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ART. I.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Some Account of the Life and Works of Sir Walter Scott. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. Boston. 1832.

During the last year, very many of the great in intellect have gone down to those mansions where the mighty rest ;— but who of that illustrious number was more fortunate in the variety of his honors, or the meekness with which he bore them,—more eminent for the silver purity of his delightful fame, than Sir Walter Scott? It is in this light that he most deserves the homage, which the world has liberally paid ; well may it kindle a vivid satisfaction in the heart of every friend of his race, to see God's highest gifts combined with virtue ; to see the starry crown of earthly honor burning on his brow, who is clothed in the beautiful garments of a kind and gentle spirit. Such examples deserve to be remembered, and held up to the admiration of mankind ; they redeem and vindicate our nature.

Whatever the cause may be, it is too late to deny the fact, that men have hastened to bow down to the literary as well as warlike idols, who insult and spurn them. We have followed with insane admiration the march of conquerors, even when their path of blood and fire has gone over our own dwellings ; we have hung with rapture on the lips of the poetical philosophers, who laugh at virtue as a dream, and

G. B. Cheever

ART. VII.—*Southey's Life of Bunyan.*

The Pilgrim's Progress. With a Life of John Bunyan.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL. D., Poet Laureate,
&c. &c. &c., and Illustrations by Martin and Harvey.
London. 1830.

The seventeenth century in English Literature is a period we love to dwell upon. There is nothing in any other nation to be compared with it. It is an age to study; a vast Peruvian mine; its riches are inexhaustible, because it is the Empire of THOUGHT. Gold became like iron, and silver like stones in the street. The whole aspect of the age is one of massy, cumbrous, intellectual magnificence. Their intellectual enterprises, like their scale of architecture, were gigantic. Immense buttresses supported the battlemented walls of their castles; great oaken beams roofed their halls; so, the very frame-work of their mental edifices, it would take the libraries of Europe to supply, and the giants of old to put together.

The power of the English tongue was tried in every way. It blazes with magnificence; subdues by its strength; and charms by its surpassing simplicity. The native energies and original traits of the nation were tried and displayed in like manner. The period succeeding the Reformation was exuberantly productive of great and good men. It was like the soil beneath a North American forest, when its bosom has been opened to the light in a *clearing*, and its accumulated mould of a thousand years upturned to the sun, and laid in rich furrows by the plough. The influence of Luther's intellect abroad was accompanied in England by peculiar commotions, both religious and civil, which dispelled the lethargy of the national mind, heaving it into surges from its most silent depths. Then arose men, whose names will be watchwords of glory to the human race.

Among the host of venerated names that adorn the history of this period, if we should select five, as indicating perhaps the most original and powerful minds that England ever nourished, they would be these:—Dr. Henry More, John Milton, Shakspeare, Bacon, and John Bunyan. Of these, for origi-

nality of genius, Bunyan stands in the foremost rank. Compare his intellectual discipline with that of Shakspeare, and it will be found, that, though neither of them had much to boast on the score of education, Shakspeare's was immeasurably superior. Almost the only books Bunyan ever read (at least before he wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*) were the Bible, the *Book of Martyrs*, and two volumes, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*, which formed the marriage portion of his wife. Of this latter book, composed by Bayley, Bishop of Bangor, more than fifty editions are said to have been published in the course of a hundred years.

Bunyan, more than others, was a mind from the people. He worked his way out of the ignorance and vice by which he was surrounded, against much opposition, and with scarcely the slightest aid from any of his fellow creatures. His genius pursued a path dictated by his piety, and one that no other being in the world ever pursued before him. The light that first broke through his darkness was from Heaven. It found him, even that being who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, coarse, profane, boisterous, and almost brutal. It shone before him, and with a single eye he followed it, till his native City of Destruction could no longer be seen in the distance, till his moral deformities fell from him, and his garments became purity and light. The Spirit of God was his teacher; the very discipline of his intellect was a spiritual discipline; the conflicts that his soul sustained with the Powers of Darkness were the very sources of his intellectual strength.

Southey calls the experience of this man, in one stage of it, a burning and feverish enthusiasm. Cowper, in one of his letters to Lady Hesketh, after describing his own feelings, remarks, 'What I have written would appear like enthusiasm to many, for we are apt to give that name to every warm affection of the mind in others, which we have not experienced in ourselves.' We incline to think that Southey, with all his talent, is incapable of fully appreciating a character of such directness and originality as that of Bunyan, or of doing justice to the workings of his mind. It would have been the truth, as well as the better philosophy, if he had said that the Spirit of God was preparing Bunyan, by that severe discipline, to send forth into the world the *Pilgrim's Progress*. And when he was at length prepared for the task, then an over-

ruling Providence placed him, through the instrumentality of his own enemies, in the prison of Bedford to accomplish it.

