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THE WORKS
OF
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

POPULAR EDITION.

VOLUME VIII.

ESSAYS

ON

CHRISTIANITY, PAGANISM, AND SUPERSTITION.

BY

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.



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FROM THE AUTHOR, TO THE AMERICAN EDITOR
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THE present edition is a reissue of the Works of Thomas De Quincey. The series is based upon the American Edition of De Quincey's Works, published originally in twenty-two volumes. After that edition was issued, a complete English edition was published in Edinburgh and was edited and revised in part by the author. This edition contained changes and additions, and the opportunity has been taken, in reissuing the American edition, to incorporate the new material which appeared in the English edition. At the same time, the arrangement of the several productions is more systematic and orderly than was possible when the collection was first made, at different intervals, under difficulties which render the work of the first editor especially praiseworthy. In the final volume, an introduction to the series sets forth the plan carried out in this new arrangement, and that volume also contains a very full index to the entire series. Throughout the series, the notes of the editor are distinguished from those of the author by being inclosed in brackets [].

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ON CHRISTIANITY AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT	1
THE ESSENES	52
SECRET SOCIETIES	138
SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON THE ESSENES	199
JUDAS ISCARIOT	223
THE TRUE RELATIONS OF THE BIBLE TO MERELY HUMAN SCIENCE	262
ON THE SUPPOSED SCRIPTURAL EXPRESSION FOR ETERNITY	271
ON HUME'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MIRACLES	291
PROTESTANTISM	317
SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND	407
THE PAGAN ORACLES	465
MODERN SUPERSTITION	533
SORTILEGE ON BEHALF OF THE GLASGOW ATHENÆUM	589
NOTES	614

ESSAYS ON CHRISTIANITY, PAGANISM, AND SUPERSTITION.

ON CHRISTIANITY, AS AN ORGAN OF POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

FORCES, which are illimitable in their compass of effect, are often, for the same reason, obscure and untraceable in the steps of their movement. Growth, for instance, animal or vegetable, what eye can arrest its eternal increments? The hour-hand of a watch, who can detect the separate fluxions of its advance? Judging by the past, and the change which is registered between that and the present, we know that it must be awake; judging by the immediate appearances, we should say that it was always asleep. Gravitation, again, that works without holiday forever, and searches every corner of the universe, what intellect can follow it to its fountains? And yet, shyer than gravitation, less to be counted than the fluxions of sun-dials, stealthier than the growth of a forest, are the footsteps of Christianity amongst the political workings of man. Nothing, that the heart of man values, is so secret; nothing is so potent.

It is *because* Christianity works so secretly, that it works so potently; it is *because* Christianity burrows and hides itself, that it towers above the clouds; and hence partly it is that its working comes to be misapprehended, or even lost out of sight. It is dark to eyes touched with the films of human frailty: but it is "dark with excessive bright."* Hence it has happened sometimes that minds of the highest order have entered into enmity with the Christian faith, have arraigned it as a curse to man, and have fought against it even upon Christian impulses (impulses of benignity that could not have had a birth except in Christianity). All comes from the labyrinthine intricacy in which the *social* action of Christianity involves itself to the eye of a contemporary. Simplicity the most absolute is reconcilable with intricacy the most elaborate. The weather — how simple would appear the laws of its oscillations, if we stood at their centre! and yet, because we do *not*, to this hour the weather is a mystery. Human health — how transparent is its economy under ordinary circumstances! abstinence and cleanliness, labor and rest, these simple laws, observed in just proportions, laws that may be engrossed upon a finger nail, are sufficient, on the whole, to maintain the equilibrium of pleasurable existence. Yet, if once that equilibrium is disturbed, where is the science oftentimes deep enough to rectify the unfathomable watchwork? Even the simplicities of planetary motions do not escape distortion: nor is it easy to be convinced that the distortion is in the eye which beholds, not in

* "Dark with excessive bright." *Paradise Lost*. Book III.

the object beheld. Let a planet be wheeling with heavenly science, upon arches of divine geometry: suddenly, to us, it shall appear unaccountably retrograde; flying when none pursues; and unweaving its own work. Let this planet in its utmost elongations travel out of sight, and for *us* its course will become incoherent: because *our* sight is feeble, the beautiful curve of the planet shall be dislocated into segments, by a parenthesis of darkness; because our earth is in no true centre, the disorder of parallax shall trouble the laws of light; and, because we ourselves are wandering, the heavens shall seem fickle.

Exactly in the predicament of such a planet is Christianity: its motions are intermingled with other motions; crossed and thwarted, eclipsed and disguised, by counter-motions in man himself, and by disturbances that man cannot overrule. Upon lines that are direct, upon curves that are circuitous, Christianity is advancing forever; but from our imperfect vision, or from our imperfect opportunities for applying even such a vision, we cannot trace it continuously. We lose it, we regain it; we see it doubtfully, we see it interruptedly; we see it in collision, we see it in combination; in collision with darkness that confounds, in combination with cross lights that perplex. And this in part is irremediable; so that no finite intellect will ever retrace the total curve upon which Christianity has moved, any more than eyes that are incarnate will ever see God.

But part of this difficulty in unweaving the maze has its source in a misconception of the original machinery by which Christianity moved, and of the

initial principle which constituted its differential power. In books, at least, I have observed one capital blunder upon the relations which Christianity bears to Paganism: and out of that one mistake, grows a liability to others, upon the possible relations of Christianity to the total drama of this world. I will endeavor to explain my views. And the reader, who takes any interest in the subject, will not need to fear that the explanation should prove tedious; for the mere want of space, will put me under a coercion to move rapidly over the ground; I *cannot* be diffuse; and, as regards quality, he will find in this paper little of what is scattered over the surface of books.

I begin with this question: — What do people mean in a Christian land by the word “*religion?*” My purpose is not to propound any metaphysical problem; I wish only, in the plainest possible sense, to ask, and to have an answer, upon this one point—how much is understood by that obscure term,* “re-

* “*That obscure term;*”—*i. e.*, not obscure as regards the *use* of the term, or its present value, but as regards its original *genesis*, or what in civil law is called the *deductio*. Under what angle, under what aspect, or relation, to the field which it concerns, did the term *religion* originally come forward? The general field, overlooked by religion, is the ground which lies between the spirit of man and the supernatural world. At present, under the humblest conception of religion, the human spirit is supposed to be interested in such a field by the conscience and the nobler affections. But I suspect that originally these great faculties were absolutely excluded from the point of view. Probably the relation between spiritual *terrors* and man’s power of propitiation, was the problem to which the word *religion* formed the answer. Religion meant apparently, in the infancies of the various idolatries, that *latreia*, or service of sycophantic fear, by

ligion," when used by a Christian? Only I am punctilious upon one demand, viz., that the answer shall be

which, as the most approved method of approach, man was able to conciliate the favor, or to buy off the malice of supernatural powers. In all Pagan nations, it is probable that religion would, on the whole, be a degrading influence; although I see, even for such nations, two cases, at the least, where the uses of a religion would be indispensable; viz., for the sanction of *oaths*, and as a channel for gratitude not pointing to a human object. If so, the answer is easy; religion *was* degrading: but heavier degradations would have arisen from irreligion. The noblest of all idolatrous peoples, viz., the Romans, have left deeply scored in their very use of their word *religio*, their testimony to the degradation wrought by any religion that Paganism could yield. Rarely indeed is this word employed, by a Latin author, in speaking of an individual, without more or less of sneer. Reading that word, in a Latin book, we all try it and ring it, as a petty shopkeeper rings a half-crown, before we venture to receive it as offered in good faith and loyalty. Even the Greeks are nearly in the same *ἀπορία*, when they wish to speak of religiosity in a spirit of serious praise. Some circuitous form, commending the correctness of a man, *περι τα θεια*, *in respect of divine things*, becomes requisite; for all the direct terms, expressing the religious temper, are preoccupied by a taint of scorn. The word *όσιος*, means *pious*, — not as regards the gods, but as regards the dead; and even *εὐσεβης*, though not used sneeringly, is a world short of our word "religious." This condition of language we need not wonder at: the language of life must naturally receive, as in a mirror, the realities of life. Difficult it is to maintain a just equipoise in any moral habits, but in none so much as in habits of religious demeanor under a Pagan [that is, a degrading] religion. To be a coward, is base: to be a sycophant, is base: but to be a sycophant in the service of cowardice, is the perfection of baseness: and yet this was the brief analysis of a devotee amongst the ancient Romans. Now, considering that the word *religion* is originally Roman [probably from the Etruscan], it seems probable that it presented the idea of religion under some

comprehensive. We are apt in such cases to answer elliptically, omitting, because silently presuming as understood between us, whatever *seems* obvious. To prevent *that*, we will suppose the question to be proposed by an emissary from some remote planet, — who, knowing as yet absolutely nothing of us and our intellectual differences, must insist (as *I* insist) upon absolute precision, so that nothing essential shall be wanting, and nothing shall be redundant.

What, then, is religion? Decomposed into its elements, as they are found in Christianity, how many *powers* for acting on the heart of man, does, by possibility, this great agency include? According to my own view, four.* I will state them, and number them.

1st. A form of worship, a *cultus*.

2dly. An idea of God; and (pointing the analysis to

one of its bad aspects. Coleridge must quite have forgotten this Paganism of the word, when he suggested as a plausible idea, that originally it had presented religion under the aspect of a coercion or restraint. Morality having been viewed as the prime restraint or obligation resting upon man, then Coleridge thought that religion might have been viewed as a *religatio*, a reiterated restraint, or secondary obligation. This is ingenious, but it will not do. It is cracked in the ring. Perhaps as many as three objections might be mustered to such a derivation: but the last of the three is conclusive. The ancients never *did* view morality as a mode of obligation: I affirm this peremptorily; and with the more emphasis, because there are great consequences suspended upon that question.

* “*Four* :” there are *six*, in one sense, of religion: viz. *5thly*, corresponding moral affections; *6thly*, a suitable life. But this applies to religion as *subjectively possessed* by a man, not to religion as *objectively contemplated*

Christianity in particular) an idea not purified merely from ancient pollutions, but recast and absolutely born again.

3dly. An idea of the relation which man occupies to God: and of this idea also, when Christianity is the religion concerned, it must be said, that it is so entirely remodelled, as in no respect to resemble any element in any other religion. Thus far we are reminded of the poet's expression, "Pure religion *breathing* household laws;" that is, not *teaching* such laws, not formally *prescribing* a new economy of life, so much as *inspiring* it indirectly through a new atmosphere surrounding all objects with new attributes. But there is also in Christianity,

4thly. A *doctrinal* part, a part directly and explicitly occupied with *teaching*; and this divides into two great sections: α , A system of ethics so absolutely new as to be untranslatable* into either of the classical

* "*Untranslatable.*"—This is not generally perceived. On contrary, people are ready to say, "Why, so far from it, the very earliest language in which the Gospels appeared, excepting only St. Matthew's, was the Greek." Yes, reader; but *what* Greek? Had not the Greeks been, for a long time, colonizing Syria under princes of Grecian blood,—had not the Greek language (as a *lingua Hellenistica*) become steeped in Hebrew ideas,—no door of communication could have been opened between the new world of Christian feeling, and the old world so deaf to its music. Here, therefore, we may observe two preparations made secretly by Providence for receiving Christianity and clearing the road before it—first, the diffusion of the Greek language through the whole civilized world (*ἡ οἰκουμένη*) sometime before Christ, by which means the Evangelists found wings, as it were, for flying abroad through the kingdoms of the earth; secondly, the Hebraizing of this language, by which means the

languages; and, β , A system of mysteries; as, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity, of the Divine Incarnation, of the Atonement, of the Resurrection, and others.

Here are great elements; and now let me ask, how many of these are found in the Heathen religion of Greece and Rome? This is an important question; it being my object to show that no religion *but* the Christian, and precisely through some one or two of its *differential* elements, could have been an organ of political movement.

Most divines who anywhere glance at this question, are here found in, what seems to me, the deepest of errors. Great theologians are they, and eminent philosophers, who have presumed that (as a matter of course) all religions, however false, are introductory to some scheme of morality, however imperfect. They grant you that the morality is oftentimes unsound; but still, they think that some morality there must have been, or else for what purpose was the religion? This I pronounce error.

All the moral theories of antiquity were utterly disjoined from religion. But this fallacy of a dogmatic or doctrinal part in Paganism is born out of Anachronism. It is the anachronism of unconsciously reflecting back upon the ancient religions of darkness, and as if essential to *all* religions, features that never were suspected as possible, until they had been revealed in

Evangelists found a new material made plastic and obedient to these new ideas, which they had to build *with*, and which they had to build *upon*.

Christianity.* Religion, in the eye of a Pagan, had no more relation to morals, than it had to ship-building or trigonometry. But, then, why was religion honored amongst Pagans? How did it ever arise? What was its object? Object! it *had* no object; if by this you mean ulterior object. Pagan religion arose in no motive, but in an impulse. Pagan religion aimed at no distant prize ahead: it fled from a danger immediately behind. The gods of the Pagans were wicked natures; but they were natures to be feared, and to be propitiated; for they were fierce, and they were moody, and (as regarded man who had no wings) they were powerful. Once accredited as facts, the Pagan gods could not be regarded as other than terrific facts; and thus it was, that in terror, blind terror, as against power in the hands of divine wickedness, arose the ancient religions of Paganism. Because the gods were wicked, man was religious; because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled; because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants.

Had the religions of Paganism arisen teleologically — that is, with a view to certain purposes, to certain final causes ahead; had they grown out of *forward-looking* views, contemplating, for instance, the furthering of civilization, or contemplating some interests in a world beyond the present, there would probably have arisen,

* “*In Christianity.*” — Once for all, to save the trouble of continual repetitions, understand Judaism to be commemorated jointly with Christianity; the dark root together with the golden fruitage; whenever the nature of the case does not presume a contradistinction of the one to the other.

concurrently, a section in all such religions, dedicated to positive instruction. There would have been a *doctrinal* part. There might have been interwoven with the ritual or worship, a system of economics, or a code of civil prudence, or a code of health, or a theory of morals, or even a secret revelation of mysterious relations between man and the Deity: all which existed in Judaism. But, as the case stood, this was impossible. The gods were mere odious facts, like scorpions or rattlesnakes, having no moral aspects whatever; public nuisances; and bearing no relation to man but that of capricious tyrants. First arising upon a basis of terror, these gods never subsequently enlarged that basis; nor sought to enlarge it. All antiquity contains no hint of a possibility that *love* could arise, as by any ray mingling with the sentiments in a human creature towards a Divine one; not even sycophants ever pretended to *love* the gods.

Under this original peculiarity of Paganism, there arose two consequences, which I will mark by the Greek letters α and β . The latter I will notice in its order, first calling the reader's attention to the consequence marked α , which is this:—in the full and profoundest sense of the word *believe*, the Pagans could not be said to believe in *any* gods: but, in the ordinary sense, they did, and do, and must believe, in *all* gods. As this proposition will startlesome readers, and is yet closely involved in the main truth which I am now pressing, viz. the meaning and effect of a simple *cultus*, as distinguished from a high doctrinal religion, let us seek an illustration from our Indian empire. The Christian missionaries from home, when

first opening their views to Hindoos, describe themselves as laboring to prove that Christianity is a *true* religion, and as either asserting, or leaving it to be inferred, that, on that assumption, the Hindoo religion is a false one. But the poor Hindoo never dreamed of doubting that the Christian was a true religion; nor will he at all infer, from your religion being true, that his own must be false. Both are true, he thinks: all religions are true; all gods are true gods; and all are *equally* true. Neither can he understand what you mean by a false religion, or how a religion *could* be false; and he is perfectly right. Wherever religions consist only of a worship, as the Hindoo religion does, there can be no competition amongst them as to truth. *That* would be an absurdity, not less nor other than it would be for a Prussian to denounce the Austrian emperor, or an Austrian to denounce the Prussian king, as a false sovereign. False! *How* false? In what sense false? Surely not as non-existing. But at least (the reader will reply), if the religions contradict each other, one of them *must* be false. Yes; but *that* is impossible. Two religions cannot contradict each other, where both contain only a *cultus*: they could come into collision only by means of a doctrinal, or directly affirmative part, like those of Christianity and Mahometanism. But this part is what no idolatrous religion ever had, or will have. The reader must not understand me to mean that, merely as a compromise of courtesy, two professors of different idolatries would agree to recognize each other. Not at all. The truth of one does not imply the falsehood of the other. Both are true as *facts*: neither can be false, in any

higher sense, because neither makes any pretence to truth doctrinal.

This distinction between a religion having merely a worship, and a religion having also a body of doctrinal truth, is familiar to the Mahometans ; and they convey the distinction by a very appropriate expression. Those majestic religions (as they esteem them), which rise above the mere pomps and tympanies of ceremonial worship, they denominate "*religions of the book.*" There are, of such religions, three, viz., Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism. The first builds upon the Law and the Prophets, or perhaps sufficiently upon the Pentateuch ; the second upon the Gospel ; the last upon the Koran. No other religion can be said to rest upon a book ; or to need a book ; or even to admit of a book. For we must not be duped by the case where a lawgiver attempts to connect his own human institutes with the venerable sanctions of a national religion, or the case where a learned antiquary unfolds historically the record of a vast mythology. Heaps of such cases (both law and mythological records) survive in the Sanscrit, and in other Pagan languages. But these are books which build upon the religion, not books upon which the religion is built. If a religion consists only of a ceremonial worship, in that case there can be no opening for a book ; because the forms and details publish themselves daily, in the celebration of the worship, and are traditionally preserved, from age to age, without dependence on a book. But, if a religion has a doctrine, this implies a revelation or message from Heaven, which cannot, in any other way, secure the transmission of this message to future generations.

than by causing it to be registered in a book. A book, therefore, will be convertible with a doctrinal religion: — no book, no doctrine; and, again, no doctrine, no book.

Upon these principles, we may understand that second consequence (marked β) which has perplexed many men — viz., why it is that the Hindoos, in our own times, but, equally, why it is that the Greek and Roman idolaters of antiquity, never proselytized; no, nor could have viewed such an attempt as rational. Naturally, if a religion is doctrinal, any truth which it possesses, as a secret deposit consigned to its keeping by a revelation, must be equally valid for one man as for another, without regard to race or nation. For a *doctrinal* religion, therefore, to proselytize, is no more than a duty of consistent humanity. You, the professors of that religion, possess the medicinal fountains. You will not diminish your own share by imparting to others. What churlishness, if you should grudge to others a health which does not interfere with your own! Christians, therefore, Mahometans, and Jews originally, in proportion as they were sincere and conscientious, have always invited, or even forced, the unbelieving to their own faith: nothing but accidents of situation, local or political, have disturbed this effort. But, on the other hand, for a mere “*cultus*” to attempt conversions, is nonsense. An ancient Roman could have had no motive for bringing you over to the worship of Jupiter Capitolinus; nor you any motive for going. “Surely, poor man,” he would have said, “you have some god of your own, who will be quite as good for your countrymen as Jupiter for mine. But, if you

nave *not*, really I am sorry for your case ; and a very odd case it is ; but I don't see how it could be improved by talking nonsense. . You cannot beneficially, you cannot rationally, worship a tutelary Roman deity, unless in the character of a Roman ; and a Roman you may become, legally and politically. Being such, you will participate in all advantages, if any there *are*, of our national religion ; and, without needing a process of conversion, either in substance or in form. *Ipsa facto*, and without any separate choice of your own, on becoming a Roman citizen, you become a party to the Roman worship." For an idolatrous religion to proselytize, would, therefore, be not only useless, but unintelligible.

Now, having explained *that* point, which is a great step towards the final object of my paper, viz., the investigation of the reason why Christianity *is*, which no Pagan religion ever *has* been, an organ of political movement, I will go on to review rapidly those four constituents of a religion, as they are realized in Christianity, for the purpose of contrasting them with the false shadows, or even blank negations, of these constituents in Pagan idolatries.

First, then, as to the *CULTUS*, or form of the national worship : — In our Christian ritual I recognize these separate acts ; viz., A, an act of Praise ; B, an act of Thanksgiving ; C, an act of Confession ; D, an act of Prayer. In A, we commemorate with adoration the *general* perfections of the Deity. There, all of us have an equal interest. In B, we commemorate with thankfulness those special qualities of the Deity, or those special manifestations of them, by which we, the

individual worshippers, have recently benefited. In C, by upright confession, we deprecate. In D, we pray, or ask for the things which we need. Now, in the *cultus* of the ancient Pagans, B and C (the second act and the third) were wanting altogether. No thanksgiving ever ascended, on his own account, from the lips of an individual; and the state thanksgiving for a triumph of the national armies, was but a mode of ostentatiously publishing the news. As to C, it is scarcely necessary to say that this was wanting, when I mention that penitential feelings were unknown amongst the ancients, and had no name; for *pænitentia** means *regret*, not *penitence*; and *me pænitet hujus facti*, means, "I rue this act in its consequences," not "I repent of this act for its moral nature." A and D, the first act and the last, *appear* to be present; but are so most imperfectly. When "God is praised aright," praised by means of such deeds or such attributes as express a divine nature, we recognize one great function of a national worship, — not otherwise. This, however, we must overlook and pardon, as being a fault essential to the religion: the poor creatures did the best they could to praise their god, lying under the curse of gods so thoroughly depraved. But in D, the case is different. Strictly speaking, the ancients never prayed; and it may be doubted whether

* In Greek, there is a word for repentance, but not until it had been rebaptized into a Christian use. *Metanoia*, however, is not that word: it is grossly to defeat the profound meaning of the New Testament, if John the Baptist is translated as though summoning the world to *repentance*; it was not *that* to which he summoned them.

D approaches so near to what *we* mean by prayer, as even by a mockery. You read of *preces*, of *acai*, &c., and you are desirous to believe that pagan supplications were not *always* corrupt. It is too shocking to suppose, in thinking of nations idolatrous yet noble, that never *any* pure act of approach to the heavens took place on the part of man; that *always* the intercourse was corrupt; *always* doubly corrupt; that eternally the god was bought, and the votary was sold. Oh weariness of man's spirit before that un-resting mercenariness in high places, which neither, when his race clamored for justice, nor when it languished for pity, would listen without hire! How gladly would man turn away from his false rapacious divinities to the godlike human heart, that so often would yield pardon *before* it was asked, and for the thousandth time that would give without a bribe! In strict propriety, as my reader knows, the classical Latin word for a prayer is *votum*; it was a case of contract, of mercantile contract; of that contract which the Roman law expressed by the formula — *Do ut des*. Vainly you came before the altars with empty hands. "But *my* hands are pure." Pure, indeed! would reply the scoffing god; let me see what they contain. It was exactly what you daily read in morning papers, viz., — that, in order to appear effectually before that Olympus in London, which rains rarities upon us poor abject creatures in the provinces, you must enclose "an order on the Post-office or a reference." It is true that a man did not always register his *votum* (the particular offering which he vowed on the condition of receiving what he asked), at the

moment of asking. Ajax, for instance, prays for light in the *Iliad*, and he does not then and there give either an order or a reference. But you are much mistaken, if you fancy that even light was to be had *gratis*. It would be "carried to account." Ajax would be "debited" with that "advance."

Yet, when it occurs to a man that, in this *Do ut des*, the general *Do* was either a temple or a sacrifice, naturally it occurs to ask what *was* a sacrifice? I am afraid that the dark, murderous nature of the Pagan gods is here made apparent. Modern readers, who have had no particular reason for reflecting on the nature and management of a sacrifice, totally misconceive it. They have a vague notion that the slaughtered animal was roasted, served up on the altars as a banquet to the gods; that these gods by some representative ceremony "made believe" to eat it; and that finally (as dishes that had now become hallowed to divine use), the several joints were disposed of in some mysterious manner: burned, suppose, or buried under the altars, or committed to the secret keeping of rivers. Nothing of the sort: when a man made a sacrifice, the meaning was, that he gave a dinner. And not only was every sacrifice a dinner party, but every dinner party was a sacrifice. This was strictly so in the good old ferocious times of Paganism, as may be seen in the *Iliad*: it was not said, "Agamemnon has a dinner party to-day," but "Agamemnon sacrifices to Apollo." Even in Rome, to the last days of Paganism, it is probable that some slight memorial continued to connect the dinner party [*cæna*] with a divine sacrifice; and thence partly arose the sanctity of the hospitable

board; but to the east of the Mediterranean the full ritual of a sacrifice must have been preserved in all banquets, long after it had faded to a form in the less superstitious West. This we may learn from that point of casuistry treated by St. Paul, — whether a Christian might lawfully eat of things offered to idols. The question was most urgent; because a Christian could not accept an invitation to dine with a Grecian fellow-citizen who still adhered to Paganism, *without* eating things offered to idols; — the whole banquet was dedicated to an idol. If he would not take *that*, he must continue *impransus*. Consequently, the question virtually amounted to this: were the Christians to separate themselves altogether from those whose interests were in so many ways entangled with their own, on the single consideration that these persons were heathens? To refuse their hospitalities, *was* to separate, and with a hostile expression of feeling. That would be to throw hindrances in the way of Christianity: the religion could not spread rapidly under such repulsive prejudices; and dangers, that it became un-Christian to provoke, would thus multiply against the infant faith. This being so, and as the gods were really the only parties invited who got nothing at all of the banquet, it becomes a question of some interest, — what *did* they get? They were merely mocked, if they had no compensatory interest in the dinner! For surely it was an inconceivable mode of honoring Jupiter, that you and I should eat a piece of roast beef, leaving to the god's share only the mockery of a *Barmecide* invitation, assigning him a chair which every body knew that he would never fill

and a plate which might as well have been filled with warm water? Jupiter got *something*, be assured; and what *was* it? This it was, — the luxury of inhaling the groans, the fleeting breath, the palpitations, the agonies, of the dying victim. This was the dark interest which the wretches of Olympus had in human invitations to dinner: and it is too certain, upon comparing facts and dates, that, when left to their own choice, the gods had a preference for *man* as the victim. All things concur to show, that precisely as you ascend above civilization, which continually increased the limitations upon the gods of Olympus, precisely as you go back to that gloomy state in which their true propensities had power to reveal themselves, was man the genuine victim for *them*, and the dying anguish of man the best “nidor” that ascended from earthly banquets to *their* nostrils. Their stern eyes smiled darkly upon the throbbings of tortured flesh, as in Moloch’s ears dwelt like music the sound of infants’ wailings.

Secondly, as to the birth of a new idea respecting the nature of God: — It may not have occurred to every reader, but none will perhaps object to it, when once suggested to his consideration, that, as is the god of any nation, such will be that nation. God, however falsely conceived of by man, even though splintered into fragments by Polytheism, or disfigured by the darkest mythologies, is still the greatest of all objects offered to human contemplation. Man, when thrown upon his own delusions, may have raised himself, or may have adopted from others, the very falsest of ideals, as the true image and reflection of what he

calls god. In his lowest condition of darkness, terror may be the moulding principle for spiritual conceptions; power, the engrossing attribute which he ascribes to his deity; and this power may be hideously capricious, or associated with vindictive cruelty. It may even happen, that his standard of what is highest in the divinity should be capable of falling greatly below what an enlightened mind would figure to itself as lowest in man. A more shocking monument, indeed, there cannot be than this, of the infinity by which man may descend below his own capacities of grandeur: the gods, in some systems of religion, have been such and so monstrous by excess of wickedness, as to insure, if annually one hour of periodical eclipse should have left them at the mercy of man, a general rush from their own worshippers for strangling them as mad dogs. Hypocrisy, the cringing of sycophants, and the credulities of fear, united to conceal this misotheism; but we may be sure that was widely diffused through the sincerities of the human heart. An intense desire for kicking Jupiter, or for hanging him, if found convenient, must have lurked in the honorable Roman heart, before the sincerity of human nature could have extorted upon the Roman stage a public declaration, — that their supreme gods were capable of enormities which a poor, unpretending human creature [homuncio] would have disdained. Many times the ideal of the divine nature, as adopted by Pagan races, fell under the contempt, not only of men superior to the national superstition, but of men partaking in that superstition. Yet, with all those drawbacks, an ideal *was* an ideal. This being set up

for adoration as god, *was* such upon the whole to the worshipper; since, if there had been any higher mode of excellence conceivable for *him*, that higher mode would have virtually become his deity. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the nature of the national divinities indicated the qualities which ranked highest in the national estimation; and that being contemplated continually in the spirit of veneration, these qualities must have worked an extensive conformity to their own standard. The mythology sanctioned by the ritual of public worship, the features of moral nature in the gods distributed through that mythology, and sometimes commemorated by gleams in that ritual, domineered over the popular heart, even in those cases where the religion had been a derivative religion, and not originally moulded by impulses breathing from the native disposition. So that, upon the whole, such as were the gods of a nation, such was the nation: given the particular idolatry, it became possible to decipher the character of the idolaters. Where Moloch was worshipped, the people would naturally be found cruel; where the Paphian Venus, it could not be expected that they should escape the taint of a voluptuous effeminacy.

Against this principle, there could have been no room for demur, were it not through that inveterate prejudice besieging the modern mind, — as though all religion, however false, implied some scheme of morals connected with it. However imperfectly discharged, one function even of the Pagan priest (it is supposed) must have been, — to guide, to counsel, to exhort, as a teacher of morals. And, had *that* been so, the prac-

tical precepts, and the moral commentary coming after even the grossest forms of worship, or the most revolting mythological legends, might have operated to neutralize their horrors, or even to allegorize them into better meanings. Lord Bacon, as a trial of skill, has attempted something of that sort in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*. But all this is modern refinement, either in the spirit of playful ingenuity or of ignorance. I have said sufficiently that there was no *doctrinal* part in the religion of the Pagans. There was a *cultus*, or ceremonial worship: *that* constituted the sum total of religion, in the idea of a Pagan. There was a necessity, for the sake of guarding its traditional usages, and upholding and supporting its pomp, that official persons preside in this *cultus*: *that* constituted the duty of the priest. Beyond this ritual of public worship, there was nothing at all; nothing to believe, nothing to understand. A set of legendary tales undoubtedly there was, connected with the mythologic history of each separate deity. But in what sense you understood these, or whether you were at all acquainted with them, was a matter of indifference to the priests; since many of these legends were variously related, and some had apparently been propagated in ridicule of the gods, rather than in their honor.

With Christianity a new scene was opened. In this religion the *cultus*, or form of worship, was not even the primary business, far less was it the exclusive business. The worship flowed as a direct consequence from the new idea exposed of the divine nature, and from the new idea of man's relations to this nature. Here were suddenly unmasked great doctrines, truths

positive and directly avowed : whereas, in Pagan forms of religion, any notices which then were, or seemed to be, of circumstances surrounding the gods, related only to matters of fact or accident, such as that a particular god was the son or the nephew of some other god ; a truth, if it *were* a truth, wholly impertinent to any interest of man.

As there are some important truths, dimly perceived or not at all, lurking in the idea of God, — an idea too vast to be navigable as yet by the human understanding, yet here and there to be coasted, — I wish at this point to direct the reader's attention upon a passage which he may happen to remember in Sir Isaac Newton : the passage occurs at the end of the *Optics* ; and the exact expressions I do not remember ; but the sense is what I am going to state : Sir Isaac is speaking of God ; and he takes occasion to say, that God is not good, but goodness ; is not holy, but holiness ; is not infinite, but infinity. This, I apprehend, will have struck many readers as merely a rhetorical *bravura* ; sublime, perhaps, and fitted to exalt the feeling of awe connected with so unapproachable a mystery, but otherwise not throwing any new light upon the darkness of the idea as a problem before the intellect. Yet indirectly perhaps it *does*, when brought out into its later sense by placing it in juxtaposition with Paganism. If a philosophic theist, who is also a Christian, or who (*not* being a Christian), has yet by his birth and breeding become saturated with Christian ideas and feelings,* attempts to realize the idea of supreme

* “ *Not being a Christian, has yet become saturated with Christian ideas :* ” — This case is far from uncommon ; and

Deity, he becomes aware of a double and contradictory movement in his own mind whilst striving towards that result. He demands, in the first place, something in the highest degree generic; and yet again in the opposite direction, something in the highest degree individual; he demands on the one path, a vast ideal-ity, and yet on the other, in union with a determinate personality. He must not surrender himself to the first impulse, else he is betrayed into a mere *anima mundi*; he must not surrender himself to the second, else he is betrayed into something merely human. This difficult antagonism, of what is most and what is least generic, must be maintained, otherwise the idea, the possible idea, of that august unveiling which takes place in the Judaico-Christian God, is absolutely in clouds. Now, this antagonism utterly collapses in Paganism. And to a philosophic apprehension, this peculiarity of the heathen gods is more shocking and fearful than what at first sight had seemed most so. When a man pauses for the purpose of attentively reviewing the Pantheon of Greece and Rome, what

undoubtedly, from having too much escaped observation, it has been the cause of much error. Poets I could mention, if it were not invidious to do so, who, whilst composing in a spirit of burning enmity to the Christian faith, yet rested for the very sting of their pathos upon ideas that but for Christianity could never have existed. Translators there have been, English, French, German, of Mahometan books, who have so colored the whole vein of thinking with "sentiments peculiar to Christianity, as to draw from a reflecting reader the exclamation, "If this can be indeed the product of Islamism, wherefore should Christianity exist?" If thoughts so divine can, indeed, belong to a false religion, what more can we gather from a true one?

strikes him at the first with most depth of impression and with most horror is, the *wickedness* of this Pantheon. And he observes with surprise, that this wickedness, which is at a furnace-heat in the superior gods, becomes fainter and paler as you descend. Amongst the semi-deities, such as the Oreads or Dryads, the Nereids or Naiads, he feels not at all offended. The odor of corruption, the *sæva mephitis*, has by this time exhaled. The uproar of eternal outrage has ceased. And these gentle divinities, if too human and too beset with infirmities, are not impure, and not vexed with ugly appetites, nor instinct of quarrel: they are tranquil as are the hills and the forests; passionless as are the seas and the fountains which they tenant. But, when he ascends to the *dii majorum gentium*, to those twelve gods of the supreme house, who may be called in respect of rank, the Paladins of the classical Pantheon, secret horror comes over him at the thought that demons, reflecting the worst aspects of brutal races, ever *could* have levied worship from his own. It is true they do so no longer as regards *our* planet. But what *has* been apparently *may* be. God made the Greeks and Romans of one blood with himself; he cannot deny that *intellectually* the Greeks — he cannot deny that *morally* the Romans — were amongst the foremost of human races; and he trembles in thinking that abominations, whose smoke ascended through so many ages to the *supreme* heavens, may, or might, so far as human resistance is concerned, again become the law for the noblest of his species. A deep feeling, it is true, exists latently in human beings of something perishable in evil. Whatsoever is founded in wicked-

ness, according to a deep misgiving dispersed amongst men, must be tainted with corruption. *There* might seem consolation; but a man who reflects is not quite so sure of *that*. As a commonplace resounding in schools, it may be justly current amongst us, that what is evil by nature or by origin must be transient. But *that* may be because evil in all human things is partial, is heterogeneous; evil mixed with good; and the two natures, by their mutual enmity, must enter into a collision, which may possibly guarantee the final destruction of the whole compound. Such a result may not threaten a nature that is purely and totally evil, that is *homogeneously* evil. Dark natures there may be, whose *essence* is evil, that may have an abiding root in the system of the universe not less awfully exempt from change than the mysterious foundations of God.

This is dreadful. Wickedness that is immeasurable, in connection with power that is superhuman, appals the imagination. Yet this is a combination that might easily have been conceived; and a wicked god still commands a mode of reverence. But that feature of the Pagan Pantheon, which I am contrasting with this, viz., that no Pagan deity is an *abstraction*, but a vile *concrete*, impresses myself with a subtler sense of horror; because it blends the hateful with a mode of the ludicrous. For the sake of explaining myself to the non-philosophic reader, I beg him to consider what is the sort of feeling with which he regards an ancient river-god, or the presiding nymph of a fountain. The impression which he receives is pretty much like that from the monumental figure of some allegoric being

such as Faith or Hope, Fame or Truth. He hardly believes that the most superstitious Grecian seriously believed in such a being as a distinct personality. He feels convinced that the sort of personal existence ascribed to such an abstraction, as well as the human shape, are merely modes of representing and drawing into unity a variety of phenomena and agencies that seem *one*, by means of their unintermitting continuity, and because they tend to one common purpose. Now, from such a symbolic god as this, let him pass to Jupiter or Mercury, and instantly he becomes aware of a revolting individuality. He sees before him the opposite pole of deity. The river-god had too little of a concrete character. Jupiter has nothing else. In Jupiter you read no incarnation of any abstract quality whatever: he represents nothing whatever in the metaphysics of the universe. Except for the accident of his power, he is merely a man. He has a *character*, that is, a tendency or determination to this quality or that, in excess; whereas a nature truly divine must be *in equilibrio* as to all qualities, and comprehend them all, in the way that a *genus* comprehends the subordinate *species*. He has even a personal history; he was passed through certain adventures, faced certain dangers, and survived hostilities that, at one time, were doubtful in their issue. No trace, in short, appears, in any Grecian god, of the generic. Whereas we, in our Christian ideas of God, unconsciously, and without thinking of Sir Isaac Newton, realize Sir Isaac's conceptions. We think of him as having a sort of allegoric generality, liberated from the bonds of the individual; and yet, also, as the most awful

among natures, having a conscious personality. He is diffused through all things, present everywhere, and yet not the less present locally. He is at a distance, unapproachable by finite creatures; and yet, without any contradiction (as the profound St. Paul observes) "not very far" from every one of us. And I will venture to say, that many a poor old woman has, by virtue of her Christian inoculation, Sir Isaac's great idea lurking in her mind; as for instance, in relation to any of God's attributes; suppose holiness or happiness, she feels (though analytically she could not explain) that God is not holy, or is not happy by way of participation, after the manner of other beings — that is, He does not draw happiness from a fountain separate and external to Himself, and common to other creatures, He drawing more and they drawing less; but that He Himself *is* the Fountain; that no other being can have the least proportion of either one or the other, but by drawing from that Fountain; that as to all other good gifts, that as to life itself, they are, in man, not on any separate tenure, not primarily, but derivatively, and only in so far as God enters into the nature of man; that "we live and move" only so far and so long as the incomprehensible union takes place between the human spirit and the fountal abyss of the Divine. In short, here, and here only, is found the outermost expansion, the centrifugal, of the *τὸ* catholic, united with the innermost centripetal of the personal consciousness. Had, therefore, the Pagan gods been less detestable, neither impure nor malignant, they could not have won a salutary veneration — being so merely concrete individuals.

Next, it must have degraded the gods (and have made them instruments of degradation for man), that they were, one and all, incarnations; not, as even the Christian God is, for a transitory moment and for an eternal purpose; but essentially and by overruling necessity. The Greeks could not conceive of spirituality. Neither can *we*, metaphysically, assign the conditions of the spiritual; but practically, we all feel and represent to our own minds the agencies of God, as liberated from bonds of space and time, of flesh and of resistance. This the Greeks could *not* feel, could *not* represent. And the only advantage which the gods enjoyed over the worm and the grub was, that they (or at least the Paladins amongst them — the twelve supreme gods) could pass, fluently, from one incarnation to another.

Thirdly. Out of that essential bondage to flesh arose a dreadful suspicion of something worse: in what relation did the Pagan gods stand to the abominable phenomenon of death? It is not by uttering pompous flatteries of ever-living and *αμβροτος αει*, &c., that a poet could intercept the searching jealousies of human penetration. These are merely oriental forms of compliment. And here, by the way, as elsewhere, we find Plato vehemently confuted; for it was the undue exaltation of the gods, and not their degradation, which must be ascribed to the frauds of poets. Tradition, and no poetic tradition, absolutely pointed to the grave of more gods than one. But waiving all *that* as liable to dispute, one thing we know, from the ancients themselves, as open to no question, that all the gods were *born*, were born infants; passed through the stages

of helplessness and growth; from all which the inference was but too fatally obvious. Besides, there were grandfathers, and even great-grandfathers in the Pantheon: some of these were confessedly superannuated; nay, some had disappeared. Even men, who knew but little of Olympian records, knew this, at least, for certain, that more than one dynasty of gods had passed over the golden stage of Olympus, had made their *exit*, and were hurrying onward to oblivion. It was matter of notoriety, also, that all these gods were and had been liable to the taint of sorrow for the death of their earthly children (as the Homeric Jupiter for Sarpedon, Thetis for Achilles, Calliope, in Euripides, for her blooming Rhesus); all were liable to fear; all to physical pain; all to anxiety; all to the indefinite menaces of a danger* not measurable. Looking backwards or looking forwards, the gods beheld enemies that attacked their existence, or modes of decay (known and unknown), which gnawed at their roots. All this I take the trouble to insist upon: not as though it could be worth any man's trouble, at this day, to expose (on its own account) the frailty of the Pantheon, but with a view to the closer estimate of the Divine idea amongst men; and by way of contrast to the power of that idea under Christianity: since I contend that, such as is the God of every people, such, in the corresponding

* "*Danger not measurable:*"—It must not be forgotten, that all the superior gods passed through an infancy (as Jove, &c.), or even an adolescence (as Bacchus), or even a maturity (as the majority of Olympus during the insurrection of the Titans), surrounded by perils that required not strength only, but artifice, and even abject self-concealment to evade.

features of character, will be that people. If the god (like Moloch) is fierce, the people will be cruel; if (like Typhon) a destroying energy, the people will be gloomy; if (like the Paphian Venus) libidinous, the people will be voluptuously effeminate. When the gods are perishable, man cannot have the grandeur of his nature developed; when the shadow of death sits upon the highest of what man represents to himself as celestial, essential blight will sit forever upon human aspirations. One thing only remains to be added on this subject: Why were not the ancients more profoundly afflicted by the treacherous gleams of mortality in their gods? How was it that they could forget, for a moment, a revelation so full of misery? Since not only the character of man partly depended upon the quality of his god, but also, and *a fortiori*, his destiny upon the destiny of his god. But the reason of his indifference to the divine mortality was — because, *at any rate*, the Pagan man's connection with the gods terminated at his own death. Even selfish men would reconcile themselves to an earthquake, which should swallow up all the world; and the most unreasonable man has professed his readiness, at all times, to die with a dying universe — *mundo secum pereunte, mori*.

But, *thirdly*, the gods being such, in what relation to them did man stand? It is a fact hidden from the mass of the ancients themselves, but sufficiently attested, that there was an ancient and secret enmity between the whole family of the gods and the human race. This is confessed by Herodotus as a persuasion spread through some of the nations amongst which he travelled: there was a sort of truce, indeed, between

the parties; temples, with their religious services, and their votive offerings, recorded this truce. But below all these appearances lay deadly enmity, to be explained only by one who should know the mysterious history of both parties from the eldest times. It is extraordinary, however, that Herodotus should rely, for his account, upon the belief of distant nations, when the same belief was so deeply recorded amongst his own countrymen in the sublime story of Prometheus. Much* of the sufferings endured by Prometheus was on account of man, whom he had befriended; and, *by* befriending, had defeated the malignity of Jove. According to some, man was even created by Prometheus: but no accounts, until lying Platonic philosophers arose, in far later times, represent man as created by Jupiter.

Now let us turn to Christianity; pursuing it through the functions which it exercises in common with Paganism, and also through those which it exercises separately and incommunicably.

I. As to the *Idea of God*. How great was the chasm dividing the Hebrew God from all gods of idolatrous birth, and with what starry grandeur this revelation of *Supreme* deity must have wheeled upwards into the field of human contemplation, wher first surmounting the steams of earth-born heathenism, I need not impress upon any Christian audience. To their *knowledge* little could be added. Yet to *know* is not always to *feel*; and without a correspondent depth

* "*Much*", — not all: for part was due to the obstinate concealment from Jupiter, by Prometheus, of the danger which threatened his throne in a coming generation.

of feeling, there is in moral cases no effectual knowledge. Not the understanding is sufficient upon such ground, but that which the Scriptures in their profound philosophy entitle the "understanding heart." And perhaps few readers will have adequately appreciated the prodigious change effected in the theatre of the human spirit, by the transition, sudden as the explosion of light, in the Hebrew cosmogony, when, from the caprice of a fleshly god, in one hour man mounted to a justice that knew no shadow of change; from cruelty, mounted to a love which was inexhaustible; from gleams of *essential* evil, to a holiness that could not be fathomed; from a power and a knowledge, under limitations so merely and obviously* human, to the same agencies lying underneath creation, as a root below a plant. Not less awful in power was the transition from the limitations of space and time to ubiquity and eternity, from the familiar to the mysterious, from the incarnate to the spiritual. These enormous transitions were fitted to work changes of answering magnitude in the human spirit. The reader can hardly make any mistake as to this. He *must* concede the changes. What he will be likely to misconceive, unless he has reflected, is — the immensity of these changes. And another mistake, which

* "So merely and obviously human:" — It is a natural thought, to any person who has not explored these recesses of human degradation, that surely the Pagans must have had it in their power to invest their gods with all conceivable perfections, quite as much as we that are *not* Pagans. The thing wanting to the Pagans, he will think, was the *right*: otherwise as regarded the *power*.

he is even more likely to make, is this: he will imagine that a new idea, even though the idea of an object so vast as God, cannot become the ground of any revolution more than intellectual — cannot revolutionize the moral and active principles in man, consequently cannot lay the ground of any political movement. We shall see. But next, that is, —

II. Secondly, as to the idea of man's relation to God. This, were it capable of disjunction, would be even more of a revolutionary idea than the idea of God. But the one idea is enlinked with the other. In Paganism, as I have said, the higher you ascend towards the original fountains of the religion, the more you leave behind the frauds, forgeries, and treacheries of philosophy; so much the more clearly you descry the odious truth — that man stood in the relation of a superior to his gods, as respected all moral qualities of any value, but in the relation of an inferior as respected physical power. This was a position of the two parties fatal, by itself, to all grandeur of moral aspirations. Whatever was good or corrigibly bad, man saw associated with weakness; and power was sealed and guaranteed to absolute wickedness. The evil disposition in man to worship success, was strengthened by this mode of superiority in the gods. Merit was disjoined from prosperity. Even merit of a lower class, merit in things morally indifferent, was not so decidedly on the side of the gods as to reconcile man to the reasonableness of their yoke. They were compelled to acquiesce in a government which they did not regard as just. The gods were stronger, but not much; they had the unfair:

advantage of standing over the heads of men, and of wings for flight or for manœuvring. Yet even so, it was clearly the opinion of Homer's age, that, in a fair fight, the gods might have been found liable to defeat. The gods, again, were generally beautiful: but not more so than the *élite* of mankind; else why did these gods, both male and female, continually persecute our race with their odious love? which love, be it observed, uniformly brought ruin upon its objects. Intellectually the gods were undoubtedly below men. They pretended to no great works in philosophy, in legislation, or in the fine arts, except only that, as to one of these arts, viz., poetry, a single god vaunted himself greatly in simple ages. But he attempted neither a tragedy nor an epic poem. Even in what he did attempt, it is worth while to follow his career. His literary fate was what might have been expected. After the Persian war, the reputation of his verses rapidly decayed. Wits arose in Athens, who laughed so furiously at his style and his metre, in the Delphic oracles, that at length some echoes of their scoffing began to reach Delphi; upon which the god and his inspired ministers became sulky, and finally took refuge in prose, as the only shelter they could think of from the caustic venom of Athenian malice.

These were the miserable relations of man to the Pagan gods. Everything, which it is worth doing at all, man could do better. Now it is some feature of alleviation in a servile condition, if the lord appears by natural endowments superior to his slave; or at least it embitters the degradation of slavery, if he

does *not*. Greatly, therefore, must human interests have suffered, had this jealous approximation of the two parties been the sole feature noticeable in the relations between them. But there was a worse. There was an original enmity between man and the Pantheon; not the sort of enmity which we Christians ascribe to our God; *that* is but a figure of speech; and even there is a derivative enmity; an enmity founded on something in man *subsequent* to his creation, and having a ransom annexed to it. But the enmity of the heathen gods was original — that is, to the very nature of man, and as though man had in some stage of his career been their rival; which indeed he was, if we adopt Milton's hypothesis of the gods as ruined angels, and of man as created to supply the vacancy thus arising in heaven.

Now, from this dreadful scheme of relations, between the human and divine, under Paganism, turn to the relations under Christianity. It is remarkable that even here, according to a doctrine current amongst many of the elder divines, man was naturally superior to the race of beings immediately ranking above him. Jeremy Taylor notices the obscure tradition, that the angelic order was, by original constitution, inferior to man; but this original precedency had been reversed for the present, by the fact that man, in his higher nature, was morally ruined, whereas the angelic race had not forfeited the perfection of *their* nature, though otherwise an inferior nature. Waiving a question so inscrutable as this, we know, at least, that no allegiance or homage is required from man towards this doubtfully superior race. And when man first finds

himself called upon to pay tributes of his nature as to a being illimitably his superior, he is at the same moment taught by a revelation that this awful superior is the same who created him, and that in a sense more than figurative, he himself is the child of God. There stand the two relations, as declared in Paganism and in Christianity, — both probably true. In the former, man is the essential enemy of the gods, though sheltered by some conventional arrangement; in the latter, he is the son of God. In his own image God made him; and the very central principle of his religion is, that God for a great purpose assumed his own human nature; a mode of incarnation which could not be conceivable, unless through some divine principle common to the two natures, and forming the *nexus* between them.

With these materials it is, and others resembling these, that Christianity has carried forward the work of human progression. The ethics of Christianity it was, — new ethics and unintelligible, in a degree as yet but little understood, to the old Pagan nations, — which furnished the rudder, or guidance, for a human revolution; but the mysteries of Christianity it was, — new Eleusinian shows, presenting God under a new form and aspect, presenting man under a new relation to God, — which furnished the oars and sails, the moving forces, for the advance of this revolution.

It was my intention to have shown how this great idea of man's relation to God, connected with the previous idea of God, had first caused the state of *slavery* to be regarded as an evil. Next, I proposed to show *how charitable institutions*, not one of which existed

in Pagan ages, hospitals, and asylums of all classes, had arisen under the same idea brooding over man from age to age. Thirdly, I should have attempted to show, that from the same mighty influence had grown up a *social* influence of woman, which did not exist in Pagan ages, and will hereafter be applied to greater purposes. But, for want of room, I confine myself to saying a few words on war, and the mode in which it will be extinguished by Christianity.

WAR. — This is amongst the foremost of questions that concern human progress, and it is one which, of all great questions (the question of slavery not excepted, nor even the question of the *slave-trade*), has travelled forward the most rapidly into public favor. Thirty years ago, there was hardly a breath stirring against war, as the sole natural resource of national anger or national competition. Hardly did a wish rise, at intervals, in that direction, or even a protesting sigh, over the calamities of war. And if here and there a contemplative author uttered such a sigh, it was in the spirit of mere hopeless sorrow, that mourned over an evil apparently as inalienable from man as hunger, as death, as the frailty of human expectations. Cowper, about sixty years ago, had said,

“ War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.”

But Cowper would not have said this, had he not been nearly related to the Whig house of Panshanger. Every Whig thought it a duty occasionally to look fiercely at kings saying — “ D——, who’s afraid ? ”

pretty much as a regular John Bull, in the lower classes, expresses his independence by defying the peerage. — “A lord! do you say? what care I for a lord? I value a lord no more than a button top;” whilst, in fact, he secretly reveres a lord as being usually amongst the most ancient of landed proprietors, and, secondly, amongst the richest. The scourge of kingship was what Cowper glanced at, rather than the scourge of war; and in any case the condition which he annexed to his suggestion of relief, is too remote to furnish much consolation for cynics like myself, or the reader. If war is to cease only when subjects become wise, we need not contract the sale of our cannon-foundries until the millennium. Sixty years ago, therefore, the abolition of war looked as unprosperous a speculation as Dr. Darwin’s scheme for improving our British climate by hauling out all the icebergs from the polar basin in seasons when the wind sate fair for the tropics; by which means these wretched annoyers of our peace would soon find themselves in quarters too hot to hold them, and would disappear as rapidly as sugar-candy in children’s mouths. Others, however, inclined rather to the Ancient Mariner’s scheme, by shooting an albatross: —

“ ’Twas right, said they, such birds to shoot,
That bring the frost and snow.”

Scarcely more hopeless than these crusades against frost, were any of the serious plans which had then been proposed for the extirpation of war. St. Pierre contributed “*son petit possible*” to this desirable end, in the shape of an essay ‘owards the idea of a perpet-

ual peace ; Kant, the great professor of Kœnigsberg, subscribed to the same benevolent scheme *his* little essay under the same title ; and others in England subscribed a guinea each to the fund for the suppression of war. These efforts, one and all, spent their fire as vainly as Darwin spent his wrath against the icebergs : the icebergs are as big and as cold as ever ; and war is still, like a basking snake, ready to rear his horrid crest on the least rustling in the forests.

But in quarters more powerful than either purses of gold or scholastic reveries, there has, since the days of Kant and Cowper, begun to gather a menacing thunder-cloud against war. The nations, or at least the great leading nations, are beginning to set their faces against it. War, it is felt, comes under the denunciation of Christianity, by the havoc which it causes amongst those who bear God's image ; of political economy, by its destruction of property and human labor ; of rational logic, by the frequent absurdity of its pretexts. The wrong, which is put forth as the ostensible ground of the particular war, is oftentimes not of a nature to be redressed by war, or is even forgotten in the course of the war ; and, secondly, the war prevents another course which *might* have redressed the wrong — viz., temperate negotiation, or neutral arbitration. These things were always true, and, indeed, heretofore more flagrantly true : but the difference, in favor of our own times, is, that they are now felt to be true. Formerly, the truths were seen, but not felt : they were inoperative truths, lifeless, and unvalued. Now, on the other hand, in England, America, France, societies are rising for making

war upon war ; and it is a striking proof of the progress made by such societies, that, some two years ago, a deputation from one of them being presented to King Louis Philippe, received from him — not the sort of vague answer which might have been expected, but a sincere one, expressed in very encouraging words.* Ominous to himself this might have been thought by the superstitious, who should happen to recollect the sequel to a French king, of the very earliest movement in this direction : the great (but to this hour mysterious) design of Henry IV., in 1610, was supposed by many to be a plan of this very nature, for enforcing a general and permanent peace on Christendom, by means of an armed intervention ; and no sooner had it partially transpired through traitorous evidence, or through angry suspicion, than his own assassination followed.

Shall I offend the reader by doubting, after all, whether war is not an evil still destined to survive through several centuries? Great progress has already been made. In the two leading nations of the earth, war can no longer be made with the levity which provoked Cowper's words two generations back. France is too ready to fight for mere bubbles of what she calls glory. But neither in France nor England could a

* “ *Encouraging words* : ” and rather presumptuous words, if the newspapers reported them correctly : for they went the length of promising, that he separately, as King of the French, would coerce Europe into peace. But, from the known good sense of the king, it is more probable that he promised his *negative* aid, — the aid of not personally concurring to any war which might otherwise be attractive to the French government

war now to be undertaken without a warrant from the popular voice. This is a great step in advance; but the final step for its extinction will be taken by a new and Christian code of international law. This cannot be consummated until Christian philosophy shall have traversed the earth, and reorganized the structure of society.

But, finally, and (as regards extent, though not as regards intensity of effect) far beyond all other political powers of Christianity, is the power, the *demiurgic* power of this religion over the kingdoms of human opinion. Did it ever strike the reader, that the Greeks and Romans, although so frantically republican, and, in *some* of their institutions, so democratic, yet, on the other hand, never developed the idea of *representative* government, either as applied to legislation or to administration? The elective principle was widely used amongst them. Nay, the nicer casuistries of this principle had been latterly discussed. The separate advantages of open or of secret voting, had been the subject of keen dispute in the political circles of Rome; and the art was well understood of disturbing the natural course of the public suffrage, by varying the modes of combining the voters under the different forms of the *Comitia*. Public authority and jurisdiction were created and modified by the elective principle; but never was this principle applied to the creation or direction of public opinion. The senate of Rome, for instance, like our own sovereign, represented the national majesty, and, to a certain degree, continued to do so for centuries after this majesty had received a more immediate representative in the person of the

reigning Cæsar. The senate, like our own sovereign, represented the grandeur of the nation, the hospitality of the nation to illustrious strangers, and the gratitude of the nation in the distribution of honors. For the senate continued to be the fountain of honors, even to Cæsar himself: the titles of Germanicus, Britannicus, Dalmaticus, &c. (which may be viewed as pegrages), the privilege of precedency, the privilege of wearing a laurel diadem, &c. (which may be viewed as the Garter, Bath, Thistle), all were honors conferred by the senate. But the senate, no more than our own sovereign, ever represented, by any one act or function, the public opinion. How was this? Strange, indeed, that so mighty a secret as that of delegating public opinions to the custody of elect representatives, a secret which has changed the face of the world, should have been missed by nations applying so vast an energy to the whole theory of public administration. But the truth, however paradoxical, is, that in Greece and Rome no body of public opinions existed that could have furnished a standing ground for adverse parties, or that consequently could have required to be represented. In all the dissensions of Rome, from the secessions of the Plebs to the factions of the Gracchi, of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey, in all the *ζασεις* of the Grecian republics, — the contest could no more be described as a contest of opinion, than could the feuds of our buccaneers in the seventeenth century, when parting company, or fighting for opposite principles of dividing the general booty. One faction has, another sought to have, a preponderant share of power: but these struggles never took the shape. even in pretence,

of differences that moved through the conflict of principles. The case was always the simple one of power matched against power, faction against faction, usage against innovation. It was not that the patricians deluded themselves by any speculative views into the refusal of intermarriages with the plebeians: it was not as upon any opinion that they maintained the contest (such as at this day divides ourselves from the French upon the question of opinion with regard to the social rank of literary men), but simply as upon a fact: they appealed to evidences, not to speculations; to usage, not to argument. They were in possession, and fought against change, not as inconsistent with a theory, but as hostility to an interest. In the contest of Cæsar with the oligarchic knavery of Cicero, Cato, and Pompey, no possible exercise of representative functions (had the people possessed them) could have been applied beneficially to the settlement of the question at issue. Law, and the abuses of law, good statutes and evil customs, had equally thrown the public power into a settlement fatal to the public welfare. Not any decay of public virtue, but increase of poverty amongst the inferior citizens, had thrown the suffrages, and consequently the honors and powers of the state, into the hands of some forty or fifty houses, rich enough to bribe, and bribing systematically. Cæsar, undertaking to correct a state of disease which would else have convulsed the republic every third year by civil war, knew that no arguments could be available against a competition of mere interests. The remedy lay, not through opposition speeches in the senate, or from the rostra, — not through pamphlets or journals, — bu

through a course of intense cudgelling. This he happily accomplished; and by that means restored Rome for centuries, — not to the aspiring condition which she once held, but to an immunity from annual carnage, and in other respects to a condition of prosperity which, if less than during her popular state, was greater than any else attainable after that popular state had become impossible, from changes in the composition of society.

Here, and in all other critical periods of ancient republics, we shall find that opinions did not exist as the grounds of feud, nor could by any dexterity have been applied to the settlement of feuds. Whereas, on the other hand, with ourselves for centuries, and latterly with the French, no public contest has arisen, or does now exist, without fighting its way through every stage of advance by appeals to public opinion. If, for instance, an improved tone of public feeling calls for a gradual mitigation of army punishments, the quarrel becomes instantly an intellectual one: and much information is brought forward, which throws light upon human nature generally. But in Rome, such a discussion would have been stopped summarily, as interfering with the discretionary power of the Prætorium. To take the *vitis*, or cane, from the hands of the centurion, was a perilous change; but, perilous or not, must be committed to the judgment of the particular imperator, or of his legatus. The executive business of the Roman exchequer, again, could not have been made the subject of public discussion; not only because no sufficient material for judgment could, under the want of a public press,

have been gathered, except from the parties interested in all its abuses, but also because these parties (a faction amongst the equestrian order) could have effectually overthrown any counter-faction formed amongst parties not personally *affected* by the question. The Roman institution of *clientela* — which had outlived its early uses, — does any body imagine that this was open to investigation? The influence of murderous riots would easily have been brought to bear upon it, but not the light of public opinion. Even if public opinion could have been evoked in those days, or trained to combined action, insuperable difficulties would have arisen in adjusting its force to the necessities of the Roman provinces and allies. Any arrangement that was practicable, would have obtained an influence for these parties, either dangerous to the supreme section of the empire, or else nugatory for each of themselves. It is a separate consideration, that through total defect of cheap instruments for communication, whether personally or in the way of thought, public opinion must always have moved in the dark: what I chiefly assert is, that the feuds bearing at all upon public interests, never *did* turn, or could have turned, upon any collation of opinions. And two things must strengthen the reader's conviction upon this point, viz., first, that no public meetings (such as with us carry on the weight of public business throughout the empire) were ever called in Rome; secondly, that in the regular and "official" meetings of the people, no *social* interest was ever discussed but only some *political* interest.

Now, on the other hand, amongst ourselves, every

question, that is large enough to engage public interest, though it should begin as a mere comparison of strength with strength, almost immediately travels forward into a comparison of right with rights, or of duty with duty. A mere fiscal question of restraint upon importation from this or that particular quarter, passes into a question of colonial rights. Arrangements of convenience for the management of the pauper, or the debtor, or the criminal, or the war-captive, become the occasions of profound investigations into the rights of persons occupying those relations. Sanatory ordinances for the protection of public health, — such as quarantine, fever hospitals, draining, vaccination, &c., — connect themselves, in the earliest stages of their discussion, with the general consideration of the duties which the state owes to its subjects. If education is to be promoted by public counsels, every step of the inquiry applies itself to the consideration of the knowledge to be communicated, and of the limits within which any section of religious partisanship can be safely authorized to interfere. If coercion, beyond the warrant of the ordinary law, is to be applied as a remedy for local outrages, a tumult of opinions arises instantly, as to the original causes of the evil, as to the sufficiency of the subsisting laws to meet its pressure, and as to the modes of connecting enlarged powers in the magistrate with the *minimum* of offence to the general rights of the subject.

Everywhere, in short, some question of duty and responsibility arises to face us in any the smallest public interest that *can* become the subject of public

opinion. Questions, in fact, that fall short of this dignity; questions that concern public convenience only, and do not wear any moral aspect, such as the bullion question, never *do* become subjects of public opinion. It cannot be said in which direction lies the bias of public opinion. In the very possibility of interesting the public judgment, is involved the certainty of wearing some relation to moral principles. Hence the ardor of our public disputes; for no man views without concern a great moral principle darkened by party motives, or placed in risk by accident: hence the dignity and benefit of our public disputes; hence, also, their ultimate relation to the Christian faith. We do not, indeed, in these days, as did our homely ancestors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, cite texts of Scripture as themes for senatorial commentary or *exegesis*; but the virtual reference to Scriptural principles is now a thousand times more frequent. The great principles of Christian morality are now so interwoven with our habits of thinking, that we appeal to them no longer *as* Scriptural authorities, but as the natural suggestions of a sound judgment. For instance, in the case of any wrong offered to the Hindoo races, now so entirely dependent upon our wisdom and justice, we British *

* "*We British:*" — It may be thought that, in the prosecution of Verres, the people of Rome acknowledged something of the same high responsibility. Not at all. The case came before Rome, not as a case of injury to a colonial child, whom the general mother was bound to protect and avenge; but as an appeal by way of special petition, from Sicilian clients. It was no grand political movement, but simply judicial. Verres was an

Immediately, by our solemnity of investigation, testify our sense of the deep responsibility to India with which our Indian supremacy has invested us. We make no mention of the Christian oracles. Yet where, then, have we learned this doctrine of far-stretching responsibility? In all Pagan systems of morality, there is the vaguest and slightest appreciation of such relations as connect us with our colonies. But, from the profound philosophy of Scripture, we have learned that no relations whatever, not even those of property, can connect us with even a brute animal, but that we contract concurrent obligations of justice and mercy.

In this age, then, public interests move and prosper through conflicts of opinion. Secondly, as I have endeavored to show, public opinion cannot settle, powerfully, upon any question that is *not* essentially a moral question. And, thirdly, in all moral questions, we, of Christian nations, are compelled, by habit and training, as well as other causes, to derive our first principles, consciously or not, from the Scriptures. It is, therefore, through the *doctrinality* of our religion that we derive arms for all moral questions; and it is as moral questions that any political disputes much affect us. The daily conduct, therefore, of all great political interests, throws us unconsciously upon the first principles which we all derive from Christianity. And, in this respect, we are more advantageously

ill-used man, and the victim of private intrigues. Or, whatever he might be, Rome certainly sate upon the cause, not in any character of maternal protectress, taking up voluntarily the support of the weak, but as a sheriff assessing damages in a case forced upon his court by the plaintiff

placed, by a very noticeable distinction, than the professors of the two other doctrinal religions. The Koran having pirated many sentiments from the Jewish and the Christian systems, could not but offer some rudiments of moral judgment; yet, because so much of these rudiments is stolen, the whole is incoherent, and does not form a *system* of ethics. In Judaism, again, the special and insulated situation of the Jews has unavoidably impressed an exclusive bias upon its principles. In both codes the rules are often of restricted and narrow application. But, in the Christian Scriptures, the rules are so comprehensive and large as uniformly to furnish the major proposition of a syllogism; whilst the particular act under discussion, wearing perhaps some modern name, naturally is not directly mentioned: and to bring this, in the minor proposition, under the principle contained in the major, is a task left to the judgment of the inquirer in each particular case. Something is here intrusted to individual understanding; whereas in the Koran, from the circumstantiality of the rule, you are obliged mechanically to rest in the letter of the precept. The Christian Scriptures, therefore, not only teach, but train the mind to habits of *self-teaching* in all moral questions, by enforcing more or less of activity in applying the rule; that is, in subsuming the given case proposed under the scriptural principle.

Hence it is certain, and has been repeatedly illustrated, that whilst the Christian faith, in collision with others, would inevitably rouse to the most active fermentation of minds, the Mahometan (as also doctrina out unsystematical) would have the same effect in

kind, but far feebler in degree; and an idolatrous religion would have no such effect at all. Agreeably to this scale, some years ago, a sect of reforming or fanatical Mahometans, in Bengal,* commenced a persecution of the surrounding Hindoos. At length, a reaction took place on the part of the idolaters; but in what temper? Bitter enough, and so far alarming as to call down a government interference with troops and artillery, but yet with no signs of *religious* retaliation. That was a principle of movement which the Hindoos could not understand: their retaliation was simply to the personal violence they had suffered. Such is the inertia of a mere *cultus*. And, in the other extreme, if we Christians, in our intercourse with both Hindoos and Mahometans, were not sternly reined up by the vigilance of the local governments, no long time would pass before all India would be incurably convulsed by disorganizing feuds.

* At Baraset, if I remember rightly.

THE ESSENES.

SOME time ago, we published a little essay, that might easily be expanded into a very large volume; and ultimately into a perfectly new philosophy of Roman history, in proof that Rome was self-barbarized — barbarized *ab intra*, and not by foreign enemies. The evidences of this, 1st, in the death of her literature, and, 2d, in the instant oblivion which swallowed up all public transactions, are so obvious as to challenge notice from the most inattentive reader. For instance, as respects this latter tendency, what case can be more striking, than the fact that Trebellius Pollio, expressly dedicating himself to such researches, and having the state documents at his service, cannot trace, by so much as the merest outline, the biography of some great officers who had worn the purple as rebels, though actually personal friends of his own grandfather? So nearly connected as they were with his own age and his own family, yet had they utterly perished for want of literary memorials! A third indication of barbarism, in the growing brutality of the army and the Emperor, is of a nature to impress many readers even more powerfully, and especially by contrast with the spirit of Roman warfare in its republican

period. Always it had been an insolent and haughty warfare; but, upon strong motives of policy, sparing in bloodshed. Whereas, latterly, the ideal of a Roman general was approaching continually nearer to the odious standard of a *caboceer* amongst the Ashantees. Listen to the father of his people (Gallienus) issuing his paternal commands for the massacre, in cold blood, of a whole district — not foreign but domestic — after the offence had become almost obsolete: ‘Non satisfacies mihi, si tantum *armatos* occideris — quos et fors belli interimere potuisset. Perimendus est omnis sexus virilis:’ and, lest even this sweeping warrant should seem liable to any merciful distinctions, he adds circumstantially — ‘Si est senes atque impuberes sine meâ reprehensione occidi possent.’ And thus the bloody mandate winds up: ‘Occidendus est quicumque malè voluit, occidendus est quicumque malè dixit contra me: Lacera, occide, concide.’ Was ever such a rabid tiger found, except amongst the Hyder Alis or Nadir Shahs of half-civilized or decivilized tribes? Yet another and a very favorite emperor out-herods even this butcher, by boasting of the sabring which he had let loose amongst crowds of helpless women.

The fourth feature of the Roman barbarism upon which we insisted, viz., the growing passion for trivial anecdote in slight of all nobler delineations, may be traced, in common with all the other features, to the decay of a *public mind* and a common *connecting interest*, amongst the different members of that vast imperial body. This was a necessity arising out of the merely *personal* tenure by which the throne was held. Competition for dignities, ambition under any form, could

not exist with safety under circumstances which immediately attracted a blighting jealousy from the highest quarter. Where hereditary succession was no fixed principle of state — no principle which all men were leagued to maintain — every man, in his own defence, might be made an object of anxiety in proportion to his public merit. Not conspiring, he might still be placed at the head of a conspiracy. There was no oath of allegiance taken to the emperor's family, but only to the emperor personally. But if it was thus dangerous for a man to offer himself as a participator in state honors; on the other hand, it was impossible for a people to feel any living sympathy with a public grandeur in which they could not safely attempt to participate. Simply to be a member of this vast body was no distinction at all: honor could not attach to what was universal. One path only lay open to personal distinction; and *that* being haunted along its whole extent by increasing danger, naturally bred the murderous spirit of retaliation or pre-occupation. It is besides certain, that the very change wrought in the nature of warlike rewards and honors, contributed to cherish a spirit of atrocity amongst the officers. Triumphs had been granted of old for conquests; and these were generally obtained much more by intellectual qualities than by any display of qualities merely or rudely martial. Triumphs were now forbidden fruit to any officer less than Augustan. And this one change, had there been no other, sufficed to throw the efforts of military men into a direction more humble, more directly personal and more brutal. It became dangerous to be too conspicuously victorious. There yet remains a letter, amongst the few surviving from

that unlettered period, which whispers a thrilling caution to a great officer, not to be *too* meritorious: 'Dignus eras triumpho,' says the letter, 'si antiqua tempora extarent.' But what of that? What signified merit that was to cost a man his head? And the letter goes on to add this gloomy warning — 'Memor cujusdam ominis, *cautius velim vincas.*' The warning was thrown away; the man (Regillianus) persisted in these imprudent victories; he was too meritorious; he grew dangerous; and he perished. Such examples forced upon the officers a less suspicious and a more brutal ambition; the laurels of a conqueror marked a man out for a possible competitor, no matter through whose ambition — his own in assuming the purple, or that of others in throwing it by force around him. The differences of guilt could not be allowed for where they made no difference in the result. But the laurels of a butcher created no jealousy, whilst they sufficed for establishing a camp reputation. And thus the danger of a higher ambition threw a weight of encouragement into the lower and more brutal.

So powerful, indeed, was this tendency — so headlong this gravitation to the brutal — that unless a new force, moving in an opposite direction, had begun to rise in the political heavens, the Roman empire would have become an organized engine of barbarism — barbarous and making barbarous. This fact gives one additional motive to the study of Christian antiquities, which on so many other motives interest and perplex our curiosity. About the time of Dioclesian, the weight of Christianity was making itself felt in high places. There is a memorable scene between that emperor and a Pagan priest representing an oracle, (that is

speaking on behalf of the Pagan interests,) full forty years before the legal establishment of Christianity, which shows how insensibly the Christian faith had crept onwards within the fifty or sixty years previous. Such hints, such 'momenta,' such stages in the subtle progress of Christianity, should be carefully noted, searched, probed, improved. And it is partly because too little anxiety of research has been applied in this direction, that every student of ecclesiastical history mourns over the dire sterility of its primitive fields. For the first three or four centuries we know next to nothing of the course by which Christianity moved, and the events through which its agency was developed. *That* it prospered, we know; but *how* it prospered, (meaning not through what transcendent cause, but by what circumstantial steps and gradations,) is painfully mysterious. And for much of this darkness, we must confess that it is now past all human power of illumination. Nay, perhaps it belongs to the very sanctity of a struggle, in which powers more than human were working concurrently with man, that it should be lost, (like much of our earliest antediluvian history,) in a mysterious gloom; and for the same reason — viz., that when man stands too near the super-sensual world, and is too palpably co-agent with schemes of Providence, there would arise, upon the total review of the whole plan and execution, were it all circumstantially laid below our eyes, too compulsory an evidence of a supernatural agency. It is not meant that men should be *forced* into believing: free agencies must be left to the human belief, both in adopting and rejecting, else it would cease to be a *moral* thing, or to possess a moral value. Those who were contemporary to these

great agencies, saw only in part ; the fractionary mode of their perceptions intercepted this compulsion from *them*. But as to us who look back upon the whole, it would perhaps have been impossible to secure the same immunity from compulsion, the same integrity of the free, unbiased choice, unless by darkening the miraculous agencies, obliterating many facts, and disturbing their relations. In such a way the equality is maintained between generation and generation ; no age is unduly favored, none penuriously depressed. Each has its separate advantages, each its peculiar difficulties. The worst has not so little light as to have a plea for infidelity. The best has not so much as to overpower the freedom of election — a freedom which is indispensable to all moral value, whether in doing or in suffering, in believing or denying.

Meantime, though this obscurity of primitive Christianity is past denying, and possibly, for the reason just given, not without an *à priori* purpose and meaning, we nevertheless maintain that something may yet be done to relieve it. We need not fear to press into the farthest recesses of Christian antiquity, under any notion that we are prying into forbidden secrets, or carrying a torch into shades consecrated to mystery. For wherever it is not meant that we should raise the veil, there we shall carry our torch in vain. Precisely as our researches are fortunate, they authenticate themselves as privileged: and in such a chase all success justifies itself.

No scholar — not even the wariest — has ever read with adequate care those records which we still possess, Greek or Latin, of primitive Christianity. He should approach this subject with a vexatious scrutiny

He should lie in ambush for discovery, as we did in reading Josephus.

Let us examine his chapter on the Essenes, and open the very logic of the case, its very outermost outline, in these two sentences: — A thing there *is* in *Josephus*, which ought not to be there; this thing we will call *Epsilon*, (E.) A thing there is which ought to be in *Josephus*, but which is not; this thing we call *Chi*, (X.)

The *Epsilon*, which ought not to be there, but *is* — what is that? It is the pretended philosophical sect amongst the Jews, to which *Josephus* gives the name of *Essenes*; this ought not to be in *Josephus*, nor any where else, for certain we are that no such sect ever existed.

The *Chi*, which ought by every obligation — obligations of reason, passion, interest, common sense — to have been more broadly and emphatically present in the Judæan history of Josephus' period than in any other period whatever, but unaccountably is omitted — what is that? It is, reader, neither more nor less than the new-born brotherhood of *Christians*. The whole monstrosity of this omission will not be apparent to the reader, until his attention be pointed closely to the chronological position of Joseph — his longitude as respects the great meridian of the Christian era.

The period of Josephus' connection with Palestine, running abreast, (as it were,) with that very generation succeeding to Christ — with that very Epichristian age which dated from the crucifixion, and terminated in the destruction of Jerusalem — how, by what possibility, did he escape all knowledge of the *Christians* as a body of men that should naturally have char-

lenged notice from the very stocks and stones of their birthplace; the very echo of whose footsteps ought to have sunk upon the ear with the awe that belongs to spiritual phenomena? There were circumstances of distinction in the very closeness of the confederation that connected the early Christians, which ought to have made them interesting. But, waiving all that, what a supernatural awe must naturally have attended the persons of those who laid the corner-stone of their faith in an event so affecting and so appalling as the Resurrection! The *Chi*, therefore, that should be in *Josephus*, but is not, how can we suggest any approximation to a solution of this mystery — any clue towards it — any hint of a clue?

True it is, that an interpolated passage, found in all the printed editions of *Josephus*, makes him take a special and respectful notice of our Saviour. But this passage has long been given up as a forgery by all scholars. And in another essay on the Epichristian era, which we shall have occasion to write, some facts will be laid before the reader exposing a deeper folly in this forgery than is apparent at first sight.

True it is, that Whiston makes the astounding discovery that *Josephus* was himself an Ebionite Christian. *Josephus* a Christian! In the instance before us, were it possible that he had been a Christian, in that case the wonder is many times greater, that he should have omitted all notice of the whole body as a fraternity acting together with a harmony unprecedented amongst their distracted countrymen of that age; and, secondly, as a fraternity to whom was assigned a certain political aspect by their enemies. The civil and external relations of this new party he

could not but have noticed, had he even omitted the religious doctrines which bound them together internally, as doctrines too remote from Roman comprehension. In reality, so far from being a Christian, we shall show that Josephus was not even a Jew, in any conscientious or religious sense. He had never taken the first step in the direction of Christianity: but was, as many other Jews were in that age, essentially a Pagan; as little impressed with the true nature of the God whom his country worshipped, with His ineffable purity and holiness, as any idolatrous Athenian whatsoever.

The wonder, therefore, subsists, and revolves upon us with the more violence, after Whiston's efforts to extinguish it — how it could have happened that a writer, who passed his infancy, youth, manhood, in the midst of a growing sect so transcendently interesting to every philosophic mind, and pre-eminently so interesting to a Jew, should have left behind him, in a compass of eight hundred and fifty-four pages, double columns, each column having sixty-five lines, (or a double ordinary octavo page,) much of it relating to his own times, not one paragraph, line, or fragment of a line, by which it can be known that he ever heard of such a body as the Christians.

And to our mind, for reasons which we shall presently show, it is equally wonderful that he *should* talk of the Essenes, under the idea of a known, stationary, original sect amongst the Jews, as that he should *not* talk of the Christians; equally wonderful that he should remember the imaginary as that he should forget the real. There is not one difficulty but two difficulties; and what we need is, not one solution but two solutions.

If, in an ancient palace, re-opened after it had been shut up for centuries, you were to find a hundred golden shafts or pillars, for which nobody could suggest a place or a use; and if, in some other quarter of the palace, far remote, you were afterwards to find a hundred golden sockets fixed in the floor — first of all, pillars which nobody could apply to any purpose, or refer to any place; secondly, sockets which nobody could fill; — probably even ‘wicked Will Whiston’ might be capable of a glimmering suspicion that the hundred golden shafts belonged to the hundred golden sockets. And if, upon applying the shafts to the sockets, it should turn out that each several shaft screwed into its own peculiar socket, why, in such a case, not ‘Whiston, Ditton, & Co.’ could resist the evidence, that each enigma had brought a key to the other; and that by means of two mysteries there had ceased even to be one mystery.

Now, then, first of all, before stating our objections to the Essenes as any permanent or known sect amongst the Jews, let us review as rapidly as possible the main features by which Joseph characterizes these supposed Essenes; and in a brief comment point out their conformity to what we know of the primitive Christians. That done, let us endeavor to explain all the remaining difficulties of the case. The words of *Josephus* we take from Whiston’s translation; having in fact, at this moment, no other copy within reach. But we do this unwillingly: for Whiston was a poor Grecian; and, what is worse, he knew very little about English.

—— ‘The *third* sect’ (*i. e.* third in relation to the Pharisees, who are ranked as the *first*, and the Sad-

ducees, who are ranked as the *second*) 'are called Essenes. These last are Jews by birth, and seem to have a greater affection for one another than the other sects have.'

We need not point out the strong conformity in this point to the distinguishing features of the new-born Christians, as they would be likely to impress the eye of a stranger. There was obviously a double reason for a stricter cohesion amongst the Christians internally, than could by possibility belong to any other sect—1st, in the essential tendency of the whole Christian faith to a far more intense love than the world could comprehend, as well as in the express charge to love one another; 2dly, in the strong compressing power of external affliction, and of persecution too certainly anticipated. The little flock, turned out to face a wide world of storms, naturally drew close together. Over and above the indefeasible hostility of the world to a spiritual morality, there was the bigotry of Judaical superstition on the one hand, and the bigotry of Paganism on the other. All this would move in mass against nascent Christianity, so soon as that moved; and well, therefore, might the instincts of the early Christians instruct them to act in the very closest concert and communion.

'These men are despisers of riches, and so very communicative, as raises our admiration. Nor is there any one to be found among them who hath more than another; every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions, and so there is, as it were, one patrimony among all the brethren.'

In this account of the 'communicativeness,' as to temporal wealth, of the third sect, it is hardly neces-

sary that we should point out the mirror which it holds up to the habits of the very first Christians in Jerusalem, as we see them recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. This, the primary record of Christian history, (for even the disciples were not in any full sense Christians until after the resurrection and the Divine afflatus,) is echoed afterwards in various stages of primitive Christianity. But all these subsequent acts and monuments of early Christian faith were derived by imitation and by sympathy from the Apostolic precedent in Jerusalem; as that again was derived from the 'common purse' carried by the Twelve Disciples.

'They have no certain city, but many of them dwell in every city; and if any of their sect come from other places, what they find lies open for them just as if it were their own: and they go in to such as they never knew before, as if they had been ever so long acquainted with them.'

All Christian antiquity illustrates and bears witness to this, as a regular and avowed Christian habit. To this habit points St. Paul's expression of '*given to hospitality*;' and many passages in all the apostolical writings. Like other practices, however, that had been firmly established from the beginning, it is rather alluded to, and indirectly taken for granted and assumed, than prescribed; expressly to teach or enjoin it was as little necessary, or indeed open to a teacher, as with us it would be open to recommend marriage. What Christian could be imagined capable of neglecting such an institution?

'For which reason they carry nothing with them when they travel into remote parts.'

This dates itself from Christ's own directions (St. Luke, x. 3, 4,) 'Go your way. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes.' And, doubtless, many other of the primitive practices amongst the Christians were not adopted without a special command from Christ, traditionally retained by the Church whilst standing in the same civil circumstances, though not committed to writing amongst the great press of matter circumscribing the choice of the Evangelists.

'As for their piety towards God, it is very extraordinary: for before sun-rising they speak not a word about profane matters, but put up certain prayers which they have received from their forefathers.'

This practice of antelucan worship, possibly having reference to the ineffable mystery of the resurrection, (all the Evangelists agreeing in the awful circumstance that it was very early in the morning, and one even saying, 'whilst it was yet dark,') a symbolic pathos which appeals to the very depths of human passion — as if the world of sleep and the anarchy of dreams figured to our apprehension the dark worlds of sin and death — it happens remarkably enough that we find confirmed and countersigned by the testimony of the first open antagonist to our Christian faith. Pliny, in that report to Trajan so universally known to every class of readers, and so rank with everlasting dishonor to his own sense and equity, notices this point in the ritual of primitive Christianity. 'However,' says he, 'they assured me that the amount of their fault, or of their error, was this, — that they were wont, on a stated day, to meet together *before it was light*, and to sing a hymn to Christ,' &c. The date of Pliny's letter is about forty years after the siege of

Jerusalem; about seventy-seven, therefore, after the crucifixion, when Joseph would be just seventy-two years old. But we may be sure, from collateral records, and from the entire uniformity of early Christianity, that a much longer lapse of time would have made no change in this respect.

‘They neglect wedlock; but they do not absolutely deny the fitness of marriage.’

This is a very noticeable article in his account of the Essenes, and powerfully illustrates the sort of acquaintance which Josephus had gained with their faith and usages. In the first place, as to the doctrine itself, it tallies remarkably with the leanings of St. Paul. He allows of marriage, overruled by his own moral prudence. But evidently his bias was the other way. And the allowance is notoriously a concession to the necessities which experience had taught him, and by way of preventing greater evils: but an evil, on the whole, it is clear that he regarded it. And naturally it was so in relation to that highest mode of spiritual life which the apostles contemplated as a fixed ideal. Moreover, we know that the apostles fell into some errors which must have affected their views in these respects. For a time at least they thought the end of the world close at hand: who could think otherwise that had witnessed the awful thing which they had witnessed, or had drunk out of the same spiritual cup? Under such impressions, they reasonably pitched the key of Christian practice higher than else they would have done. So far as to the doctrine here ascribed to the Essenes. But it is observable, that in this place Josephus admits that these Essenes *did* tolerate marriage. Now, in his earlier notice of

the same people, he had denied this. What do we infer from that? Why, that he came to his knowledge of the Essenes by degrees; and as would be likely to happen with regard to a sect sequestering themselves, and locking up their doctrines as secrets: which description exactly applies to the earliest Christians. The instinct of self-preservation obliged them to retreat from notoriety. Their tenets could not be learned easily; they were gathered slowly, indirectly, by fragments. This accounts for the fact that people standing outside, like Josephus or Philo Judæus, got only casual glimpses of the truth, and such as were continually shifting. Hence at different periods Josephus contradicts himself. But if he had been speaking of a sect as notorious as the Pharisees or Sadducees, no such error, and no such alteration of views, could have happened.

‘They are eminent for fidelity, and are the ministers of peace.’

We suppose that it cannot be necessary to remind any reader of such characteristic Christian doctrines as — ‘Blessed are the peace-makers,’ &c.; still less of the transcendent demand made by Christianity for singleness of heart, uprightness, and entire conscientiousness; without which all pretences to Christian truth are regarded as mere hollow mockeries. Here, therefore, again we read the features, too plainly for any mistake, of pure Christianity. But let the reader observe keenly, had there been this pretended sect of Essenes teaching all this lofty and spiritual morality, it would have been a fair inference to ask what more or better had been taught by Christ? in which case there might still have remained the great redemption.

and mediatorial functions for Christ; but, as to his divine morality, it would have been forestalled. Such would have been the inference; and it is an inference which really *has been* drawn from this romance of the Essenes adopted as true history.

‘Whatsoever they say is firmer than an oath; but swearing is avoided by them; and they esteem it worse than perjury.’

We presume that nobody can fail to recognize in this great scrupulosity the memorable command of Christ, delivered in such unexampled majesty of language, ‘Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool,’ &c. This was said in condemnation of a practice universal amongst the Jews; and if any man can believe that a visionary sect, of whom no man ever heard except through two writers, both lying under the same very natural mistake, could have come by blind accidents into such an inheritance of spiritual truth as is here described by Josephus, that man will find nothing beyond his credulity. For he presumes

revelation far beyond all the wisdom of the Pagan world to have been attained by some unknown Jewish philosopher, so little regarded by his followers that they have not even preserved his name from oblivion.

Amongst the initiatory and probationary vows which these sectarians are required to take, is this — ‘That he will ever show fidelity to all men, and especially to *those in authority, because no one obtains the government without God’s assistance.*’ Here, again, we see a memorable precept of St. Paul and the apostles generally — the same precept, and built on the very same reason, viz. that rulers are of God’s appointment.

‘They are long-lived also: insomuch, that many of them live above a hundred years, by means of the simplicity of their diet.’

Here we are reminded of St. John the Evangelist: whilst others, no doubt, would have attained the same age, had they not been cut off by martyrdom.

In many other points of their interior discipline, their white robes, their meals, their silence and gravity, we see in this account of the Essenes a mere echo of the primitive economy established among the first Christians, as we find it noticed up and down the apostolical constitutions.

It is remarkable that Josephus notices, as belonging to the sect of the Essenes, the order of ‘angels’ or messengers. Now, everybody must remember this order of officers as a Christian institution noticed in the Apocalypse.

Finally, in all that is said of the contempt which the Essenes showed for pain and death; and that ‘although tortured and distorted, burnt and torn to pieces, yet could they not be made to flatter their tormentors, or to shed a tear, but that they smiled in their very torments,’ &c., we see the regular habit of Christian martyrs through the first three centuries. We see that principle established amongst them so early as that first examination of Pliny’s; for he is so well aware now useless it would be to seek for any discoveries by torture applied to the Christian *men*, that he resorts instantly to the torture of female servants. The secrecy, again, as to their opinions, is another point common to the supposed Essenes and the Christians. Why the Essenes, as an orthodox Jewish sect, should have practised any secrecy, Josephus would have found

It hard to say ; but the Christian reasons will appear decisive to any man who reflects.

But first of all, let us recur to the argument we have just employed, and summon you to a review of the New Testament. Christ, during his ministry in Palestine, is brought as if by special arrangement into contact with all known orders of men, — Scribes and Doctors, Pharisees and Sadducees, Herodians and followers of the Baptist, Roman officers, insolent with authority, tax-gatherers, the Pariahs of the land, Galileans, the most undervalued of the Jews, Samaritans, hostile to the very name of Jew, rich men clothed in purple, and poor men fishing for their daily bread, the happy and those that sate in darkness, wedding parties and funeral parties, solitudes amongst hills or sea-shores, and multitudes that could not be counted, mighty cities and hamlets the most obscure, golden sanhedrims, and the glorious temple, where he spoke to myriads of the worshippers, and solitary corners, where he stood in conference with a single contrite heart. Were the subject or the person different, one might ascribe a dramatic purpose and a scenical art to the vast variety of the circumstances and situations in which Christ is introduced. And yet, whilst all other sorts and orders of men converse with him, never do we hear of any interview between him and the Essenes. Suppose one Evangelist to have overlooked such a scene, another would not. In part, the very source of the dramatic variety in the New Testament scenes, must be looked for in the total want of collusion amongst the Evangelists. Each throwing himself back upon overmastering remembrances, all-glorified to his heart, had no more need to consult a

fellow-witness, than a man needs, in rehearsing the circumstances of a final parting with a wife or a child, to seek collateral vouchers for his facts. Thence it was in part left to themselves, unmodified by each other, that they attained so much variety in the midst of so much inevitable sameness. One man was impressed by one case, a second by another. And thus, it must have happened amongst four, that at least one would have noticed the Essenes. But no one of the four gospels alludes to them. The Acts of the Apostles, again, whether by a fifth author or not, is a fifth body of remembrances, a fifth act of the memory applied to the followers of Christ. Yet neither does this notice them. The Apocalypse of St. John, reviewing the new church for a still longer period, and noticing all the great outstanding features of the state militant, then unrolling for Christianity, says not one word about them. St. Peter, St. James, utterly overlook them. Lastly, which weighs more than all the rest, St. Paul, the learned and philosophic apostle, bred up in all the learning of the most orthodox amongst the Jews, gives no sign that he had ever heard of such people. In short, to sum up all in one sentence, the very word *Essene* and *Essenes* is not found in the New Testament.

Now, is it for one moment to be credited — that a body of men so truly spiritual in the eternal of their creed, whatever might be the temporals of their practice, should have won no word of praise from Christ for that by which they so far exceeded other sects — no word of reproach for that by which they might happen to fall short of their own profession — no word of admonition, founded on the comparison between

their good and their bad — their heavenly and earthly? Or, if that had been supposable, can we believe that Christ's enemies, so eager as they showed themselves to turn even the Baptist into a handle of reproach against the new teacher, would have lost the overwhelming argument derived from the Essenes? 'A new command I give unto you.' 'Not at all,' they would have retorted — 'Not at all new. Everything spiritual in your ethics has been anticipated by the Essenes.' It would have been alleged, that the function of Redeemer for Israel was to be judged and tried by the event. The only *instant* touchstone for the pretensions of Christ lay in the divine character of his morality, and the spirituality of that worship which he taught. Miracles were or were not from God, according to purposes to which they ministered. That moral doctrine and that worship were those purposes. By these only they could try the soundness of all beside; and if these had been forestalled by the Essenes, what remained for any new teacher or new founder of a religion? In fact, were the palpable lies of this Jew-traitor built on anything but delusions misinterpreted by his own ignorant heart, there would be more in that one tale of his about the Essenes to undermine Christianity, than in all the batteries of all the infidels to overthrow it. No infidel can argue away the spirituality of the Christian religion: attacks upon miracles leave *that* unaffected. But he, who (confessing the spirituality) derives it from some elder and unknown source, at one step evades what he could not master. He overthrows without opposition, and enters the citadel through ruins caused by internal explosion.

What then is to be thought? If this deathlike

silence of all the evangelists, and all the apostles, makes it a mere impossibility to suppose the existence of such a sect as the Essenes in the time of Christ, did such a sect arise afterwards, viz. in the Epichristian generation? Or, if not, how and by what steps came up the romance we have been considering? Was there any substance in the tale? Or, if positively none, how came the fiction? Was it a conscious lie? Was it a mistake? Was it an exaggeration?

Now, our idea is as follows: — What do we suppose the early Christians to have been called? By what name were they known amongst themselves and amongst others? *Christians*? Not at all. When it is said — ‘The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch,’ we are satisfied that the meaning is not — this name, now general, was first used at Antioch; but that, whereas we followers of Christ generally call one another, and *are* called by a particular name X, in Antioch, that name was not used; but from the very beginning they were called by another name, viz., *Christians*. At all events, since this name *Christian* was confessedly used at Antioch before it was used anywhere else, there must have been another name elsewhere for the same people. What *was* that name? It was ‘*The Brethren*,’ [οἱ ἀδελφοί;] and at times, by way of variety, to prevent the awkwardness of too monotonously repeating the same word, perhaps it was ‘*The Faithful*,’ [οἱ πιστοί.] The name *Christians* travelled, we are convinced, not immediately amongst themselves, but slowly amongst their enemies. It was a name of reproach; and the meaning was — ‘We Pagans are all worshippers of gods, such as they are; but this sect worships a man, and that man a male-

factor.' For, though Christ should properly have been known by his name, which was Jesus, yet, because his crime, in the opinion of the Jews, lay in the office he had assumed — in having made himself the *Christos*, the anointed of God, therefore it happened that he was published amongst the Roman world by that name: his offence, his '*titulus*' on the cross, (the king, or the anointed,) was made his Roman name. Accordingly Tacitus, speaking of some insurgents in Judea, says — 'that they mutinied under the excitement of Christ, (not Jesus,) their original ringleader,' (*impulsore Chresto*.) And no doubt it had become a scoffing name, until the Christians disarmed the scoff of its sting by assuming it themselves; as was done in the case of 'the Beggars' in the Netherlands, and 'the Methodists' in England.

Well: meantime, what name did the Christians bear in their very birthplace? Were they called 'The Brethren' there? No. And why not? Simply because it had become too dangerous a name. To be bold, to affront all reasonable danger, was their instinct and their duty; but not to tempt utter extinction or utter reduction to imbecility. We read amiss, if we imagine that the fiery persecution, which raged against Christ, had burned itself out in the act of the crucifixion. It slept, indeed, for a brief interval: but that was from necessity; for the small flock of scattered sheep easily secreted themselves. No sooner did they multiply a little, no sooner did their meetings again proclaim their 'whereabouts,' than the snake found them out, again raised its spiry crest amongst them, and again crushed them for a time. The martyrdom of St. Stephen showed that no resting was intended

It was determined that examples should be made. It was resolved that this revolt against the 'Temple (the Law and the Prophets) must be put down. The next event quickened this agency sevenfold. A great servant of the persecution, in the very agony of the storm which he was himself guiding and pointing, working the very artillery of Jerusalem upon some scent which his bloodhounds had found in Syria, suddenly, in one hour passed over to the enemy. What of that? Did that startle the persecution? Probably it did: failure from within was what they had not looked for. But the fear which it bred was sister to the wrath of hell. The snake turned round; but not for flight. It turned to fasten upon the revolter. St. Paul's authority as a leader in the Jewish councils availed him nothing after this. Orders were undoubtedly expedited from Jerusalem to Damascus, as soon as messengers could be interchanged, for his assassination. And assassinated he would have been, had he been twenty St. Pauls, but for his secret evasion, and his flight to Arabia. Idumea, probably a sort of Ireland to Judea, was the country to which he fled; where again he might have been found out, but his capture would have cost a negotiation; and in all likelihood he lay unknown amongst crowds. Nor did he venture to show his face again in Jerusalem for some years; and then again not till a term of fourteen years, half a generation, during which many of the burning zealots, and of those who could have challenged him personally as the great apostate, must have gone to their last sleep.

During the whole of this novitiate for Christianity and in fact throughout the whole Epichristian era, ther

was a brooding danger over the name and prospects of Christianity. To hold up a hand, to put forth a head, in the blinding storm, was to perish. It was to solicit and tempt destruction. That could not be right. Those who were answerable for the great interest confided to them, if in their own persons they might have braved the anger of the times, were not at liberty to do so on this account — that it would have stopped effectually the expansion of the Church. Martyrdom and persecution formed the atmosphere in which it thrived; but not the frost of death. What, then, did the fathers of the Church do? You read that, during a part of this Epichristian age, ‘the churches had peace.’ True, they had so. But do you know how they had it? Do you guess what they did?

It was thus: They said to each other — If we are to stand such consuming fires as we have seen, one year will finish us all. And then what will become of the succession that we are to leave behind us? We must hide ourselves effectually. And this can be done only by symbolizing. Any lesser disguise our persecutors will penetrate. But this, by its very nature, will baffle them, and yet provide fully for the nursing of an infant Church. They proceeded, therefore, thus: ‘Let there be darkness’ — was the first word of command: ‘let us muffle ourselves in thick clouds, which no human eye can penetrate. And towards this purpose let us immediately take a symbolic name. And, because any name that expresses or implies a secret fraternity — a fraternity bound together by any hidden tie or purpose — will instantly be challenged for the Christian brotherhood under a new masque, instantly the bloody Sanhedrim will get to their old practices — torturing

our weaker members, (as afterwards the cruel Pliny selected for torture the poor frail women-servants of the brethren,) and the wolf will be raging amongst our folds in three months, — therefore two things are requisite ; one, that this name which we assume should be such as to disarm suspicion, [in this they acted upon the instinct of those birds, which artfully construct signs and appearances to draw away the fowler from their young ones ;] the other, that in case, after all, some suspicion should arise, and the enemy again break in, there must be three or four barriers to storm before he can get to the stronghold in the centre.'

Upon this principle all was arranged. First, for the name that was to disarm suspicion — what name could do that? Why, what *was* the suspicion? A suspicion that Christian embers were sleeping under the ashes. True : but why was that suspicious? Why had it ever been suspicious? For two reasons : because the Christian faith was supposed to carry a secret hostility to the Temple and its whole ritual economy ; secondly, for an earnest political reason, because it was believed to tend, by mere necessity, to such tumults or revolutions as would furnish the Roman, on tiptoe for this excuse, with a plea for taking away the Jewish name and nation ; that is, for taking away their Jewish *autonomy*, (or administration by their own Mosaic code,) which they still had, though otherwise in a state of dependency. Well now, for this sort of suspicion, no name could be so admirably fitted as one drawn from the very ritual service of that very Temple which was supposed to be in danger. That Temple *was* in danger : the rocks on which it stood were

already quaking beneath it. All was accomplished. Its doom had gone forth. Shadows of the coming fate were spreading thick before it. Its defenders had a dim misgiving of the storm that was gathering. But they mistook utterly the quarter from which it was to come. And they closed the great gates against an enemy that entered by the postern. However, they could not apprehend a foe in a society that professed a special interest in Israel. The name chosen, therefore, was derived from the very costume of the Jewish High Priest, the pontifical ruler of the Temple. This great officer wore upon his breast a splendid piece of jewelry; twelve precious stones were inserted in the breast-plate, representing the twelve sons of Jacob, or twelve tribes¹ of Israel: *and this was called the Essen*. Consequently to announce themselves as *the Society of the Essen*, was to express a peculiar solicitude for the children of Israel. Under this masque nobody could suspect any hostility to Jerusalem or its temple; nobody, therefore, under the existing misconception of Christian objects and the Christian character, could suspect a Christian society.

But was not this hypocritical disguise? Not at all. A profession was thus made of paramount regard to Judea and her children. Why not? Christians everywhere turned with love, and yearning, and thankfulness, the profoundest, to that 'Holy City,' (so called by Christ himself,) which had kept alive for a thousand years the sole vestiges of pure faith, and which, for a far longer term mystically represented that people which had known the true God, 'when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.' Christians, or they would have been no Christians, everywhere prayed for her peace

And if the downfall of Jerusalem was connected with the rise of Christianity, that was not through any enmity borne to Jerusalem by Christians, (as the Jews falsely imagine;) but because it was not suitable for the majesty of God, as the father of truth, to keep up a separation amongst the nations when the fulness of time in His counsels required that all separation should be at an end. At His bidding the Temple had been raised. At His bidding the Temple must be destroyed. Nothing could have saved it but becoming Christian. The end was accomplished for which it had existed; a great river had been kept pure; that was now to expand into an ocean.

But, as to any hypocrisy in the fathers of this indispensable scheme for keeping alive the fire that burned on the altar of Christianity, that was impossible. So far from needing to assume more love for Judaism than they had, we know that their very infirmity was to have by much too sectarian and exclusive a regard for those who were represented by the Temple. The Bible, which conceals nothing of any men's errors, does not conceal that. And we know that all the weight of the great intellectual apostle was necessary to overrule the errors, in this point, of St. Peter. The fervid apostle erred; and St. Paul 'withstood him to his face.' But his very error proves the more certainly his sincerity and singleness of heart in setting up a society that should profess in its name the service of Jerusalem and her children as its primary function. The name *Essen* and *Essenes* was sent before to disarm suspicion, and as a pledge of loyal fidelity.

Next, however, this society was to be a secret society — an Eleusinian society — a Freemason society

For, if it were not, how was it to provide for the culture of Christianity? Now, if the reader pauses a moment to review the condition of Palestine and the neighboring countries at that time, he will begin to see the opening there was for such a society. The condition of the times was agitated and tumultuous beyond anything witnessed amongst men, except at the Reformation and the French Revolution. The flame on the Pagan altars was growing pale, the oracles over the earth were muttering their alarm, panic terrors were falling upon nations, murmurs were arising, whispers circulating from nobody knew whence — that out of the East, about this time, should arise some great and mysterious deliverer. This whisper had spread to Rome — was current everywhere. It was one of those awful whispers that have no author. Nobody could ever trace it. Nobody could ever guess by what path it had travelled. But observe, in that generation, at Rome and all parts of the Mediterranean to the west of Palestine, the word ‘Oriens’ had a technical and limited meaning; it was restricted to Syria, of which Palestine formed a section. This use of the word will explain itself to anybody who looks at a map of the Mediterranean as seen from Italy. But some years after the Epichristian generation, the word began to extend; and very naturally, as the Roman armies began to make permanent conquests nearer to the Euphrates. Under these remarkable circumstances, and agitated beyond measure between the oppression of the Roman armies on the one hand and the consciousness of a peculiar dependence on God on the other, all thoughtful Jews were disturbed in mind. The more conscientious, the more they were agi

tated. Was it their duty to resist the Romans? God could deliver them, doubtless; but God worked oftentimes by human means. Was it His pleasure that they should resist by arms? Others again replied — if you do, then you prepare an excuse for the Romans to extirpate your nation. Many, again, turned more to religious hopes: these were they who, in scriptural language, ‘waited for the consolation of Israel:’ that is, they trusted in that Messiah who had been promised, and they yearned for his manifestation. They mourned over Judea; they felt that she had rebelled; but she had been afflicted, and perhaps her transgressions might now be blotted out, and her glory might now be approaching. Of this class was he who took Christ in his arms when an infant in the temple. Of this class were the two rich men, Joseph and Nicodemus, who united to bury him. But even of this class many there were who took different views of the functions properly belonging to the Messiah; and many that, either through this difference of original views, or from imperfect acquaintance with the life of Jesus, doubted whether he were indeed the promised Messiah. Even John the Baptist doubted that, and his question upon that point, addressed to Christ himself, ‘Art thou he who should come, or do we look for another?’ has been generally fancied singularly at war with his own earlier testimony, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!’ But it is not. The offices of mysterious change for Israel were prophetically announced as coming through a series and succession of characters — Elias, ‘that prophet,’ and the Messiah. The succession might even be more divided. And the Baptist, who did not know

himself to be Elias, might reasonably be in doubt (and *at a time when his career was only beginning*) whether Jesus were the Messiah.

Now, out of these mixed elements — men in every stage and gradation of belief or spiritual knowledge, but all musing, pondering, fermenting in their minds -- all tempest-shaken, sorrow-haunted, perplexed, hoping, seeking, doubting, trusting — the apostles would see abundant means for peopling the lower or initiatory ranks of their new society. Such a craving for light from above probably never existed. The land was on the brink of convulsions, and all men felt it. Even amongst the rulers in Jerusalem had been some who saw the truth of Christ's mission, though selfish terrors had kept back their testimony. From every rank and order of men, would press in the meditative to a society where they would all receive sympathy, whatever might be their views, and many would receive light.

