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CONSIDERATIONS  
ON  
THE HUMAN MIND,  
ITS  
PRESENT STATE,  
AND  
FUTURE DESTINATION.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



### T O T H E R E A D E R .

ON the twenty-third day of January, in the year of our Lord, one thousand, seven hundred, and ninety,—a male child was born, in the house, in which I now reside. He was a second son, the first having died, about eleven months previously, when only six weeks old, in conformity with a prediction, that no eldest son of the family, should ever live to succeed in the possession of that dwelling.

How the aged crone, who invented this story, came to acquire her knowledge, it is hard to say,—but, certainly, the truth of her assertion, has been confirmed, by the fact, in four successive instances.

A fairy Rath, was profaned, and a weather-beaten thorn, covered with ivy, round which the fairies gambolled by moonlight, was irreverently removed, to make room, for the house, then about to be erected. Hence, the continued

resentment of the fairies. Hence, the angry imprecations of the prophetess, and the punishment, inflicted on the elder and unoffending members of the family.

When the second child was born, great were the rejoicings. Many were the visits of congratulation, and many were the cups of caudle, flavored with sugar, and cinnamon, and nutmeg, and wine, which, with pieces of cake, were handed about, each visitor wishing HEALTH and LONG LIFE, to the son and heir, who was pronounced by all, the finest child, that ever was seen, and as like to his father, as possible!

The Parson and the Doctor, always manage to interest themselves, with our entrance into this world, and with our departure from it. It was so in this instance. The child, at the proper time, was christened and inoculated. He cried on both occasions. He screamed, and seemed, as if he would get into fits, because his face was sprinkled with water,—and he manifested an equal dislike, to having his arm punctured, for the insertion of a portion of the variolous infection. The poor infant, what could he know of the great value of those processes? It was well for him, that he had parents to think for him—a zealous Cleric, and a benevolent Doctor, to attend to his Spiritual and Temporal Health, in their respective departments.

The child grew up—strong, healthy, bold, and obstinate; and a great trouble to his mother. He could read, as soon as he could speak, and was fond of reading. He preferred to be alone, rather than to play much with other children. His questions, are said to have been strange, and not easy to answer. He asked *a Reason for everything, and was not satisfied, with an Idle or Foolish reason.*

He was sent to school. He was idle, but always contrived to have his lessons, and was a favorite with his teachers, who predicted that there was, *something* in him, they *could not say what*, but which would render him



*remarkable*, some time or other. Though he contrived to maintain a good character for correctness, and attention to his studies—he was not free from crime. In company with some of the older boys, whom he accompanied lest he should be called a coward—he robbed a garden, and handed the apples to them over the wall. He got back with difficulty, but never tasted one of the apples! the other boys having appropriated them all to themselves. This was a sad affair—this stealing of apples. It was, formerly, the occasion of much injury to the entire world. In this case, the stealing was rather beneficial to the school-boy. It proved to him, the danger of bad company, and of bad example, and what little advantage is to be derived, from an intimate association, with the dissolute and unprincipled. It was his first, and last offence of the kind. Fortunately, he was not detected, or he might have lost his good name for ever.

A violation of the commandment, and one which, in the opinion of Theologians, involved the breach of all the rest, would have, deservedly, prejudiced him in after life, and affixed a stain on his reputation, which no subsequent repentance could have removed. And yet, the boy was not naturally vicious, prone to theft, or irreligious. He was never known to tear a leaf, from Prayer book, or Bible. He was *not* pious over-much, and yet this feeling always influenced him, not only at school, but throughout his subsequent life. The reason of this, it is not easy to explain. It was not the result of teaching, or of example, but rather originated, in an *intuitive Veneration* for the CREATOR.

This feeling, never deserted him in after life. Neither a Formalist, nor an Enthusiast—he has been misunderstood, and misrepresented, by both. He has not troubled himself to conciliate them, in any way. Wherefore should

he? To please all, is impossible. He preferred, therefore, to please himself. In worldly matters, he had no propensity to hoard, and he hated the trouble of display. By the hoarders he was considered a fool, and by those who delighted in carriages, servants, and dress, he was regarded an oddity, and rather mean in his tastes !

Reader—the writer of this book,—was this child, boy and man, and is now, the aged individual who addresses you. In publishing the work,—to which he invites your attention, he believes he discharges only his duty, to Society and to himself. He is aware, that it will offend many of your most *Inveterate*, and *long cherished* PREJUDICES. This is your affair, not his. He feels, that it is a part of his mission, to write and publish this effort, to promote the extension of the PRINCIPLES OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE, among the people of all creeds, and among all the classes and conditions of men. You will find, in this work, new and startling opinions, which, perhaps, you may not, at first, comprehend, but which, *subsequent reflection*, will, it is probable, enable you to understand.

You have been told, that “you have brought nothing into this world, and, when you leave it, can carry nothing away with you.” This, like most of what you have been taught, is a great error. You brought into the world, a SOUL, a HUMAN MIND, and, THIS POSSESSION, you *take with you*, when you *leave this Earth*. Of all created existences, whether in the Air, Earth, or Water, Your MIND, is the *only possession* that belongs to you, and of which nothing can deprive you. You, enjoy a *temporary* use of other things—but, you have not—you never had—and were never intended to possess, any permanent property in any of them. Even your BODY, is not your *own*. It is a

Machine, which you are permitted to use, for a certain time, and for certain *purposes*. This time expired—these purposes accomplished,—you are deprived of the possession of it, and You, YOURSELF, go elsewhere, to seek a new Residence, and to obtain a new Body.

We are, all of us, most anxious about our temporary Possessions; and if so, ought we not to take an equal interest, in the *only possession*, which actually, truly, and permanently belongs to us? I think we ought, and, therefore, I have written, and I now invite you, to *read this Book*.

### TO MY BOOK.

Go—Book—go. I commit thee, to the troubled waters of an angry sea. But, bear thyself bravely, and fear, neither wave, nor storm. Pursue thy steady course,—TRUTH thy leading star, and SINCERITY thy Pilot;—so, shalt thou reach, at last, in safety, thy destined Port.

Farewell, Book and Reader.—

The Church Bell, speaking, in slow and solemn tones, when it announces the interment of *one* who has died,—and but seldom, of any, *as aged as I am*, seems to me, to repeat, in my ear—“Seventy years old—Seventy years old—your time is nearly told—Seventy years old”!

Reader and Book, again FAREWELL.



# CONSIDERATIONS,

§c.

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OF all the wonders of creation the most marvellous is the Human Mind. It is possessed of thought, will, power, and their attributes, co-existent in some essence of incalculable tenuity, united to a minute portion of an unknown material, perhaps, less ponderable than that of light.

It occupies a central chamber in the brain, where it reposes, on a cushion formed of a net-work of nerves of exquisite sensibility. There it reposes—there, in its dark cell, into which the day has never penetrated, it dwells unseen,—seeing, hearing, feeling, thinking, neither sleeping nor slumbering, always receiving messages of Pleasure or Pain, from every part of the body, and, in return, issuing its commands to the organs of voluntary motion—the actions of which it regulates.

There it dwells, making acquaintance with all the works of Nature,—viewing with admiration, the endless succession of ever-varying pictures painted on the retina. Now, the sounds of sweet music please it, and now it delights in the language of the Poet, or is excited by the impassioned eloquence of the Patriot Orator. Then again, it weaves love fancies, or tortures itself with deadly hate. It contrives—plots—discerns that which is right, but prefers, often, what it knows to be wrong. At other times, it is actuated only by feelings of benevolence, affection, hope, charity. It invests itself in a tangled web of imagined good and evil. Wayward, capricious, inconsistent; what it yesterday disliked and rejected, to-day it wishes to obtain, and, before an hour, will perhaps long for the possession of something else. Never thoroughly satisfied, it would seem to exist for no other purpose than to create uneasiness for itself, by striving for that which it cannot acquire, and which, if possessed, would impart to it no permanent happiness.

Like the caged bird that wearies itself, and strikes its breast against the wires, and peeks at them, in vain efforts to escape, the

to it, in its previous state. We cannot, explain either how, or wherefore, these changes take place, but, witnessing them, we can the more readily believe, that the soul, when emancipated from the body, may assume a new form, and respire, as it were, another air of greater purity, and in every respect, adapted to its altered condition.

It may also be deemed worthy of consideration, whether the mind may not be constituted with an organization of its own, independent altogether of the organization of the body. May it not be, that the *mind* thinks, only by means of its own organization, and uses the organization of the body, to make itself acquainted with the things done in the body? If it shall appear to have its own instincts, faculties, reasonings, memories, then, of its continued individuality there could be no doubt. Its existence would be quite independent of the body, which, like a worn out garment, might be thrown off, and flung aside, when no longer of use.

It is probable that this is the case, and that death, or the separation of the mind from the body, is, as regards the mind, a change of habitation, and nothing more.

It is a pleasing change to remove from an old and badly situated residence, to one more modern, and better constructed; where the grounds are beautifully laid out, and preserved in the best order, and where the air is pure and invigorating. This would, indeed, be a pleasant change for any of us, but how much more pleasant would it be, if we were certain that our minds, when we die, shall at once be transported to a locality, where splendid residences are already provided for us;—where new scenes of surpassing beauty will be presented to us, for our recreation, and where a society of friends and companions, have made preparations to receive us on our arrival.

If we could realize this exchange, how rejoiced we should be, and how much greater ought to be our joy, if we were persuaded that all our friends and neighbours, and all of our own country, and all the human race, of every clime and creed, would be partakers, with us, of this great happiness. Now, it is possible that this may be exactly as we would wish,—that this happiness awaits us, and that all, will be invited, each at his appointed time, to participate in it.

The affairs of the invisible world, it is true, are as yet imperfectly understood by us. We have no positive experience of them. We see

them dimly, as if we viewed them through a discolored glass, but we do, notwithstanding, obtain occasional glimpses of them, sufficient to show us how wonderful they must be, and more than sufficient to excite our curiosity, to learn whatever it is possible to know, with regard to them. This is a laudable curiosity. What ought to interest us more than an inquiry into the present state, and future condition of the human mind? Why should we hesitate to prosecute this inquiry, and, bringing to our aid all the help afforded by reason and analogy, urge it to its utmost limits,—discarding former opinions, should they seem to be erroneous, and desiring only to arrive at the truth?

The more obscure any subject that materially concerns us, may be, the more it becomes our duty to investigate it, for our own benefit, and for the instruction and benefit of others. To dispel the darkness of ignorance, to remove prejudices, to encourage philosophic discussion, and to substitute calm and dispassionate language, for the confident assertion and violent abuse, too often indulged in by angry polemics, must tend, not only to the advancement of science, but to the promotion of more tolerant and liberal feelings amongst men. It is not right to speak positively on uncertain matters, and still less right is it to teach, as truths, mere opinions, which are unsupported by proof, and which, therefore, may be erroneous. Errors, unconsciously entertained, and mildly expressed, should be tolerated, but, when dogmatically affirmed, and attempted to be forced on others, they require exposure, and demand our unqualified opposition. The mind of man is a great mystery. Its nature, present state, and what is to be its condition hereafter, are all subjects involved in such obscurity, that it ill becomes any one to estimate his own convictions, as the only possible truths, and to denounce, as criminal, the opinions of others, that are just as likely to be as correct as those adopted by himself. At all events, science will assert its own rights. In the present age, when the pen and the press rule supreme, no attempt to check inquiry can possibly succeed. The mind will dictate, the pen will obey, and the press will spread far and wide, the innumerable productions of the labouring brain. Opinion will oppose itself to opinion, and this clashing of opinions, like the striking of flint and steel, will elicit bright sparks of truth, to guide us in our search after knowledge.

When we observe, scattered abroad over the face of the earth, innumerable souls of men, each individual intellect bearing impressed on it, the image of its Creator, as evidenced by the possession of the rational powers, which emanate from God Himself, causing us to exclaim, How wonderful is the human mind ! how exalted its views, how godlike its conceptions, how extensive its knowledge, how progressive its attainments,—improving still, still acquiring new TRUTHS, still extending over Nature the dominion of man, penetrating into the secrets of the past, and anticipating the events of the future, each day contriving new appliances, inventing new machinery to increase our power and elevate our species to a higher rank in the scale of intelligent and responsible beings,—when, above all, we are formed with an instinctive propensity to acknowledge the existence of God Himself, to pray to Him, to refer to Him, our creation, preservation, and all the blessings we enjoy; and when, added to this, we cherish, as the most valued of our hopes, the desire of being more closely united, in after life, with Him, to whom we are thus indebted, we are compelled, by an irresistible impulse, to ask, “What is this marvellous and subtile principle of *Thought*, which constitutes so important a portion of ourselves, and enables us to hold intercourse, as it were, with God?” It is manifestly the intention of God that we should endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with Him; and, in recognising his existence, acquire, as far as we can, a knowledge of His nature and attributes. He invites us, and He furnishes us with the means to do so. He speaks to us by our REASON, and He instructs us by His REVELATION. He appeals first to our Reason, and when Reason errs, or is defective, He aids us, in our researches, by making known to us, His will, on different occasions, and in various ways.

Our Reason compels us to acknowledge the existence of some great, first cause, of all things, itself, uncreated, coeternal with duration, and coextensive with space. Intelligent, because the primary source of all intelligence. Powerful, because the source of all power. Powerful, Intelligent, Eternal, Infinite. If infinite in power and intelligence, then as wise as powerful. If wise, then provident, and directing rightly the actions of the material evidences of His power, and, if wise and provident, then just, benevolent and merciful, towards all His intelligent creatures. What more is needful to convince those



who are capable of thinking, and who will take the trouble to think, that this GREAT BEING, possessing all the attributes, that REASON thus ascribes to him, has established between Himself and us, certain relations, strictly conformable to those attributes, and invariably adapted to the precise condition, in which it has been his pleasure to place us ?

It is immaterial by what name we shall designate this "GREAT BEING," whether called Jehovah, Jove, or Lord, God, Deus, or ΘΕΟΣ, it is all the same. Even though we should substitute for any of these, NECESSITY, CHANCE, THE FITNESS OF THINGS, THE ETERNAL LAW OF NATURE, all these, to have any meaning, must denote the same "GREAT FIRST CAUSE," which we, in English, call GOD. Now, as GOD is uncreated, he is incapable of change. His attributes, therefore, are unchangeable. His POWER, INTELLIGENCE, PROVIDENCE, WISDOM, GOODNESS, MERCY, cannot admit of diminution.

With us, that which is foolish cannot be wise,—what is cruel cannot be humane, what is unjust cannot be just, what is false cannot be true. So it is with GOD himself. In him there can be no contradiction, no self-delusion, no paltering with speciously disguised opinions, or with words, used in a doubtful sense, and calculated only to mislead. His essential attributes exclude the possibility of such gross inconsistencies. Therefore, we should feel perfectly assured, that, being our CREATOR, he has placed himself, with regard to us, in the position of a FATHER who cares for his CHILDREN, and that WE, on our part, are bound to him, by those obligations which children owe to their PARENTS, namely, Reverence, Gratitude, Love, Obedience.

This admitted, other inferences follow. The performance of the duties of a child towards his parent, involves the performance of our SOCIAL DUTIES, inasmuch as, the parent being equally solicitous for the welfare of all his children, an act of cruelty or injustice inflicted on any one of them, must wound the feelings of the FATHER, and, offending him, involve a breach of the reverence, gratitude, love, obedience, due to him. All this is perfectly intelligible. Here also it is plain, we have the origin of the Commandment, "Love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and soul, and thy neighbour as thyself. This do and thou shalt live."

The Deity, shrouded in his inconceivable Majesty, cannot be known, with respect to His motives and intentions, further than, to this extent, that He does nothing, and permits nothing to be done, without a purpose, and a wise one. This conviction, thoroughly impressed on our minds, should produce in us, a never-failing trust in Him, and a perfect resignation to his will. Reason tells us to regard ourselves, as instruments in his hands, and as used by him, for the furtherance of the great results, he has already decided upon, and which, it is his intention, shall end in the final consummation of all things. It is not given to us to disturb any of those arrangements. Were this possible, the original purpose of God's creating Man, would be frustrated, his will thwarted, his power and fore-knowledge, rendered of no avail. But this cannot be supposed; therefore, all things that befall us, pains, sufferings, privations, death itself, tending, as they do, to the great objects God has in view, must be regarded as necessary and inevitable, and not merely to be submitted to, but cheerfully acquiesced in.

It is plain that no human being is born into the world, unless created by God. God, therefore, has an object, in thus creating him, and has provided a place for him, which it is necessary he should fill, and which, were it to remain unoccupied, would render defective the general arrangement, already decided upon, by the joint exercise of infinite power, and infinite wisdom. This truth applies equally to the infant who dies within an hour, and to him, whose life has been prolonged to a hundred years. It applies also, equally, to all classes, and nations, and conditions of men,—to the Pagan and the Christian—the Jew and the Gentile—to the Rich and to the Poor. God has need of all, or he would not have called them into existence. Are not these self-evident truths? It would seem that no one who believes in God's power, wisdom, and fore-knowledge, can doubt, or deny them.

But some, repining at their lot, will say, God is unjust, partial, harsh, cruel. He favors and protects some, he unjustly afflicts and crushes others. Why should some be trampled under foot, like bruised reeds, while others are exalted to high places, live luxuriously, and are armed with power to injure and oppress their fellow men? Why should Evil exist at all? Why pain, hunger, disease, death? The ignorant multitude complain thus,—but surely, they think unwisely, and speak foolishly.

When the builder raises from the quarry, stones of various shapes and sizes, in order to erect a beautifully proportioned structure of great utility and exceedingly ornamental,—if each stone could think for itself, it would be delighted to emerge from the dark tomb of countless ages, in which it had slept, unconscious of the light and warmth of the sun,—of the pleasant breeze,—of the azure sky—of the surface of the earth, so verdant, with its grasses and flowers, and its shrubs and forest trees, its meadows and pastures, diversified with rich fields of ripening corn. If each stone could think, how delighted it would be, to feel the soft showers of rain, and to view the streams as they flow murmuring along, and the many-shaped animals, and birds, and insects, that give animation to the scene. Each would, of a certainty, exclaim, “How beautiful! what enjoyment! what happiness! Surely, I was fortunate in being disinterred, and made a new creature, and born into a new life. No doubt, it will always be thus with me. The builder is a strong, just, and merciful man. He would not have brought me from darkness into light, but for my own benefit. He will allow me, always, to rest, on the hill-side, and enjoy, for ever, the splendid prospect that I now gaze upon, with such pleasure.”

But the builder, meantime, has excavated a deep trench, for the foundation of a TEMPLE, to be dedicated to the worship of the CREATOR of HEAVEN and EARTH, of all things—stones, as well as men—and some stones he places at the bottom of the trench, the best and largest he can select, as corner stones. With them, he intermixes others, of a lesser size. Others he breaks into smaller pieces, and fits them into the vacant places, and pours cement on them, and consolidates them into one mass. Thus the work proceeds, the builder placing stone upon stone, and layer upon layer, each stone being dissatisfied,—some affirming that their treatment was most barbarous, inasmuch as they had, without cause, been mutilated and disfigured by repeated blows of the hammer. Others would complain that they had no right to bear the weight of those above them, while those above, might be supposed to protest against their exposure to the effects of the weather, with the certainty that, decaying by slow degrees, they would, at last, crumble into pieces, and thus become of no value.

But the work proceeds, nevertheless. It realizes the anticipations

of the architect. Its groined arches, ornamented with the most elaborate tracery,—its massive pillars, lofty dome, and fretted ceiling—its marble floor, its windows of stained glass—each with a painting illustrative of some sacred subject—all combine to render it a TEMPLE fit for the worship of the GREAT ARCHITECT of the UNIVERSE. And Priests, devoted to the service of ONE GOD only, take charge of the Temple, and multitudes, calling themselves by no other name than that of “CHRISTIAN,” enter it, and fill it, and sacred music salutes them as they enter, and they join it with their voices, and sing with one heart and one soul, the anthem, “There is but ONE GOD. He is a SPIRIT. Let us worship him in SPIRIT and in TRUTH.” And then the Priest explains to them their duty towards GOD and towards MEN. He tells them to love each other, because GOD is Love. He urges them to reject all teaching opposed to this great *Truth*, as such is not of GOD, who proclaims, “On Earth, Peace, Good-will towards men,”—but of men, corrupt, evil-minded, or ignorant of GOD’s nature and attributes,—and who, in exalting themselves, and placing themselves in the judgment-seat of GOD, dishonor and offend him. And the People take delight in the words of the Preacher, and they revere the Priesthood, as of GOD’s own selecting; and Truth and Love, and Benevolence and Charity, and all the Christian virtues, distinguish the People, the frequenters of that Temple.

Just so it is with men. We are all dissatisfied with our lot in this world, and would change it if we could. But GOD, the Architect and Builder of the Universe, has appointed a place in it for each of us. He uses us as most conduces to his own purposes, and it is, therefore, our business so to regulate our thoughts and actions, as to accommodate them to his ways,—to do his will, and not our own. This feeling, thoroughly impressed on our minds, is the only foundation of TRUE RELIGION,—which depends, first, on a KNOWLEDGE of GOD, and of his attributes,—then, of his Relationship to us,—and lastly, of our Relationship to him.

But Reason is, to a certain extent, defective. Its powers are limited. It must have facts, on which to found its inferences, and, by which, the accuracy of its conclusions can be tested. All reasoning, not supported by facts, is of questionable truth. All reasoning contrary to the fact is, of necessity, delusive and false.

Revelation, then comes to our aid, to explain to us our duties, and to clear up doubts that would else greatly embarrass us. And here, it is to be observed, that no Revelation can be accepted as true, and as proceeding from GOD, unless it shall be in strict conformity, with GOD's character and attributes.

If the owner of a large property were to build for himself a mansion, and to furnish it handsomely, and improve the ground about it, and stock his fields with much cattle, and were to remove, for a time, to a distant country, leaving his affairs in the care of his steward, and if the steward were to receive a letter, written in the name of his master, directing him to burn the house and furniture, and to destroy all the improvements, and slay all the cattle, would not the steward say, "This letter was never written or dictated by my master, or if it was, he must have been insane; therefore, I cannot, I will not act upon it. I will wait until he shall himself return, and then he may do what he likes with his own." The steward, who reasoned thus, acted prudently, for the owner of the estate, on his return, explained to him that the letter had been sent by his enemy, to do him mischief, and he commended his steward and rewarded him; but the person, who had forged his name, he caused to be apprehended, and cast into prison, and severely punished.

Now GOD never does any thing absurd, or useless, or inconsistent with his own character. But GOD is our FATHER. He tells us, so to address him, because, as a Father, he loves us, and cares for, and protects us. He cannot, therefore, be a relentless TYRANT, hating us, oppressing and torturing us, his own offspring;—the weak, helpless, and ignorant creatures of his own formation. For this reason, no Revelation, that represents GOD, as a vindictive, malignant, and merciless TYRANT, can possibly be true. On this subject, we must appeal to our own Reason. A pretended Revelation, may be received as true, and that which is true may be confounded with much that is untrue. How are we to decide? The traditions of a Revelation, said to have been long ago made, may be of very doubtful authority. The written records of a Revelation, originally genuine, may be defective, exaggerated, distorted, misinterpreted. We are not to suppose that, because this or that man, or this or that Church, shall either affirm or deny the truth of any particular Revelation, that such assertion, must necessarily be correct.

The population of the whole world, is estimated at about one thousand millions of souls. Of this immense number, the Church of Rome claims two hundred millions; the Greek Church, which also calls itself Catholic, estimates its members, at ninety millions; and there are, in communion with the different Protestant Churches, about eighty millions. Of Jews there are six millions. The remainder, consisting of six hundred and twenty millions, is composed of Mahomedans and Pagans. All these are again subdivided into different sects, each of which, however, contends for the truth of the general principles of the religion to which it professes to belong. The most ancient of all existing religions, is that of the GRAND LAMA or THIBET. His spiritual authority is recognised by the greatest number of believers, perhaps by not less than three hundred millions of people, in Tartary and in China.

These various religions, all agree, in affirming the necessity of a Divine Revelation, but they differ in this, that each acknowledges, as genuine, only its own supposed Revelation, and denounces all the rest as spurious. The Jew rejects the sacred volume of the Christian, as an imposition. The Christian reviles and persecutes the Jew, because of his unbelief. The Mahomedan scoffs at both Jew and Christian, and designates them "Infidels." The Brahmin smiles contemptuously at all these, and points in triumph to his own books of holy writ, hoary with the most remote antiquity, and full of miraculous details, far surpassing the puny efforts of supernatural power, recorded in the Scriptures of those who borrowed the rudiments of their respective creeds from him. Which of these, is the unprejudiced inquirer after TRUTH to believe? The GRAND LAMA, seated on his Spiritual Throne, ministered to daily by 20,000 priests, and worshipped as the Visible Incarnation of the Deity, claims INFALLIBILITY, and commands us to recognise his authority. Shall we do so? By no means. The Church of Rome, also claims Infallibility, and affirms that it is the sole depository of a saving Faith. Shall we listen to it, and acknowledge its exclusive right to teach us? The Greek, and all Protestant Churches, start with horror, at the possibility of such a surrender of religious principle. They exclaim, with one voice, No, no. The Pope is a Heretic, and a corrupter of the Christian Faith. The Jew points to the Old Testament, but the Mahomedan accuses him of having falsified it, and says that the Words of Life, are to be found only in the Koran.

This difference of opinion, on a subject so important, and so intimately connected with the social condition of man, in this life, and his future destination in that which is to come, is most remarkable. It leads to strange thoughts, and doubts. It compels those who *think*, to examine this subject seriously, and inquire by what means they shall test the authenticity of a Revelation, to be accepted as proceeding from God.

It is clear that the majority of these sects, is composed of multitudes sincere in the belief of their respective religions. Their Priests, too, are sincere and zealous in their teaching; and they consider it their duty, so to instruct the people, as to lead them to believe implicitly, that which they wish them to believe. The people of these various sects, and their teachers, are, beyond all doubt, sincere, but this sincerity,—this certainty of belief, afford no proof of the truth of those convictions, which they are so earnest in defending. If it were otherwise, if a sincere and confiding Faith, could establish the truth, of any particular Religion, or supposed Revelation, then, every Religion and the presumed Revelation, on which it is founded, must be supposed equally true.

But this is an absurdity not to be imagined. It is not possible that the doctrines of the Lama, the Pope, the Greek Patriarch, Moses, Christ, Mahomet, can all be true. Millions of thoughtful men implicitly believe in their respective Creeds, and are prepared to die in their defence. Of their sincerity, therefore, there can be no doubt. But these Creeds are contradictory. How are we to decide, as to that which is in strict accordance with God's teaching, so that we, his children, shall approach him with a sincere and righteous service? This is a question of the greatest importance, and one that requires, for its answer, evidence more convincing than mere confidence of assertion, or a reference to historical facts, or to the traditions of men, ignorant often, frequently prejudiced, and sometimes, perhaps, corrupt.

That God, having created man, did not fling him, naked upon the earth, an ignorant and helpless being, is a *reasonable* belief. That He provided for his future welfare, and afforded him the instruction necessary to enable him to understand, and discharge the duties required of him, no *reasonable* person will deny. God, therefore, appeals, by His REVELATION, to our REASON. Our REASON judges

of the Truth of God's Revelation, and this Revelation, rightly understood, assists and directs our Reason. Whenever either has been rejected, the teaching of God is invariably frustrated, and His laws violated. The ignorant multitude, obeying the instinct which compels them to worship something, make for themselves false GODS. The worship of ONE, SUPREME, INVISIBLE BEING, they profane, by substituting for it the IDOLATROUS worship of such visible objects as may seem to demand especial veneration, because of their supposed power, either to benefit, or injure them. Having some vague traditions of former Revelations, and not knowing how to exercise their REASON, they bow down and worship the Sun and Moon,—they personify the Air, Earth, Water, so necessary to their existence, and ascribe to them, and to various other objects, supernatural powers, to be propitiated by prayers and sacrifices. But these grave errors are opposed to REASON, as well as to the NATURE and CHARACTER of the DEITY. It follows, therefore, that, in the absence of a *new Revelation*, that shall make known to *all nations* God's will, we can only judge of the correctness of any Revelation, said to be from Him, by bringing it to the test of our own REASON, and comparing it with what we know must be the ETERNAL and IMMUTABLE ATTRIBUTES of GOD.



## CHAPTER II.

The death of a beloved Son, who was called from this life, at the early age of twenty-two years, to enjoy, as I believe, one of LASTING HAPPINESS, has caused me to reflect more seriously on the several subjects, to which I intend to refer, and, with regard to which, I shall express myself, with greater freedom than, perhaps, I should have done, had I been spared this affliction. My introductory observations, are based upon the first principles of the RELIGION of NATURE, which GOD, speaking to men, through His works, has made familiar to the eyes, and plain to the intellect, of every one, who thinks it worth while to ask—"How, and by what Power, were this world and all that it contains, created, and how did He, Himself, come to exist?"

NATURAL RELIGION, is the foundation on which every other Religion rests, for, were it not for the preparatory discipline of the mind, by holding converse with Nature, and, by means of his works, making acquaintance with the CREATOR, a direct REVELATION from Him, of whose existence we knew nothing, would have been rejected as absurd and useless. GOD, all of whose acts are progressive, and developments of portions of some greater design, has, therefore, from the earliest dawn of the young thought, become Himself our teacher. In His teaching there is no error,—there can be no mistake. He adapts His teaching to our capacities, and conducts it in strict conformity, to the rules prescribed by Him, for the proper employment of the Reasoning Faculties, with which He has endowed us.

But here, men,—like other men, deficient in knowledge and fallible, interpose their authority, and claim a right to make themselves the medium of communication, from GOD to his Creatures. Deficient in knowledge and fallible, they have, in most instances, fallen into grievous errors. Following the silly devices of their own imaginations, they have lost sight altogether of the UNIVERSAL RELIGION, written so legibly, in the BOOK OF NATURE, and have substituted for it, unmeaning fictions, pretending that they were TRUTHS delivered to them by GOD, and therefore, to be implicitly believed. In this way, innumerable religious Sects have originated amongst all the

people of the world. Idolatrous worship, a plurality of Gods, Male and Female,—the deification of the opposing principles of Good and Evil. Altars were erected to each. On those of the former were offered, milk, wine, flowers, fruits, while, those of the latter, were stained with the blood of animals, and even of human victims. The records of past ages prove this. Every nation tells the same story, how, misled by their teachers, they departed from the knowledge of the ONE only TRUE GOD, and, either substituted others in his stead, or dishonored him, by ascribing to him human weaknesses, follies, prejudices, and passions. To such an extent have these errors proceeded, that it is not possible, at the present time, though we search the entire globe, to find any one Creed, that will meet with general acceptance, or that, if accepted at all, will be more than partially acknowledged, even by those who profess to believe in it. Among Christians, for instance, there are a great number of Sects, that deny the name of Christian to each other, and differ so much in their doctrines, that the most decided antagonism exists between them. There are fanatics, too, amongst them. These men,—cold, stern, morose, merciless, denounce all who differ from them, as Infidels, Atheists, Deists, as not Christians, as persons who ought to be consumed by fire, here, and tortured by fire, for ever, hereafter.

The Church of Rome, hurls its anathemas against the Greek and Protestant Churches. The Greek Church affirms that the Pope is Anti-Christ, and has appointed a solemn day, once in the year, to curse him. The Pope refuses to recognise the Protestant Clergy, as Ministers or Priests of Christ, and they, in return, maintain that he is an Idolater. Among the Protestant Clergy, and more particularly such as recognise Calvin, as the author of their Faith, there are some who endeavour to persuade their congregations, that not more than one soul, in a thousand, will enter Heaven, and that it is not possible for GOD, even if he wished it, to save a Papist from eternal damnation.

What are we to think of this melancholy exhibition of folly, ignorance, and impiety? It is impossible that these contending Sects, can all be right. If not all, perhaps only one. If only one, which is that one? Or, is it not just as likely, that not one is right,—that they are all wrong?

When a person is about to journey into a foreign country, he does not bring with him, flimsy paper notes, of no intrinsic worth. He procures a supply of gold coins, the purity and value of which are every where recognised, and which, therefore, pass current in all countries. But first, he weighs them himself, to ascertain whether they are all of full weight, and, such as are light, or appear defaced, or look suspicious, he rejects. The others, he puts into his purse, and feels confident that, no one in any country, will refuse to accept them in payment. If a traveller find it necessary, to take these precautions, prior to his sailing from Galway to New York, how much more anxious ought every living soul to be, to ascertain, what are those Social, and Religious obligations, that God has imposed on him, preparatory to his entrance, into the unknown country, towards which we are all journeying. It is clearly our duty and our interest, to inquire into the nature of those obligations, lest, by violating them, or by neglect of their performance, we expose ourselves to serious inconvenience.

The Laws enacted by Society, for its own preservation, and the controlling influence of public opinion, will be found, in most instances, the chief correctives of social misconduct ; but the duties which Religion makes known to us, are of a higher order. Their influence is more widely extended. They have a twofold influence. They bind us to Society, by commanding us to love and to benefit, in every way, our fellow men, and they, at the same time, unite us to God,—the Creator, and common Father of all Mankind. Now, as it is plainly, the duty and the interest of every man, to satisfy himself, as to the nature of his SOCIAL Duties, it is equally evident that it his duty and his interest, to inquire into the nature and extent of his Religious obligations. Each man's mind is his own property. It is a gift conferred on him,—a trust confided to him, by God, to whom alone he is accountable for its proper exercise. God created my mind, and he instructs and employs it, for his own purposes. No man has any business to interfere between God and me. My mind, is not his. He is not responsible for my thoughts,—for my opinions with regard to my duty to God ; or with respect to God's intentions towards me. Who is he that judgeth another man's servant ? Who is he that presumes to tell me, and all who do not believe in his peculiar doctrines, that—“ beyond doubt we shall perish everlastingly ?”

I disbelieve many of the doctrines, which the Athanasian Churches deem essential to the true Faith of a Christian. It is to satisfy my own mind, and, perhaps, convince others, that I have resolved to inquire into the reasonableness, of certain metaphysical speculations, that Athanasians have assumed as facts, and which, though unintelligible, they tell us we must believe, on pain, of being, for ever, excluded from the realms of Happiness, and sent to people the dominions of Satan, our Arch Enemy, there to dwell perpetually,—howling and shrieking—blaspheming, like maniacs—and hating and defying God.

All this, I disbelieve, and, therefore, in the course of this inquiry, I shall express myself, with the most perfect freedom. Not intending to offend any sect, I shall pursue my own investigations, free from the constraint of the Athanasian Churches, both Roman and Protestant. A Protestant, it is my privilege to protest against any authority whatsoever, that shall attempt to dictate to me, in matters of religious opinion. This right of "PRIVATE JUDGMENT" it is, that constitutes the difference between *Protestantism* and *Romanism*. If it be the duty of men to act in conformity with their principles, and if this "Right of Private Judgment," be, at once, the pride and boast of "Protestants," they who surrender it, through fear, or refuse to exercise it, from indolence, or indifference, are betrayers of the *Trust*, which they inherited from their Fathers, and which they are bound to transmit unimpaired to their descendants.

It is to be hoped that Protestant Theologians, though they may be Athanasians, and, therefore, must dissent from my speculations, still, will not deny my right to form, for myself, my own opinions, and to invite others to inquire into their correctness. I do not possess other means, than those of argument, to influence the minds of men, and even, if I did, I should not venture to use them. Protestantism, when not persecuted by ecclesiastical despotism, needs neither favor nor protection. It appeals to the sense of private right and of personal independence, which exists in the heart of every thinking man. *Protestantism* is a plant of vigorous growth. It may be cut down and trampled upon, but it never can be entirely uprooted. False teaching, erroneous articles of Faith, unmeaning Creeds, and, above all, the Athanasian Heresy, are the great hindrances to the extension of Protestantism, in countries possessed of

Freedom. But, even with these disadvantages, such is its energy, that it overcomes them all. The march of intellect, will not be arrested. It is a violation of Protestant Principle, to attempt to freeze the warm current of the Human mind. CHRIST himself, in most severe language, censures the Lawyers of his day, for endeavouring to fetter the mind.

All Protestant Divines agree in denying the existence of a visible and Infallible UNIVERSAL CHURCH. The *Greek Church*, which is probably the most ancient of all the Christian Churches, makes no claim to infallibility. Why then should any other church, or any isolated preacher, because he calls himself "God's Minister," from the Pulpit, or in Prayer Meeting, claim, an exclusive right to dictate to us and tell us, what we shall or shall not believe? Protestantism, never has submitted to such dictation. Implicit obedience to ecclesiastical authority of any description, would be fatal to it,—for it can breathe only in an atmosphere of perfect freedom. Where this freedom is denied to Protestantism, it resembles a sickly plant, grown in a room, into which the rays of the sun never penetrate, and which, ere it arrives at maturity, withers and dies.

There is another most serious error, common to the majority of Athanasian Theologians, both Protestant and Romanist. It consists in their unwarrantable abuse of each other. In their controversies, about the most frivolous subjects,—matters of mere opinion, and not susceptible of proof, they assail their opponents, and, indeed, all who differ from them, in language of gross vituperation. They indulge in angry and vindictive feeling; and they contrive to persuade themselves, that they best serve God, when they most succeed in creating dissensions amongst Christians. They labor to build up a wall of separation, between countrymen, neighbours, and friends, and decry every measure that would tend to unite them in the bonds of good will. Kind offices, mutual confidence, and Christian charity, they unfortunately oppose. Hence, they disturb the public peace, by clamoring for separate Education,—separate Religious Instruction,—separate Hospitals,—separate Universities,—separate everything.

If a benevolent Romanist shall receive into his house, a neglected and starving Protestant Orphan, and shall feed, and clothe, and educate him, and train him up in the Faith of the Church of Rome, instantly, there arises from the Protestant Clergy, a voice of bitter

wailing,—because of the loss of a soul to God, in consequence of the proselytising system, resorted to by the Romanists. If, on the other hand, a humane Protestant, shall act in the same way, towards the destitute child of parents, members of the Church of Rome, then, there are heard, from every part of Ireland, loud and emphatic protestations, against conduct so atrocious! The Press in the interest of Romanism, bristles up, and sounds the call to battle. The Bishop, the Pope's Legate in Ireland, brandishes his Crozier, and fulminates his Pastoral against "Protestant Infidelity." He urges his Clergy to be more watchful, over the eternal welfare of the souls committed to their keeping, and for which they are accountable to God. He calls upon the pious Monks, and sainted Nuns, to come to the rescue, and aid him by their prayers, in defeating the insidious attempt to Protestantise Catholic Ireland, and substitute the profane teaching of Luther and Calvin, for the pure faith preached by Saint Patrick, and of which the Holy Roman Church is the sole depository.

This conduct is most lamentable—most disgraceful. It is subversive of true piety, and destructive of the general peace and prosperity of the country. It wearies the people of all classes and creeds. It delights and occupies, the more noisy and restless fanatics, but the quiet, thoughtful, and well-intentioned men, of the different persuasions, it inspires with disgust, and fills their minds with uneasy anticipations as to its probable result.

On this subject, I must not permit myself to be misunderstood. The clergy of every sect, have a right to hold their own opinions, and to defend and endeavour to propagate them; but they have no just cause, therefore, to quarrel with each other, and to denounce those of the laity, who may choose to depart from their Theology.

As regards myself, I repeat, MY MIND, is my own. It belongs to ME and to GOD, and not to any Church, or to any Theologian.

I do not consider myself bound to submit to the authority of any Church, and, therefore, it is unnecessary for any Church to interest itself, in the slightest degree, about me. My opinions, as far as I myself understand them—I use these words advisedly, "as far as I myself understand them,"—are not in accordance with any system of Physiological, Metaphysical, or Theological speculation, that I have ever met with. I do not wish it to be supposed that I expect to convince any Theologian of the errors of Athanasianism, or that I

am anxious to engage in a controversy with him. I am quite satisfied that he should continue to retain his long cherished opinions, provided he shall not, in any way, endeavour to hinder me from expressing mine.

With regard to the members of my own Profession, my feelings are very different. They are far better qualified, by their extensive information, and the nature of their professional pursuits, to form a correct estimate, of the speculative views to which I invite their attention. I should like to ascertain how far their opinions and experience, may coincide with mine. Some of them have been my pupils. Perhaps it may afford them pleasure to know that I am still living, and they may be desirous to read what I now write. I am seventy years of age. I am the senior of the Fellows of the College of Physicians, in Ireland. Dead, and consigned to its native clay, mouldering and shapeless, now lies each hand that signed its name, on the long parchment Roll of the College. Where are these men now? Where are the valued friends, men of honor,—integrity, and of most brilliant talent, with whom I once associated? Where, also, are they, with whom, in the College Hall, I have been involved in angry disputes,—defied and provoked by them, and furiously defying them, in return? More than thirty years have passed over my head, since I retired from the Profession, but I remember all these men, and these occurrences, as if they were of yesterday. When I think of them, and when I know that, ere long, I must go where my friends, and rivals, have already gone, is it not reasonable that, influenced by a spirit of philosophic inquiry, I should endeavour to satisfy myself, as to the locality to which they have been removed, and the condition in which they now exist,—those richly endowed intellects, that I once so much admired, and which, I well knew, were far superior to mine?

I ask no favor from the Profession, or from any member of it. In composing this work I have no private interest to promote, no personal vanity to gratify. I have adopted new opinions. I have arrived at conclusions, perhaps erroneous, but which seem to me, to possess some degree of probability. Such as they are, I give them to the Profession and to the public, in order to induce others to extend their researches, to a department of Psychological Science, hitherto scarcely, if at all, investigated.

My opinions, I am aware, are unusual and peculiar, and are expressed, in the familiar style of a lecturer, instead of that of a writer, engaged in the composition of a work, of much labor, and deep thought. I do not adopt this style from an affectation of singularity, but because, I find that, when I write, as if I were speaking, I experience less difficulty in making myself understood. Besides, in the course of this inquiry, not being in possession of facts, sufficiently authenticated by others, I shall be obliged to derive most of them, from my own experience. This, also, is the reason why I must refer to private occurrences, and private feelings, which I can myself verify,—and a knowledge of which, has alone, induced me to attempt to systematize them, and devise a theory adequate to explain them.

I have a further reason for publishing this work. Much that it contains relates to Physiological Science, which the Physician only can understand; and upon which, therefore, the Physician alone is competent to write. But no practising Physician could venture to give expression to the opinions which I avow, be his private sentiments what they may. The Physician whose livelihood depends on his practice, is the slave of public opinion. He must have no fancies of his own. He must conform to the usages and prejudices of the Hundred-Headed monster, the Public, or the public will not employ him. He must move cautiously, and feel his way as he advances. He must belong to some religious sect, and appear to be pious, but not a devotee. He must contrive to persuade those who consult him, that his attention is entirely occupied by his profession, and that their health is, therefore, quite secure in his hands. He must not interfere in religious matters, beyond attending, now and then, a Charity Sermon, and paying his donation, or acting as a Collector,—not forgetting to have his name advertised, as such, in the papers. Let him not interfere with politics. Should he do so, his name will, thereby, acquire a notoriety by no means useful to him, for not a single human being will give him the slightest credit for independence of conduct, or honesty of purpose.—No, no. The Physician, will, and must, have his own opinions, but so long as practice is an object to him, he cannot safely express them.

As for myself, having laboured at the Profession, for about fifteen years, in Dublin, with a reasonable share of business, and more of Hospital practice, than was good for me, or than I would choose to



undertake, were I to begin the world again, I retired to the country, to restore the old mansion, in which I was born, and to reside in it, and improve the land about it. Here I have since lived. I have, now, nearly run my course, and need care but little, for the prejudices, bigotry, and intolerance of the ignorant portion of the public.

But I have not been idle. I have endeavoured to benefit my country. I have suggested useful practical measures, which a native Irish Parliament might have acted on, but which a foreign legislature will never sanction. I have, at all times, and under all circumstances, put myself forward, as an uncompromising supporter of liberty, civil and religious, and of its extension to the people of every country and creed. To the Medical Profession, I did not fail to do my duty, when its honor and its social position, were most unwarrantably assailed, by an Irish Lord Chancellor. These I defended, and successfully,—against arbitrary power, and the insolence of office, and now,—ere the sand that was measured to me, at the hour of my birth, and that has since, been slowly falling in the life-glass, by which its descent is regulated, shall be entirely exhausted,—it may be a part of my mission to write, and publish this essay. If not, why has my life been prolonged, beyond the average of years, attained by most men? And why have so many of my juniors been removed, in the vigor of manhood, and when they had but entered on the wide field of enterprise, that presented itself before them? In these things, there is a mystery which the wisest of us can scarcely hope to solve. Still it is right to make the attempt. Whether the present shall, even partially succeed, or prove a decided failure, I leave to the decision of others.

### CHAPTER III.

Causes, apparently trifling, give occasion to thoughts that lead to results, which we never anticipated, and which influence our conduct, more than we could have supposed. Events, in appearance, the most accidental, have, on many occasions, imparted, to the entire course of my subsequent life, a substantial change, and a variety of colour and of character, which, when I think of them, excite my astonishment, even at this distant time, and compel me to ask myself—"If any one of these events had been otherwise, than what it was, where should I now be?" Alive, or dead? Would I have lived in the same condition, in which I have passed so many years? Should I have been, in the world's opinion, more or less fortunate, or have enjoyed more or less of that internal peace, which gives to its possessor, the content, and quiet endurance, in which alone, true happiness consists, and which, mere apparent prosperity, never can impart?

These are questions, impossible to answer, and they lead to nothing certain. Still, they will force themselves upon the mind, which invents for itself, strange answers, in reply, and travels, as if in search of adventure, into the regions of romance, dreaming of the past, and disporting itself among the unreal creations of its own imagining.

If any one of the early events of my life, had not been exactly what it was, I should not have married, as I did, and my dear William would not have been born. God, from the beginning, had arranged, that he should have been called into existence, and, for this reason, though I have parted with him, and I grieve bitterly, because of his early removal from me, I rejoice to think, he was my son. My dear boy, possessed a mind, susceptible of the highest cultivation,—a mind, acute, intelligent, far seeing, and, with a wonderful aptitude for every kind of practical business. Prudent, cautious, discreet, even tempered, moral and pious, he never, from his childhood, gave me cause of offence. I educated him myself, or under my own eye, not having placed him at a public school, from a fear that his health might suffer; as I thought he laboured under a con-

genital disease of the heart. His pulse, always most rapid and irregular, was greatly accelerated, by exercise. The radial artery passed superficially over the back of the wrist, and this circumstance gave me additional reason for thinking that there was some organic disease. He was strong, active, exceedingly well proportioned, growing rapidly, and was six feet in height. Still, under the influence of exercise, his heart always beat violently. I therefore, kept him at home with me, and trained him, in the way I thought best. I endeavoured to form his opinions, in accordance with my own, and, from time to time, I explained to him, my views on the more important points of MORAL and RELIGIOUS obligation.

A few days before his death, when conversing with me, he said, "Father, if a person shall endeavour to believe that, which he is told he ought to believe, and finds it impossible to believe it, is he accountable for his want of belief?" "Of course not, WILLIAM, I replied, because no one can be expected to perform an *impossibility*." He then said, "I think so too," and here our conversation ceased, as I did not wish to trouble him with a discussion, as to the credibility of the doctrines, of TRANSUBSTANTIATION, of a MAN-GOD, the MOTHER of GOD, or a TRIUNE GOD, about which he had been reading, and all of which I had taught him to regard, as absurd and impossible, degrading to GOD, and incompatible with his essential attributes.

Was I right in thus teaching my dear son? Did I, thereby, as the members of the sect of Athanasius affirm, ensure the *eternal damnation*, of the child of my heart,—of the generous, intellectual, pious, and most conscientious MIND, of the child of my pride, as well as of my love?

I feel that I have not been guilty of this great crime, either from ignorance, on my part, or from a want of inclination to instruct him rightly. But the question—"Did I rightly teach him?" is one, too momentous to be disposed of, by any other than a serious and well-considered reply. My own conscience appeals to me, and compels me to examine thoroughly the grounds of my rejection, of these most unnatural and incredible dogmas, which, I believe, originally of Pagan origin, and invented in Asia, passed into Egypt, and were afterwards incorporated with the mythology of Greece and Rome.

When CHRISTIANITY was substituted, for the former religious systems of the latter countries, the priests and writers, among the early

converts of that day, were so influenced by their traditional superstitions, that it was scarcely possible for them, to appreciate the value of Christ's Mission, in its plain and truthful teaching. These men, called as they are the FATHERS of the CHURCH, were, many of them, talented, conscientious, austere, blameless in their lives. This must be admitted, but still, it was as impossible for them, to extricate themselves from the absurdities, of their original modes of worship, as it was for Calvin and Luther, to rid themselves, altogether, of the trammels imposed on them, by the Church of Rome. Even if the first seceders from the Pagan Church, and if those who subsequently separated themselves from the Papacy, had possessed a perfect knowledge of the *Truth*, the PEOPLE, to whom they preached, would not have renounced their habitual forms of religious worship, but, as is always the case, with the ignorant, adhered still, to their belief in doctrines, incomprehensible and mysterious, in preference to those so plain that a child might understand them.

We should acquit of intentional error, those *Fathers*,—those early Converts, and their successors, who originated, or subsequently adopted the Athanasian Heresy. Whether they belong to the Roman, Greek, or Protestant Churches, it would not be right to question their sincerity; but rather to hope that each of us, avoiding their errors, may finally attain to that knowledge which GOD alone imparts, and which will most conduce, to our present and future happiness.

With these feelings—with the most perfect clarity towards all men, of every creed, but under a sense of serious responsibility, to exercise the talent GOD may have given me, in the cause of TRUTH, and, therefore, in his service, I have resolved to undertake this inquiry. I mean no offence to any *Christian* Sect; but, differing from all, I shall, of course, offend all. Even so, this apprehension shall not prevent me from expressing, plainly, and fearlessly, my honest convictions, on the religious opinions to which I have alluded.

If my dear WILLIAM were living, the occasion of my discussing these questions would not have occurred. Absent from me now, I dedicate to his MEMORY, this effort to explain my views, thus associating HIS NAME with that of his FATHER, who loved and respected him so much, and whom he so truly loved.

I address myself to the Few, and not to the Many. The few are those who, possessed of intellect, that priceless gift conferred on us by the Creator, feel themselves constrained to exert it rightly, in their search after *Truth*. The few feel that, not to employ it thus, would be to live, as idle occupants of the soil, which it was their duty to have cultivated and improved for their own benefit, and for that of the society of which they are members. From them, to whom much is given, much will be expected. The few understand this, and, obeying the generous impulses of our nature, they endeavour, as best they can, to discharge, with energy and fidelity, the personal and social duties connected with the several trusts confided to them.

It is not thus with the many. They too, possess intellect, often of a high order, but more frequently, incapable of comprehending the force of truthful reasoning. The plodding operative who works perpetually in mine or factory, that he may eat and drink, and who eats and drinks, only that he may work again, lives and dies a mere machine. He has no opportunity to improve his understanding. Neglected, uninstructed, and over-worked, he is to be pitied, not blamed. Reason, he possesses, but so entirely is it incrustated with the dross and rust of ignorance, that, like gold in the solid ore, it is scarcely discernable, and of no value, until it shall have been amalgamated and refined, so as to free it from the coarser portion of the rock, with which it was originally united. So it is with the uneducated, and still more so, with those who, from the unfavourable circumstances of their social position, have been trained, from infancy, in an erroneous belief, at variance with the first principles of sound reason,—a belief, into the grounds of which they are told it would be dangerous to inquire, and be a crime to doubt.

It is seldom possible to convince, by any force of argument, those who hold opinions adopted in defiance of reason, and which, instilled into their minds, by false teaching, during their infancy, are regarded, in mature age, with feelings of self-satisfied approval. The volume of *Truth* is, to such persons, a sealed Book. It is useless to present it to them. They will neither read it, nor permit it to be read to them. They will believe any thing, rather than the truth, and the more absurd their belief, the more strongly do they cling to it.

Such are the many, and to such, I do not address myself. A PROTESTANT,—I wish it to be understood, that I write chiefly for Protestants—and especially for those who understand, in what it is, that Protestantism consists, and who, therefore, will be prepared to recognize the exercise, by me, of those rights which belong to every Protestant.

It is generally supposed, by Romanists, and by Protestants also, that a Protestant is one who “*protests* against the errors of Popery.” This is a mistake, and a proof of the great ignorance that prevails, amongst Protestants, as to the grounds of their separation from the Church of Rome. The word *Protestant* does not imply a dissent from any of the doctrines of that church, with the exception of its claim to *Supremacy* and *Infallibility*, which, of course, every Protestant denies. The exact meaning of the term *Protestant* is far more important, and more comprehensive. It is identified with the Charter of Religious Freedom, which our ancestors bravely contended for, and won for themselves and for us.

A PROTESTANT is one, who protests against any “authority, whatsoever, that shall pretend to dictate to him in matters of *Religious Belief*.” The name of *Protestant*, was first adopted, from the celebrated *Protest* of the German Princes and others, which commenced thus,—*Nos Protestantés, &c.* This document does not refer to any point of doctrine, but it claims for those who signed it, and for all who approved of it, the *Right to think* for themselves,—to exercise their own *Reason*, and to worship God, in whatever manner they might consider most conducive to their eternal welfare.

All Protestants should understand this, and, walking erect in the presence of men, but, with becoming humility, before God, employ zealously, in his service, the talents that have been entrusted to them, for their own improvement—believing, as they ought, that their individual responsibility cannot possibly be transferred to any other person, or congregation of persons.

But this is *not* the belief of the Romanist. His church, he regards as *Infallible*. He believes, implicitly, in all that its Popes and Councils have taught, from the commencement, or now teach, or *may* hereafter teach. To deny, or even to doubt, any of its doctrines, would be an act of heresy, and, thereby, cause him, on the instant, to become a separatist from a Church, which affirms that.—“Out of its pale there can be no salvation.”

For this reason, there exists amongst all Romanists—a uniformity of belief, which is not possible in any Protestant Church, however zealous its Clergy, and stringent its articles of faith. In the Roman Church, there is a compactness, and an adaptation of all its parts to each other, that gives to its system, an authority which, in all ages, has so much contributed to extend and perpetuate its influence. All its ministers, from the highest to the lowest, are members of one vast CLERICAL INCORPORATION, which claims to derive its authority, directly from GOD, and to the Decisions of which the PEOPLE of all NATIONS are bound to submit!!

For many centuries this claim was generally admitted, and was acted upon by the Church, which parcelled out the world, at its pleasure. It gave the American continent and the West Indies, to Spain and Portugal—believing, in its ignorance of Geography, that it was the East Indies that it thus disposed of. To England, it gave Ireland, assigning, as a reason, that the Irish were Heretics, and refused to pay Tithes! The Church appointed Kings, and anointed them, and deposed them, as it thought fit. It claimed, and still claims, the right to bind, and to unloose, in this world, and in the next.

Formerly, it acquired, in every country, an enormous amount of property, thenceforth, to be called the “Property of God,” and with which, therefore, it was sacrilege to interfere. In short, the great object of the Church of Rome, would seem to be, to obtain absolute power, in all things, over Kings and Nations, in matters temporal, as well as in matters spiritual. Its wealth having accumulated to excess, the lavish expenditure of its high dignitaries and clergy, exceeded even its enormous wealth, and, hence, to support this profusion and luxury, venality and corruption, in all the departments of the Church, at last reached to such a pitch, and were accompanied by oppressions and extortions, so intolerable, that the PEOPLE refused any longer to submit to them. In the struggle between the people and the Church authorities, PROTESTANTISM originated. It first manifested itself in GERMANY, and afterwards in every country, where the free exercise of thought could be brought to emancipate the mind, from its previous long and paralysing servitude.

That the *Protestant Reformation* was forced upon the people of

the Christian world, by the crimes,—social, moral, and political, of the Church of Rome, is an historical fact, which cannot possibly be disproved. I write, for Protestants, and of these, for those only, who claim for themselves the right to exercise their Reason, in all things. If there be any “*who fear to think*”—I have no wish to interfere with their prejudices, or their unreasonable apprehensions. To Romanists also, I would say, if there be any whom curiosity may lead to look into this book,—read no further,—close it and put it aside, for it contains much of which they cannot approve, and which, they are taught to believe, are falsehoods invented by Protestants, to justify their rejection of the *authority of the Roman Church*.

In vindication of the conduct of the early Protestant Reformers, and of Protestantism in the abstract, as it now exists, and will always exist—I shall give, in the exact words of the writer, an account of the causes which led to the greatest and most important of all the events that ever occurred in the Christian world. In D'Aubigné's work on the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland—a work, valuable for its erudition, but tainted, throughout, with the Athanasian heresy, and all the absurdities inseparable from it, there is a most interesting account of the circumstances, which originated the Reformation. Few Protestants are acquainted with the facts. The Church of Rome and all Romanists deny them. For my part, I believe the entire statement of *Merle D'Aubigné*, President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Member of the “*Société Evangelique*,” to be, in every respect, most truthful. But let *M. D'Aubigné* speak for himself.

#### THE INDULGENCES.

1517, 1518.

A great agitation reigned at that time among the people of Germany. The Church had opened a vast market on the earth. Judging from the crowd of buyers, and the noise and jests of the dealers, we might call it a fair, but a fair held by monks. The merchandize they extolled, offering it at a reduced price, was, they said, the salvation of souls!

The dealers passed through the country in a gay carriage, escorted by three horsemen, in great state, and spending freely. One might have thought it some dignitary, on a royal progress, with his attendants and officers, and not a common dealer, or a begging monk. When the procession approached a town, a messenger waited on the magistrate: “The grace of God, and of the Holy Father, is at your



gates?" said the envoy. Instantly every thing was in motion in the place. The clergy, the priests, the nuns, the council, the school-masters, the trades with their flags, men and women, young and old, went forth to meet the merchants, with lighted tapers in their hands, advancing to the sound of music, and of all the bells of the place; "so that," says an historian, "they could not have given a grander welcome to God himself." Salutations being exchanged, the whole procession moved towards the church. The Pontiff's bull of grace was borne in front, on a velvet cushion, or a cloth of gold. The chief vendor of Indulgences followed, supporting a large red wooden cross; and the whole procession moved in this manner, amidst singing, prayers, and the smoke of incense. The sound of organs, and a concert of instruments, received the monkish dealer and his attendants into the Church. The cross he bore with him was erected in front of the altar, on it was hung the Pope's arms; and as long as it remained there, the Clergy of the place, the penitentiaries, and the sub-commissioners, with white wands in their hands, came every day after vespers, or before the salutation, to do homage to it.\* This great bustle excited a lively sensation in the quiet towns of Germany.

One person in particular drew the attention of the spectators in these sales. It was he who bore the great red cross, and had the most prominent part assigned to him. He was clothed in the habit of the Dominicans, and his port was lofty. His voice was sonorous, and he seemed yet in the prime of his strength, though he was past his sixty-third year. This man, who was the son of a goldsmith of Leipsic, named Diez, bore the name of John Diezel or Tetzal. He had studied in his native town, had taken his bachelor's degree in 1487, and entered two years later into the order of the Dominicans. Numerous honors had been accumulated on him. Bachelor of Theology, Prior of the Dominicans, Apostolical Commissioner, Inquisitor (*hereticæ pravitatis inquisitor*), he had ever since the year 1502, filled the office of an agent for the sale of Indulgences. The experience he had acquired as a subordinate functionary had very early raised him to the station of chief commissioner. He had an allowance of 80 florins per month, all his expenses defrayed, and he was allowed a carriage and three horses, but we may readily imagine that his indirect emoluments far exceeded his allowances. In 1507, he gained in two days at Freyberg 2,000 florins. If his occupation resembled that of a mountebank he had also the morals of one. Convicted at Inspruck of adultery and abominable profligacy, he was near paying the forfeit of his life. The Emperor Maximilian had ordered that he should be put in a sack and thrown into the river. The Elector Frederic of Saxony had interceded for him, and obtained his pardon. But the lesson he had received had not

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\* Instruction of the Archbishop of Mentz to the Subcommissioners of the Indulgences, &c., art. 8. For the other authorities referred to, by D'Aubigné, see his work.

taught him more decency. He carried about with him two of his children. Miltitz, the Pope's Legate, cites the fact in one of his letters. It would have been hard to find in all the cloisters of Germany a man more adapted to the traffic with which he was charged. To the theology of a monk, and the zeal and spirit of an Inquisitor, he united the greatest effrontery. What most helped him in his office was the facility he displayed in the invention of the strange stories with which the taste of the common people is generally pleased. No means came amiss to him to fill his coffers. Lifting up his voice and giving loose to a coarse volubility, he offered his Indulgences to all comers, and excelled any salesman, at a fair, in recommending his merchandise.

As soon as the cross was elevated with the Pope's arms suspended upon it, Tetzl ascended the pulpit, and, with a bold tone, began in the presence of the crowd whom the ceremony had drawn to the sacred spot, to exalt the efficacy of Indulgences. The people listened and wondered at the admirable virtues ascribed to them. A Jesuit historian says himself, in speaking of the Dominican Friars whom Tetzl had associated with him, "some of these preachers did not fail, as usual, to distort their subject, and so to exaggerate the value of the indulgences as to lead the people to believe that, as soon as they gave their money, they were certain of salvation, and of the deliverance of souls from Purgatory."

If such were the pupils, we may imagine what lengths the master went. Let us hear one of these harangues, pronounced after the erection of the cross.

"Indulgences," said he "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts.

"This cross," (pointing to the red cross,) "has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ.

"Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven to you.

"I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven, for I have saved more souls with my indulgences, than he with his sermons.

"There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it, and even if any one should (which is doubtless impossible) violate the Holy Virgin Mother of God, let him pay,—let him only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him.

"Even repentance is not indispensable.

"But more than all this, indulgences save not the living alone, they also save the dead.

"Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, ye young men, hearken to your departed parents and friends, who cry to you from the bottomless abyss: 'we are enduring horrible torment! a small alms would deliver us; you can give it, and you will not!'"

A shudder ran through his hearers, at these words, uttered by the formidable voice of the mountebank monk.

“The very moment,” continued Tetzcl, “that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from Purgatory, and flies free to Heaven.

“O senseless people, and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day, heaven is on all sides open. Do you now refuse to enter? when do you intend to come in? This day you may redeem many souls. Dull and heedless man, with ten groschen, you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are so ungrateful, that you will not rescue him. In the day of judgment my conscience will be clear; but you will be punished the more severely for neglecting so great a salvation. I protest that though you should have but one coat, you ought to strip it off, and sell it, to purchase this grace. Our Lord God no longer deals with us as God. He has given all power to the Pope.”

Then, having recourse to other inducements, he added—“Do you know why our most Holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored, so as to be unparalleled in the whole earth. That church contains the bodies of the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, and a vast company of Martyrs. Those sacred bodies, owing to the present condition of the edifice, are now, alas! continually trodden, flooded, polluted, dishonored, and rotting in rain and hail. Ah! shall these holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire?”

This touch of description never failed to produce an impression on many hearers. There was an eager desire to aid poor Leo X. who had not the means of sheltering from the rain, the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The speaker next proceeded to declaim against the disputers who should question, and the traitors who should oppose his mission;—“I declare them all excommunicated!”

Then, turning to the docile souls amongst his hearers, and impiously perverting the Scripture—“Blessed,” said he, “are the eyes that see what you see, for I tell you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear, and have not heard them.” And as a finish to his address, pointing to the strong box in which the money was received, he generally concluded his moving discourse, by thrice calling on the people, “Bring your money! bring money! bring money!” “He uttered this cry, with such a dreadful bellowing,” observes Luther, “that one might have thought some wild bull was rushing among the people and goring them with his horns.” The moment he had made an end, he came down the steps of the pulpit, and in the sight of all the people, threw in a piece of silver with a loud sound.

Such were the discourses that Germany heard with astonishment in the days when God was preparing Luther.

The sermon ended, the indulgence was considered as having "established its throne in the place with due solemnity." Confessionals, surmounted with the Pope's arms' were prepared. The sub-commissioners and confessors chosen, were held to represent the apostolic penitentiaries, or absolving priests of Rome, at a period of a great jubilee; and on each of their confessionals, were inscribed their names and titles.

Then the people came in crowds to the confessors. They came, not with contrite hearts, but with money in their hands. Men, women, the young, the poor, and those who lived by alms—every one then found money. The absolving Priest, after again setting forth the indulgence, thus addressed the penitents,—“How much money, can you in your conscience, spare to obtain so perfect a remission?” “This question,” said the Archbishop of Mentz, in his instructions to the Commissioners, “must be put at the moment, in order that the penitents may be better disposed to contribute.”

These conditions fulfilled were all that was necessary. In the Pope's bull, something was indeed said of the repentance of the heart, and confession of the lips; but Tetzels, and his companions, cautiously abstained from all mention of these, otherwise, their coffers might have remained empty. The archiepiscopal instructions forbade even to mention conversion or contrition. Three great benefits were proclaimed. It is sufficient to notice the first. “The first benefit we announce,” said the commissioners, acting on their instructions, “is the complete pardon of all sins; and it is not possible to speak of any greater benefit than this, since man who lives in sin is deprived of the divine favour, and by this complete pardon he recovers the grace of God. Now, we affirm, that to obtain these great blessings, it is only necessary to purchase an Indulgence. And as to those who desire to deliver souls from Purgatory, and to procure, for them, the forgiveness of all their sins—let them put their money in the chest; but, it is not needful, that they should feel sorrow of heart, or make confession, with the lips. Let them only, hasten to bring their money, for they will thus do work, most profitable to departed souls, and to the building of the Church of St. Peter.” Greater blessings, could not be proposed, nor at a lower cost.

Confession being gone through (and it was soon despatched), the faithful hastened to the vendor. Only one was commissioned to sell. He had his counter close to the Cross. He turned a scrutinising glance on those who came. He examined their manner, step, and attire, and demanded a sum in proportion to the party presenting himself. Kings, Queens, Princes, Archbishops, Bishops, &c., were to pay according to the regulation, for an ordinary Indulgence, twenty-five ducats; abbots, counts, barons, &c., ten. The other nobles, superiors, and all who had an annual income, of 500 florins, were to pay six. Those who had an income of 200 florins, one; the rest, half a florin. And further, if this scale could not, in every

instance, be observed, full power was given to the apostolic commissary, and the whole might be arranged according to the dictates of *sound reason* and the *generosity of the giver*. (Instruction, &c., 26.)

For particular sins, Tetzel had a private scale. Polygamy, cost six ducats; sacrilege and perjury, nine ducats; murder, eight; witchcraft, two. Samson, who carried on, in Switzerland, the same traffic, as Tetzel in Germany, had rather a different scale. He charged for infanticide, four livres tournois; for a parricide, or fratricide, one ducat.

The hand that delivered the Indulgence, could not receive the money, that was forbidden, under the severest penalties; there was reason to fear that hand might not be trust-worthy. The penitent was himself, to drop the price of his pardon, into the chest.

We will give one of those "Letters of Absolution." It is worth while to know the contents of these diplomas, which gave occasion to the Reformation.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on thee, and absolve thee, by the merits of his most holy sufferings! And I, in virtue of the apostolic power committed to me, absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments, and penalties that thou mayest have merited, and further, from all excesses, sins, and crimes, that thou mayest have committed, however great and enormous they may be, and of whatever kind—even though they should be reserved to our holy father the Pope, and to the Apostolic See. I efface all the stains of weakness, and all traces of the shame thou mayest have drawn upon thyself by such actions. I receive thee again to the sacraments of the Church. I hereby re-incorporate thee in the communion of the saints, and restore thee to the innocence and purity, of thy baptism, so that, at the moment of death, the gate of the place of torment, shall be shut against thee, and the gate of the paradise of joy shall be opened unto thee. And if thou shouldst live long, this grace continueth unchangeable.

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

The Brother, John Tetzel, commissary, hath signed this with his own hand."

If there was, in the neighbourhood, any noble in his castle, or wealthy man in his palace, his personal attendance was dispensed with.—(Instructions, 9.)

Then came, what was the object, and end of the whole affair—the reckoning of the money. To guard against all risks, the chest had three keys;—one was in the keeping of Tetzel, the other, with the delegated treasurer, of the HOUSE OF FUGGER, of AUGSBURG, to whom, some time before, *this vast speculation had been farmed*; and the third was lodged with the civil authority. When the appointed day arrived, the chest was opened, in presence of a public notary, and the whole contents carefully counted, and entered in the books.

Was it not fit that Christ should arise, and drive out these buyers and sellers from the Temple?

#### CHAPTER IV.

The historical facts, so graphically delineated by D'Aubigné,—truths that cannot be disproved,—more than justify the early reformers, and the moral German people, for rejecting altogether the authority of a foreign church that had so dishonored itself, and forfeited all claim to be regarded as capable to instruct its members, in the principles of true Religion.

The scandal to a Christian Church, of openly selling for money, and of urging the people to purchase Indulgences,—represented as possessing the power, to obtain for the buyer, full pardon, for all past crimes, and for those he might intend hereafter, to commit, was one, which the thoughtful German Race, could not be persuaded to tolerate. To the Theology of the Church, however erroneous, they might have submitted,—but the unmitigated evils—the total disruption of the bonds of Society, that immediately followed the sale of these Indulgences, compelled them not only to prohibit them altogether, but to denounce the Pope, and the entire Italian Church, that could distribute, with the sanction of their authority, documents so pernicious.

Few persons could, at present, credit the nature and extent of the impiety that was then practised by some of the Italian clergy—their conduct was, sometimes, so ludicrous, so absurd and so profane. In short, the entire system had become absolutely intolerable. It horrified men of common intellect, and left them *no choice*, but to become PROTESTANTS. The Theological errors,—the deficiencies, and contradictions of Luther, and Calvin, and of the other early reformers, are no proof that the Reformation was not needed,—not justifiable,—not of undoubted benefit to SOCIETY and to RELIGION. Did it not benefit even the Church of Rome, by compelling it to retrace its steps, and thereby, to admit its own fallibility? The Reformation, compelled the Church, to submit itself, in Protestant countries, to public opinion, and thus,—the schism that inflicted so deep a wound on it, has by roughly lopping off some of the more diseased of its cankered branches, tended indirectly to prolong its existence. Did not the Reformation give a wholesome impulse to the entire Christian world, and is it not the same, in the moral dispensation,—as in the physical arrangements of God?

When clouds charged with electric fluid meet,—the lightning that flashes between them, making darkness visible,—the crash of thunder that succeeds—the hurricane, levelling woods and houses—the roar of the sea—the rain descending in torrents, and sweeping before it what the storm had spared;—all, would seem to bring ruin on the earth, and render it no longer habitable. But presently, the sky clears; the sun shines out again—the ocean subsides into a smooth surface,—moved only by a few gentle heavings,—the air becomes soft—balmy—fragrant. All nature rejoices, and animal and vegetable life puts forth its energies, and thrives the better, because of this great disturbance,—this war of the elements.

So it has been, and so it is, because of the secession of Protestant intellect, from the despotic system of the Church of Rome. Without taking into account the merits of the Theology of the contending sects—whether true or false, or more probably, exceedingly erroneous as professed by all the existing sections, that then denounced, and at present anathematize each other, the effect upon society was most beneficial. Had it not been for *Protestantism*, and the providential impulse given at the same time, to the entire intellectual world, by the invention of Printing, the dull, leaden and stolid immobility of the Roman Church, would have so chained down the HUMAN MIND, that, like the Chinese, we would have, for ever, adhered to the laws and customs of those whose lives had preceded ours, by two thousand years.

Be the Theological errors of PROTESTANTISM what they may, and Protestants alone, are accountable for their own errors, every Romanist ought to admit that he has derived benefit from the Protestant Reformation, in the progress that society subsequently made, by its rapid development, by the enlargement of the realms of thought, and by the perfect freedom of inquiry that constitutes the life and breath, the being, the heart and soul of Protestantism.

PROTESTANTISM, it must be admitted, has its illusions, its wild imaginings, its irregular and most erroneous teaching. In many instances it loses itself in the untrodden mazes of ill-directed judgement, or transmitted prejudice, not moving in the direction of the true light that GOD has given to each of us, when He formed us after His own likeness, but substituting, for it, the flickering and unsteady glare of irrational credulity.

Hence, of the many sects into which *Protestantism*, or in other words, “the RIGHT of PRIVATE JUDGEMENT,” has divided the religious world, several have sprung into existence, in direct opposition to sound Theology, and at variance with common sense. These, after a brief duration, have perished, because of their inherent inconsistency with the truthful, religious, and moral arrangements, established by God himself. But abortions, such as these, though derisively pointed at, by Romanists, as conclusive proofs of the vicious character of Protestantism, and of the superiority and undeniable perfection of their own exclusive system, are, merely, evidences of a too luxuriant, but irregular growth of the tree of knowledge, that, when rightly cultivated, affords a plenteous supply of wholesome nutriment. The advantages of Protestantism, even with all its past and present errors, are too manifest to permit themselves to be unduly disparaged, by persons, who, from their peculiar training, and restricted habits of thought, are incapable of appreciating them.

An eloquent Irish Orator, of world-wide celebrity, when dwelling, in one of his speeches, on the wrongs inflicted by English legislation, on his Catholic co-religionists, observed that “He could not understand, why a Catholic should not walk, with head as erect, and tread the soil of his native land, with step as firm, as any Protestant.” Of course he could not, but every Protestant could have told him the reason. The Catholic owes *implicit* obedience to church authority. The Protestant denies this authority, and resists it, whenever it shall attempt to interfere with his right to think for himself. The way-worn traveller, who possesses no more of God’s earth, than the portion of the road he occupies, as he pursues his painful journey, being a Protestant, can explain this. Though poor, badly clothed, and sparingly fed, still, as he goes along, he communes freely with himself, and walks erect, and with firm step, because he is,—LORD OF HIS OWN MIND.

It is this vitalizing principle of FREEDOM of INQUIRY, that marks so strongly, the difference between the Protestant and the Romanist; a distinction so essential, that it defies all compromise, and creates a gulf between the two sects, as wide and deep, as that which, it is said, separates Dives from Lazarus.

In writing thus, as a Protestant, and, like every other Protestant, an alien, in principle, theory, and practice, from the Church of



Rome,—I address myself to Protestants, in order to explain to them, in what it is that we all differ from Romanists, and to set them right, when erroneously told that it is against the superstitious, and anti-Scriptural doctrines of their Church that we protest. Indirectly we protest against its doctrines, when we believe them to be erroneous, and against its teaching, because we deny its authority to teach, but this we do, solely because of our “RIGHT of PRIVATE JUDGEMENT,” which invites us, nay, obliges us, to form our own opinions for ourselves.

Let this then, be the brazen wall that every Protestant shall erect around him, to guard his conscience, and his religious convictions, against the assaults of the enemies of *Reason* and of the *Truth*. Let this great principle, be to him his shield, his bulwark, and his fortress. Let him defend this principle, against open assailant, or secret foe. Let him live under its influence, and dying, sanctify it with his latest breath, reposing, in humble hope, on the MERITS of a well-intentioned life, and on the tender MERCY of our Universal Father. Thus believing,—thus fortified, the moral and pious, even at the last moment of their lives, need have no undue misgivings as to their future destination. They have endeavoured to improve the talent entrusted to them,—they have not buried it in the earth, or wrapped it in a napkin,—therefore, they have, so far, discharged their duty, and, though not perfect in all things, their labour will not be disregarded, nor will the payment of their deficiencies, be exacted with the harsh and rigorous severity of the *Usurer*.