Bunyan has given a powerful relation of his own religious experience, in a little work entitled 'Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' He says of it himself, 'I could have stepped into a style much higher than this, in which I have here discoursed, and could have adorned all things more than here I have seemed to do: but I dare not.' The very extreme plainness of this work adds to its power. Never was the inward life of any being depicted with more vehement and burning language: it is an intensely vivid description of the workings of a mind of the keenest sensibility and most fervid imagination, convinced of guilt, and fully awake to all the dread realities of Eternity. In this work we behold not only the general discipline by which Bunyan attained that spiritual wisdom and experience exhibited in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but there are particular passages of it, in which we see the evident germs of that work of genius.

'While Bunyan was in this state,' says Mr. Southey, 'a translation of Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians fell into his hands, an old book, so tattered and thumb-worn, "that it was ready to fall piece from piece, if he did but turn it over." Here, in the work of that passionate and mighty mind, he saw his own soul reflected as in a glass. "I had but a little way perused it," he says, "when I found my condition in his experience so largely and profoundly handled, as if his book had been written out of my heart." And in later life he thought it his duty to declare, that he preferred this book of Martin Luther before all the books he had ever seen, (the Bible alone excepted) as fittest for a wounded conscience.'

Southey quotes a passage from one of Bunyan's works, which he says is 'worthy of notice, because it is in Bishop Latimer's vein.' Those of our readers, who are familiar with the writings of Luther, will recognise in it a strong resemblance to the manner of the great reformer. Of the work from which it is extracted, Southey says,

'No doubt it contains the substance of some of his sermons; and to sermons in such a strain, however hearers might differ in taste and in opinions, there are none who would not listen.'—
'They that will have Heaven must run for it, because the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death and Hell follow them. There is never a

poor soul that is going to Heaven, but the Devil, the Law, Sin, Death and Hell make after that soul. 'The Devil, your adversary, as a roaring Lion, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour.' And I will assure you, the Devil is nimble; he can run apace; he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the Law! that can shoot a great way: have a care thou keep out of the reach of those great guns the Ten Commandments! Hell also hath a wide mouth; and can stretch itself farther than you are aware of! And as the Angel said to Lot, 'take heed, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all this plain, (that is, any where between this and Heaven,) lest thou be consumed,' so say I to thee, take heed, tarry not, lest either the Devil, Hell, Death, or the fearful curses of the Law of God do overtake thee, and throw thee down in the midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and recover again. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, they that will have Heaven must run for it.

Bunyan always preached 'what he saw and felt,' and so the character of his preaching varied with the aspect which Divine Truth, in the coloring of his personal hopes and fears, wore to his own soul. How he preached, when himself amidst the terrors of his own Pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, may be gathered from his own mouth.

'This part of my work,' says he, 'I fulfilled with great sense: for the terrors of the Law, and Guilt for my transgressions, lay heavy upon my conscience. I preached what I felt,—what smartingly I did feel,—even that under which my poor soul did groan and tremble to astonishment. Indeed I have been as one sent to them from the dead. I went myself in chains, to preach to them in chains; and carried that fire in my own conscience, that I persuaded them to be aware of. I can truly say, that when I have been to preach, I have gone full of Guilt and Terror even to the Pulpit door; and there it hath been taken off, and I have been at liberty in my mind until I have done my work; and then immediately, even before I could get down the Pulpit stairs, I have been as bad as I was before. Yet God carried me on; but surely with a strong hand, for neither Guilt nor Hell could take me off my work.'

Bunyan's features of character were naturally strong, and good, so far as unperverted. Yet if he had not been turned towards Heaven, he was likely to make a man of great wickedness.

Had he been pursuing his humble occupation when Matthew, Peter, and John were upon earth, his was a character of such native elements, that he might perhaps have been chosen as one of their associates in the work of the primitive Gospel ministry. Our Saviour committed the Gospel to unlearned but not to ignorant men ; and Bunyan, though illiterate, was not ignorant ; no man is so who, believing with the heart in Him who is the Light of the world, beholds Spiritual Realities, and acts with reference to them. 'The fears,' says Mr. Coleridge, in the *Aids to Reflection*, 'the hopes, the remembrances, the anticipations, the inward and outward experience, the belief and the faith of a Christian, form of themselves a philosophy, and a sum of knowledge, which a life spent in the grove of Academus, or the painted porch, could not have attained or collected.'

Bunyan's imagination was powerful enough, in connexion with his belief in God's superintending Providence, to array his inward trials with a sensible shape, and external events with a light reflected from his own experience ; hopes and fears were friends and enemies ; acting in concert with these, all things he met with in the world were friends or enemies likewise, according as they aided or opposed his spiritual life. He acted always under one character, the Christian Soldier, realizing, in his own conflicts and conquests, the Progress of his own Pilgrim. Therefore his book is a perfect Reality in oneness as a whole, and in every page a book not of imaginations and shadows, but of Realities experienced. To those who have never set out on this pilgrimage, nor encountered its dangers, it is interesting, as would be a book powerfully written of travels in an unknown, romantic land. Regarded as a work of original genius simply, without taking into view its spiritual meaning, it is a wonder to all, and cannot cease to be. Though a book of personification and allegory, it enchants the simplest child, as powerfully, almost, as the story of Aladdin and his Lamp, or the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor, or the history of Robinson Crusoe himself. It is interesting to all, who have any taste for poetical beauty, in the same manner as Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or we might mention, especially, for the similar absorbing interest we take in all that happens to the hero, Homer's *Odyssey*.