This society — how was it constituted? In the innermost class were placed, no doubt, all those, and those only, who were thoroughly Christians. The danger was from Christianity. And this danger was made operative only, by associating with the mature and perfect Christian any false brother, any half-Christian, any hypocritical Christian, any wavering Christian. To meet this danger, there must be a winnowing and a sifting of all candidates. And because the danger was awful, involving not one but many, not a human interest but a heavenly interest; therefore these winnowings and siftings must be many, must be repeated, must be soul-searching. Nay, even that will not suffice. Oaths, pledges to God as well as to man,

must be exacted. All this the apostles did : serpents by experience, in the midst of their dove-like faith, they acted as wise stewards for God. They surrounded their own central consistory with lines impassable to treachery. Josephus, the blind Jew — blind in heart, we mean, and understanding, reporting a matter of which he had no comprehension, nor could have — (for we could show to demonstration that, for a specific reason, he could not have belonged to the society) — even this man, in his utter darkness, telegraphs to us by many signals, rockets thrown up by the apostles, which come round and are visible to us, but unseen by him, what it is that the apostles were about. He tells us expressly, that a preparatory or trial period of two years was exacted of every candidate before his admission to *any* order; that, after this probationary attendance is finished, ‘they are parted into four classes;’ and these classes, he tells us, are so severely separated from all intercommunion, that merely to have touched each other was a pollution that required a solemn purification. Finally, as if all this were nothing, though otherwise disallowing of oaths, yet in this, as in a service of God, oaths, which Josephus styles ‘tremendous,’ are exacted of each member, that he will reveal nothing of what he earns.

Who can fail to see, in these multiplied precautions for guarding, what according to Josephus is no secret at all, nor anything approaching to a secret, that here we have a central Christian society, secret from necessity, cautious to excess from the extremity of the danger, and surrounding themselves in their outer rings by merely Jewish disciples, but those whose state of mind

promised a hopeful soil for the solemn and affecting discoveries which awaited them in the higher states of their progress? Here is the true solution of this mysterious society, the Essenes, never mentioned in any one record of the Christian generation, and that because it first took its rise in the necessities of the Epichristian generation. There is more by a good deal to say of these Essenes; but this is enough for the present. And if any man asks how they came to be traced to so fabulous an antiquity, the account now given easily explains that. Three authors only mention them — Pliny, Philo-Judæus and Josephus. Pliny builds upon these two last, and other Jewish romancers. The two last may be considered as contemporaries. And all that they allege, as to the antiquity of the sect, flows naturally from the condition and circumstances of the outermost circle in the series of the classes. They were occupied exclusively with Judaism. And Judaism had, in fact, as we all know, that real antiquity in its people, and its rites, and its symbols, which these then *uninitiated* authors understand and fancy to have been meant of the *Essenes* as a philosophical sect.

PART II.*

We have sketched rapidly, in the first part of our essay, some outline of a theory with regard to the Essenes, confining ourselves to such hints as are suggested by the accounts of this sect in Josephus. And we presume that most readers will go along with us so far as to acknowledge some shock, some pause given

[* Part II. is omitted in De Quincey's latest revision.]

to that blind acquiescence in the Bible statement which had hitherto satisfied them. By the Bible statement we mean, of course, nothing which any inspired part of the Bible tells us — on the contrary, one capital reason for rejecting the old notions is, the total silence of the Bible ; but we mean that little explanatory note on the Essenes, which our Bible translators under James I. have thought fit to adopt, and in reality to adopt from Josephus, with reliance on his authority which closer study would have shown to be unwarranted. We do not wonder that Josephus has been misappreciated by Christian readers. It is painful to read any author in a spirit of suspicion ; most of all, that author to whom we must often look as our only guide. Upon Josephus we are compelled to rely for the most affecting section of ancient history. Merely as a scene of human passion, the main portion of his *Wars* transcends, in its theme, all other histories. But considered also as the agony of a mother church, out of whose ashes arose, like a phoenix, that filial faith ‘which passeth all understanding,’ the last conflict of Jerusalem and her glorious temple exacts from the devotional conscience as much interest as would otherwise be yielded by our human sympathies. For the circumstances of this struggle we must look to Josephus : him or none we must accept for witness. And in such a case, how painful to suppose a hostile heart in every word of his deposition ! Who could bear to take the account of a dear friend’s last hours and farewell words from one who confessedly hated him ? — one word melting us to tears, and the next rousing us to the duty of jealousy and distrust ! Hence we do not wonder at the pious fraud which interpolated the well

known passage about our Saviour. Let us read any author in those circumstances of time, place, or immediate succession to the cardinal events of our own religion, and we shall find it a mere postulate of the heart, a mere necessity of human feeling, that we should think of him as a Christian; or, if not absolutely that, as every way disposed to be a Christian, and falling short of that perfect light only by such clouds as his hurried life or his personal conflicts might interpose. We do not blame, far from it — we admire those who find it necessary (even at the cost of a little self-delusion) to place themselves in a state of charity with an author treating such subjects, and in whose company they were to travel through some thousands of pages. We also find it painful to read an author and to loathe him. We, too, would be glad to suppose, as a possibility about Josephus, what many adopt as a certainty. But we know too much. Unfortunately, we have read Josephus with too scrutinizing (and, what is more, with too combining) an eye. We know him to be an unprincipled man, and an ignoble man; one whose adhesion to Christianity would have done no honor to our faith — one who most assuredly was not a Christian — one who was not even in any tolerable sense a Jew — one who was an enemy to *our* faith, a traitor to his own: as an enemy, vicious and ignorant; as a traitor, steeped to the lips in superfluous baseness.

The vigilance with which we have read Josephus, as (amongst many other hints) suggested some with regard to the Essenes: and to these we shall now make our own readers a party; after stopping to say, that thus far, so far as we have gone already, we count

on their assent to our theory, were it only from those considerations : First, the exceeding improbability that a known philosophic sect amongst the Jews, chiefly distinguished from the other two by its *moral* aspects, could have lurked unknown to the Evangelists ; Secondly, the exceeding improbability that such a sect, laying the chief burden of its scrupulosity in the matter of oaths, should have bound its members by ‘ tremendous ’ oaths of secrecy in a case where there was nothing to conceal ; Thirdly, the staring contradictoriness between such an avowal on the part of Josephus, and his deliberate revelation of what he fancied to be their creed. The objection is too inevitable : either you have taken the oaths or you have not. You *have* ? Then by your own showing you are a perjured traitor. You have *not* ? Then you confess yourself to speak from no personal knowledge. How can you know anything of their *secret* doctrines ? The seal is wanting to the record.

However, it is possible that some people will evade this last dilemma, by suggesting — that Josephus wrote for Roman readers — for strangers — and for strangers after any of his countrymen who might be interested in the secret, had perished ; if not personally perished, at least as a body politic. The last vestiges of the theoretical government had foundered with Jerusalem ; and it might be thought by a better man than Josephus, that all obligations of secrecy had perished in the general wreck.

We need not dispute that point. There is enough in what remains. The positive points of contact between the supposed Essenes and the Christians are too many to be got over. But upon these we will not a

present insist. In this place we confine ourselves to the two points: 1. Of the universal silence amongst Christian writers, who, of all parties, would have felt it most essential to notice the Essenes, had there existed such a sect antecedently to Christ: and, 2. Of the absurdity involved in exacting an inexorable concealment from those who had nothing to reveal.

But then recollect, reader, precisely the Christian truths which stood behind the *exoteric* doctrines of the Essenes, were the truths hidden from Josephus. Reason enough there was for concealment, IF the Essenes were Christians; and reason more than was ever known to Josephus. But then, this reason for concealment in the Essenes could be known only to him who was aware that they had something to conceal. He who saw only the masque, supposing it to be the true face, ought to have regarded the mystifying arrangements as perfect mummery. He that saw the countenance behind the masque — a countenance sweet as Paradise, but fearful as the grave at that particular time in Jerusalem, would never ask again for the motives to this concealment. Those he would apprehend in a moment. But as to Josephus, who never *had* looked behind the masque, the order for concealment, the adjurations to concealment, the vows of concealment, the adamantine walls of separation between the different orders of the fraternity, in order to ensure concealment, ought to have been, must have been regarded by him, as the very hyperbole of childishness.

Partly because Josephus was in this state of darkness, partly from personal causes, has he failed to clear up the secret history of Judea, in her final, that is, her Epichristian generation. The evidences of his having

failed are two, — 1st, the absolute fact, as existing in his works ; which present us with a mere anarchy of incidents, as regards the politics of his own times, under no law of cohesion whatsoever, or of intelligible derivation ; 2dly, the *à priori* necessity that he *should* fail ; a necessity laid in the very situation of Josephus — as a man of servile temper placed amongst elements that required a Maccabee, and as a man without principle, who could not act so that his actions would bear to be reported without disguise, and as one in whom no confidence was likely to be lodged by the managers of great interests, or the depositories of great secrets.

This view of things summons us to pause, and to turn aside from our general inquiry into a special one as to Josephus. Hitherto we have derived our arguments on the Essenes from Josephus, as a *willing* witness — a volunteer even. But now we are going to extort our arguments ; to torture him, to put him on the rack, to force him into confession ; and upon points which he has done his best to darken, by throwing dust in the eyes of us all. Why ? — because hand-in-hand with the truth must go the exposure of himself. Josephus stands right in the very doorway of the light, purposely obscuring it. A glare comes round by side snatches ; oblique rays, stray gleams, from the truth which he so anxiously screens. But before the real state of things can be guessed at, it is necessary to destroy this man's character.

Now, let us try to appreciate the exact position and reasonable credibility of Josephus, as he stands at present, midway between us a distant posterity, and his own countrymen of his own times, sole interpreter sole surviving reporter, having all things his own way

nobody to contradict him, nobody to taint his evidence with suspicion. His case is most remarkable; and yet, though remarkable, is not so rare but that many times it must have occurred in private (sometimes in public) life. It is the case of a solitary individual surviving out of a multitude embarked in a desperate enterprise — some playing one part, (a part, suppose, sublime and heroic,) some playing another, (base, treacherous, fiendish.) Suddenly a great convulsion involves all in one common ruin, this man only excepted. He now finds himself with a *carte blanche* before him, on which he may inscribe whatever romance in behalf of himself he thinks proper. The whole field of action is open to him — the whole field of motives. He may take what side he will. And be assured that, whatever part in the play he assumes, he will give himself the best of characters. For courage you will find him a Maccabee. His too tender heart interfered, or he could have signalized his valor even more emphatically. And, descending to such base things as treasures of money, jewels, land, &c., the chief part of what had been captured, was of course (strictly speaking) his own property. What impudent falsehood, indeed, may such a man *not* bring forward, when there is nobody to confront him?

But *was* there nobody? Reader, absolutely nobody. Prisoners captured with himself at Jotopata there were none — not a man. That fact, indeed — the inexorable fact, that he only endured to surrender — that one fact, taken with the commentary which we could furnish as to the circumstances of the case, and the Jewish casuistry under those circumstances, is one of the many damning features of his tale. But was there

nobody, amongst the ninety thousand prisoners taken at Jerusalem, who could have spoken to parts of this man's public life? Doubtless there were; but to what purpose for people in their situation to come forward? One and all, positively without a solitary exception, they were themselves captives, slaves condemned, despairing. Ten thousand being selected for the butcheries of the Syrian amphitheatres, the rest were liable to some punishment equally terrific; multitudes were perishing of hunger; under the mildest award, they were sure of being sentenced to the stone quarries of Egypt. Wherefore, in this extremity of personal misery and of desperate prospects, should any man find himself at leisure for a vengeance on one happier countryman which could bring no profit to the rest? Still, in a case so questionable as that of Josephus, it is possible enough that Titus would have sought some further light amongst the prisoners under any ordinary circumstances. In his heart, the noble Roman must have distrusted Josephus and his vain-glorious account of himself. There were circumstances outstanding, many and strong, that must have pointed his suspicions in that direction; and the very conversation of a villain is sure to entangle him in contradictions. But it was now too late to move upon that inquest. Josephus himself acknowledges, that Vespasian was shrewd enough from the first to suspect him for the sycophantish knave that he was. But that time had gone by. And, in the interval, Josephus had used his opportunities skilfully; he had performed that particular service for the Flavian family, which was the one *desideratum* they sought for and yearned for. By his pretended dreams, Josephus had put that sea

of heavenly ratification to the ambitious projects of Vespasian, which only was wanting for the satisfaction of his soldiers. The service was critical. What Titus said to his father is known:— This man, be he what he may, has done a service to *us*. It is not for men of rank like us to haggle and chaffer about rewards. Having received a favor, we must make the reward princely; not what he deserves to receive, but what is becoming for us to grant. On this consideration these great men acted. Sensible that, not having hanged Josephus at first, it was now become their duty to reward him, they did not do the thing by halves. Not content with releasing him from his chains, they sent an officer to cut his chains to pieces—that being a symbolic act by which the Romans abolished the very memory and legal record that ever a man had been in confinement. The fact is, that amongst the Roman public virtues in that age, was an intense fidelity to engagements; and where they had even tacitly permitted a man to form hopes, they fulfilled them beyond the letter. But what Titus said to his staff, though naturally not put on record by Josephus, was very probably this:— ‘Gentlemen, I see you look upon this Jew as a poltroon, and perhaps worse. Well, possibly we don’t much differ upon that point. But it has become necessary to the public service that this man should be reinstated in credit. He will now, perhaps, turn over a new leaf. If he does not, kick him to Hades. But, meantime, give the man a trial.’

Such, there can be little doubt, was the opinion of Cæsar about this man. But now it remains to give our own, with the reasons on which it rests.

I. — First of all — which we bring merely as a proof of his habitual mendacity — in one of those tongue-doughty orations, which he represents himself as having addressed to the men of Jerusalem, they standing on the walls patiently, with paving-stones in their hands, to hear a renegade abuse them by the hour, [such is his lying legend,] Josephus roundly asserts that Abraham, the patriarch of their nation, had an army of three hundred and sixty thousand troops, that is, somewhere about seventy-five legions — an establishment beyond what the first Cæsars had found requisite for mastering the Mediterranean sea with all the nations that belted it — that is, a ring-fence of five thousand miles by seven hundred on an average. Now, this is in the style of the Baron Munchausen. But it is worthy of a special notice, for two illustrations which it offers of this renegade's propensities. One is the abject homage with which he courted the Roman notice. Of this lie, as of all his lies, the primary purpose is, to fix the gaze and to court the admiration of the Romans. Judea, Jerusalem — these were objects never in his thoughts; it was Rome, the haven of his apostasy, on which his anxieties settled. Now, it is a judgment upon the man who carried these purposes in his heart — it is a judicial retribution — that precisely this very lie, shaped and pointed to conciliate the Roman taste for martial splendor, was probably the very ground of that disgust which seems to have alienated Tacitus from his works. Apparently Josephus should have been the foremost authority with this historian for Jewish affairs. But enough remains to show that he was not; and it is clear that the confidence of so sceptical a writer must

have been shaken from the very first by so extravagant a tale. Abraham, a mere stranger and colonist in Syria, whose descendants in the third generation mustered only seventy persons in emigrating to Egypt, is here placed at the head of a force greater than great empires had commanded or had needed. And from what resources raised? From a little section of Syria, which (supposing it even the personal domain of Abraham) could not be equal to Wales. And for what objects? To face what enemies? A handful of robbers that might congregate in the desert. Such insufferable fairy tales must have vitiated the credit even of his rational statements; and it is thus pleasant to see the apostate missing one reward which he courted, purely through his own eagerness to buy it at the price of truth. But a second feature which this story betrays in the mind of Josephus, is the thorough defect of Hebrew sublimity and scriptural simplicity which mark his entire writing. How much more impressive is the picture of Abraham, as the father of the faithful, the selected servant and feudatory of God, sitting in the wilderness, majestically reposing at the door of his tent, surrounded by a little camp of servants and kinsmen, a few score of camels and a few herds of cattle, than in the melodramatic attitude of a general, belted and plumed, with a glittering staff of officers at his orders? But the mind of Josephus, always irreligious, was now violently warped into a poor imitation of Roman models. He absolutely talks of '*liberty*' and '*glory*,' as the moving impulses of Hebrew saints; and does his best to translate the Maccabees, and many an elder soldier of the Jewish faith, into poor theatrical mimics of Spartans and

Thebans. This depravity of taste, and abjuration of his national characteristics, must not be overlooked in estimating the value whether of his opinions or his statements. We have evidence superabundant to these two features in the character of Josephus — that he would distort everything in order to meet the Roman taste, and that he had originally no sympathy whatsoever with the peculiar grandeur of his own country.

II.—It is a remarkable fact, that Josephus never speaks of Jerusalem and those who conducted its resistance, but in words of abhorrence and of loathing that amounts to frenzy. Now in what point did they differ from himself? Change the name Judea to Galilee, and the name Jerusalem to Jotopata, and their case was his; and the single difference was—that the men, whom he reviles as often as he mentions them, had persevered to martyrdom, whilst he — he only — had snatched at life under any condition of ignominy. But precisely in that difference lay the ground of his hatred. He could not forgive those whose glorious resistance (glorious, were it even in a mistaken cause) emblazoned and threw into relief his own apostasy. This we cannot dwell on; but we revert to the question—What had the people of Jerusalem done, which Josephus had not attempted to do?

III.—Whiston, another Caliban worshipping another 'Trinculo, finds out a divinity in Josephus, because, on being brought prisoner to Vespasian, he pretended to have seen in a dream that the Roman general would be raised to the purple. Now,

1. When we see Cyrus lurking in the prophecies of Isaiah, and Alexander in those of Daniel, we apprehend a reasonableness in thus causing the spirit of prophecy to settle upon those who were destined to move in the great cardinal revolutions of this earth. But why, amongst all the Cæsars, must Vespasian, in particular, be the subject of a prophecy, and a prophecy the most thrilling, from the mysterious circumstances which surrounded it, and from the silence with which it stole into the mouths of all nations? The reigns of all the three Flavian Cæsars, Vespasian, with his sons Titus and Domitian, were memorable for nothing: with the sole exception of the great revolution in Judea, none of them were marked by any great event; and all the three reigns combined filled no important space of time.

2. If Vespasian, for any incomprehensible reason, were thought worthy of being heralded by a prophecy, what logic was there in connecting him with Syria? That which raised him to the purple, that which suggested him to men's minds, was his military eminence, and this was obtained in Britain.

3. If the mere local situations from which any uninteresting emperor happened to step on to the throne, merited this special glorification from prophecy, why was not many another region, town, or village, illustrated in the same way? That Thracian hamlet, from which the Emperor Maximin arose, had been pointed out to notice *before the event* as a place likely to be distinguished by some great event. And yet, because this prediction had merely a personal reference, and no relation at all to any great human interest, it was treated with little respect, and never crept into a gen-

eral circulation. So of this prophecy with respect to one who should rise out of the East, and should ultimately stretch his sceptre over the whole world, (*rerum potiretur*,) if Josephus is allowed to ruin it by his sycophancy, instantly, from the rank of a Hebrew prophecy — a vision seen by ‘the man whose eyes God had opened’ — it sinks to the level of a vagrant gipsy’s gossip. What! shall Rome combine with Jerusalem? — for we find this same mysterious prediction almost verbally the same in Suetonius and in Tacitus, no less than in the Jewish prophets. Shall it stretch not only from the east to the west in point of space, but through the best part of a thousand years in point of time, all for the sake of preparing one day’s adulatory *nuzzur*, by which a trembling Jew may make his propitiation to an intriguing lieutenant of Cæsar? And how came it that Whiston (who, to do him justice, was too pious to have abetted an infidel trick, had his silliness suffered him to have seen through it) failed to perceive this consequence? If the prophecy before us belong to Vespasian, then does it *not* belong to Christ. And in that case, the worst error of the Herodian Jews, who made the Messiah prophecies terminate in Herod, is ratified by Christians; for between Herod and Vespasian the difference is none at all, as regards any interest of religion. Can human patience endure the spectacle of a religious man, for perfect folly, combining in their very worst efforts with those whom it was the object of his life to oppose?

4. But finally, once for all, to cut sharp off by the roots this corruption of a sublime prophecy, and to re-enthroned it in its ancient sanctity, it was not in the *Orient*,’ (which both technically meant Syria in the

particular age, and is acknowledged to mean it here by all parties,) that Vespasian obtained the purple. The oracle, if it is to be translated from a Christian to a Pagan oracle, ought at least to speak the truth. Now, it happens not to have been Syria in which Vespasian was saluted emperor by the legions, but Alexandria; a city which in that age, was in no sense either in Syria or in Egypt. So that the great prophecy, if it is once suffered to be desecrated by Josephus, fails even of a *literal* fulfilment.

IV.— Meantime, all this is a matter of personal falsehood in a case of trying personal interest. Even under such a temptation, it is true that a man of generosity, to say nothing of principle, would not have been capable of founding his own defence upon the defamation of his nobler compatriots. But in fact it is ever thus: he, who has sunk deepest in treason, is generally possessed by a double measure of rancor against the loyal and the faithful. What follows, however, has respect — not to truth personal, truth of fact, truth momentary — but to truth absolute, truth doctrinal, truth eternal. Let us preface what we are going to say, by directing the reader's attention to this fact: how easy it is to observe any positive feature in a man's writings or conversation — how rare to observe the negative features; the *presence* of this or that characteristic is noticed in an hour, the absence shall often escape notice for years. That a friend, for instance, talks habitually on this or that literature, we know as familiarly as our own constitutional tastes; that he does *not* talk of any given literature, (the Greek suppose,) may fail to strike us through a whole life, until

somebody happens to point our attention in that direction, and then perhaps we notice it in every hour of our intercourse. This only can excuse the various editors, commentators, and translators of Josephus, for having overlooked one capital omission in this author; it is this — *never in one instance does Josephus allude to the great prophetic doctrine of a Messiah.* To suppose him ignorant of this doctrine is impossible; it was so mixed up with the typical part of the Jewish religion, so involved in the ceremonies of Judaism, even waiving all the Jewish writers, that no Jew whatever, much less a master in Israel, a Pharisee, a doctor of the law, a priest, all which Josephus proclaims himself, could fail to know of such a doctrine, even if he failed to understand it, or failed to appreciate its importance.

Why, then, has Josephus suppressed it? For this reason: the doctrine offers a dilemma — a choice between two interpretations — one being purely spiritual, one purely political. The first was offensive and unintelligible (as was everything else in his native religion beyond the merely ceremonial) to his own worldly heart; *the other would have been offensive to the Romans.* The mysterious idea of a Redeemer, of a Deliverer, if it were taken in a vast spiritual sense, was a music like the fabled Arabian voices in the desert — utterly inaudible when the heart is deaf, and the sympathies untuned. The fleshly mind of Josephus everywhere shows its incapacity for any truths, but those of sense. On the other hand, the idea of a political deliverer — *that* was comprehensible enough; but unfortunately, it was too comprehensible. It was the very watchward for national conspiracies; and the

Romans would state the alternative thus: The idea of a great deliverer is but another name for insurrection against us; of a petty deliverer, is incompatible with the grandeur implied by a vast prophetic machinery. Without knowing much, or caring anything about the Jewish prophecies, the Romans were sagacious enough to perceive two things — 1st, that most nations, and the Jews above all others, were combined by no force so strongly as by one which had the reputation of a heavenly descent; 2dly, that a series of prophecies, stretching from the century before Cyrus to the age of Pericles, (confining ourselves to the prophets from Isaiah to Haggai,) was most unlikely to find its adequate result and consummation in any petty change — any change short of a great national convulsion or revolution.

Hence it happened, that no mode in which a Roman writer *could* present the Jewish doctrine of a Messiah, was free from one or other of the objections indicated by the great Apostle: either it was too spiritual and mysterious, in which case it was 'foolishness' to himself; or it was too palpably the symbol of a political interest, too real in a worldly sense, in which case it was a 'stone of offence' to his Roman patrons — generally to the Roman people, specially to the Roman leaders. Josephus found himself between Scylla and Charybdis if he approached that subject. And therefore it was that he did *not* approach it.

V.—Yet, in this evasion of a theme which interested every Jew, many readers will see only an evidence of that timidity and servile spirit which must, of course, be presumed in one who had sold the cause of his country. His evasior, they will say, does not argue

any peculiar carelessness for truth; it is simply one instance amongst hundreds of his mercenary cowardice. The doctrine of a Messiah was the subject of dispute even to the Jews — the most religious and the most learned. Some restrained it to an earthly sense; some expanded it into a glorified hope. And, though a double sense will not justify a man in slighting both senses, still, the very existence of a dispute about the proper acceptance of a doctrine, may be pleaded as some palliation for a timid man, in seeking to pass it *sub silentio*. But what shall we say to this coming count in the indictment? Hitherto Josephus is only an apostate, only a traitor, only a libeller, only a false witness, only a liar; and as to his Jewish faith, only perhaps a coward, only perhaps a heretic. But now he will reveal himself (in the literal sense of that word) as a *miscreant*; one who does not merely go astray in his faith, as all of us may do at times, but pollutes his faith by foul adulterations, or undermines it by knocking away its props — a *misbeliever*, not in the sense of a heterodox believer, who errs as to some point in the superstruction, but as one who unsettles the foundations — the external substructions. In one short sentence, Josephus is not ashamed to wrench out the keystone from the great arch of Judaism; so far as a feeble apostate's force will go, he unlocks the whole cohesion and security of that monumental faith upon which, as its basis and plinth, is the 'starry-pointing' column of our Christianity. He delivers it to the Romans, as sound Pharisaic doctrine, that God had enjoined upon the Jews the duty of respectful homage to all epichorial or national deities — to all idols that is to say, provided their rank were attested by

a suitable number of worshippers. The Romans applied this test to the subdivisions amongst princes; if a prince ruled over a small number of subjects, they called him (without reference to the original sense of the word) a tetrarch: if a certain larger number, an ethnarch; if a still larger number, a king. So again, the number of throats cut determined the question between a triumph and an ovation. And upon the same principle, if we will believe Josephus, was regulated the public honor due to the Pagan deities. Count his worshippers — call the roll over.

Does the audacity of man present us with such another instance of perfidious *miscreancy*? God the Jehovah, anxious for the honor of Jupiter and Mercury! God, the Father of light and truth, zealous on behalf of those lying deities, whose service is everywhere described as ‘whoredom and adultery!’ He who steadfastly reveals himself as ‘a jealous God,’ jealous also (if we will believe this apostate Jew) on behalf of that impure Pantheon, who had counterfeited his name, and usurped His glory! Reader, it would be mere mockery and insult to adduce on this occasion the solemn denunciations against idolatrous compliances uttered through the great lawgiver of the Jews — the unconditional words of the two first commandments — the magnificent thunderings and lightnings upon the primal question, in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, (which is the most awful peroration to a long series of prophetic comminations that exists even in the Hebrew literature;) or to adduce the endless testimonies to the same effect, so unvarying, so profound, from all the Hebrew saints, beginning with Abraham and ending with the prophets, through a period of fifteen hundred years.

This is not wanted: this would be superfluous. But there is an evasion open to an apologist of Josephus, which might place the question upon a more casuistical footing. And there is also a colorable vindication of the doctrine in its very worst shape, viz., in one solitary text of the English Bible, according to our received translation. To this latter argument, the answer is—*first*, that the word *gods* is there a mistranslation of an Oriental expression for *princes*; *secondly*, that an argument from an *English* version of the Scriptures, can be none for a Jew, writing A. D. 70; *thirdly*, that if a word, a phrase, an idiom, *could* be alleged from any ancient and contemporary Jewish Scripture, what is one word against a thousand—against the whole current (letter and spirit) of the Hebrew oracles; what, any possible verbal argument against that which is involved in the acts, the monuments, the sacred records of the Jewish people? But this mode of defence for Josephus, will scarcely be adopted. It is the amended form of his doctrine which will be thought open to apology. Many will think that it is not the worship of false gods which the Jew palliates, but simply a decent exterior of respect to their ceremonies, their ministers, their altars: and this view of his meaning might raise a new and large question.

This question, however, in its modern shape, is nothing at all to us, when applying ourselves to Josephus. The precedents from Hebrew antiquity show us, that not merely no respect, no lip honor, was conceded to false forms of religion; but no toleration—not the shadow of toleration: ‘Thine eye shall not spare them.’ And we must all be sure that toleration is a

very different thing indeed when applied to varieties of a creed essentially the same — toleration as existing amongst us people of Christendom, or even when applied to African and Polynesian idolatries, so long as we all know that the citadel of truth is safe, from the toleration applied in an age when the pure faith formed a little island of light in a world of darkness. Intolerance the most ferocious may have been among the sublimest of duties when the truth was so intensely concentrated, and so intensely militant ; all advantages barely sufficing to pass down the lamp of religion from one generation to the next. The contest was for an interest then riding at single anchor. This is a very possible case to the understanding. And that it was in fact the real case, so that no compromise with idolatry could be suffered for a moment ; that the Jews were called upon to scoff at idolatry, and spit upon it ; to trample it under their feet as the spreading pestilence which would taint the whole race of man irretrievably, unless defeated and strangled by *them*, seems probable in the highest degree, from the examples of greatest sanctity amongst the Jewish inspired writers. Who can forget the blasting mockery with which Elijah overwhelms the prophets of Baal — the greatest of the false deities, Syrian or Assyrian, whose worship had spread even to the Druids of the Western islands ? Or the withering scorn with which Isaiah pursues the whole economy of idolatrous worship ? — how he represents a man as summoning the carpenter and the blacksmith ; as cutting down a tree of his own planting and rearing ; part he applies as fuel, part to culinary purposes ; and then — having satisfied the meanest of his animal necessities — what will he do

with the refuse, with the offal? Behold — ‘of the residue he maketh himself a god?’ Or again, who can forget the fierce stream of ridicule, like a flame driven through a blowpipe, which Jeremiah forces with his whole afflatus upon the process of idol manufacturing? The workman’s part is described as unexceptionable: he plates it with silver and with gold: he rivets it with nails; it is delivered to order, true and in workmanlike style, so that as a figure, as a counterfeit, if counterfeits might avail, it is perfect. But then, on examination, the prophet detects oversights: it cannot speak; the breath of life has been overlooked; reason is omitted; pulsation has been left out; motion has been forgotten — it must be carried, ‘for it cannot go.’ Here, suddenly, as if a semichorus stepped in, with a moment’s recoil of feeling, a movement of pity speaks, — ‘Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil; neither also is it in them to do any good.’ But in an instant the recoil is compensated: an overwhelming reaction of scorn comes back, as with the reflux of a tide; and a full chorus seems to exclaim, with the prophet’s voice, — ‘They (viz. the heathen deities) are altogether brutish and foolish; the stock is a doctrine of vanities.’

What need, after such passages, to quote the express injunction from Isaiah, (chap. xxx. 21, 22,) ‘And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it: *Ye shall defile* the covering of the graven images, &c.; ye shall cast them away as a polluted cloth?’ Or this, (chap. xlii. 8,) ‘I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another; neither my praise to graven images’ Once for all, if a man would satisfy himself upon this

question of possible compromises with idolatry. let him run over the eleven chapters of Jeremiah, from the tenth to the twentieth inclusive. The whole sad train of Jewish sufferings, all the vast equipage of woes and captivities that were to pursue them through so many a weary century, are there charged upon that one rebellion of idolatry, which Josephus would have us believe not only to be privileged, but (and *that is* the reason that we call him a miscreant) would have us believe to have been promoted by a collusion emanating from God. In fact, if once it had been said authoritatively, Pay an outward homage to the Pagan Pantheon, but keep your hearts from going along with it — then, in that countenance to idolatry as a sufferable thing, and in that commendation of it to the forbearance and indulgence of men, would have lurked every advantage that polytheism could have desired for breaking down the total barriers of truth.

Josephus, therefore, will be given up to reprobation; apologist he will find none; he will be abandoned as a profligate renegade, who, having sold his country out of fear and avarice, having sold himself, sold also his religion, and his religion not simply in the sense of selling his individual share in its hopes, but who sold his religion in the sense of giving it up to be polluted in its doctrine for the accommodation of its Pagan enemies.

VI. — But, even after all this is said, there are other aggravations of this Jew's crimes. One of these, though hurrying, we will pause to state. The founder of the Jewish faith foresaw a certain special seduction certain to beset its professors in every age. But how and

through what avenues? Was it chiefly through the base and mercenary propensities of human nature that the peril lay? No; but through its gentleness, its goodness, its gracious spirit of courtesy. And in that direction it was that the lawgiver applied his warnings and his resistance. What more natural than that an idolatrous wife should honor the religious rites which he had seen honored by her parents? What more essential to the dignity of marriage, than that a husband should show a leaning to the opinions and the wishes of his wife? It was seen that this condition of things would lead to a collision of feelings not salutary for man. The condition was too full of strife, if you suppose the man strong — of temptation, if you suppose him weak. How, therefore, was the casuistry of such a situation practically met? By a prohibition of marriages between Jews and pagans; after which, if a man were to have pleaded his conjugal affection in palliation of idolatrous compliances, it would have been answered — ‘It is a palliation; but for an error committed in consequence of such a connection. Your error was different; it commenced from a higher point; it commenced in seeking for a connection which had been prohibited as a snare.’ Thus it was that the ‘wisest heart’ of Solomon was led astray. And thus it was in every idolatrous lapse of the Jews; — they fell by these prohibited connections. Through that channel it was, through the goodness and courtesy of the human heart, that the Jewish law looked for its dangers, and provided for them. But the treason of Josephus came through no such generous cause. It had its origin in servile fear, self-interest the most mercenary, cunning the most wily. Josephus argued

with himself — that the peculiar rancor of the Roman mind towards the Jews had taken its rise in religion. The bigotry of the Jews, for so it was construed by those who could not comprehend any possible ground of distinction in the Jewish God, produced a reaction of Roman bigotry. Once, by a sudden movement of condescension, the Senate and people of Rome had been willing to make room for Jehovah as an assessor to their own Capitoline Jove. This being declined, it was supposed at first that the overture was too overwhelming to the conscious humility of Judea. The truth neither was comprehended, nor could be comprehended, that this miserable Palestine, a dark speck in the blazing orb of the Roman empire, had declined the union upon any principle of superiority. But all things became known in time. This also became known; and the delirious passion of scorn, retorting scorn, was certainly never, before or since, exemplified on the same scale. Josephus, therefore, profoundly aware of the Roman feeling, sets himself, in this audacious falsehood, to propitiate the jealousy so wide awake, and the pride which had been so much irritated. You have been misinformed, he tells the Romans; we have none of that gloomy unsociality which is imputed to us. It is not true that we despise alien gods. We do not worship, but we venerate Jupiter. Our law-giver commanded us to do so. Josephus hoped in this way to soothe the angry wounds of the Roman spirit. But it is certain that, even for a moment, he could not have succeeded. His countrymen of Jerusalem could not expose him; they had perished. But there were many myriads of his countrymen spread over the face of the world, who would contradict every word that

any equivocating Jew might write. And this treachery of Josephus, therefore, to the very primal injunction of his native law, must have been as useless in the event, as it was base in the purpose.

VII. — Now, therefore, we may ask, was there ever a more abject perfidy committed than this which we have exposed — this deliberate surrender, for a selfish object, of the supremacy and unity in the Jehovah of the Jews — this solemn renunciation of that law and its integrity, in maintenance of which seventy generations of Jews, including weak women and children, have endured the penalties of a dispersion and a humiliation more bitter by many degrees than death? Weighing the grounds of comparison, was a viler treason ever perpetrated? We take upon ourselves to say — No. And yet, even in treason there is sometimes a dignity. It is by possibility a bold act, a perilous act. Even in this case, though it will hardly be thought such, the treason of Josephus might have been dangerous: it was certainly committed under terror of the Roman sword, but it might have been avenged by the Jewish dagger. Had a written book in those days been as much a *publication* of a man's words as it is now, Josephus would not long have survived that sentence of his *Antiquities*. This danger gives a shadow of respectability to that act of Josephus. And therefore, when it is asked — can a viler act be cited from history? we now answer — yes: there is one even viler. And by whom committed? By Josephus. Listen, reader.

The overthrow of his country was made the subject of a Roman triumph — of a triumph in which his patrons, Vespasian and his two sons, figured as the

centres of the public honor. Judea, with her banners trailing in the dust, was on this day to be carried captive. The Jew attended with an obsequious face, dressed in courtly smiles. The prisoners, who are to die by the executioner when the pomp shall have reached the summit of the hill, pass by in chains. What is their crime? They have fought like brave men for that dear country which the base spectator has sold for a bribe. Josephus, the prosperous renegade, laughs as he sees them, and hugs himself on his cunning. Suddenly a tumult is seen in the advancing crowds — what is it that stirs them? It is the sword of the Maccabees: it is the image of Judas Maccabæus, the warrior Jew, and of his unconquerable brothers. Josephus grins with admiration of the jewelled trophies. Next — but what shout is that which tore the very heavens? The abomination of desolation is passing by — the Law and the Prophets, surmounted by Capitoline Jove, vibrating his pagan thunderbolts. Judea, in the form of a lady, sitting beneath her palms — Judea, with her head muffled in her robe, speechless, sightless, is carried past. And what does the Jew? He sits, like a modern reporter for a newspaper, taking notes of the circumstantial features in this unparalleled scene delighted as a child at a puppet-show, and finally weaves the whole into a picturesque narrative. The apologist must not think to evade the effect upon all honorable minds by supposing the case that the Jew's presence at this scene of triumph over his ruined country, and his subsequent record of its circumstances, might be a movement of frantic passion — bent on knowing the worst, bent on drinking up the cup of degradation to the very last drop. No, no; this escape

is not open. The description itself remains to this hour in attestation of the astounding fact, that this accursed Jew surveyed the closing scene in the great agonies of Jerusalem—not with any thought for its frenzy, for its anguish, for its despair, but absorbed in the luxury of its beauty, and with a single eye for its purple and gold. ‘Off, off, sir!’—would be the cry to such a wretch in any age of the world: to ‘spit upon his Jewish gaberdine,’ would be the wish of every honest man. Nor is there any thoughtful person who will allege that such another case exists. Traitors there have been many: and perhaps traitors who, trusting to the extinction of all their comrades, might have had courage to record their treasons. But certainly there is no other person known to history who did, and who proclaimed that he did, sit as a volunteer spectator of his buried country carried past in effigy, confounded with a vast carnival of rejoicing mobs and armies, echoing their jubilant outcries, and pampering his eyes with ivory and gold, with spoils, and with captives, torn from the funeral pangs of his country. That case is unique, without a copy, without a precedent.

So much for Josephus. We have thought it necessary to destroy that man’s character, on the principles of a king’s ship in levelling bulkheads and partitions when clearing for action. Such a course is requisite for a perfect freedom of motion. Were Josephus trustworthy, he would sometimes prove an impediment in the way of our views: and it is because he has been too carelessly received as trustworthy, that more accurate glimpses have not been obtained of Jewish affairs in more instances than one. Let the reader understand also that, as regards the Essenes, Josephus is not trust

worthy on a double reason; first, on account of his perfidy, as now sufficiently exposed, which too often interfered to make secondary perfidies requisite, by way of calling off the field of hunters from his own traces in the first; secondly, because his peculiar situation as a Pharisaic doctor of the law, combined with his character, (which surely could not entirely have concealed itself in any stage of his public life,) must have made it necessary for the Essenes to trust him very cautiously, and never to any extent that might have been irretrievable in the event of his turning informer. The Essenes, at all events, had *some* secret to guard; in any case, therefore, they were responsible for the lives of all their members, so far as they could be effected by confidences reposed; and, if that secret happened to be Christianity, then were they trebly bound to care and jealousy, for that secret involved not only many lives, but a mighty interest of human nature, so that a single instance of carelessness might be the most awful of crimes. Hence we understand at once why it is that Josephus never advanced beyond the lowest rank in the secret society of the Essenes. His worldly character, his duplicity, his weakness, were easily discerned by the eagle-eyed fathers of Christianity. Consequently, he must be viewed as under a perpetual *surveillance* from what may be called the *police* of history — liable to suspicion as one who had a frequent interest in falsehood, in order to screen himself; secondly, as one liable to unintentional falsehood, from the indisposition to trust him. Having now extracted the poison-fangs from the Jewish historian, we will take a further notice of his history in relation to the Essenes in Part III.

PART III.

The secret history of Judea, through the two generations preceding the destruction of Jerusalem, might yet be illuminated a little better than it has been by Josephus. It would, however, require a separate paper for itself. At present we shall take but a slight glance or two at that subject, and merely in reference to the Essenes. Nothing shows the crooked conduct of Josephus so much as the utter perplexity, the mere labyrinth of doubts, in which he has involved the capital features of the last Jewish war. Two points only we notice, for their connection with the Essenes.

First, What was the cause, the outstanding pretext, on either side, for the Jewish insurrectionary war? We know well what were the real impulses to that war; but what was the capital and overt act on either side which forced the Jewish irritation into a hopeless contest? What was the ostensible ground alleged for the war?

Josephus durst not have told, had he known. He must have given a Roman, an *ex parte* statement, at any rate; and let that consideration never be lost sight of in taking his evidence. He might blame a particular Roman, such as Gessius Florus, because he found that Romans themselves condemned *him*. He might vaunt his veracity and his *παρρησια* in a little corner of the general story; but durst he speak plainly on the broad field of Judæan politics? Not for his life. Or, had the Roman magnanimity taken off his shackles, what became of his court favor and preferment, in case he spoke freely of Roman policy as a system?

Hence it is that Josephus shuffles so miserably when

attempting to assign the cause or causes of the war. Four different causes he assigns in different places, not one of which is other than itself an effect from higher causes, and a mere symptom of the convulsions working below. For instance, the obstinate withdrawal of the daily sacrifice offered for Cæsar, which is one of the causes alleged, could not have occurred until the real and deep-seated causes of that war had operated on the general temper for some time. It was a public insult to Rome: would have occasioned a demand for explanation: would have been revoked: the immediate author punished: and all would have subsided into a personal affair, had it not been supported by extensive combinations below the surface, which could no longer be suppressed. Into them we are not going to enter. We wish only to fix attention upon the ignorance of Josephus, whether unaffected in this instance, or assumed for the sake of disguising truths unacceptable to Roman ears.

The question of itself has much to do with the origin of the Essenes.

Secondly, Who were those *Sicarii* of whom Josephus talks so much during the latter years of Jerusalem? Can any man believe so monstrous a fable as this, viz. that not one, but thousands of men were confederated for purposes of murder; 2dly, of murder not interested in its own success — murder not directed against any known determinate objects, but murder indiscriminate, secret, objectless, what a lawyer might call *homicidium vagum*; 3dly, that this confederacy should subsist for years, should levy war, should entrench itself in fortresses; 4thly, (which is more incomprehensible than all the rest,) should talk and

harangue in the spirit of sublime martyrdom to some holy interest ; 5thly, should breathe the same spirit into women and little children ; and *finally*, that all, with one accord, rather than submit to foreign conquest, should choose to die in one hour, from the oldest to the youngest ? Such a tale in its outset, in the preliminary confederation, is a tale of ogres and ogresses, not of human creatures trained under a divine law to a profound sense of accountability. Such a tale, in its latter sections, is a tale of martyrs more than human. Such a tale, as a whole, is self-contradictory. A vile purpose makes vile all those that pursue it. Even the East Indian Thugs are not congregated by families. It is much if ten thousand families furnish one Thug. And as to the results of such a league, is it possible that a zealous purpose of murder — of murder for the sake of murder, should end in nobility of spirit so eminent, that nothing in Christian martyrdoms goes beyond the extremity of self-sacrifice which even their enemies have granted to the Sicari ?

Whose courage,' (we are quoting from the bitterest of enemies,) ' whose courage, or shall we call it madness, everybody was amazed at ; for, when all sorts of torments that could be imagined were applied to their bodies, not one of them would comply so far as to confess, or seem to confess, that Cæsar was their lord — as if they received those torments, and the very fury of the furnace which burned them to ashes, with bodies that were insensible and with souls that exceedingly rejoiced. But what most of all astonished the beholders was the courage of the children ; for not one of all these children was so far subdued by the torments it endured, as to confess Cæsar for its lord.

Such a marvellous thing for endurance is the tender and delicate body of man, when supported by an unconquerable soul !'

No, no, reader, there is villany at work in this whole story about the Sicarii. We are duped, we are cheated, we are mocked. Felony, conscious murder, never in this world led to such results as these. Conscience it was, that must have acted here. No power short of that, ever sustained frail women and children in such fiery trials. A conscience it may have been erring in its principles ; but those principles must have been divine. Resting on any confidence less than *that*, the resolution of women and children so tried must have given way. Here, too, evidently, we have the genuine temper of the Maccabees, struggling and suffering in the same spirit and with the same ultimate hopes.

After what has been exposed with regard to Josephus, we presume that *his* testimony against the Sicarii will go for little. That man may readily be supposed to have borne false witness against his brethren who is proved to have borne false witness against God. Him, therefore, or anything that he can say, we set aside. But as all is still dark about the Sicarii, we shall endeavor to trace their real position in the Jewish war. For merely to prove that they have been calumniated does not remove the cloud that rests upon their history. That, indeed, cannot be removed at this day in a manner satisfactory ; but we see enough to indicate the purity of their intentions. And, with respect to their enemy Josephus, let us remember one fact, which merely the want of a personal interest in the question has permitted to lie so long in the shade, viz. that three distinct causes made it really impossible for

that man to speak the truth. First, his own partisan-ship: having adopted one faction, he was bound to regard all others as wrong and hostile: Secondly, his captivity and interest:—in what regarded the *merits* of the cause, a Roman prisoner *durst* not have spoken the truth. These causes of distortion or falsehood in giving that history would apply even to honest men, unless with their honesty they combined a spirit of martyrdom. But there was a third cause peculiar to the position of Josephus, viz. conscious guilt and shame. He could not admit others to have been right but in words that would have confounded himself. If they were not mad, he was a poltroon: if they had done their duty as patriots, then was he a traitor; if they were not frantic, then was Josephus an apostate. This was a logic which required no subtle dialectician to point and enforce: simply the narrative, if kept steady to the fact and faithful, must silently suggest that conclusion to everybody. And for that reason, had there been no other, it was *not* steady; for that reason it was *not* faithful. Now let us turn to the Sicarii. Who were they?

Thirdly, It is a step towards the answer if we ask previously, *Who were the Galileans?* Many people read Josephus under the impression that, of course, this term designates merely the inhabitants of the two Galilees. We, by diligent collation of passages, have convinced ourselves that it does not—it means a particular faction in Jewish politics. And, which is a fact already noticed by Eusebius, it often includes many of the new Christian sect. But this requires an explanation.

Strange it seems to us that men should overlook so

obvious a truth as that in every age Christianity must have counted amongst its nominal adherents the erring believer, the partial believer, the wavering believer, equally with the true, the spiritual, the entire, and the steadfast believer. What sort of believers were those who would have taken Christ and forcibly made him a king? Erroneous believers, it must be admitted; but still in some points, partially and obscurely, they must have been powerfully impressed by the truth which they had heard from Christ. Many of these might fall away when that personal impression was withdrawn; but many must have survived all hinderances and obstacles. *Semi-Christians* there must always have been in great numbers. Those who were such in a merely religious view we believe to have been called Nazarenes; those in whom the political aspects, at first universally ascribed to Christianity, happened to predominate, were known by the more general name of Galileans. This name expressed in its foremost element, opposition to the Romans; in its secondary element, Christianity. And its rise may be traced thus:

Whoever would thoroughly investigate the very complex condition of Palestine in our Saviour's days, must go back to Herod the Great. This man, by his peculiar policy and his power, stood between the Jews and the Romans as a sort of Janus, or indifferent mediator. Any measure which Roman ignorance would have inflicted, unmodified, on the rawest condition of Jewish bigotry, he contrived to have tempered and qualified. For his own interest, and not with any more generous purpose, he screened from the Romans various ebullitions of Jewish refractori-

ness, and from the Jews he screened all accurate knowledge of the probable Roman intentions. But after his death, and precisely during the course of our Saviour's life, these intentions transpired: reciprocal knowledge and menaces were exchanged; and the elements of insurrection began to mould themselves silently, but not steadily; for the agitation was great and increasing as the crisis seemed to approach. Herod the Great, as a vigorous prince, and very rich, might possibly have maintained the equilibrium, had he lived. But this is doubtful. In his old age various events had combined to shake his authority, viz., the tragedies in his own family, and especially the death of Mariamne;² by which, like Ferdinand of Aragon, or our Henry VII., under the same circumstances, he seemed in law to lose his title to the throne. But, above all, his compliance with idolatry, (according to the Jewish interpretation,) in setting up the golden eagle by way of homage to Rome, gave a shock to his authority that never could have been healed. Out of the affair of the golden eagle grew, as we are persuaded, the sect of the Herodians — those who justified a compromising spirit of dealing with the Romans. This threw off, as its anti-pole, a sect furiously opposed to the Romans. That sect, under the management of Judas, (otherwise called Theudas,) expanded greatly; he was a Galilean, and the sect were therefore naturally called Galileans. Into this main sea of Jewish nationality emptied themselves all other less powerful sects that, under any modification, avowed an anti-Roman spirit. The religious sect of the Christians was from the first caught and hurried away into this overmastering vortex. No matter the

Christ lost no opportunity of teaching that his kingdom was not of this world. Did he not preach a new salvation to the House of Israel? Where could that lie but through resistance to Rome? His followers resolved to place him at their head as a king; and his crucifixion in those stormy times was certainly much influenced by the belief that, as the object of political attachment, he had become dangerous whether sanctioning that attachment or not.

Out of this sect of Galileans, comprehending all who avowed a Jewish nationality, (and therefore many semi-Christians, that is, men who, in a popular sense, and under whatever view, had professed to follow Christ,) arose the sect of Sicarii — that is, out of a vast multitude professing good-will to the service, these men separated themselves as the men of action, the executive ministers, the self-devoting soldiers. This is no conjecture. It happens that Josephus, who had kept us in the dark about these Sicarii in that part of his narrative which most required some clue to their purposes, afterwards forgets himself, and incidentally betrays [*Wars*, B. vii. chap. 8, sect. 1] that the Sicarii had originally been an offset from the sect founded by Judas the Galilean; that their general purpose was the same; so that, no doubt, it was a new feature of the time giving a new momentary direction to the efforts of the patriotic which had constituted the distinction and which authorized the denomination. Was Miltiades wrong? Was Tell wrong? Was Wallace wrong. Then, but not else, were the Galileans; and from them the Sicarii probably differed only as the brave doer differs from the just thinker. But the Sicarii, you will say, used

unhallowed means. Probably not. We do not know what means they used, except most indistinctly from their base and rancorous enemy. The truth, so far as it can be descried through the dust of ages and the fury of partisanship, appears to be, that, at a moment when law slumbered and police was inefficient, they assumed the duties of resistance to a tyranny which even the Roman apologist admits to have been insufferable. They are not heard of as actors until the time when Gessius Florus, by opening the floodgates to military insolence, had himself given a license to an armed reaction. Where justice was sought in vain, probably the Sicarii showed themselves as ministers of a sudden retribution. When the vilest outrages were offered by foreigners to their women, probably they 'visited' for such atrocities. That state of things, which caused the tribunal to slumber, privileged the individual to awake. And in a land whose inspired monuments recorded for everlasting praise the acts of Judith, of Samson, of Judas Maccabæus, these summary avengers, the Sicarii, might reasonably conceive that they held the same heavenly commission under the same earthly oppression.

Reviewing the whole of that calamitous period, combining the scattered notices of the men and their acts, and the reflections of both thrown back from the mirrors offered to us by the measures of counter-action adopted at the time, we have little doubt that the Sicarii and the Zealots were both offsets from the same great sect of the Galileans, and that in an imperfect sense, or by tendency, all were Christians, whence partly the re-infusion of the ancient Jewish spirit into their acts and counsels and indomitable resolution.

But also we believe that this very political leaven it was, as dispersed through the body of the Galileans, which led to the projection from the main body of a new order called the Essenes; this political taint, that is to say, combined with the danger of professing a *proselytizing* Christianity. In that anarchy, which through the latter years of Nero covered Judea as with the atmosphere of hell, the Christian fathers saw the necessity of separating themselves from these children of violence. They might be right politically — and certainly they began in patriotism — but too often the apprehensive consciences of Christians recoiled from the vengeance in which they ended. By tolerating the belief that they countenanced the Galileans or Sicarii, the primitive Church felt that she would be making herself a party to their actions — often bloody and vindictive, and sometimes questionable on any principles, since private enmities would too easily mingle with public motives, and if right, would be right in an earthly sense. But the persecution which arose at Jerusalem would strengthen these conscientious scruples by others of urgent prudence. A sect that proselytized was at any rate a hazardous sect in Judea; and a sect that had drawn upon itself persecution, must have felt a triple summons to the instant assumption of a disguise.

Upon this warning, we may suppose, arose the secret society of the Essenes; and its organization was most artful. In fact, the relations of Judaism to Christianity furnished a means of concealment such as could not have otherwise existed without positive deceit. By arranging four concentric circles about one mysterious centre — by suffering no advances to be made

from the outside to the innermost ring but through years of probation, through multiplied trials of temper, multiplied obligations upon the conscience to secrecy, the Christian fathers were enabled to lead men onwards insensibly from intense Judaic bigotry to the purest form of Christianity. The outermost circle received those candidates only whose zeal for rigorous Judaism argued a hatred of pagan corruptions, and therefore gave some pledge for religious fervor. In this rank of novices no ray of light broke out from the centre — no suspicion of any alien doctrine dawned upon *them*: all was Judaic, and the whole Mosaic theology was cultivated alike. This we call the ultimate rank. Next, in the penultimate rank, the eye was familiarized with the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and somewhat exclusively pointed to that doctrine, and such other doctrines in the Mosaic scheme as express an imperfection, a tendency, a call for an integration. In the third, or antepenultimate rank, the attention was trained to the general characters of the Messiah, as likely to be realized in some personal manifestation; and a question was raised, as if for investigation, in what degree these characters met and were exemplified in the mysterious person who had so lately engaged the earnest attention of all Palestine. He had assumed the office of Messiah: he had suffered for that assumption at Jerusalem. By what evidences was it ascertained, in a way satisfactory to just men, that he was *not* the Messiah? Many points, it would be urged as by way of unwilling concession, did certainly correspond between the mysterious person and the prophetic delineation of the idea. Thus far no suspicion has been suffered to reach the disciple, that

he is now rapidly approaching to a torrent that will suck him into a new faith. Nothing has transpired which can have shocked the most angry Jewish fanaticism. And yet all is ready for the great transition. But at this point comes the last crisis for the aspirant. Under color of disputing the claims of Christ, the disciple has been brought acquainted with the whole mystery of the Christian theory. If his heart is good and true, he has manifested by this time such a sense of the radiant beauty which has been gradually unveiled, that he reveals his own trustworthiness. If he retains his scowling bigotry, the consistory at the centre are warned, and trust him no farther. He is excluded from the inner ranks, and is reconciled to the exclusion (or, if not, is turned aside from suspicion) by the impression conveyed to him, that these central ranks are merely the governing ranks, — highest in power, but not otherwise distinguished in point of doctrine.

Thus, though all is true from first to last, from centre to circumference — though nothing is ever taught but the truth — yet, by the simple precaution of graduation, and of not teaching everywhere the whole truth — in the very midst of truth the most heavenly, were attained all the purposes of deceit the most earthly. The case was as though the color of blue were a prohibited and a dangerous color. But upon a suggestion that yellow is a most popular color, and green tolerated, whilst the two extremes of blue and yellow are both blended and confounded in green, this last is selected for the middle rank; and then breaking it up by insensible degradations into the blue tints towards the interior, and the yellow towards the outermost

rings, the case is so managed as to present the full popular yellow at the outside, and the celestial blue at the hidden centre.

Such was the constitution of the Essenes ; in which, however, the reader must not overlook one fact, that, because the danger of Christianity as a religious profession was confined, during the Epichristian age, to Judea, therefore the order of the Essenes was confined to that region ; and that in the extra-Syrian churches, the Christians of Palestine were known simply as the Brethren of Jerusalem, of Sepphoris, &c., without further designation or disguise. Let us now see, having stated the particular circumstances in which this disguise of a secret society called Essenes arose, what further arguments can be traced for identifying these Essenes with the Christians of Palestine.

We have already pursued the Essenes and the Christians through ten features of agreement. Now let us pursue them through a few others. And let the logic of the parallel be kept steadily in view : above, we show some characteristic reputed to be true of the Essenes ; below, we show that this same characteristic is known from other sources to be true of the Christians.

No. I. — *The Essenes*, according to Josephus, *were in the habit of prophesying*. — The only prophets known in the days of the Apostles, and recognized as such by the Christian writers, Agabus for instance, and others, were Christians of the Christian brotherhood in Judea.

‘ *And it is but seldom,*’ says Josephus, ‘ *they miss in their predictions.*’ — Josephus could not but have been

acquainted with this prophecy of Agabus — too practical, too near, too urgent, too local, not to have rung throughout Judea; before the event, as a warning; after it, as a great providential miracle. He must therefore have considered Agabus as one of those people whom he means by the term Essenes. Now *we* know him for a Christian. *Ergo*, here is a case of identity made out between a Christian, owned for such by the Apostles, and one of the Essenes.

No. II. — *The Essenes particularly applied themselves to the study of medicine.* — This is very remarkable in a sect like the Essenes, who, from their rigorous habits of abstinence, must of all men have had the least personal call for medicine; but not at all remarkable if the Essenes are identified with the Christians. For,

1. Out of so small a number as four Evangelists, one was a physician — which shows at least the *fact* that medicine was cultivated amongst the Christians. But,

2. The *reason* of this will appear immediately in the example left by Christ, and in the motives to that example.

As to the example, at least nine in ten of Christ's miracles were *medical* miracles — miracles applied to derangements of the human system.

As to the motives which governed our Saviour in this particular choice, it would be truly ridiculous and worthy of a modern utilitarian, to suppose that Christ, would have suffered his time to be occupied, and the great vision of his contemplations to be interrupted, by an employment so trifling, (trifling surely by com-

parison with his *transcendent* purposes,) as the healing of a few hundreds, more or less, in one small district through one brief triennium. This healing office was adopted, not chiefly for its own sake, but partly as a symbolic annunciation of a superior healing, abundantly significant to Oriental minds; chiefly, however, as the indispensable means, in an eastern land, of advertising his approach far and wide, and thus convoking the people by myriads to his instructions. From Barbary to Hindostan — from the setting to the rising sun — it is notorious that no travelling character is so certainly a safe one as that of *hakim* or physician. As he advances on his route, the news fly before him; disease is evoked as by the rod of Amram's son; the beds of sick people, in every rank, are ranged along the road-sides; and the beneficent dispenser of health or of relief moves through the prayers of hope on the one side, and of gratitude on the other. Well may the character be a protection: for not only is every invalid in the land his friend from the first, but every one who loves or pities an invalid. In fact, the character is *too* favorable, because it soon becomes burdensome; so that of late, in Affghanistan, Bokhara, &c., Englishmen have declined its aid — for inevitably it impedes a man's progress; and it exposes him to two classes of applications, one embarrassing from the extravagance of its expectations, (as that a man should understand doubtful or elaborate symptoms at a glance,) the other degrading to an Englishman's feelings, by calling upon him for aphrodisiacs or other modes of collusion with Oriental sensuality. This medicinal character the Apostles and their delegates adopted using it both as the trumpet of summons to some cer

tral rendezvous, and also as the very best means of opening the heart to religious influences — the heart softened already by suffering, turned inwards by solitary musing; or melted, perhaps, by relief from anguish into fervent gratitude. This, upon consideration, we believe to have been the secret key to the apostolic meaning, in sending abroad the report that they cultivated medicine. They became what so many of us Englishmen have become in Oriental countries, *hakims*; and as with us, that character was assumed as a disguise for ulterior purposes that could not have been otherwise obtained³ — our purposes were liberal, theirs divine. Therefore we conclude our argument No. II. by saying, that this medical feature in the Essenes is not only found in the Christians, but is found radiated in the very constitution of that body, as a *proselytizing* order, who could not dispense with some excuse or other for assembling the people in crowds.

No. III. — *The Essenes think that oil is a defilement.*

— So says Josephus, as one who stood in the outermost rank of the order -- admitted to a knowledge of some distinctions, but never to the secret meaning upon which those distinctions turned. Now with respect to this new characteristic, what is our logical duty? It is our duty to show that the Essenes, supposing them to be the latent Christians, had a special motive for rejecting oil; whereas on any other assumption they had no such motive. And next, we will show that this special motive has sustained itself in the traditional usages of a remote posterity.

First of all, then, how came the Jews ever to use oi.

at all for the purpose of anointing their persons? It was adopted as a Grecian luxury, from their Grecian fellow-townsmen in cities without number, under the Syro-Macedonian kings. Not only in Syria proper, but in many other territories adjacent to Judea, there were cities like the two Cæsareas, the maritime and the inland, which were divided between Greeks and Jews; from which equality of rights came feuds and dreadful calamities in the end, but previously a strong contagion of Grecian habits. Hence, in part, it arose that the Jews in our Saviour's time were far from being that simple people which they *had* been whilst insulated in gloomy seclusion, or whilst associated only with monotonous Oriental neighbors. Amongst other luxuries which they had caught from their Grecian neighbors, were those of the bath and the palæstra. But in Jerusalem, as the heart of Judea,⁴ and the citadel of Jewish principle, some front of resistance was still opposed to these exotic habits. The language was one aid to this resistance; for elsewhere the Greek was gaining ground, whilst here the corrupted Hebrew prevailed. But a stronger repulsion to foreigners was the eternal gloom of the public manners. No games in Jerusalem — no theatre — no hippodrome; for all these you must go down to the seaside, where Cæsarea, though built by a Jew, and half-peopled by Jews, was the Roman metropolis of Palestine, and with every sort of Roman luxury. To this stern Jerusalem standard all Jews conformed in the proportion of their patriotism; to Græcize or not to Græcize had become a test of patriotic feeling; and thus far the Essenes had the same general reasons as the Christians (supposing them two distinct orders of men) for setting their faces against the luxu-

rious manners of the age. But if the Essenes were Christians, then we infer that they had a much stronger and a special motive to all kinds of abstinence, from the memorable charge of Christ to his evangelizing disciples; for which charge there was a double motive: 1st. To raise an ideal of abstinence; 2d. To release the disciple from all worldly cares, and concentrate his thoughts upon his duty. Now, the Essenes, if Christians, stood precisely in that situation of evangelizers.

Even thus far, therefore, the Essenes, as Christians, would have higher motives to abstinence than simply as a sect of Jews; yet still against oil, merely as a mode of luxury, their reasons were no stronger than against any luxury in any other shape. But a Christian of that day had a far more special restraint with regard to the familiar use of oil — not as a luxury, but as a consecrated symbol, he regarded it with awe — oil was to him under a perpetual interdict. The very name *Christos*, the anointed, gave in one instant an inaugurating solemnity, a baptismal value, to the act of anointing. Christians bearing in their very name (though then, by the supposition, a ‘secret name,’) a record and everlasting memorial of that *chrism* by which their Founder was made the Anointed of God, thought it little consistent with reverential feelings to use that consecrated rite of anointing in the economy of daily life. They abstained from this Grecian practice, therefore, not as the ignorant Jew imagines, from despising it, but from too much revering it. The symbolic meaning overpowered and eclipsed its natural meaning; and they abstained from the unction of the *valæstra* just as any man amongst ourselves, the least liable to superstition, would (if he had any pious feel-

ing at all) recoil from the use of sacramental vessels in a service of common household life.

After this explanation of *our* view, we shall hardly need to go forward in proof, that this sanctity of the oil and of the anointing act has sustained itself in traditional usages, and propagated its symbolic meaning to a posterity far distant from the Essenes. The most solemn of the ceremonies in the coronation of Christian kings is a memorial of this usage so reverentially treated by the Essenes. The affecting rite by which a new-born stranger upon earth is introduced within the fold of the Christian Church, is but the prolongation of that ancient chrism. And so essential, in earlier ages, was the presence of the holy Judæan oil used by the first Christians, were it only to the amount of one solitary drop, that volumes might be collected on the exertions made for tending the trees which produced it, and if possible for multiplying or transplanting them. Many eastern travellers in our own day, have given the history of those consecrated trees, and their slow declension to the present moment; and to this hour, in our London bills of mortality, there is one subdivision headed, '*Chrysom* children,'⁵ which echoes from a distance of almost two thousand years the very act and ceremony which was surrounded with so much reverence by the Essenes.

No. IV. — *The Essenes think it a thing of good omen to be dressed in white robes.* — Yes; here again we find the external fact reported by Josephus, but with his usual ignorance of its symbolic value, and the secret record which it involved. He does not pretend to have been more than a novice — that is, at most

he had been admitted into the lowest or outermost class, where no hint would be given of the Christian mysteries that would open nearer to the centre. The white robes were, of course, either the baptismal robes, the *albatæ vestes* noticed in note (5), or some other of the typical dresses assumed in different ranks and situations by the primitive Christians.

No. V. — *In the judgments they pass, the Essenes are most accurate and just ; nor do they pass sentence by the votes of a court that is lower than a hundred.*

— Here we find Josephus unconsciously alluding to the secret arrangements of the early Christian Church — the machinery established for conducting affairs so vast, by their tendency, in a condition so critical by its politics. The apostolical constitutions show that many of the forms in general councils, long after that age, had been traditionally derived from this infancy of the Christian Church — a result which is natural in any case, but almost inevitable where the original organizers are invested with that sort of honor and authority attached to inspired apostles. Here are positive traces of the Christian institutions, as viewed by one who knew of their existence under another name, and witnessed some of their decisions in the result, but was never admitted to any conjectural glimpse of their deliberations, or their system of proceeding, or their principles. Here is the truth, but traced by its shadow. On the other hand, if the Essenes (considered as distinct from Christians) were concerned, what need should *they* have of courts — numerous or not numerous? Had the Sadducees courts? Had the Pharisees courts? Doubtless they had in their general character

of Jews, but certainly not in their separate characters as sects. Here again, therefore, in this very mention of courts, had there been no word dropped of their form, we see an insuperable evidence to the fact of the Christians being the parties concerned.

No. VI — The Essenes are divided by Philo-Judæus into the *Therapeutici* and the *Practici*. — A division into four orders has already been noticed, in explaining the general constitution of the society. These orders would very probably have characteristic names as well as barely distinguishing numbers. And if so, the name of *Therapeuta* would exactly correspond to the *medical* evangelists (the *hakims*) noticed under No. II.

No. VII. — *Moreover the Essenes are stricter than any other of the Jews in resting from their labors on the seventh day: for they even get their food ready on the day before, that they may not be obliged to kindle a fire on that day.* — Now, then, it will be said, these Essenes, if Christians, ought *not* to have kept the Jewish Sabbath. This seems a serious objection. But pause, reader. One consideration is most important in this whole discussion. The Jews are *now* ranged in hostility to the Christians; because now the very name of Jew makes open proclamation that they have rejected Christianity; but in the earliest stage of Christianity, the Jew's relation to that new creed was in suspense and undetermined: he might be, 1, in a state of hostility; 2, in a state of certain transition; 3, in a state of deliberation. So far, therefore, from shocking his prejudices by violent alterations of *form*,

and of outward symbol, not essential to the truth symbolized, the error of the early Christians would lie the other way; as in fact we know that it did in Judea, that is, in the land of the Essenes, where they retained too much rather than too little of Mosaic rites. Judaism is the radix of Christianity — Christianity the integration of Judaism. And so long as this integration was only *not accepted*, it was reasonable to presume it the subject of examination; and to regard the Jew as a Christian *in transitu*, and by tendency as a Christian elect. For one generation the Jews must have been regarded as novices in a lower class advancing gradually to the higher vows — not as enemies at all, but as imperfect aspirants. During this pacific interim, (which is not to be thought hostile, because individual Jews were hostile,) the Christians most entangled with Jews, viz., the Christians of Palestine, would not seek to widen the interval which divided them. On the contrary, they would too much concede to the prejudices of their Jewish brethren; they would adopt too many of the Jewish rites: as at first even circumcision — *a fortiori*, the Jewish Sabbath. Thus it would be during the period of suspense. Hostility would first commence when the two orders of men could no longer be viewed as the inviting and invited — as teaching and learning; but as affirming and denying — as worshippers and blasphemers. Then began the perfect schism of the two orders. Then began amongst the Syrian Christians the observance of a Christian Sunday; then began the general disuse of circumcision.

Here we are called upon to close this investigation, and for the following reasons: Most subjects offer themselves under two aspects at the least, often under more

This question accordingly, upon the true relations of the Essenes, may be contemplated either as a religious question, or as a question of Christian antiquities. Under this latter aspect, it is not improperly entertained by a journal whose primary functions are literary. But to pursue it further might entangle us more intricately in speculations of Christian doctrine than could be suitable to any journal not essentially theological. We pause, therefore; though not for want of abundant matter to continue the discussion. One point only we shall glance at in taking leave: — The Church of Rome has long ago adopted the very doctrine for which we have been contending: she has insisted, as if it were an important article of orthodox faith, upon the identity of the Essenes and the primitive Christians. But does not this fact subtract from the originality of our present essay? Not at all. If it did, we are careless. But the truth is — it does not. And the reason is this — as held by the Church of Rome the doctrine is simply what the Germans call a *machtspruch*, i. e. a hard dogmatical assertion, without one shadow of proof or presumptive argument — that so it *must have been*, nothing beyond the allegation of an old immemorial tradition — that so in fact it *was*. Papal Rome adopts our theory as a fact, as a blind result; but not as a result resting upon any one of our principles. Having, as she thinks, downright testimony and positive depositions upon oath, she is too proud to seek the aid of circumstantial evidence, of collateral probability, or of secret coincidence.

If so, and the case being that the Papal belief on this point (though coinciding with our own) offers it no collateral support, wherefore do we mention it? Fo

the following reason — important at any rate — and specially important as a reason in summing up ; as a reason to take leave with — as a linch-pin or iron bolt to lock up all our loose arguments into one central cohesion. Dogmatism, because it is haughty, because it is insolent, will not therefore of necessity be false. Nay, in this particular instance, the dogmatism of Rome rests upon a sense of transcendent truth — of truth compulsory to the Christian conscience. And what truth is that? It is one which will reply triumphantly to the main objection likely to be urged by the reader. He will be apt to say — This speculation is curious ; but of what use is it? Of what consequence to us at this day, whether the Essenes were or were not the early Christians? Of such consequence, we answer, as to have forced the Church of Rome into a probable lie ; that Church chose rather to forge a falsehood of mere historical fact, [in its pretended tradition of St. Mark,] than to suffer any risk as to the sum total and principle of truth doctrinal. The Christian religion offers two things — a body of truth, of things to be believed, in the first place ; in the second place, a spiritual agency, a mediatorial agency for carrying these truths into operative life. Otherwise expressed, the Christian religion offers — 1st, a knowledge ; 2d, a power — that is, 1st, a rudder to guide ; 2dly, sails to propel. Now mark : — the Essenes, as reported to us by Josephus, by Philo-Judæus, or three centuries afterwards by Eusebius, do not appear to have claimed No. II. ; and for this reason — because, as a secret society and for the very cause which made it prudent for them to be a secret society, that part of their pretensions could not have been stated safely ; not without avow-

ing the very thing which it was their purpose to conceal, viz., their allegiance to Christ. But as to No. I. — as to the total *truths* taught by Christianity, taken in contradistinction to the spiritual *powers* — these the Essenes *did* claim; these they *did* appropriate; and therefore take notice of this: If the Essenes were not the early Christians in disguise, then was Christianity, *as a knowledge*, taught independently of Christ; nay, in opposition to Christ; nay, if we were to accept the hyperbolical fairy-tale of Pliny, positively two thousand years before the era of Christ. Grant the affirmative of our hypothesis, all is clear, all consistent; and Christianity here, as forever, justifies herself. Take the negative alternative — Suppose the Essenes a distinct body from the primitive Christians of Palestine, (*i. e.* those particular Christians who stood under the ban of Jerusalem,) and you have a deadlier wound offered to Christian faith than the whole army of infidels ever attempted. A *parhelion* — a double sun — a secondary sun, that should shine for centuries with equal proofs for its own authenticity as existed for the original sun, would not be more shocking to the sense and to the auguries of man than a secondary Christianity not less spiritual, not less heavenly, not less divine than the primary, pretending to a separate and even hostile origin. Much more is to be said in behalf of our thesis. But say more or say less — say it well or say it ill — the main argument — that the Essenes were the early Christians, locally in danger, and therefore locally putting themselves, with the wisdom of the serpent, under a cloud of disguise, impenetrable to fierce Jewish enemies and to timid or treacherous brethren — that argument is essential to the dignity of

Christian truth. That theory is involved in the almighty principle — that, as there is but one God, but one hope, but one anchorage for man — so also there can be but one authentic faith, but one derivation of truth, but one perfect revelation.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AT a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds Secret Societies; the mystery being often double — 1. *What* they do; and 2. *What* they do it *for*. Except as to the premature growth of this interest, there was nothing surprising in *that*. For everybody that is by nature meditative must regard, with a feeling higher than any vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society, communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen, but if seen, not understood except among themselves, and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, must retire, perhaps for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime — to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations, is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations, was the Abbé Baruel's book, soon followed by a similar book of Professor Robison'

in demonstration of a regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity. This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab, and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent schirrous tumor, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the Abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the Abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and *tentacles* into many nations, and more than one century. *That* perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant periods and distant places — men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoko the same languages — could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my comprehension. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did they take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike mysterious to me. Yet the Abbé, everybody said, was a good man; incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself; for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So

that if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as *everything*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism — not any lurking jealousy that even part might be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorous I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people, when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, ‘But, after all, perhaps it’s a lie.’ I had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as *that* was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi. The same thing occurs in another form to everybody. Often (you know) — alas! *too* often — one’s dear friend talks something, which one scruples to call ‘rigmarole,’ but which, for the life of one (it becomes necessary to whisper), cannot be comprehended. Well, after puzzling over it for two hours, you say, ‘Come, that’s enough; two hours is as much time as I can spare in one life for one unintelligibility.’ And then, you proceed, in the most tranquil frame of mind, to take coffee as if nothing had happened. The thing does not haunt your sleep: for you say, ‘My dear friend, after all, was perhaps unintentionally talking nonsense.’ But how if the thing that puzzles you happens to be a phenomenon in the sky or the clouds — something said by nature? Nature never talks nonsense. There’s no getting rid of the thing in tha.

way. You can't call *that* 'rigmarole.' As to your dear friend, you were sceptical; and the consequence was, that you were able to be tranquil. There was a valve in reserve, by which your perplexity could escape. But as to Nature, you have no scepticism at all; you believe in *her* to a most bigoted extent; you believe every word she says. And that very belief is the cause that you are disturbed daily by something which you cannot understand. Being true, the thing ought to be intelligible. And exactly because it is *not* — exactly because this horrid unintelligibility is denied the comfort of doubt — therefore it is that you are so unhappy. If you could once make up your mind to doubt and to think, 'Oh, as to Nature, I don't believe one word in ten that she says,' then and there you would become as tranquil as when your dearest friend talks nonsense. My purpose, as regarded Baruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing, with an *arrière pensée* that, if not palatable, I might reject it, but simply the preparatory process of a boa-constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, towards its readier deglutition; that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that followed at any rate.

The person, who chiefly introduced me to Baruel, was a lady, a stern lady, and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals — an advantage which made most people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence, chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise, nearly amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when our warfare of

disputation commenced, I being seven, she thirty-five ; and she was not quite four times my age when our warfare terminated by sudden separation, I being then ten, and she thirty-eight. This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed her chronological relations to myself, used greatly to puzzle me ; because, as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly, that, from being five times younger, I found myself less than four times younger, the natural inference seemed to be, that, in a few years, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two ; in which case, I should certainly have ' taken my change ' out of the airs she continually gave herself on the score of ' experience.' That decisive word ' experience ' was, indeed, always a sure sign to me that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority ; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often frozen into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilers. It was, nowever, only when very hard pressed that my fair antagonist took this *not* fair advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my rolling musketry. Objections she rather liked, and questions, as many as one pleased upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. That, she said, was carrying things too far ; excess in anything she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her : excess was the thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning, when she

asserted that it had already 'over-stepped the limits of propriety.' Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached.

But, however much or often I might vault over the limits of propriety, or might seem to challenge both *her* and the Abbé — all this was but anxiety to reconcile my own secret belief in the Abbé, with the arguments for not believing; it was but the form assumed by my earnest desire to see *how* the learned gentleman could be right, whom my intense faith certified beyond all doubt to *be* so, and whom, equally, my perverse logical recusancy whispered to be continually in the wrong. I wished to see my own rebellious arguments, which I really sorrowed over and bemoaned, knocked down like ninepins; shown to be softer than cotton, frailer than glass, and utterly worthless in the eye of reason. All this, indeed, the stern lady assured me that she *had* shown over and over again. Well, it might be so; and to this, at any rate, as a decree of court, I saw a worldly prudence in submitting. But, probably, I must have looked rather grim, and have wished devoutly for one fair turn-up, on Salisbury plain, with herself and the Abbé, in which case my heart told me how earnestly I should pray that they might forever floor *me*, but how melancholy a conviction oppressed my spirits that my destiny was to floor *them*. Victorious, I should find my belief and my understanding in painful schism: beaten and demolished, I should find my whole nature in harmony with itself.

The mysteriousness to me of men becoming partners (and by no means sleeping partners) in a society of which they had never heard; or, again, of one fellow standing at the beginning of a century, and stretching

out his hand as an accomplice towards another fellow standing at the end of it, without either having known of the other's existence — all *that* did not sharpen the interest of wonder that gathered about the general economy of secret societies. Tertullian's profession of believing things, not *in spite* of being impossible, but *because* they were impossible, is not the extravagance that most people suppose it. There is a deep truth in it. Many are the things which, in proportion as they attract the *highest* modes of belief, discover a tendency to repel belief on that part of the scale which is governed by the lower understanding. And here, as so often elsewhere, the axiom, with respect to extremes meeting, manifests its subtle presence. The highest form of the incredible, is sometimes the initial form of the credible. But the point on which our irreconcilability was greatest, respected the *cui bono* of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success? and nobody pretended that they could gain anything by failure. The lady replied — that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions. But to this the retort was too obvious to escape anybody, and for me it threw itself into the form of that pleasant story, reported from the life of Pyrrhus the Epirot — viz., that one day, upon a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his expedition to Sicily, 'Why after *that* is finished,' replied the king, 'I mean to administer a little correction (very much wanted) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium.' 'And then —' said the friend: 'and then,' said Pyrrhus,

next we go for Macedon ; and after that job's jobbed, next, of course, for Greece.' 'Which done,' said the friend : 'which done,' interrupted the king, 'as done it shall be, then we're off to tickle the Egyptians.' 'Whom having tickled,' pursued the friend, 'then we,' - 'tickle the Persians,' said the king. 'But after that is done,' urged the obstinate friend, 'whither next?' 'Why, really man, it's hard to say ; you give one no time to breathe ; but we'll consider the case in Persia, and, until we've settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine to be found in Ecbatana.' 'That's a very just idea,' replied the friend ; 'but, with submission, it strikes me that we might do *that* just now, and, at the beginning of all these tedious wars, instead of waiting for their end.' 'Bless me !' said Pyrrhus, 'if ever I thought of *that* before. 'Why, man, you're a conjurer ; you've discovered a mine of happiness. So, here boy, bring us roses and plenty of Cretan wine.' Surely, on the same principle, these French Encyclopédistes, and Bavarian Illuminati, did not need to postpone any jubilees of licentiousness which they promised themselves, to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. True, the *impulse* of hatred, even though irrational, may be a stronger force for action than any *motive* of hatred, however rational, or grounded in self-interest. But the particular motive relied upon by the stern lady, as the central spring of the anti-Christian movement, being obviously insufficient for the weight which it had to sustain, naturally the lady, growing sensible of this herself, became still sterner ; very angry with me ; and not quite satisfied, in this instance, with the Abbé

Yet, after all, it was not any embittered remembrance of our eternal feuds, in dusting the jacket of the Abbé Baruel, that lost me, ultimately, the favor of this austere lady. All *that* she forgave; and especially because she came to think the Abbé as bad as myself, for leaving such openings to my inroads. It was on a question of politics that our deadliest difference arose, and that my deadliest sarcasm was launched; not against herself, but against the opinion and party which she adopted. I was right, as usually I am; but, on this occasion, must have been, because I stood up as a patriot, intolerant, to frenzy, of all insult directed against dear England; and she, though otherwise patriotic enough, in this instance ranged herself in alliance with a false anti-national sentiment. My sarcasm was not too strong for the case. But certainly I ought to have thought it too strong for the presence of a lady; whom, or any of her sex, on a matter of politics in these days, so much am I changed, I would allow to chase me, like a foot-ball, all round the tropics, rather than offer the least show of resistance. But my excuse was childhood; and, though it may be true, as the reader will be sure to remind me, that she was rapidly growing down to my level in that respect, still she had not quite reached it; so that there was more excuse for me, after all, than for *her*. She was no longer five times as old, or even four; but when she would come down to be two times as old and one time as old, it was hard to say.

Thus I had good reason for remembering my first introduction to the knowledge of Secret Societies, since this knowledge introduced me to the more gloomy knowledge of the strife which gathers in

clouds over the fields of human life; and to the knowledge of this strife in two shapes, one of which none of us fail to learn — the personal strife which is awakened so eternally by difference of opinion, or difference of interest; the other, which is felt, perhaps, obscurely by all, but distinctly noticed only by the profoundly reflective, viz., the schism — so mysterious to those even who have examined it most — between the human intellect and many undeniable realities of human experience. As to the first mode of strife, I could not possibly forget it; for the stern lady died before we had an opportunity to exchange forgiveness, and *that* left a sting behind. She, I am sure, was a good forgiving creature at heart; and especially she would have forgiven *me*, because it was *my* place (if one only got one's right place on earth) to forgive *her*. Had she even hauled me out of bed with a tackling of ropes in the dead of night, for the mere purpose of reconciliation, I should have said — 'Why, you see, I can't forgive you entirely to-night, because I'm angry when people waken me without notice, but to-morrow morning I certainly will; or, if that won't do, you shall forgive *me*. No great matter *which*, as the conclusion must be the same in either case, viz. to kiss and be friends.'

But the other strife, which perhaps sounds metaphysical in the reader's ears, then first wakened up to my perceptions, and never again went to sleep amongst my perplexities. Oh, Cicero! my poor, thoughtless Cicero! in all your shallow metaphysics, not once did you give utterance to such a bounce as when you asserted, that never yet did human reason say one thing, and Nature say another. On the contrary, every

part of Nature — mechanics, dynamics, morals, metaphysics, and even pure mathematics — are continually giving the lie flatly by their facts and conclusions to the very necessities and laws of the human understanding. Did the reader ever study the *Antinomies* of Kant? If not, he has read nothing. Now, *there* he will have the pleasure of seeing a set of quadrilles or reels, in which old Mother Reason amuses herself by dancing to the right and left two variations of blank contradiction to old Mother Truth, both variations being irrefragable, each variation contradicting the other, each contradicting the equatorial reality, and each alike (though past all denial) being a lie. But he need not go to Kant for this. Let him look as one having eyes for looking, and everywhere the same perplexing phenomenon occurs. And this first dawned upon myself in the Baruel case. As Nature is to the human intellect, so was Baruel to mine. We all believe in Nature without limit, yet hardly understand a page amongst her innumerable pages. I believed in Baruel by necessity, and yet everywhere my understanding mutinied against *his*.

But in Baruel I had heard only of Secret Societies that were consciously formed for mischievous ends; or if not always for a distinct purpose of evil, yet always in a spirit of malignant contradiction and hatred. Soon I read of other Societies even more secret, that watched over *truth* dangerous to publish or even to whisper, like the sleepless dragons that Oriental fable associated with the subterranean guardianship of regal treasures. The secrecy, and the reasons for the secrecy, were alike sublime. The very image, unveiling itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked

by brotherly love and perfect confidence, meeting in secret chambers, at the noontide of night, to shelter, by muffling, with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth — sheltering it from the carelessness of the world, and its stormy ignorance — this would soon have blown it out — sheltering it from the hatred of the world, that would soon have found out its nature, and made war upon its life — *that* was superhumanly sublime. The fear of those men was sublime — the courage was sublime — the stealthy, thief-like means were sublime — the audacious end, viz. to change the kingdoms of earth, was sublime. If they acted and moved like cowards, those men were sublime: if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were sublime — not less as cowards, not more as martyrs; for the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were parts of the same machinery.

But another feature of sublimity, which it surprises one to see so many coarse-minded men unaware of, lies in the self-perpetuation and phoenix-like defiance to mortality of such Societies. This feature it is that throws a grandeur even on a humbug, of which there have been many examples, and two in particular, which I am soon going to memorialize. Often and often have men of finer minds felt this secret spell of grandeur, and labored to embody it in external forms. There was a phoenix-club once in Oxford, (up and down Europe there have been several,) that by its constitution grasped not only at the sort of immortality aspired after by Phoenix Insurance offices, viz. a legal or notional perpetuation, liable merely to no *practical* interruptions as regarded paying and *à fortiori* as

regarded receiving money, but otherwise fast asleep every night like other dull people — far more faithful, literal, intense, was the realization in *this* case of an undying life. Such a condition as a ‘*sede vacante,*’ which is a condition expressed in the constitutions of all other societies, was impossible in this for any office whatever. That great case was realized, which has since been described by Chateaubriand as governing the throne of France and its successions. ‘*His Majesty is dead!*’ shouts a voice, and this seems to argue, at least, a moment’s *interregnum*: not at all; not a moment’s: the thing is impossible: simultaneous (and not successive) is the breath that ejaculates, ‘*May the King live forever!*’ The birth and the death, the rising and the setting, synchronize by a metaphysical nicety of neck-and-neck, inconceivable to the book-keepers of earth. These wretched men imagine that the second rider’s foot cannot possibly be in the stirrup until the first rider’s foot is out. If the one event occurs in moment M, the other they think must occur in moment N. That may be as regards stirrups, but not as regards metaphysics. I admit that the guard of a mail-coach cannot possibly leave the post-office *before* the coachman, but upon the whole a little after him. Such base rules, however, find themselves compelled to give way in presence of great metaphysicians. In whose science, as I stoop to inform book-keepers, the effect, if anything, goes rather ahead of the cause. Now that Oxford club arose on these sublime principles: no disease like intermitting pulse was known *there*. No fire, but Vestal fire, was used for boiling the tea-kettle. The rule was — that, if once entered upon the *matricula* of this

amaranthine^b club, thenceforwards, come from what zone of the earth you would — come without a minute's notice — send up your card — Mr. O. P., from the Anthropophagi — Mr. P. O., from the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders — instantly you were shown in to the sublime presence. You were not limited to any particular century. Nay, by the rigor of the theory, you had your own choice of millennium. Whatever might be convenient to you, was convenient to the club. The constitution of the club assumed, that, in every successive generation, as a matter of course, a President duly elected (or his authorized delegate) would be found in the chair: scornfully throwing the *onus* of proof to the contrary upon the presumptuous reptile that doubted it. Public or private calamity signified not. The President reverberated himself through a long sinking fund of Surrogates and Vice-Presidents. There, night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, sat the august man, looking as grim as the *Princeps Senatûs* amongst the Conscript Fathers of Rome, when the Gauls entered on the errand of cutting their throats. If *you* entered this club on the very same errand, the President was backed to a large amount to keep his seat until his successor had been summoned. Suppose the greatest of revolutions to have passed over the island during your absence abroad; England, let us say, has even been conquered by a polished race of Hottentots. Very good: an accomplished Hottentot will then be found seated in the chair; you will be allowed to kiss Mr. President's black paw; and will understand that, although *farewells* might be common enough as regarded individual members, yet

by the eternal laws of this eternal club, the word *adjournment* for the whole concern was a word so treasonable, as not to be uttered without risk of massacre.

The same principle in man's nature, the everlasting instinct for glorifying the everlasting, the impulse for petrifying the fugitive, and arresting the transitory, which shows itself in ten thousand forms, has also, in this field of secret confederations, assumed many grander forms. To strive after a conquest over Time the conqueror, is already great, in whatsoever direction. But it is still greater when it applies itself to objects that are *per se* immortal, and mortal only as respects their alliance with man. Glorification of heaven — litanies, chanted day and night by adoring hearts — these will doubtless ascend forever from this planet. That result is placed out of hazard, and needs not the guarantee of princes. Somewhere, from some climate, from some lips, such a worship will not cease to rise. But, let a man's local attachments be what they may, he must sigh to think that no assignable spot of ground on earth, that no nation, that no family, enjoys any absolute privilege in that respect. No land, whether continent or island — nor race, whether freemen or slaves, can claim any fixed inheritance, or indefeasible heirlooms of truth. Yet, for that very reason, men of deep piety have but the more earnestly striven to bind down, and chain their own conceptions of truth within the models of some unchanging establishments, even as the Greek Pagans of old chained down their gods⁷ from deserting them; have striven to train the vagrant water-brooks of Wisdom, lest she might desert the region altogether, into the channel

of some local homestead; to connect, with a fixed succession of descendants, the conservation of religion; to root, as one would root a forest that is to flourish through ages, a heritage of ancient truth in the territorial heritage of an ancient household. That sounds to some ears like the policy that founded monastic institutions. Whether so or not, it is not necessarily Roman Catholic. The same policy — the same principle — the sighing after peace and the image of perpetuity — have many times moulded the plans of *Protestant* families. Such families, with monastic imaginations linked to Protestant hearts, existed numerously in England through the reign of the First James and Charles — families amongst the gentry, or what on the Continent would be called the lower nobility, that remembered with love the solemn ritual and services of the Romish Church; but with *this* love combined the love of Protestant doctrines. Amongst these families, and distinguished amongst them, was that of the Farrers.⁸ The name of their patrimonial estate was Little Gidding, and, I think, in the county of Hertford. They were, by native turn of mind, and by varied accomplishments, a most interesting family. In some royal houses of Europe it was once a custom, that every son, if not every daughter, should learn a trade. This custom subsisted down to the days of the unhappy Louis XVI., who was a locksmith; and I was once assured by a Frenchman, who knew him well, not so bad a one, considering (you know) that one cannot be as rough as might be wished in scolding a locksmith that one is obliged to address as ‘your majesty.’ A majestic locksmith has a sort of right to be a bad one. The Farrers adopted this custom, and

most of them chose the trade of a bookbinder. Why this was a good trade to choose, I will explain in a brief digression. It is a reason which applies only to three other trades, viz: to coining, to printing books, and to making gold or silver plate. And the reason is this -- all the four arts stand on an isthmus, connecting them, on one side, with merely mechanic crafts, on the other side, with the Fine Arts. This was the marking distinction between the coinages of ancient classical days and our own. Our European and East Indian⁹ coins are the basest of all base products from rude barbaresque handicraft. They are imagined by the man, some horrid Cyclops, who conceived the great idea of a horseshoe, a poker, and a tenpenny nail. Now, the ancient coins were modelled by the same immortal artists that conceived their exquisite *gems*, the cameos and intaglios, which you may buy, in Tassie's Sulphurs, at a few shillings each, or for much less in the engraved *Glyptothecæ*. But, as to coining, our dear lady the Queen (God bless her!) is so avaricious, that she will have it all to herself. She taboos it. She won't let you or me into the smallest share of the business; and she lags us if we poach. That is what *I* call monopoly. And I do wish her Majesty would be persuaded to read a ship-load of political economists that I could point out, on the ruinous consequences of that vice, which, otherwise, it may be feared nobody ever will read. After coining, the next best trade is Printing. This, also, might approach to a Fine Art. When entering the twilight of dotage, reader, I mean to have a printing-press in my own study. I shall print some immaculate editions, as farewell keepsakes, for distribution amongst people that

love; but rich and rare must be the gems on which I shall condescend to bestow this manual labor. I mean, also, to print a spelling-book for the reader's use. As it seems that he reads, he surely ought to spell. I hope he will not be offended. If he *is*, and dreadfully, viewing it as the most awful insult that man could offer to his brother man, in that case he might bequeath it by will to his possible grandson. Two generations might wash out the affront. Or if he accepts, and furnishes me with his name, I will also print on a blank leaf the good old ancestral legend — 'A. B., *his* book, Heaven grant him grace therein to look.' As to Plate-making, it seems to rank with mechanic baseness; you think not of the sculptor, the chaser, and their exquisite tools, but of Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, sledge-hammers, and pincers. It seems to require no art. I think I could make a dessert spoon myself. Yet the openings which it offers are vast, wherever wealth exists, for the lovelier conceptions of higher art. Benvenuto Cellini — what an artist was *he!* There are some few of his most exquisite works in this country, which may be seen by applying in the right quarters. Judge of him by these, and not by his autobiography. There he appears as a vain, ostentatious man.¹⁰ One would suppose, to hear *him* talk, that nobody ever executed a murder but himself. His own are tolerable, that's all you can say; but not one of them is first-rate, or to be named on the same day with the Pope's attempt at murdering Cellini himself, which must command the unqualified approbation of the connoisseur. True, the Papal attempt did not succeed, and most of Cellini's *did*. What of *that*? Who but idiots judge by the event? Much, therefore, as I

condemn the man's vanity, and the more so because he claims some murders that too probably were none of *his* (not content with exaggerating his own, he absolutely pirated other men's murders!) yet, when you turn from this walk of art, in which he practised only as an *amateur*, to his *orfèvrerie* — then you feel the interval that divides the *charlatan* from the man of exquisite genius. As a murderer, he was a poor creature; as an artist in gold, he was inimitable. Finally, there remains *Book-binding*,¹¹ of which also one may affirm, that, being usually the vilest of handicrafts, it is susceptible of much higher effects in the enrichments, tooling, architecture, heraldic emblazonries, &c. This art Mr. Farrer selected for his trade. He had travelled on foot through Spain; and I should think it not impossible that he had *there* seen some magnificent specimens of book-binding. For I was once told, though I have not seen it mentioned in any book, that a century before the date of Farrer's travels, Cardinal Ximenes, when printing his great Complutensian Bible, gave a special encouragement to a new style of binding — fitted for harmonizing with the grandeur of royal furniture, and the carved enrichments of gothic libraries.¹² This, and the other accomplishments which the Farrers had, they had in perfection. But the most remarkable trait in the family character, was the exaltation of their devotional feelings. Had it not been for their benignity and humility, they might have been thought gloomy and ascetic. Something there was, as in thoughtful minds left to a deep rural solitude there is likely to be, of La Trappism and Madame Guyon Quietism. A nun-like aspiration there was in the females after purity and oblivion of earth: in Mr

Farrer, the head of the family, a devotional energy, put forth in continual combat with the earthly energies that tempted him away to the world, and with all that offered itself under the specious name of public usefulness. In this combination of qualities arose the plan which the family organized for a system of perpetual worship. They had a family chapel regularly consecrated, as so many families of their rank still have in England. They had an organ: they had means of forming a choir. Gradually the establishment was mounted: the appointments were completed: the machinery was got into motion. How far the plan was ever effectually perfected, would be hard to say. The increasing ferment of the times, until the meeting of the Long Parliament in November, 1640, and in less than two years after *that*, the opening of the great civil war must have made it absolutely impossible to adhere systematically to any scheme of that nature, which required perfect seclusion from worldly cares within the mansion, and public tranquillity outside. Not to mention that the Farrers had an extra source of molestation at that period, when Puritanism was advancing rapidly to a domineering station of power, in the public suspicions which unjustly (but not altogether unplausibly) taxed them with Popish leanings. A hundred years later, Bishop Butler drew upon himself at Durham the very same suspicion, and in some degree by the very same act, viz. by an adoption of some pious symbols, open undeniably to the whole Catholic family of Christian Churches, and yet equivocal in their meaning, because popularly appropriated from old associations of habit to the use of Popish communities.¹⁸ Abstracting, however, from the violent

disturbances of those stormy times in the way of all religious schemes, we may collect that the scheme of the Farrers was — that the chapel services should be going on, by means of successive ‘reliefs’ as in camps, or of ‘watches’ as at sea, through every hour of the day and the night, from year to year, from childhood to old age. Come when you might, come in the dawning, come in the twilight, come at noonday, come through silent roads in the dead of night, always you were to be sure of hearing, through the woods of Little Gidding, the blair of the organ, or the penitential wail of the solitary choristers, or the glad triumphant burst of the full choir in jubilation. There was some affinity in Mr. Farrer’s mind to the Spanish peculiarities, and the Spanish modes of grandeur; awful prostration, like Pascal’s before the divine idea; gloom that sought to strengthen itself by tenfold involution in the night of solitary woods; exaggerated impressions (if such impressions *could* be exaggerated) of human wretchedness, and a brooding sense of some unknown illimitable grandeur — a sense that could sustain itself at its natural level, only by eternal contemplation of objects that had no end.

Mr. Farrer’s plan for realizing a vestal fire, or something beyond it, viz. a *secrecy* of truth, burning brightly in darkness — and, secondly, a *perpetuity* of truth — did not succeed; as many a noble scheme, that men never heard of, has been swept away in its infancy by the ruins of flood, fire, earthquake, which also are forgotten no less completely than what they ruined. Thank Heaven for that! If the noble is often crushed suddenly by the ignoble, one forgetfulness travels after both. The wicked earthquake is

forgotten not less than the glorious temples which it ruined. Yet the Farrer plan has repeatedly succeeded and prospered through a course of centuries, and for purposes of the same nature. But the strange thing is, (which already I have noticed,) that the general principle of such a plan has succeeded most memorably when applied to purposes of humbug. The two best known of all Secret Societies, that ever *have* been, are the two most extensive monuments of humbug on the one side and credulity on the other. They divide themselves between the ancient world and the modern. The great and illustrious humbug of ancient history was, THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES. The great and illustrious humbug of modern history, of the history which boasts a present and a future, as well as a past, is FREEMASONRY. Let me take a few liberties with both.

The Eleusinian humbug was for centuries the opprobrium of scholars. Even in contemporary times it *was* such. The greatest philosopher, or polyhistor, of Athens or of Rome, could no more tell you the secret — the *to oporetou* (unless he had been initiated, in which case he *durst* not tell it) — than I can. In fact, if you come to *that*, perhaps I myself *can* tell it. The ancient philosopher would retort, that we of these days are in the same predicament as to our own humbug — the Freemasons. No, no, my friend, you're wrong *there*. We know all about that humbug, as I mean to show you. But for what we know of Eleusis and its mummeries, which is quite enough for all practical purposes, we are indebted to none of you ancients, but entirely to modern sagacity. Is not *that* shocking, that a hoax should first be unmasked when it has been

defunct for fifteen hundred years? The interest which attaches to the Eleusinian shows, is not properly an interest in *them*, but an alien interest in accidents indirectly connected with them. Secret there was virtually none; but a mystery at length begins to arise — how it was that this distressing secret, viz. of there being no secret at all, could, through so many generations, pass down in religious conservation of itself from all profane curiosity of outside barbarians. There was an endless file of heroes, philosophers, statesmen, all hoaxed, all of course incensed at being hoaxed, and yet not one of them is known to have blabbed. A great modern poet, musing philosophically on the results amongst the mob ‘in Leicester’s busy square,’ from looking through a showman’s telescope at the moon, is surprised at the crowd of spectators going off with an air of disappointment:

‘One after one they turn aside; nor have I one espied,
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.’

Yes, but I can tell him the reason of that. The fact is, a more pitiful sight for sight-seers, than our own moon, does not exist. The first man that showed *me* the moon through a glass of any power, was a distinguished professor of astronomy. I was so incensed with the hoax (as it seemed) put upon me — such a weak, watery, wicked old harridan, substituted for the pretty creature I had been used to see — that I marched up to him with the angry design of demanding my half-crown back again, until a disgusting remembrance came over me, that, being a learned professor, the showman could not possibly have taken any half-crown, which fact also destroyed all ground of action

against him as obtaining money under false pretence. I contented myself therefore with saying, that, until he showed me the man in the moon, with his dog, lantern, and bundle of thorns, I must decline corroborating his fancy of being able to exhibit the real old original moon and no mistake. Endymion never could have had such a sweetheart as *that*. Let the reader take my advice, not to seek familiarity with the moon. Familiarity breeds contempt.

It is certain that, like the travellers through 'Leicester's busy square,' all the visitors of Eleusis must have abominated the hoax put upon them —

————— 'nor have I *one* espied,
That did not slackly walk away, as if dissatisfied.'

See now the different luck of hoaxers in this world. Joseph Ady¹⁴ is smoked pretty nearly by the whole race of man. The Continent is, by this time, wide awake; Belgium has refused to take in his letters; and the cruel Lord Mayor of London has threatened to indict Joe for a fraud, value twopence, by reason of the said Joe having seduced his lordship into opening an unpaid letter, which was found to contain nothing but an invitation from 'yours respectfully' — not to a dinner party — but to an early remittance of one pound, for reasons subsequently to be disclosed. I should think, but there's no knowing, that there might be a chance still for Joe, (whom, really one begins to pity, as a persecuted man — cruising, like the Flying Dutchman, through seas that have all closed their ports,) in Astrakhan, and, perhaps, in Mecca. Some business might be done, for a few years, in Timbuctoo; and an opening there would undoubtedly be found for a connection with

Abd-el-Kader, if only any opening could be found to Abd-el-Kader through the French lines. Now, on the other hand, the goddess and her establishment of hoaxers at Eleusis, did a vast 'stroke of business' for more than six centuries, without any 'unpleasantries'¹⁵ occurring; no cudgels shaken in the streets, little incidents that custom (by making too familiar) has made contemptible to the philosophy of Joe; no round robbers, signed by the whole main-deck of the academy or the porch; no prætors or lord mayors threatening actions *repetundarum*, and mourning over twopences that had gone astray. 'Misfortune acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows;' and the common misfortune of having been hoaxed, lowers the proudest and the humblest into a strange unanimity, for once, of pocketing their wrongs in silence. Eleusis, with her fine bronzed face, might say proudly and laughingly — 'Expose *me*, indeed! — why, I hoaxed this man's great-grandfather, and I trust to hoax his great-grandson; all generations of his nouse *have* been or *shall* be hoaxed, and afterwards grateful to me for not exposing that fact of the hoax at their private expense.'

There is a singularity in this case, of the same kind as that stratagem, (but how prodigiously exceeded in its scale,) imperfectly executed on the Greek leaders by the Persian satrap Tissaphernes, but perfectly, in one or two cases, amongst the savage islands of the South Seas, upon European crews, when one victim, having first been caught, has been used as the means of trepanning all his comrades in succession. Each successive novice has been tamed, by terror, into an instrument for decoying other novices from A to

Z. Next, after this feature of interest about the Eleusinian *Teletai*, is another which modern times have quickened and developed, viz., the gift of enormous nonsense, the inspiration of nonsense, which the enigma of these mysteries has been the fortunate means of blowing into the brains of various able men. It requires such men, in fact, to succeed as speculators in nonsense. None but a man of extraordinary talents can write first-rate nonsense. Perhaps the prince of all men, ever formed by nature and education, for writing superior nonsense, was Warburton. The natural vegetation of his intellect tended to that kind of fungus which is called 'crotchet;' so much so, that if he had a just and powerful thought, (as sometimes he had,) or even a wise and beautiful thought, or even a grand one, by the mere perversity of his tortuous brain, it was soon digested into a crotchet. This native tendency of his was cultured and watered, for years, by his practice as an attorney. Making him a bishop was, perhaps, a mistake; it certainly stunted the growth of special pleading, perhaps ruined the science; on the other hand, it saved the twelve judges of that day from being driven mad, as they would have been by this Hermes Trismegistus, this born Titan, in the realms of *La Chicane*. Some fractions of the *virus* descended through the Warburtonian commentaries upon Pope, &c., corroding the flesh to the very bones, wherever it alighted. But the Centaur's shirt of W.'s malignity was destined for the Hebrew lawgiver, and all that could be made to fall within that field. Did my reader ever read the 'Divine Legation of Moses'? Is he aware of the mighty syllogism, that single block

of granite, such as you can see nowhere but at St. Petersburg,¹⁶ on which that elaborate work reposes? There is a Welsh bridge, near Llanroost, the birth-place of Inigo Jones, built by that architect with such exquisite skill, that the people astonished me (but the people were two milkmaids), by protesting that invariably a little breeze-footed Camilla, of three years old, in running across, caused the bridge to tremble like a guilty thing. So admirable was the equilibrium, that an infant's foot disturbed it. Unhappily, Camilla had sprained her ankle at that time, so that the experiment could not be tried; and the bridge to me seemed not guilty at all, (to judge by its trembling,) but as innocent as Camilla herself. Now, Warburton must have sought to rival the Welsh *pontifex* in this particular test of architectural skill; for his syllogism is so divinely poised, that if you shake this key-stone of his great arch, (as you certainly may,) then you will become aware of a vibration — of a nervous tremor — running through the entire dome of his divine legation; you are absolutely afraid of the dome coming down with yourself in the centre; just as the Llanroost bridge used to be near going into hysterics when the light-footed Camilla bounded across it. This syllogism, on account of its connection with the Eleusinian hoax, I will rehearse: it is the very perfection of a crotchet. Suppose the *major* proposition to be this: That no religion, unless through the advantage of divine inspiration, could dispense with the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Suppose the *minor* proposition this: That the Mosaic religion *did* dispense with that doctrine. Then the conclusion will be — *ergo*, the Mosaic religion was divinely inspired. The

monstrous tenor of this argument made it necessary to argue most elaborately that all the false systems of false and cruel religions were affectionately anxious for maintaining the doctrine of a future state; but, 2dly, that the only true faith and the only pure worship were systematically careless of that doctrine. Of course it became necessary to show, *inter alia*, that the Grecian States and lawgivers maintained officially, as consecrated parts of the public religion, the doctrine of immortality as valid for man's expectations and fears; whilst at Jerusalem, at Hebron, on Mount Sinai, this doctrine was slighted. Generally speaking, a lie is a hard thing to establish. The Bishop of Gloucester was forced to tax his resources as an artist, in building palaces of air, not less than ever Inigo Jones before him in building Whitehall or St. Vitus's bridge at Llanroost. Unless he could prove that Paganism fought hard for this true doctrine, then by his own argument Paganism would be found true. Just as, inversely, if he failed to prove that Judaism countenanced the false doctrine, Judaism would itself be found false. Whichever favored the false, was true whichever favored the true was false. There's a crotchet for you, reader, round and full as any prize turnip ever yet crowned with laurels by great agricultural societies! I suspect that, in Homeric language, twice nine of such degenerate men as the reader and myself could not grow such a crotchet as that!