But the Protestant Churches, to their shame be it said, and to the great detriment of Protestantism, do not tolerate those opinions. On the contrary, they proclaim aloud that he who thus believes, *shall without doubt, perish everlastingly*. Have these churches any warrant for this frightful denunciation? can it be possible that any REVELATION of GOD’S determination to act thus, towards his creatures, was ever made by Prophet or Teacher, fully instructed to communicate to men, the damnatory announcement? Shall we deny GOD’S benevolence and mercy, and refusing to acknowledge in Him, those attributes that most conciliate our love and reverence, substitute for them, anger without cause, vindictive hate, revenge inspired by malignant passion,—ruthless,—insatiate? Should we not, rather

than thus dishonor and defame GOD, doubt the authority of those men, even though they call themselves inspired, who ascribe to him, intentions and acts, that if inflicted by man on man, would excite our unqualified abhorrence ?

GOD speaks to us by his works, by the beauty and harmony of all his arrangements, by the provision he makes for the support and happiness of his creatures, who rejoice in life, and give expression to their sense of enjoyment, in ten thousand different ways. When he visits men or other animals with pain and disease, these sufferings are never needlessly inflicted, or unnecessarily protracted. When they are in excess, of what the individual can bear, they are invariably terminated by DEATH. DEATH, touching with gentle hand, the fevered brow, or heaving chest, brings relief to the worn-out frame, shedding over it the soothing balm of a calm repose. Assuredly, GOD is thus merciful, and provident of the well-being of his creatures, not only in ministering to their wants, but by mitigating their sufferings, and shortening their duration.

If then, in the things of this life, such is manifestly the course pursued by GOD, shall we not reasonably infer, that, in his dealings with the SOULS of men, in a future state, he will be neither less provident of their happiness, nor less influenced by Mercy, Benevolence, and Love. It is not possible, for two contradictory assertions, to be both true. If we believe, in the Truth, Love, and Mercy, of GOD, we must disbelieve, any, and every, assertion to the contrary, and, as a necessary inference, deny the eternal influence, of hopeless, unmitigated torture, in a future state.

We are told by the Protestant followers, of Athanasius,—that GOD denounces all unbelievers, and that he who doubts, or disbelieves any portion of the Bible, according to their interpretation of it, disbelieves the entire, is “GOD’S enemy, an Atheist, Deist, Unitarian, or Infidel.”

In reply to this torrent of Theological presumption, may we not ask “How come they to know that these things are as they say? Are they inspired? Are they infallible? Can they prophesy, or work miracles? Has GOD vacated his judgement seat, and established a special tribunal, for each of those, who assumes the right to pronounce the frightful sentence of eternal damnation upon all who differ from them?”

When the Athanasians affirm, that every sentence of the Jewish

and Christian Scriptures, was dictated by Inspiration, they affirm, that which the fact contradicts, for much of these writings is historical, and to write history, it is not necessary to obtain the aid of revelation. To make a record of the most atrocious crimes—of murder—battles—the extermination of whole nations, by the sword of the invader—neither man, nor woman, or child, nor even the beasts of burden, being permitted to escape, but all destroyed—fire consuming, what the sword had spared—are historical events. Who can believe that God ordered the perpetration of such fiendish atrocities? Human nature, when not corrupted by false teaching, and vicious example, shrinks with horror from this belief. If this be so, how then, can the records of these events, be supposed to be dictated by divine inspiration?

But here, another difficulty presents itself. Even though we may be persuaded to admit that these histories, were originally composed under the infallible dictation of God's Spirit, how are we to satisfy ourselves that these early traditions, and writings, have descended to us, in their original state, without suppression, interpolation, or change of any kind? The oldest manuscripts of the New Testament now in existence, are comparatively of recent date. The Apostles quarrelled amongst themselves, soon after the death of CHRIST. Several of them are said to have written Gospels, differing, in many things, from those that are now regarded as Orthodox. By what authority have these Gospels been rejected, and why should not the Gospel of Barnabas, if he wrote one, be considered of equal importance, as an Epistle of Paul's?

We are told, that if all the things, that CHRIST did and said, were to be written, all the books in the world could not contain them. But only a few of these acts and sayings have been handed down to us, out of so immense a number. Who then can say, that, if they were all known by us, there are none that would throw light on the interpretation of passages, now obscure, and most probably misunderstood. Whole books of Scripture have been lost. Some Athanasian Churches reject certain books, while other Athanasian Churches recognise them as genuine. How is this to be explained? Where is the authority for this? Is not the authority of the Roman Church, as being the more ancient, superior to that of the English Church, an institution of modern times? Very few Athan-

asian Protestants, ever think of these matters, or, indeed, are capable of thinking of them. Therefore, they are, in a great measure, ignorant of the grounds of their religious belief. Their conduct, is as inconsistent, as their theology is erroneous. In their disputes, with the Church of Rome, they claim the right of "Private Judgment," for themselves, and taunt the Romanists for their implicit belief, in the incredible doctrines of their Church. They speak with contempt of the pretended miracle of Transubstantiation, of Limbo, Purgatory, of Praying to Saints, of Fasting, and, with witty jests, turn them into ridicule. They say to their followers, "Thank God, that you do not resemble those Romanists. Ask your own Reason, what sort of men must they be,—who believe that a wafer, of flour and water, can be changed into a Man-God, and this Man Christ,—God the Son. They believe in Purgatory, an invention of a crafty priesthood to obtain money,—they pray to Saints,—they worship Mary, the wife of Joseph,—they hope to effect their own salvation by 'good works,'—and to please God, by penance and fasting. Thank God, that you do not resemble those Romanists."!!

Thus, the Protestant Athanasian Clergy, appealing to our Reason, teach us to think, and speak, of Romanism. But, should any Protestant, thus instructed, venture, in the exercise of his "private judgment," to affirm, that it is just as absurd, to imagine a MAN-GOD, as to suppose a wafer, was a man,—then he is immediately assailed—as a *Rationalist*, who denies God's Truth, and substitutes his own miserable intellect, for God's revealed will. They prohibit all inquiry, that shall not be in exact conformity, with their own opinions. They silence all argument, based upon *Philosophy, Reason, and Common Sense*, by referring to the text, "By wisdom the world knew not God," and thus, false to their own teaching, in their disputes with Romanism, and false to the *essential Principles* of PROTESTANTISM, they have contrived to perpetuate a creed, that is a disgrace to their Churches, and the cause of more widely spread Infidelity, among Protestants, than they are aware of. Thinking men, who reason on the subject, never can be persuaded that a *man* is God, and that God is a *man*—an invisible spirit, filling all space, and yet, sitting, somewhere, in space, with a mangled body, the hands and feet, pierced with spikes, and the side wounded with a spear.

“ He who possesses common sense,  
Must feel he gives to GOD offence,  
When, of a *man*, a GOD he makes,  
And thus, from GOD, his glory takes.”

Thus says the CHRISTIAN, who, rightly taught, regards GOD as a spirit, and worships him as such ; believing that no created being, even the highest of the archangels, hath, at any time, seen GOD, because GOD, being infinite, has no form, no outline, that could, by possibility, impart to him the semblance of any particular figure.

Without interfering, however, in the quarrels of the Athanasians, the question still remains to be answered,—By what evidence do they pretend to show that their most strange and incredible opinions, have, at any time, been sanctioned, by a positive revelation from GOD ? It is easy to affirm the existence of such revelation, but where is the *proof* ? The Romanists satisfy themselves, by referring, for their proofs, to *Tradition*, and to the *Infallibility* of their Church, which selected, as genuine, *Four*, out of the many Gospels that were then generally circulated among Christians. It also authenticated the other books of the New Testament.

With those who acknowledge the supremacy, and infallibility, of the Church of Rome, this evidence is conclusive. But, not so, with the Greek, and with Protestant Churches, that believe the Church of Rome to be an apostate Church.

The Greek Church, more ancient than the Latin, and never, at any time, acknowledging the supremacy of the latter, authenticates the Scriptures, by the *common consent* of both Churches. But Protestants cannot, without a compromise of their own principles, avail themselves of this proof, because they affirm that both Churches are semi-pagan, and irrational, and unscriptural in their doctrines. If the Latin and Greek Churches be, as these Protestant Athanasians assert, corrupt and idolatrous, it may be asked,—How could either of them be employed, by GOD, to teach his Law, and to preserve inviolate the sacred records of his authorized communications to the entire Christian world ? What would this be, but an alliance with Satan ? If an alliance so absurd, can be imagined, what would be its result ? Would not the Evil One corrupt the Scriptures, reject such as were genuine, and fabricate others, to seduce the people from GOD, and confirm them in their idolatrous practices ? Of course

he would. It follows, then, that the Church of Rome, if an apostate and anti-Christian Church, must have corrupted the Scriptures; or, if the Scriptures be not corrupted, that neither it, nor the Greek Church, can be considered as teaching false doctrines. In this last case, the Protestant Athanasian cannot justify his secession from the Church of Rome. In the former case, he must receive all the writings of the New Testament, as of doubtful authenticity, and, in appealing to our Reason, allow all Protestants to satisfy themselves, as to what portions are to be received, as written under the influence of *Inspiration*, and what parts are not to be regarded, except as expressing the opinions of fallible men.

Protestant divines, aware of the difficulty of meeting those objections, endeavour to extricate themselves from the dilemma in which they are placed, by asserting that “The ROMAN and GREEK Churches, were, in all respects, Christian, to the end of the first century; that they were governed by holy men,—by the early Saints and Fathers,—who could work miracles, cure diseases, raise the dead to life; therefore they could not be mistaken, and their decision, therefore, is binding on all Christians.”

But, in all this, what is there beyond mere assertion? History proves its want of truth. The *Fathers* of the Church, were factious, quarrelsome men, passionate, abusive of each other, intolerant, obstinate, disputing about doctrines, and practices, the most ridiculous. In point of fact, they were Semi-Pagans. They were the corrupters, and not the safe and truthful guardians of the FAITH, as delivered by Christ himself. Educated in the belief of a plurality of Gods, worshipping, in early life, at the altars of those Gods, and addressing themselves to a pagan and idolatrous population, who deified JUPITER, the Father, Apollo his son, and Minerva, and Diana, and Venus, and Cupid her child, what was more likely, than that these first converts, should deceive themselves, and ignorantly enter into a compromise with Paganism? What was more likely to influence the vulgar crowd, and to conciliate the Priesthood, that ministered to Jupiter, Apollo, Diana, Minerva, Venus and Cupid, than to continue the old superstitions, changing only the names of the divinities?

The multitude, in those days, as well as now, could not be persuaded to believe in the existence of an invisible GOD. They then required, and still require, something evident to their sight, and

substantial to their touch, on which to fix their attention, when they worship. The Priests retained their old ceremonials, their purple robes, their incense-burning, their sprinklings with consecrated water, their processions of young boys and maidens, clothed in white, and bearing wands, and singing hymns, and sacred chaunts, derived from a remote antiquity, and the same that, at this day, are heard in the Greek and Latin Churches. The FATHERS consented to all this. They exacted the recognition of a belief in ONE GOD, but then they gave, as an equivalent, A TRIUNE GOD. They excluded from Olympus, Jupiter and Apollo, but they changed them into "GOD the FATHER, GOD his SON, both MAN and GOD. The Goddesses, Juno, Minerva, Diana, and Venus, they consolidated into one, whom they venerated under the name of the "MOTHER of GOD"!

In this way, Paganism and Christianity came to be identified, in consequence of the ignorance, fanaticism, and corruption of the *Fathers* themselves. They, more than any other persons, contributed to pollute, at its source, the water of life, that Christ promised to give abundantly, and freely, to all his faithful followers. Since their day, the stream of Revelation has flowed, no longer clear, as at first, but loaded with impurities,—not slaking the thirst of those who drink, but leaving behind a bitter taste, making drunkards of men, not producing *Love*, but engendering *Hate*, leading to oppressions, persecutions, sufferings innumerable, murders, wars, burnings at the stake! all for the pretended advancement of RELIGION, and for the "HONOR and GLORY of GOD."!!

Here let us pause, and think seriously, of these things. Let us, with minds free from prejudice, inquire how it has happened, that Christianity has been so corrupted. The Athanasian, will not venture to ask himself this question. He regards his own errors as truths. He exerts all his sophistry, in their defence;—denying, or misrepresenting, every fact, that shall seem, in any way, to oppose itself to them.

It may be received as a traditional certainty, that the religious sentiment, has, from the earliest ages, been incorporated with the mind of man, and therefore, that where man was first placed, by the Creator, the outward forms of religion were first adopted. But men's minds differ, their opinions are never the same, and hence, as men multiplied, and spread themselves over the earth, they carried

with them the rudiments of a great variety of religious conceptions, and practices. Central Asia, would seem to have been first peopled, and the natives of that country, being then,—most probably as they are at this day—exceedingly imaginative, and fond of metaphysical speculations, they devised various theories to explain the Creation of the world, and the numerous events identified with it. The more intelligent, recognised the existence of one superior, all-powerful, universal being. The more ignorant, and of course, the more credulous and superstitious, supposing him to exist in every thing,—deified him under different forms, and thus converted a purely spiritual worship, into a system of the most gross Idolatry.

The religions of Asia existed and were widely diffused, two thousand years before the birth of Christ. They reached Egypt, and extended themselves westward, into Europe, according as its several portions, were visited and colonized by settlers of the Asiatic, or Egyptian races. Their original superstitious, and religious ceremonies, were altered, and modified, according to the circumstances in which they found themselves placed. The priests managed these matters, so as to secure their own influence, and the people adopted the teaching and the ceremonials that the Priests had recommended, as proceeding, not from themselves, but from the Gods.

The religion of La, or *Lamaism*, is the most ancient of all the Asiatic forms of worship, and appears to be that from whence almost all the other Pagan creeds, have been derived. No one, now, can trace it to its origin,—so remote is it. It seems to have descended to the present time, unchanged and unchangeable. It will be worth while, and will throw much light on this very curious subject, if we take a view of Lamaism, such as it was, at least, one thousand years before the the Christian Era.

“ The religion of Thibet, is the same as that professed in China, by the sect of Fo. The missionaries who have been in Thibet—such as Grueber, a Jesuit,—Desideri,—Friar Horace de la Penna, prefect of the Capuchin Mission,—have pointed out the resemblance, that appeared between the religion of the Grand Lama, and their own.

“ 1 The dress of the Lamas is not unlike that of the Apostles, in ancient paintings.

“ 2 Their subordination, which has some affinity to the ecclesiastical Hierarchy.



“ 3 Their notion of an Incarnation.

“ 4 Their maxims of morality.

“The resemblance of the doctrines, and ceremonies of the Church of Thibet, to those of the Church of Rome, is most extraordinary. The Jesuit Missioner Grueber, informs us, that, although no European, or Christian Missioner was ever in Thibet, before his time, yet, their religion, agrees with the Romish, in all essential points. Thus they celebrate the sacrifice of the Mass, with bread and wine,—give Extreme Unction,—bless married folks,—say prayers over the sick,—make processions,—honor the relics of idols,—have monasteries, and nunneries,—sing in the service of the choir, like the monks, of the Roman Church,—observe divers fasts, during the year,—undergo most severe penances, and among the rest, whippings,—consecrate Bishops—and send out Missioners, who live in extreme poverty, and travel, barefoot, through the deserts as far as China.” These things, Grueber says, he was an eye-witness of.

Friar Horace de la Penna, a Capuchin, states, that, in the main, the religion of Thibet, is the counterpart of the Romish. They believe in one God, and a Trinity,—a Paradise,—Hell and Purgatory. They make suffrages, alms, prayers, and sacrifices, for the dead;—have a vast number of convents filled with monks, and friars, amounting to thirty thousand, who, besides the three vows, of POVERTY, OBEDIENCE, and CHASTITY, make several others. They have their confessors, who are chosen by their superiors, and receive their licences from their Lama, as a Bishop, without which, they cannot hear confessions, or impose penances. They have the same form of Hierarchy, as in the Romish Church, for they have their inferior Lamas, appointed by the Grand Lama, and these act as Bishops, in their respective dioceses, having under them, simple Lamas, who are the religious.

To the above coincidences, may be added, the use of Holy water, Crosses, Beads, besides other minor matters, which are the same in both Churches.

In order to preserve discipline, in ecclesiastical affairs, the Church is governed by Archbishops and Bishops. They have also their Priors, Abbots and Abbesses, superiors, and provincials, for the performance of the duties of the regular clergy.

Some of the Lamas, or Priests, are tolerably skilled in medicine,

and in Astronomy. They teach the three fundamental duties, of *Honoring God—Offending no one—and Giving to every one, what belongs to him.* They protest against the worship of more than one God, and believe that the GRAND LAMA is only, his *Incarnation*, or God made manifest, in a human form, for the instruction of men. As to their images, the Lamas or Priests, say, they expose them to the people merely to put them in mind of their duty.

The GRAND LAMA resides at Patoli, a vast Palace, on a mountain, near the river Barampooter, to the north of the Himalaya Mountains. He is recognised as the sovereign Pontiff, and Vicegerent of God on earth, by the people of all the countries, from the Wolga to Japan, and by immense numbers of those in China, and in India. They believe him to be immortal. When he dies, his body, only, is changed. His soul continues the same, and immediately provides itself with another dwelling, in the young and healthy person, of a child, selected by the Priests, for that purpose. They suppose that he retains a knowledge of whatever occurred to him, during his former existence, and that being GOD, made MAN, all things are known to him.

Grueber says, “The GREAT LAMA, sitteth in a remote apartment of his palace, which is adorned with gold and silver, and illuminated with lamps. His couch is elevated, and covered with costly tapestry. In approaching him, his votaries fall prostrate, with their heads to the ground, and exhibit, towards him, the greatest possible reverence. “Thus,” observes Grueber, “hath the DEVIL, through his innate malignity, transferred to the worship of this people, that veneration, which is due only to the Pope of Rome, Christ’s vicar, in the same manner as he hath done all other mysteries of the Christian Religion.”

Without embarrassing ourselves, by inquiring into the probable exercise of the supernatural agency to which the well-meaning Father Grueber refers, we may, without offence to any Church,—ask, whether Europe derived its religious system from Asia,—or Asia, more recently civilized, borrowed its traditions from Greece and Italy?

Could we be persuaded that the barbarous Gauls, and the savage Britons, were the inventors of the arts, practised by the Egyptians, prior to the building of the Pyramids,—that they calculated eclipses, discovered the polarity of the Magnet, and the use of the Mariners’

Compass,—that they invented gunpowder, printing, the manufacture of porcelain ; and that the Chinese are indebted to Ireland, for the silk worm, and the sugar cane ;—then we should have no difficulty in believing that the religion of the Grand Lama, was derived from the Apostles of Christ, or from missionaries instructed and commissioned by them to preach it. But, in this case, the chronology of the Christian era would require to be corrected, and removed back from its present date by upwards of a thousand years, or five or six centuries, at least, before the foundation of the City of Rome. This, however, is not to be supposed. It would invalidate history and tradition ; and compel us to deny altogether, the truth of the Gospel Revelation, and the authority of the early Greek and Roman Christian Churches.

Considering all these circumstances, it would seem probable that Athanasianism, with its strange modifications, so incomprehensible, and, one would think, so absolutely impossible—originated in Thibet, and was, from thence, transferred to Europe. If this be denied by the European Athanasians, as they cannot disprove facts, or falsify history, the explanation of Father Grueber will perhaps, be recognised by them as the one most likely to solve so serious a difficulty. Protestants, however, who may not be inclined to accept of this sapient conjecture, can easily substitute for it, another, more in accordance with their usual mode of accounting for such mysteries. They have only to believe that the pretended incarnation, so deceitfully affirmed by the Church of Thibet, is a wicked imposition, miraculously suggested, as a type, or prophetic foreshadowing of the genuine Incarnation, which they consider essential for the salvation of the entire human race,—that is, of all those who are to be saved,—that is, according to their estimate, about *one soul* in a thousand ! The explanation of this and similar difficulties, is best effected by the theory of “ typical facts.” Indeed, a type may be made out of almost any thing. Thus, when the Athanasians, wish to prove that three are one, and one three,—they point to the three leaflets of our Irish Shamrock, and repeat the sophism of St. Patrick, that three leaves are one leaf, and one leaf, three leaves, or, they refer us to the three angles of a triangle, which make one triangle, or to the lights of three candles, which make only one light, and, *therefore*, the three candles are one candle. —Besides these, there are innumerable

similar types or evidences, predicative of certain inferences, equally unintelligible; but which the Athanasians, think they are bound to believe.

It is remarkable that the Athanasians never can agree among themselves. It is not to be expected that the controversy between the Athanasian Churches of Thibet and of Europe, will be brought to a speedy termination. Many generations of men, will pass away, before this result can be hoped for. Still, let them enter into what compromise they may, it can be, at best, only a compromise of Error. He who shall seek, not the perpetuation of error, but the triumph of truth, will, therefore, leave them to carry on their unmeaning discussions, in their own way, without interfering between them. But he must not, meanwhile, be idle. He must feel that he has serious duties to perform. He must not sit, lazily, on the bank of the river that interrupts his onward march, in the pursuit of scientific knowledge, or in the search of an intelligible and rational creed. Let him not delay. Let him resolve, at once, to cross the stream of ignorance and superstition. He will find it less rapid and deep than it appears. It requires only a resolute mind, and success is certain. Once on the other side, a glorious prospect opens to his view, and great and glorious privileges are his. He becomes a Rationalist,—yes, a Rationalist,—and none other can, either rightly venerate God, or judge rightly of the things that belong to God. The Rationalist, by the exercise of those reasoning faculties with which God has endowed him, will best learn his duty to God, himself, and his neighbour. Convinced of the importance and necessity of properly discharging those duties, he will labour, to conform, in all things, to the Laws prescribed by God, for the government of the feelings, intentions, thoughts, and actions of men. What more can God require? What more can we hope to effect, by any effort of our own, or how can it be possible to please him more than by submitting implicitly, and confidingly, to his will, and endeavouring, in defiance of every difficulty, to perform the work he has appointed for us?

It is in this sense of duty towards God, that true Christianity consists. Who shall say that it is not? He who affirms that Christianity is a speculative, rather than a practical, religion, contradicts the whole of Christ's teaching. Of what use to society, is a mere

speculative faith, that, rejecting common sense, would fain compel us to place all our hope of present and future favor with God, in the belief of Impossibilities? But this is not in accordance either with the teaching of God or of Christ. Every Christian believes that Christianity is of divine origin, and was miraculously introduced for a special purpose. It was, subsequently, corrupted, by the incorporation with it, of the idle traditions of ignorant, superstitious, or designing men. In its present state, it cannot be said to bear, impressed on it, the stamp of the divine approval. The cause of wars innumerable, the most sanguinary and ferocious that History has recorded—the history of the Church, as given by churchmen themselves, presents us with only one, or two, rare periods, during which, its course was such as that the mind could contemplate it with pleasure. In the beginning,—Christians persecuted,—subjected to the most cruel tortures,—massacred in incredible numbers, because of their conscientious opposition to the institutions of the Roman Empire. Then, their interminable contentions among themselves,—their intolerance, their struggles for supremacy, their propensity to invent new modes of belief, and their fanaticism, in defending the most absurd opinions,—all afford a continued exhibition of human suffering, and of human folly, which it is painful to look upon. It was truly and prophetically said, by Christ himself, that he came, to bring a sword, and not peace, into the world.

Nevertheless, in thus lamenting the failings, and the offences of those who verified this prediction, we must arraign, not the system, but the application of it, to unworthy purposes. Christianity, because of its inherent excellence, forces on us the conviction, that, of all the religions professed by men, it is the most entitled to our unqualified approval. Until Christ commenced his mission, the entire world, with a few exceptions, entertained the most erroneous opinions as to the nature of God, his relation to us, and our duty to him. Christ, by his preaching, shed a new light on these subjects. He always addresses God, as our Father, and represents him as a being actuated by Love for us his children, requiring nothing more than Love for him, and Love for our fellow men,—a burden easy to sustain,—a yoke not heavy to bear. What shall I do to be saved? was the question put to him, and the answer was ;—

*Love*—The Lord thy GOD, with all thy soul.

*Love*—Thy neighbour, as thyself.

*Sell*—And Give to the Poor.”

These few, but expressive, injunctions, together with the Lord's prayer, as composed, and used, by Christ himself, comprise the entire of his system of religious, and of social obligation. Were these precepts to be acted on, and no other test of faith, or form of prayer, required than what the author of our faith himself sanctioned, IRRELIGION, CRIME, and MISERY, would, on the instant, disappear. They would find, no one spot, throughout the world's broad surface, whereon to rest. Men, instead of being, as at present, little better than rabid wolves, would exhibit themselves scarcely inferior to the angels,—knowing GOD,—grateful to him for their creation,—grateful for his gift of intellect, whereby he has so much exalted us above his other creatures,—and zealous, by obedience to his will, to accomplish the high destiny that awaits us. Patient,—submissive under all trials,—strictly judging ourselves, but dealing leniently with others;—tolerant of their errors, but admiring and imitating their virtues,—sympathising with them, in their afflictions, and relieving their wants,—we should give evidence that we were truly the disciples of Christ,—the approved children of His Father, and of our Father,—of His God, and of our God.

In a work, so imaginative as this, we may be permitted to travel a little, into the regions of fairy land, and forgetting, for a while, the harsh, and horrible realities of Religious strife, turn our eyes on more pleasant prospects, and happier scenes. What a picture of happiness would this world present,—how delightful to look upon,—if men, by their actions, rather than by their voices, proved the sincerity of their belief in the Christian faith. Let us view this picture. The sun piercing through the clouds, seems to impart a genial warmth to the landscape, and to shed a mild and tempered light on every object. The earth smiles beneath its influence. Teeming with abundance, it rewards, with ample yield, the willing toil of the husbandman, whose labor is, to him, a healthful pleasure, because he labors for himself, and feels assured that what he sows he shall reap. The sleek ox comes to his work, when called, for he is neither goaded, nor muzzled. He is treated kindly, and he obeys, lovingly, the gentle hand that leads him,—

patting him as he goes. The dog salutes the stranger, as he approaches, and seems to invite him to enter. It is no longer suspicious, because it apprehends no danger to its master. Even the dog, in this picture, appears to participate in the general improvement,—the kindness, inculcated by Christianity, towards animals, teaching it to subdue its angry instincts.

In this picture of the imagination, there is no place for want and misery of our own creating, by the criminal prostitution of God's high and glorious gifts, to worthless purposes,—for the gratification of the low and base passions of the sordid-minded, the ambitious, or the despotic. In this picture, there is no place for war, and its unspeakable horrors,—of houses in flames,—of cities destroyed,—ships pouring into each other broadsides of fire,—battles of half a million of men, hired and armed, to murder those opposed to them; from whom they have received no injury, and towards whom they bear no enmity. Nor is there a place for the bloated possessor of inordinate wealth, while crowds of famished poor stand shivering in the distance. No! This picture represents what society should be, and what it would have been, if Christianity, as preached by its Author, were the rule whereby men governed their actions towards their fellow men. Christ announced his system,—to promote peace, and not to justify battle and murder,—the sword and the faggot. He intended that his system should be the corrective of vice,—the solace of the affliction, inseparable from our present state,—and a beacon of brightest light, to guide us in our pilgrimage through this life, and point the way to another and a better.

But these purposes,—so truthful and ennobling—Christianity has failed to accomplish. And why? Let those who, by their spurious doctrines and false teaching, have dishonored its Founder, and corrupted the minds of men, reply. Have the Fathers of the Church,—have the spiritual Pastors and Guides of the People,—walked in the steps of their Master, whom they have thought fit to confound with God,—making him the *equal* of God,—and whose commands they were, therefore, according to their own hypothesis, the more imperiously called upon to obey?

The heads of the Church of Rome, manifestly, have not done so. On this point, ALL Protestants are agreed. It would be idle to attempt to reason with Romanists on the subject of their belief. There

is no neutral ground, on which we can stand. We have no common principle, to which we can refer, in order to test the truth of our respective arguments. It is not so with Protestant Churches. Their Clergy, of every denomination, address the people from Pulpit or Reading-desk, over which there is written, in legible characters,—"THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGEMENT." This is the Religious Charter of Protestants,—a charter that never can be abrogated. Its principle is one, impressed on our hearts, by GOD himself; and HIM we best, and most devoutly serve, when we serve him with a *Reasonable Service*. When we serve him with an *Irrational Service*, is it not plain that we invest him with *Irrational attributes*, and that we, consequently, worship a FALSE God,—that we are, in truth, Idolators, and not Christians?

But why should we, who are Protestants, err in this respect? Do not *Reason* and *Revelation* both concur in obliging us to believe that GOD is a *Spirit*,—Invisible—*Omnipresent*—*Omnipotent*—*Eternal*—All-wise—All-good—All-merciful? Now, if such be the necessary attributes of the Creator, our reason cannot, without stultifying itself, admit that he is possessed of attributes of a contrary nature. If, therefore, it shall appear that, in Scripture, such contrary attributes are ascribed to him, how are Protestants to act? Does it not follow that, in rightly exercising their reason, they must deny the authenticity of those parts or passages of Scripture, in which such contradictions occur,—referring them to the invention of men, rather than to the dictation of God?

All Protestants,—every Protestant Church,—will be found to act on this principle, for, although they retain the text, they wrest the words from their obvious meaning, whenever it suits their purpose to deny it, if opposed to their own peculiar doctrines. The English Church rejects the Apocryphal Books. Calvin rejected the Epistle to the Hebrews. Luther refused to acknowledge that of James. Various other Books are considered spurious, by some Protestants. The authenticity of the Gospels of Mark and Luke is very doubtful. The Apostles' Creed has been corrupted. In the time of the Apostles, it consisted only of the one sentence, ending with,—“His only Son, our Lord.” All the rest was subsequently added to it, by churchmen, to suit their own views, and induce the people the more readily to adopt them. Even as it stands at



present, the exact meaning of several parts of it, is matter of dispute, and never can be determined by Protestants.

The Romanist finds no difficulty in satisfying his mind on all these points. He merely applies to his Church. That Church pronounces its decision, and the question is conclusively and finally settled. But, what is a Protestant? what are Protestant Churches to do. They have not, like the Roman Church, a centre of Unity. Protestants—Laymen, Churchmen, and Churches—all differ. In strict truth, there are among them, nearly as many distinct creeds as there are individual Protestants. They learn Catechisms, the composition of erring men, and which they do not understand. They crowd to hear a popular preacher, who makes it his business to abuse *Superstition* and *Rationalism*—Papists and Socinians—*Deists* and *Infidels*; but who rejects altogether the plain, practical teaching of Christ, and assures his hearers that “Good works are no better than rotten rags”! His hearers believe this doctrine; each selects from the Bible—it is quite immaterial whether from the Old or the New Testament—such texts as please him, and seem to countenance his previously formed opinions. In this way he becomes the maker of his own creed; and so satisfied is he of its strict orthodoxy, that he, in a great measure, disregards all church authority. He has the Bible,—but where is his *rule* of Faith? Protestant Athanasians will find it impossible to give an answer,—and yet, the question requires an answer, plain, distinct, and unmistakeable. The only answer that can be given, in conformity to Protestant principles, and without a manifest violation of this “*Right of Private Judgment*,” is to treat as *figurative, unintelligible, or spurious*, every text or doctrine, that shall be inconsistent with GOD’S FATHERLY Love, Benevolence, and Mercy, so that we shall, in all things, and under all circumstances, both here, and hereafter, regard him as our *Friend, Protector, and Benefactor*; serving him with a willing service, from *Gratitude*, and not from *Fear*, for “God is love. In love, fear exists not. Perfect love casteth out fear.”

It would be well for *Society*, and for *Christianity*, if the Clergy who profess *Athanasianism*, would abjure the monstrous absurdities of a Pagan Theology, and submit to be instructed by *Christ* himself. If they shall not do so, it will then become the duty of every intelligent and thoughtful Protestant, to reject their teaching,

and come out from amongst them,—and form for themselves a new Church,—the members thereof to designate themselves CHRISTIANS, and acknowledge *Christ* only—as their *Founder* and *Head*.

In making the foregoing remarks on the corruptions of Christianity, my object has been to get rid, in the first instance, of the rubbish of the *Athanasian* and *Nicene* Creeds,—the two great hindrances to the reception of the *Truth*, as made known to man, by GOD, through his Son, servant, and Prophet, *Jesus Christ*. I have endeavoured to think and reason as a Protestant, not conceiving myself bound to respect, in the slightest degree, if opposed to my own understanding, the articles of Faith, or Creeds of fallible men.

I believe that a few simple precepts, emanating from GOD, and delivered to man, by *Jesus Christ*, a Jew, the son of Joseph and Mary, and of the same trade as his Father, a Carpenter,—form the basis of a system of *Religion* and *Morals*, the most perfect that can be imagined,—a system, of all others, the best adapted to improve our social condition,—by extending, to the entire world, correct views of the nature of God,—of our duty to him—to ourselves, and to other men. It has happened, unfortunately, that these simple precepts, were subsequently, so mixed with false metaphysical speculations, by the nominal followers of Christ, that, absurd and impossible theories, came to be considered, of more importance than the plain and practical injunctions of *Christ* himself. Hence, as men, so often prefer the speculative and unreal, to plain, matter-of-fact, instruction, these abstruse and incomprehensible fictions, were widely disseminated and very generally adopted;—to the disgrace of the human intellect, and, of course, to the serious injury of pure Religion.

If an impartial and unprejudiced Protestant, were to be asked—“what remedy would he suggest?” What could he advise beyond this?—“Prove all things. Adopt that which is true, and the truth of which you can prove. Reject whatever is incredible, or incomprehensible,—inasmuch as such must be incapable of proof, and therefore incompatible with PROTESTANTISM, which appeals, in all things, to the private judgment of its members. In doubtful matters, form your own opinion, but do not substitute opinion, for belief. Opinion, may be conjectural, but Belief, should always rest on the solid foundation of undoubted *Truth*.”

If Protestants could be persuaded to think, and act thus, their numerous conflicting sects would soon unite, and form one vast congregation of intelligent, rational, and pious believers,—believers, in all that Christ was commissioned to teach,—but rejecting the idle and incomprehensible doctrines, of weak-minded, though, perhaps, well-intentioned men.

But Churchmen, and Churches, will not thus reform themselves. In the time, that has passed, they have never done so;—in the time that is to come, they never will. They *cannot*, in their collective capacity, acquiesce in any measure that shall tend to weaken the influence, and diminish the authority, which they have been led to believe, it is for the good of the people they should always exercise over their minds, and actions. So enduring are the effects of early education, that the multitude invariably think and act, in conformity with their original training. For this reason, the MANY will, in after life, neither read, nor think, nor permit themselves to be instructed. To the FEW only, it belongs, to value, seek for, and embrace the TRUTH.

In the course of this work, I shall occasionally revert to these subjects. My object is to grapple with the Athanasian Heresy, the most lamentable and destructive of all the corruptions, that have degraded Christianity, nearly to the level of Lamaism. With this intention, I shall not hesitate, to make it, on every suitable occasion, the subject of repeated animadversion. Some of my readers may think such repetition unnecessary, but my experience leads me to adopt the contrary opinion. When teaching others, I had always great faith in the efficacy of the mere repetition, even of the same argument, when differently expressed, and placed in a different light. I write to teach. Let those only, read, who wish to learn.

## CHAPTER V.

When we endeavour to persuade ourselves that those of our friends, who have passed from amongst us,—and are no longer seen ;—but, as we hope, are denizens of an invisible, and far happier world ;—“ If such there be.” When we would fain think, that they listen to our expressions of affectionatè remembrance, and interest themselves in our welfare,—are we warranted in applying to a future state, the cold and cheerless supposition, “ If such there be ?”

Beneath this cherished hope,—so universal,—must there not be concealed some deep secret—some dark mystery—some TRUTH, as yet, imperfectly known to us? GOD, it is said, in his visible works, presents us with many facts, illustrative of this most important, but difficult subject. If so, let us, in a spirit of pure and unprejudiced inquiry, seek for them, where God, himself, has placed them before us, and perhaps our search shall prove, not unsuccessful.

When the bird builds its nest, and weaves together its materials, with far greater skill than the hand of man could apply in its construction,—and prepares it to receive its eggs, and to become a resting-place for its unfledged young,—for the accommodation of which, it so carefully provides,—it follows its INSTINCTS, for it has no previous knowledge of the building of a nest, after the fashion of its kind, or of the eggs that it is to lay, nor of the offspring that it is to rear.

Of these successive processes,—all equally necessary to the continuance of its race,—the bird has no transmitted information. Without any object that it can itself comprehend,—it builds,—lays,—hatches. But its labor has not been in vain. The object that it was to have accomplished, has been attained. Its young have been reared. They leave the parent nest, and wing their way to other places—there, in their turn, to pursue, in due season, for their own brood, a course precisely similar to that, to which they had been, themselves, indebted for their own existence.

These birds labored not in vain.

It would be easy to adduce numerous examples of this kind, but it is needless. They all, without a single exception, demonstrate this great Truth,—that, when the inferior animals, exert themselves in obedience to their INSTINCTS,—in no case do they *labor in vain*.

But MAN, what is he? Of him, and of his aspirations after IMMORTALITY,—what shall we say?

Man is not,—like the bird,—untaught. From his childhood, he is trained to think, and speak of, and pray to GOD. He is told, and he believes, that he will pass into another state of existence—one not of this world,—but of an invisible world, where all who have died, now are, and where he himself, and all his friends and relatives, must surely go. The child is told this new world is HEAVEN—or a place of happiness, and that, if good, he will go there, and he believes it.

The child becomes a man, and he still thinks and hopes on, as at first, INSTINCT, REASON, and INSTRUCTION, all concurring to strengthen him, in the conviction, that his existence will be continued after death.

When Instinct, in all other animals, invariably guides them to certain unmistakeable results—shall Instinct, though aided by *Reason* and *Instruction*, in man alone, lead to nothing but delusive expectation?

How foolish would it be—what a waste of time and labor—if the bird, having built its nest, were, instead of eggs, to place in it a few round pebbles and sit on them, and then, after the usual period of incubation, fly away and desert them, producing, of course, no young—but obeying a ridiculous and unmeaning instinct. This would, indeed, be an absurdity. But GOD, the Creator, deals not in absurdities. Nothing that partakes of folly—nothing imperfect, or deceptive, can originate with him.

GOD himself, is a mystery, and absolutely incomprehensible. The most exalted intellect, that GOD might please to create, is as incapable of comprehending the immensity of his being, as is a child, just beginning to reason, from the effect, to its cause. Everything created is finite,—but what is finite, cannot comprehend that which is infinite. Of this, however, we must feel convinced—that all GOD's arrangements are perfect, and, if perfect, with regard to other animals—as well as to the entire physical world—then, MAN alone, cannot possibly be an exception.

Who can persuade himself, when he reflects on the power and wisdom of GOD, that man has been doomed to misery here, without any object, beyond that of causing him to endure present pain, and to hope for that, which never shall be realized?

If GOD invariably realizes the anticipations and provides abundantly for the enjoyment, even of the swallow,—why should he deal harshly with man? What a life of happiness the swallow leads. The beautiful, swift, agile, graceful, Swallow—that winged traveller, that passes its time, in perpetual enjoyment,—spending its winter in Africa, and its summer with us. It builds its nest, in the corner of our window. We hear its cheerful twitter, in the early morning, and, during the day, it visits and revisits us, hundreds of times. Like the robin, its confidence in our forbearance, from doing it harm—is its great protection. We admire the swallow, and seem to love it. No boy will rob it of its young, or destroy its nest; and, surely, as the mild winds of the west, breathe on the grassy fields, and flowers spring up, and insects and flies innumerable are warmed into life, so surely will the swallow return, to visit the old places, and to occupy again its former nest. Truly the swallow leads a pleasant life, and one that man might envy.

But wherefore should we envy it? Its pleasures end here. It dies and perishes. All that its instinct impelled it to, it has accomplished. It has experienced no disappointment, suffered no anxiety. It has lived and enjoyed itself. It has fulfilled its destiny, and, therefore, when it dies,—not having any knowledge of God, or hope of a *future state*—it perishes.

Not so is it with man. He suffers more than any other animal. His instincts mislead him. Of all his hopes—scarcely one is realized. Almost all his anticipations here, end in disappointments. But then, unlike the inferior animals, he has a knowledge of God, and while they instinctively provide only for their offspring—man, in obedience to the teaching of his Reason, anticipates his OWN *Future Birth*. Dissatisfied and wearied, with the labors of this earth, he yearns after a new life, and is consoled, only by the hope, that in a future state, he shall enjoy perfect happiness, by approaching more nearly to what GOD, when he created him, intended him to be. He also hopes,—and this is, perhaps, the chief cause of his wishing to live hereafter,—that he will then associate, in loving fellowship, with those whom he knew, and esteemed here—retaining no enmities, and forgiving all the injuries he may have endured, as he is himself forgiven those that he had inflicted on others.

*Instinct, Reason, Religion*, lead irresistibly to this conclusion. They convert Hope into Certainty. They make a reality of the

future. They enable us, confiding in the providence of God, and in the perfection of all his arrangements, to say joyfully with the Poet :

“ It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well,  
Else why this pleasing hope,—this fond desire,—  
This longing after IMMORTALITY ?”

But what is this principle of *Mind, Thought, Intellect*,—this SOUL or SPIRIT, that dwells within us, that reasons thus—makes acquaintance with God, and ventures, confidently, to affirm, that it was created by him, to live for ever ?

Is it pure Mind—mere unsubstantial *Thought*,—that can set space at defiance, travel from one end of the creation to another, in less time, than a single beat of the clock, and accomplish this feat, as an ordinary effort of the intellect ? Is the soul an incorporeal essence, having no extension,—uncompounded, and, whether in the body or separated from it,—altogether unconnected with any modification of matter ?

That the *Soul*, is mind, thought, intellect, having in its spiritualized state, no connexion with matter, is the belief of almost all Theologians and Metaphysicians. But, in this case, as thought virtually travels not, though, in imagination, it ranges through the entire aggregation of God's myriads of solar universes—the *Soul*, if merely thought, or intellect, and nothing more, could not possess the power of locomotion. Our minds move with us, because they dwell in our bodies, which are material ; but if, after death, they are supposed to be devoid of corporeity, they cannot move from place to place, inasmuch as,—like a mathematical point, which has neither length, breadth, nor thickness,—they occupy no place. Not occupying any place, our minds, after death, could have no positive existence, and DEATH would be *annihilation*.

MIND or *Spirit*, is of two kinds. The one immaterial—existing of necessity, uncreated, infinite, filling completely all space. This universal MIND, or *Mental Element*—is GOD. GOD is the only immaterial *Mind* or *Spirit*. If, material, as he is uniform throughout, and fills all space,—the entire universe, would be one vast solid. There would be no motion—no room in which to carry on the works of the creation—therefore, no Creator—no GOD. GOD is therefore a *Spirit* altogether devoid of solidity. In the words of Sir Isaac Newton :

“ GOD is omnipotent, not virtually only, but substantially, for power cannot exist without substance. In him all things are contained and move, but without reciprocal affection; GOD is not affected by the motion of bodies, nor do bodies suffer resistance from the omnipresence of GOD. It is universally allowed that GOD exists necessarily; and by the same necessity, he exists always and every where. Whence he is throughout similar,—all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power of perceiving, understanding and acting, but in a manner not at all human; in a manner not at all corporeal; in a manner to us altogether unknown.”

GOD having created matter, created also various spiritual existences, of a nature altogether different from his own. Created mind, and that which is self-existent, cannot possibly be of the same kind. Of *Uncreated Mind*,—there is but ONE—the GREAT, “ I AM, WHAT I AM.” Of *Created Minds*, the number and diversity may be unlimited; and being finite, in intelligence, power, and extension, they must exist—each in some definite portion of space specially occupied by itself. But in order to distinguish created from pure mind, and impart to it the power of occupying a portion of space,—and also the further power of Locomotion; it is joined to matter of some peculiar, subtile, etherealized kind, suited to this purpose; and differing, essentially, from that which is gross and ponderable.

Be this matter, however, of what kind it may, it is certain—so far as reason and analogy, can enable us to form an opinion—that all created intelligences, are composed of a material substance, intimately united to the mental principle. In plain language, they possess an absolute and positive *corporeity*. Each created mind, dwells in a body—though to us invisible, just as our minds, dwell in our visible, and tangible bodies.

It is this that imparts to each its own individuality. But for this possession of corporeity, and the specific organization necessarily connected with it, it would be impossible to distinguish between the different classes of spiritualized beings—or between different individuals of the same class. Being finite, they must be bounded by surfaces. They must possess figure and size, and, therefore, they occupy space. But, these are the attributes of *Matter*. They are intelligent also. But intelligence, is an attribute of *Mind*—therefore, they are composed of MIND and MATTER. Therefore, though each class is distinguished by its own peculiar characteristics, the



individuals of each class, all differ, somewhat, in size, figure, feature, expression, sentiment, in the same way, exactly, as men, who though they have one common shape, differ from each other in all these respects.

It is impossible for us to form any opinion as to the mental capacity, or corporeal configuration of the beings of another world, and of an order so inconceivably superior to ours. More intellectual and less material, their brain, or organ of thought, is probably, much larger, in proportion to their size, than that of man. Their bodies may be almost entirely brain; instead of five, they may have fifty senses—a hundred eyes, and as many ears. They may move from place to place, with the velocity of light. They are social too. They must hold intercourse with each other—interchanging ideas—mind communicating with mind, and perhaps, on some occasions, making itself known to our minds, even in this present state, thus anticipating the more perfect intercourse that is, hereafter, to take place between them and us,—when DEATH shall have rendered us, in all respects, similar to themselves.

To give method, form, and consistency, to this and to other speculations connected with the Human Mind, it will be necessary to investigate the ORGANIC CONSTITUTION of the MIND itself. A mere idea,—or a continued succession of ideas, possessing nothing tangible or substantial—cannot produce an effect upon any other existence whatsoever, whether ideal, or substantial. An idea, or thought, is as unsubstantial as the shadow of a shade. It exists, and passes away. It leaves no trace behind. It is, as if it had never been. But if Mind be intimately associated with matter, the properties of *both* are modified, or changed. Thought ceases to be altogether ideal. It acquires a local habitation by its union with Matter,—and Matter, by its union with Mind, becomes, to a certain extent spiritualized and obedient to the powers of the Will.

The speculation of the materiality of the Mind, is not one of my own originating. I was first made acquainted with it, by my esteemed friend, the late Andrew Carmichael of Dublin, brother of the distinguished surgeon, Richard Carmichael, who was drowned some years ago, while riding across the Strand, near Howth, and who was so universally regretted, by the public, and by every member of the Profession.

In a work published by A. CARMICHAEL, entitled "Physical Considerations on Man's Ultimate Destination, and the Essential Constitution of Superior Beings,"—it is stated, that, "The superior beings which form so important a link in the chain of Creation, in their reality, their dimensions, their actual existence, like all that we know of the *living* productions of God, are not uniform and homogeneous, but variously organized beings." "God must be a Being without organization, and this leads, at once, to the mighty distinction between God, and his creatures. The most exalted of God's creatures, can be but finite, however spiritual their nature. If then, God be an infinite, extended and unorganized Spirit, and the other superior beings, also extended but finite, and organized, we may conceive ourselves authorized to conclude that every creature he has called into living existence, is an organized being;—and that, in the strict sense of the word, there is no *Spirit* in the universe, but His incomparable essence." Pages 14 and 17.

Mr. Carmichael proceeds to remark that, "there is not any contradiction in supposing that God may confer the faculty of thinking, upon any arrangement of matter, he pleases," page 19. And he further observes, in page 24 of his work, that "It is not impossible that the original germ of the human being may continue, as the stamen, and foundation of the human frame, amongst all the vicissitudes, which remove and replace the particles which compose it, and after these particles separate and dissolve, that this permanent germ, appertaining to one individual, and peculiar to him, may remain, like a seed in the ground, undecaying and unperishing, till the hour appointed for the reproduction of the living stem," page 24.

In further elucidation of these opinions, Mr. A. Carmichael, refers his readers to a "Letter on the reputed Immateriality of the Soul," by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, an intimate friend of his and the author of an able tract, entitled "INFALLIBILITY not POSSIBLE—ERROR not CULPABLE."

The foregoing extracts and references, contain the pith of Mr. Carmichael's theory, so far as it depends on the supposed physical constitutions of the Soul,—but here he admits that his views are merely conjectural,—that he has no direct proof to show that the Soul may not,—like other organizations, perish, except what the Scriptures afford, when they assure us of the future and certain RESURRECTION of the BODY, in a new and glorified form.

In confirmation of this, he then enters upon a labored inquiry, into the meaning of numerous obscure and disputed passages, in the Old and New Testaments, which appear to prove the existence of the SOUL, after DEATH, and the subsequent Resurrection of the Body. He also arrives at the conclusion,—that, until the general Resurrection, we *all* sleep in the *grave*, or wherever the *primitive* germ of each individual may be placed.—whether in the air, earth, or water, —or even after having entered into the composition of other organized beings.

It would appear from Mr. Carmichael's work, that the texts which refer to the Resurrection of the Body,—and the opinions of the most pious and learned men, as to their precise meaning, are so contradictory, that we find ourselves, in a state of greater uncertainty, after, than before, our most careful examination of them. Every passage and text is variously interpreted by Protestant clerics, as well as by Lay writers, so that it becomes absolutely impossible for any unprejudiced individual to speak, with *certainty*, as to the *true* meaning of any of them.

The Church of Rome—setting up a claim to *Infallibility*, which it never possessed, and which it is *impossible*, it could possess,—settles these debatable questions, by a simple pronouncement of its decisions, and its *command* ! that all who are in communion with it, shall believe, or try to persuade themselves that they think they believe, in their strict and immutable accuracy.

With Protestants, such an injunction, even though it were to come from Protestant Clergy, can have no weight, and the less so, because the History of every Athanasian Church, proves that they are all fallible,—as much influenced by prejudice, and as unequivocally opposed to freedom of inquiry, upon what they call “Vital Questions,” as the Church of Rome ever was, or can possibly be. Indeed, when Theologians discuss these or other Metaphysical speculations, they so identify them, with their religious preconceptions, that they, almost always, fall into serious error. They employ words to which they are unable to assign an exact meaning. These words, they substitute for things, of which they are as ignorant, as they are of the words they use to denote them. Hence their thoughts become confused, their arguments inconclusive, illogical, irrational.

To extricate themselves from these difficulties, which are all of

their own creating,—they denounce Reason, as Impiety, in matters of Religion, and substitute for it *Faith*, or *Implicit Belief*, in their own incomprehensible assertions! They invent distinctions where there are none,—and where they manifestly and palpably exist, they refuse to acknowledge them. For instance, most Theologians deny that the inferior animals can reason. Animals, according to them, are governed solely by their Instincts, while Reason—which, if what they say be true, only makes us more wicked,—belongs exclusively to Man.

Unfortunately, of these subjects Clerics understand little or nothing. A Professional-theological education, incapacitates them from inquiring into them, with that perfect freedom from prejudice, so necessary to the acquisition of a clear perception of the TRUTH. ALL systems of Theology that are not established on the broad basis of sound reason, and of perfect freedom of opinion, invariably tend to perpetuate error. They close the senses, against the evidence of palpable proofs,—they warp the judgment,—they insinuate error into every act of the Human Mind, and they sanctify this false teaching by appealing to the Scriptures, which they misunderstand.

In the Roman Church, those errors, however glaring, never can be corrected. Among Protestants, they will and must be extirpated altogether, leaving behind them, only the recollection of the evils they have produced, and exciting in the minds of those who shall succeed us, no other feeling than that of surprise, that the intellectual and vivifying principles of PROTESTANTISM, could, so long, have permitted themselves to be profaned by any modification of Faith, or Belief, that was not strictly RATIONAL.

In making the foregoing observations, intended to vindicate the right exercise of our REASON, on all Metaphysical and Religious subjects, and in protesting against every system that shall endeavour to prohibit its legitimate use, to the utmost extent of our powers—I wish to be understood as not intending to censure the individuals, who, whether Laymen, or Clerics, feel themselves bound to any of those systems that deny the right of private judgement.

In the Church of Rome and the other Athanasian Churches, there are numerous individuals of the greatest piety, of the utmost purity of life, most estimable in their private and public conduct, charitable, kindly affectioned towards their neighbours of all classes and creeds ;

men, not to be spoken of, without respect, and with whom it is an honor to be permitted to associate. In those Churches, in every Church, there are many such. Christ, when appointed, by God, to make us better acquainted with his laws, preached the Gospel of "Glad Tidings" not to the Jews only, but to the people of all Countries. Christ was no respecter of persons. He praised the humane Samaritan, and censured the ostentatious and unfeeling Pharisee. So it should be with us, in forming our judgement of others. There are good men, of every age and nation. Religious systems, may be defective, and, therefore, require to be amended, but individuals who have been trained up, from Infancy, in a firm conviction of their truth, only act consistently in conforming to these their early impressions. Their thoughts are not their own. They have been instilled into their minds by the teaching of parents, strengthened by the authoritative lessons of a priesthood, supposed to be set apart, by God, for that purpose. Persons, so trained, can hardly, in after life, be induced to change their opinions. They cling to their errors, with a superstitious attachment, and refuse to be reasoned with. It is folly to reason with them, and yet, it is not just to accuse them of deliberate error. We are all the creatures of circumstances, and can no more be coerced to change our opinions than to speak a language different from that which we were taught to lisp, in childhood, and which we have used, from thence, upwards, knowing no other.

Of men, some few, in every country, have been more highly gifted, than others, and, like those stars which aid the mariner in ascertaining his proper course, have shone out, the lights of their own and of succeeding ages. What Church shall presume to say, that such men, have not been appointed by God, as a means to confer benefits on the Human Race, or shall venture, in its pride, to affirm that they are to be despised, or to be avoided as dangerous examples, subverters of morals, Piety, and Faith? The Church that shall, without mercy, condemn to eternal torture, such men, opposes itself to God. It denies his teaching—his power—his wisdom. It substitutes Evil, in the place of Good. It deifies wickedness and worships cruelty. The teaching of such Church, being erroneous, and its authority a mere assumption, it is a benefit to society to expose its unfounded claims, and thus deprive it, as far as possible, of the influence which

it so much abuses. Zoroaster, Confucius, Plato, Socrates, the Pope Ganganelli,—Luther, Newton, Locke, Fenelon, Ussher, Berkeley, Washington, Channing, Ram, Mohun Roy, Davy, Watts, Laplace, Humboldt, are the names of men, who beyond all doubt, were created by God, to improve the social condition of men, and throw open to all, the wide field of legitimate inquiry. These, and such as these, of all times and creeds, are the precursors of that great epoch, when all the nations of the entire world, shall be united as one flock, and gathered into one fold, and governed by one Ruler, miraculously appointed by God.

But the present Churches, do not understand this. They cannot persuade themselves to extend to others, that mercy which they hope to obtain for themselves. They seem to think that God is a being with whom they can deal as they please, and that, without their assistance and permission, he cannot bring into a state of future happiness, the thousandth part of the inhabitants, of his own wide Earth? It is to be lamented that such error should thus darken the minds of so many sincere and good men. Let those who have been better taught, avoid their example, not reasoning, or disputing with them,—not using, as they do, angry words, but excusing, rather than blaming them.

In fine, while it is right and useful to deny the authority of every Church, that shall, in its arrogance, pretend to possess, exclusively, the means of man's future salvation, it is seldom of use to engage in controversy with its individual members. Personal disputation, seldom, if ever, succeeds in changing those habitual, and in-dwelling sentiments, that give to each mind its individuality, or seem, at least, to do so. It is not possible for the hoarse loud voice of vulgar passion, to convey religious instruction to the thoughtful mind. It is the low whisper that speaks to the inner soul, in the solitary walk, or in the stillness of the night,—by which minds are changed and are brought nearer to God. Idle disputes, and personal controversies, being useless at all times, and mischievous besides, should not be indulged in, by any who respect themselves, and are desirous to cause their opinions to be respected by others.

But to return to my original subject. Mr. A. Carmichael, in his Essay, has merely thrown out certain suggestions as to the *materiality* of the soul. He was of opinion that, in order to con-

stitute the soul, matter is endowed by God, with the power of thinking. He has not discussed this question, although it is one of great importance, and calculated to give rise to much doubt. To me, this opinion appears exceedingly unsatisfactory. Indeed, Mr. Carmichael himself remarks—page 20—that “The Philosopher who shall clearly establish, even probable grounds, for the common opinion of the Soul’s Immortality, will be, of all men, the most deserving of the gratitude of his species.” Without intending to lay claim to merit such as this, I shall, however, enter on this inquiry, and endeavour to ascertain, what facts, illustrations, and arguments, can be brought to bear on it.

## CHAPTER VI.

It is plain that the SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION of a subject, so abstruse as that of PSYCHOLOGY, must afford us our best, and perhaps, only means to correct existing errors, and enable us to adopt new views, more in accordance with the TRUTH. For this purpose, it will be necessary to commence with a general survey of the most important works of the Creator,—so that, by comparing the MIND with the other active influences, so widely distributed throughout nature, we may arrive at some satisfactory conclusion, with regard to it.

MATTER is a substance—solid, extended, and, of itself, incapable of originating either rest or motion. If not acted upon by some other agent, it will continue for ever in the same state in which it may happen to exist. It is of two kinds,—PONDERABLE and IMPONDERABLE. Of ordinary or Ponderable matter there are nearly sixty different kinds. Of *Imponderable* matter, we have Caloric, Light, Electricity, Magnetism.

When Ponderable substances are made to act on each other, they obey the well known laws of *Mechanical*, or *Chemical* action, as the case may be. The imponderable agencies—are perpetually acting on imponderable matter, which they preserve in a state of constant activity, so that matter, though itself inert, is never actually at rest. Even when it seems most quiescent, it is acted upon by contending influences, it is attracted, and repelled—it vibrates between opposing forces, yielding always to that which is the most powerful, and appearing to have neither will nor preference of its own. A small wire or thread will suspend a certain weight. In order to break it, the weight must be increased, and therefore the particles of the wire or thread, must be drawn towards each other by forces greater than the weights they are capable of suspending without breaking. So it is when a spring is compressed. Though quiescent, it strains itself against the compressing power, and resists it with an exactly equal force. So in the planetary motions, if the planets and sun did not attract, or endeavour to draw each other together—the planets would fly unrestrained, in right lines, through infinite space. So it is in every case of Chemical action. ACTIVITY—perpetual activity,—every where prevails.



All these modifications of **ACTIVITY**, being *material*, and coming under the cognisance of our senses, have been carefully investigated, subjected to experiment, and classified. Theories have been invented to explain their effects, and **NATURE** has been questioned and tortured in a thousand different ways, by man's ingenuity,—his curiosity, his cupidity ; and **Nature**, thus coerced, has responded to our questionings, and while she asserts her own rights, she yields to us, a willing obedience in all things possible.

But these results being altogether material, they are more obvious and less complicated than when a new agency, capable of controlling all of them, shall be brought to exert its influence in modifying and altering them. That there are such agencies, diffused through nature—secret, occult, but most powerful in their effects, there can be no doubt. Every effect must proceed from an adequate cause. The effect proves the pre-existence of the cause. Hence, when we observe numerous effects, or changes, or new arrangements in material substances, which the ordinary powers that act on matter, are manifestly incapable of producing, we are obliged to seek for some other cause or power, in order to account for them.

Of this latter kind are "**VITAL** or **ORGANIC** Actions." When the principle of **Life**, or **VITALITY**, is stimulated into activity, it seizes upon matter, in some way to us unknown,—and controlling the other motive powers, it imparts to its minute particles, new affinities, and forms new compounds, referable chiefly to the intensity of its own agency. These actions are termed **ORGANIC**. The motive power, or cause, that produces them, is the principle of **LIFE**, or **VITALITY**. Thus we discover in nature, an additional Element which gives existence to **Life**, and imparts to bodies a structure for its reception, and for the exercise of the various functions necessary to ensure its continuance.

Most remarkable are the changes produced in the arrangements of mere matter, by this additional life-producing agent, which would seem to be widely diffused throughout all the Creator's works. In every part of the earth, where atmospheric air is present, there, **VITALITY** will be found to exist, either in a latent or active state. In the regions of the Poles, as well as under the Line,—on the tops of the highest mountains, and in the depths of the sea,—the principle of **VITALITY** exhibits itself, giving origin to innumerable varieties of plants, and animals.

VITALITY, when it passes from a latent state into one of activity, must exist in an organized body, which it constructs for itself, by its own power. In thus acting on matter, it imparts to it the property of IRRITABILITY,—or the power of alternate contraction and relaxation, when stimulated by some exciting cause.

An ORGANIZED body is composed of solid and fluid parts, which are so arranged as to form ORGANS, or structures, subservient to the purposes of action, or motion. In this arrangement, the organization or structure is such, that the fluid are contained by the solid parts, and circulate through them. The system of vessels, containing fluids which move in them, constitutes the *Vascularity* of the organized body; and depends, first, on the vitality of the solid fibres that form the vessels, and next, on the IRRITABILITY imparted to them by the primary action of *Vitality*, in its formation of those vessels.

By means of IRRITABILITY, fluids are absorbed by the Vascular System, and circulate through it,—the vessels, by their contraction and relaxation, urging them forward, and distributing them through the different parts of the Organization.

ORGANIZED bodies are either ANIMAL or VEGETABLE, and both require, for the right exercise of their various functions, Temperature—Air—Water—Nutriment. Deprived of these, they die; or should they, as in the case of the seeds of plants, or eggs of animals, retain their vitality, it must exist in a latent or quiescent state, giving no evidence of its potency until stimulated into life by the united influence of temperature, moisture, and air.

The food or nutriment of ANIMALS is taken in by a mouth, and received into a stomach, or receptacle, where it is digested, assimilated, and vitalized.

The food of PLANTS is absorbed by the extremities of the roots, and conveyed, from them, by a system of vessels, to the leaves, where it is digested and vitalized. In animals, the stomach and respiratory organs are placed internally; in plants, they are situated externally, as the leaves of plants perform the functions of the stomach and lungs. This difference in the manner in which plants and animals are nourished, enables us to distinguish between them, so as to determine to which class they belong,—although, in some instances, they approach so nearly that it is not easy to satisfy ourselves on this point.

Thus it is, that in all organized beings, the principle of *Vitality* is superadded to ordinary matter, which it seizes upon, appropriates, modifies, and controls—overpowering the mechanical and chemical forces which this matter would otherwise have obeyed. Thus it is that Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen, when acted upon by *Vitality*, enter into innumerable combinations, each of which possesses its own distinctive properties. The law of gravitation is superseded. The sap ascends from the root to the summit of the highest tree. Animals move their limbs and raise their bodies, in opposition to the force of gravitation. But this they cannot continue to do for ever. Their *Vitality* becomes exhausted after a time, and ceases to act. The chemical and mechanical forces then resume their original powers, and thereby cause the decay, and decomposition of the body, now no longer vitalized. DEATH then ensues—mysterious *Death*—the final and inevitable termination of all organized existence.

Having thus alluded to these principles, and to the changes produced by the action of *Vitality* on elementary matter, it will naturally occur to us to inquire—what is this vitality? whence is it derived? How comes it to accumulate in bodies? and when their organization is destroyed, and it deserts them,—is *it* also destroyed, or, is it merely liberated, to enter into new combinations with other matter?

These are questions hard to understand, and harder still to answer. We possess no positive proof on any one of these subjects, and, therefore, our opinions must be regarded as altogether conjectural,—more curious than practical,—more ingenious than true.

God has created nothing in vain, and, therefore, destroys nothing. This I assume, as a first principle. I do not write for those who deny it. With such, I do not pretend to reason. I cannot understand them, nor can they comprehend me, or the object of my inquiries into the nature of *Vitality* and of *Mind*. If *Vitality* be a distinct elementary substance, having an affinity for *Matter*, and capable of causing it to enter into *Organic Combinations*, it cannot be destroyed by any physical agency. It must be governed by its own laws, and act in conformity with them, in all the conditions in which it can be placed. The same laws must govern its action, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In fact, being the cause of organic

life, in all its modifications, its action must be throughout uniform and consistent with itself.

It would seem that *Vitality* is, in the first instance, elaborated and accumulated by *Vegetables*, and, afterwards, transferred from them to the *Animals*, by whom the products of Vegetation are consumed. Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen,—or, in plain language, CHARCOAL and WATER, are the substances to which *Vitality* has the greatest affinity, and from which it fabricates thousands of different products, each possessed of properties essentially distinct. From these—charcoal and water—it constructs the solid wood of the oak—flowers, with their colored petals and fragrant odors—oils, fixed and volatile—gums—resins—sugar—starch—gluten,—all the substances of wholesome nutriment, and all the vegetable poisons so destructive of animal life.

Most wonderful are the results of the vital action, on these two substances which it manipulates, as it were, and manufactures into an innumerable variety of forms. With what feelings of reverence for the Creator, and of admiration of his marvellous works, must not these facts inspire us? Who can doubt his existence—his infinite power—his providence—his wisdom? How short-sighted—how ignorant of Science—how incompetent to teach others,—must not they be who denounce Philosophy, as tending to Infidelity, and would prohibit men of enlarged and cultivated minds from placing their votive offerings on the altar of the One, Invisible, and only True God?

If the “undevout Astronomer be mad,” still less sane is he who is incapable of distinguishing in these works of the Creator, his infinite power and wisdom. It is a grievous error to imagine that True Religion can be based on Ignorance of any kind, or that Piety is only to be valued when identified with the superstitious feeling of implicit belief.

The fabled *Titan* is said to have had a hundred hands. Under this myth lies concealed the hundred hands, and the clear-sighted eyes of the HUMAN INTELLECT—that mysterious agent that explores the secrets of Nature, controls matter, subjugates the elements, and, not satisfied with this Earth, exposes to view *Universes* innumerable, composed of millions upon millions of Suns, self-illuminated, glowing with brilliant light, and each peopled with myriads of beings

possessing an organization, suited to the physical condition of the globe on which they dwell.

GOD, to us, perhaps the most humble of his intelligent creatures, has given Mind wherewith to think, and Reason whereby to know him. It is therefore our duty to exercise those glorious powers, with which we have been so richly endowed. If we shall prefer Ignorance to Knowledge, and lazily substitute, for a reasonable service to GOD, a blind, credulous, and unmeaning worship, we dishonor GOD, and degrade ourselves. All who have been gifted with superior intelligence, and who use it for their own profit, and for the benefit of others, are among the "*Chosen Ministers of God.*" He has created them to bring light to the minds of other men, and when their mission shall have been accomplished, he will, no doubt, receive them approvingly. It is a vain attempt, therefore, for the stupid, prejudiced, or intolerant, to prevent men of intelligence from using their REASON. It is folly to affirm that "Man's Reason is foolishness!"

It is not foolishness to inquire into the laws of organic life, and into the structural organization of the Human Mind. On the contrary, such inquiry will prove both interesting and useful, by calling our attention to subjects, of which Theologians know nothing.

Commencing, then, with the *Chemical* and *Mechanical* forces that act on Matter, and ascending, from them, to *Vitality*, the source of *Organization* and of *Irritability*, we could not fail to notice the obvious difference that exists between Animals and Vegetables, in regard to the external character of each,—a distinction, depending chiefly, on the mode in which they receive the food necessary to supply the materials of their growth, and to repair the waste occasioned by the exercise of their organic functions.

But, in addition to *Vitality*, which is common to both Plants and Animals, there exists, in Animals, another, and a higher principle still,—namely, that of CONSCIOUSNESS,—on which depends SENSATION and VOLITION, and their attributes.

The attributes of *Sensation*, are Pleasure and Pain,—of *Volition*, *Activity* and *Quietude*.

Pleasure, or Pain, stimulates the *Volition* of the sentient and conscious animal into activity; in order that it may enjoy the former, and avoid the latter. When neither acts on *Sensation*, and through

Sensation on *Consciousness*, and through *Consciousness* on Volition, the principle of *Consciousness* settles down into a state of *quietude* or inactivity.

What is this principle called *Consciousness*—from whence does it come,—where does it dwell? Is this power of feeling and of thinking,—this faculty, by which we know that we exist,—identical with *Vitality* and *Organization*, or is it another and a different principle,—and if it be, is it the same, in all classes of animals,—in any oyster, as well as in man,—in a microscopic entozoon, and in a Socrates?

It is plain, that wherever *Sensation*, and its accompaniments,—pleasure and pain,—exist, there must be present, certain impressions, or effects of some kind, produced by these causes, on some principle inherent in the living body. Where there is motion, there must be a motor,—where there is *sensation* and *consciousness*, there must be a sentient and conscious principle to receive and particularize those impressions. No matter by what name we shall call it,—whether we shall designate it *Mechanical*, *Chemical*, *Vital*, or *Intellectual*,—the term we use can make no difference as to the reality of its existence.

The *Vitality* of Animals, though of a higher order than that of Plants, is not influenced by pleasure or pain. It dwells in a system adapted to itself, and subservient to its own uses. In the same way, the *SENTIENT* principle has its peculiar organization. It dwells in another and a different system altogether,—in the *NERVOUS SYSTEM*,—which, variously modified, and in its wide range, ascending from the most minute ganglion, terminates in that noble fabric the *HUMAN BRAIN*, the greatest and the most wonderfully contrived of all *GOD'S* material works. The Brain of man, a marvellous organ, a fit receptacle for the *Intellectual Principle*,—the *HUMAN MIND*,—that connects us, in the chain of creation, to superior beings of a more purely spiritualized nature.

Thus, beginning with a pebble, the fragment of a rock that existed, perhaps, millions of years before man was created, we obtain a view,—

1st. Of the *MECHANICAL* and *CHEMICAL* Forces.

2nd. Of the *ORGANIZATION* of Plants and Animals, the resultant of *VITALITY* and *IRRITABILITY*.

3rd. Of the *VITALITY* and *SENSIBILITY* of ANIMALS.

4th. Of the MENTAL POWER, resident in Animals, as evidenced by *Consciousness, Thought, Volition.*

In this Essay I propose to speak of the Human Mind. What is this Mind—where does it exist—from whence does it come. In my opinion, *Mind*, or the principle of thought, or consciousness, is, like *Vitality*, an element widely diffused, which enters into the composition of animal organization, and resides in a portion of the *nervous system*, prepared for its special use, by the joint operation of *Vitality* and *Irritability*.

It is worthy of remark, and deserves our attention, as a proof of the peculiar nature, and extraordinary motive power of Volition, that the *Power* and the *Effect* bear no ratio or proportion whatever to each other. Why, and how this can be, is inexplicable; but it seems to me to be, of all God's visible arrangements, the most conclusive, in proof of the spirituality of mind, as a substance distinct from mere matter.

Ponderable bodies act on each other with forces proportioned to their quantities of matter. Chemical action is governed by its own laws. The Imponderable substances, such as Light, Caloric, Electricity, act in proportion to the intensity of their concentration. These are all material, and the physical Laws which regulate them are uniform and similar throughout the Universe. But *Mind* and *Volition* are not controlled by any of those laws. They are distinct from, and superior to them all. The mind acts on matter, in a way which we have no means of explaining, and which, therefore, it is impossible for us to reduce to any well defined and satisfactory system. The mind, as a motive power, stands alone,—there is nothing, throughout all nature, that can be compared with it. We can estimate the power of other agents, but that of the mind baffles us altogether. The slightest effort of the will, seems to be as capable of producing, as powerful an effect, as if, instead of a simple act of volition, the concentrated energies of a giant had been exerted to their utmost. In the case of the mind, the difference of effect, depends not on the amount, quantity, or intensity of the will, but on the organization or structure of those parts of the body that are subservient to voluntary action, namely, the *Nerves* and *Muscles*. The same amount of *Volition* that causes a midge to expand its wings, would, if the midge were of sufficient size and strength, and

had an atmosphere capable of sustaining it, enable it to fly away with the entire globe, and tear it from its connexion with the sun. The same amount of volition that induces the small pinkeen or minnow to play about, in its little pool, would impel a whale ten thousand feet in length, if such existed, across the Atlantic, disturbing, in its depths, and making turbid, the ocean, and producing a swell equal to that occasioned by an equinoctial hurricane, and fully as destructive. What mystical power, then, must not the mind possess, when it can originate such movements,—excite to increased exertions,—restrain, direct, suspend them;—and all this, apparently without any effort of its own! Most certainly, this is, of miracles the greatest. The empire of mind over matter is, of all the manifestations of God's power, the most inscrutable. Truly we may say—“Unspeaking is his wisdom. His ways are past finding out.”

As mind is so wonderful, even in the minute and visible indications of its power, what must be the length and breadth, and how immeasurably great the vast profound of the UNIVERSAL MIND, that, uncreated, fills all space, has called all things into existence, and actuates and directs all things. In this Mind, and by this Mind, all things exist,—and this Mind is GOD.

NATURE, in its proper and extended sense, signifies the system of the visible works of this world, and of all other created existences. It is only by the study of Nature, and by the contemplation of the numerous evidences of her power, that we arrive at a knowledge of the being of a GOD, that we become impressed with a conviction—not merely of his presence,—but of his possessing certain attributes, which we identify with him. The evidence of this identity, we derive from the uniformity that prevades all his acts, and the absence of the slightest defect, or imperfection, in any part of the universal scheme, according to which he regulates the smallest, as well as the greatest of his works.

In this way God speaks to us. He graciously invites us to make acquaintance with him, and with his laws,—for they testify of him, and prove that he who devised those laws, must think and act, in every instance, in harmony with his own universal system of perfect and immutable arrangement. They who deny this,—they who would prohibit us from inquiring into the nature of the Human mind, and into its future destination—so far as such knowledge is attain-



able by natural means,—are those who, because they are persuaded of the truth of their own errors,—refuse to acknowledge any truth that shall not be in exact conformity with their preconceived and mistaken opinions. Surely in this they act unwisely towards themselves and towards those whom they profess to instruct. Is not Reason, the greatest of all the gifts conferred by God on man? Is it not a high and glorious privilege,—by Reason,—to range freely over the wide domain of God's creation, and to make ourselves familiar with works—marvellous in their magnitude, and not less wonderful in their minuteness? Reason, it is, that introduces us into the presence of God himself, and enables us to fill our minds with a rich store of wisdom, derived from his teaching. The Human mind, therefore, has a claim on our chief attention,—both because of its superiority to other existences, and because it alone constitutes our personal identity, by enabling us to know that we think, and that we are what we are.

If pure MIND be a distinct element, and a portion of this mind be united to *matter*, another element—the resultant, or combination, of *mind* and *matter*, must partake of the nature of a chemical compound, and will, most probably, be formed in accordance with the general laws of chemical action. As bodies of different kinds, when chemically combined, always unite in definite proportions,—*mind* and *matter* may be so constituted, as to possess, in the different classes of animals,—certain relative proportions, invariably co-existent in each class,—peculiar to it, and distinguishing it from every other. To make this intelligible, let us, as a mere speculation, assume water as a standard, wherewith to commence. As water is composed of one measure of Oxygen gas, united to two measures of Hydrogen gas, we may imagine, one portion of mind, united to two portions of some highly etherealized matter, to form the HUMAN MIND. We can also suppose, that this union, when once formed, is so intimate, and so permanent, as to resist all the decomposing forces, that nature can apply to it. Being thus permanent, it must continue to exist, even after its separation from the body,—and hence, we can easily comprehend, in what way the Human Mind, may have been originally created—indestructible and immortal.

With regard to the inferior animals, if more of matter, of the same, or of an inferior kind,—and if less of mind, be employed, in

the composition of such intellect, as may be necessary for them, the compound, not being indestructible, yields, after death, to the disruptive forces of chemical decomposition, and, decaying with the body,—perishes.

To explain this. If *mind*, be supposed to be diminished in quantity and intensity, from a unit to ten places of decimals,—and *matter* to be increased, by ten places of numerals,—and the lowest fraction of mind be then united to the greatest amount of organized matter,—we shall obtain the lowest possible form of animal existence,—all organization, of a lower grade than this, being, no longer sentient, and, therefore, belonging to the *Vegetable*, and not to the *Animal* kingdom. The intermediate terms of mind and matter, will afford, by their combination, an infinite variety of every imaginable kind of animal existence,—all created, to *live* only for a limited period. But there is one, and only one—the paragon of mind and matter, so constituted, as, in its mental development, to resist decomposition,—notwithstanding the death and dissolution of the body with which, during life, it had been identified. THIS is man's SOUL. It is a substance, an entity,—a real existence, compounded of *mind*, and probably of *vitality*, this being the substantial element, that enters into its composition, if we are correct in considering it, as the most etherealised and energetic material, with which we are acquainted.