Yet its interest for the imagination is in reality the smallest part of its power ; and it will be pleasing to the imagination,

just in proportion as the mind of the reader has been accustomed to interpret the things of this life by their connexion with another, and by the light that comes from that world to this. A reader who has not formed this habit, nor ever felt that he is a stranger and pilgrim in a world of temptations and snares, can see but half the beauty of such poetry as fills this work, because it cannot make its appeal to his own experience; for him there is nothing within, that tells more certainly than any process of judgment or criticism, the truth and sweetness of the picture; there is no reflection of its images, nor interpretation of its meaning, in his own soul. The Christian, the actual Pilgrim, reads it with another eye. It comes to his heart. It is like a painting meant to be exhibited by fire-light: the common reader sees it by day. To the Christian, it is a glorious transparency; and the light that shines through it, and gives its incidents such life, its colors such depth, and the whole scene such a surpassing glory, is light from Eternity, the meaning of Heaven.

We repeat it, therefore, as a truth which to us seems very evident, that the true beauty of the allegory in the *Pilgrim's Progress* can only be felt by a religious mind. No one, indeed, can avoid admiring it. The honest nature in the characters, their homely truth, the simplicity and good sense of the conversations, the beauty of the incidents, the sweetness of the scenery through which the reader is conducted, the purity of the language,

The humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
To teach the gayest, make the gravest smile,

all these things to the eye of the merest critic are beautiful, and he who loves to read Shakspeare will admire them, and on common ground. But such a reader, in respect to the veiled beauty of the allegory, is like a deaf man, to whom you speak of the sweetness of musical sounds. Of the faithfulness with which Bunyan has depicted the inward trials of the Christian conflict, of the depth and power of the appeal which that book makes to the Christian's heart, of the accuracy and beauty of the map therein drawn of the dealings of the Spirit of God in leading the sinner from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion above, he knows and can conceive nothing. It is like Milton's daughters reading aloud from his Hebrew Bible to the blind poet, while they could only pro-

nounce the words, but were ignorant of the sacred meaning, nor could divine the nature of the inspiration it excited in his soul. Little can such a reader see

—————Of all that power
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.

And we might go on to express, in Wordsworth's delightful poetry, what is the utmost of the admiration excited by a common and not a Christian perusal of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The western sky did recompense us well
With Grecian temple, minaret and bower ;
And in one part, a minster with its tower
Substantially expressed.—————

—————Many a glorious pile
Did we behold, fair sights, that might repay
All disappointment ! and, as such, the eye
Delighted in them ; but we felt, the while,
We should forget them.—————

The grove, the skybuilt temple, and the dome,
Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home.
The immortal mind craves objects that endure.

Yes ! it is perfectly true, that no critical admiration of this work, overlooking its immortal meaning, sees any thing of its enduring beauty ; to look at it aright, we need a portion of the same spiritual faith by which it was inspired, by which only it can be explained.

Who scoffs these sympathies,
Makes mock of the Divinity within.

In the light of eternity this book is as far superior to a common poem of this world, or of man's temporal being and affections, as the soul of man is superior to the clod it inhabits. Whatever connects itself with man's spiritual being, turns his attention to spiritual interests and realities, and rouses his imagination to take hold on eternity, for whose infinitude this divine faculty, whose range no power but the Being that created it can circumscribe, is so well adapted, possesses, the mere philosopher would say, a dignity and power, with which nothing else can be invested. Religion does this. In her range of contemplation there is truer and deeper poetry, than in the whole

world and all man's being else. Dr. Johnson, in the *Life of Waller*, advances the strange opinion, that devotion is not a fit subject for poetry, and, in his dogmatical way, dedicates some space to an enquiry why it is so. 'Contemplative poetry,' he says, 'or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.' In this sweeping style he proceeds with criticism that, notwithstanding our deference for his great intellect and name, might be shown on philosophical grounds to be as poor, as the assertions are authoritative. The very definition of poetry is a most degrading one; and it is the only one to which the reasoning will at all apply; the whole passage shows what a low estimation and false views the 'wits' of the 'Augustan age' of English literature possessed of the greatest of all intellectual subjects. It would not have been thought, that a being who could admire the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as Johnson did, would have reasoned in this manner. That book itself is a refutation of the sentiment quoted; so is *Cowper's Task*; so is *Blair's Grave*; so is even *George Herbert's* little volume of devotional poetry.

And how can it be otherwise? If man is not a mere creature of this world, if his vision is not restricted to the shadows that have closed around him, if he is connected with another, an eternal world, a world of higher intelligences, of angels, and archangels, and beings pure from sin;—a world, where the Creator of this and of all worlds manifests his immediate presence, where the veil of flesh will no longer be held before the eye of the soul:—and if, by the revelation which God has made, and by communion with his Maker through Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, man becomes acquainted by inward experience, and that faith, which is the soul's spiritual vision, with the powers of that world to come,—then will those far-seen visions, and all the objects of this world on which light from that world falls, and all man's thoughts, affections, and movements in regard to that world, possess an interest and wear a glory, that makes them more appropriately

the province of the poetical imagination, than any other subjects in the Universe. And the poetry of this world will rise in magnificence, in proportion as it borrows or reflects the light from that.