The Bishop had, therefore, to prove — it was an obligation self-created by his own syllogism — that the Pagan religion of Greece, in some great authorized institution of the land, taught and insisted on the doctrine of a future state as the basis on which all

legal ethics rested. This great doctrine he had to suspend as a chandelier in his halls of Pagan mythology. A pretty chandelier for a Christian Bishop to be chaining to the roof and lighting up for the glory of heathenism! Involuntarily one thinks of Aladdin's impious order for a roc's egg, the egg of the very deity whom the slave of the lamp served, to hang up in his principal saloon. The Bishop found his chandelier, or fancied he had found it, in the old lumber garrets of Eleusis. He knew, he could prove, what was taught in the Eleusinian shows. Was the Bishop ever there? No: but what of that? He could read through a milestone. And Virgil, in his 6th *Æneid*, had given the world a poetic account of the *Teletai*, which the Bishop kindly translated and expanded into the truth of absolute prose. The doctrine of immortality, he insisted, was the chief secret revealed in the mysteries. And thus he proved decisively that, because it taught a capital truth, Paganism must be a capital falsehood. It is impossible to go within a few pages into the innumerable details. Sufficient it would be for any casual reader to ask, if this were the very hinge of all legislative ethics in Greece, how it happened that it was a matter of pure fancy or accident whether any Greek, or even any Athenian, were initiated or not; 2dly, how the Bishop would escape the following dilemma — if the supposed doctrine were advanced merely as an opinion, one amongst others, then what authority did it draw from Eleusis? If, on the other hand, Eleusis pretended to some special argument for immortality, how came it that many Greek and some Roman philosophers, who had been introduced at Eleusis, or had even ascended to the

highest degree of *μύησις*, did not, in discussing this question, refer to that secret proof which, though not privileged to develop, they might safely have built upon as a postulate amongst initiated brothers? An opinion ungrounded was entitled to no weight even in the mobs of Eleusis — an argument upon good grounds must have been often alluded to in philosophic schools. Neither could a nation of holy cowards, trembling like the bridge at Llanroost, have had it in their power to intercept the propagation of such a truth. The 47th of Euclid I. *might* have been kept a secret by fear of assassination, because no man could communicate *that* in a moment of intoxication; if his wife, for instance, should insist on his betraying the secret of that proposition, he might safely tell her — not a word would she understand or remember; and the worst result would be, that she would box his ears for imposing upon her. I once heard a poor fellow complain, that, being a Freemason, he had been led the life of a dog by his wife, as if *he* were Samson and *she* were Delilah, with the purpose of forcing him to betray the Masonic secret and sign: and these, he solemnly protested to us all, that he *had* betrayed most regularly and faithfully whenever he happened to be drunk. But what did he get for his goodness? All the return he ever had for the kindness of this invariable treachery was a word, too common, I regret to say, in female lips, viz. *fiddle-de-dee*: and he declared, with tears in his eyes, that peace for *him* was out of the question, until he could find out some plausible falsehood that might prove more satisfactory to his wife's mind than the truth. Now the Eleusinian secret, if it related to the immortality of the soul, could not

have the protection of obscurity or complex involution. If it had, then it could not have been intelligible to mobs: if it had *not*, then it could not have been guarded against the fervor of confidential conversation. A very subtle argument could not have been communicated to the multitudes that visited the shows — a very popular argument would have passed a man's lips, in the ardor of argument, before he would himself be aware of it.

But all this is superfluous. Let the reader study the short essay of Lobeck on this subject, forming one section in three of his *Aglaophamus*, and he will treat, with derision, all the irrelevant skirmishing, and the vast roars of artillery pointed at shadows, which amuse the learned, but disgust the philosophic in the 'Divine Legation.' Much remains to be done that Lobeck's rustic seclusion denied him the opportunities for doing; ¹⁷ much that can be done effectually only in great libraries. *But* I return to my assertion, that the most memorable of all Secret Societies was the meanest. That the Society which made more people hold their tongues than ever the Inquisition did, or the mediæval Vehm-gericht, was a hoax; nay, except Freemasonry, the hoax of hoaxes.

PART II.

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days? Oh, yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world; and it would grieve me if such a world

could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have, also, not a very favorable opinion of the *modern* world. But I dare say that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors; I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't invent a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one; and its name is *Freemasonry*. Do you know the secret, my reader? Or shall I tell you? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay, the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing, whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice look very melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, 'What's *that* you have in your pocket?' To which the novice replies, 'A guinea.' 'Anything more?' 'Another guinea.' 'Then,' replies the official person in a voice of thunder, 'Fork out.' Of course to a man coming sword-in-hand few people refuse to do *that*. This forms the first half of the mysteries; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out*. But how did I learn all this so ac-

curately? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated, if he betrays that ineffable mystery or *αποκρύφτο* of masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's day is reputed ever to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch did'nt blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out*, and being a churl who grudged his money, he ran away before reaching the *brandy*. So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honorable society of masons, and of course to their honorable secret, with the single-minded intention of instantly betraying that secret to a dear female friend (and, you see, in honor it was not possible for me to do otherwise, because she had made me promise that I *would*) — all this time I was soothing my remorse with a belief that woman was answerable for my treachery, she having positively compelled me to undertake it. When suddenly I woke into a bright conviction that all was a dream; that I had never been near the Freemasons; that I had treacherously evaded the treachery which I ought to have committed, by perfidiously forging a secret quite as good, very likely better, than that which I was pledged in honor to betray; and that, if anybody had ground of complaint against myself, it was not the grand-master, sword-in-hand, but my poor ill-used female friend, so confiding so amiably credulous in my treachery, so cruelly deceived, who had swallowed a mendacious account of freemasonry forged by myself, the same which,

greatly fear that, on looking back, I shall find myself to have been palming, in this very page, upon the much respected reader. Seriously, however, the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself once threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or '4. It was a paper in this sense mine, that from me it had received form and arrangement; but the materials belonged to a learned German, viz. Buhle, the same (Ebelison) that edited the 'Bipont Aristotle,' and wrote a history of philosophy. No German has any conception of style. I therefore did him the favor to wash his dirty face, and make him presentable amongst Christians; but the substance was drawn entirely from this German book. It was there established, that the whole hoax of masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Andrea; and the reason that this exposure could have dropped out of remembrance, is, probably, that it never reached the public ear: partly because the journal had a limited circulation; but much more because the *title* of the paper was not so constructed as to indicate its object. A title, which seemed to promise only a discussion of masonic doctrines, must have repelled everybody; whereas, it ought to have announced (what in fact it accomplished) the utter demolition of the whole masonic edifice. At this moment I have not space for an abstract of that paper; but it was conclusive; and hereafter, when I have strengthened it by facts since noticed in my own reading, it may be right to place it more effectually before the public eye.

Finally, I will call the reader's attention to the most remarkable by far of all secret societies ever heard of, and for this reason, that it suddenly developed the

most critical wisdom in a dreadful emergency ; secondly, the grandest purpose ; and, lastly, with entire success. The purpose was, to protect a jewel by hiding it from all eyes, whilst it navigated a sea swarming with enemies. The critical wisdom was the most remarkable evidence ever given by the primitive Christians of that serpent's subtlety which they had been warned to combine with the innocence of the dove. The success was, the victory of the Christian church over the armies that waylaid its infancy. Without falsehood, without shadow of falsehood, all the benefits of falsehood — the profoundest — were secured. Without need to abjure anything, all that would have raised a demoniac yell for instant abjuration was suddenly hidden out of sight. In noon-day the Christian Church was suddenly withdrawn behind impenetrable veils, even as the infant Christ himself was caught up to the secrecies of Egypt and the wilderness from the bloody wrath of Herod. And whilst the enemies of this infant society were roaming round them on every side, seeking for them, walking upon their very traces, absolutely touching them, or divided from their victims only as children in bed have escaped from murderers in thick darkness, sheltered by no screen but a muslin curtain ; all the while the inner principle of the church lurked as in the cell at the centre of a labyrinth. Was the hon. reader ever in a real labyrinth, like that described by Herodotus ? We have all been in labyrinths of doubt, labyrinths of error, labyrinths of metaphysical nonsense. But I speak of literal labyrinths. Now, at Bath, in my labyrinthine childhood, there was such a mystery. This mystery I used to visit ; and I can assert that no type

ever flashed upon my mind so pathetically shadowing out the fatal irretrievability of early errors in life. Turn but wrong at first entering the thicket, and all was over; you were ruined; no wandering could recover the right path. Or suppose you even took the right turn at first, what of that? You couldn't expect to draw a second prize; five turnings offered very soon after; your chance of escaping error was now reduced to one-fifth of unity; and supposing that again you draw no blank, not very far had you gone before fourteen roads offered. What remained for you to do now? Why, if you were a wise man, to lie down and cry. None but a presumptuous fool would count upon drawing for a third time a prize, and such a prize as one amongst fourteen. I mention all this, I recall this image of the poor Sidney Labyrinth, whose roses, I fear, must long ago have perished, betraying all the secrets of the mysterious house, simply to teach the stranger how secure is the heart of a labyrinth. Gibraltar is nothing to it. You may sit in that deep grave-like recess, you may hear distant steps approaching, but laugh at them. If you are coining, and have all the implements of coining round about you, never trouble yourself to hide them. Nobody will in this life ever reach you. Why, it is demonstrable by the arithmetic of combinations, that if a man spent the flower of his life as a police officer in trying to reach your coining-shop, he could not do it; you might rest as in a sanctuary, that is, hidden and inaccessible to those who do not know the secret of the concealment. In that recess you might keep a private still for a century without fear of the exciseman. Light, common daylight will not show you the stars; ...

contrary, it hides them; and the brighter this light becomes, the *more* it hides them. Even so, from the exquisite machinery of the earliest Christian society, whatever suspicions might walk about in the darkness, all efforts of fanatical enemies at forcing an entrance within the air-woven gates of these entrenchments were (as the reader will see) utterly thrown away. Round and round the furious Jews must have circumambulated the camp, like the poor gold fish eternally wheeling round his crystal wall, but, after endless cruisings, never nearer to any opening. That concealment for the Christian nursery was absolutely required, because else martyrdom would have come too soon. Martyrdom was good for watering the church, and quickening its harvests; but, at this early stage of advance, it would utterly have extirpated the church. If a voice had been heard from heaven, saying, 'Let there be martyrs,' soon the great answering return would be heard rolling back from earth, 'And there *were* martyrs. But for this there must be time; the fire, to be sure, will never be extinguished, if once thoroughly kindled; but, in this earliest twilight of the primitive faith, the fire is but a little gathering of scanty fuel fanned by human breath, and barely sufficient to show one golden rallying star in all the mighty wilderness.

There was the motive to the Secret Society which I am going to describe? — *there* was its necessity! 'Mask, or you will be destroyed!' was the private signal among the Christians. 'Fall flat on your faces,' says the Arab to the Pilgrims, when he sees the purple haze of the simoom running before the wind. 'Lie down, men,' says the captain to his fusiliers, 'till these

nurricanes of the artillery be spent.' To hide from the storm during its first murderous explosion, was so absolutely requisite, that, simply from its *sine qua non* necessity, and supposing there were no other argument whatever, I should infer that it had been a fact. Because it *must* have been, therefore (I should say) it *was*. However, do as you like; pray use your own pleasure; consider yourself quite at home amongst my arguments, and kick them about with as little apology as if they were *my* children and servants. What makes me so easy in the matter is, that I use the above argument — though, in my opinion, a strong one — *ex abundantia*; it is one string more than I want to my bow; so I can afford to lose it, even if I lose it unjustly. But, by quite another line of argument, and dispensing with this altogether, I mean to *make* you believe, reader, whether you like it or not.

I once threw together a few thoughts upon this obscure question of the *Essenes*, which thoughts were published at the time in a celebrated journal, and my reason for referring to them here is in connection with a single inappropriate expression since applied to that paper. In a short article on myself in his 'Gallery of Literary Portraits,' Mr. Gilfillan spoke of that little disquisition in terms beyond its merit, and I thank him for his kind opinion. But as to one word, not affecting myself but the subject, I find it a duty of sincerity to dissent from him. He calls the thesis of that paper *paradoxical*.' Now paradox is a very charming thing, and, since leaving off opium, I take a great deal too much of it for my health. But, in this case, the paradox lies precisely and outrageously in the opposite direction; that is, when used (as the word *paradox*

commonly is) to mean something that startles by its extravagance. Else I have twice or three times explained in print, for the benefit of my female or non-Grecian readers, that *paradox*, being a purely Greek word, ought strictly to be read by a Grecian light, and then it implies nothing, of necessity, that may not be right. Here follows a rigorous definition of *paradox* in a Greek sense. Not *that* only is paradoxical which, being really false, puts on the semblance of truth; but, secondly, *that*, also, which, being really true, puts on the semblance of falsehood. For, literally speaking, everything is paradoxical which contradicts the public *doxa* (δόξα), that is, contradicts the popular opinion or the public expectation, which may be done by a truth as easily as a falsehood. The very weightiest truths now received amongst men, have nearly all of them, in turn, in some one stage of their development, been found strong paradoxes to the popular mind. Hence it is, viz. in the Grecian sense of the word *paradox* as something extraordinary, but not on that account the less likely to be true, that several great philosophers have published, under the idea and title of *paradoxes*, some first-rate truths on which they desired to fix public attention; meaning, in a shorthand form, to say — ‘Here, reader, are some extraordinary truths, looking so very like falsehoods, that you would never take them for anything else if you were not invited to give them a special examination.’ Boyle published some elementary principles in hydrostatics as paradoxes. Natural philosophy is overrun with paradoxes. Mathematics, mechanics, dynamics, are all partially infested with them. And in morals the Stoics threw their weightiest doctrines under the rubric of

paradoxes — a fact which survives to this day in a little essay of Cicero's. To be paradoxical, therefore, is not necessarily to be unphilosophic; and that being so, it might seem as though Mr. Gilfillan had laid me under no obligation to dissent from him; but used popularly, as naturally Mr. Gilfillan meant to use it in that situation, the word certainly throws a reproach of extravagance upon any thought, argument, or speculation, to which it is imputed.

Now it is important for the reader to understand that the very first thing which ever fixed my sceptical eye upon the whole fable of the Essenes, as commonly received amongst Christian churches, was the intolerable extravagance of the received story. The outrageousness — the mere Cyclopien enormity of its paradox — this, and nothing else, it was that first extorted from me, on a July day, one long shiver of horror at the credulity, the bottomless credulity, that could have swallowed such a legend of delirium. Why, Pliny, my excellent Sir, you were a gentleman mixing with men of the highest circles — you were yourself a man of fine and brilliant intellect — a jealous inquirer — and, in extent of science, beyond your contemporaries — how came you, then, to lend an ear, so learned as yours, to two such knaves as your Jewish authorities? For, doubtless, it *was* they, viz. Josephus and Philo-Judæus, that poisoned the Plinian ear. Others from Alexandria would join the cabal, but these vagabonds were the ringleaders. Now there were three reasons for specially distrusting such men, two known equally well to Pliny and me, one separately to myself. Jews had by that time earned the reputation, in Roman literature, of being credulous by preference amongst

the children of earth. That was one reason; a second was, that all men tainted with intense nationality, and especially if not the gay, amiable, nationality of Frenchmen, but a gloomy unsocial nationality, are liable to suspicion as liars. So much was known to Pliny: and a third thing which was not, I could have told him, viz. that Josephus was the greatest knave in that generation. A learned man in Ireland is at this moment bringing out a new translation of Josephus, which has, indeed, long been wanted; for 'wicked Will Whiston'¹⁸ was a very moderate Grecian — a miserable antiquarian — a coarse writer of English — and at that time of day, in the absence of the main German and English researches on the many questions (chronological or historical) in Syro-Judaic and Egyptian antiquities, had it not within his physical possibilities to adorn the Sparta¹⁹ which chance had assigned him. From what I hear, the history will benefit by this new labor of editorial culture; the only thing to be feared is, that the historian, the bad Josephus, will not be meritoriously scourged. *I, lictor, colliga manus.* One aspect of Josephus and his character occurs to me as interesting, viz. when placed in collision with the character so different, and the position partially the same, of St. Paul. In both, when suddenly detained for inspection at an early stage of their career, we have a bigot of the most intractable quality; and in both the bigotry expressed its ferocity exclusively upon the Christians, as the new-born heretics that troubled the unity of the national church. Thus far the parties agree; and they agree also in being as learned as the limited affinities in their native studies to exotic learning would allow. But from that point, up to which

the resemblance in position, in education, in temper, is so close, how entirely opposed ! Both erring profoundly ; yet the one not only in his errors, but *by* his errors showing himself most single-minded, conscientious, fervent, devout ; a holy bigot ; as incapable of anything mercenary then, of anything insidious, or of compromise with any mode of self-interest, as after the rectification of his views he was incapable of compromise with profounder shapes of error. The other, a time-serving knave, sold to adulation and servile ministries ; a pimp ; a liar ; or ready for any worse office, if worse is named on earth. Never on any human stage was so dramatically realized, as by Josephus in Rome, the delineation of the poet :

* * * *

‘ A fingering meddling slave ;
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother’s grave.’

Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims, went as to a puppet-show, sat the long day through to see a sight. What sight ? Jugglers, was it ? buffoons ? tumblers ? dancing dogs ? or a reed shaken by the wind ? Oh, no ! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror — to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy — to see the mysteries of the glorious temple dragged from secrecy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then when this was finished, a woe that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves, he goes home to find his *atrium* made glorious with the monuments of a thousand years that had descended through the princes of Hebrew tribes ; and to find his luxury, his

palace, and his harem, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsundering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours, that the only traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honor.

When first I read the account of the *Essenes* in Josephus, I leaned back in my seat, and apostrophized the writer thus:—‘Joe, listen to me; you’ve been telling us a fairy tale; and, for my part, I’ve no objection to a fairy tale in any situation; because, if one can make no use of it oneself, one always knows a child that will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie; secondly, a fraudulent lie; thirdly, a malicious lie.’ It was a fiction of hatred against Christianity. For I shall startle the reader a little when I inform him that, if there were a syllable of truth in the main statement of Josephus, then at one blow goes to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. Nothing but blindness and insensibility of heart to the *true* internal evidence of Christianity could ever have hidden this from men. Religious sycophants who affect the profoundest admiration, but in their hearts feel none at all, for what they profess to regard as the beauty of the moral revelations made in the New Testament, are easily cheated, and often *have* been cheated, by the grossest plagiarisms from Christianity offered to them as the pure natural growths of paganism. I would engage to write a Greek version somewhat varied and garbled of the Sermon on the Mount, were it hidden in Pompeii, unearthed, and published as a fragment from a posthumous work of a Stoic, with the certain result that very few people indeed should detect in it any signs of forgery. There

are several cases of that nature actually unsuspected at this hour, which my deep cynicism and detestation of human hypocrisy yet anticipates a banquet of gratification in one day exposing. Oh, the millions of deaf hearts, deaf to everything really impassioned in music, that pretend to admire Mozart! Oh, the worlds of hypocrites who cant about the divinity of Scriptural morality, and yet would never see any lustre at all in the most resplendent of Christian jewels, provided the pagan thief had a little disguised their setting. The thing has been tried long before the case of the *Essenes*; and it takes more than a scholar to detect the imposture. A philosopher, who must also be a scholar, is wanted. The eye that suspects and watches, is needed. Dark seas were those over which the ark of Christianity tilted for the first four centuries; evil men and enemies were cruising, and an Alexandrian Pharos is required to throw back a light broad enough to search and sweep the guilty secrets of those times. The Church of Rome has always thrown a backward telescopic glance of question and uneasy suspicion upon these ridiculous *Essenes*, and has repeatedly come to the right practical conclusion — that they were, and must have been, Christians under some mask or other; but the failure of Rome has been in carrying the Ariadne's thread through the whole labyrinth from centre to circumference. Rome has given the ultimate solution rightly, but has not (in geometrical language) raised the construction of the problem with its conditions and steps of evolution. Shall I tell you, reader, in a brief, rememberable form, what was the crime of the hound Josephus, through this fable of the *Essenes* in relation to Christ? It was the very same crime as

that of the hound Lauder in relation to Milton. Lauder, about the middle of the last century, bearing deadly malice to the memory of Milton, conceived the idea of charging the great poet with plagiarism. He would greatly have preferred denying the value *in toto* of the 'Paradise Lost.' But, as this was hopeless, the next best course was to say — Well, let it be as grand as you please, it is none of Milton's. And, to prepare the way for this, he proceeded to translate into Latin (but with plausible variations in the expression or arrangement) some of the most memorable passages in the poem. By this means he had, as it were, melted down or broken up the golden sacramental plate, and might now apply it to his own felonious purposes. The false swindling travesty of the Miltonic passage he produced as the undoubted original, professing to have found it in some rare or obscure author, not easily within reach, and then saying — Judge (I beseech you) for yourself, whether Milton were indebted to this passage or not. Now, reader, a falsehood is a falsehood, though uttered under circumstances of hurry and sudden trepidation; but certainly it becomes, though not more a falsehood, yet more criminally, and hatefully a falsehood, when prepared from afar and elaborately supported by fraud, and dovetailing into fraud, and having no palliation from pressure and haste. A man is a knave who falsely, but in the panic of turning all suspicion from himself, charges you or me with having appropriated another man's jewel. But how much more odiously is he a knave, if with no such motive of screening himself, if out of pure devilish malice to us, he has contrived in preparation for his own lie to conceal the jewel about our persons

This was what the wretch Lauder tried hard to do for Milton. This was what the wretch Josephus tried hard to do for Christ. Josephus grew up to be a mature man, about thirty-five years old, during that earliest stage of Christianity, when the divine morality of its founder was producing its first profound impression, through the advantage of a dim religious one, still brooding over the East, from the mysterious death of that founder. I wish that the reader would attend to a thing which I am going to say. In 1839-40 and '41, it was found by our force in Affghanistan that, in a degree much beyond any of the Hindoo races, the Affghan Sirdars and officers of rank were profoundly struck by the beauty of the Evangelists; especially in five or six passages, amongst which were the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount, with one or two Parables. The reason of this was, that the Affghans, though more simple and unpolished than the Hindoos, were also in a far more natural condition of moral feeling being Mahometans, they were much more advanced in their conceptions of Deity; and they had never been polluted by the fearful distractions of the Hindoo polytheism. Now, I am far from insinuating that the Romans of that first Christian era were no further advanced in culture than the Affghans, yet still I affirm that, in many features, both moral and intellectual, these two martial races resembled each other. Both were slow and tenacious (that is adhesive) in their feelings. Both had a tendency to dulness, but for that very reason to the sublime. Mercurial races are never sublime. There were two channels through whom the Palestine of Christ's day communicated with the world outside, viz. the Romans

of the Roman armies, and the Greek colonists. Syria, under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty; Palestine, under the house of Antipater; and Egypt, under the Ptolemies — were all deluged with Greek emigrants and settlers. Of these two races, the subtle, agile Greek, unprincipled, full of change and levity, was comparatively of little use to Christianity as a centre, waiting and seeking for means of diffusion. Not only were the deeper conscientious instincts of the Romans more suited to a profound religion, as instruments for the radiation of light, but also it is certain that the military condition *per se* supplies some advantages towards a meditative apprehension of vast eternal problems beyond what *can* be supplied by the fractionary life of petty brokerage or commerce. This is also certain, that Rome itself — the idea which predominated in Roman camps — cherished amongst her soldiery, from the very enormities of her state, and from the chaos of her internal life, a tendency to vast fermentations of thought favorable to revolutions in man's internal worlds of feeling and aspirations. Hence it will be found, if once a man's eye is directed into that current, that no classes of people did so much for the propagation of Christianity as the officers²⁰ of the Roman army, centurions, tribunes, prefects, legates, &c., or as the *aulic* officers, the great ceremonial officers of the imperial court — or as the *aulic* ladies, the great leading ladies that had practically much influence on the ear of Cæsar. The utter dying away of the Roman paganism, which had become quite as powerless to all the accomplished men and women of Rome for any purpose of terror or of momentary consolation as to us English at present the mythology of Faries, left

frightful *vacuum* in the mind of Roman grandees — a horror as of voyagers upon some world floating away without helmsman or governor. In this unhappy agitation of spirit, and permanent posture of clamorous demand for light, a *nidus* was already forming for a deep brooding interest in any great spiritual phenomena of breadth and power that might anywhere arise amongst men. Athens was too windy, too conceited, too shallow in feeling, to have been much impressed by the deepest revolutionary movements in religion. But in Rome, besides the far different character of the national mind, there were what may be called *spiritual* horrors arising, which (like dreadful nervous diseases) unfolded terrifically to the experience spiritual capacities and openings beyond what had been suspected. The great domestic convulsions of Rome, the poisonings and assassinations, that gleam so fearfully from the pictures of Juvenal, were beginning about this period. It was not that by any coarse, palpable logic, as dull people understood the case, women or men said — ‘Accountability there is none; and we will no longer act as if there were.’ Accountability there never *had* been any; but the obscure scene of an order with which all things sympathized, men not less than the wheels of society — this had blindly produced an instinct of corresponding self-control. At present, when the Pagan religion had virtually died out, all secret restraints were breaking up; a general delirium carried, and was felt to carry, a license into all ranks; it was not a negative merely, but a positive change. A religion had collapsed — *that* was negative; a mockery had been exposed — *that* was positive. It was not *that* restraints were resisted; there were none to resist;

they had crumbled away spontaneously. What power still acted upon society? Terror from police, and still as ever, the Divine restraints of love and pity, honor, and domestic affections. But the conscience spöke no longer through any spiritual organs. Just at this moment it was when the confusions of Roman society, the vast expansion of the empire, the sea-like expansion of the mighty capital, the political tendencies of the whole system, were all moving together towards grandeur and distraction of feeling, that the doctrine of *apotheosis*, applied to a man and often to a monster, towered up to cause still greater distraction.²¹ The Pagan Pantheon had just sunk away from the support of the Roman mind. It was not only that the Pagan gods were individually too base and polluted to sustain the spiritual feelings of an expanding national intellect, but the whole collective idea of Deity was too feebly conceived by Paganism. Had the individuals of the Pantheon been purer and nobler, their doom was sealed, nevertheless, by their abstract deficiencies as modes of spiritual life for a race so growing as that of man. How unfortunate, therefore, that at this crisis, when ancient religions were crumbling into ruins, new gods should be arising from the veriest beasts amongst men — utterly repelled and rejected by the spiritual instinct in man, but suggested by a necessity of political convenience.

But oftentimes the excess of an evil is its cure, or the first impulse in that direction. From the connection of the great Augustan²² and Claudian houses with the family of Herod, much knowledge of Jewish peculiarities had been diffused in Rome. Agrippa, the grandson of Herod Bernice, and others of the reigning

house in Judea, had been long resident — had been loved and admired — in the imperial family. The tragical events in Herod's own household²³ had drawn the attention of the Roman grandees and senate to Jewish affairs. The migrations to Rome of Jewish settlers, since the era of Pharsalia, had strengthened the interest, by keeping the enigma of the Jewish history and character constantly before the Roman eye. The upper and more intellectual circles in Rome of inquiring men and women kept up this interest through their military friends in the legions quartered upon Syria and Lower Egypt, many of whom must have read the Septuagint version of the Law and the Prophets. Some whispers, though dim and scarcely intelligible, would have made their way to Rome as to the scenes of the Crucifixion, able at least to increase the attraction of mystery. But a much broader and steadier interest would have been diffused by the accounts transmitted of the Temple, so mysterious from the absence of all idol, so magnificent to the eye and the ear from its glorious service. By the time when Vespasian and his son commanded in the East, and when the great insurrection of the Jewish race in Jerusalem was commencing, Josephus must have been well aware of this deep attention to his own people gathering in the highest quarters; and he must have been aware that what was now creeping into the subject of profoundest inquiry amongst the Jews themselves, viz. the true pretensions, the history, doctrines, and new morals, of those Nazarene revolutionists, would, by a natural transfer, soon become the capital object of attention to all Romans interested in Judea. The game was up for the separate glory of

Judaism, the honor of the Mosaic legislation was becoming a superannuated thing, if he suffered the grandeur of Christianity, as such, and recognised for Christianity, to force its way upon the fermenting intellect of Rome. His discernment told him that the new Christian ethics never *would* be put down. That was impossible; but he fancied that it might be possible to disconnect the system of moral truth from the new but still obscure Christian sect, and to transfer its glory upon a pretended race of Hebrew recluses or immemorial eremites. As Lauder meant to say, 'This may be grand, but it is not Milton's; ' so did Josephus mean to say, 'This may be very fine and very new, but take notice it is not Christ's.' During his captivity in Roman hands and in Rome, being one of the few cowards who had spiritedly volunteered as a traitor, and being a good scholar for a Jew, as well as a good traitor and the best of cowards, he enjoyed the finest opportunities of insinuating his ridiculous legend about the Essenes into the foremost literary heads of the universal metropolis. Imperial favor, and the increasing curiosity of Rome, secured him access to the most intellectual circles. His legend was adopted by the ruling authority in the literature of the earth; and an impossible lie became signed and countersigned for many centuries to come.

But how did this particular form arise for the lie? Were there no such people as the Essenes? Why, no; not as Josephus described them: if there were, or could be, then there were Christians without Christ; there was Christianity invented by man. Under *his* delineation, they existed only as King Arthur existed, or Morgan le Fay, or the sword Excalibur. Considered

In their romantic pretensions, connected with the Round Table, these worthy blades of flesh and steel were pure dreams ; but, as downright sober realities, known to cutlers and others, they certainly have a hold upon history. So of the Essenes : nobody could be more certain than Josephus that there *were* such people ; for he knew the very street of Jerusalem in which they met ; and in fact he had been matriculated amongst them himself. Only all that moonshine about remote seclusions, and antique derivations, and philosophic considerations, were fables of the Hesperides, or fit for the future use of Archbishop Turpin. What, then, is my own account of the Essenes ?

The earliest great danger to which Christianity was exposed, arose with the Jews. This was the danger that besieged the cradle of the religion. From Rome no danger arose until the time of Trajan ; and, as to the nature of this danger, the very wildest mistake is made in books innumerable. No Roman anger ever *did*, or ever *could*, point to any doctrine of Christianity ; unless, indeed, in times long subsequent, when the Christian doctrines, though otherwise indifferent to the Roman authorities, would become exponents or convertible signs of the firm disloyalty to Cæsar which constitutes the one great offence of Christians. Will you burn incense to Cæsar ? No. Well, that is your State crime, Christian ; *that*, and neither less nor more. With the Jews the case was exactly reversed ; they cared nothing about the external ceremonies (or *cultus*) of the Christians, what it was they practised, or what it was they refused to practise. A treasonable distinction would even have been a recommendation in their eyes ; and as to any differences between their own

ritual and the Christian, for these (had they been more or greater than they were) the ruling Jews would readily have found the same indulgence which they found for other schismatics, or imperfect proselytes, or doubtful brothers, or known Gentiles. All these things were trifles; what *they* cared about was exactly what the Romans did *not* care about, viz. the Christian doctrines in relation to Moses and the Messiah. Was the Messiah come? Were the prophecies accomplished? Was the Mosaic economy of their nation self-dissolved, as having reached its appointed terminus, or natural euthanasy, and lost itself in a new order of things? This concerned their existence as a separate people. If *that* were the Messiah, whom the Christians gave out for such, then all the fabric of their national hopes, their visions of an earthly restoration, were shattered. Into this question shot itself the whole agony of their hereditary interest and pride as the children of Abraham. The Jewish nature was now roused in good earnest. So much we may see sufficiently in the Acts of the Apostles; and we may be assured by more than one reflection, that the Jewish leaders at that time were resolved not again to commit the error of relaxing their efforts until the work of extermination was perfect. They felt, doubtless not without much surprise, but still with some self-reproach, that they had been too negligent in assuming the sect to have been trampled out by the judicial death of its leader. Dispersion had not prevented the members of the sect from recombining; and even the public death as a malefactor of the leader was so far from having dimmed the eyes or dejected the hopes of the body, that, under the new coloring given to it by

the Christians, this very death had become the most triumphant of victories. There was, besides, a reason to dread the construction of the Romans upon this heresy, if it continued longer to defy public suppression. And there was yet another uneasiness that must greatly have been increasing — an uneasiness of an affecting nature, and which long afterwards, in ages nearer to our own, constituted the most pathetic feature in Christian martyrdoms. Oftentimes those who resorted to the fiery spectacle in pure hatred of the martyr, or who were purposely brought thither to be warned by salutary fear, were observed by degrees to grow thoughtful; instead of reaping confirmation in their feelings of horror, they seemed dealing with some internal struggle, musing, pausing, reflecting, and at length enamored as by some new-born love, languishing in some secret fascination. Those that in Pagan days caught in forests a momentary glimpse of the nymphs and sylvan goddesses, were struck with a hopeless passion; they were nympholepts: the affection, as well known as epilepsy, was called nympholepsy.²⁴ This parallel affection, in those that caught a momentary celestial glimpse from the countenances of dying martyrs, by the side of their fiery couches, might be called martyrolepsy. And many were they that saw the secret glance. In mountainous lands, oftentimes when looking down from eminences far above the level of lakes and valleys, it has happened that I could not see the sun: the sun was hidden behind some gloomy mass of clouds; but far below I beheld, tremulously vibrating on the bosom of some half-hidden lake, a golden pillar of solar splendor which had escaped through rifts and rents in the

clouds that to me were as invisible as the sun himself. So in the martyrdom of the proto-martyr St. Stephen, Paul of Tarsus, the learned Jew, could see no gates of heaven that opened, could see no solar orb: to him were visible, as the scenery about St. Stephen, nothing but darkness of error and clouds. Yet, as I far below in the lake, so he far below in the countenance of St. Stephen, saw, with consternation, reflected a golden sunlight, some radiance not earthly, which ought *not* to have been there. That troubled him. Whence came *that*? The countenance of Stephen, when the great chorus was even then arising — ‘*Stone him to death!*’²⁵ shone like the countenance of an angel. That countenance, which brought down to earth some revelation of a brightness in the sky, intercepted to Paul, perplexed him; haunted him sleeping, troubled him when awake. That face of the martyr brought down telegraphically from some altitude inaccessible to himself, a handwriting that *must* be authentic. It carried off to heaven, in the very moment of death, a glory that from heaven it must have borrowed. Upon this we may be sure that Paul brooded intensely; that the effect, noticed as so often occurring at martyrdoms, was already commencing in *him*; and probably that the noonday scene on the road to Damascus did but quicken and ante-date a result which would at any rate have come. That very case of Paul, and no doubt others not recorded, must continually have been causing fresh uneasiness to the Jewish leaders. Their own ministers were falling off to the enemy. And now, therefore, at last they were determined, once for all that it should be decided who was to be Master in Jerusalem.

The Apostles, on *their* side, and all their flock, though not losing a solemn confidence in the issue, could not fail to be alarmed. A contest of life and death was at hand. By what price of suffering and ruins the victory might need to be achieved, they could not measure. They had now faced, as they saw, without power any more to evade it, a fiery trial. Ordinary counsels would not avail; and according to the magnitude of the crisis, it became the first of duties to watch warily every step they should take, since the very first *false* one might happen to prove irretrievable. The interests of the youthful church were confided to *their* hands. Less than faithful they could not be; but for the present that was not enough. To be faithful in extremity was all that might remain at last; but for the present, the summons was — to be wise, so as to intercept that extremity, if possible. In this exigency, and with the sudden illumination which very perplexity will sometimes create, which the mere inspiration of distress will sometimes suggest, they devised the scheme of a Secret Society.

Armies of brave men have often not only honorably shut themselves up into impenetrable squares, or withdrawn altogether behind walls and batteries, but have even, by exquisite concert, suddenly dispersed over a thousand hills; have vanished at noon-day on the clapping of hands, as if into thick shadows; and again, by the clapping of hands, in a moment have re-assembled in battle array. Such was the magical effect from the new device. The Christians are seen off their guard all around; spearmen wheel suddenly into view, but every Christian has vanished. The Christian is absolutely in the grasp of the serjeant; but,

unaccountably, he slips away, and a shadow only remains in the officer's hand. The Christian fugitive is before your face, he rushes round a corner, you see him as he whirls round with a mask upon his face; one bound throws you round the corner upon his traces; and then you see no fugitive at all, no mask, but a man walking in tranquillity, who readily joins you in the pursuit.

The reader must consider — 1st, *what* it was that the Christians had to accomplish; and 2dly, *how* it was that such a thing could be accomplished in such almost impracticable circumstances. If the whole problem had been to bend before the storm, it was easy to do *that* by retiring for a season. But there were two reasons against so timid a course: *first*, the enemy was prepared, and watching for all such momentary expedients, waiting for the sudden forced retirement, waiting for the sudden stealthy attempt at resuming the old station; *secondly*, which was a more solemn reason for demur, this course might secure safety to the individual members of the church, but, in the meantime, it left the church, as a spiritual community, in a languishing condition — not only without means of extension, but without means even of repairing its own casual waste. Safety obtained on these terms was not the safety that suited apostolic purposes. It was necessary with the protection (and herefore with the present concealment) of the church to connect some machinery for nursing it — feeding it — expanding it. No theory could be conceived more audacious than the one rendered imperative by circumstances. Echo was not to babble of the whereabouts assigned to the local stations or points of ren-

Lezycus for this outcast church ; and yet in this naked nouseless condition she was to find shelter for her household ; and yet, whilst blood-hounds were on her own traces, while she durst not look abroad through the mighty storm, this church was to be raising a college and a council, *de propaganda fide*, was to be working all day long in the centre of enemies raging for her blood, and to declare herself in permanent session when she had no foot of ground to stand upon.

This object, seemingly so impracticable, found an opening for all its parts in the *community* of field unavoidably cultivated by the church and the enemy of the church. Did the church seek to demonstrate the realization of the promised Messiah in the character and history of Christ? This she must do by diligently searching the prophetic types as the inner wards of the lock, and then searching the details of Christ's life and passion as the corresponding wards of the key. Did the enemy of the church seek to refute and confound this attempt to identify the Messiahship with the person of Jesus? This she could attempt only by labors in the opposite direction applied to the very same ground of prophecy and history. The prophecies and the traditions²⁶ current in Judea that sometimes were held to explain, and sometimes to integrate, the written prophecies about the mysterious Messiah, must be alike important and alike commandingly interesting to both parties. Having, therefore, this fortunate common ground of theological study with her own antagonist, there was no reason at all why the Christian church should not set up a seminary of laborers for her own vineyard under the mask of enemies trained against herself. There was

no sort of reason, in moral principle or in prudence why she should not, under color of training learned and fervent enemies to the Christian name, silently prepare and arm a succession of servants for doing her own work. In order to stamp from the beginning a patriotic and intensely national character upon her new institution, leading men already by names and sounds into the impression that the great purpose of this institution was, to pour new blood into the life of old Judaic prejudices, and to build up again the dilapidation of Mosaic orthodoxy, whether due to time or to recent assaults, the church selected the name of *Essen* for the designation of the new society, from the name of an important gate in the temple: so that, from the original use, as well as from another application to the religious service of the temple, a college or fraternity of *Essenes* became, by its very name, a brief symbolic profession of religious patriotism and bigotry, or what the real bigots would consider orthodoxy, from the first, therefore, carried clear away from suspicion. But it may occur to the reader that the Christian founders would thus find themselves in the following awkward dilemma. If they carried out the seeming promise of their Judaic name, then there would be a risk of giving from the first an anti-Christian bias to the feelings of the students, which might easily warp their views for life. And on the other hand, if by direct discipline they began at an early stage to correct this bias, there arose a worse risk, viz. that their real purposes might be suspected or unmasked. In reality, however, no such risk would arise in either direction. The elementary studies (that is, suppose in the eight first ascending classes)

would be, simply to accumulate a sufficient fund of materials, of the original documents, with the commentaries of every kind, and the verbal illustrations or glosses. In this stage of the studies, at any rate, and whether the first objects had or had not been Christian, all independent judgments upon subjects so difficult and mysterious would be discouraged as presumptuous; so that no opening would arise for suspicion against the teachers, on the one hand, as unfaithful to the supposed bigotry of the institution, nor on the other for encouraging an early pre-occupation of mind against Christian views. After passing No. 8 of the classes, the delicacy of the footing would become more trying. But until the very first or innermost class was reached, when the last reserves must be laid aside, two circumstances would arise to diminish the risk. The first is this — that the nearer the student advanced to the central and dangerous circles of the art, the more opportunity would the governors have had for observing and appraising his character. Now it is evident that, altogether apart from any considerations of the danger to the society connected with falseness, treachery, or generally with anti-Christian traits of character, even for the final uses and wants of the society, none but pure, gentle, truthful, and benign minds would avail the church for Christian ministrations. The very same causes, therefore, which would point out a student as dangerous to entrust with the capital secrets of the institution, would equally have taken away from the society all motive for carrying him farther in studies that must be thrown away for himself and others. He would be civilly told that his vocation did not seem to such

pursuits; would have some sort of degree or literary honor conferred upon him, and would be turned back from the inner chambers, where he was beginning to be regarded as suspicious. Josephus was turned adrift in this way, there is no doubt. He fancied himself to have learned all, whilst in fact there were secret esoteric classes which he had not so much as suspected to exist. Knaves never passed into those rooms. A second reason, which diminished the risk, was, that undoubtedly under the mask of scholastic disputation the student was exercised in hearing all the arguments that were most searchingly profound in behalf of Christ's Messiahship. No danger would attend this: it was necessary for polemic discipline and gymnastics, so that it always admitted of a double explanation, reconcilable alike with the true end and the avowed end. But, though used only as a passage of practice and skill, such a scene furnished means at once to the Christian teachers in disguise for observing the degrees in which different minds melted or froze before the evidence. *There* arose fresh aids to a safe selection. And, finally, whilst the institution of the *Essenes* was thus accomplishing its first mission of training up a succession to the church, and providing for her future growth, it was also providing for the secret meeting of the church and its present **con** **solation**.

THE ESSNES.*

SUPPLEMENTARY

AT this point, reader, we have come to a sudden close. The paper, or (according to the phraseology of modern journals) the *article*, has reached its terminus. And a very abrupt terminus it seems. Such even to myself it seems; much more, therefore, in all probability, to the reader. But I believe that we must look for the true cause of this abruptness, and the natural remedy of the anger, incident to so unexpected a disappointment, in the records of my own literary movements some twenty-five or thirty years back — at which time this little paper was written. It is possible that I may, concurrently (or nearly so) with this “article,” have written some other “article” expressly and separately on the Essnes — leaving, therefore, to that the elucidation of any obscurities as to *them* which may have gathered in this paper on “Secret Societies.” And, now I think of it, my belief begins to

[* When the previous paper on Secret Societies was reprinted by De Quincey, ten years after its first publication, he added this paper as a note.]

boil up fervently that I did so. "How? *Possible* that I may have written such an article? Don't I know?" Candidly, I do not. "In that case, who *does*?" Why, perhaps one of the three following New England States — Massachusetts, or Connecticut, or Rhode Island. If anybody, insular or continental, is likely to know anything whatever in the concern, it is one of these illustrious communities. But such is the extent of my geographical ignorance, that I am profoundly ignorant in which of the three states it is proper to look for the city of Boston, though I know to a nicety in which of the three it is *not*. Rhode Island, I am positive, does not grow any huge city, unless, like Jonah's gourd, it has rushed into life by one night's growth. So that I have eliminated one quantity at least from the algebraic problem, which must, therefore, be in a very hopeful state towards solution. Boston, meantime, it is, wheresoever that Boston may ultimately be found, *which* (or more civilly, perhaps, *who*) keeps all my accounts of papers and "*paperasses*" (to borrow a very useful French word), all my MSS., finished books — past, present, or to come — tried at the public bar, or *to be* tried; condemned, or only condemnable. It is astonishing how much more Boston knows of my literary acts and purposes than I do myself. Were it not indeed through Boston, hardly the sixth part of my literary undertakings, hurried or deliberate, sound, rotting, or rotten, would ever have reached posterity: which, be it known to thee, most sarcastic of future censors, already most of them *have* reached. For surely to

an "article" composed in 1821, a corpulent reader of 1858 is *posterity* in a most substantial sense. Everything, in short, relating to myself is in the keeping of Boston: and, were it not that the kindness of society in Boston is as notorious to us in England as her intellectual distinction and her high literary rank among cities, I should fear at times that if on any dark December morning, say forty or fifty years ago, I might have committed a forgery (as the best of men will do occasionally), Boston could array against me all the documentary evidence of my peccadillo (such it is now esteemed) before I could have time to abscond. But, if such a forgery exists, I rely on her indulgent sympathy with literary men for allowing me six hours' *law* (as we of *old* England call it). This little arrangement, however, is private business, not meant for public ears. Returning to general concerns, I am sure that Boston will know whether *anywhere* or *anywhen* I have or have not written a separate "article" on the Essenes. Meantime, as the magnetic cable is not yet laid down across the flooring of the Atlantic, and that an exchange of question and answer between myself and my friends Messrs. Ticknor and Fields will require an *extra* month of time (of "*irreparabile tempus*"), I will suppose myself *not* to have written such a paper; and in that case of so faulty an omission, will hold myself debtor, and will on the spot discharge my debt, for a few preliminary explanations that ought to have been made already upon a problem which very few men of letters have had any special motive for investigating. Let me

quicken the reader's interest in the question at issue, by warning him of two important facts, namely :

First, that the Church of Rome, in the persons of some amongst her greatest scholars, has repeatedly made known her dissatisfaction with the romance of Josephus. It is dimly apparent, that, so far as she had been able to see her way, this most learned church had found cause to adopt the same conclusion practically as myself — namely, that under some course of masquerading, hard to decipher, the Essenes were neither more nor less than early Christians.

But, *secondly*, although evidently aware that the account of the Essenes by Josephus was, and must have been, an intolerable romance, she had failed to detect the fraudulent motive of Josephus underlying that elaborate fiction ; or the fraudulent tactics by which, throughout that fiction, he had conducted his warfare against the Christians ; or the counter system of tactics by which, were it only for immediate safety, but also with a separate view to self-propagation and continual proselytism, the infant Christian church must have fought under a mask against Josephus and his army of partisans in Jerusalem. It is inexplicable to me how the Church of Rome could for one moment overlook the fierce internecine hostility borne by the Jewish national faction to the Christians, and doubtless most of all to the Judaizing Christians ; of whom, as we know, there were some eminent champions amongst the Christian apostles themselves. Good reason the

Jew bigot really had for hating, persecuting and calumniating the Christian revolutionist more rancorously even than the Roman avowed enemy. How stood the separate purposes of these two embattled antagonists — first, Rome Imperial ; secondly, the new-born sect of Christians ? Of these two armies, by far the deadliest was the last. Rome fought against the Jewish nation simply as a little faction, mad with arrogance, that would not by any milder chastisement be taught to know its own place ; and the captives, netted in the great haul at Jerusalem, being looked upon not as honorable prisoners of war, but as rebels — obstinate and incorrigible — were consigned to the stone-quarries of Upper Egypt : a sort of dungeons in which a threefold advantage was gained to the Roman, — namely, 1, that the unhappy captives were held up to the nations as monuments of the ruin consequent on resistance to Rome ; 2, were made profitable to the general exchequer ; 3, were watched and guarded at a cost unusually trivial. But Rome, though stern and harsh, was uniform in her policy ; never capricious ; and habitually too magnanimous to be vindictive. Even amongst these criminals, though so nearly withdrawn from notice, it was not quite impossible that select victims might still win their way back to the regions of hope and light. But, setting these aside, through Rome it was — *in* Rome and *by* Rome — that vast stratifications of this most headstrong and turbulent of eastern tribes cropped out upon many a western soil ; nor was any memorial of the past allowed to speak or to whisper

against them, if only (as children express it) "they would be good." Rome was singularly wise in that matter; and knew that obstinate rebellion, though inconvenient and needing sharp coercion, argued a strong and aspiring nature. Even now, even already, when as yet the vast wounds were raw and uncicatrized, Rome, the mighty mother, sat in genial incubation upon generations of the old Hebrew blood, destined to reappear up and down distant centuries in Poland and Russia, in Spain and Portugal; in the Barbary States and other western lands, not to speak of their Asiatic settlements as far east as China. Rome, therefore, was no ultimate or uncompromising enemy to the tribe of Judah.

But the rising sect of Christians brought simple destruction to the name and pretensions of the Jew. The Temple and sacrificial service of the Temple had become an abomination, and the one capital obstacle to the progress of the true religion; and Rome, in destroying this Temple, had been unconsciously doing the work of Christianity. Jews and Jewish usages, and Judaic bigotry, would continue (it is true) to maintain themselves for thousands of years; Jewish fanaticism would even reveal itself again in formidable rebellions. But the combination of power and a national name with the Jewish religion and principles had disappeared from the earth forever with the final destruction of *El Koda*. And the hostility of the Christians was even more absolute than that of Rome; since Christianity denied the whole pretensions and visionary pros

pects upon which Judaism founded any title to a separate name or nationality. Even without that bitter exasperation of the feud, the quarrels of brothers are almost proverbially the deadliest as regards the chance of reconciliation or compromise ; and in the infancy of the Christian faith nearly all the proselytes were naturally Jews ; so that for a long period the Christians were known in Rome and foreign quarters simply as a variety of provincial Jews, — namely, Nazarenes, or Galileans. In these circumstances the siege of Jerusalem must thus far have widened the schism, that everywhere the enlightened Christian would doubtless have seceded from the faction of those who stood forward as champions of the Jewish independence. This is an aspect of the general history which has not received any special investigation. But there can be no doubt that, for the Christians generally, all narrow and too manifestly hopeless calls of patriotism would be regarded as swallowed up in the transcendent duties of their militant religion. Christian captives may have been found amongst the convicts of the stone-quarries ; but they must have been few, and those only whom some casual separation from their own Christian fraternity had thrown in a state of ignorant perplexity upon their own blind guidance. This consequence, therefore, must have arisen from the siege of Jerusalem, that the Jewish *acharnement* against the Christians, henceforth regarded as political and anti-national enemies, would be inflamed to a frantic excess. And Josephus, suddenly exalted by an act of the vilest adulation to Vespasian (who

was in effect, through his success in Palestine and through his popularity with the army, already the Emperor elect), instead of visiting the Egyptian quarries as a felon, most unmeritoriously found himself in one hour translated into the meridian sunshine of court favor; and equally through that romantic revolution, and through his own previous dedication to literature, qualified beyond any contemporary for giving effect to his party malice. He would be aware that in the circumstantial accidents of Christianity there was a good deal to attract favor at Rome. Their moral system, and their eleemosynary system of vigilant aid to all their paupers, would inevitably conciliate regard. Even the Jewish theological system was every way fitted to challenge veneration and awe, except in so far as it was associated with the unparalleled and hateful arrogance of Judaism. Now, here for the first time, by the new-born sect of Christians, this grandeur of theologic speculation was exhibited in a state of insulation from that repulsive arrogance. The Jews talked as if the earth existed only for *them*; and as if God took notice only of Jewish service as having any value or meaning. But here were the Christians opening their gates, and proclaiming a welcome to all the children of man. These things were in their favor. And the malignant faction of mere Jewish bigots felt a call to preöccupy the Roman mind with some bold fictions that should forever stop the mouth of the Christian, *whensoever* or *ifsoever* any opening dawned for uttering a gleam of truth. Josephus, followed and supported by Alexandrian

Jews, was evidently the man for this enterprise; not so much, or not so exclusively, by his literary talent (for, doubtless, many in Alexandria, and some in Rome, could have matched him); but he was the man born with the golden spoon in his mouth; he was the second Joseph that should be carried captive from Palestine to Egypt; and on the banks of that ancient Nile should find a Pharaoh, calling himself Cæsar Vespasian, that, upon hearing Joe's interpretation of a dream, should bid him rise up from his prostration as a despairing felon fresh from bearing arms against S. P. Q. R., and take his seat amongst the men whom the king delighted to honor.

Seated there, Joe was equal to a world of mischief; and he was not the man to let his talent lie idle. In what way he would be likely to use his experience, gained amongst the secret society of the Essenes, we may guess. But, to move by orderly steps, let us ask after Mr. Joe's own account of that mysterious body. How and when does he represent the Essenes as arising? I have no book, no vouchers, as generally happens to me; and, moreover, Joseph is not strong in chronology. But I rely on my memory as enabling me to guarantee this general fact—that, at the date of the Josephan record, our shy friends, the Essenes, must, by Joe's reckoning, have existed at least seventy years since Christ's nativity. The reader knows already that I, who make these Essenes the *product* of Christianity under its earliest storms, cannot possibly submit to such a registration. But for the present *assume* it as true. Under such an assump-

tion, it must have been, that many writers, in giving an account of the Jewish philosophic sects, have numbered them as three,—namely, 1, the Pharisees ; 2, the Sadducees ; 3, the Essenes. And in my childhood there was an *authorized* Bible,—and it must have been a common one, because I remember it as belonging to a female servant, and bearing a written memorandum that it was a gift from her father,—which boldly ranked the Essenes as assessors of the undeniable Pharisees and Sadducees, on that prefatory leaf which assigns the value of a shekel, the measures of capacity, of weight, of distance, &c. Now, then, I would demand of Josephus why it was that Christ, who took such reiterated notice of the elder sects, never once by word or act recognized the Essenes even as existing. Considering their pretensions to a higher purity, or the pretensions in this direction ascribed to them, is it conceivable that Christ should not by one word have countersigned these pretensions if sound, or exposed them if hollow? Or, again, if He for any reason had neglected them, would not some of his disciples, or of his many occasional visitors, have drawn his attention to their code of rules and their reputed habits—to what they professed, and what they were said to have accomplished? Or, finally, if all these chances had failed to secure an evangelical record, can we suppose it possible that no solitary member of that large monastic body, counting (I think, by the report of Josephus) eight thousand brethren, should have been moved sufficiently by the rumors gathering like a cloud up and down Pales-

tine through three consecutive years, about the steps of Christ and his followers, to present himself for a personal interview — so as to form a judgment of Christ, if Christ were even careless of *him* and his brotherhood? We know that Christ was not without interest in the two elder sects — though absolutely sold to worldly interests and intrigues. He himself pointed out a strong argument for allowing weight and consideration to the Pharisees, — namely, that they, so long as the Mosaic economy lasted, were to be regarded with respect as the depositaries of his authority, and the representatives of his system. And it is remarkable enough that here, as elsewhere, at the very moment of heavily blaming the Pharisees, not the less he exacts for them — as a legal due — the popular respect; and this, though perfectly aware that they and the ancient system to which they were attached (a system fifteen hundred years old) would simultaneously receive their doom from that great revolution which he was himself destined to accomplish. The blame which he imputes to them in this place is, that they required others to carry burdens which they themselves would not touch. *That* was a vice of habit and self-indulgence, more venial as a natural concession to selfishness that might have grown upon them imperceptibly; but, in the second case, the blame strikes deeper, for it respects a defect of principle, that must have been conscious and wilful. Moses, we are told, had laid down express laws for the regulation of special emergencies; and these laws, when affecting their own separate interests,

the Pharisees were in the habit of evading under some plea of traditional immunity or professional privilege secured to themselves.

Now, let the reader sternly note down this state of Christ's relations to the great leading sect of the Pharisees. He had high matter of impeachment against them ; and yet, for all that, so profound was his loyalty to the Mosaic system, as a divine revelation, so long as it was not divinely superseded, that he would not lend his sanction to any failure of respect towards the representatives of this system in the fickle populace. On the contrary, he bade them hearken to their instructions, because in doing that they were hearkening to the words of Moses, which were the words of God. The *words* of the Pharisees were consecrated, but not their deeds ; those furnished a false and perilous rule of conduct. Next, as to the Sadducees. This sect, bearing far less of a national and representative character, is less conspicuously brought forward in the New Testament. But it is probable that Christ, though having no motive for the same interest in *them* as in the Pharisees, who might be regarded as heraldic supporters on one side of the national armorial shield, nevertheless maintained a friendly or fraternal intercourse with their leading men as men who laid open one avenue to the central circles of the more aristocratic society in Jerusalem. But had not Christ a special reason for recoiling from the Sadducees, as from those who " say that there is no resurrection of the dead " ? If they really said any such thing he would have had one reason more than we are cer-

tain of his having had, for calling upon them to make open profession of their presumed faith, and the unknown grounds of that faith. If the Sadducees, as a sect, really did hold the doctrine ascribed to them, it would have been very easy to silence them (that is, in a partial sense to refute them), by forcing them to the conclusion that they had no grounds for holding the *negative* upon the problem of Resurrection, beyond what corresponded to the counter weakness on the side of the *affirmative*. On either side there was confessedly an absolute blank as regarded even the *show* of reasonable grounds for taking a single step in advance. *Guess* you might; but as to any durable conquest of ground, forward or backward — to the right or the left — “to the shield or to the spear” — nobody could contradict you, but then (though uncontradicted) you did not entirely believe yourself. So that, at the worst, the Sadducees could not plausibly have denied the Resurrection, though they might have chosen to favor those who doubted it. Meantime, is it at all certain that the Sadducees *did* hold the imputed opinion? I, for my part, exceedingly hesitate in believing this; and for the following reasons: First, it is most annoying to a man of delicate feelings, that he should find himself pledged to a speculative thesis, and engaged in honor to undertake its defence against all comers, when there happens to be no argument whatsoever on its behalf — not even an absurd one. Secondly, I doubt much whether it would have been *safe* to avow this doctrine in Judea. And, thirdly, whether in *any* circles at Jerusalem, even such as might secure

it a toleration, this doctrine would not have been most unwelcome. For whose favor, therefore, or towards what final object, should such a speculation originally have been introduced, or subsequently have maintained itself? We are told, indeed, that it won no favor, and courted none, from those working classes amongst whom lay the strength of the nationality. This is a clear case. *Active* support, of course, it could not find amongst those who, in *my* opinion, would have been vainly invoked for a *passive* acquiescence or gloomy toleration. But in this case there seems to have been too precipitate a conclusion. Because the natural favorers of scepticism and an irreligious philosophy will be found (if at all) exclusively almost in aristocratic circles, it does not follow that, inversely, aristocratic circles will be found generally to be tainted with such a philosophy. Infidels may belong chiefly to the aristocracy, but not the aristocracy to infidels. It is true that in the luxurious capitals of great kingdoms there are usually found all shapes of licentious speculation; yet, even in the most latitudinarian habits of thinking, such excesses tend in many ways to limit themselves. And in Judea, at that period, the state of society and of social intercourse had not, apparently, travelled beyond the boundaries of a semi-barbarous simplicity. A craving for bold thinking supervenes naturally upon a high civilization, but not upon the elementary civilization of the Jews. A man who should have professed openly so audacious a creed as that ascribed to the Sadducees must have been prepared for lapidation. That tumultuary court — a

Jewish mob, always ready for action, always rich in munitions of war, so long as paving-stones were reasonable in price — made it dangerous for any man in Judea, Jew or Gentile, to wade out of his depth in theologic waters. But how, then, did the Sadducees come by their ugly reputation? I understand it thus: what the scandalous part of the public charged against them was, not openly and defyingly that they held such an irreligious creed, but that such a creed would naturally flow as a consequence from their materialistic tendencies, however much the Sadducees might disavow that consequence. Whatever might be said, fancied, or proved by Bishop Warburton, it is certain that the dominant body of the nation, at the era of Christ, believed in a Resurrection as preliminary to a Final Judgment. And so intense was the Jewish bigotry, since their return from captivity, that assuredly they would have handled any freethinker on such questions very roughly. But, in fact, the counter sect of Pharisees hold up a mirror for showing us by reflection the true popular estimate of the Sadducees. The Pharisees were denounced by Christ, and no doubt were privately condemned in the judgment of all the pious amongst their countrymen, as making void (virtually cancelling) much in the institutions of Moses by their own peculiar (sometimes pretended) traditions: this was their secret character among the devout and the sternly orthodox. But do we imagine that the Pharisees openly accepted such a character? By no means: *that* would have been to court an open feud and schism with the great body of the people. And,

in like manner, the Sadducees had their dark side, from which an answering character was abstracted by their enemies; but doubtless they themselves treated this character as an odious calumny.

These things premised, the reader is prepared to understand that the reproach of Christ fastened itself upon the offence, not upon the offenders in any single generation, far less upon the individual offenders, who, separately and personally, oftentimes were unconscious parties to a trespass, which, deep though it were as the hidden fountains of life, yet also was ancient and hereditary as the stings of death. The quarrel of Christ, as regarded the unholy frauds of Phariseeism, had no bearing upon those individually whom education and elaborate discipline had conducted to the vestibule of that learned college by whom alone, at the distance of a millennium and of half a millennium, the Law and the Prophets were still kept alive in the understanding and in the reverence of the unlettered multitude.

Apart from their old hereditary crime of relaxing and favoring the relaxation of the Mosaic law, the Pharisees especially, but in some degree both sects, were depositaries of all the erudition — archæologic, historic, and philologic — by which a hidden clue could be sought, or a lost clue could be recovered. through the mazes of the ancient prophecies, in times which drew near, by all likelihood, to their gradual accomplishment and consummation. Supposing that the one sect was even truly and not calumniously reproached with undervaluing the spiritual Future can we imagine them so superfluously to have courtes

popular odium, as by carrying before them a proclamation of the gloomy creed, which must for any purpose be useless? The answer is found precisely in the parallel case of the counter sect. Because Christ reproached them with virtually neutralizing the whole rigor of the law by their private traditions, are we to suppose the Pharisees to have sent before them a banner, making proclamation that "We are the sect who make void the Law of Moses by human devices of false, counterfeit traditions"? So far from this, even the undeniable abuses and corruptions had probably grown up and strengthened through successive ages of negligence and accumulated contributions of unintentional error. The special authors of the corruptions and dangerous innovations were doubtless generations, and not individuals. The individual members of both sects must have embodied the whole available learning of the nation. They jointly were for the Hebrew race what the Brahmins were, and locally are, for the Hindoos; what the childish "*literati*" of China are to the childish race of the Chinese; what the three learned professions of Law, Medicine, and the Church, are in Christian lands. For many purposes, the Pharisees and Sadducees were indispensable associates; and, according to their personal merits of integrity, sincerity, and goodness of heart, there can be little doubt that Christ honored multitudes amongst them with marks of his personal regard.

Now, then, under such circumstances, can we suppose it possible that a sect, approaching by traits of resemblance far deeper and more conspicuous to the

coming sect of Christians which Christ was laboring to build up, should have gone unnoticed by *Him*, or should themselves have left Christ unnoticed and unapproached? Chronology of itself overwhelmingly confounds Josephus. According to him, a sect, whose origin is altogether unaccounted for, suddenly walks forward out of darkness; and when called upon to unfold the characteristics of this sect, which nobody had ever named before himself, he presents you with such a coarse travesty of the Christians as to usages and doctrines,—whom, doubtless, he knew by having helped to persecute them,—that we read at once the full-blown knavery of a scoundrel who had motives more than one or two for suborning, as the anticipators of every feature that could fascinate men in Christianity, a secret society really of Christians, but to him and other members, not trustworthy, masking itself as a society of Jews. It would too much lengthen a note already too long, if I were to expose circumstantially the false coloring impressed upon the Christian scheme by one who was too unprincipled and worldly even to comprehend the Christian elements. Enough, however, remains of the archetype in the report of Josephus, to reveal, as lurking beneath the disguise, and gleaming through it, an undeniable Christian original; so that here, as I have said previously, we are faced suddenly by a Christianity before Christ, and a Christianity without Christ.*

* O, no, will be the reply of some critics; not *without* Christ
But I answer— if before Christ, then necessarily without Christ

In conclusion, I will confess to the reader, in the foolish excess of my candor, that amongst those who have most inclined to express dissatisfaction (yet as a final, not as an initiatory feeling) with my hypothesis accounting for the Essenes, are several of my own oldest friends — men distinguished (for one moment I wish they were not) by searching judgment and by extensive learning. Does n't the reader think that perhaps much learning may have made them mad? Certainly they demand unreasonable proofs, considering that time (not to mention other agencies) upon many a topic has made us all bank-

And besides the profound objection from the whole flagrant plagiarism of the moral scheme, the other capital objection remains: How did these men, if chronologically anterior to Christ, miss an interview with Christ; or, if not a personal interview, at least a judgment of Christ sealing their pretensions, or a judgment of Christ sealing their condemnation? *My* Essenes escaped this personal interview and this judgment approving or condemning, simply because, chronologically, they were not contemporaries of Christ, but by twenty or twenty-five years younger than the Crucifixion. They were, in fact, a masquerading body of Christians — an offshoot of Christians that happened to be resident in Judea at a crisis of fiery persecution. Fortunately for *them*, one great advantage befell them, which in subsequent Roman persecutions they wanted, namely, that they and their persecutors occupied common ground in much of their several creeds, which facilitated the deep disguise. Both alike adopted the Jewish Prophets into the basis of their faith; both alike held the truth of all the other Scriptures — for instance, of the Law itself, though differing as to its practical validity for the future. Hence, by confining themselves to those parts of the Old Testament which both adopted, the Christians, masked as Essenes, were able to deceive and evade the most cruel of their enemies.

rupt in satisfactory argument, Mr. Joe, I presume, not at all less than myself. A little daughter of mine, when about two years old, used sometimes to say at the dinner-table, "Please give me too much." My learned friends, it sometimes strikes me, are borrowing *her* sentiment, and, with no less gravity than hers, are insisting on having "too much" of certainty in this delicate case—too much, in fact, and too complex evidence for the *why* and the *how*, for the *where* and the *when*, of a masonic brotherhood, that was, by the very tenure and primary motive of its existence, confessedly a *secret* brotherhood. In the spirit of honest Sancho's Andalusian proverb, it seems to me that my too learned friends are seeking for "better bread than is made of wheat." Since, really, when you *subpœna* a witness out of the great deeps of time, divided from yourself by fifty-five generations, you are obliged to humor him, and to show him special indulgence; else he grows "crusty" on your hands, and keeps back even that which by gentler solicitation might have been won from him.

Meantime, I have retouched the evidence a little, so that he who was restive formerly may now be tractable; and have attempted to coax the witnesses in a way which is but fair, as no more than balancing and corresponding to those gross tamperings practised (we may be sure) by the Jew courtier. Mr. Joe, we may rely upon it, when packing the jury, did his best. I may have an equal right to do my worst. It happens that my theory and Mr. Joe's are involved alternatively in each other. If you

reject Joe's, — a thing that I suppose inevitable, — this throws you by rebound upon mine; if you are inclined to reject mine, — a case that is supportable by human fortitude, — then you find yourself pitched violently into Mr. Joe's; a case that is *not* supportable by any fortitude, armed with any philosophy. In taking leave, I add, as an extra argument against the possibility that Essenism *could* have been contemporary with the birth of Christianity, this ugly objection. We may suppose that a Jew, in maintaining the historic truth of Essenism, would endeavor to evade the arguments so naturally emerging from the internal relations of this secret sect to those of the avowed sect called Christians, and at the same time to ignore the vast improbability that two sects wearing features so sisterly should have sailed past each other silently, and exchanging no salutes, no questions of reciprocal interest, no mutual recognitions, no interchange of gratulation in the midst of departing storms, or of solemn valediction amongst perilous mists that were slowly gathering. The Jew might argue, in explanation, that the Essenes, under the form of ascetic moralists, would from this single element of their system derive a prejudice against the founder of Christianity, as one who in his own person had deemed it advisable, for the attainment of social influence in the Judea of that day, and for the readier propagation of truth, to adopt a more liberal and genial mode of living. For the stern ascetic may win reverence, but never wins confidence, so that the heart of his hearer is still for *him* under a mask. My argument

being — that the Essenes could not have been contemporary with the great moral teacher (in fact, the revolutionary teacher) of their own century, without seeking *Him*, or *His* seeking *them* — we may suppose the Jew taking his stand plausibly enough on a primal alienation of the Essenes, through incongruities of social habits, such (let us suppose, by way of illustration) as would naturally repel Quakers or Moravians in our own day from any great moral teacher wearing a brilliant exterior, and familiar with courts and princes. Such an estrangement would be matter of regret to all the wise and liberal even of those two sects, but it would be natural; and it would sufficiently explain the non-intercourse objected, without any call for resorting to the plea of anachronism, as the true bar of separation.

Answer: — It is true that any deep schism in social habits would *tend* to divide the two parties — the great moral teacher on the one side, from the great monastic fraternity on the other, that stood aloof from the world, and the temptations of the world. *Pro tanto*, such a schism would pull in that direction; though I am of opinion that the least magnanimous of dissenting bodies would allow a transcendent weight (adequate to the crushing of any conceivable resistance) to the conspicuous originality and searching pathos of Christ's moral doctrine. Four great cases, or memorable *cartoons*, in the series of Christ's doctrinal "shows" (to borrow the Eleusinian term), in 1839–40, powerfully affected the Mahometan Affghan Sirdars, — namely, 1, the mod.

of prayer which he first and last, among all teachers, left as a guiding legacy to infinite generations; 2, the model of purity which he raised aloft in the little infant suddenly made the centre of his moral system as the normal form of innocence and simplicity of heart; 3, the Sermon on the Mount, which, by one sudden illumination, opened a new world in man's secret heart; 4, the translation of moral tests from the old and gross one of palpable acts to thoughts, and the most aerial of purposes, as laid down in the passage, "He that looketh upon a woman," &c. These four revelations of the Christian Founder being once reported to the pretended monastic body, must have caught the affections, and have prompted an insurmountable craving for personal intercourse with such a "Prophet;" that is, in the Hebrew sense of *Prophet*, such a revealer out of darkness. In Affghanistan, amongst blind, prejudiced, sometimes fanatical, Mahometans, these extraordinary moral revelations had power deeply to shake and move; could they have had less in Judea? But, finally, suppose they had, and that an ascetic brotherhood refused all intercourse with a teacher *not* ascetic, so much the more zealously would they have courted such intercourse with a teacher memorably and in an ultimate degree ascetic. Such a teacher was John the Baptist. Here, then, stands the case: in an age which Josephus would have us believe to have been the flourishing age of the Essenes, there arise two great revolutionary powers, who are also great teachers and legislators in the world of ethics. The

first, by a short space of time, was the Baptist;* the second was Christ. The one was uniquely ascetic, declining not only the luxuries, but the slenderest physical appliances against the wrath of the elements, or the changes of the seasons. The other described himself as one who came eating and drinking, in conformity to the common usages of men. With neither of these great authorities is there any record of the Essenes having had the most trivial intercourse. Is *that* reconcilable with their alleged existence on a large scale in an age of deep agitation and fervent inquiry?

* That John the Baptist was a moral teacher, as well as a herald of coming changes, may be inferred from the fact (noticed by the Evangelists), that the military body applied to him for moral instruction, which appeal must have grown out of the general invitation to do so involved in the ordinary course of his ministrations, and in the terms of his public preaching. In what sense he was to be held the harbinger of Christ, over and above his avowed mission for announcing the fast approaching advent of the Messiah, I have elsewhere suggested, in a short comment on the word *μετανοια*; which word, as I contend, cannot properly be translated *repentance*; for it would have been pure cant to suppose that age, or any age, as more under a summons to repentance than any other assignable. I understand by *μετανοια* a revolution of thought—a great intellectual change—in the accepting a new centre for all moral truth from Christ; which centre it was that subsequently caused all the offence of Christianity to the Roman people

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

EVERYTHING connected with our ordinary conceptions of this man, of his real purposes, and of his scriptural doom, apparently is erroneous. Not one thing, but all things, must rather be false which traditionally we accept about him. That neither any motive of his, nor any ruling impulse, was tainted with the vulgar treachery imputed to him, appears probable from the strength of his remorse. And this view of his case comes recommended by so much of internal plausibility, that in Germany it has long since shaped itself into the following distinct hypothesis: — Judas Iscariot, it is alleged, participated in the common delusion of the apostles as to that earthly kingdom which, under the sanction and auspices of Christ, they supposed to be waiting and ripening for the Jewish people. So far there was nothing in Judas to warrant any special wonder or any separate blame. If *he* erred, so did the other apostles. But in one point Judas went further than his brethren — viz., in speculating upon the *reasons* of Christ for delaying the inauguration of this kingdom. All things were apparently ripe for it; all things pointed to it; the expectation and languishing desires of many Hebrew saints — viz., the warning from signs; the prophetic

alarms propagated by heralds like the Baptist; the mysterious interchange of kindling signals rising suddenly out of darkness as secret words between distant parties—secret question, or secret answer; the fermentation of revolutionary doctrines all over Judea; the passionate impatience of the Roman yoke; the continual openings of new convulsions at the great centre of Rome; the insurrectionary temper of Jewish society, as indicated by the continual rise of robber leaders, that drew off multitudes into the neighboring deserts; and, universally, the unsettled mind of the Jewish nation, their deep unrest, and the anarchy of their expectations. These explosive materials had long been accumulated; they needed only a kindling spark. Heavenly citations to war, divine summonses to resistance, had long been read in the insults and aggressions of paganism; there wanted only a leader. And such a leader, if he would but consent to assume that office, stood ready in the founder of Christianity. The supreme qualifications for leadership, manifested and emblazoned in the person of Jesus Christ, were evident to *all* parties in the Jewish community, and not merely to the religious body of his own immediate followers. These qualifications were published and expounded to the world in the facility with which everywhere he drew crowds about himself,* in the extraordinary depth

*“*Drew crowds about himself*:”—As connected with these crowds, I have elsewhere noticed, many years ago, the secret reason which probably governed our Saviour in cultivating the character and functions of a *hakim*, or physician. Throughout the whole world of civilization at that era (*ἡ οἰκουμένη*) whatever might be otherwise the varieties of the government,

of impression which attended his teaching, and in the fear as well as hatred which possessed the Jewish rulers against him. Indeed, so great was this fear, so great was this hatred, that had it not been for the predominance of the Roman element in the government of Judea, it is pretty certain that Christ would have been crushed in an earlier stage of his career.

Believing, therefore, as Judas did, and perhaps had reason to do, that Christ contemplated the establishment of a temporal kingdom — the restoration, in fact, of David's throne; believing also that all the conditions towards the realization of such a scheme met and centred in the person of Christ, what was it that, upon any solution intelligible to Judas, neutralized so grand

there was amongst the ruling authorities a great jealousy of mobs and popular gatherings. To a grand revolutionary teacher, no obstacle so fatal as this initial prejudice could have offered itself. Already, in the *first* place, a new and mysterious body of truth, having vast and illimitable relations to human duties and prospects, presented a field of indefinite alarm. That this truth should, in the *second* place, publish itself, not through books and written discourses, but orally, by word of mouth, and by personal communication between vast mobs and the divine teacher — already *that*, as furnishing a handle of influence to a mob leader, justified a preliminary alarm. But then, *thirdly*, as furnishing a plea for bringing crowds together, such a mode of teaching must have crowned the suspicious presumptions against itself. One peril there was at any rate to begin with — the peril of a mob: *that* was certain. And, *secondly*, there was the doctrine taught: which doctrine was mysterious; and *in* that uncertainty lay another peril. *Thirdly*, beside the *opening* to a mob interest, there was a mob connection actually formed. So that, equally through what was fixed and what was doubtful, there arose that "fear of change" which "perplexes monarchs."

a scheme of promise? Simply and obviously, to a man with the views of Judas, it was the character of Christ himself, sublimely over-gifted for purposes of speculation, but, like Shakspeare's great creation of Prince Hamlet, not correspondingly endowed for the business of action and the clamorous emergencies of life. Indecision and doubt (such was the interpretation of Judas) crept over the faculties of the Divine Man as often as he was summoned away from his own natural Sabbath of heavenly contemplation to the gross necessities of action. It became important, therefore, according to the views adopted by Judas, that his Master should be *precipitated* into action by a force from without, and thrown into the centre of some popular movement, such as, once beginning to revolve, could not afterwards be suspended or checked. Christ must be *compromised* before doubts could have time to form. It is by no means improbable that this may have been the theory of Judas. Nor is it at all necessary to seek for the justification of such a theory, considered as a matter of prudential policy, in Jewish fanaticism. The Jews of that day were distracted by internal schisms. Else, and with any benefit from national unity, the headlong rapture of Jewish zeal, when combined in vindication of their insulted temple and temple-worship, would have been equal to the effort of dislodging the Roman legionary force *for the moment* from the military possession of Palestine. After which, although the restoration of the Roman supremacy could not ultimately have been evaded, it is by no means certain that a *temperamentum* or reciprocal scheme of concessions might not have been welcome at Rome, such as

nad, in fact, existed under Herod the Great and his father.* The radical power, under such a scheme, would have been lodged in Rome; but with such external concessions to Jewish nationality as might have consulted the real interests of both parties. Administered under Jewish names, the land would have yielded a larger revenue than, as a refractory nest of insurgents, it ever *did* yield to the Roman exchequer; and, on the other hand, a ferocious bigotry, which was really sublime in its indomitable obstinacy, might have been humored without prejudice to the grandeur of the *imperial* claims. Even little Palmyra in later times

* “*Under Herod the Great and his father:*” — It was a tradition which circulated at Rome down to the days of the Flavian family (*i. e.*, Vespasian the tenth Cæsar, and his two sons — Titus the eleventh, and Domitian the twelfth), that the indulgence conceded to Judea by the imperial policy from Augustus downwards, arose out of the following little diplomatic secret: — On the rise of the Parthian power, ambassadors had been sent to Antipater, the father of Herod, offering the Parthian alliance and support. At the same moment there happened to be in Judea a Roman agent, charged with a mission from the Roman Government, having exactly the same objects. The question was most solemnly debated, for it was obvious, that ultimately this question touched the salvation of the kingdom; since to accept an alliance with either empire would be to *insure* the bitter hostility of the other. With that knowledge fully before his mind, Antipater made his definitive election for Rome. The case transpired at Rome — the debate, and the issue of the debate — and eventually proved worth a throne to the Herodian family; for the honor of Rome seemed to be concerned in supporting that oriental man who, in this sort of judgment of Paris, had solemnly awarded the prize of superiority (*Detur meliori*) to the western potentate.

was indulged to a greater extent, without serious injury in any quarter, had it not been for the feminine arrogance in little insolent Zenobia that misinterpreted and abused that indulgence.

The miscalculation, in fact, of Judas Iscariot — supposing him really to have entertained the views ascribed to him — did not hinge at all upon political oversights, but upon a total spiritual blindness; in which blindness, however, he went no farther than at that time did probably most of his brethren. Upon *them*, quite as little as upon *him*, had yet dawned the true grandeur of the Christian scheme. In this only he outran his brethren — that, sharing in their blindness, he greatly exceeded them in presumption. All alike had imputed to their Master views utterly irreconcilable with the grandeur of his new and heavenly religion. It was no religion at all which they, previously to the crucifixion, supposed to be the object of Christ's teaching; it was a mere preparation for a pitifully vulgar scheme of earthly aggrandisement. But, whilst the other apostles had simply failed to comprehend their Master, Judas had presumptuously assumed that he *did* comprehend him; and understood his purposes better than Christ himself. His object was audacious in a high degree, but (according to the theory which I am explaining) for that very reason not treacherous at all. The more that he was liable to the approach of audacity, the less can he be suspected of perfidy. He supposed himself executing the very innermost purposes of Christ, but with an energy which it was the characteristic infirmity of Christ to want. He fancied that by *his* vigor of action were fulfilled

those great political changes which Christ approved, but wanted audacity to realize. His hope was, that, when at length actually arrested by the Jewish authorities, Christ would no longer vacillate; he would be forced into giving the signal to the populace of Jerusalem, who would then rise unanimously, for the double purpose of placing Christ at the head of an insurrectionary movement, and of throwing off the Roman yoke. As regards the worldly prospects of this scheme, it is by no means improbable that Iscariot was right. It seems, indeed, altogether impossible that he, who (as the treasurer of the apostolic fraternity) had in all likelihood the most of worldly wisdom, and was best acquainted with the temper of the times, could have made any gross blunder as to the wishes and secret designs of the populace in Jerusalem.*

* “*Of the populace in Jerusalem:*” — Judas, not less than the other apostles, had doubtless been originally chosen, upon the apparent ground of superior simplicity and unworldliness, or else of superior zeal in testifying obedience to the wishes of his Master. But the other eleven were probably exposed to no special temptation: Judas, as the purse-bearer, *was*. His official duty must have brought him every day into minute and circumstantial communication with an important order of men — viz., petty shopkeepers; what in modern Scotland are called *merchants*. In all countries alike, these men fulfil a great political function. Beyond all others, they are brought into the most extensive connection with the largest *stratum* by far in the composition of society. They receive, and with dreadful fidelity they give back, all Jacobinical impulses. They know thoroughly in what channels, under any call arising for insurrectionary action, these impulses are at any time moving. In times of fierce political agitation, these are the men who most of all are kept up *au courant* of the interior counsels and policy amongst the great

This populace, however, not being backed by and strong section of the aristocracy, having no confidence again in any of the learned bodies connected with the great service of their national temple, neither in Scribes nor Pharisees, neither in Sadducees nor Levites, and having no leaders, were apparently dejected, and without unity. The probability meantime is, that some popular demonstration would have been made on behalf of Christ, had he himself offered it any encouragement. But we, who know the incompatibility of and such encouragement with the primary purpose of Christ's mission upon earth, know of necessity that Judas, and the populace on which he relied, must equally and simultaneously have found themselves undeceived forever. In an instant of time one grand

body of acting conspirators. Consciousness, which such men always have, of deep incorruptible fidelity to their mother-land, and to her interests, however ill understood, ennobles their politics, even when otherwise base. They are corrupters in a service that never can be utterly corrupt. Traitors to the government, they cannot be traitors to the country. They have, therefore, a power to win attention from virtuous men; and, being known to speak a representative language (known, I mean, to speak the thoughts of the national majority), they would easily, in a land so agitated and unreconciled, so wild, stormy, and desperately ignorant as Judea, kindle in stirring minds the most fiery contagions of principle and purpose. Judas, being thus, on the one hand, kept through these men in vital sympathy with the restless politics of the insurrectionist populace; on the other hand, hearing daily from his Master a sublime philosophy that rested for its key-note upon the advent of vast revolutions among men — what wonder that he should connect these contradictory but parallel currents of his hourly experience by a visionary synthesis?

decisive word and gesture of Christ must have put an end peremptorily to all hopes of that kind. In that brief instant, enough was made known to Judas for final despair. Whether he had ever drunk profoundly enough from the cup of spiritual religion to understand the full *meaning* of Christ's refusal, not only the *fact* of this refusal, but also the infinity of what secretly it involved; whether he still adhered to his worldly interpretation of Christ's mission, and simply translated the refusal into a confession that all was lost, whilst in very fact all was on the brink of absolute and triumphant consummation, it is impossible for us, without documents or hints, to conjecture. Enough is apparent to show that, in reference to any hopes that could be consolatory for *him*, all was indeed lost. The kingdom of this world had melted away in a moment like a cloud; and it mattered little to a man of *his* nature that a spiritual kingdom survived, if in his heart there were no spiritual organ by which he could appropriate the new and stunning revelation. Equally he might be swallowed up by despair in the case of retaining his old worldly delusions, and finding the ground of his old anticipations suddenly giving way below his feet, or again, in the opposite case of suddenly correcting his own false constructions of Christ's mission, and of suddenly apprehending a far higher purpose; but which purpose, in the very moment of becoming intelligible, rose into a region far beyond his own frail fleshly sympathies. He might read more truly; but what of that, if the new truth, suddenly made known as a *letter*, were in *spirit* absolutely nothing at all to the inner sense of his heart? The despondency of

Judas might be of two different qualities, more or less selfish; indeed, I would go so far as to say, selfish or altogether unselfish. And it is with a view to this question, and under a persuasion of a wrong done to Judas by gross mistranslation disturbing the Greek text, that I entered at all upon this little memorandum. Else what I have hitherto been attempting to explain (excepting, however, the part relating to the *hakim*, which is entirely my own suggestion) belongs in part to German writers. The whole construction of the Iscariot's conduct, as arising, not out of perfidy, but out of his sincere belief that some quickening impulse was called for by a morbid feature in Christ's temperament — all this, I believe, was originally due to the Germans; and it is an important correction; for it must always be important to recall within the fold of Christian forgiveness any one who has long been sequestered from human charity, and has tenanted a Pariah grave. In the greatest and most memorable of earthly tragedies, Judas is a prominent figure. So long as the earth revolves, he cannot be forgotten. If, therefore, there is a doubt affecting his case, he is entitled to the benefit of that doubt; and if he has suffered to any extent — if simply to the extent of losing a palliation, or the shadow of a palliation — by means of a false translation from the Greek, we ought not to revise merely, or simply to mitigate his sentence, but to dismiss him from the bar. The Germans make it a question — in what spirit the Iscariot lived? *My* question is — in what spirit he died? If he were a traitor at last, in that case he was virtually a traitor always. If in the last hours of his connection with

Christ he perpetrated a treason, and even (which is our vulgar reading of the case) a mercenary treason, then he must have been dallying with purposes of treason during all the hours of his apostleship. If, in reality, when selling his Master for money, he meant to betray him, and regarded the money as the commensurate motive for betraying him, then his case will assume a very different aspect from that impressed upon it by the German construction of the circumstances.

The *life* of Judas, and the *death* of Judas, taken apart or taken jointly, each separately upon independent grounds, or both together upon common grounds, are open to doubts and perplexities. And possibly the double perplexities, if fully before us, might turn out each to neutralize the other. Taking them jointly, we might ask — Were they, this life and this death, to be regarded as a common movement on behalf of a deep and heart-fretting Hebrew patriotism, which was not the less sincere, because it ran headlong into the unamiable form of rancorous nationality and inhuman bigotry? Were they a wild degeneration from a principle originally noble? Or, on the contrary, this life and this death, were they alike, the expression of a base, mercenary selfishness, caught and baffled in the meshes of its own chicanery? The life, if it could be appreciated in its secret principles, might go far to illustrate the probable character of the death. The death, if its circumstances were recoverable, and could be liberated from the self-contradictory details in the received report, might do something to indicate retrospectively the character and tenor of that life. The *life* of Judas, under a German construction of it, as

a spasmodic effort of vindictive patriotism and of rebellious ambition, noble by possibility in its grand central motive, though erring and worldly-minded of necessity in the potential circumstances of its evolution, when measured by a standard so exalted as that of Christianity, would infer (as its natural sequel) a death of fierce despair. Read under the ordinary construction as a life exposed to temptations that were petty, and frauds that were always mercenary, it could not reasonably be supposed to furnish any occasion for passions upon so great a scale as those which seem to have been concerned in the tragical end of Judas, whether the passions were those of remorse and penitential anguish, or of frantic wrath and patriotic disappointment. Leaving, however, to others the task of conjecturally restoring its faded lineaments to this mysterious record of a crime that never came before any human tribunal, I separately pursue a purpose that is narrower. I seek to recall and to recombine the elements, not of the Iscariot's life, nor of his particular offence, but simply of his death — which final event in his career, as a death marked by singular circumstances, might, if once truly deciphered, throw back some faint illustrative light, both upon the life, and upon the offence.

The reader is probably aware that there has always been an obscurity, or even a perplexity connected with the death of Judas. Two only out of the entire five documents, which record the rise and early history of Christianity, have circumstantially noticed this event. The evangelists, Mark, Luke, and John, leave it undescribed. St. Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles

have bequeathed to us a picturesque account of it, which, to my own belief, has been thoroughly misunderstood; and, once *being* misunderstood, naturally enough has been interpreted as something fearfully preternatural. The crime, though great, of the Iscariot, has probably been much exaggerated. It was, under my interpretation, the crime of signal and earthly presumption, seeking not to thwart the purposes of Christ, still less to betray them — on the contrary, to promote them; but how? — by means utterly at war with their central spirit. As far as can be judged, it was an attempt to forward the counsels of God by weapons borrowed from the armory of darkness. The crime being once misapprehended (as a crime without a name or a precedent), it was inevitable that the punishment, so far as it was expounded by the death of the criminal, should, in obedience to this first erroneous pre-conception, be translated into something preternatural. To a mode of guilt which seemed to have no parallel, it was reasonable enough that there should be apportioned a death which allowed of no medical explanation.*

* “*No medical explanation:*” — In neutral points, having no relation to morals or religious philosophy, it is not concealed by the Scriptural records themselves, that even inspired persons made grave mistakes. All the Apostles, it is probable, or with the single exception of St. John (which single exception I make in deference to many parts of the Apocalypse arguing too evidently an immunity from this error), shared in the mistake about the second coming of Christ, as an event immediately to be looked for. With respect to diseases, again, it is evident that the Apostles, in common with all Jews, were habitually disposed to read in them distinct manifestations of heavenly wrath. In

This demur, moreover, of obscurity was not the only one raised against the death of Judas: there was a separate objection — that it was inconsistent with itself. He was represented, in the ordinary modern versions, as dying by a double death — viz. (1.), by a

blindness, for instance, or, again, in death from the fall of a tower, they read, as a matter of course, a plain expression of the Divine displeasure pointed at an individual. That they should even so far pause as to doubt whether the individual or his parents had been the object of this displeasure, arose only out of those cases where innocent infants were the sufferers. This, in fact, was a prejudice inalienable from their Jewish training; and as it would unavoidably lead oftentimes to judgments not only false, but also uncharitable, it received, on more occasions than one, a stern rebuke from Christ himself. In the same spirit, it is probable that the symptoms attending death were sometimes erroneously reported as preternatural, when, in fact, such as every hospital could match. The death of the first Herod was regarded by the early Christians universally as a judicial expression of God's wrath to the author of the massacre at Bethlehem, though in reality the symptoms were such as often occur in obstinate derangements of the nervous system. Indeed, as to many features, the malady of the French king, Charles IX., whose nervous system had been shattered by the horrors of the St. Bartholomew massacre, very nearly resembled it, with such differences as might be looked for between an old, ruined constitution, such as Herod's, and one so full of youthful blood as that of Charles. In the Acts of the Apostles, again, the grandson of Herod the Great — viz., Herod Agrippa — is evidently supposed to have died by a judicial and preternatural death, whereas, apparently, one part of his malady was the *morbus pedicularis* — cases of which I have myself circumstantially known in persons of all ranks; one, for instance, being that of an English countess, rich beyond the scale of oriental Sultans, and the other a female upper servant in my mother's household. Both died Sylla, the great Roman leader, died of the same disease.

suicidal death: "he went and hanged himself" — this is the brief account of his death given by St. Matthew; but (2.) by a death *not* suicidal: in the Acts of the Apostles we have a very different account of his death, not suggesting suicide at all, and otherwise describing it as mysteriously complex; that is, presenting us with various circumstances of the case, none of which, in the common vernacular versions (whether English or continental), is at all intelligible. The elements in the case are three: that he "fell down headlong;" that he "burst asunder in the middle;" and that "his bowels gushed out" — the first of these elements being unintelligible, as regards any previous circumstances stated in the report; and the two others being purely and blankly impossible.

These objections to the particular mode of that catastrophe which closed the career of Judas, had been felt pretty generally in the Christian church, and probably from the earliest times; and the more so on account of that deep obscurity which rested upon the nature of his offence. That a man, who had been solemnly elected into the small band of the Apostles, should so far wander from his duty as to incur forfeiture of his great office — this was in itself sufficiently dreadful, and a shocking revival to the human imagination of that eldest amongst all *moral* traditions — a tradition descending to us from what date we know not, nor through what channel of possible communication — viz., the obscure tale that even into the heaven of heavens, and amongst the angelic hosts, rebellion against God, long before man and human frailty existed, should have crept by some contagion metaphysically

unconceivable. What search could be sufficient, where even the eye of Christ had failed to detect any germ of evil? Into the choir of angelic hosts, though watched by God — into the choir of apostles, though searched by Christ — had a traitor crept? Still, though the crime of Judas had doubtless been profound,* and evidently to me it had been the intention of the early church to throw a deep pall of mystery over its extent, charity — that unique charity which belongs to Christianity, as being the sole charity ever preached to men, which “hopeth all things” — inclined through every age the hearts of musing readers to suspend their verdict where the Scriptures had themselves practised a noticeable reserve, and where (if only through the extreme perplexity of their final and revised expressions) they had left an opening, or almost an invitation, to doubt. The doubt was left by the primitive church where Scripture had left it. There was not any absolute necessity that this should ever be cleared up to man. But it was felt from the very first that some call was made upon the church to explain and to harmonize the apparently contradictory expressions used in what may be viewed as the *official* report of the one memorable domestic tragedy in the infant stage of the Christian history. *Official* I call it, as being in a manner countersigned by the whole confederate church,

* “*Profound* :” — In measuring which, however, the reader must not allow himself to be too much biassed by the *English* phrase, “son of *perdition*.” To find such words as shall graduate and adjust their depth of feeling to the scale of another language, and that language a dead language, is many times beyond all reach of human skill.

when proceeding to their first common act in filling up the vacancy consequent upon the transgression of Judas, whereas the account of St. Matthew pleaded no authority but his own. And *domestic* I call the tragedy, in prosecution of that beautiful image under which a father of our English Church has called the twelve apostles, when celebrating the paschal feast, "the *family* * of Christ."

This early essay of the church to harmonize the

* "*The family of Christ:*" — For the reader must not forget that the original meaning of the Latin word *familia* was not at all what we moderns mean by a *family*, but the sum total of the *famuli*. To say, therefore, in speaking of a Roman nobleman, "that his entire *familia*, numbering four hundred individuals, had been crucified," would not, to a Roman audience, convey the impression that his children or grandchildren, his cognati or agnati, those of his affinity or his consanguinity, could have entered into the list by the very smallest fraction. It would be understood that his slaves had perished judicially, and none beside. So again, whenever it is said in an ancient classic that such or such a man had a large family, or that he was kind to his family, or was loved by his family, always we are to understand not at all his wife and children, but the train and retinue of his domestic slaves. Now, the relation of the apostles to their Master, and the awfulness of their dependency upon him, which represented a golden chain suspending the whole race of man to the heavens above, justified, in the first place, that form of expression which should indicate the humility and loyalty that is owned by servants to a lord; whilst, on the other hand, the tenderness involved in the relations expressed by the English word *family* redressed what might else have been too austere in the idea, and recomposed the equilibrium between the two forces of reverential awe and of child-like love which are equally indispensable in the orbicular perfection of Christian fealty.

difficult expressions employed in the Acts of the Apostles — an essay which, therefore, recognizes at once the fact that these expressions really *were* likely to perplex the simple-hearted, and not merely to perplex such readers as systematically raised cavils — was brought forward in the earliest stage of the church, and under the sanction of the very highest authority — viz., by one who sat at the feet of the beloved Apostle; by one, therefore, who, if he had not seen Christ, had yet seen familiarly him in whom Christ most confided. But I will report the case in the words of that *golden-mouthed* rhetorician, that *Chrysostom* of the English Church, from whose lips all truth came mended, and who, in spite of Shakspeare himself, found it possible

“ To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
And add another perfume to the violet.”

The following is the account given by Jeremy Taylor of the whole history, in so far as it affects the Scripture report of what Judas did, and what finally he suffered: — “ Two days before the passover, the Scribes and Pharisees called a council to contrive crafty ways * of destroying Jesus, they not daring to

* “ *Crafty ways:* ” — Otherwise it must naturally occur to every reader — What powers could Judas furnish towards the arrest of Jesus beyond what the authorities in Jerusalem already possessed? But the bishop suggests that the dilemma was this: — By day it was unsafe to seize him, such was the veneration of the populace for his person. If done at all, it must be done during the darkness. But precisely during those hours Christ withdrew into solitudes known only to his disciples. So that to corrupt one of these was the preliminary step to the discovery of that secret.

do it by open violence. Of which meeting, when Judas Iscariot had notice (for those assemblies were public and notorious), he ran from Bethany, and offered himself to betray his Master to them, if they would give him a considerable reward. They agreed for thirty pieces of silver." In a case so memorable as this, nothing is or can be trivial; and even that curiosity is not unhallowed which has descended to inquire what sum, at that era of Jewish history, this expression might indicate. The bishop replies thus: — "Of what value each piece was, is uncertain; but their own nation hath given a rule, that, when a piece of silver is named in the Pentateuch, it signifies a *sicle*;* if it be named in the Prophets, it signifies a *pound*; if in the other writings of the Old Testament, it signifies a *talent*." For this, besides other less familiar authority, there is cited the well-known Arius Montanus, in the Syro-Chaldaic dictionary. It is, however, self-evident that any service open to Judas

* By which coin I conceive that the illustrious bishop understood a Hebrew *shekel*, which I have always represented to myself as a *rupee*; for each alike, shekel or rupee, was — 1. a silver coin; 2. a most ugly coin; 3. when in its normal state, worth half-an-ounce of silver — *i. e.*, an English half-crown; 4. liable to sink into another coin, equal in ugliness, but less in value — *viz.*, the modern English *florin*. Fifty years ago (as I by a lively experience remember), a sound *sicca* rupee passed current in Bengal for thirty English pence. But since then it has descended into decimal uses, being, for a whole generation back, uniformly accounted the exact tenth part of our pound. So that a *lac* of rupees, which means a *hundred thousand* rupees, in the ordinary expression all over India for ten thousand pounds sterling.

would have been preposterously overpaid by thirty Attic talents, a sum which exceeded five thousand pounds sterling. And since this particular sum had originally rested on the authority of a prophet, cited by one of the Evangelists, * “it is probable,” proceeds the bishop, “that the price at which Judas sold his Lord was thirty pounds weight of silver [that is, about ninety guineas sterling in English money] — a goodly price for the Saviour of the world to be prized at by his undiscerning and unworthy countrymen.” Where, however, the learned bishop makes a slight oversight in logic, since it was not precisely Christ that was so valued — this prisoner as against the certain loss of this prisoner — but simply this particular mode of contending with the difficulty attached to his apprehension, since in the very worst case, this opportunity lost might be replaced by other opportunities; and the price, therefore, was not calculated as it would have been under one solitary chance; that is, the price was not measured (as the bishop assumes it to have been) against the total and final value of Christ.

The bishop then proceeds with the rehearsal of all the circumstances connected with the pretended trial of Christ; and coming in the process of his narrative to the conduct of Judas on learning the dreadful turn

* Viz., St. Matthew. Upon which the bishop notices the error which had crept into the prevailing text of Jeremias instead of Zecharias. But in the fourth century some copies had already corrected this reading; which, besides, had a traditional excuse in the proverbial saying that the spirit of Jeremias had settled and found a resting-place in Zecharias.

which things were taking (conduct which surely argues that he had anticipated a most opposite catastrophe), he winds up the case of the Iscariot in the following passage: — “When Judas heard that they had passed the final and decreitory sentence of death upon his Lord, he, who thought not it would have gone so far, repented him to have been an instrument of so damnable a machination, and came and brought the silver which they gave him for hire, and threw it in amongst them, and said, ‘I have sinned in betraying the innocent blood.’ But they, incurious of those hell-torments Judas felt within him, because their own fires burned not yet, dismissed him.” I pause for a moment to observe that, in the expression “repented him to have been an instrument,” the context shows the bishop intending to represent Judas as recoiling from the issue of his own acts, and from so damnable a machination, not because his better feelings were evoked, as the prospect of ruin to his Master drew near, and that he shrank from that same thing when taking a definite shape of fulfilment, which he had faced cheerfully when at a distance. Not at all: the bishop’s meaning is, that Judas recoiled from his own acts at the very instant when he began to understand their real consequences now solemnly opening upon his horror-stricken understanding; not (understand me) as consequences to which he could no longer reconcile himself, now that they drew nearer, but as consequences to which he never *had* reconciled himself for a moment — consequences, in fact, to which he had never diverted as possibilities. He had noped, probably

much from the Roman interference; and the history itself shows that in this he had not been at all too sanguine. Justice has never yet been done to the conduct of Pilate. That man has little comprehended the style and manner of the New Testament who does not perceive the demoniac earnestness of Pilate to effect the liberation of Christ, or who fails to read the anxiety of the several Evangelists to put on record his profound sympathy with the prisoner. The falsest word that ever yet was uttered upon any part of the New Testament, is that sneer of Lord Bacon's at "*jesting* Pilate." Pilate was in deadly earnest from first to last; never for a moment had he "*jested*;" and he retired from his frantic effort on behalf of Christ, only when his own safety began to be seriously compromised. Do the thoughtless accusers of Pilate fancy that he was a Christian, or under the moral obligations of a Christian? If not, why, or on what principle, was he to ruin himself at Rome, in order to favor one whom he could not save at Jerusalem? How reasonably Judas had relied upon the Roman interference, is evident from what actually took place. Judas relied, secondly, upon the Jewish mob; and that this reliance also was well warranted, appears from repeated instances of the fear with which the Jewish rulers contemplated Christ. Why did they fear him at all? Why did they fear him in the very lowest degree? Simply as he was backed by the people: had it not been for *their* support, Christ was no more an object of terror to them than his herald, the Baptist. But what I here insist on is (which else, from some

expressions, the reader might fail to understand), that Jeremy Taylor nowhere makes the mistake of supposing Judas to have originally designed the ruin of his Master, and nowhere understands by his "repentance" that he felt remorse on coming near to consequences which from a distance he had tolerated or even desired. He admits clearly that Judas was a traitor only in the sense of seeking his Master's aggrandizement by methods which placed him in revolt against that Master, methods which not only involved express and formal disobedience to that Master, but which ran into headlong hostility against the spirit of all that he came on earth to effect. It was the revolt, not of perfidious malignity, but of arrogant and carnal blindness. It was the revolt (as Jeremy Taylor rightly views it) of one who sought to the last the fulfilment of his Master's will, but by methods running counter to that Master's will. In respect to the gloomy termination of the Iscariot's career, and to the perplexing account of it given in the Acts of the Apostles, the bishop closes his account thus:—"And Judas went and hanged himself; and the judgment was made more notorious and eminent by an unusual accident at such deaths; for he so swelled, that he burst. and his bowels gushed out. But the Greek scholiast and some others report out of Papias, St. John's scholar, that Judas fell from the fig-tree on which he hanged before he was quite dead, and survived his attempt some while; being so sad a spectacle of deformity and pain, and a prodigious tumor, that his plague was deplorable and highly miserable; till at last he burst

in the very substance of his trunk, as being extended beyond the possibilities * and capacities of nature."