The mode in which the union between mind and matter, or mind and vitality, takes place,—when, where, and by what means—so that the races of men, and of all other animals, shall be continued,—it is impossible to explain. This, however, is certain, that all animals increase, in accordance with some universal law, which regulates their production. In this continuation of the different kinds of animals, the Deity does not, on every occasion, miraculously interfere. He has ordered, that, under certain circumstances, certain results shall invariably take place. He has made his arrangements for this purpose. Everything is pre-arranged,—nothing is left to chance. The proportion of the sexes,—the reasoning powers,—the instincts,—the habits,—the capability of improvement,—the vices,—the virtues,—all are regulated, and no permanent deviation, from any of these conditions, will be permitted. In the case of mules, the further perpetuation of the mongrel race is prevented. Heredi-

tary diseases, either wear themselves out, or, in a few generations, cause the extinction of the families, in which they exist. Individuals occasionally give evidence of deterioration, but a conserving influence perpetuates the healthy condition of the race, which might else perish altogether. This is the case with all organized bodies,—and the same rule applies to the mind. The mind is now, what it was, when originally created,—its continuance, through successive generations, being provided for, and its healthy condition insured, by such means, as the Creator deems it right to employ for those purposes.

In the external configuration of animals, there are—orders, classes, genera, species, and varieties. It is the same with the mind. Among Nations there is great diversity of character ; in some there is a certain mental development peculiar to themselves :—the Chinese, the Hindostan races are remarkable instances of this. So it is with individuals. Each mind has its own distinctive marks, strongly imprinted on it. This must be admitted. If so,—how, we may ask— can this be accomplished, unless mind shall possess a material substratum, which, though in all, essentially the same, shall present numerous varieties, with characteristic marks, sufficient to distinguish, each individual from the rest of its fellows ? By supposing the soul, or human mind, to be composed of mind and matter, every difficulty would seem to disappear. The soul, being material in part, would resemble an organized body. It would possess, after death, a form visible to those of its own kind,—the power of occupying space,—of moving from place to place,—of holding intercourse with other minds, of enjoying itself, and of imparting enjoyment to its associates. Viewed in this light, its nature, while in the body, might be considered as not differing essentially from what it becomes after death. So long as it continues an in-dweller in the body, it partakes of the nature of the body, in which it is confined. The mind and the body control each other. The mind,—when it wishes to change its place—moves the body—and the body, when it is moved,—carries the mind along with it,—however reluctant it may be to accompany it. Death alone can dissociate them. After this event, it is, that the soul acquires the means of exhibiting itself in the exalted and purely intellectual condition,—which it was created to fill after its emancipation from the bonds of the flesh. To

attempt to describe it, would be an absurdity. No language can describe,—no painter can give form and color to that, which mortal eye hath never seen. The same difficulty exists when we endeavour to satisfy ourselves as to the elementary composition of the mind. It may be satisfactory to invent a THEORY, but it should be distinctly understood, that such THEORY, however plausible, may not be correct, because we are ignorant of the essence, or inherent nature both of mind and of matter. Thus, I may assume any kind of matter, either ponderable, or imponderable—either self-attractive or self-repellant,—as the basis of the material structure of the soul or Human Mind. It may be, the principle of *Vitality*,—if vitality be material, or it may be, one of the constituent elements of the *solar beam*, with which life, both animal and vegetable, is intimately associated.

This is a mere hypothesis, but it will serve as well as any other. It suggests a new train of thought. Let us see to what it may lead. The solar beam is composed of three distinct sets of rays—the Colorific—Calorific—and Chemical. These can be separated, and subjected to various tests, which give proof of their diversity,—and of the different effects that they produce on different bodies. In addition to these, the sun-beam contains, or is capable of calling into activity, the electric, or Magnetic principle, which performs so important a part in the economy of Nature. By making these elements the subject of experiment, they are now, in a great degree, controlled by science, and are compelled, by man, to submit to his will. He increases, or diminishes their power at his pleasure. He orders them to remain quiescent, and they submit. He commands them to act with energy, and they instantly obey. They fly round the globe, to do his work,—to convey his messages. In a few minutes, they return, and, bending lowly, like slaves, place at his feet the answers which they have been directed to bring to him. They spread a covering of purest gold, or silver, over vessels of the cheapest metal. They copy landscapes, and execute portraits from nature, in an instant, and with such correctness of representation, that not a leaf of a tree, the white crest of a wave, or the shadow of a passing cloud is omitted, altered, or distorted. So wonderful are the means which Nature has at her disposal, for the conduct of her own operations, and for our use, if we could only discover them, and knew how to apply them practically.

It is quite possible that the SUN, from which so many important elements derive their origin, may be the source of other principles besides. It is regarded by nations not devoid of intelligence, as the visible representation of the Deity, the well spring, not only of Light and heat, but of Life also. The light and warmth of the sun, vivify, and animate, all living things. Under their influence, Life would seem to start into existence, in a thousand different forms—plants springing up, from every spot of earth, and insects innumerable every where, crowding its surface, possessing *life* for a time, surrendering it again, and making way for others. When the *sun* withdraws its influence, Life languishes, it becomes torpid, it ceases to give proof of its existence, it perishes altogether. No wonder that the SUN, so bright and glorious, should be deemed the “Parent of Life,” and be regarded, with affectionate devotion, by Religionist, Bard and Sage. Where would be the wonder, if in addition to its other wonders, it were to impart to this earth the principle of vitality? No man can positively affirm that this is so,—and no man can disprove it. Perhaps, in the further progress of science, reagents may be discovered, and new instruments devised, to reveal to us some of those great secrets, which Nature still keeps concealed, and which she will not make known until compelled, by the superior energy of mind. But here is the difficulty. Mind may investigate life, and coerce nature to speak, but it refuses to explain itself. To all our questions, it gives the same answer—“I am, what I am—I think—I am you, yourself—I am, what I am—let this suffice—question me no more.” Now, I must say, I think this rather dogmatical, on the part of MIND, and I feel, the more disposed to question it, because of its refusal, to give me the information I wish to obtain.

The chemists have invented suitable, and most ingeniously-concocted instruments, for their purposes. They separate compound bodies into their constituent principles, and combine these with others, and in different proportions, so as to produce new products of great value, both in the arts, and in the treatment of diseases. But the Human mind, and the Living principle, have hitherto set at defiance, every attempt at a physical examination of their nature and properties. If, indeed, we were possessed of *Psychometers*, and *Zoometers*, to collect and measure Mind and Vitality, then we should have extended, to its utmost limit, our dominion over nature. If Life be a material element, it would seem that there is no physical

impossibility to abstract it from one organized body, and concentrate it, and transfer it to another. Who knows, but some casual touch may yet press on the spring that closes the casket, in which lie hid the rich treasures of the Brain? May not this, and greater secrets still, be revealed to us, each in its appointed time? To beings of a higher order, it must have been given, to trace effects to their causes, and to understand the constitution of things, to a far greater extent than we are now capable of doing; but as knowledge is progressive and cumulative,—each accession, adding to the mass and power of the entire,—what limit can be assigned to its progress? ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, GALVANISM, MESMERISM, with their several marvels, pass in review before us. Each leaves behind it, its own track of brightness, pointing to us the way, and inviting us to follow. This the mind will do. Its ambition is boundless, its curiosity not to be satisfied. It measures the courses of the worlds around it. It pries into the nature, of their soil and climate, and questions their inhabitants, as to how they are clothed and fed. Its aspirations, its energy, its curiosity, are not to be repressed, and, even if it had conquered all nature, it would long, still, for other creations, through which it might range freely, furnishing itself with new impressions, and acquiring more knowledge.

But why these speculations? Why exercise the imagination on subjects, so purely conjectural? Simply, because, the mind will revel in its own imaginings. All minds are not similarly constituted. Some have been formed to grub in the mire, feeding on coarse food, and seeking to accumulate hoards of yellow dross,—possessed of which, they are neither wiser, better, nor happier. These men obey their instincts, and, like animals of a lower grade, fill their proper place in the social system. If there were not some to delve and spin, we should all go without food and clothing. If there were not some to think, speculate, and rationalize, Humanity would presently cease to possess its distinctive features,—we should all descend from our high intellectual position, to the level of the brute creation, mere consumers of the fruits of the earth,—living as brutes do, only to eat, and eating as brutes eat, only to live.

When extraordinary events occur under our eyes,—we first wonder at, and then believe them; but that which is unseen, and of which we have no experience, we regard doubtingly—or discredit

altogether. In this we may, or may not, act wisely. An opinion disproved by experience, is to be rejected. When unsupported by proof, it must be regarded as mere conjecture, and may, possibly, be of little value—but, we are not, for this reason, to reject it altogether. Uncertainty, in this respect, should stimulate us to investigate the subject more closely. The mere effort, by exercising the intellect, will improve our reasoning powers, and may lead to the acquisition of valuable information. In entering on a new course of investigation, and one hitherto, scarcely, if at all, subjected to serious examination, it is natural to endeavour to find some excuse for deviating from the common track, pursued by ordinary men. For this reason, it is right to appeal to the authority of others, who have already expressed their opinions, and whose views are more or less in accordance with our own.

Sir David Brewster, one of the most distinguished Philosophers of this age, in his work—“More Worlds than One”—thus beautifully and elegantly expresses himself—

“Had the doctrine of a Plurality of Worlds, been one of those subjects which merely gratify our curiosity, we should not have occupied the reader’s time, or spent our own in illustrating and defending it. While the scientific truths on which it depends, form one of the most interesting branches of Natural Theology, and yield the most striking proofs of wisdom and design, they are intimately associated with the future destiny of man.

“There are three departments of Natural Theology which demand our most earnest attention—the living world around us, the world of the past, and the worlds of the future. In the wonderful mechanisms of animal and vegetable life, with which we are so familiar, and in the inorganic structures amid which we dwell, we recognise imperfectly the innumerable proofs of matchless skill and benevolent adaptations with which they abound. But there is another department of Natural Science, which, in its nature is deeper and more varied still. Carrying us back to the birth of matter before life was breathed among its atoms, and before light rushed through the darkness of space, Astronomy unites, in a remarkable degree, the interests of the past, the present, and the future. From the time when the Earth was without form and void, to the present hour, Astronomy has been the study of the shepherd and the sage; and in the bosom of sidereal space the genius of man has explored the most gigantic works of the Almighty, and studied the most mysterious of His arrangements. But while the Astronomer ponders over the wonderful structures of the spheres, and investigates the laws of their movements,—the Christian contemplates them with a

warmer and more affectionate interest. From their past and present history his eager eye turns to the future of the sidereal systems, and he looks to them as the hallowed spots in which his immortal existence, is to run. Scripture, has not spoken with an articulate voice, of the future locality of the blest, but REASON has combined the scattered utterances of inspiration, and with a voice almost oracular, has declared, that He who made the worlds, will in the worlds he has made, place the beings of his choice. In the spiritual character of their faith, the ambassadors of our Saviour have not referred to the materiality of his future kingdom, but REASON compels us to believe, that the material body which is to be raised, must be subject to material laws, and reside in a material home, a house of many mansions, though not made with many hands.

“ In what regions of space these mansions are built, on what sphere the mouldering dust is to be gathered, and revived, and by what process it is to reach its destination, REASON does not enable us to determine ; but, it is impossible for immortal man, with the light of Revelation his guide, to doubt, for a moment, that on the celestial sp'eres, his future is to be spent,—spent, doubtless, in lofty inquiries—in social intercourse,—in the renewal of domestic ties,—and in the service of his Almighty Benefactor. With such a vista before us, so wide in its expanse, and so remote in its termination,—what scenes of beauty,—what forms of the sublime,—what enjoyments, physical and intellectual, may we not anticipate,—wisdom to the sage,—rest to the pilgrim,—and gladness to the broken in heart.

“ How welcome those untrodden spheres !  
 How sweet this very hour to die !  
 To soar from Earth, and find all fear,—  
 Lost in thy light,—Eternity.”

*Byron.*

“ If these expectations are just, how are we to implant them in the popular mind as incentives to piety and principles of action ? The future of the Christian is not defined in his Creed. Enwraught in Apocalyptic mysteries, it evades his grasp, and presents no salient points upon which either Reason, or Imagination, can rest. He looks beyond the grave, as into a nebular region, where a few stars, are with difficulty descried,—but he sees no glorious suns—no gorgeous planets,—upon which he is dwell. It is Astronomy alone—when its simple truths are impressed upon the mind—that opens to the Christian’s eye, the mysterious expanse of the universe—that fills it with objects, which arrest his deepest attention, and that creates an intelligible Paradise in the world to come. We must, therefore, impregnate the popular mind, with the truths of Natural Science—teaching them in every school, and recommending them, if not illustrating them, from every pulpit. We must instruct our youth, and even age itself, in the geology, and physical geography of the globe, that they may learn the structure and use of its brother



planets,—and we must fix in their memories, and associate with their affections, the great truths in the planetary and sidereal universe, on which the doctrine of more worlds than one, must necessarily rest. Thus familiar with the great works of creation—thus seeing them through the heart as well as through the eye, the young will look to the future, with a keener glance, and with brighter hopes,—and the weary, and the heavy laden will rejoice in the vision of their place of rest,—the philosopher will scan with a new sense, the lofty sphere, in which he is to study, and the Christian will recognise, in the eternal abodes, the gorgeous temples in which he is to offer his Sacrifice of Praise.”

I have given the foregoing extract as expressing my own sentiments on the NECESSITY of making the “STUDY OF NATURE,” in its most extended sense, the *foundation* of our speculations, with regard to the future destination of the Human Race. The importance of such inquiries, has been so forcibly dwelt upon, by Sir David Brewster, that I feel I should not do justice, to my subject, were I not to avail myself of the concurrent opinion of so distinguished a philosopher. It needs something more than individual independence of mind, to vindicate the exercise of our REASON, in place of a supposed inspiration—at once obscure, mystical, and unintelligible.

Beyond this, our views are not in exact accordance. We pursue different paths. Sir David, travels into the regions of infinite space, and as he advances, still discovers new worlds—all of which must be inhabited by intelligent beings. Here he ends, and I begin. I advance further, and inquire into the nature and condition of the INTELLIGENCES, by which they are occupied. I have undertaken to investigate a subject of strange import,—obscure,—conjectural,—but on which it has occurred to me that I may possibly throw some additional light.

## CHAPTER VII.

The power to think and to reason, is the greatest of all the gifts conferred by God, on Man. To think—to reason—to range freely over the wide domain of Creation—to make acquaintance with works, wonderful, in their magnitude, and not less marvellous, in their minuteness,—all alike speaking of God,—is a high and glorious privilege. It introduces us into the presence of God himself. It enables us to converse with him, and to fill our minds, with a rich store of wisdom, derived from his teaching,—and communicated to us in his own language. The HUMAN MIND, therefore, would seem to claim our chief attention, with respect to its present and future condition, because of its great superiority, to all other existences, and its identification with ourselves.

I have already stated, that the Vitality of animals and plants, is not sensitive, that is, it is not influenced by feelings of pleasure, or pain. It dwells in a system adapted to itself, and subservient to its own uses.

The Sentient principle—or that, on which pleasure or pain depend—has also its own peculiar organization. It dwells in another and a different system altogether, namely, the NERVOUS system, which, variously modified, and in its wide range, ascending from the most minute ganglion, terminates in that noble fabric—the HUMAN BRAIN—the most wonderfully contrived of all God's material works.

In this brain the Mind resides. With the brain, it is, that we think ; but, it does not therefore, follow, that it is the brain itself that thinks. The Mind has its seat in the brain ; the brain is the organ of THOUGHT ; but the brain, being altogether material, does not and cannot *think*. To suppose it does, is a great mistake. It is not to be assumed, that because an organ performs certain functions, the power of originating those functions is inherent in it, and may not be derived from some other influence. We move our limbs—we hear—see—taste—smell—but the organs of voluntary motion, and of the senses, are mere contrivances, whereby, we are enabled to give effect to our will, by moving our bodies, or to receive certain impressions, made upon the organs of SENSATION, and which, through them, are transmitted to the MIND. It is by this

mechanism alone, that our minds, or we ourselves, become identified with our bodies. In the Mind, or the principle of personal consciousness, all our voluntary motions originate. In it, all our sensations terminate. This is accomplished, by means of the Nervous system. The Nervous system, may be regarded as a living telegraph—directed by the Mind—the Mind being the directing intelligence,—the Brain, the generator and the recipient of the motive power—the Nerves, the direct and recurrent wires, conveying messages, to and from the different parts of the body.

According to this view, the Mind is altogether independent of the mechanical construction of the body, so long as that construction,—not being impaired by disease,—shall be capable of performing its business correctly. Should it, at any time, prove unable to do so, the defect will be found to exist, in the organic structure, of the diseased part, and not in the Mind. The mind would seem to be not susceptible of disease. In cases of insanity, the disease is organic, or structural, and not mental. Restore the brain to its natural and healthy state, and the Mind will, as a matter of course, resume its healthy condition. The Mind is merely an inhabitant of the brain. When a house shall not be preserved in habitable order, the occupier suffers inconvenience. If the house shall be deprived of its roof, or doors, or, in any other respect, be seriously delapidated, he leaves it altogether. The Galvanic apparatus, and wires of a Telegraph, if out of order, will be unable to transmit a message, but the *person*, who directs the telegraph, is not to be considered incapable of sending a message, or of deciphering it—because the telegraph refuses to do *its* work. The Eye is an optical instrument of the most ingenious contrivance that it is possible to imagine, possessing a self-adjusting power. It is both a telescope and a microscope, and so wonderfully constructed is it, that of all our organs, it affords the most conclusive proof of the infinite power, wisdom, and scientific knowledge, of the Great Being, by whom it was contrived. If the mechanism of the eye, be impaired, we shall see imperfectly ;—if it be destroyed, we shall see not at all ;—but the MIND, though it may complain of the loss of vision, and suffer inconvenience, is not itself, deprived of the power of seeing. It would see as perfectly as ever, if the healthy organization of the eye could be restored—an effect which we constantly witness, when the

disease is rightly treated by a skilful Occulist. So it is with the organs of taste—smell—and voluntary motion. It is the MIND, not the BRAIN that thinks—that possesses the sense of Consciousness—the knowledge of self—the power to will—to prefer—to refuse—the susceptibility to experience pleasure and pain.

All the Reasoning faculties exist in the MIND alone; but they excel, or are deficient, as the organization, by which they manifest themselves, is more or less perfect, or possessed of more or less intensity of action. Some men are able to exert extraordinary strength, because of the greater size of their muscles. Others can see at an immense distance. Others have remarkable musical taste. Others excel in mathematical science,—others in painting,—others in language, and so on; but, in all these cases, the Mental capacity, the *intellectuality* of these persons may be considered the same, the differences that exist between them, being referable to a difference of organization.

This would seem to lead to the inference that all Minds, abstractedly considered, without reference to the body, are formed according to the same standard, and possess the same amount of intellect;—a conclusion, not in accordance with the generally received opinions on this subject. Nevertheless, if we consider the great uniformity that exists in chemical combinations, which always unite in certain definite proportions,—the Mind of man, as constituting a particular class—and the Minds of all other classes of animals, would seem, each to possess a fixed and suitable standard. There is a uniformity in the works of the Creator, as evidenced by the consistency and harmony that pervade all visible and material things. The laws that govern the mechanical motions of large masses of matter, are uniform and similar throughout the whole range of the universe. The laws that govern the molecular action of bodies are also uniform and similar. In obedience to these laws, the combinations of substances of different kinds, always take place in certain definite proportions—this uniformity of combination, insuring a corresponding identity in the properties of similarly compounded substances.

A neutral salt crystallizes invariably after a certain manner—its constituent principles being always the same. Still, no two crystals were ever yet, exactly alike. They must vary somewhat. There are not, on the shores that bound the sea, throughout its entire

extent, two grains of sand, in every respect similar, nor, in the most extended forest, are there two leaves that perfectly resemble each other. In the same way, though the Mind of man may, in every instance, be composed of the same substances, united in the same proportions, each individual Mind, may and must differ from every other Mind. Thus it is, that, while uniformity of composition constitutes the general character, individual personality depends on minute differences, in size, colour, figure, and other accidental conditions.

In what manner these occult principles are connected, and by what means they are propagated from one organised body to another,—the nascent germ of each organization, possessing the rudiments, in a latent state, of the future individual, are mysteries known only to the Creator. It is probable that in these elements there are different kinds, or different conditions of the same kind, analogous to those that we observe in Electricity—that they attract and repel,—separate or unite, like bodies when acted upon by the Electric fluid—and that apparatuses are formed, in animals and vegetables, to generate and apply these principles. The fructification of plants, is manifestly subordinate to this purpose—the germ and the pollen being in different states, plus or minus, positive or negative. In animals the fructification is internal and invisible,—while in plants, it is external and open to inspection—and yet not always so—for we have cryptogamic plants, in which the fructification is internal and invisible. In the fig it is internal, the flower being contained in the body of the fruit.

If the Human Mind, when once called into existence, be, as there is reason to think, a separate ENTITY, distinct from the Body, organized, and partly material, having a specific size and shape—occupying space, and merely dwelling in the Brain, as its temporary domicile, it follows that it has its own Faculties, which it exercises after its own manner—and that there are existent in it, certain mental powers—preferences, aversions, which it exercises independently of the impressions that it receives, by means of the Brain and nervous system. If this be not the case, it will be difficult to account for its intuitive perception of certain truths—its involuntary terror, at the approach of danger—its religious feelings, as exemplified by the universal worship of some more powerful Being—its instincts, as they occur in animals, and in man also.

Locke affirms, that there are no innate ideas,—that all our ideas of every kind are derived from impressions made on the senses, by external objects, and from the operations of the Mind, in subsequently comparing and combining the ideas obtained by means of the senses. It is plain, that no idea of any sensible object can be obtained, except through the medium of the senses—but, this fact does not exclude the existence, in the Mind, of certain propensities which compel the individual to think and act, independently of any prior experience attainable by the senses. Why does the Mind give its assent, on the instant, to axiomatic truths? Whence does it derive its reasoning powers? How does it come to know that it exists at all, that it is what it is, and not something else? Why does the young duck, though hatched by a hen, rush into the water;—and why does the hen dread it? Whence comes the preference that the young dog feels for man—whence, its suspicion of strangers, its watchfulness, its anxiety to protect property? These things it has not been taught. It has no more been taught to attach itself to man, than the bee has been taught to construct, with mathematical accuracy, the cells in which it deposits the honey it stores up for its support in Winter. Why do bees live in societies—why kill the drones, when they are no longer of use? All these things are done independently of previous teaching. Where then, are we to look for their origin? Not, most certainly, in the mechanical configuration of the cerebral structure, but in the Individuality and peculiar Mental organization of each animal. On each modification of intellect, GOD has impressed its own features; He has organized the Mind of every animal for a specific purpose, and He has furnished it with a body suited to that purpose, so that the Mind and Body, are in perfect unison—the Mind, in those and similar instances, intuitively dictating—and the Body implicitly obeying.

By considering the Mind as an Individuality, with its own organization, and altogether separate and distinct from the Body, Psychology, or the doctrine of the Soul, becomes an intelligible Science, and we get rid of the confusion that so much embarrasses us, when we confound Mind with Body, and Body with Mind. This theory of the independent existence of the Mind will enable us to account for various mental operations that now seem inexplicable. It will also assist us to distinguish between those that are clearly referable to sensation and reflection, and such as, from their very

nature, are inscrutable. When the comparative Anatomist, the Mathematician, or the Metaphysician, can clearly state *why* it is that the bee constructs its cell with such exactness and uniformity—the Human Mind will no longer be a mystery to us. At present, all we can say is—“God has created it, with powers, faculties, and apprehensions peculiar to and inherent in itself, but in what manner these have originated, it is not possible to explain. They exist in the Mind. They are inseparably connected with it. They constitute the basis of our Rationality,—just as matter is the basis or substratum of the qualities inherent in it.” These would seem to be facts, but beyond this we cannot move a single step in advance. I cannot form the most distant opinion as to how it is that my Mind thinks. It thinks,—it commands my hand to move, and immediately the nerves, and flexor, and extensor muscles of my hand, perform their several offices,—the nerves conveying the message, and the muscles, moving it in the required direction. I throw a stone into the air. It descends again, and falls to the ground. These are facts, but the causes on which they depend are all equally inscrutable. They are nature’s secrets. Nature refuses to reveal them, and it is not necessary that it should. The facts alone concern us. Speculations as to their remote causes afford no information. They lead to no practical result.

It is not possible to form any idea, of the nature of Mind, or of the material element, which, it is probable, enters into its composition,—but if I believe it to be compounded, and that it is governed by its own laws, I can then reason, with regard to its *acts*, and view them very differently from what I should, if I thought it was thoroughly and permanently identified with the body. If thoroughly identified with the body, the decay of the body would cause a corresponding decay of the mind,—the death of the body—the death of the Mind. But, if the Mind be *essentially* distinct from the body,—then, though the decay of the body may *seem* to cause the Mind to act, more defectively than is usual,—the Mind will itself continue as unimpaired as ever. If essentially distinct from the body, the death of the body can have no power over it. The polished diamond sparkles brightly, but if covered with varnish, it will be rendered incapable of reflecting the light. Still it is the same diamond. Remove the varnish and it resumes its

original lustre. It is so with the Mind. Whether the body be in health, or disease,—living or dead,—the HUMAN MIND is always the SAME.

Here, it may be asked—“If the Mind of the same individual, be at all times, the same, are all Minds exactly similar,—or if they differ, how do they differ, and what is the extent of this difference?”

In reply, I would say—There is a difference, certainly, but it does not exceed certain limits. If a thousand or ten thousand balls of lead, shall be cast in the same mould, so as to fit a certain class of rifles, they will all be of the same description, and suitable for the required purpose,—but they will all differ slightly from each other, in weight, shape, color. They will all possess a general resemblance, but no two *can* be exactly similar. It is so with the different Minds, created by GOD. They are all formed, as it were, in the same mould, but no two are exactly alike.

If this opinion be correct, and no one can disprove it, each Mind will possess a different amount of inherent talent,—of capacity for improvement,—of preference for right, or of a propensity to wrong. It is not possible that a finite Mind can understand all things, and therefore, it must be liable to occasional error. But, if liable to error, and ignorant of many things, it may commit mistakes, of different kinds, and degrees, extending from venial Errors to serious Crimes. If the Mind be, in truth, a separate existence, it must carry with it, after it leaves the body, its own distinctive character, no longer influenced by the body, but still liable to Error. For the prevention, or punishment of errors or crimes, at variance with the well-being of Society,—Society has provided by such legislation, as has seemed to it most likely to secure itself against their repetition. This, Society has the right, and the power to do,—but, with regard to errors of Religious opinion, Society has no business to interfere. GOD has reserved to himself the final decision, on all such cases. No man, however talented and far-seeing,—no Theologian, however profound, pure-minded, and zealous, *ought* to have, or *CAN* have, the *slightest influence in the matter.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

Thus far, I have written, as if I were speaking, or writing to my friend Andrew Carmichael. With him, I always conversed,—I always wrote to him,—without the slightest reserve. It was not necessary that we should uniformly agree in opinion. On many subjects, he thought differently from me, and I used, sometimes, to give him my reasons for dissenting from his views, when I considered them opposed to my own experience, and habits of thinking. I profited much from this intercourse with Mr. Carmichael. It furnished me, with materials for thought, and induced me to think. Thus I came to reason upon subjects, that I should otherwise have passed over without notice, but which, I afterwards found, were pregnant with much valuable information. In what I now write, I write, as if I were addressing myself, confidentially, to Mr. Carmichael, and not to the public. If the public care to interest themselves in our interchange of opinion, I have no objection to invite them to stand by, and listen.

Shortly after the death of my first wife—for I have been twice married—I called to see my friend Carmichael. He received me, with his usual kind manner, and expressed regret, at the loss I had so recently, and unexpectedly sustained. I thanked him, of course, for his sympathy, and having conversed with him, for some time, on other subjects, it occurred to me, to speak of his work, on the “Physical Constitution of the Soul,” and to say that, though I formerly agreed with him, I had lately changed my mind, and I now believed that the Soul, instead of sleeping in the grave, as he supposed, never, *at any time, parted with its consciousness*. I mentioned to him, some very remarkable circumstances, connected with my wife’s death, which seemed to prove that the Soul, when separated from the body, still retains its recollections,—and, clinging to its old affections, endeavours to make itself known to the objects of its love.

“What you tell me,” said Mr. Carmichael, “is very extraordinary. The facts are extremely curious. Of the facts there can be no doubt. You affirm them,—you believe them to be true. I cannot deny your facts. But still, they may be differently explained.

I shall turn this subject over, again, in my own mind,—and I will write to you, what I think. Meantime, send me a statement of all the circumstances, just as they occurred,—and I will return it to you with my remarks on it. You and I have long known each other. I can say of myself, and I believe, equally of you, that TRUTH, has always been the sole object of our inquiries. I know that I am ready, at this moment, to discard any, or all of my present opinions, and to adopt others, in their place, if I should be persuaded that those I entertain are erroneous,—and that the others are more likely to be true.”

“What you say of yourself, and of me,” I replied, “is most true. We are a pair, worthy of each other. What a pity that the Public set no value on our opinions, and refuse to profit by our advice!”

“The Public! Sir,” observed Mr. Carmichael,—“and do you suppose that the Public ever respected, or can be persuaded to follow, the advice of any honest man? The Public are fools and dupes—hewers of wood and drawers of water—created, it would seem, to be the slaves of a few,—a few pampered—the multitude starving! The Public are selfish, ignorant, uneducated, and incapable of thinking. They will not permit themselves to be instructed, and how then can they be improved? They are the slaves of their Clergy,—and their Clergy will not allow them to think. Until the Clergy, of all denominations, shall reform themselves, and preach, to the people, a pure, simple, and intelligible RELIGION,—the PEOPLE can never be improved in MIND, MORALS, or CONDITION.”

“I hope better things for the people,” I said. “Knowledge is progressive. Catholic Emancipation, and the political agitation connected with it, have already produced a great change in mens’ minds,—and will lead to results that none of us can anticipate. The People will learn to think and act as Freemen. What more is necessary? To me, it seems of little consequence, whether they retain or renounce their present religious opinions—provided they can be persuaded not to hate and persecute, under the *pretence of Religion*. In this respect, *all* are equally to blame, but POLITICAL AGITATION will train the people to know and value their political rights, and compel them, in defending those rights, to respect the civil and religious rights of others.”

“Perhaps, it may be so,” replied my friend,—“but I have my

doubts. The Clergy,—and I know them,—are too exclusive, and too intolerant—and the people, like sheep, will go wherever the Clergy are pleased to drive them. Farewell—send me your statement. I shall be anxious to see it. Let me have all the particulars, and you shall hear from me, what I think.”

Such, or very nearly such, was my conversation with Mr. Carmichael,—whom I greatly respected, and who was held in the greatest estimation, by every one who knew him. He was a zealous *Unitarian*, and RATIONALIST—remarkably pious—without affectation—thoughtful,—fond of inquiring into Metaphysical and Religious subjects, on which he published several exceedingly learned and ingenious works. It may easily be supposed that I was proud of the acquaintance—I may add, the friendship—of so talented and distinguished a person, and that I was pleased, at having an opportunity afforded me, of proving the sincerity of my esteem for him, and the fulness of the confidence I was disposed to place, in his affectionate feeling, and kind sympathy towards me.

On my return home, I wrote to Mr. Carmichael the statement I had promised him. He sent it back to me, soon after, with his comments on it, adhering—as might be supposed—to his original opinions, and endeavouring to disprove mine. On reading over my letter, after the lapse of many years, I find it was written, at the time, with such a total absence of reserve, that to have then made it known to strangers, would have been an unmistakeable violation of proper feeling, and of correct taste. But as time advances, circumstances alter. I was then comparatively young. I am not so now. Seventy is an age attained by few. What would be unbecoming in a person of forty, may be permitted in one old enough to be his father. I shall avail myself of this privilege, and make public that which was, at first, intended to meet the eye only of a single friend. It is essential to the exact comprehension of the nature and object of my present inquiry, that I should make known to the reader, the entire of my correspondence, on this subject, with Mr. Carmichael. I violate no pledge of secrecy. I cannot give offence to any living being. It would not answer to mutilate the letter, and besides I wish to make known precisely, what were my religious convictions, and what were those of my friend,—for his and mine were identical.

Certain Athanasians, who have as little respect for truth, as they have for intellect, and who think it no crime, to misrepresent, and traduce their neighbour, are accustomed to affirm that UNITARIANS are devoid of all religion—atheists, deists, deniers of Christ—Infidels of the worst description—professors of a spurious morality—men to be abhorred and avoided. On the part of my deceased friend—in my own name—and on behalf of thousands of others, who entertain similar opinions—I appeal to my letter, to show, that our religious convictions, are honest, truthful—in accordance, as we believe, with the teaching of Christ—not assumed for a purpose—and that their charges against us are, false, and calumnious.

Here, I also think it right, to say something more with regard to myself. I wished to prove to Mr. Carnichael, that, if a person, when dying, shall feel an *intense desire* to visit, after death, a much loved individual—this wish, so vehement, and perhaps, uncontrollable, *may* be occasionally, gratified. For this reason, I made reference to some of my wife's expressions to me. These I cannot suppress, without weakening the force of my argument, and therefore, I am compelled, either to give the letter as I wrote it, or to withhold it altogether.

*Drummin House,*  
25th October, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

When I last met you in Dublin, I chanced to express my feeling that the inferences you had drawn in your Essay on the “Physical Condition of the Soul,” were not, all of them, in conformity with my own personal experience. I alluded more particularly, to your opinion, that the soul, in every instance, sleeps after death, in the grave—and does not resume its consciousness until the general resurrection.

You requested that I would put on paper, my reasons for differing from you, and communicate them to you. This I feel a pleasure in doing, from a conviction that you are, in all things, a sincere and ardent inquirer after the Truth. In the interchange of opinion—you and I have generally coincided. Unitarians in principle, our views of the Deity and his attributes are nearly the same. Not merely nominal Christians, but thoroughly persuaded of the reality of Christ's Mission, surely we may hope that we are not altogether

incompetent to reason correctly as to those things, which appertain, to our future state of existence. It cannot be unsuitable in us, to endeavour to reason on those things which belong to God; and by the contemplation of his works, acquire more correct and enlarged views of the unexplored mysteries of his intellectual creations.

They who boastingly style themselves Orthodox, revile us. They denounce us as deists. They make common cause against us. Hating each other—they agree in their hatred of Unitarianism. Writing Mystery on their forehead, they require us to believe, that which we cannot believe. In order to induce us to believe an impossibility, they refuse to allow us to exercise those faculties with which God has endowed us. They tell us that reason is inferior to faith—that reason is treacherous, but faith is incapable of misleading. This we are not prepared to grant. On the contrary, as God is Truth, we feel it to be our first duty to search for the truth, whenever it is to be found, and, having discovered it, to adopt it, and thus approximate more nearly to God, the Author of all truth. Such are the motives which actuate me,—may I not add, from my knowledge of you, that these are the motives which influence you also?

Your work, which I have just read, a second time, has supplied me with materials for reflection, during the last few days, and I shall now proceed to offer to you my remarks on it. I agree with you, in thinking that all created beings, however *spiritual*, possess certain forms, and that they may be indefinitely multiplied, the infinitude of space being occupied by God only, between the different parts of whose substance, there is no interval—nor line of separation.

God, you observe, is the only pure, uncombined, spiritual essence, in existence. But all other intelligences, differing from him, and being finite—must be compounded of something besides spirit, and this composition, depending on a certain arrangement of their parts, it follows that they are organized, or furnished with structures suited to their condition. This, as you remark,—“leads, at once, to the mighty distinction between God and his creatures.”

In this view of these abstruse questions, I also agree with you,—and I feel much satisfaction, at finding such light thrown upon subjects so interesting and so obscure. The question of personal identity, and of continued self-consciousness, seems to be settled by supposing that, at the moment of the creation of a Soul, an organized

particle has been formed—a germ—a substance, not altogether pure spirit,—but indestructible, resisting the ordinary affinities of matter, and existing throughout the entire life of the individual, as a part of his body,—after death, suffering no decay—not mouldering into dust, as the body does.

Death, now comes under your consideration, and of this you speak, as if the Soul must, when separated from the body, exist of necessity, in a state of utter insensibility, until the general resurrection, when all shall be awakened by the sounding of the trumpet at the last day. I am not certain of this. I think Scripture, to which you refer, points rather to a different conclusion. If the organized principle in which our intellectual powers dwell, contain within itself the elements of another state of being, why need we all resign the magnificent prospect of immediately passing from this transitory scene, into a state of Immortality? I cannot persuade myself that Death is, in all cases, a sleep—continuing from the moment of dissolution, to the moment of the Resurrection. I believe the general opinion is, that some,—the more favoured, ascend at once into Heaven,—and that others may rest in the grave, there to await their final destination. Does not scripture speak of a first, and a second resurrection? How are we to understand this? Are you justified in affirming of all the dead, that which, may apply only to a portion of them? You make no exception. Perhaps the exceptions may be many, and indeed so numerous, as to require, in accordance with Scripture, if we rightly interpret it, a separate and distinct order, in the general classification of the dead. I do not see, how, in any other way, we can extricate ourselves, even partially, from the difficulties and uncertainties, that beset this question, view it in what light we may.

At the commencement of the second section of your book—you observe that—“To learn diligently what we are, and what we shall be, is to us, of nearer concern and deeper interest than any other portion of knowledge which we can ever hope to attain.” In this, as well as in your views of the general, and particular or special providence of God, I am entirely, of your opinion. It is most true that all things are ordered and governed by God,—and that, however inscrutable are the events which continually occur—still, each fills its appointed place, and is directed to an ultimate object.

Chance does not exist, either in the physical, or moral world. That "Vice should triumph—Virtue, vice obey,"—would excite no doubt, in our minds, as to the continually exerted influence of an all-wise and all-controlling PROVIDENCE, could we only see clearly into all the secret movements which give their united impulse to the final accomplishment of some great end. Occasionally, we may catch a partial glimpse of the truth—but viewing only a part, our knowledge of the whole can scarcely be more than conjecture. Still, circumstances may sometimes occur, that speak forcibly to the hearts and to the internal convictions of individuals, so as to satisfy them that what they deemed calamitous, was kindly intended; and what appeared at first a misfortune, was, in reality, a proof of God's favor and special care, preparing the way for a manifest good,—or affording security against a greater evil.

Death is, in general, regarded as a great misfortune. Notwithstanding our reluctance to die, is it not probable that, in numberless instances, Death is the greatest blessing that could be conferred, not on the aged alone,—but on the gay, the happy, and the young? You have so well expressed this sentiment that, though writing to you, I must quote your own words.

"There is also the good of the individual. He may now be virtuous, beloved and happy—it may be too evident to the eye of Providence, that, if he lives another day, temptations, which he had resisted, may overcome his strength, and cause him to linger through a shameful and burdensome life, depraved, detested, miserable. Seasonably to perish may be an eternal advantage." Yes,—it may, indeed, be so, and it may also happen, that misfortune—even death, may be a blessing, not only to the individual himself, but to others, who sympathize most deeply with the sufferer, and grieve most acutely at the event—apparently so calamitous to all. All this, I have no doubt, is true, as a general principle, but our nature shrinks from death, notwithstanding. We dread death and would avoid it, if possible,—chiefly because our mind cannot help questioning itself, as to its future destination. What is this destination? I am not satisfied with your theory. At the same time I am not prepared to go further than to state it as my present impression, I will not say belief, that the soul of the departed does not, in many cases, permanently

sleep, but is, sometimes, permitted to linger on the confines of this world, before it passes into the realms of boundless space. You will bear in mind, that I propound no theory. I pledge myself to facts, nothing more. With regard to their explanation, I affirm nothing dogmatically, inasmuch as I do not possess sufficient information to enable me to do so. I can demonstrate nothing to the satisfaction of any other person, and few will believe, on the mere assertion of another, that of what they have had, themselves, no experience, and which they have been taught to consider opposed to the general laws of the Universe. In all such matters, we rarely judge correctly. Sometimes we are too credulous, at other times too sceptical. And this must always be the case, in the absence of direct proof, or of such corroborative evidence, as shall seem equivalent to proof. The appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, alarms the entire world. The most ridiculous rumours are circulated with respect to it. It causes productive harvests, or it deluges the earth with rain. It engenders pestilence, produces famine, and portends the fall of Empires. Every thing is believed, no matter how absurd. Again, when men were told that stones had fallen from the sky, the vulgar crowd, and the scientific few, laughed at the folly of so ridiculous an announcement. When referred to the chronicles of the remarkable events of remote ages, they laughed still more, at the ignorance of those who could imagine, for a moment, that a universal law had been so unaccountably violated. The historic mention of stones falling from the clouds, was a fiction, invented to deceive, by referring some accidental effect to a supernatural agency, in which no sane man, could possibly believe. Notwithstanding this, stones have fallen, and do occasionally fall from the sky. It may not be easy to explain from whence they come, and why they fall, but the fact is certain,—no one now ventures to dispute it. After all, it is often better to doubt, than to pronounce positively. Incredulity, in the absence of proof, sometimes imparts to the mind a spirit of inquiry, and thereby leads to the acquisition of useful, practical information. It is the business of science to trace effects to their causes, “*rerum cognoscere causas*,” and the more obscure the cause, the greater will be the triumph of science, should it be detected. The essential properties of MIND, have not, as yet, I think, been sufficiently investigated. Metaphysicians have made no progress in divising any theory capable of explaining the



nature of mind itself. Its *modus operandi* can only be arrived at, by supposing it to be an organized substance, and not a mere Ideality. We ought to collect facts. Perhaps in time, these may be arranged, successfully investigated, and made to illustrate some law, or condition of the mind now unknown, but common to them all. What I am about to state, are facts, and I wish you to draw such inferences from them, as, in your judgement, they shall seem to warrant.

In August last, I was called to London, to give evidence before the Medical Committee, which was then sitting. My wife had been complaining of some unimportant illness. At her own desire, I, rather unwillingly brought her to Dublin, and consulted some of my friends, who assured me, that her complaint was merely nervous—nothing more. In fact, I left her much better, not apprehending any danger whatever. I was absent only six days, and in the interval she was seized with Cholera, which was then raging in Dublin. She died, after a few hours' illness, on Wednesday, the 13th of August, a little before sunrise—having throughout her entire illness, expressed the most anxious wishes to see me, and continually desired me to be sent for. At the time of her death, I was travelling in the mail and asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a rush of something which startled me, and caused me, at the instant, to think it was my wife. I looked round—saw the bright dawn of the morning, which preceded the sun-rise. I admired the beauty of the sky, and thought no more of the matter. Again, in travelling also in the mail, on the night of the same day, about ten o'clock, having fallen asleep, I was startled, as before, with the same feeling, but stronger—as if a handkerchief had been thrown in my face, by my wife, to waken me. I awoke,—ascribed it to a dream, or to a jolt of the carriage. I thought it, however, rather odd. I fell asleep again, and it passed away altogether from my mind. On my arrival in Dublin, I anticipated evil,—why I could not tell. Instead of driving up to the house, I left the carriage at a distance, walked slowly towards the door, and then heard, for the first time, that my wife had died the morning before, and was buried by torch-light, on the night of the same day.

Some time after this, when conversing with my wife's family, on the subject of her death, one of them—her brother—exclaimed,

“Oh! but did you hear what happened at your house in the country?”  
 “No,—what was it?” “The strangest thing in the world,—sure, Rosetta appeared to your children, the night she was buried.”  
 “Nonsense!” I said—“that is too ridiculous; they must have been dreaming, as I was when I was in the coach, and thought she wakened me.” “It is perfectly true,” he replied—and then he told me what I tell you. Three children, one five, another three, and the third not quite two years old, were put to bed in their nursery, at the usual hour. They were all asleep, when, about ten o’clock, on the night of the day when their mother died, and before any person in the house had been informed of her death, the children, *all*, suddenly awoke, screaming under the influence of fright—the two elder exclaiming, “There’s mamma!—there’s mamma!” Two other children, between nine and ten years old, daughters of my wife, by a former marriage, and who slept in an adjoining room, were awakened by the noise—the servants also rushed up stairs, and found the three children out of their beds, from which they had flung themselves, in their terror. The children were quieted with difficulty, and it was a considerable time before they could be put to sleep.

I confess I was greatly startled at this statement. On my return home I inquired closely into the truth of this account, and I satisfied myself that it was, in every respect, correct. Of this fact, I can have no doubt. It could not possibly be a fabrication. Does it admit of explanation? If so, how would you explain it? In my own case, whence came the two dream-like startings, associated with a consciousness of the actual presence of the deceased? If they were mere dreams,—phantasies of the mind, how is it that I never had such dreams before? Again, how did it happen that three young children, were, at the same time, all terrified at the supposed presence of their mother, the two elder who could speak, exclaiming that it was she? Was this also a dream—a dream, in all, or in only one, the rest being frightened, at the fright of the other? If not a dream, what was the nature of the influence or agency that produced so palpable an impression? Besides, what was the use of all this? Of what use could it be that children, incapable of reasoning, should be so acted upon, when the effect could not leave behind it any permanent trace? I am quite puzzled. I do not possess a particle of superstition. I require

proof for every thing I am called upon to believe, and whatever is opposed to reason and experience I reject as not credible. But what am I to think of this? Can you throw any light on this strange occurrence? I have no explanation to give,—no theory to propose. You understand the principles of phrenology. You are the author of a most ingenious essay on dreaming. You understand more of the philosophy of mind than I do, and have studied the scriptures with more of critical acumen than most persons, and, therefore, I am anxious to have your opinion. Tell me then, candidly, what your opinion is. Can it be possible that the soul of my wife, when separated from the body, lingered for a while, on the verge of another world, and before she finally departed, was permitted to take a last look of those whom, during life, she had so dearly loved?

My wife, I may add, was a person of considerable mental energy, self-reliant, accomplished, and of manifestly ardent and impassioned feelings. She used to call my children “the children of her love.” Often has she said,—even when there was no necessity for giving expression to such sentiments,—“If it were in my power to save your life by giving mine for it, I would sacrifice mine a hundred times.” “If you were to die, I would hate existence.” “When I die, my greatest consolation will be to think that you and I shall be in the same grave,—for never, never, even in death, would I wish to part from you.” I candidly confess to you, I could not understand this. I was not, at any period of my life, influenced by emotions so fanciful as these,—and, in which, it would be a mere pretence in me to affirm that I could participate. I always endeavored to do my duty, like other husbands, correctly and reasonably, but beyond this, I felt nothing, and made no effort. Had I died,—instead of my wife,—or were I to die to-morrow, I should not have the slightest wish to trouble myself, for a moment, about the affairs of this life. I think, I should be too anxious to make myself acquainted with the manners and habits of the inhabitants of another world, to wish to delay here, or endeavour to return, in order to visit persons, or scenes, already so thoroughly familiar to me. It was not so with my wife. Her desire to see me and her children, it would seem, was intense—her will, as far as she could exercise it, resolute. The circumstances under which she died, were unusual, and most afflicting. In comparatively good health

she left the country,—came to Dublin, where the Cholera was raging, —there passed three or four days, unsuspecting of danger—was attacked by Cholera—died after about twelve hours' illness—and was buried, in an obscure grave, by torch-light, on the night of the same day.

Is not all this very strange? There seems to me, to have been, in the entire of these occurrences,—a fatality, perfectly inexplicable. Why should my wife have left the country, and, contrary to my advice, blindly rushed into danger? Had she remained at home, she would, most probably, have been now alive. Had I been in Dublin, when she was first attacked—it is possible she might have recovered. The whole affair grieves, surprises, and puzzles me. Of this, however, I am certain, that my late wife, was never destitute of consciousness, after death, and that she is now in a state of happiness. So far, I dissent from your theory. Let me hear from you, when you have leisure to write, and believe me, my dear friend,

Most sincerely yours,

RICHARD GRATTAN.

*Andrew Carmichael, Esq.,  
Rutland Square, Dublin.*

After some time, Mr. Carmichael returned me my letter, accompanied by a lengthened commentary of his, in which he reiterated his original opinions, and referred the several circumstances detailed in mine, to coincidences—dreams—mental excitement—illusions—and finally, the unmeaning violation of one of Nature's universal laws, that prohibits any intercourse between the living and the dead. Thus ended our correspondence, and the subject ceased, I believe, to interest either of us.

Twice seven years constitute a great portion of man's life. Our bodies change, our opinions alter. Those who knew us well, fourteen years ago, can to-day scarcely recognise in us their former acquaintances. Grey hairs sparsely sprinkled over the temples, give notice of approaching age. The eyes less brilliant, the step, firm still, but less elastic, the brow more contracted, the forehead, so white and smooth before, but now somewhat marked with furrows, all denote a change, not of body only, but of mind. Circumstances, too, occur, that accelerate those changes. In a single night, grief

or fright, has changed the darkest hair to white. Reverse of fortune—religious fanaticism—insanity—death of those we love,—what changes do they not bring with them, to him over whom their influence extends. No man can say of himself—I shall be to-morrow what I now am,—my body what it is—my mind—my opinions and convictions the same.

In 1849, on the 8th of June, Richard Carmichael, the brother of my friend, and one of the most distinguished of our Irish surgeons, was drowned. He had taken a summer residence, on the south side of the hill of Howth, which forms the extreme northern termination of Dublin Bay, and was returning from Dublin, when, riding across a part of the strand, that was nearly dry at low water, he was thrown from his horse and flung into a deep pool. His brother Andrew thus writes of him—“The prime and principal gratification which I promised myself in following up these novel speculations, was their unreserved communication to the beloved companion of my youth; the affectionate, beneficent, and devoted friend of my maturer years, the constant, inseparable, and steadfast participator of all my joys and sorrows, during my long—I may well call it protracted life. But I was destined to be disappointed, and by a destiny the most lamentable. He was led, by the impetuous vivacity of his character, to cross the dangerous sands and pools of Sutton, and to that blind impulse, unnecessarily sacrificed his life, while he appeared to have yet many years to live.”

It was natural that I should sympathise with my friend, in his grief for the loss of his brother, and therefore, as soon as I could, I called on him, to express my deep sorrow that he should have been visited by so severe an affliction. Mr. Carmichael, the moment I was introduced to him said, “Why did you not come to see me sooner? You are the person whom of all others I most wished to see. I wanted to speak to you about my brother. I saw him after his death.” “Indeed,” I said, “that is extraordinary.” “Yes,” he replied, “and I am now a convert to your opinion. You may recollect our correspondence on the subject of the state of the soul after death. Well, I now believe we do retain our consciousness, and my reason for thinking so is this. My brother had taken a place at Sutton, for the summer, and used to ride into Dub-

lin, after breakfast, to attend to his patients. He was in the habit, when the tide answered, of riding across the strand, which we none of us approved of, as we considered it dangerous. On the morning of the day, on which he was drowned, Mrs. Carmichael, at breakfast, urged him not to cross the strand. He seemed rather annoyed at this, but, in the end, said he would not. There is a room in the house, with a window that looks into the stable yard. I was sitting in this room, when I distinctly saw my brother walk across the yard and go into the stable. It was his custom, on his arrival from Dublin, to come into this room to prepare himself for dinner. I waited for a time, expecting to see him, when, on his not coming into the room as usual, I asked the groom where his master had gone to. He said, "Sir, he has not yet returned from Dublin." "Oh, you mistake," I observed. "I saw him go into the stable a short time ago." "That is impossible, Sir," he replied, "he has not come from Dublin yet." Immediately I was seized with a feeling of horror; a creeping, shuddering sensation spread itself over my entire frame. I exclaimed, something dreadful has happened. I seized my hat, and rushed down to the strand. I there saw a crowd. I went to them, and inquired what they were about, when they told me that a gentleman had been thrown from his horse, and that his body was somewhere in the water of the pool, close to which they were standing. The horse, they said had galloped away. I asked the color of the horse. They told me, and I immediately knew it was my brother's. After four days of anxious search we found him. In this great affliction it is a consolation to know that his remains are placed where we all hope to lie along with him." "What you mention," I observed, "is very remarkable—could there be any mistake—any illusion on your part?" "Most certainly not. It was day light when he appeared to me, as distinctly as I ever saw him. Indeed I feel a pleasure in knowing that I did see him, as it assures me, that when I also shall die, I shall be certain to meet him again. What greater happiness could I desire, than to meet my brother, and my pastor and friend, the Reverend Mr. Armstrong, and others whom I was accustomed to regard with so much respect, and affection. I am now suffering from three diseases, any one of which is more than sufficient to terminate my life. I endure much pain. I sleep badly, and when I do sleep, it is possible I may never see the

morning. I am perfectly prepared to go at any time. I feel no uneasiness—I have no apprehension as to the future, for I am persuaded that God, will deal with me, kindly and mercifully.” Thus having spoken, Andrew Carmichael, bid me farewell. I pressed his hand, took my leave of him; and saw him no more. He died soon after. There now lies, open before me, the page of a book published by him, and on which is written in his own hand—

“*For Doctor Grattan,*

*With the Author's best and kindest regards.”*

It gives me pleasure, at this moment, to look on the letters traced by him,—to call to mind, our correspondence, our confidential conversations, our sameness of opinion, on religious subjects, each confirming the other in the certainty of a belief, founded on the immutable principles of eternal truth. It is pleasant too, to avail myself of this occasion to record my respect for the memory of one of the most simple-minded, conscientious and disinterested of the many good men, with whom it was my fortune to have been intimate. A soul—more candid—more ingenuous—more liberal—more truly pious, never existed—than was that of Andrew the brother of Richard Carmichael,—both Unitarians, now happy and enjoying the society of each other, no matter what Athanasians, whether Romanist or Protestant, may, in their ignorance, think or affirm to the contrary.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The present state of the Human Mind, is one involved in great obscurity. Metaphysicians and Theologians, have rendered its investigation exceedingly difficult, by identifying it with their respective theories. instead of subjecting it to the test of experimental inquiry, rigidly instituted, in order to ascertain its physical powers, and discover, in what manner it is, that they are exercised, in obedience to the dictates of the will. Hitherto, the speculations of the Metaphysician, have had no substantial foundation, and hence they have wandered widely from the truth. But still more injurious and more conducive to error have been the wild reveries, and the denunciatory prohibitions of the Theologian. This is much to be regretted. The authority of high names, and the dread of present and future punishment, have arrested all progress in this department of psychological science.

Phrenology derided.—Gall and Spurzheim, represented by physicians as undeserving of credit: Mesmerism referred to satanic agency, and prohibited by the Church of Rome, regardless of the foul stain indelibly imprinted on it, by its barbarous treatment of Galileo,—the study of mind has no chance of making any progress, except by erecting itself into a science, with which the mere theologian shall not interfere, and by which the metaphysician must regulate his ideal speculations. Studies, essentially different, ought not to be confounded. The metaphysician, or the theologian, has no business to dictate to the mathematician, the chemist, the astronomer, or the geologist. All these branches of science, are links in the great chain of God's creation, and evidences of his power and wisdom. They may be used to illustrate each other, but each must rest upon its own foundation, based upon its own facts. Theologians and Churches are too much disposed to meddle in matters with which they have no concern. In this way they do great mischief to themselves, to religion, and to science.

The Medical profession, is not free from blame, in this respect. Strictly experimental, it has unfortunately, on many occasions, adhered to its errors, in defiance of the teaching of facts, affirmed by men of un doubted talent and integrity. In the sciences of Phrenology,



Mesmerism, and Animal Magnetism, the profession has given proof of its ignorance, and what is far worse, of its disinclination to disembarass itself of its existing prejudices. Its treatment of its own member, Doctor Elliotson, professor of the practice of medicine, in the London University, its neglect of the works of Esdaile and Baird, its pretended contempt for the Mesmeric researches of Doctor Gregory, the professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, its inattention to the extraordinary discoveries of Baron von Reichenbach, are examples of prejudice, and of a lazy indifference with regard to these subjects. It is time for the profession to awaken from this state of stupid torpidity. It cannot disprove the existence of facts. It is the duty of all its members, and more especially of the professors of the Practice of medicine in every school, to devote some portion of their attention to these subjects. It is their duty to endeavour to arrive at correct conclusions, and to state publicly their opinions. A professor of the practice of medicine, who should neglect to inform his class of the power of ether or chloroform to produce, when inhaled, a temporary suspension of feeling and of consciousness, would imperfectly discharge his duty as a teacher.

Now, if similar effects can be produced, by other means, these different agencies ought all to be investigated, and their modes of action, explained. But this cannot be done without patient, cautious, and perfectly impartial inquiry. To this, it must come at last. The truth, like light which penetrates through the smallest crevice, will force its way, in defiance of opposition, and in despite of the contemptuous sneer of a self-satisfied indifference. Phrenology, Mesmerism and Magnetism, are kindred sciences. They should be grouped together, and studied together. When properly cultivated, they will be found to shed a clear light on the functions of the body, and on the powers of the mind. In the treatment of bodily and of mental disease, they will remove many of the difficulties which now embarrass us, by enabling us to distinguish between that, which is of the body alone, and that which is strictly mental. Beyond this, I am not now prepared to pass an opinion. I merely refer to these subjects, because I believe it altogether impossible to propose any theory capable of explaining the operations of the mind, unless it shall be aided by a thorough acquaintance with those sciences. The strangeness, the present incomprehensibility of various circumstances

connected with Mesmerism, and with animal Magnetism, so far from justifying their denial, should rather urge us to indulge in a reasonable curiosity to know them as they are, to theorise with regard to them, and to explain them. It is to be hoped, for the honor of a learned profession, that such physicians, as may not understand either the theory or practice of Mesmerism, or of Zoomagnetism, will cease to misrepresent the motives of others whose tastes and opportunities may lead them to cultivate those arts. Time and experience will accomplish more than the most sanguine of us can venture to anticipate. Mind is every hour, struggling more and more to assert its superiority over matter; and assuredly, mind—active and intelligent—will, in the end, obtain the ascendancy over matter,—crude, inert, and insensate. Assuming the correctness of the general principles on which Mesmerism is founded, I cannot discover any reason for denying the possibility of clairvoyance, or even of sympathetic action,—of prevision,—of the lucidity of magnets,—of the transparency of opaque substances; if supported by credible testimony;—if affirmed by men of intelligence, and who can have no motive to deceive.

In the perfect human body there are three parts that would seem of more importance than the rest. These are the BRAIN—the HANDS—and the FEET. With the Brain we *think*. The mind wishes to change its position, and the Feet *move* it from place to place, while the Hands, minister to the *wants* of the body; the trunk of which eats, and drinks and assimilates food, for no other purpose, but to keep in repair the Brain and its appurtenances—the Hands, and the Feet. If it were possible to continue the brain in its healthy state, without any further supply of nutriment,—the entire nervous system—the trunk and superior and inferior extremities, might all be dispensed with, and the mind would think and reason as correctly as ever. If the mind were furnished with an ample supply of ideas, derived from material and sensible objects, all the external senses might be closed, and it would think and reason as correctly as it does at present. This is exactly what Mesmerism occasions, in the body which has been placed under its influence.

But Mesmerism accomplishes even more than this. It renders torpid some of the organs of the brain, and stimulates others into unusual activity. To all these various changes and new conditions of the

body, and of the brain,—the mind accommodates itself, giving evidence of the possession of new and unsuspected powers, whereby, though driven into a narrow corner of its own home, it still struggles to maintain its inherent supremacy. In this struggle for the mastery, it is that the mind puts forth its entire strength. A separate entity—and in its essence, independent of the body, it sees, hears, tastes, and smells, in some way,—to us incomprehensible, but manifestly unconnected with the organization of the body in its ordinary state. In this way, it is, that when the eyes are insensible to the action of light—the mind, finding them useless, looks out through the superior or posterior portion of the head, and, as trustworthy persons assure us—can then see with its own organs, and hear, and taste, and smell, and seem to travel far away, and visit places and recognize persons, at a distance. Of myself, I must say, I have had no experience in these matters. I do not affirm them, but of this I am certain, that we have no warrantry to pronounce them absolutely impossible.

Of the physical constitution of the mind, I know nothing beyond what I have already stated. I have no wish, just now, to inquire into it. Even if I were anxious to do so, I do not possess the means, or the opportunity, as I reside in the country, and can have but little intercourse with literary or scientific persons. It concerns me more, on the present occasion, to satisfy myself, as to the secret movements and religious obligations of the mind, such as it is, in its normal state, and as we know it to exist, in ourselves, and in others.

Regarding the mind, abstractedly considered, and in its present condition, the first question that occurs to me is,—Does the mind possess the power to will, to decide, to adopt or to reject, to act or not to act, at its pleasure ; or, in plain language, are we free agents, or are we not ? On the solution of this question, our responsibility here, and our destination hereafter, entirely depend. I shall inquire into this subject, untrammelled by any authority, and uninfluenced by any former opinions. In thus expressing myself, I speak with the most perfect truth, for, until I commenced to write this chapter, I had never seriously thought of the subject, and had adopted no decided opinion with regard to it. It seems to me, as I now view this great question, more closely, and examine it more exactly, that *we are not free agents*,—that we do not possess the slightest particle

of freedom, in thought, word, or deed ; but that every thought that passes through our mind, every word we pronounce, and every act that we perform, are all arranged before hand, and predetermined by God, for us. We, and all created intelligences, are instruments in the hands of God, to do his will, and to carry his purposes into effect. Of ourselves, we can do nothing. We possess nothing that we do not derive from God. Our minds, our thoughts, our acts, all belong to him, and are, every one of them, necessary to the carrying out of the great scheme, which he formed for himself, when he called this world into existence, and created Man. To some this will seem a startling announcement, to others absurd, to others irreligious, and most dangerous to society,—confounding all the distinctions between virtue and vice—truth and falsehood—good and evil ; denying man’s responsibility—holding out no hope of future reward, to the virtuous, and relieving the wicked, from the salutary dread of eternal punishment, in another life. So, many persons will say,—but may not their anticipations of danger to society, and of other alarming consequences, prove more imaginary than real? God’s arrangements will not be altered, in order to meet their views,—nor will their childish fear of thunder, draw down, from the clouds, the electric fluid, one whit the sooner.

The question of free agency is exceedingly difficult and obscure, and therefore, it is the more necessary, to examine it thoroughly. To explain it, let us commence by an example. The course of a ship through the sea, will supply one. Let us suppose that the ship *HOPE* sails from Dublin, and that her destination is Havre de Grace in France. A splendid vessel is this *Hope*. She is freighted with linens and other articles, the produce of Irish industry, and she is to bring back, in return, silk, and wine, and corn, from France. She has a crew of a dozen men, and is commanded by an intelligent and experienced captain. The day appointed for her departure has arrived, everything necessary has been provided, the captain and crew are all in their places. Her sails are unfurled, she casts off her moorings, and graceful as a swan, glides down the river. With the tide in her favor, and a breeze from the west, she soon leaves Dublin behind, and leaning on the waves, as if they were soft pillows placed beneath her, pursues her course through the bay. She dashes onward, breasting the waters proudly, and flinging them disdainfully

aside, as if the wide expanse was her domain, and not theirs. Ere sunset, the Irish land has disappeared, with its pleasant slopes—its green fields, and lofty hills. It is a cause of gratulation to all, that the ship promises so well, and that the weather is so favourable. But presently clouds arise in the distance—the storm howls around her—her masts bend—her sails are torn, and the lightening makes red the dark gloom of a moonless night. But what of this? The Hope pursues her destined course. The helmsman keeps his steady eye on the compass, and confiding in its truth, without a beacon to direct, or a star to guide him, he turns the ship's head in the direction that she should go. The good ship, obeying the laws of motion—eternal and immutable—conforms to his will. Onward she hastens, toiling and striving the more, to overcome the resistance of the mountain waves through which she rushes. A man has fallen over board—the best of her crew. Heaven preserve us! what a sight! He screams aloud for help—raises his hands despairingly—sinks, and is seen no more. His bones, far from his father's grave, will settle on the bottom of the deep ocean, and covered with sand or mud, hereafter to be changed to solid rock, with other organic remains, lie there for countless ages, encased in a sepulchre of stone. But what of this? what cares the good ship Hope, for this? Onward, steadily she goes, like a well aimed arrow as it flies unswervingly, to strike the mark. In storm and calm, in the bright sunshine and the obscurity of midnight, she pursues her course, and, at last, reaches in safety her destined port.

As is this ship, so is the life of man, from his *birth* until his *death*. As are the waters that sustained this ship, through her entire voyage from Ireland to France, so are the lives of all men, from the moment of their birth, to that of their death. An invincible necessity fore-known, pre-arranged, and never to be altered, controls them all, ship—waters—and men.

When the ship sailed from Dublin, it is evident that she sailed at a certain moment of time, and that she arrived in France at another moment of time equally certain. It is also plain that at the instant of her departure, and through her entire course, to the instant of her arrival in the port of Havre, a certain number of particles of water, and no other particles, were in contact with her, and that these sustained her, and conveyed her in safety, to the end of

her voyage. This is self-evident. It is equally evident, that, while in port, she is supported by a certain number of particles of water, and by no other. Now, if all this be true, it is clear beyond dispute, that if the vessel had sailed from Dublin, one second of time, either sooner or later than she actually did, she must have been in contact with a succession of particles of water, totally different from those which were supposed to have borne her, on her way to Havre. It is manifest also, that having been acted upon by a succession of different waves, and currents of the sea, she could not arrive at Havre, at the instant of her former supposed arrival, nor, when in port, could she have rested on the same water, that would have been prepared to receive her, if she had started from Dublin at the appointed time.

These are not merely my words. They are God's truths, legibly written by him in the great book of nature, which he presents to us all, and which it is our duty to read and to understand. Based then, as is this speculation, on the firm foundation of truth, we may safely venture to extend it somewhat further, and apply it to the creation of men, and to their lives, their thoughts and acts. Every particle of water, that either lent its power to support her, or moved out of her way, as she passed along, only discharged its appointed duty. On the exact performance of this duty, by every particle of water, depended the safety of the noble fabric that had entrusted itself to them, so confidently. If, at any one place, in the entire line of her course, the water had refused to obey God's laws, and had capriciously resolved to exert only one half of its original strength, its specific gravity would have been diminished in the same proportion, and the ship must, on the instant, have gone down without a possibility of escape. Or, if in the same spirit of capriciousness, or of free agency, these particles had thought proper to exert double their strength, their specific gravity would have been increased two-fold, and the ship would have been turned keel uppermost and destroyed.

But further—if the separate atoms of water, when in this capricious mood, and resolved to exercise their inalienable privilege of free will, were, some to diminish, and others to increase their specific gravity, what a war of jarring elements would there not instantly ensue, convulsing the whole ocean, and upheaving the earth from its foundation. The sea would be no longer navigable.

The earth would become uninhabitable. No living being could survive. But God will not permit such a violation of his laws, in the physical world. He laid the foundations of the earth,—He sounded the depths of the sea, and peopled it with myriads of fish, and gigantic reptiles of strange form, that live and multiply below, unseen by man, and he assigned to it its limit, beyond which he commanded it not to pass. And the sea, and the earth, and all things obey his laws, for he made them, for his own pleasure and his own use. They obey him with such implicit obedience, that not a stone that falls to the ground, not an undulation of air that stirs a single leaf, nor a ripple on the surface of the quiet lake, but gives evidence of its submission to the laws imposed by God, on all natural objects. If then, he thus regulates things inanimate, so as to preserve, throughout all his works, uniformity and permanency, can we suppose him less solicitous to preserve order and permanency, amongst the intellectual beings whom he has created, and for whose government, he has prescribed certain laws, the reflex of those, by which he is himself influenced, and which regulate his own acts?

If, on this subject, there can be no doubt, and if God does nothing without reference to some present effect, and future result,—the cause, effect, and future result, must all be matters of a certain arrangement, which connects the entire in one unbroken chain of consecutive causation. Break a single link, or change any one of the pre-arranged series of cause and effect, and the entire of the subsequent results, must differ from those originally intended, so that, in man's life, the future would not, in a single instance, be that which God had, at first, resolved on.

Is not God the sole arbiter of LIFE and DEATH? Who creates us—who terminates our existence? Who has numbered the hairs of our head, and suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground, without his permission? Who but God? Who upholds all things by his presence? Who but God? He it is who regulates all the events that directly or remotely lead to those results, and this he does, by the exercise of his attributes of omnipresence,—omnipotence,—fore-knowledge,—wisdom and goodness. If this be so, if all the events in man's life, commencing with his *Birth*, tend to, and terminate in his *Death*, these events must all be pre arranged, and

absolutely and unalterably determined on,—not by ourselves but by him who created us, first, for his own purposes,—secondly, for our own benefit, and thirdly, for the benefit of others.

This three-fold unity of purpose, this Trinity of PHILOSOPHY, REASON, and REVELATION, constitutes the truth, as it exists in God—and has by him, been revealed to us. What contradicts these, or any of these, cannot be true, because, however it may conform to the teaching of ignorant and superstitious men, it contradicts God's teaching. God commands us to search him out, and to learn of him through his works. *Men*, order us not to seek him, in his works, and they offer us, instead, their idle and soul-debasing systems of Pagan Polytheism. To whom shall we give ear—to whom shall we look for instruction? Surely to God who rules all things, and not to ignorant churches, or to men, who are unacquainted with his laws, and who misinterpret them. When men lean on the traditions of dark ages, and oppose intellectual progress, do they not invert the order of things, and resemble those who would compel the aged and the thoughtful to submit their thoughts and actions to the babbling inexperience of childhood?

The wisdom of our ancestors has been in every age the rallying cry, and pretext, for the perpetration of every wrong, and for the continuance of every imaginable abuse. The cleric—the lawyer—the bishop—the corrupt placeman—the venal senator—the public peculator—every one, who finds it his interest to appropriate to himself, or to his family, or dependants, more than his fair share of the national property—all are agreed upon this one point, to denounce as an infidel, revolutionist and anarchist, whoever shall call in question the “wisdom of our ancestors.” But other times are approaching. Even in the Roman Church *men's* minds, in spite of themselves, and in opposition to their long cherished prejudices, are beginning to exercise their powers—seeking the TRUTH, as revealed by God, in his WORKS, adopting it, and loving it. Italy, bright, sunny Italy, the fairest portion of all Europe, and once the mistress of the world, is struggling gloriously to emancipate herself from the despotism of the Church. But more rapid, and more evident is this change, amongst the intelligent and educated of the Protestant Athanasians. Grave doubts, cause them to think distrustingly on subjects which they had, from infancy, been accustomed to regard as facts, requiring



an implicit belief. The Human Mind, will no longer submit to chains and imprisonment. Men will henceforth think, speak, and act for themselves. An enlarged and independent intellect is a noble possession. When contrasted with the trembling subserviency of the willing slave, it may well excuse the self-opinion, the proud demeanor of him to whom it belongs—his reluctance to submit to dictation, his determination to reason for himself, and to form his own creed, in accordance with his own sense of that which constitutes the truth.

The Athanasian churches deny this right, but men of intelligence will insist on it and exercise it. To such churches, these are unpalatable sayings,—why then, do I give expression to them? Am I not a free agent, to think, to write, and to publish them, or not,—just as it shall please me? I think I am thus free, I endeavour to persuade myself that I am.—I act as if I were, and yet, beyond all doubt, I am not. In all this—so far as I am concerned—there is not one particle of freedom of thought or of action.

In this consists the great beauty of God's arrangements. Binding together all things, in one harmonious system, he is himself the ruler, the originator—the beginning and the end of them all. His system both of MIND and MATTER, is one of absolute perfection, in which error never existed, and into which it can never find entrance. Therefore, God manages all things, leaving to us, nothing but to obey. It is in this obedience to God's will, that our moral and religious discipline entirely consists. God treats us as children who must be invited, led—coerced to learn.

On this subject there should be no mistake, for we are told that we must learn, even as little children. God is himself our teacher. His lessons he has stereotyped, in indelible characters, on the faces of his rocks, and imbedded them in the solid structure of the globe. He has written them in the firmament, in letters of brilliant light. In the successive leaves of the book of nature, wherever an insect exists or a plant is to be found, God has deigned to become our teacher. Wherefore, then, shall men be debarred from reading God's own book?

The flower of many petals,—still folded up, and clasped in darkness by its exterior investments—gradually expands itself, and invites the sunbeam to impart to it, color and fragrance. Thus, it accomplishes the purpose for which God created it. It decorates our gardens,

it gives beauty to our fields,— it shelters whole tribes of animated life, and feeds them with its rich juices. Teaching us God's lessons, it is eloquent of God. Wherefore should not men, instructed by the splendid tulip and the modest primrose, that so beautifully develop themselves, act even as they act? Not so to act is a positive violation of the laws of nature—if so of God's laws. If so they who denounce the acquisition of knowledge of any kind, and would substitute for it a false, and ignorant belief of their own creating, act irreverently towards God, and injuriously towards their fellow men. Are the thoughts of men, created for immortality, less worthy of their full expansion than the leaves of a flower that gives to the air around it, a temporary fragrance and then dies? This cannot be. This is not to be believed.

But to return to our subject,—it will be asked, “If man be not a free agent, to what purpose was he created a rational being? How can he make an effort to improve himself, or to do good to others, and how can he be held responsible, here or hereafter, for his errors and his crimes, having no power to act otherwise than as he has been ordered by an invincible necessity?”

These questions must not be slurred over. They must be fairly met, and truthfully examined—without any prejudice, originating in preconceived opinions, or derived from a fear of anticipated consequences. It will be admitted by all, that God, when he creates a human being, has chiefly in view, the calling into existence of a SOUL.—in which soul it is that man's excellence entirely consists. It must also be admitted that God requires this soul to fill a place in his great system of creation, which would be defective, if not so occupied. From this it follows that the creation of a SOUL, is not the result of accident, but of *previous arrangement*. If so, all the circumstances which lead to the creation of an individual are necessary, and cannot be dispensed with. If any of the events necessary to the birth of an individual, had been different from what they actually were, such as the marriage of the parents,—the marriage not having taken place, the individual would not have been born,—a different marriage might have been contracted, and thus, numerous children, and of course, SOULS, would have started into existence, for none of whom, had God appointed a place, and whose presence, therefore, must have disturbed his other arrangements. It is not to be imagined that

God will permit this, and therefore, in all these matters,—marriage—the birth of children,—the duration of life—the place in society—the employment of the person, throughout his entire life,—the experience to be acquired,—the influence produced on others—ALL must be decided upon, by God — the Creator—the Preserver—the Teacher—the sole Architect of the Physical, Social, Moral, and Religious system of the entire world.

Who can anticipate the most trifling event in his life, or find any difficulty in believing that to occurrences, in appearance, casual and unimportant, results of the utmost moment to himself and to others, were mainly to be referred? If, looking back to events, long since passed,—we could view them, as we now regard them, and having foreseen their consequences, could have changed even the most trifling of them, in any way,—the entire character of our condition, and nature of our experience would have been so altered, that all our thoughts, words, and acts, must have been totally different from what they actually were. Placed in a different condition, we should have formed new associations—contracted other friendships—made alliances with persons now altogether unknown to us. The confusion thus introduced into society would have completely disorganized it. The eternal purposes of God, in ordering the affairs of men, would be thwarted, and rendered of no avail. Every transaction of our lives, and of all those persons, with whom we were, in any way, connected, would be changed. Abraham, Moses, Saul the king, and Saul the Apostle, Peter and Leo the Pope,—Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, would never have existed if their parents had not, by an invincible destiny, been placed, with respect to each other, in the exact position that each occupied—and if the previous creation, and subsequent events in the lives of these, and of all their more remote progenitors, had not been, in every,—even the most minute detail,—precisely what they were. Otherwise, there would have been, in the social world, a chaos of conflicting elements, of minds, passions, and acts, in direct antagonism to God's Foreknowledge, and providential arrangements.