From worlds not quickened by the sun,
A portion of the gift is won ;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread !

All truth, to the humble mind, is poetry ; spiritual truth is eminently so. We long to witness a better understanding of its sublime laws, an acknowledgment of its great fountain, and a more worthy appreciation of its nature ;—to have it felt and acknowledged that there is poetry in this world, only because light from Heaven shines upon it, because it is full of hieroglyphics whose meaning points to the Eternal World, because man is immortal, and this world is only the habitation of his infancy, and possesses power to rouse his imagination only in proportion as it is invested with moral grandeur by his own wonderful destiny, and by the light reflected down upon it from the habitation of angels. *All on earth is shadow ; all in Heaven is substance.* Truly, as well as feelingly, did Burke exclaim, ‘ What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue ! ’ We are encompassed by shadows and fitting apparitions and semi-transparencies, that wear the similitude of greatness, only because they are near us and interposed between our vision and the world of eternal reality and light. Man of the world, you know not what poetry is, till you know God, and can hail in every created thing the manifestation of omnipresent Deity ! Look at the highest creations of the art, and behold how they owe their power over the human soul to the presence of the idea of that Being, the thought of whom transfigures the movements of the imagination with glory, and makes language itself almost divine ! What is it that gives to Coleridge's ‘ Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny ’ the deep, unutterable sublimity, that awes the soul into worship, and suffuses the eye with swelling tears ? What, but the thought of Him, to whose praise that stupendous mountain with its sky-pointing peaks, and robe of silent cataracts, rises ‘ like a cloud of incense from the earth ? ’

Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !

Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Surely, there is a spiritual world, and it is a world of light and grandeur! Man's relation to it is the greatest theme, that poet or philosopher ever yet exercised his powers upon. It broods over him 'like the day,'

—————A master o'er a slave,—
 A presence which is not to be put by!

The truths, that man is fallen,—exposed, because of sin, to the just indignation of God,—in peril of his soul forever,—the object of all the stupendous histories and scenes of revelation recorded in the Bible,—surrounded by dangers, and directed how to avoid them,—pointed to Heaven, and told what to do that he may enter there, and watched in all his course with anxiety by heavenly spirits, do, rightly considered, throw round every spiritual movement a thrilling, absorbing interest; an interest, for the individual who knows and feels it personally, too deep and awful, till he is in a place of safety, to be the subject of poetry. He can no more command attention to the sublimity of his situation, than Lot, hurried by the hand of the angel to Zoar, with the storm of fire rushing after him, could have stood to admire burning Sodom and Gomorrah. It was not amidst his distressing conflicts with the enemy, when it seemed as if his soul would be wrested from his body, that a thought of the Pilgrim's Progress came in upon the author's mind. It was when the Fiend had spread his dragon wings and fled forever, and the hand came to him with leaves of the Tree of Life, and the presence of God gladdened him, and on the mountain summit light shone around him, and a blessed prospect stretched before him, with the Celestial City at its close, that that sweet vision rose upon his view. To the Pilgrim, looking back from a safe resting-place, all the way is fraught with poetical recollections and associations. His imagination now sees a spiritual life full of beauty. In the new light that shines upon him, he loves to retrace it again and again, and to lift his hands in grateful, speechless

wonder, at the unutterable goodness of the Lord of the Way. He is like Jacob, sleeping in the open air at Padan-Aram, and dreaming of Heaven: angels of God are ascending and descending continually before his sight. His are no longer the

Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

but the rejoicings of a weary Pilgrim, on whose forehead the mark of Heaven has been placed, and who sees close at hand his everlasting rest. Once within the Strait Gate, and in the holy confidence of being a Pilgrim bound from the City of Destruction to the City of Immanuel, and all past circumstances of trial and danger, or of unexpected relief and security, wear a charmed aspect. Light from a better world shines upon them. Distance softens and lends enchantment to the view. Proof from experience as well as warnings from above, shows how many dangerous places he has passed, how many concealed and malignant enemies were here and there lying in ambush around him, and in how many instances there were hair-breadth escapes from ruin. There were the Slough of Despond, the fiery darts at the entrance to the Wicket Gate, the Hill Difficulty, that pleasant Arbour, where he lost his roll of assurance, the Lions that so terrified him, when in the darkness of evening he could not see that they were chained; there was that dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, and that dread conflict with Apollyon before it. There were those fearful days and nights passed in the dungeon of the Castle of Giant Despair, and the joyful escape from his territories. There were the land Beulah, and the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground, and all the glimpses of the Holy City, not dreamlike, but distinct and full of glory, breaking in upon the vision, to last, 'in the savor of them,' for many days and nights of the blessed Pilgrimage! Ingenious Dreamer, who could invest a life of such realities with a coloring so full of Heaven? Who can wonder at the affectionate sympathy with which a heart like Cowper's was wont to turn to thee?