In this corrected version of Papias, we certainly gain an intelligible account of what otherwise is far from intelligible — viz., the *falling headlong*. But all the rest is a dismal heap of irrationalities; and the single ray of light which is obtained — viz., the suggestion of the fig-tree as an elevation, which explains the possibility of a headlong fall, or any fall whatever — is of itself an argument that some great disturbance must have happened to the text at this point; else how could so material a circumstance have silently dropped out of the narrative? There are passages in every separate book of the canon, into which accident, or the somnolence of copyists, or their blind stupidity, or rash self-conceit, has introduced errors seriously disturbing the sense and the coherence. Many of these have been rectified in the happiest manner by ingenious suggestions; and a considerable proportion of these suggestions has been since verified and approved by the discovery of new manuscripts, or the more accurate collation of old ones. In the present case, a much slighter change than might be supposed requisite will suffice to elicit a new and perfect sense from the general outline of that text which still survives. First, as to the phrase "*fell headlong*," I do not understand it of any fall from a fig-tree, or from any tree whatever. This fig-tree I regard as a purely fanciful and innovating resource; and evidently any innovation ranks to this extent amongst those conjectural audacities which

* "*Possibilities*:" — *Quære* — whether the true reading is not more probably "*possibilities*;" i. e., liabilities to suffering.

shock the discreet reader, as unsatisfactory and licentious, because purely gratuitous, when they rest upon no traces that can be indicated as still lurking in the present text. *Fell headlong* may stand as at present: it needs no change, for it discloses a very good and sufficient sense, if we understand it figuratively as meaning that he came to utter and unmitigated ruin; that his wreck was total; for that, instead of dedicating himself to a life of penitential sorrow, such as would assuredly have conciliated the Divine forgiveness, the unhappy criminal had rushed out of life by suicide. So far, at least, all is coherent, and under no further obligations to change, small or great, beyond the reading in a metaphorical sense that which, if read (as hitherto) in a literal sense, would require the very serious interpolation of an imaginary fig-tree.

What remains is equally simple: the change involves as little violence, and the result from this change will appear not at all less natural. But a brief preliminary explanation is requisite, in order to place it advantageously before the reader. The ancients use the term *bowels* with a latitude unknown generally to modern literature, but especially to English literature. In the midst of the far profounder passion which distinguishes the English from all literatures on the modern European continent, it is singular that a fastidious decorum never sleeps for a moment. It might be imagined, that this fastidiousness would be in the inverse ratio of the passion: but it is not so. In particular, the French, certainly the literature which ranges at the lowest elevation upon the scale of passion, nevertheless is often homely, and even gross, in

its recurrences to frank elementary nature. For a lady to describe herself as laughing *à gorge déployée*, a grossness which with us, equally on the stage or in real life, would be regarded with horror, amongst the French attracts no particular attention. Again, amidst the supposed refinements of French tragedy, and not the coarser (because earlier) tragedy of Corneille, but amidst the more feminine and polished tragedy of Racine, there is no recoil at all from saying of such or such a sentiment, "*Il me perce les entrailles*" ("it penetrates my bowels"). The Greeks and Romans still more extensively use the several varieties of expression for *the intestines*, as a symbolic phraseology for the domestic and social affections. We English even, fastidious as we are, employ the term *bowels* as a natural symbolization for the affections of pity, mercy, or parental and brotherly affection. At least we do so in recurring to the simplicities of the Scriptural style. But, amongst the Romans, the word *viscera* is so naturally representative of the household affections, that at length it becomes necessary to recall an English reader to the true meaning of this word. Through some prejudice, originating in the absurd physiology of our worshipful Pagan masters, Greek and Roman, it is true that the bowels have always been regarded as the seat of the more tender and sorrowing sympathies. But the *viscera* comprehended *all* the intestines, or (as the French term them) *les entrailles*. The heart even is a *viscus*; perhaps, in a very large acceptation, the brain might be regarded as a co-viscus with the heart. There is very slight ground for holding the brain to be the organ of thinking, or the heart

moral sensibilities, more than the stomach, or the bowels, or the intestines generally. But waive all this: the Romans designated the seat of the larger and nobler (*i. e.*, the moral) sensibilities indifferently by these three terms — the *pectus*, the *præcordia*, and the *viscera*; as to the *cor*, it seems to me that it denoted the heart in its grosser and more animal capacities: “*Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis* ;” the *cor* was the seat of sexual passion; but nobler and more reflective sensibilities inhabited the *pectus* or *præcordia*; and naturally out of these physiologic preconceptions arose corresponding expressions for wounded or ruined sensibilities. We English, for instance, insist on the disease of *broken heart*, which Sterne, in a well-known passage, postulates as a malady not at all the less definite than phthisis or podagra, because it is not formally recognized in the bills of mortality. But it is evident that a theory which should represent the *viscera* as occupied by those functions of the moral sensibilities which *we* place in the central *viscus* of the heart, must, in following out that hypothesis, figure the case of these sensibilities when utterly ruined under corresponding images. Our “*broken heart*” will therefore to them become ruptured *viscera*, or *præcordia* that have burst. To burst in the middle, is simply to be shattered and ruined in the *central* organ of our sensibilities, which is the heart; and in saying that the *viscera* of Iscariot, or his middle, had burst and gushed out, the original reporter meant simply that his heart had broke. That was precisely his case. Out of pure anguish that the scheme which he meant for the sudden glorification of his master

had recoiled (according to all worldly interpretation) in his utter ruin; that the sudden revolution, through a democratic movement, which was to raise himself and his brother Apostles into Hebrew princes, had scattered them like sheep without a shepherd; and that, super-added to this common burden of ruin, he personally had to bear a separate load of conscious disobedience to God, and insupportable responsibility; naturally enough, out of all this he fell into fierce despair; *his heart broke*; and under that storm of affliction he hanged himself. Here, again, all clears itself up by the simple substitution of a figurative interpretation for one grossly and ludicrously physical. All contradiction disappears; not three deaths assault him — viz., suicide, and also a rupture of the intestines, and also an unintelligible effusion of the viscera — but simply suicide, and suicide as the result of that despondency which was figured under the natural idea of a broken heart or ruptured præcordia. The incoherences are gone; the contradictions have vanished; and the gross physical absurdities, which under mistranslation had perplexed the confiding student, no longer disfigure the Scriptures.

Looking back to the foot-note on the oriental idea of the *hakim*, or itinerating *Therapeuta* — *i. e.* (if expressed by a modern idea), *missionary* physician — as a mask politically assumed by Christ and the Evangelists, under the conviction of its indispensableness to the propagation of Christian philosophy, I am induced, for the sake of detaining the reader's eye a little longer upon a matter so deeply intertwined with the birth-throes of dawning Christianity, to subjoin an

extract from a little paper written by myself heretofore, but not published. I may add these two remarks — viz., first, that the attribution to St. Luke, specially or exclusively, of this medical character, probably had its origin in the simple fact, that an assumption made by *all* the Evangelists, and perhaps by all the Apostles, attracted a more fixed attention in *him*, and a more abiding remembrance under causes merely local and accidental. One or two of the other Apostles having pursued their labors of propagandism under the *avowed* character of *hakims*, many others in the same region would escape special notice in that character, simply because, as men notoriously ready to plead it, they had not been challenged to do so by the authorities; whilst other Christian emissaries, in regions where the government had not become familiar with the readiness to plead such a privilege as part of the apostolic policy, would be driven into the necessity of actually advancing the plea, and would thus (like St. Luke) obtain a traditionary claim to the medical title which in a latent sense had belonged to all, though all had not been reduced to the necessity of loudly pleading it. Secondly, I would venture to suggest that the *Therapeutæ*, or healers, technically so called, who came forward in Egypt during the generation immediately succeeding to that of Christ, were neither more nor less than disguised apostles to Christianity, preaching the same doctrines essentially as Christ, and under the very same protecting character of *hakims*, but putting forward this character perhaps more prominently, or even retreating into it altogether according to the increasing danger which everywhere

awaited them : for this danger was too generally double ; first, from the Pagan natives resenting the insults offered to their own childish superstitions : secondly, and even more ferociously, from the hostile bigotry of expatriated Jews, as they gradually came to understand the true and anti-national views of those who called themselves, or in scorn were by others called, Christians, sometimes Nazarenes, sometimes Galileans.

In short, abstracting altogether from the *hatred* to Christ, founded on the eternal enmity between the worldly and the spiritual, and looking only to the political uneasiness amongst magistrates which accompanied the early footsteps of Christianity, one may illustrate it by the parallel feelings of panic and official persecution which in our own generation (amongst the Portuguese, for instance) have dogged the movements of freemasonry. We in England unwarrantably view this panic as irrational, because amongst ourselves it would be so ; for British freemasonry conceals nothing worse than it professes and broadly displays. But, on the Continent it became a mask for shrouding any or every system of anti-social doctrine, or, again, at any moment, for playing into the hands of treason and conspiracy. There was always, in the first place, a reasonable fear of secret and perilous doctrines—Communism, for instance, under some modification, or rancorous Jacobinism. And, secondly, suppose that for the present, or in the existing stage of the secret society, there really were no esoteric and mischievous doctrine countenanced, there was at any rate the custom established of meeting together in secret, of cor-

responding by an alphabet of conventional signals, and of acting by an impenetrable organization, always applicable to evil purposes, even where it might not originally have been so applied or so designed. The machinery which binds together any secret society, as being always available for evil ends, must inevitably justify a little uneasiness, and therefore more than a little severity, in all political authorities.* And, under those circumstances, the public jealousy must have operated strongly against the free movement of early Christianity: nothing could have disarmed that jealousy except some counter-principle so managed as to insure the freedom of public meetings; for such meetings opened the *sine quâ non* channel to the free propagation of religious doctrines. Unless people could be brought together in crowds, and suffered by jealous authorities to attend in tranquillity upon the oral teachings of an impassioned (some thought, of an inspired) rabbi, what *publication* was possible for any new truth whatever? The fierce dilemma of the fanatical Mussulmans is always at hand — *What* new truth? If it is more than already we possess, then it is false. If the same, then it is superfluous. And the Jewish church, as it happened, was specially and redundantly armed to meet such a crisis — the crisis, I mean, of a new teacher arising with offers of new truth, whether it were new in the sense of *revolutionary* and *correcting*; or new in the humbler sense of *additional* and *supplementary*. For the Jews had a

* The Chinese *Triads*, which for some generations have lurked as the framework of a secret society, are only now coming into ruinous action.

triple organ for uttering religious doubts, hopes, convictions, or sudden illuminations. There was, first of all (and generally by the sea-shore), the humble *Proseuché*, or oratory for private prayer. Secondly, in every city, domestic or alien, having any considerable resort of Jews (for the Jews were now spread all over the Mediterranean shores and islands, as well as all over Asia Minor), there was a Synagogue; and in this, duly as Saturday came — *i. e.*, the Sabbath — the Law and the Prophets were read, and (according to opportunity) were expounded by some rabbi more or less learned. Finally, for the crown in all *ornamental* senses, and for the *working* consummation as regarded truth and ceremonial shadows, points of law, casuistry, or personal vows, there was the glorious Temple and the temple service. In these circumstances, what opening was left to the prophet of new truth? Apparently none. To *publish* a truth, to diffuse it from an oracular centre — in other words, to diffuse it with power and corresponding pathos — was a mysterious problem. To solve this problem in any sense answering to the great postulates of Christ, seemed hopeless. Books, or newspapers, which *now* form our main resources for publication, could not, at the inaugural stage of Christianity, be looked for under a thousand and half-a-thousand years. As yet, to meet the necessities of a new doctrine that needed to be set afloat amongst mankind, but, above all, of a doctrine that sought popularization amongst the poor, the unlearned, the abject, the despised, of earth, what channels were there available, what organs known and tried, that might be translated to alien uses, and appropriated by

Christianity? I know of but three; and all moving within severe restrictions of their powers, such as far removed them from any religious alliance. In Athens (and derivatively from her, in other great cities) had arisen *Theatres*, tragic and comic — great organs of publication for peculiar modes of truth, and for culture in very ennobling arts, but controlled by bigotry the most ferocious. Another organ of publication, with inferior powers, within even sterner limitations, was found in the dignified resources of the orator, Athenian or Roman, for giving depth and impressiveness to such narrow truths as he contemplated. A third organ lay in the position and sanctity of an Oracle; but of an oracle well accredited. To have any value as an organ of publication, the particular oracle must first possess — what is so important for a speaker in our British senate — “*the ear*” of its audience: and this very few oracles ever had, except the Delphic. Two centuries before the Christian era, a favorable opinion upon a man or a family from the oracle of Delphi was almost equal to a friendly review at present in the London “*Quarterly*.” Perhaps the Delphic concern never rose exactly to the level of the London “*Times*.” Spenser notices that, after all,

“Not to have been dipp’d in Lethe flood
 Could save the son of Thetis from to die” —

απο τὴ θησκειν. And so neither could a first-class estimate of Socrates by the venerable but palsy-stricken oracle of Delphi, save that cunning and libidinous old fellow from to die by hemlock. *Laudatur et alget*. The wicked old man finds his vanity tickled, but his feet getting rigid and cold.

Slight, therefore, and most inconsiderable, was the power practically of the very greatest organs in Greece for publishing truth with effect. The very idol of Athens could reap no aid from the very Panhellenic organ of glorification and world-wide diffusion. All the power of Delphi and her delirious priestess was not good — did not *tell* in practice — to the extent of one hour's respite from a public execution. Four centuries later, this oracle had sunk into dotage: like Socrates, *laudatur et alget*: the oracle still received gifts and lying homage from princes, but, like Socrates, its feet were growing rigid and paralytically cold.*

In these circumstances, when all the known organs of publication — stage, bema, or rostrum, and the superhuman oracle — had failed jointly, failed memorably and laughably, to create a serviceable patronage on behalf of a man, a book, an event, a public interest, or a truth struggling with the perplexities of develop-

* One symptom of increasing dotage had caused infinite laughter for many generations; and to those who detest the hellish religious bigotry of Athens, where free-thinking should rightfully have prevailed, but where it was in reality most of all dangerous, think with triumphant pleasure of the deadly mortification which this symptom inflicted upon the Athenian bigots, who could not deny it or hide it, whilst they beyond all people felt the ignominy and the profane inferences attending so vile a descent. The oracles had, from eldest days, been published in verse. In a rude age this verse had passed unchallenged, like village epitaphs amongst ourselves. But then came a literary age — a literary public, inexorable critics, all wide awake. What followed? Infinite laughter, and finally, on the part of the oracle, the most abject retreat into humble prose. Apollo, the very divinity that originated verse, could not cash a cheque upon himself for the sum of six hexameters; he was insolvent.

ment, what engine, what machinery could be set in motion, or suggested, having power to work as a co-agency with the internal forces of Christian truth? If there were none, then, under all human likelihoods, Christianity must perish in its earliest stage; or, rather, must collapse as a visionary *nisus* — as a spasm of dreamy yearning — before ever it reached such early stage. Standing at the outset of his career in this perplexity, and knowing well that countenance or collusion from the magistrate was hopeless in his own condition of poverty, Christ, from the armory of his heavenly resources, brought forward a piece of artillery,* potent for his own purposes, and not evadable by any counter artifice of his opponents. Disease — was that separable from man? He that worked through that ally — could he ever need to shrink or to cower before his enemies in the gate? Nothing in this world was so much the object of dread — alike rational and groundless — as crowds and the gatherings of the people to the magistrates of the ancient world. Yet, on the other hand, without crowds that he might harangue, might instruct, might melt, might mould to his new views, how could the Founder of a new and spiritual faith advance by a solitary foot?

* "*Artillery*" is a Scriptural word; at least it is so in the vocabulary of our own vernacular translators. They were much too vigilantly on their guard against all *real* anachronisms not to have weighed scrupulously this term when applied by Jonathan, the son of Saul, and the youthful David, rather more than a thousand years B. C., to the systems of archery (perhaps including the cross-bow, the catapult, and other mechanic aids) in those days known to the warlike tribes of Palestine.

Here, now, are two of the parties interested — namely, the magistrate on the one side, and the Prophet* on the other. The two parties were directly at issue; and thus, in any ordinary case, no result would follow. But here there was a third party in-

* “*The Prophet* :” — Make no mistake, reader. You, according to modern slang, understand probably by a *prophet* one who foretells coming events. But this is not the Scriptural sense of the word; nor am I aware that it is *once* used in such a sense throughout the entire Bible. A *prophet* is that man, in contradistinction to another man, originally creating and moulding a new truth, who comes forward to utter and expound that truth. The two co-agents move in couples — move dualistically. Each is essential to the other. For instance, such a dualism rose like a constellation — rose like the *Gemini* — like the twin brothers Castor and Pollux — in two great Hebrew leaders, simultaneously to guide the hopes and the efforts of Israel, when Israel first moulded himself into a nation — a nation that should furnish in a new sense an old deliverance, a second ark, with a nobler mission — an ark in which might tilt over the angry seas of our mysterious planet that mighty doctrine of God, the Trinity in Unity, which else, perishing in storms, would have left man himself to founder. This dualism of brethren — Aaron the priest, and Moses the lawgiver — luminously illustrate the great dualistic system of functions. Aaron cannot think; Moses cannot speak. The first is blind, the second is dumb. But, moving as a co-operating duad, they become the salvation of Israel: the dumb man, dumb as he is, can see; the blind man, blind as he is, can speak. Moses it is that furnishes the great ideas, the vast scheme of legislation for Israel: Aaron it is that publishes, that gives vocal utterance to these colossal ideas. Failing a Moses, there would be no ideas to manifest: failing an Aaron, there would be no manifestation of these august entities — they would die, and be confounded amidst the clouds of their almighty birth. Now, in Scripture, both Old and New, he that gives utterance to these else perishing conceptions is called

terested — namely, the whole world: after which number one (the magistrate) could no longer be allowed to neutralize number two (the Builder of Truth). It is noticeable, and accordingly it has been often noticed, that nowhere are mobs more terrific and peremptory than in bloody despotisms. And the same truth is illustrated in the English history. During periods in which as yet the multitude enjoyed few absolute rights recognized by the law, mobs, when once put in motion, listened to no checks of authority. Seeing their way clearly under simple indications of blank necessity or rightful claim, or old traditional usage, neadlong they went forward, without fear of consequences, or regard to collateral results. Pretty nearly the same was doubtless the character of a Jerusalem mob, and precisely because it moved under the same elementary laws of human nature. “I,” would say one man, “am not going to weather the torments of a cancer.” “Nor will I suffer my poor daughter to pine away under a palsy, only because you are politically jealous of this young man from Nazareth, whom else,

prophet, and is said to prophesy. How else could be explained those multiplied passages in which St. Paul notices “gifts of prophecy” as endowments of ordinary occurrence amongst his contemporaries? How absurd, in the common acceptation of the word *prophecy*! And what encouragement would the Apostle be thus giving to false and blundering enthusiasm! “Prophesy unto us who it is that struck thee:” — that is, reveal, make manifest, as a thing hidden; not predict as a thing remote from our present time. How shameful, amidst the real and inevitable difficulties of Scripture, to leave sincere and simple-hearted students in conflict with mere idle, and, strictly speaking, false, usages of language’

I and all my neighbors know equal to the task of relieving her in one hour." "Do not fancy," another would exclaim, "that I will tamely look on in patient acquiescence, whilst my little grand-daughter is shaken every day by epileptic fits; and why? because the Sanhedrim are afraid of the Romans, and therefore of gathering mobs? To the great fiend with your Sanhedrim, if *that* is to be the excuse from keeping the blind from seeing, and the lame from walking."

Asking for bread, it is likely enough that the mobs of Judea would have received from their rulers a stone; but asking for what seemed a stone, and by comparison was not much more, indirectly and under a mask they obtained what in a far higher and spiritual sense was bread. A tumult of the people for daily bread, what is traditionally known to all nations as a *bread riot*, cannot be met (it is well understood) by any remedy short of absolute concessions to the rebellious appetite. So, also, and in any land, would be the process and the result, such the fury, such the inexorable demand, such the inevitable concession, for the sake of appropriating instant and miraculous relief offered to agonizing diseases.

Once announcing himself, and attesting by daily cures his own mission as a *hakim*, Christ could not be rejected as a public oracle of truth and heavenly counsel to human weakness. This explains what else would have been very obscure, the undue emphasis which Christ allowed men to place upon his *sanitary* miracles. His very name in Greek — namely, *ἰσθης* — presented him to men under the idea of the *healer* — but then, to all who comprehended his secret and ulti

mate functions, as a healer of unutterable and spiritual wounds. That usurpation, by which a very trivial function of Christ's public ministrations was allowed to disturb, and sometimes to eclipse, far grander pretensions, carried with it so far an erroneous impression. But then, on the other hand, seventy-fold it redeemed that error, by securing (which nothing else could have secured) the benefit of a perpetual passport to the *religious* missionary : since, once admitted as a medical counsellor, the missionary, the *hakim*, obtained an *unlimited* right of intercourse. The public police did not *dare* to obstruct the bodily healer ; and exactly through that avenue slipped in the spiritual healer. And thus, subsequently, the Apostles and their successors all exercised the same medical powers with the same religious results ; and each in turn benefitted in his spiritual functions by the same privileged character of *hakim*.

THE TRUE RELATIONS OF THE BIBLE TO MERELY HUMAN SCIENCE.

It is sometimes said, that a religious messenger from God does not come amongst men for the sake of teaching truths in science, or of correcting errors in science. Most justly is this said: but often in terms far too feeble. For generally these terms are such as to imply, that, although no direct and imperative function of his mission, it was yet open to him, as a permissible function — that, although not pressing with the force of an obligation upon the missionary, it was yet at his discretion — if not to correct other men's errors, yet at least in his own person to speak with scientific precision. I contend that it was *not*. I contend, that to have uttered the truths of astronomy, of geology, &c., at the era of new-born Christianity, was not only *below* and *beside* the purposes of a religion, but would have been *against* them. Even upon errors of a far more important class than errors in science can ever be — superstitions, for instance, that degraded the very idea of God; prejudices and false usages, that laid waste human happiness (such as slavery, and many hundreds of other abuses that might be mentioned) the rule evidently acted upon by the Founder of Christianity was this — Given the purification of the well head, once assumed that the fountains of truth are

cleansed, all these derivative currents of evil will cleanse themselves. As a general rule, the branches of error were disregarded, and the roots only attacked. If, then, so lofty a station was taken with regard even to such errors as really *had* moral and spiritual relations, how much more with regard to the comparative trifles (as in the ultimate relations of human nature they are) of merely human science! But, for my part, I go further, and assert, that upon three reasons it was impossible for any messenger from God (or offering himself in that character) to have descended into the communication of truth merely scientific, or economic, or worldly. And the three reasons are these:—*First*, Because such a descent would have degraded his mission, by lowering it to the base level of a collusion with human curiosity, or (in the most favorable case) of a collusion with petty and transitory interests. *Secondly*, Because it would have ruined his mission, by disturbing its free agency, and misdirecting its energies, in two separate modes: first, by destroying the spiritual *auctoritas* (the prestige and consideration) of the missionary; secondly, by vitiating the spiritual atmosphere of his audience—that is, corrupting and misdirecting the character of their thoughts and expectations. He that in the early days of Christianity should have proclaimed the true theory of the solar system, or that by any chance word or allusion should then, in a condition of man so little prepared to receive such truths, have asserted or assumed the daily motion of the earth on its own axis, or its annual motion round the sun, would have found himself entangled at once and irretrievably in the following unmanageable consequences:—First of all, and in-

stantaneously, he would have been roused to the alarming fact, that, by this dreadful indiscretion he himself, the professed deliverer of a new and spiritual religion, had in a moment untuned the spirituality of his audience. He would find that he had awakened within them the passion of curiosity — the most unspiritual of passions, and of curiosity in a fierce polemic shape. The very safest step in so deplorable a situation would be, instantly to recant. Already by this one may estimate the evil, when such would be its readiest palliation. For in what condition would the reputation of the teacher be left for discretion and wisdom as an intellectual guide, when his first act must be to recant — and to recant what to the whole body of his hearers would wear the character of a lunatic proposition. Such considerations might possibly induce him *not* to recant. But in that case the consequences are far worse. Having once allowed himself to sanction what his hearers regard as the most monstrous of paradoxes he has no liberty of retreat open to him. He must stand to the promises of his own acts. Uttering the first truth of a science, he is pledged to the second; taking the main step, he is committed to all which follow. He is thrown at once upon the endless controversies which science in every stage provokes, and in none more than in the earliest. Starting, besides, from the authority of a divine mission, he could not (as others might) have the privilege of selecting arbitrarily or partially. If upon one science, then upon all; if upon science, then upon art; if upon art and science, then upon *every* branch of social economy his reformations and advances are equally due — due as to all, if due as to any. To move in one direction,

is constructively to undertake for all. Without power to retreat, he has thus thrown the intellectual interests of his followers into a channel utterly alien to the purposes of a spiritual mission.

The spiritual mission, therefore, the purpose for which only the religious teacher was sent, has now perished altogether—overlaid and confounded by the merely scientific wranglings to which his own inconsiderate precipitance has opened the door. But suppose at this point that the teacher, aware at length of the mischief which he has caused, and seeing that the fatal error of uttering one solitary novel truth upon a matter of mere science is by inevitable consequence to throw him upon a road leading altogether away from the proper field of his mission, takes the laudable course of confessing his error, and of attempting a return into his proper spiritual province. This may be his best course; yet, after all, it will not retrieve his lost ground. He returns with a character confessedly damaged. His very excuse rests upon the blindness and shortsightedness which forbade his anticipating the true and natural consequences. Neither will his own account of the case be generally accepted. He will not be supposed to retreat from further controversy, as inconsistent with spiritual purposes, but because he finds himself unequal to the dispute. And, in the very best case, he is, by his own acknowledgment, tainted with human infirmity. He has been ruined for a servant of inspiration; and now? By a process, let it be remembered, of which all the steps are inevitable under the same agency: that is, in the case of any primitive Christian teacher having attempted to speak the language of scientific truth in dealing with the

phenomena of astronomy, geology, or of any merely human knowledge.

Now, thirdly and lastly, in order to try the question in an extreme form, let it be supposed that, aided by powers of working miracles, some early apostle of Christianity should actually have succeeded in carrying through the Copernican system of astronomy, as an article of blind belief, sixteen centuries before the progress of man's intellect had qualified him for naturally developing that system. What, in such a case, would be the true estimate and valuation of the achievement? Simply this, that he had thus succeeded in cancelling and counteracting a determinate scheme of divine discipline and training for man. Wherefore did God give to man the powers for contending with scientific difficulties? Wherefore did he lay a secret train of continual occasions, that should rise, by relays, through scores of generations, for provoking and developing those activities in man's intellect, if, after all, he is to send a messenger of his own, more than human, to intercept and strangle all these great purposes? This is to mistake the very meaning and purposes of a revelation. A revelation is not made for the purpose of showing to indolent men that which, by faculties already given to them, they may show to themselves; no: but for the purpose of showing *that* which the moral darkness of man will not, without supernatural light, allow him to perceive. With disdain, therefore, must every thoughtful person regard the notion, that God could wilfully interfere with his own plans, by accrediting ambassadors to reveal astronomy, or any other science, which he has commanded men, by qualifying men, to reveal for themselves.

Even as regards astronomy—a science so nearly allying itself to religion by the loftiness and by the purity of its contemplations—Scripture is nowhere the *parent* of any doctrine, nor so much as the silent sanctioner of any doctrine. It is made impossible for Scripture to teach falsely, by the simple fact that Scripture, on such subjects, will not condescend to teach at all. The Bible adopts the erroneous language of men (which at any rate it must do, in order to make itself understood), not by way of sanctioning a theory, but by way of using a fact. The Bible, for instance, *uses* (postulates) the phenomena of day and night, of summer and winter; and, in relation to their causes, speaks by the same popular and inaccurate language which is current for ordinary purposes, even amongst the most scientific of astronomers. For the man of science, equally with the populace, talks of the sun as rising and setting, as having finished half his day's journey, &c., and, without pedantry, could not in many cases talk otherwise. But the results, which are all that concern Scripture, are equally true, whether accounted for by one hypothesis which is philosophically just, or by another which is popular and erring.

Now, on the other hand, in geology and cosmology, the case is stronger. *Here* there is no opening for a compliance even with a *language* that is erroneous; for no language at all is current upon subjects that have never engaged the popular attention. *Here*, where there is no such stream of apparent phenomena running counter (as in astronomy there is) to the real phenomena, neither is there any popular language opposed to the scientific. The whole are abstruse speculations, even as regards their objects, nor dreamed of

as possibilities, either in their true aspects or their false aspects, till modern times. The Scriptures, therefore, nowhere allude to such sciences, either as taking the shape of histories, applied to processes current and in movement, or as taking the shape of theories applied to processes past and accomplished. The Mosaic cosmogony, indeed, gives the succession of natural births; and probably the general outline of such a succession will be more and more confirmed as geology advances. But as to the time, the duration, of this successive evolution, it is the idlest of notions that the Scriptures either have, or could have, condescended to human curiosity upon so awful a prologue to the drama of this world. Genesis would no more have indulged so mean a passion with respect to the mysterious inauguration of the world, than the Apocalypse with respect to its mysterious close. 'Yet the six *days* of Moses!' Days! But is it possible that human folly should go the length of understanding by the Mosaical *day*, the mysterious *day* of that awful agency which moulded the heavens and the heavenly host, no more than the ordinary *nychthemeron* or cycle of twenty-four hours? The period implied in a *day*, when used in relation to the inaugural manifestation of creative power in that vast drama which introduces God to man in the character of a demiurgus or creator of the world, indicated one stage amongst six; involving probably many millions of years. The silliest of nurses, in her nursery babble, could hardly suppose that the mighty process began on a Monday morning, and ended on Saturday night. If we are seriously to study the value and scriptural acceptance of scriptural words and phrases, I presume that our first business

will be to collate the use of these words in one part of Scripture, with their use in other parts, holding the same spiritual relations. The creation, for instance, does not belong to the earthly or merely historical records, but to the spiritual records of the Bible; to the same category, therefore, as the prophetic sections of the Bible. Now, in those, and in the Psalms, how do we understand the word *day*? Is any man so little versed in biblical language as not to know, that (except in the merely historical parts of the Jewish records) every section of time has a secret and separate acceptation in the Scriptures? Does an *æon*, though a Grecian word, bear scripturally (either in Daniel or in St. John) any sense known to Grecian ears? Do the seventy *weeks* of the prophet mean weeks in the sense of human calendars? Already the Psalms (xc.), already St. Peter (2d Epist.), warn us of a peculiar sense attached to the word *day* in divine ears. And who of the innumerable interpreters understands the twelve hundred and sixty days in Daniel, or his two thousand and odd days, to mean, by possibility, periods of twenty-four hours? Surely the theme of Moses was as mystical, and as much entitled to the benefit of mystical language, as that of the prophets.

The sum of this matter is this:—God, by a Hebrew prophet, is sublimely described as *the Revealer*; and, in variation of his own expression, the same prophet describes him as the Being ‘that knoweth the darkness.’ Under no idea can the relations of God to man be more grandly expressed. But of what is he the revealer? Not surely of those things which he has enabled man to reveal for himself, but of those things

which, were it not through special light from heaven, must eternally remain sealed up in inaccessible darkness. On this principle we should all laugh at a revealed cookery. But essentially the same ridicule, not more, and not less, applies to a revealed astronomy, or a revealed geology. As a fact, there *is* no such astronomy or geology : as a possibility, by the *à priori* argument which I have used (viz., that a revelation on such fields would counteract *other* machineries of providence), there *can* be no such astronomy or geology in the Bible. Consequently there *is* none. Consequently there can be no schism or feud upon *these* subjects between the Bible and the philosophies outside.

ON THE SUPPOSED SCRIPTURAL EX- PRESSION FOR ETERNITY.

FORTY years ago (or, in all probability, a good deal more, for we have already completed thirty-seven years from Waterloo, and my remembrances upon this subject go back to a period lying much behind that great era), I used to be annoyed and irritated by the false interpretation given to the Greek word *aiōn*, and given necessarily, therefore, to the adjective *aionios* as its immediate derivative. It was not so much the falsehood of this interpretation, as the narrowness of that falsehood, which disturbed me. There was a glimmer of truth in it; and precisely that glimmer it was which led the way to a general and obstinate misconception of the meaning. The word is remarkably situated. It is a Scriptural word, and it is also a Greek word; from which the inevitable inference is, that we must look for it only in the *New Testament*. Upon any question arising of deep, aboriginal, doctrinal truth, we have nothing to do with translations. Those are but secondary questions, archæological and critical, upon which we have a right to consult the Greek translation of the Hebrew Scriptures known by the name of the Septuagint.

Suffer me to pause at this point for the sake of

premising an explanation needful to the unlearned reader. As the *reading* public and the *thinking* public is every year outgrowing more and more notoriously the mere *learned* public, it becomes every year more and more the right of the former public to give the law preferably to the latter public, upon all points which concern its own separate interests. In past generations, no pains were taken to make explanations that were not called for by the *learned* public. All other readers were ignored. They formed a mob, for whom no provision was made. And that many difficulties should be left entirely unexplained for *them*, was superciliously assumed to be no fault at all. And yet any sensible man, let him be as supercilious as he may, must on consideration allow that amongst the crowd of unlearned or half-learned readers, who have had neither time nor opportunities for what is called "erudition" or learned studies, there must always lurk a proportion of men that, by constitution of mind, and by the bounty of nature, are much better fitted for thinking, originally more philosophic, and are more rapaciously endowed, than those who are, by accident of position, more learned. Such a natural superiority certainly takes precedency of a merely artificial superiority; and, therefore, it entitles those who possess it to a special consideration. Let there be an audience gathered about any book of ten thousand one hundred readers: it might be fair in these days to assume that ten thousand would be in a partial sense illiterate, and the remaining one hundred what would be rigorously classed as "learned." Now, on such a distribution of the readers, it would be a matter of certainty tha'

the most powerful intellects would lie amongst the illiterate ten thousand, counting, probably, to fifteen to one as against those in the learned minority. The inference, therefore, would be, that, in all equity, the interest of the unlearned section claimed a priority of attention, not merely as the more numerous section but also as, by a high probability, the more philo-
sophic. And in proportion as this unlearned section widens and expands, which every year it does, in that proportion the obligation and cogency of this equity strengthens. An attention to the unlearned part of an audience, which fifteen years ago might have rested upon pure courtesy, *now* rests upon a basis of absolute justice. I make this preliminary explanation, in order to take away the appearance of caprice from such occasional pauses as I may make for the purpose of clearing up obscurities or difficulties. Formerly, in a case of that nature, the learned reader would have told me that I was not entitled to delay *him* by elucidations that in *his* case must be supposed to be superfluous: and in such a remonstrance there would once have been some equity. The illiterate section of the readers might then be fairly assumed as present only by accident; as no abiding part of the audience; but, like the general public in the gallery of the House of Commons, as present only by sufferance; and officially in any records of the House whatever, utterly ignored as existences. At present, half way on our pilgrimage through the nineteenth century, I reply to such a learned remonstrant - - that it gives me pain to annoy *him* by superfluous explanations. out that, unhappily, this infliction of tedium upon *him* is inseparable from

what has now become a duty to others. This being said, I now go on to inform the illiterate reader, that the earliest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures ever made was into Greek. It was undertaken on the encouragement of a learned prince, Ptolemy Philadelphus, by an association of Jewish emigrants in Alexandria. It was, as the event has shown in very many instances, an advantage of a rank rising to providential, that such a cosmopolitan version of the Hebrew sacred writings should have been made at a moment when a rare concurrence of circumstances happened to make it possible; such as, for example, a king both learned in his tastes and liberal in his principles of religious toleration; a language — viz., the Greek, which had already become, what for many centuries it continued to be, a common language of communication for the learned of the whole *οικουμένη* (i. e., in effect of the civilized world — viz., Greece, the shores of the Euxine, the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Carthage, and all the dependencies of Carthage, finally, and above all, Rome, then beginning to loom upon the western horizon), together with all the dependencies of Rome, and, briefly, every state and city that adorned the imperial islands of the Mediterranean, or that glittered like gems in that vast belt of land, roundly speaking, one thousand miles in average breadth, and in circuit running up to five thousand miles. One thousand multiplied into five times one thousand, or, otherwise expressed, a thousand thousand five times repeated, or otherwise a million five times repeated, briefly a territory measuring five millions of square miles, or forty-five times

the surface of our two British islands — such was the boundless domain which this extraordinary act of Ptolemy suddenly threw open to the literature and spiritual revelation of a little obscure race, nestling in a little angle of Asia, scarcely visible as a fraction of Syria, buried in the broad shadows thrown out on one side by the great and ancient settlements on the Nile, and on the other by the vast empire that for thousands of years occupied the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the twinkling of an eye, at a sudden summons, as it were from the sounding of a trumpet, or the Oriental call by a clapping of hands, gates are thrown open, which have an effect corresponding in grandeur to the effect that would arise from the opening of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien — viz., the introduction to each other — face to face — of two separate infinities. Such a canal would suddenly lay open to each other the two great oceans of our planet, the Atlantic and the Pacific; whilst the act of translating *into* Greek and *from* Hebrew, that is, transferring out of a mysterious cipher as little accessible as Sanscrit, and which never *would* be more accessible through any worldly attractions of alliance with power and civic grandeur of commerce, *out of* this darkness *into* the golden light of a language the most beautiful, the most honored amongst men, and the most widely diffused through a thousand years to come, had the immeasurable effect of throwing into the great crucible of human speculation, even then beginning to ferment, to boil, to overflow — that mightiest of all elements for exalting the chemistry of philosophy — grand and, for the first time, adequate conceptions of the Deity

For although it is true that, until Elias should come — that is, until Christianity should have applied its final revelation to the completion of this great idea — we could not possess it in its total effulgence, it is, however, certain that an immense advance was made a prodigious usurpation across the realms of chaos, by the grand illuminations of the Hebrew discoveries. Too terrifically austere we must presume the Hebrew idea to have been: too undeniably it had not withdrawn the veil entirely which still rested upon the Divine countenance; so much is involved in the subsequent revelations of Christianity. But still the advance made in reading aright the Divine lineaments had been enormous. God was now a holy spirit that could not tolerate impurity. He was the fountain of justice, and no longer disfigured by any mode of sympathy with human caprice or infirmity. And, if a frown too awful still rested upon his face, making the approach to him too fearful for harmonizing with that perfect freedom and that childlike love which God seeks in his worshippers, it was yet made evident that no step for conciliating his favor did or could lie through any but *moral* graces.

Three centuries after this great epoch of the *publication* (for such it was), secured so providentially to the Hebrew theology, two learned Jews — viz., Josephus and Philo Judæus — had occasion to seek a cosmopolitan utterance for that burden of truth (or what they regarded as truth) which oppressed the spirit within them. Once again they found a deliverance from the very same freezing imprisonment in an unknown language, through the very same magical key —

viz., the all-pervading language of Greece, which carried their communications to the four winds of heaven, and carried them precisely amongst the class of men — viz., the enlightened and educated class — which pre-eminently, if not exclusively, their wish was to reach. About one generation *after* Christ it was, when the utter prostration, and, politically speaking, the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation, threw these two learned Jews upon this recourse to the Greek language as their final resource, in a condition otherwise of absolute hopelessness. Pretty nearly three centuries *before* Christ it was (two hundred and eighty-four years, according to the common reckoning), when the first act of communication took place between the sealed-up literature of Palestine and the Greek Catholic interpretation. Altogether, we may say that three hundred and twenty years, or somewhere about ten generations of men, divided these two memorable acts of intercommunication. Such a space of time allows a large range of influence and of silent, unconscious operation to the vast and potent ideas that brooded over this awful Hebrew literature. Too little weight has been allowed to the probable contagiousness, and to the preternatural shock, of such a new and strange philosophy, acting upon the jaded and exhausted intellect of the Grecian race. We must remember, that precisely this particular range of time was that in which the Greek systems of philosophy, having thoroughly completed their evolution, had suffered something of a collapse; and, having exhausted their creative energies, began to gratify the cravings for novelty by remodellings of old forms. It is remark-

able, indeed, that this very city of Alexandria founded and matured this new principle of remodelling applied to poetry not less than to philosophy and criticism. And, considering the activity of this great commercial city and port, which was meant to act, and *did* act, as a centre of communication between the East and the West, it is probable that a far greater effect was produced by the Greek translation of the Jewish Scriptures, in the way of preparing the mind of nations for the apprehension of Christianity, than has ever been distinctly recognized. The silent destruction of books in those centuries has robbed us of all means for tracing innumerable revolutions, that nevertheless, by the evidences of results, must have existed. Taken, however, with or without this additional result, the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures in their most important portions must be ranked amongst what are called "providential" events. Such a king — a king whose father had been a personal friend of Alexander, the mighty civilizing conqueror, and had shared in the liberalization connected with his vast revolutionary projects for extending a higher civilization over the globe, such a king, conversing with such a language, having advantages so absolutely unrivalled, and again this king and this language concurring with a treasure so supernatural of spiritual wisdom as the subject of their ministrations, and all three concurring with political events so auspicious — the founding of a new and mighty metropolis in Egypt, and the silent advance to supreme power amongst men of a new empire, martial beyond all precedent as regarded *means*, but not as regarded *ends* — working in all things towards

the unity of civilization and the unity of law, so that any new impulse, as, for instance, impulse of a new religion, was destined to find new facilities for its own propagation, resembling electric conductors, under the unity of government and of law — concurrences like these, so many and so strange, justly impress upon this translation, the most memorable, because the most influential of all that have ever been accomplished, a character of grandeur that places it on the same level of interest as the building of the first or second temple at Jerusalem.

There is a Greek legend which openly ascribes to this translation all the characters of a miracle. But, as usually happens, this vulgarizing form of the miraculous is far less impressive than the plain history itself, unfolding its stages with the most unpretending historical fidelity. Even the Greek language, on which, as the natural language of the new Greek dynasty in Egypt, the duty of the translation devolved, enjoyed a double advantage: 1st, as being the only language then spoken upon earth that could diffuse a book over *every* part of the civilized earth; 2dly, as being a language of unparalleled power and compass for expressing and reproducing effectually all ideas, however alien and novel. Even the city, again, in which this translation was accomplished, had a double dowery of advantages towards such a labor, not only as enjoying a large literary society, and, in particular, a large Jewish society, together with unusual provision in the shape of libraries, on a scale probably at that time unprecedented, but also as having the most extensive machiner then known to human experience for *pub-*

lishing, that is, for transmitting to foreign capitals all books in the readiest and the cheapest fashion, by means of its prodigious shipping.

Having thus indicated to the *unlearned* reader the particular nature of that interest which invests this earliest translation of the Hebrew Scriptures — viz., that in fact this translation was the earliest *publication* to the human race of a revelation which had previously been locked up in a language destined, as surely as the Welsh language or the Gaelic, to eternal obscurity amongst men — I go on to mention that the learned Jews selected for this weighty labor happened to be in number seventy-two; but, as the Jews systematically reject fractions in such cases (whence it is that always, in order to express the period of six weeks, they say *forty days*, and not, as strictly they should, *forty-two days*), popularly, the translators were called “the seventy,” for which the Latin word is *septuaginta*. And thus in after ages the translators were usually indicated as “The LXX.,” or, if the work and not the workmen should be noticed, it was cited as *The Septuagint*. In fact, this earliest of Scriptural versions, viz., into Greek, is by much the most famous; or, if any other approaches it in notoriety, it is the Latin translation by St. Jerome, which, in this one point, enjoys even a superior importance, that in the Church of Rome it is the authorized translation. Evidently, in every church, it must be a matter of primary importance to assign the particular version to which that church appeals, and by which, in any controversy arising, that church consents to be governed. Now, the Jerome version fulfils this function for the Romish

Church; and accordingly, in the sense of being published (*vulgata*), or publicly authorized by that church, it is commonly called *The Vulgate*.

But, in a large polemic question, unless, like the Roman Church, we uphold a secondary inspiration as having secured a special privileged translation from the possibility of error, we cannot refuse an appeal to the Hebrew text for the Old Testament, or to the Greek text for the New. The word *aionios* (*αιωνιος*), as purely Grecian, could not connect itself with the Old Testament, unless it were through the Septuagint translation into Greek. Now, with that version, in any case of controversy, none of us, Protestants alike or Roman Catholics, have anything whatever to do. Controversially, we *can* be concerned only with the original language of the Scriptures, with its actual verbal expressions textually produced. To be liable, therefore, to such a textual citation, any Greek word must belong to the *New* Testament. Because, though the word might happen to occur in the Septuagint, yet, since *that* is merely a translation, for any of us who occupy a controversial place, that is, who are bound by the responsibilities, or who claim the strict privileges of controversy, the Septuagint has no virtual existence. We should not be at liberty to allege the Septuagint as any authority, if it happened to countenance our own views; and, consequently, we could not be called on to recognize the Septuagint in any case where it should happen to be against us. I make this preliminary *caveat*, as not caring whether the word *aionios* does or does not occur in the Septuagint. Either way, the reader understands that I disown the

authority of that version as in any degree affecting myself. The word which, forty years ago, moved my disgust by its servile misinterpretation, was a word proper to the *New Testament*; and any sense which it may have received from an Alexandrian Jew in the third century before Christ, is no more relevant to any criticism that I am now going to suggest, than is the classical use of the word *aion* (αιων) familiar to the learned in Sophocles or Euripides.

The reason which gives to this word *aionian* what I do not scruple to call a *dreadful* importance, is the same reason, and no other, which prompted the dishonesty concerned in the ordinary interpretation of this word. The word happened to connect itself—but *that* was no practical concern of mine; me it had not biassed in the one direction, nor should it have biassed any just critic in the counter direction—happened, I say, to connect itself with the ancient dispute upon the *duration* of future punishment. What was meant by the *aionian* punishments in the next world? Was the proper sense of the word *eternal*, or was it not? I, for my part, meddled not, nor upon any consideration could have been tempted to meddle, with a speculation repellent alike by the horror and by the hopeless mystery which invest it. Secrets of the prison-house, so afflicting to contemplate steadily, and so hopeless of solution, there could be no proper motive for investigating, unless the investigation promised a great deal more than it could ever accomplish; and my own feeling as to all such problems is, that they vulgarize what, left to itself, would take its natural station amongst the freezing horrors that

Shakspeare dismisses with so potent an expression of awe, in a well-known scene of "Measure for Measure." I reiterate my protest against being in any way decoyed in the controversy. Perhaps I may have a strong opinion upon the subject. But, anticipating the coarse discussions into which the slightest entertainment of such a question would be every moment approaching, once for all, out of reverential regard for the dignity of human nature, I beg permission to decline the controversy altogether.

But does this declinature involve any countenance to a certain argument which I began by rejecting as abominable? Most certainly not. That argument runs thus — that the ordinary construction of the term *aionian*, as equivalent to *everlasting*, could not possibly be given up when associated with penal misery, because in that case, and by the very same act, the idea of eternity must be abandoned as applicable to the counter-bliss of Paradise. Torment and blessedness, it was argued, punishment and beatification, stood upon the same level; the same word it was, the word *aionian*, which qualified the duration of either; and, if eternity in the most rigorous acceptation fell away from the one idea, it must equally fall away from the other. Well; be it so. But that would not settle the question. It might be very painful to renounce a long-cherished anticipation; but the necessity of doing so could not be received as a sufficient reason for adhering to the old unconditional use of the word *aionian*. The argument is — that we must retain the old sense of *eternal*, because else we lose upon one scale what we had gained upon the

other. But what then? would be the reasonable man's retort. We are not to accept or to reject a new construction (if otherwise the more colorable) of the word *aionian*, simply because the consequences might seem such as upon the whole to displease us. We may gain nothing; for by the new interpretation our loss may balance our gain; and we may prefer the old arrangement. But how monstrous is all this. We are not summoned as to a choice of two different arrangements that may suit different tastes, but to a grave question as to what *is* the sense and operation of the word *aionian*. Let the limitation of the word disturb our previous estimate of Paradise, grant that it so disturbs that estimate, not the less all such consequences leave the dispute exactly where it was; and if a balance of reason can be found for limiting the extent of the word *aionian*, it will not be the less true because it may happen to disturb a crotchet of our own.

Meantime, all this speculation, first and last, is pure nonsense. *Aionian* does not mean *eternal*; neither does it mean of limited duration; nor would the unsettling of *aionian* in its old use, as applied to punishment, to torment, to misery, &c., carry with it any necessary unsettling of the idea in its application to the beatitudes of Paradise. Pause, reader; and thou, my favored and privileged reader, that boastest thyself to be unlearned, pause doubly whilst I communicate my views as to this remarkable word.

What is an *aion*? In the use and acceptation of the Apocalypse, it is evidently this — viz., the duration or cycle of existence which belongs to any object

not individually for itself, but universally in right of its genius. Kant, for instance, in a little paper which I once translated, proposed and debated the question as to the age of our planet the Earth. What did he mean? Was he to be understood as asking whether the Earth were half a million, two millions, or three millions of years old? Not at all. The probabilities certainly lean, one and all, to the assignment of an antiquity greater by many thousands of times than that which we have most idly supposed ourselves to extract from Scripture, which assuredly never meant to approach a question so profoundly irrelevant to the great purposes of Scripture as any geological speculation whatsoever. But this was not within the field of Kant's inquiry. What he wished to know was simply the exact stage in the whole course of her development which the Earth at present occupies. Is she still in her infancy, for example, or in a stage corresponding to middle age, or in a stage approaching to superannuation? The idea of Kant presupposed a certain average duration as belonging to a planet of our particular system; and supposing this known, or discoverable, and that a certain assignable development belonged to a planet so circumstanced as ours, then in what particular stage of that development may we, the tenants of this respectable little planet *Tellus*, reasonably be conceived to stand?

Man, again, has a certain *aionion* life; possibly ranging somewhere about the period of seventy years assigned in the Psalms. That is, in a state as highly improved as human infirmity and the errors of the earth herself, together with the diseases incident to our

atmosphere, &c., could be supposed to allow, possibly the human race might average seventy years for each individual. This period would in that case represent the "*aion*" of the *individual* Tellurian; but the "*aion*" of the Tellurian RACE would probably amount to many millions of our earthly years; and it would remain an unfathomable mystery, deriving no light at all from the septuagenarian "*aion*" of the individual; though between the two *aions* I have no doubt that some secret link of connection does and must subsist, however undiscoverable by human sagacity.

The crow, the deer, the eagle, &c., are all supposed to be long-lived. Some people have fancied that in their normal state they tended to a period of two* centuries. I myself know nothing certain for or against this belief; but, supposing the case to be as it is represented, then this would be the *aionian* period of these animals, considered as individuals. Among trees, in like manner, the oak, the cedar, the yew, are

* I have heard the same normal duration ascribed to the tortoise, and one case became imperfectly known to myself personally. Somewhere I may have mentioned the case in print. These, at any rate, are the facts of the case: A lady (by birth a Cowper, of the whig family, and cousin to the poet Cowper; and equally with him, related to Dr. Madan, bishop of Peterborough), in the early part of this century, mentioned to me that, in the palace at Peterborough, she had for years known as a pet of the household a venerable tortoise, who bore some inscription on his shell indicating that, from 1638 to 1648, he had belonged to Archbishop Laud, who (if I am not mistaken) held the bishopric of Peterborough before he was translated to London, and finally to Canterbury

notoriously of very slow growth, and their *aionian* period is unusually long as regards the individual. What may be the *aion* of the whole species is utterly unknown. Amongst birds, one species at least has become extinct in our own generation: its *aion* was accomplished. So of all the fossil species in zoology, which Palæontology has revealed. Nothing, in short, throughout universal nature, can for a moment be conceived to have been resigned to accident for its normal *aion*. All periods and dates of this order belong to the certainties of nature, but also, at the same time, to the mysteries of Providence. Throughout the Prophets, we are uniformly taught that nothing is more below the grandeur of Heaven than to assign earthly dates in fixing either the revolutions or the duration of great events such as prophecy would condescend to notice. A day has a prophetic meaning, but what sort of day? A mysterious expression for a time which has no resemblance to a natural day — sometimes comprehending long successions of centuries, and altering its meaning according to the object concerned. “A time,” and “times,” or “half a time” — “an *aion*,” or “*aions* of *aions*” — and other variations of this prophetic language (so full of dreadful meaning, but also of doubt and perplexity), are all significant. The peculiar grandeur of such expressions lies partly in the dimness of the approximation to any attempt at settling their limits, and still more in this, that the conventional character, and consequent meanness of ordinary human dates, are abandoned in the celestial chronologies. Hours and days, or lunations and months, have no true or philosophic relation to the origin, or duration, or

periods of return belonging to great events, or revolutionary agencies, or vast national crimes; but the normal period and duration of all acts whatever, the time of their emergence, of their agency or their reagency, fall into harmony with the secret proportions of a heavenly scale, when they belong by mere necessity of their own internal constitution to the vital though hidden motions that are at work in their own life and manifestation. Under the old and ordinary view of the apocalyptic *aion*, which supposed it always to mean the same period of time — mysterious, indeed, and uncertain, as regards *our* knowledge, but fixed and rigorously certain in the secret counsels of God — it was presumed that this period, if it lost its character of infinity when applied to evil, to criminality, or to punishment, must lose it by a corresponding necessity equally when applied to happiness and the golden aspects of hope. But, on the contrary, every object whatsoever, every mode of existence, has its own separate and independent *aion*. The most thoughtless person must be satisfied, on reflection, even apart from the express commentary upon this idea furnished by the Apocalypse, that every life and mode of being must have hidden within itself the secret *why* of its duration. It is impossible to believe of *any* duration whatever that it is determined capriciously. Always it rests upon some ground, ancient as light and darkness, though undiscoverable by man. This only is discoverable, as a general tendency, that the *aion*, or generic period of evil, is constantly towards a fugitive duration. The *aion*, it is alleged, must always express the same idea, whatever *that* may be; if it is less than

eternity for the evil cases, then it must be less for the good ones. Doubtless the idea of an *aion* is in one sense always uniform, always the same — viz., as a tenth or a twelfth is always the same. Arithmetic could not exist if any caprice or variation affected these ideas — a tenth is always more than an eleventh, always less than a ninth. But this uniformity of ratio and proportion does not hinder but that a tenth may now represent a guinea, and next moment represent a thousand guineas. The exact amount of the duration expressed by an *aion* depends altogether upon the particular subject which yields the *aion*. It is, as I have said, a radix ; and, like an algebraic square-root or cube-root, though governed by the most rigorous laws of limitation, it must vary in obedience to the nature of the particular subject whose radix it forms.

Reader, I take my leave. I have been too loitering. I know it, and will make such efforts in future to cultivate the sternest brevity as nervous distress will allow. Meantime, as the upshot of my speculation, accept these three propositions : —

A. That man (which is in effect *every* man hitherto), who allows himself to infer the eternity of evil from the counter eternity of good, builds upon the mistake of assigning a stationary and mechanic value to the idea of an *aion* ; whereas the very purpose of Scripture in using this word was to evade such a value. The word is always varying, for the very purpose of keeping it faithful to a spiritual identity. The period or duration of every object *would* be an essentially variable quantity, were it not mysteriously commensurate to the inner nature of that object as laid open to

the eyes of God. And thus it happens, that everything in this world, possibly without a solitary exception, has its own separate *aion*: how many entities, so many *aions*.

B. But if it be an excess of blindness which can overlook the *aionian* differences amongst even neutral entities, much deeper is that blindness which overlooks the separate tendencies of things evil and things good. Naturally, all evil is fugitive and allied to death.

C. I separately, speaking for myself only, profoundly believe that the Scriptures ascribe absolute and metaphysical eternity to one sole Being — viz., to God; and derivatively to all others according to the interest which they can plead in God's favor. Having anchorage in God, innumerable entities may possibly be admitted to a participation in divine *aion*. But what interest in the favor of God can belong to falsehood, to malignity, to impurity? To invest *them* with *aionian* privileges, is, in effect, and by its results, to distrust and to insult the Deity. Evil would *not* be evil, if it had that power of self-subsistence which is imputed to it in supposing its *aionian* life to be co-eternal with that which crowns and glorifies the good.

ON HUME'S ARGUMENT AGAINST MIRACLES.

HUME's argument against miracles is simply this :
— Every possible event, however various in its degree of credibility, must, of necessity, be more credible when it rests upon a sufficient cause lying within the field of what is called *nature*, than when it does not: more credible when it obeys some mechanical cause, than when it transcends such a cause, and is miraculous.

Therefore, assume the resistance to credibility, in any preternatural occurrence, as equal to x , and the very ideal or possible value of human testimony as no more than x , in that case, under the most favorable circumstances conceivable, the argument for and against a miracle will be equal; or, expressing the human testimony by x , affected with the affirmative sign [$+ x$]; and expressing the resistance to credibility on the other side of the equation by x , affected with the negative sign [$- x$], the two values will, in algebraical language, destroy each other, and the result will be $= 0$.

But, inasmuch as this expresses the value of human testimony in its highest or ideal form, a form which is never realized in experience, the true result will be

different, — there will always be a negative result =: — y ; much or little according to the circumstances, but always enough to turn the balance *against* believing a miracle.

“Or in other words,” said Hume, popularizing his argument, “it will always be more credible that the reporter of a miracle should tell a falsehood, or should himself have been the dupe of appearances, than that a miracle should have actually occurred — that is, an infraction of those natural laws (any or all) which compose what we call experience. For, assume the utmost disinterestedness, veracity, and sound judgment in the witness, with the utmost advantage in the circumstances for giving full play to those qualities; even in such a case the value of affirmative testimony could, at the very utmost, be equal to the negative value on the other side the equation: and the result would be, to keep my faith suspended *in equilibrio*. But in any real case, ever likely to come before us, the result will be worse; for the affirmative testimony will be sure to fall in many ways below its ideal maximum; leaving, therefore, for the final result a considerable excess to the negative side of the equation.”

SECTION II.

OF THE ARGUMENT AS AFFECTED BY THE COVERT LIMITATIONS UNDER WHICH IT IS PRESENTED.

Such is the argument: and, as the first step towards investigating its sanity and its degree — its kind of force, and its quantity of force, we must direct our

attention to the following fact—viz., that amongst three separate conditions under which a miracle (or any event whatever) might become known to us, Hume's argument is applied only to one. Assuming a miracle to happen (for the possibility of a miracle is of course left open throughout the discussion, since any argument against *that* would at once foreclose every question about its communicability),—then it might happen under three several sets of circumstances, in relation to our consciousness. 1st, It might happen in the presence of a single witness—that witness not being ourselves. This case let us call *Alpha*. 2dly, It might happen in the presence of many witnesses,—witnesses to a vast amount, but still (as before) ourselves not being amongst that multitude. This case let us call *Beta*. And 3dly, It might happen in our own presence, and fall within the direct light of our own consciousness. This case let us call *Gamma*.

Now these distinctions are important to the whole extent of the question. For the second case, which is the actual case of many miracles recorded in the New Testament, at once cuts away a large body of sources in which either error or deceit could lurk. Hume's argument supposes the reporter of the miracle to be a dupe, or the maker of dupes—himself deluded, or wishing to delude others. But, in the case of the thousands fed from a few loaves and small fishes, the chances of error, wilful or not wilful, are diminished in proportion to the number of observers ;*

* “ *In proportion to the number of observers :*” — Perhaps, however, on the part of Hume, some critical apologist will say

and Hume's inference as to the declension of the affirmative x , in relation to the negative x , no longer applies, or, if at all, with vastly diminished force. With respect to the third case, it cuts away the whole argument at once in its very radix. For Hume's argument applies to the *communication* of a miracle, and therefore to a case of testimony. But, wherever the miracle falls within direct personal cognizance, there it follows that no question can arise about the value of human testimony. The affirmative x , expressing the value of testimony, disappears altogether; and that side of the equation is possessed by a new quantity (viz., ourselves — our own consciousness) not at all concerned in Hume's argument.

Hence it results, that of three possible conditions under which a miracle may be supposed to offer itself to our knowledge, two are excluded from the view of Hume's argument.

SECTION III.

WHETHER THE SECOND OF THESE CONDITIONS IS NOT EXPRESSLY NOTICED BY HUME.

It may seem that it is. But in fact it is not. And (what is more to the purpose) we are not at liberty to consider it any accident that it is not. Hume had his

— “Doubtless he was aware of that; but still the reporters of the miracle were few. No matter how many were present, the witnesses for us are but the Evangelists.” Yes, certainly, the Evangelists; and let me add, all those contemporaries to whom the Evangelists silently appealed. These make up the “multitude” contemplated in the case *Beta*.

reasons. Let us take all in proper order: 1st, that it seems so; 2dly, that in fact it is not so; and 3dly, that this is no accident, but intentional.

1st. Hume seems to contemplate such a case, — viz., *Beta*, the case of a miracle witnessed and attested by a multitude of persons, in the following imaginary miracle which he proposes as a basis for reasoning. Queen Elizabeth, as everybody will remember who has happened to read Lord Monmouth's Memoirs, died on the night between the last day of 1602 and the first day of 1603 :* this could not be forgotten by the reader, because, in fact, Lord M., who was one of Her Majesty's nearest relatives (being a younger son of her first cousin Lord Hunsdon), obtained his title and subsequent preferment as a reward for the furious ride he performed to Edinburgh (at that time at least four hundred and forty miles distant from London), without taking off

* *I. e.* ecclesiastically: the queen died on the night of March 24, in the year which we should now (1858) call 1603, but which by every class of careful writers was then regarded as 1602. March 24 was the last day of 1602: for *Lady-Day*, or the day of our Lady the Virgin Mary (the day which corresponds by anticipation with December 25, or Christmas Day, so as to allow nine months for the gestation of the Holy Child), is not a *moveable* festival, but fixed unalterably to March 25. This was the opening day, the *Jour de l'An* of Paris, the New-year's-day of England, for the year 1603. And all the days which lie between December 31 of 1602 and March 25 of 1603, were written as a fraction — viz., February 10, $\frac{1602}{1603}$, where the denominator expresses the true year, according to our present mode of reckoning. But the reader must understand that this has nothing to do with O. S. (*Old Style*) and N. S. (*New Style*). It simply expresses the ecclesiastic way of counting opposed to the civil

his boots, in order to lay the earliest tidings of the great event at the feet of her successor. In reality, never did any death cause so much posting, day and night, over the high roads of Europe. And the same causes which made it so interesting have caused it to be the best dated event in modern history; that one which could least be shaken by any discordant evidence yet discoverable. Now, says Hume, imagine the case, that, in spite of all this chronological precision — this precision, and this notoriety of precision — Her Majesty's court physicians should have chosen to propagate a story of her resurrection. Imagine that these learned gentlemen should have issued a *bulletin*, declaring that Queen Elizabeth had been met in Greenwich Park, or at Nonsuch, on May-day of 1603, or in Westminster, two years after, by the Lord Chamberlain when detecting Guy Faux — let them even swear it before twenty justices of the peace; I for one, says Hume, am free to confess that I would not believe them. No, nor, to say the truth, would we; nor would we advise our readers to believe them.

2dly. Here, therefore, it would seem as if Hume were boldly pressing his principles to the very uttermost — that is, were challenging a miracle as untenable, though attested by a multitude. But, in fact, he is not. He only seems to do so; for, if no number of witnesses could avail anything in proof of a miracle, why does he timidly confine himself to the hypothesis of the Queen's physicians only coming forward? Why not call in the whole Privy Council? — or the Lord Mayor and Common Council of London — the Sheriffs of Middlesex — and the Twelve Judges? As to the

court physicians, though three or four nominally, virtually they are but one man. They have a common interest, and in two separate ways they are liable to a suspicion of collusion : first, because the same motives which act upon one probably act upon the rest. In this respect they are under a *common* influence ; secondly, because, if not the motives, at any rate the physicians themselves, act upon each other. In this respect, they are under a *reciprocal* influence. They are to be reasoned about as one individual.

3dly. As Hume could not possibly fail to see all this, we may be sure that his choice of witnesses was not accidental. In fact, his apparent carelessness is very discreet management. His object was, under the fiction of an independent multitude, to smuggle in a virtual unity ; for his court physicians are no plural body in effect and virtue, but a mere pleonasm and a tautology.

And in good earnest, Hume had reason enough for his caution. How much or how little testimony would avail to establish a resurrection in any neutral* case, few people would be willing to pronounce off-hand, and, above all, on a fictitious case. Prudent men, in such circumstances, would act as the judges in our English courts, who are always displeased if it is attempted to elicit their opinions upon a point of law by a proposed fiction. And very reasonably ; for in these

* By a neutral case is meant, 1st, one in which there is no previous reason from a great doctrine requiring such an event for its support, to expect a resurrection ; 2dly, a case belonging to a period of time in which it is fully believed that miraculous agency has ceased.

fictitious cases all the little circumstances of reality are wanting, and the oblique relations to such circumstances, out of which it is that any sound opinion can be formed. We all know very well what Hume is after in this problem of a resurrection. And his case of Queen Elizabeth's resurrection being a perfectly fictitious case, we are at liberty to do any one of three different things: — either simply to refuse an answer; or, 2dly, to give such an answer as he looks for — viz., to agree with him in his disbelief under the supposed contingency; without, therefore, offering the slightest prejudice to any Scriptural case of resurrection: *i. e.*, we might go along with him in his premises, and yet balk him of his purpose; or, 3dly, we might even join issue with him, and peremptorily challenge his verdict upon his own fiction. For it is singular enough, that a modern mathematician of eminence (Mr. Babbage) has expressly considered this very imaginary question of a resurrection, and he pronounces the testimony of *seven* witnesses, competent and veracious, and presumed to have no bias, as sufficient to establish such a miracle. Strip Hume's case of the ambiguities already pointed out — suppose the physicians really separate and independent witnesses — not a corporation speaking by one organ — it will then become a mere question of degree between the philosopher and the mathematician — seven witnesses? or fifty? or a hundred? For though none of us (not Mr. Babbage, we may be sure) seriously believes in the possibility of a resurrection occurring in these days, as little can any of us believe in the possibility that seven witnesses, of honor and sagacity (but say seven hundred), could be found to attest such an event when not occurring.

But the useful result from all this is, that Mr. Hume is evidently aware of the case *Beta*, (of last sect.) as a distinct case from *Alpha* or from *Gamma*, though he affects blindness: he is aware that a multitude of competent witnesses, no matter whether seven or seven hundred, is able to establish that which a single witness could not; in fact, that increasing the number of witnesses is able to compensate increasing incredibility in the subject of doubt; that even supposing this subject a resurrection from the dead, there may be assigned a quantity of evidence (x) greater than *any* resistance to the credibility. And he betrays the fact, that he has one eye open to his own jesuitism by palming upon us an apparent multitude for a real one, thus drawing all the credit he can from the name of a multitude, and yet evading the force which he strictly knew to be odged in the thing: seeking the reputation of the case *Beta*, but shrinking from its hostile force.

SECTION IV.

OF THE ARGUMENT AS AFFECTED BY A CLASSIFICATION OF MIRACLES.

Let us now inquire whether Hume's argument would be affected by such differences in miracles as might emerge upon the most general distribution of their kinds.

Miracles may be classed generally as inner or outer.

1. The inner, or those which may be called miracles for the individual, are such as go on, or may go on, within the separate personal consciousness of each

separate man. And it shows how forgetful people are of the very doctrines which they themselves profess as Christians, when we consider, on the one hand, that miracles, in this sense, are essential to Christianity, and yet, on the other hand, consider how often it is said that the age of miracles is past. Doubtless, in the sense of external miracles, all such agencies *are* past. But in the other sense, there are distinct classes of the supernatural agency, which we are now considering; and these three are held by many Christians; two by most Christians; and the third by all. They are

α.—*Special Providences*: which class it is that many philosophic Christians doubt or deny.

β.—*Grace*: both predisposing [by old theologians called *prevenient**] and effectual.

γ.—*Prayer considered as efficacious.*

* “*Prevenient grace*:” — Memorable it is, and striking as a record of the changes worked continually by time, that in a trial before one of our English Ecclesiastical Courts some two or three years ago [the parties to the suit being on the one side, as I think, the Bishop of Exeter, and on the other a reverend gentleman, of whom the solitary wreck or floating spar that remains in the custody of my recollection is a capital A, as the initial letter of his name], the technical term “*prevenient grace*” came forward many a score of times. But how completely this was felt to be a resurrection from the grave, may be judged by the declaration of a leading counsel, a most eminent barrister, who protested against the mysterious phrase as one which, in the whole course of his reading [some little being *sacred*, but a great deal *profane*], he had never once met (or heard of) such a monster: — was it something to drink? or was it something that one would give in charge to a policeman? Now, reader, look into the tenth book of “*Paradise*

Of these three we repeat, that the two last are held by most Christians: and yet it is evident that both presume a supernatural agency. But this agency exists only where it is sought. And even where it *does* exist, from its very nature (as an *interior* experience for each separate consciousness) it is incommunicable. But that does not defeat its purpose. It is of its essence to be incommunicable. And, therefore, with relation to Hume's great argument, which was designed to point out a vast *hiatus* or inconsistency in the Divine economy — "Here is a miraculous agency, perhaps, but it is incommunicable: it may exist, but it cannot manifest itself; which defect neutralizes it, and defeats the very purpose of its existence" — the answer is, that as respects these interior miracles, there is no such inconsistency. They are meant for the private forum of each man's consciousness: nor would it have met any human necessity to have made them communicable. The language of Scripture is, that he who wishes experimentally to know the changes that may be accomplished by prayer, must pray. In that way only, and not by communication of knowledge from another, could he understand it as a practical effect. And to understand it not practically, but only in a speculative way, could not meet any religious wish, but merely an irreligious curiosity.

As respects one great division of miraculous agency,

Lost," and you will find it within the first four or five lines. To be available for the purposes of a great poet, the phrase must have been common at that day [1667]: and in every theological work it is as common as the songs of birds in spring.

it is clear, therefore, that Hume's argument does not apply. The arrow glances past: not so much missing its aim, as taking a false one. The *hiatus* which it supposes, the insulation and incommunicability which it charges upon the miraculous as a capital oversight, was part of the design: such mysterious agencies were *meant* to be incommunicable, and for the same reason which shuts up each man's consciousness into a silent world of its own — separate and inaccessible to all other consciousnesses. If a communication is thrown open by such agencies between the separate spirit of each man and the supreme Spirit of the universe, then the end is accomplished: and it is part of that end to close this communication against all other cognizance. So far Hume is baffled. The supernatural agency is incommunicable: it ought to be so. That is its perfection.

II. But now, as respects the other great order of miracles — viz., the *external* — first of all, we may remark a very important subdivision: miracles, in this sense, subdivide into two most different orders, — 1st, *Evidential* miracles, which simply prove Christianity; 2d, *Constituent* miracles, which, in a partial sense, *are* Christianity, as in part composing its substance. And, perhaps, it may turn out that Hume's objection, if applicable at all, is here applicable in a separate way and with a varying force.

The first class, the evidential miracles, are all those which were performed merely as evidences (whether simply as indications, or as absolute demonstrations) of 'the divine power which upheld Christianity. The second class, the constituent miracles, are those which

constitute a part of Christianity. Two of these are absolutely indispensable to Christianity, and cannot be separated from it even in thought — viz, the miraculous birth of our Saviour, and his miraculous resurrection. The first is essential upon this ground — that unless Christ had united the two natures (divine and human) he could not have made the satisfaction required. For try it both ways: not being human, then, indeed, he might have had power to go through the mysterious sufferings of the satisfaction: but how would that have applied to man? It would have been perfect, but how would it have been relevant? Now try it the other way: not being divine, then, indeed, any satisfaction he could make would be relevant: but how would it have been possible in a being himself tainted with frailty? It is an argument used by Christianity itself — that man cannot offer a satisfaction for man. The mysterious and supernatural birth, therefore, was essential, as a capacitation for the work to be performed; and, on the other hand, the mysterious death and consequences were essential, as the very work itself.

Now, therefore, having made this distinction, we may observe, that the first class of miracles was occasional and polemic: it was meant to meet a special hostility incident to the birth-struggles of a new religion, and a religion which, for the very reason that it was true, stood opposed to the spirit of the world; of a religion which, in its first stage, had to fight against a civil power in absolute possession of the civilized earth, and backed by seventy legions. This being settled, it follows, that if Hume's argument

were applicable in its whole strength to the evidential miracles, no result of any importance could follow. It is clear that a Christianized earth never can want polemic miracles again; polemic miracles were wanted for a transitional state, but such a state cannot return. Polemic miracles were wanted for a state of conflict with a dominant idolatry. It was Christianity militant, and militant with child-like arms, against Paganism triumphant, that needed such weapons, and used them. But Christianity, in league with civilization, and resting on the powers of this earth allied with her own, never again can speak to idolatrous man except from a station of infinite superiority. If, therefore, these evidential miracles are incommunicable as respects their grounds of credibility to after generations, neither are they wanted.

Still it will be urged — were not the miracles meant for purposes ulterior to the transitional state? Were they not meant equally for the polemic purpose of confuting hostility at the moment, and of propping the faith of Christians in all after ages? The growing opinion amongst reflecting Christians is, that they were not: that the evidential miracles accomplished their whole purpose in their own age. Something of supernatural agency, visibly displayed, was wanted for the first establishment of a new faith. But, once established, it was a false faith only that could need this external support. Christianity could not unroot itself now, though every trace of evidential miracle should have vanished. Being a true religion, once rooted in man's knowledge and man's heart, it is self-sustained; it never could be eradicated.

But waiving that argument, it is evident, that whatever becomes of the evidential miracles, Christianity never can dispense with those transcendent miracles which we have called *constituent*, — those which do not so much demonstrate Christianity, as constitute Christianity, and *are* Christianity by a large integral section. Now as to the way in which Hume's argument could apply to these, we shall reserve what we have to say until a subsequent section. Meantime, with respect to the other class, the simply evidential miracles, it is plain, that if ever they should be called for again, then, as to *them*, Hume's argument will be evaded, or not, according to their purpose. If their function regards an individual, it will be no just objection to them that they are incommunicable. If it regards a multitude or a nation, then the same power which utters the miracle can avail for its manifestation before a multitude, as happened in the days of the New Testament, *and then is realized the case Beta of Sect. II.* And if it is still objected, that even in that case there could be no sufficient way of propagating the miracle, with its evidence, to other times or places, the answer must be, —

1st. That supposing the purpose merely polemic, that purpose is answered without such a propagation.

2dly. That, supposing the purpose, by possibility, an ulterior purpose, stretching into distant ages, even when our modern arts of civilization, printing, &c., give us advantages which place a remote age on a level with the present as to the force of evidence; and that even the defect of *autopsy* may be compensated by sufficient testimony of a multitude, it is evident that

Hume himself felt, by his evasion in the case of the imaginary Elizabethan miracle proposed by himself.

RECAPITULATION.

Now let us recapitulate the steps we have made before going on to the rest.

1st. We have drawn into notice [Sect. II.] the case *Beta*, — overlooked by Hume in his argument, but apparently not overlooked in his consciousness, — the case where a multitude of witnesses overrules the incommunicability attaching to a single witness.

2dly. We have drawn into notice the class of internal miracles, — miracles going on in the inner economy of every Christian's heart; for it is essential to a Christian to allow of prayer. He cannot *be* a Christian if he should condemn prayer; and prayer cannot hope to produce its object without a miracle. And to such miracles Hume's argument, the argument of incommunicability, is inapplicable. They do not seek to transplant themselves; every man's personal experience in this respect is meant for himself alone.

3dly. Even amongst miracles *not* internal, we have shown — that if one class (the merely evidential and volemic) are incommunicable, *i. e.*, not capable of propagation to a remote age or place, they have sufficiently fulfilled their immediate purpose by their immediate effect. But such miracles are alien and accidental to Christianity. Christ himself reprov'd severely those who sought such signs, as a wicked, unbelieving generation; and afterwards he reprov'd, with a most pathetic reproach, that one of his own disciples who

demanding such a sign. But besides these evidential miracles, we noticed also,

4thly. The constituent miracles of Christianity; upon which, as regarded Hume's argument, we reserved ourselves to the latter section: and to these we now address ourselves.

But first we premise this

Lemma:—That an *a priori* (or, as we shall show, an *a posteriori*) reason for believing a miracle, or for expecting a miracle, will greatly disturb the valuation of x (that is, the abstract resistance to credibility), as assumed in Hume's argument. This is the centre in which we are satisfied, lurks that *πρωτον ψευδος*, or primary falsehood, which Hume himself suspected: and we add, that as a vast number of witnesses (according to a remark made in Sect. II.) will virtually operate as a reduction of the value allowed to x , until x may be made to vanish altogether,—so in the reverse order, any material reduction of value in x will virtually operate exactly as the multiplication of witnesses; and the case *Alpha* will be raised to the case *Beta*.

This *Lemma* being stated as a point of appeal in what follows, we proceed to

SECTION V.

ON HUME'S ARGUMENT, AS AFFECTED BY THE PURPOSE.

This topic is so impressive, and indeed awful, in its relation to Christianity, that we shall not violate its majesty by doing more than simply stating the case.

All the known or imagined miracles that ever were recorded as flowing from any Pagan origin, were miracles — 1, of ostentation; 2, of ambition and rivalry; 3, expressions of power; or, 4, were blind accidents. Not even in pretence were any of them more than that. First and last came the Christian miracles, on behalf of *a moral* purpose. The purpose was to change man's idea of his own nature; and to change his idea of God's nature. Many other purposes might be stated; but all were moral. Now to any other wielder of supernatural power, real or imaginary, it never had occurred by way of pretence even, that in working miracles he had a moral object. And here, indeed, comes in the argument of Christ with tremendous effect — that, whilst all other miracles might be liable to the suspicion of having been effected by alliance with darker agencies, His only (as sublime moral agencies for working the only revolution that ever was worked in man's nature) could not be liable to such a suspicion; since, if an evil spirit would lend himself to the propagation of good in its most transcendent form, in that case the kingdom of darkness would be "divided against itself."

Here, then, is an *a posteriori* reason, derived from the whole subsequent life and death of the miracle-worker, for diminishing the value of *x* according to the *Lemma*.

SECTION VI.

ON THE ARGUMENT OF HUME AS AFFECTED BY MATTERS OF
FACT.

It is a very important axiom of the schoolmen in this case — that, *a posse ad esse non valet consequentia*; you can draw no inference from the possibility of a thing to its reality, but that, in the reverse order, *ab esse ad posse*, the inference is inevitable: if it is, or if it ever has been — then of necessity it can be. Hume himself would have admitted, that the proof of any one miracle, beyond all possibility of doubt, at once lowered the — *x* of his argument (*i. e.*, the value of the resistance to our faith) so as to affect the whole force of that argument, as applying to all other miracles whatever having a rational and an adequate purpose. Now it happens that we have two cases of miracles which can be urged in this view: one *a posteriori*, derived from our historical experience, and the other *a priori*. We will take them separately.

1. The *a priori* miracle we call such — not (as the unphilosophic may suppose) because it occurred previously to our own period, or from any consideration of time whatever, but in the logical meaning, as having been derived from our reason in opposition to our experience. This order of miracle it is manifest that Hume overlooked altogether, because he says expressly that we have nothing to appeal to in this dispute except our human experience. But it happens that we have; and precisely where the possibilities of experience desert us. We know nothing through experience (whether physical or historical) of what preceded or

accompanied the first introduction of man upon this earth. But in the absence of all experience, our reason informs us — that he must have been introduced by a supernatural agency. Thus far we are sure. For the sole alternative is one which would be equally mysterious, and besides, contradictory to the marks of change — of transition — and of perishableness in our planet itself — viz., the hypothesis of an eternal unoriginated race: *that* is more confounding to the human intellect than any miracle whatever: so that, even tried merely as one probability against another, the miracle would have the advantage. The miracle supposes a supersensual and transcendent cause. The opposite hypothesis supposes effects without *any* cause. In short, upon any hypothesis, we are driven to suppose — and compelled to suppose — a miraculous state as introductory to the earliest state of nature. The planet, indeed, might form itself by mechanical laws of motion, repulsion, attraction, and central forces. But man could not. Life could not. Organization, even animal organization, might perhaps be explained out of mechanical causes. But life could not. Life is itself a great miracle. Suppose the nostrils formed by mechanic agency; still the breath of life could not enter them without a supernatural force. And *a fortiori*, man, with his intellectual and moral capacities, could not arise upon this planet without a higher agency than any lodged in that nature which is the object of our present experience. This kind of miracle, as deduced by our reason, and not witnessed experimentally, or drawn from any past records, we call an *a priori* miracle

2. But there is another kind of miracle, which Hume ought not to have overlooked, but which he has, however, overlooked: he himself observes, very justly, that *prophecy* is a distinct species of the miraculous; and, no doubt, he neglected the Scriptural Prophecies, as supposing them all of doubtful interpretation; or else believing with Porphyry, that such as are not doubtful, must have been posterior to the event which they point to. It happens, however, that there are some prophecies which cannot be evaded or "refused," some to which neither objection will apply. One we will here cite by way of example:—The prophecy of Isaiah, describing the desolation of Babylon, was delivered about seven centuries before Christ. A century or so *after* Christ, comes Porphyry, and insinuates, that all the prophecies alike might be comparatively recent forgeries! Well, for a moment suppose it: but, at least, they existed in the days of Porphyry. Now, it happens, that more than two centuries *after* Porphyry, we have good evidence, as to Babylon, that it had not yet reached the stage of utter desolation predicted by Isaiah. Four centuries after Christ, we learn from a father of the Christian Church, who had good personal information as to its condition, that it was then become a solitude, but a solitude in good preservation as a royal park. The vast city had disappeared, and the murmur of myriads: but as yet there were no signs whatever of ruin or desolation. Not until our own nineteenth century was the picture of Isaiah seen in full realization—then lay the lion basking at noonday—then crawled the serpents from their holes; and at night the whole

region echoed with the wild cries peculiar to arid wildernesses. The transformations, therefore, of Babylon, have been going on slowly through a vast number of centuries until the perfect accomplishment of Isaiah's picture. Perhaps they have travelled through a course of much more than two thousand years: and from the glimpses we gain of Babylon at intervals, we know for certain that Isaiah had been dead for many centuries before his vision could have even *begun* to realize itself. But then, says an objector, the final ruins of great empires and cities may be safely assumed on general grounds of observation. Hardly, however, if they happen to be seated in a region so fertile as Mesopotamia, and on a great river like the Euphrates. But allow this possibility — allow the natural disappearance of Babylon in a long course of centuries. In other cases the disappearance is gradual, and at length perfect. No traces can now be found of Carthage; none of Memphis; or, if you suppose something peculiar to Mesopotamia, no traces can be found of Nineveh,* or on the other side of that region: none of other great cities — Roman, Parthian, Persian, Median, in that same region or adjacent regions. Babylon only is circumstantially described by Jewish prophecy as long surviving itself in a state of visible and audible desolation: and to Babylon only such a description applies. Other prophecies might be cited with the same result. But this is enough. And here is an *a posteriori* miracle.

Now, observe: these two orders of miracle, by their

* Of late, however, fully exposed by Layard, Rawlinson, &c.

very nature, absolutely evade the argument of Hume. The incommunicability disappears altogether. The value of $-x$ absolutely vanishes and becomes $= 0$. The human reason being immutable, suggests to every age, renews and regenerates forever, the necessary inference of a miraculous state antecedent to the natural state. And, for the miracles of prophecy, these require no evidence, and depend upon none: they carry their own evidence along with them; they utter their own testimonies, and they are continually reinforcing them; for, probably, every successive period of time reproduces fresh cases of prophecy completed. But even one, like that of Babylon, realizes the case of *Beta* (Sect. II.) in its most perfect form. History, which attests it, is the voice of every generation, checked and countersigned in effect by all the men who compose it.

SECTION VII.

OF THE ARGUMENT AS AFFECTED BY THE PARTICULAR WORKER OF THE MIRACLES.

This is the last "moment," to use the language of Mechanics, which we shall notice in this discussion. And here there is a remarkable *petitio principii* in Hume's management of his argument. He says, roundly, that it makes no difference at all if God were connected with the question as the author of the supposed miracles. And why? Because, says he, we know God only by experience — meaning as involved in nature — and, therefore, that in so far as miracles transcend our experience of nature, they transcend by

implication our experience of God. But the very question under discussion is — whether God did, or did not, manifest himself to human experience in the miracles of the New Testament. But at all events, the idea of God in itself already includes the notion of a *power* to work miracles, whether that power were ever exercised or not; and as Sir Isaac Newton thought that space might be the sensorium of God, so may we (and with much more philosophical propriety) affirm that the miraculous and the transcendent is the very *nature* of God. God being assumed, it is as easy to believe in a miracle issuing from Him as in any operation according to the laws of nature (which, after all, is possibly in many points only the nature of our planet): it is as easy, because either mode of action is indifferent to Him. Doubtless this argument, when addressed to an atheist, loses its force; because he refuses to assume a God. But then, on the other hand, it must be remembered that Hume's argument itself does not stand on the footing of atheism. He supposes it binding on a theist. Now a theist, in starting from the idea of God, grants, of necessity, the plenary power of miracles as greater and more awful than man could even comprehend. All he wants is a sufficient motive for such transcendent agencies; but this is supplied in excess (as regards what we have called the *constituent* miracles of Christianity) by the case of a religion that was to revolutionize the moral nature of man. The moral nature — the kingdom of the will — is essentially opposed to the kingdom of nature even by the confession of irreligious philosophers; and, therefore, being itself a supersensual field, it seems

more reasonably adapted to agencies supernatural than such as are natural.

GENERAL RECAPITULATION.

In Hume's argument, — x , which expresses the resistance to credibility in a miracle, is valued as of necessity equal to the very maximum or ideal of human testimony; which, under the very best circumstances, might be equal to $+x$, in no case more, and in all known cases less. We, on the other hand, have endeavored to show —

1. That, because Hume contemplates only the case of a single witness, it will happen that the case *Beta* [of Sect. II.] where a multitude of witnesses exist, may greatly exceed $+x$; and with a sufficient multitude must exceed x .

2. That in the case of internal miracles — operations of divine agency within the mind and conscience of the individual — Hume's argument is necessarily set aside: the evidence, the $+x$, is perfect for the individual, and the miraculous agency is meant for him only.

3. That, in the case of one primary miracle — viz., the first organization of man on this planet, the evidence greatly transcends x : because here it is an evidence not derived from experience at all, but from the reflecting reason: and the miracle has the same advantage over facts of experience, that a mathematical truth has over the truths which rest on induction. It is the difference between *must be* and *is* — between the inevitable and the merely actual.

4. That, in the case of another order of miracles — viz., prophecies, Hume's argument is again overruled

because the $+x$ in this case, the affirmative evidence, is not derived from human testimony. Some prophecies are obscure; they may be fulfilled possibly without men's being aware of the fulfilment. But others, as that about the fate of Babylon — about the fate of the Arabs (the children of Ishmael) — about the fate of the Jews — are not of a nature to be misunderstood; and the evidence which attends them is not alien, but is intrinsic, and developed by themselves in successive stages from age to age.

5. That, because the primary miracle in No. 3, argues at least a *power* competent to the working of a miracle, for any after miracle we have only to seek a sufficient *motive*. Now, the objects of the Christian revelation were equal at the least to those of the original creation. In fact, Christianity may be considered as a second creation; and the justifying cause for the *constituent* miracles of Christianity is even to us as apparent as any which could have operated at the primary creation. The *epigenesis* was, at least, as grand an occasion as the *genesis*, the original birth. Indeed, it is evident, for example, that Christianity itself could not have existed without the constituent miracle of the Resurrection; because without that there would have been no conquest over death. And here, as in No. 3, $+x$ is derived — not from any experience, and therefore cannot be controlled by that sort of hostile experience which Hume's argument relies on; but is derived from the reason which transcends all experience; that is, which would be valid — I do not say against the positive case of a hostile experience but in the neutral or negative case, where all confirmatory experience is wanting.

PROTESTANTISM.*

THE work whose substance and theme are thus briefly abstracted is, at this moment, † making a noise in the world. It is ascribed by report to two bishops — not jointly, but alternatively—in the sense that, if one did *not* write the book, the other *did*. The Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, Wilberforce and Thirlwall, are the two pointed at by the popular finger; and, in some quarters, a third is suggested, viz., Stanley, Bishop of Norwich. The betting, however, is altogether in favor of Oxford. So runs the current of *public* gossip. But the public is a bad guesser, “stiff in opinion,” and almost “always in the wrong.” Now let *me* guess. When I had read for ten minutes, I offered a bet of seven to one (no takers) that the author's name began with H. Not out of any love for that amphibious letter; on the contrary, being myself what Professor Wilson calls a *hedonist*, or philosophical volup-

* This little paper, founded on a “Vindication of Protestant Principles” — by Phileleutheros Anglicanus — might perhaps sufficiently justify itself by the importance of the principles discussed, if it replied to a mere imaginary antagonist. But this was not so. “The Vindication” was a real book, and, as a startling phenomenon made a sudden and deep impression.

† Viz. in 1847.

tuary, murmuring, with good reason, if a rose leaf lies doubled below me, naturally I murmur at a letter that puts one to the expense of an aspiration, forcing into the lungs an extra charge of raw air on frosty mornings. But truth is truth, in spite of frosty air. And yet upon further reading, doubts gathered upon my mind. The H. that I mean is an Englishman; now it happens that here and there a word, or some peculiarity in using a word, indicates, in this author, a Scotchman; for instance, the expletive "just," which so much infests Scottish phraseology, written or spoken, at page 1; elsewhere the word "*shortcomings*," which, being horridly tabernacular, and such that no gentleman could allow himself to touch it without gloves, it is to be wished that our Scottish brethren would resign, together with "*backslidings*," to the use of field preachers. But worse, by a great deal, and not even intelligible in England, is the word *thereafter*, used as an adverb of time; *i. e.*, as the correlative of *hereafter*. *Thereafter*, in pure vernacular English, bears a totally different sense. In "Paradise Lost," for instance, having heard the character of a particular angel, you were told that he spoke *thereafter*, *i. e.*, spoke agreeably to that character. "How a score of sheep, Master Shallow?" The answer is, "*Thereafter* as they be." Again, "Thereafter as a man sows shall he reap" — *i. e.*, conformably or answerably to what he sows. The objections are overwhelming to the Scottish use of the word; first, because already in Scotland it is a barbarism transplanted from the filthy vocabulary of attorneys, locally called *writers*; secondly, because in England it is not even intelligible, and, what is worse

still, sure to be *mis*-intelligible. And yet, after all, these exotic forms may be a mere blind. The writer is, perhaps, purposely leading us astray with his "*thereafters*," and his horrid "*shortcomings*." Or, because London newspapers and Acts of Parliament, are beginning to be more and more polluted with these barbarisms, he may even have caught them unconsciously. And, on looking again at one case of "*thereafter*," viz., at page 79, it seems impossible to determine whether he uses it in the classical English sense, or in the sense of leguleian barbarism.

This question of authorship, meantime, may seem to the reader of little moment. Far from it! The weightier part of the interest depends upon that very point. If the author really *is* a bishop, or supposing the public rumor so far correct as that he is a man of distinction in the English Church, then, and by that simple fact, this book, or this pamphlet, interesting at any rate for itself, becomes separately interesting through its authorship, so as to be the most remarkable phenomenon of the day; and why? Because the most remarkable expression of a movement, accomplished and proceeding in a quarter that, if any on this earth, might be thought sacred from change. O, fearful are the motions of time, when suddenly lighted up to a retrospect of thirty years! Pathetic are the ruins of time in its slowest advance! Solemn are the prospects, so new and so incredible, which time unfolds at every turn of its wheeling flight! Is it come to this? Could any man, one generation back, have anticipated that an English dignitary, and speaking on a very delicate religious question, should deliberately

appeal to a writer confessedly infidel, and proud of being an infidel, as a "triumphant" settler of Christian scruples? But if the infidel is right — a point which I do not here discuss; but if the infidel is a man of genius — a point which I do not deny — was it not open to cite him, even though the citer were a bishop? Why, yes — uneasily one answers, *yes*; but still the case records a strange alteration; and still one could have wished to hear such a doctrine, which ascribes human infirmity (nay, human criminality) to *every* book of the Bible, uttered by anybody rather than by a father of the Church, and guaranteed by anybody rather than by an infidel in triumph. A boy may fire his pistol unnoticed; but a sentinel, mounting guard in the dark, must remember the trepidation that will follow any shot from *him*, and the certainty that it will cause all the stations within hearing to get under arms immediately. Yet why, if this bold opinion *does* come from a prelate, he being but one man, should it carry so alarming a sound? Is the whole bench of bishops bound and compromised by the audacity of any one amongst its members? Certainly not. But yet such an act, though it should be that of a rash precursor, marks the universal change of position; there is ever some sympathy between the van and the rear of the same body at the same time; and the boldest could not have dared to go ahead so rashly, if the rearmost was not known to be pressing forward to his support, far more closely than thirty years ago he could have done. There have been, it is true, heterodox professors of divinity and free-thinking bishops before now. England can show a considerable list o'

such people — even Rome has a smaller list. Rome, that weeds all libraries, and is continually burning books, in effigy, by means of her vast *Index Expurgatorius*,* which index, continually, she is enlarging by successive supplements, needs also an *Index Expurgatorius* for the catalogue of her prelates. Weeds there are in the very flower-garden and conservatory of the church. Fathers of the Church are no more to be relied on, as safe authorities, than we rascally lay authors, that notoriously will say anything. And it is a striking proof of this amongst our English bishops, that the very man who in the last generation, most of all won the public esteem as the champion of the Bible against Tom Paine, was privately known amongst us connoisseurs in heresy (that are always prying into ugly secrets) to be the least orthodox thinker, one or other, amongst the whole brigade of eighteen thousand contemporary clerks who had subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles. Saving your presence, reader, his lordship was no better than a bigoted Socinian, which, in a petty diocese that he never visited, and amongst South Welshmen, that are all incorrigible Methodists, mattered little,

*“ *Index Expurgatorius.*” — A question of some interest arises upon the casuistical construction of this Index. We, that are not by name included, may we consider ourselves indirectly licensed: Silence, I should think, gives consent. And if it wasn't that the present Pope, being a horrid Radical, would be sure to blackball *me* as an honest Tory, I would send him a copy of my *Opera Omnia*, requesting his Holiness to say, by return of post, whether I ranked amongst the chaff winnowed by St. Peter's flail, or had his gracious permission to hold myself amongst the pure wheat gathered into the Vatican garner.

out would have been awkward had he come to be Archbishop of York ; and that he did *not* turned upon the accident of a few weeks too soon, by which the Fates cut short the thread of the Whig ministry in 1807. Certainly, for a Romish or an English bishop to be a Socinian is *un peu fort*. But I contend that it is quite possible to be far less heretical, and yet dangerously bold ; yes, upon the free and spacious latitudes, purposely left open by the English Thirty-nine Articles (ay, or by any Protestant Confession), to plant novelties not less startling to religious ears than Socinianism itself. Besides (which adds to the shock), the dignitary now before us, whether bishop or no bishop, does not write in the tone or a conscious heretic ; or, like Archdeacon Blackburne* of old, in a spirit of hostility to his own fellow churchmen ; but, on the contrary, in the tone of one relying upon support from his clerical brethren, he stands forward as expositor and champion of views now prevailing amongst the *elite* of the English Church. So construed, the book is, indeed, a most extraordinary one, and exposes a record that almost shocks one of the strides made in religious speculation. Opinions change slowly and stealthily. The steps of the changes are generally continuous ; but sometimes it happens that the notice of such steps, the publication of such

* "*Archdeacon Blackburne :*" — He was the author of *The Confessional*, which at one time made a memorable ferment amongst all those who loved as sons, or who hated as non-conformists, the English Establishment. This was his most popular work, but he wrote many others in the same temper, that fill six or seven octavos. I fear that it may be a duty to read him ; and if it is, then I think of his seven octavos with holy horror

changes, is not continuous, that it comes upon us *per saltum*, and, consequently, with the stunning effect of an apparent treachery. Every thoughtful man raises his hands with an involuntary gesture of awe at the revolutions of so revolutionary an age, when thus summoned to the spectacle of an English prelate serving a piece of artillery against what once were fancied to be main outworks of religion, and at a station sometimes considerably in advance of any station ever occupied by Voltaire.*

It is this audacity of speculation, I apprehend, this *étalage* of bold results, rather than any success in their development, which has fixed the public attention. Development, indeed, applied to philosophic problems, or research applied to questions of erudition, was hardly possible within so small a compass as one hundred and seventeen pages, for *that* is the extent of the work, except as regards the notes, which amount to seventy-four pages more. Such brevity, on such a subject, is unseasonable, and almost culpable. On such a subject as the Philosophy of Protestantism — “*satius erat silere, quam parcius dicere.*” Better were absolute silence, more respectful as regards the

* “*Voltaire.*” — Let not the reader misunderstand me; I do not mean that the clerical writer now before us (bishop or not bishop) is more hostile to religion than Voltaire, or is hostile at all. On the contrary, he is, perhaps, profoundly religious, and he writes with neither levity nor insincerity. But this conscientious spirit, and this piety, do but the more call into relief the audacity of his free-thinking — do but the more forcibly illustrate the prodigious changes in the spirit of religious philosophy, wrought by time, and by the contagion from secular revolutions

theme, less tantalizing as regards the reader, than a style of discussion so fragmentary and so rapid.

But, before we go farther, what are we to call this bold man? One must have some name for a man that one is reviewing; and, as he comes abroad *incognito*, it is difficult to see what name *could* have any propriety. Let me consider: there are three bishops in the field, Mr. H., and the Scotchman — that makes five. But every one of these, you say, is represented equally by the name in the title — *Phileleutheros Anglicanus*. True, but *that's* as long as a team of horses. If it had but *Esquire* at the end, it would measure against a Latin Hexameter verse. I'm afraid that we must come at last to *Phil*. I've been seeking to avoid it, for it's painful to say "Jack" or "Dick" either *to* or *of* an ecclesiastical great gun. But if such big wigs *will* come abroad in disguise, and with names as long as Fielding's Hononchrononthononthologus, they must submit to be hustled by pickpockets and critics, and to have *their* names docked as well as profane authors.

Phil., then, be it — that's settled. Now, let us inquire what it is that *Phil.* has been saying, to cause such a sensation among the Gnostics. And, to begin at the beginning, what is *Phil.*'s capital object? *Phil* shall state it himself — these are his opening words: — "In the following pages we propose to vindicate the fundamental and inherent *principles* of Protestantism.' Good; but what *are* the fundamental principles of Protestantism? "They are," says *Phil.*, "the sole sufficiency of Scripture,* the right of private judgment

* "*Sole sufficiency of Scripture.*" — This is much too elliptical a way of expressing the Protestant meaning. Sufficiency for

in its interpretation, and the authority of individual conscience in matters of religion." Errors of logic show themselves more often in a man's terminology, and his antithesis, and his subdivisions, than anywhere else. *Phil.* goes on to make this distinction, which brings out his imperfect conception. "We," says he (and, by the way, if *Phil.* is *we*, then it must be my duty to call him *they*), "we do not propose to defend the varieties of *doctrine* held by the different communities of Protestants." Why, no; that would be a sad task for the most skilful of funambulists or theological tumblers, seeing that many of these varieties stand related to each other as categorical affirmative and categorical negative: it's heavy work to make *yes* and *no* pull together in the same proposition. But this, fortunately for himself, *Phil.* declines. You are to understand that he will not undertake the defence of Protestantism in its *doctrines*, but only in its *principles*. That won't do; that antithesis is as hollow as a drum; and, if the objection were verbal only, I would not make it. But

what? "Sufficiency for salvation" is the phrase of many, and I think elsewhere of *Phil.* But *that* is objectionable on more grounds than one; it is redundant, and it is aberrant from the true point contemplated. *Sufficiency for itself, without alien helps*, is the thing contemplated. The Greek *autarkeia* (αὐταρκεία), self-sufficiency, or, because that phrase, in English, has received a deflexion towards a bad meaning, the word *self-sufficingness* might answer; sufficiency for the exposition of its own most secret meaning, out of fountains within itself; needing, therefore, neither the supplementary aids of tradition, on the one hand, nor the complementary aids on the other (in the event of unprovided cases, or of dilemmas arising), from the infallibility of a *living expounder*

the contradistinction fails to convey the real meaning. It is not that he has falsely expressed his meaning, but that he has falsely developed that meaning to his own consciousness. Not the word only is wrong; but the wrong word is put forward for the sake of hiding the imperfect idea. What he calls *principles* might almost as well be called *doctrines*; and what he calls *doctrines* as well be called *principles*. But of these terms, apart from the rectifications suggested by the context, no man could collect his drift, which is simply this. Protestantism, we must recollect, is not an absolute and self-dependent idea; it stands in relation to something antecedent, against which it protests — viz., Papal Rome. And under what phasis does it protest against Rome? Not against the Christianity of Rome, because every Protestant Church, though disapproving a great deal of *that*, disapproves also a great deal in its own sister churches of the protesting household; and because every Protestant Church holds a great deal of Christian truth in common with Rome. But what furnishes the matter of protest is — the *deduction of the title* upon which Rome plants the right to be a church at all. This deduction is so managed by Rome as to make herself, not merely a true church (which many Protestants grant), but the exclusive church. Now what *Phil.* in effect undertakes to defend is not principles by preference to doctrines (for they are pretty nearly the same thing), but the question of title to teach at all, in preference to the question of what is the thing taught. *There* is the distinction, as I apprehend it. All these terms — “principle,” “doctrine,” “system,” “theory,” “hypothesis” — are used nearly

always most licentiously, and as arbitrarily as a New-market jockey selects the colors for his riding-dress. It is true that one shadow of justification offers itself for *Phil.*'s distinction. All principles are doctrines, but all doctrines are not principles; which, then, in particular? Why, those properly are principles which contain the *principia*, the beginnings, or starting-points of evolution, out of which any system of truth is developed. Now, it may seem that the very starting-point of our Protestant pretensions is, first of all, to argue our *title* or right to be a church *sui juris*; apparently we must begin by making good our *locus standi*, before we can be heard upon our doctrines. And upon this mode of approach, the pleadings about the *title*, or right to teach at all, taking precedency of the pleadings about the particular things taught, would be the *principia*, or beginnings of the whole process, and so far would be entitled by preference to the name of *principles*. But such a mode of approach is merely an accident, and contingent upon our being engaged in a polemical discussion of Protestantism in relation to Popery. *That*, however, is a pure matter of choice; Protestantism may be discussed, as though Rome were not, in relation to its own absolute merits; and this treatment is the logical treatment, applying itself to what is permanent in the *nature* of the object; whereas the other treatment applies itself to what is casual and vanishing in the *history* (or the origin) of Protestantism. For, after all, it would be no great triumph to Protestantism that she should prove her birthright to revolve as a *primary* planet in the Christian system; that she had the same original right as Rome to wheel about the

great central orb, undegraded to the rank of satellite or secondary projection — if, in the meantime, telescopes should reveal the fact that she was pretty nearly a sandy desert. *What* a church teaches is true or not true, without reference to her independent right of teaching; and eventually, when the irritations of earthly feuds and political schisms shall be tranquillized by time, the philosophy of the whole question will take an inverse order. The credentials of a church will not be put in first, and the quality of her doctrine discussed as a secondary question. On the contrary, her credentials will be sought *in* her doctrine. The protesting church will say, I have the *right* to stand separate, because I do stand; and from my holy teaching I deduce my title to teach. *Jus est ibi summum docendi, ubi est fons purissimus doctrinæ.* That inversion of the Protestant plea with Rome is even now valid with many; and, when it becomes universally current, then the *principles*, or great beginnings of the controversy, will be transplanted from the centre, where *Phil.* places them, to the very *locus* which he neglects. One church may say — My doctrine must be holy, because it is admitted that I have the authentic commission from Heaven to teach. But equally another church may say — My commission to teach must be conceded, because my teaching is holy. The first deduces the purity of her doctrine from her Divine commission to teach. But the second, with logic as forcible, deduces her Divine commission to teach from the purity of her doctrine.