God conceals from us, those arrangements. His ways are unsearchable. Their explanation lies concealed in the dark night of the time to come. But time as it advances, will reveal much to us, of which we are now ignorant—producing, in our minds, amaze-

ment, and great thankfulness to God that it has pleased him so wonderfully to direct and control the most trifling, as well as the most important, occurrences of our lives.

As the parentage of every one born into the world, and all the innumerable preceding events that have concurred to bring about the BIRTH of the individual, must have been pre-arranged, so all the events, that have colored, or influenced the life of the individual, are equally matters of manifest pre-arrangement, leading to his DEATH, the day and hour of which are as unalterably fixed, as were those of his birth, the two events differing only in this, that our BIRTH is an accomplished FACT, our DEATH a fact,—equally certain, as to the hour, and all the circumstances connected with it,—but which, concealed in the future, has yet to become a FACT equally evident and undeniable.

Should any one doubt these statements, let him review some of the events of his past life, and trace to them the various changes in his condition, that followed those events. He will then perceive how passive he was, how incapable of resisting both events and their results. The events he could not control—the results it was not for him to anticipate. What a seeming lottery is marriage, and yet how much depends on it. A trifling accident, a chance meeting, promotes—an incautious expression—an unintentional neglect terminates a matrimonial engagement. Caprice, vanity and pride, sordid motives, the interference of strangers, the disapproval of friends, blight the hopes of a long attachment, and separate for ever, those who would seem to have been specially intended for each other. How often have arrangements been made by parents, and property settled on the children of a marriage which has been prevented by some unforeseen event. The children thus intended to be provided for, were not born, for God, not man, interposed. God did not will that their Souls should be of the number of his appointed, but other marriages took place, and other children were created, because God, in carrying into effect his pre-arrangements, had prepared a place for them in this life, and for their Souls, in that which is to come.

Facts establish their own truths, by their own evidence. They stand out, in bold relief, forming the varied shapes of each man's life—chiselled in stone, eternal as the rock to which they belong. Small facts, or trifling affairs, as they are called,—are not things of

trifling moment. As small coins, when added, make a large sum, the facts, of individual life, accumulate, and arrange themselves, in accordance with God's laws, and in their aggregate, constitute the collective identity of Individuals, of Societies, of Nations, and of the entire Human Race. They so intimately depend on each other, and are so closely interwoven, that it becomes impossible to separate them. The dropping of a glove—the miscarriage of a letter—the detection of a secret message, has decided the fortunes of nations; and thus given a new course to all the transactions of the civilized world. It would be most instructive, for those who are disposed to inquire—and to form a correct opinion on this subject, to satisfy themselves, in what manner, and to what extent, the condition of their lives and that of others, connected with them, has been influenced by causes, not anticipated, considered accidental, but over which they had no control. This study, founded on personal experience, and embracing the secret movements of the heart of the inner man, would teach us to know ourselves, more thoroughly, and to confide in God,—more devoutly, and more submissively. For what arrangement, or more for our good can there be, better than that which it has pleased God himself, to make for us?

It is needless to say more in support of this view, of the pre-arrangement of our thoughts and acts, and of the absolute denial to us, by God, of any power of mind or body, except in conformity with his fore-ordained arrangements. Still, as we know that, ethically, or in our own belief, we are free to act—to do, or not to do—to run into danger, or to avoid it—to prefer virtue, and to shun vice—and so, with regard to the other innumerable acts of our lives—are we not guilty of folly and impiety, in presuming to deny to God, the possession of that free agency, and of sovereign control, which indisputably belongs to him,—in short, the right to do what he likes with his own? If he shall choose to predestinate all things, but nevertheless obliges us to think and act as if we were free agents, does it belong to us, to deny the fact, or to dispute his pleasure?

But it is hard to understand how this can be. It may be difficult to comprehend how God—

· “Binding Nature fast in fate,  
Left free the Human Will.”

Nevertheless, the fact is so, and not more extraordinary is it, than

thousands of other certainties, which—grounded on delusions—are perpetually occurring around us. We feel, hear, see, taste, smell, and yet there are no such existences, in nature, as cold, heat, sounds, tastes, odors, colors. We act, however, as if they did exist. We think and speak of them, as if they actually existed, and this we must do, or we should compromise our health and our lives. Our acquaintance with the external world is altogether ideal. It seems to be real, but it has no reality, and yet this seeming reality, answers all the purposes of its positive existence. It is exactly so with God's foreknowledge and pre-arrangement of all events, and with our supposed possession of Freedom of Thought and of action.

But if our thoughts and actions are pre-arranged, and, in conformity to such arrangement, are necessary and inevitable, upon what principle are the wicked to be punished, and the virtuous to be rewarded, in the present, and in a future life? To this question there can be but one answer. The LAWS of SOCIETY are sufficient FOR THIS LIFE. For the NEXT LIFE, the LAWS of God will be found equally SUFFICIENT. The laws enacted here, by society, for its own preservation, are imperfect. Sometimes they are oppressive and partial—sometimes unjust. Still, they are beneficial to us. We live under their protection, and must be satisfied with them. Satisfied with our own imperfect laws, because they are of our own making—is it not exceedingly impertinent and irreverent in us to question the power, wisdom, justice, or beneficence of God, in the making of such laws as he may think fit, for the government of worlds inhabited by beings of a higher spiritual intelligence? It is absurd, presumptuous, and unwarrantable for Churches, or for those who claim to speak with the authority of any Church, to assign to any Soul, or to any number of souls, any place, position, or condition hereafter. The future destination of the entire human race, belongs to God, *and can only be known by God*. In this world he has provided an allotted place for each of us. In the future world, each, of those who now live, or are intended to be created, will be also provided with a place suited to the discharge of the duties imposed upon him by God. Unacquainted as we are with the nature of our future social state, no one can tell what those duties may be. It is probable they will be identical with those of the present life, and all of which are comprised in the two great commandments—

“ Love the LORD thy GOD, with all thy HEART and SOUL ;”—and  
 “ LOVE thy NEIGHBOUR as THYSELF.”

Churches and Churchmen preach an eternity of *torture* ! but this doctrine is so much opposed to our innate sense of humanity and justice, that the best and wisest of men, in all ages, have denied its possibility. No doubt, God can do what he pleases, with his own ; but it is not credible, on any rational grounds, that God should thus deal with creatures formed by him, for no other purpose, than that they should be doomed to intense and never-ending suffering. The question is an open one,—perhaps never, in this life, to be finally decided.

But lo ! a fleshless Spectre, grim-looking, formed of dry bones, with a Scythe, and carrying an Hour-glass, approaches. Each moment he comes nearer and nearer—just now he seems to be at too great a distance to do us harm. Still he approaches, nearer and nearer, and, sooner or later, he is sure to seize us. This Spectre—DEATH—whence comes it ? What is it ? It terminates this life. It promises to speak to us, of that to which it is about to introduce us. Let us listen, while he tells us of himself, and hear what are the tidings of which he is the bearer.

## CHAPTER IX.

It has been already mentioned that the existence of everything possessed of LIFE, must terminate, at last, in DEATH. Such is the condition on which God, the *Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer*, imparts Life to the innumerable tribes of Plants and Animals, whose diversity, beauty and perfection, render manifest the wisdom and skill displayed in these his organic creations.

It is probable that there is a principle of VITALITY diffused throughout nature—a primal, elementary principle, sometimes existing in a latent, or quiescent state, when it is dimly seen by us, and recognised with difficulty. At other times, with marvellous energy, it springs into activity, and excites our wonder and admiration, at its effect on inanimate matter—so powerful, and so much opposed to the ordinary laws of Nature.

Vitality, Zooism, or the Zooplastic principle, would seem to be connected with some peculiar modification of matter. It is not galvanic, nor magnetic, but it is always more or less, associated with these agencies, which it modifies, so as to give rise to a succession of effects, different from what any of them could separately produce. This vital element, God has employed at successive periods, to produce plants and animals, suited to the then existing state of the earth—its temperature—atmosphere—water and soil. Countless numbers of plants and animals, lived and died, during countless ages. The forests, decaying where they grew, covered the earth with their remains, and the shells of fish, coral polyps, and infusoria, accumulating beneath the surface of the sea, furnished materials for the formation of limestone and silicious rocks, preparatory to some great change in the physical condition of the globe. Innumerable myriads of these organized evidences of God's creative power, lived and multiplied, and fed upon each other, and died,—death everywhere following close on the footsteps of life.

During innumerable ages they thus lived, peopled the air,—the sea,—the earth,—they propagated their kinds, they co-operated with the established geological movements of inanimate matter, to prepare new conditions, preparatory to their own extinction, and to the



creation of other classes of plants, and forms of animal life previously unknown.

Thus, in a series of which the present state of our globe is merely a portion, and commencing with the creation of the solid fabric of the earth, numerous changes, spreading themselves over an abyss of ages, not to be reckoned, successively occurred. At certain periods, the silent progress of quiet vegetation, and of animal increase, has been suddenly interrupted, by some terrific explosion, that has shaken the earth to its centre. Igneous rocks, glowing with intense heat, as if in a furnace, have been flung into the air. The bed of the sea, has been elevated so as to form high mountains. The various layers of rocks, twisted and bent, in a thousand different ways, afford proof of the mighty force by which they were upraised. The dry land, undermined, and deprived of support, sinks to an unfathomable depth, and the water of the sea rushing madly in, flows over it, making for itself a new ocean.

A convulsion such as this, it is plain, must have destroyed almost all animal and vegetable life. In a few instances, and in certain localities, some of the existing species may have escaped, more especially such as, being of the lowest degree of organization, were more tenacious of life, and more capable of accommodating themselves to the new state of the earth, its waters and its atmosphere.

It is probable, that the land and sea continued for ages, void of other animal life—until the turbid waters, had become pure, and deposited the earthy and volcanic substances which must have been mixed with them. The atmosphere had to be freed from the sulphurous gases diffused through it, and the continents to be washed by torrents of rain sufficient to dissolve and carry into the sea, the vast mass of salt, with which the soil must have been saturated. In these processes ages reckon only as hours—all the acts of the Creator are progressive, but with him time is of no account. With God, myriads of millions of years are not of longer comparative duration, than one second is with us. Therefore, inasmuch as time is in God's estimate nothing, he accelerates nothing—delays nothing, but accomplishes all things, in their appointed order,—law, order and development, being the objects which God proposes to himself, throughout the entire of his stupendous works, and of his mysterious social and intellectual arrangements.

When the earth was sufficiently prepared — when the proper time had arrived, for the formation of thousands of new trees and plants, God ordered that it should be so and it was done. When the proper time had arrived, to form new tribes of animals of various kinds and sizes, to occupy the land and to fill the sea with their numbers, God commanded them to exist, and they started into life, each class possessing a distinct character, derived from the organization peculiar to its kind.

Tall forest trees, shrubs, thick brushwood, rank grass, sedge, gave shelter to birds, beasts, insects, reptiles innumerable. The living principle, excited into activity, manifested itself in the universal diffusion through the sea of microscopic animalcules, so minute that it is believed some millions existed in a single drop of water. The rapidity with which they multiplied, is as astonishing as their marvellous minuteness. It is affirmed by Ehrenberg that one of the infusoria in twelve days increased to sixteen millions, and one of another species, increased, in four days, to one hundred and seventy billions. Equally small and prolific were those of the primitive world. They died as rapidly as they multiplied, and the earths that had entered into their composition, accumulated in the lapse of numberless ages, to such an extent as to form beds of immense thickness at the bottom of the sea. These infusoria—shell fish,—fishes of different kinds occupied the sea. The temperature of our northern countries was formerly equal to what it now is under the line. Trees and plants that could only at present vegetate between the tropics, then grew in Great Britain. In Siberia immense herds of Elephants, wandered through the forests, and lived and died; and beasts of prey were there too, and they devoured the weaker animals, and having gorged themselves with their flesh, and lapped their tongues in their blood, and crunched their bones, they also died. So, throughout all time, death has followed life. God, who profusely scatters abroad the seeds of life, so regulates their increase, that they shall not inconveniently occupy the place assigned to them, longer than is fit. Having lived their appointed time, they die; others succeed to die in turn, and to make room for others. In this way life and death balance each other.

To beings of an inferior order, life is a source of enjoyment, and of pleasurable sensation, that far outweigh whatever pain may be

occasionally experienced. Death when it comes is un-anticipated. It occasions no fear, produces little suffering, and leaves no sting behind. Hence it is that, throughout his wide domains of air, earth, and water, the Creator is ever active in multiplying life, almost indefinitely and in terminating it as unceasingly—life, from him, being a boon graciously conferred, and death, neither a cruel infliction, nor an injustice.

It is evident, from even a superficial inspection of the solid portion of the globe, and of the position occupied by the several strata of rocks—sand and clay,—and from the vegetable and animal remains, imbedded in them,—that the surface of the earth, for several miles in depth,—has been broken up, and up-raised, and tossed about in the most terrific manner imaginable. It is also evident that each of these great convulsions destroyed most of the existing plants and animals,—and that new kinds of plants, and new races of animals were, subsequently to each convulsion of the globe,—created, by the special and miraculous agency of God.

It is not necessary to enter into any explanation of the order in which those successive changes, accompanied by such destruction of life, and followed by new creations, may be supposed to have occurred. Neither is it necessary to calculate the millions of years that must have intervened between some of those changes. It is enough for us to know, that the facts affirmed by Geologists, are truths,—as certain as are those of astronomical science, or of the doctrine of definite proportion, in chemical combinations. Theories will be modified, from time to time, or entirely rejected, and others more plausible, may be substituted for them,—but *facts*, sufficiently authenticated, never can be disproved, and it is therefore useless to deny them.

To the unprejudiced inquirer into the truth, it must occasion serious regret to observe the tenacity with which some Athanasians adhere to the literal interpretation of the Mosaic account of the creation. In defiance of the teaching of Geology—Mineralogy—Astronomy, and other physical sciences, they still persevere in insisting, on what they are pleased to call the “plenary inspiration” of scripture. To this absurd hypothesis, and to their own possible mis-interpretation of certain texts, of questionable authority, they endeavour to bend the truths which science teaches, or they deny them altogether, and discourage such inquiries as dangerous to reli-

gion: The Papacy has never yet, by recanting its error, endeavoured to make atonement to society for its treatment of Galileo. Certain of the Protestant clergy of the present day, are as invincibly prejudiced against Geological truths, as Pope Urban VIII., his Cardinals and Inquisitors were opposed to those of the Copernican system of Astronomy. They consider it heretical to affirm that the globe was occupied by living beings, and that Death was introduced, prior to the creation and fall of man. The earth, they believe, was fashioned in a uniform and perfect manner. No dislocation of its parts—No elemental war of fire and water,—no voracious animals that devoured each other, disturbed the harmony of nature. The existence of such, pre-Adamite monsters,—of the Plesiosaurus, with its long neck, flexible as that of a swan,—the Ichthyosaurus, with its enormous mouth, and jaws armed with frightful teeth,—the long-snouted Crocodile,—the Dinotherium—the Dimornis—the Megatherium,—is, according to these theologians, a mere fable, invented by Geologists, and not to be believed, inasmuch as its tendency is to bring revealed religion into disrepute. As to the remains of these and of other animals,—vegetable deposits, marine shells,—whether raised from a depth of hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth,—or the level of the sea,—whether encased in solid rock, or discovered in alluvial beds of clay,—or obtained from the water worn strata of rounded stones and sand,—all these, they either deny the existence of altogether—or, failing in this, they refer them to that climax of absurdity—the universal deluge of Noah.

Credulity, Scepticism, and Ignorance—the offspring of darkness—dread the light that Reason sheds upon God's fair works. This light it is which, reflected from them, makes visible God and his attributes. This light, which God has given to man, as his especial privilege, and which should illuminate the minds of all, the Athanasians would extinguish. The Papal church denounces it, as a false meteor—certain to mislead. The modern Churches follow its example, and all unite in referring to scripture as the final authority, whereby to test the truth of Geological facts. The not very serious fault of the first woman, who, with a pardonable curiosity, pulled and tasted an apple which she had been told not to touch, is stated to have disturbed the entire

system of nature, changing the fabric of the earth, and altering the habits of man and of animals—rendering man carnivorus, and converting into beasts of prey, the Lion and the Tiger, that previously, with a gentleness of which they now exhibit no trace, and feeding only on herbage, had associated themselves lovingly, with the lamb and the kid. This, the Athanasian Churches affirm, as a portion of Scripture, necessary for the faithful to believe, and *this* the Geologists deny, as contradicted by evidence afforded by God himself, and legibly written in the works of his pre-Adamite creations.

It is not difficult to anticipate the result of this controversy. Already Protestant Athanasians are becoming *sceptics!* They doubt the accuracy of the Mosaic account of the creation. Some think that the meaning of Moses has been mistaken,—others that the present version of the Scriptures is incorrect,—and not a few are now prepared to assert, that the Bible is not to be considered an authority either in Geology, or in Astronomy. Thus Science, and Natural Religion, advancing, hand in hand, are making steady progress, and are expelling, from their strongholds, ignorance and superstition, slowly it may be, but surely. One Athanasian Church, that of Rome, defies improvement. Engaged, just now, in a death struggle for its existence, that is, for the maintenance of its temporal power, it is, as much as ever, opposed to the general diffusion, amongst its members, of habits of independent thought. Absurdly claiming a perpetually transmitted Infallibility, it finds itself compelled to adhere to, and to justify all its preceding errors in religion, and all its crimes against society. But this it cannot do, without exercising an absolute control over the secular, as well as the religious education of all whom it can influence. It denies the revelations of the Telescope, or only acknowledges them as optical illusions. The Mineralogical specimens, the organic remains of former creations, which God presents to the geologist, it contemptuously tramples upon, and refers them all to Noah's flood! But Astronomy and Geology, in defiance of such opposition, are every hour making progress in their respective directions. Astronomy, aided by the monster telescope of our illustrious countryman, Lord Rosse, is sounding the depth of illimitable space, and, night by night, is revealing to us new universes, composed of innumerable suns grouped together—each sun in itself, with its planets, a universe replete with life, and thronged with

intelligences, that, in "reason's ear" rejoicing, distinctly hymn their Maker's praise.

If science and religion are thus indebted to Astronomy, not less is their advancement promoted by the study of Geology. The geologist, with small hammer, goniometer, and microscope, questions the highest mountains, as to their antiquity, and invites them to reveal the secrets of the deep sea, that, for millions of years, rolled over them, wearing down their faces, and forming vast deposits of sand and clay,—peopled with things of life. And these rocks, and sand-stone quarries, and these beds of sand and clay, tell of animals of huge size and strangely formed, and of boundless forests of trees and plants, now unknown. Nature never fails to speak the truth. Men of science, inquire and believe. Nature assures us, that various catastrophes, extending over the entire face of the globe, have at different times, occurred, and were accompanied by the destruction of the greater number of the modifications of animal and vegetable life, that then existed. Men of science, inquire into these facts, and believe them. Men of science, ascribing these changes to God, and assigning no limit to his creative power, but giving credit to the evidences that he has placed before us, of the repeated exercise of this power, honor and magnify God. They accept his revelation as true, and praise him in his works. But the Athanasian churches, deny these his revelations,—they refuse to be instructed by these manifestations of the perpetual exercise of his infinite power, and they adhere rather to the idle jargon of the Fathers, and to the traditionary records, of pagan superstitions.

It will be found that, in every church, men, especially instructed by God, have dissented somewhat from the trammels of theological credulity, and ventured cautiously to accept the truth, when presented under circumstances sufficiently convincing to enforce its recognition. There are to be found, clerics of enlarged minds and liberal views, who, persuaded of the certainty of geological science, have not hesitated to express their adhesion to its principles, and have laboured to prove that the scriptures, when rightly interpreted, do not contradict its established facts. It is well there should be such men. Taught by science, and religion, they wisely unite them, or prudently dissociate them, and, thus, by assigning to each its proper place, prove themselves the best friends of both. The writings of

these clerics are of more value, and possess greater authority, than those of ordinary men. They cannot be suspected of an intention to encourage infidelity, or of a wish to elevate science, by bringing into contempt, the mysteries of their respective creeds. When they speak it becomes us to listen, in order to strengthen our own opinions, by the corroborative evidence afforded by theirs.

The Reverend Doctor Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, in his valuable work on "THE RELIGION OF GEOLOGY," has the following remarks, in support of the opinion that geology proves violent and painful DEATH to have existed in the world, long before man's creation.

"In the oldest of the sedimentary rocks, the remains of animals occur in vast numbers, nor will any one, I trust, of ordinary intelligence doubt but these relics once constituted living beings. Through the whole series of rocks, six miles in thickness, we find similar remains, even increasing in numbers as we ascend; but it is not till we reach the very highest stratum, the mere superficial coat of alluvium, that we find the remains of man. The vast multitude, then, of organized beings that lie entombed in rocks below alluvium, must have yielded to DEATH, long before man received his sentence, "Dust thou art, and to dust, shalt thou return." Will any one maintain that none of these animals preceded man, in the period of their existence? Then why are the remains of men not found with theirs? Moreover, so unlike to man and other existing tenants of the globe, are many of those ancient animals, that the sure laws of comparative anatomy shew us, that both races could not live or flourish in a world adapted to one or the other."

"The same great system of organization and adaptation has always prevailed on the globe. It was the same in those immensely remote ages, when the fossil animals lived, as it now is. At present, we know that there exist large tribes of animals, called carnivorous, provided with organs expressly designed to enable them to destroy other animals, and of course, to inflict on them painful and violent DEATH. Exactly similar tribes, and in a like proportion, are found among the fossil animals. They were not always the same tribes, but when one class of carnivora disappeared, another was created to take their place, in order to keep down the excessive multiplication of other races. That animals of such an organization not only lived in the ages preceding man's creation, but actually destroyed contemporary species, we have the evidence in the remains of the one animal enclosed in the body of another, by whom it was devoured for food. Both are now converted into rock, and will testify to the most sceptical that DEATH existed in the world before man's transgression."

“Furthermore, how could animals feed on plants without destroying, as they now do, multitudes of minute insects, and animalcules? It is obvious also, that the multiplication of animals must soon be arrested, or famine would be the result, or the world would be more than full. In short, it would require an entirely different system in nature, from the present, in order to exclude Death from the world. To the working of the system it is as essential as gravitation, and apparently, just as much a law of nature.”

“To strengthen this argument still further, comparative anatomy testifies that large classes of animals have a structure evidently intended to enable them to feed on other tribes. The teeth of the more perfect carnivorous animals are adapted for seizing and tearing their prey, while those which feed on vegetables have cutting and grinding teeth, but not the canine. The whole digestive apparatus in the carnivora is more simple and of less extent, than in the herbivorous tribes, where in the former the gastric juice acts more readily upon flesh, and in the latter upon vegetables. The muscular apparatus also, is developed in greater power, in the former than in the latter, especially in the neck and fore-paw. Throughout all the classes of animals, those which feed upon flesh are armed with poisonous fangs, or talons, or beaks, or other formidable weapons, while the vegetable feeders are usually in a great measure defenceless. In short, in the one class we find a perfect adaptation, in all the organs, for destroying, digesting and assimilating other animals,—and in the other class an arrangement equally obvious, for procuring and digesting vegetables. Indeed, you need only show the anatomist the skeleton, or even a very small part of the skeleton, of an unknown animal, to enable him, in most cases, to decide, what is the food of that animal, with almost as much certainty, as if he had for years observed its habits. Who can doubt, then, that when a carnivorous animal employs the weapons with which nature has furnished it for the destruction of another animal, in order to satisfy its hunger, that it acts in obedience to a law of its being, originally impressed upon its constitution by the Creator?”

“The conclusion, from these facts and reasonings, are, that DEATH is an essential feature of the present system of organized nature, that it must have entered into the plan of creation in the divine mind originally, and consequently must have existed in the world before the apostacy of man.”

“In opposition to these conclusions, however, the common theory of death maintains that, when man transgressed, there was an entire change throughout all organic nature; so that animals and plants, which before contained a principle of immortal life, were smitten with the hereditary contagion of disease and death. Those animals which, before that event, were gentle and herbivorous, or frugivorous, suddenly became ferocious or carnivorous. The climate, too, changed, and the sterile soil sent forth the thorn and the thistle, in



the place of the rich flowers and fruits of Eden. The great English poet, in his *Paradise Lost*, has clothed this hypothesis in a most graphic and philosophical dress; and, probably, his descriptions have done more than the Bible to give it currency. Indeed, could the truth be known, I fancy that, on many points of secondary importance, the current Theology of the day has been shaped quite as much by the ingenious machinery of *Paradise Lost*, as by the Scriptures; the Theologians having so mixed up the ideas of Milton, with those derived from Inspiration, that they find it difficult to distinguish between them."

"Milton does not limit the change induced by man's apostacy to sublunary things, but, like a sagacious philosopher, perceives also that the heavenly bodies must have been diverted from their paths.

'At that tasted fruit

The sun, as from Thyestian banquet, turned  
His course intended; else how had the world  
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now  
Avoided pinching cold, and scorching heat?"

"This change of the sun's path, as the poet well knew, could be effected only by some change in the motion of the earth.

'Some say he bid the angels turn askanse  
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,  
From the sun's axle. They with labor pushed  
Oblique the centric globe.'

"Next we have the effect upon the lower order of animals described.

'Discord first,  
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
Death introduced. Through fierce antipathy,  
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,  
And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving,  
Devoured each other.'

"Few, I presume, would seriously maintain that the act of our first parents, which produced, what Dr. Chalmers calls 'an unhingement' of the human race, resulted, likewise, in a change of the motion of the earth, and of the heavenly bodies. No anatomist can be made to believe that, without a constant miracle, our carnivorous animals can have been herbivorous, without such a change in their organization, as must have amounted to a new creation. The sentence pronounced upon the serpent, for his agency in man's apostacy, seems, at first view, favourable to the opinion, that animal natures, experienced, at the same time, important changes, for he is supposed to have been deprived of limbs, and condemned, henceforth, to crawl upon the earth, and to make the dust his food. But the naturalist does not find that serpents live upon dust, for they are all carnivorous.

rous, and they are as perfectly adapted to crawl upon the ground, as other animals to different modes of progression; and, though *cursed above all cattle*, they are apparently as happy as other animals."

"We find, then, insuperable objections to the prevalent notion that an entire revolution took place, at the Fall, in the material world, and especially in organic nature. Those passages of Scripture which, literally interpreted, seem to imply some changes of this sort, are easily understood as vivid, figurative representations of the effects of sin upon men, while their literal interpretation would involve us in inextricable difficulties."

"In the present system of the world, DEATH, to the inferior animals, is a benevolent provision, and to man, also, when not aggravated, or converted into a curse, by his own sin. In examining this point, as well as many others in Natural Theology, where the existence of Evil is concerned, we must assume that the present system of the world is the best which infinite wisdom and benevolence could devise. And this we may consistently do. For the prominent design throughout nature appears to be beneficial to animal natures, and suffering is only incidental; and happiness, moreover, is superadded to the functions of animals, where it is unnecessary for the perfect performance of the function. We may be certain, therefore, that the author of such a system can neither be malevolent, nor indifferent, to the happiness of animals; but must be benevolent, and, therefore, the system must be the best possible, since such a being could constitute no other."

"Now, Death being an essential feature of such a system, we should expect to find it, as a whole, a benevolent provision. But, in the case of man, the Bible represents it as a penal infliction, and such is its general aspect in the human family. So far as the mere extinction of life is concerned, it is the same in man as in other animals; but sin arms it with a deadly sting. But the inferior animals, being incapable of sin, find none of its aggravations to give keenness to their final sufferings. When the stroke comes, it falls unexpectedly, and the mere physical suffering is all that gives severity to their dissolution."

"In the case of man, there is the sundering of ties, too strong for any thing but death to break,—ties which bind him to kindred, friends, and country,—and this separation constitutes the most painful part of the closing scene. But in the case of animals, we have no reason to suppose these attachments, so far as they exist, to be very strong; nay, in most cases, they are certainly very weak. The inferior animals, also, usually die either a violent and sudden death, inflicted by some carnivorous animal, or in extreme old age, by mere decay of the natural powers, without disease. The violent death can usually have in it little of suffering, and the slow decay still less. But, although some men die violent deaths, how few survive to extreme old age, and sink, at last, almost unconsciously into

the grave, because the vital energies are exhausted. Were this the case, the physical terrors of death would be almost taken away, and we should pass as quietly into eternity, as a lamp goes out, when the oil is exhausted."

"Imagine now, that death should come upon a man, in the course of nature ; that is without disease and with little suffering, and with no painful forebodings of conscience. Suppose, moreover, that the dying individual should feel that the change passing upon him would assuredly introduce him to a new and spiritual body, undecaying, and adapted to the operations of the mind, and that the soul, after death, would enter into full and free communion with all that is great and ennobling in the universe, and that joys, inconceivable and eternal, would henceforth, be its portion ; O, how different would such a death be from what we usually witness !"

"I do not contend that death, even in its mildest form, is no Evil, but I contend that, in the present system of the world, death, when not aggravated by the sins of men, is to be regarded as a benevolent provision, bringing with it more happiness than misery, although had sin never existed, a system productive of greater enjoyment might have been adopted in this world. As the arrangements of the world now are, DEATH affords evidence of infinite BENEVOLENCE and WISDOM."

This amiable and intelligent divine, then enters upon certain Athanasian speculations. He is not satisfied as to the cause of the introduction of Evil, and leans rather to the opinion that, were it not for the fall of man, we might be translated to other worlds, without undergoing the suffering of death. The leaven of Athanasianism sours and renders distasteful even the most wholesome food. Even this good, and benevolent, and liberal minded writer, cannot divest himself of the errors and the prejudices inseparable from it. He does not perceive that its principles are at variance with his own teaching, with the truths of science, and with the philosophy of religion.

Death is a necessity and not an Evil. No matter under what aspect it may present itself, it is good that it should come, and it comes, for good. Death never was introduced by God, as a punishment and because of the fall of man. Man, like all other animals, is now precisely what he was when he was first created. He possesses the same physical conformation, the same feelings, the same propensities. His brain, teeth, stomach, food, thoughts, have been in no degree altered or deteriorated. The earth has experienced no essential change, since his creation, and sin, or the infraction of God's

laws, being a *necessary* consequence of man's ignorance, its introduction, was intended for purposes of good, it being manifestly God's object to instruct men and to discipline them, by experience, rather than by precept.

The fall of Man,—the casual introduction of Sin—of Evil—and the consequent infliction of the punishment of Death, are speculations, devoid of all rationality. Have we any faith in God, his power, wisdom, benevolence? Is not God, the *Author of all Good*, and from whose hand *no wrong* can come, no harsh act proceed? If this be so, and if Death constitute, as it evidently does, a part of the wonderful arrangements he has made, for the happiness of all his creatures, surely it is injurious to God, and irreverent in us, to consider it an evidence of cruelty, and an evil to be protested against? Have we any faith in Revelation? Do we believe that the Soul has been created, for a higher destination, in another and more exalted state of existence? If we do, and if Death be the means whereby are opened the high portals that give entrance into the mansions of spiritual happiness, why should death, seem to approach us, armed, with terrors, and bringing fear into the hearts of the most resolute? Is it not because we know not God, because we have formed a false estimate of his nature and attributes, and have been taught to regard him, as a stern, inflexible being—prone to anger, and more disposed to punish than to forgive?

When men, influenced by bad passions, or corrupt motives, are disposed to deal unjustly and cruelly with their fellow-men, they appeal to God, as an authority, and use his example to justify their own misdeeds. They ascribe to him feelings of which he is incapable, and represent him as influenced by motives, which could not possibly actuate him. They regard DEATH as a penal infliction, and not as the necessary termination of a temporary existence. They terrify the multitude, by threats of future punishment, to be imposed by God, for the violation of laws or usages, sanctioned by society. But, besides this, the mind naturally recoils from Death. It wishes to preserve its personality—to retain its own consciousness. It shrinks from the idea of extinction. No sane man, wishes to die, or would hesitate to make every possible exertion to preserve his life. Were he to think or act otherwise he would oppose himself to one of God's *universal laws*, which ordains that, all animals, and

all plants also, shall *strive to live*, and, by concurrency of purpose, *refuse to die*.

This natural, this self-conserving fear of death, is useful, and indeed indispensable, to the continuance of our existence. But this fear, should be restricted to the preservation of the body, and not converted into a cause of complaint against God's ordinances, when, the retention of our present bodies, is no longer possible; consistently with God's purpose of transferring us to a higher state. It should never be forgotten that God has created our Souls, to *use them*, in such manner as he Himself, *alone* can understand. If we believe the Soul to be indestructible, and that it is intended to occupy some certain place, after its probation in this life shall have terminated; then, we must believe, that God, *at the proper time*, will send for us, and transfer us to *that place*. That God will, hereafter, deal kindly by us, and provide all things necessary for our happiness, no reasonable person, should hesitate to believe.

The ignorant, the credulous, the superstitious, will always think otherwise. To such, it is not given to understand, as they ought, God, and his ways. They have been placed, in this world, to be the instruments of others, the slaves of the ambition, the vain glory, the passion for war, the lust for power, the thirst for gold, and, worse than all, the slaves and the victims of the religious hatreds, that actuate their leaders, and visit the many, with calamity and Death. Viewed, only in this light, Death, is indeed, formidable, and it would be strange if men were not to dread it. But, when we consider it under its religious and philosophic aspect, it should excite in us, less of fear, than of hopeful anticipation. Always, in the presence of God, and disposed of, by him, as he thinks fit, when we consider his benevolence, his various provisions, imperfectly understood by us, for the continued preservation of the lives and happiness of his creatures, we ought to feel confident, that, in terminating our existence in this life, he will not depart from his uniform practice, towards us, of favor, love and mercy.

Every human being has experienced disappointment, and, it may be, has been visited by severe afflictions. If, however, each were to consider all the circumstances of his own peculiar case—he will rarely fail to convince himself, that it was well for him to have been disappointed, -- well for him to have been thus sorely afflicted. If he shall have endeavoured to

do that which is right, before God, he must feel that, in no instance, has he been tempted beyond his strength to resist, and that, by experience of God's protecting influence, his mind has acquired confidence in him, and has been taught the wisdom of entire submission to his will. If then, this be the case, in all the events of our lives, is it possible to believe that God's care of us, is not equally exercised, in the last great act of this our pilgrimage, and by which our connexion with this world is terminated? Is it not more reasonable,—more in accordance, with analogy, and with the uniformity that so remarkably distinguishes, all God's arrangements, to think that Death, come when it may, and by whatever circumstances of terror, it shall be attended, is, nevertheless, in every case, without a single exception,—a positive *good*, and not an evil, a *blessing* conferred, and not a gift, harshly, and capriciously withdrawn?

This question, I admit, is as obscure, as it is interesting, and important; but if the explanation which I now suggest, and which I believe to be the true one, be correct, it gets rid of the difficulty, which the lavish destruction of human life has always occasioned to those who are unwilling to consider God, otherwise than as a being of infinite love and goodness. God is prodigal of Life, and this bestowal of life is manifestly intended as a favor—a free gift from him to every living being. Equally prodigal is he of Death; intended—though not so manifestly to us—yet still intended as a favor—a free gift from the Creator to every living being.

Let us suppose God to address his creatures thus—

“The work, for which I created you, has been performed. I no longer require your presence in the world, for I have prepared another place for you, where you will be more extensively employed, and have to discharge new duties, suited to your new position, and to the capacity of each. The experience you have had, while in the world, will be beneficial to you. You are my creatures, formed by me, for my *own purposes*. I have hitherto cared for you, and protected you. My care and protection shall always be extended to you. Come—no complaining, no delay—be *thankful*—OBEY.”

Who shall say that God does not so deal with us, and that Death is not, in every instance, the bearer of a missive such as this? A sovereign prince, anxious for the well-being and happiness of his subjects, and actuated by feelings of benevolence towards them all,

would be delighted to have it in his power, so to advance their interests. If it were possible for him to extend his favor to them all, he would collect the lame and the blind, and invite the sick, and open the gaols, and pardon even criminals, that all might be benefited, and have cause to rejoice, and to thank him for his goodness.

This is what a humane and benevolent prince would do,—and can we suppose that God is less humane and benevolent towards us, than a temporal sovereign would be, if he possessed an equal power of benefiting us? Who is there, except a Nero, or Caligula, or a Louis the Fourteenth, who would not pardon crime, preserve life, and extend to all the blessings of content, and of a grateful enjoyment? Who, of correct mind, would deliberately inflict a wanton injury on his fellow man, or would hesitate to extricate him from danger, or refuse to mitigate his sufferings, if he could? God's laws, imprinted in our hearts, for the continued preservation of the social system, by which men are connected, and are compelled to aid each other, imposes on us the obligation, to deal kindly, to shew mercy, and to forgive, rather than to punish. Being thus ordered by God, it is plain He, the great exemplar of every good thought and act, will, in conformity with his own ordinances, deal with us, in the perfect spirit of the most perfect love. It is plain, that the well-intentioned man, has nothing to dread, of cruelty hereafter, nor cause of complaint because of, as he may suppose, his premature removal from this life.

But, while we reason thus, and would persuade ourselves of the truth of these statements, NATURE interposes, and constrains us to shrink from DEATH, in our own persons, and to grieve, deeply grieve, for the removal of those whom we have loved, and whose memories we preserve, as treasured reliques, identified with our fondest recollections. Alas! alas! I experience those feelings myself, and I know how to appreciate them in others. Death may come, as I believe he comes to each individual, presenting to each, a chaplet of roses, and, with winning smile, announcing himself the bearer of an invitation to a banquet, at which immortals are feasted, where no care intrudes, and where every wish of the heart is gratified. Yes, it may be so. I firmly believe it to be so,—and yet, the chamber of Death, in its silent sorrow, or with its bursts of

agonizing grief,—is a sad reality—afflicting, solemn, and mysterious. Death is a painful exhibition, and one which few would willingly witness. I always endeavored to avoid death-bed scenes. These I left to the clergy, not presuming to interfere with them, though persuaded that, in many instances, by their ill-timed, and injudicious admonitions, they did more harm than good. In more cases than I could possibly bring to my recollection, I have been the appointed instrument to restore health, and thereby to postpone the inevitable doom that awaits us all. But DEATH, in appearance stern, and not to be turned aside, has tracked my steps, in other instances, and set all my efforts at defiance. The strong man, with anxious respiration and bounding pulse, battling desperately to free himself from the grasp of DEATH, is a sight painful to look upon. It is distressing to behold his unavailing struggles,—to witness his helplessness, and to think of the absolute hopelessness of his recovery. Who would wish, if he could avoid it, to look upon him, while he thus battles, struggles, sinks, and dies?

I would not choose to be a spectator of such painful scenes, and I invariably endeavoured to avoid them. In Hospital, and more frequently in private practice, in cases of imminent danger, or of approaching death, I have been accustomed to say to myself—*Utinam, ut in hunc domum, pede felici ingrediar.* Whether this was the sentiment of a Pagan, the prayer of a Christian, or the commonplace exclamation of a sordid-minded practitioner, I leave to others to decide. I merely state that I encountered scenes of death with repugnance, and that, even in the case of strangers, they always produced an unpleasant impression on my mind. It might, therefore, be supposed, and I myself would have thought, that to witness the death of a member of my own family, to whom I was so devotedly attached, would have been an aggravation of my affliction. It was not so. It was a comfort to me at the time, as it is now of great thankfulness, that I was with William when he passed from this life, and that I was alone with him when he fell asleep so softly. I shall describe the scene precisely as it occurred. My reason for doing so, will appear hereafter. I write for a purpose. I write not to gratify the idle curiosity of men. I write to support my own peculiar views, on subjects rarely discussed, and very imperfectly understood. I appeal to my own experience. The reader may accept or reject it, as he pleases.



William had been wasting away for more than a year; his stomach rejecting food, which, no matter how nutritious, was imperfectly assimilated, and afforded him no support. As his end approached, his emaciation and debility became excessive, but his mental powers remained in their full vigor to the last—softened, refined, and acquiescent. A kind and careful person, who had retired from the army, and had been an Hospital Sergeant abroad, attended him. On the day that he died—about seven o'clock in the evening—he removed him, partially dressed, from his bed, and having placed him sitting on a sofa, near the fire, and supported him with cushions, and wrapped up his feet to keep them warm, he said—

“Well, Mr. William, are you quite comfortable now?”

“Yes, Wallace,” he replied, “I have not felt so comfortable for a long time. I do not want anything more. Go down and take your tea.”

The servant left us, and I remained alone with my boy. Not speaking, lest I should disturb him, I merely looked at him, now and then,—when, after about a quarter of an hour, I observed his head to sink slowly on the cushion, against which he was leaning, just as one who falls asleep after a day of healthful exercise, inducing a pleasant languor, unaccompanied by fatigue. I looked upon him. There was no pain—no struggle—no gasping for breath—not a sigh—not even a perceptible expiration—to denote the last flickering of the flame, in the lamp of life. He fell asleep, as quietly as an infant falls asleep, on the bosom of its nurse. I looked upon my boy. I saw, on the instant, that he had ceased to breathe. I placed my finger on his temple. There was no pulsation there. The heart had ceased to beat—that honest heart had worn itself out, and had ceased from its labor—never, never more to beat again. I pressed my lips to his forehead, yet warm, and imparting to me the sensation of life and of health. I said to him, and no ear, except God's, heard what was said,—save God's, no eye looked upon us,—for I was alone with my boy:—

“Farewell, WILLIAM. Dearest William, farewell. May my blessing go with you—your Father's blessing. I did hope that I should have gone before you,—but it was not to be. In all your life you never gave me cause of offence. In every thing you conformed to my wishes, and I loved you, and was proud of you.”

“William, I have been your teacher from your childhood. Most of what you knew—most of your opinions—you learned from me. If now, at this awful moment, you find that I have led you into error, I alone am to blame. I take all the responsibility on myself. I never advised you to any thing that I believed to be wrong. Your life has been correct. You have committed no serious fault. God is merciful. I have no fears for you.”

“WILLIAM, I am speaking to you, as if you were alive, and listening to me. You never disobeyed me, in any instance. You endeavoured always to comply with my wishes. I have not lost you. We are only separated for a short time, and shall surely meet again. Now, promise me that you will come and see me, as soon as you can. I shall expect to see you. Promise me this. I depend upon you. I know you will, if you are permitted. God bless you, William—Farewell.”

I then sat down opposite to him. I disturbed no one. There were no useless lamentations to trouble me the more. I thought seriously, as may well be supposed, on the nature of the SOUL, while dwelling here, and reasoned with myself as to what was its probable condition, when transferred to some other sphere, there to complete its great and mysterious destiny. I longed to be as wise as my dear child. Five minutes had not elapsed since he was in this world. His wasted body sat there, before me, quietly sleeping—but that is not *William*. William, I said, is not there. If not, what has become of that which constituted his identity, which made him to be what he was, and what he now is? Is it a reality, or a breath, a vapor, a bubble, that floats gaily on the surface of the dark, deep stream, and, decked with prismatic colours, and warmed with the sunshine, dances lightly along for a time, then bursts, and is seen no more? Or, is it, in truth, an emanation from the ETERNAL, created by him, and destined to enjoy such happiness, or misery, as it shall please him to apportion to it? Is it the image of the ETERNAL? Is it, like the ETERNAL, eternal also? Have I taught my own son a false or a true Theology, and is he now an Angel in Heaven, praising God, or a Howling Fiend, cursing and blaspheming him!!

*This must be inquired into.* Thus I thought, with myself, for nearly an hour, musing sadly on the past and on the future. The servant then made his appearance. He placed him on his bed, and

having arranged him somewhat, I approached him again. I again touched his forehead, now cold, with my lips, and looked upon his worn and anxious face once more, as I thought, for the last time.—  
*But it was not the last time.*

I then hoped, and, as far as Hope could enable me to think with certainty, I believed firmly, that I should receive some communication from William. As to what kind it might be, it was impossible for me to form a conjecture, but convinced as I was, of the possibility of such communications,—I well knew that William would not fail to make an effort to gratify me, if not prohibited by some superior authority,—or coerced by some law which he was bound to obey.

## CHAPTER X.

When the wind, in fitful gusts, touches with unseen fingers the strings of an Æolian harp, wild music is heard. A single chord vibrates long and slowly, and then is silent. Others take up the strain in different tones, and when the wind, in uncertain mood, sweeps more strongly over them, they all respond, pouring upon the ear a full stream of harmony. Strangely mysterious are the sounds of this harp. They appear not to belong to the earth, but to proceed from above, and to speak to us of the spiritualized beings of the air. The spirit of music would seem to delight in those sounds, when the chords of the harp are played upon by the fingers of the wind.

But more strange, and more mysterious still, are the secret impulses of the mind, and the corresponding movements of the organs of the Brain. Awake or asleep, the mind never ceases to act upon the Brain. When awake, it receives its ideas from without,—it estimates their correctness, and, in the exercise of its judgment, rejects those that it considers unsuitable, or of no value. But asleep, it wanders where it will, uncontrolled, unrestrained by judgment, indulging in visions, pleasurable to itself, and allied to its own ideal world, though unsuited to this. The mind, in sleep, traverses the various labyrinths of the cerebral mechanism, and disports among them, amusing itself and exercising its powers. This is not for nothing. Its visions, though in most instances devoid of meaning, are not always so. Most frequently, they are not at all remembered. Generally, when recollected, they are so incongruous, so strange and foolish, that they leave no lasting trace behind. We never think of them again. They pass away, like shadows, as they are.

Strange events, are certain dreams. Their coincidences, are remarkable. Their warnings and their teachings are, sometimes, so extraordinary, that he who considers them, without bias of any kind, will find it difficult to determine whether their reality is to be admitted or denied. Every dream is, in itself, a fact—but to accept it, in all cases, as the expression of a fact, or as the announcement of a truth, would be a manifest proof of mental imbecility. For this reason

each dream, that claims to be regarded as something more than a chance medley of confused ideas, must carry with it intrinsic evidence of its credibility. It must give information that could not otherwise be obtained, or lead to some positive result to which it directed the attention, and, above all, it must produce, on the mind, a *conviction of its reality*, sufficient to satisfy the individual, in his waking hours, and after much thought, that there was more of fact than of imagination in his dream.

Most dreams are absurd. Of this there can be no doubt. He who should register all his dreams, and think of, and talk of them, would be, and deserve to be considered a fool. No one would listen to his nonsense. But this is not a reason why all should be rejected. A heap of supposed spurious coins may contain one of genuine value. It may be worth while to search even for this one, and separate it from the others, and apply it to its proper use. So it may be with dreams, or visions or other secret and mysterious movements of the mind. Some are of value—others worthless.

The mind, it is true, delights in illusions, and creates them for itself. In its remembrances of the past, when our errors—sorrows—hopes—disappointments—our sad experiences—our afflicting bereavements, press upon the thoughts, we associate them, with other men and with other minds. Friends, who have passed away, minds that, though distant, still exist, we hope, are not indifferent to our welfare. When fortune seems most to frown on us—when the corrupt, speak of us, unjustly—and when power, lawless and Godless power, flings us to the earth and tramples on us, the consciousness of well intended acts, approved of by those, whom, when they were on this earth, we esteemed and loved, cannot fail to strengthen and console us. These convictions are not always, unsubstantial dreams, leading to no useful result. Is it not possible that, under certain contingencies, unknown to us, they may be direct revelations made by messengers permitted, or perhaps commissioned, to communicate with us?

Reason, rightly exercised, however distrustingly it may investigate this subject, cannot, with certainty, oppose itself to those conclusions. If wrong, they bring with them no present, or future inconvenience, and if right,—how great must be our comfort to think, that we occasionally associate with our departed friends, who are sometimes present, advising, consoling, and protecting us.

The mind, I have already mentioned, is composed of the principle of *consciousness*, united, probably, to some material substance of great tenuity, perhaps of a different nature from Light or Electricity, and more etherealized than either. It is not infinite—it is something more substantial than mere thought, therefore it must occupy a definite portion of space, and possess a certain form and organization, suited to its nature, and to the condition in which it is placed. Of its powers, that of locomotion would seem to be one of the most important. The locomotive power of the mind must be as essential to the exercise of its newly acquired faculties, as it is to us, in our present state of existence. Our bodies are moved with a certain velocity, for the purpose of carrying our minds, where they desire to be conveyed. In a more exalted modification of the mental principle, it is reasonable to suppose, that its motive power, and the velocity of its motion, are wonderfully augmented. In such case, when freed from the ponderous impediment of the body, if its substance be formed of light, it could travel, as every educated person is aware, from the sun to this earth, and having passed fourteen minutes here, return again to the sun, within the short period of half an hour. Any objection against the physical possibility of the soul's rapidity of motion, is therefore founded on an ignorance of the elementary laws of nature, and is not deserving of notice. The mind, when in the body, controls that portion of the material organization which is placed at the disposal of the will. It moves bodies. Bodies act on each other. The mind, upon the same principle, acts upon mind. Now, if the mind of a superior being, or if the soul when emancipated from the body, can act upon mind, it may—when in direct communication with our mind, cause it, as if in a dream, to imagine it sees forms which have no positive existence, or hears voices that no one else can hear.

Imagination can conjure up strange forms at will, and a painter conceives them and transfers them to his canvass, and renders them visible. In this way, should the imagination paint them on the retina, the mind may be persuaded it beholds any spectral form imaginable. The mind of a superior being may be able to cause our mind to believe it sees the form of a person, as when living, or under a different aspect, and under other circumstances. Thus it may believe it sees a form appearing to it, and expressing some

particular emotion, or exhibiting itself in some remarkable attitude. In this case, the impression on the mind of the person influenced by such supposed appearance, is entirely confined to that person. It has been said—"Give us satisfactory proof that the same spectral object has been seen, at the same time, by only two different persons, and we will believe the thing possible." But this is a proof not to be obtained, and for the simple reason, that the spectral object is altogether a creation of the imagination. It has not, and cannot possess, any substantial and visible existence, so as to enable it to be discerned by two or more persons. It may be, that the same influence might, at the same moment, similarly act upon separate persons, and thus cause them to believe they witnessed the external manifestation of that which was only imaginary.

So of the Voice. A voice may be imagined to ring in the ears of the hearer, without the reality of its existence. All this occurs in dreams—in the delirium of fever—in the delusions of the insane—in the self-induced excitement of inebriety, whether occasioned by alcohol or opium. In these cases, the remote cause of the mental aberration is evidently a diseased condition of the brain; but we are not therefore to infer that all supposed impressions on the brain, are equally destitute of any substantial and strictly legitimate origin. In the examples of irregular action, the brain acts upon the mind. In cases of supernatural agency, mind of a more exalted kind, acts upon mind, and this mind then acts upon the brain. Thus, images are supposed to be seen, and voices to be heard, as positive realities, but which, nevertheless, are as unsubstantial as our dreams. Still, they are as much realities to us, as if they were real. They are not the creations of fancy,—they have a positive origin, and are intended for a definite purpose. But this purpose, and the mode of its accomplishment, can only be truly known, and rightly appreciated, by the person, who has been the object of its influence.

If we believe that the Human mind is, to a certain extent, material—that the material substance which enters into its composition is either light, or some other element possessed of properties analogous to those of light, we can easily conceive that it may move through space, with the velocity of light, and as light penetrates through solid glass, it may also pass through other bodies, even of the greatest opacity, with equal facility. It is this combination of mind

and matter, that enables the soul to locate itself, in the body, and which connects it with external objects. The principle of thought, combining itself with some depurated material, becomes a positive and tangible reality, real to ourselves, and tangible and visible to beings of its own order. To such it could make known its thoughts, and hold with them, the interchange of opinion, and the communion of sentiment, which, we must suppose, constitute the chief sources of the happiness of a future life. Man's chief enjoyment here, consists in his association with his fellows; and this pleasure, is always proportioned to his intellectual advancement. It is, therefore, most certain, that the disembodied soul, retains its preferences for those enjoyments, and will not fail to indulge them to the utmost extent that its newly acquired faculties will permit.

If we could but know, what those faculties are, and were acquainted with the nature of the spiritual organization, we should be as wise as the angels themselves. But this would be inconsistent with our present position, and disturb all God's arrangements, both with respect to our existing condition and our future destination. As we cannot see the Sun, however brightly it may shine on the atmosphere above us, if there be interposed, between it and us, a thick, dense mist, still, we are persuaded of its presence, by the light and warmth that we know are derived from it. So, though we cannot see, or touch spiritual existences, we may, nevertheless, be persuaded that they possess a reality, capable of producing an impression on ourselves. In this speculation there is nothing impossible—opposed to reason, or inconsistent with the other laws, by which God may regulate the acts and motions of spiritual beings. If they think and remember,—if they move from place to place, as they must do in their passage from this world, the same mental powers, may induce them, and the same physical organization, may enable them, to retrace their course, and visit again former scenes, and hold intercourse with those to whom they may wish to make themselves known. Instances of this are of rare occurrences, and are hard to authenticate. Still, I do believe that they happen from time to time, and that, were there no other evidence, my own experience would be sufficient to establish the fact, to my own satisfaction, though perhaps, not at all, to that of any other person.

I have already mentioned in the preceding chapter, that I earnestly



entreated my dear son, on the instant of his death, when his mind had scarcely ceased to occupy its earthly dwelling, and indeed almost before it might be supposed to have taken its final departure from this life—that he would, if possible, give me some proof, of his bearing me, in memory, and visit me, so as to satisfy me, that he was in the enjoyment of that perfect happiness, which I hoped would be prepared for him in the new world to which he was about to be transferred. It may seem, that I am superstitious—credulous—imaginative, and that I think and write, under the influence of an illusion. All this is possible. I might, or might not, believe a similar statement, proceeding from another. Others, upon the same principle, may or may not believe mine. My experience, such as it is, I give to the reader, from a memorandum which I made of the occurrence, at the time.

On the morning of February the 21st, 1860, I awoke, just at sunrise, sobbing convulsively, and with my face bathed in a flood of tears. For a few moments, I felt a difficulty in recollecting who I was, or where I was. I said to myself, under the influence of great surprise—Who am I? Where am I? What is all this about? I then found that I had a dream, and I still sobbed and wept, in a manner quite unusual to me, and with an excess of emotion, which I had hardly ever experienced on any former occasion. By degrees, having collected my thoughts, and recovered my self-possession, the cause of my agitation, and the entire scene connected with it, presented themselves to my mind, in all the vivid colouring of reality.

I fancied, in my dream, that I heard a voice, saying, in as audible and distinct a manner, as possible—“WILLIAM, is dying.” I immediately hastened to where he lay on a sofa. He was covered with clothes, and his body was turned towards the back of the sofa, so that I could not see his face. He seemed to have been sick, and to have rejected his food, just as was the case with him, for several days before he died. While I was considering what medicine I should give him, I thought I saw him lying on his back, on the sofa, his head slightly elevated, his face of an oval shape, his countenance, complexion, and expression, all forming a picture, without exception, the most perfect and beautiful, that I ever beheld, or could have, even in imagination, supposed to exist. No poet could conceive, no painter execute,—though gifted with the talent and

artistic skill, of the greatest master of his art—a portrait, so mild, placid, attractive and lovely. No girl, just budding into womanhood, ever possessed cheeks so smooth, and so delicately tinted with the blush of feminine diffidence which distinguishes that age, and imparts to it so sweet a charm. And then, the mouth and lips, were so exquisitely beautiful, the mouth small, the lips full, rounded, and of a carnation red. The whole face expressive of quiet repose, and radiant with happiness, surprised and delighted me. I exclaimed, “Bless me! how handsome William looks—Why he has got quite well—He will require something to strengthen him, after his illness. He will want a drink—Shall I give him some of what is in this cup? I do not know what it is—At all events a little of it can do him no harm.” I then took a large spoon, and seemed to give him a spoonful of it. I endeavoured to give him another, when I perceived that his lips were closed, though still looking most beautiful, and that he refused to take it. This alarmed me. I exclaimed, “My boy is dying! Oh! I shall lose my beautiful boy.” In a perfect agony of grief, I awoke, crying and sobbing.

When I had recovered my recollection perfectly, I felt rather annoyed than pleased. I said, what is the use of all this? William, I suppose, has been to see me, to tell me that he is happy. I did not want to be assured of this, because I was always convinced of it. There was no necessity for his coming to tell me what I knew already, and what I never had any doubt about. It is strange that I should be so much agitated by a dream. I never was affected in this way before. It is, indeed, a strange dream. It must mean something. If William did come to me, it was kind of him to do so. He was anxious, perhaps, to show me that he remembered me, and wished to gratify me, by complying with the request I made when he was dying. I ought to feel obliged to him, and I am obliged and thankful to him, for this proof of his affection. I am glad of this dream. It is not a common dream. I will make a note of it, when I get up, and describe it exactly, lest I should forget any part of it. This I did, and thus I have given it to the reader.

What am I to think of this dream, when considered in a strictly physiological and metaphysical point of view? What caused it? Had it a meaning, or was it a mere wild and incoherent production

of the brain, similar to those which sleep constantly presents to us? I find it difficult to answer these questions. I cannot now enter upon an inquiry into the nature of sleep, nor can I undertake to explain in what manner the Brain is partially acted upon by the Mesmeric process. All I can say is, that the occasional contact of mind with mind, during sleep, and even in our waking hours, seems to me neither impossible nor improbable. If we admit that the mind is sometimes governed by certain unaccountable influences, that almost irresistibly urge us on, or restrain us, or inspire us with apprehension of some approaching danger, what are we to think of those secret warnings, or of the source from whence they proceed? They can scarcely originate in the mind itself. If they do, the mind must possess ubiquity, and fore-knowledge. But this is not to be supposed,—therefore, they must be referred to some higher agency, to some other intellectual power, more spiritualized than that which belongs to us. A single, well authenticated example of this kind will do more to remove doubts, on the subject of a superior agency, than an entire chapter of speculative writing. The following statement may be relied on, as strictly accurate.

A friend of mine, a member of the medical profession, occupied in Dublin, a house in which there resided with him, his sister and a servant. One night when my friend and his sister were about to retire to their rooms, the lady said, “My feelings are very extraordinary. I cannot explain why it is, but I do not wish to go to bed to-night.” “Not go to bed,” said her brother, “and do you mean to sit up all night?” “Yes, I am unwilling to go to bed. I have some fear over me, which I cannot account for.” “What nonsense you talk,” said my friend, in rather an angry tone, “do not make a fool of yourself.” “I had rather not go to bed.” “You must go,” was his reply. “Well, if you command me to go I will, but I had rather not.”

The young lady, slept in one of the higher rooms, and near to which there opened a door that communicated with the roof. In the middle of the night, a man who had entered the house through this door, stood over her, at her bed side, and told her not to make the least noise, or he would murder her. Terrified, she started from her bed, and rushed to the door, which she succeeded in reaching, but not before he had stabbed her with a knife. Her screams roused her brother and servant, who hurried up to ascertain

the cause of her fright. The robber, meantime, had made his escape through the door, by which he had entered, and the lady, fainting, was removed to her bed; not aware that she had been wounded. Her brother, perceiving that he had placed his foot upon something wet, looked down and discovered it was a pool of blood. He examined his sister, and found a deep wound between the ribs. He employed the proper means, and succeeded in stopping the hæmorrhage. He assured me that, had the direction of the knife been altered the eighth of an inch, the intercostal artery must have been cut across, and she would most probably have died.

What are we to think of this case? How are we to explain the premonitory fears of the young lady, giving rise to unaccountable apprehension of impending danger? It may be said, "It was a strange coincidence." To be sure, it was a coincidence, and a remarkable one, but what was the *cause* of this coincidence? A person leaves his house, and intends to go to a certain place. He changes his purpose, and goes in a different direction. Walking quietly along, and not anticipating danger, he is struck in the head, and severely injured by a stone flung from the hand of an idle boy. Here is a coincidence. The flinging of the stone, and the presence of the person in the exact spot, and at the very moment when it was necessary he should be there, in order to place him in contact with the stone, are all *coincidences*, but this, surely, will not be deemed a satisfactory reason for not instituting a strict inquiry into all the circumstances of the transaction. The first object of the inquiry would be, to ascertain by whom the stone was thrown, and why, so as to trace the act to its origin, and thus fully explain the nature of the proceeding. If such would be the usual and proper course, in reference to an ordinary event, the same course should be pursued in the investigation of other occurrences, palpable, certain, but more obscure in their origin.

The physical constitution of our minds, is entirely a matter of conjecture. How our minds are influenced by other intelligences, is also mere speculation. In this state of uncertainty, it is allowable to every individual to form a theory for himself, and to submit it to the consideration of others. No one denies to the Physician, or to the Chemist, the right to theorize to any extent, and in any direction it may please him to exercise his speculative acquirements. In

mental agencies the same right exists, and ought to be freely exercised. Availing myself of this right, and considering the very curious connexion of matter of fact circumstances, that manifestly exists with certain dreams and mysterious influences, sometimes premonitory and sometimes leading to important results, I am disposed to believe that, disembodied mind, in its state of incorporeal individuality, may, and does occasionally, hold communion with our minds, when the external senses are closed in sleep, and, in some remarkable cases, even when we are fully awake.

To make my meaning more clear, I shall take my dream as an example, and endeavour to subject it to the test of analysis. It will serve my purpose better than if I had received, from credible sources, the best authenticated accounts of a great number of similar ones, because of the certainty with which I can myself testify, as to the truth of the facts I have mentioned. In my sleep, I distinctly heard the words "William is dying." How came I to hear those words? It is plain that no atmospheric wave acted on the external ear. How then came I to hear them? In my opinion, my mind was acted upon by some other mind, which suggested to it the ideas expressed by the words referred to. My mind then, startled by this communication, transmitted the ideal impulse, to the ultimate filaments of the auditory nerves, and produced in them, such movements as would be experienced if the words had been actually spoken, thus converting the *ideal* into a *reality*.

The next phase of my dream was that in which I saw William, in appearance, as distinctly as if I were awake, and he was himself alive. His sickness distressed me greatly, as it always did, and the more so, because I found that the medicines I gave him afforded him no permanent relief. In my dream I experienced this uneasiness, when it was, on the instant, changed to a feeling of excessive joy, in consequence of the healthy complexion of his cheeks, and the composure, happiness, and inexpressible beauty of his countenance. All this, I would endeavour to explain upon the same principle, in which I accounted for the impression made on the auditory nerves. It is evident that the succession of images presented to the sight, existed only in imagination. They were optical illusions, and were most probably produced thus. Certain ideas, derived from the sense of vision, were by some means, suggested to the mind, which, by an

inherent power of its own, acted on the terminations of the optic nerves, and by a reflex movement, imprinted them on the retina, and then, viewing them, when thus seemingly depicted there, came to regard them, as produced by corresponding external objects. The subsequent emotions of hope, joy, grief, by which I was so strongly influenced, are movements exclusively mental, and therefore are not to be explained by referring them to the organic action of any portion of the Brain.

This dream, or vision, I accept as a reality. I regard it as an additional proof of the psychological fact, that the Soul never dies,—that it carries with it, its recollections, and attachments, and that, though in a more exalted state of existence, it identifies itself with the things of this life, and occasionally endeavours to hold communion with some of those who, still remain behind. The recognition of this fact, as a great truth not to be denied, but rather admitted, as one strictly conformable to God's arrangements, brings to the mind positive conviction, little inferior to actual demonstration, that DEATH has no power over us, and that, even in death, we retain the full consciousness of our own identity. Death, thus regarded, is a mere change of condition and of place, a journey into a distant land, and a putting off of our usual dress, in order that we may substitute for it, one of a different fashion, and better suited to the climate and customs of our new residence. If a friend or relative, should be promoted to an honorable, and lucrative office in India, or China, and were ordered to leave Ireland, forthwith, in order to discharge his newly imposed duties abroad, would we not feel delighted at his good fortune, however deeply we might regret his absence? And if, certain that, from our advanced years, and the improbability of his wishing to retire from so desirable a situation in order to return to Ireland, we should never again see our friend, would not an occasional letter, or some message sent to us, or some token transmitted from him, to shew that he was happy, in good health, and held us in his remembrance—gratify us exceedingly? Would it not so reconcile us to his absence, that, instead of wishing him to revisit his native land to his serious inconvenience, and merely for our own gratification we would not allow him to do so, if we had the power to prevent him? This is the feeling that must influence every person of a reasonable, and un-

selfish mind, and if so, ought not the same feeling influence us, or at least, moderate our regret, when we think of those who, having departed from this life, have thereby secured their own happiness, and have preceded us, by only a few short months, or years, nearly as short ?

In conversing with William on this subject, I remember to have said,—It matters not much, whether you or I shall die first, the interval, in point of time, will be so unimportant. In the order of things I shall go before you. But what of that? We are now sitting here after dinner. Your mother and the other members of our family have retired into the next room. We shall all meet at tea. Now, what great difference can it make, whether you shall join them, half an hour before me, or I shall go, half an hour after you? In either case, we shall meet, in the appointed place, and associate with our relatives, in the usual way. What occurs in death, is exactly similar. Each of us must conform to his destiny. When his time shall have been expended here he will be sent for, to make one of a numerous party of new acquaintances, who are all enjoying themselves, in the happiest manner possible, entertaining themselves, beyond all doubt, with amusements and occupations, not altogether unlike ours, but more refined, and better suited to the more exalted faculties of spiritualized beings. What more can any of us desire, than to mix in agreeable society, and pass our time pleasantly? Death, regarded in this light, ought to have no terror for us, nor need the longest life, be considered the greatest blessing. Come, let us go into the next room. As I am older than you, I will shew you the way.

Did I speak rationally or otherwise? My boy's days were numbered, and he was sent for. Mine also are numbered, but their number has not yet been exhausted. When this shall occur, and every hour brings me nearer to my last, I too shall be sent for. In all this, what is there to alarm us? Nothing. It is our own ignorance, and our own inability to see clearly into the future, that cast a gloom over this subject, and fill the mind with groundless apprehension of annihilation—punishment—torture without end!

Our experience of the intellectual activity that distinguishes the mind, even in sleep, proves that there exists for it a future, in another world, and the more so, because it places us in seeming communica-

tion with persons removed from this life. I have no faith in every nonsensical dream. I should be ashamed to throw away a thought upon such. Still, I regard them all as evidences of the ceaseless energy of the mind, striving to exercise and improve its own innate powers. Thus employed, it indulges in many a capricious flight, uncontrolled by its practical experience of ordinary facts, the teaching of which it seems, for the time, to reject. Of these dreams, the greater number pass away unremembered. Others produce upon the brain, impressions more vivid and more permanent. Sometimes, dreams greatly disturb us, and we start suddenly from our sleep, terrified, and as if we had but escaped some fearful danger. At other times, our dreams are pleasant, and speak in soft tones, inspiring us with thoughts of delightful enjoyment, as we stroll along, through shady woods, or wander by the side of a sparkling stream, that winds its way among hills, lit with sunshine, and meadows of bright green, sprinkled with flowers of dazzling colours.

Such dreams as those, would seem to mean nothing. They suggest nothing, they point to nothing conclusive, but there are other dreams more significant, and which we can scarcely doubt, are intended to tell us of the future. The future—what a world of conjecture and of mystery does not that single word contain! The subject is inexhaustible. If at all to be approached by us, it must be elucidated by *facts*, and not disposed of by *theories*. We must accumulate well authenticated *facts*, without regard to any theory, and then try to arrange, and explain them, as facts of some general intellectual system, originating with God, and governed by its own especial laws—laws, as simple, as general, and as unalterable, as are those by which the actions of material substances are controlled. My dream I have given as a fact, not to be denied. It had reference to the past. But in other instances, dreams most assuredly appear to have been intended to make us acquainted with approaching events. The following dream, in connexion with William's death, convinces me of this. I had not mentioned my dream to any one, when, having written this chapter and forwarded the manuscript to the printer, I chanced to say to my daughter by a former marriage, and of whom William was very fond, "I intend to publish a curious dream which I had about William." "Dear me," said she, "I, also, had an extraordinary dream,



but I never told it." "Well, whatever it was, tell it to me." She did so, and I now give it, in her own words exactly.

"About four months previous to William's death, I thought, in a dream, that he and I were walking together, on the road that leads through the farm which you had given him for himself. The place appeared quite familiar to me, except the road, which was very steep and narrow. I felt the air getting colder and damper, as we advanced. The darkness increased as we proceeded, although the sun appeared as it does, when it is setting on a fine summer evening. At some distance, I saw a dark barrier, stretching across the road. When we came up to it, it seemed to be a thick mist. William then turned round, and said, 'You had better go back, before it gets too dark—you must return by yourself.' I said—'Why William, I am going with you.' 'No, he replied, 'I must go on here without you, and I will get out there,' pointing to a bright light that glimmered through the mist, and that seemed to be at some distance. I still lingered, not wishing to return, when William stood for a short time, as if waiting to see me go back. He then turned round quickly, and entered the mist, and disappeared. I tried to see through the mist, but could not; I then returned by myself—feeling very uncomfortable, cold, and chilly, and when I awoke, I was saying, Oh! I would never like to take such a walk again."

This dream, plainly referred to William's approaching death. Of this, there can be no possible doubt. The dream is an established fact, not to be disputed. But what was it that caused this dream, and of what use was it that such a dream should have occurred? These are the questions that naturally suggest themselves, and which, could we answer them, would furnish us with a key to the whole mystery of dreams. I believe that spirit-rapping and table-turning are either delusions, or frauds. Spiritual intelligences, must have other occupations than to come at the call, and reply to the impertinent questions, of a set of schemers who live by their wits, and whose sole object is to obtain, by false pretences, *money* from the superstitious, and grossly ignorant portion of the community. Trading practitioners of this description, ought to be compelled to submit their assumed powers to the strict examination of well informed and unprejudiced individuals. If proved to be imposters, they should be visited by severe punishment, in order to protect the weak-

mind against their exceedingly criminal frauds. Nevertheless, dreams are facts, and being such, they ought not to be entirely overlooked. I shall give another instance of one which recently occurred to a particular friend of mine, a physician, and a person of about my own age. "I was," he said, "not quite asleep, indeed, I think I was rather more awake than asleep, when I thought I saw my father, who has been dead many years, standing by my bed-side. I exclaimed, "Oh! Father, is that you?" "Yes," was the answer. "And do spirits come from the other world, to visit this?" "Yes," he replied, "they do." Immediately, I awoke much frightened. I wakened my wife, and told her my dream."

My friend was at a loss to account for this dream, and so am I. Could it have been, a warning to him to prepare to go when sent for, to the place where his father is, there again to enjoy his society, his father evidently interesting himself, about him? If this be supposed to be the case, whence came the dream,—by whom was it sent, and in what way was the sensorium so acted upon, as to discern with the greatest distinctness—the form—mild features,—and the customary dress of my friend's father, precisely as he recollected him when living? These questions I have endeavoured to answer. I now leave the subject, in the hands of others better qualified than I am to investigate it thoroughly. We want facts, we want experiments, we want, more particularly, a regular course of cautiously conducted MESMERIC experiences, instituted by men of scientific acquirements and of undoubted veracity. Until this shall have been effected, I think it will be the safer way, to abstain from forming a *decided* opinion with respect to the THEORY of any of these, and of similar remarkable occurrences.

## CHAPTER XI.

It affords much aid and encouragement to the inquiring MIND, in its search after TRUTH, to discover some solid place of substantial earth, on which it can rest, when wearied with its long flights of thoughtful imaginings. A land-mark in the distance—a solitary light, that faintly sheds even a single gleam, over the troubled waters of the dark sea—cheers the homeward-bound mariner, and gives him joyful assurance that he shall, ere long, arrive safely in his wished-for port, there to refresh himself after his toil, and receive the recompense due to him for his labors. What a sea of storm, perpetual peril, and of certain wreck, would this life be, were it not that we see in the distance, though partially shrouded in mist, the shores of some bright land, towards which we are advancing. Dense masses of clouds, interpose themselves between it and us, but, high above them, tower alpine peaks, that brightly reflect the rays of the rising sun, and give promise of verdant slopes, and fruitful fields between them. The care-worn denizen of this earth, turns his anxious eyes towards those mountains, that seem encircled by a flood of light, and he longs to inhabit some sheltered spot, there to dwell, free from future care and toil.

But where is this happy land, that all so much desire to reach? What is its climate? what are its soil and produce, and by what description of persons is it occupied? He who thinks, will inquire into these things, and he will endeavour, for his own satisfaction, to reply to these questions.

The SOUL never dies. The question, then, that proposes itself to us, and in a manner not to be evaded, is this—Whither goes the SOUL, and what becomes of it, after it has departed from the body which it had previously occupied?

On this subject Theologians afford us not the slightest reliable information. They speak of various receptacles of the soul, after death, and to these they give the names of LIMBO, PURGATORY, HELL, and HEAVEN. Their description of these different localities is so vague, that the fictions of pagan superstition, are, to the full, as accurate and as edifying. It would be unfair towards the Atha-

nasians to ascribe to them opinions which they disclaim, and, therefore, it will be satisfactory to the unprejudiced inquirer to know exactly, and from their own writers, what they are taught to believe on these subjects.

“LIMBUS, or LIMBO, is a term, used in the Roman Catholic theology, to denote that place where the Patriarchs are supposed to have waited for the redemption of mankind, prior to their admission into Heaven, and where our Saviour continued for three days, from the time of his Death to that of his Resurrection. It is also the place appointed to receive the souls of infants who die without baptism. The Fathers of the church call this place *Limbus, eo quod, sit limbus inferiorum* ; that is, the boundary, or frontier, of the other world.”

“PURGATORY is a place where souls are kept prisoners, until released therefrom, and where they do receive help, by the suffrage of the faithful.”

Cardinal Bellarmine adds, that “the souls of the Patriarchs and holy men, who departed this life, before the crucifixion of Christ, were kept, as in a prison, in a department of HELL, without pain,—that CHRIST did really go into a local Hell, and deliver the souls out of this confinement. The Fathers of the church, also, teach the same doctrine, and affirm that Christ *descended* into Hell—went thither specially—and delivered from these mansions the souls of those who were confined there.”

The council of Trent makes it a point of faith to believe that there is a Purgatory, after this life, “where the souls of those that are not purged, and have not made satisfaction for their sins *here*, are to be purged, and made to give satisfaction, unless their time be shortened by the prayers, alms, and masses of the living.”

The same council has also decreed that “the souls of those who die in a state of grace, but are not sufficiently purged of their sins, must go first into Purgatory,—a place of torment, bordering near upon Hell,—from which their deliverance may be expedited by the suffrages of the devout,—that is, by prayers, alms, and masses,—and that whoever says that there is no debt of temporal punishment to be paid, either in this world, or in Purgatory, before they can be received into Heaven,—is *accursed*.”

It would appear from this, that Limbo and Purgatory are subdi-

visions of the same place. There is this distinction, however, between them, that the prisoners, in Limbo, suffer no pain, whereas, in Purgatory, they are tortured, and severely punished, for their offences in this life.

HELL, we are told, occupies some place, immediately adjoining Purgatory. There Satan, Lucifer, Belzebub, or the DEVIL,—for he is called by all these names,—sits enthroned, ruling with tyrannic power. He is said to be a being of the most invincible malignity, setting all God's laws at defiance, and making it his sole delight to violate them himself, and to induce others to violate them in every possible manner. He is represented as holding his court, like a sovereign prince, in an immense hall, into which the light of day never penetrates, and which is illuminated only by the blue flames of burning sulphur. There, surrounded by innumerable troops of fallen angels, and by a countless multitude of the souls of the damned, he, and they, occupy themselves entirely in torturing each other, in devising new crimes, and in inventing new blasphemies against God. The gates of HELL are always open, to admit the immense crowd of souls, that are perpetually rushing in through them; but, should any of the souls of the damned attempt to escape, they immediately close on them; for, although souls, after the lapse of innumerable years, are released from Purgatory, from HELL there is *no redemption*. The miserable soul must there remain, throughout all time, its love of wickedness every hour increasing, and its indulgence in crime, in every possible shape, constituting its only enjoyment.

