraphrases, and quotations from the books and pamphlets of at least five centuries. Another natural effect of these peculiar studies (for we do not care to trace it any further back) is the author's indirect allusive mode of talking about facts which, for his own purpose and the sake of truth in general, ought to have been categorically stated. It may be said, with some degree of plausibility, that the book contains scarcely one clear connected statement, in plain historical form, even of the facts

which the writer seems most anxious to establish or illustrate; that he uniformly falls into the vulgar error of remarking rather than relating, talking about a thing as if already known, instead of clearly telling what it is. This has often been described as one of Gibbon's splendid faults, and one of the worst effects of his example on inferior writers; and although it does seem doubly hard to have all the indirection without any of the eloquence, yet surely Dr. Coit is not to be debarred from pleading such an authority and precedent as this. At any rate, his enemies have much more reason to rejoice in this peculiarity of manner than to make it a subject of complaint or censure.

Some of the singularities of style, which have offended these fastidious critics, owe their origin, no doubt, to the author's peculiar vein of humour. It might escape a superficial reader, that the book is intended to be very witty. Through our own neglect of this important fact, we lost some admirable *mots* on a first perusal. If we understand aright the common phrase *dry humour*, we should say that our author's vein is very dry. If he ever fails in his attempts at wit, it is certainly not for want of painful effort. He never does fail to amuse his readers, if not at the expense of others, at his own. The work was evidently meant to be an act of general retaliation on the scoffers at episcopacy, and the blasphemers of its rites and rubrics. Not only Puritan but Presbyterian sneers here meet with righteous retribution. Even the Huguenots and Dutch, if they have shared in the offence, may find themselves here punished. Two peculiar features of the author's humour deserve to be particularly mentioned. The one is his perpetual use of the interjection *oh*, which we supposed at first to be expressive of some serious emotion, but which we now perceive to have a very droll effect. The other is an occasional witty and ingenious application of familiar texts of scripture to ludicrous subjects. To the narrow minded Calvinist, who keeps the Lord's day 'as a Sabbath,' this kind of jesting may appear not only foolish but profane. Let such reflect, however, that to one who looks upon L'Estrange's *Æsop* as a classic, and L'Estrange himself as an authority, such scruples must be wholly ridiculous. How would the wits of the Restoration have disdained this Pharisaical preciseness! At the same time we

would venture to suggest that out of mere condescension to the 'tender consciences' of Puritanical readers, the author might hereafter crack his jokes on the Apocrypha, just as the church causes some of her apocryphal lessons to be read on saints' days, for the purpose of showing that she duly distinguishes between the greater and the lesser scriptures. However little, or however ill, these various *facetiae* may please the reader, it is plain that the author has a never-failing source of consolation in the zest with which he enjoys them himself. Nay, the power of sympathy must often force the most reluctant readers to be sharers in his happiness. This cordial, simple-hearted self-complacency has greatly softened the asperity and harshness which might otherwise have seemed to characterize the whole performance. After all, we believe it has impressed some critics as ill-natured. We do not say *malignant*, because that word, in Dr. Coit's vocabulary, means *cavalierish*, and is an adjective of praise. But we acquit him of the charge. The whole thing strikes us as the work of a good-natured man, trying hard to do his worst, but so delighted with his own tremendous blows, that his visible satisfaction almost neutralizes their effect.

Another thing about the temper of the book, which we can cheerfully commend, is its courageous spirit. Not only does it fearlessly encounter all opinions, all traditions, all authorities, all arguments, all evidence, without the least misgiving of defeat; but it anticipates the onsets of ferocious foes with a heroic calmness. Clearly foreseeing the immense commotion to be wrought in the hostile camp by this terrific missile, the author stands collected and prepared for martyrdom itself, if that should be the crown ordained to grace his triumph. "They tell us that on the highest of the Capsian mountains in Spain, there is a lake, whereinto if you throw a stone, there presently ascends a smoke, which forms a dense cloud, from whence comes a tempest of rain, hail, and horrid thunder-claps, for a good quarter of an hour. Our Church History will be like a stone cast into that lake, for the furious tempest it will raise among some, whose ecclesiastical dignities have set them, as on the top of Spanish mountains." These words of Mather are prefixed as a motto to the work before us, of which, in some sense, they must be descriptive. According to the sim-



plest and most obvious construction, Dr. Coit desires his book to be regarded not as a tempest but a stone, which is, in some respects, much more appropriate. None but a Puritan would venture to remind him that, according to his own chosen emblem, long before the short-lived storm has ceased to vex the surface, the stone that raised it will be quietly reposing at the bottom.

We have now sufficiently expressed our own opinion of this interesting work. It would neither be ingenuous nor wise, however, to dissemble our belief, that it will meet with critics less indulgent than ourselves. Our expectation is that there will be but three opinions with respect to it. The first is the opinion of that great and growing party, whose shibboleth appears to be the lauding of Laud. These will regard Dr. Coit's book as triumphantly successful and unanswerable. The next is the opinion of the zealous Puritans and prejudiced New Englanders. These will consider it an odious tissue of parricidal calumnies. The third is the opinion of the rest of men. This we cannot, of course, undertake to predict with so much confidence or precision. But we greatly fear that it will set the book down as consisting of a little seasonable truth, as to the excesses of pilgrim-worship and the Chinese self-complacency which frequently attends it, mixed with a vast amount of silly paradox, as to the real greatness and goodness of the founders of New England, the whole presented in a form so crude and immethodical, so tasteless and unscholarlike, so warped and disingenuous, that we ourselves may not escape reproach for having even noticed it.

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ART. VIII.—*The Unity of the Church.* By Henry Edward Manning, M. A. Archdeacon of Chichester. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1844. pp. 305.

THIS is one of the ablest productions of the Oxford school. The theory of the church which that school has embraced, is here presented historically, in the first instance, and then sustained by arguments drawn from the design of the church, as a divine institute, and the common conclusion is arrived at