And e'en in transitory life's late day,
That mingled all his brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul of God.

D'Israeli has well designated Bunyan as the Spenser of the people; every one familiar with the *Fairy Queen* must acknowledge the truth of the description. If it were not apparently incongruous, we would call him, on another score, the spiritual Shakspeare of the world: for the accuracy and charm with which he has delineated the changes and progress of the spiritual life are not less exquisite, than that of Shakspeare in the *Seven Ages* and innumerable scenes of the human life. He is not less to be praised than Shakspeare, for the purity of his language and the natural simplicity of his style. It comes even nearer to the common diction of good conversation. Its idioms are genuine English in their most original state, unmingled with any external ornament, and of a beauty unborrowed from any foreign shades of expression. We know of but one word that is not native English, in the whole book, and that is one, the humorous appropriateness of which our readers, who remember the character of *By-ends*, who was for Religion in her silver slippers, will recognise in the following extract.

‘Now I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him; but one of them looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends; and behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low *congée*, and they also gave him a compliment. The men’s names were, *Mr. Hold-the-world*, *Mr. Money-love*, and *Mr. Save-all*; men that Mr. By-ends had formerly been acquainted with; for, in their minority they were school-fellows, and were taught by one *Mr. Gripe-man*, a school-master in Love-gain, which is a market-town in the country of Coveting in the north. This school-master taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that they could each of them have kept such a school themselves.’

Of the best part of our language, Bunyan was a master: he became so in the study of the Bible. It was his book of all learning; for years he studied it as for his life. No bewildered mariner, in a crazy bark, on an unknown sea, amidst sunken reefs and dangerous shallows, ever pondered his chart with half the earnestness. It was as if life or death depended on every time he opened it, and every line he read. ‘The Scriptures were wonderful things’ to him. The fear of ‘those sentences that stood against me, as sometimes I thought they

every one did,—made me with careful heart and watchful eye, with great fearfulness, to turn over every leaf, and with much diligence, mixed with trembling, to consider every sentence with its natural force and latitude.' Now would he 'leap into the bosom of that promise, that yet he feared did shut its heart against him. Now also I would labor to take the word as God hath laid it down, without restraining the natural force of one syllable thereof. Oh! what did I now see in that blessed sixth of John, "and him that comes to me, I will in no wise cast out."—Oh, many a pull hath my heart had with Satan for that blessed sixth of John!—A word! a word! to lean a weary soul upon, that it might not sink forever! 't was that I hunted for! Yea, often, when I have been making to the promise, I have seen as if the Lord would refuse my soul forever: I was often as if I had run upon the pikes, and as if the Lord had thrust at me, to keep me from him, as with a flaming sword!'

Here is the secret of his knowledge of the Bible; and his intense study of the Bible is the secret of the purity of his English style. The fervor of the Poet's soul, acting through the medium of such a language as he learned from our common translation of the Scriptures, has produced some of the most admirable specimens in existence of the homely power and familiar beauty of the English tongue. There are passages even in the 'Grace Abounding,' which, for homely fervidness and power of expression, might be placed side by side with any thing in the most admired authors, and not suffer in the comparison. As long as the Bible, in its present translation, is the property of all who read English, while the Pilgrim's Progress is the book of the people, and the merit of Shakspeare rightly appreciated, we need not fear any great corruption in the English tongue.

The allegorical image of a pilgrimage is beautifully adapted to express the dangers and hardships of the Christian life; a pilgrimage, with a glorious city at its end, into which the weary but faithful pilgrim shall be received to repose forever from his toils. Every thing connected with the idea is pleasant to the imagination. It has been the origin of many beautiful hymns. Some of our readers will call to mind the one, beginning 'Jerusalem, my happy home!' The glories of the Celestial City, and the employments of its inhabitants, are the sources of many images in the Bible, and constitute much of

the poetry in the Apocalypse. And these images always had a powerful effect upon the inmost soul of Bunyan. Spenser remembered them not a little. The following beautiful stanzas from the *Fairy Queen* are a picture in miniature of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

From thence far off he unto him did show
 A little path, that was both steep and long,
 Which to a goodly city led his view,
 Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
 Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song !
 The city of the great King hight it well,
 Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed angels to and fro descend
 From highest Heaven, in gladsome company,
 And with great joy into that city wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his friend ;
 Whereat he wondered much, and 'gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towers into the starry sphere,
 And what unknown nation there empeopled were.

The poetry of the Bible was not less the source of Bunyan's poetical power, than the study of the whole Scriptures was the source of his simplicity and purity of style. His heart was not only made new by the spirit of the Bible, but his whole intellectual being was penetrated and transfigured by its influence. He brought the spirit and power, gathered from so long and exclusive a communion with the prophets and apostles, to the composition of every page of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. To the habit of mind thus induced, and the workings of an imagination thus disciplined, may be traced the simplicity of all his imagery, and the power of his personifications. The spirit of his work is Hebrew ; we may trace the mingled influence both of David and Isaiah in the character of his genius ; and as to the images in the sacred poets, he is lavish in the use of them in the most natural and unconscious manner possible ; his mind was imbued with them. He is indeed the only poet, whose genius was nourished entirely by the Bible. The following short extract would be enough without any

thing else to vindicate to him this title, and to show how he thought in Scripture imagery.

