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ARTICLE VI.

NATIONALITY.

By Alpheus S. Packard, Professor in Bowdoin College.

WE propose to offer some remarks on the subject of Nationality. The attention of the civilized world has, within a short period, been directed to inquiries suggested by this topic. The subject has claims on the ear of every citizen of the Republic.

We cannot but notice, in regard to this spirit of nationality, that it is an *all-pervading and most sensitive element of national character*. It pervades the body politic like the life-blood in the human body, and is quick to feel, like the tissue of nerves, which is spread over the whole human frame. How was this illustrated, a few years since, when the spirit of both American and English nationality was kindled into a flame in consequence of the burning of the *Caroline*, in our western waters, by a party of Canadians, and the death of two or three individuals in the affair, and the arrest, subsequently, of a worthless British subject, and his trial before our courts for his participation in that matter! Thus a transaction, really paltry in itself, but touching as it did the nerve of the two nations already in an irritable state, came near involving them in the most formidable of national calamities. A more striking illustration of this point has, more recently, attracted the notice of the civilized world: an individual who, but for his part in the affair, would probably never have been heard of, a Hungarian by birth, was forcibly seized, in the harbor of Smyrna, taken on board an Austrian vessel of war, with the design, on the part of his captors, of conveying him to Austria as a State criminal. Two or three years before, he had taken refuge in this country, had declared his intention to become a citizen, and had taken the preliminary measures for naturalization. It was but an inchoate citizenship, not a full and perfect title, which he could maintain;

and yet enough to insure him the protection of this Government. The Government, in the person of its only representative on that distant shore, reached forth its arms for his rescue, and, in justification of that novel and bold act, there was aroused, from one end of the land to the other, a fervid, exulting national spirit, which the proudest absolutism of Europe was compelled to respect. It was the boast of Cicero, that "the body of every Roman citizen was inviolable" (Pro Rabirio, § 4). It was guarded by a most sensitive and jealous spirit of nationality, which pervaded the whole Roman empire. In two instances, the apostle Paul alarmed the magistrates who had scourged him in Judea, more by an appeal to his rights as a Roman citizen, which they had outraged, than if he had summoned a legion of armed men to his rescue. The spirit of Roman nationality had been wronged, and they trembled for the consequences of the rash and illegal acts.

Another point regarding this spirit of nationality, which has been impressed on the memory of a generation not yet gone, by one of the most deplorable events in the history of nations, is its *lasting*, we might almost say its *indestructible*, power.

On the 5th of January, 1810, the French ambassador at the Court of Russia (Coulaincourt) signed a form of convention, which formally put forth: 1st, that the kingdom of Poland should never be reëstablished; 2d, that the names of Poland and Polish should be forbidden on all occasions." Napoleon would not ratify the doings of his ambassador; but the Czar of Russia maintained, with terrible tenacity, his purpose concerning unfortunate Poland. The dreadful retribution with which the noble and unexampled struggle of the Poles, in 1830 and 1831, to regain their standing among the nations was visited by Russian vengeance, is well remembered. No method which military and civil despotism, triumphant and revengeful, could devise, was spared. Their most eminent citizens, after a mock trial, were executed like common soldiers, or were banished to Siberian wilds; their names were taken from them (the individuals,

when it was necessary, being designated by numbers), and they were not allowed to converse of their homes or of their sorrows, or to have any correspondence. Nothing Polish, whether civil or military, was suffered to remain. Everything was made Russian. The national language, in all legislative acts, was supplanted by that of Muscovy. Young men, if destined to military service, were incorporated into Russian regiments; or, if they chose a civil life, were compelled to receive education in a Russian university. The university of Poland was abolished; her schools were subjected to a surveillance fatal to their prosperity. Nicholas caused a fortress, which might contain forty thousand men, to be erected at the gates of Warsaw; between Warsaw and St. Petersburg a line of telegraphs was established, by which, even at night, by illuminated disks, intelligence might be communicated, in an hour and a half, from one city to the other, a distance of more than five hundred miles, so that in case of an insurrectionary movement, in a few hours orders might be received to reduce Warsaw to ashes. The commercial interests of the Poles, whose name was not to be uttered within the dominions of the Czar, were annihilated. Thus, in utter disregard and defiance of solemn, repeated treaties with other powers, stipulating the integrity of the Polish nation, the Autocrat did all that man could do, to efface the name of Poland from the thoughts of men, as it has already disappeared from the map of Europe. An effort on such a scale, to exterminate a nation, is without precedent in the history of the world. And yet is Polish nationality annihilated? Thousands of her exiles are dispersed over Europe; many, even, have fled to this country, who fondly cherish and cautiously reveal their hopes, that divine Justice does not sleep, that a day of freedom will yet come; and they are watching, with aching hearts, for the signal to gird on their armor for the liberation of their devoted country. The spirit of nationality cannot be easily crushed; it has survived through conquest and dismemberment of country, the violent overthrow of national institutions, and the dispersion of the inhabitants over other lands. It lives in the most dreary exile.

A mad project was entertained, in Germany, just before the opening of the French revolution, by some of her self-styled philosophers, under the semblance of enthusiasm for humanity, to abolish this spirit of nationality. Cosmopolitism, or citizenship of the world, was arrayed against patriotism or love of country, which was pronounced to be a low and selfish sentiment. Love of one's own people was to be merged in love of the human race, the individual nation in universal humanity. The advocates of this celestial virtue aimed to overthrow hierarchy, monarchy, and aristocracy, and yet further to fuse all nations and races, as it has been expressed, into one free, equal, unpartitioned humanity. The well-known association of the Illuminati, which had its origin in Bavaria, and spread over Germany, enlisting multitudes in its wild fanaticism, issuing great numbers of atheistical and grossly immoral writings, and which extended its baneful influence into France, under the auspices of the notorious Baron Holbach, was the chief organ of this new philosophy. One of the renegades of this philosophism, Anacharsis Clootz, at one time president of the Jacobin club in France, disowned his father-land and his German name and title, and styled himself "the orator of the human race." In entire consistency with the doctrine, he proposed to prohibit any one from calling himself a Frenchman; and that each citizen should assume the appellative "universal," to designate the common relation held by all to the whole race. The folly of this madman is well depicted by the sarcastic pen of Carlyle, in the following characteristic passage:

"One scene," i. e. when the different orders and classes of the people were sending their committees to claim or offer a representation in the great national league, or federation, about to be made, "one scene, the hastiest reader will momentarily pause on—that of Anacharsis Clootz, and the collective sinful posterity of Adam. It occurred to the mind of Anacharsis that, while so much was embodying itself into club or committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater, and greatest; of which, if it also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be?"