There is another expression of *Phil.*'s, to which I object. He describes the doctrines held by all the

separate Protestant churches as doctrines of Fictestantism. I would not delay either *Phil.* or myself for the sake of a trifle; but an impossibility is *not* a trifle. If from orthodox Turkey * you pass to heretic Persia. if from the rigor of the *Sonnees* (orthodox Mussulmans) to the laxity of the *Sheeahs* (Mahometan heretics), you could not, in explaining those schisms, go on to say, "And these are the doctrines of Islamism;" for they destroy each other. Both are supported by earthly powers; but only one could be supported by a central organ of Islamism, if such there were. So of Calvinism and Arminianism; you cannot call them doctrines of Protestantism, as if growing out of some reconciling Protestant principles; one of the two, though not manifested to human eyes in its falsehood, must secretly be false; and a falsehood cannot be a doctrine of Protestantism. It is more accurate to say, that the separate creeds of Turkey and Persia are *within* Mahometanism; such, viz., as that neither excludes a man from the name of Mussulman; and, again, that Calvinism and Arminianism are doctrines *within* the Protestant Church — as a church of gen-

* "*Orthodox Turkey:*" — At Mecca, or more probably throughout the Mussulman world, the Ottoman Sultan is regarded as the true filial champion *ed deen* [*i. e.*, of the faith]. He is the *right-hand* pillar; whereas the Shah of Persia is a heterodox believer, and therefore an unsound pillar. But it illustrates powerfully the non-spirituality of this religion (though pirated chiefly from the Bible), that this great schism in Islamism does not turn upon any point of doctrine, but simply upon a most trivial question of historic fact — viz., who were *de jure* the immediate successors of Mahomet.

eral toleration for all religious doctrines not *demonstrably* hostile to any cardinal truth of Christianity.

Phil., then, we all understand, is not going to traverse the vast field of Protestant opinions as they are distributed through our many sects; *that* would be endless; and he illustrates the mazy character of the wilderness over which these sects are wandering,

————— “ubi passim
Palantes error recto de tramite pellit,”

by the four cases of — 1, the Calvinist; 2, the Newmanite; 3, the Romanist; * 4, the Evangelical enthu-

* “*The Romanist.*” — What, amongst Protestant sects? Ay, even so. It’s *Phil.*’s mistake, not mine. He will endeavor to doctor the case, by pleading that he was speaking universally of Christian error; but the position of the clause forbids this plea. Not only in relation to what immediately precedes, the passage must be supposed to contemplate *Protestant* error; but the immediate inference from it, viz., that “the world may well be excused for doubting whether there is, after all, so much to be gained by that liberty of private judgment, which is the essential characteristic of Protestantism; whether it be not, after all, merely a liberty to fall into error,” nails *Phil.* to that construction — argues too strongly that it is an oversight of indolence. *Phil.* was sleeping for the moment, which is excusable enough towards the end of a book, but hardly in section 1. P. S. — I have since observed (which *not* to have observed is excused, perhaps, by the too complex machinery of hooks and eyes between the text and the notes involving a double reference — first, to the section; second, to the particular clause of the section) that *Phil.* has not here committed an inadvertency; or, if he *has*, is determined to fight himself through his inadvertency, rather than break up his quaternion of cases. “In speaking of Romanism, as arising from a misapplication of Protestant principles, we refer, not to those who were born, but to those who have become members of

niast — as holding systems of doctrine, “no one of which is capable of recommending itself to the favor-

the Church of Rome.” What is the name of those people? And where do they live? I have heard of many who think (and there *are* cases in which most of us, that meddle with philosophy, are apt to think) occasional principles of Protestantism available for the defence of certain Roman Catholic mysteries too indiscriminately assaulted by the Protestant zealot; but, with this exception, I am not aware of any parties professing to derive their Popish learnings *from* Protestantism; it is *in spite of* Protestantism, as seeming to *them* not strong enough, or through principles omitted by Protestantism, which therefore seems to *them* not careful enough or not impartial enough, that Protestants have lapsed to Popery. Protestants have certainly been known to become Papists, not through Popish arguments, but simply through their own Protestant books; *yet never, that I heard of, through an *affirmative* process, as though any Protestant argument involved the rudiments of Popery, but by a *negative* process, as fancying the Protestant reasons, though lying in the right direction, not going far enough; or, again, though right partially, yet defective as a whole. *Phil.*, therefore, seems to me absolutely caught in a sort of *Furcæ Caudinæ*, unless he has a dodge in reserve to puzzle us all. In a different point, I, that hold myself a *doctor seraphicus*, and also *inexpugnabilis* upon quillets of logic, justify *Phil.*, whilst also I blame him. He defends himself rightly for distinguishing between the Romanist and Newmanite on the one hand, between the Calvinist and the Evangelical man on the other, though perhaps a young gentleman, commencing his studies on the *Organon*, will fancy that here he has *Phil.* in a trap, for these distinctions, he will say, do not entirely exclude each other as they ought to do. The class calling itself Evangelical, for instance, may also be Calvinistic; the Newmanite is not, *therefore*, anti-Romanish. True, says *Phil.*; I am quite aware of it. But to be aware of an objection is not to answer it. The fact seems to be, that the actual combinations of life, not conforming to the truth of abstractions, compel us to seeming

able opinion of an impartial judge." Impartial! but what Christian *can* be impartial? To be free from all bias, and to begin his review of sects in that temper, he must begin by being an infidel. Vainly a man endeavors to reserve in a state of neutrality any pre-conceptions that he may have formed for himself or prepossessions that he may have inherited from "mamma; he cannot do it any more than he can dismiss his own shadow. Every man that lives, has (or has had) a *mamma*, who has made it impossible for him to be neutral in religious beliefs. And it is strange to contemplate the weakness of strong minds in fancying that they can. Calvin, whilst amiably engaged in hunting Servetus to death, and writing daily letters to his friends, in which he expresses his hope that the executive power would not think of burning the poor man, since really justice would be quite satisfied by cutting his head off, meets with some correspondents who conceive (idiots that they were!) even that little amputation not absolutely indispensable. But Calvin soon settles *their* scruples. You don't perceive, he

breaches of logic. It would be right practically to distinguish the Radical from the Whig; and yet it might shock *Duns* or *Lombardus*, the *magister sententiarum*, when he came to understand that partially the principles of Radicals and Whigs coincide. But, for all that, the logic which distinguishes them is right; and the apparent error must be sought in the fact, that all cases (political or religious) being cases of life, are *concretes*, which never conform to the exquisite truth of abstractions. Practically, the Radical *is* opposed to the Whig, though casually the two are in conjunction continually; for, as *acting* partisans, they work *from* different centres, and, finally, *for* different results.

tells them, what this man has been about. When a writer attacks Popery, it's very wrong in the Papists to cut his head off; and why? Because he has only been attacking error. But here lies the difference in this case; Servetus had been attacking the TRUTH. Do you see the distinction, my friends? Consider it, and I am sure you will be sensible that this quite alters the case. It is shocking, it is perfectly ridiculous, that the Bishop of Rome should touch a hair of any man's head for contradicting *him*; and why? Because, do you see? *he* is wrong. On the other hand, it is evidently agreeable to philosophy, that I, John Calvin, should shave off the hair, and, indeed, the head itself (as I heartily hope* will be done in this

* The reader may imagine that, in thus abstracting Calvin's epistolary sentiments, I am a little improving them. Certainly they would bear improvement, but that is not my business. What the reader sees here is but the result of bringing scattered passages into closer juxtaposition; whilst, as to the strongest (viz., the most sanguinary) sentiments here ascribed to him, it will be a sufficient evidence of my fidelity to the literal truth, if I cite three separate sentences. Writing to Farrel, he says, "*Spero capitale saltem fore judicium.*" Sentence of the court, he *hopes*, will, at any rate, reach the life of Servetus. Die he must, and die he shall. But why should he die a cruel death? "*Pæncæ vero atrocitatem remitti cupio.*" To the same purpose, when writing to Sultzer, he expresses his satisfaction in being able to assure him that a principal civic officer of Geneva was, in this case, entirely upright, and animated by the most virtuous sentiments. Indeed! What an interesting character! and in what way now might this good man show this beautiful tenderness of conscience? Why, by a fixed resolve that Servetus should not in any case escape the catastrophe which I, John Calvin, am longing for ("*ut saltem exitum, quem optamus, non fugiat*")

present case) of any man presumptuous enough 'to contradict *me*; but then, why? For a reason that makes all the difference in the world, and which, one would think, idiocy itself could not overlook, viz., that I, John Calvin, am right — right, through three degrees of comparison — right, righter, or more right, rightest, or most right.

The self-sufficingness of the Bible, and the right of private judgment — here, then, are the two great characters in which Protestantism commences; these are the bulwarks behind which it intrenches itself against Rome. And it is remarkable that these two great preliminary laws, which soon diverge into fields so different, at the first are virtually one and the same law. The refusal of a Delphic oracle at Rome alien to the Bible, extrinsic to the Bible, and claiming the sole interpretation of the Bible; the refusal of an oracle that reduced the Bible to a hollow mask, underneath which fraudulently introducing itself any earthly voice could mimic a heavenly voice, was in effect to refuse

Finally, writing to the same Sultzer, he remarks that — when we see the Papists such avenging champions of their own superstitious fables as not to falter in shedding innocent blood, “*pudeat Christianos magistratus* [as if the Roman Catholic magistrates were not Christians] *in tuendâ certâ veritate nihil prorsus habere animi*” — “Christian magistrates ought to be ashamed of themselves for manifesting no energy at all in the vindication of truth undeniable;” yet really since these magistrates had at that time the full design, which design not many days after they executed, of maintaining truth by fire and faggot, one does not see the call upon them for blushes so very deep as Calvin requires. Hands so crimson with blood might compensate the absence of crimson cheeks.

the coercion of this false oracle over each man's conscientious judgment; to make the Bible independent of the Pope, was to make man independent of *all* religious controllers. The *self-sufficingness of Scripture*, its independency of any external interpreter, passed in one moment into the other great Protestant doctrine of *Toleration*. It was but the same triumphal monument under a new angle of sight, the golden and silver faces of the same heraldic shield. The very same act which denies the right of interpretation to a mysterious Papal phœnix, renewed from generation to generation, having the antiquity and the incomprehensible omniscience of the Simorg,* that ancient bird in Southey, transferred this right of mere necessity to the individuals of the whole human race. For where else could it have been lodged? Any attempt in any other direction was but to restore the Papal power in a new impersonation. Every man, therefore, suddenly obtained the right of interpreting the Bible for himself. But the word "*right*" obtained a new sense. Every man has the right, protected by the Queen's Bench, of publishing an unlimited number of metaphysical systems; and, under favor of the same indulgent Bench, we all enjoy the unlimited right of laughing at him. But not the whole race of man has a right to *coerce*, in the exercise of his intellectual rights, the humblest of individuals. The rights of men are thus unspeak-

* "*The Simorg:*" — If the reader has not made the acquaintance of this mysterious bird, eldest of created things, it is time he should. The Simorg would help him out of all his troubles, if the reader could find him at home. Let him consult Southey's "*Thalaba.*"

ably elevated ; for, being now freed from all anxiety being sacred as merely *legal* rights, they suddenly rise into a new mode of responsibility as *intellectual* rights. As a Protestant, every mature man, the very humblest and poorest, has the same dignified right over his own opinions and profession of faith that he has over his own hearth. But his hearth can rarely be abused ; whereas his religious system, being a vast kingdom, opening by immeasurable gates upon worlds of light and worlds of darkness, now brings him within a new amenability — called upon to answer new impeachments, and to seek for new assistances. Formerly another was answerable for his belief ; if that were wrong, it was no fault of his. Now he has new rights, but these have burdened him with new obligations. Now he is crowned with the glory and the palms of an intellectual creature, but he is alarmed by the certainty of corresponding struggles. Protestantism it is that has created him into this child and heir of liberty ; Protestantism it is that has invested him with these unbounded privileges of private judgment, giving him in one moment the sublime powers of a Pope within his one solitary conscience ; but Protestantism it is that has introduced him to the most dreadful of responsibilities.

I repeat that the twin maxims, the columns of Hercules through which Protestantism entered the great sea of human activities, were originally but two aspects of one law : to deny the Papal control over men's conscience being to affirm man's self-control, was, therefore, to affirm man's universal right to toleration which again implied a corresponding *duty* of toleration

Under this bi-fronted law, generated by Protestantism, but in its turn regulating Protestantism, *Phil.* undertakes to develop all the principles that belong to a Protestant church. The *seasonableness* of such an investigation — its critical application to an evil now spreading like a fever through Europe — he perceives fully, and in the following terms expresses this perception : —

“That we stand on the brink of a great theological crisis, that the problem must soon be solved, how far orthodox Christianity is possible for those who are not behind their age in scholarship and science ; this is a solemn fact, which may be ignored by the partisans of short-sighted bigotry, but which is felt by all, and confessed by most of those who are capable of appreciating its reality and importance. The deep Sibylline vaticinations of Coleridge’s philosophical mind, the practical working of Arnold’s religious sentimentalism, and the open acknowledgment of many divines who are living examples of the spirit of the age, have all, in different ways, foretold the advent of a Church of the Future.”

This is from the preface, p. ix., where the phrase, *Church of the Future*, points to the Prussian minister’s Bunsen’s) *Kirche der Zukunft* ; but in the body of the work, and not far from its close (p. 114), he refers to this crisis, and more circumstantially.

Phil. embarrasses himself and his readers in this development of Protestant principles. His own view of the task before him requires that he should separate himself from the consideration of any particular church, and lay aside all partisanship — plausible or not plausible. It is his own overture that warrants us in expecting this. And yet, before we have travelled three measured inches, he is found entangling himself

with Church of Englandism. Let me not be misunderstood, as though, borrowing a Bentham word, I were therefore a Jerry Benthamite: I, that may describe myself generally as *Philo-Phil.*, am not less a son of the "Reformed Anglican Church" than *Phil.* Consequently, it is not likely that, in any vindication of that church, simply *as* such, and separately for itself, I should be the man to find grounds of exception. Loving most of what *Phil.* loves, loving *Phil.* himself, and hating (I grieve to say), with a theological hatred, whatever *Phil.* hates, why should I demur at this particular point to a course of argument that travels in the line of my own partialities? And yet I *do* demur. Having been promised a philosophic defence of the principles concerned in the great European schism of the sixteenth century, suddenly we find ourselves collapsing from that altitude of speculation into a defence of one individual church. Nobody would complain of *Phil.*, if *after* having deduced philosophically the principles upon which all Protestant separation from Rome should revolve, he had gone forward to show, that in some one of the Protestant churches more than in others, these principles had been asserted with peculiar strength, or carried through with special consistency, or associated pre-eminently with the other graces of a Christian church, such as a ritual more impressive to the heart of man — where lies the defence for the sublime Anglican Liturgy; or a polity more symmetrical with the structure of English society — where lies the defence of Episcopacy. Once having unfolded from philosophic grounds the primary conditions of a pure Scriptural church, *Phil.* might then

without blame, have turned sharp round upon us, saying, such being the conditions under which the great idea of a true Christian church must be *constructed*, I now go on to show that the Church of England has conformed to those conditions more faithfully than any other. But to entangle the pure outlines of the idealizing mind with the practical forms of any militant church, embarrassed (as we know all churches to have been) by pre-occupations of judgment, derived from feuds too local and interests too political, moving also (as we know all churches to have moved) in a spirit of compromise, occasionally from mere necessities of position; this is in the result to injure the object of the writer doubly: first, as leaving an impression of partisanship: the reader is mistrustful from the first, as against a judge that in reality is an advocate; second, without reference to the effect upon the reader, directly to *Phil.* it is injurious, by fettering the freedom of his speculations; or, if leaving their freedom undisturbed, by narrowing their compass.

And, if *Phil.*, as to the general movement of his Protestant pleadings, modulates too little in the transcendental key, sometimes he does so too much. For instance, at p. 69, sec. 35, we find him half calling upon Protestantism to account for her belief in God; now then? Is this belief special to Protestants? Are Roman Catholics, are those of the Greek, the Armenian, and other Christian churches, atheistically given? We used to be told that there is no royal road to geometry. I don't know whether there is or not; but I am sure there is no Protestant by-road, no Reformation short-cut, to the demonstration of Deity. It is

true that *Phil.* exonerates his philosophic scholar when throwing himself in Protestant freedom upon pure intellectual aids, from the vain labor of such an effort. He consigns him, however philosophic, to the evidence of "inevitable assumptions, upon axiomatic postulates, which the reflecting mind is compelled to accept, and which no more admit of doubt and cavil than of establishment by formal proof." I am not sure whether I understand *Phil.* in this section. Apparently he is glancing at Kant. Kant was the first person, and perhaps the last, that ever undertook formally to demonstrate the indemonstrability of God. He showed that the three great arguments for the existence of the Deity were virtually one, inasmuch as the two weaker borrowed their value and *vis apodeictica* from the more rigorous metaphysical argument. The physico-theological argument he forced to back, as it were, into the cosmological, and *that* into the ontological. After this reluctant *regressus* of the three into one, shutting up like a spy-glass, which (with the iron hand of Hercules forcing Cerberus up to daylight) the stern man of Königsberg resolutely dragged to the front of the arena, nothing remained, now that he had this pet scholastic argument driven up into a corner, than to break its neck — which he did. Kant took the conceit out of all the three arguments; but, if this is what *Phil.* alludes to, he should have added, that these three, after all, were only the arguments of speculating or *theoretic* reason. To this faculty Kant peremptorily denied the power of demonstrating the Deity; but then that same *apodeixis* which he had thus inexorably torn from reason unde

the manifestation, Kant himself restored to the reason in another (the *praktische vernunft*). God he asserts to be a postulate of the human reason, as speaking through the conscience and will, not proved *ostensively*, but indirectly proved as being *wanted* indispensably, and presupposed in other necessities of our human nature. This, probably, is what *Phil.* means by his short-hand expression of "axiomatic postulates." But then it should not have been said that the case does not "admit of formal proof," since the proof is as "formal" and rigorous by this new method of Kant as by the old obsolete methods of Sam. Clarke and the schoolmen.*

But it is not the too high or the too low — the too much or the too little — of what one might call by analogy the *transcendental* course, which I charge upon *Phil.* It is, that he is too desultory — too eclectic. And the secret purpose, which seems to me predominant throughout his work, is, not so much the defence of Protestantism, or even of the Anglican Church, as a report of the latest novelties that have found a roosting-place in the English Church, amongst the most temperate of those churchmen who keep pace with modern philosophy; in short, it is a selection from the classical doctrines of religion, exhibited under their newest revision; or, generally, it is an attempt

* The method of Des Cartes was altogether separate and peculiar to himself; it is a mere conjuror's juggle; and yet, what is strange, like some other audacious sophisms, it is capable of being so stated as most of all to baffle the subtle dialectician; and Kant himself, though not cheated, was never so much perplexed in his life as in the effort to make its hollowness apparent

to show, from what is going on amongst the most moving orders in the English Church, how far it is possible that strict orthodoxy should bend, on the one side, to new impulses, derived from an advancing philosophy, and yet, on the other side, should reconcile itself, both verbally and in spirit, with ancient standards. But if *Phil.* is eclectic, then *I* will be eclectic; if *Phil.* has a right to be desultory, then *I* have a right. *Phil.* is my leader. I can't, in reason, be expected to be better than *he* is. If I'm wrong, *Phil.* ought to set me a better example. And here, before this honorable audience of the public, I charge all my errors (whatever they may be, past or coming) upon *Phil.*'s misconduct.

Having thus established my patent of vagrancy, and my license for picking and choosing, I choose out these three articles to toy with: — first, Bibliolatry; second, Development applied to the Bible and Christianity; third, Philology, as the particular resource against false philosophy, relied on by *Phil.*

Bibliolatry. — We Protestants charge upon the Ponteficii, as the more learned of our fathers always called the Roman Catholics, *Mariolatry*; they pay undue honors, say we, to the Virgin. They in return charge upon us, *Bibliolatry*, or superstitious allegiance — an idolatrous homage — to the words, syllables, and punctuation of the Bible. They, according to *us*, deify a woman; and we, according to *them*, deify an arrangement of printer's types. As to *their* error, we need not mind *that*: let us attend to our own. And to this extent it is evident at a glance that Bibliolatrists *must* be wrong — viz., because, as a pun vanishes on

being translated into another language, even so would, and must melt away, like ice in a hot-house, a large majority of those conceits which every Christian nation is apt to ground upon the verbal text of the Scriptures in its own separate vernacular version. But once aware that much of their Bibliolatry depends upon ignorance of Hebrew and Greek, and often depends upon peculiarity of idiom or structures in modern tongues, cautious people begin to suspect the whole. Here arises a very interesting, startling, and perplexing situation for all who venerate the Bible; one which must always have existed for prying, inquisitive people, but which has been incalculably sharpened for the apprehension of these days by the extraordinary advances made and being made in Oriental and Greek philology. It is a situation of public scandal even to the deep reverencers of the Bible; but a situation of much more than scandal, of real grief, to the profound and sincere amongst religious people. On the one hand, viewing the Bible as the Word of God, and not merely so in the sense of its containing most salutary counsels, but, in the highest sense, of its containing a revelation of the most awful secrets, they cannot for a moment listen to the pretence that the Bible has benefited by God's inspiration only as other good books may be said to have done. They are confident that, in a much higher sense, and in a sense incommunicable to other books, it is inspired. Yet, on the other hand, as they will not tell lies, or countenance lies, even in what seems the service of religion, they cannot hide from themselves that the materials of this imperishable book are perishable, frail, liable to crum-

ble, and actually *have* crumbled to some extent, in various instances. There is, therefore, lying broadly before us, something like what Kant called an antinomy — a case where two laws equally binding on the mind are, or seem to be, in collision. Such cases occur in morals — cases which are carried out of the general rule, and the jurisdiction of that rule, by peculiar deflexions; and from the word *case* we derive the word *casuistry*, as a general science dealing with such anomalous cases. There is a casuistry, also, for the speculative understanding, as well as for the moral (which in Kant's terminology is the *practical*) understanding. And this question, as to the inspiration of the Bible, with its apparent conflict of forces, repelling it and yet affirming it, is one of its most perplexing and most momentous problems.

My own solution of the problem would reconcile all that is urged against an inspiration with all that the internal necessity of the case would plead in behalf of an inspiration. So would *Phil's*. His distinction, like mine, would substantially come down to this — that the grandeur and extent of religious truth is not of a nature to be affected by verbal changes such as *can* be made by time, or accident, or without treacherous design. It is like lightning, which could not be mutilated, or truncated, or polluted. But it may be well to rehearse a little more in detail, both *Phil's* view and my own. Let my principal go first; make way, I desire, for my leader: let this honorable man *Phil.*, whom I, *Philo-Phil.*, now take by the right hand, and solemnly present to the public — let this Daniel who has come to judgment have precedency, as, in all reason, it is my duty to see that he has.

Whilst rejecting altogether any inspiration as attaching to the separate words and phrases of the Scriptures, *Phil.* insists upon such an inspiration as attaching to the spiritual truths and doctrines delivered in these Scriptures. And he places this theory in a striking light, equally for what it affirms and for what it denies, by these two arguments — first (in affirmation of the real spiritual inspiration), that a series of more than thirty writers, speaking in succession along a vast line of time, and absolutely without means of concert, yet all combine unconsciously to one end — lock like parts of a great machine into one system — conspire to the unity of a very elaborate scheme, without being at all aware of what was to come after. Here, for instance, is one, living nearly one thousand six hundred years before the last in the series, who lays a foundation (in reference to man's ruin, to God's promises and plan for human restoration), which is built upon and carried forward by all, without exception, that follow. Here come a multitude that prepare each for his successor — that unconsciously integrate each other — that, finally, when reviewed, make up a total drama, of which each writer's separate share would have been utterly imperfect without corresponding parts that he could not have foreseen. At length all is finished. A profound piece of music, a vast oratorio, perfect and of elaborate unity, has resulted from a long succession of strains, each for itself fragmentary. On such a final creation resulting from such a distraction of parts, it is indispensable to suppose an overruling inspiration, in order at all to account for the final result of a most elaborate

harmony. Besides, which would argue some inconceivable magic, if we did not assume a providential inspiration watching over the coherencies, tendencies, and intertessellations (to use a learned word) of the whole, — it happens that, in many instances, typical things are recorded — things ceremonial, that could have no meaning to the person recording — prospective words, that were reported and transmitted in a spirit of confiding faith, but that could have little meaning to the reporting parties for many hundreds of years. Briefly, a great mysterious *word* is spelt, as it were, by the whole sum of the Scriptural books — every separate book forming a letter or syllable in that secret and that unfinished word, as it was for so many ages. This coöperation of ages, not able to communicate or concert arrangements with each other, is neither more nor less an argument of an overruling inspiration, than if the separation of the contributing parties were by space, and not by time. As if, for example, every island at the same moment were to send its contribution, without previous concert, to a sentence or chapter of a book; in which case the result, if full of meaning, much more if full of awful and profound meaning, could not be explained rationally without the assumption of a supernatural overruling of these unconscious coöperators to a common result. So far on behalf of inspiration. Yet, on the other hand, as an argument in denial of any blind mechanic inspiration cleaving to words and syllables, *Phil.* notices this consequence as resulting from such an assumption, viz., that if you adopt any one gospel St John's suppose, or any one narrative of a particula

transaction, as inspired in this minute and pedantic sense, then for every other report, which, adhering to the spiritual *value* of the circumstances, and virtually the same, should differ in the least of the details, there would instantly arise a solemn degradation. All parts of Scripture, in fact, would thus be made active and operative in degrading each other.

Such is *Phil.*'s way of explaining *θεοπνευστία** (*theopneustia*), or divine prompting, so as to reconcile the doctrine affirming a *virtual* inspiration, an inspiration as to the truths revealed, with a peremptory denial of any inspiration at all, as to the mere verbal vehicle of those revelations. He is evidently as sincere in regard to the inspiration which he upholds as in regard to that which he denies. *Phil.* is honest, and *Phil.* is able. Now comes *my* turn. I rise to support my leader, and shall attempt to wrench this notion of a verbal inspiration from the hands of its champions by a *reductio ad absurdum* — viz., by showing the monstrous consequences to which it leads — which form of logic *Phil.* also has employed; but mine is different and more elaborate. Yet, first of all,

* “*Θεοπνευστία*:” — I must point out to *Phil.* an oversight of his as to this word at p. 45; he there describes the doctrine of *theopneustia* as being that of “plenary and verbal inspiration.” But this he cannot mean, for obviously this word *theopneustia* comprehends equally the verbal inspiration which he is denouncing, and the inspiration of power or spiritual virtue which he is substituting. Neither *Phil.*, nor any one of his school, is to be understood as rejecting *theopneustia*, but as rejecting that particular mode of *theopneustia* which appeals to the eye by mouldering symbols, in favor of that other mode which appeals to the heart by incorruptible radiations of inner truth.

Let me frankly confess to the reader, that some people allege a point-blank assertion by Scripture itself of its own verbal inspiration; which assertion, if it really *had* any existence, would summarily put down all cavils of human dialectics. *That* makes it necessary to review this assertion. This famous passage of Scripture, this *locus classicus*, or prerogative text, pleaded for the *verbatim et literatim* inspiration of the Bible, is the following; and I will so exhibit its very words as that the reader, even if no Grecian, may understand the point in litigation. The passage is this: *Πασα γραφη θεοπνευστος και ωφελιμος*, &c., taken from St. Paul (2 Tim. iii. 16). Let us construe it literally, expressing the Greek by Latin characters: *Pasa graphé*, all written lore (or every writing)—*theopneustos*, God-breathed, or, God-prompted—*kai*, and (or, also)—*ophelimos*, serviceable—*pros*, towards, *didaskalian*, doctrinal truth. Now this sentence, when thus rendered into English according to the rigor of the Grecian letter, wants something to complete its sense—it wants an *is*. There is a subject, as the logicians say, and there is a predicate (or, something affirmed of that subject), but there is no *copula* to connect them—we miss the *is*. This omission is common in Greek, but cannot be allowed in English. The *is* must be supplied; but *where* must it be supplied? That's the very question, for there is a choice between two places; and according to the choice, will the word *theopneustos* become part of the subject, or part of the predicate; which will make a world of difference. Let us try it both ways:—

1. All writing inspired by God (*i. e.* being inspired by God, supposing it inspired, which makes *theop-*

neustos part of the subject) is also profitable for teaching, &c.

2. All writing is inspired by God, and profitable, &c. (which makes *theopneustos* part of the predicate.)

Now, in this last way of construing the text, which is the way adopted by our authorized version, one objection strikes everybody at a glance — viz., that St. Paul could not possibly mean to say of all writing, indiscriminately, that it was divinely inspired, this being so revoltingly opposed to the truth. It follows, therefore, that, on this way of interpolating the *is*, we must understand the Apostle to use the word *graphé*, writing, in a restricted sense, not for writing generally, but for sacred writing, or (as our English phrase runs) “*Holy Writ* ;” upon which will arise three separate demurs: *First*, one already stated by — *Phil.* viz., that, when *graphé* is used in this sense, it is accompanied by the article; the phrase is either *ἡ γραφή*, “the writing,” or else (as in St. Luke) *αἱ γραφαί*, “the writings,” just as in English it is said, “the Scripture,” or “the Scriptures.” *Secondly*, that, according to the Greek usage, this would not be the natural place for introducing the *is*. *Thirdly* — which disarms the whole objection from this text, *howsoever* construed — that, after all, it leaves the dispute with the bibliolaters wholly untouched. We also, the anti-bibliolaters, say that all Scripture is inspired, though we may not therefore suppose the Apostle to be here insisting on that doctrine. But no matter whether he is or not, in relation to this dispute. Both parties are contending for the inspiration — so far they are agreed; the question between them arises

point — viz., as to the *mode* of that inspiration, whether incarnating its golden light in the corruptibilities of perishing syllables, or in the sanctities of indefeasible, word-transcending ideas. Now, upon that question, the apostolic words, torture them how you please, say nothing at all.

There is, then, no such dogma (or, to speak *Germanicè*, no such *macht-spruch*) in behalf of verbal inspiration as has been ascribed to St. Paul, and I pass to my own argument against it. This argument turns upon the self-confounding tendency of the common form ascribed to *θεοπνευστία*, or divine inspiration. When translated from its true and lofty sense of an inspiration — brooding, with outstretched wings, over the mighty abyss of *secret* truth — to the vulgar sense of an inspiration, burrowing, like a rabbit or a worm, in grammatical quillets and syllables, mark how it comes down to nothing at all; mark how a stream, pretending to derive itself from a heavenly fountain, is finally lost and confounded in a morass of human perplexities.

First of all, at starting, we have the inspiration (No. 1) to the original composers of the sacred books. *That* I grant, though distinguishing as to its nature.

Next, we want another inspiration (No. 2) for the countless *translators* of the Bible. Of what use is it to a German, to a Swiss, or to a Scotsman, that, three thousand years (plus two hundred) before the Reformation, the author of the Pentateuch was kept from erring by a divine restraint over his words, if the authors of this Reformation — Luther, suppose, Zwingli, John Knox — either making translations them

selves, or *relying* upon translations made by others under no such verbal restraint, have been left free to bias his mind, pretty nearly as much as if the original Hebrew writer had been resigned to his own human discretion?

Thirdly, even if we adopt the inspiration No. 2, *that* will not avail us; because many *different* translators exist. Does the very earliest translation of the Law and the Prophets — viz., the Greek translation of the Septuagint, always agree verbally with the Hebrew? Or the Samaritan Pentateuch always with the Hebrew? Or do the earliest Latin versions of the entire Bible agree *verbally* with modern Latin versions? Jerome's Latin version, for instance, memorable as being that adopted by the Romish Church, and known under the name of the *Vulgate*, does it agree verbally with the Latin versions of the Bible or parts of the Bible made since the Reformation? In the English, again, if we begin with the translation still sleeping in MS., made five centuries ago — in fact about Chaucer's time — and passing from that to the first *printed* translation (which was, I think, Coverdale's, in 1535), if we thence travel down to our own day, so as to include all that have confined themselves to separate versions of some one book, or even of some one cardinal text, countless other versions that differ — and to the idolater of words *all* differences are important. Here, then, on that doctrine of inspiration which ascribes so much to the power of *verbal* accuracy, we shall want a third inspiration (No. 3) for the guidance of each separate Christian applying himself to the Scriptures in his mother tongue. The man who seeks to benefit by in

piration in his choice of a translator will have to select from a multitude, since nobody contends that the truth is uniformly exhibited throughout any one version, but grants that it is dispersed in fractions through a multitude.

Fourthly, as these differences of version arise often under the *same* reading of the original text; but as, in the meantime, there are many *different* readings, here a fourth source of possible error calls for a fourth inspiration overruling us to the proper choice amongst various readings. What may be called a "textual" inspiration for *selecting* the right reading is requisite for the very same reason, neither more nor less, which supposes any verbal inspiration originally requisite for *constituting* a right reading. It matters not in which stage of the Bible's progress the error commences; first stage and last stage are all alike in the sight of God. There was, reader, as perhaps you know, about six score years ago, another *Phil.*, not the same as this *Phil.* now before us (who would be quite vexed if you fancied him as old as all *that* comes to — oh dear, no! he's not near as old) — well, that earlier *Phil.* was Bentley, who wrote (under the name of *Phileleutheros Lipsiensis*) a pamphlet connected with this very subject, partly against an English infidel of that day. In that pamphlet, *Phil.* the first pauses to consider and value this very objection from textual variation to the validity of Scripture: for the infidel (as is usual with infidels) being no great scholar, had argued as though it were impossible to urge anything whatever for the Word of God, since so vast a variety in the readings rendered it impossible to know what *was* the Word of

God. Bentley, though rather rough, from having too often to deal with shallow coxcombs, was really and unaffectedly a pious man. He was shocked at this argument, and set himself seriously to consider it. Now, as all the various readings were Greek, and as Bentley happened to be the first of Grecians, his deliberate review of this argument is entitled to great attention. There were at that moment when Bentley spoke, something more (as I recollect) than ten thousand varieties of reading in the text of the New Testament; so many had been collected in the early part of Queen Anne's reign by Wetstein, the Dutchman, who was then at the head of the collators. Mill, the Englishman, was at that very time making further collations. How many he added, I cannot tell without consulting books—a thing which I very seldom do. But since that day, and long after Bentley and Mill were in their graves, Griesbach, the German, rose to the top of the tree, by towering above them all in the accuracy of his collations. Yet, as the harvest comes before the gleanings, we may be sure that Wetstein's barn housed the very wealth of all this variety. Of this it was, then, that Bentley spoke. And what *was* it that he spoke? Why, he, the great scholar, pronounced, as with the authority of a Chancery decree, that the vast majority of various readings made no difference at all in the sense. In the *sense*, observe; but many things *might* make a difference in the sense which would still leave the doctrine undisturbed. For instance, in the passage about a camel going through the eye of a needle, it will make a very noticeable difference in the sense, whether you read in the Greek

word for *camel* the oriental animal of that name, or a ship's cable, sometimes so called; but no difference at all arises in the spiritual doctrine. Or, illustrating the case out of Shakspeare, it makes no difference as to the result, whether you read in Hamlet "to take arms against a *sea* of troubles," or (as has been suggested), "against a *siege* of troubles:" but it makes a difference as to the integrity of the image.* What has a sea to do with arms? What has a camel,† the quadruped, to do with a needle? A prodigious minority, therefore, there is of such various readings as

* "*Integrity of the image:*" — One of the best notes ever written by Warburton was in justification of the old reading, *sea*. It was true, that against a *sea* it would be idle to take *arms*. We, that have lived since Warburton's day, have learned by the solemn example of Mrs. Partington (which, it is to be hoped, none of us will ever forget), how useless, how vain it is to take up a mop against the Atlantic Ocean. Great is the mop, great is Mrs. Partington, but greater is the Atlantic. Yet, though all arms must be idle against the sea considered literally, and *κατα την φαντασίαν* under that image, Warburton contended justly that all images, much employed, *evanesce* into the ideas which they represent. A *sea* of troubles comes to mean only a *multitude* of troubles. No image of the sea is suggested; and arms, incongruous in relation to the literal sea, is not so in relation to a multitude; besides, that the image *arms* itself, *evanesces* for the same reason into *resistance*. For this one note, which I cite from boyish remembrance, I have always admired the subtlety of Warburton.

† Meantime, though using this case as an illustration, I believe that *camel* is, after all, the true translation; first on account of the undoubted proverb in the East about the *elephant* going through the needle's eye; the relation is that of *contrast* as to magnitude; and the same relation holds as to the camel

slightly affect the *sense*; but this minority becomes next to nothing, when we inquire for such as affect any *doctrine*. This was Bentley's opinion upon the possible disturbance offered to the Christian by various readings of the New Testament. You thought that the carelessness, or, at times, even the treachery of men, through so many centuries, must have ended in corrupting the original truth; yet, after all, you see the light burns as brightly and steadily as ever. We, now, that are not bibliolatrists, no more believe that, from the disturbance of a few words here and there, any evangelical truth can have suffered a wound or mutilation, than we believe that the burning of a wood, or even of a forest, which happens in our vast American possessions, sometimes from natural causes (lightning or spontaneous combustion), sometimes from an Indian's carelessness in lighting his culinary fires, sometimes from an Englishman's carelessness, when throwing away into a drift of dry leaves the fuming reliques of his cigar, can seriously have injured botany. But for *him*, who conceives an inviolable sanctity to have settled upon each word and particle of the original record, there *should* have been strictly required an inspiration (No. 5) to prevent the possibility of various readings arising. It is too late, however, to pray for *that*; the various readings *have* arisen; here they

and the needle's eye; secondly, because the proper word for a cable, it has been alleged, is not "camelus," but "camilus." What has an elephant to do with a needle? Why, he has this to do: the needle's eye, under its narrow function, takes charge of physical magnitude in one extreme -- the elephant of the same idea in another extreme.

are, thirty thousand in amount; and what's to be done now? The only resource for the bibliolatrists is — to invoke a new inspiration for helping him out of his difficulty, by guiding his choice. We anti-bibliolatrists, are not so foolish as to believe that God, having once sent a deep message of truth to man, would suffer it to lie at the mercy of a careless or wicked copyist. Treasures so vast would not be left at the mercy of accidents so vile. Very little more than two hundred years ago, a London compositor, not wicked at all, but simply drunk, in printing Deuteronomy, left out the most critical of words; the seventh commandment he exhibited thus — “Thou *shalt* commit adultery;” in which form the sheet was struck off. And though in those days no practical mischief could arise from this singular *erratum*, which English Griesbachs will hardly enter upon the roll of various readings, yet harmless as it was, it met with punishment. “Scandalous!” said Laud, “shocking! to tell men in the seventeenth century, as a biblical rule, that they positively must commit adultery!” The brother compositors of this drunken biblical reviser, being too honorable to betray the individual delinquent, the Star Chamber fined the whole “chapel.” A black Monday that must have been for the self-accusing compositors. Now, the copyists of MSS. were as certain to be sometimes drunk as this compositor, — famous by his act — utterly forgotten in his person, — whose crime is remembered — the record of whose name has perished. We therefore hold, that it never was in the power, or placed within the discretion, of any copyist, whether writer or printer, to injure the sacred oracles. But the bib-

iolatrist cannot say *that* ; because, if he does, then he is formally unsaying the very principle which is meant by bibliolatry. He therefore must require another supplementary inspiration—viz., No. 5, if I count right, to direct him in his choice of the true reading amongst so many as continually offer themselves.*

Fifthly, as all words cover ideas, and many a word covers a choice of ideas, and very many ideas split into a variety of modifications, we shall, even after a fifth inspiration has qualified us for selecting the true

* I recollect no variation in the text of Scripture which makes any startling change, even to the amount of an eddy in its own circumjacent waters, except that famous passage about the three witnesses—“ *There are three that bare record in heaven,*” &c. This has been denounced with perfect fury as an interpolation ; and it is impossible to sum up the quart bottles of ink, black and blue, that have been shed in the dreadful skirmish. Porson even, the all-accomplished Grecian, in his letters to Archdeacon Travis, took a conspicuous part in the controversy; his wish was, that men should think of him as a second Bentley tilting against Phalaris; and he stung like a hornet. To be a Cambridge man in those days was to be a hater of all Establishments in England; things and persons were hated alike. I hope the same thing may not be true at present. It may chance that on this subject Master Porson will get stung through his coffin, before he is many years' deader. However, if this particular variation troubles the waters just around itself (for it would desolate a Popish village to withdraw its local saint), yet carrying one's eye from this Epistle to the whole domains of the New Testament—yet, looking away from that defrauded village to universal Christendom, we must exclaim—What does one miss? Surely Christendom is not disturbed because a village suffers wrong; the sea is not roused because an eddy in a corner is boiling; the doctrine of the Trinity is not in danger because Mr. Forson is in a passion.

reading, still be at a loss how, with regard to this right reading, to select the right acceptation. So *there*, at that fifth stage, in rushes the total deluge of human theological controversies. One church, or one sect, insists upon one sense; second church, or second sect, "to the end of time," insists upon a different sense. Babel is upon us; and, to get rid of Babel, we shall need a sixth inspiration. No. 6 is clamorously called for.*

* One does not wish to be tedious; or, if one *has* a gift in that way, naturally one does not wish to bestow it *all* upon a perfect stranger, as "the reader" usually is, but to reserve a part for the fireside, and the use of one's most beloved friends; else I could torment the reader by a long succession of numbers, and perhaps drive him to despair. But one more of the series — viz., No. 6, as a parting *gage d'amitié* — he must positively permit me to drop into his pocket. Supposing, then, that No. 5 were surmounted, and that, supernaturally, you knew the value to a hair's breadth of every separate word (or, perhaps, composite phrase made up from a constellation of words) — ah, poor traveller in trackless forests, still you are lost again — for, oftentimes, and especially in St. Paul, the words may be known, their sense may be known, but their *logical relation* is still doubtful. The word X and the word Y are separately clear; but has Y the dependency of a consequence upon X, or no dependency at all? Is the clause which stands eleventh in the series a direct prolongation of that which stands tenth? or is the tenth wholly independent and insulated? or does it occupy the place of a parenthesis, so as to modify the ninth clause? People that have practised composition as much, and with as vigilant an eye as myself, know also, by thousands of cases, how infinite is the disturbance caused in the logic of a thought by the mere position of a word as despicable as the word *even*. A mote, that is itself invisible, shall darken the august faculty of sight in a human eye — the heavens shall be hidden by a wretched atom that dares not show itself — and the station of a syllable shall cloud the

But we all know, each knows by his own experience, that No. 6 is not forthcoming; and, in the absence of *that*, what avail for *us* the others? “Man overboard!” is the cry upon deck; but what avails it for the poor drowning creature that a rope being thrown to him is thoroughly secured at one end to the ship, if the other end floats wide of his grasp? We are in prison: we descend from our prison-roof, that seems high as the clouds, by knotting together all the prison bed-clothes, and all the aids from friends outside. But all is too short: after swarming down the line, in middle air, we find ourselves hanging: sixty feet of line are still wanting. To reascend — *that* is impossible: to drop boldly — alas! *that* is to die.

Meantime, what need of this eternal machinery, that eternally is breaking like ropes of sand? Or of this earth resting on an elephant, that rests on a tortoise, that when all is done, must still consent to rest on the common atmosphere of God? These chains of inspiration are needless. The great ideas of the Bible protect themselves. The heavenly truths, by their own imperishableness, defeat the mortality of languages with which for a moment they are associated. Is the lightning enfeebled or emasculated, because for thousands of years it has blended with the tarnish of earth and the steams of earthly graves? Or light, which so long has travelled in the chambers of our sickly air, and searched the haunts of impurity — is that less

judgment of a council. Nay, even an ambiguous emphasis falling to the right-hand word, or the left-hand word, shall confound a system.

pure than it was in the first chapter of Genesis? Or that more holy light of truth — the truth, suppose, written from his creation upon the tablets of man's heart — which truth never was imprisoned in any Hebrew or Greek, but has ranged forever through courts and camps, deserts and cities, the original lesson of justice to man and piety to God — has that become tainted by intercourse with flesh? or has it become hard to decipher, because the very heart, that human heart where it is inscribed, is so often blotted with falsehoods? You are aware, perhaps, reader, that in the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Asia Minor (and, indeed, elsewhere), through the very middle of the salt-sea billows, rises up, in silvery brightness, an aspiring column of *fresh water*.* In the desert of the sea are found fountains — sister fountains to those of Ishmael and Isaac in the Arabian sands! Are these fountains poisoned for the poor victim of fever, because they have to travel through a contagion of waters not potable? Oh, no! They bound upwards like arrows, cleaving the seas above with as much projectile

* See Mr. Yates's "Annotations upon Fellowes's Researches in Anatolia," as *one* authority for this singular phenomenon, which has since been noticed in the Persian Gulf. This most interesting phenomenon was witnessed by the Generals Outram and Havelock, in company with most of their army, on the expedition against Persia, within the last twelve months [February, 1858]. In fact, if a fountain bursts out with the sudden impetus of a fiery projectile, forced upwards by earthquake, which may happen on the barren floor of the ocean as probably as in many other situations, then, supposing the column of water above not too dense, the fountain of fresh water will naturally cleave the marine water like an arrow.

force as the glittering water-works of Versailles cleave the air, and rising as sweet to the lip as ever mountain torrent that comforted the hunted fawn.

It is impossible to suppose that any truth, launched by God upon the agitations of things so unsettled as languages, *can* perish. The very frailty of languages is the strongest proof of this; because it is impossible to suppose that anything so great can have been committed to the fidelity of anything so treacherous. There is laughter in heaven when it is told of man, that he fancies his earthly jargons, which to heavenly ears, must sound like the chucklings of poultry, equal to the task of hiding or distorting any light of revelation. Had *words* possessed any authority or restraint over Scriptural truth, a much worse danger would have threatened it than any malice in the human will, suborning false copyists, or surreptitiously favoring depraved copies. Even a general conspiracy of the human race for such a purpose would avail against the Bible only as a general conspiracy to commit suicide might avail against the drama of God's providence. Either conspiracy would first become dangerous when either became possible. But a real danger seems to lie in the insensible corruption going on forever within all languages, by means of which they are eternally dying away from their own vital powers; and that is a danger which is travelling fast after all the wisdom and the wit, the eloquence and the poetry of this earth, like a mountainous wave, and will finally overtake them — their very vehicles being lost and confounded to human sensibilities. But such a wave will break harmlessly against Scriptural truth; and not merely

because that truth will forever evade such a shock by its eternal transfer from language to language — from languages dying to languages in vernal bloom — but also because, if it could *not* evade the shock, supreme truth would surmount it for a profounder reason. A danger analogous to this once existed in a different form. The languages into which the New Testament was first translated offered an apparent obstacle to the translation that seemed insurmountable. The Latin, for instance, did not present the spiritual words which such a translation demanded; and how *should* it, when the corresponding ideas had no existence amongst the Romans? Yet, if not spiritual, the language of Rome was intellectual; it was the language of a cultivated and noble race. But what shall be done if the New Testament seeks to drive a tunnel through a rude forest race, having an undeveloped language, and understanding nothing but war? Four centuries after Christ, such a case did actually occur: the Gothic Bishop Ulphilas set about translating the Gospels for his countrymen. He had no words for expressing spiritual relations or spiritual operations. The new nomenclature of moral graces, humility, resignation, the spirit of forgiveness, &c., hitherto unrecognized for virtues amongst men, having first of all been shown as blossoms and flowers, and distinguished from weeds, by Christian gardening, had to be reproduced in the Gothic language, with apparently no means whatever of effecting it. In this earliest of what we may call ancestral translations (for the Goths were of our own blood), and, therefore, by many degrees, this most interesting of translations for *us*, may be seen to this

day, when nearly fifteen centuries have passed, *how* the good bishop succeeded, to what extent he succeeded, and by what means. I shall take a separate opportunity for investigating that problem; but at present I will content myself with noticing a remarkable principle which applies to the case, and illustrating it by a remarkable anecdote. The principle is this — that in the grander parts of knowledge, which do not deal much with petty details, nearly all the *building* or constructive ideas (those ideas which build up the system of that particular knowledge) lie involved within each other; so that any one of the series, being awakened in the mind, is sufficient (given a multitude of minds) to lead backwards or forwards, analytically or synthetically, into many of the rest. That is the principle;* and the story which illustrates

* “*That is the principle:*” — I am afraid, on reviewing this passage, that the reader may still say, “*What is the principle?*” I will add, therefore, the shortest explanation of my meaning. If in any Pagan language you had occasion to translate the word *love*, or *purity*, or *penitence*, &c., you could not do it. The Greek language itself, perhaps the finest (all things weighed and valued) that a man has employed, could not do it. The *scale* was not so pitched as to make the transfer possible. It was to execute organ music on a guitar. And, hereafter, I will endeavor to show how scandalous an error has been committed on this subject, not by scholars only, but by religious philosophers. The relation of Christian ethics (which word ethics, however, is itself most insufficient) to natural or universal ethics, is a field yet uncultured by rational thought. The first word of sense has yet to be spoken. There lies the difficulty; and the principle which meets it is this, that what any one idea could never effect for itself (insulated, it must remain an unknown quality forever), the total system of the ideas developed from its centre would

t is this: — A great work of Apollonius, the sublime geometer, was supposed in part to have perished: seven of the eight books remained in the original Greek; but the eighth was missing. The Greek, after much search was not recovered; but at length there was found (in the Bodleian, I think) an Arabic translation of it. An English mathematician, Halley, knowing not one word of Arabic, determined (without waiting for that Arabic key) to pick the lock of this MS. And he did so. Through strength of preconception, derived equally from his knowledge of the general subject, and from his knowledge of this particular work in its earlier sections, using also to some

effect for each separately. To know the part, you must first know the whole, or know it, at least, by some outline. The idea of *purity*, for instance, in its Christian altitude, would be utterly incomprehensible, and, besides, could not sustain itself for a moment, if by any glimpse it were approached. But when a *ruin* was unfolded that had affected the human race, and many things heretofore unobserved, *because uncombined*, were gathered into a unity of evidence to that ruin, spread through innumerable channels, the great altitude would begin dimly to reveal itself by means of the mighty depth in correspondence. One deep calleth to another. One after one the powers lodged in the awful succession of uncoverings would react upon each other; and thus the feeblest language would be as capable of receiving and reflecting the system of truths (because the system is an arch that supports itself) as the richest and noblest; and for the same reason that makes geometry careless of language. The vilest jargon that ever was used by a shivering savage of Terra del Fuego is as capable of dealing with the sublime and eternal affections of space and quantity, with up and down, with more and less, with circle and radius, angle and tangent, as is the golden language of Athens.

extent the subtle art of the decipherer,* now become so powerful an instrument of analysis, he translated the whole Arabic MS. He printed it — he published it. He tore the hidden truth — he extorted it from the darkness of an unknown language — he would not suffer the Arabic to hide a treasure from man. And the book remains a monument to this day, that a system of ideas, having internal coherency and interdependency, is vainly hidden under a mask of words; that it may be illuminated and restored chiefly through the reciprocal involutions of the hidden ideas themselves. The same principle applies, and *a fortiori* applies, to religious truth, as one which lies far deeper than geometry in the spirit of man, one to which the inner attestation is profounder, and to which the key-notes of Scripture (once awakened on the great organ of the human heart) are sure to call up corresponding echoes. It is not in the power of language to arrest or to defeat this mode of truth; because, when once the fundamental base is furnished by revelation, the human heart itself is able to co-operate in developing the great harmonies of the system, without aid from language, and in defiance of language — without aid

* “*Art of the decipherer:*” — An art which, in the seventeenth century, had been greatly improved by Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, the improver of analytic mathematics, and the great historian of algebra. Algebra it was that suggested to him his exquisite deciphering skill, and the Parliamentary War it was that furnished him with a sufficient field of practice. The King’s private cabinet of papers, all written in cipher, and captured in the royal coach on the decisive day of Naseby (June, 1645), was (I believe) deciphered by Wallis, *propria arte*; that is to say, without assistance

from human learning, and in defiance of human learning, by a machinery of spiritual counterpoint.

Finally, there is another security against the suppression or distortion of any great Biblical truth by false readings, which I will state in the briefest terms. The reader is aware of the boyish sport sometimes called "drake-stone:" a flattish stone is thrown by a little dexterity so as to graze the surface of a river, but so, also, as in grazing it to dip slightly below the surface, to rise again from this dip, again to dip, again to rise, and so on alternately dipping and rising *à plusieurs reprises*. In the same way, with the same effect of alternate resurrections, all Scriptural truths reverberate and diffuse themselves along the pages of the Bible; none is confined to one text, or to one mode of enunciation; all parts of the scheme are eternally chasing each other, like the parts of a fugue; they hide themselves in one chapter, only to restore themselves in another; they diverge, only to recombine; and under such a vast variety of expressions, that even in that way, supposing language to have powers over religious truth — which it never had, or can have — any abuse of such a power would be thoroughly neutralized. The case resembles the diffusion of vegetable seeds through the air and through the waters; draw a *cordon sanitaire* against dandelion or thistle-down, and see if the armies of earth would suffice to interrupt this process of radiation, which yet is but the distribution of weeds. Suppose, for instance, the text about the *three heavenly witnesses* to have been eliminated finally as an interpolation. The first thought is — *there goes to wreck a great doctrine!* Not at all. That tex

occupied but a corner of the garden. The truth, and the secret implications of the truth, have escaped at a thousand points in vast arches above our heads, rising high above the garden wall, and have sown the earth with memorials of the mystery which they envelope.

The final inference is this — that Scriptural truth is endowed with a self-conservative and a self-restorative virtue ; it needs no long successions of verbal protection by inspiration ; it is self-protected ; first, internally, by the complex power which belongs to the Christian *system* of involving its own integrations, in the same way as a musical chord involves its own successions of sound, and its own technical *resolutions* ; secondly, in an external and obvious way, it is protected by its prodigious iteration, and secret *presupposal* in all varieties of form. Consequently, as the peril connected with language is thus effectually neutralized, the call for any verbal inspiration (which, on separate grounds, appears to be self-confounding) shows itself now, in a *second* form, to be a gratuitous and superfluous delusion, since, in effect, it is a call for protection against a danger which cannot have any existence.

There is another variety of bibliolatry arising in a different way — not upon errors of language incident to human infirmity, but upon deliberate errors indispensable to Divine purposes. The case is one which has been considered with far too little attention, else it could never have been thought strange that Christ should comply in things indifferent with popular errors. A few words will put the reader in possession of my view. Speaking of the Bible, *Phil.* says, “ We admit that its separate parts are the work of frail and fallible

human beings. We do not seek to build upon it systems of cosmogony, chronology, astronomy, and natural history. We know no reason of internal or external probability which should induce us to believe that such matters could ever have been the subjects of direct revelation." Is *that* all? There is no reason, certainly, for expectations so unreflecting; but is there no adamant reason against them? It is no business of the Bible, we are told, to teach science. Certainly not; but that is far too little. It is an obligation resting upon the Bible, if it is to be consistent with itself, that it should *refuse* to teach science; and, if the Bible ever *had* taught any one art, science, or process of life, capital doubts would have clouded our confidence in the authority of the book. By what caprice, it would have been asked, is a Divine mission abandoned suddenly for a human mission? By what caprice is this one science taught, and others not? Or these two, suppose, and not all? But an objection, even deadlier, would have followed. It is clear as is the purpose of daylight, that the whole body of the arts and sciences composes one vast machinery for the irritation and development of the human intellect. For this end they exist. To see God, therefore, descending into the arena of science, and contending, as it were, for his own prizes, by teaching science in the Bible, would be to see him intercepting from their self-evident destination (*viz.*, man's intellectual benefit), his own problems by solving them himself. No spectacle could more dishonor the divine idea — could more dishonor man under the mask of aiding him. *The Bible must not teach anything that man can teach*

himself. Does a doctrine require a revelation? — then nobody but God *can* teach it. Does it require none? — then in whatever case God has qualified man to do a thing for himself, he has in that very qualification silently laid an injunction upon man to do it. But it is fancied that a divine teacher, without descending to the unworthy office of teaching science, might yet have kept his own language free from all collusion with human error. Hence, for instance, it has been argued, that any language in the Bible implying the earth to be stationary, and central to our system, could not express a mere compliance with the popular errors of the time, but must be taken to indicate the absolute truth. And so grew the anti-Galilean fanatics. Out of similar notions have risen the absurdities of a polemic Bible chronology, &c.* Meantime, if a man sets himself steadily to contemplate the consequences

* The Bible cosmology stands upon another footing. *That* is not gathered from a casual expression, shaped to meet popular comprehension, but is delivered directly, formally, and elaborately, as a natural preface to the history of man and his habitation. Here, accordingly, there is no instance of accommodation to vulgar ignorance; and the persuasion gains ground continually that the order of succession in the phenomena of creation will be eventually confirmed by scientific geology, so far as this science may ever succeed in unlinking the steps of the process. Nothing, in fact, disturbs the grandeur and solemnity of the Mosaical cosmogony, except (as usual) the ruggedness of the bibliolater. He, finding the English word *day* employed in the measurement of the intervals, takes it for granted that this must mean a *nychthemeron* of twenty-four hours; imports, therefore, into the Biblical text this conceit; fights for his own opinion, as for a revelation from heaven; and thus disfigures the great inaugural chapter of human history with this single feature of

which must inevitably have followed any deviation from the customary erroneous phraseology of the people, he will see the utter impossibility that a teacher (pleading a heavenly mission) could allow himself to deviate by one hair's breadth (and why should he wish to deviate?) from the ordinary language of the times. To have uttered one syllable for instance, that implied motion in the earth, would have issued into the following ruins: — *First*, it would have tainted the teacher with the reputation of lunacy; *secondly*, it would have placed him in this inextricable dilemma. On the one hand, to answer the questions prompted by his own perplexing language, would have opened upon him, as a necessity, one stage after another of scientific cross-examination, until his spiritual mission would have been forcibly swallowed up in the mission of natural philosopher; but, on the other hand, to pause resolutely at any one stage of this public examination, and to refuse all further advance, would be, in

a fairy-tale, where everything else is told with the most majestic simplicity. But this word, which so ignorantly he presumes to be an ordinary human day, bears that meaning only in common historical transactions between man and man; but never once in the great prophetic writings, where God comes forward as himself the principal agent. It then means always a vast and mysterious duration — undetermined, even to this hour, in Daniel. The *heptameron* is not a week, but a shadowy adumbration of a week, comprising perhaps millions of years. Let me ask this question — In Daniel, whether considered (as in past ages he was) a prophet, or (as in this generation he is, even by pious men like Dr. Arnold of Rugby) simply a writer of history, and posterior to the events contemplated — has any man been foolish enough to regard his 1260 *days* as literally such — viz., as no more than 180 weeks?

the popular opinion, to retreat as a baffled disputant from insane paradoxes which it had not been found possible to support. One step taken in that direction was fatal, whether the great envoy retreated from his own words to leave behind the impression that he was defeated as a rash speculator, or stood to these words, and thus fatally entangled himself in the inexhaustible succession of explanations and justifications. In either event the spiritual mission was at an end: it would have perished in shouts of derision, from which there could have been no retreat, and no retrieval of character. The greatest of astronomers, rather than seem ostentatious or unseasonably learned, will stoop to the popular phrase of the sun's rising, or the sun's motion in the ecliptic. But God, for a purpose commensurate with man's eternal welfare, is by these critics supposed incapable of the same petty abstinence.

A similar line of argument applies to all the compliances of Christ with the Jewish prejudices (partly imported from the Euphrates) as to demonology, witchcraft, &c. By the way, in this last word, "witchcraft," and the two memorable histories connected with it, lies a perfect mine of bibliolatrous madness. As it illustrates the folly and the wickedness of the bibliolaters, let us pause upon it.

The word *witch*, these bibliolaters take it for granted, must mean exactly what the original Hebrew means, or the Greek word chosen by the LXX.; so much, and neither more nor less. That is, from total ignorance of the machinery by which language moves, they fancy that every idea and word which exists, or

has existed, for any nation, ancient or modern, must have a direct interchangeable equivalent in all other languages; and that, if the dictionaries do not show it, *that* must be because the dictionaries are bad. Will these worthy people have the goodness, then, to translate *coquette* into Hebrew, and *post-office* into Greek? The fact is, that all languages, and in the ratio of their development, offer ideas absolutely separate and exclusive to themselves. In the highly cultured languages of England, France, and Germany, are words, by thousands, which are strictly untranslatable. They may be approached, but cannot be reflected as from a mirror. To take an image from the language of eclipses, the correspondence between the disk of the original word and its translated representative is, in thousands of instances, not *annular*; the centres do not coincide; the words overlap; and this arises from the varying modes in which different nations *combine* ideas. The French word shall combine the elements, *l, m, n, o* — the nearest English word, perhaps, *m, n, o, p* — by one element richer, by one element poorer. For instance, in all words applied to the *nuances* of manners, and generally to *social* differences, how prodigious is the wealth of the French language! How merely untranslatable for all Europe! In the language of high passion, how bare and beggarly is the French! how incapable of rendering Shakspeare! I suppose, my bibliolater, you have not yet finished your Hebrew or Arabic translation of *coquette*.* Well,

* "*Coquette*:" — Virgil comes near to one phasis of this idea — *Malo me Galatæa petit lasciva puella, et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri. Lasciva* is merely *frollicsome*: in the last line appears the *coquette*

you shall be excused from *that*, if you will only translate it into English. You cannot: you are obliged to keep the French word; and yet you take for granted, without inquiry, that in the word "witchcraft," and in the word "witch," applied to the sorceress of Endor, our authorised English Bible of King James's day must be correct. And your wicked bibliolatrous ancestors proceeded on that idea throughout Christendom to murder harmless, friendless, and oftentimes crazy old women. Meantime the witch of Endor in no respect resembled our modern domestic witch.*

* "*The domestic witch:*" — It is the common notion that the superstition of the *evil eye*, so widely diffused in the Southern lands, and in some, as Portugal, for example, not a slumbering, but a fiercely operative superstition, is unknown in England and other Northern latitudes. On the contrary, to my thinking, the regular old vulgar witch of England and Scotland was but an impersonatrix of the very same superstition. Virgil expresses this mode of sorcery to the letter, when his shepherd says —

"Nescio quis teneros *oculus* mihi fascinat agnos?"

Precisely in that way it was that the British witch operated. She, *by her eye*, blighted the natural powers of growth and fertility. By the way, I ought to mention, as a case parallel to that of the Bible's recognising witchcraft, and of enlightened nations continuing to punish it, that St. Paul himself, in an equal degree, recognises the *evil eye*; that is, he uses the idea (though certainly not meaning to accredit such an idea), as one that briefly and energetically conveyed his meaning to those whom he was addressing. "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" That is, literally, who has fascinated your senses by the evil eye? For the Greek is, *tis umas ebaskanen*. Now the word *ebaskanen* is a past tense of the verb *baskaino*, which was the technical term for the action of the evil eye. Without having written a treatise on the Æolic digamma, prob-

There was as much difference as between a Roman Proconsul, surrounded with eagle-bearers, and a commercial Consul's clerk with a pen behind his ear. Apparently she was not so much a Medea as an Erichtho. (See the *Pharsalia*). She was an *Evocatrix*, or female necromancer, evoking phantoms that stood in some unknown relation to dead men; and then by some artifice (it has been supposed) of ventriloquism,* causing these phantoms to deliver oracular answers upon great political questions. Oh, that one had lived in the times of those New-England wretches that desolated whole districts and terrified vast prov-

ably the reader is aware that F is V, and that, in many languages, B and V are interchangeable letters through thousands of words, as the Italian *tavola*, from the Latin *tabula*. Under that little process it was that the Greek *baskaino* transmigrated into the Latin *fascino*; so that St. Paul's word, in speaking to the Galatians, is the very same word as Virgil's, in speaking of the shepherd's flock as charmed by the evil eye. For first of all, St. Paul's word *Baskaino* was undoubtedly pronounced *Vaskaino*; just as *Sebastopol* is orientally pronounced *Sevastopol*, and as *Sebastos*, which is the Greek equivalent for the Roman *Augustus*, was always pronounced *Sevastos*. By this process, the Grecian word *Baskaino* became *Vaskaino*, and then, with hardly any change, the Latin *Fascino* pronounced "Faskino." For the Roman "c" had in *all* situations the force of "k." Thus Cæsar was always Keysar (therefore in Greek *Καισαρ*); and our wicked friend Cicero was always *Kikero* (in Greek therefore *Κικηρω*). Except for the accent on the first syllable of *Fascino*, the Greek and the Roman word were therefore identical to the ear, though slightly different to the eye.

* I am not referring to German infidels. Very pious commentators have connected her with the *engastrimouthoi* (εγγαστριμυθοι or ventriloquists).

inces by their judicial murders of witches, under plea of a bibliolatrous warrant; until at last the fiery furnace, which they had heated for women and children, shot forth flames that, like those of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, seizing upon his very agents of his cruelty, began to reach the murderous judges themselves and denouncers! Oh, glory of retribution to see the wicked judge of New England roasted in the fire which himself had kindled — to see the cruel bibliolater, in Hamlet's words, "hoist by his own petard."

Yet, after all, are there not express directions in Scripture to exterminate witches from the land? Certainly; but *that* does not argue any Scriptural recognition of witchcraft as a possible offence. An imaginary crime may imply a criminal intention that is *not* imaginary; but also, which much more directly concerns the interests of a state, a criminal purpose, that rests upon a pure delusion, may work by means that are felonious for ends that are fatal. At this moment, we English and the Spaniards have laws, and severe ones, against witchcraft — viz., in the West Indies; and indispensable it is that we should. The Obeah man from Africa can do no mischief to one of *us*. The proud and enlightened white man despises his arts; and for *him*, therefore, these arts have no existence, for they work only through strong preconceptions of their reality, and through trembling faith in their efficacy. But by that very agency they are all-sufficient for the ruin of the poor credulous negro; he is mastered by original faith, and has perished by a languishing decay thousands of times under the knowledge that *Obi*

had been set for him. Justly, therefore, do our colonial courts punish the Obeah sorcerer, who (though an impostor) is not the less a murderer. Now the Hebrew witchcraft was probably even worse; equally resting on delusions, equally, nevertheless, it worked for unlawful ends, and (which chiefly made it an object of Divine wrath) it worked *through* idolatrous agencies. All the spells, the rites, the invocations were doubtless Pagan. The witchcraft of Judca, therefore, must have kept up that connection with idolatry which it was the unceasing effort of the Hebrew polity to exterminate from the land. Consequently, the Hebrew commonwealth might, as consistently as our own in Trinidad and Jamaica, denounce and punish witchcraft without liability to the inference that it therefore recognised the pretensions of witches as real, in the sense of working their bad ends by the means which they alleged. Their magic was causatively of no virtue at all; but, being believed in like the equally false but equally operative belief of the African negro in *Obi*, it became, through and by that potent belief, the occasional means of exciting the imagination of its victims; after which the consequences were the same as if the magic had acted physically according to its pretences.*

* Does that argument not cover "the New England wretches," so unreservedly denounced in a preceding paragraph? — American Ed. *Answer by the Author.* — No, surely the difference is vast between the two cases. The persons denounced and arrested in New England were entirely passive; or were so generally they did nothing at all — they were not seeking to injure others. But the Obeah man never moved except for evil purposes.

2. *Development*, as applicable to Christianity, is a doctrine of the very days that are passing over our heads, and due to Mr. Newman, originally the ablest son of Puseyism, but now a powerful architect of religious philosophy on his own account. I should have described him more briefly as a "master-builder," had my ear been able to endure a sentence ending with two consecutive trochees, and each of those trochees ending with the same syllable *er*. Ah, reader! I would the gods had made thee rhythmical, that thou mightest comprehend the thousandth part of my labors in the evasion of cacophony. *Phil.* has a general dislike to the Puseyites, though he is too learned to be ignorant (as are often the Low-Church, or Evangelical, party in England), that, in many of their supposed innova-

either as an agent in the service of some other man's malice, or in the service of his own rapacity — as an extortioner relying upon the mystic terrors of his negro victims. Let the reader consult Bryan Edwards in his "West Indies" — a well-known book of sixty years back. Or, as I now dimly remember, in Miss Edgeworth's earliest novel of "Belinda," he will find a lively sketch embodying most of the features characterising the African form of magic; that is, the special magic of *Obi* (which, by the way, was popularised in London and Liverpool some fifty years back by the picturesque drama of "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack"). But for a larger view of African magic, not limited to the Koromantyn form of *Obi*, I would refer the reader to some interesting disclosures (founded on personal experience) in the "African Memoranda" of Captain Beavor. The book belongs to the last generation, and must be more than forty years old. The author was a Post-captain in our navy; and I may mention incidentally that he was greatly admired by Coleridge and Wordsworth for the meditative and philosophic style of mind exhibited in his book

tions, the Puseyites were really only restoring what the torpor of the eighteenth century had suffered to go into disuse. They were *reforming* the church in the sense sometimes belonging to the particle *re* — viz., *reforming* it, moulding it back into compliance with its original form and model. It is true that this effort for quickening the church, and for adorning her exterior service, moved under the impulse of too undisguised a sympathy with Papal Rome. But there is no great reason to mind *that* in our age and our country. Protestant zealotry may be safely relied on in this island as a match for Popish bigotry. There will be no love lost between them — be assured of *that* — and justice will be done to both, though neither should do it to her rival; for philosophy, which has so long sought only amusement in either, is, in these latter days of growing profundity, applying herself steadily to the profound truths which dimly are descried lurking in both. It is these which Mr. Newman is likely to illuminate, and not the faded forms of an obsolete ceremonial that cannot now be restored effectually, were it even important that they should. Strange it is, however, that he should open his career by offering to Rome, as a mode of homage, this doctrine of development, which is the direct inversion of her own. Rome founds herself upon the idea, that to *her*, by tradition and exclusive privilege, was communicated, once for all, the whole truth from the beginning. Mr. Newman lays his corner-stone in the very opposite idea of gradual development given to Christianity by the motion of time, by experience, by expanding occasions, and by the progress of civilization. Is New-

manism likely to prosper? Let me tell a little anecdote. Twenty years ago, roaming one day (as so often I did) with our immortal Wordsworth, I took the liberty of telling him, at a point of our walk, where nobody could possibly overhear me, unless it were old Father Helvellyn, that I feared his theological principles were not quite so sound as his friends would wish. They wanted tinkering a little. But what was worse, I did not see how they *could* be tinkered in the particular case which prompted my remark; for in that place, to tinker, or in any respect to alter, was to destroy. It was a passage in the "Excursion," where the Solitary had described the baptismal rite as washing away the taint of original sin, and, in fact, working the effect which is called technically *regeneration*. In the "Excursion" this view was advanced, not as the poet's separate opinion, but as the avowed doctrine of the English Church, to which church Wordsworth and myself yielded gladly a filial reverence. But *was* this the doctrine of the English Church? *That* I doubted — and judging by my own casual experience, I fancied that a considerable majority in the church gave an interpretation to this sacrament differing by much from that in the "Excursion." Wordsworth was startled and disturbed at hearing it whispered ever before Helvellyn, who is old enough to keep a secret, that his theology might possibly limp a little. I, on *my* part, was not sure that it *did*, but I feared so; and, as there was no chance that I should be murdered for speaking freely (though the place was lonely, and the evening getting dusky, and W. W. had a natural resemblance to Mrs. Ratcliffe's Schedoni and other as-

sassins roaming through prose and verse), I stood to my disagreeable communication with the courage of a martyr. The question between us being one of mere fact (not what *ought* to be the doctrine, but what *was* the doctrine of our English Church at that time), there was no opening for much discussion ; and, on Wordsworth's suggestion, it was agreed to refer the point to his learned brother, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, just then meditating a visit to his native lakes. That visit in a short time "came off," and then, without delay, our dispute "came on" for judgment. I had no bets upon the issue — one can't bet with Wordsworth — and I don't know that I should have ventured to back myself in a case of that nature. However, I felt a slight anxiety on the subject, which was very soon and kindly removed by Dr. Wordsworth's deciding, "sans phrase," that I, the original mover of the strife, was wrong, wrong as wrong could be ; without an opening in fact to any possibility of being more wrong. To this decision I bowed at once, on a principle of courtesy. One ought always to presume a man right within his own *profession*, even if privately one should think him wrong. But I could not think *that* of Dr. Wordsworth. He was a D. D. ; he was head of Trinity College, which has *my* entire permission to hold its head up among twenty colleges, as the leading one in Cambridge (provided it can obtain St. John's permission), "and which," says *Phil.*, "has done more than any other foundation in Europe for the enlightenment of the world, and for the overthrow of literary philosophical, and religious superstitions." I quarrel not with this bold appreciation, remembering reveren-

tially that Isaac Barrow, that Isaac Newton, that Richard Bentley belonged to Trinity, but I wish to understand it. The total pretensions of the College can be known only to its members; and therefore *Phil.* should have explained himself more fully. He *can* do so, for *Phil.* is certainly a Trinity man. If the police are in search of him, beyond a doubt they'll hear of him at Trinity. Suddenly it strikes me as a dream, that Lord Bacon also belonged to this College. As to Dr. Wordsworth, he was, or had been an examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Now to suppose Lambeth in fault on such a question, is equivalent to the old Roman formula of *Solem dicere falsum*. What other court of appeal was known to man? So I submitted as cheerfully as if the learned Doctor, instead of kicking me out of court, had been handing me in. Yet, for all that, as I returned musing past Rydal Water, I could not help muttering to myself — Ay, now, what rebellious thought was it that I muttered? You fancy, reader, that perhaps I said, “But yet, Doctor, in spite of your wig, I am in the right.” No; you're quite wrong; I said nothing of the sort. What I *did* mutter was this — “The prevailing doctrine of the church must be what Dr. Wordsworth says — viz., that baptism *is* regeneration — he cannot be mistaken as to *that* — and I have been misled by the unfair proportion of Evangelical people, bishops, and others, whom accident has thrown in my way at Barley Wood (Hannah More's). These, doubtless form a minority in the church; and yet, from the strength of their opinions, from their being a moving party, as also from their being a growing party, I pro-

phesy this issue, that many years will not pass before this very question, now slumbering, will rouse a feud within the English Church. There is a quarrel brewing. Such feuds, long after they are ripe for explosion, sometimes slumber on, until accident kindles them into flame." That accident was furnished by the tracts of the Puseyites, and since then, according to the word which I spoke on Rydal Water, there has been open war raging on this very point.

At present, with even more certainty, I prophesy that mere necessity, a necessity arising out of continual collisions with sceptical philosophy, will, in a few years, carry all churches enjoying a learned priesthood into the disputes connected with this doctrine of development. *Phil.*, meantime, is no friend to that Newmanian doctrine; and in sect. 31, p. 66, he thus describes it:—"According to these writers" (viz., the writers who advocate the theory of development), "the progressive and gradual development of religious truth, which appears to *us*" (*us*, in the mouth of an *anti-Newmanite*, meaning the *Old-mannians*) "to have been terminated by the final revelation of the Gospel, has been going on ever since the foundation of the church, is going on still, and must continue to advance. This theory presumes that the Bible does not contain a full and final exposition of a complete system of religion; that the church has developed from the Scriptures true doctrines not explicitly contained therein," &c., &c.

But, without meaning to undertake a defence of Mr. Newman (whose book I am as yet too slenderly acquainted with), may I be allowed, at this point, to

Intercept a fallacious view of that doctrine, as though essentially it proclaimed some imperfection in Christianity. The imperfection is in us, the Christians, not in Christianity. The impression given by *Phil.* to the hasty reader is, that, according to Newmanism, the Scriptures make a good beginning, to which we ourselves are continually adding — furnish a foundation, on which we ourselves build the superstructure. Not so. In the course of a day or a year, the sun passes through a vast variety of positions, aspects, and corresponding powers, in relation to ourselves. Daily and annually he is *developed* to us — he runs a cycle of development. Yet, after all, this practical result does not argue any change or imperfection, growth or decay, in the sun. This great orb is stationary as regards his place, and unchanging as regards his power. It is the subjective change in ourselves that projects itself into this endless succession of *apparent* changes in the object. Not otherwise on the scheme of religious development; the Christian theory and system are perfect from the beginning. In itself, Christianity changes not, neither waxing nor waning; but the motions of time and the evolutions of experience continually uncover new parts of its *unchanging* disk. The orb *grows*, so far as practically we are speaking of our own perceptions; but absolutely, as regards itself in its essence, the orb, eternally the same, has simply more or fewer of its digits exposed. Christianity, perfect from the beginning, had in its earlier stages a curtain over much of its disk, which Time and Social Progress are continually withdrawing. This I say not as any deliberate judgment on develop-

ment, but merely as a suspending, or *ad interim* idea, by way of barring too summary an interdict against the doctrine at this premature stage. *Phil.*, however, hardens his face against Newman and all his works. Him and them he defies; and would consign, perhaps secretly, to the care of a well-known (not new, but) old gentleman, if only he had any faith in that old gentleman's existence. On that point, he is a fixed infidel, and quotes with applause the answer of Robinson, the once celebrated Baptist clergyman, who being asked if he believed in the devil, replied, "Oh, no; I, for my part, believe in God — don't *you*?" as if each belief alternately involved the negation of the other.

Phil., therefore, as we have seen, in effect, condemns development. But, at p. 33, when as yet he is not thinking of Mr. Newman, he says, "If knowledge is progressive, the *development* of Christian doctrine must be progressive likewise." I do not see the *must*; but I see the Newmanian cloven foot. As to the *must*, knowledge is certainly progressive; but the development of the multiplication table is not therefore progressive, nor of anything else that is finished from the beginning. My reason, however, for quoting the sentence, is because here we suddenly detect *Phil.* laying down in his own person that doctrine which in Mr. Newman he had regarded as heterodox. *Phil.* is taken red-hand, as the English law expresses it, crimson with the blood of his offence; assuming, in fact, an original imperfection *quoad* the *scire*, not *quoad* the *esse*; as to the "*exposition* of the system," though not as to the "*system* itself" of Christianity. Mr. New

man, after all, asserts (I believe) only one mode of development as applicable to Christianity. *Phil.* having broke the ice, may now be willing to allow of two developments; whilst I, that am always for going to extremes, finding moderation to be the worst thing in this present world, should be disposed to assert three, viz. : —

First, the *Philological* development. And this is a point on which I, *Philo-Phil.* (or, as for brevity you may call me, *Phil-Phil.*) shall, without wishing to do so, vex *Phil.* It's shocking that one should vex the author of one's existence, which *Phil.* certainly is in relation to me, when considered as *Phil-Phil*; for I, in my incarnation of *Phil-Phil.*, certainly could not have existed, had not *Phil.* pre-existed. Still it is past all denial, that, to a certain extent, the Scriptures must benefit, like any other book, by an increasing accuracy and compass of learning in the *exegesis* applied to them. But if all the world denied this, *Phil.*, my parent, is the man that cannot; since he it is that relies upon philological knowledge as the one resource of Christian philosophy in all circumstances of difficulty for any of its interests, positive or negative. Philology, according to *Phil.*, is the sheet-anchor of Christianity. Already it is the author of a Christianity more in harmony with philosophy; and, as regards the future, *Phil.* it is that charges Philology with the whole service of divinity. Wherever anything, being right, needs to be defended — wherever anything, being amiss, needs to be improved, on Philology it is that the burden rests. Oh, what a life he will lead this poor Philology! Philology, with *Phil.*, is the

is the great benefactress for the past, and the sole trustee for the future. Philology is the Mrs. Partington that not only engages in single duel with the Atlantic Ocean, armed simply with her mop, but also undertakes to mop out the Atlantic from all trespass or intrusion through all time coming. Here, therefore, *Phil.* is caught in a fix, *habemus confitentem*. He denounces development when dealing with the Newmanites; he relies on it when vaunting the functions of Philology; and the only evasion for *him* would be to distinguish about the modes of development, were it not that, by insinuation, he has apparently denied all modes.

Secondly, there is the *Philosophic* development, from that constant reaction upon the Bible which is maintained by advancing knowledge. This is a mode of development continually going on, and reversing the steps of past human follies. In every age, man has imported his own crazes into the Bible, fancied that he saw them there, and then drawn sanctions to his wickedness or absurdity from what were nothing else than reflexes projected from his own monstrous errors, or, at best, puerile conceits of adventurous ignorance. Thus did the Papists draw a plenary justification of intolerance, or even of atrocious persecution, from the Evangelical "*Compel them to come in!*" The right of unlimited coercion was read in those words. People, again, that were democratically given, or had a fancy for treason, heard a trumpet of insurrection in the words "*To your tents, oh Israel!*" But far beyond these in multitude were those that drew from the Bible the most extravagant claims for kings and rulers

“ Rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft.” This was a jewel of a text; it killed two birds with one stone — viz., simultaneously condemning all constitutional resistance, the most wise and indispensable, to the most profligate of kings, and also consecrating the filthiest of man’s follies as to witchcraft. Broomsticks, as aerial horses, were proved out of it most clearly, and also the atrocity of representative government. What a little text to contain so much! Look into Algernon Sidney, or into Locke’s controversy with Sir Robert Filmer’s * “ Patriarcha,” or into any books of those days on political principles, and it will be found that Scripture was so used as to form an absolute bar against human progress. All public benefits were, in the most *verbal* sense, made to be *precarious*, as depending upon prayers (*preces* — whence *precor*, and our own *precarious*) to those who had an interest in refusing them. All improvements were eleemosynary; for the initial step in all cases belonged to the crown; and except as bounty or lordly alms from the crown, no reform was possible. “ The right divine of kings to govern wrong ” was in those days what many a man would have died for — what many a man *did* die for; and all in pure simplicity of heart — faithful to the Bible, but to the Bible of misinterpretation. They obeyed (and most sincerely, because often to their own ruin) an order which they had misread. Their sincerity, the disinterestedness of their folly, is evident; and in that degree is evident the opening for Scripture

* “ *Filmer’s Patriarcha:* ” — I mention the *book* as the antagonist, and not the man, because (according to my impression) Sir Robert was dead when Locke was answering him.

development. Nobody could better obey Scripture as *they* had understood it. Change in the obedience, there could be none for the better; it demanded only that there should be a change in the interpretation, and that change would be what is meant by a *development* of Scripture. Two centuries of enormous progress in the relations between subjects and rulers have altered the whole reading. “*How readest thou?*” was the question of Christ himself; that is, in what meaning dost thou read the particular Scripture that applies to this case, so as to escape a superstitious obedience to its mere *letter*, which so often “killeth?” All the texts and all the cases remain at this hour just as they were for our ancestors; and our reverence for these texts is as absolute as theirs; but we, applying lights of experience which *they* had not, construe these texts by different logic. *There* now is development applied to the Bible in one of its many *strata* — that particular *stratum* which connects itself most with civil polity. Again, what a development have we made of Christian truth; how differently do we now read our Bibles in relation to the poor tenants of dungeons that once were thought, even by Christian nations, to have no rights at all! — in relation to “all prisoners and captives;”* and in relation above all to slaves! The New Testament had said nothing *directly* upon the question of slavery; nay, by the misreader it was rather supposed *indirectly* to countenance that institution. But mark — it is Mohammedanism, having little

* Words from one of the beautiful petitions in the *Litany* of the Anglican Church.

faith in its own *spiritual* power of rectification, that dare not confide in its children for developing anything, but must tie them up for every contingency by the *letter* of a rule. Christianity — how differently does *she* proceed! She throws herself broadly upon the pervading spirit which burns within her morals. “Let them alone,” she says of nations; “leave them to themselves. I have put a new law into their hearts, and a new heart (a heart of flesh, where before was a stony heart) into all my children; and if it is really there, really cherished, that law, read by that heart, will tell them — will develop for them — what it is that they ought to do in every case as it arises, though never noticed in words, when once its consequences are comprehended.” No need, therefore, for the New Testament *explicitly* to forbid slavery; silently and *implicitly* it is forbidden in many passages of the New Testament, and it is at war with the spirit of all. Besides, the religion which trusts to formal and literal rules breaks down the very moment that a new case arises not described in the rules. Such a case is virtually unprovided for, if it does not answer to a circumstantial textual description; whereas *every* case is provided for, as soon as its tendencies and its moral relations are made known, by a religion that speaks through a spiritual organ to a spiritual apprehension in man. Accordingly, we find that, whenever a new mode of intoxication is introduced, not depending upon grapes, the most devout Mussulmans hold themselves absolved from the interdict of the Koran as to strong drink, on the ground that this interdict applied *itself* to the fermentations of grapes, and scandalously

unaware, in its bee-like limitation of prophetic vision,* that such blessings would arise in the Christian world as brown stout and Bass's medicinal ale, which the Prophet himself might have found useful as a *viaticum*, on his *flight* to (or *from*, was it?) Medina.

And so it would have been with Christians, if the New Testament had laid down *literal* prohibitions of slavery, or of the slave traffic. Thousands of variations would have been developed by time which no *letter* of Scripture could have been comprehensive enough to reach. Were the domestic servants of Greece, the *θητες* (*thetes*), within the description? Were the *serfs* and the *ascripti glebæ* of feudal Europe to be accounted slaves? Or those amongst our own brothers and sisters, that within so short a period were

* “*Bee-like limitation of prophetic vision:*” — Grosser ignorance than my own in most sections of natural history is not easily imagined. I retreat in panic from a cross-examination upon such themes by a child of five years. But, nevertheless, I am possessed of various odd fragments in this field of learning, mostly achieved by my own casual observation up and down innumerable solitary roamings. I am also possessed of one solitary zoological fact, borrowed, and not self-originated (which I fear may turn out to be a falsehood), as to the optics of the bee. I picked it up about fifty years ago in a most unlikely quarter — viz., the little work of a sentimentalist and discounting poet — namely, Samuel Rogers — which is my chief reason for viewing it sceptically. He, in his “*Pleasures of Memory*,” asserts that the bee, too busy for star-gazing, sees only to the extent of half an-inch beyond his own eye. I know people with a range of vision considerably less. Will the reader permit me to present him with this little contribution to his stores of zoological science before it has time to explode (in the event of being unsound). I expect no premium or *bonus*, by way of *commission* on fifty years' portorage.

born subterraneously,* in Scottish mines, or in the English collieries of Cumberland, and were supposed to be *ascripti metallo*, sold by nature to the mine, and endorsed upon the machinery as so many spokes in a mighty wheel, shafts and tubes in the "plant" of the concern, and liable to be pursued as fugitive slaves, in the event of their coming up to daylight, and walking off to some other district.

* See, for some very interesting sketches of this Pariah population, the work (title I forget) of Mr. Bald, a Scottish engineer, well known and esteemed in Edinburgh and Glasgow. He may be relied on. What he tells against Scotland is violently against his own will, for he is intensely national, of which I will give the reader one instance that may make him smile. Much of the rich, unctuous coal, from Northumberland and Durham, gives a deep ruddy light, verging to a blood-red, and certainly is rather sullen, on a winter evening to the eye. On the other hand, the Scottish coal, or most of it, being far poorer as to heat, throws out a very beautiful and animated scarlet blaze; upon which hint, Mr. Bald, when patriotically distressed at not being able to deny the double power of the eastern English coal, suddenly revivifies his Scottish heart that had been chilled, perhaps, by the Scottish coals in his fire-grate, upon recurring to this picturesque difference in the two blazes — "Ah!" he says gratefully, "that Newcastle blaze is well enough for a "gloomy" Englishman, but it wouldn't do at all for cheerful Scotland."

† These hideous abuses, which worked for generations through the silent aid of dense ignorance in some quarters, and of old traditional maxims in others, under the darkness of general credulity, and riveted locally by brazen impudence in lawyers, gave way (I believe), not to any express interference of the legislature [for in these monstrous inroads upon human rights the old proverbial saying was exemplified — *Out of sight, out of mind*, and no bastille can be so much out of sight as a mine or a colliery], but simply to the instincts of truth and knowledge

Would *they*, would these poor Scotch and English Pariahs, have stood within any Scriptural privilege

slowly diffusing their contagious light. Latterly, indeed, the House of Commons interfered powerfully to protect *women* from working in mines, and the poor creatures most fervently returned thanks to the House — but, as I saw and said at the time, under the unfortunate misconception that the gracious and paternal senate would send a supplementary stream of gold and silver, in lieu of that particular stream which the honorable House had seen cause suddenly to freeze up forever. Not that I would insinuate the reasonableness, or even the possibility, of Parliament's paying permanent wages to these poor mining women; but I *do* contend, that in the act of correcting a ruinous social evil, that never could have reached its climax unless under the criminal negligence of Parliament, naturally and justly the duty fell upon that purblind Parliament of awarding to these poor mining families such an indemnification, once for all, as might lighten and facilitate the harsh transition from double pay to single pay which the new law had suddenly exacted. As a sum to be paid by a mighty nation, it was nothing at all; as a sum to be received by a few hundreds of working households, at a moment of unavoidable hardship and unforeseen change, it would have been a serious and seasonable relief, acknowledged with gratitude. Meantime, I am not able to say whether *all* the evils of female participation in mining labor, as contemplated by the wisdom of Parliament, so fearfully disturbing the system of their natural household functions, and lowering so painfully the dignity of their sexual position, have even yet been purified. Mr. Bald, a Scottish engineer, chiefly applying his science to collieries, describes a state of degradations as pressing upon the female co-operators in the system of some collieries, which is likely enough to prevail at this hour [February, 1858], inasmuch as the substitution of male labor would often prove too costly, besides that the special difficulty of the case would thus be aggravated: I speak of cases where the avenues of descent into the mine are too low to admit of horses and the women, whom it is found necessary to substitute, being

and the New Testament legislated by name and letter for this class of *douloi* (slaves)? Ten thousand evasions, distinctions, and subdistinctions, would have neutralized the intended relief; and a verbal refinement would forever have defeated a merely verbal concession. Endless would be the virtual restorations to slavery under a Mahometan appeal to the *letter* of the Scriptural command: endless would be the defeats of these restorations under a Christian appeal to the pervading *spirit* of God's revealed command, and under an appeal to the direct voice of God, ventriloquizing through the secret whispers of man's conscience. Meantime, this sort of development (it may be objected) is not so much a light which Scripture

obliged to assume a cowering attitude, gradually subside into this unnatural posture (as a fixed memorial of their brutal degradation). The spine in these poor women, slaving on behalf of their children, becomes permanently horizontal, and at right angles to their legs. In process of time they lose the power of bending back into the perpendicular attitude conferred by nature as a symbolic privilege of grandeur upon the human race; at least if we believe the Roman poet, who tells us that *She* (meaning Nature)

“ Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus : ”

i. e., to the race of man she gave an aspiring countenance, and laid her commands upon that race to fix his gaze upon the heavens overhead, and to lift up all faces erect and bold to the imperishable stars. But these faithful mothers, loyal to their duties in scorn of their own personal interests, oftentimes exulted in tossing away from them, as a worthless derelict, their womanly graces of figure and motion — dedicating and using up these graces as a fund for ransoming their daughters from all similar degradation in time to come.

throws out upon human life, as inversely a light which human life and its eternal evolutions throw back upon Scripture. True: but then the very possibility of such developments for life, and for the deciphering intellect of man, was first of all opened by the spirit of Christianity. Christianity, for instance, brings to bear seasonably upon some opening, offered by a new phasis in the aspects of society, a new and kindling truth. This truth, caught up by some influential organ of social life, is prodigiously expanded by human experience; and subsequently, when travelling back to the Bible as an improved or illustrated text, is found to be made up in its details of many human developments. Does *that* argue any disparagement to Christianity, though she contributed little, and man contributed much? On the contrary, man would have contributed nothing at all, but for that first elementary impulse by which Christianity awakened man's attention to the slumbering instincts of truth, started man's movement in the new direction, and moulded man's regenerated principles. To give one instance: Public charity, the charity that grows out of tender and apprehensive sympathy with human sufferings — when did it commence, and where? Who first thought of it as a paramount duty for all who had any available power — as an awful right, clamorously pleading its pangs night and day in the ear of God and man? What voice, melodious as the harps of Paradise — voice which “all the company of heaven” must have echoed with a choral antiphony, first of all insisted on cold and hunger as dreadful realities afflicting poor women and innocent children? It was the voice o

one that sat upon a throne ; and he was the first man, having power to realize his benign purposes, that read in the rubric of man's duties any call for such purposes. But why it was that he first read the secret writing which the whole pagan world, Rome, and insolent Greece, had so obstinately ignored, suddenly becomes clear as daylight, when we learn that he--- the inaugurator of eleemosynary aid to the afflictions of man --- was the first son of Christianity that sat upon a throne. Yes, Constantine it was, earliest of Christian princes, that first* of all invested Pauperism

* “ *Constantine that first:* ” — But let me warn the reader not to fancy that the public largesses of corn to the humbler citizens of Rome had intercepted the possibility of this precedence for Constantine by many generations before he was known, or even before Christianity was revealed. There was no vestige of charity in the Roman distributions of grain. These distributions moved upon the same impulse as the *sportulæ* of the great oligarchic houses, and the *donatives* of princely officers to their victorious soldiery upon great anniversaries, or upon accessions to the throne, or upon adoptions of successors, &c. All were political, oftentimes rolling through the narrowest grooves of intrigue ; and so far from contemplating any collateral or secondary purpose of charity, that the most earnest inquiry on such occasions was — to find pretexts for excluding men from the benefit of the bounty. The primary thought was — who should *not* be admitted to participate in the dole. And at any rate none *were* admitted but citizens in the most rigorous and the narrowest sense. *Constantine* it was : — I do not certainly know that I have anywhere called the reader's attention to another great monument which connected the name of Constantine by a separate and hardly noticed tie with the propagation of Christianity. What name is it that, being still verdant and most interesting to all the nations of Christendom, serves as a daily memorial to refresh our reverence for the

with the majesty of an organ amongst political forces, on the Scriptural warrant that the poor should never

emperor Constantine? What but his immortal foundation of *Constantinople*, imposed upon the ruins of the elder city *Byzantium*, in the year of Christ 313, now therefore in the 1565th year of its age; which city of Constantinople is usually regarded, by those who have science comprehensive enough for valuing its various merits, as enjoying the most august site and circumstantial advantages, in reference to climate, commerce, navigation, sovereign policy, and centralization, on this planet, — with the doubtful reservation of one single South American station, viz., that of the Brazilian city Rio Janeiro (or, as we usually call it, Rio). Doubtless these magnificent natural endowments did much to influence the choice of Constantine; and yet I believe that no economic advantages, even though greater and more palpable, would have been sufficient to disengage his affections from a scene so consecrated by grand historical recollections as Rome, had not one overwhelming repulsion, ineradicably Roman, violently disenchanted him forever. This turned upon religion. *Rome*, it was found, *could not be depaganised*. Too profound, too inveterately entangled with the very soil and deep substructions of Latium were the old traditional records, promises, auguries, and mysterious splendors of concentrated Heathenism *in*, and *on*, and nine times *round about*, and fifty fathoms *below*, and countless fathoms in upper air *above* this most memorable of capital cities. Jupiter Capitolinus, the Sybil's Books, which for Roman minds were authentic, the dread cloister of Vestal Virgins, Jupiter Stator, and the undeniable omen of the Twelve Vultures* — centuries of mysterious

* "*Omen of the twelve vultures:*" — The reader must not allow himself to be repelled from the plain historic truth by foolish reproaches of superstition or credulity. The fact of twelve vultures having appeared under ceremonial circumstances, at what may be considered the inauguration of Rome, and was

ease out of the land — Constantine that conferred upon misery, as a mighty potentate dwelling forever in the skirts of populous cities, the privilege of appear-

sympathy between dim records and dim inquiries, could no more be washed away from the credulous heart of the Roman *plebs*, than the predictions of Nostradamus from the expecting and listening faith of Catherine de' Medici and her superstitious court. In short, fifty baptisms could not have washed away the deep-seated scrofula of Paganism in Rome. Constantine, therefore, wisely drew away a select section of the population to the quiet waters of the Propontis (*the Sea of Marmöra*, which oblige me by pronouncing as if an imperfect rhyme to *armory*, not as if the *o* in the penult. were accented). And thus, by a double service to Christianity — viz., by a solemn institution of charitable contributions to the poor, as their absolute right under the Christian law, and by a wise shepherd's segregation of diseased members from his flock — he earned meritoriously, and did not win by luck, that fortunate destiny which has locked up his name into that of the regenerated Rome — the earliest Christian city — and the mother of the Second, or the Oriental Roman Empire.

so understood at the time, is as certain as any fact the best attested in the history of Rome. And as it repeatedly announced itself during the lapse of these twelve centuries, when as yet they were far from being completed, there cannot be a reasonable doubt that a most impressive coincidence did occur between the early prophesy and its extraordinary fulfilment. In a gross general statement, such as *can* be made in a single sentence, we may describe the duration of Rome, from Romulus to Christ, as seven hundred and fifty years, which leaves about four hundred and fifty to be accounted for, in order to make up the tale of the twelve vultures. And pretty exactly that number of four hundred and fifty, plus two or three suppose, measures the interval between Christ and Augustulus.

ing forever in the skirts of populous cities, the privilege of appearing by a representative and a spokesman in the council-chamber of the Empire.

Had, then, the Pagans of all generations before Constantine, or more strictly before the Christian era, no charity, no pity, neither money nor verbal sympathy at the service of despairing poverty? No, none at all. Supposing, for instance, any Gentile establishments to have existed up and down Greece, or Egypt, or the Grecianized regions of Asia Minor and Syria, at the Apostolic era, these would undoubtedly have been referred to by the Apostles as furnishing models to emulate, or to copy with improvements, or utterly and earnestly to ignore, under terror of contagion from some of those fundamental errors in their plan theoretically, or in their administration practically, which might be counted on as pretty certain to pollute the executive details, however decent in their first originating purpose. Upon any one of some half-dozen motives, St. Paul, in his boundless activity of inquiry and comparison, would have found cause to mention such institutions. And again, in the next generation, under the Emperor Trajan, Pliny would have had abundant ground for dwelling on this early *communism* and system of reciprocal charity established amongst the Christians, had he not recoiled from thus emblazoning the beneficence of an obnoxious sect, when conscious that no parallel public bounty could be pleaded as a set-off on the side of those who desired to persecute this new-born sect. There remains, moreover, a *damnatory* evidence on this point, much more unequivocal and direct, in the formal systems of ethics stil

surviving from the Pagan world under the noon-day splendor of its civilization: Aristotle's, for example, at the epoch of Alexander the Great; and Cicero's, at a corresponding period of refinement three centuries later in Rome. Now, in these elaborate systems, which have come down to us unmutilated, no traces are to be found of any recognised duty moving in the direction of public aid and relief to the sufferers from poverty. Our wicked friend Kikero,* for instance, who *was* so bad, but *wrote* so well, who *did* such naughty things, but *said* such pretty things, has himself noticed in one of his letters, with petrifying coolness, that he knew of destitute old women in Rome, who went without tasting food for one, two, or even three days. After making such a statement, did Kikero not tumble down-stairs, and break at least three of his legs, in his hurry to call a public meeting for the redressing of so cruel a grievance? Not he: the man continued to strut up and down his library,

* It is interesting to observe, at this moment, how the proofs accumulate from the ends of the earth that the Roman C was always in value equal to K. The imperial name of Cæsar has survived in two separate functions. It is found as a family name rooted amongst Oriental peoples, and is always Keyser. But also it has survived as an official title, indicating the sovereign ruler. At this moment, from Milan, under the shadow of the Alps, to Lucknow, under the shadow of the Himalayas, this immortal Roman name popularly expresses the office of the supreme magistrate. *Keyser* is the current titular designation of the king who till lately reigned over Oude; and *der Kayser*, in the fiction which made the Empire of Germany a true lineal successor to the Western Roman Empire, has always indicated the Emperor — once German, now simply Austrian.

in a toga as big as the "Times" newspaper, singing out —

"Cedant arma togæ; concedat laurea laudi."

And, if Kikero noticed the case at all, it was only as a fact that might be interesting to natural philosophers, or to speculators on the theories of a *plenum* and a *vacuum*, or to Greek physicians investigating the powers of the human stomach, or to connoisseurs in old women. No drachma or denarius, be well assured, ever left the secret lockers or hidden fobs of this discreet barrister upon so blind a commission as that of carrying consolation to a superfluous old woman — not enjoying so much as the *jus suffragii*. By a thousand indirect notices, it might be shown that an act of charity would, in the eyes of Pagan moralists, have taken rank as an act of drunkenness.

Yes, the great planetary orb of charity in its most comprehensive range — not that charity only which interprets for the best all doubtful symptoms, not that charity only which "hopeth all things," and which, even to the relenting criminal, gives back an opening for recovering his lost position by showing that for *him* also there is shining in the distance a reversionary hope — but that charity also which brings aid that is effectual, and sympathy that is unaffected, to the households sitting in darkness — this great diffusive orb, and magnetic centre of every perfect social system, first wheeled into its place and functions on that day when Christianity shot above the horizon. But the idea, but the principle, but the great revolutionary fountain of benediction, was all that Christianity furnished, or

needed to furnish. The executive arrangements, the endless machinery, for diffusing, regulating, multiplying, exalting this fountain—all this belongs no longer to the Bible, but to man. And why not? What blindness to imagine that revelation would have promoted its own purposes by exonerating man from *his* share in the total work. So far from *that*, thus and no otherwise it was—viz., by laying upon a man a necessity for co-operating with heaven—that the compound object of this great revolution had any chance of being accomplished. It was as much the object of Christianity that he who exercised charity should be bettered, as he that benefited by charity—the agent equally with the object. Only in that way is Shakspeare's fine anticipation realized of a two-fold harvest, and a double moral won; for the fountain itself

“Is twice blessed:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

But if Providence had reserved to itself the whole of the work—not merely the first suggestion of a new and divine magnetism for interlinking reciprocally all members of the human family, but had also appropriated the whole process of deducing and distributing into separate rills the irrigation of God's garden upon earth, in that act it would have defeated on the largest scale its own scheme of training for man; just as much as if (according to a former speculation of mine) God, by condescending to teach science in the Bible (astronomy suppose, chronology, or geology), had thus at one blow, besides defrauding the true and avowed mission of the Bible, self-counteractingly stepped in to

solve his own problems, and thus had violently intercepted those very difficulties which had been strewed in man's path *seriatim*, and so as to advance by measured increments of difficulty, for the specific purpose of applying graduated irritations to the stimulation of man's intellect. Equally in the training of his moral habits, and in the development by successive steps of his intellect, man and the religion of man must move by cooperation; and it cannot be the policy or the true meaning of revelation to work towards any great purpose in man's destiny, otherwise than through the co-agency of man's faculties, improved in the whole extent of their capacities. This case, therefore (of charity arising suddenly as a new command to man), teaches three great inferences: —

First, the power of a religion to stimulate vast developments in man, when itself stimulated by a social condition not sleeping and passive, but in a vigilant state of healthy activity.

Secondly, that if all continued cases of interchangeable development — that is, of the Bible downwards upon man, or reversely of man upwards upon the Bible and its interpretation — may be presumed to argue a concurrent action between Providence and man, it follows that the *human* element in the co-agency will always account for any admixture of evil or error, without impeaching in any degree the doctrine of a general overriding inspiration. For instance, I see little reason to doubt that economically the Apostles had erred, and through their very simplicity of heart had erred, as to that joint-stock company which they, so ignorant of the world, had formed in an early stage of the in-

fant church ; and that Ananias and Sapphira had fallen victims to a perplexity, and a collision between their engagements and their natural rights, such as overthrew their too delicate sensibilities. But, if this were really so, the human element carries away from the Divine all taint of reproach. There lies one mode of benefit from this joint agency of man and Providence.*

Thirdly, we see here illustrated one amongst innumerable cases of development applicable to the Bible. And this power of development in general proves one other thing of the last importance to prove — viz., the power of Christianity to work in co-operation with time and social progress — to work variably, according to the endless variation of time and place. And this is the exact *shibboleth* of a spiritual religion.