‘ Now I saw in my dream that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season ; yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day ; wherefore, this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair ; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to ; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land also the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed ; yea, here, “ as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth their God rejoice over them.” ’

A great characteristic of original genius, perhaps its greatest proof, and one which Bunyan possessed in common with Shakespeare, is its spontaneous exertion ; the evidence of having written without labor, and without the consciousness of doing any thing remarkable, or the ambitious aim of performing a great work. The thought ‘ how will this please ? ’ has no power as a motive, nor is it ever suggested to such minds : the greatest efforts of genius seem as natural to it, as it is for common men to breathe. In this view Bunyan’s work comes nearer to the poetry of the Hebrews in its character, than any other human composition. He wrote from the impulse of his genius, sanctified and illuminated by a heavenly influence ; and its movements were as artless, as the movements of a little child left to play upon the green by itself ; as if, indeed, he had exerted no voluntary supervision whatever over its exercise. Every thing is as natural and unconstrained, as if there had been no other breather in this world but himself, no being to whose inspection the work he was producing could ever possibly be exhibited, and no rule or model with which it could ever be compared.

We can imagine this suffering Christian and unconscious poet, in the gloom of his prison, solacing his mind with its own visions as they came in one after another, like heaven-

ly pictures to his imagination. They were so pleasant, that he could not but give them reality, and when he found how they accumulated, then first did the *ideal* of his Pilgrim's Progress rise before his view. Then did he, with the pervading, informing, and transfusing power of genius, melt the materials and mould them into shape. He put the pictures into one grand allegory, with the meaning of Heaven shining over the whole, and a separate interest and beauty in every separate part. It is an allegory conducted with such symmetry and faithfulness, that it never tires in its examination, but discloses continually new meaning to the mind, and speaks to the heart of the Pilgrim volumes of mingled encouragement, warning and instruction.

We know of no other work, in which we take a deeper sympathetic interest in all the circumstances of danger, trial, or happiness, befalling the hero. The honesty, integrity, open-heartedness, humor, simplicity, and deep sensibility of Christian's character, make us love him: nor is there a character depicted in all English literature, that stands out to the mind in bolder truth and originality. There is a wonderful charm and truth to nature, in Christian's manifest growth in grace and wisdom. What a different being is Christian on the Delectable Mountains, or in the land Beulah, and Christian when he first set out on his Pilgrimage! And yet, he is always the same being; we recognise him at once. The change is not of the original features of his character, but a change into the character of the 'Lord of the Way,' a gradual imbuing with his spirit, a change, in Paul's expressive language, 'from glory to glory into the same image.' In proportion as he arrives nearer the Celestial City, he shines brighter, his character unfolds in greater richness, he commands more veneration from us, without losing any of our affection. As we witness his steadily increasing lustre, we think of that beautiful Scripture image, 'the path of the just is as a shining light, that shineth brighter and brighter unto the Perfect Day.' From being an unwary Pilgrim, just setting out, with all the rags of the City of Destruction about him, and the burden of guilt bending him down, he becomes that delightful character, an experienced Christian; with the robe given him by the Shining Ones shining brighter and brighter, and the roll of assurance becoming clearer, and faith growing stronger, and courage more confirmed and steady, and in broader and broader light Heaven reflected

from his countenance. We go with him in his Pilgrimage all the way. We enter the Interpreter's House; we see all the rarities which the Lord of the Way keeps there for the entertainment of the Pilgrims; we turn aside from the rough path to go in the soft meadow; we are overtaken by the storm; we fall into Giant Despair's Castle, we are there from Wednesday noon till Saturday night;—there never was a poem, into which we entered so wholly, and with all the heart, and in such fervent love and believing assurance.

All this admirable accuracy and beauty Bunyan wrought seemingly without design. It was not so much an exertion, a labor of his mind, as the promptings and wanderings at will of his unconscious genius. He never thought of doing all this, but he did it. He was a child under the power and guidance of his genius, and with a child's admiration he would look upon the creations, which his own imagination presented to his mind. Thus Bunyan went on, painting that narrow way, and the exquisite scenery each side of it, and the many characters crossing, appearing, and passing at a distance, and Christian and Hopeful on their way, and making every part of the picture, as he proceeded, harmonize with the whole, and yet add anew to its meaning, and all with as much quiet unconscious ease and simplicity, as an infant would put together its baby-house of cards, or as the frost on a winter's night would draw a picture on the window.

The minute passages of beauty in this work from beginning to end are so many, that we can scarcely make a selection. Of the 'rarities' we saw at the house of the Interpreter, besides that terrible picture of the *Man of Despair*, we well remember with what power the dream of the Judgment that one told to Christian affected our youthful imagination, and how the description of that 'venturous man that cut his way through the armed men, and won eternal glory, did ravish our heart.' It is not a less stirring passage to us now.

'I saw also that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted; he saw also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, may we go in thither?