—Humankind, namely: In what rapt creative moment the thought arose in Anacharsis's soul; all his throes, while he went about giving shape and birth to it, how he was sneered at by cold worldlings, but did sneer again, being a man of polished sarcasm; and how he moved to and fro, persuasive in coffee-house and soireé, and dived down assiduous—obscure, in the great deep of Paris, making his thought a fact; of all this, the spiritual biographies of that period say nothing. Enough, that on the 19th eve of June, 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little planet has not often had to show. Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Menége, with the human species at his heels,—Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks, Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia; behold them all; they have come to claim place in the grand federation, having an undoubted interest in it."

France had too much of the spirit of nationality to receive this philosophy of dreams. Clootz, and his German friends, as worthless foreigners, fell under the guillotine. Cosmopolitanism disappeared in France, and, soon, everywhere else.

A third point regarding the spirit of nationality, has attracted the attention of later historians, and students of history, which is, its great influence in the history of nations and people.

The history of conquest and oppression affords many illustrations of the power of this element, and of its influence on the history and destinies of men. It will explain many revolutions that have agitated the political world, which otherwise are insoluble problems, or which have been ascribed to inadequate causes. The long and bloody conflicts in the history of our English ancestors, which have been attributed by older historians to the restless ambition of individuals, assume a new aspect, and a new meaning when regarded as the conflict between the nationalities of the conquered Saxons and their Norman conquerors, as has been shown in a fine spirit of philosophy by Thierry. Whenever we boast of our Saxon origin, if such boast has any meaning

at all, it is because the spirit of Saxon nationality has not been extinguished, although the form under which it first had its origin has long since passed away.

We have referred to the madness of certain reputed philosophers of Germany, as shown in the project of uprooting all national preferences and attachments, and implanting in their place a general love of the human family. The history of France and Germany during the period extending from 1780 to 1815, illustrates the power and importance of a high-toned national feeling. As has been already remarked, France was saved by her spirit of nationality from the disastrous fanaticism of the Illuminati, and preserved her integrity as a nation during the most violent convulsions which ever agitated a people. Germany at first embraced the absurdity, and, as its first and immediate fruits, was trampled under foot by the French armies, until, oppressed and crushed, her spirit of nationality was rekindled; and the union of her States, in 1813, first checked the ambitious and victorious career of him who was conqueror in a hundred battles. Yet more; to the popular ferment of that period may be referred that revival of her nationality which has ever since been at work, and has more recently manifested its power in the project of reconstructing a Germanic empire, the capital to be Frankfort on the Maine, the purpose of which was to give Teutonic Germany free scope and influence among the nations. It aimed to make Germany a dominant power; or, as it was well expressed by a contemporary, the purpose was to cause "the voice of Germany to be heard in full tones, instead of being split into the squeaking trebles of thirty provincial States.

We must discriminate, however, between the influence of race and of nationality. The Gypsy race have no home, no political institutions, and therefore no proper nationality; and yet their spirit of race alone has preserved them as a distinct people in different lands where they sojourn. The thieves and vagabonds of the countries in which they live, four hundred years have wrought no change in their peculiarities, whether physical or moral, and have produced no

contamination by admixture with the people around them. In penury and degradation, their hands against every man not of their blood, and every man's hand against them, yet are they bound together by indissoluble bonds of brotherhood. Among many illustrations of the power of race in this singular people related by Borrow in his work on the Gypsies of Spain, we select the following—a narrative of an encounter given, by a Spanish Gypsey, to Mr. Borrow himself:

“I served,” says the Gypsey, “as a soldier in the war of independence against the French. It happened, once, that we joined in desperate battle, and there was a confusion, and the two parties became intermingled, and fought sword to sword, and bayonet to bayonet; and a French soldier singled me out, and we fought for a long time, cutting, goring, and cursing one another, till at last we flung down our arms, and grappled; long we wrestled, body to body; but I found that I was the weaker, and I fell. The French soldier's knee was on my breast, and his grasp was on my throat; and he seized his bayonet, and he raised it to thrust me through the jaws, and his cap had fallen off; and I lifted up my eyes wildly to his face, and our eyes met, and I gave a loud shriek and cried, *Zincalo! Zincalo!*” (one of the names by which the race is called), “and I felt him shudder, and he relaxed his grasp and started up; and he smote his forehead and wept, and came to me, and knelt down by my side, for I was almost dead; and he took my hand and called me brother, and *Zincalo*; and he produced his flask, and poured wine into my mouth, and I revived; and he raised me up, and led me from the tumult, and we sat down on a knoll; and the two parties were fighting all around, and he said, ‘Let the dogs fight, and tear each other's throats till they are all destroyed; what matters it to the *Zincalo*? They are not of our blood, and shall that be shed for them?’ So we sat for hours on the knoll, and discoursed on matters pertaining to our people. So we sat until the sun went down, and the battle was over; and he proposed that we should both flee to his country, and live there with the *Zin-*

calo ; but my heart failed me. So we embraced, and he departed to the French, whilst I returned to our battalions."

