

"For me, no more the path invites,
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is pain.

The poetry here is fully equal to that of "the Minstrel." His small piece, "The Hermit," is equally melodious, solemn, and tender: it is the most popular of all his shorter productions, and every schoolboy remembers "the close of the day when the hamlet was still."

Dr. Beattie's prose writings are justly famed for the purity of their English, and the delicate discrimination and fancy they display. He studied Addison long and deeply, and certainly attained to his perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance. His moral dissertations, his essays on language, on poetry and music, abound in happy illustrations; and when he estimates the character and genius of Dryden, Pope, and Swift, we feel that he is not unworthy to sit in judgment on these immortals. A paper by Beattie in the *Mirror*, on the subject of dreams, shows how much learning and reading he could bring even to a trivial and hackneyed subject. As a metaphysical reasoner, he was deficient in originality, in vigour, and in temper. In his latter years, when his nerves were shattered, he could not bear to look on his "Essay on Truth." Posterity seem to be of the same mind.

The most marked departure from the ordinary rules of acting and thinking which Beattie, who detested all extremes, seems ever to have made, was in the case related by himself in the education of his son. He was desirous to make a trial how far the boy's reason would go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of a God. The child was in his fifth or sixth year, and could read a little. The father went to his garden, wrote in the mould, with his finger, the three initial letters—"I. H. B."—of his son's name, and sowing garden creases in the furrows, covered up the seed. Ten days after, the little fellow came running to him, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told him that his name was growing in the garden. They went to the spot; the boy said it could not be by chance that the letters came there.

"Look at yourself, I replied," says Dr. Beattie, "and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs: are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He said they were. "Came you then hither by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said "He did not know." (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rousseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, though he could not so express it, that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what it formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being, who made him and all the world, concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it."

The circumstance is like the lonely foot-print, seen by Crusoe in his desert island—a memento that could never have been forgotten. But how could the name of the Deity have been kept from the child till he was five or six years old, and after he had learned to read? There was, indeed, no maternal instruction, to breathe the evening prayer, and train the infant mind to piety; for the poet's wife was unhappily afflicted with mental alienation; but one would conceive the name and idea of the divinity must somehow have been imparted to the child. The father must have taken pains that it should be studiously concealed—a thing not easily done in ordinary circumstances, and perhaps not desirable—but Dr. Beattie's experiment was completely successful, and it has an air of striking interest and romance.

Beattie has himself given us a humorous sketch of some of his personal peculiarities. He was in the way, he said, of becoming a great man. "For have I not headaches, like Pope? vertigo, like Swift? gray hairs, like Homer? Do I not wear large shoes, (for fear of corns,) like Virgil? and sometimes complain of sore eyes, (though not of lippitude,) like Horace? Am I not at this present writing, invested with a garment not less ragged than that of Socrates? Like Joseph, the patriarch, I am a mighty dreamer of dreams; like Nimrod, the hunter, I am an eminent builder of castles, (in the air;) I procrastinate, like Julius Cæsar; and very lately, in imitation of Don Quixote, I rode a horse, lean, old, and lazy, like Rozinante. Sometimes, like Cicero, I write bad verses; and sometimes bad prose, like Virgil; this last instance I have on the authority of Seneca. I am of small stature, like Alexander the Great; I am somewhat inclinable to fatness, like Dr. Arbuthnot and Aristotle; and I drink brandy and water, like Mr. Boyd." The capital defect in Beattie's character was a want of spirit and independence. He did not always

"Feel his own worth, and reverence the lyre."

He accepted pecuniary assistance from Mrs. Montagu and his

other friends, when, as professor in a college, and as a gentleman, he should have spurned it. He was somewhat of a tuft-hunter, (to use a well-known colloquial expression.) The first canto of "the Minstrel" was inscribed to one of his earliest, warmest, and steadiest friends, Mr. Arbuthnot. When he republished it, he transferred the compliment to another—

"But on this verse if Montagu should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
For her applause to me is more than fame."