It is a remarkable feature, in the arrangements, said to be provided by God, for the eternal torture of condemned souls, that, while all others are strictly confined to Hell, the DEVIL himself, the prime cause—the sole originator—of the destruction of incalculable myriads of angels, and of human souls, is permitted to roam abroad freely, throughout the entire world, and to place himself, in an invisible form, close to the ear of every human being, there to whisper thoughts of crime and hatred of God, and of his laws!

It is hard to understand this, and the more so because, some of the Athanasian Divines, after having made, as they think, a tolerably accurate calculation, have arrived at the conclusion that, of one thousand souls, created by God to be inheritors of Heaven, the DEVIL succeeds in carrying away with him, to people his own

dominions, nine hundred and ninety-nine, leaving to God, as *his* share, ONE SOUL ONLY! This all the Athanasian Churches agree in affirming, and this, every conscientious Athanasian is bound to believe!

HEAVEN comes next and last, the place which we all long to arrive at, but the road leading to which is so narrow and difficult, that, though many are invited, scarcely one in a thousand succeeds in reaching it. In it, God is himself supposed to reign, more manifestly than elsewhere. Seated on a throne, he occupies an elevated position. He is a *Triune* God, consisting of Three Persons, who, together, form only One Person. Of these three, God is the *First*, and the Father of the *Second*, whom he did not make, but *begot* from eternity. The *Third* Person, was neither made nor begotten, but, according to some churches, proceeds from the two first Persons; while others assert that he proceeds from the First Person alone, and that all who believe the contrary are heretics, and must perish everlastingly. So, of the Second Person, or Son, they say, he is like the Father, but not the same as the Father. In short, the diversity of opinion, amongst Athanasians, on this important subject, is so great, that it is impossible either to understand the question itself, or to comprehend the exact meaning in which it is received by them. They are aware of this difficulty, and, therefore, they have agreed to call it a mystery—a subject altogether above the human intellect, and one which we cannot understand or explain.

It has not yet been decided by the churches, what is the appearance assumed by God, in Heaven. Some think that he has a form, visible to the celestial beings, by whom Heaven is occupied, because he is seated on a throne, and has placed his Son on his right hand, having a human body, and all things appertaining to man's nature, and who, though strictly a man, is God notwithstanding, and identical with God himself. The Third Person, who occupies a place on the left hand of God, is thought to assume, sometimes, the shape of a dove, and sometimes to appear under the semblance of cloven tongues of fire.

Somewhat more to the right, and near to her Son, the Man-God, or God Incarnate, sits MARY, a being—whether in the flesh, or out of the flesh, it does not clearly appear,—but of such exquisite

beauty that God looks upon her with rapture, and admiring Saints and Angels view her with feelings of inexpressible delight.

We are told that she has taken under her protection all those who, during life, have selected her as their patroness—that she has pledged herself to them, to use her influence with her Son—nay, even to command him—to urge the Father to shew them mercy, and to admit them into Heaven, their debt to him having been already fully paid by the death and sufferings of his Son. The Son then appeals to the Father, and exhibits the wounds, inflicted on him by the unbelieving Jews, who denied his divinity, and who crucified him as an impostor, although he implored him—his Father and our Father, his God and our God—to save him from so cruel an infliction,—when his soul was heavy within him, and when he prayed that he might not be obliged to drink of a cup filled with such intense bitterness. Mary then renews her solicitations, and God relents somewhat, pardoning all of Mary's followers, but refusing to pardon the most of those who neglected to honor her, and who depended, for their salvation, entirely on the atonement and intercession of her Son.

So often as God shall appear to have yielded to the solicitations of Mary, and of his and of her Son, then the Saints and Angels fall prostrate, and adore him and the Son, and harps send forth their sounds, and songs of joy, and praise, and thanksgiving, fill with delightful melody, the entire of the lofty vault of Heaven.

Such is Heaven, as described to us by Athanasians, and such is the mode in which most Athanasians believe it has pleased God to provide for the permanent happiness of all the souls whom, when made perfect, he has thought fit to receive into the mansions of eternal bliss.

There seems to be much of incoherency, and of great absurdity, in the entire of these descriptions. They have evidently been invented to fix the attention of the vulgar and unthinking, upon sensible objects, similar, in some degree, to those which were the original subjects of Pagan adoration. It is scarcely possible for the invention of man, to place the Deity in a more unworthy position, or to ascribe to him conduct and feelings more thoroughly opposed to his nature and attributes. The Athanasians profess to believe in the existence of One God, and, doubtless, such is their belief; but

then, they so mystify that which constitutes his essential character, and they ascribe to him so many extrinsic and contradictory qualities, that he becomes, altogether, a God of their own invention, and no longer, what he really is—a Spirit, whom no eye hath seen—without form—filling all space—existing from eternity—the Creator and Preserver of all things—infinite in power and wisdom, and infinite also in benevolence and love, towards all his creatures, and more especially towards men, and towards the souls of men.

It is a cause of deep regret to the right-minded, whom God has himself instructed, that these errors should prevail so widely, and by their influence on the actions of the major portion of society, occasion religious discord—cruel persecution—wars interminable. Had it not been for the corrupt, intolerant, and anti-christian dissensions of the clerics of the Athanasian churches, the world would have been spared the infliction of an amount of suffering, greater in extent, and in the aggregate, of more concentrated crime, than it is possible for the human mind to conceive. “I came,” said Christ, “to bring, not peace, but the sword, into the world;” and his followers, accepting this expression as an injunction, rather than a prophecy of future evil, act literally upon it. They appeal to the sword as the final test of Christian orthodoxy. The contending sects, excited to madness by the furious harangues of their respective leaders, rush into the field to exterminate each other. The heavy tramp is heard, of men advancing. They meet. Their naked swords, as yet unstained by blood, gleam brightly in the light of God’s own sun. Their leaders urge them on, by promises of eternal salvation. They tell them to smite their opponents, on the hip and on the thigh, sparing none,—and to die, if need be, *fighting for God!* The fools believe, and obey. And the soft, warm heart of the natural man, is changed into rigid ice,—his limbs become those of the tiger—his muscles seem of iron, and his joints as if they were made of brass. And more ferocious than the tiger, and more certain, in his death-dealing stroke, than the poisonous adder, he rushes against his fellow man, and grapples with him and pierces him with wounds, and flings him to the earth, and tramples on him. And the warm blood, in which is the life,—the life-blood of the combatants,—of those who worship Mary, and of those who worship Christ only,—spouts out, in torrents, from the



gashes that they inflict on each other. It damps the soil, and reddens the ground on which they fight. Wearied—exhausted—one-third of each side slain—it might be supposed that the work of mutual destruction should cease; but no—their dying groans, their prayers, and curses, are alike unheeded. The trumpet sounds, and, instantly, there follows an impetuous charge of horsemen, with sabre and lance, to cut down the wavering, and to pursue them in their flight. The fugitives implore the protection of Mary, Christ, or God, and they appeal for mercy to their pursuers. But in vain. Who in the battle-field, where it is his business to slay, cares for Mary, Christ, or God? The order is, to exterminate their adversaries. The Fools hear, and believe it to be their duty, to obey. Right willingly do they execute this ferocious command. They show no mercy. They slay, lay waste, destroy, pillage, burn, murder the defenceless, perpetuate every imaginable atrocity, and, as if this were not enough, unmoved by a single feeling of remorse, they glory in their crimes. Their clerics praise them, and bless their banners—their country honors them, and crowns them with laurels; and their leaders are enriched with pensions, wrung by excessive taxation from the labour of the poor, and titles are conferred on them, and the glory of these men is as great, as is the stupid folly of those whom they have led to victory, or have exterminated in battle.

It is a striking, and melancholy feature, in the character of Athanasianism, that its various sects have, at all times, cherished towards each other feelings of the most deadly hatred. In the furious and protracted theological controversies, which commenced early in the first century, and which have been continued to the present day, the contending sects always succeeded in convicting their opponents of gross errors, but they, as invariably, failed to establish their own orthodoxy. It could not be otherwise, because, as *all* had departed from the plain teaching of Christ himself, and had added to, or subtracted from it, such doctrines as it pleased them to adopt,—no *one* sect was able to establish its right to be regarded as the exclusive exponent of the true Christian faith.

It will strengthen, in their conscientious opinions, those who worship ONE GOD only, to know why it is, and after what manner, the Athanasian Churches hurl their anathemas against each other. Their respective writers furnish us with the means of giving, in their

own words, their charges and counter charges, their rejoinders, and recriminations, of which, if the tenth part be true, Christ's mission has been a failure, and the major part of the human race is more hopelessly lost, than if the Redeemer had never appeared upon the earth. The Reverend DOCTOR SPRAGUE, of New York, a preacher of Athanasian Evangelism, in a publication, in which he contrasts his own creed with Atheism, Deism, Romanism, Unitarianism, and a variety of other modifications of religious belief—all of which, except his own, are of course, in his opinion, in wicked and desperate error—thus speaks of ROMANISM :—

“It cannot fail to occur to you that Romanism, in many of its practical bearings, bears a strong resemblance to Mohamedism. There is, however, this difference between the two, that the former laid the foundation for the latter. When Mohamed arose, he found the Christian church little better than a nursery of superstition and barbarism, and we have already seen to how much account he turned it in the propagation of his imposture. Romanism then is the stock on which Mohamedism is grafted; but they have risen and grown together for ages; and though, in many respects, they bear a different and even opposite character, yet, in their more general and ultimate results, they are scarcely to be distinguished.”

“I had occasion to advert to the almost incredible degree of ignorance and barbarism, which prevailed in the Romish church, during the Middle Ages. Many of the higher orders of ecclesiastics were unable to write their own names. And not only were the dignitaries of the church grossly ignorant, but they were the declared enemies of learning, and even regarded it criminal for men to cultivate their own faculties. Witness the case of Virgil, a Bavarian Bishop of the eighth century, whom Pope Zachary denounced for presuming to teach that the opposite side of the earth is inhabited; saying to his Legate; ‘If he persist in this heresy, strip him of his priesthood; and drive him from the Temple and Altars of God.’ Witness, too, in more modern times, the case of Galileo, the Astronomer of the seventeenth century, who was well nigh persecuted unto death, by the Romish Church, for holding the enormous heresy that the earth revolves around the sun. The following is an extract from the sentence of the Inquisition of Rome, in 1633, acting under the direction of Pope Urban :—‘Whereas you, Galileo, aged seventy years, were denounced for holding as true, a false doctrine taught by many, that the sun is immoveable in the centre of the world, and that the earth moves; therefore this Holy Tribunal, desirous of providing against the disorder and mischief proceeding and increasing to the detriment of the Holy Faith, by the desire of his Holiness, confirms the two propositions qualified by the Theologians, as follows :—

“1st. The proposition that the sun is the centre of the world, and immoveable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally Heretical, because expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures.

“2nd. The proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immoveable, but that it moves, is also absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in Faith.”  
 “Consequently, you have incurred all the censures and penalties appointed by the sacred canons, from which it is our pleasure that you should be absolved, provided that you do first, with a sincere heart, and a true faith, abjure, curse, and detest before us, the aforesaid errors, and heresies. and every other error and heresy, contrary to the Roman Catholic Church, in the form which shall be prescribed to you, by us.”

“Accordingly, Galileo, as the only means of saving his life, actually did renounce, under oath, those sublime philosophical truths, which it had been the work of his life to establish, and which have surrounded his name with a halo of glory. Think of the old philosopher, receiving the reward for his noble discoveries, by being cast into a dungeon, at the age of seventy, with the horrid alternative of abjuring, as false and mischievous, what he knew to be great and glorious truths, or else of being broke upon the wheel, or burnt at the stake! Do I wrong the Church that could be guilty of such an act, when I say that she has been the great patron of barbarism?”

“Nor has the Church been more tolerant towards the records and monuments of learning. I may instance the conduct of the fanatical Zumaraga, first Bishop of Mexico, who caused all the symbolical writings and monuments of the Mexicians to be destroyed, on the alleged ground that they were diabolical works, and savoured of Heresy; also that of Cisneros, an Inquisitor of Spain, who committed to the flames eighty thousand volumes of the most valuable works extant, in all the departments of science. Look over those countries where the Romish religion now prevails; look at Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and fathom, if you can, the depths of ignorance and barbarism which prevail there! Are the inhabitants, think you, who are able to read, allowed to select their own books? No, not without the most careful attention to the prohibited list; a list which occupies many folio volumes, and includes such names as Bacon and Locke, Milton and Young, Watts and Cowper, Addison and Johnson, and almost every other illustrious Protestant author, in every language. But, with respect to much the greater portion of the people, this catalogue is quite useless; for they are exempted from their liability to read heretical works, by their inability to read at all. Rely on it, the Human Mind there (Italy) is yet in a deep sleep, and the only hope that it will be brought out of its lethargy, is connected with the hope that it will come under the influence of some other religious system.”

“I need not stop to describe particularly the effects of Protestant Christianity, in reference to the great cause of intellectual and social

improvement. That man knows nothing of her history, who does not know that, wherever she has planted herself, she has kindled up around her the lights of learning and science, and has been hailed as a deliverer from mental darkness and bondage. Compare, for instance, the intellectual condition of the metropolis of Scotland, with that of Spain, or Italy; and while in the former you will find a magnificent galaxy of great and cultivated minds, and see all, of every class and of every age, walking, to a greater or less extent, in the light of the sun of science; in the latter you find a mere mass of intellectual debasement; the multitude effectually shut out from the means of acquiring knowledge, and only here and there, an individual who attains to a respectable mediocrity. Or, you may take a case, which you can estimate the better, as it lies nearer home. I refer to the intellectual state of New England, and of Lower Canada. The two tracts of country were originally settled at periods not very remote from each other, but the former was settled by Protestants, and the latter by Romanists. And now, I ask you to judge of the intellectual influence of the two systems, by travelling through these two portions of country, in which they have respectively had their operation. In the one you are surrounded by monuments of intelligence, and every village through which you pass, has its provision for forming the minds of the rising generation; in the other, you find the human faculties, in a great degree torpid, from long habit of inaction, and almost every thing you see and hear proclaims that you are walking over a field of deep mental degradation. Allowing to other causes their full influence in producing this difference, I insist that it is to be referred chiefly to the fact, that two religious systems have prevailed, of directly opposite tendencies."

Having thus established the truth of his proposition, that "ROMANISM has overspread the world with a darkness, that could be felt," this learned and talented Protestant Athanasian, unconscious of his own bigotry, of his own superstition, and of his manifest departure from the original simplicity of Christ's Gospel, becomes more energetic as he proceeds, and, preparatory to his making a furious onslaught on UNITARIANISM, he dashes right onward, into the heart of the Romanist camp, showing no mercy to his co-religionists. He proceeds to prove that,—

"Romanism has opened upon the world the flood-gates of crime."!

"I might easily show you," he continues, "by a reference to the history of Romanism, that there is scarcely any species of wickedness, however refined, or however gross, but has been unblushingly practised, under the sanction of the Romish Church. But I shall limit myself to a consideration of two of them, viz., Treachery and Cruelty; and even with respect to these, I can only sketch the most general outline."

“The Romish Church has decided that there is no faith to be kept with Heretics. This doctrine was established by the Council of Constance, in 1414, and she has acted upon it, in instances almost innumerable. Never was there a more flagrant example of Treachery, than was exhibited in her treatment of that eminent Reformer, John Huss. Having been summoned to appear before the Council of Constance, to answer to the charge of having *deserted* the Church of Rome, he obeyed the summons, though not without having received, from the Emperor Sigismund, a pledge of his protection until he should return to his own home. His enemies, however, by the most scandalous violation of public faith, imprisoned him, condemned him as a Heretic, and burnt him alive; and that, too, when the Emperor interposed, and pleaded that his royal honor was pledged for his safety. The same horrible doctrine was practically recognised by Innocent IV., and the Council of Lyons, in deposing Frederick II., and *absolving his subjects* from their oath of allegiance; by Pius V., in performing a similar act, in the case of Queen Elizabeth; by Clement VII., in compelling Charles V., in violation of his oath, to turn the whole race of the Moors, in Spain, to the tortures of the Inquisition; and by Louis XIV., in the unprincipled revocation of the Edict of Nantes, against the faith of the most solemn Treaties, the consequence of which was that France was deluged with the blood of Protestants. In these, and innumerable other instances, the Romish Church, has not only prostituted her honor, but has most grossly perjured herself, in the person of him whom she has recognised as her Head; and that, too, to gratify private resentments, or to sustain a corrupt and cruel Hierarchy.”

“And this leads me to say that Cruelty is joined to Treachery in the whole economy and history of Romanism. No matter what amiable qualities a Romish Bishop may possess, he is bound by his oath to be an exterminator, and if he does not persecute Heretics to the best of his ability, he is a perjured man. Hear the oath which every Bishop is obliged to take previous to his consecration.”

“I swear that Heretics and Schismatics, and rebels to our Lord, the Lord Pope, or his successors, I will, to the utmost extent of my power, persecute and beat down; so help me God, and the holy Gospels of God.”

“Now, I venture to say that you may go through the history of the Romish Church, and you will find, that whatever may have been the fate of other oaths, by which their Ecclesiastics have bound themselves, this has been generally kept, at least so far as considerations of policy would warrant.”

“The lighter kind of persecution which this church has carried on, has been by Curses and Excommunications. As a specimen of this I will quote part of the Form which was uttered by the Pope, against his manufacturer of Alum, for eloping from his alum works, and carrying the chemical secret to England.”

“May God the Father, curse him! may God the Son, curse him! may the Holy Ghost, curse him! may the Holy Cross, curse him! may the Holy and Eternal Virgin Mary, curse him! may Saint Michael, curse him! may John the Baptist, curse him! may Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and Saint Andrew and all the Apostles and Disciples, curse him! may all the Martyrs and Confessors, curse him! may all the Saints from the beginning of time to everlasting, curse him! may he be cursed in the house, and in the fields! may he be cursed while living and dying! may he be cursed from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet! may Heaven, and all the Powers therein, rise against him, to DAMN him, unless he repent and make satisfaction!”

“Such are some of the execrations, with which his Holiness thought proper to pursue the man who had thought proper to run off, with the secret of making Alum. If the offender could have been caught, how quickly would the dungeon or the rack have been made ready for him.”

“It had been well if the Romish Church had never carried forward her persecutions by means of any other weapons, than those of the tongue and the pen, but you need not be told that what I already referred to, is much the milder part of her agency. She has wielded the sword with the most desolating effect. She has exhausted her ingenuity in inventing instruments of Torture. Is there an individual who is ready to pronounce this statement too broad or too strong to consist with the simple verity? Then, as a cure for his Scepticism, let him read the history of the Waldenses, and the Albigenses, through a long succession of generations, and see how the blood of those inoffensive and excellent people flowed like a river, from under the hand of Papal persecution. Let him cast an eye over the plains of Languedoc, or the mountains of Bohemia, or the green fields of Spain, and see them covered with the dying and the dead, the fearful result of those fanatical and desperate conflicts for which the Romish Church is solely responsible. Let him transport himself to Paris, amidst the horrors of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, and see how her streets are paved with corpses, and her palaces are deluged with blood, and every breeze that passes over her bears off ten thousand dying groans. Let him, in imagination, travel through Holland, while her sons are dying by tens of thousands in the massacre occasioned by the Duke of Alva; or through England, while the followers of Wickliffe are having a full cup of vengeance wrung out to them; and I will venture to predict that he will be prepared to respond to any statement which I have made, and even to say that the half has not been told him.”

“I can do no justice to this part of my subject without adverting to the INQUISITION,—the most powerful, and the most terrific engine which any community, whether Civil or Ecclesiastical, ever wielded. But there are two reasons why I shall attempt nothing, beyond a

very general view of it. The one is, that the limits which I have prescribed to myself will not allow me to be particular; the other is, that I am sure there is horror enough in the simple outline, to make you more than willing that I should dispense with the filling up. Lend your attention then to a few facts in relation to this subject, which are confirmed by most authentic and ample testimony."

"The INQUISITION, as you know, is a tribunal erected by the Popes for the examination and punishment of Heretics. It originated in the twelfth century, under the patronage of Pope Innocent III. The earliest Inquisitor was Dominick, a man whom the Romish Church has canonized as a saint, but whom all the world besides has branded as a fiend. This abominable court has been established in several European countries, but no where has it acted with such malignant energy, no where have its dungeons been so much like the vaults of Hell, or the economy of its conductors so much like the economy of devils, as in Spain and Portugal. It has been horrible enough in Italy. It was forced for a time upon France and Germany, but in neither of these countries did it gain a permanent footing. Great Britain has uniformly and successfully resisted it. At *present* the GRAND INQUISITION, is known only in History, though it is only within a few years that it has been abolished. There is reason to believe that this engine is still in operation, on a smaller scale, in different parts of Continental Europe. Of course it moves now in the deepest silence, conscious that its doings will not bear to be looked at by the light of the nineteenth century. But if it should borrow power from the spirit of the age to extend its dominion, I see no evidence that it would not bring back to their fullest extent, the tragical horrors of preceding centuries."

"In Spain there were, at one time, no less than eighteen different *Inquisitorial Courts*, and beside the vast numbers who were immediately connected with them as officers, there were twenty thousand familiars, or spies, scattered throughout the country, whose business it was to mingle in all companies, and drag all suspected persons to the cells of the Inquisition. Neither youth, nor beauty, nor virtue, nor age, nor the sacredness of domestic relations, furnished the least security. No man could lay his head upon his pillow without anxiety, for he could feel no assurance but that, before the light of another day, himself or his wife, or child, would receive a summons, as awful, as irresistible, as if it had come from the king of terrors. No family could separate for the night, but the appalling conviction must have forced itself upon them, that they were not improbably taking of each other a final leave. Fancy, if you can, the horror of the scene, when the prison carriage was heard, at the dead of night, to stop before the door, and immediately a loud knock was accompanied by the stern command, 'Open to the Holy Inquisition!' and every inmate of the dwelling felt his blood curdle at the sound."

"The movements of these familiars were conducted with such pro-

found secrecy that it was not uncommon for members of the same family to be ignorant of each other's apprehension. One instance is recorded in which a father, three sons and three daughters, were separately seized and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, and knew nothing of each other's fate, till after seven years of torture, those of them who survived, met to mingle their death groans at an *auto da fe*. As the process of apprehension was usually conducted with the utmost silence, so, when the wretched victim was actually apprehended, and carried to the dungeon for trial, he was *never confronted* with his accuser, or even told what was the crime for which he had been arrested, but was left to conjecture the crime, and to *accuse himself*, and if he did not instantly confess, confession was extorted from him by the rack."

"Shall I conduct you to that abode of horror, that ante-chamber of Hell, in which these deeds of darkness are perpetrated? The exterior of the building indicates that it was made for some malignant purpose. You enter it by massive doors, and are led on by narrow and winding passages rendered still more horrible by the dim torch light which pervades them, till you reach the dungeons, in which men die by torture. And here is the depository of every thing which human ingenuity has invented to cause a protracted and agonizing death. There is the torture by water, and the torture by fire, and the torture by the pendulum, and the torture by the rack, each one of which, if it were to be described to you, would cause your blood to freeze with horror."

The writer then states, as a *fact*, what would seem to be scarcely credible. He does not give his authority for the statement, nor does he say in what part of Spain the occurrence to which he refers took place. Though, in common with every Protestant, I am prepared to believe almost any account of the dark misdeeds of the Spanish Inquisition,—still, I can hardly persuade myself to regard as truthful, the following description of an infernal machine, contrived for the destruction of such Heretics, as, though honoring Mary, might have doubts as to her divinity, and supposed power over her Son, in Heaven. Certainly, in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, and now in Ireland,—the more ignorant amongst the Romanists, are more disposed to place themselves under the protection of MARY, than either of Christ, or of God himself. Some of the better educated, in the Church of Rome, both theologians and laymen, for a long time refused to recognise the divinity of Mary. The Church itself, permitted the claim of Mary to remain an undecided question, but the efforts of the members of the Company of Jesus, and the decided preference entertained, for Mary, by the present



Pope, have recently elevated her to the undisputed rank of "QUEEN of HEAVEN," and, as she is sometimes called in Italy, "The Wife of God"! This later phrase has not yet obtained currency in Ireland. It is probable that the spread of a rational education—to which the present Pope's Legate, and Irish Bishops, are irreconcilably opposed—and also the counteracting influence of Athanasian Protestantism, false and spurious as it is, will so far prevail, as to prevent the adoption, by the Romanists, of an expression, so thoroughly Pagan. My anxiety for the honor of our country,—my hope for the final triumph of pure Christianity, and the reverence and gratitude which I feel, in common with every other intelligent being, toward GOD the UNIVERSAL FATHER, CREATOR, and PRESERVER of us all,—lead me to believe that this great dishonor,—this unmistakable return to the worship of the Heathen gods and goddesses, will not be added to the many social and other errors of the people of Ireland. The Irish people are essentially pious and moral. He who asserts the contrary, gives utterance to a deliberate falsehood. They are impulsive, enthusiastic, attached to the religion of their Fathers, and most implicit believers in the spiritual and temporal authority of the Papacy. Living, not under the unsubstantial shadow of republican France, but participating in all the constitutional rights of the free-born subjects of the Protestant constitution of these Realms, they know nothing of Papal tyranny,—they know nothing of the unspeakable horrors of the *Inquisition*. They believe that the Papal Government in Italy, has always been, the most mild, merciful, and parental, in existence,—a very pattern of perfection, and one which it is their duty to introduce into Ireland, by every possible means, whenever the occasion for making the attempt shall present itself, and the Head of their Church shall summon them to the field, to fight for HIM, for GOD, and for MARY, and for the restoration, to the old land, of the supremacy of the old Faith.

The Pope's Legate, and some of the present Bishops, by their Pastoral addresses, and by their uncompromising hostility to every one of our Protestant Institutions, indirectly encourage this feeling. They oppose the National System of Education. They clamour for grants of money, as a matter of right, to advance their own system, and to enable them to accomplish more effectually, the designs of their Lord and Master the Pope. This is not fair

nor just, on their part. They should recollect that, though subjects of a foreign power, they live under a constitution. *essentially Protestant*, a constitution that owes its vitality to Protestantism, and to its successful resistance to the despotism of the Church of Rome. It is plain that, between the spiritual despotism of the Papacy, and the mental freedom, and consequent constitutional liberty of Protestantism, there can be no compromise. In Italy, after centuries of mental, social and moral debasement, the struggle of men for their rights, the war of the slave against the tyrant, have commenced under great and glorious auspices. Ground to the earth, by the oppressive rule of cruel and drivelling kings, irritated by the insolence of a foreign soldiery, provoked by the religious intolerance of the Clergy, and living in hourly dread of the dungeons and tortures of the Inquisition,—twenty-seven millions of people, have resolved to burst their chains. The universal cry of twenty-seven millions of Italians is—“Away with the PAPACY and the INQUISITION. Away with foreign troops, mercenary bandits, hired by the Pope, and by our tyrant kings, to perpetuate our slavery. SARDINIA is free. Sardinia possesses a constitutional Sovereign, a Parliament elected by the People, trial by Jury, a free press. There, there exists religious liberty. There, the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition has been suppressed. From Sardinia, the Company of the Jesuits has been expelled. Let us follow the example of Sardinia. Let us rally round Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi. Let us expel our tyrants, or die gloriously fighting for our rights.”

Is it to be wondered at, that this ardent devotion to the cause of Liberty should inspire the hearts of all true men, throughout the length and breadth of Italy? What reason is there that Italians should live for ever, enveloped in the murky atmosphere of a frightful tyranny, while Britons and Americans, breathe the pure air of Civil and Religious Freedom? The ancestors of Protestants, fought bravely in defence of their rights, and succeeded. Their memories are honored, their names are held in remembrance; and so it will be with the patriot reformers of all those countries, in which the souls of men are crushed by a Church, which avails itself of the terrors of the INQUISITION, and supports its claim to Infallibility, by an appeal to the sanguinary issue of the battle-field. The Rev.

Dr. Sprague, is of this opinion, and so are all Protestants. The members of the Church of Rome entertain an opposite opinion, and all, both lay and cleric—with the exception of the people in Italy—are resolved to uphold, by every possible means, the arbitrary and irresponsible power of the successor of Saint Peter. The great struggle between the assertors of *Religious Freedom*, and the supporters of *Religious Despotism*, has commenced. It is not likely that it can now be confined to Italy. Protestants all over the world are becoming alarmed, and are beginning to consider seriously, what steps they shall take for the preservation of their lives and liberties. They read the following account. They are horror-stricken. They ask, can this be true? I cannot vouch for its truth. I give it, as I find it in the published work of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of New York. Certainly, the pretensions of Romanism, armed with the power of the INQUISITION, and viewed under its POLITICAL aspect, must afford matter for serious consideration to all Protestants of every denomination. The religious intolerance of the Athanasian Churches cannot be prevented, but the political despotism of all should be exposed and resisted. I give the following passages in the exact words of the Reverend writer.

“When the vaults of the SPANISH INQUISITION were thrown open by the troops of Napoleon, an image of the Virgin Mary was discovered, which, on inspection, was found to be a Torturing Engine. She wore, beneath her robes, a metal breast-plate, thickly stuck with needles, spikes, and lancets. The familiar, who was present, was requested to work the engine, and he did so. As she raised her arms *as if to embrace*, a knapsack was thrown into them, and in closing them upon it she pierced it through, in a hundred places. To the living victim, it would have proved instantly the embrace of Death!

“But the consummation of the tragic scenes of the INQUISITION is in the *auto da fe*. On this occasion, which always occurs on the Sabbath, and usually in connexion with some great festival, the prisoners are brought forth from their dungeons, to have their doom finally decided. Each one knows what his doom is to be, by the manner in which he is habited; those who are absolved as innocent, wearing black coats, without sleeves; those who have narrowly escaped being burnt, having upon their black coats, flames painted with their points turned downwards; those who are first to be strangled and then burnt, having flames on their habits pointing upwards; and those who are to be *burnt alive*, having, besides the flames pointed upwards, their own picture painted on their breasts, surrounded with the pictures of dogs, and serpents, and devils.

“ A procession is now formed, consisting of the Dominican Friars, the prisoners, and after them the familiars and Inquisitors. It moves with the utmost solemnity to a scaffold, large enough to accommodate several thousand people. If a prisoner, on the way, ventures to speak, he does it at the peril of being instantly gagged. On their arrival at the scaffold there is delivered a declamation, called a sermon, made up of the most lofty encomiums of the HOLY INQUISITION, and of the most bitter invectives against HERETICS, after which a priest recites the final sentence of those who are to suffer death, and delivers them over to the Civil Magistrate, at the same time begging, with the hypocrisy of an arch fiend, that the secular arm may not touch their blood, or put their lives in jeopardy! Being now, in the hands of the Civil Magistrate, they are loaded with chains, and carried first to the Secular jail, thence to the Judge, to receive their sentence, and thence to the place of EXECUTION. But the closing scene, I cannot attempt to describe. I can only say that you gain no adequate idea of it by being told that they are *burnt at the stake*. Pagan Rome burnt Christians, but she never did it with that refinement of torture, which completes the horrible tragedy of the INQUISITION.

“ You will readily infer, from the statements already made, that the desolation occasioned by the Romish Church, in different ages, is so vast and varied, that it scarcely admits of being accurately estimated. According to the best authorities, however, she has been instrumental of the destruction of a million and a half of Moors, in Spain; nearly two millions of Jews, in Europe; fifteen millions of Indians, in Mexico, and South America, including the islands of Cuba and Saint Domingo; and about fifty millions of Protestants, in Europe, and the East Indies; making in the whole the appalling number of sixty-eight millions and five hundred thousand! Was there not a fearful significance in that part of John’s vision, which represents her as the woman in scarlet, on the scarlet colored beast?

“ Romanism is, in many respects, closely allied to Paganism. If the streets of Pagan Rome were illuminated at night, by the burning of the early Christians, the dungeons of Papal Rome, have resounded, night and day, with the groans of later Christians, while the instruments of torture have been kept in constant and horrible operation. And, to be more particular, I may ask, whence was derived the custom ordained by Gregory VII. of kissing the feet of the Pope, but from the Pagans who kissed the feet of their Emperors? Whence came the practice of the priests shaving their heads, and taking the form of a crown, but from the priests of ancient Egypt? On what else are the present nunneries founded, but upon the ruins of the Vestal Virgins? What is the HOLY WATER of the Romish Church, but an imitation of the lustral water of the Pagans? Whence came the Romish Purgatory, and Penance, and Canonization of Saints, and Processions, and Pilgrimages, but from Heathen

sources? Indeed, I venture to affirm, that there is scarcely a peculiarity of Romanism, but has its origin, directly, or indirectly, in Pagan superstition. Some of the Romish Churches, in Europe, were originally Heathen Temples, and, if I am correctly informed, some of the carved emblems, which were used in the Pagan worship, are used, at this day, in the Romish service.

“Romanism, puts at hazard man's *immortal* interests. I here assume the fact, that whatever obstructs, and counteracts Gospel influence, must in the same proportion jeopardise the *souls* of men. But have we not seen that Romanism in various ways actually produces this effect? While, therefore, I would not intimate a doubt that the Roman Church may include many who will be saved, I cannot refuse the conviction that they will be saved, so as by fire. When I contemplate the great mass of them, sunk in ignorance, and superstition, scarcely knowing more of the Gospel, than the inhabitants of Hindostan, and apparently substituting a round of senseless ceremonies for an intelligent and lively faith, much as I may *wish to believe they are in the way to Heaven, I cannot believe it!* so long as I hold to the Bible. I deplore the condition to which multitudes of them are subjected in the present life, but I contemplate with incomparably deeper anxiety, their *prospects in the world to come.*”!!

Having thus disposed of the SOULS of the vast majority of Romanists, and, to his great grief, transferred them to the kingdom of Satan, there to dwell for ever, this champion of pure Gospel Athanasianism,—this uncompromising enemy of ignorance and superstition, next, not lovingly, but furiously, attacks *Unitarianism*, as running into the opposite extreme of desperate and Christ-denying infidelity. He lays it down as essential to *salvation*, that all who wish to be saved from the never-ending tortures of Hell, must firmly believe the “MAN-Christ to be truly and properly God, and God, truly and properly the MAN-Christ.” But Unitarians, taught by that Reason, which God has given to Man, and which it is our duty to exercise, and improve, regard this most contradictory statement, as FALSE, degrading to God, irreconcilable with his attributes, and *therefore not to be believed.*

The writer then proceeds to shew that UNITARIANISM, is to the full, as irreligious and soul-destroying a system, as Romanism, because

1. It maintains that God is a spirit, invisible, eternal, infinite. One person, only, and not three persons.”

2. “It maintains that Christ, was created by God.”

3. “It asserts that only a part of the Bible is given by inspiration.”

4. “It attributes to the writers of the Scriptures, a low degree of inspiration, where it admits it at all.”

5. "It appeals to REASON, as the ultimate standard of truth."
6. "It simply maintains the fact, that God forgives the sinner."
7. "It maintains the doctrine of forgiveness, at the expense of the character and government of God."
8. "It does not accurately define the precise terms on which the forgiveness of sin depends."
9. "It recognises no special divine influence upon the heart to witness our adoption."

10. "It is incapable of producing or promoting in us. 1st, love to God." 2nd, gratitude to Christ. 3rd, benevolence to man. 4th, humility. 5th, Christian obedience; and lastly, greatest atrocity of all!—It is believed, by many Unitarians, that *all men will be finally saved!*

In the opinion of this amiable divine, the doctrine that God will either not punish, or will inflict but a limited punishment, in a future world, on his erring creatures, for their sins in this, is one so opposed to God's Truth and Justice—so anti-Christian—so irreligious—so profane, and immoral, that of all others, it "*most encourages every corrupt principle of our nature!*" According to this pious Athanasian, there is no doctrine which "*more certainly opens the flood-gates of crime, or the reception of which more legitimately warrants the expectation of a thoroughly depraved character!*" In piteous tone he imploringly addresses his sectarian followers saying, "Enter not into the *path of the wicked*. Turn from it, and pass away, as you value your *interests for eternity!*" "Unitarianism may seem to do well enough so long as conscience sleeps, and the world smiles, and death is kept out of remembrance." "Are you, my young friend, half inclined to adopt the Unitarian system as your creed? Reflect that you have a conscience that will, ere long, awake and shew itself a minister of wrath. Make provision for the future by embracing the system of *Evangelical Truth*, and I shall have no apprehension, either for your safety or comfort."!

It is thus that these Athanasian churches, and sects oppose themselves to every liberal, thoughtful, and rational sentiment. Thus it is that fighting with, and vilifying each other,—they denounce, misrepresent, and, were it in their power, would exterminate every creed that was not in exact accordance with their own. With the Theological errors of these sects, I trouble myself, but little. They have a right to believe in errors of theory, if it shall so please them,

but they should be satisfied with this concession. They have no right to disturb the peace of society. They have no right to engender hatred, between men,—to arm nation against nation, to oppose the advancement of intellectual progress,—to engross to themselves, under various pretences, more than their fair share of the public property. Errors of opinion must be tolerated. Their open avowal cannot be prevented. But *here* should end any further privileges, conferred on CHURCHES, or Churchmen.

## CHAPTER XII.

The young mind begins soon to question itself. It soon begins to give evidence of its aspirations after other knowledge than that of the things of this earth. It feels its own strength, and plumes its wings for higher flights. It will not permit itself to remain inactive. From early childhood, it strives to acquire information, and to place itself more closely in connexion with the great SOURCE of all intelligence. The first efforts of the infant mind, are most curious, and interesting. The gradual unfolding of thought, is deserving of deep study, affording, as it does, conclusive proof, of the great and glorious future that awaits us.

“Pa,” said William one day to me, his bright face scarcely reaching to the level of the table at which I sat, “Pa, where did you get me?”

“Why, William, it’s not easy to say. I suppose you came from Africa, where the swallows come from, in summer.”

“And was I a swallow, and did I fly in, through the window, like a swallow?”

“Yes.”

Away bounded the child, delighted at this new accession of knowledge, and exclaiming—

“Now I know where I came from. I came from Africa, and I was a swallow, and I flew in through the window.”

The mind, here, had commenced to inquire into the causes of things. It felt curious to know, what it was, from whence it came, and how it was produced. The explanation, for a time, seemed quite satisfactory. It was the first link in the great chain of *Causation*. It was one, which the young, and trusting mind of the child, placing confidence in its teacher, believed it could understand. But, intuitively, it soon perceived that this link was not self-suspended. The statement of the swallow was not conclusive. William came to me, shortly after, saying, “Pa, when I was in Africa, and a swallow, who made me?”

“God made you.”

“And did God make you and Manma, and all of us?”

“Yes.”



“And who made God?”

“No one. God made everything, but no one made God.”

The child thought seriously, for a moment, and then observed,

“No one made him? Sure some one made him. Sure he did not make himself.”

Here there opened on the mind a new vista, and new objects presented themselves, in the distance, suggestive of new thoughts.

When the infant mind found itself compelled to say, “Sure he did not make himself!” untaught by man, it plunged, at once, into the deep profound of metaphysical research. It began where Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Seneca, Milton, Newton, Locke, Berkeley, all began. It had made, on the instant, as much progress as they had made, and it ended, where they ended, perplexed, mystified, and embarrassed—knowing nothing, beyond this, “That all created existences, must have been called into existence by some *cause*, and that this CAUSE, being the primal and sole originating principle, itself must be Self-existent, Intellectual, and all Powerful. It is upon this basis—a foundation laid by God *himself*, and not by *man*—that the Temple of God’s worship is erected. On this depends entirely the homage paid to God by men of all languages, and of every creed. This it is which constitutes the RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT, implanted by God in the heart of every man, capable of thinking, and *therefore* convinced of the necessary existence of the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, whom we call God.

The Human Mind—a world in itself, and but imperfectly known to us—when it looks abroad, and takes note of created objects, perceives immediately its relationship to the Creator. It feels that it depends on the pleasure of the power, to which it is indebted for existence, to prolong or to terminate that existence—to impart happiness, or to inflict suffering. It seeks happiness, and it prays for it. That which confers Happiness, it calls Good. It dreads pain and suffering, and that which occasions them, it calls EVIL. But here is another difficulty. Uncertainty commences here; for how can bitter and sweet—pure water and turbid—good and evil—possess the same common origin? Perhaps there are *Good* and *Evil* deities. It may be wise to pray to them. Expressions of gratitude will propitiate the favor of the former, and appeals to their forbearance may avert the vengeance of the latter. Thus

originated false religions—a multiplicity of Gods—idol-worship—the shedding of the blood of victims—self-inflicted tortures—the murders of the Inquisition. Still, amid all these errors, the *Religious Sentiment* retains its place. It assumes various forms, and exhibits itself under various aspects; but it is every where the same—in China, Italy, the Orcaades, Mexico, Brazil. The language, object of worship, form of prayer, all differ,—but the *same homage to God*, is intended to be rendered to him, by all the Human Race, whom he has created with faculties, to enable them to believe in his existence.

In William, the Religious Sentiment was strongly marked. When a mere child, he has been observed to go into a room, by himself, and there repeat his prayers. This he did, thoughtfully, and not without exercising his reasoning powers; for, at a very early age, when saying the Lord's Prayer, he once, after the words, "Give us this day our daily bread," added, "And a knife to cut it with"! "You are not to say that, sir." "Yes I am. Sure we are not to tear it with our hands." On another occasion, his comment on "Lead us not into temptation," was, "That is, do not teach us to do any thing wrong," thereby proving that the mind had, thus early, commenced to exercise its reasoning powers. Indeed, in this respect, the Genius of genuine Protestantism would seem to have presided at his birth, implanting in his young intellect, the germ of independent thought, and teaching him to think for himself. Can it be, that habits of thinking are transmitted from parent to child? In the breeding of inferior animals, certain propensities are manifestly thus transmitted. The sluggish cart horse, never acquires the impetuous ardor of the high mettled racer. Why is it that the Romanist child trembles to think, on religious matters, otherwise than as he has been taught, while one of Protestant parents thinks and speaks with a bold confidence, and refuses to believe that which opposes itself to his reason? By degrees, false teaching overcomes this independent preference for the truthful, or that conformity to fact, which the youthful, and unbiassed mind, at once perceives, and which it naturally prefers. Ask a child, can his piece of bread be both bread and honey at the same time, and he will say, "No." "Why, sir, do you say so?" "Because they are *not the same*," will be his answer. But, if he be repeatedly told that they *are the same*—that, when he eats bread, he eats honey also—and that, if

he shall not believe this, God will be angry with him, and he will be punished here and hereafter,—Reason, dwarfed and crippled, shrinks back, and crouching through fear, endeavours to hide itself in the darkest recesses of the brain. The child, thus taught, is rendered *Irrational*. His mind, instead of being elevated and improved by education, is compelled, by false teaching, to forfeit its high claim to superior intelligence. The noble mind of the child—a mind, at first, of pure ore, and stamped with the impress of God—becomes corrupted, by man's spurious teaching, and is converted into the miserable embodiment of stultified intolerance, or of ferocious fanaticism.

William was neither an intolerant, nor a fanatic. Aware, as I am, of the utter inability of parent, bishop, or minister, to enforce, in Protestant families, a uniformity of belief, and not deeming such uniformity at all essential, I never attempted to influence his religious opinions, in any way, beyond that of explaining to him what those were that I myself entertained. I never urged him to adopt UNITARIANISM, as the only modification of worship that was acceptable to God. On the contrary, I invariably mentioned it as my opinion, that the peculiarities of the numerous creeds which existed, amongst men, would be the circumstance least regarded by the Creator, in determining the responsibilities of those whom he had not permitted to choose their religion, or to discover the possible errors of that, in which they had been educated. I then believed, as I now do, that the errors of the Athanasian Roman and Protestant Churches, will not be regarded by God as crimes, in those who adopt them; but that he will deal favourably and leniently with the sincere religionists of every creed.

These, I am certain, were William's views, and it rejoices me to think that they were so much in accordance with my own, because I am now thoroughly persuaded of their correctness. William's habits of thought, and his general character, differed much from mine. He was eminently practical. He had no taste for polemic, or political discussions. My mind, is imaginative, and rather speculative than practical. In religion, I choose my own path, and I follow that which seems to lead to some delightful spot, where all is repose, and where enduring happiness abounds. Speculative, rather than practical, I endeavour to regard men, more as they *ought* to be, than

as they are. I take a pleasure in devising plans for their improvement, although, convinced that, in my day, they will not be realized, opposed as they are, to the ignorance, selfishness, and corruptions, of the dominant classes of society. William thought that such speculations were of little value, and that the best mode of improving society, was for every person to endeavour to improve his own condition, leaving society to take care of itself. "If I had power, I would very soon put an end to your political agitations. What are you all looking for, but to acquire power, to obtain places, or to gratify your desire for notoriety? As to your Metaphysics,—you and BIDDULPH WARNER—I cannot understand you." Biddulph Warner!—his young companion, a talented and highly accomplished relative of mine, author of some pleasing poems and novels, now dying—William! Biddulph! others. Ah, me! The wailing of the Greek chorus, in some deep tragedy, would hardly supply me with language to express my feeling of unavailing regret, because of the infliction of such bereavements. I seem to myself like unto an aged tree that stands alone—the young saplings that had sprung up around it, and that should have sheltered its naked trunk—blighted by early frost, and prematurely withering. It stands alone. It bides its time; but the time will come, when it too must pass away. The hail that beat against it, and the storm that roared amongst its branches, failed to do it injury, and yet, yield it must, to the universal law, "*That every thing possessed of life shall die.*" The tree dies,—the animal body perishes,—but the intellect of man, is surely Immortal. It does not contain the elements of decay. It cannot die. What then becomes of it, and whither does it go?

William had no taste for Metaphysical discussions. "Give me," he used to say, "something to do, and I will do it. Give me something useful to think of, and I will think of it,—a problem in Euclid, or Algebra, in solving which, I can arrive at certainty, but you and Biddulph, are perpetually talking about subjects which no one can comprehend. I have listened to you, for the last hour, and I find you have both agreed upon this, that you both know nothing, of the question you were debating. ! What, then, is the use of such discussions? They are a positive waste of time—they lead to nothing practical. I am tired listening to you."!!

I sometimes remarked, in reply, "William, you are, to a cer-

tain extent right, but not entirely so. Different men, are constituted with different minds. Some minds are practical, and others entirely speculative. Such inquiries are not to be discouraged. They may travel into untrodden regions, but they not unfrequently lead to useful results. There, go about *your* business. Leave me to my plans for the '*Improvement of Ireland*,' and Warner to his '*Romances*.' Our names will be remembered, when your's will be forgotten."!

"And what good will that do you, after you are dead? Put me anywhere, and I could make out a livelihood. I could make a fortune, where you two would lose one."

He spoke the truth. In this respect he had greatly the advantage of us. His mind was always, in advance of his years. At twenty, he seemed to possess the intelligence, and self-reliance, of a man of thirty. He was very studious, and most anxious to improve himself, in Classics and Science. He resolved to enter Trinity College. He was ambitious, and at one time, he had hopes of obtaining honors, but in this he was disappointed. He could translate the Greek and Latin Classics, fluently and gracefully. This, I thought quite sufficient to entitle him to a respectable place in his class. It was so, in the University fifty years ago, but now, grammatical accuracy, is regarded as indispensable, and fluency of translation, comparatively of no value. Of course the University best understands its duties, but for my part, I should much prefer a facility of expression, and polish of style, to the dry and uninteresting knowledge of dialects, moods, and tenses.

Some of William's young associates thought highly of him. From one of them, whose name he had mentioned to me, as that of a most deserving and highly principled, fellow Collegian, a letter came to William, addressed to him, full six months after his death. I have mislaid it, but it was exceedingly creditable to the writer. It made allusion to William's religious opinions, and referring to their amicable discussions on the subject of the "*Trinity*," urged him to reconsider the proofs, favourable to that doctrine.

From amongst the letters of kind sympathy, that I received from my many friends, I select two, one written to me by my relative, T. C. Grattan, Esq., the distinguished author of numerous valuable works; the other from the eldest of my school and College contemporaries, a sincere friend and a good man.

“ Athenæum Club, Pall Mall,  
February 8th, 1860.

“ My Dear Richard,—Your late most melancholy letter, and the sad news it communicated, deeply grieved me. I assure you, I completely sympathise with your sorrow, and you must not attribute to any want of proper feeling towards you, my having somewhat delayed my answer.

“ People, in general, find it easy to compose a letter of condolence, on those cruel occasions. Such is not my case. The event you deplore, brings back, too forcibly to me, the recollection of what I have myself suffered, to allow of my, even now, attempting to do more than acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to express my sincere hope. that time is already working its healing power for your relief. You have a strong, well-balanced, philosophical mind. That is your best resource, under such suffering, for such a serious loss. I little thought, when in my last letter, I so particularly inquired for your fine and most promising boy, that you were then mourning his premature death.

“ Write to me, my dear friend, when you can do so, without a painful exertion. Tell me how you really are, in health, and mind, but pray, do not allow yourself to revert to what is now inevitable. Let the wound close and heal, as fast as nature permits.

Ever truly yours,

T. C. GRATAN.”

“ Feltrim, January, 16th, 1860.

“ My Dear Friend,—It was with the utmost regret I read in a morning paper, of your sad bereavement. Believe me, no one participates more fully in your sorrow than myself, having been visited, by the will of an unerring God, with a similar, and, as I then thought, severe punishment.

“ I found, after indulging in many vain regrets, that there was only one course to pursue,—that of implicit submission to his will. I now feel satisfied, that, as it seemed right to his wisdom to remove those so dear to my heart, it was for the best, that they should be so released, from the troubles and sorrows of this world.

“ I can well imagine your great sorrow at the loss of such a fine young fellow, rendered doubly so, by the mental gifts, with which he was endowed. These call on you for a double exertion, to view his removal, as a warning not to fix your affections, on any earthly object, for, assuredly, as you do, you will be disappointed.

“ I heartily wish my old, constant, and esteemed friend, strength and resignation, to sustain him in his great trouble.

“ With sincere regard, I remain, yours, ever sincerely,

“ CHARLES FARRAN, M.D.”

Letters such as these bring comfort with them. It affords me a soft and melancholy pleasure to look upon them, and to read them.

They bear testimony to the high opinion entertained of William, by those who knew him. On this account, I received them gratefully, and for this reason, I publish them.

My boy has been removed from this world. Like the parting light of a summer's eve, when all around is silent, and while the sky, still exhibits, its changing colors, revealing, to the mind's eye, glimpses of seas and lands, and new dwellings, far above us, so, mildly and softly, he passed away. But where is William now? This is a question that I *must* strive to answer, looking only to the truth, so far as my own Reason shall enable me to discover it.

I had just written the preceding paragraph, when I laid my hand on a letter from my sister, Mrs. Col. Hamilton, of Toronto. It is so kindly expressed, and speaks so favourably of William, that I should deprive myself of a further pleasure, were I not to give it to the reader, in addition to those from my other friends. It is suggestive of the answer I am disposed to give to the question, "Where is William now?"

"Toronto, Feb. 3, 1860.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—

"I commence writing to you with no common feelings of sorrow. Very deep are they—more than I can express—at the great trial you have lately passed through—at the great loss you have sustained—in the early removal of dear William. No one can offer any consolation. Time will, I trust, calm down the heavy affliction to you, and if we are to meet friends in another state of existence, very soothing, it must surely be, to think, when you enter into it, *one so justly loved and valued will be there to welcome you.*"

"I have been, in spirit, with you ever since I received dear Annie's first letter, telling me of his illness, and seldom have I had you out of mind, during the day, and many wakeful hours of night. I have long intended writing to you, my dear brother, and you may be well assured, my silence has not proceeded from forgetfulness of you. Since I was in Ireland, and ever since I last saw you, I have scarcely ceased thinking of you with much affection, but this life of exile has saddened me not a little. I can write but seldom. This is my first letter to any one, since my return, except to my dear sister Ellen. I have dear William's likeness by me while I am writing, and it affords me a melancholy pleasure to look at it very often.

"I am very glad I saw him, and, from several conversations I had with him, I both loved and respected him.

"Colonel Hamilton feels much for you, and sends his best and kindest wishes. You are a favourite with him, and one of his in-

duancements to return to Ireland, could he accomplish it. He, as well as myself, long to return to Europe. The climate here is most severe, and, as years advance, we are not as well able to bear it as formerly.

“Tell Annie, with my love, that I received her letters, and also two very beautiful heads in chalk. The drawings have been greatly admired. I hope she will continue to improve herself, both in drawing and music, as well as in every thing else; that is, some time hence, when time shall have softened the present deep sorrow which surrounds us all, and only sweet memories remain of the dear departed.

“I have two letters of yours. I prize them not a little, and read them very often. I long to hear from you.

“Believe me, my dearest brother,

“Your affectionate sister,

“CATHERINE HAMILTON.”

His aunt here speaks of having before her William's likeness. He was remarkably handsome when in health, tall, light, active, and well formed. The general expression of his countenance was soft and winning, but, sometimes, his brow gave evidence of strongly marked determination. From his infancy he was self-reliant, resolute, not to be intimidated. When a perfect child, I saw him throw a stone at a servant boy twice his size. “How dare you do so, sir,” I said. “I'll make him give you a good beating.” “I'll not let him,” was the reply of the little fellow, who immediately put himself into an attitude of defence, and prepared to fight. I perceived my mode of discipline would not answer, so I called him away, telling him, at his peril, never again to throw a stone at any one. He told me that once, when he was walking, by himself, and playing on the lawn before the door, a bull ran up to him, roaring, and came quite near him. “And what did you do?” I asked him. “I tried to run away, but I could not. I was not able to stir, so I turned round, and looked at him.” The bull looked at him, and walked away. The child, undoubtedly, had a narrow escape. Had he not faced the bull, the bull, from mere sport, more than from vice, would have, very probably, tossed and killed him. I had, when young, an equally narrow escape,—not from a bull, but from man, an animal, when excited, more sanguinary and ferocious than a bull, or tiger either. In the insurrection of '98 my father, a violent loyalist, was with the army, and had left me, and some of the other children, here, where he resided. A body of the insurgents



rode up to the house, which was then occupied only by a few maid servants in whose charge we were placed. We were brought out, and I was desired to kneel down, and curse my father, which I refused to do. So the story goes, but of this I have no recollection. I, however, remember perfectly that one of the party raised his fire-lock, and covered me with it. I must have looked steadily at him, because, even now, I have a most distinct recollection of the man, his attitude, the horse that he rode, the position of the horse. The man thought for a moment, lowered his piece, and spared me. The man was not devoid of humanity. He was not a merciless murderer. Indeed, if they could have caught my father, he would have, on the instant, fallen a victim to their vengeance. Once the shedding of blood had commenced, it would be impossible to say where it might have stopped. More animal, than spiritual, man, in his present state, exhibits, in an aggravated form, the vicious propensities common to all animals. Yielding to his fury, to his vindictive passions, to his love of destruction, Reason deserts him, or is employed only in devising means of rendering him still more savage, and more destructive. In this aggregation of unnatural crime, no ingredient produces such mischief, or spreads, so extensively, its pernicious influence, as *Theologic Hatred*. I write to confirm my own feelings, and, if possible, to strengthen those of others, against the intolerance and bigotry of *Religious fanaticism*. I write to persuade, if it be possible, men of different creeds, natives of the same country, and protected by the same laws, to exercise, towards each other, some little forbearance,—to practise charity, and to dwell more, on the Mercy of God, and the Happiness of Heaven, than on the Wickedness of the Devil, and the Tortures of Hell! I write, moreover, more especially to denounce the *arrogance* of those persons, who, pretending to understand God's intentions, as well as he does himself, do not hesitate to exclude, for ever, from Heaven, the souls of all who refuse to adopt their teaching.!

In all the arts, in trades and commerce, in the professions, in law and medicine, different men, entertain different opinions, and their right to do so, is acknowledged by every one. They act upon this right. Each individual introduces his own novelties. In all the departments of human knowledge, except in such as are strictly demonstrative, and which admit of no change,—change,—perpetual

change, is the great principle upon which their progress entirely depends. Why should an obscure, and unintelligible Theology be an exception to this rule? Theologians differ. Have they not a right to do so? Of course they have,—but they have *no right* furiously and savagely, to assail each other. They have *no right*, to *force* their opinions on other men, even if they were correct, which they are not.

The Church of Rome has changed its Theology, at least, a dozen times, by making repeated additions to it, so as to accommodate it to the exigencies, and fashions of the period, when it promulgated those novel doctrines. The change of opinion, amongst Protestants, is too obvious to require any remark, beyond the recognition of its necessity, and an *approval of its exercise*. Were it not for the right of perfect freedom of religious opinion, as exercised by different Protestant Sects, Protestantism would have been strangled, at its birth, and not a vestige of civil or religious liberty, would now exist, on any part of the broad surface of the entire earth. In a free country, uniformity of religious belief, is impossible. Wherever the power of the Papacy extends, there is an apparent uniformity of belief, but then this has been enforced by the horrors of the Inquisition—the dungeon—the rack—the gibbet, with an occasional solemn festival set apart, to indulge the people, with the burning alive of Jews and Heretics!!

To resist this oppression and other grievous abuses, PROTESTANTISM sprung into existence. It shattered to pieces, the manacles of iron and clay, forged by an intolerant Church. The “Right to think,” thenceforth, constituted the Faith of the lay Protestant, and although Protestant Clergy, have occasionally endeavoured to limit its exercise, and have even cruelly persecuted other sects,—every lay Protestant claims this right, and professes to act on it. There is, therefore, not the slightest impropriety for a Protestant to inquire into the probable future destination of the soul,—where is the locality to which it is removed, and after what manner it is most reasonable to suppose it may be employed.

I have endeavoured to describe, as accurately as I could, the several places supposed to be appointed for the reception of souls, according to the views entertained of them by the Athanasian Churches. It is unnecessary to make any comment on *Limbo* or

*Purgatory*, because Protestants deny their existence. There remain, therefore, only *Hell* and *Heaven*, concerning which there can be any difference of opinion. Such difference will always continue. Some will say that Hell, as I have described it, is a positive reality and that the Devil actually exists, while others, will be rather disposed to believe it altogether a figurative mode of personifying Crime and Punishment. I am of the latter opinion. It seems incredible that God would, so far, labor to counteract his own objects in the creation of man, as to transfer his allegiance from himself, to so vicious a personage as the Devil! If we refuse to believe in Limbo, and Purgatory, as idle and irrational inventions, why should we not, for the same reason, deny the existence of a place of torture, more cruel, more useless, and therefore, more Irrational than either? The subject is one of considerable difficulty. Theologians will not approach it, from a consciousness of their inability to discuss it in a satisfactory manner. Men of the world, occupied by the toils of business, have no leisure, and do not care to turn their attention to speculative matters of this kind. Of the few, who, with different inclinations, and with other opportunities, venture to form their own opinions, scarcely one will be found to give expression to them, partly, from a contempt of the stolid ignorance, and insurmountable prejudices of the vulgar,—but, chiefly, because of the hopelessness of inducing them to think and act for themselves, in a manner becoming rational and accountable beings.

The Soul, in its future state, must either be annihilated, or enjoy a passive existence, or be transferred to a place of painful suffering, or of comparative happiness. There is no other condition to which it can be made to conform. Of these, annihilation, passive existence, and future suffering, may be grouped together. They form a natural order, which arranges itself under the common head of PUNISHMENT, either, without torture, or accompanied by it, in its most merciless and aggravated form. The observations and arguments, that apply to one, will apply to all.

It is greatly to be lamented that Clerics never can be induced, in their collective capacity, to alter their opinions, or to modify their creeds, in any way. They invariably oppose themselves to those who venture to dissent from them, and they seldom hesitate to ascribe to them, the worst possible motives. Hence it is, that men

of superior intellect,—labourers in the search after truth, and fearless in proclaiming it, *must* be the SOCIAL and POLITICAL Reformers, in all coming time. The Clergy, no longer pretending to possess an exclusive knowledge of the way in which God deals with us, will then follow their example, by teaching only that which is intelligible and reasonable, and which is most pleasing to God, and most beneficial to man. Why do those Clerics, instead of representing God, as the Author of all Happiness, delight in investing him, with the attributes of vindictive moroseness, and of wanton and remorseless cruelty? Why, instead of inviting their hearers to acts of goodness, and impressing on their minds sentiments of gratitude towards the Creator, and Father of us all, do they take a morbid pleasure, in dwelling on the tortures of Limbo—Purgatory—Hell? Limbo! Purgatory!! Hell!!! There are no such words, in the entire vocabulary of God's language. They are words, invented by men,—words of TERROR contrived to control the mind, and cause it to submit itself to the guidance of a blind, but formidable SUPERSTITION.

Protestants of every class, and to whom I more particularly address myself, *by appealing to their private judgment*,—All Protestants, laugh to scorn the notion of a Limbo, to which the souls of unchristened little children are sent, and of a Purgatory, from whence souls are released by prayers, purchased by *money*, and supposed to be repeated, according to the amount of the sum paid for their rehearsal. Protestants cannot understand, the justice of permitting the rich man to shorten the period of his punishment, by bribing the servants of God, and Saint Peter, to facilitate his passage into Heaven, while the poor man, who has *no money*, and who, perhaps, was plundered by the rich man, is compelled, in the absence of the appointed prayers, to endure, to its fullest extent, the protracted suffering of the most severe purgatorial torture! Alas! for the intellect of the Rich! Alas! for the miserable condition of the Poor! The poor are hardly treated in this world, but more harshly still, are they treated in the next. Denied the possession of property, in this life, they are punished hereafter, because of the want of it, to enable them to conciliate Saint Peter, and purchase admission through the gate of which he holds the keys!

This is scarcely honest, in Saint Peter. If the Lord of a splendid mansion and spacious demesne, and who is no respecter of persons,

shall order his gate-keeper to admit, without payment, the poor, as well as the rich—giving preference rather to the poor,—and the gate-keeper, expecting a perquisite, shall open wide the gate, the moment he perceives a fashionable equipage, driving up at a rapid pace,—but, when a poor, famished, badly-clad, and tired traveller, shall respectfully pray for admission, he contemptuously turns him away,—what are we to think of conduct, so corrupt and so unjust? Every Protestant will say that the gate-keeper ought to be dismissed, and punished. Upon the same principle, St. Peter ought to be deprived of his office, and a more trustworthy and impartial person appointed in his stead. Or, it might be suggested, as a better mode of accommodating the public, and gratifying the owner of the demesne, that the gates should be removed entirely, so that all who wished, should not be hindered to enter, or delayed in any way, or under any pretence.

Protestants, so far, are Rationalists. They find no difficulty, by appealing to their REASON, to rid themselves of the folly and superstition of believing in two of the places, appropriated, by the Romish Church, for the reception of souls. Sometimes, in Protestant church, and Dissenting Conventicle, they make these imaginary places the subject of great merriment; and preachers have been known to convulse their hearers, with uncontrollable fits of laughter, by explaining, in a funny way, how “Pat puzzled the Priest!” with a variety of other choice anecdotes, all having the same tendency, to bring into contempt Purgatory, and to ridicule those who are so silly, as to allow themselves to be imposed on, by such a manifest delusion. I allude to this style of polemic controversy, because it is suggestive of much serious reflection, and can be made to bear, just as forcibly against the absurdities of the Protestant Athanasian, as against those of the Romanist. For my own part, respect for myself, and for my readers, constrains me to record my most unqualified disapproval of such unbecoming, and irreverent conduct. It is vulgar, coarse, and unseemly. It is unsuited to the time and the place. A house set apart for the worship of God, ought not to be converted into a second class theatre,—nor should the Priest who officiates, express himself, with the culpable levity of a professional buffoon! I hold such men in great contempt. No right-minded person respects them, or gives them the least credit for sincerity.

They are actors, who perform their appointed parts, in the great drama of religious deception. They attract crowds. They obtain notoriety. Not unfrequently, they receive much money. Their object is accomplished,—but at what a sacrifice of truth, decorum, charitable feeling, correct and profitable teaching. Abuse and ridicule never yet succeeded in making a sincere convert, and never will. They are a species of persecution, and, like persecution, they only strengthen men the more in their original opinions. I disapprove of, and protest against, every attempt to make converts, by such disgraceful means. In no instance have I ever known a conversion from Romanism to have been thus effected; while the circulation of controversial tracts, challenges to public disputation, charges of bishops against papists, evangelical missions, sermons of parsons, exhortations, warnings, collections of money to convert the Irish,—all these, by exciting hatred between the two sects, have produced, in Ireland, unmitigated mischief. The Protestant Athanasians, commenced this quarrel, and are greatly to blame. The Roman Athanasians, quarreled about the Bible—about education—about colleges - public appointments—salaries!! For a considerable time, they merely endeavoured to defend themselves. More recently, they have become the assailants of Protestant institutions of *every kind*; and for *this* they are to blame, more, perhaps, than their opponents. In short, these Athanasians, seem to have no knowledge of that loving, merciful, and benevolent feeling, towards all men, which it was the intention of the Christian revelation, to impress on the heart, and thereby, soften and refine the Human Mind.

Protestant Athanasianism is exceedingly inconsistent. In its controversies with the Church of Rome, it denies the greater portion of its doctrines, on the ground that Tradition—or evidence handed down from one person to another—cannot, from its very nature, afford sufficient proof of their correctness. The Protestant Bishop of Dublin, has published an extremely ingenious essay, in which he clearly shews, that we do not, at this moment, possess evidence capable of establishing beyond dispute, the existence of so celebrated a personage, even as Napoleon Bonaparte! The great Napoleon, according to the learned Bishop, might have been, for all we can prove to the contrary, a Supposition, a myth, the personification of

a System—his birth, his death, his wars, triumphs, and defeats, being all imaginary, and not possessing one particle of reality!! The Bishop further states, that there does not exist any rule or canon, by which we can distinguish, between a true and a false Tradition. The Bishop is right. His logic is most exact. It is impossible to deny his conclusions; because no accumulation of traditionary, or *hearsay* evidence, can possibly constitute a demonstrative proof.

This is a most important truth, and its recognition, opens to every Protestant, an extensive field of legitimate inquiry. If Tradition be so defective, as to lose its value in the Romish Church, and fail to establish the existence of a Purgatory,—for what reason should it be more successful, when appealed to by a Protestant Church, to establish the existence of a Hell? If transmitted evidence, whether oral, written, or printed, be not conclusive, and the doctrine of one place of torture is therefore rejected, surely the same doctrine of a similar place of torture, ought to be also considered liable to the same objection. The same rule of evidence must apply to both places. Protestant Athanasians, in their controversies, have no right to insist on its strict observance, by their opponents; and, afterwards, refuse to be governed by it themselves, whenever it shall be found to militate against their own theories. But this they always do, and hence the manifest inconsistency of Protestant Athanasianism. Hence it is, that no man, who reasons correctly, can possibly become a convert, from Romanism, to the equally incomprehensible and irrational teaching, of any of the Protestant Athanasian churches. If he is to profess his belief, in an impossibility, or an irrationality, he may as well continue in the faith of his fathers, as seek for a new faith, which, theologically considered, is not one whit better than his own. I do not presume to doubt the sincerity, but certainly I have no respect for the intellect of him who, deserting the Church of Rome, shall have satisfied himself that Athanasianism, in any form, is to be retained, as a necessary portion of his belief.

In the absence, then, of demonstrative proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of the existence of a place of future Torture, by what process of reasoning can we hope to arrive at such probable conclusion, as may enable us to satisfy our own minds, with respect to those most important questions?

It seems to me that the first step, in this inquiry, should be, to endeavour to learn for what purpose God created man. Was it to annihilate him, after a brief existence, or to torture him eternally, or to make him happy hereafter, for ever? Unless there were some very powerful motive to the contrary, the natural inference would be, that the Creator formed man, and all other sentient beings, to enjoy as much happiness, as was consistent with the object he had in view, when he created us, and them. This is evidently the case, with the inferior animals; and if man, the most exalted and intellectual of them all, shall seem to be an exception, this increased susceptibility of mental and corporeal suffering, is to be ascribed to the greater development of mind, which so evidently distinguishes him. But wherefore was man created, and by whom?

William, when a mere child, proposed this question, and answered it. Every thing created must have had a creator. But the creator of all things could not have created himself. "Sure, Pa, he did not make himself." Of course not, and therefore he existed from eternity, uncreated, and the sole creator of all things, visible and invisible. The thinking mind is compelled, by its own instinctive knowledge, to arrive at this conclusion. It acquires this knowledge, independently of man's teaching. God assumes to himself this teaching, and will not entrust it to man. It is the link which connects him with man, and by which man is united to him. God clearly intended that man should be a rational and religious being. But a knowledge of the existence of God is the foundation of all religion. God compels us to acquire this knowledge, but he permits our manifestation of it to be diversified in a variety of ways. Hence, the different forms of worship are more numerous than the languages that men speak. There must be a reason for this diversity of religious belief. God permits it. Constituted as man's mind is, uniformity of religious belief is *impossible*. But God has so ordered it from the beginning. Has God acted wrongly, absurdly, unjustly? What creature of his shall presume to say he has? Then he has, in his dealings with man, always acted rightly, wisely, and righteously. This conceded, he could not have created man, for no other purpose than to torture him; for this would have been neither wise, right, nor just. Is God rational or irrational? It would argue a want of rationality, in any human creature, to suppose, that God



could be otherwise than rational. If so, he must, then, act like a reasonable being. But no reasonable being, endowed with only the limited intellect that man enjoys, would create a multitude of intelligent beings, merely to amuse himself, by inflicting pain on them, and when certain to incur, as a necessary result, their imprecations, their defiance, and their hatred !

Few theologians give themselves the trouble, to endeavour to understand, correctly, the nature, attributes, and character of God. Their description of him is more that of a human being, actuated by human passions, than of a pure, incorporeal, spiritual essence, free from all passions. In God there can be no mental change, no alteration of purpose, no emotion, no regret for any of his acts, no hatred of any of his creatures. He who affirms the contrary, knows nothing of that of which he speaks. Should he attempt to teach others, his teaching is of as little worth, as when men, blind and wandering, are led by one who is himself blind. This ignorance ought not to continue to impede the progress of rational inquiry, and of true religion.

The nature, character, and attributes of God, demand, at our hands, the strictest, the most earnest, truth-seeking, and reverential examination, that it is possible for the highest intellect to direct to a subject so exalted, and of such incalculable importance to us, and to our race, both here and hereafter. If we shall seek instruction from God, he will not fail to afford us the means of knowing him. He invites us to learn from him. He places his works before us. He speaks not. His silence is eloquent. Shall we not listen to the silent eloquence of God ?

### CHAPTER XIII.

When the HUMAN MIND ventures to measure that which is *Infinite*, it feels, at once, its own incapacity, to obtain any positive knowledge, beyond this—that Infinity is boundless, can neither be increased nor diminished,—is immeasurable and unchangeable,—that it is uncreated, and, therefore, has existed from eternity.

These convictions, which the mind is compelled to receive as truths, are derived from all the kinds of Infinity which we know to exist. They manifestly apply to Duration and to Space. Duration, it is plain, had no beginning. It is equally plain that it can have no end. In its Entirety, we can form no idea whatever of it ; but we can divide it into distinct portions, and measure, by certain means, so much of Duration, as, so to speak, we can touch and feel, by our own experience of the present, and of the past ; and, also, by the corroborative testimony of others, whose convictions and experiences are similar to our own. The mind enjoys the *present* hour, and plays with it, even as a child plays with a toy. It revels in delightful anticipations of the *future*, and, looking forward, hopes for happiness that shall never end. It dwells, often, on the *past*. Remarkable events, sad remembrances, transient gleams of happiness, briefly enjoyed, divide it into portions, which each mind measures for itself, and which give to it, its appointed heritage in the great stream of Time.

Whether we measure time by hours, days, years, or by that greater sidereal year, composed of millions of our years, during which the sun, accompanied by all its attendant planets and comets, performs only one revolution, round the fixed centre which controls its motion, we are equally incapable of approaching, in the slightest degree, either to its commencement, for it had no beginning, or to its termination, for to the onward flow of time there can be no end. The finite cannot measure the Infinite, and no matter how inconceivably great the finite may be, yet, when compared with the Infinite, it becomes, in contemplation, scarcely greater than a mere point.

SPACE, or *distance*, is another example of the Infinite. It exists

of necessity. It is uncreated, and, therefore, unalterable in its properties. It is unconnected with time, or matter. It is merely an unsubstantial, endless, boundless existence, in itself void, but containing all things within itself. We can measure a portion of space, so as to obtain a positive and distinct idea of a certain length. An inch, a yard, a mile, thousands of millions of miles, are modes of distance, at first intelligible, but afterwards, from their immensity, so far exceeding the powers of our comprehension, that they become mere names, expressing magnitude, and distance,—incomprehensible, but still finite. Thus, Space, whether we view it under the aspect of distance, or as a hollow sphere, of which we are the central point, and which extends on every side, above, beneath, around us, is Infinite, ever affording us room, wherein to expatiate, in thought, expanding ever, and the farther we advance, expanding still the more. We may proceed in thought, and had we wings wherewith to travel with the rapidity of thought, we might go on for millions of years, increasing, every minute, our imaginary measure, and at the end of the million, or ten, or a thousand millions of years, we should be no nearer the end of Space than when we first began. The reason of this is exactly the same, as in the case of infinite duration. *The finite cannot measure that which is infinite.* Therefore, strange as it may appear, the greatest imaginable extent of a limited portion of space, when compared with that which exists outside of it, shrinks into a microscopic point, so small as to become a mere mote, in the eye of Omnipotence.

But how has ETERNITY been occupied? How has this infinite SPACE been filled? Mind, Thought, Intellect,—Mind the source of all power—Thought the source of all reasoning—Intellect the source of all comprehension—in their wondrous unity, give us proof of their existence, and compel us to acknowledge the universal presence of the GREAT UNSEEN, the creator of all things, “visible and invisible.” Visible and material objects prove the prior existence of a creative power. The inward and invisible operations of our own minds, prove the existence of an original MIND, the source of all power, thought, and motion. It is this Mind, this motive and creative power, which fills all space, and animates it, even as the soul of man, animates the body in which it dwells.

As there is no limit to space, neither can there be any bounds

assigned to the presence, and ceaseless activity of the Great FIRST CAUSE, to whom all things are indebted, for their existence. He who would form a correct conception of the Deity, must, therefore, invariably identify him, with the infinity of duration, and the immensity of space. Any conception short of this, must be erroneous, and end, either in the denial of a God, or in the fabrication of a false one. There can be no doubt, on this point. God is what he is, and he can be nothing else. He cannot be the creator and the created. He cannot fill all space, and occupy only a small part of it. He cannot be invisible and immaterial, and have a visible and material body. These suppositions, are contradictions in terms, and practical impossibilities. They cannot apply to God. God disclaims them, and Reason disowns them. Men, in their ignorance, frequently identify their notion of God, with these and similar absurdities. They adopt certain modes of belief, and forms of worship, the most opposed to God's attributes, that it is possible to imagine, and these foolish creeds, and irreverent practices, they persuade the multitude, are absolutely necessary, to reconcile God to them, and prevent him from visiting them, in a future life, with the punishment of *eternal torture* ! Each sect denounces every other sect, because of the most trifling discrepancy of opinion, even on subjects altogether conjectural, ; and what, to the well regulated mind, must seem exceedingly irreligious, the contending clerics will not *permit God* to remit, or mitigate, these tortures, unless he shall, in so doing, conform exactly to their own *peculiar views* ! Every sect, has its own mode of salvation. The Clerics of each sect, loudly proclaim, that they only, by their teaching, can open wide, for the sinner, the gates of Heaven,—that *their way* is the true way, and that all others, lead lost and perishing souls to destruction !