As illustrative of the influence of race, on political movements, we may bring to the notice of the reader the following facts, now attracting the attention of the European world. A few years since a writer, in view of the feeling of nationality, as he termed it, which was developing itself among the Slavonic people, predicted a revolution in Austria on the death of Metternich. The prediction was fulfilled, being hastened by the French revolution of February, 1848. Krasinski, moreover, a Polander, wrote a book, entitled Panslavism and Germanism, the design of which is, to show the power and political tendencies of this same Slavonic people, in order to convince the Teutonic Germans, and Europe generally, that they are worthy of consideration. The total number of this race is nearly eighty millions, thus distributed among the governments of Europe : Poles, nine millions (of whom five millions are subject to Russia, two millions to Austria, and two, to Prussia) ; seventeen millions are in the Austrian empire ; six millions in Turkey, and in Russia forty-eight millions. For several years the educated Slavonians have been stimulated to cultivate a brotherhood, through their common language and their ancient literature. The writer argues that such a mass of people, of common origin, with a common language perpetuated in a venerable literature, are not to be despised, certainly not to be exasperated. In May, 1848, a festival of fraternity was appointed for the Slavonians, apparently with reference to the long-cherished idea in some leading minds, of consolidating a great Slavonic empire, which, under the lead of Austria detached from Germany, or under Russia, might overbalance the Teutonic or German empire. This may be a dream of visionaries, but it reveals agencies which may be of great moment in the future history of Eastern Europe. We see, however, in the events which have been referred to, the exemplification of the power of race attempting to array itself against what we should choose to denominate the power of nationality. Of the Slavonians, except the Poles and Bohemians, few have

political institutions or recollections; little, besides the influence of race, to stimulate them. And in respect to the formidable project of a Germanic empire — where the influence of race has ever been intense — a fatal obstacle to the success of the scheme lay in what we term the nationalities of the different German States. The Prussian, or the Austrian, or even the Würtemberger, could not become a German and forget the friendships, the enmities, the traditions, the history, and renown of his former name. There was also a yet more serious obstacle, in the fact that a large part of Austria, and a less considerable portion of Prussia is Slavonian, and could not be merged in a Teutonic nationality. Thus, in the two leading powers of the new empire, there were combined, against the project, both the race and nationality of some twenty millions of people.

We may refer, for illustration of this power of race, to the conflict between Denmark and the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, as a conflict between the Scandinavian and Teutonic races, and also to the Hungarian struggle, which was complicated and embarrassed, perhaps defeated, by the jealousies existing between the Magyar and Slavonian races.

We ourselves are witnesses of the power of this spirit of race: perhaps it may cost us more trouble than we have been accustomed to anticipate. Every one knows, how futile have proved the efforts to amalgamate the aborigines of our country with the European settlers of this continent. It is more than a conflict of barbarism and civilization. Furthermore, the sufferings and oppression of Ireland have driven to our shores the Celtic race; and how slow is the process of incorporation! Romanism is largely in fault, and recent events have shown that our people have been aroused by the plainly-manifested determination of the Romish hierarchy to maintain the entire separation of their subjects from the Protestant community. Still there is the conflict of races. The Celtic and the Saxon cannot preserve their distinctive characteristics, and harmonize; and our only ground for hope is the predominance of the Saxon element

to such a degree that, in time, the Celtic will become merged and disappear. But besides this, a strong sentiment of nationality, awakened by a community of interests, undoubtedly tends to weaken, and finally (and that at no distant day) to terminate the conflict between these two races.

Now we remark, in view of the striking facts which have been adverted to, that, in any nation or state, where there are gathered different people, unless there be a strong and all-pervading spirit of nationality, we cannot expect long-continued prosperity. The innate power of race will triumph over the weaker sentiment of nationality. This sentiment, so fresh, and vigorous, and universal in our land, it would seem, may counteract the adverse and (as some regard them) formidable evils which the influx, within a few years, of some four millions of a foreign population has introduced. But when, in our zeal for progress, we talk of annexing a new nation, and an entirely new people, a distinct race, to our already extended domain, it is a question which young America, perhaps, has not much thought of; but it is a grave question, which the history of the past, and the present aspect of Europe propounds: what will be the influence of still another conflict of races, on the harmony, and of course on the welfare, of this country? Mental and moral enlightenment, more than all, the all-pervading influence of a pure gospel, and, what *must* be thought of, and what we, as good citizens, must do our part to cultivate, a *strong sentiment of nationality*, may make us still *one* and, therefore, a *strong* people. The *nationality* of the Hungarians has preserved them a distinct people during the injustice, and intrigue, and perfidy, and oppression of the house of Hapsburg, for more than three hundred years. One of the Austrian emperors, Joseph II, attempted to incorporate them into the empire. His attempt failed. He promised to submit to the ceremony of coronation as king of Hungary, and he restored the regalia of Hungary; thus doing feigned homage to Hungarian nationality. The sacred crown of St. Stephen was received, at Buda, in the midst of universal acclamations and the roar of cannon, as the symbol of Hungarian nationality, to be

guarded, in the castle of Buda, as the palladium of the rights and national existence of Hungary. It may be remembered that this crown of St. Stephen, in the Hungarian revolution, disappeared, and that the reason alleged, by the Austrian authorities, for the seizure of Koszta was, that he knew where the crown was concealed.

We have said enough to illustrate the importance of the sentiment of nationality, as an element of national welfare. No nation has attained to distinction, or left a name to be remembered, which has not been pervaded by a strong nationality. National character cannot be developed without it. Imagine a nation of cosmopolites, such as the German Illuminati, in their folly, wished to form; a nation, the members of which have no common bond or sympathies. Individuals among them may do something worthy of themselves; but nothing great or noble can be produced by such a dismembered body. What national act of moment in the sum of human affairs, can proceed from that which has no unity, no concentration of purpose or effort; which, after all, scarcely exists or acts, as a nation? It has been observed, that no colony, a distant dependency of a great empire, has ever accomplished much in art or literature. In the political world, it is a mere cipher. No colony has ever reared a great poet, or artist, or statesman; and for the reason, that it has no distinct nationality. Everything of native growth, in such a dependency, suffers from a withering sense of inferiority. There is little to excite effort, because there is little to reward it. The strong sentiment of nationality, which soon sprung up in the bosoms of the American colonists, bound them together, and, by its rapid and healthy growth, overpowered or absorbed that older and fondly-cherished spirit of nationality which, as we know, long bound them to the home of their fathers; or rather, it supplanted what had been deeply rooted in their breasts.

Now *what is this spirit of nationality?* We have indicated some of its characteristics; *what is the true idea of it? What is its nature?*

It is not mere love of home. It may exist in those who have no home. Witness the Jews: homeless these eighteen

hundred years, vagabonds in the earth, a by-word and a hissing among the nations, the scorn of believer and infidel, exposed to the most remorseless exactions and the most relentless persecutions among every people; yet their spirit of nationality is as strong and steadfast as when their beloved city was the glory of the earth.