His dread of going to Edinburgh, lest the metaphysical friends of David Hume should molest his peace, and almost endanger his life, is absolutely ludicrous. Some notions of self-importance are blended with this timidity. Beattie was not without his share of a poet's vanity. We have seen a curious manuscript, a short account of his life, drawn up by one of his friends: it had been submitted to the poet, and his corrections and additions are amusing. His observations on his own temper and disposition; the way in which he talks of his juvenile poems, (miserable productions they are,) as if he contemned them *more than his friends were willing to admit they deserved*, and other remarks of this kind,—betray a self-complacency which his enemies would have delighted to have known. Where there is weakness, there is always intolerance; and the manner in which Beattie attacked Churchill, after the latter was in his grave, reflects a stain upon his memory. Fortunately, the verses are as poor as the spirit in which they are conceived is mean and reprehensible. By nature, the poet of "the Minstrel" was a man of quick and tender sensibilities. A fine landscape, or music, (in which he was a proficient,) affected him even to tears. He was so electrified with Garrick in Macbeth, that he had almost thrown himself over the front seat of the two-shilling gallery; and he seriously contends for the grotesque mixture of comedy and tragedy in Shakspeare, (such as the porter's soliloquy in Macbeth, a mere sop to the frequenters of the gallery, which Shakspeare himself must have despised,) as introduced by the great dramatist to save the auditors from a disordered head or a broken heart. This is paraceti for an inward bruise with a vengeance. Such a physical and mental conformation does not bid fair for happiness in this world, and Beattie was sorely tried. His latter years were dark and lonely. His wife was in a madhouse; his two accomplished sons died when they had reached an age to stand in the relation of friends and companions to their afflicted parent, and he consoled his childless solitude with the reflection—"How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled by madness?" He became moping and peevish, and sought refuge in that fatal opiate, wine, till repeated attacks of paralysis removed him from a scene in which he had ceased to take interest, and where he had become almost an alien and a stranger. We stood lately beside his grave in the churchyard of Aberdeen, and, recollecting the painful circumstances that darkened the close of his life, we remembered with emotion his noble stanzas, appealing from earth to heaven—

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, let's the flower revive?
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No; heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

DISCUSSION ON PEACE.

For the Pearl.

REPLY TO MARMION CONCLUDED.

"There is one community of Christians in the world, enlightened enough to understand the prohibition of war by our Divine Master, in its plain, literal, and undeniable sense, and conscientious enough to obey it, subduing the very instinct of nature to obedience."—*Dr. Southey's History of Brazil.*

"Nor let any one urge the difficulty of obedience in opposition to the duty of forbearance; for he who does this, has yet to learn one of the most awful rules of his religion—the rule which requires that we should be 'obedient even unto death.'"—*Jonathan Dymond.*

SIR.—The lawfulness of defensive war, you have simplified to the right of self-defence. This, we are aware, is one of the strong holds of the defender of war, the almost final fastness to which he retires. *The instinct of self-preservation*, it is commonly said, *is an instinct of nature; and therefore whatever is necessary to self-preservation is accordant with the will of God.* This is specious, but, like many other specious arguments, it is sound in its premises, but, as we think, fallacious in its conclusions. That the instinct of self-preservation is an instinct of nature, is clear—that, because it is an instinct of nature, we have a right to kill other men, is not clear.

The fallacy of the whole argument appears to consist in this,—that it assumes that an instinct of our animal nature is a law of paramount authority. On the contrary, christianity requires of us that we restrain and keep under subjection to its precepts our natural instincts or propensities; for he who will be at the trouble of making the inquiry, will find that a regulation of these in-

stincts, and a restriction of their exercise, is a prominent object of the christian religion. We do not maintain that any natural instinct is to be eradicated, but that all of them are to be regulated and restrained; and we maintain this of the instinct of self-preservation. What, indeed, are the dispositions and actions to which the instinct of self-preservation too often prompts, but actions and dispositions which christianity forbids? They are non-forbearance, resistance, retaliation of injuries. The truth is, that it is to the principle of defence that the peaceable precepts of christianity are directed. *Offence* appears not to have even suggested itself. It is 'resist not evil;' it is 'overcome evil with good;'—it is 'do good to them that hate you;' it is 'love your enemies;' it is 'render not evil for evil.' All this supposes previous offence, or injury, or violence; and it is then that forbearance is enjoined.