Men are naturally disposed to place confidence in the truthful assertions of those, whom they have been taught to regard with respect. This principle of FAITH, or Credency, is called into activity by ASSERTION. When deficient or weak, it passes into Infidelity. When excessive, and not sufficiently controled by soundness of judgment, it imparts to the character of the individual, the feelings and sentiments dependent on inordinate CREDULITY. He who reasons, will require a reasonable assertion, and one

supported by reasonable proofs. Else, he will reason still, and judge for himself; and, in the end, reject, perhaps, the teaching of his teacher. All Athanasian churches, and clerics, perfectly understand this. They oppose the exercise of Reason, because they dread its consequences to themselves, and to their respective modes of belief. Instead of argument, they employ *positive assertion*, blended with TERROR, to act upon CREDULITY; and thus, by weakening the Intellect, render the individual thoroughly submissive to their dictation. They Mesmerise the mind. They place it in an abnormal condition, which compels it, to believe any thing, every thing, or nothing, just as it shall be told; having, as when in the Mesmeric state, no opinion—no judgment whatever, of its own. To regard God as, of necessity, a different being from that which he must of necessity be, is irrational, self-delusive, and, in addition, denotes, most certainly, an unnatural and *diseased* action of the Mind and Brain.

It becomes all, therefore, who claim to be Rationalists, to think, not harshly, of those whom God has placed in circumstances unfavourable to the full development of the intellect, and to its free exercise, in the acquisition of Truth. Aware of the *infirmity* of mind, under which they suffer, the Rationalist should bear with their misrepresentations, and wrathful expressions, just as the physician does, when he listens to the incoherent ramblings of a delirious patient. It is needless to reason with them. The delirious patient and the religious fanatic, are alike insensible to the influence of rational argument. Argument irritates them. Opposition only confirms them in their delusions. If uninterfered with, time and circumstances may, as in other chronic diseases, effect a beneficial change, but if not, it should be remembered that the diversity of creeds, and the minds of the numberless individuals who profess them, are all appointed by God, to occupy certain places in the great system of arrangement, which he has designed for the present and future benefit of man. These arrangements will not permit us, *forcibly* and *presumptuously*, to arrest their progress, or to alter them, in any way; for God, in his wisdom, has provided for these several sects, or he would not suffer them to exist.

Let this suffice. Enough for us, and for them, if these reflections shall inspire Christian men, with the charity and mutual regard,

which the *instinctive sentiment* of *Religion*, when not vitiated by false teaching, invariably impels them to cherish, and to act upon, in their intercourse with each other. Be it our duty to set them this example, undeterred by their opposition, and unprovoked by their calumnies, should they misrepresent us.

God, being infinite and unchangeable, cannot be influenced by any of the passions that actuate men. Ambition, offended pride, hatred, vengeance, jealousy, contempt for the least important of his works, or regret for having created them, either imperfect, or liable to become so,—cannot possibly enter into the contemplation of the Deity. All-wise, powerful, and good, nothing defective can proceed from his hands; nor can anything, throughout its entire progress, so change its nature, as to be other than that which God, from the commencement, intended it to be. The infinity of God, and the magnitude and variety of his works, forbid us to form any, but the most exalted estimate of his purpose, when he first resolved to create the worlds, and collecting them, by myriads, into clusters, added cluster to cluster, and universe to universe, apparently without end.

Let us consider this subject, for a moment. It will amply repay us, for our attention to it, and lead us to think, and speak of the Deity, more correctly, and reverentially, than the Athanasians are accustomed to do. The Sun is ninety-five millions of miles from our earth. Its light takes only eight minutes to traverse this immense distance, inconceivably great as it is—so great is it, that it exceeds our comprehension, and can only be estimated by figures. However, by assuming the distance of the sun, and the velocity of light, as standard measures of sufficient exactness, we can, by their means, make a tolerably accurate approximation to the truth, in calculating the distance of the stars, from our sun—each star, a sun, shining with unborrowed light, moving in its appointed orbit, and accompanied by planets, perhaps, not much unlike those that belong to our own system. Accurate and frequently repeated astronomical observations, made with instruments the most ingeniously contrived, have succeeded in demonstrating, that the nearest of the stars is so remote, that it would require ten years for its light to reach us! Other stars, would require double that time, or twenty years, before their light, flashing through space, at the rate of twelve millions of

miles each minute, could make itself visible, in the polished speculum of the giant telescope of the Earl of Rosse.

But what of ten or twenty years, in the seemingly endless journey of light? Space is boundless. Light, unfatigued, disdains delay, and still rushes onward. Onward,—onward, still it goes—for a hundred years—for a thousand—for ten, for twenty, for thirty thousand years! visiting, as it sweeps across their paths, suns, and stars, and planets innumerable. Even then, what shall arrest the progress of the winged courser, Light? It has as yet reached but the verge of creation. Onward—onward still it flies. It would almost seem as if its motion, undiminished in velocity, were destined to be eternal. It now reveals to us, no longer distinct suns and stars, but innumerable stars, *grouped together*, and forming a UNIVERSE—these universes themselves, INNUMERABLE! Such, and so wonderful, are TIME, SPACE, LIGHT; and so inconceivably great is the IMMENSITY OF GOD'S CREATION.

Individual churchmen, though Athanasians, will not gainsay these TRUTHS, but their *Churches deny them*. The churches have made it a point of Faith to believe, on the authority of Moses, that the entire creation was completed by God, in the course of *six days!* and that its commencement dates no farther back, from the present time, than *six thousand years!*

The Papal Church, absolutely prohibits the perusal of any work, whether of Galileo or Newton, of Herschel, or of our countryman, Rosse, which shall not teach the Astronomy of Moses; and when, notwithstanding this opposition to the progress of Science, and of Natural Religion, it was compelled to tolerate them, it did so, by commanding its members, under peril of its displeasure, to regard them only as *ingenious fictions!* and not as facts.

The Protestant Athanasian Churches, are not so outrageously defiant of common sense, but, as far as they *can venture*, they, too, endeavour to set aside the exercise of Reason, in all that has reference to their own superstitions.

Societies of men, as well as individuals, are desirous to perpetuate their existence. The instinct of self-preservation, inspires them with this feeling. A society of Clerics, such as constitute the Papacy, or of Protestant Clerics, such as those of the Athanasian Churches, *must* labor to perpetuate their *respective superstitions*, or their power

would soon pass away, and, like the cold mist of early morning, vanish into thin air, dispelled by the light and warmth of the rising sun.

Superstition is a hideous monster,—savage, ferocious, sanguinary, when unresisted,—but so ill proportioned are its tottering limbs, so ill contrived are its bones, ligaments, and joints, that, at the slightest touch of the spear of Truth, it reels and staggers. Under a repetition, even of slight wounds, it yields up its hateful life, howling and yelling. In its death struggle; from a love of mischief, it inflicts, on all within its reach, the utmost amount of injury that it can possibly produce. Such is Superstition, and in no way can its power be maintained, except by blighting, in early infancy, the rising intellect of the young, when the mind, yields easily to impressions, and associating its teaching with the love and reverence due to parents, and pastors, fondly clings to them, in after life. Let no one, therefore, blame the individual, because of his superstitious belief, and of his ignorance of the truth. We should visit, with blame, and severe reprehension, the *System* that misleads, but not *those* who are unwittingly deceived.

If the Athanasian Churches are persuaded of the truth of their doctrines, why do they prohibit all inquiry into their truth? Why will they not permit any education that shall not, in all things, harmonize with their own views? The Papacy, in Ireland, obstinately resists all national, collegiate, scientific, and even medical, education, that shall savor, in the slightest degree, of Protestant Intellectuality. To subvert Protestantism, and to undermine, as far as it can, the Protestant Institutions of these realms, it has established a University, and a Medical School, not for the advancement of science, or for the improvement of the healing art, but in order to mutilate both, and distort and bend them to its own purposes. It would fare ill with a lecturer of the Roman creed, who should venture to travel outside the limits prescribed for him, by the infallible decisions of an infallible Church. Hence, in such schools, they can make no progress. Freedom of inquiry, science, and progress, scared by the anathemas of a Church, that is pledged to oppose all change, betake themselves to flight, and are compelled to seek, throughout the wide expanse of Protestantism, for some safe and favored spot, whereon they may hope, at last, to rest in safety.



It was unfortunate for the first Christian Churches, that so little was then known of the Creator, and of the vast magnitude of the scale, on which the Universe is constructed. The minds of the early Fathers, were so strongly tinged by Paganism, that the Jehovah of Jerusalem, seemed to them, not to differ very much, from the Jupiter of Olympus. Land and sea, of only a few months' journey, in extent, and the sky, as far as the clouds, and a little beyond them, just where the sun, moon, and stars were located, constituted the entire patrimony of the Creator. All else was unknown, or had no existence. They knew there was infinite Space, but that was all. They believed it to be empty. Uninstructed in the great and remote works of God's creation, they lowered the standard of his immensity, to the measure of their own contracted conceptions. They endowed him with human passions, and worshipped him, under a human form! Nay, more than this,—incredible as it may seem, and not to be believed, were it not that the delusion has descended to our own time, and is recognised, as a reality, by, at least, one hundred and fifty millions of people,—the Romish Church professes to enable its Clergy, by means of certain prayers, and forms, to change a morsel of wheaten bread, if it be fermented, into a living man—this bread, this living man, being God, ! a God-man, and man-God, ! and, as such, an object, in the presence of which it is fit that all men should bend low the head, praying to it, and worshipping it. !

The spirit of Protestantism, appealing to the REASON and common intellect, wherewith God has endowed the Human race, protests against this absurdity. REASON confirms the appeal, and great is the triumph of Protestant Athanasianism over the errors, impiety, and idolatry of the Roman Church! But REASON, thus invoked, will not satisfy itself, with a partial and incomplete decision. It suggests to Protestants, that, to worship God, under the *visible* form of a Human being, whether that being be called a "man-God, or a God-man," is, to the full, as gross a departure from the spiritual worship which God requires, as are all the practices, forms, prayers, and invocations of the Church of Rome, which they so loudly denounce, as anti-scriptural, and anti-christian !

Alas ! for poor REASON ! What business had REASON to interfere between the contending parties ? What business had REASON to speak, even when appealed to ? Both parties now assail her. The

Protestant and the Romanist, vie with each other, in their efforts to subvert her authority, and to prevent her further interference. They misrepresent her motives. They endeavour to damage her reputation. They call her irreligious, and immoral, atheistical, deistical, impious, profane! They expel REASON from their several sects, and, having thus vindicated their own IRRATIONALITY, they recommence their quarrelling, and fight amongst themselves, as furiously as ever!

REASON dwells not with such as these. She seeks some quiet spot, and loves to associate with kindred minds, and to spread out before them, and to share with them, the rich treasures that she possesses. She speaks of God's truths, and not of the idle fabrications of men. From each plant and insect she reads to them lessons of instruction. The water worn, and rounded pebble, and the solid rock replete with forms that once had life,—bring to her notice, in the dim distance of the past, the ceaseless agency of the creator, in regulating the progressive changes that have occurred in the condition of the earth, and, by means of which, he rendered it a suitable habitation for man. Reason discovers, an invisible, and universal God, in whom it believes, but it denies his Panification—his Carnification—his Humanization. These doctrines, it regards as the inventions of Dotards,—more resembling the ravings of a monomaniac, than the serious persuasions of a devout Christian. In the water, in the air, in the soft shower that refreshes, and in the torrent that, with impetuous rush, sweeps all before it,—in the balmy breeze, and in the furious tornado, rendered more fearful by the darkness and the lightnings that accompany it, Reason still teaches her followers, to venerate the *Invisible* agent, that rules and controls them all.

Ascending from the earth, Reason advances into the interminable regions of space, filled with Universes, in all of which the same force of gravitation, and the same laws of motion and of solar light, prevail as with us, proving thus, not only the immensity, but the unity of purpose and of power, by which all God's works are so remarkably distinguished. Churches will not reason, and Churchmen rarely invite the attention of their hearers to these subjects. I shall, therefore, make an extract from a popular work on Astronomy, by MITCHELL, director and founder of the Cincinnati Observatory.

“Thus did Herschel penetrate to the limits of the Milky Way, and send his almost illimitable sounding line far beyond into the vast abyss of space, boundless, and unfathomable. And now, do you inquire the depth of this stupendous stratum of stars? The answer may be given, since we have the unit of measure, in the distance of stars of the first magnitude. Light, with its amazing velocity, requires ten years to come to us, from the nearest fixed stars, and yet Sir William Herschel concluded, from the examinations he had been able to make, that in some places the depth of the Milky Way, was such, that no less than 500 stars were ranged, one behind the other, in a line, each separated from the other by a distance equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star. So that for light to sweep across the diameter of this vast congeries of stars, would require a period of a thousand years, at the rate of 12,000,000, of miles in every minute of time!”

“The countless millions of stars composing the Milky Way appear to be ranged in the form of a flat zone or ring, or rather stratum of irregular shape. Its extent is so great, as properly to form a *universe* of itself. If it were possible to wing our flight to any one of the bright stars which blaze around us, sweeping away from our own system, until planet after planet fades in the distance, and finally the sun itself shrinks into a mere star,—alighting on a strange world that circles round a new and magnificent sun, which has grown and expanded in our sight, until it blazes with a magnificence equal to that of our own; *here* let us pause, and look out upon the starry heavens now around us.”

“We have passed over sixty millions of millions of miles. We have reached a new system of worlds revolving about another sun, and from *this* point, we have a right to expect a new Heaven as well as the new Earth, on which we stand. But no. Lift up your eyes, and lo! the old familiar constellations are all there. Yonder blazes Orion, with its rich and gorgeous belt; there comes Arcturus, and yonder the Northern Bear, circles his ceaseless journey round the pole. All is unchanged, and the mighty distance over which we have passed, is but the *thousandth* part of the entire diameter of this grand cluster of suns and systems. Although we have swept from our sun to the nearest fixed star, and have travelled a distance which light itself cannot traverse, in less than

*ten years*, yet the change wrought by this mighty journey, in the appearance of the Heavens, is no greater than would be produced in the relative positions of the persons of a large assembly, to a person near its centre, who should change his seat with his immediate neighbour."

"Thus far we have spoken only of the Milky Way. In case it be possible to pierce its boundaries, and pass through into the regions of space which lie beyond, the inquiry arises, what meets the vision there? What lies beyond those mighty limits? Does creation cease, with this one great cluster, and is all blank beyond its boundary?"

"Summoning the telescope to our aid, let us pursue our mighty journey through space. Far in the distance, we are just able to discover a faint haze of light, a minute luminous cloud which comes up to meet us, and towards this object we will urge our flight. We leave the shining millions of our own great cluster far behind. Its stars are shrinking and fading; its dimensions are contracting. It once filled the whole heavens, and now its millions of blazing orbs could almost be grasped with a single hand. But now look forward. A new universe of astonishing grandeur, bursts on the sight. The cloud of light has swelled and expanded, and its millions of suns now fill the whole heavens."

"We have reached the clustering of ten million of stars. Look to the right, there is no limit; look to the left, there is no end. Above, below, sun rises upon sun, and system on system, in endless and immeasurable perspective. Here is a new UNIVERSE, as magnificent, as glorious as our own; a new Milky Way, whose vast diameter, the flashing light would not cross in a thousand years. Nor is this a solitary object. Go out on a clear winter night, and reckon the stars, and for every single orb thus visible to the naked eye, the telescope reveals a UNIVERSE, far sunk in the depths of space, and scattered with vast profusion over the entire surface of the Heavens."

"Herschel computes that the power of his great reflector would follow one of the large clusters, if it were plunged so deep in space that its light would require 350,000 years to reach us!! The great telescope of Lord Rosse, would pursue the same object, probably to *ten times* this enormous distance!!"

So speaks the Astronomer, and thus clear is the light which, issuing from distant suns, ten thousand years before the world assumed its present form, reached us but yesternight, and concentrated by the polished speculum of Rosse, made visible the letters by which are written the "Scale on which the UNIVERSE is built." Reason, overwhelmed with amazement, and impressed with reverential awe, thinks, in silence, on the mighty scheme. It asks itself, again and again, when did this creation begin, and where does it end? But soon it perceives that such inquiries are vain, and lead to nothing useful. Time and space, will not disclose the mysterious secrets of the Creator, and even though they might be disposed to do so, Man's intellect would fail to comprehend them.

The immensity of the creation baffles all thought; how great then, the immensity of the Creator! The number, variety, and admirable arrangement of all his works,—his POWER, WISDOM, and GOODNESS,—his perfect adaptation of the means to the end proposed, throughout the entire range of his INTELLECTUAL, ORGANIC, and PHYSICAL systems,—ALL proclaim, with one accord, that with God, there is no mistake, no error, no blemish,—that, far as the farthest of revolving suns, and farther still, as far as light has ever penetrated, there is not to be found a cubic foot of space, in which it is possible for mistake, error, or blemish, to exist. He who shall affirm the contrary, traduces, and blasphemes God, and denies his Righteousness, his Wisdom, and his Power.

If these things be so, where then is the spot in which LIMBO, PURGATORY, and HELL are to be found? When men speak of places, without assigning to them certain *localities*, they speak like fools, for a place without a locality is an absurdity. It is as much an unreality as a castle in the air, formed of clouds, illumined by the sun, as it slowly sinks beneath the horizon, shedding its departing light, on its dark walls and lofty turrets. But let the eye gaze steadily on it for a while. It will be found to change its shape, to reflect no longer a deceptive light, but will appear what, in truth, it always was, a mere unsubstantial cloud.

Just so it is, with Limbo, Purgatory, Hell! Beneath the searching look of Reason's eye, their existence would seem to be more than doubtful; but SCIENCE, when applied to, removes those doubts, and affirms, that to imagine the slightest error, even of a hair's breadth

in the physical motions of suns and planets, would be to suppose that these motions contained within themselves, the elements of their own destruction ; or, to believe, that the actions of organic life were imperfectly carried out, and that plants and animals were awkwardly and clumsily made, so as to render them unsuited to the places they were intended to fill,—would afford evidence, of the grossest ignorance of the Immutable laws which regulate, unswervingly, those portions of God's creation.

So it is, in the *Intellectual* world. There, marvel as we may, or deny it, if we will, there is no place for ERROR, *defect*, or *failure* of any kind. In all the Intellectual creations of God, both in this world, and throughout the entire universe, the end proposed by him in their creation, is foreknown and intended to be accomplished. It is equally true that the means employed, are exactly and undeviatingly suited to the accomplishment of this end ; else how could the proposed end be accomplished ? He, who affirms the contrary, whether he be Pope, or Protestant Bishop, is an ATHEIST ! He refuses to acknowledge the wisdom, prescience, and power of God, therefore, he denies the existence of God—*therefore*, he is an Atheist ! But Reason and Science repudiate *Atheism*. Who would reason with an atheist, whether he be Pope or Protestant Bishop ?

Is it to be imagined that God would wantonly create instruments, of mischief, of destruction, and of malevolence, to *war against himself*, to frustrate his cherished purposes, to defeat the objects he most wishes to effect, to bring ruin and desolation, and sin and sorrow, and *Eternal* suffering, on the fairest, the most valuable and crowning portion of all his works ? Is it to be supposed that myriads of suns, and millions of Universes of suns, have been created to shine uselessly, uninhabited by intellectual beings formed for the express purpose of knowing God, and of serving him, by rendering to him that service, precisely, which it may please him, their Lord, to exact from them, his Creatures ? If this cannot be believed, it follows that God has adopted the proper means to obtain this service, and that, as he is all powerful, in no instance, can his power be resisted, nor can any being, from the lowest to the highest, refuse to conform to his will. God is all wise, as well as all powerful. In him there can be no foolishness. But would it not be an excess of folly, to create millions of rational beings, in order to endow them

with Immortality, and confer on them the FREE GIFT of eternal Happiness, and then, in order to defeat this benevolent purpose create, to his own great annoyance, and disappointment, another set of beings, of the utmost malignity of disposition, and distinguished from all his other Rational creatures, by their detestation of HIM, their hatred of VIRTUE, and their implacable enmity to the entire *Human race* ?

If the Deity has created one such being to bring sin, and death into this world, by parity of reason, he created a Devil for each of the other planets, and for their attendant moons, in all about one hundred, and as the sun is five hundred times larger than the aggregate of the planets and moons, that revolve round him, by parity of reason, it would be necessary to establish in it, a permanent body of five hundred God-defying, and Vice-promoting demons ! If six hundred, such agents of diabolical mischief ! would be required to pervert and disarrange all God's efforts for our good, a similar number, would most probably be necessary, in every one of the other solar systems, throughout the immense extent of the realms of infinite space, but these solar systems, are but a unit short of infinity. If we multiply this inconceivable number, by six hundred, we shall have the entire number of the demons whom he created, to oppose himself, to defy him, to overcome him, and to frustrate all his plans !

*This is perfectly incredible.* Reason exclaims against it, as Paganism in its worst form. Reason cannot understand how christian churches can teach, and christian men believe such teaching. But Reason need not wonder, nor raise her hands and eyes, in amazement to Heaven. Reason should know that there is nothing too monstrous, too absurd, and too gross for churches to teach, and for men to believe. When churches affirm, and men believe, the doctrines of *Panification* ! *Carnification* ! ! and of *Humanization* ! ! ! they place themselves *outside the pale of Rationality*. They avow this themselves. They proclaim to the world this, their denial of reason. Good and conscientious men, trained from early youth, in error, believe as they have been taught. The multitude never think. They do as they are ordered. What business has a *poor* man to *dare to think* ? aye, or a *rich* man either ? “ I care *nothing* for the *men* ” said an Athanasian cleric. “ If they oppose me, I'll cut them to the heart through their *wives and their children* ! !

This is the way, in which Athanasianism maintains its baleful influence. Reason is astonished and can hardly believe this, but Reason should know that SUPERSTITION ever leans upon TERROR, that IGNORANCE precedes, and CREDULITY follows her steps,—that her feet are stained with the blood of millions, and that the sounds most grateful to her ear, are not hymns of praise to God our Father, but the battle-stirring clangor of the trumpet, the protracted groans of the incarcerated, or the agonizing shrieks of the tortured. All, the evidences of a frightful aggregate of human folly, wickedness, and crime,—of a foul conspiracy against the rights and liberties of men,—of a system of oppression and of cruelty, in its most concentrated form, within the precincts, and beneath the shadow of the lofty dome, and elevated cross of the Athanasian church of Peter.

The Protestant Athanasian Church is nearly as superstitious, and would be as cruel too, were it possessed of the power that the Papal despotism wields. It too, would have its ANTONELLI—who, uniting in his own person the cruelty of Nero and Caligula, is endeavouring to imitate the drunken insanity of the former, by commanding his Legates, his Bishops, and all the Orders of his church, to proclaim a crusade against CIVIL and RELIGIOUS Liberty, and to subvert, by every means, the Protestant Institutions of these realms. This, the Papacy has done, and is now doing. This war, of persecution and of terror, Protestant Athanasianism, would recommence, if it had the power, and *dared to use it*. Yes,—in past time, in times not remote, within the period of my own life, a person who thought as I think, who wrote as I write, and who ventured to give, to the thoughtful portion of the public, what I now proclaim through the press, was liable to fine and imprisonment, even in free England! He was subject to outlawry,—and when dead, if the requirements of the law were complied with, he was to be buried, as if in mockery of the Cross, where Highways meet, and with a stake driven through his body! No doubt, this was a vestige of Papal tyranny, which, though now banished from us, is still retained in Papal States,—and practised, with the sanction of the Clergy, as far as they can venture to exercise it.

If it be a crime to deny the possible existence of Limbo! Purgatory!! Hell!!! and of countless myriads of *Devils!* specially created by God to inhabit them, I plead guilty to this CRIME!



Though immured in the deep dungeons of Naples or Rome,—where the horrid stench and foul air poison life,—though extended on the rack—and, like the venerable Galileo seventy years old, broken in spirit, shattered in constitution, and made to perjure myself, I should still disbelieve ; still, in my inmost soul, deny their existence, and yield my latest breath to God, submissively, not questioning the *wisdom of his arrangements*, and well knowing that the time was at hand, when I should see them, no longer darkly as through a glass, but behold them, in their full brightness, wise, unerring, perfect and complete throughout their whole extent.

## CHAPTER XIV.

An Irish Lawyer, a Romanist, well educated, holding a high position in his profession,—an exceedingly amiable man, and very generally esteemed by his Protestant acquaintances,—dined in company with a Priest of his own persuasion. In the course of conversation, he happened to observe that he did not believe that Protestants must be inevitably damned for ever,—he thought that some of them, perhaps, might be saved. The Priest, expressed a different opinion, and when the Lawyer, *more suo*, began to *argue* the point, and said he “did not *think* it possible that such could be the case,” the Cleric, armed with the thunder of the Vatican, furiously assailed him.—“What, Sir! what business **have** you *to think*? The Church has pronounced its decision. Do you *dare* to question the Authority of the Church?”

The Lawyer quailed beneath the angry frown of the Priest. He trembled, like an aspen leaf. He apologized, in language the most submissive, and assured the Priest, that he never intended to doubt the authority of the Church—that, of course, he labored under a mistake, and that, of course, every Protestant *must be damned*!

An Evangelical Parson, notorious for his abuse of Popery and Papists, and who, in the way of worldly goods, has lost nothing, by abusing them, dined one day with some Protestant connexions of his own. After dinner, enlarging, *more suo*, on the increase of Infidelity, and the depravity of human nature, he particularly lamented the desperate condition of the majority of the Irish people, who believed in the abominations of Popery, and every one of whom must *undoubtedly perish*. It was respectfully suggested, that *perhaps* God would deal more mercifully with them, than sentence them all to endless torture; but this, the Parson, peremptorily denied. “Sir, it is not I who say it. Holy Scripture says it. They can have no chance of salvation!”

“And what, Sir, do you think of the Unitarians?”

“They are worse than Romanists. They are Infidels. They deny the Saviour, who bought them with a price. How could such people be saved?”

“Perhaps not, Sir, but how many persons are likely to be saved? In what proportion do you think?”

The Parson, looked wise—pulled his chin—thought for a time, and replied,—“As far as I can calculate, I should say—about one in a thousand!”

“Of course, Sir, you hope you will be saved yourself?”

“Yes, I have no doubt of it. We are all sinful mortals. I have no merit of my own. I depend entirely on the merits of my Redeemer. Yes, I am quite sure I shall be saved.”!

“And your WIFE, Sir?”

“Yes, she is an excellent woman, and decidedly pious.”

“And your CHILDREN?”

“Yes, yes. They have been nurtured in the fear of the Lord. I have no doubt of them either.”

“And, Sir,” said one of the party, “do you really mean to tell us, that God has created six thousand persons, only to damn them all, except you, your wife, and your four children?”

A smile, approaching a slight laugh, played on the countenances of those present. The parson flew into a rage. “Sir, I am not to be insulted. I am God’s minister, sir. I read Scripture. I understand it. It is most unbecoming, in persons who know nothing, to argue with me. I will not submit to it.” So saying, the “decidedly pious” parson, flung out of the room, in a passion!

“Come,” said those who remained. “We are better without his reverence than with him. Come, the wine is good. Let us fill bumpers and drink—UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE. Warner, give us that song of yours.”

“Though Priests shall rave, and Parsons too,  
We’ll live, as brothers ought;  
I am a friend—my friend to you,  
In deed, and word and thought.”

The above are truthful sketches of **ATHANASIANISM**, under its two-fold aspect, of **ROMANISM**, and of **PROTESTANTISM**. A frightful perversion of Christian TRUTH, as professed and practised by the opposing Churches, it labours ceaselessly, to destroy all the finer feelings of the heart, substituting, in their place, Envy—Hatred—Malice—Uncharitableness—Seditious—Battles—Murders—Ruthless Revenge—Wars interminable. Such are its fruits. Such the

necessary results of the teaching of its Priests, and of their shameless violation of the precept, "*Love your neighbour as yourself.*" In Papal countries, where Athanasianism has reigned uncontrolled, it has never failed to exercise a frightful despotism over the minds and liberties, of the people compelled to submit to its withering influence. The history of the Papacy—a dark catalogue of crimes, a continuous record, as it is, of an undying struggle of a gigantic organization, to uphold, at all hazards, and by every imaginable means, the Spiritual and Temporal authority of an ambitious and irresponsible PRIESTHOOD—establishes sufficiently the fact, that it has inflicted more of evil on the world, than any of the Pagan superstitions that preceded it. In Italy, Spain, Portugal, in the Indies, in America, wherever it obtained a political ascendancy, it cramped the mind, it defied opposition, and set at naught the lives and the rights of men. Woe to the Irish Lawyer, who *dared* to say he "thought it *possible* for a Protestant heretic to be saved," if he had been a subject of the King of Naples, or of the Pope of Rome. Well was it for him, that, however equivocal his allegiance as a Romanist, to the Protestant constitution of these realms, he was, notwithstanding, a subject of Queen Victoria, and not of Pio Nono, or of Ferdinand the Second. In Rome or in Naples, he would have been, within twenty-four hours, incarcerated in the dungeons of the Inquisition,—torn from his family, without notice, without being told his crime, without knowing his accuser, without a warrant, or any legal form whatever, a SLAVE, the slave of an iron despotism,—no friend *daring* to sympathise with him,—or to inquire for him, or to ask to what prison he had been conveyed. No wonder that the Lawyer should tremble before the Priest,—knowing, *as he must*, that these things are so,—and, though breathing the air of British Freedom, terrified lest he should incur the displeasure of a church, which, from infancy, he had been taught to regard as Infallible!

The Protestant specimen, of Bigotry and Intolerance, exhibits, in the Cleric, the same spirit of domination—the same Irrational and Unchristian exclusiveness—the same wish to intimidate, and, by means of TERROR, to banish, from amongst Protestants, every free and liberal thought. But Protestants will *not submit* to this dictation. *This* is the difference—the *only* essential difference—that subsists between them and the Romanists. It is this spirit of independence

which inspires Protestants with their love of Freedom, and from whence proceeds the manifest superiority of Protestant intelligence, and of Protestant Institutions, in every country in which Protestantism prevails.

In speaking thus, it is not my intention to endeavour to cast any reflection on the Pious, sincere, and *tolerant* professors of any sect ; but it is my intention, and I write for the avowed purpose, to bring into disrepute, as far as I can, those persons, who, even supposing them to be sincere, are guilty of the *social crime* of inculcating feelings of *intolerance*—of introducing disunion into families—of exciting man against man—wife against husband—children against their parents. No other profession is guilty of such practices. Why then should Clerics, alone, consider themselves privileged to interfere with the personal and private concerns of those, who do not require their advice, and will not accept of it when offered? The mild, quite, unobtrusive Pastor, is a great blessing to the society in which he moves. The young cluster round him,—the aged listen to him with respect. I do not deny his worth, because, a Priest of the Church of Rome, he teaches his flock to believe in the doctrines of Romanism ; nor do I, for a moment, venture to doubt the value of the services of the Protestant divine ; but, surely, it would be desirable that each should discharge the duty of his separate mission, without angry excitement, and a vehemence of language and of manner, more calculated to irritate and to repel, than to conciliate. The language of an intolerant exclusiveness is not suited to the propagation of sound religious faith. The ear refuses to listen to its words, and the mind will not be persuaded. But the suggestions of tranquil thought, often penetrate and win their way, into the deepest recesses of the heart. It is for this purpose that I write. I have no great desire to convert Romanists to Protestantism, or to render Protestant Athanasians, the worshippers of ONE GOD only. I labor to convince them, if it be possible, of the Irreligion and Impiety of denouncing their fellow men, because of their peculiarities of Religious belief, inasmuch as every individual has a RIGHT to choose for himself, his own Religion, and to profess it publicly, so long as it shall not be subversive of social order. I am prepared, however, to protest against, and to resist to the utmost, any and all of the public or private acts, of the members of such religious organizations, as shall

interfere with the right of private judgment, or place in peril the Protestant Institutions of these realms. Illiberality, in every form, whether religious or political, Romanist or Protestant, I equally condemn, as opposed to the best interests of society, to sound morality, and to pure religion. On this subject I shall give a few extracts from a work by DICK, entitled the "Christian Philosopher." His opinions are identical with my own, and are expressed in more forcible language than any I could employ.

"Who, among the sons of men, is the most illiberal and inaccurate in judging of opinions, of persons, and of things? The man who has lived all his days, with the smoke of his father's chimney, or within the confines of his native village—who has never looked beyond the range of his own religious party—whose thoughts have always run in one narrow track—whose reading has been confined to two or three musty volumes, which have lain, for ages, on the same smoky shelf—who cares for nothing, either in the Heavens, or the Earth, but in so far as it ministers to his convenience, his avarice, or his sensual enjoyment—who will admit no sentiment to be true, but what he may have heard broached by his Parson—whose conversation seldom rises beyond mere gossiping chit-chat, and the slanderous remarks which are circulated among his neighbours. Such characters are entirely unqualified for forming a correct judgment, either of the sentiments and the actions of men, or of the works and ways of God; for they are completely destitute of the requisite *data*, whereon to form a rational decision, in relation to either of these subjects."

"It may be admitted, as a kind of axiom in our estimate of Human character, that in proportion to the ignorance, and the narrow range of view which characterise any individual, in a similar proportion will be his want of candour, and his unfitness for passing a sound judgment on any subject that is laid before him, and that the man who has taken excursions through the widest range of thought, accompanied by a corresponding improvement in his moral powers, will always be the most liberal and candid in his decisions on the moral and intellectual qualities of others. On the same principle, it must be admitted that he who has viewed religion in all its aspects and bearings, who has taken the most extensive survey of the manifestations of God, and of the habits and relations of men, is the best qualified to pronounce a candid and accurate decision on all the intellectual and moral cases that may come before him."

"If the spirit of the above stated sentiments be founded on Reason, and on fact, it will follow that the more we resemble God in the amplitude of our intellectual views and benevolent affections, the more candid and liberal and accurate will our judgments be, in reference to all the actions, objects, and relations we contemplate.

On the other hand, the man who is confined to a narrow range of thought and prospect, is continually blundering in the estimates he forms, both in respect to physical facts, to general principles, and to moral actions. He forms a premature and uncharitable opinion on every slander and report against his neighbour. He condemns without hesitation, and throws an unmerited odium on whole bodies of men, because one or two of their number may have displayed weakness, or folly. He hates or despises men and their opinions, because they belong not to his political or religious party. He pronounces his decisions, on the motives of men, with as much confidence as if he had surveyed their hearts, with the eye of Omniscience. He cannot hear an objection against his favorite opinions, with patience, nor an apology for any set of principles but his own. He is arrogant and dogmatical in his assertions, and will make no concessions to the superior wisdom of others. He sets himself with violence, against every proposal for reformation in the church, because his forefathers never thought of it, and because such innovations do not suit his own humour and preconceived opinions. He decides in the *most confident tone* on what God can and cannot do, as if he had taken the gauge of Infinite perfection, and he frets at the Divine dispensations when they do not exactly quadrate with his own humour and selfish views."

"With regard to the operations of the Most High, he also forms the most foolish, vague, and contradictory conceptions. Tell him of the vast dimensions of the planetary system, of the men and animals that live on the opposite side of the globe, of the annual and diurnal motion of the earth,—that this world and its inhabitants are moving through the regions of space, many thousands of miles every hour—that one of the planets is so large that it would contain 1,400 worlds as spacious as ours,—that another is flying through the traets of immensity, at the rate of a hundred thousand miles in an hour, and that light is darted from the sun with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second of time,—he will stare at you with astonishment, at such extravagant assertions, and will sooner believe the stories of giants 100 feet high, and of fairies that can enter in crowds through the keyhole of his door. Instead of frankly acknowledging that, 'he is ignorant of such subjects and of the grounds of such conclusions—that those who have studied them with intelligence, are the best capable of judging—that, if true, they must fill us with admiration of the glory of God,—but that, as he has hitherto had no opportunity of examining such matters, he must suspend his assent, till he inquire into the reasons which can be given for such amazing deductions.' Instead of such concessions, which are the dictates of modesty and common sense, he will tell you at once, without hesitation and without a blush, at his presumptuous decisions, that 'It is all extravagance and folly, and idle romance, contrary to Scripture and reason, and common sense!' and will not hesitate to brand you as a HERETIC for endeavouring to break loose his intel-

lectual trammels!—thus, tacitly declaring that *he* is far better qualified to pronounce a decision on such topics, than all the Philosophers and Divines, and all the brightest geniuses who have appeared in the world for ages past, though he will, at the same time, admit that he never gave himself the trouble to examine into such matters.”

“ His views of the providential dispensations of God, are equally partial and distorted. If disease, or poverty, or misfortune, happen to his neighbour, especially if he had withdrawn from *the Religious party* to which he belongs, it is considered as a penal judgment for his *error*, and *apostacy* ! If prosperous circumstances attend his own family, or his religious party, it is viewed as a sign of Divine approbation. He seldom views the hand of God, except in uncommon occurrences, and then he imagines that a miracle is performed, and that the wheels of Nature are stopped in order to accomplish the event. He seldom looks beyond the precincts of his *own Church* or Nation, to observe the movements of the Divine footsteps, towards other tribes of his fallen race. He overlooks the traces of Divine operation, which are every moment to be seen above and around him,—and yet, in the midst of all such partial and contracted views, he will sometimes, decide on the Wisdom and Rectitude of the ways of God, with as much confidence, as if he had entered into the secret councils of the Eternal, and surveyed the whole plan of his procedure.”

“ Such are a few prominent outlines of the character of thousands whose names are enrolled as members of the visible Church,—whose illiberality and self-conceit are owing to the contracted notions they have formed of God and of Religion. And surely it must appear desirable to every enlightened Christian, that every proper means should be used to prevent Rational Immortal beings, from remaining enchained in such mental thralldom.”

“ On the other hand, the man who takes an enlightened view of all the works and dispensations of God, and of all the circumstances and relations of subordinate beings, necessarily acquires a nobleness and liberality of mind, and an accuracy in judging of things, human and divine, which no other person can possess. He does not hastily take up an evil report against his neighbour, for he considers how unfounded such reports, often are, and how much they are owing to the insinuations of envy, or of malice. And when he can, no longer doubt of an evil action being substantiated against any one, he does not triumph over him in the language of execration, for he considers *all* the circumstances, relations, feelings and temptations with which he may have been surrounded ; he considers, that he himself is a frail, sinful creature, and might possibly have fallen in a similar way, had he been placed in the same situation.

“ He does not trumpet forth the praises of a man who has performed *one* brilliant, benevolent deed, as if he was a character to be admired and eulogised, while the general course of his life is marked



with Vice, and an utter forgetfulness of God, and of Religion; nor does he fix a stigma of immorality upon the person who may have acted foolishly or sinfully, in one or two instances, while the general tenor of his conduct has been marked by purity and rectitude; for, in both cases, he considers, that it is not an *isolated action*, but *general habits*, which determine the character of any individual. He esteems the Wise and the Good, and holds friendly intercourse with them, to whatever Political or Religious party they belong. He can bear, with affability and candour, to have his opinions contradicted, and can differ from his neighbour, in many disputed points, while, at the same time, he *values and esteems him*. He will not brand a man, as a HERETIC or a Deist, because he takes a view of some dogmas in Theology, in a different light from what he himself does; for he considers the difference of habits, studies, pursuits, and *educational prejudices*, which must have influenced his opinions, and makes due allowance for the range of thought, to which he may have been accustomed. He is always disposed to attribute the actions of others to good motives, when he has no proof to the contrary. He uses no *threats*, nor PHYSICAL FORCE, to support his opinions, or to convince gainsayers; for he knows that no external coercion *can* illuminate the Mind, and that the strength of arguments, and the force of TRUTH, can alone produce conviction. He is convinced how ignorant he is, notwithstanding all his study, observations, and researches, and presses forward, as long as he lives, to higher degrees of knowledge and of Moral Improvement."

"He is an active promoter of every scheme that tends to enlighten and meliorate mankind. He views the special agency of God in all the movements of the Scientific, the Religious, and the Political world, and perceives him accomplishing his purpose, in the inventions of human genius, and in the economy of the minutest insect, as well as in the earthquake, the storm, and the convulsions of nations; for he considers the smallest atom, and the Hosts of Heaven, as equally directed by Eternal Wisdom, and equally necessary in the universal chain of creatures and events. He displays a becoming modesty in speaking of the ways and works of God. When he meets with any dark and afflictive dispensation, in the course of Providence, he does not fret and repine, but is calm and resigned, conscious that he perceives only a small portion of the chain of God's dispensation, and is, therefore, unable to form a just comparison, of the connexion of any one part with the whole."

"If such, then, be some of the features in the character of the enlightened Christian; if liberality, and candour, and accurate investigation, mark the judgments he pronounces on the sentiments and actions of men, and on the works and ways of God; and if such views and feelings ought to be considered as more congenial to the *noble and benevolent spirit* of our religion, than the narrow and distorted notions of a contracted mind, it must be an object much to be desired, that the mass of the Christian world be led into such

trains of Thought, as might imbue their minds with a larger proportion of *this spirit*."

Yes, with minds, thus instructed,—thus liberalized, we may venture, with caution and humility, to pry into the secret arrangements of God. We may, without presumption towards God, or giving *just* cause of offence to Churches or Churchmen, endeavour to learn in what locality it shall please the Creator to place us, after death has separated the Soul from the Body.

In the sixth and seventh chapters of this work, I have attempted to give some explanation of the probable nature and organization of the Human Soul, and of its separate *individuality*, as an intellectual existence, altogether independent of the brain and of the body in which it resides. These views were entirely conjectural, and I stated as much, in order that the reader should not imagine they were regarded by myself, in any other light, than as suppositions, not wholly destitute of probability. I avowed myself a believer in *Mesmeric Science*, though unacquainted, both with the practice of the art, and with the principles on which it is founded. By cautiously expressing myself, in this way, I hoped to secure a safe retreat, in the event of my speculations being disproved, by the more enlarged experience of others. Always open to conviction, and not blindly attached to any set of opinions, I consider it my duty to seek for the Truth, wherever it is to be found. It so happened that, just when the tenth chapter had been printed, I heard of the arrival, in Dublin, of an American gentleman, Doctor Stone, a Professor of Mesmerism, and of Electro-Biology, and I resolved to obtain from him, all the information I could, on subjects so interesting, and of which I knew so little. I called upon Doctor Stone. I attended his public exhibitions, and I became one of a private class, for the purpose of being instructed in the *Theory and Practice* of MESMERISM, and ELECTRO-BIOLOGY. Some of my friends smiled, others laughed outright, and all thought it strange that one, who had been a teacher of medicine, should, at last, confess himself so far ignorant, as to become the pupil of an American Lecturer on Mesmerism! They said the whole affair was a fraud, a humbug, a sort of juggling contrived to deceive, and that the American *must* be, beyond a doubt, an impostor!

I attended the public exhibitions, and the private Lectures of Dr.

Stone, notwithstanding; and I rejoice that I did so, for, I feel bound to say, that from Dr. Stone, I have obtained an amount of information that I never could have otherwise acquired. I have satisfied myself that, MESMERISM, in its several modifications, is as much a branch of the science of Cerebro-mental activity as Chemistry is, of the Galvanic decomposition of water, or of the conversion of water into steam. Mesmeric and Electro-Biologic actions are governed by their own laws, and can only be explained by Theories founded upon, and strictly conformable to those laws. But these laws must be based on facts, and these facts must be ascertained by experiment. This is the regular course of proceeding in all the departments of experimental science. To this rule Mesmerism will be found to conform as exactly, as chemistry or electricity. It has its own facts and theories. The experiments of Dr. Stone, are perfectly conclusive. In them, wonderful as they are, there is no room for *suspicion* of deception or collusion, because they were performed, before his private class, and upon the members of his class, persons of intelligence, of education, medical practitioners, lawyers, and even upon one of them who is a clergyman.

From what I now know, it is manifest to me, that the MIND and the BRAIN are *essentially* different. They differ in their nature, structure, constituent principles, modes of action, durability. The MIND is the *Thinking, Sentient, and moving* principle. It resides in the Brain, but it is a totally distinct *Being*, possessing a form and an organization of its *own*,—invisible to us, but not on that account the less real. This thinking, sentient, and moving principle, acts upon the different organs of the Brain, and by means of them, and of the motive nerves, it originates and controls all the voluntary motions of the body. Impressions are made on the senses, and these are, by the nerves of sensation, conveyed to the mind, the nerves and brain, being all this time, the mere passive conductors, and recipients of those impressions, all sensation, all *thought*, and all *motivity*, dwelling in the mind alone.

Now, when the Brain, by certain means, is brought into such abnormal state, as shall render it, or some portion of it, less obedient to the controlling power of the mind, the mind disengages itself from those portions. It pays no attention to the impressions, imperfectly conveyed by them. It falls back, upon its *own resources*. If the

eye, ear, the organs of taste or of touch, shall be so influenced as to refuse to obey the mind, the mind says,

“Gentlemen, Senses—servants of mine—if you will not discharge your duties, I will not, therefore, suffer myself to be thrown aside—I will perform them myself. I am your lord and master. To a certain extent, I depend on you, but I am not so helpless as you may imagine. I can see, hear, feel, taste, smell, and move, without your aid, and I will do so.” In speaking thus, the mind speaks only the truth. What it says it *will* do, it does ; and in this consists the whole mystery of all the Mesmeric phenomena, wonderful as they are, and almost surpassing belief. The mind, emancipated from the bondage of the senses, begins to exercise its newly acquired energies. Its ideas and sensations, become more spiritualized, and more in accord with the nature of a spiritual being. The mind’s eye sees objects, and the mind’s ear hears sounds, which could not possibly be seen or heard, if the brain, and the nerves of the eye and ear, were in their usual normal state. But the mind itself, having been thus placed, in a new condition, its own actions become irregular. What it acquires in *Spirituality*, it loses in *Judgment*. No longer controlled by the *Senses*, it becomes *Credulous*. It *believes* whatever it is *told to believe*. It obeys, *when commanded*. It yields itself to the *will* of the MESMERIST, and places at his disposal all the *muscles of voluntary motion*.

The results which a skilful operator, never fails to produce, on persons susceptible of the Mesmeric influence, and sufficiently Biologized, are so curious, that to obtain belief, they must be seen. They are thus described :—

“Under its energy, the limbs, at the pleasure of the operator, are paralysed, so that the subject, by all his exertions, is unable to walk, nor, when walking, is he able to stop. When seated, it is not in his power to rise. His arms, in an instant, are paralysed, so that he cannot move them, or they are set in motion, and he has no power to stop them. He can be made to see his clothes on fire, or the house falling—or to see a lion, a tiger, or a serpent, in pursuit of him. He may be excited to an excess of joy and delight, or compelled to feel the opposite emotions of the most intense grief. He can be obliged to exhibit himself, in every imaginable character ; to forget his own name, and to suppose himself, any other individual, on whom his attention may be fixed by the operator. If he shall be told he is a celebrated public singer, he *believes* he is that person,

and he sings—if an orator, he makes a speech—if a soldier, he prepares to drill his men, and to fight. If a glass of water be handed to him, he can be persuaded, first that it is sweet, then acid, then bitter, then port wine, vinegar, brandy. Indeed, were these experiments not stamped by the most positive evidence of their truthfulness, they might well be supposed to belong rather to the reign of the Enchanter, than to that of the Philosopher. These extraordinary experiments are unquestionable in point of veracity. Their utility is obviously great in the world of medicine and surgery, and will yet be the means of conferring an inestimable boon on humanity, such only as it belongs to science to bestow.”

To the accuracy of the preceding account of some of the more remarkable evidences of the MESMERIC INFLUENCE, I can pledge myself, from my own knowledge, and my own personal observation. In the entire statement, there is no exaggeration, no attempt at deception, and for this reason, because there is no need, on the part of the operator, either to exaggerate, or deceive. The Mesmeric art is not a fiction. It is based upon facts, and, like any other art, can be practised by those who are properly instructed.

But there is another state of the mind, which we must not overlook, and from which we may derive much information. It is that of DREAMING.

Analogous to *Mesmerism*, and, in some degree, a modification of it, is SLEEP; or that condition of the Brain, in which its organs, fatigued by the mental efforts of the day, seek to obtain a renewal of their energies, by passing into a state of temporary torpor. The lassitude of the over-worked brain, renders repose absolutely necessary to the continuance of the healthy condition of the entire nervous system. The brain must have rest. No animal can exist without sleep—a fact which proves clearly, that the organs of the brain, are subject to the voluntary impulses of the mind,—the involuntary actions of the body, being those only which are incapable of being suspended, and which do not require rest. Indeed, Nature has wisely prohibited their voluntary suspension, inasmuch as their partial suspension, or derangement, constitutes DISEASE—their total suspension, DEATH. Doctor Winslow, in an excellent work on “Diseases of the Brain,” thus speaks of DREAMING, or that state of mental activity, when the Brain is, in some degree, mesmerised by Sleep:—

“In dreaming, as in certain forms of disordered mind, phases of

intellectual vigor, and states of mental acuteness, are developed, which were not normal manifestations during the waking hours, and were not known to exist in conditions of healthy thought. The most exquisite creations of the poetic fancy, have been engendered under these circumstances, and conceptions suggested to the dreamy consciousness which have paved the road to fame and fortune. During the hours of sleep, the intellect has, with rapid facility, solved subtle questions, which had puzzled and perplexed the mind, when in full and unfettered exercise of its waking faculties. Difficult mathematical problems ; knotty and disputed questions, in the science of morals ; abstruse points of philosophy, have (according to accredited testimony) found their right solution, during the solemn darkness of the night, and periods of profound sleep."

From all these considerations,—from the light thrown on the nature of mind, by the preceding inquiries, and the corroborative evidence afforded by REASON, REVELATION, POSTHUMOUS COMMUNICATION, MESMERISM, DREAMING,—we are warranted in affirming, as a positive fact, that the HUMAN MIND, immediately after the Brain shall have become so seriously disorganized as no longer to afford it a fit resting place, separates itself from the brain, and leaves it altogether ; its own consciousness, and powers of thought, not being, in the slightest degree, impaired ; but, on the contrary, in every respect, renovated, and greatly enlarged. Thus, again and again, we are compelled to inquire, "What becomes of it ? Where does it go to, and how is it employed ?"

If Limbo, Purgatory, and Hell, have no existence, and are mere inventions, to inspire with TERROR the weak, superstitious, credulous, and religiously mesmerised minds of the multitude, it is plain that, as there is no place of TORTURE, the only remaining place must be one of comparative HAPPINESS. This PLACE, we may designate by any name we please ; but in order to form any correct opinion on the subject, it will be necessary to identify the name, with some supposed locality. Each person is at liberty to ask himself, "Where is this Happy Place, in which we are *all* to dwell, and towards which we are all hastening ?" Some may say, the Moon ; others, a bright Planet, or sparkling Star—or perhaps, the Clouds, where they seem the highest ; while not a few, are of opinion that the SUN, is the Glorious Residence prepared for us, by God, when he shall send his messenger, DEATH, to introduce us into his more immediate presence. In discussing the probability that the Sun is the final

Receptacle for the SOULS of all the Human Race, I shall refer the reader, more to the arguments of others, than to vague conjectures of my own. It is right to say that, whatever opinions we may entertain, on this subject, they *must* be obscure, and destitute of proof; because, neither Revelation from God, nor disembodied spirit, has made known to us the locality which we are to occupy, or the character of the society by which it is peopled. Theologians speak fluently of HELL and TORTURE, of HEAVEN and HAPPINESS, but, with them, these are mere *words*, to which they are unable to attach a single distinct idea, beyond those of *Pain* and *Pleasure*. This is the entire circle of all they know. Here their knowledge begins and ends. They never travel beyond this narrow circle, and not venturing to think for themselves, they would fain, by exciting Terror, and appealing to Superstition, deter the timid from becoming wiser than their masters, and spiritual teachers. For many long and dark ages, Despotism and Superstition trampled upon free thought, and many were the gifted minds, that, in the struggle with both, were flung to the earth, and seemed to perish uselessly. But God, in his own good time, and by means of his chosen few, has, at different periods, enlarged the field of human vision, making that visible, which before was not supposed by any to exist. Slow, at first, most rapid, in these latter days, has been the progress of the reasoning powers of man. Acquiring an accession of velocity and of force irresistible, REASON now advances, not with stealthy step, as heretofore, but like a giant, confiding in his strength, and prepared to encounter and to bear down every opposing obstacle. A goodly array, they present, those mighty men of giant minds. How they crowd on us, in these, the latter days,—overturning the old structures of despotism and superstition, and building up, in their places, habitations, fit for men to dwell in. Galileo, Columbus, Luther, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Washington, Franklin, Burke, Kossuth, Garibaldi,—rise in glorious succession, each with his appointed mission, to elevate man, in the Social and Intellectual scale, and thus prepare him for his further advancement in a future state, where the Social arrangements will be perfect, and the Intellectual acquirements, developed to their full extent.

There are others, too,—the precursors sometimes,—sometimes the followers of these, who, though not much noticed, because of the

superior brightness of the more illustrious benefactors to mankind, perform their parts, usefully and well. All, cannot be the promoters of great enterprises, or the discoverers of great truths ; but each, in his own place, can aid the onward progress of practical, social, or scientific improvement. The rain-drops that fall, and fertilize the earth, unite again, and form the river that pursues its course, until, at last, it meets the boundless sea, into which it pours itself. So it should be, with men, whom God has created with minds capable of knowing him, and has inspired with a desire to seek him, and to understand his ways. Many such there are ; and of these there is one, not undistinguished, by his labours, and whose memory, is held in honor, by those who knew him best. I allude to my friend, the late Andrew Carmichael. In reference to my present subject, I shall give the following extracts from his work, entitled “ An Inquiry into the Evidence of Scripture and Nature, with regard to a Future State,” and which was printed, for the perusal of his friends only.

“The most extravagant notions were entertained, until lately, of what has been called the World of Spirits. It was argued, that their essence was THOUGHT, and that they had no relation to time or space. In other words, that, at their will, they could find themselves, now at the centre, and now at the extremity, of the creation, without traversing the intermediate space ; forgetting that *thought* is but an operation of the mind, and can wing its way, without impediment, to any region to which it is directed ; but that no being, which enjoys a real state of existence, can fly, *like thought*, from one region to another, but must submit to the imperative relations of time and space, and, whatever his essence, his substance, or his organization may be, must travel through the intervening expanse, without the possibility of annihilating the hours, days, and years, requisite to the performance of his journey.”

“Let us, then, examine the vicinage of this earth, and, calmly and rationally, endeavour to ascertain if there be, within *accessible* distance, a place to which Christ may be supposed to have ascended ; *accessible*, I mean, to a glorified body, like that of Christ, endowed with supernatural powers, adequate to overcome physical impediments, but not to achieve what is, *necessarily*, an impossibility. Our eyes are at once attracted to the most *splendid* object visible from this earth—the source to us of light, and warmth, and comfort—the indispensable preserver of every kind of life—the lavish almoner of beauty and beatitude to all around us—dazzling us, day after day, with an effulgent atmosphere of glories that would scarcely be misnamed ‘*celestial*,’ and presenting a display, well nigh realizing all



that the most glowing imagination has fancied of the splendours of Heaven.”

“In the present state of our knowledge, we have no specific Heaven, on which we can anchor our hopes. To discover a solid, substantial, existing Heaven, upon which our highest hopes can safely and judiciously anchor, would be an achievement of advantage to human happiness, and not to be disregarded by Religion itself. Contemplating, then, the simple rationality of the question, we are led to regard the various circumstances which affect it, and though they are not written in the volume of Revelation, they are yet written by the finger of God, and in an older, and no less authentic, volume—the Volume of Nature. We observe, then, with awakened attention, that our old, familiar Sun, is attended by his old, familiar attendants, planets, satellites, and comets; and discern, with new born surprise, that they form a retinue admirably adapted to the glorious body they subserve, were it even an Elysium,—a Paradise,—a Heaven. They appear to be peculiarly fitted for variously modified states of intermingled good and evil; some devoted to probation, others, less fortunately circumstanced, intended, perhaps, for punishment. We are intimately acquainted with One of these Planets. It is, to us, a scene of intermingled good and ill; and it is universally acknowledged by its inhabitants, to be an arena of probation—a state of moral trial. May it not be hoped that even in those spheres, allotted to punishment, if such there are, *probation* may be one of their characteristics, although it be not the most prominent? But this is not all. Every fixed star—more expressively designated a SUN—in every constellation, in every portion of the galaxy, in every nebula, with its attendant train of planets, satellites, and comets, may rationally be supposed to constitute a system *similar to our own*, in which we may rejoice to contemplate the triumphs of piety and virtue, and the rewards with which they are crowned in the sphere of glory—*their sun*—to which they elevate their regards, and which, of all the orbs of their system, is the only one visible to us.”

“Sublime and magnificent, is even the partial view of those glories from this obscure corner of the Universe; but what would be its resplendent pomp and pageantry from the centre of creation—from that central star, which poises all the other stars, controls their courses, and governs their movements, and which, from its proud, commanding, unparalleled position, may well be named the Heaven of Heavens, and regarded as the presence-chamber of GOD HIMSELF! Let us, then, endeavour to form some idea of the grandeur of the spectacle which presents itself from this singular point of view. Let us suppose ourselves, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, larger than any that the gigantic genius of ancient Rome planned for the enjoyment of her people. It must be illuminated by, at least, ten thousand lustres, every lustre crowded with innumerable lights, and all, in regulated motion round the arena, on which they pour their

radiance. Let us now suppose this amphitheatre to augment its arena, almost to infinitude, to expand its compass to embrace the whole of Nature, every lustre of the ten thousand to become a UNIVERSE, blazing with millions of those *suns* which bespangle the skies at night; and these ten thousand universes, with all their suns, intermingling their beams, and enlightening and blessing whole hosts of attendant worlds. Stupendous amphitheatre! How gorgeous its splendour—illuminated by Universes!”

“If it be an ingredient in the happiness of the Deity to view the wide extended works he has brought into existence, and the exquisite mechanism, by which their wonderful movements are regulated,—how much *larger* ingredient in that happiness, must be the regard with which he observes the *Intelligent* beings, with whom he has peopled his various worlds—the results of his legislation—the fruits of his moral government, in his countless probationary states, in which he witnesses the weak, contending with temptation, the virtuous grasping at perfection, the intellectual studying, at once, the Creation and the Creator, the Sinner embracing that repentance which occasions joy in Heaven, the prodigal son, who returns to a forgiving, nay, a rejoicing Father; and still more, when he witnesses the gradual advancement of his creatures, from worldly desires, to more exalted sentiments—from low ambition to more refined aspirations—from self love to charity—from party spirit to philanthropy, when the love of God, and the love of man, and the practice of diffusing happiness around the circle of the aspirant, shall render him a fit denizen for a superior sphere of Felicity—a suitable companion for the ‘just made perfect’—for Angel and Archangel—and, as he advances still farther in perfection, even for Cherubs and Seraphs of still earlier birth, and still higher exaltation. These we may presume to be ingredients in the Happiness of God, and that it will be no diminution to that happiness if, in his divine beneficence, he condescends to enlarge the powers and faculties of the favoured and now glorified being to such a degree, as to enable him to expatiate in the wide fields of creation, to penetrate its mysteries, and to unfold the various wonders, minute or immense, in the manifold works of the Creator. This would be an inappreciable acquisition of Felicity to the most exalted of such beings. To be Happy in bestowing Happiness, may surely, without presumption, be predicated of God.”

“The attribute of conferring Happiness, is that which most attaches us to the Deity. We humbly reverence and adore his Omnipotence, his Omniscience, his Omnipresence, his Eternal and Infinite existence; but it is his Goodness, his Benevolence, his Mercy, his long-suffering Graciousness, Loving Kindness, Patience, and Good Will, that we revere and love, and which endear him to our affections as the UNIVERSAL FATHER.”

“In the midst of these divine contemplations, how do we shrink with *shame* and *vexation*, from the distortion and deformity of his sacred character, as it has been debased and degraded in passing

through the *depraved* imaginations of men! They have audaciously, impiously, and ignorantly, incumbered his physical attributes with incongruities, contradictions, and absurdities; and his moral attributes with Tyranny, Capriciousness, Cruelty, and Injustice. Well may we exclaim, in the dying words of his anointed Messenger, and accredited Ambassador, commissioned to instruct us in a knowledge of his nature, ways, and will—‘Father forgive them! They know not what they do.’”!

“Whatever or wherever the seat of Beatitude God may assign us, we may be assured that, *that* paternal goodness will contribute every means of happiness to our enjoyments, that we may desire or deserve; and to the majority of those who have sojourned upon earth, there can scarcely be an object more desirable, than a renewal of our earthly attachments. I repeat, *earthly attachments*. I do not include *earthly connexions* in this dubious observation. If we look through the great mass of Society, we shall be satisfied that a very large majority find comfort in the hope of meeting, in a future state, those they have loved and lamented in the present, and of renewing their mutual affections with an ardour not less warm, though more pure and exalted. It is cheering to think of the destiny of those in whose constitution are interwoven the genial fibres of affection, who, in their very nature, disposed to obey the Commandment of Christ, and in various degrees, according to the excitement of kindred—connexion—familiarity—habitude, and other feelings of a more general character, are impressed with a love one to another. These are they who look to a final restoration to their wishes of those they have loved and lost, of those from whom they are yet to be parted, as the brightest of the enjoyments that stimulate their hopes of Heaven. These are the ardent desires of mutually affectionate Fathers and Sons, of attached and devoted Brothers and Sisters, of fond, faithful, and exemplary Husbands and Wives. These are they who truly love one another, who know that death will sever their love for a time, but notwithstanding that severance cling to the Hope that, *that* love is *eternal*. Feelings like these suit the climate of Heaven. Those whom they actuate will not be rejected as aliens by their blissful predecessors in the realms of joy.”

“Theologians and Philosophers will both unite their powers of reasoning and of ridicule, in opposition to the magnificent view of the UNIVERSE, which represents every star as a Sun and every Sun as a HEAVEN, attended by its system of worlds, devoted to the *trial*, the *amendment*, the *purification* of those intelligent beings who are destined at last to inherit Heaven. The Sun, they will aver, is a huge orb of fire, fit only for the damned! But, let the Philosophical Theologian, and the religious Philosopher, decide, upon a due consideration of the united evidence of SCRIPTURE AND NATURE, whether these views are rational, consistent, and in the present state of our knowledge, deserving of the attention of the learned and the wise; whether the physical and moral machinery of this vast amph-

theatre, illuminated by thousands of universes, severally consisting of suns and systems, beyond number, and every system, containing within itself, its probationary—its correctional—its compensating array of worlds, is unworthy of the justice and mercy, the wisdom and power of God. Whether these magnificent arrangements, so obviously harmonising with the god-like design of bringing to a state of perfection, the moral and intellectual endowments of all the intelligent inhabitants of the universe—of establishing on a basis, broad, firm, and permanent, their purity and happiness—of advancing them from happiness to happiness, and glory to glory, until they are fitted to enjoy beatitude in its fullest extent,—when those who in their probationary scenes have loved God and loved one another, continue to possess the same blissful enjoyments, but in a more exalted degree, until the measure of their happiness be full to overflowing, and the more full from the reflection that it will endure to Eternity. Let the Philosopher and the Theologian, decide whether these views are belied, either by Nature or Scripture, or derogate from the infinite and eternal attributes of an omnipotent, omniscient, all bountiful God.”

The foregoing extracts, which I have culled from the unpublished work of Andrew Carmichael, sufficiently explain his views with regard to the SUN as the place of our final destination. The greater part of his essay, however, consists of references to texts and passages in Scripture, which seemed to confirm his theory, but *here* his arguments are defective, because of the doubtful meaning of the greater number of those passages. The truth is, Scripture affords us little or no information on this subject, and therefore, men, in the absence of all positive knowledge, have adopted, as direct revelations from God, the most absurd inventions of their own. The importance heretofore attached to those supposed revelations, and the *superstitious* veneration in which they have been held by churchmen and by the multitude, have greatly impeded the progress of rational religion; but MIND, struggling nobly to emancipate itself, is every hour acquiring new strength, and preparing for still loftier flights. Leaving far beneath it, as unworthy of its notice, the idle fables of Limbo, Purgatory, Hell, it now, with eagle wing, and undazzled eye, aspires to reach the Glorious Sun. There it hopes at last to dwell, there to *associate* with kindred minds, and, freed from the cares and disappointments of this life, and profiting by the experience of the past, be deemed worthy to make one of the assembly, of those whose bodies are spiritualized, and who are clothed in garments of brilliant light.

In a subsequent publication, also intended for the perusal of his private friends only, Mr. Carmichael gives the following observations of a writer, whose views, on the same subject, were similar to his own. They are from "Taylor's Physical Theory of Another Life"

"Having before us the assumed and the attested fact that there are now in the Universe, two great classes of rational beings, both corporeal,—but the corporeity of the one dissoluble, and that of the other incorruptible; and then, taking a glance at the great sidereal economy; consisting, as it does, of two classes of bodies,—the one subordinate to, and wholly dependent upon the other, and this other apparently adapted to a much higher mode of existence than the former,—the supposition almost forces itself upon us, that, while the Planets are the places of *animal organization*, and the schools of initiation to all rational order,—the SUN OF EACH SUCH SYSTEM, is the abode and home of the higher and ultimate *Spiritual Corporeity*, and the centre of assembly, *for those who* have passed the preliminary era upon the lower ranges of creation."

"It is certain that Death must ensue, sooner or later, to every being whose constitution combines two unequal forces, the inequality of which has to be remedied, by imposing frequent cessations upon the stronger of the two. The life, therefore, of all planetary species, that is to say, of all species exposed to the alternations of light and darkness, and which, in conformity with this alternation, live by turns, waking and sleeping—is a life tending to dissolution. But the SOLAR SPECIES, are not exposed to any such alternation, and as they live without repose, may be, and probably are, IMMORTAL. Disorganization and death, are accidents of life, accidents indeed, unavoidable upon the *planetary* surfaces; but not so, perhaps, upon THE SOLAR; and upon the latter it may be as unnatural to die, as upon the former, it is unnatural long to live"

"With these ideas before us, and on the belief that SOLAR LIFE, as compared with *Planetary Life*, is of this better and higher sort, let the universe be contemplated, and let us admit the exhilarating conception, that the MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF SUNS filling the immensity of space, are spheres, not only of perpetual day, as is manifest, but of undecaying Life!"

"The opinion has been often advanced, and seems to be gathering strength, that the Sun and other Stars, that is to say, the entire celestial system, visible to us, is in actual movement in one direction; or that it is revolving around a common centre. If each Sun be a place of Assembly, and a Home of Immortality to the rational planetary tribes of its system, the vast world, around which all Suns are supposed to be revolving, may be the Home of a still higher order of life, and the theatre of a still more comprehensive convocation of the intellectual community."

Thus far Mr. Carmichael quotes from the work of Taylor, as confirming his own opinions. He then proceeds to give extracts from letters to himself, equally approving of his views. A few of them I shall introduce here, because they bear testimony to the talent, zeal, and truthfulness of my friend, and are not likely, on any future occasion, to meet the public eye. They are of value, inasmuch as they prove that these speculations, are regarded with intense interest by men of enlarged minds. When such men approve, the senseless babble of the ignorant and prejudiced may well be disregarded. A Clergyman of the Established Church, thus writes:—

“Yours is a work of few pages, but certainly of many years of deep thought and patient investigation. How much, we all, of every creed, owe to you. What a *reality* you throw around future life. I did not think that a Unitarian could have such clearly defined views of the world to come. I see now where we differ. You speak of Messiah as the accredited messenger to us, and announcer of life and immortality. I look on him as the procuring cause of life and immortality. But I should not speak of points on which we differ. There are so many to which my heart, inmost affections, my intellectual powers, and my conscience, felt drawn, with the most powerful attraction—the attraction of Truth—glorious Truth—powerfully and clearly stated.”

The next is from a scientific friend, who had published many valuable works, in natural history.

“Your very interesting inquiry I have read with much pleasure and gratification. Your argument concerning the Sun, is, I think, quite incontrovertible, and was quite new to me.”

A nobleman, eminently distinguished for his love of literature, his general information, and various publications, which have stamped on him a character still more precious to him than his rank, says—

“My best and most sincere thanks for your truly acceptable volume, full of sense and hope for those on whom the world has not always smiled; but who feel convinced that man was not made to perish.”

Such testimony, and from individuals of such high authority, sufficiently justifies the adoption of the Hypothesis, that, after death, we leave this Earth, to become inhabitants of the SUN—a glorious change—a splendid dwelling place,—occupied by countless millions of beings of the highest intellectual order, influenced in all their communications with each other, only by feelings of the

purest Love! A Society of minds of transcendent acquirements, occupied perpetually in the interchange of good offices, in receiving and communicating information, in studying the works of the Creator, and viewing him—though to them, as *invisible* as to us,—in the evidences of his power and goodness ;—evidences, more conclusive to them, and more calculated to command their admiration and gratitude, because, more *manifest* to them, than to us. Well might the moralist and orator, exclaim—“ O, glorious day!— O, hour of unspeakable joy, when, released from the vile incumbrances, and the base pursuits of this Life, I shall be admitted into the assembly of the illustrious men, who have departed before me, and, who, now conversing with the Sages of Antiquity form together a Society worthy of the Immortals !”

Thoughts like these, whether they originate in the mind of pagan or christian worshipper of the Deity, are equally hopeful and consoling. They refine and elevate the mind ; and by imparting to it a tone of happy assurance, as regards the future, render its possessor patient in adversity, not elated by prosperity, tolerant of others, desirous to benefit them, liberal in sentiment, kind, loving, and merciful to all. How much more pleasing to God must be these feelings, and those aspirations after an increase of social and intellectual excellence, hereafter,—than the stupid, morose, dark and contradictory Theology of the moderns, which represents God as a Tyrant—the Destroyer of Souls—the Creator of Legions of Devils ! Athanasian Churches affirm that their Religion is more perfect than any of antiquity, and that, under their teaching, the world has become more moral, and more happy, than before. It is not for me to deny the truth of those assertions ; or to exaggerate the crimes of Christians. The wrongs they perpetrate on each other,—the savage wars in which they engage,—the entire extermination of Heathen Nations,—the atrocious, blood-stained, gold-seeking system of Negro Slavery—all evident violations of the essential principles of Christianity—*may* excite some doubts as to the validity of the claim of Christian Churches, and Teachers, to a superior knowledge of their duty, either to the Creator, or to his creatures, whose spiritual welfare, they say, he has entirely committed to their charge. There may, however, be no objection to learn, what are the religious opinions of a great proportion of the present professors of Christianity. Among

Protestants, who reject Limbo and Purgatory, almost all the Churches, seem to take a morbid delight in dwelling on the tortures of the damned!—the agency of the Devil,—and the absolute impossibility of any effort of our own, to aid us, in rendering ourselves acceptable to the Deity. Mr. Carmichael gives some curious examples of this perverted Theology. I copy the following from his work :—

“Our *best* actions are *sinful*.” “Dear Fellow Sinner! your very sinfulness, is your *best fitness*.” “I cannot pray but I *sin*; I cannot hear or preach a sermon, but I *sin*; I cannot give an alms, or receive the Sacrament, but I *sin*; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins, but my confessions are still aggravations of them”! Another cleric of this class, addressing the excellent, highly-gifted, and most pious *Unitarian* Divine, DOCTOR DRUMMOND, expresses himself to the following effect :—“I solemnly declare, I believe I should have a better chance of *Salvation*, were I a MURDERER, or an UNFORTUNATE *outcast*, taken from the streets, and the inmate of an hospital, than the learned, moral, and pious Doctor Drummond, as I know him to be”!

Persons who could thus think, and express themselves in this wild, irrational, and irreligious manner, WILLIAM designated as *monomaniacs*, devoid of ordinary intelligence, and not worthy of being reasoned with. WILLIAM was right. The term, *monomaniac*, applied to their almost inconceivable folly, explains, at once, their self-delusion, and is its best excuse. The theory of mental delusion, and of Mesmeric impressions, will be found to throw much light on Religious Enthusiasm, which, in most instances, depends on superstitious teaching, commencing in early youth, and subsequently continued and strengthened by the frequent repetition of the original influence. When the Romanist is persuaded to believe that a piece of bread, is a perfect and living man, is he not as much under the Mesmeric influence, and is he not as dead to the evidence of his senses, as the person, in whose hand the Mesmeriser places a small cane, and causes him to believe that it is a sword, or a snake? And when the Protestant, after expressing his contempt for such an absurdity, presently affirms that this *same* Man is God Almighty! and the Creator of universes of millions of millions of suns!—how much more sane is *he* than his neighbour? If the former be a Monomaniac, so is the latter. This is the reason why they quarrel,



and abuse, and denounce each other, and like Monomaniacs, yielding to their excitements, lose all self-possession, and, if they could, would exterminate those who possess sufficient moral courage to refuse to be governed by them. A remarkable feature of this modification of Mesmerism, is the extraordinary manner in which they sympathise with each other, and the ascendancy which one man, of strong will, never fails to exercise over the rest. Where HE leads, all are sure to follow, just as is the case when a single sheep jumps down a precipice, or plunges into a river. The few always think for the many, while the many follow the few, and *never think*.

In all this folly, absurdity, and pitiable degradation of the HUMAN MIND, there is, perhaps, less of blame, than might, at first, be supposed. We cannot doubt the sincerity of these people. We are all, in a great degree, the creatures of circumstances, and our minds, in childhood, are easily fashioned into any shape, which Education, and the example of others, may lead them to adopt. The *Mind* and *Brain* are both acted upon. The Brain becomes over religiously sensitive—the Mind over religiously excited. These abnormal states are confirmed by habit—and thus implicit belief—fiery zeal—hatred of dissent—abuse of power—merciless persecution—come to be regarded as *Duties*, for the rigid performance of which the ministers and servants of God, are accountable to God! For this reason, when men, sincere, but zealous over much, on platform, or from altar, or pulpit, proclaim themselves the advocates of absurd, unintelligible, and intolerant doctrines, no matter how highly gifted as orators, or how much regarded as Orthodox Theologians, they are to be pitied, more than blamed. If, labouring in their vocation, they shall misrepresent the acts, and speak harshly of the wise and the good, these, better instructed, should not return railing for railing; but pursue the even course which God has appointed for them, and which will not fail to conduct them, at last, to their final Home.

In speaking of this subject, another, connected with it, just occurs to me, and seems to require a few observations. I allude to the recent “Religious Revivals,” as they are called, which have attracted so much attention in America, and in the north of Ireland. They have puzzled the learned, not a little. Even Theologians have not made up their minds, as to what opinion they should form

on a subject so replete with interest, and in a religious and social point of view, of such seeming importance. The Romanist Theologians are commanded by *their* Church to refer them to SATANIC agency! Many of the Protestant Clergy, ascribe them to the manifest outpouring of the SPIRIT of GOD! partly to reform the wicked and impenitent—but chiefly to make known to Romanists their errors, and convert them to Protestantism. The facts are admitted by both parties. There was no denial that, after much preaching, and psalm singing and having “wearièd the Lord”! with long continued and impassioned supplication, many individuals, chiefly females, and persons of delicate constitutions, were seized with fits of screaming—hysterics—convulsions—were struck down by the “strong arm of the Spirit,” as they supposed—saw Heaven open, to receive them—saw Christ! Of these some contracted *fevers*, and died—some became *Insane*!

Such are the Facts. No one disputes them, nor does any one venture to ascribe corrupt motives, to the Clerical promoters of these strange proceedings, or suppose the existence of a corrupt collusion on the part of the individuals thus influenced by their preaching. The parties are all sincere, and thoroughly persuaded of the truth of these supposed divine manifestations, while the *truth* is, that they are *self-deceived*, and think, speak, and act, under the *irresistible* impressions of MESMERIC DELUSION!