This nationality of feeling may revolve around various objects as its centre; as, in the case of the Jews, a common religion and a common destiny in anticipation, which have become inwrought in the conscience and whole being of the people; or a civil polity, consulting the interests and enlisting the sympathies of the people; or common danger and sufferings, a common oppression, may be the bond of union; as we have experienced in our own history. Whatever produces, in a people, a feeling of common interest and sympathy, begets nationality. Without, however, attempting a strict analysis of the sentiment, it is enough for our present purpose to say, that it is an instinct of our nature, implanted by our Creator, as truly, as love of kindred. It pertains to man as a social being. It is not the result of any social compact. The Indian, the Arab, the European, loves his own people, not because he has agreed to do so, nor even because it is for his interest to do so; but because he cannot help it. He loves them for the same reason that he loves his kith and kin: God has so constituted him. To be destitute of the sentiment, is as monstrous a violation of nature, as to disown one's children or one's parents.

So much for the true idea of nationality. It is the love of what one feels to be his own.

We now proceed to specify some of the circumstances and conditions which serve to enkindle and strengthen it. We have just said, that its foundation is an instinct of our nature. But it is of great importance to know what circumstances tend to develop it. The discussion may open views interesting and profitable to us as citizens. There is much empty declamation about love of country, even from those who, unconsciously it may be, in some of their movements are, in fact, doing all in their power to uproot that which

nourishes true nationality. Every citizen, then, should form an intelligent appreciation of what best fosters that nationality of feeling, which is essential to the permanency of political institutions, and which is his pride and boast.

One source of national sympathy will probably at once suggest itself to every one; *historical reminiscences*, whether preserved by traditions or monuments, or historic records. Happy that people who can foster the sentiment of nationality by memorials of the bravery, the virtue, and the wisdom of their ancestors! They have a strong bond of union. An English poet declares it to be enough to satisfy the ambition of a common man, that he is the countryman of Wolfe, and speaks the language of Chatham. Says William Howitt, speaking of the influence and power of historic associations: "There is no part of England in which you do not become aware that, there, some portion of our national glory has originated. The very coachman, as you traverse the highways, continually points out to you spots made sacred by men and their acts. There, say they, was born or lived Milton or Shakspeare, Locke or Bacon, Pope or Dryden; that, was the castle of Chaucer; there, now lives Wordsworth, Southey, or Moore; there, Queen Elizabeth was confined, in her youth; here, she confined Mary of Scotland, in her age; there, Wicklif lived, and here his ashes were scattered in the air by his enemies; there, Hooker watched his sheep, while he pondered on his Ecclesiastical Polity; here was born Cromwell or Hampden; here was the favorite retreat of Chatham, Fox, Pitt, or other person who, in his day, exerted a powerful influence on the mind, or fortunes, of his country. Thus it is, all England through. Who," he asks, "shall not feel proud to own himself of its race and kindred? and, if he can secure for himself a moderate share of its common goods, be happy to live and die in it?"

*Who of us does not cherish the remembrance of our revolutionary struggle, rejoicing that he has descended from such a generation, and is a fellow-countryman of those who boast such a parentage? Who does not perceive a

proof of the unity of the American people in the feeling, of which himself is conscious, that he has a personal property in the glory which our fathers gained, by their sacrifices and efforts, in achieving our national independence, though he be unable to trace his lineage from them? What citizen of New England can visit the Rock of Plymouth and not feel that, where the Pilgrims first set foot on these shores, is to him a consecrated spot? Or, who can stand on Bunker Hill or on the Plain at Yorktown, and his bosom not swell with emotions of admiration for those who wrought the great work, commenced and ended on these fields? — with deeper reverence, also, and warmer love for the institutions which the scenes, enacted there, contributed to establish? — and with pride that he is a citizen of that land which can boast of such events in her history? Such reminiscences bind us, as a people, to the institutions we cherish, and to one another.

We felt a lively interest in the erection of the monument which now crowns Bunker Hill. In sight of that noble structure our love of country, our veneration for her institutions, and especially for the great principles evolved in the struggle for her independence, are kindled anew. The bloody fight, which steeped that soil in gore, always comes up to view; the haughty foe, the few rustic, undisciplined, dauntless defenders of their rights, the burning town, the neighboring heights covered with anxious, breathless spectators of the work which fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons were doing in their behalf; — but all this soon passes away. We think of the momentous principles which were then in conflict.

Such monuments are ever teaching their great lesson; reminding the citizen less of the particular events which they are designed immediately to commemorate, than of the truths and principles, which, alike under sunshine and storm, in solemn grandeur, they steadily, silently, faithfully inculcate; and impressing his obligations and duties as a citizen of a land most favored of Heaven.

During a session of Congress, a few years since, much

form and ceremonial attended the presentation of the sword of Washington, and the staff of Franklin. The Hall of Representatives was thronged. The office of making the presentation, by common consent, was committed to one whose long life and most distinguished public service, whose undoubted, long-tried patriotism, and whose wonderful powers and attainments made him, beyond any other, the revered and honored of all. Hearts beat with emotion. Tears flowed in view of the scene. But why all this, about a gilded piece of steel and an oaken staff? Reminiscences of the past, big with destinies of the future, clustered around that sword, and that staff; and who can doubt that every member of that assemblage, which embraced the heads of influence in the land, retired from the scene truer to his obligations as a citizen of the Republic, which the counsel and valor of Washington, and the profound, sagacious wisdom of Franklin, contributed so much to establish?

A few years since was opened near Ratisbon, on a hill overlooking the Danube, the Walhalla, a grand national temple, consecrated to the memory of celebrated Germans. The busts of one hundred and fifty eminent men were at once placed within it. The design was conceived by the King of Bavaria. Said the King, in his speech, at the consecration: "May it serve to develop and consolidate German nationality. May all Germans, to whatsoever race they belong, feel that they have one common country; a country of which they may be proud; and may each individual labor, according to his faculties, to promote the welfare and honor of his country!"