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up toward the door of the palace; and behold, at the door stood a great compa-

ny of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the names of them that should enter therein : he saw also that in the door-way stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze ; at last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, Set down my name, Sir ; the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put a helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force ; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace ; at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying,

Come in, come in :
Eternal Glory thou shalt win !

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they. Then Christian smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.'

The comparison of Christian's and Faithful's experience is beautiful ; so is Faithful's description of a bold fellow he met in the Valley of Humiliation,—Shame. The character of Talkative, and the way they took to prove him, are excellent. Their passage through Vanity Fair, and the whole trial in that town, with the names of the jurors and judges, and the characteristic speeches of each, are admirably described. The character of By-ends, and the humor and keen satire in the dialogue between By-ends, Money-love, Save-all, and Hold-the-world, are equally admirable. Then we may remember that pleasant River, and the roughness of the road where it parted from that River, so that it made them not scrupulous to get over the stile, and walk in By-Path Meadow, where that tempestuous night came on ; and though amidst the darkness they heard a voice sounding, Let thy feet be to the King's highway, yet with all the effort they made, they could not that night regain it, but trespassed on Giant Despair's grounds, and fell into his castle. It was a pleasant

thing to see the Pilgrims, when they had escaped the Giant, and got again to the King's Highway, and so were safe, devising an inscription, to keep those that should come after from falling, as they did, into the hands of Giant Despair. 'Over this stile is the way to Doubting-Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy Pilgrims.' On the Delectable Mountains, they saw some pleasant and admonitory sights. When the Shepherds unconsciously were telling Hopeful and Christian of Doubting-Castle and Giant Despair, Christian and Hopeful looked meaningly on one another, and the tears gushed out, but they said nothing. It is also a beautiful incident, when, though they were bidden to look through the telescope at the Celestial City, in the distance, their hands so trembled at the remembrance of the dangers they had seen, that they could not hold the glass so as to discern it with any clearness. The dialogue between Hopeful and Christian on Little-Faith's misfortunes is exceedingly characteristic and full of humor.

The scenery, and the countries all the way that lie on both sides the path, are in perfect keeping with the whole allegory. So are the paths, that 'butt down,' on the King's highway, by which many enter, because the right way is too far round, not entering at the Wicket Gate, through which Christian, Faithful and Hopeful entered, after sore difficulties encountered. The characters we meet here and there on the road, that have entered by such lanes and cross-paths, are equally in keeping, and as they come successively under Christian's observation, it is amusing to see the manner in which, by turns, their real character is exposed in his honest, plain dealing, rugged and humorous way. The conversation of Hopeful and Christian all along is truly delightful. It is as becometh saints; grave, sincere, full of goodness and discrimination, with much cheerful pleasantry; exhibiting Hopeful's youthful inexperience and ardor, and Christian's superior experience, richness of thought, frankness and kindness. They walk together so lovingly, so sympathizing, so faithful to each other, that all must acknowledge they are a perfect example of the brotherly kindness, becoming the fellow-pilgrims of that Way.

Between the first and second parts of the Pilgrim's Progress there is a diversity, that may be compared to that be-

tween the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. Milton's genius, in his second effort, appeared not less than

'The excess of glory obscured.'

In the second part of Bunyan's *Work*, we readily recognise, and are pleased to follow, the footsteps of that original genius, which has so delighted us in the first. Yet we feel that the region is inferior; there is more familiarity and humor, but less poetry, and though there is the same vigorous delineation of character, the allegory is imperfect. We doubt if our readers ever happened on a more amusing account of a courtship than the following, which took place while the parties were at the House of the Interpreter.

'Now, by that these Pilgrims had been at this place a week, Mercy had a visiter, that pretended some good will unto her, and his name was *Mr. Brisk*, a man of some breeding, but a man that stuck very close to the world. So he came once or twice, or more, to Mercy, and offered love unto her. Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring. Her mind also was to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making of hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And *Mr. Brisk*, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife, quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared, a stranger to the power of that which is good.

Nay, then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given him; her continuing so as she had begun to do for the poor, would quickly cool his courage.

So the next time he comes, he finds her at her old work, a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, What! always at it? Yes, said she, either for myself or others. And what canst thee earn a-day? quoth he. I do these things, said she, '*that I may be rich in good works, laying a good foundation for the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.*' Why, pr'ythee, what doest thou with them? said he. Clothe the naked, said she.

With that his countenance fell. So he forbore to come at her again; and when he was asked the reason why, he said "that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions." "

Southey has scarcely done justice to Bunyan's rhymes, in quoting the doggerel which he wrote beneath the plates in the *Book of Martyrs*. Some snatches of melody in the second part of the *Pilgrimage* show the true poet.

'Christiana thought she heard, in a grove a little way off on the right hand, a most curious melodious note, with words much like these :

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly showed to me,
That in thy house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be.

And, listening still, she thought she heard another answer it, saying,

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Prudence told her they were the 'country birds;' 'also they make the woods, and groves, and solitary places, places desirous to be in.'