That this is the case, must be evident to all who are acquainted with the first principles of Mesmerism, and can be proved in this way.—If five hundred person of all classes, and of both sexes, *Protestants*, shall assemble in one room, and five hundred *Romanists*, in another—five hundred *Jews*, in a third, and five hundred *Mahomedans*, in a fourth room, and if each of these assemblages shall be addressed, in exciting language, by relays of their respective Priests,—these Priests, by following the directions of Professor Stone, will be enabled to persuade many persons in their several audiences, to believe, whatever they are *told* to believe. The *Protestants*, that is, about twenty-five of the entire number, would firmly believe that they saw Jesus, inviting them to ascend to him in Heaven. A similar number of *Romanists*, would become ecstatic, from beholding their patroness, Mary. The *Jews* and *Mahomedans*, in about the same proportion, could be persuaded that Moses, or

Mahomet, stood in the midst of them, and, incredible as it may seem, all the *Mesmerised* of all these Sects, might be made to imagine, at the same moment, that *Beelzebub!* with long ears—horns on his head—a wide mouth, with fearful teeth, and smoke and flame issuing from it, was about to catch them in a net, and carry them off to Hell! That all this is possible, and that much of this has been actually realized, at sundry times, in America—Ireland—Great Britain, and elsewhere, I most positively affirm; and I further assert, that *all the instances* of great religious excitement, which Clerics represent, as evidences of God's supernatural influence, are MESMERIC MANIFESTATIONS, and nothing else. These "*Spiritual Revivals!*" are not confined to any country, or sect. They have occurred in every past age. They will occur again, and again, and run their course, whenever the same circumstances shall present themselves, which originally produced them.

The zealots in religion, will affect to believe that the above remarks, are untruthful and irreverent, subversive of all pious feeling, and border on downright Infidelity. In thus thinking, they act unwisely and unjustly. Churches and Churchmen, have no business to speak authoritatively, on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant. They have no business to lay down their *infallible rules!* for our guidance in acquiring a knowledge of Astronomy—Geology—Chemistry—Biology, or Pyschology. Churches know nothing of the nature or composition of the HUMAN MIND, or of the mode in which it acts,—or of the laws, by which its actions are governed. They know nothing of its future destination—where it is to be located—and how employed after death. In the dark ages, they were dogmatic, imperious, and intolerant. They are so still, in the Church of Rome, which boasts that it never has rescinded a single one of its public acts, or altered one of its recorded opinions; but it is not so with *Protestants*, who will not permit their thoughts to be cramped and controlled by articles of faith, or the creeds of Churches. In despite of opposition, the Rational Protestant will follow where Science leads, and guided by the mild light which it throws around him, will strive to reach, at last, the Sacred Temple in which it dwells. Who is there, who should not wish to lay his offering, however small it may be, on the ALTAR of SCIENCE, and to receive in return, some of the rich treasure, which it freely offers

to all who, estimating it as it deserves, shall earnestly apply for it? MESMERISM, and PHRENOLOGY, are not to be excluded from the investigation of matters of Religious belief. So thinks an American Divine, who thus expresses himself,—not quite accurately, but sufficiently so to prove the correctness of this assertion.

“ Strong apprehensions have been excited respecting PHRENOLOGY and MESMERISM. And, indeed, in their present state, these Sciences are made to exert a more unfriendly influence upon vital religion than any other. Those who profess to understand and teach them, have been, for the most part, decided opponents of special providence, and special grace, and many of them Materialists. But *this* is not because there are any special grounds for such opinions in Phrenology, or Mesmerism. The latter branch, indeed, affords such decided proofs of immaterialism, as to have led several able Materialists to change their views. Nor does Phrenology afford any stronger proof that law governs the natural world, than do the other Sciences. But when a man who is sceptical, becomes deeply interested in any branch of knowledge, and *fancies himself* to be an oracle respecting it, he will torture its principles, till they are made to give testimony in favor of his previous sceptical views, although, in fact, the tones are as unnatural as those of Ventriloquism, and as deceptive. When true philosophy shall determine what are the genuine principles of Phrenology and Mesmerism, we can judge of their bearing on Religion,—but the history of other Sciences shews us, that we need have no fears of any collision, when the whole subject is brought fairly into day-light.”

If, in the preceding passage, the candid and well intentioned writer, had introduced after “ Sceptical,” the words “ *or superstitious,*” he would have more fully expressed the truth ; for, when a man who is *superstitious*, becomes deeply interested in any branch of knowledge, and *fancies himself* to be an ORACLE respecting it, he will torture its principles, till they are made to give evidence of his *previous superstitious* views. Than this, nothing can be more true, and, with this observation, deserving as it does, much *serious thought*, I shall conclude the present Chapter,—having laid before the reader *reasonable* grounds for the *conjecture*, that the SUN, round which all the Planets circulate, and which accompany *him*, in *his* annual orbit of twenty millions of years!! *is* the *place* appointed for the final reception, of *all* the INTELLIGENT BEINGS,—of all the worlds that belong to the SOLAR SYSTEM. A GLORIOUS THEORY! AN ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENT,—an arrangement worthy of the CREATOR Himself; and which should inspire our hearts, towards him, with daily increasing emotions of Reverence, Gratitude, and Love.

## CHAPTER XV.

I had scarcely laid down my pen, after writing the last chapter, when I received the announcement of the death of my beloved relative and friend, BIDDULPH WARNER. He too, has closed his brief career, of talent, amiability, and affectionate regard for me. He has been removed, it would seem prematurely, to meet, after short separation, WILLIAM, his early companion, and the child of my fondest hopes. There they are together, conversing as they once conversed, but wise,—wise beyond measure,—with thoughts more profound, and with higher aspirations, than it enters into the HEART of MAN to conceive. In wisdom, knowledge, experience, acquaintance with the ways and purposes of God, how infinitely superior must they not now be to us! *This must be so.* They must be in a state *thus exalted*, or our anticipations of the future are deceptive, and rest on no substantial foundation. Where one is, the other is, and where they both are I would wish to go. *Higher* I would not desire to be, and *lower* I hope I shall not be placed, for pleasant, indeed, it would be to me, to see them again, no longer worn down by sickness and pain, but renovated, improved, beatified—I myself exalted to their level—my youth renewed, and my entire soul filled to overflowing, with an excess of joy. To this consummation, I look forward, not doubtingly, and shall endeavour, so to prepare my mind, as to meet calmly the approach of death, regarding him as a herald of glad tidings, sent to invite me to follow him to a sunny land, there, for ever, to form one of a society, abounding in *wisdom, knowledge, kind offices, and mutual love.*

In that place of sunshine, and perpetual spring, my two boys are now. *Who shall dare to gainsay this?* I spurn the Churches, and I despise the Churchmen, that shall venture to do so. No doubt they are sincere—but sincerity cannot sanction an absurdity, nor can *false belief*, convert a FALSEHOOD into a TRUTH. For what purpose were they created? Can it be possible, that, with their limited experience, and short probationary trial on this Earth—most amiable, excellent, and well intentioned as they were, God seized them, guiltless of deliberate crime, and handed them over to the

Executioner,—not to be deprived of Life—for that would be merciful—but to be impaled, or fastened to the rack, and to be scourged, and to be scorched with burning coals,—all these tortures to have no end—the wretched victims of such demoniac cruelty, exclaiming perpetually, “Give us, in charity, a drop of water—only one drop, for our thirst is intolerable—our agony is not to be endured! Oh, put us to death, and let us sleep for ever—in mercy, put us to death, for this torture is not to be endured”!

I shudder even to think of those false, and fearful, and impious inventions of the Athanasian Churches,—so audacious—so insulting to God—so opposed to his *Justice*, and so IMPOSSIBLE TO BE TRUE. Yes, I distinctly affirm that God, never created, and never will create, in SUN, or PLANET, a single intelligent being—Man, or Angel—that he should, under *any contingency* whatever, be visited with intolerable, and endless torture. He who asserts that God, dooms whole races of Men, or even a solitary individual, to unmitigated, useless and endless torture! is self-deluded. Pious, he may be, and even fancy himself Inspired,—but he is not, therefore, the less deceived. He mistakes the God that he should worship. He falls down, and kneels before a false God, and he turns his face, from the ONLY TRUE GOD, the God of Justice—Righteousness—Love, and Mercy.

WILLIAM was a *Unitarian*, and so was BIDDULPH. I have dictated to neither, in religious matters. I have freely expressed my own opinions, but I always told them to think for themselves, and, by no means, to adopt my views, unless they were thoroughly persuaded, in their own minds, of their correctness. I have said, “There is much of what is good, in every modification of the Christian Religion. Choose, from amongst them, for yourselves,—I lay no great stress on particular Creeds. I only object to such as are Irrational, and Anti-social. Take my word for it, God will not, at the last day, ask of any of us, whether he was a *Peterite!* or a *Paulite!*—a *Knoxite!* or a *Walkerite!* God has placed us here, to acquire a certain degree of knowledge, and to discharge certain Duties. Endeavour to acquire this knowledge,—discharge to the best of your ability, those Duties, all of which, if rightly understood, are *Social* and *Practical* duties. Do this—at least, *endeavour* to do this, and, leaving the rest to God, you need trouble yourselves but little, about the awful warnings,—the threats—the excommunications of Churches, or Clerics. Always treat the conscientious Cleric with

respect, because he means well—and because the ignorant multitude *must* have *religious* teachers, no matter how absurd the doctrines are, that they preach. The more absurd and incomprehensible, and the more exciting, the more readily, and the more generally, will they be believed. Biddulph, what do you think?”

“I agree with you entirely, but, if I were to express myself in that manner, before my *Evangelical* Aunts, or him of Achill—they would set me down as a perfect reprobate, and thoroughly corrupted by my intimacy with you.”

“And what need you care for this? Never enter into a controversy with any of them, but quietly express, in a few words, what you think, and then let the discussion terminate. WILLIAM, what do you say?”

“I do not see the use of these inquiries. They are not capable of *Proof*. I think Scripture, proves *Transubstantiation*.”

“With all my heart, you may believe it, if you please, and not be the worse for believing it.—but, for my part, I disbelieve it altogether, and could not believe it, even though there were a hundred texts in its favor—because I consider it an *absolute impossibility*. No matter what Churches may say, I say that there are *many ways* to Heaven, and that *there*, We, and *all others*, will meet, at last, retaining our recollections of *this* life, and recognising each other, and associating happily together. This is my Creed. Adopt it, or reject it, just as you please.”

Such was the manner in which Biddulph, William, and I, used sometimes to converse. I had great pleasure in the society, of two such intelligent—honorable minded—well conducted young men—*sufficiently* pious, but not fanatics—not Romanists—but not revilers of Romanism. In short, living, they were esteemed and loved, and now that they have been removed to another Sphere, as they were companions *here*,—I am persuaded they now live together *there*,—speaking, it may be, of their earthly experiences,—contrasting them, with those of their new existence, and, perhaps, looking forward, with pleasant anticipation, to the time, soon to arrive, when I, once their teacher, shall join their society, and seek to be instructed by them.

Biddulph survived his friend not quite a year. Wasted by slow consumption, he passed away—quietly, patiently, and calmly. He died in England, and I was not near him, but I have no doubt, that,

like William, his departure was that of an untroubled sleep, bringing with it such refreshing repose, as the wearied body might well be supposed to long for.

Who shall tell me, that *my* boys are not happy? Who shall tell me, that I need never hope to see them again? I spurn the Church and I despise the Theologian, and I pity the deluded People who shall dare to say so.

If the GRAND LAMA of Thibet—the Parent of the Roman Popes, and all his Bishops and Clergy were to say so, I would not believe them.

If the Pope of Rome, the Christian Lama—a poor old man—coting and epileptic—leaning on the arm of the true Pope, the tyrant Antonelli, walking in solemn procession before me, followed by his Irish Bishops, and preceded by Saint Peter, were to say so, I would not believe them!

If Queen Victoria, her twenty-four Bishops, and Saint George, mounted on his Dragon, issuing from the House of Lords, were to approach me, and say so, I would not believe them!

And why? Why should I disbelieve the entire of them?

Because, sooner than believe them, I would persuade myself I was Insane, or that I laboured under some optical, and auditory, delusion, which caused me to imagine I saw and heard that which had no existence.

Why would I not believe them?

Because, sooner than *believe* that GOD *had changed his attributes*, I should doubt my own existence,—the evidence in favour of the *immutability* of GOD's attributes, being the only proof that we can have of the necessary existence of a *First Cause*, and consequently of the existence of God, and of all created beings. The whole affair, I should regard, as a DREAM, or as a PHANTASMAGORIC EXHIBITION, contrived to impose on the mind, by presenting to the eye, a succession of images, absurd, impossible, and the more wonderful, because of their entire want of reality.

Theologians will apply hard names to him who shall venture to entertain opinions such as these, and, perhaps, call him an Infidel! They have a *right* to do so. They have a right to *affirm* any thing they please, but in Religious, as well as in Philosophic inquiries, assertion, unsupported by proof, is of no value. Uneducated, cre-



dulous, and superstitious men, are ready to believe, or rather to *say* they believe, the greatest absurdities,—nay, even actual impossibilities—provided they come to them, recommended by persons, on whose authority they are told it is their duty to rely. The educated and intelligent classes, however, will not surrender their understandings to the keeping of others, who are less close reasoners, and, therefore, less correctly informed than themselves. Hence, Theologians, may, and will, to the end, denounce inquiries of this kind, and attempt to silence all discussion, that does not exactly suit their own views. They will still persist, in quoting the hackneyed, and much misunderstood text—“By wisdom the world, knew not God.” They will endeavour to persuade us that we act *impiously* towards God, and deny his Truth, whenever we shall attempt to exercise our Reason, upon any doubtful point of Christian Revelation, or of Religious Responsibility.

If Theologians are unable to give us any information, with respect to the future probable location of the Soul, and, indeed, plainly avow their incompetency to do so, they should rather encourage others, to lend their aid in throwing some light, on a subject so obscure. In all their discourses respecting Heaven, they speak so vaguely, and sometimes so absurdly, that it is plain, a Heaven, such as they imagine, can have no existence, and, even if it had, it would be a place, the least likely to promote the *perpetual* happiness, of any rational being. In the eleventh Chapter of this work, I have given a description of Heaven, as it is represented by Theologians, and, certainly, for my part, I should not wish to be, for ever, employed in the way they admire so much. Such a life, would be, to me, insipid, stupid, and tiresome. I should long, for a quiet hour,—undisturbed by the jingling minstrelsy of Harps, and freed from witnessing the unpleasant spectacle of a Human being, disfigured with wounds, and his Mother, clamorously supplicating a stern looking and relentless old man, to shew mercy to Sinners, whom he had already promised to pardon, and for whose pardon he had been actually paid!!

On scenes of this kind, I could not possibly look with any degree of pleasure. I would rather turn away, from them, and, sooner than be obliged to endure them, I would say,—“Let me sleep, and, if need be, sleep for ever!”

But all this Infidelity, as the Theologians term it, is occasioned by

their own ignorance and absurdity,—*first*, in not assigning to Heaven, a certain positive locality, and *secondly*, in supposing that any one of all those, by whom they imagine it to be occupied, could spend his time there, in a manner so truly ridiculous. It is time, therefore, for persons of greater intelligence, to aid them, and remove *both* those difficulties.

The *first* is, at once, removed by adopting the hypothesis, that the Sun, the light, life, and soul, so to speak, of all the Planets, and the centre of their movements, is also the dwelling prepared for the ultimate reception of all the rational beings that are, in the first instance, called into existence, in the several planets that circulate round him. The Cleric, who can ascribe, to this opinion, any doctrinal, or religious error, instead of teaching others, should be sent to school, to learn something of Astronomy, and to improve himself in Rational Theology. The weight of Rational Opinion certainly leads us to fix on the *Sun*, in preference to any other locality; and, in the absence of any proof to the contrary, it is the one to which we may hope to be, hereafter, removed.

The *second*,—or that which has reference to the mode in which the Soul is occupied, so as to obtain an increase of knowledge, and discharge its new social and religious duties, in a manner useful to itself, and pleasing to God, is also a perfectly fit, and natural inquiry. If it has appeared to certain Clerics, irreligious and presumptuous, to examine curiously into the secret arrangements of the future life. Those who so think, act prudently, in not attempting to grapple with a subject so much above the range of their capacity. Still, the inquiring mind, once it has been taught to think, will not remain satisfied, with its present knowledge. Once satisfied that its future domicile is to be the Sun, it naturally asks,—“What is the general character, the physical constitution of the place, and in what way shall we be employed, when we arrive there?”

To obtain a reply to these questions, we shall suppose ourselves transported to the Sun, so as to have an opportunity of learning, from our own experience, the more remarkable, of the singular appearances, which must force themselves upon our attention. The immense size of the SUN, and its perpetual illumination by an atmosphere of LIGHT, cannot fail to excite our wonder. The body of the Sun, is composed of solid, opaque materials, dark colored,

and, like our earth, diversified by ranges of lofty mountains,—divided by valleys—in some places, spreading out into extensive plains. The Sun, appears to possess two atmospheres. The superior and exterior, is that from whence proceed the light and heat, which radiate from the Sun in all directions; or, it may be, from which proceeds the peculiar electric influence, which, acting on our Earth and its atmosphere, produces the light and heat that seem to emanate from the Sun. It is certain, however, that, when viewed by us, this outer atmosphere presents the appearance of an ocean of light, inconceivably bright, and that the heat of the Sun, seems also to reside chiefly in it. Between this, and the body of the Sun, there is another atmospheric region, in which clouds, in appearance, more like those of our earth, are seen to move, presenting, occasionally, immense openings, through which we are enabled to discern portions of the body of the Sun,—to measure the height of its mountains, and to look into the deep and dark cavities, that occupy different parts of its surface.

Until a few years anterior to the great astronomical and solar discoveries of the elder Herschel, it was generally believed that the Sun was a vast globe of an intensely heated, liquid substance, the heat of which was inconceivably greater than that of iron, when melted in the hottest furnace; that, of course, it was unfitted to sustain any kind of organic life, and though 877,547 miles in diameter—one million four hundred thousand times larger than our earth, and five hundred times larger than the aggregate of all the planets—it was of *no use*, except to give them light and heat,—in fact, that our *own* earth, was the only one to which it was of much value, for the nearer planets, must have been scorched up by excessive heat, while the more remote were uninhabitable from intolerable cold. It happened, however, that about ten years prior to Herschel's more accurate examination of the Sun, and its atmospheres, a Doctor Elliot, propounded his theory, that the Sun was inhabited,—that the light of the Sun proceeds from a dense and extensive atmospheric aurora, which gives ample light to the inhabitants of the surface beneath, and yet is at such a distance from the body of the Sun, as not to inconvenience them. Doctor Elliot was of opinion that vegetation may exist there, as well as on this earth,—that there may be water and dry land—hills and dales—

rain and fair weather—there as well as here. He also made the exceedingly ingenious and apparently truthful remark, that, as the light and the seasons of the Sun never vary, the Sun may, for this reason, be considered the most *blissful* habitation of the whole system—a suitable residence for beings endowed with immortality.

It is a remarkable fact, that the propounder of this very original speculation, having been placed on his trial for murder, his medical attendant, in order to prove him *insane*, referred to his extraordinary and most irrational opinions, respecting the Sun! It is equally remarkable, and instructive, to find that Sir William Herschel, soon after, was disposed to consider these opinions, by no means improbable, and as supported, in some degree, by his own observations.

In former days—in the days of comparative ignorance—Churches, and Churchmen—Learned Societies, and Learned Men—Colleges of Physicians, and Physicians—Law Courts, and Lawyers—ALL were unanimous in opposing themselves to innovation and to improvement. They acted as positive impediments to scientific and social, and religious progress. At the present time, their tendencies, and their inclinations, lead them to discourage any departure from the customary routine of their respective departments, and they never fail to denounce, to misrepresent, and to injure, as far as possible, the *few* who shall be guilty of the unpardonable *crime* of being wiser than their fellows! This is evidently the case, in Legal, and in Medical Science—but more notoriously so, and worst of all, in Religion. A blind submission to authority, heretofore, so cramped the powers of the mind, that men lived all their days like little children, adopting the opinions of others, without examination, and not daring to think, or speak, except as they were directed. These were the days of Ignorancy, Superstition, and Persecution; but they have passed away—at least, in Protestant countries—never to return. The struggle, in free countries, between the opposing principles of “FREEDOM OF THOUGHT,” and the “DENIAL OF THE RIGHT TO THINK,” can now have but one result,—the supremacy of the former principle, and the total and disgraceful discomfiture of the latter. For this reason, the CHURCHMEN, who shall oppose, as false or heretical, the opinion that the SUN is a habitable globe, occupied by beings, suitably formed, and in every respect adapted to dwell permanently in it,—will only prove their

own ignorance, and bring their Church, and themselves, into well merited contempt.

There are a thousand things which Revelation has not made known to us, and which infallible churches never meddle with, but to commit some gross blunder, and concerning which, the mind will, notwithstanding, exercise its own faculties—at all events, every intelligent mind will do so—leaving the stupid and the unreasoning portion of the community to believe implicitly whatever they have been accustomed to believe. It is to be regretted that this should be so generally the case, inasmuch as the ignorance of an individual is not only a serious disadvantage to himself, but is a positive injury to the community, by rendering him a mere machine, in the hands of artful, and unprincipled persons, who direct his energies, such as they are, to the advancement of their own purposes, and very often to the public prejudice. In those countries, in which the laws, the habits, and the religion of the people, are all opposed to freedom of thought, and consequently to free institutions—to freedom of the press—to trial by jury—to civil and religious liberty, in every shape—*there, EDUCATION must be perverted*, in order to give permanency to the DESPOTISM, civil and religious, which pervades all its institutions. But, in Protestant countries, as EDUCATION is the foundation of Protestantism, so it constitutes the palladium of our rights,—the only effectual safe-guard for the preservation of our Protestant Constitution. It is, therefore, essential to the maintenance of constitutional rights, that the spread of sound, practical, and scientific knowledge, shall be encouraged by the proper authorities, and that its progress shall not be resisted, or its purposes perverted, by any class of persons, whether Lay or Cleric. It is not at all surprising that Clerics, who reject Reason, in matters of Religious belief, should consider the revelations of GEOLOGY, and of ASTRONOMY, dangerous to their Faith. If their Faith be founded on *truth*, it cannot be impaired by other truths, and least of all, by those derived from the scientific investigation of the marvellous works of the Creator.

I have already referred to the wonders of *Geology*, and also to the incalculable remoteness, and number of the separate UNIVERSES, each composed of millions of millions of Suns, and which *Astronomy*, aided by the telescope, assures us, are thickly scattered through

boundless space. I shall now briefly describe our own Solar System, which, great as is its magnitude,—seems to hold, to the entire of all the other Suns and their attendant planets, the same ratio, in number and magnitude, that a single grain of sand bears to as many, of the same size and weight, as would form a globe, larger even than this earth ! The immense extent of our system alone, must convince the most rigid theologian, that the sun, moon, planets, and stars, were neither created in six days, nor were they formed solely for the benefit of the inhabitants of this earth. It will appear manifest, from the teaching of ASTRONOMY, that the SUN has been created for the use of other worlds, as well as of ours, and that there subsists between it and them, physical relations, in every respect, similar.

If we shall imagine ourselves placed, on the summit of one of those mountain ranges, which are situated near the Sun's equator, and the highest points of which, are, in some places, supposed to attain an elevation of six hundred miles,—looking down upon the surface of the Sun, it will appear greatly diversified, presenting to the observer as great a variety of different objects, as exists at present upon this earth, but, of course, of a nature, and in appearance, essentially dissimilar to those with which we are acquainted. In the Sun, may be observed—vegetation of a peculiar kind,—shady groves, cooling streams, level plains, and mountain scenery, wood-covered hills, cascades, leaping from rock to rock—nay, even animals to occupy its surface, fish to inhabit the seas and rivers, and birds to wing their flight, through the mild and temperate atmosphere, where it exists in its more dense state, near to the body of the Sun. This is not merely possible, but probable, when it is considered that the Sun is a solid, opaque body, of enormous magnitude, and with an immense extent of surface, his circumference being estimated at 2,774,692 miles !

It may be doubted whether the materials of which the various sensible objects, that exist in the Sun, are composed, are similar to those which we have experience of in this globe. The earth has its regular alternations of day and night,—it basks pleasantly in the cheerful beams and genial warmth of the glorious sun ; its seasons vary, and it has its different climates, ranging from a tropical heat, to the intense cold of the frozen poles. But none of these conditions prevail in the Sun. Its laws of gravitation, motion, light, heat, and

electricity, are the same as with us. The matter of which it consists, may, for this reason, be somewhat similar,—but here the similitude most probably ceases. A creation of which we can form no idea—an organization unknown to us—new instincts—peculiar habits, and enlarged intellectual powers—must all be supposed to distinguish the beings that now occupy the Sun. That it is unoccupied, is a silly assertion, not to be believed. Who can reflect on the magnitude of the sun—the source of warmth, light, and life—and believe it to be itself, otherwise than replenished with life, to the fullest extent possible? Sir William Herschel says,—“In consequence of analogical reasonings, assisted by telescopic views, which plainly favour the same opinion, we need not hesitate to admit that the sun is richly stored with inhabitants.”

Such was the opinion of the greatest astronomer of his age; but here he dismissed the subject, its further investigation not bearing, in any way, upon astronomical science. But the tree of science, once planted in a fertile soil, soon throws out branches that thickly intertwine and strengthen each other, and put forth leaves of many colors, and bright flowers, giving promise of abundant fruit. Where Herschel ceased to observe, the Philosophic Theologian commenced to speculate. The TELESCOPE, poured upon the eye, the light of a new and habitable sphere; and the MIND, inspired by its revelations, ardently pursued that light farther than the telescope could follow it. Seeking for a suitable location for the Soul, what place could it find so fitting to receive it as the bright sun,—the common centre of attraction, and round which all the planets move?

If it be more than probable that the Human Soul is translated to the Sun, the same probability, founded on the same analogies, will incline us to adopt the opinion, that the souls of all the *rational* and *religious* beings, that have lived on the other planets, or on their attendant moons, are equally transferred there, to enjoy, like ourselves, a perpetual existence. Why should a benefit of matchless price be conferred on us, imperfect and unworthy as Man is, and be withheld from the dwellers on other planets, who cannot possibly be more vicious, and may easily be more virtuous than we are? It is not probable that we could be so favored, or that they should be so harshly treated. Indeed, it is only necessary to consider the number and magnitude of these Planets to satisfy ourselves, that they

cannot but be peopled by myriads of intelligent beings. The other planets, in the aggregate, contain a mass of matter nearly three thousand times greater than that of the Earth, and their surfaces are extensive, in the ratios corresponding to their diameters. With certain differences of atmosphere, temperature, and of other circumstances, the physical organization of their occupants *must vary in each planet* ; but the ELEMENT of MIND, the principle of RATIONALITY, the Innate sense of a GREAT FIRST CAUSE, the SENTIMENT of RELIGIOUS OBLIGATION, the power to distinguish between GOOD and EVIL, RIGHT and WRONG, all must be the same, with them, as with us ; and all this must be the same, both with us and with them, when, after death, we shall meet together, in our final home. But why do I say *final* ? It by no means follows that, even the Sun, attractive as it is, and glowing with brightness, shall, through all eternity, be our resting place. God, infinite in power, and wisdom, and infinite in goodness as well as in power, has prepared another, and a higher place, to which, after millions of years, he may, shall it so please him, remove the inhabitants of the Sun. The law of planetary analogy would seem to lead to this conclusion. The SUN is itself a PLANET ! The Sun, attended by all its Planets and their Satellites, and by all its Comets, moves not only round its own axis, but rushes onward through Space, in its mighty orbit, occupying, during a single revolution, or while it accomplishes a *single Solar year*, the inconceivable period of nearly *Twenty Millions* of our years of three hundred and sixty-five days ! The central point of attraction, round which the Sun is supposed to move, is indicated by the star *Alcyone*, one of the Pleiades. Recent observations, conducted with the greatest patience, ingenuity, and accuracy, by Argelander, Struve, and Maedler, have enabled these Astronomers to arrive at the conclusion, “That *Alcyone*, the principal star in the group of the Pleiades, now occupies the centre of gravity, and is at present the Sun about which the universe of stars composing our astral system are all revolving” ! The distance of *Alcyone* from our Sun, is so enormous that it would require five hundred years, for its light to reach us. But it has been interchanging its light, with that of our Sun, perhaps, for millions of years past, and will do so, for millions of ages to come.

Such is the scale upon which the Universe is constructed ;—such are the residences provided for his creatures by God ; and such are



the reasonable grounds, on which to found our hope of *perpetual* progress in a *succession of future states*, until, in every respect properly qualified, we shall ALL be promoted to that place, in which it is to be supposed God will, in the most marvellous manner, give evidence of his illimitable power, and exhibit himself in the full blaze of his *visible glory*—but, not more glorious, there, than here—the same INVISIBLE GOD—here, there, in our Sun, and in every other Sun, ONE and the SAME.

On this subject, there should be no mistake. It is essential to “Rational Religion,” that all these facts, by which the Immensity of the Creation is established, should be thoroughly understood, and fully and freely inquired into. If, in remote times, when the Papacy was struggling into existence, and before the first “FATHERS of the CHURCH”! had entered into a corrupt compact with Paganism, *these truths* had been known, it would have been absolutely *impossible* to force upon the belief of an intelligent human being, the IMPOSSIBLE doctrine, that GOD, the Creator of these infinite worlds, was a Man-God! and is now, to be worshipped as SUCH, and under the visible form of a MAN!! Had these truths been better known, it would have been *impossible* for any man, who was not a monomaniac, to persuade himself, to *say* he believed, that a fellow man, wearing a certain dress, and pronouncing certain cabalistic words, could transmute a piece of bread into this *identical* human being—this *identical* MAN-GOD! and that this *Bread!* this *Man-God!!* and the *Invisible* and *the Infinite* God, are all *one* and the *Same!!* and all to be alike venerated and worshipped.

Well may the contemplative and sincerely pious RELIGIONIST exclaim,—“O, the vain and idle cares of men! O, the folly, the stupidity, the insanity of men!—even the best intentioned, who deceive themselves, and imagine they are qualified, by their superior wisdom, to teach others,—men without understanding, and who, instead of being teachers, have need to become children again, and to be taught themselves, even by children!” But to this Churches, and Churchmen, *will never submit*. It therefore rests with the intelligent and sincere—with the fearless and the true—to instruct, improve, and reform Society—in *despite of them!*

This movement is in progress, and cannot be arrested. Churchmen and Churches, should be no longer so blind, as to suppose that

by their exclusive teaching, their fierce disputes, their shameful wrangling, their powerful organization, their appeals to physical force, their ruthless persecutions, the MINDS of men will henceforth suffer themselves to be enthralled, by the iron despotism of religious Superstition, and of arbitrary political domination. The Papacy, and every other Political Church, must be deprived of the temporal power which they have *all*, without a single exception, so grossly abused. The same causes, always, under the same circumstances, produce similar effects. *Intolerable* oppression, fails not to produce *Irresistible* reaction. In Britain, in Germany formerly, now in Italy, and ere long, in Portugal, and down-trodden Spain, the MIND, asserting its rights, will struggle ever to extricate itself from SLAVERY, and vindicate its claim to the high and holy destination, appointed for it by God, both here and hereafter. But churchmen will oppose this to the utmost. They will never learn wisdom—never.

It is to be observed, however, that these errors, inseparably connected as they are with Churches, and continued and propagated by the false teaching and mistaken zeal of Ecclesiastical Enthusiasts, are contingent, accidental, and depend upon a concurrence of circumstances, over which neither the Church, nor the Preacher, nor the People who listen to the Church and to the Preacher, can have any, even the slightest control. The system will go on, until God himself, in his providential arrangements, shall employ *other men*, to break it down, and to substitute, for it, another, and a better. The experience of the entire world proves this to be the case, and *therefore*, these errors and absurdities,—these most monstrous irrationalities, *will not*, and CANNOT be charged as crimes against those “*who believed them, because they could not help believing them.*” It is plain, that God’s ways, in the physical, social, and religious government of this world, are not our ways. His ways are mysterious, incomprehensible, and past finding out; and therefore, it is absurd and irreverent for Churches or Ecclesiastics, of any denomination, to *pronounce positively*, as to the absolute and eternal condemnation of those who deny their authority, and *cannot* be induced to believe as they believe.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Morose Ecclesiastics, who profess Love and Charity, and perfect Disinterestedness ! but struggle for Power, Influence, and Wealth, and who, not unfrequently, express themselves, in language of burning hatred, know but little of the *happiness which liberality of mind, imparts to its possessor*. Theirs is a life of perpetual fever,—of undue, unnatural, and unprofitable excitement. Ours is quiet—tranquil—unimpassioned. Our exertions are directed to improve the Moral and Social condition of our fellow men, to promote Peace, by our example, to allay angry feeling, to teach men to claim the right to think, and to concede to others the same right of perfect freedom of thought. Our mission is—and it is a noble mission,—to proclaim the wisdom, justice, and love of God, as manifested in the works of his Creation, and not as falsified and misrepresented, by the incoherent ravings, and the fabricated traditions of ignorant men. We denounce no man, because of his conscientious opinions, except so far as such opinions may be subversive of the Protestant right of Private Judgment, or are otherwise opposed to the well being of Society. Equal rights, a fair stage, and no favor, we claim for ourselves, and for others. These, and much more, the evidences of pure intention and of unselfish dealing, we profess and practise, in the things of this world. As to the other, it and its arrangements, belong to God. In his hands we leave them. In whose hands can they be better placed ?

I might here close these remarks, on this subject ; but I shall not. I shall gratify myself, by the discharge of a pleasing duty, and one to which I have looked forward, as affording proof of the nature, extent, and sincerity of my opinions. I have lived long, and associated much, with men of all the numerous forms, and modifications of the Christian Faith. I have lived on terms of friendly intercourse with these persons,—offending none, because of their religious belief, and never having been myself offended by any of them. I hope to meet ALL these, and ALL the people of the *entire world*, in a future state, of comparative happiness, in which there will be, it is probable, gradations of enjoyment, but no positive misery such as

we experience here, and *certainly* no torture ! such as we are threatened with, by the Athanasian Churches. The names of a few of these I shall mention here, as a slight testimony to their solid worth, and a grateful acknowledgment, on my part, for the many acts of kindness and of friendship, which I have so often experienced at their hands.

Not to speak of Parents and Relatives, whom we shall surely recognise hereafter, whose affections will be remembered, and whose quarrels, here, will then be regarded by themselves, as nothing more than the temporary excitements of children, contending for a few worthless toys,—contentions, perhaps, not useless, but instructive, *because of their folly*. Not to speak of these whom I firmly hope to see, would it not delight me to meet again, my esteemed Preceptor and kind-hearted friend, the Reverend Alexander Leney, and my College Tutor, the Reverend James Wilson,—the Medical Professors under whom I studied—Doctors Gregory and Hope of Edinburgh, and Doctor Francis Barker, and Doctor Boyton, of Dublin? How happy I should be, to converse with my professional colleagues—Doctor George Hagan, who taught me to treat fever, and Doctors Stoker, Robinson, O'Brien,—all good, most kind, and excellent men, skilled in their profession, and as humane as they were skilful.

I hope to meet, one whom I greatly esteemed, Doctor Healy, a Bishop of the Church of Rome, and who once, when he paid me a visit, laid his hand on little WILLIAM'S head, and blessed him. His blessing rested upon WILLIAM, for seldom has there lived, a better child, or boy, or man. I thanked the good Bishop then, and I now thank him a hundred-fold. Yes, yes—no matter what his Church, or Creed,—no matter what my Church, or Creed,—surely we shall meet again:—the good Bishop of the old *Irish*, and not of the present *Italian School*—the liberal-minded Bishop, the zealous patron of Education, and who, shortly before he died, expressed himself to me as feeling the greatest pride that, in every Parish throughout his entire Diocese of Kildare, and Leighlin—there was a *National School*, and in some *Two*. Yes, I shall meet the good, the liberal, the charitable Bishop, who grasped at no expiring sinner's property for himself, or for his Church, but died, having scarcely in his house, as much money as would bury him ! I shall meet there too,

of his Clergy, my esteemed and valued friend, the Reverend Gerald Doyle, of Naas—and with him, I shall no doubt see, another friend, not long deceased, the Reverend James Phelan, the late Priest of the Parish in which I reside.

Why should I not expect to meet, amicably conversing with these of the Church of Rome, the Reverend Francis Hewson, the Protestant minister of the same Parish, who, in his own department, is equally conscientious and painstaking, and who, in the sincerity of his honest conviction, endeavours to convert to the Established Church, Romanists and Unitarians?!

I hope to meet my old friend and legal adviser, James Gerahty, and, though still living, and long may he live, yet when the time of his departure shall arrive—my estimable and confidential Solicitor, Henry Mills. I long to meet, once more, some of my political associates,—Lord Cloncurry, Daniel O’Connell, John David La Touche, Nicholas Leader.

Of my literary and scientific friends, there are many whom it would be pleasant to know hereafter. William John Fitzpatrick, author of “The Life and Times of Lord Cloncurry,” and of several other interesting publications, prays after a different fashion from me,—but, surely, this cannot be a reason why we should be separated in another life. I should wish to meet my sincere friend, Bernard M’Cabe, and with him, Philip Dixon Hardy,—the former a zealous Romanist—the latter an enthusiastic Protestant! It would gratify me also, to discourse with Michael Donovan, our Irish Chemist, on the composition, and extraordinary properties, of the different substances, which constitute the solid globe of the Sun.

On questions of social economy, having reference to supply and demand, and based upon the interchange of valuable productions, it is to me, self-evident, that many interesting discussions will arise amongst us, and who more competent to give an opinion, than Peter Aungier, Esq. John Farley, or John Wilson?

All these, I hope to meet. The names of others crowd upon my recollection. Doctor John Eustace, my old friend, and Doctor David Brereton, an experienced and most skilful practitioner, with both of whom I anticipate a future happy reunion. I will not omit to mention Doctor Gilligan,—christened Michael, after an Archangel of that name—but who, though a Romanist, does not fear to deny

his belief in the mysteries of his Church. That the Doctor's patron Angel, should have a *name*, and be, moreover, an Archangel, is an important fact, and leads to the opinion that, in the next life, there will exist, the several distinctions of appellation, rank, title, and the various personal, physical, and social conditions, necessary to give effect to those differences—differences, not imaginary, but actual, positive, and substantial.

Who can tell, but that, on the immense surface of the Sun, property may be allotted to each of the inhabitants, to be used in accordance with the nature and objects of the new life to which we shall be promoted? Who can tell but that,—as crowds of Souls are perpetually arriving at the Sun, from all the Planets, a corresponding migration of Souls, improved by their residence in the Sun, may take place, from it, to the great centre of the astral system round which the Sun revolves? If no man can *positively* affirm that these things are so, let no man *positively* deny them.

I have mentioned the names of persons, of various Creeds, and of different pursuits, in order that it shall not be possible for any one to misunderstand the position which I wish to establish—namely, that ALL MEN, of EVERY CREED, will participate in the universal happiness of a future existence—a happiness prepared for all, and from which no living Soul will be excluded.

This is a pleasant theme, and I would like to dwell on it even still longer. I have not mentioned the names of all whom I would wish to meet. There are kind and loving hearts, in every rank, and not the fewest are to be found, in the humble walks of Irish Peasant life. I love my country, and as far as I can, I will advocate its rights, and defend its honour to the last. I love the people, not caring to interfere with their religious opinions, with which I have no concern,—but not indifferent to their social and political acts, which do concern me, as well as themselves. A Protestant, why should I not love my countrymen of the Roman Church? I do regard them, with affection, and I have reason to do so. I have had much experience of their kindness, and I am most grateful to some of the more humble rank, for the expression of their friendly feeling towards me, and towards those who belong to me. How could it be possible for me, not to esteem and respect those, who were so considerate and so kind, as to speak of me, thus?

*“Lowell, February 21st, 1860.”*

“We have received the intelligence of the death of our honoured Benefactor’s Son—MR. WILLIAM GRATTAN. We, in condolence, sympathise with his beloved parents—Richard Grattan, Esq. and his Lady,—at the bereavement of their noble Son, William. He was a noble and humane-hearted gentleman, of great integrity, and always disposed to serve his poor subservitants.”

“We, the undersigned, pray to the Lord to forgive him his sins, if, through this life, he committed any. But, Oh, Mr. Grattan, our Eternal Father, has destined him to be his Son—so, Honored Sir, be content and happy, that your beautiful boy is before you in HEAVEN. Patrick Conlon—Edward Whelahan—James Malony—Ellen Malony—Edward Doherty—Rosanna, Catherine, and Sarah Doherty—Patrick Nevins.”

I feel proud of this communication. It is most gratifying to me to have received so marked, and unexpected a proof of such kindness towards myself. It consoles me to know of the respect and affection, with which my dear boy was regarded by those who knew him, in the ordinary intercourse of country life, and who could best appreciate his wish, always to treat them justly and kindly. I thank my friends, who, though the wide sea rolls between us, still retain him in their memory, and have sent me, across the Atlantic, a message of such feeling, and so warmly expressed. They are Romanists! I thank them the more, because of this.

After all, travel where we may, where shall we find hearts so true, so loving, so affectionate, as those of our own, poor Irish people? The language they speak is a version of the old Milesian tongue. The warm blood of the East tingles through every sentence, even when translated into the modern Saxon. The glowing idiom of the Irish peasant, gushes from the heart, when the feelings are moved, speaking forcibly in the accents of excitement, whether it be the excitement of joy, or of grief. So it is with the *miustrelsy* of Ireland; its music, now sprightly with exuberant delight,—now warbling soft melodies—and now pouring on the ear plaints, so mournful, that they seem to tell of griefs which no language could express.

The virtues of the Irish peasant are neither understood, nor valued, as they deserve. In deep feeling—sincere attachment—kindness of heart, hospitality to the stranger and a wish to oblige, accompanied by an instinctive politeness, my Countrymen, yield not to the people of any other land, under God’s skies. Contented with little, and

preferring to enjoy themselves when they can, they are not mere hoarders of wealth. They ask only for the means of living, and that their *religious opinions shall not be rudely interfered with*. Heaven knows, this is not much to ask, and yet, in the enjoyment, even of these rights, they are insufficiently protected, by ill-judged legislation,—the entire object of the English Government, in Ireland, being, to advance, the selfish and corrupt purposes of the contending factions of “WHIGS, and TORIES!”

Lord John Russell, the Leader of the Whigs, when in office, *pretends to insult and defy the Popish Bishops*, but places at *their disposal*, the law appointments, the public offices—in short, all the Patronage of the crown, in Ireland, in return for *their Parliamentary support*, in the British House of Commons! So long as Lord John Russell shall be in office, the Popish Bishops are pledged to keep Ireland comparatively tranquil, but, should he be, at any time, expelled from office, *then*, their policy is, to make Ireland, in the language of the Whigs, “Too Hot!” to be governed by the Tories! To this atrocious system of political deception, we are indebted for the notorious “*Durham Letter*” of Lord John Russell, which exasperated to such an extent the ROMANISTS, and so encouraged the ORANGISTS, that it had nearly produced a civil war, and has left behind it, amongst the Romanist population, that *till then was loyal*—no other feeling than one of undying hatred of England, and of the English Crown. If ever minister was guilty of high crimes subversive of the interests of the Crown, and opposed to the peace and welfare of the people of Ireland, Lord John Russell, and his Irish minions, have been guilty of those crimes. I shall not pursue this subject any further, just now. I shall devote to it, a special chapter in this work. I owe it to myself, to my public character,—I owe it to my country to do so, and I shall, certainly not be deterred, by any motive whatever, from expressing my sentiments on the mismanagement of Ireland, fully and fearlessly.

I feel indignant that the poor, industrious, politically sincere—honest minded, and credulously confiding classes of my countrymen, of the Romish persuasion, should have been so often duped and victimised, by mob orators, and by unprincipled place-seekers—but still more indignant—still more surprised and disappointed—am I, at the manifest co-operation of their own Bishops, in those underhand intrigues. The Famine, aggravated by the gross mismanagement of



Lord John Russell, and the betrayal of the freeholders, by their leaders, and by their Bishops, who *forced* them into *collision with their landlords*, have compelled the labouring classes to fly to America, in countless numbers. I never approved of this depopulation of the country. It is due to myself to say, that I never unroofed a house, or coerced a single individual to leave my land. None of my people were compelled by me, to encounter the dangers of the sea; or to perish on Grote Island, or to wander, through the streets of New York, as mendicants, or outcasts. All that have left me, have gone of their own free choice. The failure of the potatoe, deprived me of the means of employing them, as extensively as I could wish, but as long as I could, I employed them, men and girls, in the rough labour of the field. This I did, and nothing more, and now, their kind sympathy comes to me, from a distant land, like mild rain to the parched earth, bearing with it much of consolation, and speaking as it does, of the high esteem with which they regarded him whom I have lost.

But I have not *lost* WILLIAM, or BIDDULPH. Do not my kind friends say of William,?—

“OUR ETERNAL FATHER has declared him to be his son—be consoled and happy that he is before you in HEAVEN.”

If this be true of William, it is equally so of Biddulph,—so it has been of all, and so it will be of *themselves*, and of *all of us*.

The mind, when it speaks under the influence of natural feeling, rarely gives expression to that which is not true. Seldom have I met with a sentence so brief, which, with equal force, proclaims a sentiment so thoroughly in accordance with the hopes and convictions of the wise and good. It embraces every thing that, in my opinion, it most concerns us to know. It proclaims our *confidence*, in the Goodness and Mercy of God. It acknowledges his Providence, his *care* of those who discharge their duties rightly, and the final reward they receive in HEAVEN, when they shall have finished their appointed course in this Life. Who can doubt that these kind-hearted people speak the TRUTH, as truly, as if they were inspired?

Of my most dear friend, Biddulph Warner, I must say a few words more. He died at *Worthing*, in Sussex, on the 24th of November, 1860, aged 26 years. A few days ago—scarcely a fortnight since his death—a report reached me, to the effect that his *terror* at the approach of *Death was excessive!* and that it was

*frightful to think of his despair!* I could scarcely credit this. Had it been the case, it would have grieved me greatly, as it is not unlikely that he may have derived from me, many of his opinions, on religious and other subjects. A frequent inmate of my house, during the last twelve years, our intercourse was of the most affectionate and confidential kind. I do not think he ever considered it necessary to disguise from me, a *single thought*. He was a person of the highest honor, of great integrity, and of great mental energy. His literary talent was considerable. His enterprise, and love of adventure, were also very great. Not compelled by any necessity—for his private means were sufficient for his support,—he ceased to prosecute his studies in the Dublin University, and, with some other young fellows, set out on an expedition to Australia. He passed three months at the diggings, which, I imagine, gave him quite enough experience of the pleasures of gold-seeking. He made his passage out by the Cape of Good Hope, and returned by Cape Horn, after an absence from Ireland of only eleven months! His personal adventures, and other incidents, he has given to the public, in his extremely amusing and interesting volume—CONNOR BLAKE. It is needless to say I was proud of the literary success of BIDDULPH WARNER, and that I valued his opinion highly. Not very long before he died, I sent him a few of the first chapters of this work, which I had just obtained from the printer. In his last letter, or nearly the last he ever wrote to me, he thus refers to them. I publish his letter, now that he is dead; were he living, it is plain, it could not possibly see the light. It was written in the full flow of the most unreserved confidence. It expresses his opinions, such as they truly were, and has this demerit only, that it speaks too favourably of me.

“8, Grenville-st., London.

“My dear Dr. Grattan,—I perused your proof with even more pleasure than I anticipated, and with feelings of admiration which I shall not here attempt to express.

“With some of your views I was already acquainted, and we have chatted together, many an hour, especially since our common affliction, caused by William’s loss, on the merits of some of the theories propounded. I was, therefore, by no means unprepared for so much new light as you have, even already, cast on the subject, which you have chosen; and which you, of all men, with whom I am acquainted, are the best calculated to treat with justice.

“ An independent position, and a life of integrity, have cast away the fetters of *public opinion*, from a mind already freed from prejudice, and fortified, by age, and experience. We have the result. My comments on your proof, will be found written on the margin of the paper itself. Exercising my ‘right of private judgment,’ and perhaps, encouraged by the impudence to be expected in a professional critic—for such I have become—I jotted down my remarks, as they came into my head. You will observe that the lines drawn at each side of a sentence, are intended to stand for ‘*Hear ! hear !*’ ”

“ As there can be no doubt that amongst *certain most amiable*, but illogical persons, your views, not being understood, will be highly disapproved of, I would not, were I you, allude more than is necessary to the work in hand, or to its object. If you speak of me, say I consider it a work of much merit and deep thought. In your circle, any further profession of sympathy, and concurrence in your views, would be looked on as insincere, and dictated merely by friendship. Send me a couple of copies, and mind, put your titles—Senior Fellow of the College of Physicians, &c. &c.—on your title-page ; that course insures you a fair reading. And now, in conclusion, let me thank you, in all sincerity, for your many proofs of kindness.

“ Affectionately yours,

“ BIDDULPH WARNER.”

It would, indeed, be strange, if I were not to grieve for Biddulph, and feel anxious as to the state of his mind, when his kind and gentle soul was on the eve of taking its departure from this earth. It would have been the cause of additional sorrow to me, to know that, tortured and worried by the mistaken zeal of others, he had been made to despair of his acceptance by God, and had died under the influence of *dreadful terror*, having no hope, but told that he was doomed to enter the place appointed for the ungodly—there to dwell for ever ! There are persons who force themselves into the chamber of the dying, sometimes to the great annoyance of the friends of the sufferer, but who are afraid to offend them, by rejecting their professional ministrations. These and others, zealous over much, labour under the delusion that no one can reach Heaven, unless aided by them, and unless he shall travel the road, which they are pleased to recommend, as the shortest and the best. These people do much mischief, when they endeavour to terrify the trembling soul, that palpitates like the young bird, on the occasion of its first attempt to fly—fluttering between this world and its new home. Do they think that, by certain ceremonies, or by a few words,

whether spoken by themselves, or uttered by the dying, they can alter the destination of the Soul? Do they imagine that they are competent, in any way, to pronounce a judgment, as to what that destination shall be? Ignorant, as they *must be* in this matter, why do they give themselves so much trouble about the *Souls* of “perishing sinners,” for such they are pleased to call us?

It would be well, if less zeal, and more discretion, were exhibited in their dealings with Souls that are, it is probable, as much valued by God as their own. If they do not possess a “Royal Road” to mathematical science, neither do they possess a Royal Road to Heaven. It is strange that, with all the mental labour and deep research employed, in their inquiries into the future state of the Human Mind, they have not yet arrived at this single conclusion, that “God will do, as he pleases, with *his own*, in this life, and finally dispose of *his own*, in the life to come, exactly as it shall *please him*, notwithstanding all the arguments, and protestations to the contrary, of the numerous contending sects, which, for the furtherance of his *own purposes*, he has always permitted to exist. I had frequently advised Biddulph, never to enter into any disputation with persons of illiberal and irrational views, in matters of religious belief—to listen to them, should it be proper for him to do so, but to pay no attention to their crude, ill-founded, and manifestly absurd opinions. Had I been with him, and alone with him, when he was dying, I would have said “Cheer up, Biddulph. Dear Biddulph, you are very weak, and may not long survive—but you are *not dying*;—there is no such thing, for you or me, as *Death*. Death, you know;—sure we have often spoken of it.—Death is a fable—it has no real existence. We leave the body, but we *never die*. You are going to see William. He expects you. Perhaps, at this moment, he hears what I am saying. Cheer up, dear Biddulph. You cannot doubt the goodness and mercy of God. You are in his hands, and under his protection. Confide in HIM, and place yourself at *his disposal*. Farewell, Biddulph—dear Biddulph, farewell!”

This language Biddulph would have understood. He would have responded to it, with his latest breath, and derived from it, hope and confidence. It would have comforted and strengthened him, in his passage, through the dark and narrow way, that leads to the bright

morning of renewed life—to the new birth of a glorious intellect—to a nearer communion with God, and to the performance of social duties, more endearing and more exalted, than any of which we can have the most remote conception, in this our present state. I could not persuade myself that Biddulph,—if not most injudiciously interfered with, would have passed away, in any other frame of mind, and, therefore, I applied to the physician, by whom he was attended, telling him what I had heard, and entreating him to give me an exact statement of the circumstances, connected with Biddulph's last moments. I received a courteous and kind reply. Doctor Collet is evidently an Athanasian, but a most gentle-minded, humane, and truly pious man. His letter, in my opinion, does him much credit, and convinces me, that the writer is himself, a credit to the Profession, of which he and I are members. I need hardly say with what extreme gratification I read the following communication:—

“ *Worthing, December 8th, 1860.*

“ Dear Sir,—I received your letter respecting Biddulph Warner, but previous to sending an answer, I was anxious to get some account of him from the Clergyman of the district, who visited him, and took a great deal of interest in him. Of course, his great object was to bring him to a sense of his approaching change, and prepare him for it, by directing him to look to the Saviour, as the sole ground of his hope of salvation. This gentleman is absent, and I cannot, therefore, give you, at present, any particulars of their meeting.

“ With regard to my own attendance professionally—I saw, in a very few moments, that his days were numbered, and told him frankly that I could do nothing, with a hope of cure, and very little, in alleviation. His hope, however, appeared strong, almost to the last. He followed the system of inhaling Iodine, and persisted in thinking it had almost eradicated the disease, and only left him debility to contend with.

“ I heard nothing whatever from him, nor relative to him, from others, that would give me the least idea of the *fear* of Death. I often conversed with him upon the evidences of Christianity, and the authenticity of the Bible, which, although he never wholly acknowledged, he never disputed. I found him unwilling to express his opinions upon this point.

“ The evening before he died, I called on him. I could not gain much from him about it, as his voice was very weak, and I would not encourage him to talk, but I told him he was much weaker, and could not probably, last above another day. I asked him, if he felt prepared and happy, in the prospect of the change? He replied—‘ Yes, it was inevitable.’ I told him, it would add much to the

happiness of his friends, if he would state explicitly, the ground of his hope of salvation, and happiness, in a future state. His reply was emphatic. ‘I rely on this assurance—‘Him that cometh unto me, I will, in no wise, cast out.’’ I said, that satisfied me, and that he would be accepted at the last—to which he replied, ‘My dear friend, I have been accepted, long ago.’ I took my leave, and never saw him again alive.

“This is a summary of what I recollect at present. Should you desire further details, I dare say I might call to mind something myself, and gain more from the Clergyman, who visited him.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. COLLET.”

It is needness to say, how great was the relief, from much anxious anticipation, which this kind and candid letter afforded me. It realized my expectations of Biddulph’s *peaceful departure*—of his firmness—his resignation—his confidence, in the Goodness and Mercy of GOD—who, speaking by his Son, Servant, and Prophet, has assured us, and all the Human Family, that “*Him who cometh unto him, he will, in no wise, cast out !*” This most consoling and encouraging announcement, I firmly believe. Biddulph Warner so believed it. Would that this great truth were universally received, and better understood—and that sect, no longer contended with sect, and man with man, about *speculative opinions*, which they *all* admit are *not to be comprehended*. But we must wait. God will not alter his arrangements, in order to accommodate them to the views of ignorant and foolish men, who contend for that which is *absolutely impossible*—a uniformity of Religious Belief! God will not change *his* system, and it is manifestly a part of it, that there shall exist, amongst men, and throughout all the Peoples of the Earth, a palpable and unmistakeable diversity of Religious, Moral, and Social opinion. Upon these subjects, I repeat, UNIFORMITY of belief, or of practice, is IMPOSSIBLE. It is, therefore, useless to insist on such uniformity, and wrong, nay more, even unrighteous, to contend for it. So thought Biddulph, to whose memory I dedicate these remarks, and to whom, once more, I bid FAREWELL !

## CHAPTER XVII.

I feel lonely,—now that William and Biddulph are away. In their absence, I call to mind our conversations, pleasant and not uninteresting. It gives me a sort of sad pleasure, to fancy I see William resting on a sofa, and Biddulph seated in an arm-chair, near the fire, and swinging the bell-pull backwards and forwards—talking of matters abstruse, far removed from the things of common life—William listening, and sometimes interrupting us, to say that “we were discussing questions, the truth of which it was impossible to establish.” We discussed these questions, notwithstanding, and arrived at many conclusions, opposed to those which are generally recognised as strictly correct. We chose for our motto, “Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.” We thought for ourselves, and thinking freely, freely inquired into the TRUTH. William had no taste for metaphysical or speculative inquiries. Biddulph and I, on the contrary, derived much gratification from them, though neither of us retained, in memory, a single logical rule.

Having exhausted the subject of MIND, in this world, we sometimes followed it to the next, and employed all our imaginative powers, in speculating as to the extent of its capacity, and the modes of its occupation, in its future state. It was pleasant to speak with my boys, and to associate with them thus—Biddulph and I indulging in strange reveries, and William telling us to think and speak more like persons of common sense! We used to laugh at this. It gave a zest to our conversations, and we were very happy. Often, when I think of them, and of those pleasant hours, a silent tear starts to my eye, unperceived by the stranger, who knows nothing, and cannot be supposed to take note, of those secret yearnings of the heart, when, *in the midst of social intercourse, it most grieves for those whom it has lost.* I feel very lonely now, and the dominant idea that occupies my mind, is that of an extreme desire to know, in what manner my boys are, at present, employed, and where they are. This desire is not unalloyed by selfishness. I should like to enjoy their society again. Where one is,—*there*, most certainly, is the other; and there, with them, I feel an assurance that, indepen-

dently of any merit or act of my own, I also shall be placed,—my mission here having terminated—my presence here being no longer required.

If we suppose the mind, after death, to be transferred to the Sun, there to associate with numberless other minds, similarly constituted, it will follow, as a necessary consequence, that, inasmuch as it becomes a member of a certain Society, it is bound to conform to the laws and usages of that Society. If it were otherwise, there would exist nothing but confusion, and insubordination, among the higher orders of God's intelligent creatures. Self-willed, contentious, rebellious, opposed to law and order, with increased powers of intellect, we should become more mischievous, more wicked, and more God-defying, than we are, even while on this earth. But this is not possible. PROBATION and CRIME must surely be restricted within certain limits. The ordeal which they impose, cannot be a permanent arrangement, for then, *Crime* would be the law, and PROBATION, being without an object, could have no existence. We may, therefore, safely assume, that society, in a future life, is bound by the usual laws of social order, and that each individual has certain *active* duties to perform, and certain *useful* occupations appointed for him, wherewith to employ his time, and his talents.

Speculations of mine, on this subject, if unsupported by the authority of others, would, very probably, and, perhaps, justly, be regarded as absurd, and treated with ridicule. In matters of mere speculation, individual opinion is but a cypher, not indicative of any value. It requires the concurrent consent of others, to give probability to statements, which would otherwise be deemed incredible. For this reason,—instead of drawing upon my own imagination for new views, and ingenious theories,—I shall submit to the reader, the conjectures of more distinguished writers, who have directed their attention to this subject. Doctor Chalmers, an Athanasian divine, observes,—“Though this Earth, and these Heavens, were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar,—the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the *moral world* extends to those distant and unknown regions? That they are occupied with people; that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there; that the praises of God are there



lifted up, and His goodness rejoiced in; that Piety has there its temples, and its offerings; and that the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?"

Dick, in his "Philosophy of a Future State," remarks that the "changes which have taken place, in this Earth, and in the Heavens, so far from diminishing the visible glory of the Universe, will present to the view of the intelligent, a *greater variety of sublime scenery*, than if all things continued as they were, from the beginning of the Creation, and will exhibit the attributes of the Almighty, in all their varied aspects, and diversified modes of operation. While they demonstrate the mutable nature of created beings, and the immutability of the Creator, they will enliven the scenes of the Universe, and excite the admiration and praises of countless multitudes of enraptured intelligences." "The various relations which now subsist among the great bodies which compose the Universe, will not be *materially altered*. Extension, magnitude, relative position, attraction, gravitation, central forces, rectilineal and circular motions, and other properties and relations of matter, will still subsist, in the Universe, after we are transported to another state, and *to a different region*; and, consequently, the *Sciences* founded on the various combinations of these properties, and of the laws which govern them, will be cultivated by intelligent beings, and carried forward to that measure of perfection, which they cannot attain in the present state, unless we suppose, which is manifestly absurd, that our knowledge *will be more limited* in the future, than in the present world." "The laws which direct the motions of falling bodies, the appearances, produced by bodies in the heavens, moving with different degrees of velocity, the apparent motions of the sun and of the starry heavens, and the general principles of geography and astronomy, on the planet Jupiter, or any similar globe, with the exception of a few local modifications, are materially the same as on the surface of the earth. The laws of *vision*, and the nature and properties of *light* and *colours*, are essentially the same throughout all that portion of the Universe which lies within the sphere of our observation." "The light, by which the fixed stars are seen, is the same as that by which we behold the sun and his attending planets. It moves with the same velocity. It is refracted and reflected by the same laws. It consists of the same colours. No opinion, therefore, can be formed of

the Solar light, which must not also be adopted with respect to the light of the fixed stars. The medium of vision must be acted on, in the same manner, by both, whether we suppose it the undulations of an ether, or the emission of matter from the luminous body." "From these facts, we may conclude that the general and fundamental principles of the Science of OPTICS, are recognised and acted upon, in the remotest regions which the telescope has explored, and form a portion of the knowledge which is possessed by the intelligences, which occupy those distant provinces of the Creator's Empire, always, however, making proper allowances for those local varieties and modifications, which *must* produce an infinite diversity of scenery throughout the Universe."

"What has been stated in reference to light, gravitation, and other affections of matter, might be extended to various other properties. In a *material* world, in whatever portion of space, it may be placed, there *must*, from the very nature of things, be a diversity of objects, for the investigation of the Naturalist, the Chemist, and the Philosopher, in which the wisdom, and goodness of the Deity will always be displayed. Every system of matter, wherever existing in infinite space, has a determinate size and figure; it is composed of an infinite number of atoms, variously modified and arranged; it has certain diversities of surface, and internal arrangement; it is susceptible of certain motions; it stands in certain relations to surrounding bodies, and it is destined to accomplish some wise designs corresponding to the eternal plan of the Infinite Creator. There is no portion of organized matter, now existing, or which may hereafter exist, but which must be considered in these, and similar points of view. Now, the object of every *Rational Intelligence*, when contemplating any material system, is, or ought to be, to trace the various properties and arrangements which exist in that system, in order to perceive the intelligence, the wisdom, and benevolence, that appear in its construction, and thus to acquire a more correct and comprehensive view, of the plans, and perfections of the Creator. But such contemplations, necessarily suppose the cultivation of *those Sciences*, which will enable him to make such investigations, with spirit and effect, without which, he would be unable to trace either the qualities and relations of material objects, or to perceive the admirable designs of the All-wise Creator, in the works which his Almighty power has produced."

"In order to illustrate this subject further, among the Sciences, which will be recognised and prosecuted in another world, ARITHMETIC must be supposed to occupy a prominent place. This is a science which must be understood, in a greater or less degree, by

all intelligent beings, wherever existing, without some knowledge of which, no extensive progress could be made, in the study of the works of God, and in forming just conceptions of the immense number and *variety* of beings which exist within the limits of his Empire. The Universe presents to our view an assemblage of objects, relations, and movements, calculated to draw forth into exercise all the knowledge of Numbers, we can possibly acquire. We are presented with magnitudes so stupendous, and with spaces and distances so vast, that the mind is obliged to summon up all its powers of calculation, and all its knowledge of proportions, progressions, and equations, and to add one known magnitude to another, in a long mental process, before it can approximate to any thing like a well defined idea of such sublime, and expansive objects. With regard to the *multiplicity* and *variety* of the objects which creation contains, our present knowledge of the powers of Numbers is altogether inadequate to convey to the mind any thing approaching to a distinct and comprehensive conception. The number of systems of the Heavens which lie within the range of our telescopes, is reckoned to be at least, one hundred millions. In the regions of infinite space, beyond the boundaries of all these, it is not improbable, that ten thousand times ten thousand millions of other systems are running their ample rounds. Every one of these worlds and systems differs from another, in its size, splendour, and internal arrangements,—in the peculiar beauties and sublimities with which it is adorned. The immense multitude of rational beings and other existences with which Creation is replenished, is an idea which completely overpowers the human faculties, and is beyond the power of our Arithmetical notation to express. If the multiplicity of objects in one world overwhelms our powers of conception and computation, how much more the number and variety of beings, and operations, connected with the economy of millions of worlds! No finite intelligence, without a profound knowledge of numbers, in all their various combinations, can form, even a rude conception of the diversified scenes of the Universe; and yet, without some such conception, at least, of such, the perfections of the Creator, and the glories of His kingdom, cannot be appreciated.”

“It is manifest, therefore, that superior intelligences, in a future state, must have their attention directed to the science of numbers, unless we suppose, that their knowledge, and capacities of intellect, will be more limited than ours are, in the present state. The various steps of their calculations may be carried forward with inconceivable rapidity, by a mental process, which will lead to unerring certainty; but the same general principles on which we proceed in our notations and calculations, must, from the nature of things, be recognised in all their numerical processes, and sublime investigations.”

“MATHEMATICS, is another department of Science, which will be

recognised, by superior beings, in a future state. It was owing to his profound knowledge of the truths of this Science, that the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, determined the properties and the composition of light, the causes of the alternate movements of the Ocean, and the Mechanism of the Planetary system, and expanded our views of the grandeur of the Universe, and the perfections of its Almighty Creator. We have every reason to believe that Angels, and other superior intelligences, proceed on the same general principles, in estimating the distances and magnitudes of the great bodies of the Universe. The Angel Gabriel, being commanded to fly swiftly from the celestial regions, reached the Prophet about the time of the evening Sacrifice. Now, since Angels are neither omniscient nor omnipresent, as they are limited beings, possessed of rational faculties, and, as it is probable, are invested with bodies, or fine material vehicles, they must be guided in such excursions by their reasoning powers, and the faculty of rapid motion with which they are endued. Such excursions imply the recognition of certain Mathematical principles,—these principles are applicable throughout every part of the Universe, and must be recognised, more or less, by all intelligent beings. Their more extensive applications, like those of every other branch of knowledge, must be considered, as reserved for the life to come. To suppose that such studies will be abandoned, and such knowledge obliterated in a future state, would be to suppose that the works of God, will not be contemplated in that state, and that men, in the Heavenly world, will lose a part of their reasoning faculties, and remain inferior in their acquirements to the inhabitants of this earth, even in their present imperfect condition.”

“ASTRONOMY is another Science which will occupy the attention of pure intelligences, in the future world. It is the most noble and sublime of all the Sciences, and presents to our view the most astonishing and magnificent objects. In consequence of the cultivation of this Science, our views of the extent of Creation, and of the sublime scenery it unfolds, are expanded, far beyond what former ages could have conceived. The heavens constitute the principal part of the divine empire. Hence the numerous allusions to the Heavens, by the inspired writers, when the majesty of God, and the glory of his dominions, are intended to be illustrated. “All the Gods of the nations are Idols, but Jehovah made the Heavens.” “The Lord hath prepared his throne in the Heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over a l.” “The Heavens, even the Heaven of Heavens, cannot contain thee.” “By the word of Jehovah, were the Heavens made, and all the host of them, by the spirit of his mouth.” “The heavens shall declare his righteousness.” “Our God, is in the heavens, and hath done whatever he hath pleased.” “The heavens shall declare thy wonders, O Lord!” “As the Heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.” “He is the God of Heaven, he rideth on the Heaven of Heavens,

which he founded of old,—Heaven is his throne, and the Earth his footstool.” These, and hundreds of similar passages, evidently imply that we ought to contemplate the attributes of God, chiefly in the display, which is given of them in the firmament—that the Heavens, are by far the most extensive portion of his dominions, and that the power and intelligence displayed in the formation and arrangement of the host of Heaven, lay a *sure foundation*, for the hope and joy, and the future prospects of the people of God.”

“It is highly probable, that, in the future world, a considerable portion of our knowledge, respecting the distant provinces of the Divine empire, will be communicated by Superior beings, who have visited the different systems dispersed through the Universe, and have acquired information respecting their history, and their physical and moral scenery. We learn from Scripture, that there are intelligences who can wing their way, in a *short period of time*, from *one world to another*. Such beings, in the course of a thousand of centuries, must have made many extensive tours through the regions of Creation, and acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the most striking scenes, which the Universe displays. And, since they have occasionally mingled in the society of men, and communicated intelligence from Heaven to Earth, it is reasonable to believe that they will have more frequent intercourse with men in a future state, and communicate the discoveries they have made respecting the economy and grandeur of God’s Universal Empire. Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? After millions of centuries have run their rounds, new scenes of grandeur will be still bursting on the astonished mind—new displays of divine power and wisdom, will still remain to be explored, and consequently the science of Astronomy will never arrive at perfection, but will be in a progressive state of improvement, through all the revolutions of Eternity. In the prosecution of such investigations, and in the contemplation of such objects as this science presents, the grand aim of Celestial Intelligences will be, to increase in the knowledge and love of God; and in proportion as their views of the glories of his empire are enlarged, in a similar proportion will their conception of his boundless attributes be expanded, and their praises and adorations ascend in sublime strains, to HIM, who sits upon the Throne of the Universe—who ALONE is worthy to receive glory, honor, and power, from every order of his creatures.”

“NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, is another subject which may be supposed to engage the attention of regenerated men, in a future state. The object of this science, is to describe the phenomena of the material world—to explain their causes—to investigate the laws by which the Almighty directs the operations of Nature, and to trace the exquisite skill and benevolent design which are displayed in the economy of the Universe. It embraces investigations into the several powers and properties, qualities and attributes, motions and

appearances, causes and effects, of all the bodies with which we are surrounded, and which are obvious to our senses; such as light, heat, colours, air, water, sounds; the electrical and magnetical fluids; hail, rain, snow, dew, thunders, lightnings, and similar objects in the system of Nature. In short, the whole of Nature presents a scene of wonders, which, when seriously contemplated, is calculated to expand the intellectual powers, to refine the affections, and to excite admiration of the attributes of God, and the plan of his Providence. Natural Philosophy may, therefore, be considered as a branch both of the Religion of Nature, and of the Religion of Revelation. In the future world, there will be abundant scope for the prosecution of this subject to an indefinite extent. Thousands of facts, to us unknown, will be brought to light by the superior sagacity of the heavenly inhabitants. To maintain the contrary, would be, in effect, to suppose that the inhabitants of Heaven, are endowed with powers of intellect, *inferior* to those of the inhabitants of the earth,—that their knowledge is less extensive than ours, or that they make *no progress*, in moral and intellectual attainments,—and that they have *no desire* to explore the works of the Lord, and to consider the operations of his hands.”

“Remarks similar to these apply to CHEMISTRY, to ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, HISTORY, and to every other branch of science, which it is possible for us to cultivate here. All science must be considered as having a relation to a future world, for if it be admitted that any one science will be cultivated in Heaven, it will follow that the greater part, if not the whole, of those sciences which bring to light the treasures of useful knowledge, will likewise be prosecuted by superior intelligences. For all the useful sciences have an intimate connexion with each other; so that an acquaintance with one department of knowledge is essentially requisite to a clear and comprehensive view of another.”

HITCHCOCK observes that “It may be thought, indeed, that so different will be these sciences from any thing on earth, that there can be no common principles—no link of connexion. But the longer a man studies the works of God, the more inclined will he be to regard the Universe, material and immaterial, as founded on eternal principles; as, in fact, a transcript of the Divine nature; and that all the changes in nature, are only new developments of unchanging, fundamental laws,—not the introduction of new laws. Hence, the Philosopher would infer that, in existing nature, we have the prototype of new Heavens, and a new Earth, and although a future condition of things, may be as different from the present, as the plant is from the seed out of which it springs; still, as the seed contains the embryo of a future plant, so the future world may, as it were, be coiled up in the present. If, in these suggestions there is any truth, there may be a germ in the Anatomy and Physiology of the present world, which shall survive the destruction of the present economy, and unfold, itself in far higher beauty and glory, in the more

congenial climate of the new Heavens and the new Earth. If so, the great principles of these sciences, which are acquired on Earth, and which are so prolific in exhibitions of divine skill, *may not prove to be lost knowledge*. They shall be recognised as types of those far higher and richer developments of Organization, which the Spiritual body shall exhibit."

"It will hardly be necessary to spend much time in proving that INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY, will be one of the subjects of investigation, in a future world. For it would be strange if the noblest part of God's workmanship, should cease to be an object of inquiry, in that world, where alone it can be investigated with much success. When we consider that the whole train of mental phenomena is constantly passing under the mind's own observation, and that a vast amount of time and talent has been devoted to the subject, ever since man began to philosophise, it would seem as if Psychology, ere this, must have attained the precision and certainty of Mathematics. But, how different is the fact? Metaphysical Philosophers, have not yet been able to settle fundamental principles. They are not yet agreed as to the existence of many of the most familiar and important intellectual powers and principles of action. The systems of Locke and Hume, constructed with great ability, were overthrown by Reid; Stewart differed much from Reid; and Dr. Thomas Brown has powerfully attacked the fabric erected by Stewart. And, lastly, the PHRENOLOGISTS (and MESMERISTS), with no mean ability, have endeavoured to shew that *all these Philosophers* are heaven-wide of the TRUTH, because they have so much neglected the *influence of the material organs* on the mental powers. Now, this diversity of result, arrived at by men of such profound abilities, shews that there are peculiar difficulties in the study of MIND,—originating, probably, in the fact, that in this world, we never see the operations of Mind, *apart from a gross material organization*. But, in another state, where an organization, far better adapted to mental operations, may exist, we may hope for such a classification of the mental eye, that the laws of Mind, will assume the precision and certainty of mathematics, and the relations between Mind and Matter, now so obscure, will be fully developed. Then, no doubt, the principles of Mental Science, will furnish a more splendid illustration of the divine perfections, than any which can now be derived from the material world."

"We cannot be sure, through what material medium the Mind will act, in a future world. But the manner in which we know light, heat, and electricity, to be transmitted, makes it not impossible that the same, or a similar medium, may be the vehicle, through which THOUGHT shall be hereafter transmitted. If so, we can easily understand how the Mind will be able to *penetrate* into the most recondite nature of bodies, and learn the mode in which they act upon one another; for the medium which conveys light and heat, *does penetrate* all bodies, whether they be solid or gaseous—hot or

cold. Hence, we may learn, at a glance, in a future world, more of the internal constitution of bodies, and of their mutual action, than a whole life on Earth, spent in the study of chemistry, will unfold. Then, too, shall we, doubtless, find chemical laws, operating on a scale of grandeur and extent, limited only by the material Universe."

"SIR DAVID BREWSTER, referring to the startling supposition that the SUN is inhabited, observes—'It has been stated as an objection to the probability of the Sun's being inhabited, that the whole firmament would be hid by the double atmosphere, by which he is surrounded, and that the solar inhabitants would be excluded from all knowledge of the planets which he guides, and of the Sidereal Universe, of which he is a part. This, however, is not strictly true. The planets and stars would be seen distinctly, through the numerous openings in the solar atmosphere, and as the Sun's surface is comparatively near to these openings, large portions of the Heavens would be thus exposed to view. In many parts of our own globe, weeks pass away, without our seeing the Sun or the Stars, and it cannot be doubted that the inhabitants of the Sun might *study Astronomy* through the casual openings in the luminous cupola which encloses them.' 'The probability of the Sun being inhabited, is, doubtless, greatly increased by the simple consideration of its enormous size. It is difficult to believe that a globe of such magnificence, should occupy so distinguished a place, without *intelligent beings*, to *study and admire* the grand arrangements which exist around them; and it would be still more difficult to believe, if it is inhabited, that a domain so extensive, so blessed with perpetual light, is not occupied by the highest orders of Intelligences. In the material world, with which we are connected, Life, every where, meets our eye. Universal life, upon universal matter, is an idea to which the mind instinctively clings. Kingdoms, without kings and subjects—continents, without cities—cities, without citizens—houses, without families—ships, without crews—and railway trains, without passengers,—are contingencies as probable as solar systems without planets, or planets without inhabitants."