Another source or fountain of national feeling is found in the *literature of a nation*. In science, there can be no nationality. Founded on immutable, eternal relations, science is not susceptible of the modifications which spring from the peculiarities of national character. The literature of a nation takes its form and impress from the peculiarities of the people. It is the voice of the nation uttering itself; and may therefore cherish the nationality of a people. It

moulds, too, the national mind. How much even the lightest, most fugitive forms of literature, popular songs, contribute to this effect, we know among ourselves. Our own national song, vulgar though it be, did much to foster the spirit of the revolution. "Scots wha hae with Wallace bled," "Ye Mariners of England," the Marseillaise Hymn, in certain seasons, have been, and are, like the sound of a trumpet or like a bugle note, stirring the innermost heart of a whole people. In a remote Canadian village, let the band strike "God save the King," and we shall see the whole audience rise, and uncover their heads. It is the spirit of nationality doing reverence to their lovely and beloved Queen over the waters! We are republicans; but we honor such loyalty, not as homage to a crowned head, but as the act of a faithful, patriotic people rendering due respect to their constituted head. The nation that cherishes not a spirit of allegiance to the representative of its government, be he king, president, consul, archon, or governor, is unworthy of the name of nation, and will not possess it long, as we may subsequently more fully show.

The chief merit of Burns,—his chief influence as a poet, lies in his songs. A remarkable increase of nationality in British, especially in Scottish literature, has been noticed since his time, and may doubtless be ascribed, in part, to the influence of his songs, which are peculiarly domestic and national. He speaks of himself as ever cherishing

—— "A wish (I mind its power,
A wish, that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some useful plan, or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

"Sing a sang!" A small offering, it might seem, and yet, sung in hut and hall, it might arouse a realm. In the rising of Germany against Napoleon, a youthful writer sent a song to Blücher, the Prussian Marshal. He applauded the effort of the young man; and thus expressed his sense of the value of popular songs in his brief, emphatic way: "They

scatter fire among a people. The people must be roused ; some with a sword, some with a song."

Literature, in its highest walks, may be a most copious fountain of national feeling. The *Nibelungenleid* has ever been cherished by the Germans as a National treasure, like the *Iliad* of the Greeks, and the *Aeneid* of the Romans. Its hold on the German mind was seen during the period to which we have referred, more than once, when, in the general union against Napoleon, the new-born nationality of German feeling rose to an unexampled height, and led to an excessive admiration for everything that belonged to German antiquity. Nothing can exceed the delight with which this old poem was then read and studied. This, and other treasures of her literature, revived all the great historical reminiscences of the German people. It roused them from their despondency by pointing back to the old popular heroes, and to their struggles for liberty. Learning and poetry combined their energies in the revival of Nationality.

We need not multiply illustrations on this point. Is it of no moment to an Englishman, that Shakspeare or Sir Walter Scott was a fellow-countryman ? Who, from Land's End to John O'Groat's, that can read at all, does not claim some property in the genius and labors of these men ? In the words of a living, popular though eccentric, writer of England : " England, before long, will hold but a small fraction of the English ;— in America, in New Holland, east and west to the very antipodes, there will be a Saxondom covering great spaces of the globe. And now what is it that can keep all these together into virtually one nation, so that they do not fall out and fight, but live at peace, in brotherly intercourse, helping one another ? This is justly regarded as the greatest practical problem,— the thing all manner of sovereignties and governments are here to accomplish ; what is it that will accomplish *this* ? Acts of Parliament, administrative prime ministers cannot. America is parted from us, so far as Parliament could part it. Call it not fantastic, for there is much reality in

it;— Here, I say, is an English King whom, no time or chance, Parliament or combination of Parliaments, can dethrone. This King Shakspeare! does not he shine in crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible; really more valuable, in that point of view, than any other means or appliance whatsoever? We can fancy him as radiant aloft over all the nations of Englishmen, a thousand years hence. From Paramatta, from New York, wheresoever, under what sort of Parish Constable soever, English men and women are, they will say to one another: ‘Yes, this Shakspeare is ours; we produced him; we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him.’” Or to come home to ourselves; what American would consent to surrender the citizenship of Edwards, or Irving, or Prescott, and blot out the record of their American birth? Their genius, their studies, their honors are a part of our national treasures. They enter our dwellings; are the companions of the fireside; are cherished with pride by every American heart; they nourish the sympathies which bind us, as a people, together.

A yet more important source of common sympathy, a stronger bond of union, and, of course, a more fruitful source of nationality, is found in the system of *public education*.

The Prussian system of education is the most perfect now known. But a prominent object, avowedly kept in view by Hardenburg, the Minister of Instruction, to whom it is indebted for its perfection, was to *awaken a national spirit*. This system has been denominated, by some one, “a wonderful machine of state-craft,” so great is its influence in wedding the subject of it to whatever is national. But in our system of free schools there is a source or element of power, which the Prussian has not, nor any other: it not only emanates from the people, but it is managed by the people. Neither Government, nor church, opens school-houses, provides teachers, and bids parents send their children. What we do is, indeed, under the sanction and authority of Government; but the will of the Government is our will, and that will we execute ourselves. We choose our committees,

our agents, and every man feels that he has not only an interest, but a voice in the management of this vast engine of free, popular education. Kossuth, in his speech at the "Editorial Banquet," in New York, pronounced our system of popular education to be, in his view, our proudest monument. With his words would we rebuke those less worthy exiles who have come to us, not as visitors, but to seek an asylum in our institutions, who, with ready grasp, seize whatever privilege these institutions, with open heart and hand, afford them, and then, with unblushing impudence, assail that which has ever been their distinguishing feature, *a system of free education* for the whole people. But we can almost forgive the bigotry and meanness of this simultaneous assault which Romanism, or rather its hierarchy, has made upon our free schools, when we contemplate the spirit with which the outrage has been met and rebuked; developing, as it did, how sensitive is the American heart to any encroachment on the right of the people, and with what resistless force the masses will throw off the power, however formidable or insinuating, that shall dare to lay hands on privileges and institutions which have been cherished, from the first, as a national birth-right. But to return: what a nursery of deep-toned national spirit is found in this system of popular education! A feeling of common interest and sympathy is engendered in the subjects of a common discipline; and, in our free schools, a large proportion of our people receive their education. The sons of rich and poor, here, meet on the same level; no distinction is known, in studies or in rank, except what merit creates; and the child of the poorest inhabitant may bear away the palm.