For, in conclusion, here lies a consideration of deadliest importance. On reviewing the history of false religions, and inquiring what it was that ruined them, or caused them to tremble, or to exhibit premonitory signs of coming declension, rarely or never amongst such causes has been found any open exhibition of violence. The gay mythologic religion of Greece

* Coleridge, as may be seen in his "Notes on English Divines," though free in a remarkable degree, for one so cloudy in his speculative flights, from any spirit of licentious tampering with the text of the New Testament, or with its orthodox explanation, was yet deeply impressed with the belief that the Apostles had gone far astray in their first provision for the pecuniary necessities of the infant church, and he went so far as to think that they had even seriously crippled its movements, by accumulations of debt that might have been evaded.

melted away in silence ; that of Egypt, more revolting to unfamiliarised sensibilities, more gloomy, and apparently reposing on some basis of more solemn and less allegoric reality, exhaled like a dream — *i. e.*, without violence, by *internal* decay. I mean, that no violence existed where the religion fell, and there *was* violence where it did *not*. For even the dreadful fanaticism of the early Mahometan sultans in Hindostan, before the accession of Baber and his Mogul successors from the house of Timour, failed to crush the monstrous idolatries of the Hindoos. All false religions have perished by their own hollowness, and by internal decay, under the searching trials applied by life and the changes of life, by social mechanism and the changes of social mechanism, which wait in ambush upon *every* mode of religion. False modes of religion could not respond to the demands exacted from them, or the questions emerging. One after one they have collapsed, as if by palsy, and have sunk away under new aspects of society and new necessities of man which they were not able to face. Commencing in one condition of society, in one set of feelings, and in one system of ideas, they sank instinctively under any great change in these elements, to which they had no natural power of plastic self-accommodation. A false religion furnished always a key to one subordinate lock, but a religion that is true will prove a master-key for all locks alike. This transcendental principle, through which Christianity transfers herself so readily from climate to climate,* from land to land, from century to

* “ *From climate to climate :* ” — Sagacious Mahometans are often troubled and scandalized by the secret misgiving that, after

century, from the simplicity of shepherds to the utmost refinement of philosophers, carries with it a corresponding necessity (corresponding, I mean, to such infinite flexibility) of an indefinite development. The Paganism of Rome, so flattering and so sustaining to the Roman nationality and pride, satisfied no spiritual necessity: dear to the Romans as citizens, it was at last killing to them as men.

all, their Prophet must have been an ignorant man. It is clear that the case of a cold climate had never occurred to him; and even a hot one was conceived by him under conditions too palpably limited. Many of the Bedouin Arabs complain of ablutions incompatible with their half-waterless position. Mahomet coming from the Hedjas, a rich tract, and through that benefit the fruitful mother of noble horses, knew no more of the arid deserts and Zaarrahs than do I. These oversights of its founder would have proved fatal to Islamism had Islamism succeeded in producing a high civilization.

SECESSION

FROM

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.*

A GREAT revolution has taken place in Scotland. A greater has been threatened. Nor is that danger even yet certainly gone by. Upon the accidents of such events as may arise for the next five years, whether fitted or not fitted to revive discussions in which many of the Non-seceders went in various degrees along with the Seceders, depends the final (and, in a strict sense, the very awful) question, What is to be the fate of the Scottish church? Lord Aberdeen's Act is well qualified to tranquillize the agitations of that body; and at an earlier stage, if not intercepted by Lord Melbourne, might have prevented them in part. But Lord Aberdeen has no power to stifle a conflagration once thoroughly kindled. That must depend in a great degree upon the favorable aspect of events yet in the rear.

Meantime these great disturbances are not understood in England; and chiefly from the differences between the two nations as to the language of their several

[* Written in 1844. The reader will find a graphic narrative of the event in Hanna's "Life of Dr. Thomas Chalmers."]

churches and law courts. The process of ordination and induction is totally different under the different ecclesiastical administrations of the two kingdoms. And the church courts of Scotland do not exist in England. We write, therefore, with an express view to the better information of England proper. And, with this purpose, we shall lead the discussion through four capital questions:—

I. *What* is it that has been done by the moving party?

II. *How* was it done? By what agencies and influence?

III. What were the *immediate results* of these acts?

IV. What are the *remote results* yet to be apprehended?

I. First, then, **WHAT** *is it that has been done?*

Up to the month of May in 1834, the fathers and brothers of the "Kirk" were in harmony as great as humanity can hope to see. Since May, 1834, the church has been a fierce crater of volcanic agencies, throwing out of her bosom one-third of her children; and these children are no sooner born into their earthly atmosphere, than they turn, with unnatural passions, to the destruction of their brethren. What *can* be the grounds upon which an *acharnement* so deadly has arisen?

It will read to the ears of a stranger almost as an experiment upon his credulity, if we tell the simple truth. Being incredible, however, it is not the less true; and, being monstrous, it will yet be recorded in history, that the Scottish church has split into mortal

feuds upon two points absolutely without interest to the nation; first, upon a demand for creating clergymen by a new process; secondly, upon a demand for Papal latitude of jurisdiction. Even the order of succession in these things is not without meaning. Had the second demand stood first, it would have seemed possible that the two demands might have grown up independently, and so far conscientiously. But, according to the realities of the case, this is *not* possible; the second demand grew *out* of the first. The interest of the Seceders, as locked up in their earliest requisition, was that which prompted their second. Almost everybody was contented with the existing mode of creating the pastoral relation. Search through Christendom, lengthways and breadthways, there was not a public usage, an institution, an economy, which more profoundly slept in the sunshine of divine favor or of civil prosperity, than the peculiar mode authorized and practised in Scotland of appointing to every parish its several pastor. Here and there an ultra-Presbyterian spirit might prompt a murmur against it. But the wise and intelligent approved; and those who had the appropriate — that is, the religious interest — confessed that it was practically successful. From whom, then, came the attempt to change? Why, from those only who had an alien interest, an indirect interest, an interest of ambition in its subversion. As matters stood in the spring of 1834, the patron of each benefice, acting under the severest restraints — restraints which (if the church courts did their duty) left no room or possibility for an unfit man to creep in — nominated the incumbent. In a spiritual sense, the church had al

power : by refusing, first of all, to “*license*” unqualified persons ; secondly, by refusing to “*admit*” out of these licensed persons such as might have become warped from the proper standard of pastoral fitness, the church had a negative voice, all-potential in the creation of clergymen ; the church could exclude whom she pleased. But this contented her not. Simply to shut out was an ungracious office, though mighty for the interests of orthodoxy through the land. The children of this world, who became the agitators of the church, clamored for something more. They desired for the church that she should become a lady patroness ; that she should give as well as take away ; that she should wield a sceptre, courted for its bounties, and not merely feared for its austerities. Yet how should this be accomplished ? Openly to translate upon the church the present power of patrons — *that* were too revolutionary, that would have exposed its own object. For the present, therefore, let this device prevail — let the power nominally be transferred to congregations : let this be done upon the plea that each congregation understands best what mode of ministrations tends to its own edification. There lies the semblance of a Christian plea ; the congregation, it is said, has become anxious for itself ; the church has become anxious for the congregation. And then, if the translation should be effected, the church has already devised a means for appropriating the power which she has unsettled ; for she limits this power to the communicants at the sacramental table. Now, in Scotland, though not in England, the character of communicants is notoriously created or suspended by the clergyman of each parish , so that, by

the briefest of circuits, the church causes the power to revolve into her own hands.

That was the first change — a change full of Jacobinism ; and for which to be published was to be denounced. It was necessary, therefore, to place this Jacobin change upon a basis privileged from attack. How should *that* be done ? The object was to create a new clerical power ; to shift the election of clergymen from the lay hands in which law and usage had lodged it ; and, under a plausible mask of making the election popular, circuitously to make it ecclesiastical. Yet, if the existing patrons of church benefices should see themselves suddenly denuded of their rights, and within a year or two should see these rights settling determinately into the hands of the clergy, the fraud, the fraudulent purpose, and the fraudulent machinery, would have stood out in gross proportions too palpably revealed. In this dilemma the reverend agitators devised a second scheme. It was a scheme bearing triple harvests ; for, at one and the same time, it furnished the motive which gave a constructive coherency and meaning to the original purpose, it threw a solemn shadow over the rank worldliness of that purpose, and it opened a diffusive tendency towards other purposes of the same nature, as yet undeveloped. The device was this : in Scotland, as in England, the total process by which a parish clergyman is created, subdivides itself into several successive acts. The initial act belongs to the patron of the benefice : he must “ *present* ; ” that is, he notifies the fact of his having conferred the benefice upon A B, to a public body which officially takes cognizance of this act ; and that body is, no

the particular parish concerned, but the presbytery of the district in which the parish is seated. Thus far the steps, merely legal, of the proceedings, were too definite to be easily disturbed. These steps are sustained by Lord Aberdeen as realities, and even by the Non-intrusionists were tolerated as formalities.

But at this point commence other steps not so rigorously defined by law or usage, nor so absolutely within one uniform interpretation of their value. In practice they had long sunk into forms. But ancient forms easily lend themselves to a revivification by meanings and applications, new or old, under the galvanism of democratic forces. The disturbers of the church, passing by the act of "presentation" as an obstacle too formidable to be separately attacked on its own account, made their stand upon one of the two acts which lie next in succession. It is the regular routine, that the presbytery, having been warned of the patron's appointment, and having "received" (in technical language) the presentee — that is, having formally recognized him in that character — next appoint a day on which he is to preach before the congregation. This sermon, together with the prayers by which it is accompanied, constitute the probationary act according to some views; but, according to the general theory, simply the inaugural act by which the new pastor places himself officially before his future parishioners. Decorum, and the sense of proportion, seem to require that to every commencement of a very weighty relation, imposing new duties, there should be a corresponding and ceremonial entrance. The new pastor, until this public introduction, could not be

legitimately assumed for known to the parishioners. And accordingly at this point it was — viz., subsequently to his authentic publication, as we may call it — that, in the case of any grievous scandal known to the parish as outstanding against him, arose the proper opportunity furnished by the church for lodging the accusation, and for investigating it before the church court. In default, however, of any grave objection to the presentee, he was next summoned by the presbytery to what really *was* a probationary act at their bar: — viz., an examination of his theological sufficiency. But in this it could not be expected that he should fail, because he must previously have satisfied the requisitions of the church in his original examination for a license to preach. Once dismissed with credit from this bar, he was now beyond all further probation whatsoever; in technical phrase, he was entitled to “admission.” Such were the steps, according to their orderly succession, by which a man consummated the pastoral tie with any particular parish. And all of these steps, subsequent to the “*reception*” and inaugural preaching, were now summarily characterized by the revolutionists as “spiritual;” for the sake of sequestering them into their own hands. As to the initiatory act of presentation, *that* might be secular, and to be dealt with by a secular law. But the rest were acts which belonged not to a kingdom of this world. “These,” with a new-born scrupulosity never heard of until the revolution of 1834, clamored for new casuistries; “these,” said the agitators, “we cannot consent any longer to leave in their state of collapse as mere inert or ceremonial

forms. They must be revived. By all means, let the patron present as heretofore. But the acts of 'examination' and 'admission,' *together with the power of altogether refusing to enter upon either*, under a protest against the candidate from a clear majority of the parishioners — these are acts falling within the spiritual jurisdiction of the church. And these powers we must, for the future, see exercised according to spiritual views."

Here, then, suddenly emerged a perfect ratification for their own previous revolutionary doctrine upon the creation of parish clergymen. This new scruple was, in relation to former scruples, a perfect linch-pin for locking their machinery into cohesion. For vainly would they have sought to defeat the patron's right of presenting, unless through this sudden pause and interdiction imposed upon the *latter* acts in the process of induction, under the pretext that these were acts competent only to a spiritual jurisdiction. This plea, by its tendency, rounded and secured all that they had yet advanced in the way of claim. But, at the same time, though indispensable negatively, positively it stretched so much further than any necessity or interest inherent in their present innovations, that not improbably they faltered and shrank back at first from the immeasurable field of consequences upon which it opened. They would willingly have accepted less. But, unfortunately, it sometimes happens, that, to gain as much as is needful in one direction, you must take a great deal more than you wish for in another. Any principle, which *could* carry them over the immediate difficulty, would, by a mere necessity, carry them in-

calculably beyond it. For, if every act bearing in any one direction a spiritual aspect, showing at any angle a relation to spiritual things, is therefore to be held spiritual in a sense excluding the interference of the civil power, there falls to the ground at once the whole fabric of civil authority in any independent form. Accordingly, we are satisfied that the claim to a spiritual jurisdiction, in collision with the claims of the state, would not probably have offered itself to the ambition of the agitators, otherwise than as a measure ancillary to their earlier pretension of appointing virtually all parish clergymen. The one claim was found to be the integration or *sine quâ non* complement of the other. In order to sustain the power of appointment in their own courts, it was necessary that they should defeat the patron's power; and, in order to defeat the patron's power, ranging itself (as sooner or later it would) under the law of the land, it was necessary that they should decline that struggle, by attempting to take the question out of all secular jurisdictions whatever.

In this way grew up that two-fold revolution which has been convulsing the Scottish church since 1834; first, the audacious attempt to disturb the settled mode of appointing the parish clergy, through a silent robbery perpetrated on the crown and great landed aristocracy; secondly, and in prosecution of that primary purpose, the far more frantic attempt to renew in a practical shape the old disputes so often agitating the forum of Christendom, as to the bounds of civil and spiritual power.

In our rehearsal of the stages through which the

process of induction ordinarily travels, we have purposely omitted one possible interlude or parenthesis in the series ; not as wishing to conceal it, but for the very opposite reason. It is right to withdraw from a *representative* account of any transaction such varieties of the routine as occur but seldom : in this way they are more pointedly exposed. Now, having made that explanation, we go on to inform the Southern reader — that an old traditionary usage has prevailed in Scotland, but not systematically or uniformly, of sending to the presentee, through the presbytery, what is designated a “ *call*,” subscribed by members of the parish congregation. This call is simply an invitation to the office of their pastor. It arose in the disorders of the seventeenth century ; but in practice it is generally admitted to have sunk into a mere formality throughout the eighteenth century ; and the very position which it holds in the succession of steps, not usually coming forward until *after* the presentation has been notified (supposing that it comes forward at all), compels us to regard it in that light. Apparently it bears the same relation to the patron’s act as the Address of the two Houses to the Speech from the Throne : it is rather a courteous echo to the personal compliment involved in the presentation, than capable of being regarded as any *original* act of invitation. And yet, in defiance of that notorious fact, some people go so far as to assert, that a call is not good unless where it is subscribed by a clear majority of the congregation. This is amusing. We have already explained that, except as a liberal courtesy, the very idea of a call destined to be inoperative, is and must be moonshine. Yet

between two moonshines, some people, it seems, can tell which is the denser. We have all heard of Barmecide banquets, where, out of tureens filled to the brim with — nothing, the fortunate guest was helped to vast messes of — air. For a hungry guest to take this tantalization in good part, was the sure way to win the esteem of the noble Barmecide. But the Barmecide himself would hardly approve of a duel turning upon a comparison between two of his tureens, question being — which had been the fuller, or of two nihilities which had been seasoned the more judiciously. Yet this, in effect, is the reasoning of those who say that a call, signed by fifty-one persons out of a hundred, is more valid than another signed only by twenty-six, or by nobody: it being in the meantime fully understood that neither is valid in the least possible degree. But if the “*call*,” was a Barmecide call, there was another act open to the congregation which was not so.

For the English reader must now understand, that over and above the passive and less invidious mode of discountenancing or forbearing to countenance a presentee, by withdrawing from the direct “*call*” upon him, usage has sanctioned another and stronger sort of protest; one which takes the shape of distinct and clamorous *objections*. We are speaking of the routine in this place, according to the course which it *did* travel or *could* travel under that law and that practice which furnished the pleas for complaint. Now, it was upon these “*objections*,” as may well be supposed, that the main battle arose. Simply to want the “*call*,” being a mere *zero*, could not much lay hold upon public feeling. It was a case not fitted for effect.

You cannot bring a blank privation strongly before the public eye. "The 'call' did not take place last week;" well, perhaps it will take place next week. Or again, if it should never take place, perhaps it may be religious carelessness on the part of the parish. Many parishes notoriously feel no interest in their pastor, except as a quiet member of their community. Consequently, in two or three cases that might occur, there was nothing to excite the public; the parish had either agreed with the patron, or had not noticeably dissented. But in the third case of positive "objections," which (in order to justify themselves as not frivolous and vexatious) were urged with peculiar emphasis, the attention of all men was arrested. Newspapers reverberated the fact: sympathetic groans arose: the patron was an oppressor: the parish was under persecution: and the poor clergyman, whose case was the most to be pitied, as being in a measure *endowed* with a lasting fund of dislike, had the mortification to find, over and above this resistance from within, that he bore the name of "intruder" from without. He was supposed by the fiction of the case to be in league with his patron for the persecution of a godly parish; whilst in reality the godly parish was persecuting *him*, and hallooing the world *ab extra* to join in the hunt.

In such cases of pretended objections to men who have not been tried, we need scarcely tell the reader, that usually they are mere cabals and worldly intrigues. It is next to impossible that any parish or congregation should sincerely agree in their opinion of a clergyman. What one man likes in such cases another man detests. Mr A., with an ardent nature

and something of a histrionic turn, doats upon a fine rhetorical display. Mr. B., with more simplicity of taste, pronounces this little better than theatrical ostentation. Mr. C. requires a good deal of critical scholarship. Mr. D. quarrels with this as unsuitable to a rustic congregation. Mrs. X., who is "under concern" for sin, demands a searching and (as she expresses it) a "faithful" style of dealing with consciences. Mrs. Y., an aristocratic lady, who cannot bear to be mixed up in any common charge together with low people, abominates such words as "sin," and wills that the parson should confine his "observations" to the "shocking demoralization of the lower orders."

Now, having stated the practice of Scottish induction as it was formerly sustained in its first stage by law, in its second stage by usage, let us finish that part of the subject by reporting the *existing* practice as regulated in all its stages by law. What law? The law as laid down in Lord Aberdeen's late Act of Parliament. This statement should, historically speaking, have found itself under our *third* head, as being one amongst the consequences immediately following the final rupture. But it is better placed at this point; because it closes the whole review of that topic; and because it reflects light upon the former practice — the practice which led to the whole mutinous tumult: every alteration forcing more keenly upon the reader's attention what had been the previous custom, and in what respect it was held by any man to be a grievance.

This act, then, of Lord Aberdeen's, removes all *legal* effect from the "*call*." Common sense required

that. For what was to be done with patronage? Was it to be sustained, or was it not? If not, then why quarrel with the Non-intrusionists? Why suffer a schism to take place in the church? Give legal effect to the "call," and the original cause of quarrel is gone. For, with respect to the opponents of the Non-intrusionists, *they* would bow to the law. On the other hand, if patronage *is* to be sustained, then why allow of any lingering or doubtful force to what must often operate as a conflicting claim? "A call," which carries with it any legal force, annihilates patronage. Patronage would thus be exercised only on sufferance. Do we mean then, that a "call" should sink into a pure fiction of ceremony, like the English *congé-d'élire* addressed to a dean and chapter, calling on them to elect a bishop, when all the world knows that already the see has been filled by a nomination from the crown? Not at all; a *moral* weight will still attach to the "call," though no legal coercion: and what is chiefly important, all those *doubts* will be removed by express legislation, which could not but arise between a practice pointing sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in another, between legal decisions again upholding one view, whilst something very like legal prescription was occasionally pleaded for the other. Behold the evil of written laws not rigorously in harmony with that sort of customary law founded upon vague tradition or irregular practice. And here, by the way, arises the place for explaining to the reader that irreconcilable dispute amongst Parliamentary lawyers as to the question whether Lord Aberdeen's bills were *enactory*, that is, created a new law, or *declaratory*.

tory, that is, simply expounded an old one. If enac-
tory, then why did the House of Lords give judgment
against those who allowed weight to the "call"?
That might need altering; *that* might be highly inex-
pedient; but if it required a new law to make it
illegal, how could those parties be held in the wrong
previously to the new act of legislation? On the other
hand, if declaratory, then show us any old law which
made the "call" illegal. The fact is, that no man
can decide whether the act established a new law, or
merely expounded an old one. And the reason why
he cannot, is this: the practice, the usage, which
often is the law, had grown up variously during the
troubles of the seventeenth century. In many places
political reasons had dictated that the elders should
nominate the incumbent. But the ancient practice
had authorized patronage: by the act of Queen Anne
(10th chap.) it was even formally restored; and yet
the patron in known instances was said to have waived
his right in deference to the "call." But why? Did
he do so in courteous compliance with the parish, as
a party whose *reasonable* wishes ought, for the sake
of all parties, to meet with attention? Or did he do
so, in humble submission to the parish, as having by
their majorities a legal right to the presentation?
There lay the question. The presumptions from an-
tiquity were all against the call. The more modern
practice had occasionally been *for* it. Now, we all
know how many colorable claims of right are created
by prescription. What was the exact force of the
"call," no man could say. In like manner, the exact
character and limit of allowable objections had been

ill-defined in practice, and rested more on a vague tradition than on any settled rule. This also made it hard to say whether Lord Aberdeen's Act were enactory or declaratory, a predicament, however, which equally affects all statutes *for removing doubts*.

The "call," then, we consider as no longer recognized by law. But did Lord Aberdeen by that change establish the right of the patron as an unconditional right? By no means. He made it strictly a conditional right. The presentee is *now* a candidate, and no more. He has the most important vote in his favor, it is true; but that vote may still be set aside, though still only with the effect of compelling the patron to a new choice. "*Calls*" are no longer doubtful in their meaning, but "*objections*" have a fair field laid open to them. All reasonable objections are to be weighed. But who is to judge whether they *are* reasonable? The presbytery of the district. And now pursue the action of the law, and see how little ground it leaves upon which to hang a complaint. Everybody's rights are secured. Whatever be the event, first of all the presentee cannot complain, if he is rejected only for proved insufficiency. He is put on his trial as to these points only: 1. Is he orthodox? 2. Is he of good moral reputation? 3. Is he sufficiently learned? And note this (which in fact Sir James Graham remarked in his official letter to the Assembly), strictly speaking, he ought not to be under challenge as respects the third point, for it is your own fault, the fault of your own licensing courts (the presbyteries), if he is not qualified so far. You should not have created him a licentiate, should not have

given him a license to preach, as must have been done in an earlier stage of his progress, if he were not learned enough. Once learned, a man is learned for life. As to the other points, he may change, and *therefore* it is that an examination is requisite. But how can *he* complain if he is found by an impartial court of venerable men objectionable on any score? If it were possible, however, that he should be wronged, he has his appeal. Secondly, how can the patron complain? *His* case is the same as his presentee's case; his injuries the same; his relief the same. Besides, if *his* man is rejected, it is not the parish man that takes his place. No; but a second man of his own choice: and, if again he chooses amiss, who is to blame for *that*? Thirdly, can the congregation complain? They have a *general* interest in their spiritual guide. But as to the preference for oratory — for loud or musical voice — for peculiar views in religion — these things are special: they interest but an exceedingly small minority in any parish; and, what is worse, that which pleases one is often offensive to another. There are cases in which a parish would reject a man for being a married man: some of the parish have unmarried daughters. But this case clearly belongs to the small minority; and we have little doubt that, where the objections lay “for cause not shown,” it was often for *this* cause. Fourthly, can the church complain? Her interest is represented, 1, not by the presentee; 2, not by the patron; 3, not by the congregation; but 4, by the presbytery. And, whatever the presbytery say, *that* is supported. Speaking either for the patron, for the presentee, for the

congregation, or for themselves as conservators of the church, that court is heard; what more would they have? And thus in turn every interest is protected. Now the point to be remarked is — that each party in turn has a separate influence. But on any other plan, giving to one party out of the four an absolute or unconditional power, no matter which of the four it be — all the rest have none at all. Lord Aberdeen has reconciled the rights of patrons for the first time with those of all other parties interested. Nobody has more than a conditional power. Everybody has *that*. And the patron, as necessity requires, if property is to be protected, has, in all circumstances, the revisionary power.

II. *Secondly*, How were these things done? By what means were the hands of any party strengthened, so as to find this revolution possible?

We seek not to refine: but all moral power issues out of moral forces. And it may be well, therefore, rapidly to sketch the history of religion, which is the greatest of moral forces, as it sank and rose in this island through the last two hundred years.

It is well known that the two great revolutions of the seventeenth century — that in 1649, accomplished by the Parliament armies (including its reaction in 1660), and secondly, that in 1688-9 — did much to unsettle the religious tone of public morals. Historians and satirists ascribe a large effect in this change to the personal influence of Charles II., and the foreign character of his court. We do not share in their views, and one eminent proof that they are wrong lies in the following fact — viz., that the sublimest ac.

of self-sacrifice which the world has ever seen, arose precisely in the most triumphant season of Charles's career, a time when the reaction of hatred had not yet neutralized the sunny joyousness of his Restoration. Surely the reader cannot be at a loss to know what we mean — the renunciation in one hour, on St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, of two thousand benefices by the non-conforming clergymen of England. In the same year occurred a similar renunciation of three hundred and sixty benefices in Scotland. These great sacrifices, whether called for or not, argue a great strength in the religious principle at that era. Yet the decay of external religion towards the close of that century is proved incontestably. We ourselves are inclined to charge this upon two causes: first, that the times were controversial; and usually it happens — that, where too much energy is carried into the controversies or intellectual part of religion, a very diminished fervor attends the culture of its moral and practical part. This was perhaps one reason; for the dispute with the Papal church, partly, perhaps, with a secret reference to the rumored apostasy of the royal family, was pursued more eagerly in the latter half of the seventeenth than even in any section of the sixteenth century. But, doubtless, the main reason was the revolutionary character of the times. Morality is at all periods fearfully shaken by intestine wars, and by instability in a government. The actual duration of war in England was not indeed longer than three and a half years — viz., from Edgehill Fight in the autumn of 1642, to the defeat of the king's last force under Sir Jacob Astley at Stow-in-the-walds in the

spring of 1646. Any other fighting in that century belonged to mere insulated and discontinuous war. But the insecurity of every government between 1638 and 1702, kept the popular mind in a state of fermentation. Accordingly, Queen Anne's reign might be said to open upon an irreligious people. The condition of things was further strengthened by the unavoidable interweaving at that time of politics with religion. They could not be kept separate; and the favor shown even by religious people to such partisan zealots as Dr. Sacheverell, evidenced, and at the same time promoted, the public irreligion. This was the period in which the clergy thought too little of their duties, but too much of their professional rights; and if we may credit the indirect report of the contemporary literature, all apostolic or missionary zeal for the extension of religion, was in those days a thing unknown. It may seem unaccountable to many, that the same state of things should have spread in those days to Scotland; but this is no more than the analogies of all experience entitled us to expect. Thus we know that the instincts of religious reformation ripened everywhere at the same period of the sixteenth century from one end of Europe to the other; although between most of the European kingdoms there was nothing like so much intercourse as between England and Scotland in the eighteenth century. In both countries, a cold and lifeless state of public religion prevailed up to the American and French Revolutions. These great events gave a shock everywhere to the meditative, and, consequently, to the religious impulses of men. And, in the meantime, an irregular channel had been already

opened to these impulses by the two founders of Methodism. A century has now passed since Wesley and Whitefield organized a more spiritual machinery of preaching than could then be found in England, for the benefit of the poor and laboring classes. These Methodist institutions prospered, as they were sure of doing, amongst the poor and the neglected at any time, much more when contrasted with the deep slumbers of the Established Church. And another ground of prosperity soon arose out of the now expanding manufacturing system. Vast multitudes of men grew up under that system—humble enough by the quality of their education to accept with thankfulness the ministrations of Methodism, and rich enough to react, upon that beneficent institution, by continued endowments in money. Gradually, even the church herself, that mighty establishment, under the cold shade of which Methodism had grown up as a neglected weed, began to acknowledge the power of an extending Methodistic influence, which originally she had haughtily despised. First, she murmured; then she grew anxious or fearful; and finally, she began to find herself invaded or modified from within, by influences springing up from Methodism. This last effect became more conspicuously evident after the French Revolution. The church of Scotland, which, as a whole had exhibited, with much unobtrusive piety, the same outward torpor as the Church of England during the eighteenth century, betrayed a corresponding resuscitation about the same time. At the opening of this present century, both of these national churches began to show a marked rekindling of religious fervor. In what extent this

change in the Scottish church had been due, mediately or immediately, to Methodism, we do not pretend to calculate ; that is, we do not pretend to settle the proportions. But *mediately* the Scottish church must have been affected, because she was greatly affected by her intercourse with the English church (as *e. g.*, in Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c.) ; and the English church had been previously affected by Methodism. *Immediately* she must also have been affected by Methodism, because Whitefield had been invited to preach in Scotland, and *did* preach in Scotland. But, whatever may have been the cause of this awakening from slumber in the two established churches of this island, the fact is so little to be denied, that, in both its aspects, it is acknowledged by those most interested in denying it. The two churches slept the sleep of torpor through the eighteenth century ; so much of the fact is acknowledged by their own members. The two churches awoke, as from a trance, in or just before the dawning of the nineteenth century ; this second half of the fact is acknowledged by their opponents. The Wesleyan Methodists, that formidable power in England and Wales, who once reviled the Establishment as the *cornitory* of spiritual drones, have for many years hailed a very large section in that establishment — viz., the section technically known by the name of the Evangelical clergy — as brothers after their own hearts, and corresponding to their own strictest model of a spiritual clergy. That section again, the Evangelical section in the English church, as men more highly educated, took a direct interest in the Scottish clergy, upon general principles of liberal interest in al

that could affect religion, beyond what could be expected from the Methodists. And in this way grew up a considerable action and reaction between the two classical churches of the British soil.

Such was the varying condition, when sketched in outline, of the Scottish and English churches. Two centuries ago, and for half a century beyond that, we find both churches in a state of trial, of turbulent agitation, and of sacrifices for conscience, which involved every fifth or sixth beneficiary. Then came a century of languor, and the carelessness which belongs to settled prosperity. And finally, for both has arisen a half century of new light — new zeal — and, spiritually speaking, of new prosperity. This deduction it was necessary to bring down, in order to explain the new power which arose to the Scottish church, during the last generation of suppose thirty years.

When two powerful establishments, each separately fitted to the genius and needs of its several people, are pulling together powerfully towards one great spiritual object, vast must be the results. Our ancestors would have stood aghast as at some fabulous legend or some mighty miracle, could they have heard of the scale on which our modern contributions proceed for the purposes of missions to barbarous nations, of circulating the Scriptures (whether through the Bible Society), that is, the National Society, or Provincial Societies), of translating the Scriptures into languages scarcely known by name to scholars, of converting Jews, of organizing and propagating education. Towards these great objects the Scottish clergy had worked with energy, and with little disturbance to their unanimity.

Confidence was universally felt in their piety and in their discretion. This confidence even reached the supreme rulers of the state. Very much through ecclesiastical influence, new plans for extending the religious power of the Scottish church, and indirectly of extending their secular power, were countenanced by the government. Jealousy had been disarmed by the upright conduct of the Scottish clergy, and their remarkable freedom hitherto from all taint of ambition. It was felt, besides, that the temper of the Scottish nation was radically indisposed to all intriguing or modes of temporal ascendancy in ecclesiastical bodies. The nation, therefore, was in some degree held as a guarantee for the discretion of their clergy. And hence it arose, that much less caution was applied to the first encroachment of the non-intrusionists, than would have been applied under circumstances of more apparent doubt. Hence, it arose, that a confidence from the Scottish nation was extended to this clergy, which too certainly has been abused.

In the years 1824-5, Parliament had passed acts "for building additional places of worship in the highlands and islands of Scotland." These acts may be looked upon as one section in that general extension of religious machinery which the British people, by their government and their legislature, have for many years been promoting. Not, as is ordinarily said, that the weight of this duty had grown upon them simply through their own treacherous neglect of it during the latter half of the eighteenth century; but that no reasonable attention to that duty *could* have kept pace with the scale upon which the claims of a new man

facturing population had increased. In mere equity we must admit—not that the British nation had fallen behind its duties (though naturally it might have done so under the religious torpor prevalent at the original era of manufacturing extension), but that the duties had outstripped all human power of overtaking them. The efforts, however, have been prodigious in this direction for many years. Amongst those applied to Scotland, it had been settled by Parliament that forty-two new churches should be raised in the highlands, with an endowment from the government of £120 annually for each incumbent. There were besides more than two hundred chapels of ease to be founded; and towards this scheme the Scottish public subscribed largely. The money was intrusted to the clergy. *That* was right, but mark what followed. It had been expressly provided by Parliament—that any district or circumjacent territory, allotted to such parliamentary churches as the range within which the incumbent was to exercise his spiritual ministration, should *not* be separate parishes for any civil or legal effects. Here surely the intentions and directions of the legislature were plain enough, and decisive enough.

How did the Scottish clergy obey them? They erected all these jurisdictions into *bonâ fide* “parishes,” enjoying the plenary rights (as to church government) of the other parishes, and distinguished from them in a merely nominal way as parishes *quoad sacra*. There were added at once to the presbyteries, which were the organs of the church power, two hundred and three clerical persons for the chapels of ease, and

forty-two for the highland churches — making a total of two hundred and forty-five new members. By the constitution of the Scottish church, an equal number of lay elders (called ruling elders) accompany the clerical elders. Consequently four hundred and ninety-nine new members were introduced at once into that particular class of courts (presbyteries) which form the electoral bodies in relation to the highest court of General Assembly. The effect of this change, made in the very teeth of the law, was twofold. First, it threw into many separate presbyteries a considerable accession of voters — *all owing their appointments to the General Assembly*. This would at once give a large bias favorable to their party views in every election for members to serve in the Assembly. Even upon an Assembly numerically limited, this innovation would have told most abusively. But the Assembly was *not* limited; and therefore the whole effect was, at the same moment, greatly to extend the electors and the elected.

Here, then, was the machinery by which the faction worked. They drew that power from Scotland rekindled into a temper of religious anxiety, which they never could have drawn from Scotland lying torpid, as she had lain through the eighteenth century. The new machinery (created by Parliament in order to meet the wishes of the Scottish nation), the money of that nation, the awakened zeal of that nation; all these were employed, honorably in one sense, that is, not turned aside into private channels for purposes of individuals, but factiously in the result, as being for the benefit of a faction; honorably as regarded the

open *mode* of applying such influence — a mode which did not shrink from exposure ; but most dishonorably, in so far as privileges, which had been conceded altogether for a spiritual object, were abusively transferred to the furtherance of a temporal intrigue. Such were the methods by which the new-born ambition of the clergy moved ; and that ambition had become active, simply because it had suddenly seemed to become practicable. The presbyteries, as being the effectual electoral bodies, are really the main springs of the ecclesiastical administration. To govern *them*, was in effect to govern the church. A new scheme for extending religion had opened a new avenue to this control over the presbyteries. That opening was notoriously unlawful. But not the less the church faction precipitated themselves ardently upon it ; and but for the faithfulness of the civil courts, they would never have been dislodged from what they had so suddenly acquired. Such was the extraordinary leap taken by the Scottish clergy, into a power, of which, hitherto, they had never enjoyed a fraction. It was a movement *per saltum*, beyond all that history has recorded. At cock-crow they had no power at all ; when the sun went down, they had gained (if they could have held) a papal supremacy. And a thing not less memorably strange is, that even yet the ambitious leaders were not disturbed ; what they had gained was viewed by the public as a collateral gain, indirectly adhering to a higher object, but forming no part at all of what the clergy had sought. It required the scrutiny of law courts to unmask and decompose their true object. The obstinacy of the defence betrayed the

real *animus* of the attempt. It was an attempt which, in connection with the *Veto* Act (supposing that to have prospered), would have laid the whole power of the church at their feet. What the law had distributed amongst three powers, patron, parish, and presbyter, would have been concentrated in themselves. The *quoad sacra* parishes would have riveted their majorities in the presbyteries; and the presbyteries, under the real action of the *Veto*, would have appointed nearly every incumbent in Scotland. And this is the answer to the question, when treated merely in outline — *How were these things done?* The religion of the times had created new machineries for propagating a new religious influence. These fell into the hands of the clergy; and the temptation to abuse these advantages led them into revolution.

III. Having now stated WHAT was done, as well as HOW it was done, let us estimate the CONSEQUENCES of these acts; under this present, or *third* section, reviewing the immediate consequences which have taken effect already, and under the next section anticipating the more remote consequences yet to be expected.

In the spring of 1834, as we have sufficiently explained, the General Assembly ventured on the fatal attempt to revolutionize the church, and (as a preliminary towards *that*) on the attempt to revolutionize the property of patronage. There lay the extravagance of the attempt; its short-sightedness, if they did not see its civil tendencies; its audacity, if they *did*. It was one revolution marching to its object through another; it was a vote, which, if at all sustained, must entail

ong inheritance of contests with the whole civil polity of Scotland.

“Heu quantum fati parva tabella vehit!”

It might seem to strangers a trivial thing, that an obscure court, like the presbytery, should proceed in the business of induction by one routine rather than by another; but was it a trivial thing that the power of appointing clergymen should lapse into this perilous dilemma — either that it should be intercepted by the Scottish clerical order, and thus, that a lordly hierarchy should be suddenly created, disposing of incomes which, in the aggregate, approach to half a million annually; or, on the other hand, that this dangerous power, if defeated as a clerical power, should settle into a tenure exquisitely democratic? Was *that* trivial? Doubtless, the Scottish ecclesiastical revenues are not equal, nor nearly equal, to the English; still, it is true, that Scotland, supposing all her benefices equalized, gives a larger *average* to each incumbent than England, of the year 1830. England, in that year, gave an average of £299 to each beneficiary; Scotland gave an average of £303. That body, therefore, which wields patronage in Scotland, wields a greater relative power than the corresponding body in England. Now this body, in Scotland, must finally have been the *clerus*; but supposing the patronage to have settled nominally where the Veto Act had placed it, then it would have settled into the keeping of a fierce democracy. Mr. Forsyth has justly remarked, that in such a case the hired ploughmen of a parish, mercenary hands that quit their engagements

at Martinmas, and *can* have no filial interest in the parish, would generally succeed in electing the clergyman. That man would be elected generally, who had canvassed the parish with the arts and means of an electioneering candidate ; or else, the struggle would lie between the property and the Jacobinism of the district.

In respect to Jacobinism, the condition of Scotland is much altered from what it was ; pauperism and great towns have worked "strange defeatures" in Scottish society. A vast capital has arisen in the west, on a level with the first-rate capitalists of the Continent — with Vienna or with Naples ; far superior in size to Madrid, to Lisbon, to Berlin ; more than equal to Rome and Milan ; or again to Munich and Dresden, taken by couples : and, in this point, beyond comparison with any one of these capitals, that whilst *they* are connected by slight ties with the circumjacent country, Glasgow keeps open a communication with the whole land. Vast laboratories of encouragement to manual skill, too often dissociated from consideration of character ; armies of mechanics, gloomy and restless, having no interfusion amongst their endless files of any gradations corresponding to a system of controlling officers ; these spectacles, which are permanently offered by the *castra stativa* of combined mechanics in Glasgow and its dependencies (Paisley, Greenock, &c.), supported by similar districts, and by turbulent collieries in other parts of that kingdom, make Scotland, when now developing her strength, no longer the safe and docile arena for popular movements which once she was, with a people that were scattered and habits that were pastoral

And at this moment, so fearfully increased is the overbearance of democratic impulses in Scotland, that perhaps in no European nation — hardly excepting France — has it become more important to hang weights and retarding forces upon popular movements amongst the laboring classes.

This being so, we have never been able to understand the apparent apathy with which the landed body met the first promulgation of the *Veto* Act in May, 1834. Of this apathy, two insufficient explanations suggest themselves : — 1st, It seemed a matter of delicacy to confront the General Assembly, upon a field which they had clamorously challenged for their own. The question at issue was tempestuously published to Scotland as a question exclusively spiritual. And by whom was it thus published? The Southern reader must here not be careless of dates. *At present* — viz., in 1844 — those who fulminate such views of spiritual jurisdiction, are simply dissenters ; and those who vehemently withstand them are the church, armed with the powers of the church. Such are the relations between the parties in 1844. But in 1834, the revolutionary party were not only *in* the church, but (being the majority) they came forward *as* the church. The new doctrines presented themselves at first, not as those of a faction, but of the Scottish kirk assembled in her highest court. The *prestige* of that advantage has vanished since then ; for this faction, after first of all falling into a minority, afterwards ceased to be any part or section of the church ; out in that year 1834, such a *prestige* did really operate ; and this must be received as one of the reasons which partially

explain the torpor of the landed body. No one liked to move *first*, even amongst those who meant to move. But another reason we find in the conscientious scruples of many landholders, who hesitated to move at all upon a question then insufficiently discussed, and in which their own interest was by so many degrees the largest.

These reasons, however, though sufficient for suspense, seem hardly sufficient for not having solemnly protested against the *Veto* Act immediately upon its passing the Assembly. Whatever doubts a few persons might harbor upon the expediency of such an act, evidently it was contrary to the law of the land. The General Assembly could have no power to abrogate a law passed by the three estates of the realm. But probably it was the deep sense of that truth which reined up the national resistance. Sure of a speedy collision between some patron and the infringers of his right, other parties stood back for the present, to watch the form which such a collision might assume.

In that same year of 1834, not many months after the passing of the Assembly's Act, came on the first case of collision; and some time subsequently a second. These two cases, Auchterarder and Marnoch, commenced in the very same steps, but immediately afterwards diverged as widely as was possible. In both cases, the rights of the patron and of the presentee were challenged peremptorily; that is to say in both cases, parishioners objected to the presentee without reason shown. The conduct of the people was the same in one case as in the other; that of the two presbyteries travelled upon lines diametrically op-

posite. The first case was that of *Auchterarder*. The parish and presbytery concerned, both belonged to Auchterarder; and there the presbytery obeyed the new law of the Assembly; they rejected the presentee, refusing to take him on trial of his qualifications: And why? we cannot too often repeat — simply because a majority of a rustic congregation had rejected him, without attempting to show reason for his rejection. The Auchterarder presbytery, for *their* part in this affair, were prosecuted in the Court of Session by the injured parties — Lord Kinnoul, the patron, and Mr. Young, the presentee. Twice, upon a different form of action, the Court of Session gave judgment against the presbytery; twice the case went up by appeal to the Lords; twice the Lords affirmed the judgment of the court below. In the other case of *Marnoch*, the presbytery of Strathbogie took precisely the opposite course. So far from abetting the unjust congregation of rustics, they rebelled against the new law of the Assembly, and declared, by seven of their number against three, that they were ready to proceed with the trial of the presentee, and to induct him (if found qualified) into the benefice. Upon this, the General Assembly suspended the seven members of presbytery. By that mode of proceeding, the Assembly fancied that they should be able to elude the intentions of the presbytery; it being supposed that, whilst suspended, the presbytery had no power to ordain; and that, without ordination, there was no possibility of giving induction. But here the Assembly had miscalculated. Suspension would indeed have had the effects ascribed to it; but in the meantime,

the suspension, as being originally illegal, was found to be void; and the presentee, on that ground, obtained a decree from the Court of Session, ordaining the presbytery of Strathbogie to proceed with the settlement. Three of the ten members composing this presbytery, resisted; and they were found liable in expenses. The other seven completed the settlement in the usual form. Here was plain rebellion; and rebellion triumphant. If this were allowed, all was gone. What should the Assembly do for the vindication of their authority? Upon deliberation, they deposed the contumacious presbytery from their functions as clergymen, and declared their churches vacant. But this sentence was found to be a *brutum fulmen*; the crime was no crime, the punishment turned out no punishment: and a minority, even in this very Assembly, declared publicly that they would not consent to regard this sentence as any sentence at all, but would act in all respects as if no such sentence had been carried by vote. *Within* their own high Court of Assembly, it is, however, difficult to see how this refusal to recognize a sentence voted by a majority could be valid. Outside, the civil courts came into play; but within the Assembly, surely its own laws and votes prevailed. However, this distinction could bring little comfort to the Assembly at present; for the illegality of the deposal was now past all dispute; and the attempt to punish, or even ruin a number of professional brethren for not enforcing a by-law, when the by-law itself had been found irreconcilable to the law of the land, greatly displeased the public, as vindictive, oppressive, and useless to the purposes of the Assembly.

Nothing was gained, except the putting on record an implacability that was *confessedly* impotent. This was the very lunacy of malice. Mortifying it might certainly seem for the members of a supreme court, like the General Assembly, to be baffled by those of a subordinate court: but still since each party must be regarded as representing far larger interests than any personal to themselves, trying on either side, not the energies of their separate wits, but the available resources of law in one of its obscurer chapters, there really seemed no more room for humiliation to the one party, or for triumph to the other, than there is amongst reasonable men in the result from a game, where the game is one exclusively of chance.

From this period it is probable that the faction of Non-intrusionists resolved upon abandoning the church. It was the one sole resource left for sustaining their own importance to men who were now sinking fast in public estimation. At the latter end of 1842, they summoned a convocation in Edinburgh. The discussions were private; but it was generally understood that at this time they concerted a plan for going out from the church, in the event of their failing to alarm the government by the notification of this design. We do not pretend to any knowledge of secrets. What is known to everybody is — that, on the annual meeting of the General Assembly, in May, 1843, the great body of the Non-intrusionists moved out in procession. The sort of theatrical interest which gathered round the Seceders for a few hurried days in May, was of a kind which should naturally have made wise men both ashamed and disgusted. It was the

merest effervescence from that state of excitement which is nursed by novelty, by expectation, by the vague anticipation of a "scene," possibly of a quarrel, together with the natural interest in *seeing* men whose names had been long before the public in books and periodical journals.

The first measure of the Seceders was to form themselves into a pseudo General Assembly. When there are two suns visible; or two moons, the real one and its duplicate, we call the mock sun a *parhelios*, and the mock moon a *paraselene*. On that principle, we must call this mock Assembly a *para-synodos*. Rarely, indeed, can we applaud the Seceders in the fabrication of names. They distinguish as *quoad sacra* parishes those which were peculiarly *quoad politica* parishes; for in that view only they had been interesting to the Non-intrusionists. Again, they style themselves *The Free Church*, by way of taunting the other side with being a servile church. But how are they any church at all? By the courtesies of Europe, and according to usage, a church means a religious incorporation, protected and privileged by the state. Those who are not so privileged are usually content with the title of Separatists, Dissenters, or Nonconformists. No wise man will see either good sense or dignity in assuming titles not appropriate. The very position and aspect towards the church (legally so called) which has been assumed by the Non-intrusionists — viz., the position of protesters against that body, not merely as bearing, amongst other features, a certain relation to the state, but specifically *because* they bear that relation, makes it incongruous, and even absurd, for these Dissenter

to denominate themselves a "church." But there is another objection to this denomination — the "Free Church" have no peculiar and separate Confession of Faith. Nobody knows what are their *credenda* — what they hold indispensable for fellow-membership, either as to faith in mysteries or in moral doctrines. Now, if they reply — "Oh! as to that, we adopt for our faith all that ever we *did* profess when members of the Scottish kirk" — then in effect they are hardly so much as a dissenting body, except in some elliptic sense. There is a grievous *hiatus* in their own title-deeds and archives; they supply it by referring people to the muniment chest of the kirk. Would it not be a scandal to a Protestant church if she should say to communicants — "We have no sacramental vessels, or even ritual; but you may borrow both from Papal Rome." Not only, however, is the kirk to *lend* her Confession, &c.; but even then a plain rustic will not be able to guess how many parts in his Confession are or may be affected by the "reformation" of the Non-intrusionists. Surely, he will think, if this reformation were so vast that it drove them out of the national church, absolutely exploded them, then it follows that it must have intervened and *indirectly* modified innumerable questions: a difference that was punctually limited to this one or these two clauses, could not be such a difference as justified a rupture. Besides, if they have altered this one or these two clauses, or have altered their interpretation, how is any man to know (except from a distinct Confession of Faith) that they have not even *directly* altered much more? Notoriety through newspapers is surely no ground to

stand upon in religion. And now it appears that the unlettered rustic needs two guides — one to show him exactly how much they have altered, whether two points or two hundred, as well as *which* two or two hundred; another to teach him how far these original changes may have carried with them secondary changes as consequences into other parts of the Christian system. One of the known changes — viz., the doctrine of popular election as the proper qualification for parish clergymen, possibly is not fitted to expand itself or ramify, except by analogy. But the other change, the infinity which has been suddenly turned off like a jet of gas, or like the rushing of wind through the tubes of an organ, upon the doctrine and application of *spirituality*, seems fitted for derivative effects that are innumerable. Consequently, we say of the Non-intrusionists — not only that they are no church; but that they are not even any separate body of Dissenters, until they have published a “Confession” or a *revised* edition of the Scottish Confession.

IV. Lastly, we have to sum and to appreciate the *ultimate* consequences of these things. Let us pursue them to the end of the vista. — First in order stands the dreadful shock to the National Church Establishment; and that is twofold: it is a shock from without, acting through opinion, and a shock from within, acting through the contagion of example. Each case is separately perfect. Through the opinion of men standing *outside* of the church, the church herself suffers wrong in her authority. Through the contagion of sympathy stealing over men *inside* of the church, peril arises of other shocks in a second series, which would so ex-

haust the church by reiterated convulsions, as to leave her virtually dismembered and shattered for all her great national functions.

As to that evil which acts through opinion, it acts by a machinery — viz., the press and social centralization in great cities, which in these days is perfect. Right or wrong, justified or *not* justified by the acts of the majority, it is certain that every public body — how much more, then, a body charged with the responsibility of upholding the truth in its standard! — suffers dreadfully in the world's opinion by any feud, schism, or shadow of change among its members. This is what the New Testament, a code of philosophy fertile in new ideas, first introduced under the name of *scandal*; that is, any occasion of serious offence ministered to the weak or to the sceptical by differences irreconcilable in the acts or the opinions of those whom they are bound to regard as spiritual authorities. Now here, in Scotland, is a feud past all arbitration: here is a schism no longer theoretic, neither beginning nor ending in mere speculation; here is a change of doctrine, *on one side or the other*, which throws a sad umbrage of doubt and perplexity over the pastoral relation of the church to every parish in Scotland. Less confidence there must always be henceforward in great religious incorporations. Was there any such incorporation reputed to be more internally harmonious than the Scottish church? None has been so tempestuously agitated. Was any church more deeply pledged to the spirit of meekness? None has split asunder so irreconcilably. As to the grounds of quarrel, could any questions or speculations be found so little fitted for a popular in-

temperance? Yet no breach of unity has ever propagated itself by steps so sudden and irrevocable. One short decennium has comprehended within its circuit the beginning and the end of this unparalleled hurricane. In 1834, the first light augury of mischief skirted the horizon — a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In 1843, the evil had “travelled on from birth to birth.” Already it had failed in what may be called one conspiracy; already it had entered upon a second — viz., to rear up an *Anti-Kirk*, or spurious establishment, which should twist itself with snake-like folds about the legal establishment; surmount it as a Roman *vinea* surmounted the fortifications which it beleaguered; and which, under whatsoever practical issue for the contest, should at any rate overlook, molest, and insult the true church for ever. Even this brief period of development would have been briefer, had not the law courts interposed many delays. Demurs of law process imposed checks upon the uncharitable haste of the *odium theologicum* and though in a question of schism it would be a *petitio principii* for a neutral censor to assume that either party had been originally in error, yet it is within our competence to say, that the Seceders it was whose bigotry carried the dispute to that sad issue of a final separation. The establishment would have been well content to stop short of that consummation: and temperaments might have been found, compromises both safe and honorable, had the minority built less of their reversionary hopes upon the policy of a fanciful martyrdom. Martyrs they insisted upon becoming: and that they *might* be martyrs, it was necessary for them to secede. Tha'

Europe thinks at present with less reverence of Protestant institutions than it did ten years ago, is due to one of these institutions in particular — viz., to the Scottish kirk, and specifically to the minority in that body. They it was who spurned all mutual toleration, all brotherly indulgence from either side to what it regarded as error in the other. Consequently upon *their* consciences lies the responsibility of having weakened the pillars of the reformed churches throughout Christendom.

Had those abuses been really such, which the Seceders denounced, were it possible that a primary law of pure Christianity had been set aside for generations, how came it that evils so gross had stirred no whispers of reproach before 1834? How came it that no aurora of early light, no prelusive murmurs of scrupulosity even from themselves, had run before this wild levanter of change? Heretofore or now there must have been huge error on their own showing. Heretofore they must have been traitorously below their duty, or now mutinously beyond it.

Such conclusions are irresistible, and upon any path, seceding or not seceding, they menace the worldly credit of ecclesiastical bodies. That evil is now past remedy. As for the other evil, that which acts upon church establishments, not through simple failure in the guarantees of public opinion, but through their own internal vices of composition; here undeniably we see a chasm traversing the Scottish church from the very gates to the centre. And unhappily the same chasm, which marks a division of the church internally, is a link connecting it externally with the Seceders.

For how stands the case? Did the Scottish kirk, at the late crisis, divide broadly into two mutually excluding sections? Was there one of these bisections which said *Yes*, whilst the other responded *No*? Was the affirmative and negative shared between them as between the black chessmen and the white? Not so; and unhappily not so. The two extremes there were, but these shaded off into each other. Many were the *nuances*; multiplied the combinations. Here stood a section that had voted for all the changes, with two or three exceptions; there stood another that went the *whole* length as to this change, but no part of the way as to that; between these sections arose others that had voted arbitrarily, or *eclectically*, that is, by no law generally recognized. And behind this eclectic school were grouped others who had voted for all novelties up to a certain day, but after *that* had refused to go further with a movement party whose tendencies they had begun to distrust. In this last case, therefore, the divisional line fell upon no principle, but upon the accident of having, at that particular moment, first seen grounds of conscientious alarm. The principles upon which men had divided were various, and these various principles were variously combined. But on the other hand, those who have gone out were the men who approved totally, not partially — unconditionally, not within limits — up to the end, and not to a given day. Consequently those who stayed in comprehended all the shades and degrees which the men of violence excluded. The Seceders were unanimous to a man, and of necessity; for he who approves the last act, the extreme act, which is naturally the most violent act,

a fortiori approves all lesser acts. But the establishment, by parity of reason, retained upon its rolls all the degrees, all the modifications, all who had exercised a wise discretion, who, in so great a cause, had thought it a point of religion to be cautious; whose casuistry had moved in the harness of peace, and who had preferred an interest of conscience to a triumph of partisanship. We honor them for that policy; but we cannot hide from ourselves, that the very principle which makes such a policy honorable at the moment, makes it dangerous in reversion. For he who avows that, upon public motives, he once resisted a temptation to schism, makes known by that avowal that he still harbors in his mind the germ of such a temptation: and to that scruple, which once he resisted, hereafter he may see reason for yielding. The principles of schism, which for the moment were suppressed, are still latent in the church. It is urged that, in quest of unity, many of these men *succeeded* in resisting the instincts of dissension at the moment of crisis. True: but this might be because they presumed on winning from their own party equal concessions by means less violent than schism; or because they attached less weight to the principle concerned, than they may see cause for attaching upon future considerations; or because they would not allow themselves to sanction the cause of the late Secession, by going out in company with men whose principles they adopted only in part, or whose manner of supporting those principles they abhorred. Universally it is evident, that little stress is to be laid on a negative act; simply to have declined going out with the Seceders proves nothing, for it is

equivocal. It is an act which may cover indifferently a marked hostility to the Secession party, or an absolute friendliness, but a friendliness not quite equal to so extreme a test. And, again, this negative act may be equivocal in a different way; the friendliness may not only have existed, but may have existed in sufficient strength for any test whatever; not the principles of the Seceders, but their Jacobinical mode of asserting them, may have proved the true nerve of the repulsion to many. What is it that we wish the English reader to collect from these distinctions? Simply that the danger is not yet gone past. The earthquake, says a great poet, when speaking of the general tendency in all dangers to come round by successive and reiterated shocks—

“The earthquake is not satisfied at once.”

All dangers which lie deeply seated are recurrent dangers; they intermit, only as the revolving lamps of a light-house are periodically eclipsed. The General Assembly of 1843, when closing her gates upon the Seceders, shut *in*, perhaps, more of the infected than at the time she succeeded in shutting *out*. As respected the opinion of the world outside, it seemed advisable to shut out the least number possible; for in proportion to the number of the Seceders, was the danger that they should carry with them an authentic impression in their favor. On the other hand, as respected a greater danger (the danger from internal contagion), it seemed advisable that the church should have shut out (if she could) very many of those who for the present, adhered to her. The broader the sep

ration, and the more absolute, between the church and the secession, so much the less anxiety there would have survived lest the rent should spread. That the anxiety in this respect is not visionary, the reader may satisfy himself by looking over a remarkable pamphlet, which professes by its title to separate the *wheat from the chaff*. By the "wheat," in the view of this writer, is meant the aggregate of those who persevered in their recusant policy up to the practical result of secession. All who stopped short of that consummation (on whatever plea), are the "chaff." The writer is something of an incendiary, or something of a fanatic; but he is consistent with regard to his own principles, and so elaborately careful in his details as to extort admiration of his energy and of his patience in research.

But the reason for which we notice this pamphlet, is, with a view to the proof of that large intestine mischief which still lingers behind in the vitals of the Scottish establishment. No proof, in a question of that nature, *can* be so showy and *ostensive* to a stranger as that which is supplied by this vindictive pamphlet. For every past vote recording a scruple, is the pledge of a scruple still existing, though for the moment suppressed. Since the secession, nearly four hundred and fifty new men may have entered the church. This supplementary body has probably diluted the strength of the revolutionary principles. But they also may perhaps, have partaken to some extent in the contagion of these principles. True, there is this guarantee for caution, on the part of these new men, that as yet they are pledged to nothing; and that, seeing experi

mentally how fearfully many of their older brethren are now likely to be fettered by the past, they have every possible motive for reserve, in committing themselves, either by their votes or by their pens. In *their* situation, there is a special inducement to prudence, because there is a prospect, that for *them* prudence is in time to be effectual. But for many of the older men, prudence comes too late. They are already fettered. And what we are now pointing out to the attention of our readers, is, that by the past, by the absolute votes of the past, too sorrowfully it is made evident, that the Scottish church is deeply tainted with the principles of the Secession. These germs of evil and of revolution, speaking of them in a *personal* sense, cannot be purged off entirely until one generation shall have passed away. But speaking of them as *principles* capable of vegetation, these germs may or may not expand into whole forests of evil, according to the accidents of coming events, whether fitted to tranquillize our billowy aspects of society; or, on the other hand, largely to fertilize the many occasions of agitation, which political fermentations are too sure to throw off. Let this chance turn out as it may, we repeat for the information of Southerners — that the church, by shutting off the persons of particular agitators, has not shut off the principles of agitation; and that the *cordon sanitaire*, supposing the spontaneous exile of the Non-intrusionists to be regarded in that light, was not drawn about the church until the disease had spread widely *within* the lines.

Past votes may not absolutely pledge a man to a future course of action; warned in time, such a man

may stand neutral in practice ; but thus far they poison the fountains of wholesome unanimity — that, if a man can evade the necessity of squaring particular *actions* to his past opinions, at least he must find himself tempted to square his opinions themselves, or his counsels, to such past opinions as he may too notoriously have placed on record by his votes.

But, if such are the continual dangers from reactions in the establishment, so long as men survive in that establishment who feel upbraided by past votes, and so long as enemies survive who will not suffer these upbraidings to slumber — dangers which much mutual forbearance and charity can alone disarm ; on the other hand, how much profounder is the inconsistency to which the Free Church is doomed ! They have rent the unity of that church, to which they had pledged their faith — but on what plea ? On the plea that in cases purely spiritual, they could not in conscience submit to the award of the secular magistrate. Yet how merely impracticable is this principle, as an abiding principle of action ! Churches, that is, the charge of particular congregations, will be with *them* (as with other religious communities) the means of livelihood. Grounds innumerable will arise for excluding or attempting to exclude, each other from these official stations. No possible form regulating the business of ordination, or of induction, can anticipate the infinite objections which may arise. But no man interested in such a case will submit to a judge appointed by insufficient authority. Daily bread for his family is what few men will resign without a struggle. And that struggle will of necessity come for final ad-

judication to the law courts of the land, whose interference in any question affecting a spiritual interest, the Free Church has for ever pledged herself to refuse. But in the case supposed, she will not have the power to refuse it. She will be cited before the tribunals, and can elude that citation in no way but by surrendering the point in litigation; and if she should adopt the notion, that it is better for her to do *that*, than to acknowledge a sufficient authority in the court by pleading at its bar, upon this principle once made public, she will soon be stripped of everything, and will cease to be a church at all. She cannot continue to be a depository of any faith, or a champion of any doctrines, if she lose the means of defending her own incorporations. But how can she maintain the defenders of her rights, or the dispensers of her truths, if she refuses, upon immutable principle, to call in the aid of the magistrate on behalf of rights, which, under any aspect, regard spiritual relations? Attempting to maintain these rights by private arbitration within a forum of her own, she will soon find such arbitration not binding at all upon the party who conceives himself aggrieved. The issue will be as in Mr. O'Connell's courts, where the parties played at going to law; from the moment when they ceased to play, and no longer "made believe" to be disputing, the award of the judge became as entire a mockery, as any stage mimicry of such a transaction.

This should be the natural catastrophe of the case, and the probable evasion of that destructive consummation, to which she is carried by her principles, will be — that as soon as her feelings of rancor shall have

ooled down, these principles will silently drop out of use; and the very reason will be suffered to perish for which she ever became a dissenting body. With this, however, we, that stand outside, are noways concerned. But an evil, in which we *are* concerned, is the headlong tendency of the Free Church, and of all churches, adulterating with her principle, to an issue not merely dangerous in a political sense, but ruinous in an anti-social sense. The artifice of the Free Church lies in pleading a spiritual relation of any case whatever, whether of doing or suffering, whether positive or negative, as a reason for taking it out of all civil control. Now we may illustrate the peril of this artifice, by a reality at this time impending over society in Ireland. Dr. Higgins, titular bishop of Ardagh, has undertaken upon this very plea of a spiritual power not amenable to civil control, a sort of warfare with government, upon the question of their power to suspend or defeat the O'Connell agitation. For, says he, if government should succeed in thus intercepting the direct power of haranguing mobs in open assemblies, then will I harangue them, and cause them to be harangued, in the same spirit, upon the same topics, from the altar or the pulpit. An immediate extension of this principle would be — that every disaffected clergyman in the three kingdoms, would lecture his congregation upon the duty of paying no taxes. This he would denominate passive resistance; and resistance to bad government would become, in his language, the most sacred of duties. In any argument with such a man, he would be found immediately falling back upon the principle of the Free Church; he would insist upon it

as a spiritual right, as a case entirely between his conscience and God, whether he should press to an extremity any and every doctrine, though tending to the instant disorganization of society. To lecture against war, and against taxes as directly supporting war, would wear a most colorable air of truth amongst all weak-minded persons. And these would soon appear to have been but the first elements of confusion under the improved views of spiritual rights. The doctrines of the *Levellers* in Cromwell's time, of the *Anabaptists* in Luther's time, would exalt themselves upon the ruins of society, if governments were weak enough to recognize these spiritual claims in the feeblest of their initial advances. If it were possible to suppose such chimeras prevailing, the natural redress would soon be seen to lie through secret tribunals, like those of the dreadful *Fehmgericht* in the middle ages. It would be absurd, however, seriously to pursue these anti-social chimeras through their consequences. Stern remedies would summarily crush so monstrous an evil. Our purpose is answered, when the necessity of such insupportable consequences is shown to link itself with that distinction upon which the Free Church has laid the foundations of its own establishment. Once for all, there is no act or function belonging to an officer of a church which is not spiritual by one of its two Janus faces. And every examination of the case convinces us more and more that the Seceders took up the old papal distinction, as to acts spiritual or not spiritual, not under any delusion less or more, but under a simple necessity of finding some evasion or other which should meet and embody the whole rancor of the moment.

But beyond any other evil consequence prepared by the Free Church, is the appalling spirit of Jacobinism, which accompanies their whole conduct, and which latterly has avowed itself in their words. The case began Jacobinically, for it began in attacks upon the rights of property. But since the defeat of this faction by the law courts, language seems to fail them, for the expression of their hatred and affected scorn towards the leading nobility of Scotland. Yet why? The case lies in the narrowest compass. The Duke of Sutherland, and other great landholders, had refused sites for their new churches. Upon this occurred a strong fact, and strong in both directions; first, for the Seceders; secondly, upon better information *against* them. The *Record* newspaper, a religious journal, ably and conscientiously conducted, took part with the Secession, and very energetically; for they denounced the noble duke's refusal of land as an act of "persecution;" and upon this principle — that, in a county where his grace was pretty nearly the sole landed proprietor, to refuse land (assuming that a fair price had been tendered for it) was in effect to show such intolerance as might easily tend to the suppression of truth. Intolerance, however, is not persecution; and, if it were, the casuistry of the question is open still to much discussion. But this is not necessary; for the ground is altogether shifted when the duke's reason for refusing the land comes to be stated; he had refused it, not unconditionally, not in the spirit of non-intrusion courts, "*without reason shown*," but on this unanswerable argument — that the whole efforts of the new church were pointed (and professedly pointed) to the one

object of destroying the establishment, and “sweeping it from the land.” Could any guardian of public interests, under so wicked a threat, hesitate as to the line of his duty? By granting the land to parties uttering such menaces, the Duke of Sutherland would have made himself an accomplice in the unchristian conspiracy. Meantime, next after this fact, it is the strongest defence which we can offer for the duke — that in a day or two after this charge of “persecution,” the *Record* was forced to attack the Seceders in terms which indirectly defended the duke. And this, not in any spirit of levity, but under mere conscientious constraint. For no journal has entered so powerfully or so eloquently into the defence of the general principle involved in the Secession (although questioning its expediency), as this particular *Record*. Consequently, any word of condemnation from so earnest a friend, comes against the Seceders with triple emphasis. And this is shown in the tone of the expostulations addressed to the *Record* by some of the Secession leaders. It spares us, indeed, all necessity of quoting the vile language uttered by members of the Free Church Assembly, if we say, that the *neutral* witnesses of such unchristian outrages have murmured, remonstrated, protested in every direction; and that Dr. Macfarlane, who has since corresponded with the Duke of Sutherland upon the whole case — viz., upon the petition for land, as affected by the shocking menaces of the Seceders — has, in no other way, been able to evade the double mischief of undertaking a defence for the indefensible, and at the same time of losing the land irrevocably, than by affecting an unconsciousness of lan-

guage used by his party little suited to his own sacred calling, or to the noble simplicities of Christianity. Certainly it is unhappy for the Seceders, that the only disavowal of the most fiendish sentiments heard in our days, has come from an individual not authorized or at all commissioned by his party — from an individual not showing any readiness to face the whole charges, disingenuously dissembling the worst of them, and finally offering his very feeble disclaimer, which equivocates between a denial and a palliation — not until *after* he found himself in the position of a petitioner for favors.

Specifically the great evil of our days, is the abiding temptation, in every direction, to popular discontent, to agitation, and to systematic sedition. Now, we say it with sorrow, that from no other incendiaries have we heard sentiments so wild, fierce, or maliciously democratic, as from the leaders of the Secession. It was the Reform Bill of 1832, and the accompanying agitation, which first suggested the *veto* agitation of 1834, and prescribed its tone. From all classes of our population in turn, there have come forward individuals to disgrace themselves by volunteering their aid to the chief conspirators of the age. We have earls, we have marquesses, coming forward as Corn-League agents; we have magistrates by scores angling for popularity as Repealers. But these have been private parties, insulated, disconnected, disowned. When we hear of Christianity prostituted to the service of Jacobinism — of divinity becoming the handmaid to insurrection — and of clergymen in masses offering themselves as promoters of anarchy, we go back in

thought to that ominous organization of irreligion, which gave its most fearful aspects to the French Revolution.

Other evils are in the rear as likely to arise out of the *funds* provided for the new Seceders, were the distribution of those funds confessedly unobjectionable, but more immediately under the present murmurs against that distribution. There are two funds: one subscribed expressly for the building of churches, the other limited to the "sustentation" of incumbents. And the complaint is — that this latter fund has been invaded for purposes connected with the first. The reader can easily see the motive to this injustice: it is a motive of ambition. Far more display of power is made by the annunciation to the world of six hundred churches built, than of any difference this way or that in the comfort and decorous condition of the clergy. This last is a domestic feature of the case, not fitted for public effect. But the number of the churches will resound through Europe. Meantime, *at present*, the allowance to the great body of Seceding clergy averages but £80 a-year; and the allegation is — that, but for the improper interference with the fund on the motive stated, it *would* have averaged £150 a-year. If anywhere a town parish has raised a much larger provision for its pastor, even *that* has now become a part of the general grievance. For it is said that all such special contributions ought to have been thrown into one general fund — liable to one general principle of distribution. Yet again, will even this fund, partially as it seems to have been divided, continue to be available? Much of it lies in annual subscriptions

now, in the next generation of subscribers, a son will possibly not adopt the views of his father; but assuredly he will not adopt his father's zeal. Here, however (though this is not probable), there may arise some compensatory cases of subscribers altogether new. But another question is pressing for decision, which menaces a frightful shock to the schismatical church: female agency has been hitherto all potent in promoting the subscriptions; and a demand has been made in consequence — that women shall be allowed to vote in the church courts. Grant this demand — for it cannot be evaded, and what becomes of the model for church government as handed down from John Knox and Calvin? Refuse it, and what becomes of the future subscriptions?

But these are evils, it may be said, only for the Seceders. Not so: we are all interested in the respectability of the national teachers, whatever be their denomination: we are all interested in the maintenance of a high standard for theological education. These objects are likely to suffer at any rate. But it is even a worse result which we may count on from the changes, than a practical approximation is thus already made to what is technically known as Voluntaryism.

The "*United Succession*," that is the old collective body of Scottish Dissenters, who, having no regular provision, are carried into this voluntary system, already exult that this consummation of the case cannot be far off. Indeed, so far as the Seceders are dependent upon *annual* subscriptions, and coupling that relation to the public with the great doctrine of

these Seceders, that congregations are universally to appoint their own pastors, we do not see how such an issue is open to evasion. The leaders of the new Secession all protest against Voluntaryism: but to that complexion of things they travel rapidly by the mere mechanic action of their dependent (or semi-dependent) situation, combined with one of their two characteristic principles.

The same United Secession journal openly anticipates another and more diffusive result from this great movement — viz., the general disruption of church establishments. We trust that this anticipation will be signally defeated. And yet there is one view of the case which saddens us when we turn our eyes in that direction. Among the reasonings and expostulations of the Schismatic church, one that struck us as the most eminently hypocritical, and ludicrously so, was this: “You ought,” said they, when addressing the government, and exposing the error of the law proceedings, “to have stripped us of the temporalities arising from the church, stipend, glebe, parsonage, but not of the spiritual functions. We had no right to the emoluments of our stations, when the law courts had decided against us, but we *had* a right to the laborious duties of the stations.” No gravity could refuse to smile at this complaint — verbally so much (in the spirit of primitive Christianity, yet in its tendency so insidious. For could it be possible that a competitor introduced by the law, and leaving the duties of the pastoral office to the old incumbent, but pocketing the salary, should not be hooted on the public roads by many who might otherwise have taken

no part in the feud? This specious claim was a sure and brief way to secure the hatefulness of their successors. Now we cannot conceal from ourselves that something like this invidious condition of things might be realized under two further revolutions. We have said, that a second schism in the Scottish church is not impossible. It is also but too possible that Puseyism may yet rend the English establishment, by a similar convulsion. But in such contingencies, we should see a very large proportion of the spiritual teachers in both nations actually parading to the public eye, and rehearsing something very like the treacherous proposal of the late Seceders — viz., the spectacle of one party performing much of the difficult duties, and another party enjoying the main emoluments. This would be a most unfair mode of recommending Voluntaryism. Falling in with the infirmities of many in these days, such a spectacle would give probably a fatal bias to that system in our popular and Parliamentary counsels. This would move the sorrow of the Seceders themselves: for they have protested against the theory of all Voluntaries with a vehemence which that party even complain of as excessive. Their leaders have many times avowed, that any system which should leave to men in general the estimate of their own religious wants as a pecuniary interest, would be fatal to the Christian tone of our national morals. Checked and overawed by the example of an establishment, the Voluntaries themselves are far more fervent in their Christian exertions than they could be when liberated from that contrast. The religious spirit of both England and Scotland under such a change

would droop for generations. And in that one evil, let us hope, the remotest and least probable of the many evils threatened by the late schism, these nations would have reason by comparison almost to forget the rest.

THE PAGAN ORACLES.

It is remarkable—and, without a previous explanation, it might seem paradoxical to say it—that oftentimes under a continual accession of light important subjects grow more and more enigmatical. In times when nothing was explained, the student, torpid as his teacher, saw nothing which called for explanation—all appeared one monotonous blank. But no sooner had an early twilight begun to solicit the creative faculties of the eye, than many dusky objects, with outlines imperfectly defined, began to converge the eye, and to strengthen the nascent interest of the spectator. It is true that light, in its final plenitude, is calculated to disperse all darkness. But this effect belongs to its consummation. In its earlier and *struggling* states, light does but reveal darkness. It makes the darkness palpable and “visible.”²⁷ Of which we may see a sensible illustration in a gloomy glass-house, where the sullen lustre from the furnace does but mass and accumulate the thick darkness in the rear upon which the moving figures are relieved. Or we may see an intellectual illustration in the mind of the savage, on whose blank surface there exists no doubt or perplexity at all, none of the pains connected with

ignorance ; he is conscious of no darkness, simply because for *him* there exists no visual ray of speculation — no vestige of prelusive light.

Similar, and continually more similar, has been the condition of ancient history. Once yielding a mere barren crop of facts and dates, slowly it has been kindling of late years into life and deep interest under superior treatment. And hitherto, as the light has advanced, *pari passu* have the masses of darkness strengthened. Every question solved has been the parent of three new questions unmasked. And the power of breathing life into dry bones has but seemed to multiply the skeletons and lifeless remains ; for the very natural reason — that these dry bones formerly (whilst viewed as incapable of revivification) had seemed less numerous, because everywhere confounded to the eye with stocks and stones, so long as there was no motive of hope for marking the distinction between them.

Amongst all the illustrations which might illuminate this truth, none is so instructive as the large question of PAGAN ORACLES. Every part, indeed, of the Pagan religion, the course, geographically or ethnographically, of its traditions, the vast labyrinth of its mythology, the deductions of its contradictory genealogies, the disputed meaning of its many secret "mysteries" [*τελεταιαι* — symbolic rites or initiations], all these have been submitted of late years to the scrutiny of glasses more powerful, applied under more combined arrangements, and directed according to new principles more comprehensively framed. We cannot in sincerity affirm — always with immediate advantage. But even where the

individual effort may have been a failure as regarded the immediate object, rarely, indeed, it has happened but that much indirect illumination has resulted — which, afterwards entering into combination with other scattered currents of light, has issued in discoveries of value ; although, perhaps, any one contribution, taken separately, had been, and would have remained, inoperative. Much has been accomplished, chiefly of late years ; and, confining our view to ancient history, almost exclusively amongst the Germans — by the Savignys, the Niebuhrs, the Otfried Muellers. And, if that *much* has left still more to do, it has also brought the means of working upon a scale of far accelerated speed.

The books now existing upon the ancient oracles, above all, upon the Greek oracles, amount to a small library. The facts have been collected from all quarters, — examined, sifted, winnowed. Theories have been raised upon these facts under every angle of aspect ; and yet, after all, we profess ourselves to be dissatisfied. Amongst much that is sagacious, we feel and we resent with disgust a taint of falsehood diffused over these recent speculations from vulgar and even counterfeit incredulity ; the one gross vice of German philosophy, not less determinate or less misleading than that vice which, heretofore, through many centuries, had impoverished this subject, and had stopped its discussion under the anile superstition of the ecclesiastical fathers.

These fathers, both Greek and Latin, had the ill fortune to be extravagantly esteemed by the church of Rome ; whence, under a natural reâction, they were systematically depreciated by the great leaders

of the Protestant Reformation. And yet hardly in a corresponding degree. For there was, after all, even among the reformers, a deep-seated prejudice in behalf of all that was "primitive" in Christianity; under which term, by some confusion of ideas, the fathers often benefited. Primitive Christianity was reasonably venerated; and, on this argument, that, for the first three centuries, it was necessarily more sincere. We do not think so much of that sincerity which affronted the fear of persecution; because, after all, the searching persecutions were rare and intermitting, and not, perhaps, in any case, so fiery as they have been represented. We think more of that gentle but insidious persecution which lay in the solicitations of besieging friends, and more still of the continual temptations which haunted the irresolute Christian in the fascinations of the public amusements. The theatre, the circus, and, far beyond both, the cruel amphitheatre, constituted, for the ancient world, a passionate enjoyment, that by many authors, and especially through one period of time, is described as going to the verge of frenzy. And we, in modern times, are far too little aware in what degree these great carnivals, together with another attraction of great cities, the pomps and festivals of the Pagan worship, broke the monotony of domestic life, which, for the old world, was even more oppressive than it is for us. In all principal cities, so as to be within the reach of almost all provincial inhabitants, there was a hippodrome, often uniting the functions of the circus and the amphitheatre; and there was a theatre. From all such pleasures the Christian was sternly excluded by his very pro-

profession of faith. From the festivals of the Pagan religion his exclusion was even more absolute; against them he was a sworn militant protester from the hour of his baptism. And when these modes of pleasurable relaxation had been subtracted from ancient life, what could remain? Even less, perhaps, than most readers have been led to consider. For the ancients had no such power of extensive locomotion, of refreshment for their wearied minds, by travelling and change of scene, as we children of modern civilization possess. No ships had then been fitted up for passengers, nor public carriages established, nor roads opened extensively, nor hotels so much as imagined hypothetically; because the relation of *ξενία*,²⁸ or the obligation to reciprocal hospitality, and latterly the Roman relation of patron and client, had stifled the first motions of enterprise of the ancients; in fact, no man travelled but the soldier, and the man of political authority. Consequently, in sacrificing public amusements, the Christians sacrificed *all* pleasure whatsoever that was not rigorously domestic; whilst in facing the contingencies of persecutions that might arise under the rapid succession of changing emperors, they faced a perpetual *anxiety* more trying to the fortitude than any fixed and measurable evil. Here, certainly, we have a guarantee for the deep faithfulness of early Christians, such as never can exist for more mixed bodies of professors, subject to no searching trials.

Better the primitive Christians were (by no means individually better, but better on the total body), yet they were not in any intellectual sense wiser. Unquestionably the elder Christians participated in

the local follies, prejudices, superstitions, of their several provinces and cities, except where any of these happened to be too conspicuously at war with the spirit of love or the spirit of purity which exhaled at every point from the Christian faith; and, in all intellectual features, as were the Christians generally, such were the fathers. Amongst the Greek fathers, one might be unusually learned, as Clement of Alexandria; and another might be reputed unusually eloquent, as Gregory Nazianzen, or Basil. Amongst the Latin fathers, one might be a man of admirable genius, as far beyond the poor, vaunted Rousseau in the impassioned grandeur of his thoughts, as he was in truth and purity of heart; we speak of St. Augustine (usually called St. Austin), and many might be distinguished by various literary merits. But could these advantages anticipate a higher civilization? Most unquestionably some of the fathers were the *élite* of their own age, but not in advance of their age. They, like all their contemporaries, were besieged by errors, ancient, inveterate, traditional; and accidentally, from one cause special to themselves, they were not merely liable to error, but usually prone to error. This cause lay in the *polemic* form which so often they found a necessity, or a convenience, or a temptation for assuming, as teachers or defenders of the truth.

He who reveals a body of awful truth to a candid and willing auditory is content with the grand simplicities of truth in the quality of his proofs. And truth, where it happens to be of a high order, is generally its own witness to all who approach it in the spirit of childlike docility. But far different is the

position of that teacher who addresses an audience composed in various proportions of sceptical inquirers, obstinate opponents, and malignant scoffers. Less than an apostle is unequal to the suppression of all human reactions incident to wounded sensibilities. Scorn is too naturally met by retorted scorn: malignity in the Pagan, which characterized all the known cases of signal opposition to Christianity, could not but hurry many good men into a vindictive pursuit of victory. Generally, where truth is communicated *polemically* (this is, not as it exists in its own inner simplicity, but as it exists in external relation to error), the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of bystanders, by preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. Hence it is, that, like the professional rhetoricians of Athens, not seldom the Christian fathers, when urgently pressed by an antagonist equally mendacious and ignorant, could not resist the human instinct for employing arguments such as would baffle and confound the unprincipled opponent, rather than such as would satisfy the mature Christian. If a man denied himself all specious arguments, and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth on moral or on spiritual themes is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness. And hence we explain not only the many gross delusions of the fathers, their sophisms, their errors of fact and chronology, their attempts to build great truths upon fantastic etymologies, or upon popular conceits in

science that have long since exploded, but also their occasional unchristian tempers. To contend with an unprincipled and malicious liar, such as Julian the Apostate, in its original sense the first deliberate *miscreant*, offered a dreadful snare to any man's charity. And he must be a furious bigot who will justify the rancorous lampoons²⁹ of Gregory Nazianzen. Are we, then, angry on behalf of Julian? So far as *he* was interested, not for a moment would we have suspended the descending scourge. Cut him to the bone, we should have exclaimed at the time! Lay the knout into every "raw" that can be found! For we are of opinion that Julian's duplicity is not yet adequately understood. But what was right as regarded the claims of the criminal, was *not* right as regarded the duties of his opponent. Even in this mischievous renegade, trampling with his orang-outang hoofs the holiest of truths, a Christian bishop ought still to have respected his sovereign, through the brief period that he *was* such, and to have commiserated his benighted brother, however wilfully astray, and however hatefully seeking to quench that light for other men, which, for his own misgiving heart, we could undertake to show that he never *did* succeed in quenching. We do not wish to enlarge upon a theme both copious and easy. But here, and everywhere, speaking of the fathers as a body, we charge them with anti-christian practices of a two-fold order: sometimes as supporting their great cause in a spirit alien to its own, retorting in a temper not less uncharitable than that of their opponents; sometimes, again, as adopting arguments that are unchristian in their ultimate grounds; resting upon

errors the reputation of errors ; upon superstition the overthrow of superstitions ; and drawing upon the armories of darkness for weapons that, to be durable, ought to have been of celestial temper. Alternately, in short, the fathers trespass against those affections which furnish to Christianity its moving powers, and against those truths which furnish to Christianity its guiding lights. Indeed, Milton's memorable attempt to characterize the fathers as a body, contemptuous as it is, can hardly be challenged as overcharged.

Never in any instance were these aberrations of the fathers more vividly exemplified than in their theories upon the Pagan Oracles. On behalf of God, they were determined to be wiser than God ; and, in demonstration of scriptural power, to advance doctrines which the Scriptures had nowhere warranted. At this point, however, we shall take a short course ; and, to use a vulgar phrase, shall endeavor to "kill two birds with one stone." It happens that the earliest book in our modern European literature, which has subsequently obtained a station of authority on the subject of the ancient Oracles, applied itself entirely to the erroneous theory of the fathers. This is the celebrated *Antonii Van Dale, "De Ethnicorum Oraculis Dissertationes,"* which was published at Amsterdam at least as early as the year 1682 ; that is, one hundred and sixty years ago. And upon the same subject there has been no subsequent book which maintains an equal rank. Van Dale might have treated his theme simply with a view to the investigation of the truth, as some recent inquirers have preferred doing ; and, in that case, the fathers

would have been noticed only as incidental occasions might bring forward their opinions—true or false. But to this author the errors of the fathers seemed capital; worthy, in fact, of forming his *principal* object; and, knowing their great authority in the Papal church, he anticipated, in the plan of attaching his own views to the false views of the fathers, an opening to a double patronage—that of the Protestants, in the first place, as interested in all doctrines seeming to be anti-papal; that of the sceptics, in the second place, as interested in the exposure of whatever had once commanded, but subsequently lost, the superstitious reverence of mankind. On this policy, he determined to treat the subject polemically. He fastened, therefore, upon the fathers with a deadly *acharnement*, that evidently meant to leave no arrears of work for any succeeding assailant; and it must be acknowledged that, simply in relation to this purpose of hostility, his work is triumphant. So much was not difficult to accomplish; for barely to enunciate the leading doctrine of the fathers is, in the ear of any chronologist, to overthrow it. But, though successful enough in its functions of destruction, on the other hand, as an affirmative or constructive work, the long treatise of Van Dale is most unsatisfactory. It leaves us with a hollow sound ringing in the ear, of malicious laughter from gnomes and imps grinning over the weaknesses of man—his paralytic facility in believing—his fraudulent villany in abusing this facility—but in no point accounting for those real effects of diffusive social benefits from the Oracle machinery, which must arrest the attention of candid students, amidst some opposite monu-

ments of incorrigible credulity, or of elaborate imposture.

As a book, however, belonging to that small cycle (not numbering, perhaps, on *all* subjects, above three score), which may be said to have moulded and controlled the public opinion of Europe through the last five generations, already for itself the work of Van Dale merits a special attention. It is confessedly the *classical* book — the original *fundus* for the arguments and facts applicable to this question; and an accident has greatly strengthened its authority. Fontenelle, the most fashionable of European authors, at the opening of the eighteenth century, writing in a language at that time even more predominant than at present, did in effect employ all his advantages to propagate and popularize the views of Van Dale. Scepticism naturally courts the patronage of France; and in effect that same remark which a learned Belgian (Van Brouwer) has found frequent occasion to make upon single sections of Fontenelle's work, may be fairly extended into a representative account of the whole — “*L'on trouve les mêmes arguments chez Fontenelle, mais dégagés des longueurs du savant Van Dale, et exprimés avec plus d'élégance.*” This *rifacimento* did not injure the original work in reputation: it caused Van Dale to be less read, but to be more esteemed; since a man confessedly distinguished for his powers of composition had not thought it beneath his ambition to adopt and recompose Van Dale's theory. This important position of Van Dale with regard to the effectual creed of Europe — so that, whether ne were read directly or were slighted for a more fashionable expounder, equally

In either case it was *his* doctrines which prevailed — must always confer a circumstantial value upon the original dissertations, “*De Ethnicorum Oraculis.*”

This original work of Van Dale is a book of considerable extent. But, in spite of its length, it divides substantially into two great chapters, and no more, which coincide, in fact, with the two separate dissertations. The first of these dissertations, occupying one hundred and eighty-one pages, inquires into the failure and extinction of the Oracles; when they failed, and under what circumstances. The second of these dissertations inquires into the machinery and resources of the Oracles during the time of their prosperity. In the first dissertation, the object is to expose the folly and gross ignorance of the fathers, who insisted on representing the history of the case roundly in this shape — as though all had prospered with the Oracles up to the nativity of Christ; but that, after his crucifixion, and simultaneously with the first promulgation of Christianity, all Oracles had suddenly drooped; or, to tie up their language to the rigor of their theory, had suddenly expired. All this Van Dale peremptorily denies; and, in these days, it is scarcely requisite to add, triumphantly denies; the whole hypothesis of the fathers having literally not a leg to stand upon; and being, in fact, the most audacious defiance to historical records that, perhaps, the annals of human folly present.³⁰

In the second dissertation, Van Dale combats the other notion of the fathers — that, during their prosperous ages, the Oracles had moved by an agency of evil spirits. He, on the contrary, contends that, from the first hour to the last of their long domination,

over the minds and practice of the Pagan world, they had moved by no agencies whatever, but those of human fraud, intrigue, collusion, applied to human blindness, credulity, and superstition.

We shall say a word or two upon each question. As to the first, namely, *when* it was that the Oracles fell into decay and silence, thanks to the headlong rashness of the Fathers, Van Dale's assault cannot be refused or evaded. In reality, the evidence against them is too flagrant and hyperbolic. If we were to quote from Juvenal—“*Delphis et Oracula cessant,*” in that case, the fathers challenge it as an argument on *their* side, for that Juvenal described a state of things immediately posterior to Christianity; yet even here the word *cessant* points to a distinction of cases which already in itself is fatal to their doctrine. By *cessant* Juvenal means evidently what we, in these days, should mean in saying of a ship in action that her fire was slackening. This powerful poet, therefore, wiser so far than the Christian fathers, distinguishes two separate cases: first, the state of torpor and languishing which might be (and in fact was) the predicament of many famous Oracles through centuries not fewer than five, six, or even eight; secondly, the state of absolute dismantling and utter extinction which, even before his time, had confounded individual Oracles of the inferior class, not from changes affecting religion, whether true or false, but from political revolutions. Here, therefore, lies the first blunder of the fathers, that they confound with total death the long drooping which befell many great Oracles from languor in the popular sympathies, under changes hereafter to be noticed;

and, consequently, from revenues and machinery continually decaying. That the Delphic Oracle itself—of all oracles the most illustrious—had not expired, but simply slumbered for centuries, the fathers might have been convinced themselves by innumerable passages in authors contemporary with themselves; and that it was continually throwing out fitful gleams of its ancient power, when any very great man (suppose a Cæsar) thought fit to stimulate its latent vitality, is notorious from such cases as that of Hadrian. He, in his earlier days, whilst yet only dreaming of the purple, had not found the Oracle superannuated or palsied. On the contrary, he found it but too clear-sighted; and it was no contempt in him, but too ghastly a fear and jealousy, which labored to seal up the grander ministrations of the Oracle for the future. What the Pythia had foreshown to himself, she might foreshow to others; and, when tempted by the same princely bribes, she might authorize and kindle the same aspiring views in other great officers. Thus, in the new condition of the Roman power, there was a perpetual peril, lest an oracle, so potent as that of Delphi, should absolutely create rebellions, by first suggesting hopes to men in high commands. Even as it was, all treasonable assumptions of the purple, for many generations, commenced in the hopes inspired by auguries, prophecies, or sortileges. And had the great Delphic Oracle, consecrated to men's feelings by hoary superstition, and *privileged by secrecy*, come forward to countersign such hopes, many more would have been the wrecks of ambition, and even bloodier would have been the blood-polluted line of the impe

rial successions. Prudence, therefore, it was, and state policy, not the power of Christianity, which gave the *final* shock (of the *original* shock we shall speak elsewhere) to the grander functions of the Delphic Oracle. But, in the mean time, the humbler and more domestic offices of this oracle, though naturally making no noise at a distance, seem long to have survived its state relations. And, apart from the sort of galvanism notoriously applied by Hadrian, surely the fathers could not have seen Plutarch's account of its condition, already a century later than our Saviour's nativity. The Pythian priestess, as we gather from *him*, had by that time become a less select and dignified personage; she was no longer a princess in the land — a change which was proximately due to the impoverished income of the temple; but she was still in existence; still held in respect; still trained, though at inferior cost, to her difficult and showy ministrations. And the whole establishment of the Delphic god, if necessarily contracted from that scale which had been suitable when great kings and commonwealths were constant suitors within the gates of Delphi, still clung (like the Venice of modern centuries) to her old ancestral honors, and kept up that decent household of ministers which corresponded to the altered ministrations of her temple. In fact, the evidences on behalf of Delphi as a princely house, that had indeed partaken in the decaying fortunes of Greece, but naturally was all the prouder from the irritating contrast of her great remembrances, are so plentifully dispersed through books, that the fathers must have been willingly duped. That in some way they

were duped is too notorious from the facts, and might be suspected even from their own occasional language; take, as one instance, amongst a whole *harmony* of similar expressions, this short passage from Eusebius — οἱ Ἕλληνες ὁμολογοῦντες ἐκλελοιπέναι αὐτῶν τα χρηστηρια: the Greeks admitting that their Oracles have failed (there is, however, a disingenuous vagueness in the very word ἐκλελοιπέναι), οὐδ' ἄλλοτε ποτε ἐξ αἰῶνος — and when? why, at no other crisis through the total range of their existence — ἢ κατα τοὺς χρόνους τῆς εὐαγγελικῆς διδασκαλίας — than precisely at the epoch of the evangelical dispensation, etc. Eusebius was a man of too extensive reading to be entirely satisfied with the Christian representations upon this point. And in such indeterminate phrases as *κατα τὰς χρόνας* (which might mean indifferently the entire three centuries then accomplished from the first promulgation of Christianity, or specifically that narrow punctual limit of the earliest promulgation), it is easy to trace an ambidextrous artifice of compromise between what would satisfy his own brethren, on the one hand, and what, on the other hand, he could hope to defend against the assaults of learned Pagans.

In particular instances it is but candid to acknowledge that the fathers may have been misled by the remarkable tendencies to error amongst the ancients, from their want of public journals, combined with territorial grandeur of empire. The greatest possible defect of harmony arises naturally in this way amongst ancient authors, locally remote from each other; but more especially in the post-Christian periods, when reporting any aspects of change, or any

results from a revolution variable and advancing under the vast varieties of the Roman empire. Having no newspapers to effect a level amongst the inequalities and anomalies of their public experience in regard to the Christian revolution, when collected from innumerable tribes so widely differing as to civilization, knowledge, superstition, &c. ; hence it happened that one writer could report with truth a change as having occurred within periods of ten to sixty years, which for some other province would demand a circuit of six hundred. For example, in Asia Minor, all the way from the sea-coast to the Euphrates, towns were scattered having a dense population of Jews. Sometimes these were the most malignant opponents of Christianity ; that is, wherever they happened to rest in the *letter* of their peculiar religion. But, on the other hand, where there happened to be a majority (or, if not numerically a majority, yet influentially an overbalance) in that section of the Jews who were docile children of their own preparatory faith and discipline, no bigots, and looking anxiously for the fulfilment of their prophecies (an expectation at that time generally diffused), — under those circumstances, the Jews were such ready converts as to account naturally for sudden local transitions, which in other circumstances or places might not have been credible.

This single consideration may serve to explain the apparent contradictions, the irreconcilable discrepancies, between the statements of contemporary Christian bishops, locally at a vast distance from each other, or (which is even more important) reporting from communities occupying different stages of civil-

ization. There was no harmonizing organ of interpretation, in Christian or in Pagan newspapers, to bridge over the chasms that divided different provinces. A devout Jew, already possessed by the purest idea of the Supreme Being, stood on the very threshold of conversion: he might, by one hour's conversation with an apostle, be transfigured into an enlightened Christian; whereas a Pagan could seldom in one generation pass beyond the infirmity of his novitiate. His heart and affections, his will and the habits of his understanding, were too deeply diseased to be suddenly transmuted. And hence arises a phenomenon, which has too languidly arrested the notice of historians; namely, that already, and for centuries before the time of Constantine, wherever the Jews had been thickly sown as colonists, the most potent body of Christian zeal stood ready to kindle under the first impulse of encouragement from the state; whilst in the great capitals of Rome and Alexandria, where the Jews were hated and neutralized politically by Pagan forces, not for a hundred years later than Constantine durst the whole power of the government lay hands on the Pagan machinery, except with timid precautions, and by graduations so remarkably adjusted to the circumstances, that sometimes they wear the shape of compromises with idolatry. We must know the ground, the quality of the population, concerned in any particular report of the fathers, before we can judge of its probabilities. Under local advantages, insulated cases of Oracles suddenly silenced, of temples and their idol-worship overthrown, as by a rupture of new-born zeal, were not less certain to arise

as rare accidents from rare privileges, or from rare coincidences of unanimity in the leaders of the place, than on the other hand they were certain *not* to arise in that unconditional universality pretended by the fathers. Wheresoever Paganism was interwoven with the whole moral being of a people, as it was in Egypt, or with the political tenure and hopes of a people, as it was in Rome, *there* a long struggle was inevitable before the revolution could be effected. Briefly, as against the fathers, we find a sufficient refutation in what *followed* Christianity. If, at a period five, or even six hundred years after the birth of Christ, you find people still consulting the local Oracles of Egypt, in places sheltered from the point-blank range of the state artillery, — there is an end, once and forever, to the delusive superstition that, merely by its silent presence in the world, Christianity must instantaneously come into fierce activity as a reägency of destruction to all forms of idolatrous error. That argument is multiplied beyond all power of calculation; and to have missed it is the most eminent instance of wilful blindness which the records of human folly can furnish. But there is another refutation lying in an opposite direction, which presses the fathers even more urgently in the rear than this presses them in front; any author posterior to Christianity, who should point to the decay of Oracles, they would claim on their own side. But what would they have said to Cicero, — by what resource of despair would they have parried his authority, when insisting (as many times he does insist), forty and even fifty years before the birth of Christ, on the languishing condition of the Delphic Oracle?

What evasion could they imagine here? How could that languor be due to Christianity, which far anticipated the very birth of Christianity? For, as to Cicero, who did not "far anticipate the birth of Christianity," we allege *him* rather because his work *De Divinatione* is so readily accessible, and because his testimony on any subject is so full of weight, than because other and much older authorities cannot be produced to the same effect. The Oracles of Greece had lost their vigor and their palmy pride full two centuries before the Christian era. Historical records show this *à posteriori*, whatever were the cause; and the cause, which we will state hereafter, shows it *à priori*, apart from the records.

Surely, therefore, Van Dale needed not to have pressed his victory over the helpless fathers so unrelentingly, and after the first ten pages by cases and proofs that are quite needless and *ex abundantia*; simply the survival of any one distinguished Oracle upwards of four centuries *after* Christ — that is sufficient. But if with this fact we combine the other fact, that all the principal Oracles had already begun to languish, more than two centuries *before* Christianity, there can be no opening for a whisper of dissent upon any real question between Van Dale and his opponents; namely, both as to the possibility of Christianity coexisting with such forms of error, and the possibility that oracles should be overthrown by merely Pagan, or internal changes. The less plausible, however, that we find this error of the fathers, the more curiosity we naturally feel about the source of that error; and the more so, because Van Dale never turns his eyes in that direction.

This source lay (to speak the simple truth) in abject superstition. The fathers conceived of the enmity between Christianity and Paganism, as though it resembled that between certain chemical poisons and the Venetian wine-glass, which (according to the belief* of three centuries back) no sooner received any poisonous fluid, than immediately it shivered into crystal splinters. They thought to honor Christianity, by imaging it as some exotic animal of more powerful breed, such as we English have witnessed in a domestic case, coming into instant collision with the native race, and exterminating it everywhere upon the first conflict. In this conceit they substituted a foul fiction of their own, fashioned on the very model of Pagan fictions, for the unvarying analogy of the divine procedure. Christianity, as the last and consummate of revelations, had the high destination of working out its victory through what was greatest in a man — through his reason, his will, his affections. But, to satisfy the fathers, it must operate like a drug — like sympathetic powders — like an amulet — or like a conjurer's charm. Precisely the monkish effect of a Bible when hurled at an evil spirit — not the true rational effect of that profound oracle read, studied, and laid to heart — was that which the fathers ascribed to the mere

* Which belief we can see no reason for rejecting so summarily as is usually done in modern times. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose a kind of glass qualified to expose all poisons indifferently, considering the vast range of their chemical differences. But, surely, as against that one poison then familiarly used for domestic murders, a chemical reagency might have been devised in the quality of the glass. At least, there is no *prima facie* absurdity in such a supposition.

proclamation of Christianity, when first piercing the atmosphere circumjacent to any oracle ; and, in fact, to their gross appreciations, Christian truth was like the scavenger bird in Eastern climates, or the stork in Holland, which signalizes its presence by devouring all the native brood of vermin, or nuisances, as fast as they reproduce themselves under local distemperatures of climate or soil.

It is interesting to pursue the same ignoble superstition, which, in fact, under Romish hands, soon crept like a parasitical plant over Christianity itself, until it had nearly strangled its natural vigor, back into times far preceding that of the fathers. Spite of all that could be wrought by Heaven, for the purpose of continually confounding the local vestiges of popular reverence which might have gathered round stocks and stones, so obstinate is the hankering after this mode of superstition in man that his heart returns to it with an elastic recoil as often as the openings are restored. Agreeably to this infatuation, the temple of the true God — even its awful *adytum* — the holy of holies — or the places where the ark of the covenant had rested in its migrations — all were conceived to have an eternal and a self-vindicating sanctity. So thought man : but God himself, though to man's folly pledged to the vindication of his own sanctities, thought far otherwise ; as we know by numerous profanations of all holy places in Judea, triumphantly carried through, and avenged by no plausible judgments. To speak only of the latter temple, three men are memorable as having polluted its holiest recesses : Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey about a century later, and Titus pretty nearly by the

same exact interval later than Pompey. Upon which of these three did any judgment descend? Attempts have been made to impress that coloring of the sequel in two of these cases, indeed, but without effect upon *any* man's mind. Possibly in the case of Antiochus, who seems to have moved under a burning hatred, not so much of the insurgent Jews as of the true faith which prompted their resistance, there is some colorable argument for viewing him in his miserable death as a monument of divine wrath. But the two others had no such malignant spirit; they were tolerant, and even merciful; were authorized instruments for executing the purposes of Providence; and no calamity in the life of either can be reasonably traced to his dealings with Palestine. Yet, if Christianity could not brook for an instant the mere coëxistence of a Pagan oracle, how came it that the Author of Christianity had thus brooked (nay, by many signs of coöperation, had promoted) that ultimate desecration, which planted "the abomination of desolation" as a victorious crest of Paganism upon his own solitary altar? The institution of the Sabbath, again — what part of the Mosaic economy could it more plausibly have been expected that God should vindicate by some memorable interference, since of all the Jewish institutions it was that one which only and which frequently became the occasion of wholesale butchery to the pious (however erring) Jews? The scruple of the Jews to fight, or even to resist an assassin, on the Sabbath, was not the less pious in its motive because erroneous in principle; yet no miracle interfered to save them from the consequences of their infatuation. And

this seemed the more remarkable in the case of their war with Antiochus, because *that* (if any that history has recorded) was a holy war. But, after one tragical experience, which cost the lives of a thousand martyrs, the Maccabees — quite as much on a level with their scrupulous brethren in piety as they were superior in good sense — began to reflect that they had no shadow of a warrant from Scripture for counting upon any miraculous aid; that the whole expectation, from first to last, had been human and presumptuous; and that the obligation of fighting valiantly against idolatrous compliances was, at all events, paramount to the obligation of the Sabbath. In one hour, after unyoking themselves from this monstrous millstone of their own forging, about their own necks, the cause rose buoyantly aloft as upon wings of victory; and, as their very earliest reward — as the first fruits from thus disabusing their minds of windy presumptions — they found the very case itself melting away which had furnished the scruple; since their cowardly enemies, now finding that they would fight on all days alike, had no longer any motive for attacking them on the Sabbath; besides that their own astonishing victories henceforward secured to them often the choice of the day not less than of the ground.

But, without lingering on these outworks of the true religion, namely, 1st, the Temple of Jerusalem; 2dly, the Sabbath, — both of which the divine wisdom often saw fit to lay prostrate before the presumption of idolatrous assaults, on principles utterly irreconcilable with the Oracle doctrine of the fathers, — there is a still more flagrant argument against the

fathers, which it is perfectly confounding to find both them and their confuter overlooking. It is this. Oracles, take them at the very worst, were no otherwise hostile to Christianity than as a branch of Paganism. If, for instance, the Delphic establishment were hateful (as doubtless it was) to the holy spirit of truth which burned in the mind of an apostle, *why* was it hateful? Not primarily in its character of Oracle, but in its universal character of Pagan temple; not as an authentic distributor of counsels adapted to the infinite situations of its clients — often very wise counsels; but as being ultimately engrafted on the stem of idolatrous religion — as deriving, in the last resort, their sanctions from Pagan deities, and, therefore, as sharing *constructively* in all the pollutions of that tainted source. Now, therefore, if Christianity, according to the fancy of the fathers, could not tolerate the co-presence of so much evil as resided in the Oracle superstition, — that is, in the derivative, in the secondary, in the not unfrequently neutralized or even redundantly compensated mode of error, — then, *à fortiori*, Christianity could not have tolerated for an hour the parent superstition, the larger evil, the fontal error, which diseased the very organ of vision — which not merely distorted a few objects on the road, but spread darkness over the road itself. Yet what is the fact? So far from any mysterious repulsion *externally* between idolatrous errors and Christianity, as though the two schemes of belief could no more coëxist in the same society than two queen-bees in a hive, — as though elementary nature herself recoiled from the abominable *concursum*, — do but open a child's epitome of

nistory, and you find it to have required four entire centuries before the destroyer's hammer and crowbar began to ring loudly against the temples of idolatrous worship; and not before five, nay, locally six, or even seven centuries had elapsed, could the better angel of mankind have sung gratulations announcing that the great strife was over — that man was inoculated with the truth; or have adopted the impressive language of a Latin father, that “the owls were to be heard in *every* village hooting from the dismantled fanes of heathenism, or the gaunt wolf disturbing the sleep of peasants as he yelled in winter from the cold, dilapidated altars.” Even this victorious consummation was true only for the southern world of civilization. The forests of Germany, though pierced already to the south in the third and fourth centuries by the torch of missionaries, — though already at that time illuminated by the immortal Gothic version of the New Testament preceding Ulppilas, and still surviving, — sheltered through ages in the north and east vast tribes of idolaters, some awaiting the baptism of Charlemagne in the eighth century and the ninth, others actually resuming a fierce countenance of heathenism for the martial zeal of crusading knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth. The history of Constantine has grossly misled the world. It was very early in the fourth century (313 A. D.) that Constantine found himself strong enough to take his *earliest* steps for raising Christianity to a privileged station; which station was not merely an effect and monument of its progress, but a further cause of progress. In this latter light, as a power advancing and moving, but politically still militant, Christianity

required exactly one other century to carry out and accomplish even its eastern triumph. Dating from the era of the véry inaugurating and merely local acts of Constantine, we shall be sufficiently accurate in saying that the corresponding period in the fifth century (namely, from about 404 to 420 A. D.) first witnessed those uproars of ruin in Egypt and Alexandria—fire racing along the old carious timbers, battering-rams thundering against the ancient walls of the most horrid temples—which rang so searchingly in the ears of Zosimus, extorting, at every blow, a howl of Pagan sympathy from that ignorant calumniator of Christianity. So far from the fact being, according to the general prejudice, as though Constantine had found himself able to destroy Paganism, and to replace it by Christianity; on the contrary, it was both because he happened to be far too weak, in fact, for such a mighty revolution, and because he *knew* his own weakness, that he fixed his new capital, as a preliminary caution, upon the Propontis.