Now as they were going along and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favored countenance, and as he sat by himself he sung. Hark! said Mr. Great-heart, to what the shepherd's boy saith. So they hearkened, and he said,

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on *Pilgrimage*:
Here bitter, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

Then said their guide, do you hear him? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of that herb called *Heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet!

Perhaps no other work could be named, which, admired by cultivated minds, has had at the same time such an ameliorating effect on the lower classes in society, as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a book so full of native good sense, that no mind can read it without gaining in wisdom and vigor of judgment. What an amazing effect it must have produced in this way, on the mass of common minds brought under its power! We cannot compute the good it has thus accomplished on earth. It is one of the books, that by being connected with the dearest associations of childhood, always retains its hold on the heart, and exerts a double influence, when, at a graver age, and less under the despotism given to imagination in childhood, we read it with a serene and thoughtful perception of its meaning. How many children have become better citizens of the world through life, from the perusal of this book, almost in infancy! And how many, through its instrumentality, may have been fitted after life to live forever! The Christian Warfare is here arrayed in the glow of imagination to make it attractive. How many Pilgrims, in hours when perseverance was almost exhausted, and patience was yielding, and clouds and darkness were gathering, have felt a sudden return of animation and courage, from the remembrance of Christian's severe conflicts, and his glorious entrance at last through the gates into the city!

As the work draws to its conclusion, the Poet's soul seems to expand with the glory of the subject. The description of Christian's and Hopeful's entrance up through the regions of the air into the Celestial City, preceded by the touching account of their passing the River of Death, though composed of the simplest materials, and depicted in the simplest language, with Scripture imagery almost exclusively, constitutes one of the finest passages in English literature. The Shining Ones, and the beauty and glory of their conversation; the Angels and their melodious notes; the Pilgrims among them, 'in Heaven as it were before they came at it;' the city itself in view, and all the bells ringing for joy of their welcome; 'the warm and joyful thoughts they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that forever and ever;' the letters of gold written over the gate; the transfiguration of the men as they entered, and the raiment put on them, that shone like gold; the harps and crowns given them, 'the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor;' the bells in the city ringing again for joy; the shout of welcome, 'ENTER YE

INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD ;' the men themselves singing with a loud voice, BLESSING AND HONOR AND GLORY AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, AND UNTO THE LAMB, FOREVER AND EVER !

' Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun ; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men, with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings ; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, ' Holy, holy, holy is the Lord ! ' And after that they shut up the gates ; *which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.*'

That CITY ! The genius of Martin fails to delineate its architectural splendors. Yet his is a magnificent engraving. Those mighty domes, piles far-stretching into dimness, city after city sinking at length into indistinguishable splendor, and lost in light !

—————We stand and gaze
On those bright steps, that Heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound !

In thinking of the Pilgrim's Progress, and of Bunyan its author ; of his labors and sufferings, his sins, repentance, and forgiveness ; of the wave of happiness he has set in motion to roll on through time, and not be lost, but grow deeper and broader as it swells into the Ocean of Eternity ; and of the overruling Providence so remarkably exhibited in his life, we wish our readers to apply the remark of one, whose writings are a treasure of philosophical and spiritual wisdom, Henry More.

' The whole plot of the world being contrived by Infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are but a *show*, but the delight *real* to such as are not wicked and impious ; and that what the ignorant call evil in this Universe, is but as a shadowy stroke in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and express, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting.'*

In the Pilgrim's Progress, there is a charming passage,

* Immortality of the Soul. Book 3. chap. 15. Sec. 9.

descriptive of the Pilgrim's entertainment in the Palace Beautiful, which was thus: 'The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.'—A great and thoughtful Poet, who 'loves the flower as his own child, and sees a beauty in the ragged bur,' has written a poem, with this sentence as its motto, which he has entitled 'Day-break,' and which closes with the following stanza.*

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft
 Shot 'thwart the Earth!—In crown of living fire
 Up comes the Day!—As if they, conscious, quaffed
 The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire,
 Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!
 The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!
 And, pining Discontent, like them, expire!
 Be called my chamber, PEACE, when ends the day;
 And let me with the dawn, like PILGRIM, sing and pray!

ART. VIII.—*Thatcher's Indian Biography.*

Indian Biography. By B. B. THATCHER, Esq. New York. J. & J. Harper. 1832.

This is a very interesting chapter in the history of man; and no one will read this work, without acknowledging that the subject has fallen into the right hands. There is much to awaken interest and sympathy in the character of this unfortunate race, who, with manners and habits essentially savage, exhibited some traits of refined and elevated feeling, and who, when brought into direct contrast with cultivated men, were, in some respects, able to put civilization to shame. For such a people, once great and powerful, to pass away from the soil possessed by them and their fathers; for those, who once made others tremble, to dwindle away to weak and helpless remnants, scattered here and there upon the face of a country, changed in such a manner, as to make their destruction sure, and whose only trust is in the protection of persons, who feel most interested to oppress them, is a destiny well calculated to excite the compassion of those, whose benevolence is not limited to family or nation, but comprehends alike the Samar-

* See the poem extracted entire, N. A. Review. Vol. XXXIII. p. 305.