The same tendency to a national spirit is equally seen in our higher seminaries of learning. In them also, rich and poor, high and low, if such a distinction be known among us, meet together. No aristocracy will be, or can be, tolerated within their precincts; and the distinctions, if any, are won most frequently by those whose only inheritance is talent and worth. Here, as in the common school, all pursue the same studies, anticipate the same destinies; and in all this

we perceive the nurture of a true brotherhood, a deep sympathy for one another, which shall survive the influence of time and separation; and of true nationality also, in the warm attachment which is enkindled for that political system which so bountifully and impartially provides for the greatest wants of its children.

Let us remark, here, how senseless is the cry, occasionally heard, against our higher institutions of learning. There are those who must and will obtain the highest education. The wants of the country, of every civilized, refined community, demand men of high education; and if our sons cannot obtain it at home, they will seek it abroad. What would be the effect of a policy which should drive our young men of hope and promise to foreign lands to educate themselves? It was a favorite project with the Father of his country to establish a national university, and to endow it liberally, in order that the youth of the land, under its influence, might forget sectional prejudices and imbibe mutual sympathies and attachments, and thus be led to cherish a common sentiment of nationality. It is manifestly the dictate of sound policy, in its bearing on national feeling, to foster our higher as well as our lower institutions. To denounce the former is the impulse of a narrow spirit, which, in its professed zeal to reduce all to a level, would take the most effectual method of quenching the nationality of some thousands of our youth, year by year, by sending them to other lands to obtain what they are denied at home; of those, too, whose influence will ever be most important to our national welfare.

The Autocrat of Russia showed his keen policy, in furtherance of his design to crush the nationality of Poland, by the act of abolishing the Polish university, and so of controlling the education of that devoted people; that, if possible, no seeds of Polish nationality may germinate under its influence. Without this final stroke, his armies, his fortresses, his telegraphs, by night as well as by day, would be ineffectual. Let it be observed, his aim was not, to prohibit education of Polish youth; but education at home; education of Polish youth together. They may be educated, if

they desire it ; but it must be abroad, and in Russian schools. In imitation of this high example, the emperor of Austria has decreed that instruction in all the colleges of Hungary shall be given in German exclusively.

It must not be overlooked, that religious influence is, or ought to be, prominent in a system of national education. "How can religion be divorced from education?" asks one, and he no bigot. "An irreverent knowledge is no knowledge. A knowledge that ends in barren self-worship—comparative indifference or contempt for all God's universe except one insignificant item thereof;—what is it?" By education we mean, not merely that obtained in schools or colleges; but that whole system of training, by which the man, the citizen, is formed and nurtured. It begins with the cradle, ends with the grave. Regarded in this broad sense, no one can refuse assent to the assertion that, in our system of national education, religion is the conservative element. Our religious institutions are the vital part of our political system. Our ministry constitute a main pillar in the state. In some countries the church forms, politically, a part of the State. It is not so with us; yet we reassert that the Christian ministry in this land, where no intelligent, reflecting, honest man ever raises the cry of Church and State, the Christian ministry is a main pillar in the State. The Christian minister did as much as the civilian, or the soldier, to prepare the way for the American revolution, and to sustain the spirit of the revolution. If Christian ministers had not preached and prayed, there might have been no revolution as yet; or, had it broken out, it might have been crushed. The deep, dauntless, uncompromising, trustful, hopeful, religious spirit of our fathers, who revered, and whose love gathered around, their ministers, imparted to the revolution its most striking characteristic—a calm, resolute, indomitable spirit, which rose above disaster and defeat, ever hoping against hope, because it trusted in that God of the Pilgrims, who had "brought out a vine from a distant land, and cast out the heathen, and planted it, and caused it to take deep root; and the hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof

were like the goodly cedars." And now, though the pastor may not defile himself with the partisan warfare of politics, his ministrations are indispensable to the permanency of our institutions.

To return to our point: the religious element elevates and purifies the sentiment of nationality, just in proportion as it exalts and purifies the man himself. Again, it quickens this sentiment and imparts to it life, just in proportion as it warms into life and strengthens the social nature of man. Whatever imparts healthful vigor to the sensibilities and stirs the fountains of feeling within us, makes better neighbors and citizens. A heartless man is an indifferent neighbor and a cold patriot. Religious culture teaches, as its second great lesson, to sympathize with others; which is the basis of true public spirit and nationality.

Again, we may consider the influence of religious institutions on men in their associated character. They present a centre, around which cluster the strongest sympathies of our being. Men can assemble under no circumstances better adapted to nourish the feeling of a common interest than those offered by the various occasions of religious instruction and worship. Of every age and condition, however sundered elsewhere by the different and often opposing interests in life, they here find a common object, a common cause, infinitely transcending in importance the most weighty concerns which elsewhere occupy the attention; that which is the safest foundation of individual and public prosperity. Together they seek the same great blessing for themselves and their country; together they receive the same great lessons of duty, share in the same consolations, are urged to the same faith, and invited to partake of the same hopes, the same peace, the same joy. What bond so strong to bind a people together? This, alone, has sustained the nationality of the Jews, through ages of scorn and oppression. The power of this principle of union has been seen wherever the religious rights of a people have been assailed. Their religious faith and institutions have bound the Scotch to each other, and to their native hills, with bands of iron. So it was

with our pilgrim fathers : civil oppressaion could not sunder them, united as they were by a common religious faith. They preferred to exile themselves to a wilderness, beyond the waste of waters, rather than to surrender rights dearer than life. And now, among the scenes which ever come up amid the cherished recollections of the New Englander, in his distant home and wanderings, is the congregation with which his parents and himself, in his childhood and youth, worshipped. A peculiar principle, an essential feature of our religious institutions, the voluntary principle as it is termed, has tended, unquestionably, to foster the spirit of nationality ; under the influence of this principle, every good citizen feels, that he has a personal concern in cherishing and sustaining those sacred institutions which, established by God on the earth, his providence has committed, in this land beyond any other, to the free-will offering of the people. He recognizes, here, a divine right, not for others to lord it over his conscience, but which, without interfering in the least with the great principles of civil and religious liberty, demands of him due reverence for the ordinances of divine appointment, and that personal effort for their maintenance, which divine Providence enables him to render.

Another most powerful bond of union, and most copious fountain of nationality, is the government, the constitution, and laws of the land : with us, beyond all other people, peculiarly pervasive and energetic ; for, with us, every citizen is a part of the government, every one feels that he has a personal agency in the affairs of State. He is not a passive recipient of blessings from the constitution and laws ; he has something to bestow, in return.