There were other motives to this change, and particularly (as we have attempted to show in a separate dissertation³¹) motives of high political economy, suggested by the relative conditions of land and agriculture in Thrace and Asia Minor, by comparison with decaying Italy; but a paramount motive, we are satisfied, and the earliest motive, was the incurable Pagan bigotry of Rome. Paganism for Rome, t ought to have been remembered by historians, was a mere necessity of her Pagan origin. Paganism was the fatal dowry of Rome from her inauguration: not only she had once received a retaining fee on behalf of Paganism, in the mysterious *Ancile*, sup

posed to have fallen from heaven, but she actually preserved this bribe amongst her rarest jewels. She possessed a palladium, such a national amulet or talisman as many Grecian or Asiatic cities had once possessed — a *fatal* guarantee to the prosperity of the state. Even the Sibylline books, whatever ravages they might be supposed by the intelligent to have sustained in a lapse of centuries, were popularly believed, in the latest period of the Western empire, to exist as so many charters of supremacy. Jupiter himself in Rome had put on a peculiar Roman physiognomy, which associated him with the destinies of the gigantic state. Above all, the solemn augury of the twelve vultures, so memorably passed downwards from the days of Romulus, through generations as yet uncertain of the event, and, therefore, chronologically incapable of participation in any fraud — an augury *always* explained as promising twelve centuries of supremacy to Rome, from the year 748 or 750 B. C. — coöperated with the endless other Pagan superstitions in anchoring the whole Pantheon to the Capitol and Mount Palatine. So long as Rome had a worldly hope surviving, it was impossible for her to forget the Vestal Virgins, the College of Augurs, or the indispensable office and the *undefeasible* privileges of the *Pontifex Maximus*, which (though Cardinal Baronius, in his great work, for many years sought to fight off the evidences for that fact, yet afterwards partially he confessed his error) actually availed — historically and *medallically* can be demonstrated to have availed — for the temptation of Christian Cæsars into collusive adulteries with heathenism. Here, for instance, came an emperor

that timidly recorded his scruples — feebly protested, but gave way at once as to an ugly necessity. There came another, more deeply religious, or constitutionally more bold, who fought long and strenuously against the compromise. “What! should he, the delegate of God, and the standard-bearer of the true religion, proclaim himself officially head of the false? No; that was too much for his conscience.” But the fatal meshes of prescription, of superstitions ancient and gloomy, gathered around him; he heard that he was no perfect Cæsar without this office, and eventually the very same reason which had obliged Augustus not to suppress, but himself to assume, the tribunitian office, namely, that it was a popular mode of leaving democratic organs untouched, whilst he neutralized their democratic functions by absorbing them into his own, availed to overthrow all Christian scruples of conscience, even in the most Christian of the Cæsars, many years *after* Constantine. The pious Theodosius found himself literally compelled to become a Pagan pontiff. A *bon mot** circulating amongst the people warned him that, if he left the cycle of imperial powers incomplete, if he suffered the galvanic battery to remain imperfect in its circuit of links, pretty soon he would tempt treason to show its head, and would even for the present find but an

* “A *bon mot*.”—This was built on the accident that a certain *Maximus* stood in notorious circumstances of rivalry to the emperor [Theodosius]: and the bitterness of the jest took this turn—that if the emperor should persist in declining the office of *Pont. Maximus*, in that case, “erit Pontifex Maximus;” that is, Maximus (the secret aspirant) shall be our Pontifex. So the words sounded to those in the secret [*συνετοισι*], whilst to others they seemed to have no meaning at all.

imperfect obedience. Reluctantly therefore the emperor gave way : and perhaps soothed his fretting conscience, by offering to heaven, as a penitential litany, that same petition which Naaman the Syrian offered to the prophet Elijah as a reason for a personal dispensation. Hardly more possible it was that a camel should go through the eye of a needle, than that a Roman senator should forswear those inveterate superstitions with which his own system of aristocracy had been riveted for better and worse. As soon would the Venetian senator, the gloomy "magnifico" of St. Mark, have consented to renounce the annual wedding of his republic with the Adriatic, as the Roman noble, whether senator, or senator elect, or of senatorial descent, would have dis severed his own solitary stem from the great forest of his ancestral order ; and this he must have done by doubting the legend of Jupiter Stator, or by withdrawing his allegiance from Jupiter Capitolinus. The Roman people universally became agitated towards the opening of the fifth century after Christ, when their own twelfth century was drawing near to its completion. Rome had now reached the very condition of Dr. Faustus — having originally received a known term of prosperity from some dark power ; but at length hearing the hours, one after the other, tolling solemnly from the church-tower, as they exhausted the waning minutes of the very final day marked down in the contract. The more profound was the faith of Rome in the flight of the twelve vultures, once so glorious, now so sad, an augury, the deeper was the depression as the last hour drew near that had been so mysteriously prefigured. **The**

reckoning, indeed, of chronology was slightly uncertain. The Varronian account varied from others. But these trivial differences might tell as easily against them as for them, and did but strengthen the universal agitation. Alaric, in the opening of the fifth century [about 410] — Attila, near the middle [445] — already seemed prelusive earthquakes running before the final earthquake. And Christianity, during this era of public alarm, was so far from assuming a more winning aspect to Roman eyes, as a religion promising to survive their own, that already, under that character of reversionary triumph, this gracious religion seemed a public insult, and this meek religion a perpetual defiance; pretty much as a king sees with scowling eyes, when revealed to him in some glass of Cornelius Agrippa, the portraits of that mysterious house which is destined to supplant his own.

Now, from this condition of feeling at Rome, it is apparent not only as a fact that Constantine did not overthrow Paganism, but as a possibility that he could not have overthrown it. In the fierce conflict he would probably have been overthrown himself; and, even for so much as he *did* accomplish, it was well that he attempted it at a distance from Rome. So profoundly, therefore, are the fathers in error, that instead of that instant victory which they ascribe to Christianity, even Constantine's revolution was merely local. Nearly five centuries, in fact, it cost, and not three, to Christianize even the entire Mediterranean empire of Rome; and the premature effort of Constantine ought to be regarded as a mere *fluctus tecumanus*³² in the continuous advance of the new

religion,— one of those ambitious billows which sometimes run far ahead of their fellows in a tide steadily gaining ground, but which inevitably recede in the next moment, marking only the strength of that tendency which sooner or later is destined to fill the whole capacity of the shore.

To have proved, therefore, if it could have been proved, that Christianity had been fatal in the way of a magical charm to the Oracles of the world, would have proved nothing but a perplexing inconsistency, so long as the fathers were obliged to confess that Paganism itself, as a gross total, as the parent superstition (sure to reproduce Oracles faster than they could be extinguished), had been suffered to exist for many centuries concurrently with Christianity, and had finally been overthrown by the simple majesty of truth that courts the light, as matched against falsehood that shuns it.

As applied, therefore, to the first problem in the whole question upon Oracles, — *When, and under what circumstances, did they cease?* — the *Dissertatio* of Van Dale, and the *Histoire des Oracles* by Fontenelle, are irresistible, though not written in a proper spirit of gravity, nor making use of that indispensable argument which we have ourselves derived from the analogy of all scriptural precedents.

But the case is far otherwise as concerns the second problem, — *How, and by what machinery, did the Oracles, in the days of their prosperity, conduct their elaborate ministrations?* To this problem no justice at all is done by the school of Van Dale. A spirit of mockery and banter is ill applied to questions that at any time have been centres of fear, and hope, and

mysterious awe, to long trains of human generations. And the coarse assumption of systematic fraud in the Oracles is neither satisfactory to the understanding, as failing to meet many important aspects of the case, nor is it at all countenanced by the kind of evidences that have been hitherto alleged. The fathers had taken the course — vulgar and superstitious — of explaining everything sagacious, everything true, everything that by possibility could seem to argue prophetic functions in the greater Oracles, as the product indeed of inspiration, but of inspiration emanating from an evil spirit. This hypothesis of a diabolic inspiration is rejected by the school of Van Dale. Both the power of at all looking into the future, and the fancied source of that power, are dismissed as contemptible chimeras. Upon the first of these dark pretensions we shall have occasion to speak at another point. Upon the other we agree with Van Dale. Yet, even here, the spirit of triumphant ridicule, applied to questions not wholly within the competence of human resources, is displeasing in grave discussions: grave they are by necessity of their relations, howsoever momentarily disfigured by levity and the unseasonable grimaces of self-sufficient “philosophy.” This temper of mind is already advertised from the first to the observing reader of Van Dale by the character of his engraved frontispiece. Men are there exhibited in the act of juggling, and still more odiously as exulting over their juggleries by gestures of the basest collusion, such as protruding the tongue, inflating one cheek by means of the tongue, grinning, and winking obliquely. These vilenesses are so ignoble,

that for his own sake a man of honor (whether as a writer or a reader) shrinks from dealing with any case to which they do really adhere; such a case belongs to the province of police courts, not of literature. But, in the ancient apparatus of the Oracles although frauds and *espionage* did certainly form an occasional resource, the artifices employed were rarely illiberal in their mode, and always ennobled by their motive. As to the mode, the Oracles had fortunately no temptation to descend into any tricks that could look like "thimble-rigging;" and as to the motive, it will be seen that this could never be dissociated from some regard to public or patriotic objects in the first place; to which if any secondary interest were occasionally attached, this could rarely descend so low as even to an ordinary purpose of gossiping curiosity, but never to a base, mercenary purpose of fraud. Our views, however, on this phasis of the question, will speedily speak for themselves.

Meantime, pausing for one moment to glance at the hypothesis of the fathers, we confess ourselves to be scandalized by its unnecessary plunge into the ignoble. Many sincere Christian believers have doubted altogether of any evil spirits, as existences, warranted by Scripture, that is, as beings whose *principle* was evil ["evil, be thou my good:" P. L.]; others, again, believing in the possibility that spiritual beings had been (in ways unintelligible to us) seduced from their state of perfection by temptations analogous to those which had seduced man, acquiesced in the notion of spirits tainted with evil, but not therefore (any more than man himself) essentially or

causelessly malignant. Now, it is well known, and, amongst others, Eichhorn (*Einleitung in das alte Testament*) has noticed the fact, which will be obvious, on a little reflection, to any even unlearned student of the Scriptures who can throw his memory back through a *real* familiarity with those records, that the Jews derived their obstinate notions of fiends and demoniacal possessions (as accounting even for bodily affections) entirely from their Chaldean captivity. Not before that great event in Jewish history, and, therefore, in consequence of that event, were the Jews inoculated with this Babylonian, Persian, and Median superstition. Now, if Eichhorn and others are right, it follows that the elder Scriptures, as they ascend more and more into the purer atmosphere of untainted Hebrew creeds, ought to exhibit an increasing freedom from all these modes of demoniacal agency. And accordingly so we find it. Messengers of God are often concerned in the early records of Moses; but it is not until we come down to Post-Mosaical records, Job, for example (though that book is doubtful as to its chronology), and the chronicles of the Jewish kings (*Judaic or Israelitish*), that we first find any allusion to malignant spirits. As against Eichhorn, however, though readily conceding that the agency is not often recognized, we would beg leave to notice, that there is a three-fold agency of evil, relatively to man, ascribed to certain spirits in the elder Scriptures, namely: 1, of *misleading* (as in the case of the Israelitish king seduced into a fatal battle by a falsehood originating with a spiritual being); 2, of *temptation*; 3, of *calumnious accusation* directed against absent parties. It is not

absolutely an untenable hypothesis, that these functions of malignity to man, as at first sight they appear, may be in fact reconcilable with the general functions of a being not malignant, and not evil in any sense, but simply obedient to superior commands: for none of us supposes, of course, that a "destroying angel" must be an evil spirit, though sometimes appearing in a dreadful relation of hostility to all parties (as in the case of David's punishment). But, waiving all these speculations, one thing is apparent, that the negative allowance, the toleration granted to these later Jewish modes of belief by our Saviour, can no more be urged as arguing any positive sanction to such existences (to *demons* in the bad sense), than his toleration of Jewish errors and conceits in questions of science. Once for all, it was no purpose of his mission to expose errors in matters of pure curiosity, and in speculations *not* moral, but exclusively intellectual. And, besides the ordinary argument for rejecting such topics of teaching, as not necessarily belonging to any known purpose of the Christian revelation (which argument is merely negative, and still leaves it open to have regarded such communications as a possible *extra* condescension, as a *lucro ponatur*, not absolutely to have been expected, but if granted as all the more meritorious in Christianity), we privately are aware of an argument, far more rigorous and coërcive, which will place this question upon quite another basis. This argument, which in a proper situation, and with ampler disposable space, we shall expose in its strength, will show that it was not that neutral possibility which men have supposed, for the founder of our faith to have

granted light, casually or indirectly, upon questions of curiosity. One sole revelation was made by Him, as to the nature of the intercourse and the relations in another world ; but *that* was for the purpose of forestalling a vile, unspiritual notion, already current amongst the childish Jews, and sure to propagate itself even to our own days, unless an utter *averruncatio* were applied to it. This was its purpose, and not any purpose of gratification to unhallowed curiosity ; we speak of the question about the reversionary rights of marriage in a future state. This memorable case, by the way, sufficiently exposes the gross, infantine sensualism of the Jewish mind at that period, and throws an indirect light on their creed as to demons. With this one exception, standing by itself and self-explained, there never was a gleam of revelation granted by any authorized prophet to speculative curiosity, whether pointing to science, or to the mysteries of the spiritual world. And the true argument on this subject would show that this abstinence was not accidental ; was not merely on a motive of convenience, as evading any needless extension of labors in teaching, which is the furthest point attained by any existing argument ; but, on the contrary, that there was an obligation of consistency, stern, absolute, insurmountable, which made it *essential* to withhold such revelations ; and that had but one such condescension, even to a harmless curiosity, been conceded, there would have arisen instantly a rent — a fracture — a schism — in another vast and collateral purpose of Providence.

From all considerations of the Jewish condition at

the era of Christianity, the fathers might have seen the license for doubt as to the notions of a diabolic inspiration. Why must the prompting spirits, if really assumed to be the efficient agency behind the Oracles, be figured as holding any relation at all to moral good or moral evil? Why not allow of demoniac powers, excelling man in beauty, power, prescience, but otherwise neutral as to all purposes of man's moral nature? Or, if revolting angels were assumed, why degrade their agency in so vulgar and unnecessary a way, by adopting the vilest relation to man which can be imputed to a demon — his function of secret *calumnious accusation*; from which idea, lowering the Miltonic "archangel ruined" into the assessor of thieves, as a private slanderer (*diabolos*), proceeds, through the intermediate Italian *diavolo*, our own grotesque vulgarism of the *devil*;* an idea which must ever be injurious, in common with all base conceptions, to a grand and spiritual religion. If the Oracles *were* supported by mysterious agencies of spiritual beings, it was still open to have distinguished between mere modes of power or of intelligence, and modes of illimitable evil. The *results* of the Oracles were beneficent: that was all which the fathers had any right to know: and their unwarranted introduction of wicked or rebel angels was as much a surreptitious fraud upon their audiences, as their neglect to distinguish between the conditions of an extinct superstition and a superstition dormant or decaying.

* But, says an unlearned man, Christ uses the word *devil*. Not so. The word used is *διαβολος*. Translate v. g. "The accuser and his angels."

To leave the fathers, and to state our own views on the final question argued by Van Dale — “What was the essential machinery by which the Oracles moved?” — we shall inquire,

1. What was the relation of the Oracles (and we would wish to be understood as speaking particularly of the Delphic Oracle) to the credulity of Greece?

2. What was the relation of that same Oracle to the absolute truth?

3. What was its relation to the public welfare of Greece?

Into this trisection we shall decompose the coarse unity of the question presented by Van Dale and his Vandals, as though the one sole “issue,” that could be sent down for trial before a jury, were the likelihoods of fraud and gross swindling. It is not with the deceptions or collusions of the Oracles, as mere matters of fact, that we in this age are primarily concerned, but with those deceptions as they affected the contemporary people of Greece. It is important to know whether the general faith of Greece in the mysterious pretensions of Oracles were unsettled or disturbed by the several agencies at work that naturally tended to rouse suspicion; such, for instance, as these four which follow: — 1. Eminent instances of scepticism with regard to the oracular powers, from time to time circulating through Greece in the shape of *bon mots*; or, 2, which silently amounted to the same virtual expression of distrust, Refusals (often more speciously wearing the name of *neglects*) to consult the proper Oracle on some hazardous enterprise of general notoriety and interest; 3. Cases of direct failure in the event, as understood to have

been predicted by the Oracle, not unfrequently accompanied by tragical catastrophes to the parties misled by this erroneous construction of the Oracle ; 4. (which is, perhaps, the climax of the exposures possible under the superstitions of Paganism), A public detection of known oracular temples doing business on a considerable scale, as accomplices with felons.

Modern appraisers of the oracular establishments are too commonly in all moral senses anachronists. We hear it alleged with some plausibility against Southey's portrait of Don Roderick, though otherwise conceived in a spirit proper for bringing out the whole sentiment of his pathetic situation,³³ that the king is too Protestant, and too evangelical, after the model of 1800, in his modes of penitential piety. The poet, in short, reflected back upon one who was too certain in the eighth century to have been the victim of dark popish superstitions, his own pure and enlightened faith. But the anachronistic spirit in which modern sceptics react upon the Pagan Oracles is not so elevating as the English poet's. Southey reflected his own superiority upon the Gothic prince of Spain. But the sceptics reflect their own vulgar habits of mechanic and compendious office business upon the large institutions of the ancient Oracles. To satisfy *them*, the Oracle should resemble a modern coach-office — where undoubtedly you would suspect fraud, if the question "How far to Derby?" were answered evasively, or if the grounds of choice between two roads were expressed enigmatically. But the *το λοξον*, or mysterious indirectness of the Oracle, was calculated far more to support the imag

inative grandeur of the unseen God, and was designed to do so, than to relieve the individual suitor in a perplexity seldom of any capital importance. In this way every oracular answer operated upon the local Grecian neighborhood in which it circulated as one of the impulses which, from time to time, renewed the sense of a mysterious involution in the invisible powers, as though they were incapable of direct correspondence or parallelism with the monotony and slight compass of human ideas. As the symbolic dancers of the ancients, who narrated an elaborate story, *Saltando Hecubam*, or *Saltando Loadamiam*, interwove the passion of the advancing incidents into the intricacies of the figure — something in the same way, it was understood by all men, that the Oracle did not so much evade the difficulty by a dark form of words, as he revealed his own hieroglyphic nature. All prophets, the true equally with the false, have felt the instinct for surrounding themselves with the majesty of darkness. And in a religion like the Pagan, so deplorably meagre and starved as to most of the draperies connected with the mysterious and sublime, we must not seek to diminish its already scanty wardrobe. But let us pass from speculation to illustrative anecdotes. We have imagined several cases which might seem fitted for giving a shock to the general Pagan confidence in Oracles. Let us review them.

The first is the case of any memorable scepticism published in a pointed or witty form; as Demosthenes avowed his suspicions “that the Oracle was *Philippizing*.” This was about 344 years B. C. Exactly one hundred years earlier, in the 444th year

B. C., or the *locus* of Pericles, Herodotus (then forty years old) is universally supposed to have read, which for *him* was publishing, his history. In this work two insinuations of the same kind occur: during the invasion of Darius the Mede (about 490 B. C.) the Oracle was charged with *Medizing*; and in the previous period of Pisistratus (about 555 B. C.) the Oracle had been almost convicted of *Alcmæonidizing*. The Oracle concerned was the same, — namely, the Delphic, — in all three cases. In the case of Darius, fear was the ruling passion; in the earlier case, a near self-interest, but not in a base sense selfish. The Alcmæonidæ, an Athenian house hostile to Pisistratus, being exceedingly rich, had engaged to rebuild the ruined temple of the Oracle; and had fulfilled their promise with a munificence outrunning the letter of their professions, particularly with regard to the quality of marble used in facing or “veneering” the front elevation. Now, these sententious and rather witty expressions gave wings and buoyancy to the public suspicions, so as to make them fly from one end of Greece to the other; and they continued in lively remembrance for centuries. Our answer we reserve until we have illustrated the other heads.

In the second case, namely, that of sceptical slights shown to the Oracle, there are some memorable precedents on record. Everybody knows the ridiculous stratagem of Cræsus, the Lydian king, for trying the powers of the Oracle, by a monstrous culinary arrangement of pots and pans, known (as he fancied) only to himself. Generally the course of the Delphic Oracle under similar insults was —

warmly to resent them. But Cræsus, as a king, a foreigner, and a suitor of unexampled munificence, was privileged, especially because the ministers of the Delphic temple had doubtless found it easy to extract the secret by bribery from some one of the royal mission. A case, however, much more interesting, because arising between two leading states of Greece, and in the century subsequent to the ruder age of Cræsus (who was about coëval with Pisistratus, 555 B. C.), is reported by Xenophon of the Lacedæmonians and Thebans. They concluded a treaty of peace without any communication, not so much as a civil notification to the Oracle; *τῷ μὲν Θεῷ οὐδὲν ἐκοινωνήσαντο, ὅπως ἡ εἰρήνη γένοιτο* — to the god (the Delphic god) they made no communication at all as to the terms of the peace; *αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐβουλευοντο*, but they personally pursued their negotiations in private. That this was a very extraordinary reach of presumption, is evident from the care of Xenophon in bringing it before his readers; it is probable, indeed, that neither of the high contracting parties had really acted in a spirit of religious indifference, though it is remarkable of the Spartans, that of all Greek tribes they were the most facile and numerous delinquents under all varieties of foreign temptations to revolt from their hereditary allegiance — a fact which measures the degree of unnatural constraint and tension which the Spartan usages involved; but in this case we rather account for the public outrage to religion and universal usage, by a strong political jealousy lest the provisions of the treaty should transpire prematurely amongst states adjacent to Bœotia — a point forgotten by Xenophon.

Whatever, meantime, were the secret motive to this policy, it did not fail to shock all Greece profoundly. And, in a slighter degree, the same effect upon public feeling followed the act of Agesipolis, who, after obtaining an answer from the Oracle of Delphi, carried forward his suit to the more awfully ancient Oracle of Dodona ; by way of trying, as he alleged, "whether the child agreed with its papa." These open expressions of distrust were generally condemned ; and the irresistible proof that they were, lies in the fact that they led to no imitations. Even in a case mentioned by Herodotus, when a man had the audacity to found a colony without seeking an oracular sanction, no precedent was established ; though the journey to Delphi must often have been peculiarly inconvenient to the founders of colonies moving westwards from Greece ; and the expenses of such a journey, with the subsequent offerings, could not but prove unseasonable at the moment when every drachma was most urgently needed. Charity begins at home, was a thought quite as likely to press upon a Pagan conscience, in those circumstances, as upon our modern Christian consciences under heavy taxation ; yet, for all that, such was the regard to a pious inauguration of all colonial enterprises, that no one provision or pledge of prosperity was held equally indispensable by all parties to such hazardous speculations. The merest worldly foresight, indeed, to the most irreligious leader, would suggest this sanction as a necessity, under the following reason : — colonies the most enviably prosperous upon the whole, have yet had many hardships to contend with in their noviciate of

the first five years ; were it only from the summer failure of water under circumstances of local ignorance, or from the casual failure of crops under imperfect arrangements of culture. Now, the one great qualification for wrestling strenuously with such difficult contingencies in solitary situations, is the spirit of cheerful hope ; but, when any room had been left for apprehending a supernatural curse resting upon their efforts — equally in the most thoughtfully pious man and the most crazily superstitious — all spirit of hope would be blighted at once ; and the religious neglect would, even in a common human way, become its own certain executor, through mere depression of spirits and misgiving of expectations. Well, therefore, might Cicero in a tone of defiance demand, “ Quam vero Græcia coloniam misit in Ætoliam, Ioniam, Asiam, Siciliam, Italiam, sine Pythio (the Delphic), aut Dodonæo, aut Hammonis oraculo ? ” An oracular sanction must be had, and from a leading oracle — the three mentioned by Cicero were the greatest ;* and, if a minor oracle could have satisfied the inaugurating necessities of a regular colony, we may be sure that the Dorian states of the Peloponnesus, who had twenty-five decent oracles at home (that is, within the peninsula), would not so constantly have carried their money to Delphi. Nay, it is certain that even where the colonial counsels of the greater oracles seemed extravagant, though a large discretion was allowed to remonstrate, and even to very homely expostulations,

* To which at one time must be added, as of equal rank, the Oracle of the Branchides, in Asia Minor. But this had been destroyed by the Persians, in retaliation of the Athenian outrages at Sardis.

still, in the last resort, no doubts were felt that the oracle must be right. Bronwer, the Belgic scholar, who has so recently and so temperately treated these subjects (*Histoire de la Civilisation Morale et Religieuse chez les Grecs*: 6 tomes: Groningue — 1840), alleges a case (which, however, we do not remember to have met) where the client ventured to object: — “*Mon roi Apollon, je crois que tu es fou.*”³⁴ But cases are obvious which look this way, though not going so far as to charge lunacy upon the lord of prophetic vision. Battus, who was destined to be the eldest father of Cyrene, so memorable as the first ground³⁵ of Greek intercourse with the African shore of the Mediterranean, never consulted the Delphic Oracle in reference to his eyes, which happened to be diseased, but that he was admonished to prepare for colonizing Libya. — “Grant me patience,” would Battus reply; “here am I getting into years, and never do I consult the Oracle about my precious sight, but you, King Phœbus, begin your old yarn about Cyrene. Confound Cyrene! Nobody knows where it is. But, if you are serious, speak to my son — he’s a likely young man, and worth a hundred of old rotten hulks, like myself.” Battus was provoked in good earnest; and it is well known that the whole scheme went to sleep for several years, until King Phœbus sent in a gentle refresher to Battus and his islanders, in the shape of failing crops, pestilence, and his ordinary chastisements. The people were roused — the colony was founded — and, after utter failure, was again re-founded, and the results justified the Oracle. But, in all such cases, and where the remonstrances were least respectful

or where the resistance of *inertia* was longest, we differ altogether from M. Brouwer in his belief, that the suitors fancied Apollo to have gone distracted. If they ever said so, this must have been merely by way of putting the Oracle on its mettle, and calling forth some *plainer* — not any essentially different — answer from the enigmatic god; for there it was that the doubts of the clients settled, and on that it was the practical demurs hinged. Not because even Battus, vexed as he was about his precious eyesight, distrusted the Oracle, but because he felt sure that the Oracle had not spoken out freely; therefore, had he and many others in similar circumstances presumed to delay. A second edition was what they waited for, corrected and *enlarged*. We have a memorable instance of this policy in the Athenian envoys, who, upon receiving a most ominous doom, but obscurely expressed, from the Delphic Oracle, which politely concluded by saying, “And so get out, you vagabonds, from my temple — don’t cumber my decks any longer;” were advised to answer sturdily — “No! — we shall *not* get out — we mean to sit here forever, until you think proper to give us a more reasonable reply.” Upon which spirited rejoinder, the Pythia saw the policy of revising her truly brutal rescript as it had stood originally.³⁶

The necessity, indeed, was strong for not acquiescing in the Oracle, until it had become clearer by revision or by casual illustrations, as will be seen even under our next head. This head concerns the case of those who found themselves deceived by the *event* of any oracular prediction. As usual, there is a Spartan case of this nature Cleomenes com-

plained bitterly that the Oracle of Delphi had deluded him by holding out as a possibility, and under given conditions as a certainty, that he should possess himself of Argos. But the Oracle was justified: there was an inconsiderable place outside the walls of Argos which bore the same name. Most readers will remember the case of Cambyses, who had been assured by a legion of oracles that he should die at Ecbatana. Suffering, therefore, in Syria from a scratch inflicted upon his thigh by his own sabre, whilst angrily sabring a ridiculous quadruped whom the Egyptian priests had put forward as a god, he felt quite at his ease so long as he remembered his vast distance from the mighty capital of Media, to the eastward of the Tigris. The scratch, however, inflamed, for his intemperance had saturated his system with combustible matter; the inflammation spread; the pulse ran high: and he began to feel twinges of alarm. At length mortification commenced: but still he trusted to the old prophecy about Ecbatana, when suddenly a horrid discovery was made — that the very Syrian village at his own head-quarters was known by the pompous name of Ecbatana. Josephus tells a similar story of some man contemporary with Herod the Great. And we must all remember that case in Shakspeare, where the first king of the *red* rose, Henry IV., had long fancied his destiny to be that he should meet his death in Jerusalem; which naturally did not quicken his zeal for becoming a crusader. “All time enough,” doubtless he used to say; “no hurry at all, gentlemen!” But at length, finding himself pronounced by the doctor ripe for dying, it became

a question whether the prophet were a false prophet, or the doctor a false doctor. However, in such a case, it is something to have a collision of opinions—a prophet against a doctor. But, behold, it soon transpired that there was no collision at all. It was the Jerusalem chamber, occupied by the king as a bed-room, to which the prophet had alluded. Upon which his majesty reconciled himself at once to the ugly necessity at hand—

“In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.”

The last case—that of oracular establishments turning out to be accomplices of thieves—is one which occurred in Egypt on a scale of some extent; and is noticed by Herodotus. This degradation argued great poverty in the particular temples: and it is not at all improbable that, amongst a hundred Grecian Oracles, some, under a similar temptation, would fall into a similar disgrace.

But now, as regards even this lowest extremity of infamy, much more as regards the qualified sort of disrepute attending the three minor cases, one single distinction puts all to rights. The Greeks never confounded the temple, and household of officers attached to the temple service, with the dark functions of the presiding god. In Delphi, besides the Pythia and priests, with their train of subordinate ministers directly billeted on the temple, there were two orders of men outside, Delphic citizens, one styled *Ἀγῆτες*, the other styled *Ὀσίοι*,—a sort of honorary members, whose duty was probably *inter alia*, to attach themselves to persons of corresponding rank in the retinues of the envoys or consulting

clients, and doubtless to collect from them, in convivial moments, all the secrets or general information which the temple required for satisfactory answers. If they personally went too far in their intrigues or stratagems of deccy, the disgrace no more recoiled on the god, than, in modern times, the vices or crimes of a priest can affect the pure religion at whose altars he officiates.

Meantime, through these outside ministers—though unaffected by their follies or errors as trepanners—the Oracle of Delphi drew that vast and comprehensive information, from every local nook or recess of Greece, which made it in the end a blessing to the land. The great error is, to suppose the majority of cases laid before the Delphic Oracle strictly questions for *prophetic* functions. Ninety-nine in a hundred respected marriages, state-treaties, sales, purchases, founding of towns or colonies, &c., which demanded no faculty whatever of divination, but the nobler faculty (though unpresumptuous) of sagacity, that calculates the natural consequences of human acts, coöperating with elaborate investigation of the local circumstances. If, in any paper on the general civilization of Greece (that great mother of civilization for all the world), we should ever attempt to trace this element of Oracles, it will not be difficult to prove that Delphi discharged the office of a central *bureau d'administration*, a general dépôt of political information, an organ of universal combination for the counsels of the whole Grecian race. And that which caused the declension of the Oracles was the loss of political independence and autonomy. After Alexander, still more after the Roman con-

quest, each separate state, having no powers and no motive for asking counsel on state measures, naturally confined itself more and more to its humbler local interests of police, or even at last to its family arrangements.³⁷

In drawing towards a close upon the great institution of Oracles, I would wish to point the reader's attention to a feature of strong analogy between these mysterious incorporations and that great modern product of high civilization — the Banking system. Had the ancients any banks, or any apology for banks? Formally and directly they certainly had not; but indirectly they had an imperfect representative of our banks. What was it? First let me ask — What is the primary and elementary function of a bank — of a good, honest, hard-working, industrious bank? Vixere Bankers ante Agamemnona. But their task was simpler; it was — merely to take care of a man's money when he could not take care of it himself. What, because he was drunk? Oh, no: but because housebreakers [family-men, as they are called in our flash dictionaries] were in Greece and circumjacent regions far too plentiful. They swarmed in all quarters of needy Greece.

What an invitation to you and me, when speculating for a rise in our respective capitals, to suspect a supper table left by the sleeping family to take care of itself and also of all the family plate, with a perfect knowledge on our parts that as small a tool as a mason's trowel will introduce us in six minutes to that same abandoned supper-tray. The word *τοιχωρυχος*, literally wall-borer, or *τοιχωρυκτης*, wall-underminer, the Greek name for a house-breaker, indicates the brief process through which the Attic burglar seduced and eloped with another

man's too charming plate. The artist had but to excavate a peck or two of earth with his trowel; a rabbit's burrow was large enough; this he soon improved and widened, using his own body as a gimlet; and very soon he had gimleted himself down amongst the family rats. Then making free to borrow a rat-hole for a minute, and lying on his back, he soon *whittled* away or chiselled away the slight piece of carious flooring that divided him from the beautiful object (whether gold or silver) that enamored him. Between Greece and Rome, in this point, how vast the difference! In Rome the houses were built for eternity — twelve to twenty thousand pounds sterling was no uncommon cost, I believe, for the mansion of a senator. In Athens it is notorious that the houses of citizens the most distinguished, Miltiades, and soon afterwards of Themistocles, were little better than hovels. And although it is true that in forty years more, when the star of Pericles began to dawn upon Athens, the houses showed symptoms of improvement, nevertheless, being still built of slight and frail materials, they continued to rest on no massier or deeper foundations than does at this day a Scotch Highland bothy. Stakes or poles, hand-driven into the ground, formed their whole support — not at all stronger than the pegs which hold down the draperies of a soldier's tent. This it was — viz., the make-shift foundation — which so powerfully facilitated the art, or “profession” (as I find it called by one lexicographer) of the housebreaker. In fact the art might be viewed as a mode of *diving*; the Attic burglar dived into the earth on the outside of the walls, and coming up on the other side, found himself comfortably seated in grand-mamma's easy chair. And whilst the access was thus easy

at Athens, was thus impossible at Rome, on the other hand, the burglars in the former land swarmed like flies in a hot August with us, and in the latter were rare as hornets. With robbery a thousand times easier, and a thousand times more plentiful⁸³ — reason enough there was in Athens for banks to take charge of a man's money. And banks, therefore, of the very strongest construction the Greeks had, banks that could stand a military siege, and sometimes *did*. But what was the name of these banks? The name? Why, the name of these banks was *temples*. Upon a two-fold consideration, temples were eligible as banks. In the first place, any temple whatsoever, being regarded as a monument of reverence and gratitude to a divinity, was naturally made as splendid as the disposable funds would allow. Marble, therefore, or stone at the least, was used in constructing the walls and porticoes. But the great weight of marble and stone obliged the architects to lay them upon deep foundations. Hence it happened that, in such altered circumstances, the alliance of a rat, and the loan of a rat hole, went but a little way towards a prosperous burglary. But there was even a deeper protection to a temple. Being placed under the tutelary care of a divinity the building enjoyed the *prestige* of consecration. And this kept the most audacious burglar at a distance. His trade was hopeless, he well knew that, against walls so impregnable; and, had it been otherwise, the burglar feared a pursuing curse if he robbed a temple of any peculiar sanctity; he would as little dally with any such dangerous purpose as a Spanish *flibustier* would have joined an English buccaneer in pillaging a shrine of the Virgin. With power

ten times multiplied did these grounds of strength apply to an *oracular* temple; most of all to Delphi—known to all princes that were themselves known. It is not surprising, therefore, that Delphi should have become the consecrated *depôt* for incalculable property through many generations. And if the reputation of wealth so enormous drew upon that temple and town occasional tūreats, or even assaults from a distance, no losses arising in this way could counterbalance, by a thousandth part, the vast amount of conservative aid that this temple must, in so many generations, have dispensed; for Delphi must have been viewed as central to Greece, to the Grecian Islands, in later days to Macedon, Epirus, Thrace, and (in Asia Minor) to regions stretching all the way to the Euphrates.

As a bank of deposit, therefore, Delphi and its illustrious temple discharged a most weighty class of services; and with this class at least Christianity could have had no wish to interfere. No rivalry could here be imagined; no crossing of purposes; no collision of interests. So far it is not any service offering *analogies* to the modern services of banks that Delphi might have claimed; it was the direct, undeniable, and elementary service that any and every bank does or can perform. The service done was not of a nature to involve any social refinements; it was plain and homely as a cudgel; and in fact very like a cudgel; for one of the best uses which the learned have yet discovered in a cudgel is its tendency to mount guard effectually upon a man's pockets; and precisely *that* use was rendered in perfection by the temple of the Oracle at Delphi. A bank, which could not be stormed by Brennus and his Gauls, was manifestly in no danger from the *ροίχωρυχος* and his trowel.

But mere security, though a great point to achieve in a community where hardly anything was safe from moths that corrupt, or from thieves that break through and steal, was yet far from approaching that mysterious discovery as to the powers of capital, which to all mankind, for many a long century, seemed to involve an impossibility. The exquisite silliness of the ancient doctrine — “that money doth not breed money” — that one gold or silver coin was never known, in any natural process of generation, to produce another gold or silver coin, gagged the utterance, blindfolded the eyes, paralyzed the understanding of man through much more than a thousand years. From this doctrine it seemed (in the eyes of our worthy and most stupid ancestors) to radiate as the most irresistible of inferences — that, if any man drew a profit, a something *extra*, from the employment of his money, that profit must take its rise in some unlawful source. The most obvious explanation was, that it arose in fraud. In some way the man must have cheated. This, as most people know, was the theory of Cicero. A man must lie, and must lie pretty strongly [*admodum*], in *his* opinion, before he could reap any gain whatever — the least or most shadowy — from a commercial transaction. And if Cicero had been made to understand that the distinction between buyer and seller was imaginary, that a buyer was necessarily a seller — a seller necessarily a buyer, and that in every transaction of exchange — the two parties, the party on each side, might gain simultaneously, might gain equally, and not by any metaphysical trick of words, but by a gain expressible in money — he would probably, in excess of wrath, have assaulted his opponent. Any use of cap-

ital that should imply such doctrines would, in the Grecian stage of civilization, have been impossible. Yet, why? Simply because all such uses waited for other concurrent agencies, which must meet in combination before their last potential results could be developed. From that Grecian stage of social progress, in which the showy religion of men, and the pomps of their gay mythologies, had put forth their uttermost strength in the stationary grandeur of temples and the scenical beauty of processions, let us leap by a flight across forty generations to that modern period when the bank of Venice, of Amsterdam, &c., had implied as a cause, and had promoted as an effect, that new birth in the science of capital and its uses which the world has now gazed upon for three centuries and upwards as a gorgeous spectacle towering to the clouds by its multitudinous creations. From this grand station, commanding both stages — the infancy and the maturity — of the banking economy, and connecting them into one field of retrospect, let us ask what it is in the upshot that has been gained? In the Grecian infancy of its power, moneyed power (as regards the western regions of the ancient world) was first of all made safe. The temples (and probably in many instances under dim anticipations of future Persian invasions, or even of tumultuary invasions by mere Scythian, German, or Gaulish savages) were built with the strength of fortresses; not meant for the security of money, these massy temples had not the less benefited money. In that cradle of European culture, under the double protection of martial power and of religion, first of all we beheld the great productive power of property, as yet, indeed, most slenderly applied to produc

tion, but still reposing in absolute safety. Under all this vast advantage, as yet, however, it slumbers passively, having very little more interest for society than simply as all property, however little employed productively, nevertheless (in the shape of expenditure as an income) unavoidably stimulates production. But at the modern terminus of our long prospect we behold this property no longer inert and lifeless, but waking magically into a twofold life. Money, to the confusion of the incredulous, now, at last, is found to produce money; and this intolerable paradox, as through so long a period it has been held, is accomplished oftentimes through another machinery equally paradoxical. Not the proprietor of the money, in most cases, but an alien as regards any natural relations to the money, reaps the primary benefits from the property; and out of that seeming intrusion into another man's rights, first of all it becomes possible that a bank should create an income for the true proprietor. This man's share of benefit is so far from being encroached upon by the alien employer of his property, that, on the contrary, in the innumerable cases where the owner could not himself be the employer, it is only through this intrusion of an alien party that the bank carves out a triple return — first, for itself; secondly, for the commercial employer; thirdly, for the sedentary and passive proprietor.

Pausing for an instant, let us review the methods through which the bank organizes such great results. All the little rills and runnels of surplus income scattered amongst numerous individuals, which in an uncommercial land could not find employment, and would be as barren accumulation in domestic depositories.

tempting the assaults of housebreakers, are converged by banks into large central reservoirs, from which they are speedily returned, through the channels of many commercial or manufacturing men, into the vast field of productive industry. What the bank does is essentially the function of a broker. The bank brings scattered interests into communication, and remote interests into contact. Through this agency, the multitudes who have surplus money, and would be glad to lend it, under any sufficient prospect of seeing it profitably employed, are brought face to face with the multitudes who wish to extend their means of creating such profitable employment. And now, turning back to the great Oracular Temple of Delphi, we may trace more firmly and luminously the direct point of contact, or the more indirect and remote points of analogy, which connect the Delphic Temple with the machineries of banking. In the early and elementary stage of this great organ, we notice (as I remarked above) not so much the analogy, as the direct parity or identity of their public ministrations. A modern bank contemplates, as its initial service, the safe-keeping of the money confided to its care. The bank provides a strong building, rooms specially protected against burglars, iron safes, proper attendants, and watchmen, together with the means of rapid and authentic intelligence upon questions connected with the public securities of the national treasury, &c., and is able to distribute these great advantages amongst an immense number of customers, at a cost to each which is little more than nominal. The Delphic Temple, upon terms essentially the same, but very much more costly, indemnified itself for the absolute security (both in its English and its Latin sense) ⁸⁸ which it had created.

What more did the bank of Delphi accomplish towards the development of the banking system, than simply to make it safe? Nothing. Then how was I entitled to say, that Delphi & Co. exhibited strong features of analogy to our existing banks, in their most improved state of efficiency? The Bank of England at this day is prepared to stand a siege, if such a necessity should arise, only I fear that she is not victualled; she has not laid in enough of biscuit. However, this is the uttermost extent of her martial capacities; and Delphi could do as much, besides having actually done it. But what further lineaments of sisterly resemblance do we trace in the two banks? This one marked expression at the least we trace — viz., a systematic use of brokerage in the largest extent; by which term “brokerage” I understand a regular and known machinery for bringing into practical communication with each other parties that, but for this machinery, were too remote to have learned their reciprocal wants. All people of rank and distinction, throughout Greece and its dependencies or adjacencies, kept up a respectful intercourse with Delphi; and consequently that great bank had the advantage of what might be called *official* reports from every corner of Hellas; and (if need arose) of reports circumstantially minute. Was a high-born lady with ample dowry leading a solitary life, because no suitor of corresponding pretensions existed in her own neighborhood? The Oracle had a ready means for transmitting this intelligence to a remote quarter, where it would tell effectually. Was a call for colonization becoming clamorous in some particular region? What more beneficial, or what more easy, than for the Oracle to forward this news by its own channels to a

tract of country laboring (through causes casual or local) under an excess of pauperized population? Or, if a chieftain in the north were commencing a sumptuous palace, what should hinder the Oracle from forwarding that intelligence to the architects and decorators of the south? Mr. Carlyle's impeachment of Poor-law arrangements, on the ground that they accumulated ploughs and ploughmen in one province, whilst the arable lands needing to be ploughed all lay in some other province, would hardly have existed under Delphi, or not as any subject of complaint where the remedy was so prompt. The brief summary of Delphic administration was this: It moved by *secret* springs; not being visibly or audibly displayed, it irritated no jealousies. Appealing to no *coercive* powers, but purely to moral suasion, it provoked no refractoriness. Combining with the very highest of religious influences that Hellas recognized, it insured a docile and reverential acceptance for all its directions. And, finally, because this great Delphic establishment held in its hands the hidden reins from *every* province, therefore it was, that out of universal Greece, as a body of wants, powers, slumbering activities, and undeveloped resources, Delphi would have constructed, and *did* construct, so far as her influence escaped the thwarting of cross-currents, a system of political watch-work, where all the parts and movements played into a common centre. We must remember that Greece, after all, and allowing for every class of drawbacks, was really the first region upon earth in which (as in our present Christendom) there had formed itself a system of international law, and fixed modes of diplomacy. Compare now, this Greece, with the wretched voluptuaries o'

Southern Asia from Western Arabia and Persia to Eastern China, no matter *when*, whether before or after Mahomet. Greece, though beginning with institutions as to women too dangerously Asiatic, was yet never emasculated. Men, aspiring men, were what she still produced. And much of this great advantage she owed apparently to that diffusive Delphic influence through which she nourished and expanded her unity, all parts existing for the sake of each, and each for all, in a degree of which no vestige was ever exhibited by the crazy and effeminate policy of any Asiatic state.

Now, therefore, having laid the foundations of a road for safe footing, let me march to *my* conclusion. The conclusion of the Fathers was the wildest of errors, into which they were misled by the most groundless of preconceptions. They started with the assumption that there was an essential hostility between Christianity and the primary pretensions of Oracles, consequently of Delphi as the supreme Oracle. And one result of this startling error, was, that they exacted as a debt from Christianity that *expression* of hostility which, except in a Patristic romance, never had any real existence. The fathers regarded it as a duty of Christianity to destroy Oracles; and, holding that baseless creed, some of them went on to affirm, in mere defiance of history, that Christianity *had* destroyed Oracles. But *why* did the fathers fancy it so special a duty of the Christian faith to destroy Oracles? Simply for these two reasons — viz., that,

1. Most falsely they supposed *prophecy* to be the main function of an Oracle; whereas it did not enter as an element into the main business of an Oracle by so much as once in a thousand responses.

2. Not less erroneously they assumed this to be the inevitable parent of a collision with Christianity. For all prophecy, and the spirit of prophecy, they supposed to be a regal prerogative of Christianity, sacred, in fact, to the true faith by some inalienable right. But no such claim is anywhere advanced in the Scriptures. And even a careless reader will remember one conspicuous case, where a prophet of known hostility to the Hebrew interest and the Hebrew faith, and for that reason invoked and summoned to curse the children of Israel, is nevertheless relied on as a fountain of truth by the Hebrew leaders.

But suppose that there really *were* any such exclusive pretension to prophecy on behalf of Christianity — what *is* prophecy? The Patristic error is here intolerable. In order to make any comparison as to such a gift between the Greek Oracles and Christianity, we must at least be talking of the same thing; whereas nothing can be more extensively distinguished from the vaticinations of the Pagan Oracle than prophecy as it is understood in the Bible. St. Paul is continually referring in his Epistles to gifts of prophecy: but does any man suppose this apostle to mean gifts as to the faculty of prediction? Nobody, of all whom St. Paul was addressing, pretended to any qualifications of that nature. A prophet in the Bible nowhere means a foreseer or predictor. It means a person endowed with *exegetic* gifts; that is, with powers of *interpretation* applicable to truth hidden, or truth imperfectly revealed. All profound and Scriptural truth may be regarded as liable to misinterpretation, because originally lying under veils of shadowy concealment, many and various. He who removes any one of these

varying obscurations — he who displays in his commentaries the gifts of an *exegetes*, or interpreter — is in St. Paul's sense, a prophet. Now, among these obscuring causes, one is time ; some features of what is communicated may chance to be hidden by the clouds which surround a distant future ; and in that sole case, one case amongst hundreds, the prophet coincides with the predictor. But, in the vast majority of cases, prophecy means the power of interpretation, or of commentary and practical extension, applied to Scriptural doctrines ; a sense not only irrelevant to the Oracles, but without purpose, or value, or meaning to any Pagan whatever. So that competition from that quarter was the idlest of chimeras. Prophecy, therefore, in any sense ever contemplated by a Christian writer, *could* not be violated or desecrated by any rival pretensions of Paganism, such as the fathers feared ; inasmuch as all such pretensions on the part of Paganism were blank impossibilities.

That falsification, therefore, of historic facts, by which the fathers attempted to varnish and mystify the absolute indifference of Christianity to the Oracles, falls away spontaneously, when the motive upon which it moved is exposed as frivolous and childish. Cleared from these gross misrepresentations of the ill-informed, Oracles appear to have fulfilled a most important mission. As rationally might Christianity be supposed hostile to post-offices, or jealous of mail steamers, as indisposed to that oracular mission, of which the noble purpose, stated in the briefest terms, was — to knit the extremities of a state to its centre, and to quicken the progress of civilization.

Why the Oracles really decayed, I presume arose

thus : I have already noticed their loss of high political functions. This loss, though never intentionally offered as a degradation, not the less had that result. During that long course of generations, when princes or republics needed the coöperation of Oracles, that possessed worlds of local information, and that furnished the sanctions of heavenly authority, not at all less than the Oracles needed martial protection — the two powers were seen, or were felt obscurely, acting always in harmony and coalition. With us in Great Britain a man acquires the title of *Right Honorable* by entering the Privy Council as a member. Some honor, or some distinction for the ear or for the eye, corresponding to this, no doubt settled upon the high officers at Delphi. They were probably regarded as honorary members of the national council that in one shape or other advised and assisted the ruler of every state having established relations with Delphi. But these flattering distinctions would cease, or would become mere titular honors, when Delphi lost her connection, and her right of suggestion, and her “voice potential,” with the supreme government of her own land. With us, when a man has been presented to the sovereign, he obtains (or used to obtain), from the Lord Chamberlain, a sort of certificate, which said, “Mr. Thingamby is known at the Court of St. James :” whether known for any good, was civilly suppressed ; and this potent recognition enabled Thingamby to present himself as one having on a wedding garment, and admissible at any other court or courtlet whatsoever, except that of Ashantee. Let the reader honestly confess that he envies Thingamby. Now, it is not improbable that the high ministers at Delphi had a power equal to the Lord

Chamberlain's, of certifying on behalf of any man going on his travels, were it Pythagoras or Solon, Herodotus or Plato, Anacharsis or Thingamby (every one of whom was a traveller), that the bearer is favorably known at Delphi. In the days of Delphic grandeur, such an introduction would bear a high value at all the surrounding courts; and this value would be multiplied in that age when the successors of Alexander had founded thrones stretching all the way from the Oxus to the Nile. But, after the Roman conquest of Greece and of Macedon, all this would collapse. A large field of economic services would still remain open to the temple; but the atmosphere of sanctity, with the faith in supernatural coöperation, would have suffered a shock. And the local agents, that once in every district had emulously disputed the glory of ranking in the long retinue of the god, and of the great lady seated on the tripod, would no longer find a sufficient indemnification for their labors in the glory of the service. Delphi, like the "Times" newspaper, would have to pay its agents; and the clouded splendors of the Delphic shrine and temple would reflect themselves, as years went on, in the dilapidations of the town. Delphi, the city, must have been the creation of Delphi, the oracular temple; and the dismantlings of both must have gone on under the same impulses, and through corresponding stages; so that either would reflect sufficiently to the other its own ruins and superannuations. When earthly grandeurs, however, were gone, there would still survive a large arrear of humbler and economic services, by which a decent revenue might be secured. And the true reason why the ceasing of Oracles was so variously timed and so vaguely dated, is to

be looked for precisely in this variable declension of humbler ministrations, through local ebbs and flows in casual advantages of position. The case recalls to my eye a scene exhibited in certain streets of London very early on a summer morning nearly forty-four years ago. It was high summer, in the year 1814. All the leaders, royal or not royal, in the three immortal campaigns of Moscow (1812), of Leipsic (1813), and of France (1814), were just then in London, and paying a visit of honor to our own Regent. There was the reigning King of Prussia, whom most people likened to "the knight of the rueful countenance." There was the king's sole faithful servant — Blucher. There was the imperial fop, Alexander, and in his train men of sixty different languages; and, distinguished above all others that owed suit and service to this great potentate, rode Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, specially beloved by all men as the most gallant, adventurous, and ugly of Cossacks. These Cossacks, if one might believe the flying rumors, drank with rapture every species of train oil. The London lamps were then lighted with oil; and the Cossacks, it was said, gave it the honor of a decided preference: so that, in streets lying near to the hetman's residence, to the north of Oxford Street, the lamps were observed to burn with a very variable lustre. In such a street, I, and others my companions, returning from a ball, about an hour before sunrise, saw a mimic sketch of the decaying Oracles. Here, close to the hetman's front-door, was a large overshadowing lamp, that might typify the Delphic shrine, but (to borrow a word from kitchen-maids) "black out." It was supposed to have been tapped too frequently by the hetman's sentinels

who mounted guard on his Tartar Highness ; then, on the other side the street, was a lamp, ancient and gloomy, that might pass for Dodona, throwing up sickly and fitful gleams of *undulating* lustre, but drawing near to extinction. Further ahead was a huge octagon lamp, that apparently never had been cleaned from smoke and fuliginous tarnish, forlorn ; solitary, yet grimly alight, though under a disastrous eclipse, and ably supporting the part of Jupiter Ammon — that unsocial oracle which stood aloof from men in a narrow oasis belted round by worlds of sandy wilderness. And in the midst of all these vast and venerable mementoes rose one singularly pert and lively, though not bigger than a farthing rushlight, which probably had singly escaped the Cossacks, as having promised nothing ; so that the least and most trivial of the entire group was likely to survive them all.

Briefly, the Oracles went out — lamp after lamp — as we see oftentimes in some festal illumination that one glass globe of light capriciously outlives its neighbor. Or they might be described as melting away like snow on the gradual return of vernal breezes. Large drifts vanish in a few hours ; but patches here and there, lurking in the angles of high mountainous grounds, linger on into summer. Yet, whatever might have been their distinctions or their advantages on collation with each other, none of the ancients ever appear to have considered their pretensions to divination or prescience (whether by the reading of signs, as in the flight of birds, in the entrails of sacrificial victims — or, again, in direct spiritual prevision) as forming any conspicuous feature of their ordinary duties. Accordingly, when Cato in the *Pharsalia* is

advised by Labienus to seek the counsel of Jupiter Ammon, whose sequestered oracle was then near enough to be reached without much *extra* trouble, he replies by a fine abstract of what might be expected from an oracle ; viz., not predictions, but grand sentiments bearing on the wisdom of life. These representative sentiments, as shaped by Lucan, are fine and noble ; we might expect it from a poet so truly Roman and noble. But he dismisses these oracular sayings as superfluous, because already familiar to meditative men. We know them

“ Scimus ” — (says he)

“ Et hæc nobis non altius inseret Ammon.”

And no Ammon will ever engraft them more deeply into my heart.

This I mention, when concluding, as a further and collateral evidence against the Fathers. For if any mode of prophetic illumination had been the sort of communication reasonably and characteristically to be anticipated from an Oracle, in that case, Lucan would have pointed his artillery from a very different battery, the battery of scorn and indignation. No people certainly *could* be more superstitious than the Roman populace : witness the everlasting *Bos locutus est* of the credulous Livy. Yet, on the other hand, already in the early days of Ennius, we know, by one of his beautiful fragments, that no nation could breed more high-minded denouncers of such misleading follies.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

It is said continually that the age of miracles is past. We deny that it is so in any sense which implies this age to differ from all other generations of man except one. It is neither past, nor ought we to wish it past. Superstition is no vice in the constitution of man. It is not true that, in any philosophic view, *primus in orbe deos fecit timor* — meaning by *fecit* even so much as *raised into light*. As Burke remarked, the *timor* at least must be presumed to pre-exist, and must be accounted for, if not the gods. If the fear created the gods, what created the fear? Far more true, and more just to the grandeur of man, it would have been to say, *Primus in orbe deos fecit sensus infiniti*. Even in the lowest Caffre, more goes to the sense of a divine being than simply his wrath or his power. Superstition, indeed, or the sympathy with the invisible, is the great test of man's nature, as an earthly combining with a celestial. In superstition lies the possibility of religion; and though superstition is often injurious, degrading, demoralizing, it is so, not as a form of corruption or degradation, but as a form of non-development. The crab is harsh, and for itself worthless; but it is the germinal form of innumerable finer fruits. Not apples only the most

exquisite, and pears, the peach and the nectarine are said to have radiated from this austere stock when cultured, developed, and transferred to all varieties of climate. Superstition will finally pass into pure forms of religion as man advances. It would be matter of lamentation to hear that superstition had at all decayed until man had made corresponding steps in the purification and development of his intellect as applicable to religious faith. Let us hope that this is not so; and, by way of judging, let us throw a hasty eye over the modes of popular superstition. If these manifest their vitality, it will prove that the popular intellect does not go along with the bookish or the worldly (philosophic we cannot call it) in pronouncing the miraculous extinct. The popular feeling is all in all.

This function of miraculous power, which is most widely diffused through pagan and Christian ages alike, but which has the least root in the solemnities of the imagination, we may call the *Ovidian*. By way of distinction it may be so called; and with some justice, since Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, gave the first elaborate record of such a tendency in human superstition. It is a movement of superstition under the domination of human affections, a mode of spiritual awe, which seeks to reconcile itself with human tenderness or admiration, and which represents supernatural power as expressing itself by a sympathy with human distress or passion concurrently with human sympathies, and as supporting that blended sympathy by a symbol incarnated with the fixed agencies of Nature. For instance, a pair of youthfu

lovers perish by a double suicide originating in a fatal mistake and a mistake operating in each case through a noble self-oblivion. The tree under which their meeting has been concerted, and which witnesses their tragedy, is supposed ever afterwards to express the divine sympathy with this catastrophe in the gloomy color of its fruit: —

“ At tu, quæ ramis (arbor!) miserabile corpus
 Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum,
 Signa tene cædis: — pullosque et luctibus aptos
 Semper habe fructus — gemini monumenta cruoris.”

Such is the dying adjuration of the lady to the tree; and the fruit becomes from that time a monument of a double sympathy — sympathy from man, sympathy from a dark power standing behind the agencies of Nature and speaking through them. Meantime the object of this sympathy is understood to be, not the individual catastrophe, but the universal case of unfortunate love exemplified in this particular romance. The inimitable grace with which Ovid has delivered these early traditions of human tenderness, blending with human superstition, is notorious; the artfulness of the pervading connection, by which every tale in the long succession is made to arise spontaneously out of that which precedes, is absolutely unrivalled; and this it was, with his luxuriant gayety, which procured for him a preference ever with Milton — a poet so opposite by intellectual constitution. It is but reasonable, therefore, that this function of the miraculous should bear the name of *Ovidian*. Pagan it was in its birth; and to paganism its titles ultimately ascend.

Yet we know that in the transitional state through the centuries succeeding to Christ, during which paganism and Christianity were slowly descending and ascending as if from two different strata of the atmosphere, the two powers interchanged whatsoever they could. (See Conyer's Middleton; and see Blount of our own days.) It marked the earthly nature of paganism that it could borrow little or nothing by organization; it was fitted to no expansion; but the true faith, from its vast and comprehensive adaptation to the nature of man, lent itself to many corruptions — some deadly in their tendencies, some harmless. Amongst these last was the Ovidian form of connecting the unseen powers moving in Nature with human sympathies of love or reverence. The legends of this kind are universal and endless. No land, the most austere in its Protestantism, but has adopted these superstitions; and every where, by those even who reject them, they are entertained with some degree of affectionate respect. That the ass, which in its very degradation still retains an under power of sublimity,⁴⁰ or of sublime suggestion through its ancient connection with the wilderness, with the Orient, with Jerusalem, should have been honored amongst all animals, by the visible impression upon its back of Christian symbols, seems reasonable even to the infantine understanding when made acquainted with its meekness, its patience, its suffering life, and its association with the Founder of Christianity in one great triumphal solemnity. The every man who brutally abuses it, and feels a hard-hearted contempt for its misery and its submission has a semi-conscious feeling that the same qualities

were possibly those which recommended it to a distinction⁴¹ when all things were valued upon a scale inverse to that of the world. Certain it is, that in all Christian lands the legend about the ass is current amongst the rural population. The haddock, again, amongst marine animals, is supposed, throughout all maritime Europe, to be a privileged fish. Even in austere Scotland every child can point out the impression of St. Peter's thumb, by which from age to age it is distinguished from fishes having otherwise an external resemblance. All domesticated cattle, having the benefit of man's guardianship and care, are believed throughout England and Germany to go down upon their knees at one particular moment of Christmas eve, when the fields are covered with darkness, when no eye looks down but that of God, and when the exact anniversary hour revolves of the angelic song once rolling over the fields and flocks of Palestine.⁴² The Glastonbury Thorn is a more local superstition; but at one time the legend was as widely diffused as that of Loretto, with the angelic translation of its sanctities. On Christmas morning, it was devoutly believed by all Christendom that this holy thorn put forth its annual blossoms. And with respect to the aspen tree, which Mrs. Hemans very naturally mistook for a Welsh legend, having first heard it in Denbighshire, the popular faith is universal, that it shivers mystically in sympathy with the horror of that mother tree in Palestine which was compelled to furnish materials for the cross. Neither would it in this case be any objection if a passage were produced from Solinus or Theophrastus, implying that the aspen

tree had always shivered ; for the tree might presumably be penetrated by remote presentiments as well as by remote remembrances. In so vast a case, the obscure sympathy should stretch, Janus-like, each way. And an objection of the same kind to the rainbow, considered as the sign or seal by which God attested his covenant in bar of all future deluges, may be parried in something of the same way. It was not then first created. True ; but it was then first selected by preference amongst a multitude of natural signs as yet unappropriated, and then first charged with the new function of a message and a ratification to man. Pretty much the same theory — that is, the same way of accounting for the natural existence without disturbing the supernatural functions — may be applied to the great constellation of the other hemisphere called the Southern Cross. It is viewed popularly in South America and the southern ports of our northern hemisphere as the great banner, or gonfalon, held aloft by Heaven before the Spanish heralds of the true faith in 1492. To that superstitious and ignorant race it costs not an effort to suppose that, by some synchronizing miracle, the constellation had been then specially called into existence at the very moment when the first Christian procession, bearing a cross in their arms, solemnly stepped on shore from the vessels of Christendom. We Protestants know better : we understand the impossibility of supposing such a narrow and local reference in orbs so transcendently vast as those composing the constellation — orbs removed from each other by such unvoyageable worlds of space, and having, in fact, no real reference to each other more

than to any other heavenly bodies whatsoever. The unity of synthesis, by which they are composed into one figure of a cross, we know to be a mere accidental result from an arbitrary synthesis of human fancy. Take such and such stars, compose them into letters, and they will spell such a word. But still it was our own choice, a synthesis of our own fancy, originally to combine them in this way. They might be divided from each other and otherwise combined. All this is true; and yet, as the combination does spontaneously offer itself⁴³ to every eye, as the glorious cross does really glitter forever through the silent hours of a vast hemisphere, even they who are not superstitious may willingly yield to the belief, that as the rainbow was laid in the very elements and necessities of Nature, yet still bearing a prededication to a service which would not be called for until many ages had passed, so also the mysterious cipher of man's imperishable hopes may have been intertwined and inwreathed with the starry heavens from their earliest creation, as a prefiguration — as a silent heraldry of hope through one period, and as a heraldry of gratitude through the other.

All these cases which we have been rehearsing, taking them in the fullest literality, agree in this general point of union — they are all silent incarnations of miraculous power — miracles, supposing them to have been such originally, locked up and imbodyed in the regular course of Nature, just as we see lineaments of faces and of forms in petrifications, in variegated marbles, in spars, or in rocky strata, which ou

fancy interprets as once having been real human existences, but which are now confounded with the substance of a mineral product.⁴⁴ Even those who are most superstitious, therefore, look upon cases of this order as occupying a midway station between the physical and the hyperphysical, between the regular course of Nature and the providential interruption of that course. The stream of the miraculous is here confluent with the stream of the natural. By such legends the credulous man finds his superstition but little nursed; the incredulous finds his philosophy but little revolted. Both alike will be willing to admit, for instance, that the apparent act of reverential thanksgiving in certain birds, when drinking, is caused and supported by a physiological arrangement; and yet, perhaps, both alike would bend so far to the legendary faith as to allow a child to believe, and would perceive a pure childlike beauty in believing, that the bird was thus rendering a homage of deep thankfulness to the universal Father, who watches for the safety of sparrows and sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust. In short, the faith in this order of the physico-miraculous is open alike to the sceptical and the non-sceptical; it is touched superficially with the coloring of superstition — with its tenderness, its humility, its thankfulness, its awe; but, on the other hand, it is not therefore tainted with the coarseness, with the silliness, with the credulity of superstition. Such a faith reposes upon the universal signs diffused through Nature and blends with the mysterious of natural grandeur wherever found — with the mysterious of the starry

heavens, with the mysterious of music, and with that infinite form of the mysterious for man's dimmest misgivings,—

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.”

But, from this earliest note in the ascending scale of superstitious faith, let us pass to a more alarming key. This first, which we have styled (in equity as well as for distinction) the *Ovidian*, is too aerial, too allegoric almost, to be susceptible of much terror. It is the mere *fancy*, in a mood half playful, half tender, which submits to the belief. It is the feeling, the sentiment, which creates the faith, not the faith which creates the feeling. And thus far we see that modern feeling and Christian feeling have been to the full as operative as any that is peculiar to paganism; judging by the Romish *legenda*, very much more so. The *Ovidian* illustrations, under a false superstition, are entitled to give the designation, as being the first, the earliest, but not at all as the richest. Besides that, Ovid's illustrations emanated often from himself individually, not from the popular mind of his country; ours of the same classification uniformly repose on large popular traditions from the whole of Christian antiquity. These again are agencies of the supernatural which can never have a private or personal application; they belong to all mankind and to all generations. But the next in order are more solemn; they become terrific by becoming personal. These comprehend all that vast body of the marvellous which is expressed by the word *ominous*. On this head, as

dividing itself into the ancient and modern, we will speak next.

Every body is aware of the deep emphasis which the pagans laid upon words and upon names under this aspect of the ominous. The name of several places was formally changed by the Roman government, solely with a view to that contagion of evil which was thought to lurk in the syllables if taken significantly. Thus the town of Maleventum (Illcome, as one might render it) had its name changed by the Romans to Beneventum, (or. Welcome.) *Epidamnum*, again, the Grecian Calais, corresponding to the Roman Dover of Brundisium, was a name that would have startled the stoutest-hearted Roman "from his propriety." Had he suffered this name to escape him inadvertently, his spirits would have forsaken him — he would have pined away under a certainty of misfortune, like a poor negro of Koromantyn who is the victim of *Obi*.⁴⁵ As a Greek word, which it was, the name imported no ill; but for a Roman to say, *Ibo Epidamnum*, was in effect saying, though in a hybrid dialect, half Greek, half Roman, "I will go to ruin." The name was therefore changed to *Dyrrachium* — a substitution which quieted more anxieties in Roman hearts than the erection of a lighthouse or the deepening of the harbor mouth. A case equally strong, to take one out of many hundreds that have come down to us, is reported by Livy. There was an officer in a Roman legion, at some period of the republic, who bore the name either of Atrius Umber, or Umbrus Ater; and this man being ordered on some expedition, the soldiers refused to follow him

They did right. We remember that Mr. Coleridge used facetiously to call the well-known sister of Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, "that pleonasm of nakedness" — the idea of nakedness being reduplicated and reverberated in the *bare* and the *bald*. This Atrius UMBER might be called "that pleonasm of darkness;" and one might say to him, in the words of Othello, "What needs this iteration?" To serve under the Gloomy was enough to darken the spirit of hope; but to serve under the Black Gloomy was really rushing upon destruction. Yet it will be alleged that Captain Death was a most favorite and heroic leader in the English navy; and that in our own times, Admiral Coffin though an American by birth, has not been unpopular in the same service. This is true; and all that can be said is, that these names were two-edged swords, which might be made to tell against the enemy as well as against friends. And possibly the Roman centurion might have turned his name to the same account had he possessed the great dictator's presence of mind; for he, when landing in Africa, having happened to stumble, — an omen of the worst character in Roman estimation, — took out its sting by following up his own oversight, as if it had been intentional, falling to the ground, kissing it, and ejaculating that in this way he appropriated the soil.

Omens of every class were certainly regarded in ancient Rome with a reverence that can hardly be surpassed; but yet, with respect to these omens derived from names, it is certain that our modern times have more memorable examples on record. Out of large number which occur to us we will cite two

The present* King of the French bore in his boyish days a title which he would not have borne but for an omen of bad augury attached to his proper title. He was called the Duc de Chartres before the revolution, whereas his proper title was Duc de Valois. And the origin of the change was this: The regent's father had been the sole brother of Louis Quatorze. He married for his first wife our English princess Henrietta, the sister of Charles II., (and through her daughter, by the way, it is that the house of Savoy, i. e., of Sardinia, has pretensions to the English throne.) This unhappy lady, it is too well established, was poisoned. Voltaire, amongst many others, has affected to doubt the fact, for which in his time there might be some excuse; but, since then, better evidences have placed the matter beyond all question. We now know both the fact, and the how, and the why. The duke, who probably was no party to the murder of his young wife, though otherwise on bad terms with her, married for his second wife a coarse German princess, homely in every sense, and a singular contrast to the elegant creature whom he had lost. She was a daughter of the Bavarian elector, ill tempered by her own confession, self-willed, and a plain speaker to excess, but otherwise a woman of honest German principles. Unhappy she was through a long life — unhappy through the monotony as well as the malicious intrigues of the French court; and so much so, that she did her best (though without effect) to prevent her Bavarian niece from becoming dauphiness. She acquits her husband however, in the memoirs which she left behind, of any intentional share in her unhappiness; she describes

* This was written, I believe, about 1839.

him constantly as a well-disposed prince. But whether it were, that, often walking in the dusk through the numerous apartments of that vast mansion which her husband had so much enlarged, naturally she turned her thoughts to the injured lady who had presided there before herself, or whether it arose from the inevitable gloom which broods continually over mighty palaces, so much is known for certain, that one evening, in the twilight, she met, at a remote quarter of the reception rooms, something that she conceived to be a spectre. What she fancied to have passed on that occasion was never known except to her nearest friends; and, if she made any explanations in her memoirs, the editor has thought fit to suppress them. She mentions only, that in consequence of some ominous circumstances relating to the title of *Valois*, which was the proper second title of the Orleans family, her son, the regent, had assumed in his boyhood that of Duc de Chartres. His elder brother was dead, so that the superior title was open to him; but, in consequence of those mysterious omens, whatever they might be, which occasioned much whispering at the time, the great title of Valois was laid aside forever as of bad augury; nor has it ever been resumed through a century and a half that have followed that mysterious warning, nor will it be resumed unless the numerous children of the present Orleans branch should find themselves distressed for ancient titles; which is not likely, since they enjoy the honors of the elder house, and are now the *children of France* in a technical sense.

Here we have a great European case of state omens in the eldest of Christian houses. The next which we

shall cite is equally a state case, and carries its public verification along with itself. In the spring of 1799, when Napoleon was lying before Acre, he became anxious for news from Upper Egypt, whither he had despatched Dessaix in pursuit of a distinguished Mameluke leader. This was in the middle of May. Not many days after, a courier arrived with favorable despatches — favorable in the main, but reporting one tragical occurrence on a small scale, that to Napoleon, for a superstitious reason, outweighed the public prosperity. A *djerme*, or Nile boat of the largest class, having on board a large party of troops and of wounded men, together with most of a regimental band, had run ashore at the village of Benouth. No case could be more hopeless. The neighboring Arabs were of the Yambo tribe — of all Arabs the most ferocious. These Arabs and the Fellahs (whom, by the way, many of our countrymen are so ready to represent as friendly to the French and hostile to ourselves) had taken the opportunity of attacking the vessel. The engagement was obstinate; but at length the inevitable catastrophe could be delayed no longer. The commander, an Italian, named Morandi, was a brave man: any fate appeared better than that which awaited him from an enemy so malignant. He set fire to the powder magazine; the vessel blew up; Morandi perished in the Nile; and all of less nerve, who had previously reached the shore in safety, were put to death to the very last man, with cruelties the most detestable, by their inhuman enemies. For all this Napoleon cared little; but one solitary fact there was in the report which struck him with consternation. This ill-fated

djerme, — what was it called? It was called *L'Italie*, and in the name of the vessel Napoleon read an augury of the fate which had befallen the Italian territory. Considered as a dependency of France, he felt certain that Italy was lost; and Napoleon was inconsolable. But what possible connection, it was asked, can exist between this vessel on the Nile and a remote peninsula of Southern Europe? "No matter," replied Napoleon; "my presentiments never deceive me. You will see that all is ruined. I am satisfied that my Italy, my conquest, is lost to France!" So, indeed, it was. All European news had long been intercepted by the English cruisers; but immediately after the battle with the vizier, in July, 1799, an English admiral first informed the French army of Egypt that Massena and others had lost all that Bonaparte had won in 1796. But it is a strange illustration of human blindness that this very subject of Napoleon's lamentation — this very campaign of 1799 — it was, with its blunders and its long equipage of disasters, that paved the way for his own elevation to the consulship just seven calendar months from the receipt of that Egyptian despatch; since most certainly, in the struggle of Brumaire, 1799, doubtful and critical through every stage, it was the pointed contrast between *his* Italian campaigns and those of his successors which gave effect to Napoleon's pretensions with the political combatants, and which procured them a ratification amongst the people. The loss of Italy was essential to the full effect of Napoleon's previous conquest. That and the imbecile characters of Napoleon's chief military opponents were the true keys to the great revolution of Brumaire.

The stone which he rejected became the keystone of the arch ; so that, after all, he valued the omen falsely ; though the very next news from Europe, courteously communicated by his English enemies, showed that he had interpreted its meaning rightly.

These omens, derived from names, are therefore common to the ancient and the modern world. But perhaps, in strict logic, they ought to have been classed as one subdivision or variety under a much larger head — viz., words generally, no matter whether proper names or appellatives, as operative powers and agencies, having, that is to say, a charmed power against some party concerned from the moment that they leave the lips.

Homer describes prayers as having a separate life, rising buoyantly upon wings, and making their way upwards to the throne of Jove. Such, but in a sense gloomy and terrific, is the force ascribed under a widespread superstition, ancient and modern, to words uttered on critical occasions, or to words uttered at any time, which point to critical occasions. Hence the doctrine of *εὐφημισμός*, the necessity of abstaining from strong words or direct words in expressing fatal contingencies. It was shocking, at all times of paganism, to say of a third person, "If he should die," or to suppose the case that he might be murdered. The very word *death* was consecrated and forbidden. *Si quiddam humanum passus fuerit* was the extreme form to which men advanced in such cases ; and this scrupulous feeling, originally founded on the supposed efficacy of words, prevails to this day. It is a feeling undoubtedly supported by good taste, which strongly

impresses upon us all the discordant tone of all impassioned subjects, (death, religion, &c.,) with the common key of ordinary conversation. But good taste is not in itself sufficient to account for a scrupulousness so general and so austere. In the lowest classes there is a shuddering recoil still felt from uttering coarsely and roundly the anticipation of a person's death. Suppose a child, heir to some estate, the subject of conversation: the hypothesis of his death is put cautiously, under such forms as, "If any thing but good should happen;" "if any change should occur;" "if any of us should chance to miscarry;" and so forth. Always a modified expression is sought—always an indirect one. And this timidity arises under the old superstition still lingering amongst men, like that ancient awe, alluded to by Wordsworth, for the sea and its deep secrets—feelings that have not, no, nor ever will, utterly decay. No excess of nautical skill will ever perfectly disenchant the great abyss from its terrors—no progressive knowledge will ever medicine that dread misgiving of a mysterious and pathless power given to words of a certain import, or uttered in certain situations, by a parent, to persecuting or insulting children; by the victim of horrible oppression when laboring in final agonies;⁴⁶ and by others, whether cursing or blessing, who stand central to great passions, to great interests, or to great perplexities.

And here, by way of parenthesis, we may stop to explain the force of that expression, so common in Scripture, "*Thou hast said it.*" It is an answer often adopted by our Savior and the meaning we hold to be this: Many forms in eastern idioms, as well as in

the Greek occasionally, though meant *interrogatively* are of a nature to convey a direct categorical *affirmation*, unless as their meaning is modified by the cadence and intonation. *Art thou*, detached from this vocal and accentual modification, is equivalent to *thou art*. Nay even apart from this accident, the popular belief authorized the notion, that simply to have uttered any great thesis, though unconsciously, simply to have united verbally any two great ideas, though for a purpose the most different or even opposite, had the mysterious power of realizing them in act. An exclamation, though in the purest spirit of sport, to a boy, "*You shall be our imperator,*" was many times supposed to be the forerunner and fatal mandate for the boy's elevation. Such words executed themselves. To connect, though but for denial or for mockery, the ideas of Jesus and the Messiah, furnished an augury that eventually they would be found to coincide and to have their coincidence admitted. It was an *argumentum ad hominem*, and drawn from a popular faith.

But a modern reader will object the want of an accompanying design or serious meaning on the part of him who utters the words — he never meant his words to be taken seriously — nay, his purpose was the very opposite. True; and precisely that is the reason why his words are likely to operate effectually and why they should be feared. Here lies the critical point which most of all distinguishes this faith. Words took effect, not merely in default of a serious use, but exactly in consequence of that default. It was the chance word, the stray word, the word uttered in jest

or in trifling, or in scorn, or unconsciously, which took effect; whilst ten thousand words, uttered with purpose and deliberation, were sure to prove inert. One case will illustrate this: Alexander of Macedon, in the outset of his great expedition, consulted the oracle at Delphi. For the sake of his army, had he been even without personal faith, he desired to have his enterprise consecrated. No persuasions, however, would move the priestess to enter upon her painful and agitating duties for the sake of obtaining the regular answer of the god. Wearied with this, Alexander seized the great lady by the arm, and, using as much violence as was becoming to the two characters, — of a great prince acting and a great priestess suffering, — he pushed her gently backwards to the tripod on which in her professional character, she was to seat herself. Upon this, in the hurry and excitement of the moment, the priestess exclaimed, *Ω παι, ανικητος ει* — *O son, thou art irresistible*; never adverting for an instant to his martial purposes, but simply to his personal importunities. The person whom she thought of as incapable of resistance was herself; and all she meant *consciously* was, O son, I can refuse nothing to one so earnest. But mark what followed. Alexander desisted at once; he asked for no further oracle; he refused it, and exclaimed, joyously, “Now, then, noble priestess, farewell! I have the oracle; I have your answer; and better than any which you could deliver from the tripod. I am invincible; so you have declared; you cannot revoke it. True, you thought not of Persia — you thought only of my importunity. But that very fact is what ratifies your answer. In its blindness I

recognize its truth. An oracle from a god might be distorted by political ministers of the god, as in time past too often has been suspected. The oracle has been said to *Medize*, and, in my own father's time, to *Philippize*; but an oracle delivered unconsciously indirectly, blindly, — that is the oracle which cannot deceive." Such was the all-famous oracle which Alexander accepted — such was the oracle on which he and his army reposing went forth "conquering and to conquer."

Exactly on this principle do the Turks act in putting so high a value on the words of idiots. Enlightened Christians have often wondered at their allowing any weight to people bereft of understanding. But that is the very reason for allowing them weight; that very defect it is which makes them capable of being organs for conveying words from higher intelligences. A fine human intelligence cannot be a passive instrument — it cannot be a mere tube for conveying the words of inspiration: such an intelligence will intermingle ideas of its own, or otherwise modify what is given and pollute what is sacred.

It is also on this principle that the whole practice and doctrine of sortilege rest. Let us confine ourselves to that mode of sortilege which is conducted by throwing open privileged books at random, leaving to chance the page and the particular line on which the oracular functions are thrown. The books used have varied with the caprice or the error of ages. Once the Hebrew Scriptures had the preference. Probably they were laid aside, not because the reverence for their authority decayed, but because i

increased. In later times, Virgil has been the favorite. Considering the very limited range of ideas to which Virgil was tied by his theme,—a colonizing expedition in a barbarous age,—no worse book could have been selected: ⁴⁷ so little indeed does the *Æneid* exhibit of human life in its multiformity, that much tampering with the text is required to bring real cases of human interest and real situations within the scope of any Virgilian sentence, though aided by the utmost latitude of accommodation. A king, a soldier, a sailor, &c., might look for correspondences to their own circumstances; but not many others. Accordingly, every body remembers the remarkable answer which Charles I. received at Oxford from this Virgilian oracle about the opening of the Parliamentary war. But from this limitation in the range of ideas it was that others, and very pious people too, have not thought it profane to resume the old reliance on the Scriptures. No case, indeed, can try so severely, or put upon record so conspicuously, this indestructible propensity for seeking light out of darkness, this thirst for looking into the future by the aid of dice, real or figurative, as the fact of men eminent for piety having yielded to the temptation. We give one instance—the instance of a person who, in *practical* theology, has been, perhaps, more popular than any other in any church. Dr. Doddridge, in his earlier days, was in a dilemma both of conscience and of taste as to the election he should make between two situations—*one* in possession, both at his command. He was settled at Harboro', in Leicestershire, and was “pleasing himself with the view of a continuance” in that situation. True, he had

received an invitation to Northampton ; but the reasons against complying seemed so strong that nothing was wanting but the civility of going over to Northampton and making an apologetic farewell. On the last Sunday in November of the year 1729 the doctor went and preached a sermon in conformity with those purposes. "But," says he, "on the morning of that day an incident happened which affected me greatly." On the night previous, it seems, he had been urged very importunately by his Northampton friends to undertake the vacant office. Much personal kindness had concurred with this public importunity ; the good doctor was affected ; he had prayed fervently, alleging in his prayer, as the reason which chiefly weighed with him to reject the offer, that it was far beyond his forces, and chiefly because he was too young⁴⁸ and had no assistant. He goes on thus : "As soon as ever this address" (meaning the prayer) "was ended, I passed through a room of the house in which I lodged, where a child was reading to his mother, and the only words I heard distinctly were these : *And as thy days, so shall thy strength be.*" This singular coincidence between his own difficulty and a scriptural line caught at random in passing hastily through a room (but observe, a line insulated from the context and placed in high relief to his ear) shook his resolution ; accident cooperated ; a promise to be fulfilled at Northampton in a certain contingency fell due at the instant ; the doctor was detained ; this detention gave time for further representations ; new motives arose, old difficulties were removed ; and finally the doctor saw, in all this succession of steps, — the first of which, however, lay

in the *Sortes Biblicæ*, — clear indications of a providential guidance. With that conviction he took up his abode at Northampton, and remained there for the next thirty-one years, until he left it for his grave at Lisbon; in fact, he passed at Northampton the whole of his public life. It must, therefore, be allowed to stand upon the records of sortilege, that in the main direction of his life — not, indeed, as to its spirit, but as to its form and local connections — a Protestant divine of much merit, and chiefly in what regards practice, and of the class most opposed to superstition, took his determining impulse from a variety of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*.

This variety was known in early times to the Jews — as early, indeed, as the era of the Grecian Pericles, if we are to believe the Talmud. It is known familiarly to this day amongst Polish Jews, and is called *Bath-col*, or the *daughter of a voice*; the meaning of which appellation is this: The *Urim and Thummim*, or oracle in the breastplate of the high priest, spoke directly from God; it was, therefore, the original or mother voice. But about the time of Pericles, that is, exactly one hundred years before the time of Alexander the Great, the light of prophecy was quenched in Malachi or Haggai, and the oracular jewels in the breastplate became simultaneously dim. Henceforward the mother voice was heard no longer; but to this succeeded an imperfect or daughter voice, (*Bath-col*,) which lay in the first words happening to arrest the attention at a moment of perplexity. An illustration, which has been often quoted from the Talmud, is to the following effect: Rabbi Tochanan and

Rabbi Simeon Ben Lachish were anxious about a friend, Rabbi Samuel, six hundred miles distant on the Euphrates. Whilst talking earnestly together on this subject in Palestine, they passed a school: they paused to listen: it was a child reading the First Book of Samuel; and the words which they caught were these: *And Samuel died*. These words they received as a *Bath-col*; and the next horseman from the Euphrates brought word accordingly that Rabbi Samuel had been gathered to his fathers at some station on the Euphrates.

Here is the very same case, the same *Bath-col* substantially, which we have cited from Orton's *Life of Doddridge*. And Du Cange himself notices, in his Glossary, the relation which this bore to the pagan *Sortes*. "It was," says he, "a fantastical way of divination, invented by the Jews, not unlike the *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the heathens; for as with them the first words they happened to dip into in the works of that poet were a kind of oracle whereby they predicted future events, so with the Jews, when they appealed to *Bath-col*, the first words they heard from any one's mouth were looked upon as a voice from Heaven directing them in the matter they inquired about."

If the reader imagines that this ancient form of the practical miraculous is at all gone out of use, even the example of Dr. Doddridge may satisfy him to the contrary. Such an example was sure to authorize a large imitation. But, even apart from that, the superstition is common. The records of conversion amongst felons and other ignorant persons might be cited by hundreds upon hundreds to prove that no practice is more com-

more than that of trying the spiritual fate and abiding by the import of any passage in the Scriptures which may first present itself to the eye. Cowper, the poet, has recorded a case of this sort in his own experience. It is one to which all the unhappy are prone. But a mode of questioning the oracles of darkness, far more childish, and, under some shape or other, equally common amongst those who are prompted by mere vacancy of mind, without that determination to sacred fountains which is impressed by misery, may be found in the following extravagant silliness of Rousseau, which we give in his own words — a case for which he admits that he himself would have *shut up* any other man (meaning in a lunatic hospital) whom he had seen practising the same absurdities : —

“ Au milieu de mes études et d’une vie innocente autant qu’on la puisse mener, et malgré tout ce qu’on m’avoit pu dire, la peur de l’enfer m’agitoit encore. Souvent je me demandois, En quel état suis-je ? Si je mourrois à l’instant même *serois-je damné ?* Selon mes Jansénistes, [he had been reading the books of the Port Royal,] la chose est indubitable : mais, selon ma conscience, il me paroissoit que non. Toujours craintif et flottant dans cette cruelle incertitude, j’avois recours (pour en sortir) aux expédients les plus risibles, et pour lesquels je ferois volontiers enfermer un homme si je lui en voyois faire autant. * * * Un jour, rêvant à ce triste sujet, je m’exerçois machinalement à lancer les pierres contre les troncs des arbres ; et cela avec mon adresse ordinaire, c’est-à-dire, sans presque jamais en toucher aucun. Tout au milieu de ce bel exercice, je m’avisai de faire une espèce de pronostic pour calmer mon inquiétude. Je me dis, Je m’en vais jeter cette pierre contre l’arbre qui est vis-à-vis de moi : si je le touche, signe de salut : si je le manque, signe de damnation. Tout en disant ainsi, je jette ma pierre d’une main tremblante, et avec un horrible battement de cœur, mais si heureusement qu’elle va frapper au beau-milieu de l’arbre : ce qui véritablement n’étoit pas difficile car j’avois eu

soin de le choisir fort gros et fort près. *Depuis lors je n'ai plus douté de mon salut.* Je ne sais, en me rappelant ce trait, si je dois rire ou gémir sur moi-même." — *Les Confessions, Partie I. Livre VI.*

Now, really, if Rousseau thought fit to try such tremendous appeals by taking "a shy" at any random object, he should have governed his sortilege (for such it may be called) with something more like equity. Fair play is a jewel; and in such a case a man is supposed to play against an adverse party hid in darkness. To shy at a cow within six feet distance gives no chance at all to his dark antagonist. A pigeon rising from a trap at a suitable distance might be thought a *sincere* staking of the interest at issue: but, as to the massy stem of a tree "fort gros et fort près," the sarcasm of a Roman emperor applies, that to miss under such conditions implied an original genius for stupidity, and to hit was no trial of the case. After all, the sentimentalist had youth to plead in apology for this extravagance. He was hypochondriacal; he was in solitude; and he was possessed by gloomy imaginations from the works of a society in the highest public credit. But most readers will be aware of similar appeals to the mysteries of Providence made in public by illustrious sectarians speaking from the solemn station of a pulpit. We forbear to quote cases of this nature, though really existing in print, because we feel that the blasphemy of such anecdotes is more revolting and more painful to pious minds than the absurdity is amusing. Meantime it must not be forgotten that the principle concerned, though it may happen to disgust men when associated with ludicrous circumstances, is after all, the very same which has latently governed

very many modes of ordeal or judicial inquiry, and which has been adopted, blindly, as a moral rule or canon equally by the blindest of the pagans, the most fanatical of the Jews, and the most enlightened of the Christians. It proceeds upon the assumption that man, by his actions, puts a question to Heaven, and that Heaven answers by the event. Lucan, in a well-known passage, takes it for granted that the cause of Cæsar had the approbation of the gods. And why? Simply from the event. It was notoriously the triumphant cause. It was victorious, (*victrix causa Deis placuit; sed victa Catoni.*) It was the "*victrix causa*;" and, as such, simply because it was "*victrix*," it had a right in his eyes to postulate the divine favor as mere matter of necessary interference; whilst, on the other hand, the *victa causa*, though it seemed to Lucan sanctioned by human virtue in the person of Cato, stood unappealably condemned.⁴⁹ This mode of reasoning may strike the reader as merely pagan. Not at all. In England, at the close of the Parliamentary war, it was generally argued that Providence had decided the question against the royalists by the mere fact of the issue. Milton himself, with all his hightoned morality, uses this argument as irrefragable; which is odd, were it only on this account—that the issue ought necessarily to have been held for a time as merely hypothetic and liable to be set aside by possible counter issues through one generation at the least.⁵⁰ But the capital argument against such doctrine is to be found in the New Testament. Strange that Milton should overlook, and strange that moralists in general have overlooked, the sudden arrest given to this dangerous,

but most prevalent, mode of reasoning by the Founder of our faith ! He first, he last, taught to his astonished disciples the new truth, — at that time the astounding truth, — that no relation exists between the immediate practical events of things on the one side and divine sentences on the other. There was no presumption, he teaches them, against a man's favor with God, or that of his parents, because he happened to be afflicted to extremity with bodily disease. There was no shadow of an argument for believing a party of men criminal objects of heavenly wrath because upon them, by fatal preference, a tower had fallen, and because *their* bodies were exclusively mangled. How little can it be said that Christianity has yet developed the fulness of its power, when kings and senates so recently acted under a total oblivion of this great, though novel, Christian doctrine, and would do so still, were it not that religious arguments have been banished by the progress of manners from the field of political discussion !

But, quitting this province of the ominous, where it is made the object of a direct personal inquest, whether by private or by national trials or the sortilegy of events, let us throw our eyes over the broader field of omens as they offer themselves spontaneously to those who do not seek or would even willingly evade them. There are few of these, perhaps none, which are not universal in their authority, though every land in turn fancies them (like its proverbs) of local prescription and origin. The deathwatch extends from England to Cashmere, and across India diagonally to the remotest nook of Bengal, over a three thousand miles' distance from the entrance of the Indian Punjaub. A hare crossing a

man's path on starting in the morning has been held in all countries alike to prognosticate evil in the course of that day. Thus, in the *Confessions of a Thug*, (which is partially built on a real judicial document, and every where conforms to the usages of Hindostan,) the hero of the horrid narrative⁵¹ charges some disaster of his own upon having neglected such an omen of the morning. The same belief operated in pagan Italy. The same omen announced to Lord Lindsay's Arab attendants in the desert the approach of some disaster, which partially happened in the morning. And a Highlander of the forty-second regiment, in his printed memoirs, notices the same harbinger of evil as having crossed his own path on a day of personal disaster in Spain.

Birds are even more familiarly associated with such ominous warnings. This chapter in the great volume of superstition was indeed cultivated with unusual solicitude amongst the pagans—*ornithomancy* grew into an elaborate science. But if every rule and distinction upon the number and the position of birds, whether to the right or the left, had been collected from our own village matrons amongst ourselves, it would appear that no more of this pagan science had gone to wreck than must naturally follow the difference between a believing and a disbelieving government. Magpies are still of awful authority in village life, according to their number, &c. ; for a striking illustration of which we may refer the reader to Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*, reported not at second hand, but from Sir Walter's personal communication with some seafaring fellow-traveller in a stage coach.

Among the ancient stories of the same class is one which we shall repeat—having reference to that Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, before whom St. Paul made his famous apology at Cæsarea. This Agrippa, overwhelmed by debts, had fled from Palestine to Rome in the latter years of Tiberius. His mother's interest with the widow of Germanicus procured him a special recommendation to her son Caligula. Viewing this child and heir of the popular Germanicus as the rising sun, Agrippa had been too free in his language. True, the uncle of Germanicus was the reigning prince; but he was old, and breaking up. True, the son of Germanicus was not yet on the throne, but he soon would be; and Agrippa was rash enough to call the emperor a *superannuated old fellow*, and even to wish for his death. Sejanus was now dead and gone; but there was no want of spies; and a certain Macro reported his words to Tiberius. Agrippa was in consequence arrested, the emperor himself condescending to point out the noble Jew to the officer on duty. The case was a gloomy one, if Tiberius should happen to survive much longer: and the story of the omen proceeds thus: "Now, Agrippa stood in his bonds before the imperial palace, and in his affliction leaned against a certain tree, upon the boughs of which it happened that a bird had alighted which the Romans call *bubo*, or the owl. All this was steadfastly observed by a German prisoner, who asked a soldier what might be the name and offence of the man habited in purple. Being told that the man's name was Agrippa, and that he was a Jew of high rank, who had given a personal offence to the emperor

the German asked permission to go near and address him; which being granted, he spoke thus: 'This disaster, I doubt not, young man, is trying to your heart; and perhaps you will not believe me when I announce to you beforehand the providential deliverance which is impending. However, this much I will say,—and for my sincerity let me appeal to my native gods, as well as to the gods of this Rome, who have brought us both into trouble,—that no selfish objects prompt me to this revelation; for a revelation it is, and to the following effect: It is fated that you shall not long remain in chains. Your deliverance will be speedy; you shall be raised to the very highest rank and power; you shall be the object of as much envy as now you are of pity; you shall retain your prosperity till death; and you shall transmit that prosperity to your children. But——' and there the German paused. Agrippa was agitated; the bystanders were attentive; and, after a time, the German, pointing solemnly to the bird, proceeded thus: 'But this remember heedfully, that, when next you see the bird which now perches above your head, you will have only five days longer to live! This event will be surely accomplished by that same mysterious god who has thought fit to send the bird as a warning sign; and you, when you come to your glory, do not forget me that foreshadowed it in your humiliation." The story adds, that Agrippa affected to laugh when the German concluded; after which it goes on to say, that in a few weeks, being delivered by the death of Tiberius, being released from prison by the very prince on whose account he had incurred the risk,

being raised to a tetrarchy, and afterwards to the kingdom of all Judea, coming into all the prosperity which had been promised to him by the German, and not losing any part of his interest at Rome through the assassination of his patron Caligula, he began to look back respectfully to the words of the German and forwards with anxiety to the second coming of the bird. Seven years of sunshine had now slipped away as silently as a dream. A great festival, shows and vows, was on the point of being celebrated in honor of Claudius Cæsar, at Strato's Tower, otherwise called Cæsarea, the Roman metropolis of Palestine. Duty and policy alike required that the king of the land should go down and unite in this mode of religious homage to the emperor. He did so; and on the second morning of the festival, by way of doing more conspicuous honor to the great solemnity, he assumed a very sumptuous attire of silver armor, burnished so highly as to throw back a dazzling glare from the sun's morning beams upon the upturned eyes of the vast multitude around him. Immediately from the sycophantish part of the crowd, of whom a vast majority were pagans, ascended a cry of glorification as to some manifestation of Deity. Agrippa, gratified by this success of his new apparel, and by this flattery, not unusual in the case of kings, had not the firmness (though a Jew, and conscious of the wickedness, greater in himself than in the heathen crowd) to reject the blasphemous homage. Voices of adoration continued to ascend; when suddenly, looking upward to the vast awnings prepared for screening the audience from the noonday heats, the king perceived the

same ominous bird which he had seen at Rome in the day of his affliction, seated quietly, and looking down upon himself. In that same moment an icy pang shot through his intestines. He was removed into the palace; and at the end of five days, completely worn out by pain, Agrippa expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age and the seventh of his sovereign power.⁵²

Whether the bird here described as an owl was really such may be doubted, considering the narrow nomenclature of the Romans for all zoological purposes and the total indifference of the Roman mind to all distinctions in natural history which are not upon the very largest scale. We should much suspect that the bird was a magpie. Meantime, speaking of ornithoscopy in relation to Jews, we remember another story in that subdivision of the subject which it may be worth while repeating; not merely on its own account, as wearing a fine Oriental air, but also for the correction which it suggests to a very common error.

In some period of Syrian warfare, a large military detachment was entering at some point of Syria from the desert of the Euphrates. At the head of the whole array rode two men of some distinction: one was an augur of high reputation; the other was a Jew called Mosollam, a man of admirable beauty, a matchless horseman, an unerring archer, and accomplished in all martial arts. As they were now first coming within enclosed grounds after a long march in the wilderness, the augur was most anxious to inaugurate the expedition by some considerable omen. Watching anxiously, therefore, he soon saw a bird of splendid

plumage perching on a low wall. "Halt!" he said to the advanced guard; and all drew up in a line. At that moment of silence and expectation, Mosollam, slightly turning himself in his saddle, drew his bow-string to his ear; his Jewish hatred of pagan auguries burned within him; his inevitable shaft went right to its mark; and the beautiful bird fell dead. The augur turned round in fury. But the Jew laughed at him. "This bird, you say, should have furnished us with omens of our future fortunes; but, had he known any thing of his own, he would never have perched where he did or have come within the range of Mosollam's archery. How should that bird know our destiny, who did not know that it was his own to be shot by Mosollam the Jew?"

Now, this is a most common but a most erroneous way of arguing. In a case of this kind, the bird was not supposed to have any conscious acquaintance with futurity, either for his own benefit or that of others. But even where such a consciousness may be supposed, as in the case of oneiromancy, or prophecy by means of dreams, it must be supposed limited, and the more limited in a personal sense as they are illimitable in a sublime one. Who imagines that, because a Daniel or Ezekiel foresaw the grand revolutions of the earth, therefore they must or could have foreseen the little details of their own ordinary life? And even descending from that perfect inspiration to the more doubtful power of augury amongst the pagans, (concerning which the most eminent of theologians have held very opposite theories,) one thing is certain, that, so long as we entertain such pretensions or discuss them at all

we must take them with the principle of those who profess such arts, not with principles of our own arbitrary invention.

One example will make this clear. There are in England⁵³ a class of men who practise the pagan rhabdomanancy in a limited sense. They carry a rod or rhabdos (*ῥαβδος*) of willow: this they hold horizontally; and, by the bending of the rod towards the ground, they discover the favorable places for sinking wells — a matter of considerable importance in a province so ill watered as the northern district of Somersetshire, &c. These people are locally called *jowers*; and it is probable that from the suspicion with which their art has been usually regarded amongst people of education, as a mere legerdemain trick of Dousterswivel's, is derived the slang word to *chouse*, for *swindle*. Meantime the experimental evidences of a real practical skill in these men, and the enlarged compass of speculation in these days, have led many enlightened people to a Stoic *ἐποχή*, or suspension of judgment, on the reality of this somewhat mysterious art. Now, in the East there are men who make the same pretensions in a more showy branch of the art. It is not water, but treasures, which they profess to find by some hidden kind of rhabdomanancy. The very existence of treasures with us is reasonably considered a thing of improbable occurrence; but in the unsettled East, and with the low valuation of human life wherever Mahometanism prevails, insecurity and other causes must have caused millions of such deposits in every century to have perished as to any knowledge of survivors. The sword has been moving backwards

and forwards, for instance, like a weaver's shuttle since the time of Mahmoud the Ghaznevide,⁵⁴ in Anno Domini 1000, in the vast regions between the Tigris the Oxus, and the Indus. Regularly as it approached gold and jewels must have sunk by whole harvests into the ground. A certain percentage has been doubtless recovered; a larger percentage has disappeared forever. Hence naturally the jealousy of barbarous Orientals that we Europeans, in groping amongst pyramids, sphinxes, and tombs, are looking for buried treasures. The wretches are not so wide astray in what they believe as in what they disbelieve. The treasures do really exist which they fancy; but then, also, the other treasures in the glorious antiquities have that existence for our sense of beauty which to their brutality is inconceivable. In these circumstances, why should it surprise us that men will pursue the science of discovery as a regular trade? Many discoveries of treasure are doubtless made continually, which, for obvious reasons, are communicated to nobody. Some proportion there must be between the sowing of such grain as diamonds or emeralds, and the subsequent reaping, whether by accident or by art; for, with regard to the last, it is no more impossible *prima fronte*, that a substance may exist, having an occult sympathy with subterraneous water or subterraneous gold, than that the magnet should have a sympathy (as yet occult) with the northern pole of our planet.

The first flash of careless thought applied to such a case will suggest that men holding powers of this nature need not offer their services for hire to others. And this, in fact, is the objection universally urged by

us Europeans as decisive against their pretensions. Their knavery, it is fancied, stands self-recorded, since, assuredly, they would not be willing to divide their subterranean treasures if they knew of any. But the men are not in such self-contradiction as may seem. Lady Hester Stanhope, from the better knowledge she had acquired of Oriental opinions, set Dr. Madden right on this point. The Oriental belief is, that a fatality attends the appropriator of a treasure in any case where he happens also to be the discoverer. Such a person, it is held, will die soon, and suddenly; so that he is compelled to seek his remuneration from the wages or fees of his employers, not from the treasure itself.

Many more secret laws are held sacred amongst the professors of that art than that which was explained by Lady Hester Stanhope. These we shall not enter upon at present; but generally we may remark, that the same practices of subterranean deposits, during our troubled periods in Europe, led to the same superstitions. And it may be added, that the same error has arisen in both cases as to some of these superstitions. How often must it have struck people of liberal feelings, as a scandalous proof of the preposterous value set upon riches by poor men, that ghosts should popularly be supposed to rise and wander for the sake of revealing the situations of buried treasures! For ourselves, we have been accustomed to view this popular belief in the light of an argument for pity rather than for contempt towards poor men, as indicating the extreme pressure of that necessity which could so have demoralized their natural sense of truth. But cer-

tainly, in whatever feelings originating, such popular superstitions as to motives of ghostly missions did seem to argue a deplorable misconception of the relation subsisting between the spiritual world and the perishable treasures of this perishable world. Yet, when we look into the Eastern explanations of this case, we find that it is meant to express, not any over-valuation of riches, but the direct contrary passion. A human spirit is punished, — such is the notion, — punished in the spiritual world, for excessive attachment to gold, by degradation to the office of its guardian; and from this office the tortured spirit can release itself only by revealing the treasure and transferring the custody. It is a penal martyrdom, not an elective passion for gold, which is thus exemplified in the wanderings of a treasure ghost.

But, in a field where of necessity we are so much limited, we willingly pass from the consideration of these treasure or *khasné* phantoms (which alone sufficiently insure a swarm of ghostly terrors for all Oriental ruins of cities) to the same marvellous apparitions as they haunt other solitudes even more awful than those of ruined cities. In this world there are two mighty forms of perfect solitude — the ocean and the desert — the wilderness of the barren sands and the wilderness of the barren waters. Both are the parents of inevitable superstitions — of terrors, solemn, ineradicable, eternal. Sailors and the children of the desert are alike overrun with spiritual hauntings, from accidents of peril essentially connected with those modes of life and from the eternal spectacle of the infinite. Voices seem to blend with the raving of the

sea, which will forever impress the feeling of beings more than human ; and every chamber of the great wilderness which, with little interruption, stretches from the Euphrates to the western shores of Africa, has its own peculiar terrors both as to sights and sounds. In the wilderness of Zin, between Palestine and the Red Sea, a section of the desert well known in these days to our own countrymen, bells are heard daily pealing, for matins or for vespers, from some phantom convent that no search of Christian or of Bedouin Arab has ever been able to discover. These bells have sounded since the crusades. Other sounds, trumpets, the *Alala* of armies, &c., are heard in other regions of the desert. Forms, also, are seen of more people than have any right to be walking in human paths ; sometimes forms of avowed terror ; sometimes, which is a case of far more danger, appearances that mimic the shapes of men, and even of friends or comrades. This is a case much dwelt on by the old travellers, and which throws a gloom over the spirits of all Bedouins, and of every *cafila*, or caravan. We all know what a sensation of loneliness or "eeriness" (to use an expressive term of the ballad poetry) arises to any small party assembling in a single room of a vast, desolate mansion ; how the timid among them fancy continually that they hear some remote door opening, or trace the sound of suppressed footsteps from some distant staircase. Such is the feeling in the desert, even in the midst of the caravan. The mighty solitude is seen ; the dread silence is anticipated which will succeed to this brief transit of men, camels, and horses. Awe prevails even in the midst of society ; but, if the traveller

should loiter behind from fatigue, or be so imprudent as to ramble aside, should he from any cause once lose sight of his party, it is held that his chance is small of recovering their traces. And why? Not chiefly from the want of footmarks where the wind effaces all impressions in half an hour, or of eyemarks where all is one blank ocean of sand, but much more from the sounds or the visual appearances which are supposed to beset and to seduce all insulated wanderers.