"The chief aim," says a judicious author, "of those who argue in behalf of defensive war, is directed at the passions. And accordingly, the case of an assassin will doubtless be brought against us. We shall be asked—suppose a ruffian breaks into your house, and rushes into your room with his arm lifted to murder you; do you not believe that christianity allows you to kill him? This is the last refuge of the cause: our answer to it is explicit—*We do not believe it.*" And when Marmion asks, Whether christianity allows one hundred christians to kill fifty pirates who seek to destroy them, our unqualified answer is, *WE DO NOT BELIEVE IT.* Marmion considers it right to slaughter them, but he cannot prove the lawfulness of the act by any part of the christian scriptures—and in the absence of any proof from the word of God of the propriety of his belief, we submit it to him and all our readers, whether our belief (in an argument) ought not to go for as much as that of an opponent? If Marmion demand what we would do in the case of the pirates, our unqualified answer is—We would if possible make our escape, or we would strive by superior skill or physical power to disarm them, as an act of benevolence to them as well as of duty to ourselves, and yet without endangering their lives—these, and many other similar things we might do, and in doing them, we should not only consult our own preservation, but would be performing an act of very great benevolence towards the aggressors. But if it should clearly appear that all this would not avail, and that certain destruction stared us in the face, if we acted as christians, we should most seriously endeavour to imitate the example of the Saviour, when he died in agony on the cross, "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" Or like his meek follower Stephen, we should commend our spirit to Jesus, and then pray for our savage foes, "*Lord lay not this sin to their charge.*" And does Marmion stagger at our reply? But why should he? Does not the highest authority in the universe say "*Thou shalt not kill—Resist not the evil man—Love your enemies—Bless them that curse you—Fear not them that kill the body—He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it?*" Does this same authority make exceptions to these precepts? Does Jesus Christ suspend or modify these laws so that we are justified in resisting the pirates or evil men unto death—in hating them unto death—in slaughtering them? In what part of the christian code is the exception, or the suspension to be found? The advocates for killing in self-defence have never pointed out the chapter and verse for such modifications or permissions, and they never can. The modifications may be found in the works of fallible men, but not in the writings of divinely inspired men of God. But strange to say, these very men, ay and Marmion too, would believe as we do, were they but consistent. For instance, they understand the command *Thou shalt not bow down to idols*, to mean, *Thou shalt never bow down to idols*—so they read, *Thou shalt never take God's name in vain—never steal—never commit adultery—never covet—never bear false witness.* But most inconsistently they read, *Thou shalt sometimes kill*—that is, *thou shalt kill in self-defence.* Why not, thou shalt sometimes steal—sometimes bow down to idols—sometimes covet, as well as sometimes kill to save life. If Marmion may not worship idols, or steal, or covet, or bear false witness, or commit adultery in order to save his life, why may he kill for the same purpose? If six laws may not be suspended because life is threatened, why may the seventh? And if the lives of those we love dearest upon earth be introduced as a justification for killing, then we have a right to break the other laws of God for the purpose of saving our friends—we may worship at the shrine of paganism to save our wives and children! But only one commandment must bend to circumstances—but one precept must be suspended when life is at stake: the rest must stand unmoveable and we must be obedient unto death! Now if the system of counter-crime be allowable on christian principles with respect to one commandment, let it be extended to all he rest! Let it be understood that all the commandments of the Most High God are a dead letter when obedience to them will involve the loss of life! Let it be published throughout the wide universe that christians consider it right to sacrifice all the laws of christianity in order to preserve their lives! But christians would shrink with horror at such a proclamation, and yet with the most complacent exultation they advocate a violation or suspension of the commandment *Thou shalt not kill*, when life is at stake. Now we are as much filled with horror to