One main result of every wise government is, to promote a harmony of sentiment and opinion, or common sympathies ; and this is but another expression for nationality, itself the basis of political union. The political institutions are the fixed point around which centre the interests and sympathies of the people. There must be some fountain of supreme authority, something fixed and held sacred in the institutions of the State, which shall attract the allegiance

of the community, or there cannot exist true national feeling. It matters not, what the political constitution may be, whether monarchical or republican, ; if it be well established, and wisely administered, it will beget national sympathy in its behalf, and be a strong bond of union. Let any one reflect how the interests of every individual citizen, among ourselves, is affected by the statutes and ordinances of our government. When we buy and sell, whatever be our occupation, our interests are protected by the government under which we live. A statute of government may quicken the energies of the manufacturing corporation in which we are concerned, or paralyze and crush them ; it may send our ships to whiten, with their sails, distant seas, or dismantle them and leave them to rot at our wharves.

But there is one thought of great importance, which is naturally suggested, and that is, that the principle of allegiance to the supreme authority of the land, essential to the permanency of our institutions, is also essential to the existence of a spirit of true nationality. It follows, then (what is not much thought of, in our day certainly), that a sacred regard, a profound reverence for public law, is an important element of nationality. Public law is the most solemn act of national sovereignty ; national sovereignty thus utters its voice. It is only thus, that it ensures public order, and, of course, public welfare. It thus protects the citizen in his rights, encourages industry, fosters talent and enterprise, represses crime, compels individual interest to yield to the public good, and thus cherishes mutual sympathy and a feeling of common interest. To bow, therefore, with reverence, when the sovereignty of the nation lifts up its voice in public law, *unless it conflicts with the law and will of God*, is the dictate of a true national spirit ; just as a sacred regard to the parental will, is the impulse of a truly filial spirit. He, then, who violates, or endeavors to paralyze the energy of, the laws of the land, or to annul legislative acts, or to evade their authority, or to secure his own ends or the ends of those with whom he acts, by means and measures which contravene the statutes or constitutional principles of the government, is no

patriot. He may be an artful and successful demagogue, a good partisan, but he is no patriot. He may not be aware of it; but, in pursuing a course which necessarily tends to dishonor the national sovereignty and thus to weaken the sentiment of a high-toned nationality, he is a traitor to the vital interests of his country, and to his highest obligations as a citizen. He sets up his own will against the public will, his own interests against what the supreme authority of the land has pronounced to be the public interest; and what is this, but opposing the dictates of a pure nationality? Suppose every individual should do so, what would our nationality, our noisiest patriotism, be worth?

But unjust laws and statutes may be enacted; and shall not the people expose their injustice and resist their execution? Must the people be dumb,—sit in mute reverence when their rights are assailed? Certainly they may expose the injustice of such acts and use the proper means to rescind them; but they may not resist them until all methods to rescind them have been faithfully tried and failed. The public voice is not unheard or disregarded in our legislative halls, and we always have a remedy short of revolt or treason. Better suffer injustice for a short year, or for years, than set the example of rebellion. One act of rebellion may, if unrebuked, it will, do us, as a people, more harm than years of unjust legislation. We repeat it, we have a remedy, and that should be first and faithfully tried. Disobedience and revolution is the last resort. Our fathers tried the virtue of years of forbearance,—of remonstrance repeated again and again, which had to be borne over the wide Atlantic up to a distant throne, before they took the last terrible resort of revolution. This forbearance was not policy with them. No one will dare to call it weakness. It was principle, springing from sacred regard to the government under which they lived.

The appeal, so often heard, to the Constitution, has a meaning. To revere the Constitution is a dictate of true nationality. When men have come to trample that sacred palladium under foot, our nationality has lost its centre of

attraction. It has no object on which to fasten. Men must obey the supreme authority, or how can they respect it? How can they administer it in this land, particularly, where every citizen may be called to administer public law? There can be no freedom without law; none, surely, where law is not obeyed. We quote, again, the words of a popular writer: "Whoso cannot obey, cannot be free; still less, bear rule. He that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing,—the equal of nothing." And again: "Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. It is not a light matter when the just man sees himself in the tragical condition of a stirrer up of strife. Rebel, without due, and most due cause, is the ugliest of words. The first rebel was Safan." Just and noble sentiments for this day!—when men too often show an impatience of authority, human or divine, and cry for liberty, when, in fact, they mean unbridled license; when, in the city, organized mobs set law and order at defiance; and, in the country, under the disguise of lawless savages, they trample on vested rights older than our existence as a nation, and as sacred as any established by human governments; when, even, the supremacy of the Constitution of State and nation is made to yield to the will of a numerical majority.¹

¹ The ancient philosophers rebuked what they termed the *ἀκολασία*, the *licentiousness* of the ancient democracies. The following passage is from a note appended to Dr. Arnold's Sixth Lecture on Modern History, by Professor Reed: "Aristotle describes in various passages the kinds of democracy in which the *ἀκολασία* prevails; when, for instance, the multitude has the mastery over the laws, and the equality is by numbers, and not by worth; and justice is made to mean whatever the majority please;—whenever the supremacy of the constitution is made to yield to mere votes or decrees, which is brought about by the demagogue who corrupts the popular government, as the flatterer spoils a king; the supremacy of the multitude over the law being encouraged for selfish purposes by the demagogue, who makes everything a subject of direct appeal to the people, whose opinion at the same time he can fashion or control. This is that absence of law which destroys a polity. Aristotle shows, moreover, that when a popular government becomes extravagantly democratic, intractable licentiousness will surely engender tyranny. This *ἀκολασία*, the vice of the ancient republics, appears then to have been the undisciplined, ungovernable condition of deliberate and habitual *lawlessness*, by which is meant that state of things, where

We have thus adverted to the most important sources of national spirit, historical reminiscences, national literature, the system of public education, embracing religious institutions, and the political constitution and laws of the land.¹ So far as one fails to cherish these sources of national character and welfare, so far does he fall short of the standard of true patriotism. He, who proclaims himself a no-government man, or, who would disarm laws of their sanctions, and justice of its power, and would bring into contempt the administrators of public law; he, who derides religion and its institutions, who scorns education, or, in his zeal for the instruction of the mass, would pull down our higher seminaries of instruction; we may add, he who, in a narrow, selfish spirit is ready, at any opposition to his favorite views of policy or of certain peculiar institutions, to sit down, in a petulant humor, and count the cost of national disunion or dismemberment, is not a patriot! He might make a cosmopolite, and enroll himself under the banner of some "orator of the human race"! but he lacks one or more of the elements of pure, high-toned nationality, and, so far, lacks that which constitutes the character of a good citizen.