Every body knows the superstitions of the ancients about the *Nympholeptoi*, or those who had seen Pan; but far more awful and gloomy are the existing superstitions, throughout Asia and Africa, as to the perils of those who are phantom-haunted in the wilderness. The old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, states them well; he speaks, indeed, of the Eastern, or Tartar deserts, the steppes which stretch from European Russia to the footsteps of the Chinese throne; but exactly the same creed prevails amongst the Arabs, from Bagdad to Suez and Cairo — from Rosetta to Tunis — Tunis to Timbuctoo, or Mequinez. “If, during the daytime,” says he, “any person should remain behind until the caravan is no longer in sight, he hears himself unexpectedly called to by name and in a voice with which he is familiar. Not doubting that the voice proceeds from some of his comrades, the unhappy man is beguiled from the right direction; and, soon finding himself utterly confounded as to the path, he roams about in distraction until he perishes miserably. If, on the other hand, this perilous separation of himself from the caravan should happen at night, he is sure to hear the uproar of a great caval

face a mile or two to the right or left of the true track. He is thus seduced on one side, and at break of day finds himself far removed from man. Nay, even at noonday, it is well known that grave and respectable men, to all appearance, will come up to a particular traveller, will bear the look of a friend, and will gradually lure him by earnest conversation to a distance from the caravan; after which the sounds of men and camels will be heard continually at all points but the true one; whilst an insensible turning by the tenth of an inch at each separate step from the true direction will very soon suffice to set the traveller's face to the opposite point of the compass from that which his safety requires, and which his fancy represents to him as his real direction. Marvellous, indeed, and almost passing belief, are the stories reported of these desert phantoms, which are said at times to fill the air with choral music from all kinds of instruments, from drums, and the clash of arms; so that oftentimes a whole caravan are obliged to close up their open ranks and to proceed in a compact line of march."

Lord Lindsay, in his very interesting travels in Egypt, Edom, &c., agrees with Warton in supposing (and probably enough) that from this account of the desert traditions in Marco Polo was derived Milton's fine passage in *Comus*: —

"Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

But the most remarkable of these desert superstitions, as suggested by the mention of Lord Lindsay, is

one which that young nobleman, in some place which we cannot immediately find, has noticed, but which he only was destined by a severe personal loss immediately to illustrate. Lord L. quotes from Vincent le Blanc an anecdote of a man in his own caravan, the companion of an Arab merchant, who disappeared in a mysterious manner. Four Moors, with a retaining fee of one hundred ducats, were sent in quest of him, but came back *re infecta*. "And 'tis uncertain," adds Le Blanc, "whether he was swallowed up in the sands, or met his death by any other misfortune; as it often happens, by the relation of a merchant then in our company, who told us, that two years before, traversing the same journey, a comrade of his, going a little aside from the company, saw three men, who called him by his name; and one of them, to his thinking, favored very much his companion; and as he was about to follow them, his real companion calling him to come back to his company, he found himself deceived by the others, and thus was saved. And all travellers in these parts hold, that in the deserts are many such phantasms seen, that strive to seduce the traveller." Thus far it is the traveller's own fault, warned as he is continually by the extreme anxiety of the Arab leaders, or guides, with respect to all who stray to any distance, if he is duped or enticed by these pseudo men; though in the case of Lapland dogs, who ought to have a surer instinct of detection for counterfeits, we know from Sir Capel de Broke and others that they are continually wiled away by the wolves who roam about the nightly encampments of travellers. But there is a secondary disaster, accord

ing to the Arab superstition, awaiting those whose eyes are once opened to the discernment of these phantoms. To see them, or to hear them, even where the traveller is careful to refuse their lures, entails the certainty of death in no long time. This is another form of that universal faith which made it impossible for any man to survive a bodily commerce, by whatever sense, with a spiritual being. We find it in the Old Testament, where the expression, "I have seen God, and shall die," means simply a supernatural being; since no Hebrew believed it possible for a nature purely human to sustain for a moment the sight of the infinite Being. We find the same faith amongst ourselves, in case of *doppelgänger* becoming apparent to the sight of those whom they counterfeit, and in many other varieties. We modern Europeans, of course, laugh at these superstitions; though, as Laplace remarks, (*Essai sur les Probabilités*,) any case, however apparently incredible, if it is a recurrent case, is as much entitled to a fair valuation as if it had been more probable beforehand.⁵⁵ This being premised, we who connect superstition with the personal result are more impressed by the disaster which happened to Lord Lindsay than his lordship, who either failed to notice the *nexus* between the events, or possibly declined to put the case too forward in his reader's eye, from the solemnity of the circumstances and the private interest to himself and his own family of the subsequent event. The case was this: Mr. William Wardlaw Ramsay, the companion (and we believe relative) of Lord Lindsay, a man whose honorable character and whose intellectual accomplishments speak for themselves in the posthumous memorabilia of

his travels published by Lord L., had seen an array of objects in the desert, which facts immediately succeeding demonstrated to have been a mere ocular *lusus*, or (according to Arab notions) phantoms. During the absence from home of an Arab sheik, who had been hired as conductor of Lord Lindsay's party a hostile tribe (bearing the name of Tellaheens) had assaulted and pillaged his tents. Report of this had reached the English travelling party: it was known that the Tellaheens were still in motion, and a hostile rencounter was looked for for some days. At length, in crossing the well-known valley of the *Wady Araba*, that most ancient channel of communication between the Red Sea and Judea, &c., Mr. Ramsay saw, to his own entire conviction, a party of horse moving amongst some sand hills. Afterwards it became certain, from accurate information, that this must have been a delusion. It was established that no horseman *could* have been in that neighborhood at that time. Lord Lindsay records the case as an illustration of "that spiritualized tone the imagination naturally assumes in scenes presenting so little sympathy with the ordinary feelings of humanity;" and he reports the case in these pointed terms: "Mr. Ramsay, a man of remarkably strong sight and by no means disposed to superstitious credulity, distinctly saw a party of horse moving among the sand hills; and I do not believe he was ever able to divest himself of that impression." No; and, according to Arab interpretation, very naturally so, for according to their faith, he really *had* seen the horsemen — phantom horsemen certainly, but still objects of sight. The sequel remains to be told. By the Arabian

hypothesis, Mr. Ramsay had but a short time to live — he was under a secret summons to the next world, and accordingly, in a few weeks after this, whilst Lord Lindsay had gone to visit Palmyra, Mr. Ramsay died at Damascus.

This was a case exactly corresponding to the pagan *nympholepsis* — he had seen the beings whom it is not lawful to see and live. Another case of Eastern superstition, not less determined and not less remarkably fulfilled, occurred some years before to Dr. Madden, who travelled pretty much in the same route as Lord Lindsay. The doctor, as a phrenologist, had been struck with the very singular conformation of a skull which he saw amongst many others on an altar in some Syrian convent. He offered a considerable sum in gold for it; but it was by repute the skull of a saint; and the monk with whom Dr. M. attempted to negotiate not only refused his offers, but protested that even for the doctor's sake, apart from the interests of the convent, he could not venture on such a transfer; for that, by the tradition attached to it, the skull would endanger any vessel carrying it from the Syrian shore. The vessel might escape; but it would never succeed in reaching any but a Syrian harbor. After this, for the credit of our country, which stands so high in the East, and should be so punctiliously tended by all Englishmen, we are sorry to record that Dr. Madden (though otherwise a man of scrupulous honor) yielded to the temptation of substituting for the saint's skull another less remarkable from his own collection. With this saintly relic he embarked on board a Grecian ship; was alternately pursued and met by storms

the most violent; larboard and starboard, on every quarter, he was buffeted; the wind blew from every point of the compass; the doctor honestly confesses that he often wished this baleful skull back in safety on the quiet altar from which he took it; and finally, after many days of anxiety, he was too happy in finding himself again restored to some Oriental port, from which he secretly vowed never again to sail with a saint's skull, or with any skull, however remarkable phrenologically, not purchased in an open market.

Thus we have pursued, through many of its most memorable sections, the spirit of the miraculous as it moulded and gathered itself in the superstitions of paganism; and we have shown that in the modern superstitions of Christianity, or of Mahometanism, (often enough borrowed from Christian sources,) there is a pretty regular correspondence. Speaking with a reference to the strictly popular belief, it cannot be pretended for a moment that miraculous agencies are slumbering in modern ages. For one superstition of that nature which the pagans had, we can produce twenty. And if, from the collation of numbers, we should pass to that of quality, it is a matter of notoriety, that, from the very philosophy of paganism and its slight root in the terrors or profounder mysteries of spiritual nature, no comparison could be sustained for a moment between the true religion and any mode whatever of the false. Ghosts we have purposely omitted, because that idea is so peculiarly Christian⁶⁸ as to reject all counterparts or affinities from other modes of the supernatural. The Christian ghost is too awful a presence, and with too large a

substratum of the real, the impassioned, the human, for our present purposes. We deal chiefly with the wilder and more aerial forms of superstition; not so far off from fleshly nature as the purely allegoric — not so near as the penal, the purgatorial, the penitential. In this middle class, “Gabriel’s hounds,” the “phantom ship,” the gloomy legends of the charcoal burners in the German forests, and the local or epichorial superstitions from every district of Europe, come forward by thousands, attesting the high activity of the miraculous and the hyperphysical instincts, even in this generation, wheresoever the voice of the people makes itself heard.

But in pagan times, it will be objected, the popular superstitions blended themselves with the highest political functions, gave a sanction to national councils, and oftentimes gave their starting point to the very primary movements of the state. Prophecies, omens, miracles, all worked concurrently with senates or princes; whereas in our days, says Charles Lamb, the witch who takes her pleasure with the moon, and summons Beelzebub to her Sabbaths, nevertheless trembles before the beadle and hides herself from the overseer. Now, as to the witch, even the horrid Canidia of Horace, or the more dreadful Erichtho of Lucan, seems hardly to have been much respected in any era. But, for the other modes of the supernatural, they have entered into more frequent combinations with state functions and state movements in our modern ages than in the classical age of paganism. Look at prophecies, for example: the Romans had a few obscure oracles float, and they had the sibylline books under the

state seal. These books, in fact, had been kept so long that, like Port wine superannuated, they had lost their flavor and body.⁵⁷ On the other hand, look at France. Henry, the historian, speaking of the fifteenth century, describes it as a national infirmity of the English to be prophecy ridden. Perhaps there never was any foundation for this as an exclusive remark, but assuredly not in the next century. There had been with us British, from the twelfth century, Thomas of Ercildoune in the north, and many monkish local prophets for every part of the island, but latterly England had no terrific prophet, unless, indeed, Nixon of the Vale Royal, in Cheshire, who uttered his dark oracles sometimes with a merely Cestrian, sometimes with a national, reference; whereas in France, throughout the sixteenth century, every principal event was foretold successively with an accuracy that still shocks and confounds us. Francis I., who opens the century, (and by many is held to open the book of *modern* history, as distinguished from the middle or *feudal* history,) had the battle of Pavia foreshown to him, not by name, but in its results, — by his own Spanish captivity, — by the exchange for his own children upon a frontier river of Spain, — finally, by his own disgraceful death, through an infamous disease conveyed to him under a deadly circuit of revenge. This king's son, Henry II., read some years *before* the event a description of that tournament, on the marriage of the Scottish queen with his eldest son, Francis II., which proved fatal to himself through the awkwardness of the Comte de Montgomery and his own obstinacy. After this, and we believe a little after the brief reign of Francis II.

rose Nostradamus, the great prophet of the age. All the children of Henry II. and of Catharine de Medici, one after the other, died in circumstances of suffering and horror; and Nostradamus pursued the whole with ominous allusions. Charles IX., though the authorizer of the Bartholomew massacre, was the least guilty of his party, and the only one who manifested a dreadful remorse. Henry III., the last of the brothers, died, as the reader will remember, by assassination. And all these tragic successions of events are still to be read, more or less dimly prefigured, in verses of which we will not here discuss the dates. Suffice it that many authentic historians attest the good faith of the prophets; and finally, with respect to the first of the Bourbon dynasty, Henry IV., who succeeded upon the assassination of his brother-in-law, we have the peremptory assurance of Sully and other Protestants, countersigned by writers both historical and controversial, that not only was he prepared by many warnings for his own tragical death; not only was the day, the hour, prefixed; not only was an almanac sent to him, in which the bloody summer's day of 1610 was pointed out to his attention in bloody colors,—but the mere record of the king's last afternoon shows beyond a doubt the extent and the punctual limitation of his anxieties. In fact, it is to this attitude of listening expectation in the king, and breathless waiting for the blow, that Schiller alludes in that fine speech of Walenstein to his sister where he notices the funeral knells that sounded continually in Henry's ears and, above all, his prophetic instinct that caught the sound from a far distance of his murderer's motions, and could dis-

tinguish, amidst all the tumult of a mighty capital,
those stealthy steps

“ — which even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.”

We profess not to admire Henry IV. of France, whose secret character we shall, on some other occasion, attempt to expose; but his resignation to the appointments of Heaven—in dismissing his guards, as feeling that against a danger so domestic and so mysterious all fleshly arms were vain—has always struck us as the most like magnanimity of any thing in his very theatrical life.⁶⁸

Passing to our own country and to the times immediately in succession, we fall upon some striking prophecies, not verbal, but symbolic, if we turn from the broad highway of public histories to the by-paths of private memories. Either Clarendon it is, in his *Life*, (not his public history,) or else *Laud*, who mentions an anecdote connected with the coronation of Charles I. (the son-in-law of the murdered Bourbon) which threw a gloom upon the spirits of the royal friends, already saddened by the dreadful pestilence which inaugurated the reign of this ill-fated prince, levying a tribute of one life in sixteen from the population of the English metropolis. At the coronation of Charles it was discovered that all London would not furnish the quantity of purple velvet required for the royal robes and the furniture of the throne. What was to be done? *Decorum* required that the furniture should be all *en suite*. Nearer than Genoa no considerable addition could be expected. That would impose a delay of

one hundred and fifty days. Upon mature consideration, and chiefly of the many private interests that would suffer amongst the multitudes whom such a solemnity had called up from the country, it was resolved to robe the king in *white* velvet. But this, as it afterwards occurred, was the color in which victims were arrayed. And thus, it was alleged, did the king's council establish an augury of evil. Three other ill omens, of some celebrity, occurred to Charles I. ; viz., on occasion of creating his son Charles a knight of the Bath at Oxford some years after, and at the bar of that tribunal which sat in judgment upon him.

The reign of his second son, James II., the next reign that could be considered an unfortunate reign, was inaugurated by the same evil omens. The day selected for the coronation (in 1685) was a day memorable for England. It was St. George's day, the 23d of April, and entitled, even on a separate account, to be held a sacred day, as the birthday of Shakspeare in 1564 and his deathday in 1616. The king saved a sum of sixty thousand pounds by cutting off the ordinary cavalcade from the Tower of London to Westminster. Even this was imprudent. It is well known that, amongst the lowest class of the English, there is an obstinate prejudice (though unsanctioned by law) with respect to the obligation imposed by the ceremony of coronation. So long as this ceremony is delayed or mutilated they fancy that their obedience is a matter of mere prudence, liable to be enforced by arms, but not consecrated either by law or by religion. The change made by James was therefore, highly imprudent : shorn of its antique traditionary usages, the

yoke of conscience was lightened at a moment when it required a double ratification. Neither was it called for on motives of economy; for James was unusually rich. This voluntary arrangement was, therefore, a bad beginning; but the accidental omens were worse. They are thus reported by Blennerhassett, (*History of England to the End of George I.*, vol. iv. p. 1760, printed at Newcastle upon Tyne; 1751.) "The crown, being too little for the king's head, was often in a tottering condition and like to fall off." Even this was observed attentively by spectators of the most opposite feelings. But there was another simultaneous omen, which affected the Protestant enthusiasts, and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly. "The same day the king's arms, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause and broke to pieces, whilst the rest of the window remained standing. Blennerhassett mutters the dark terrors which possessed himself and others." "These," says he, 'were reckoned ill omens to the king.'

In France, as the dreadful criminality of the French sovereigns through the seventeenth century began to tell powerfully and reproduce itself in the miseries and tumults of the French populace through the eighteenth century, it is interesting to note the omens which unfolded themselves at intervals. A volume might be written upon them. The French Bourbons renewed the picture of that fatal house which in Thebes offered to the Grecian observers the spectacle of dire auguries emerging from darkness through three generations, à *plusieurs reprises*. Every body knows the fatal pol

ution of the marriage pomps on the reception of Marie Antoinette in Paris: the numbers who perished are still spoken of obscurely as to the amount, and with shuddering awe for the unparalleled horrors standing in the background of the fatal reign — horrors

“ That, hushed in grim repose, await their evening prey.”

But in the life of Goethe is mentioned a still more portentous (though more shadowy) omen in the pictorial decorations of the arras which adorned the pavilion on the French frontier. The first objects which met the Austrian archduchess, on being hailed as dauphiness, was a succession of the most tragic groups from the most awful section of the Grecian theatre. The next alliance of the same kind between the same great empires, in the persons of Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie Louisa, was overshadowed by the same unhappy omens, and, as we all remember, with the same unhappy results, within a brief period of five years.

Or, if we should resort to the fixed and monumental rather than to these auguries of great nations, — such, for instance, as were imbodyed in those *palladia*, or protesting talismans, which capital cities, whether pagan or Christian, glorified through a period of twenty-five hundred years, — we shall find a long succession of these enchanted pledges, from the earliest precedent of Troy (whose palladium was undoubtedly a talisman) down to that equally memorable, and bearing the same name, at western Rome. We may pass, by a vast transition of two and a half millennia, to that great talisman of Constantinople, the triple serpent, (having

perhaps, an original reference to the Mosaic serpent of the wilderness, which healed the infected by the simple act of looking upon it, as the symbol of the Redeemer, held aloft upon the cross for the deliverance from moral contagion.) This great consecrated talisman, venerated equally by Christian, by pagan, and by Mahometan, was struck on the head by Mahomet II., on that same day, May 29th of 1453, in which he mastered by storm this glorious city, the bulwark of Eastern Christendom, and the immediate rival of his own European throne at Adrianople. But mark the superfetation of omens — omen supervening upon omen, augury ingrafted upon augury. The hour was a sad one for Christianity. Just seven hundred and twenty years before, the western horn of Islam had been rebutted in France by the Germans, chiefly under Charles Martel ; but now it seemed as though another horn, even more vigorous, was preparing to assault Christendom and its hopes from the Eastern quarter. At this epoch, in the very hour of triumph, when the last of the Cæsars had glorified his station and sealed his testimony by martyrdom, the fanatical sultan, riding to his stirrups in blood, and wielding that iron mace which had been his sole weapon, as well as cognizance, through the battle, advanced to the column, round which the triple serpent reared spirally upwards. He smote the brazen talisman ; he shattered one head ; he left it mutilated, as the record of his great revolution ; but crush it, destroy it, he did not. As a symbol prefiguring the fortunes of Mahometanism, his people noticed that, in the critical hour of fate which stamped the sultan's acts with efficacy through ages

he had been prompted by his secret genius only to 'scotch the snake," not to crush it. Afterwards the fatal hour was gone by ; and this imperfect augury has since concurred traditionally with the Mahometan prophecies about the Adrianople gate of Constantinople to depress the ultimate hopes of Islam in the midst of all its insolence. 'The very haughtiest of the Mussulmans believe that the gate is already in existence through which the red giaours (the *Russi*) shall pass to the conquest of Stamboul, and that every where, in Europe at least, the hat of Frangistan is destined to surmount the turban. The crescent **must go down before the cross.**

SORTILEGE ON BEHALF OF THE GLAS- GOW ATHENÆUM.

SUDDENLY, about the middle of February, I received a request for some contribution of my own proper writing to a meditated ALBUM of the Glasgow Athenæum. What was to be done? The 13th of the month had already dawned before the request reached me; 'return of post' was the sharp limitation notified within which my communication must revolve; whilst the request itself was dated Feb. 10: so that already three 'returns of post' had finished their brief career on earth. I am not one of those people who, in respect to bread, insist on the discretionary allowance of Paris; but, in respect to time, I *do*. Positively, for all efforts of thought I must have time *à discrétion*. In this case, now, all *discretion* was out of the question; a mounted jockey, in the *melée* of a Newmarket start, might as well demand time for meditation on the philosophy of racing. There was clearly no resource available but one; and it was this: — In my study I have a bath, large enough to swim in, provided the swimmer, not being an ambitious man, is content with going a-head to the extent of six inches at the utmost. This bath, having been superseded (as regards its original purpose) by another mode of bathing, has yielded a secondary service to me as a reservoir for my

MSS. Filled to the brim it is by papers of all sorts and sizes. Every paper written *by me, to me, for me, of or concerning me, and, finally, against me,* is to be found, after an impossible search, in this capacious repertory. Those papers, by the way, that come under the last (or hostile) subdivision, are chiefly composed by shoemakers and tailors — an affectionate class of men, who stick by one to the last like pitch-plasters. One admires this fidelity; but it shows itself too often in waspishness, and all the little nervous irritabilities of attachment too ardent. They are wretched if they do not continually hear what one is ‘about,’ what one is ‘up to,’ and which way one is going to travel. Me, because I am a political economist, they plague for my private opinions on the currency, especially on that part of it which consists in bills at two years after date; and they always want an answer by return of post. What the deuce! one can’t answer *everybody* by return of post. Now, from this reservoir I resolved to draw some paper for the use of the Athenæum. It was my fixed determination that this Institution should receive full justice, so far as human precautions could secure it. Four dips into the bath I decreed that the Athenæum should have; whereas an individual man, however hyperbolically illustrious, could have had but one. On the other hand, the Athenæum must really content itself with what fortune might send, and not murmur at me as if I had been playing with loaded dice. To cut off all pretence for this allegation, I requested the presence of three young ladies, haters of everything unfair, as female attorneys, to watch the proceedings on behalf of the Athenæum, to see that the dipping went on correctly, and also to advise the

court in case of any difficulties arising. At 6 P. M. all was reported right for starting in my study. The bath had been brilliantly illuminated from above, so that no tricks *could* be played in that quarter; and the young man who was to execute the dips had finished dressing in a new potato sack, with holes cut through the bottom for his legs. Now, as the sack was tied with distressing tightness about his throat, leaving only a loop-hole for his right arm to play freely, it is clear that, however sincerely fraudulent in his intentions, and in possible collusion with myself, he could not assist me by secreting any papers about his person, or by any other knavery that we might wish to perpetrate. The young ladies having taken their seats in stations admirably chosen for overlooking the movements of the young man and myself, the proceedings opened. The inaugural step was made in a neat speech from myself, complaining that I was the object of unjust suspicions, and endeavoring to re-establish my character for absolute purity of intentions; but, I regret to say, ineffectually. This angered me, and I declared with some warmth, that in the bath, but whereabouts I could not guess, there lay a particular paper which I valued as equal to the half of my kingdom; 'but for all that,' I went on, 'if our hon. friend in the potato sack should chance to haul up this very paper, I am resolved to stand by the event, yes, in that case, to the half of my kingdom I will express my interest in the Institution. Should even *that* prize be drawn, out of this house it shall pack off to Glasgow this very night.' Upon this, the leader of the attorneys, whom, out of honor to Shakspeare, I may as well call Portia, chilled my enthusiasm disagreeably by

saying — ‘There was no occasion for any extra zeal on *my* part in such an event, since, as to packing out of this house to Glasgow, she and her learned sisters would take good care that it *did* ;’ — in fact, *I* was to have no merit whatever I did. Upon this, by way of driving away the melancholy caused by the obstinate prejudice of the attorneys, I called for a glass of wine, and, turning to the west, I drank the health of the Athenæum, under the allegoric idea of a young lady about to come of age and enter upon the enjoyment of her estates. ‘Here’s to your prosperity, my dear lass,’ I said ; ‘you’re very young — but that’s a fault which, according to the old Greek adage, is mending every day ; and I’m sure you’ll always continue as amiable as you are now towards strangers in distress for books and journals. Never grow churlish, my dear, as some of your sex are’ (saying which, I looked savagely at Portia). And then, I made the signal to the young man for getting to work — Portia’s eyes, as I noticed privately, brightening like a hawk’s. ‘*Prepare to dip!*’ I called aloud ; and soon after — ‘*Dip!*’ At the ‘*prepare,*’ Potato-sack went on his right knee (his face being at right angles to the bath) ; at the ‘*Dip!*’ he plunged his right arm into the billowy ocean of papers. For one minute he worked amongst them as if he had been pulling an oar ; and then, at the peremptory order ‘*Haul up!*’ he raised aloft in air, like Brutus refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar, his booty. It was handed, of course, to the attorneys, who showed a little female curiosity at first, for it was a letter with the seal as yet unbroken, and might prove to be some old love-letter of my writing, recently sent back to me by the Dead-Letter Office.

It still looked fresh and blooming. So, if there was no prize for Glasgow, there might still be an interesting secret for the benefit of the attorneys. What it was, and what each successive haul netted, I will register under the corresponding numbers.

No. 1. — This was a dinner invitation for the 15th of February, which I had neglected to open. It was, as bill-brokers say, 'coming to maturity,' but luckily not *past due* (in which case you have but a poor remedy), for, though twenty days after date, it had still two days to run before it could be presented for payment. A debate arose with the attorneys — Whether this might not do for the *Album*, in default of any better haul? I argued, for the affirmative, — that, although a dinner invitation cannot in reason be looked to for very showy writing, its motto being *Esse quam videri* (which is good Latin for — *To eat⁵⁹ rather than make believe to eat*, as at ball suppers or Barmecide banquets), yet, put the case that I should send this invitation to the Athenæum, accompanied with a power-of-attorney to eat the dinner in my stead — might not *that* solid bonus as an enclosure weigh down the levity of the letter considered as a contribution to the *Album*, and take off the edge of the Athenæum's displeasure? Portia argued *contra* — that such a thing was impossible; because the Athenæum had two thousand mouths, and would therefore require two thousand dinners; — an argument which I admitted to be showy, but, legally speaking, hardly tenable: because the Athenæum had power to appoint a plenipotentiary — some man of immense calibre — to eat the dinner, as representative of the collective two thousand. Portia parried this objection by replying, that if the invita-

tion had been to a ball there might be something in what I said; but as to a mere dinner, and full fifty miles to travel for it from Glasgow, the plenipotentiary (whatever might be his calibre) would decline to work so hard for such a trifle. 'Trifle!' I replied — 'But, with submission, a dinner twenty-two days after date of invitation is not likely to prove a trifle. This, however is, always the way in which young ladies, whether attorneys or not, treat the subject of dinner. And as to the fifty miles, the plenipotentiary could go in an hour.' 'How?' said Portia, sternly. 'Per rail,' I replied with equal sternness. What there was to laugh at, I don't see; but at this hot skirmish between me and Portia concerning that rather visionary person the plenipotentiary, and what he might choose to do in certain remote contingencies, and especially when the gross reality of 'per rail' came into collision with his aerial essence, Potato-sack began to laugh so immoderately, that I was obliged to pull him up by giving the word rather imperiously — '*Prepare to dip!*' Before he could obey, I was myself pulled up by Portia, with a triumph in her eye that alarmed me. She and her sister attorneys had been examining the dinner invitation — 'and,' said Portia maliciously to me, 'it's quite correct — as you observe there are two days good to the dinner hour on the 15th; "*Prepare to dine!*" is the signal that *should* be flying at this moment, and in two days more "*Dine!*" — only, by misfortune, the letter is in the wrong year — it is four years old!' Oh! fancy the horror of this; since, besides the mortification from Portia's victory, I had perhaps narrowly escaped an indictment from the plenipotentiary for sending him what might *now* be

considered a swindle. I hurried to cover my confusion, by issuing the two orders '*Prepare to dip!*' and '*Dip!*' almost in the same breath. No. 1, after all the waste of legal learning upon it, had suddenly burst like an air-bubble; and the greater stress of expectation, therefore, had now settled on No. 2. With considerable trepidation of voice, I gave the final order — '*Haul up!*'

No. 2. — It is disagreeable to mention that this haul brought up — 'a dun.' Disgust was written upon every countenance; and I fear that suspicion began to thicken upon myself — as having possibly (from my personal experience in these waters) indicated to our young friend where to dredge for duns with most chance of success. But I protest fervently my innocence. It is true that I had myself long remarked that part of the channel to be dangerously infested with duns. In searching for literary or philosophic papers, it would often happen for an hour together that I brought up little else than variegated specimens of the dun. And one vast bank there was, which I called the Goodwin Sands, because nothing within the memory of man was ever known to be hauled up from it except eternal specimens of the dun — some gray with antiquity, some of a neutral tint, some green and lively. With grief it was that I had seen our dipper shoaling his water towards that dangerous neighborhood. But what could I do? If I had warned him off, Portia would have been sure to fancy that there was some great oyster-bed or pearl-fishery in that region; and all I should have effected by my honesty would have been a general conviction of my treachery. I therefore became as anxious as everybody else for

No. 3, which might set all to rights — *might*, but slight were my hopes that it *would*, when I saw in what direction the dipper's arm was working. Exactly below that very spot where he had dipped, lay, as stationary as if he had been anchored, a huge and ferocious dun of great antiquity. Age had not at all softened the atrocious expression of his countenance, but rather aided it by endowing him with a tawny hue. The size of this monster was enormous, nearly two square feet; and I fancied at times that, in spite of his extreme old age, he had not done growing. I knew him but too well; because whenever I happened to search in that region of the bath, let me be seeking what I would, and let me miss what I might, always I was sure to haul up *him* whom I never wanted to see again. Sometimes I even found him basking on the very summit of the papers; and I conceived an idea, which may be a mere fancy, that he came up for air in particular states of the atmosphere. At present he was *not* basking on the surface: better for the Athenæum if he *had*: for then the young man would have been cautious. Not being above, he was certainly below, and underneath the very centre of the dipper's plunge. Unable to control my feelings, I cried out — 'Bear away to the right!' But Portia protested with energy against this intermeddling of mine, as perfidy too obvious. 'Well,' I said, 'have it your own way: you'll see what will happen.'

No. 3. — This, it is needless to say, turned out the horrid old shark, as I had long christened him: I knew his vast proportions, and his bilious aspect, the moment that the hauling up commenced, which in *his* case occupied some time. Portia was the more angry

because she had thrown away her right to *express* any anger by neutralizing my judicious interference. She grew even more angry, because I, though sorry for the Athenæum, really could not help laughing when I saw the truculent old wretch expanding his huge dimensions — all umbered by time and ill-temper — under the eyes of the wondering young ladies; so mighty was the contrast between this sallow behemoth and a rose-colored little billet of their own. By the way, No. 2 had been a specimen of the dulcet dun, breathing only zephyrs of request and persuasion; but this No. 3 was a specimen of the polar opposite — the dun horrific and Gorgonian — blowing great guns of menace. As ideal specimens in their several classes, might they not have a value for the *museum* of the Athenæum, if it *has* one, or even for the *Album*? This was *my* suggestion, but overruled, like everything else that I proposed; and on the ground that Glasgow had too vast a conservatory of duns, native and indigenous, to need any exotic specimens. This settled, we hurried to the next dip, which, being by contract the last, made us all nervous.

No. 4. — This, alas! turned out a lecture addressed to myself by an ultra-moral friend; a lecture on procrastination; and not badly written. I feared that something of the sort was coming; for, at the moment of dipping, I called out to the dipper — ‘Starboard your helm! you’re going smack upon the Goodwins; in thirty seconds you’ll founder.’ Upon this, in an agony of fright, the dipper forged off, but evidently quite unaware that vast spurs stretched off from the Goodwins — shoals and sand-banks — where it was mere destruction to sail without a special knowledge

of the soundings. He had run upon an ethical sand-bank. 'Yet, after all, since this is to be the last dip,' said Portia, 'if the lecture is well written, might it not be acceptable to the Athenæum?' 'Possibly,' I replied; 'but it is too personal, besides being founded in error from first to last. I could not allow myself to be advertised in a book as a procrastinator on principle, unless the Athenæum would add a postscript under its official seal, expressing entire disbelief of the accusation; which I have private reasons for thinking that the Athenæum may decline to do.'

'Well, then,' said Portia, 'as you wilfully rob the Athenæum of No. 4, which by contract is the undoubted property of that body, in fee simple and not in fee conditional,' (mark Portia's learning as an attorney,) 'then you are bound to give us a 5th dip; particularly as you've been so treacherous all along.' Tears rushed to my eyes at this most unjust assumption. In agonizing tones I cried out, 'Potato-sack! my friend Potato-sack! will you quietly listen to this charge upon me, that am as innocent as the child unborn? If it is a crime in me to know, and in you *not* to know, where the Goodwins lie, why then, let you and me sheer off to the other side of the room, and let Portia try if *she* can do better. I allow her motion for a fresh trial. I grant a 5th dip: and the more readily, because it is an old saying — that there is luck in odd numbers: *numero dues impare gaudet*; — only I must request of Portio to be the dipper on this final occasion.' All the three attorneys blushed a rosy red on this unexpected summons. It was one thing to criticize, but quite another thing to undertake the performance; and the fair attorneys trembled fo

their professional reputation. Secretly, however, I whispered to Potato-sack, 'You'll see now, such is female address, that whatever sort of monster they haul up, they'll swear it's a great prize, and contrive to extract some use from it that may seem to justify this application for a new trial.'

No. 5. — Awful and thrilling were the doubts, fears, expectations of us all, when Portia 'prepared to dip,' and secondly 'dipped.' She shifted her hand, and 'ploitered' amongst the papers for full five minutes. I winked at this in consideration of past misfortunes; but, strictly speaking, she had no right to 'ploiter' for more than one minute. She contended that she knew, by intuition, the sort of paper upon which 'duns' were written; and whatever else might come up, she was resolved it should not be a dun. 'Don't be too sure,' I said; and, at last, when she seemed to have settled her choice, I called out the usual word of command, '*Haul up.*'

'What is it?' we said; 'what's the prize?' we demanded, all rushing up to Portia. Guess, reader; — it was a sheet of blank paper.

I, for my part, was afraid either to laugh or to cry I really felt for Portia, and, at the same time, for the Athenæum. Yet I had a monstrous desire to laugh horribly. But, bless you, reader! there was no call for pity to Portia. With the utmost coolness she said, 'Oh! here is *carte blanche* for receiving your latest thoughts. This is the paper on which you are to write an essay for the Athenæum; and thus we are providentially enabled to assure our client the Athenæum of something expressly manufactured for the occasion, and not an old wreck from the Goodwins.

Fortune loves the Athenæum; and her four blarbs at starting were only meant to tease that Institution, and to enhance the value of her final favor.' 'Ah, indeed!' I said in an under tone, '*meant to tease!* there are other ladies who understand that little science beside Fortune!' However, there is no disobeying the commands of Portia; so I sate down to write a paper on ASTROLOGY. But, before beginning, I looked at Potato-sack, saying only, 'You see: I told you what would happen.'

ASTROLOGY.

As my contribution to their *Album*, I will beg the Athenæum to accept a single thought on this much-injured subject. Astrology I greatly respect; but it is singular that my respect for the science arose out of my contempt for its professors,—not exactly as a direct logical consequence, but as a casual suggestion from that contempt. I believe in astrology, but not in astrologers; as to *them* I am an incorrigible infidel. First, let me state the occasion upon which my astrological thought arose; and then, secondly, the thought itself.

When about seventeen years old, I was wandering as a pedestrian tourist in North Wales. For some little time, the centre of my ramblings (upon which I still revolved from all my excursions, whether elliptical, circular, or zig-zag) was Llangollen in Denbighshire, or else Rhuabon, not more than a few miles distant. One morning I was told by a young married woman, at whose cottage I had received some kind

hospitalities, that an astrologer lived in the neighborhood. 'What might be his name?' Very good English it was that my young hostess had hitherto spoken; and yet, in this instance, she chose to answer me in Welsh. *Mochinahante*, was her brief reply. I dare say that my spelling of the word will not stand Welsh criticism; but what can you expect from a man's first attempt at Welsh orthography? I am sure that my *written* word reflects the *vocal* word which I heard — provided you pronounce the *ch* as a Celtic guttural; and I can swear to three letters out of the twelve, viz. the first, the tenth, and the eleventh, as rigorously correct. Pretty well, I think, *that*, for a mere beginner — only seventy-five per cent. by possibility wrong! But what did *Mochinahante* mean? For a man might as well be anonymous, or call himself X Y Z, as offer one his visiting card indorsed with a name so frightful to look at — so shocking to utter — so agonizing to spell — as *Mochinahante*. And that it had a translatable meaning — that it was not a proper name but an appellative, in fact some playful *sobriquet*, I felt certain, from observing the young woman to smile whilst she uttered it. My next question drew from her — that this Pagan-looking monster of a name meant *Pig-in-the-dingle*. But really, now, between the original monster and this English interpretation, there was very little to choose; in fact the interpretation, as often happens, strikes one as the harder to understand of the two. 'To be sure it does,' says a lady sitting at my elbow, and tormented by a passion so totally unfeminine as curiosity — 'to be sure — very much harder; for *Mochina* — *what-do-you-call-it!* might, you know, mean something or other, for any-

thing that you or I could say to the contrary ; but as to *Pig-in-the-dingle* — what dreadful nonsense ! what impossible description of an astrologer ! A man that — let me see — does something or other about the stars : how can *he* be described as a pig ? pig in *any* sense, you know — pig in *any* place ? But *Pig-in-a-dingle* ! — why, if he's a pig at all, he must be *Pig-on-a-steeple*, or *Pig-on-the-top-of-a-hill*, that he may rise above the mists and vapors. Now I insist, my dear creature, on your explaining all this riddle on the spot. *You* know it — you came to the end of the mystery ; but none of *us* that are sitting here can guess at the meaning ; we shall all be ill, if you keep us waiting — I've a headach beginning already — so say the thing at once, and put us out of torment !'

What's to be done ? I *must* explain the thing to the Athenæum ; and if I stop to premise an oral explanation for the lady's separate use, there will be no time to save the Glasgow post, which waits for no man, and is deaf even to female outcries. By way of compromise, therefore, I request of the lady that she will follow my pen with her radiant eyes, by which means she will obtain the earliest intelligence, and the speediest relief to her headach. I, on my part, will not loiter, but will make my answer as near to a telegraphic answer, in point of speed, as a rigid metallic pen will allow. — I divide this answer into two heads : the first concerning '*in the dingle*,' the second concerning '*pig*.' My philosophic researches, and a visit to the astrologer, ascertained a profound reason for describing him as *in-the-dingle* ; viz. because he *was* in a dingle. He was the sole occupant of a little cove amongst the hills — the sole householder ; and

so absolutely such, that if ever any treason should be hatched in the dingle, clear it was to my mind that *Mochinahante* would be found at the bottom of it; if ever war should be levied in this dingle, *Mochinahante* must be the sole belligerent; and if a forced contribution were ever imposed upon this dingle, *Mochinahante* (poor man!) must pay it all out of his own pocket. The lady interrupts me at this point to say — ‘ Well, I understand all *that* — that’s all very clear. But what I want to know about is — *Pig*. Come to *Pig*. Why *Pig*? How *Pig*? In what sense *Pig*? You can’t have any profound reason, you know, for *that*.’

Yes I have; a *very* profound reason; and satisfactory to the most sceptical of philosophers, viz. that he *was* a Pig. I was presented by my fair hostess to the great interpreter of the stars, in person; for I was anxious to make the acquaintance of an astrologer, and especially of one who, whilst owing to so rare a profession, owned also to the soft impeachment of so very significant a name. Having myself enjoyed so favorable an opportunity for investigating the reasonableness of that name, *Mochinahante*, as applied to the Denbighshire astrologer, I venture to pronounce it unimpeachable. About his dress there was a forlornness, and an ancient tarnish or *æru*go, which went far to justify the name; and upon his face there sate that lugubrious rust (or what medallists technically call *patina*) which bears so costly a value when it is found on the *coined* face of a Syro-Macedonian prince long since compounded with dust, but, alas! bears no value at all if found upon the flesh-and-blood face of a living philosopher. Speaking humanly, one would have insinuated that the star-gaze wanted much washing and

scouring; but, astrologically speaking, perhaps he would have been spoiled by earthly waters for his celestial vigils.

Mochinahante was civil enough; a pig is not necessarily rude; and, after seating me in his chair of state, he prepared for his learned labors by cross-examinations as to the day and hour of my birth. The *day* I knew to a certainty; and even about the *hour* I could tell quite as much as ought in reason to be expected from one who certainly had not been studying a chronometer when that event occurred. These points settled, the astrologer withdrew into an adjoining room, for the purpose (as he assured me) of scientifically constructing my horoscope; but unless the drawing of corks is a part of that process, I should myself incline to think that the great man, instead of minding my interests amongst the stars and investigating my horoscope, had been seeking consolation for himself in bottled porter. Within half-an-hour he returned; looking more lugubrious than ever; more grim; more grimy (if *grime* yields any such adjective); a little more rusty; rather more *pâtinous*, if numismatists will lend me that word; and a great deal more in want of scouring. He had a paper of diagrams in his hand, which of course contained some short-hand memoranda upon my horoscope; but, from its smokiness, a malicious visitor might have argued a possibility that it had served for more customers than myself. Under his arm he carried a folio book, which (he said) was a manuscript of unspeakable antiquity. This he was jealous of my seeing; and before he would open it, as if I and the book had been two prisoners at the bar suspected of meditating some collusive mischief (such

as tying a cracker to the judge's wig), he separated us as widely from each other as the dimensions of the room allowed. These solemnities finished, we were all ready — I, and the folio volume, and Pig-in-the-dingle — for our several parts in the play. *Mochinahante* began: — He opened the pleadings in a deprecatory tone, protesting, almost with tears, that if anything should turn out amiss in the forthcoming revelations, it was much against his will; that *he* was powerless, and could not justly be held responsible for any part of the disagreeable message which it might be his unhappiness to deliver. I hastened to assure him that I was incapable of such injustice; that I should hold the stars responsible for the whole; by nature, that I was very forgiving; that any little malice, which I might harbor for a year or so, should all be reserved for the use of the particular constellations concerned in the plot against myself; and, lastly, that I was now quite ready to stand the worst of their thunders. Pig was pleased with this reasonableness; he saw that he had to deal with a philosopher; and, in a more cheerful tone, he now explained that my case was mystically contained in the diagrams; these smoke-dried documents submitted, as it were, a series of questions to the book; which book it was — a book of unspeakable antiquity — that gave the inflexible answers, like the gloomy oracle that it was. But I was not to be angry with the book, any more than with himself, since — ‘Of course not,’ I replied, interrupting him, ‘the book did but utter the sounds which were predetermined by the white and black keys struck in the smoky diagrams; and I could no more be angry with the book for speaking what

it conscientiously believed to be the truth than with a decanter of port wine, or a bottle of porter, for declining to yield more than one or two wine-glasses of the precious liquor at the moment when I was looking for a dozen, under a transient forgetfulness, incident to the greatest minds, that I myself, ten minutes before, had nearly drunk up the whole.' This comparison, though to a critic wide awake it might have seemed slightly personal, met with the entire approbation of *Pig-in-the-dingle*. A better frame of mind for receiving disastrous news, he evidently conceived, could not exist or be fancied by the mind of man than existed at that moment in myself. *He* was in a state of intense pathos from the bottled porter. *I* was in a state of intense excitement (pathos combined with horror) at the prospect of a dreadful lecture on my future life, now ready to be thundered into my ears from that huge folio of unspeakable antiquity, prompted by those wretched smoke-dried diagrams. I believe we were in magnetical rapport. Think of *that*, reader!—Pig and I in magnetical rapport! Both making passes at each other! What in the world would have become of us if suddenly we should have taken to somnambulizing? Pig would have abandoned his dingle to me; and I should have dismissed Pig to that life of wandering which must have betrayed the unscoured patinous condition of the astrologer to the astonished eyes of Cambria:—

Stout Glos'ter stood aghast [or *might* have stood] in speechless
trance.

To arms! cried Mortimer [or at least *might* have cried], and
couch'd his quivering lance.'

But Pig was a greater man than he seemed. H

yielded neither to magnetism nor to bottled porter ; but commenced reading from the black book in the most awful tone of voice, and, generally speaking, most correctly. Certainly he made one dreadful mistake ; he started from the very middle of a sentence, instead of the beginning ; but then *that* had a truly lyrical effect, and also it was excused by the bottled porter. The words of the prophetic denunciation, from which he started, were these — ‘also *he* [that was myself, you understand] shall have red hair.’ ‘*There goes a bounce,*’ I said in an under tone ; ‘the stars it seems, can tell falsehoods as well as other people.’ ‘Also,’ for Pig went on without stopping, ‘he shall have seven-and-twenty-children.’ Too horror-struck I was by this news to utter one word of protest against it. ‘Also,’ Pig yelled out at the top of his voice, ‘he shall desert them.’ Anger restored my voice, and I cried out, ‘That’s not only a lie in the stars, but a libel ; and, if an action lay against a constellation, I should recover damages.’ Vain it would be to trouble the reader with all the monstrous prophecies that Pig read against me. He read with a steady Pythian fury. Dreadful was his voice : dreadful were the starry charges against myself — things that I *was* to do, things that I *must* do : dreadful was the wrath with which secretly I denounced all participation in the acts which these wicked stars laid to my charge. But this infirmity of good nature besets me, that, if a man shows trust and absolute faith in any agent or agency whatever, heart there is not in me to resist him, or to expose his folly. Pig trusted — oh how profoundly ! — in his black book of unspeakable antiquity. It would have killed him on the spot to

prove that the black book was a hoax, and that he himself was another. Consequently, I submitted in silence to pass for the monster that Pig, under coercion of the stars, had pronounced me, rather than part in anger from the solitary man, who after all was not to blame, acting only in a ministerial capacity, and reading only what the stars obliged him to read. I rose without saying one word, advanced to the table, and paid my fees; for it is a disagreeable fact to record, that astrologers grant no credit, nor even discount upon prompt payment. I shook hands with *Mochinahante*; we exchanged kind farewells—he smiling benignly upon me, in total forgetfulness that he had just dismissed me to a life of storms and crimes; I, in return, as the very best benediction that I could think of, saying secretly, ‘Oh Pig, may the heavens rain their choicest soap-suds upon thee!’

Emerging into the open air, I told my fair hostess of the red hair which the purblind astrologer had obtained for me from the stars, and which, with *their* permission, I would make over to *Mochinahante* for a reversionary wig in his days of approaching baldness. But I said not one word upon that too bountiful allowance of children with which *Moch.* had endowed me. I retreated by nervous anticipation from that inextinguishable laughter which, I was too certain, would follow upon *her* part; and yet, when we reached the outlet of the dingle, and turned round to take a parting look of the astrological dwelling, I myself was overtaken by fits of laughter; for suddenly I figured in vision my own future return to this mountain recess, with the young legion of twenty-seven children. ‘I desert them, the darlings!’

exclaimed, 'far from it! Backed by this filial army, I shall feel myself equal to the task of taking vengeance on the stars for the affronts they have put upon me through Pig their servant. It will be like the return of the Heracleidæ to the Peloponnesus. The sacred legion will storm the "dingle," whilst I storm Pig; the rising generation will take military possession of "*-inahante*," whilst I deal with "*Moch*" (which I presume to be the part in the long word answering to Pig).' My hostess laughed in sympathy with my laughter; but I was cautious of letting her have a look into my vision of the sacred legion. We quitted the dingle for ever; and so ended my first visit, being also my last, to an astrologer.

This, reader, was the true general occasion of my one thought upon astrology; and, before I mention it, I may add that the immediate impulse drawing my mind in any such direction was this:—On walking to the table where the astrologer sat, in order to pay my fees, naturally I came nearer to the folio book than astrological prudence would generally have allowed. But Pig's attention was diverted for the moment to the silver coins laid before him; these he reviewed with the care reasonable in one so poor, and in a state of the coinage so neglected as it then was. By this moment of avarice in Pig, I profited so far as to look over the astrologer's person, sitting and bending forward full upon the book. It was spread open, and at a glance I saw that it was no MS. but a printed book, printed in black-letter types. The month of August stood as a rubric at the head of the broad margin; and below it stood some days of that month in orderly succession

So then, Pig,' said I in my thoughts, 'it seems that

any person whatever, born on any particular day and hour of August, is to have the same exact fate as myself. But a king and a beggar may chance thus far to agree. And be you assured, Pig, that all the infinite variety of cases lying between these two *termini* differ from each other in fortunes and incidents of life as much, though not so notoriously, as king and beggar.

Hence arose a confirmation of my contempt for astrology. It seemed as if *necessarily* false — false by an *à priori* principle, viz. that the possible differences in human fortunes, which are infinite, cannot be measured by the possible differences in the particular moments of birth, which are too strikingly finite. It strengthened me in this way of thinking, that subsequently I found the very same objection in Macrobius. Macrobius may have stolen the idea; but certainly not from me — *as* certainly I did not steal it from him; so that here is a concurrence of two people independently, *one* of them a great philosopher, in the very same annihilating objection.

Now comes my one thought. Both of us were wrong, Macrobius and myself. Even the great philosopher is obliged to confess it. The objection truly valued is — to astrologers, not to astrology. No two events ever *did* coincide in point of time. Every event has, and must have, a certain duration; this you may call its *breadth*; and the true *locus* of the event in time is the central point of that breadth, which never was or will be the same for any two separate events, though grossly held to be contemporaneous. It is the mere imperfection of our human means for chasing the infinite subdivisibilities of time which causes us to regard two events as even by possi-

bility concurring in their central moments. This imperfection is crushing to the pretensions of astrologers but astrology laughs at it in the heavens; and astrology, armed with celestial chronometers, is true!

Suffer me to illustrate the case a little:— It is rare that a metaphysical difficulty can be made as clear as a pikestaff. This can. Suppose two events to occur in the same quarter of a minute—that is, in the same fifteen seconds; then, if they started precisely together, and ended precisely together, they would not only have the same breadth, but this breadth would accurately coincide in all its parts or fluxions; consequently, the central moment, viz., the 8th, would coincide rigorously with the centre of each event. But, suppose that one of the two events, A for instance, commenced a single second before B the other, then, as we are still supposing them to have the same breadth or extension, A will have ended in the second before B ends; and, consequently, the centres will be different, for the 8th second of A will be the 7th of B. The disks of the two events will overlap—A will overlap B at the beginning; B will overlap A at the end. Now, go on to assume that, in a particular case, this overlapping does not take place, but that the two events eclipse each other, lying as truly surface to surface as two sovereigns in a tight *rouleau* of sovereigns, or one dessert-spoon nestling in the bosom of another; in that case, the 8th or central second will be the centre for both. But even here a question will arise as to the degree of rigor in the coincidence: for divide that 8th second into a thousand parts or sub-moments, and perhaps the centre of A will be found to hit the 450th sub-moment, whilst that of B may hit the 600th. G

suppose, again, even this trial surmounted: the two harmonious creatures, A and B, running neck and neck together, have both hit simultaneously the true centre of the thousand sub-moments which lies half-way between the 500th and the 501st. All is right so far — ‘all right behind;’ but go on, if you please; subdivide this last centre, which we will call X, into a thousand lesser fractions. Take, in fact, a railway express-train of decimal fractions, and give chase to A and B; my word for it that you will come up with them in some stage or other of the journey, and arrest them in the very act of separating their centres — which is a dreadful crime in the eye of astrology; for, it is utterly impossible that the initial moment, or *sub-moment*, or *sub-sub-moment* of A and B should absolutely coincide. Such a thing as a perfect start was never heard of at Doncaster. Now, this severe accuracy is not wanted on earth. Archimedes, it is well known, never saw a perfect circle, nor even, with his leave, a decent circle; for, doubtless, the reader knows the following fact, viz., that, if you take the most perfect Vandyking ever cut out of paper or silk, by the most delicate of female fingers, with the most exquisite of Salisbury scissors, upon viewing it through a microscope you will find the edges frightfully ragged; but, if you apply the same microscope to one of God’s Vandyking on the corolla or calyx of a flower, you will find it as truly cut and as smooth as a moonbeam. We on earth, I repeat, need no such rigorous truth. For instance, you and I, my reader, want little perhaps with circles, except now and then to bore one with an augre in a ship’s bottom, when we wish to sink her and to cheat the underwriters; or, by way of variety

to cut one with a centre-bit through shop-shutters, in order to rob a jeweller;—so *we* don't care much whether the circumference is ragged or not. But that won't do for a constellation! The stars *n'entendent pas la raillerie* on the subject of geometry. The pendulum of the starry heavens oscillates truly; and if the Greenwich time of the *Empyreum* can't be repeated upon earth, without an error, a horoscope is as much a chimera as the perpetual motion, or as an agreeable income-tax. In fact, in casting a nativity, to swerve from the true centre by the trillionth of a centillionth is as fatal as to leave room for a coach and six to turn between your pistol shot and the bull's eye. If you haven't done the trick, no matter how near you've come to it. And to overlook this, is as absurd as was the answer of that Lieutenant M., who, being asked whether he had any connection with another officer of the same name, replied — 'Oh yes! a very close one.' 'But in what way?' 'Why, you see, I'm in the 50th regiment of foot, and he's in the 49th:' walking, in fact, just behind him! Yet, for all this, horoscopes may be calculated very truly by the stars amongst themselves; and my conviction is — that they are. They are perhaps even printed hieroglyphically, and published as regularly as a nautical almanac; only, they cannot be re-published upon earth by any mode of piracy yet discovered amongst sublunary booksellers. Astrology, in fact, is a very profound, or at least a very lofty science; but astrologers are humbugs.

I have finished, and I am vain of my work; for I have accomplished three considerable things:—I have floored Macrobius; I have cured a lady of her

headache; and lastly, which is best of all, I have expressed my sincere interest in the prosperity of the Glasgow Athenæum.

But the Glasgow post is mounting, and this paper will be lost; a fact which, amongst all the dangers besetting me in this life, the wretched Pig forgot to warn me of.

FEB. 24, 1848.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. Page 77.

“*The twelve tribes*”—It is a beautiful circumstance in the symbology of the Jewish ritual, where all is symbolic and all significant, where all in Milton’s language ‘was meant mysteriously,’ that the ten tribes were not blotted out from the breastplate after their revolt; no, nor after their idolatrous lapse, nor after their captivity, nor after their supposed utter dispersion. Their names still burned in the breastplate, though their earthly place knew them no more.

NOTE 2. Page 118.

“*Especially the death of Mariamne*.”—There is a remarkable proof extant of the veneration attached in Jewish imagination to the memory of this lady as a Maccabee. Long after her death, a pretender (or alleged pretender) to the name and rights of Alexander, one of her two murdered sons, appeared at Rome, and instantly drew to himself the enthusiastic support of all the Jews throughout Italy.

NOTE 3. Page 127.

“*That could not have been otherwise obtained*.”—One thing is entirely overlooked. Neither in Syria, nor any part of Asia Minor, of Achaia, &c., could the Apostles have called a general meeting of the people without instant liability to arrest as public disturbers. But the character of physicians furnished a privileged case, which operated as a summons, instant, certain, safe, uniformly intelligible to others, and without effort of their own

NOTE 4. Page 128.

“*As the heart of Judea.*” — It was an old belief amongst the Jews, upon their ideas of cosmography, that Judea was the central region of the earth, and that Jerusalem was the *omphalos*, or navel of Judea — an idea which the Greeks applied to Delphi.

NOTE 5. Page 130.

“*Chrysom children.*” — Tell a child of three years old to pronounce the word *helm*; nine times out of ten it will say *helom* from the imperfection of its organs. By this mode of corruption came the word *chrysom*, from the baptismal *chrism* of the early Christians. In England, if a child dies within the first month of its life, it is called a *chrysom child*; whence the title in the London bills of mortality. In such a case, it was the beautiful custom amongst our ancestors, perhaps still is so amongst those who have the good feeling to appreciate these time-honored usages, to bury the innocent creature in its baptismal robe; to which the northern Spaniards add, as another symbol of purity, on the lid of the little coffin, —

‘A happy garland of the pure white rose.’

How profoundly this mysterious chrism influenced the imaginations of our forefathers, is shown by the multiplied *ricochets* through which it impressed itself upon the vocabulary of the case; the oil, the act of anointing, the little infant anointed, the white robe in which it was dressed, — all and each severally bore the name of the *chrysom*.

NOTE 6. Page 151.

“*Amaranthine:*” — This word, familiar even to non-Grecian readers through the flower *amaranth*, and its use amongst poets, is derived from *a*, not (equivalent to our *un*), and *maraino*, to wither or decay.

NOTE 7. Page 152.

“*Chained down their Gods*”:—Many of the Greek states, though it has not been sufficiently inquired *which* states and in what age, had a notion that in war-time the tutelary deities of the place, the epichorial gods, were liable to bribery, by secret offers of temples more splendid, altars better served, &c. from the enemy; so that a standing danger existed, lest these gods should desert to the hostile camp; and especially, because, not knowing the rate of the hostile biddings, the indigenous worshippers had no guide to regulate their own counterbiddings. In this embarrassment, the prudent course, as most people believed, was to chain the divine idols by the leg, with golden fetters.

NOTE 8. Page 153.

“*The Farrers*.”—There is, but by whom written I really forget, a separate memoir of this family, and published as a separate volume. In the county histories (such as Chauncy’s, &c.) will also be found sketches of their history. But the most popular form in which their memorials have been retraced is a biography of Nicholas Farrer, introduced into one of the volumes, I cannot say which, of the Ecclesiastical Biography—an interesting compilation, drawn up by the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, a brother of the great poet.

NOTE 9. Page 154.

For proof, look only at two coins of our British Empire—first, at our current *rupee* throughout Hindostan. When a child, I was presented by Bengal relatives with a rouleau of rupees by way of playthings: anything so rude in workmanship, so truly Hunnish, and worthy of Attila, I have not seen on this earth of ours. And yet, secondly, our own English *florin*, though less brutally inartificial, is even more offensive to good taste, because less unpretending as a work of display. Oh, that dreadful woman, with that dreadful bust!—the big woman, and the big bust!—whom and which to encircle in “a chaste salute” would require a man with arms fourteen feet long!

NOTE 10. Page 155.

When a murderer is thoroughly diseased by vanity one loses all confidence in him. Cellini went upon the plan of claiming all eminent murders, suitable in point of time and place, that nobody else claimed; just as many a short poem in the Greek Anthologies, marked *adespota* (or, *without an owner*), was sported by one pretender after another as his own. Even simple homicides he would not think it below him to challenge as his own. Two princes, at the very least, a Bourbon and a Nassau, he pretended to have shot; it might be so, but nobody ever came forward to corroborate his statement.

NOTE 11. Page 156.

In youth I saw frequently *chefs d'œuvre* of bookbinding from the studios of some London artists (Hering, Lewis, &c.), and of several Germans — especially Kaltoeber, Staggemeier, and others (names forgotten by reason of prickliness and thorniness). But I read the account of Mr. Farrer's Bible, and you see how far *he*, in 1635, must have outshone them.

NOTE 12. Page 156.

This was the earliest attempt at a Polyglot Bible, and had its name from the town of *Complutum*, which is, I think, *Alcala de Henarez*. The Henarez is a little river. Some readers will thank me for mentioning that the accent is on the *first* syllable of *Complutum*, the *u* in the penultimate being short; not *Complutum* but *Complütum*.

NOTE 13. Page 157

Was it not Bishop Halifax who apologized for Butler in this instance? If Butler were in deep sincerity a Protestant, no apology was sufficient.

NOTE 14. Page 161.

Joseph Ady was a useful public servant, although in some degree a disreputable servant; and through half a generation (sa

sixteen or seventeen years, in these days) a purveyor of fun and hilarity to the great nation of newspaper-readers. His line of business was this: Naturally, in the case of a funded debt so vast as ours in Great Britain, it must happen that very numerous lodgments of sums not large enough to attract attention, are dropping into the list of dividends with no apparent claimant every fortnight. Death is always at work in removing the barriers between ourselves — whoever this *ourselves* may happen to be — and claims upon the national debt that have lost (perhaps long ago) their original owners. The reader, for instance, or myself, at this very moment, may unconsciously have succeeded to some lapsed claim, between which and us five years ago there may have stood thirty or forty claimants with a nearer title. In a nation so adventurous and given to travelling as ours, deaths abroad by fire and water, by contagious disease, and by the dagger or secret poison of the assassin (to which of all nations ours is most exposed, from inveterate habits of generous, unsuspecting confidence), annually clear off a large body of obscure claimants, whose claims (as being not conspicuous from their small amount) are silently as snow-flakes gathering into a vast fund (if I recollect, forty millions sterling) of similar noiseless accumulations. When you read the periodical list published by authority of the countless articles (often valuable) left by the owners in public carriages, out of pure forgetfulness, to the mercy of chance, or of needy public servants, it is not possible that you should be surprised if some enterprising countryman, ten thousand miles from home, should forget in his last moments some deposit of one, two, or three hundred pounds in the British Funds. In such a case, it would be a desirable thing for the reader and myself that some person practised in such researches should take charge of our interests, watch the future fortunes of the unadvertised claim, and note the steps by which sometimes it comes nearer and nearer to our own door. Now, such a vicarious watchman was Joseph Ady. In discharge of his self-assumed duties, he addressed letters to all the world. He communicated the outline of the case; but naturally stipulated for a retaining fee (not much, usually twenty shillings), as the *honorarium* for services past and coming. Out of five thousand addressees, if nine-tenths declined to take any notice of his letters, the remaining tenth secured to him £500 annually. Gradually he extended

his correspondence to the Continent. And general merriment attended his continual skirmishes with police-offices. But this lucrative trade was at last ungenerously stifled by a new section in the Post-office Bill, which made the *writer* of letters that were refused liable for the postage. That legislative blow extinguished simultaneously *Adyism* and *Ady*.

NOTE 15. Page 162.

“*Unpleasantries*” — this is a new word, launched a very few years back in some commercial towns. It is generally used — not in any sense that the reader would collect from its antipole, *pleasantry*, but in a sense that he may abstract from the context in the sentence above.

NOTE 16. Page 164.

This block is, I believe, a *monolith*. Even to obtain in an accessible situation, and still more to remove into its present site, such a granite mass insusceptible of partition, was a triumph of mechanic art; and consequently superadds to the attraction of the statue (an equestrian statue of Peter the Great — founder at once of the city and the possibility of the city in that situation) — a scenical record of engineering power. So far, and considered as a conquest over difficulties, the entire mass must be very striking. But two objections must interfere with the spectator's pleasure. If, as I have been told, the monolith is itself the *basis* of the statue, in that case what is ordinarily viewed as a *hors-d'œuvre*, no more belonging to the statue than the terrace, street, square, or public hall in which it may happen to be placed, suddenly enters into the artist's work as an essential and irremovable member, or integrant feature of his workmanship. Secondly, this granite monolith, being chiselled into the mimic semblance of an ascending precipice, or section of a precipice, unavoidably throws the horse into an unnatural action; not perhaps into an unnatural or false attitude; for the attitude may be true to the purpose; but that purpose is itself both false and ungraceful, unless for an ibex or an Alpine chamois. A horse is easily trained to ascend a flight of stairs; and with no training at all at the request of Mr. Pitt, a little horse of the Shetland breed was trotted up-stairs into the front drawing-room at the London

mansion of the penultimate Duke of Gordon. That was more than fifty years ago ; for Pitt has been dead *now* [viz., November, 1857] for nearly fifty-two years. But within the recent knowledge of us all, a full-sized horse carried his rider in a flying leap over a splendid dinner table — glass, china, tureens, decanters, and blazing wax-lights — ambling gently down-stairs on taking his leave, and winning a heavy wager. Such feats are accounted noble and brilliant amongst the princes and sirdars round the throne of Persia. But with us of the western world they are reputed more becoming to a Franconi or an Astley than to a Czar of all the Russias, who speaks as God's vicegerent to three hundred nations and languages. But even a flying leap is better than a *scrambling*, — and up-hill over the asperities of a granite rock neither horse nor man is able to do more than scramble, — and this is undignified for the Czar ; is perilous and more unnatural than running up-stairs for the horse ; and to the poor spectator (unless paid for spectating) is sympathetically painful.

NOTE 17. Page 168.

It may seem strange to insinuate against the *Aglaophamus* any objection, great or small, as regards its crudition — *that* being the main organ of its strength. But precisely here lay the power of Lobeck, and here his weakness ; all his strength, and his most obvious defect. Of this he was sensible himself. At the very period of composing the *Aglaophamus*, he found reason to complain that his situation denied him access to great libraries : and this, perhaps, is felt by the reader most in the part relating to the Eleusinian mysteries, least in that relating to the Orphic. Previously, however, Lobeck had used his opportunities well. And the true praise of his reading is, not so much that it was unusually extensive, as that it was unusually systematic, and connected itself in all its parts by unity of purpose. At the same time it is a remark of considerable interest, that the student must not look in Lobeck, for luminous logic, or for simplicity of arrangement, which are qualifications for good writing, unknown to the great scholars of modern Germany, to Niebuhr altogether, and in the next degree unknown to Ottfried Muelier, and to Lobeck. Their defects in this respect are so flagrant, as to argue some capital vice in the academic training

of Germany. Elsewhere throughout the world no such monstrous result appears of chaotic arrangement from profound research. As regards philosophy, and its direct application to the enigmas of these Grecian mysteries, it is no blame to Lobeck that none must be looked for in *him*, unless he had made some pretence to it, which I am not aware that he did. Yet in one instance he ought to have made such a pretence: mere good sense should have opened his eyes to one elementary blunder of Warburton's. I tax W., I tax all who ever countenanced W., I tax all who have ever opposed W., I tax Lobeck as bringing up the rear of these opponents, one and all with the inexcusable blindness of torpor in using their natural eyesight. So much of philosophy as resides in the mere natural faculty of reflectiveness, would have exposed [pure sloth it was in the exercise of this faculty which concealed] the blunder of W. in confounding a *doctrinal* religion, [such as Judaism, Christianity, Islamism,] with a Pagan religion, which last has a *cultus* or ceremonial worship, but is essentially insusceptible of any dogma or opinion. Paganism had no creed, no faith, no doctrine, little or great shallow or deep, false or true. Consequently the doctrine of a future state *did* not (because it *could* not) belong to Paganism. Having no doctrines of *any* sort, Grecian idolatry could not have *this*. All other arguments against W. were *à posteriori* from facts of archæology: this was *à priori* from the essential principle of an idolatrous religion. All other arguments proved the Warburtonian crotchet to be a falsehood: this proves it to be an impossibility. Other arguments contradict it: this leaves it in self-contradiction. And one thing let me warn the reader to beware of. In the Oriental forms of Paganism, such as Buddhism, Brahminism, &c., some vestiges of opinion seem at times to intermingle themselves with the facts of the mythology: all which, however, are only an aftergrowth of sectarian feuds, or philosophic dreams, that having survived opposition, and the memory of their own origin, have finally confounded themselves with the religion itself as parts in its original texture. But in Greece there never *was* any such confusion, even as a natural process of error. The schools of philosophy always keeping themselves alive, naturally always vindicated their own claims against any incipient encroachments of the national religion.

NOTE 18. Page 178.

Wicked Will Whiston.— In this age, when Swift is so little *resect*, it may be requisite to explain that Swift it was who fastened this epithet of *wicked* to Will Whiston ; and the humor of it lay in the very incongruity of the epithet ; for Whiston, thus sketched as a profligate, was worn to the bone by the anxieties of scrupulousness : he was anything but wicked, being pedantic, crazy, and fantastical in virtue after a fashion of his own. He ruined his wife and family, he ruined himself and all that trusted in him, by crotchets that he never could explain to any rational man ; and by one thing that he never explained to himself, which a hundred years after I explained very clearly, viz. that all his heresies in religion, all his crazes in ecclesiastical antiquities, in casuistical morals, and even as to the discovery of the longitude, had their rise, not (as his friends thought) in too much conscientiousness and too much learning, but in too little rhubarb and magnesia. In his autobiography he has described his own craziness of stomach in a way to move the gravest reader's laughter, and the sternest reader's pity. Everybody, in fact, that knew his case and history, stared at him, derided him, pitied him, and, in some degree, respected him. For he was a man of eternal self-sacrifice, and that is always venerable ; he was a man of primitive unworldly sincerity, and that is always lovely ; yet both the one and the other were associated with so many oddities and absurdities, as compelled the most equitable judge at times to join in the general laughter. He and Humphrey Ditton, who both held official stations as mathematicians, and were both honored with the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, had both been candidates for the Parliamentary prize as discoverers of the longitude, and, naturally, both were found wrong ; which furnishes the immediate theme for Swift's savage ridicule :

“ The longitude mist on
 By wicked Will Wiston ;
 And not better hit on
 By good Master Ditton ”

NOTE 19. Page 178.

“*To adorn the Sparta:*” — This is an old proverbial form of expression amongst the ancients: when any man had assigned to him for culture or for embellishment a barren, a repulsive, or an ungenial field of labor, his friends would often cheer him up by saying, “*Spartam, quam nactus es, exorna;*” *i. e.*, “That Sparta (or homely province) which you have obtained as your allotment, improve and make the best of.”

NOTE 20. Page 184.

“*Officers:*” — I take advantage of this accidental notice directed to the class which amongst ourselves bears the designation of *officers*, for the purpose of calling attention to this most singular and inexplicable fact — that the Romans, by whom more than by any other people was developed the whole economy of war, consequently the whole corresponding nomenclature, had no term expressing the distinction of officers. If you were a *captain*, they called you a *centurion*; if a colonel, *tribunus*; and if a *private* — *i. e.*, a common soldier, or soldier in the ranks, which logically stands in contra-position to the term *officer* — they called you *miles gregarius*. But if, in speaking of you or me, they wished to say that either of us was a bad officer, though of what rank they could not say, by Mercury they had no word for conveying their meaning. The *thing* officer was as well known at Rome as coals at Newcastle; but not the *word*, or the *idea* as abstracted from all varieties of rank. Does not this go far to prove that there were blockheads in those days? As again the continuity of succession in that great race (*viz.*, blockheads) seems implied in the possibility that to my unworthy self should be left the very first indication of this unaccountable *lacuna* in the Roman vocabulary.

NOTE 21. Page 186.

The Romans themselves saw a monstrosity in this practice which did not really exist in the metaphysical necessity. It was, and it was *not*, monstrous. In reality it was rational, or monstrous, according to theoretic construction. Generally speaking, it was but a variety of that divinity which in Christendom all of

as so long ascribed to kings. We English always laughed at the French with their *grand monarque*. The Americans of the United States have always laughed at us English, and the sanctity with which our constitution invests the Sovereign. We English, French, and Americans, have all alike laughed at the Romans upon this matter of *apotheosis*. And when brought before us under the idea of Seneca's *apocolocuntosis*, this practice has seemed too monstrous for human gravity. And yet again, we English, French, Americans, and Romans, should all have united in scorn for the deep Phrygian, Persian, or Asiatic servility to kings. We of European blood have all looked to the constitutional idea, not the individual person of the sovereign. The Asiatics, though *they* also still feebly were groping after the same deep idea, sought it in such a sensual body of externals, that none but a few philosophers could keep their grasp on the original problem. How profound an idea is the sanctity of the English sovereign's constitutional person, which idea first made possible the responsibility of the sovereign's ministers. They could be responsible, only if the sovereign were *not*; let *them* be accountable, and the king might be inviolable. Now really in its secret metaphysics the Roman apotheosis meant little more. Only the accountability lay not in Cæsar's ministers, but in the personal and transitory Cæsar, as distinguished from the eternal Imperator.

NOTE 22. Page 186.

"*Great Augustan*:" — The house of Augustus individually, it will be objected, was *not* great: the Octavian house was petty; but it was elevated by its matrimonial alliance with the Julian house, and otherwise.

NOTE 23. Page 187.

"*Herod's own Household*:" — Viz., the murder of his wife Mariamne, to whom (as representing the Asimonéan house) he was indebted for his regal rank; next, the murder of her youthful brother, who stood nearest to the crown upon *her* death; lastly, the murder of the two most distinguished amongst his own sons. All which domestic carnage naturally provoked the cutting remark ascribed to Augustus Cæsar (himself bloody enough, as

controller of his female household), that it was far better to be numbered amongst Herod's swine, than amongst his kinsfolk; seeing that his swine were protected by the Mosaic law against the butcher's knife; whereas his kinsfolk enjoyed no such immunity.

NOTE 24. Page 191.

"*Nympholepsy*:" — The English reader will here be reminded of Lord Byron's exquisite line —

"The nympholepsy of some fond despair."

NOTE 25. Page 192.

There is a chorus of that title, powerfully conceived, in Dr Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul.

NOTE 26. Page 195

"*Traditions*:" — By this term, as distinguished from *prophecies*, I mean to indicate those special characteristics of the expected Messiah, current everywhere amongst the populace of Judca, which had been sent down through possibly sixty generations from Abraham, but were not expressly noticed in the Prophets. There were apparently many of these; and it is certain that some of them were regarded with reverence by Christ, and deliberately fulfilled by him.

NOTE 27. Page 465.

"*Visible*:" — Accordingly, some five-and-thirty years ago I attempted to show that Milton's famous expression in the "*Paradise Lost*," "*No light, but rather darkness visible*," was not (as critics imagined) a gigantic audacity, but a simple trait of description, faithful to the literal realities of a phenomenon (suilen light intermingled with massy darkness) which Milton had noticed with closer attention than the mob of careless observers. Equivalent to this is Milton's own expression, "*Teach light to counterfeit a gloom*," in "*Il Penseroso*."

NOTE 28. Page 469.

"*Relation of Xenia*:" — A citizen of Rome, if likely to travel, established correspondents all over the Mediterranean of course, therefore, at so splendid a city as Corinth. Afte

hat, the Corinthian correspondent, when drawn by business of any kind to Rome, went thither without anxiety — relying upon his privilege; and upon producing his *tessera*, or ticket of identification, he was immediately admitted to all the rights of hospitality; foremost amongst which ranked the advantage of good counsel against the risk of collision with the laws or usages of a strange city; and the further advantage of powerful aid in the case of having already incurred that risk. Inversely, the Roman enjoyed a parity of protection and hospitable entertainment on going to Corinth. And not unfrequently this reciprocal tie descended through several generations. The distant households drew upon each other *at sight*.

NOTE 29. Page 472.

“*Lampoons* :” — Too literally lampoons; for, as those meant personal invectives affixed to lamp-posts, where they could be read by everybody, so Gregory of Nazianzum himself entitled each of several successive libels on the Emperor Julian by the name of *stylites*, or libel affixed to a pillar of a public portico.

NOTE 30. Page 476.

[The passage following, as far as line three, page 489, was omitted by De Quincey, when reprinting this paper in the latest Edinburgh edition.]

NOTE 31. Page 491.

[Mr. De Quincey’s reference we presume is to his paper on “Greece under the Romans,” published in volume vii. of this series.]

NOTE 32. Page 495.

“*Fluetus decumanus* :” — Connected with this term, once so well understood, but now (like all things human) hurrying into oblivion, there was amongst the ancients a fanciful superstition; or, until it proved such, let us call it courteously a popular creed, that wanted the seal and *imprimatur* of science. Has the reader himself any creed whatsoever, or even opinion, as to *waves*? Stars, we all know, are of many colors, and of many sizes — crimson, green, azure orange, and (I believe, but am not certain) violet. As to size, they range all the way from those grandees up and down the sky, apparently plenipoten

tiaries of the heavens, or (in the Titanic language of Æschylus) λαμπροὶ Δυνασταί — blazing potentates — all the way down to such as count only amongst the secrets of the telescope: telescopic stars, as imperfectly revealed to the children of man as those children are revealed to *them*. The graduation of stars runs down a Jacob's ladder. Can there be any parallel graduation amongst the billows of old Ocean? The ancients — and perhaps it furnishes not the least conspicuous amongst the many evidences attesting their defect of power to observe accurately enough to meet the purposes of natural philosophy — fancied that there was; and supposing them for the moment right as to the main principle — viz., of a secret law moulding the waves in obedience to some geometric pressure, and expressing itself in some recurrent relation to arithmetic intervals, they must yet have been negligent in excess not to have investigated the relations of the vulgar waves — those, I mean, which apparently escaped the control of the ocean looms. What the ancients held was simply this — that every *tenth* wave was conspicuously larger than the other nine. But in what respect larger? In height was it, or generally in bulk? Did the favored wave distribute its superiority of size through the three dimensions of space (consequently the three dimensions of that which fills space) — an arrangement which would greatly disturb the apparent (though not the real) advantage on the scale of comparison between the tenth wave and the other nine? Or did this privileged tenth wave accumulate its entire advantage upon the one dimension of altitude? Next, as to the nine subordinate waves, defrauded of their fair proportions by unjust nomenclature, were they all equally defrauded, or was a bias towards favoritism manifested here also? And, if unequally endowed, did this inequality proceed *graduatim* and continuously, or discontinuously? And, if continuously, how did the scale move upwards? Was it by a geometrical progression through a series of multiples, or arithmetically through a series of constant increments? And the tenth wave — a thing which I was nearly forgetting to demand — being always superior in the scale, was it always equally superior? And if not, if the superiority were liable to disturbances, did these disturbances follow any known law? or was this law suspected of leaning towards the well-known Cambridge problem — Given the captain'

name, and the price of his knee-buckles, to determine the latitude of the ship.

This question about *the tenth wave*, together with others sent down to us from elder days — such, in particular, as that which respects the venom of the toad — had interested equally myself, the poorest of naturalists, and the late Professor Wilson, among the very best. We both admired, in the highest degree, the impassioned eloquence of Sir Thomas Brown in those works which allowed of eloquence, as in his “*Religio Medici*,” and his “*Urn-Burial* ;” but in his works of pure erudition, he, the corrector of traditional follies (as in his “*Vulgar Errors*”), sometimes needs correction himself. We had, in Westmoreland, learned experimentally that Shakspeare is right, in describing the toad as *venomous*. Venomous it is, to the small extent of diluted nitric acid in burning and discoloring the skin, when irritated — or more probably when greatly alarmed. Several brute creatures, cats in particular, when driven into a frenzy of fear, have been supposed to fall into a self-generated hydrophobia, with full power to inflict it. But grieved should we have been, if we had imagined that the full establishment of this persecution-born venom would ever suggest an argument of palliation to the cruel persecutors of this most inoffensive creature. Aggressive tendencies it has none: not offended, it will never offend. But *the decuman wave* was a more elaborate case. We had heard little else than scoffs at the Greek races who had countenanced such a belief. *Græcia mendax*, in the brief exhibition from the stage by the stern Roman of all Greek testimony whatsoever, had been the answer of the incredulous. Yet this reference had the effect of suggesting a question favorable to the ancients: might not the phenomenon, in Hibernian phrase, be “*thru for them?*” The tides in the Mediterranean are, I believe, everywhere in an under-key as compared with those of our angry Atlantic; in the Euripus, or narrow frith between Eubœa (Negropont) and the mainland, there are, by report, none at all. And having confessedly one great difference, why not another?

Professor Wilson, therefore, and myself had imposed it upon ourselves as a duty to investigate this problem. Of all companions that a man *could* have had, with the world stretched out before him to choose from, in any chase after a natural

phenomenon, for any purpose, whether of skeptical inquiry or of verification, none was equal to Professor Wilson. He had used his youthful (I may say schoolboy) opportunities indefatigably; he had won all his knowledge, so varied and so accurate, by direct experience, troubling himself little about books,* which in *his* earlier days, had as yet benefited by no reform (though even then on the brink of it). Professor Wilson has himself most powerfully discriminated (see Christopher in his "Aviary," Cant. i.) the two orders of naturalists: those self-formed among the fields and forests, on the one hand — on the other, the dry, sapless students of books in a closet or a museum. To the former class belonged preëminently White of Selborne, Waterton, Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, and those

* I ought in all gratitude to make an emphatic exception for "Bewick's Quadrupeds," a book to which myself, in common with my brothers and sisters, had been more deeply indebted than to any score of books beside in that department of knowledge. But, after all, it was the matchless vignettes of Bewick himself —

"And the skill which he learn'd on the banks of the Tyne"

that give such golden value to this book; for the printed text, though I daresay respectable, did not leave a profound impression upon any one of us. The "Birds," in which some of the vignettes struck me as even more beautiful, came to us, however, at a less impressible period. And the "Fables" we never heard of whilst children. Our experience of this delightful artist on whom rest the benedictions of childhood forever, was gathered in the years 1794 (when Robespierre might have figured for the Royal Tiger of Bengal), 1795, and 1796. Since then, two entire generations of the human race, with *its* annual harvests of children, have pursued their flight over the disk of Time. I have elsewhere mentioned "Gulliver" as one of those books which command a mixed audience where children and grown-up men are seen jostling each other; to this list must be added "Bunyan," the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Bewick." Publishers, it seems to me, should pay some regard to this fact in the characteristic embellishments, &c. adapted separately to the two different audiences.

whom Professor Wilson himself indicated as "the two Wilsons," meaning, probably, his own younger brother, James Wilson, and the American Wilson. But we ought *now* to speak of "the three Wilsons;" for the Professor himself, in so far as his other studies had left him time to pursue this science, was the most vivid, life-like, and realizing describer of brute animals, especially birds and fishes. He was not the measurer of proportions in fins and beaks, but the circumstantiator of habits and variable resources under variable difficulties.

Perhaps, in earlier days, Swammerdam should be added to this meritorious catalogue. Of *him* it was said, that, for every one year passed in human society, he had passed three in a ditch amongst frogs. At the time I speak of, our own inquiries concerned a sublimer object!* But, sublime as it might be, *that* formed no attraction to the feelings — morbid, it may be thought, but pathetically morbid — of Professor Wilson. The year of which I speak was (to the best of my recollection) 1826. Consequently, I had already known him most intimately for seventeen years; and year by year, as regards the latter seven, there had been growing upon him a deadly recoil of feeling from the seashore — as presenting that peculiar gathering of sights and sounds which more than any other awoke phantom resurrections to his own mind of his youthful gifts and physical energies, now annually decaying. We made two separate visits, if

* Not so sublime, however, as at first it may be fancied. Charles Lamb explained the cause of this when accounting for some person's disappointment on his first introduction to the sea. This person had vaguely prefigured the case to himself, as though the total object would present itself in all its tumultuous extent. Not that, upon a moment's reflection, he could have expected such a spectacle; but irreflectively he had allowed himself to anticipate, if not such a spectacle, yet an *impression* answerable in grandeur to such a spectacle. Meantime, all that he saw, or should reasonably have hoped to see, was a beggarly section, a fraction of the whole concern; and even for that fraction, the very station of dry land. *from* which he viewed it, reminded him that the ocean was anything but boundless. The ocean pretended to hem in mighty continents; but the naked truth was — that *they* hemmed in *him*

not three, to the seashore (*i. e.*, the shore of the Frith near Edinburgh), one perhaps in the year already mentioned, and a second some seven years later. One or other of these was to no greater distance than the sands of Portobello; but on that occasion, unfortunately, we met the Yeomanry (of Mid-Lothian, I think), who with some difficulty executed a charge on the very insufficient area of sand exposed at Portobello. This accident did not improve the spirits of Professor Wilson, who was reminded too keenly of the years 1806 and 1810, when he had himself figured most conspicuously in the ranks, first of the Oxford, subsequently of the Kendal Volunteers — on both occasions in the light company; for his powers as an athlete turned altogether upon agility, not upon strength. No man was a better judge upon questions of bodily prowess; and no man, at least no gentleman, was better acquainted with the records of the Fancy, as delivered by Mr. Pierce Egan, an amateur of first-rate ability. As to mere strength, though always disposed to speak disparagingly of his own powers, he was right, I believe, in undervaluing his own pretensions to the power of hard hitting. What had been sometimes said of Spring, though champion of England for some years, he has often assured me was true of himself — *viz.*, that “he could not make a dint in a pound of butter.” But in agility, as manifested in running, leaping, and dancing, he was the Pelides of his time. One striking proof of his supreme excellence as a leaper is implied in this anecdote: When he was about twenty (Anno 1805), he had started from Oxford at midnight for Moulsey Hurst (fifty miles distant, I believe), where some great event was to come off. After this was decided, Wilson, at the request of several friends on the ground, favored the amateurs with a specimen of his leaping. The crack leaper of the day — I rather think Richmond, a black — witnessed this performance; and, upon hearing the circumstances under which it had been executed — *viz.*, the severe pedestrian effort, and the night’s want of sleep — declined to undertake a contest upon any terms. That advantage upon which Lady Hester Stanhope idly nursed a secret vanity, as peculiar to herself and the Bedouins — *viz.*, an instep so highly arched that a rat might have run under her foot — formed one in the system of muscular machinery by which nature had equipped him for unapproachable excellence in one mode of gymnastics

Barely to see him even walk round a table was a pure delight to an eye at all learned in the fluencies of motion. Burke's expression upon the visionary grace of Marie Antoinette — that she hardly seemed to touch the earth — was realized, and became suddenly apprehensible to the sense, in *him*. And through this same structure of foot it was, and the extraordinary strength of his *tendon Achillis*, that he danced with ease and elegance so perfect. Yet he had never received one hour's instruction.

I fear that this preliminary account of my partner in the research may prove disproportioned; for the total result was small and purely negative. In the latter trial we waited and watched from an early stage of a spring tide; but the answer was none. We began by watching for a wave that should seem conspicuously larger than its fellows, and then counted onwards to the tenth, the twentieth, the thirtieth, and so on to the one hundredth dated from *that*. But we never could detect any overruling principle involving itself in the successive swells; and the wind continually disturbed any tendency that we had fancied to a recurrent law. Southey's brother, Tom, a lieutenant in the navy, whom I had once asked for his opinion upon the question, laughed, and said that such a notion must have come from the *log* of the ship *Argo*. Thus raising the Professor, who really *had* a good deal of nautical skill, and my ignorant self, that had none at all, to the rank of Argonauts. We, however, fancying that the phenomenon might possibly belong to *tideless* waters, subsequently tried the English lakes, some of which throw up very respectable waves when they rise into angry moods. The Cumberland lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater fell to my share; Windermere, Coniston, and Ulleswater, to Professor Wilson. But the issue of all was emptiness and aerial mockeries; as if the lady of the secret depths — Undina, or some Grecian Naiad,

"Or Lady of the Lake,"*

Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance —"

* "*Lady of the Lake*:" — Such was the earliest expression of Wordsworth's heavenly image — perhaps the loveliest that poetry can show. By altering the word *lake* to *mere*, he greatly deteriorated the effect: as he partly perceived himself. Why

had been playing with our credulity. False, however, as it may be, this image of the tenth wave furnished the ancients with a strong rhetorical expression for any possible excess in any mode of evil. A fiery heat of persecution, a threatening advance of exterminating war, a sudden and simultaneous rush of calamities [as upon Athens in the Peloponnesian War], was termed a *fluctus decumanus* of evil. Perhaps I have too lightly yielded to the temptation of connecting a *personal* interest with my imperfect report of an attempt to investigate the *thing*, or attempt at least to ascertain whether the supposed "thing" had any real root except in the fanciful creeds of Pagan naturalists. Now let us retreat from this digression into the high-road of the discussion upon ORACLES.

NOTE 33. Page 504.

What *was* this situation? Early in the eighth century after Christ (let us say A. D. 707), Roderick the Goth, King of Spain, taking an infamous advantage from his regal power, was said to have violated the person of Count Julian's daughter — by some historians called Cava. Her father, as the deadliest mode of vengeance open to him, had called in the Mahometan invaders of the Barbary coasts. Roderick, by a deep prophetic instinct, read in vision the desolation which his own perfidious atrocity had let loose upon Spain, his country, and Christianity, his faith, through eight hundred years; descended into hell by means of despair, reseeded by penitence to earth, fought one mighty battle for the Cross, was beaten, and immediately van-

then had he done it? Simply because amongst the dramatic writers of Shakspeare's era the phrase *Lady of the Lake* had received a slang meaning, like *Bona roba*, and other disreputable designations for that frail sisterhood. But this meaning (never at any time popularly diffused) had vanished for two entire centuries. So weak was William Wordsworth's reason for this, as for many another tampering with his own text. His first thoughts were almost invariably best. Indeed it is very noticeable that William Wordsworth, in earlier life the most obstinate of recusants, as regarded the arrogant mandates of criticism (and in general rightly so), became, towards the close of his life most injudiciously indulgent to capricious objectors.

ished from earth — leaving no traces for deciphering his mysterious fate.

NOTE 34. Page 510.

“*Tu es fou* :” — The merely English reader, who is unacquainted with French, must not mistake *fou* for *sot*. *Sot* is the word for *fool*; and the word *fou*, though looking too like that opprobrious term, denotes a form of intellectual infirmity — viz., madness — claiming deeper pity, but also deeper awe and respect.

NOTE 35. Page 510.

“*First ground* :” — In our modern geography, *Egypt* is the first region of Africa to those who enter it from the east. But exactly at that point it is that Grecian geography differs from ours. The Greek Libya, as regarded the Mediterranean coast, coincided with our Africa, except precisely as to Egypt, which (Herodotus tells us) was, or ought to be, regarded as a transitional chamber between Asia and Libya.

NOTE 36. Page 511.

At first sight, the reader is apt to wonder why it was that insolence so undisguised should have been allowed to prosper. But in fact all religions have been indulgent to insolence, where the known alternative has been sycophantic timidity. Christianity herself encourages men to “take heaven by storm.” In that spirit it was that the Pagan deities, in the persons of their representative idols, submitted to be caned and horsewhipped without open mutiny, and continually to be chained up by one leg, in cases where the gods were suspected of meditating flight to the enemy. Universally, insolence was but an offence of *manner*. Even *that* might have provoked a shade of displeasure, were it not that, more effectually than any other expression of temper, it cured the one unpardonable offence of insincerity, languishing devotion, decay of burning love — to which love, as the one sole pledge of undying loyalty, all frailties were forgiven.

NOTE 37. Page 515.

[The remainder of this paper was added by De Quincey when revising the latest edition of his works and has not before been reprinted in America.]

NOTE 38. Page 517.

In fact so plentiful, that even the memorials dearest to their vanity and patriotism — viz., their Battle Trophies — could no otherwise be protected from the rapacity of domestic robbers than by making them of materials which would hardly pay the cost of removal. The Greeks, after any victory of one little rascally clan over another, of Spartans over Thebans, for instance, or (what is more gratifying to imagine) of Thebans over Spartans, used to do two things in the way of self-glorification: first, they chanted a hymn or *pæan* (ἑπαιανίζον), which was their mode of singing *Te Deum*; secondly, they erected a trophy, or memorial of their victory, on the ground. But this trophy one might naturally expect to be framed of the most durable materials; whereas, on the contrary, it was framed of the very frailest; viz., firewood, at sevenpence the cart-load; and the best final result that I, for *my* part, can suppose from any trophy whatsoever, would be — that some old woman, living in the neighborhood of the trophy, went out on favorable nights, and selected fuel enough to warm her poor old Pagan bones through the entire length of a Grecian winter. Why the wood rapidly disappeared, is therefore easy to understand; but not why it had ever been relied on as a durable record. The Greeks, however, who were masters in the arts of varnishing and gilding, reported the whole case in the following superfine terms: “It is right,” said they, “and simply a necessity of our human nature, that we should quarrel intermittingly. We Grecians are all brothers, it is true; but still even brothers must, for the sake of health, have a monthly allowance of fighting and kicking. Not at all less natural it is, that the conquerors in each particular round of our never-ending battle should triumph gloriously, and crow like twenty thousand game cocks, each flapping his wings on his own dunghill, armed with spurs according to the Socratic *μοδὸν* left us by Plato. An allowance, in short, of shouting and jubiling is but fair. Still all this should have a speedy end. Not only upon the prudential maxim — that he who is the kicking party to-day, will often be the kicked party to-morrow; but also on a moral motive — viz., to forget and forgive. Under these suggestions, it becomes right to raise no memorials of

ighting triumphs in any but fugitive materials; not therefore of brass, not therefore of marble, which (says the cunning Greek) would be too durable, which (say I, revising the Greek dissembler) would be too costly, but rather of wood the most worm-eaten, and if it show signs of dry-rot, all the better. Under this limitation our triumph puts on a human and natural shape. It very soon decays; and typifies our exultation, which decays concurrently." Ay, very plausible and sentimental. But this is an *ex parte* account; purely Grecian. Mine is different. I venture to suggest that the reason for not using brass or copper was, because, in that case, long before the moon had run her circuit, the trophy would have been found in a blacksmith's shop at Corinth or Athens, sold or pawned, at the rate of a drachma a-head for a gang of forty thieves. The *Græculus esuriens* of Juvenal's sketch (taken from the standing-point of Rome) was true for centuries: always he was a knave, a sharp sycophantic knave, that lived by his wits; and yet, multiplying too fast, always in the large majority he was hungry. Through many a generation he was the dominant physician of the earth; he left behind him a body of medical research that is even yet worth studying; he, if nobody else, forestalled Lord Bacon's philosophy, for he at least relied altogether upon experience and tentative approaches; others he healed by myriads; but himself he never succeeded in healing permanently or widely of the disease called hunger. Empty stomachs continued to form the reproach of his art. For the truth was, through centuries, that Greece bred too large a population. Her institutions favored population too much, whilst her agriculture and commerce tended (but could not establish a sufficient tendency) to repress population. Too constantly, therefore, Greece was *mendax, edax, furax* (mendacious, edacious, furacious), though indisposed to criminal excesses.

NOTE 39. Page 522.

In English we understand by security neither more nor less than *safety*; *i. e.*, freedom from danger. But in Latin, *securitas* means freedom — not at all from danger, but from the *sense* of danger and its anxieties. A man is therefore in Latin often described as *securus*, whilst on the brink of destruction, if only not conscious of his danger. Milton, in his occasional tendency

to draw too emphatically upon the Latin elements in our language, has given to the word *secure* its Roman acceptation ; but he has hardly naturalized that use.

NOTE 40. Page 536.

“*An under power of sublimity.*” — Every body knows that Homer compared the Telamonian Ajax, in a moment of heroic endurance, to an ass. This, however, was only under a momentary glance from a peculiar angle of the case ; but the Mahometan, too solemn, and also, perhaps, too stupid, to catch the fanciful colors of things, absolutely by choice, under the Bagdad caliphate, decorated a most favorite hero with the title of the *Ass* — which title is repeated with veneration to this day. The wild ass is one of the few animals which has the reputation of never flying from an enemy.

NOTE 41. Page 537.

“*Which recommended it to a distinction.*” — It might be objected that the Oriental ass was often a superb animal ; that it is spoken of prophetically as such ; and that, historically, the Syrian ass is made known to us as having been used in the prosperous ages of Judea for the riding of princes. But this is no objection. Those circumstances in the history of the ass were requisite to establish its symbolic propriety in a great symbolic pageant of triumph ; whilst, on the other hand, the individual animal, there is good reason to think, was marked by all the qualities of the general race as a suffering and unoffending tribe in the animal creation. The asses on which princes rode were of a separate color, of a peculiar breed, and improved like the English racer, by continual care.

NOTE 42. Page 537.

Mahometanism, which every where pillages Christianity, cannot but have its own face at times glorified by its stolen jewels. This solemn hour of jubilation, gathering even the brutal natures into its fold, recalls accordingly the Mahometan legend (which the reader may remember is one of those incorporated into Southey's *Thalaba*) of a great hour revolving once in every year, during which the gates of paradise were thrown open to their utmost extent, and gales of happiness issued forth upon the total family of man.

NOTE 43. Page 539.

"*Does spontaneously offer itself.*" — Heber (Bishop of Calcutta) complains that this constellation is not composed of stars answering his expectation in point of magnitude; but he admits that the dark barren space around it gives to this inferior magnitude a very advantageous relief.

NOTE 44. Page 540.

See upon this subject some interesting speculations (or at least dim outlines and suggestions or speculations) by the German author, Novalis (the Graf von Hardenberg.)

NOTE 45. Page 542.

"*The victim of Obi.*" — It seems worthy of notice that his magical fascination is generally called Obi, and the magicians Obeah men, throughout Guinea, Negroland, &c. : whilst the Hebrew or Syriac word for the rites of necromancy was *Ob*, or *Obh*, at least when ventriloquism was concerned.

NOTE 46. Page 543.

As for example in that mysterious poem of Horace, where a dying boy points the fulminations of his dying words against the witch that presides over his tortures.

NOTE 47. Page 553.

“*No worse book could have been selected.*”—The probable reason for making so unhappy a choice seems to have been that Virgil, in the middle ages, had the character of a necromancer, a diviner, &c. This we all know from Dante. Now, the original reason for this strange translation of character and functions we hold to have arisen from the circumstance of his maternal grandfather having borne the name of *Magus*. People in those ages held that a powerful enchanter, exorciser, &c., must have a magician amongst his *cognati*; the power must run in the blood, which on the maternal side could be undeniably ascertained. Under this preconception, they took *Magus*, not for a proper name, but for a professional designation. Amongst many illustrations of the magical character sustained by Virgil in the middle ages, we may mention that a writer about the year 1200, or the era of our Robin Hood, published by Montfaucon, and cited by Gibbon in his last volume, says of Virgil, that “*Captus a Romanis invisibiliter exiit, ivitque Neapolim.*”

NOTE 48. Page 554.

“*Because he was too young.*”—Dr. Doddridge was born in the summer of 1702; consequently he was at this era of his life about twenty-seven years old, and consequently not so obviously entitled to the excuse of youth. But he pleaded his youth, not with a view to the exertions required, but to the *auctoritas* and responsibilities of the situation.

NOTE 49. Page 559.

Victrix causa Deis placuit ; sed victa Catoni — that cause which triumphed approved itself to the gods ; but, in retaliation, the vanquished cause approved itself to Cato. Perhaps, in all human experience, in books or in colloquial intercourse, there never was so grand, so awful a compliment paid to an individual as this of Lucan's to Cato ; nor, according to my own judgment, one so entirely misplaced. One solitary individual, in his single person, is made to counterpoise by weight of *auctoritas* and power of sanction the entire Pantheon. The Julian cause might have seemed the better, for it won the favor of Heaven. But no. The Pompeian must have been the better, for it won the favor of Cato.

NOTE 50. Page 559.

And in fact not merely *liable* to be set aside, but *actually* set aside in 1660 by the Restoration. This reversal was again partially reversed, or at least to a great extent virtually reversed, by the Revolution of 1688-9 : upon which great event the true judgment too little perceived by English historians, is, that, for the most part, it was a reaffirmation of the principles contended for by the Long Parliament in the Parliamentary War. But this final verdict Milton did not live to see, or even dimly to anticipate.

NOTE 51. Page 561.

"*The hero of the horrid narrative.*" — Horrid it certainly is ; and one incident in every case gives a demoniacal air of coolness to the hellish atrocities — viz., the regular forwarding of the *bheels*, or gravediggers. But else the tale tends too much to monotony, and for a reason which ought to have checked the author in carrying on the work to three volumes — namely, that, although there is much dramatic variety in the circumstances of the several cases, there is none in the catastrophes. The brave man and the coward, the erect spirit fighting to the last and the poor creature that despairs from the first, — all are confounded in one undistinguishing end by sudden strangulation. Thi

was the original defect of the plan. The sudden surprise and the scientific noosing as with a Chilian *lasso* constituted in fact a main feature of Thuggee; but still the gradual theatrical arrangement of each Thug severally by the side of a victim must often have roused violent suspicion, and that in time to intercept the suddenness of the murder. Now, for the sake of the dramatic effect, this interception ought more often to have been introduced, else the murders are but so many blind surprises as if in sleep.

NOTE 52. Page 565.

Since this was first written, Haydon the painter, in his Auto biography [I. p. 76], refers to this ancient superstition in terms which I have reason to think inaccurate: "She" (his mother) "appeared depressed and melancholy. During the journey, four magpies rose, chattered, and flew away. The singular superstitions about the bird were remembered by us all. I repeated to myself the old saw — '*One for sorrow, two for mirth, three for a wedding, and four for death.*' I tried to deceive my dear mother, by declaring that *two were for death, and four for mirth*; but she persisted that four announced death in Devonshire; and absurd as we felt it to be, we could not shake off the superstition." About three o'clock in the succeeding night Mrs. Haydon died. Meantime, whatever may be the Devonshire version of the old saying, I am assured by a lady that the form current elsewhere is this:—

"One for sorrow;
Two for mirth;
Three for a wedding;
And four for a birth."

And it is clear that the rhyme in the latter reading offers some guarantee for its superior accuracy.

NOTE 53. Page 567.

"*There are in England.*" — Especially in Somersetshire and for twenty miles round Wrington, the birthplace of Locke. Nobody sinks for wells without their advice. We

ourselves knew an amiable and accomplished Scottish family, who, at an estate called Belmadrothie, in memory of a similar property in Ross-shire, built a house in Somersetshire, and resolved to find water without help from the jowser; but after sinking to a greater depth than ever had been known before, and spending nearly two hundred pounds, they were finally obliged to consult the jowser, who found water at once.

NOTE 54. Page 568.

Mahmood of Ghizni, which, under the European name of Ghaznee, was so recently taken in one hour by our Indian army under Lord Keane. Mahmood was the first Mahometan invader of Hindostan.

NOTE 55. Page 575.

“Is as much entitled to a fair valuation, under the laws of induction, as if it had been more probable beforehand.”— One of the cases which Laplace notices as entitled to a grave consideration, but which would most assuredly be treated as a trivial phenomenon, unworthy of attention, by commonplace spectators, is when a run of success, with no apparent cause, takes place on heads or tails, (*pile ou croix.*) Most people dismiss such a case as pure accident; but Laplace insists on its being duly valued as a fact, however unaccountable as an effect. So again, if, in a large majority of experiences like those of Lord Lindsay’s party in the desert, death should follow, such a phenomenon is as well entitled to its separate valuation as any other.

NOTE 56. Page 578.

“*Because that idea is so peculiarly Christian.*” — One reason, additional to the main one, why the idea of a ghost could not be conceived or reproduced by paganism, lies in the fourfold resolution of the human nature at death — *viz.*, 1. *corpus* ; 2. *manes* ; 3. *spiritus* ; 4. *anima*. No rever- sionary consciousness, no restitution of the total nature, sentient and active, was thus possible. Pliny has a story which looks like a ghost story ; but it is all moonshine — a mere *simulacrum*.

NOTE 57. Page 580.

“*Like Port wine superannuated, the sibylline books had lost their flavor and their body.*” — There is an allegoric description in verse, by Mr. Rogers, of an icehouse, in which winter is described as a captive, &c., which is memorable on this account — that a brother poet, on reading the passage, mistook it, (from not understanding the allegorical expressions,) either sincerely or maliciously, for a description of the housedog. Now, this little anecdote seems to embody the poor sibyl's history — from a stern, icy sovereign, with a petrific mace, she lapsed into an old, toothless mastiff. She continued to snore in her ancient kennel for above a thousand years. The last person who attempted to stir her up with a long pole, and to extract from her paralytic dreaming some growls or snarls against Christianity, was Aurelian, in a moment of public panic. But the thing was past all tampering ; the poor creature could neither be kicked nor coaxed into vitality.

NOTE 58. Page 582.

By the way, it seems quite impossible for the stern and unconditional skeptic upon all modes of supernatural communication to reconcile his own opinions with the circumstantial report of

Henry's last hours, as gathered from Sully and others. That he was profoundly sensible of the danger that brooded over his person, is past all denying; now, whence was this sense derived?

NOTE 59. Page 593.

Esse, to eat: — The reader, who may chance to be no great scholar as regards Latin, will yet perhaps be aware of this meaning attached of old to the verb *Esse*, from a Latin enigma current amongst school-boys, viz., *Pes est caput*, which at first sight seems to say that the *foot is the head*; but in the true version means — *Pes* [in its secondary sense, the same as *Pediculus* — an insect not to be named] *est*, eats — *caput*, the head.

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