It is well for the citizens of the Republic to be reminded of what nourishes this sentiment. We are taught thus,

men make a law of their own passions, impatient of authority, human or divine; what Milton calls the 'Senseless mood that bawls for freedom,' but meaning 'license when they cry liberty.' The doctrine of the Stagyrite is none the worse for being old."

¹ Kossuth, in a speech delivered in New York, in a passage in which he referred to the sources of nationality, thus indicated, substantially, the points which have been suggested in this article, which was written for a different object several years ago:

"It is not language only which makes a nation. Community of interests, community of history, communities of rights and duties, but chiefly community of institutions among a people bound together by its daily intercourse in the towns, the centres of their home commerce and home industry, the very mountain ranges and system of rivers and streams, the soil, the dust of which is mingled with the ashes of those ancestors who bled on the *same* field, for the same interest, — the common inheritance of glory and of woe, the community of laws, tie of institutions, tie of common freedom or common oppression; — all this enters into the definition of a nation."

what are the foundations of national welfare, and what are the great interests, which, as good citizens, we ought to encourage and support. An intelligent, elevated national feeling is essential to the permanency of any political system. Such a spirit is quick to perceive whatever threatens evil, or promises good, to the State. It is jealous of national honor. Whatever tarnishes that, it feels, as its possessor would a stain on private character. It is ready to yield whenever private interest interferes with the public welfare. It takes broad views. It shakes off the trammels which hamper the man of mere party zeal, or the bigot of sectional prejudice. It rebukes unprincipled ambition, and mad lust for place and power. At the ballot-box, in the legislative hall, in official station, its ends and aims are pure and elevated, and the important trusts committed to it fulfilled for the general good.

On the monument erected in honor of Commodore Decatur are inscribed these words: "A man who always maintained the cause of his country, right or wrong." Many imagine, that a true nationality requires this of every patriot. "England against the world," was once pronounced to be a motto suitable for the guidance of every Englishman. It is as good for the Frenchman, and the Russian, and the Austrian. Where were justice among nations, if this becomes national justice? It is much as if an individual should resolve, beforehand, never to acknowledge himself in the wrong. For nations, as for individuals, there is a *right* and a *wrong*. We cannot see how association, or community, makes wrong to become right; or how the vote of a majority can change black into white; and we must think that the nation, like the individual, that contemns justice, will, sooner or later, reap the recompense of injustice. The nationality of which we have spoken, does not, necessarily, imply a love of ourselves, as a people, to the exclusion of due regard for other nations and people. True patriotism does not imply jealousy or contempt towards foreigners. A Chinese or a Japanese patriotism is fit only for semi-barbarians. It is a selfish, sordid passion, unworthy of

civilized man. No country which fosters such a spirit can attain the highest respectability or prosperity. The purest spirit of nationality is entirely compatible with a generous regard for the rights and welfare of other nations ; just as, in the individual, the purest and most devoted love of one's own may co-exist with the most elevated and diffusive spirit of love for the race.

The Christian religion has modified essentially the laws which regulate international intercourse. The selfish, overbearing, all-grasping spirit of conquest and dominion, which in former ages has desolated and oppressed the world, the Gospel utterly condemns. But while it requires us to love our fellow men, it is as far from quenching peculiar love for our own land and institutions, as peculiar love for our kindred.

As was remarked in the beginning of our discussion, true nationality is an instinct of our being. Our Creator designed that we should exercise and cherish it. We add, in conclusion, that there is a manifest tendency to ideas of unity in the human mind for higher ends than will be developed, probably, in the present state of our being. The family is one throughout its generations. The honor or distinction of an ancestor we feel to be a portion of our inheritance. So is it with the nation. That is one. We perceive this sense of oneness in our quick sensibility to national glory or disgrace. Why should a national victory or defeat cause us to exult, or fill us with mortification, when we had no personal share in either ? Why cherish pride in our eminent citizens, or feel humiliation if a fellow countryman, in conspicuous station, has exposed to the world his inefficiency, or want of skill, or character ? Their wisdom or their folly is not our wisdom or folly. Why exult or be humbled ? Because, whether we will or not, we have within us a feeling of unity with all associated with us under the same institutions or laws. All are part of one great whole. It is not a mere fancy, a mere prejudice ; it is ordered so by our Creator ; and, when we urge to the cultivation of national feeling, we but carry out His designs.

All are interested in whatever affects national character and welfare; and this is the important point to which we conceive an enlightened, true-hearted spirit of nationality tends. The honor of the nation is reflected back on ourselves; the shadow of her disgrace falls upon ourselves, likewise. It is, then, a duty to cultivate a spirit of true nationality for the general good; for our own good. Every citizen should cherish the feeling that his interests, as a member of the political system, are identified with the interests of the whole. Still, let him not forget that his individual responsibility is not, cannot be, merged in the general responsibility. If the nation violates justice and equity, a part of the sin lies at our door; if we ourselves trample law and good morals under foot, our country suffers for our folly and our sin.

ARTICLE VII.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I. TULLOCH'S PRIZE ESSAY.¹

"MR. BURNETT, a merchant in Aberdeen, whose character appears to have been marked by a rare degree of Christian sensibility and benevolence, among other acts of liberality, bequeathed certain sums, to be expended at intervals of forty years, in the shape of two Premiums, inviting to the discussion of the evidences of religious truth, and especially to the consideration and confirmation of the attributes of Divine Wisdom and Goodness." Preface, p. vii.

On a previous occasion, "the first of the Premiums was awarded to the late Principal Brown, of Aberdeen, and the second, to the Rev. John Bird Sumner, Fellow of Eton College, and now Archbishop of Canterbury.

On this occasion, the First Premium of £1,800 has been adjudged to

¹ Theism: the Witness of Reason and Nature to an All-wise and Beneficent Creator. By the Rev. John Tulloch, D. D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 431.