"As there is no such thing in the heavens as a rectilincal motion, it is evident that the Sun, with all his planets and comets, is in rapid motion round an invisible body. The velocity of this motion is such, that it advances annually about 33,550,000 geographical miles, and it may require, nearly 20,000,000 of years to complete a single revolution. If the buried relics of primeval life, have taught us, how brief has been our tenure of this earth, compared with its occupaney, by the brutes that perish,—this grand Sidereal *truth*, impresses on us the no less humbling lesson, that from the birth of Man, to the extinction of his race, the system to which he belongs, will have described but an infinitesimal arc, in that grand Cosmical orbit in which it is destined to revolve. If reason ever falters beneath the weight of its conceptions, it is under this overwhelming idea of Time and of Space. *One* round, doubtless,



of this unmeasurable path, will the Sun be destined to describe. How long a journey has it been in the *past*! How brief, in the *present*! How endless in the future!"

"Why may not the intelligences of the Spheres be ordained for the study of regions and objects, unstudied and unknown on earth? Why may not Labour have a better commission, than to earn its bread by the sweat of his brow? Why may it not pluck its loaf from the bread-fruit tree, or gather its manna from the ground, or draw its wine from the bleeding vessels of the vine, or inhale its anodyne breath from the paradise gas of its atmosphere? But, whatever races be in the celestial Spheres, we feel assured that there *must be One*, among which are no man-eaters—no parent-slayers—no widow-burners—no infant-killers—no heroes, with red hands—no sovereigns with bloody hearts—and no statesmen, who, by leaving the people untaught, educate them for the scaffold! In the decalogue of that community, will stand pre-eminent, in letters of burnished gold, the highest of all social obligations—*THOU SHALT NOT KILL*,—neither for territory, for fame, for lucre, nor for crime,—neither for food, nor for raiment, nor for pleasure. The lovely forms of life, and sensation, and instinct, so delicately fashioned by the Master Hand, shall no longer be destroyed and trodden under foot, but be objects of unceasing love and admiration,—the study of the Philosopher,—the theme of the Poet."!

I might multiply extracts, such as these,—all tending to confirm the hypothesis that Man's future destination is, either the Sun, or some analogous body, suited to receive him in his glorified state, and in which the Soul, when emancipated from the body, will be sure to find its proper residence. That it will there, be actively employed, and, with enlarged faculties, engage in new pursuits, and extend its previously acquired knowledge, to a degree, infinitely beyond our present conception,—seems to be recognised, by every one who has deeply reflected on this subject,—as a fact, which cannot admit of a second opinion. It is more than probable, that the occupations of the Mind, or Soul;—though more exalted and refined—more unselfish—more obedient to social law,—and more thoroughly marked by an all-pervading veneration for God, and an unexpressible sense of gratitude to him, the GREAT INVISIBLE; will, nevertheless, be not very much unlike those which are familiar to us here. Social intercourse, must exist in the future life, and be governed by rules, calculated to promote the happiness of all its members. LOVE ONE ANOTHER! is the most universal, and the *most important*, of all the commandments given by God, through his

accredited Messenger to man. Indeed, it includes all the others,—even that in which he claims for himself, the homage of our Gratitude and Love. If we shall strictly investigate the nature of our feelings here, and impartially examine the motives which govern our conduct, we cannot fail to perceive—for conscience compels us to arrive at the conclusion—that, when we best discharge our duty towards our neighbours, we most honor God, and give proof of our desire to obey his law, and to love Him, as we ought. It is plain that the duties of men, in this life, are for the most part, Social, and therefore *practical*. The Protestant Athanasians, have fallen into a grievous error, when they affirm the contrary. When they profess to make it an article of their faith, that Works are of *no value*, in the sight of God; they oppose themselves to his Law, they reject his teaching, and substitute for it, a spurious Theology, based upon a quibble, incomprehensible, and most dangerous to Society. In the future life, the uncertainty growing out of this false doctrine, and the evils that flow from it, can have no existence, A sound system of Morality and of Theology, will be promulgated,—easy to be understood by all—most beneficial and most edifying, and the best calculated to give effect to the TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS, by obeying which, we shall most recommend ourselves to God.

There, we must have, not only certain duties, and certain occupations connected with those duties, but we shall also have our amusements, our pleasant conversations, our public places of resort, our scientific inquiries, our works of art, photographs, perhaps, of scenes in remote suns and planets. There, we shall have gardens and groves, suited to spiritualized beings,—peopled, by spiritualized animals of different kinds,—fish, to occupy their element,—forms innumerable, to move over the surface, and birds, to soar aloft in the inner atmosphere of the resplendent Sun—all affording endless varieties of amusement, and furnishing the Mind with an inexhaustible succession of subjects for deep contemplation.

There, too, we may expect to witness the arrival of a succession of intelligent beings, made like unto ourselves, and entering into their new habitation, with hearts filled with gratitude, and looks and language expressive of the utmost astonishment and delight. There will arrive, in crowds, from all the planets, joyous troops, of those, who, released from their probationary state, by DEATH, shall

regard Death, as their GREATEST BENEFACITOR,—repulsive, in appearance, to them, while sojourners in other worlds—but, in reality, a Messenger of special favor from God,—sent to conduct them, from dwellings of pain and trial, to an abode of perfect and enduring happiness. Souls, of various orders and capacities,—strangers before—some, from the remote NEPTUNE, to whom the Sun formerly seemed but a bright star,—so great is its distance from that planet—others from URANUS, better named Herschel—others from SATURN, and its rings—so beautifully contrived, and so miraculously balanced—others from the ponderous JUPITER, and its many MOONS—more and more, pressing forward still, come from MARS—to join those of our EARTH—and, acquire an accession of numbers, gathered, as they advance, from VENUS, and MERCURY. They form a procession of delighted excursionists—released from toil and suffering—now made perfect—their planetary pilgrimages having terminated, and the gates of their new dwelling opening wide to receive them. They approach—they enter—kind greetings welcome them—Angels minister to them—and congratulate them. Gratitude, love and veneration, fill their hearts to overflowing. Their happiness is as unbounded, as their capacities are enlarged. Truly has it been said: “It hath not entered into the hearts of Men to conceive the Happiness of those Souls—thus removed from their former state, and exalted thus to one so new and so glorious.”!

These Souls, newly arrived, spread themselves over the broad surface of the Sun. They gaze, with delight, on its scenery—so varied—so new to them—so extensive and so sublime. They admire the most minute object, as well as that which inspires them with awe and wonder, because of its stupendous magnitude, and the beauty and harmony of its proportions. They walk upon rubies and emeralds, and sparkling diamonds. They respire an atmosphere, of light, ethereal air, which invigorates them, and fills them with life, and imparts to them, as they breathe it, a perpetual youth, full of delightful anticipations, and eager to participate, in the innumerable pleasures that surround it. Flowers, and fragrant odors, and balmy breezes, invite those young souls to enjoy themselves. Overwhelmed with delight, they try their new wings, and they soar aloft, and balance themselves on the sun-beam.

Instructive converse, with the earlier occupants of the Sun, will

employ ages, of the time, of those who shall have but recently arrived there. Sages will tell of the past,—when creation was young, and the Sun had been, but just fitted for their dwelling—for all the inhabitants of the Sun are not of planetary origin—and they will explain the wisdom, and benevolence of God, by reference to his works, and by their own experiences of his inexhaustible and never-ceasing goodness. They will describe the happiness of all classes of celestial beings, and the numberless sources of occupation, recreation, and instruction, which God has so amply provided for their use, and for the effectual promotion of their happiness—sources of enjoyment, pouring out streams of intellectual pleasure, indefinitely varied, and endless.

The Christian Believer just arrived, will exclaim—“This I perceive, this I feel already,—for *this* is as I have been taught,—but where is GOD? where is his Temple, where his THRONE, and where is CHRIST? whom I regarded and *worshipped* as GOD, and whom I had hoped to see, *in the flesh!* seated with God, and with his Mother, near him, and engaged in prayer?”

The Mahometan will ask for Mahomet, and the Jew for Moses,—the authors of their respective faith. The Pope, his Cardinals and Inquisitors, will inquire where are Limbo, Purgatory, and Hell,—to which they sent so many souls, and from which they released so many at their pleasure. The profusely paid English Primate, and his Bishops, and the Protestant Curate, who ministers to a Parish in the City of Dublin, for fifty pounds a year! will all desire to be informed of the destination of those whom God, before they were created, had doomed to *eternal perdition*, and whose *good works*, only rendered them the *more guilty!* because of their *vain* and presumptuous attempts to please him! The Chief Priest of the Evangelicals, who died in the odour of Sanctity, will be there, anxious above all things, to know where is the Arch-Enemy of Man, with whom he so often wrestled, and whom he always succeeded in defeating,—saving, thereby, innumerable souls! that must otherwise have *perished*,—duped by the frauds of the Papal apostacy! or corrupted by the carnal errors of the Protestant Episcopacy!

Strange must be the thoughts of those Souls, when they first enter into the Heavenly Society to which they will be promoted, immediately after death,—their former prejudices still clinging to them—

the scales of ignorance, not as yet, having fallen completely from their eyes. The sudden transition from darkness, to a strong light, pains the eye, and renders the sight imperfect. It must be so, to them, their minds and thoughts—when first, the blaze of glory and of truth, shall burst upon them, in the future world. The Soul, even in its most exalted state, is finite. It cannot acquire, on the instant, an entirely new stock of ideas, nor can it, immediately, divest itself of its former impressions, however erroneous. That which is *personal to itself*, of course, it will understand, All else, it must learn, by degrees, from experience, and from the instruction of others. The same rule *must* prevail hereafter, as at present, with us. Knowledge is *now* progressive here—and so it must always be.

What an accession of knowledge,—what a marvellous change of opinion, will illumine the dark and intolerant minds, of those who denounced, and persecuted their fellow men, because, they dared to doubt the correctness of their teaching! Popes and Inquisitors, with their murderous wars, and their implements of cruel torture. Archbishops and Bishops, with their penal enactments. Preachers, self-nominated, claiming the exclusive possession of the “*True Christian Faith!*” will all meet, face to face, those whom they once so reviled and persecuted. ALL, with one accord, will then acknowledge their great former ignorance,—the *Persecutors* pleading, as their excuse, that they “Knew not what they did”—and the *Persecuted*, saying, “It was well to be tried, and to suffer for conscience sake.” And they will ALL renounce their errors of pride and prejudice, and form one brotherhood, of loving souls, each, and all exclaiming “There is but ONE GOD—*Invisible*, whom no eye of Angel or Archangel hath ever seen, for He is *Invisible*, and *without Form*. Most wonderful are his ways! There is neither Death, nor Condemnation for those whom he has created. All his works are perfect. For us, the EVIL of the past has had no existence. Our trials, sufferings, and painful experiences, have all worked together for our good!” Thus shall they feel and speak, when first admitted into the mansions of future Bliss—an entrance, and a priceless privilege, not earned by any merit of their own, but a *Free Gift*, conferred on them by God, for their benefit, and for the advancement of the secret purposes, which he proposed to himself, by creating them.

These, and similar reflections, come unbidden into the MIND of

him, whom God, has formed, with an intellect free from prejudice, and therefore prepared to think reasonably, as all men, would think, if their reasoning powers, had not been perverted, by false teaching. This false teaching, on Religious subjects, has been the bane of Society. Long anterior to the erection of the Pyramids,—in times of the most remote antiquity, and when the earth was yet thinly peopled, Ignorance, Superstition, Idolatry, Cruelty, Human sacrifices, encouraged and defended, by a succession of Corrupt priesthoods, arrested the genial current of the finer feelings, which God had implanted in the heart of every man ; when he created him, susceptible of the natural emotions of compassion, love of Society, affection for offspring, general kindness, approval of justice, sense of devotion, gratitude for benefits conferred, hope in the future. These latter feelings, *if properly cultivated*, to the exclusion of the former, would have made of this sinful world, a Paradise of as perfect happiness, as it would be possible for man to enjoy. There would be no jealousies, no rivalries among individuals,—no religious persecutions, no wars among nations. The earth would have been fully peopled, throughout its wide extent, and in all its various climates. But for a vicious superstition, and a diabolical Priesthood, the NEGRO would, long ago, have been civilized in his own land,—not, as now, doomed to barbarism and to slavery,—a scandal to professing Christians, and the avenger of his own wrongs, by demoralizing and degrading the human fiends who traffic in his blood.

If the Priesthood had rightly discharged their duty, there would have been no Poor in the land, for, had they been unselfish, unmercenary, and devoid of ambition, Kings and their people, influenced by their example, and instructed by their exhortations, would have equitably distributed amongst all, the produce of the labour of the industrious, so as to provide sufficiently, for the necessities of all.

Priests, of all denominations,—Christian, Jewish, Mahomedan, and Pagan,—endeavour to persuade their respective followers, that, were it not for *them*, SOCIETY must cease to exist, and Men,—no longer Human,—would soon become more savage than wolves or tigers. This they *believe*—so prone are men to deceive themselves,—but, if we judge of the tree by its fruit, what truthful man is there, who must not pronounce the fruit distasteful, acrid, and poisonous ? But the tree still grows, and extends its roots, and

spreads out its branches further, and continues, year by year, to mature its deadly produce, in greater abundance, the firmer it is established, and the older it becomes !

What are we to think of this ? Whence proceed the religious errors, and the consequent social crimes of men ? From what source *can* they proceed, but from erroneous views of the nature of God,—of his Attributes, and Character,—errors handed down by *Tradition*—indoctrinated by the *Teaching*, and confirmed by the *Example* of individuals, *whose business it is to propagate them ?* Do I stand alone, in forming this opinion ? Has not the Sect of Quakers, long ago, proclaimed, and, at the present time, do they not maintain nearly the same ? Do they not deny the necessity of a Professional Priesthood, and ascribe our social and religious improvement, more to the INFLUENCE OF GOD, than to the teaching of Men ?

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Where shall we obtain a remedy for these Great Evils? Surely there must be some corrective, and one, perhaps, not difficult to find, were we to search for it, not lazily, but as men, resolved to discover it. Shall we seek it among any of the existing Churches, and Creeds? By no means. Have they not all been tried, and found wanting? They all require to be reformed, but their voluntary reformation, is not to be hoped for. No church, of any sect, was ever yet known to reform itself, If reformed at all, it must have been, by a pressure from without, brought to bear upon it, with a view to objects, personal or political, rather than religious.

The *Tyrannical* imposition of churches and creeds, invariably generates *Resistance*. This resistance, when successful, overturns the Tyranny, whether it be of Popes, or Despots, and at the same time, rejects, or modifies the Creed, which, by its identification with the Oppressor, had equally incurred the hatred of the People. This has been invariably the case, in the various struggles of the Papacy, against the progress of Civil and Religious freedom, and, for this reason, at successive periods, among different people, vast bodies have separated from her communion, and rejected her spiritual teaching. But *these* changes have been precipitate, impulsive, ill-considered,—marked by violence, profaned by hatreds,—stained by the blood of the persecutor, mingled with that of the expiring martyr! Amid scenes of turbulence, and crime,—what place was there for calm contemplation, and for tranquil piety to inquire into the TRUTH? No such spot was to be found, or, if such there were, and a few, congregating there, ventured to recommend Peace, and forbearance, and Christian charity,—so far from commanding the gratitude and respect of either party, they would have been excommunicated by both, and exterminated, as Heretics of the most dangerous class!

It may seem strange, but this system of PERSECUTION, is a *necessity*, imposed on every church, which shall contend for political ascendancy. Having obtained such ascendancy, and, “Put its enemies under its feet,!” it must, in self-defence, and to perpetuate



its own existence, adhere to the same exclusive, or persecuting system, to which it had been indebted for its success, else its enemies would rise up against it, with renewed strength, and finally overturn it.

Of all Churches, the Papal Church, has been, and is, and must always be, the most exclusive. It is to the fact of its having uniformly acted upon this principle, that it owes its vast extension, and its enormous and most dangerous influence. Had it not been a persecuting church, and encouraged its adherents to wage war, against all who denied its authority; it could not have protracted its existence, for a century after its first establishment. It is so—though in a less degree, with *every* established Protestant Church. They must all be, to a certain extent, exclusive—they must endeavour to maintain their exclusive privileges—that is—they must resist the opposing claims of others, and this opposition, will be found, always, to partake, more or less, of the nature of Persecution. For these, and many other reasons, it is plain, that Churches and Churchmen, will not, and cannot, voluntarily, divest themselves of their authority, and that, *therefore*, they never will, of themselves, reform either their discipline, or theology.

What are men of true piety and sound morals to think of this? those men who, look forward, not without hope, to the progressive advancement of the entire Human Race, in Religion and Morality? What can they think—to what conclusion *can* they arrive, but this? “We must set aside, as defective and unmanageable, all established forms of religious belief, which shall DERIVE THEIR SUPPORT FROM COERCIVE LAWS, OR SHALL, IN ANY WAY, DENOUNCE, OR PERSECUTE, THOSE WHO REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR AUTHORITY.”

THIS standard of UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE, should be employed to test them all; but, tried by it, *all*, will be found deficient—miserably deficient, in the CHRISTIAN VIRTUES—none of them—no not one,—exhibiting, in its discipline, or in its teaching,—the simplicity, the disinterestedness, the piety, the pure morality, preached by CHRIST, and by his immediate followers. What then remains, but to set them aside, and form, without reference to any of them, a truly “CHRISTIAN UNION,”—the members to designate themselves by no other name, than that of “CHRISTIAN,”—recognising Christ, as their TEACHER, and refusing to be bound by *any authority* different from his. Consistently with the acknowledgment of the

“UNITY of GOD,” the “DIVINE MISSION of CHRIST,” and the “FINAL SALVATION of ALL MEN,” the greatest possible latitude of opinion should be permitted to all the members, on *merely speculative* subjects—this Right of “Private Judgment,” constituting the Charter of Protestantism, and being, in fact, the corner stone of all Civil and Religious Liberty.

The formation of a CHRISTIAN UNION, founded on the above principles, is urgently called for, in consequence of the irreconcilable hostility, and rancorous disputations, which so lamentably prevail among the *Athanasians*, and which are bringing Christianity *itself* into disrepute. In Ireland, these senseless and irrational controversies, have been the occasion of *Unmitigated Mischief!* Conducted, chiefly, by the most intolerant, and theologically ignorant persons, they harass and disturb the minds of the multitude, but fail to convince a single intelligent individual of any party, and *the reason is this*—the opposing sects, wage furious battle, not for the advancement of CHRISTIAN TRUTH, but in defence of ERROR. Of course, their disputations are interminable, and *cannot possibly lead to any profitable conclusion*. For what purpose should, an intelligent and honest man, desert the Roman Church, for that of England, when the latter insists upon a belief, in doctrines, just as *irrational* as those which might have shaken his faith, in the tenets of his own? A UNITARIAN, he might become, without inconsistency, and, with still more reason, profess himself a member of the “Christian Union,” if such a sect existed, but, upon no principle of *sound reasoning*, could he persuade himself of the truth of the English Church. Every Romanist Theologian is thoroughly convinced of this. This, also, is the reason, why so many well educated and conscientious, but fanatical clergy of the English Church, have, of late years, seceded from Protestantism, and sheltered themselves, and quieted their scruples, by seeking admission into the penitential cloisters, of, as they believe, the One only true, and infallible Church!

These men, though in error, by rejecting Rationality, are, *as Romanists*, at least, consistent; for Error may be consistent with itself: but, by Protestants, no such excuse can be pleaded, inasmuch as, whatever shall sin against Rationality is an error, manifestly inconsistent with Protestantism. It is astonishing that Protestant

Divines should overlook this great fact,—that *Protestantism* is essentially a system of *Rationalism*, and that, when they endeavour to *Mystify*, they reject Rationality, and thus deprive their own churches of the *only ground*, on which they can justify their separation, from the Church of Rome. Protestant divines, when they reason against REASON, are wretched reasoners,—whether their object be, to eradicate the Superstitions of *Romanists*, or to convict the *Unitarians* of Irreligion and Impiety!

It is right, that I should speak, fully and freely, on this subject, in justice to the numerous class of “*Liberal Protestants*,” who highly disapprove of these, most unseemly and unprofitable controversies. We all know, that they are maintained, chiefly, by raw Curates, fresh from College, who have acquired a smattering of Spurious Theology, but who know nothing of Practical Life. These persons, are aided by young girls, and maiden ladies, who have no occupation for their time and fingers, in making their own dresses, now that female finery is so cheap; and who, therefore, in the absence of any other employment, run, to and fro, distributing tracts, discussing theology! and exhibiting themselves, as prominent characters! in the conversion of Romanists! In this race of ignorance, folly, and gross presumption, some of the Clergy, and many of the females, of the Roman Church, are just as fanatical, and, to the full, as intolerant! Hence, we hear of nothing, from both sides, but charges, and counter charges, of Impiety, Infidelity, Superstition, Kidnapping—Orphans taken fraudulently from their legitimate guardians, to be educated in a false faith—Souls handed over to Satan! or rescued from his clutches! In short, the whole of society is disturbed by these people. The time of the Judges of the land is occupied, most disgracefully, in settling their disputes, and in vindicating the constitutional rights of those, who have been illegally conveyed away. The lawyers, enter into the fray, and become religious, for the nonce! A Protestant lawyer, defends the kidnapping by monks and nuns, and maintains their right to influence the dying to will their property, from their own relatives, to themselves, or to their establishments, for “*Pious uses*”! A Judge, of the Roman Church, pronounces an honest and impartial judgment, in strict conformity to the Law, when, instantly, the entire Irish Press, in the interest of the Papacy, raise their voices, in long protracted

and repeated howls, assailing his motives, and reviling and upbraiding him, as a disgrace to his Church, and a false traitor to his creed! Indeed, in every department, and throughout all the ramifications, of Irish society, the conduct of those Athanasians is marked, by mutual interference, insult, and intolerance!

The liberal-minded Protestant, disapproves of these proceedings, and censures the conduct of both parties. The semi-liberal Romanist, disapproves of them also; but, while he blames Protestant interference, he sanctions the aggressions of those of his own party, whom he acquits of all blame, and regards as only discharging a duty imposed, on them by the laws of his church. He would prohibit the circulation of Protestant controversial tracts, as most offensive to his creed, but he will not venture to oppose the efforts of his own clergy, to tamper with the faith of Protestants, and to undermine the safeguards of the Protestant constitution of these realms. He raises a tumult, in every Board of Poor Law Guardians, whenever it is possible to do so. He claims, for his church, exclusive privileges. He interferes with the most trifling details of the education of the children, and would pretend to fall into a fit of religious phrensy, at the bare suspicion of a deserted infant having been christened by a Protestant Cleric! when, if the child belonged to his own electoral division, he would, probably, hesitate to pay a sixpence out of his own pocket, either to save its life, or to preserve its wretched mother from the commission of the crime of suicide. The Protestant fanatic, on the other side, is just as bad, and as prone to quarrel. These "Champions of the faith" are great nuisances. In religious belief, they may be sincere; but the chief practical evidence they afford of their sincerity, consists in their hatred, and coarse abuse of each other. In their angry recriminations, their language is so vulgar, and they are so little ashamed to violate the ordinary usages of civilized society, that it would seem they labour, for no other purpose, but to bring themselves, and their Creeds, into contempt.

This evil, is hourly increasing in Ireland, and the time is fast approaching, when means must be resorted to, in order to induce these opposing parties, to exhibit more of decency, and of Christian charity towards each other. The conduct, of the Dublin Boards of Poor Law Guardians, is a scandal to the country. Their Laymen

and Clerics—Clerics and Laymen, by their quarrelling, set a most vicious example, to all the other Boards throughout the kingdom. Quiet, prudent men, ask—“Is there no remedy”? Yes, —there is a remedy, and, fortunately, one very simple, and easy of application. If Clerics, and their lay supporters, are resolved to quarrel about Religion, they have a *right* to do so, and no one can prevent them; —but, they have *no right*, to quarrel, within the walls of the *Public Institutions* of the country, so as to interfere with their proper management, and render them unpopular, and destroy their efficiency. When Clerics, or their retainers, create trouble, and introduce dissensions into the several establishments to which they happen to be attached, they *commit an offence* against SOCIETY, and they prove, thereby, that they are incompetent, and ignorant of their duty. Under these circumstances, the proper course for the public to adopt, is exactly that which all employers act upon, in similar cases. The employer, at once, dismisses his disorderly servants, and ceases to pay them any further wages. It should be so, with those Clerics. With the single exception of chaplains to Gaols, and Penitentiaries,—no Cleric, of any Church, should be paid by the public, for his services in Poor House, or any other Institution. The Clergy of the Parish, in which the Poor House is situated, should be the only persons permitted to visit it, and this, without payment. A sense of duty, should be sufficient to induce them to do so, and should any Bishop, or other Ecclesiastical authority, venture to prohibit them, as has been attempted on several occasions, the odium, and the responsibility, of such prohibition should rest on him, and not on the public. No Evangelical preacher, male or female—no Monk or Nun of any kind—should be allowed to interfere with the inmates of a Public Institution, supported by Public taxation, and, of course, contributed to by the Professors of every Creed. This very simple, and, as I think, not unpopular measure, if accompanied by the total withdrawal of the Parliamentary Grant to Maynooth, would tranquillize the contending factions, by removing from them, the chief causes of their contentions—notoriety—*influence*—*place*—and MONEY!

But this, will not suffice to give permanent Religious peace to Ireland. Other, and stronger legislative measures, will be required. The unwarrantable interference of the present *Italian Bishops*, of the

Irish Roman Church, with our Protestant Institutions, must be controlled. The PROTESTANTISM of the British Empire, will not, and cannot be expected, to submit much longer to their dictation. The corrupt compact, of mutual connivance, and of mutual support, that has so long existed between them, and Lord John Russell,—which has mainly contributed to keep his Lordship in office, and which has, through the agency of the Bishops, broken up, in succession, every constitutional effort of the industrious classes, to improve their *temporal condition*, must, no longer, be tolerated. The Liberal Protestants of Ireland, are now beginning to understand their true position. They know that they hold, in their hands, the means of causing the political ascendancy of any party, to which they may give their support. Hitherto, as advocates of the extension of *Civil and Religious liberty* to all Classes, and Creeds, and Nations,—they have, uniformly, co-operated with their countrymen of the Church of Rome, in their efforts to obtain Emancipation, and to raise themselves to an equality with Protestants. O'Connell, claimed for himself, the merit of having achieved Catholic Emancipation. His followers, even at the present day, jealous of the exertions of the Liberal Protestants, make for *him*, the same claim. In this, they act unjustly and ungenerously. O'Connell, was a prominent and most efficient promoter of Emancipation, but he could no more have peaceably accomplished that great measure, without the assistance of the Liberal Protestants, than he could have moved the Hill of Tara, from its foundation. If *all* Protestants had been Conservatives, O'Connell would not have been permitted, to make a second defiant speech. He would have been treated, as Protestants are treated in the Papal Territories, and incarcerated for life, for daring to assail the Protestant Church Establishment, and for presuming to complain of any grievance, authorized by law! The Liberal Protestants, have always been the consistent, and uncompromising supporters of the “Rights of Men.” For the maintenance of this principle, and for no other reason, it was, that they supported O'Connell, and that they would now, equally support any other individual, of any other Creed, in a similar contest. But, in striving against the political ascendancy of the Established Church, in destroying its monopoly, and procuring for all, a participation in the public offices of the State, they never intended to substitute one Supremacy

for another. It never occurred to them that, the Roman Bishops, and their subordinates, acting under the imperative directions of the Head of their Church, would labour to bring Protestantism into hatred and contempt, and endeavour to establish, in Ireland, the exclusive domination of the Papacy. To this object, it is evident, that all the efforts of those Bishops, are now *exclusively directed*. This, is an ill-advised, and most perilous proceeding, on their part. They have forfeited the confidence of every Liberal Protestant, in these kingdoms, and excited in their minds, serious apprehensions, as regards the future. Can it be possible, that it has entered into the contemplation of the *Italian section* of the Bishops, to endeavour to eradicate the Protestant Heresy from Ireland? It is evident that they act under the direct control of ANTONELLI, who, though not the nominal, is, in point of fact, the actual Pope. It is plain that the *Italian* policy of Antonelli, is to excite, through all Europe, an insurrectionary war of Red Republicanism,—to unchain the fury of the Democratic principle, in the hope that, after nations shall have been over turned, and kingdoms devastated, and men slain, by millions, the CHURCH, the cause of all these calamities, shall resume her Rights! and re-establish, in foreign lands, and in Ireland, as well, an iron DESPOTISM, that will *crush Republicanism*, and consent to lean for its support, on the co-operation of the then, unlimited authority of the Papacy. Be it known to all, that this is the present policy of *Cardinal Antonelli*. His Emissaries—his Bishops—and Clerics—and the various orders of Nuns and Friars, are now, on the continent, in France and Italy, scattering far and wide, the seeds of a War, against Civil and Religious Freedom,—against Freedom, in every shape.

In Ireland, where, under a Protestant Government, perfect freedom exists, it would not answer to act avowedly on the principle of “Religious Despotism,” and, therefore, a different course has been resolved on. Here, Constitutional Liberty is to be undermined, by clamoring for an *Unconstitutional excess of Liberty*. By a widely extended and persevering system of *aggression*, on Protestantism in every form, it is hoped, by Antonelli and his army of the Faith, in Ireland, that some Protestant reaction will take place, which can be construed into an attack on their Religion, and which shall have the effect, of banding together, all Romanists, and compelling them to co-operate as one man, in the defence of their Church.

This policy was some years ago, avowed by a most enthusiastic Romanist, an Englishman, who had been a Quaker, and, having become a member of the Church of Rome, in his excessive anxiety for its advancement, exhibited more of zeal than of common sense. He was a wonderful Theologian, in his own opinion, and took to task some of the Maynooth Professors, for being *more liberal* in their views, than was consistent with the strict orthodoxy of the Church. The consequence of this was, that Rome was appealed to, an inquiry was instituted—the Professors were admonished, and they were compelled to adopt the *Italian* system of “no compromise with Heretics.” The person who was the cause of this mischief, was a most extraordinary fanatic, though possessed of considerable talent, as a writer, and a mob agitator. I distinctly recollect his having once said to me that “nothing would give him greater pleasure, than to hear of the re-enactment of the entire Penal Code!”

“What! Re-enact the Penal Code! Do you know anything of the nature of that Code?—that no member of your persuasion could exercise any political right,—possess land—keep a school—possess a horse, worth more than five pounds, with a variety of other, not very palatable enactments, which I need not now mention?”

“Yes, I am perfectly aware of them all.”

“And you would wish to have all these penal laws re-enacted! Why?”

“Because it would compel us to act together, more than we do!”

Such was the conversation which took place, between me and FREDERICK LUCAS, once a Quaker, then a Romanist, and afterwards the Editor and proprietor of the *Tablet* newspaper. The Irish Bishops were not *then* sufficiently advanced in *Radicalism*, to meet the ultra views of my friend, Frederick Lucas. He went on a Mission to Rome, to complain of them to the Pope! The Pope, I heard, refused to see him. He was a Layman and officious. He had no business to interfere in such matters, so, after remaining at Rome, for about six months, and contracting Hepatic disease, from the malaria of that most unhealthy city, he received his answer thus, “Pareat Episcopo—abeat!” “Let him obey his Bishop, and begone!” Lucas returned to England, mortified and disappointed. He died, greatly lamented by his co-religionists, and by the radical and revolutionary party in Ireland. Lucas, was an honest Englishman, from



Yorkshire, a talented and well meaning man, but a most absurd fanatic in religious matters. A parish Priest, with whom I was very intimate, told me he disapproved of his violence, and that those converts from Protestantism, from an excess of zeal, were, in general, more an injury than a benefit to his Church. This, I believe, to be a most correct remark. Certainly, it is the case with many of those who, having been originally Romanists, afterwards become Protestants, and think it necessary to prove their sincerity, by their abuse of Romanism. In my opinion, these conversions are of little value. They establish nothing. They are no proof, of the value or demerit, of either creed. They only prove that in Religion, some men are capricious, and prone to change,—that some minds are *Demonstrative*, others *Credulous*.

I wish the Bench of Bishops, of the Roman church, aided by those of the Protestant Establishment, would pass some opinion, either for or against the Theory that “The Sun is the place appointed for our residence after death.” Where do they think, Frederick Lucas, is now? If they know, it would be satisfactory, for persons of every creed, to be informed on a subject, of such interest, and, if they know nothing about the locality of Heaven, for *there I believe Lucas to be*, it would be equally satisfactory, to learn from such distinguished authorities, that the question, not having been settled by the Athanasian Churches, and embodied in their articles of Faith, the members of those churches, are at liberty to judge for themselves, without incurring the guilt of Heresy.

But, reverting to the political and anti-constitutional proceedings of the Irish Bishops, and which have excited, in the Protestant mind, such grave suspicions as to their ulterior object, in exterminating Protestantism from Ireland, and subjecting all its inhabitants, to a despotism, similar to that of Rome, of Naples, Spain, and Austria, in what way do they vindicate, from this serious suspicion, their efforts to uphold, in Italy, a system of the most grinding and absolutely intolerable Slavery? Why do they mislead the Irish people, by telling them that the Italians, never had any grievances to complain of, when they know, that there was no freedom of the press, no trial by jury, no representative system of any kind, either to levy taxes, or inquire into their application—where there was no *Habeas Corpus* act, no public tribunals, in any case of imputed

offence to the Church, but immediate incarceration,—the accused not being, in any instance, confronted with his accuser—where no lawyer dare to undertake his defence, without incurring the risk of being himself implicated in the supposed crime—where, if any book ‘not approved of by the church’ should be printed or read, the offender subjected himself to imprisonment, for life, or for any shorter period, to be determined solely by the Church authorities? It is time, to ask these Bishops, “Do they hope to establish this system in Protestant Ireland,—for Ireland, is Protestant, and not *Romanist*?” The Constitution is Protestant, the laws Protestant, and the Institutions of the Country, must therefore, be conformable to the Constitution and to the Laws.

The Roman Bishops, do not seem to comprehend, that, though born in Ireland, and so far subjects of the British crown, they are, notwithstanding, strangers and aliens,—the *voluntary subservitants* of a FOREIGN Power, to which they are bound by an Oath of Implicit Obedience, and which is of a nature to supersede, altogether, their Oath of Allegiance to a Protestant Sovereign. In the solution of the question, by *which* oath, Ecclesiastics of the Church are bound, they are not permitted to exercise an opinion. Should it seem fit to *Antonelli*! to order a general Insurrection in Ireland, and he were to send over here his Legate, to command the Bishops, to command all their Priests and Curates, and all the monks and nuns, to commence a “Holy War”! and to raise the Standard of the Cross, in defence of their Holy Father, and for the extermination of the enemies of the Church, upon pain of instant excommunication, what Bishop, influenced by his *Italian* preferences,—what Parish Priest, though well to do, in the world, and preferring Peace—what Curate—what Monk or Nun, would *dare* to DISOBEY? A few, among the Churchmen and Laity, no doubt, would hesitate, and influenced by prudential considerations, *protest* against so desperate a movement, but the great majority would rush blindly into the fray, at a moment’s notice.

“Oh, Sir!” said some of my people to me, “Sure the POPE would never do so. Sure he’s the FATHER of all Christians. Sure he never encourages WAR.”

“Perhaps so. But, if he should order you to fight against the Queen, what would you do?”

“ Sir, he would not do any such thing. *He always supports authority.*”

“ Well, but *supposing* he were to command you to turn out, and fight against Queen Victoria—what would you do?”

“ It would be a bad day, if it was to come to that, Sir; but, there is no use in saying to you, what we don't think. You know, Sir, *we should do what we were ordered*” !

NO DOUBT OF IT. The poor, well-intentioned, but deluded, and invariably victimised Irish peasant, should “ *do as he was ordered.*” To this pass—to this eventful state of things—to this awful crisis—the Bishops of the *Irish-Italian* Church, by their reckless agitation, are now urging on the great majority of their own persuasion. What else, than to embarrass the councils of the Empire, do they propose to themselves, by attempting to get up an agitation, for the revival of the *worn-out fraud* of “ Repeal of the Union” ! If the maintenance of Religious Despotism be not their object, why did they encourage the enlistment of desperate men, in order to shoot down the Italians, and render unavailing their present glorious struggle, for nothing more, than the same identical rights, which the British Protestant Constitution, gives to all classes and to all creeds ? If they are not endeavouring to prepare the minds of their people, for the establishment of a Religious Despotism,—why do they glorify, as true “ Soldiers of the Faith”—as heroes and as martyrs—the deluded men, who, ill-treated, half-starved, half-naked, and followed by the execrations of the People of all Italy, succeeded, with difficulty, in escaping back to Ireland ? Why were numbers of these poor wretches, induced, by Ecclesiastics of their own Church, to believe they were going to Rome, to be employed as *workmen*, on a Railway, and to receive high wages,—and when, on their arrival in Rome, they refused to be enrolled as soldiers, and to take an Oath of Allegiance to the Pope !—why were they accused of Mutiny ! and some of them shot ? Why, when some hundreds of them were landed at Cork, as paupers, were they received with military honors—the Pope's flag unfurled ! and bands playing “ See the Conquering Hero Comes” !! ?

To give these people clothes, before they disembarked, was an act of charity ;—but, why were they drilled beforehand, and exhorted, and commanded not to utter one word, in disparagement of the Papal

Government? Why were they paraded through the towns, escorted by Priests, and attended by a drunken mob of thousands of the lowest characters in society—fools! more to be pitied than blamed—insulting Protestants—breaking the windows of Protestant churches, lighting fires to burn Garibaldi in effigy, and, it might be, prepared to fling into the flames every passer-by—no matter what his creed—who refused to take off his hat, and join them in their fiendish orgies, exclaiming, as they did, “Roast him, boys—roast him—we wish we had him here?”!!

GARIBALDI! What man who has a heart to value Freedom, and a head to appreciate its value, but, at the mere mention of his name, must feel himself inspired, by a sense of admiration, not to be expressed! Garibaldi! the brightest star, that has appeared in the Political Horizon, since the setting, in the Western World, of that of the illustrious WASHINGTON. Garibaldi! like Washington, the asserter of *Civil* and *Religious* Liberty, and, because of this—his *Great Glory*—denounced—hated, and vilified, by *Antonelli*,—the enemy of constitutional rights—the ruthless exterminator of *all*, of *his own creed*, who dared to claim them,—the sanguinary tyrant, when he had power,—and *now*, the artful plotter of a *Red Republican reaction*, against all thrones and all authorities, that shall not crush every germ of Freedom, and submit, in all things, to the irresponsible domination of the Papal Church!

If we contrast the character of GARIBALDI, as the impersonation of our Protestant Freedom, with that of ANTONELLI, as the impersonation of the Papal Slavery, how great should not be the pride of Protestants!—the one, the avowed supporter of Tyranny, in its most frightful form, and the secret concoctor of Universal Insurrection, against the “Rights of Men!” The other, the Champion of Rational Liberty,—the fearless asserter of his country’s claims, to Rational Freedom. Garibaldi! the hero of a hundred battles—with red-shirt—broad-hat—plume—and flashing sword—first in the fight, and last in the retreat; his life, miraculously preserved by God, until he shall have accomplished the noble mission for which he was created. Garibaldi! who has warmed into life, a new Nation,—its people, the finest in Europe,—the descendants of those who, of old, when Pagan, conquered and civilized the world; but, until now, prevented from giving proof of their capacity to discharge

rightly the duties which *Freedom* imposes, on all those who possess it.

In every country, on which the Sun of Freedom shines, statues of marble or of brass, will be erected in honor of GARIBALDI. Pilgrims will visit his tomb. Poets will sing of his deeds, and Historians will tell, to the men of future ages, of the imperishable benefits conferred on the Italian Races,—by the individual heroism of the *Liberator!* to be called, in after times—like WASHINGTON—the FATHER of his COUNTRY.

In those g'ories—in the triumphs of the Free, *Ireland will have no share.* When other Nations, struggling for Freedom, endeavoured to break their chains,—the Roman Bishops of Ireland, sided with the oppressor, and sent forth their mercenaries to strangle, at its birth, the righteous effort. What business have they, in this Protestant land, to clamour for a licentious freedom, unknown to the law, when they use the freedom, so largely conceded to them, by *Protestant generosity*, only to subvert our Protestant Institutions, at home, and to perpetuate Slavery abroad?

These Bishops, have much to answer for. What business had they, to convert their croziers into Swords, and hire soldiers, and levy taxes, and engage in War, in order to redden, as far as they could, the soil of Italy, with the life-blood of its inhabitants? What business had they to meddle, with the secular affairs of another people, earning for Ireland, the hatred of the Italians, and rendering our common country, an object of scorn and contempt, throughout the whole world?

Most wrongly and unwisely, have these Bishops acted. They have grievously offended every Protestant, and most of all, those who had invariably laboured to obtain for them, every concession, which it was possible, for a FREE GOVERNMENT to grant, or which it was reasonable for them to expect. They have been petted to excess, and spoiled by over indulgence. They have forgotten, or they seem not willing, to understand that, with the single exception of discharging the *Religious Duties* of their Church, and exercising, as individuals, the Social Rights, common to all other British Subjects, they have no corporate, or other rights whatsoever. All their *privileges* are *permissive*, and *may be entirely withdrawn from them*, should the PROTESTANTISM of the Empire, consider itself so

far outraged, by their misconduct, as to render it advisable to adopt so decided a measure.

The Policy of the Papacy, and the political conduct of Lord John Russell, have compelled the people of Ireland, and indeed, of the whole British Empire,—at home, in Canada, and elsewhere,—to form themselves into *two hostile camps!* The ROMANISTS, headed by their *Churchmen*, and the PROTESTANTS, urged on by *theirs!* No living man, can now prevent, the coming struggle. How it shall end—no living man can tell.

The Policy of the Papacy, in Ireland, is manifestly aggressive, and the more dangerous, because Lord John Russell, will not hesitate to aid it, to subvert our Constitutional Rights; if, he can thereby, prolong his tenure of the office which he so unworthily fills. What then, is the course that the LIBERAL PROTESTANTS should pursue, for the maintenance of CIVIL and RELIGIOUS FREEDOM—at home,—and, as far as practicable, in every part of the Civilized world?

Were I to offer a suggestion, I should say, that it would be most necessary—as a measure of *self defence*,—and equally beneficial to ROMANISTS, as to PROTESTANTS, to form, forthwith, a “PROTESTANT UNION”—*for the extension* of “EQUAL CIVIL RIGHTS”—to THE PEOPLE of EVERY COUNTRY.

If a “PROTESTANT UNION” such as this were established, without reference to any particular Creed,—but opposed only to DESPOTISM, in every shape,—and if a “CHRISTIAN UNION”—such as I have already advised, were once organized, so as to comprehend a large proportion of PROTESTANTS,—their influence would soon effect the most beneficial changes, in our Social System, and give security and permanency to our “PROTESTANT INSTITUTIONS.”

The time is at hand, when the necessity for such organizations, will compel the PROTESTANT PUBLIC, to adopt them. To give to them that efficiency, without which, it would be absurd to think of forming them at all,—they should originate in LONDON,—with affiliated Branches, throughout the Empire, and in every Foreign Country, in which *Protestantism is tolerated.*

These organizations, and especially the “PROTESTANT UNION,” if once properly established, and rightly directed, would constitute a sort of PROTESTANT FREE-MASONRY, *but without Secrecy of any kind*, and render it, absolutely impossible for the Papacy, to perpetuate its system of “*Civil and Political Despotism.*”

## CHAPTER XIX.

Men cling to the hope, that their existence will be continued in a future world. They labour much, in thought and by active effort,—by prayers and by deeds,—by offerings and through intercessions,—to ensure their well being in another Life. All this is most reasonable, and most congenial to the hearts of those, who long for immortality, and who trust, that, when they shall themselves be removed from this Earth, their names, and useful efforts, will not remain unremembered.

The splendid Mausoleum, receives the body of the crowned monarch. The dim light that enters it, seems as though it feared to shine brightly, so solemn and so sacred is the place. But closely seen, the tomb reveals, emblazoned in gold, and sculptured in marble, the many virtues, and the noble acts of him who rests within it. What monarch ever yet died, who longed not for posthumous fame, or who was not conscious, that he should speak falsely, were he to say that he despised it?

The poorest of his subjects, who has a mind to think, thinks, and speaks, as he does. He would not, if he could help it, die a pauper's death—and still less would he be willing, to sink into a pauper's grave, to lie there, with his fellows in misfortune, unrecognized, and forgotten. This feeling pervades all classes. The desire to leave behind us, a name, and one undishonored, ought to be encouraged,—not with a view to indulge an ostentatious display of vanity, but from a sense of self-respect, such as is inseparable from the character of every right intentioned, and well educated man.

In Free Countries, in the Republics of Greece and Rome, in Britain now, and among the noble hearts of the proud, and self-relying race, that, springing from her loins, has out-grown its parent, and is spreading the language and the institutions of Freedom, over the surface of an interminable Continent,—throughout all these, *men* have laboured, and still labour, to leave behind them, a name worthy of estimation. They feel, that they are the artificers of their own characters, and they value them the more, because

they are of their own creating. Such men, estimate honor, more than wealth. Let no man dare, in a free land, to filch from them, their good name. Better steal their purse, even though Shakespear had never, with burning vehemence, denounced the atrocity of the fraud.

In those countries, where Religious and Political Tyranny prevail,—in Spain and Portugal—in Fair Italy,—until but the other day—in Austria,—in Russia,—who cares to leave behind him an enduring name? The slave, has no native land, wherewith he can be proud to identify himself. No time-honored Institutions—no words of manly freedom, which he pronounced when young, and which it is his boast to have taught to his children, as a portion of their Creed. What emblems, so meet for the tomb of the slave, as chains and fetters! Who could regard, with respect, the name, that was thus desecrated, even though it might be overloaded with titles, conferred by the Autocrat of Russia, the Tyrant of Austria, or the Temporal Sovereign of the Papal Dominions? The man, who has lived and died a slave, is unworthy to have the mere letters of *his* name transmitted to posterity. It makes no difference whether he may have been the slave, of a Temporal or Spiritual Despotism—He has lived and died a slave—he has never respired the air of Freedom. With panting breast, and quivering breath,—terrified and gasping for existence—what bold and daring thought—what feeling of independent action, could spring up within him, and show itself, in the defiant energy of his manly bearing? Men of independent thought and action, and whose names compel their own remembrance, never yet have been those, who ministered to the sanguinary ambition of a Tyrant, or who, unnerved, by a pitiable credulity, bent the knee before a proud Ecclesiastic, certainly not wiser, and, perhaps, not better than themselves!

Who is there, of any Creed, and whose mind has not been distorted by early prejudice, but must, in spite of himself, admire the efforts of the fearless defenders of the “*Right to Think*,”—a Right, in support of which, the noblest of our Race, have perilled their lives, and, when dragged to execution, as malefactors, made it their pride to have forfeited them, in so glorious a cause? All the sympathies of our nature, harmonize with the thoughts, and words, and acts, of these men—the shining lights of the world—the precur-



sors of mental and social improvement—the Heralds of new Faiths—more truthful, and more conducive to the welfare of man,—than the idle and degrading superstitions, which they endeavoured to overturn.

The labours of the “Benefactors of mankind,” rarely produce their fruits, in the life time, of the promulgators of new views, however manifest the great value of the proposed changes. The innumerable meshes in the invisible net, so ingeniously contrived, by means of private interest, and public prejudice, to continue all existing abuses, seldom fail to entangle the Reformer, and render him as helpless, as a small fly that had permitted itself to be caught in the web of a spider. Still, though the Reformer suffers, and the fly, not more mercilessly treated—is devoured—some meshes of the net are broken, and the web of the spider escapes not uninjured. Tyranny, and Superstition, have to repair their nets and their webs,—each successive struggle, weakening them the more. The battle of MIND against Ignorance, and Arbitrary Power, has always existed, and can never terminate. From the days of SOCRATES, to the advent of CHRIST,—from his time, to that of the great PROTESTANT REFORMERS—and down to the present hour—without intermission—there has been a constant succession of MINDS, created by God, to keep alive the flame of freedom—so that, when, in the progress of nations, the fit time shall arrive, it may break out into a bright blaze—imparting light and warmth to all around. The Historian dwells on the names and deeds of such men. They live in the future, and the future rewards them.

These, or similar reflections, must occur to every one, who directs his attention to this subject. We must feel that to leave behind us—a good name; to bequeath it to our children, as their inheritance, and to our Country, as a valuable possession,—is an object, worthy of striving for, and one which should be the great incentive to our public exertions. Who cares for the titled Duke, who has earned his Honors, and his Pension, by a corrupt subserviency to a corrupt minister? Who cares for him the more, because he wears a collar suspended from his neck, or has a garter fastened round his knee? These foolish trifles—these absurd trappings—may please the weak minds of those, who can distinguish themselves, by no better means,—but they cannot impart any enduring value,

to their names and characters. He, who desires to live, in after times, and to earn, for himself, the respect of the good—will pursue the steady course, that duty points out,—turning not aside,—and undeterred by the obstacles, which pride and insolence—selfishness, and corruption, shall endeavour to throw in his way.

Men such as these, stand out, in bold relief, as the artificers of Social progress, and of Religious Improvement. But there are other labourers, who, more from a constitutional obstinacy of disposition, and an acute feeling of personal pride, find themselves, irresistibly, compelled to resist the undue exercise of authority. These persons, will often disregard an affront, as beneath their notice, if it proceed from an equal, or an inferior, but, should it originate, in the deliberate act of an official of high position, and clothed with authority, they yield to their natural propensities, and persevere, to the end, in the indulgence of their violent resentments. These men, possess none of the heroic virtues;—nevertheless, they fill their place, in the Social system. They aid, in an inferior degree, in checking the unrestricted exercise of arbitrary power, when they succeed,—when they fail—they people the dungeons of the Tyrant, and die obscure deaths, blamed rather than pitied, by their more prudent associates, because of their folly, in *daring to resist authority!*

To this latter class, I believe, I belong. It is true, I have not yet, been immured in a dungeon, nor have I suffered injury sufficient to endanger my life, or health. Still, I have my resentments, and it pleases me to indulge them. It pleases me, also, to endeavour to leave behind me a name of fair repute,—not in private life only, but as a member of the Medical Profession, and as a Political character. I never was, and I am not now, indifferent to Public opinion. He who affects to despise it, is either a foolish pretender to singularity, or, he is conscious, that he has ill-deserved the approval of those, qualified to estimate him as he deserves. Public opinion, far more than coercive laws, is the guardian of Social morals, and of Public Rights. It, elevates and protects the weak and lowly. Tyrants bend before it, and fear to set it at defiance. Invisible,—without form, a mere breath, voiceless, sometimes,—but sometimes, speaking, with the many tongues of an entire people, it is the SOVEREIGN of the People's *own election!* To the will of this Sovereign, who shall venture to oppose himself? The *Crowned Monarch*, and the *Mitred Bishop*, repre-

sentatives of their respective systems of *Political* and of *Religious* authority, will do well, not to encounter its hostility. It has overturned *Thrones*, and shaken *Churches* to their foundation.

This it has done, in past time, and is now doing. To this SOVEREIGN, of *our own* election, and the best Protector of the People's Rights, I have, before now appealed, and I again appeal. He, will not seem to listen. He seldom seems to do so,—but he hears all things, and mysteriously, decides upon them all.

It may, or may not be, a mark of correct taste, to introduce, into this work, the discussion of subjects, purely political, and, to a certain extent, personal to myself. Perhaps, if I had not been personally concerned, in some of the transactions, to which I am about to refer, I should not think it necessary to allude to them, though, from the nature of the subject of this work—MIND—I might, without inconsistency, expatiate as largely as I pleased, on all the various influences, that could act on it, in any way. But, for the reasons I have just stated, it seems to me quite plain, that no man, should permit his actions or his motives—whether private or public—to be misrepresented, and especially, if it be attempted to fasten on him, the slightest imputation of misconduct.

I have, throughout my entire life, been a decided LIBERAL, in Religion, and in Politics. At an early age, I formed for myself, my own opinions. *I often tried*, but I never could succeed, in persuading myself, to *believe in the Mysteries* of Religion. In the same way, I, sometimes, tried to agree with persons of intolerant political principles, but, *I could not help* disapproving of their sentiments, which I always regarded as narrow-minded and unjust. As I grew up, I expressed myself more freely and decidedly, than was, perhaps, either prudent or becoming, in a person of my years. However, such was my custom. It involved me in frequent controversies,—made me some enemies, and I am not aware that it ever acquired for me a single friend. Public men, and the Liberal party, to which I belonged, naturally availed themselves of my co-operation. This I freely gave, to the CAUSE, with which I was identified ;—not looking for place, or personal benefit of any kind—not being an aspirant for *Parliamentary Honors* ! which I should be an idiot to think of—in short, having no motive, whatever, beyond that of gratifying myself, by advocating, conjointly with others, the principles which we professed.

These were pleasant times. The imaginative mind, requires variety and excitement. It may be compelled, but it never can, contentedly, submit to the mean drudgery of the sordid money-grubber. It was so with me, and it is so, with hundreds of others. The public are pleased to consider us fools, of no use to ourselves or to others,—but in this the public errs. There must be persons to originate new ideas—to suggest improvements—to aid and to direct Society, in its onward progress. He who creates, increases the general wealth. He who, merely hoards, adds nothing. However, be this as it may, I passed a pleasant, and not inactive time. I was a member of different public associations—always named on the Committees, and requested to prepare Resolutions, or draw up Reports. In this way, I became acquainted with some of the most remarkable characters of my day. In my intercourse with them, I always preserved my personal independence, so far, at least, as not to permit any of them, to imagine he paid me a compliment, by noticing me.

My professional duties, and my connexion with different public Institutions, brought me into close communication, with the poorer classes. I soon discovered, that, in the treatment of the greater number of their diseases, a moderate supply of wholesome food, was, in its prophylactic, and remedial effects, far superior to *much Physic!* It then occurred to me, to inquire, by what means, the condition of the labouring classes, could be improved, so as to increase their comforts, and render them, less susceptible of Epidemic Fever, and of the other ailments, which poverty never fails to generate in crowded, and ill-ventilated dwellings. It was part of the duty of the Physicians, to the Dublin Fever Hospital, to publish an Annual Report, of the more important Medical occurrences of the Institution, during the year. I prepared three or four of these, and having thus been compelled to become a writer, it, thenceforth, pleased me, to see my name *in print!* I wrote upon every subject—Medicine,—Politics,—Religion,—Catholic Emancipation,—Abolition of Tythes,—Reform of Parliament,—sometimes anonymously, but more frequently giving my name, and taking upon myself, the entire responsibility of my own opinions. By my efforts,—such as they were,—I obtained a certain degree of notoriety, which prevented me from afterwards falling into a state of obscurity, even if I had

desired it. I retired to the country, to occupy myself in improving my land. I could not avoid taking a part in our County Elections, nor could I refuse to act as a Poor Law Guardian, for the district in which I resided. I never applied for the Commission of the Peace. It was supposed, however, by some, that, as it had always been held by one of my family, it should also be conferred on me. The Commission was offered to me. In fact, I was requested to accept of it, which I did, not caring a farthing for the very trifling accession of local importance, which I might, thereby acquire, and not intending to compromise, in the slightest degree, my Private, Professional, or Political independence.

Persons in office, deserve to be treated with deference and respect, because of the official position which they occupy,—but they have no business, in a free country, to imagine themselves *Autocrats*. They are not to suppose, that, because *they* have been elevated, others are depressed in the same proportion. But this is too often the case, and it is a great mistake. An individual may be promoted, from an inferior to a higher place,—but the general classification remains unaltered; and it is a proof of bad taste, as well as of unsound judgment, when the person, so exalted, shall endeavour to degrade those over whom, he exercises Authority.

MAZIERE BRADY, first a Barrister, of very moderate practice—then a Judge—and finally, by the wheel of Fortune, transmuted into the “*Lord High Chancellor of Ireland*,” immediately on his promotion to the Chancellorship, rather unadvisedly, contrived to give offence to the entire Medical Profession. Certain Physicians, were elected Corporators,—and some of them Mayors, in their respective Towns. It is necessary, for the due administration of justice, in these Towns, that the Mayor shall hold the Commission of the Peace,—but this, Chancellor Brady, with whom the appointment rested,—*refused to confer on Physicians*, on the ground that their *Profession, disqualified them for the office!*

A double injury was inflicted on the Profession, by this most extraordinary decision. In the first place, it was an insult wantonly put upon us,—and tended to lower us, in the public estimation; and, in the next place, it acted as a positive exclusion from “*Civic Honors*,” to every Medical Practitioner, however eligible in other respects, because, unless he should hold the Commission of the

Peace, he could not discharge his official duties—and, of course, it would be useless, for his fellow citizens to elect him. I held the Commission at that time, for the County of Kildare. I was a Fellow of the College of Physicians,—and, as such, I felt astonished and offended at this decision of the Chancellor's. I wrote to the Colleges of Physicians, and of Surgeons, to remonstrate with the Chancellor,—so as to have this obnoxious rule rescinded. The COLLEGES, *refused to interfere!* I requested the College of Physicians, to *record*, in their Registry, my *Protest*, against the exclusion of Physicians from the magistracy; but, even this, the College *refused to do!* I then determined to fight the Battle *myself*—alone—and not only unaided, but rather opposed by the Dublin Colleges! I therefore, addressed the following letter to the Chancellor:—

FIRST LETTER TO THE CHANCELLOR.

*Drummin House, Carbury, County of Kildare.*

28th December, 1846.

My Lord—I respectfully solicit your attention. I am a Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, of which your Lordship, in virtue of your office, is visitor. I hold the Commission of the peace for the county of Kildare, having been nominated by the Duke of Leinster, to whom I feel grateful for this mark of confidence, and the more so, as the favour so conferred on me was unapplied for on my part.

It has, heretofore always been supposed by every intelligent, well thinking, and educated person, that the Profession of Medicine is equal in rank to that of the *law*, and is just as much entitled to the respect and confidence of the public. I was, therefore, both surprised and mortified, to find that your lordship had formed a different opinion of our body, and had adopted and acted upon a rule, to exclude from the commission of the peace, all medical practitioners.

Physicians, I apprehend, have, in general, no wish to obtrude themselves into any society, or to occupy any situation, for which their profession may be supposed to render them unfitted. For my part, I was, until now, ignorant of the existence of such a rule. I believe it to be a rule impolitic and unjust, illegal and unconstitutional. As a physician and a magistrate, I protest against this rule.

In strict propriety, and as a matter of justice to the medical profession, this Rule ought to have been formally communicated to us; but this, not having been done, I request that your lordship will cause *a copy of it*, with your lordship's reasons, to be furnished to me, in order that I shall know what the law is, according to your lordship's view of it.

I have no faith in the infallibility of any judge. I mean nothing disrespectful—far from it—I merely state the truth. *Humanum est errare*. It is possible your lordship may be in error. In this case, your Lordship, I should hope, will not object to my explaining to you why I think so. On the other hand, should I be persuaded you are right, I shall acknowledge myself convinced, and deem it my duty to return, without delay, my commission to the duke by whom I was appointed.

I have the honor to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient servant,

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D., J.P.,

Fellow of the College of Physicians, and late Professor of the Practice of Medicine in Ireland.

To the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

To this letter I received a reply, politely enough expressed, but, in which the Chancellor adhered to his original resolution, on the ground that there *existed a rule to that effect*, and which had been previously acted upon, in similar cases. I considered this announcement an aggravation of the offence. The Colleges, having refused to do their duty, I felt that the entire responsibility of defending the "HONOR OF THE PROFESSION" rested with me. I knew, that no one else was likely to undertake its defence, and I also knew, that if I yielded, it would be impossible, at any future time, to restore to the Medical Practitioner, the Civil rights of which he had been deprived. I therefore, forwarded to the Chancellor, an answer, which I here reprint, in full, as a public document, which the Profession, in Ireland, and elsewhere, would do well to hold in remembrance.

SECOND LETTER TO THE CHANCELLOR.

*Drummin House, Carbury, County Kildare,*

*23rd January, 1847.*

MY LORD—I have to thank your Lordship for your courteous and prompt acknowledgment of my letter of the 28th December through your Secretary, whose communication to me, however, was defective, as it referred me to a letter, addressed to Dr. Cullinan, of the County of Clare Fever Hospital, without setting forth the original application of Dr. Cullinan, or Dr. Cullinan's reply.

I felt it would be improper to trespass on your Lordship's attention, if I could possibly avoid it. I therefore wrote to Dr. Cullinan, who was a pupil of mine, when I occupied the Chair of the Practice of Medicine, and who, even then, was distinguished, above his fellows, for his professional and literary attainments.

Dr. Callinan has favoured me with these documents, without which your Lordship's letters to him and to me, would be unintelligible. I am, therefore, in a position to see clearly my way, in submitting to your Lordship such observations as, under all the circumstances of this discussion, shall seem to me to be called for.

To this letter I do not expect a reply, as I merely wish to make it the means of placing upon record those observations, for the information of the Medical Profession, and it may be, of the public also.

In the first place, it must not be supposed that the Medical Profession mean to question your Lordship's right to exercise, with strict impartiality and sound discretion, the power with which the law invests you,—namely, the power to appoint to the Magistracy, fit and proper persons, and to exclude from it, (also acting with sound discretion, and strict impartiality, uninfluenced by private feeling, or by political or party prejudice,) all persons of every rank, profession, or calling, who are, in your Lordship's judgment, personally or individually disqualified.

How then has this controversy originated between the Medical Profession and your Lordship, and how is it that you have, perhaps unintentionally, given us offence?

Doctor Cane of Kilkenny, and Doctor Geary of Limerick, as members of the Corporations, in their respective towns, had acquired a Civic or corporate right to the Commission of the Peace. Their fellow-citizens, of all denominations, concurred in the belief that they would discharge their public duties, with integrity and ability. They were both, in the usual manner, recommended to your Lordship, and they ought to have been immediately appointed.

Your Lordship, however, refused to appoint them, *not* because they were unworthy or incompetent, but *because* they were "Practising Physicians;" and when the justice and propriety of the refusal was questioned, your Lordship endeavoured to strengthen your position, by erroneously asserting, "that there existed an invariable Rule to this effect, which had always been observed."

We had never heard of such Rule—we well knew that there was no such Rule.

"Practising Physicians," my Lord, though they respect authority, and are willing to pay to it, all becoming deference—still do not bend before it as slaves. We are not tied down, as lawyers are, by antiquated forms and parchment precedents—or by absurd legal fictions, disgraceful to the law and ruinous to the suitor. In this respect, my Lord, we are far in advance of your Profession. That which is obviously unmeaning, and ridiculous, we have got rid of. While you have adhered, and still cling, to the deformities of the dark and unlettered ages, we have, in a great measure, in our dealings with the public, reformed ourselves. The bombast, and the false, and hollow, and fraudulent pretences of the mountebank, and the empiric, are no longer tolerated by us. Those externals upon which



your Profession lay so much stress, we, with minds better informed, and more thoroughly disciplined, regard as worthless. The horse-hair wig, and cane headed with gold, we have flung from us, with scorn. The dress of the outward man is not unfrequently an indication of his character. So, at least, it is with us. We have reformed, and simplified our practice—have kept pace with all the improvements in science, and we have, ourselves, been the chief ministers in accomplishing these improvements.

Well would it be for Society, if your Lordship could speak of your Profession, in the same terms of honest pride, with which I can speak of mine.

But, my Lord, although your Lordship's proceeding has well nigh placed our Professions in collision, it is not the wish of "Practising Physicians" that such should be the case. We shall not provoke a controversy, neither shall we shrink from it. It is our desire to deal kindly with your Lordship, and to exercise over our conduct and expressions, the greatest possible forbearance. To what end should we embark in a quarrel with the Bar? What should we gain by it? We occupy our proper place in society—a position to which we have arrived by our *own* unaided efforts, in despite of power or of patronage, and without being fenced in, on all sides, by Acts of Parliament, passed for creating and upholding Professional monopoly. From this position, an honourable and a proud one, we will not permit you to dislodge us. You have not the power—you have attempted it, and you have failed. Why then persist in an unwise course of vexatious annoyance, which can lead to no useful result?

My Lord, you must bear with me a little. You seem to me to have formed a very imperfect estimate of the character of the "Practising Physician." The Physician, when engaged in practice, inquires not whether his patient be of patrician or of plebeian blood. The bed of sickness, it may be of recovery, or perhaps of death—like the grave, levels all distinctions. Our duties are laborious and painful, and too often ill-requited; but we, nevertheless, discharge them well, and conscientiously, and fearlessly. Now, the first duty of the "Practising Physician" is to judge correctly, and the next, to act with decision, and without compromising the recovery of his patient. Be the patient high or low—rich or poor—it is the business of the Physician, to control him—sometimes to command, and to enforce obedience. The "Practising Physician," in the exercise of his profession, is arbitrary, and must be obeyed; and it is necessary for the welfare of his patient, that this should be the case, or the Physician would, either not understand his proper business, or grievously err, in not practising it rightly.

Again my Lord, the "Practising Physician" *questions* Nature, and *forces* her to reply to him. This is his habit—his privilege. We cannot easily divest ourselves of long acquired habits, and no one will, willingly, surrender any privilege, in the possession of which he prides himself. The transition from questioning Nature

to questioning the Chancellor, is therefore easy and obvious, and to our minds, attended with no one difficulty, or possible reason, why we should hesitate to do so. You, as a Lawyer, cannot comprehend this. How should you? When a "Practising Lawyer," you were compelled to pay the most implicit obedience to the Bench, and, now on the Bench, you will assume the exclusive tone and style of the Judge; and, in your turn, exact from the Bar, an obedience the most submissive.

Now we, on our part, do not understand this. We do not regard with reverential awe, the Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The State Physician, or the State Apothecary, or the Physician General, are so very little elevated above the rest of us, either because of their rank in their several departments, or of their connexion with the State, that, except as regards their individual merit, we pay them no respect whatever. The "Practising Physician" meets them on equal terms, acknowledging no sort of inferiority, and conceding nothing which it would be unbecoming or derogatory in one gentleman to yield to another.

Thus our Profession is essentially one of freedom and equality—it assumes nothing exclusive—it respects the rights of others, and it vindicates its own. In every age, the most strenuous supporters of Civil and Religious freedom have been Physicians. By our example and our writings, we have breathed a new life into the hearts of men. In healing the infirmities of the outward frame, we have not neglected to improve the intellectual principle—the element of mind, which we derive directly from the Deity, in whose attributes we participate, and in whose likeness we have been created. What a galaxy of brilliant names is presented, by the Medical Profession. The constellation Hercules, under the resolving power of the gigantic telescope of the illustrious Rosse, does not exhibit such points of splendour, and of such dazzling lustre, as our Profession presents, when we enumerate the names of those who belonged to it, and who, by their labours, have contributed to extend the boundaries of science.

What can you, my Lord, shew in comparison with them? Nothing, absolutely nothing—with the exception of him of England, "The Chancellor," who was, at once,

"The wisest and the meanest of mankind."

His wisdom he owed to science—his meanness to the corrupt state of the *law* in those times, when presents and bribes were given to the Judges, and were received by them as matters of course. I speak thus, not in the spirit of malignant triumph over your Profession. I feel humbled rather, by this proof of the greatness, and of the weakness of our nature. At the name of Verulam science sighs, and with averted face, drops for his fall a silent tear. I wish it had been otherwise—I wish he had been, even as I am, a Physician. Then would his name have descended to the remotest posterity in all its glory, unstained and unsullied. But, my Lord,

we are not without consolation. True religion—the religion of charity and humility—tells us to pray that we may not be led, as he was, into temptation, and with a smile, pointing to Heaven, assures us that his errors are forgiven. But to return—we are, my Lord, what we are. Our spots, or blemishes, if you will, like those of the leopard, are permanent—they are inherent in our nature, and we cannot change them, even at our own pleasure, and much less, at your bidding. You must deal with us as you find us—you must answer our “questions,” and furnish us, with sound and substantial “reasons” for such of your “Rules” having reference to us, as we shall deem in any degree objectionable.

Now, to “Practising Physicians,” it appears most unaccountable, that brewers, bakers, bankers, pawnbrokers, attorneys, lawyers, graziers, farmers, in short, persons of every trade and occupation, should all be eligible to the Commission of the Peace, and that the members of the Medical Profession are alone to be excluded. It seems also a strange anomaly—an extraordinary and unaccountable element, in this most unprecedented transaction—that in the atmosphere of Limerick, a Distiller should be rejected as unfit, because he was a Distiller, while the air of Dublin, purified by its vicinity to the Castle! renders, in your Lordship’s opinion, a Distiller of that city unobjectionable. What means this cameleon-like administration of the law? this Indian-rubber elasticity, that so capriciously elongates and contracts itself?

In plain language, there is no meaning in all this. The thing admits of no explanation. You cannot assign, even the shadow of a reason, for your most impolitic, and unstatesmanlike attack on the Medical Profession. I am persuaded you did not anticipate the turn it has taken. The recoil has been greater than you expected, and you have yielded to it. But, my Lord, in yielding to us, yield with a good grace, and not, like the surly mastiff, that, when he has been beaten, retires slowly, growling, looking defiance, and resolved, on some more favourable opportunity, to take his revenge. Treat us with that respect to which we are entitled, and I pledge myself to your Lordship, in my own name, and on the part of the entire Profession, that we shall respond, in the same spirit of kindly feeling.

But to attain this end, the cause of offence must be removed. The odious and offensive “Rule” must be rescinded. Blot it out then, as if it had never been—tear from the book of your records the leaf on which it has been written.

I have the honour, to be, my Lord, your Lordship’s most obedient servant,

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D., J.F.

To the Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The above letter produced its effect. It stimulated the Profession, to exert themselves. The whole of Ireland, was in motion. Every member of Parliament was applied to, and all, without an exception, gave us their support. It cost them nothing, and if they had refused, they would have had to encounter an opposition, at the next General Election, that might have caused them, some inconvenience. The result was, the Chancellor had to rescind his Resolution, and to nominate to the Magistracy, such Gentlemen, as were entitled to the office, even though they were medical Practitioners. Instructed by the experience of Chancellor Brady, no subsequent Chancellor ventured upon so unprofitable a contest. This was my first controversy with the Irish Chancellor. He resisted as long as he could, but I defeated him. The victory rested with me, although, strange to say, the Colleges rather opposed me, and sided, as far as they could, with the Chancellor. In fact, the COLLEGES, sycophantic, without an independent opinion, and obedient in all things, to the dictation of DUBLIN CASTLE! that pestiferous sink of POLITICAL CORRUPTION, endeavoured to ridicule, and thwart the movement which I had originated. But, PUBLIC OPINION, controled them all. It beat down *all opposition*, then as it will always do, in every country possessed of *Free Institutions*, a *Free press*, and some few *Freemen*, resolved to maintain their Social Rights.

For my conduct, energy, and zeal, throughout this affair, I consider myself entitled to the thanks of the Profession. Perhaps, after my death, they may think it right to acknowledge the value of my services, by erecting a suitable memorial to my memory,—not in any of the streets of Dublin, but, in some secluded spot of the Phoenix Park, when the entire of it shall be given to the citizens of Dublin, *for their own Management and Recreation*, as an equivalent for the extinction of the “LIEUTENANCY OF IRELAND,”—an intolerable nuisance—profitable only to Place-Hunters, Intriguing Lawyers, and Corrupt Corporators, but scattering widely, through the country, the seeds of Reckless Agitation—Hatred of Great Britain—Sectarian Rivalry—Political Disunion.

In some quiet spot, let my Monument be placed, and with this suggestion, which, no doubt, will be attended to, I respectfully take my leave of my Professional associates.

## CHAPTER XX.

Though I resided in the country, I was occasionally invited to co-operate, with some of the Political movements, which originated in the intense nationality of the proprietors of the Liberal, and Radical Newspapers, of Dublin. The only Literature, in Ireland, that is palatable to the majority of the people, or, that will be read by them, at all,—must be highly seasoned by abuse of England, or of the opposite party, in Religion, or Politics. It seemed to some, well-intentioned persons, that this great evil, might be remedied, by forming an ASSOCIATION, for the attainment of such measures, as would be approved of, by every reasonable individual, and which would, therefore, have the effect, of uniting all classes of Irishmen, of every creed, for the sole purpose of benefiting their common country.

It was resolved to hold a great Aggregate Meeting, in Dublin, to inaugurate this Association, which was named, the “IRISH ALLIANCE.” I was applied to, and invited to take the Chair. I agreed to do so, as I entirely approved of the objects of the Association, and I expected, that, through its means, some measures, useful to Ireland, would be obtained from the British Parliament. The day of meeting had been appointed, and I had half made up my mind, not to go to Dublin, when I was informed that a serious Riot! was anticipated. There were to be *three parties* at the meeting, each opposed to the others—and each resolved, either to carry its own Resolutions, or to throw *the entire business into confusion!* *First*, there was FERGUS O’CONNOR, an old school-fellow of mine, who came specially from England, as the representative of the English Chartists. The *Second* Party was that of JOHN, the son of DANIEL O’CONNELL, and the *Third* consisted of the ORIGINAL PROMOTERS OF THE MOVEMENT. Each party endeavoured to pack the Hall. Fergus O’Connor, had his body of Irish Chartists. Mr. John O’Connell, who afterwards got a lucrative place, under the Government! was supported by all the available force of *Dublin Castle!* The Third Party, though less perfectly organized, was composed of persons, most hostile to the others, but especially so, to that of

John O'Connell. Here were materials, admirably adapted for a first-rate exhibition, of a Donnybrook Fair onslaught. DUBLIN CASTLE, expected it, wished for it, and endeavoured to promote it. I knew all this before hand, but I took the Chair notwithstanding, because, I considered, it would be mean, and cowardly in me, to back out of the affair, when I had so far identified myself with it. Besides, as I belonged to none of those parties, and was resolved to give every one, who wished to address the Chair, a *fair hearing*, I hoped, I might, in this way, prevent any unpleasant occurrence. I succeeded wonderfully,—to my own great gratification, and to the surprise of others. The meeting was conducted with the greatest order and propriety, and I was rather disposed, with a *marvellous simplicity!* to imagine I had proved myself, a most useful member of society, and that I really merited the vote of thanks, always given to the Chairman, on his being moved from the Chair. Great, therefore, was my surprise, and greater still, was my disappointment, on receiving the following missive from the Chancellor.

*Secretary's Office, Court of Chancery,  
Dublin, 23rd November, 1849.*

Sir—I am desired to inform you that the attention of the Lord Chancellor has been directed to the report, contained in the number of the *Freeman's Journal* herewith enclosed, of the proceedings of an assembly at which you are reported as having presided, on Tuesday, the 20th instant, described as an aggregate meeting of Irish Nationalists.

By the report it appears that speeches were made at the meeting, testifying warm approval of the conduct of several individuals who are now under sentence of transportation, as having been convicted of the crimes of high treason and felony—avowing sympathy with, and direct participation in the acts and designs for which those persons were brought to trial—and manifestly pointing to the end which they had sought to accomplish by the criminal proceedings of which they were found guilty, as that for the attainment of which, the association projected at the meeting, and called the “Irish Alliance,” should be established; that these speeches, especially in their allusions to those individuals, and to their designs, were received by the assembly with loud demonstrations of applause, and that no steps were taken on your part to prevent the continuance of such addresses, or in any way to express your dissent from the views, and opinions, that were so proclaimed, but that, on the contrary, you joined in the association thus recommended, and are named as one of a committee to manage its affairs for the ensuing month.

The Lord Chancellor has directed this communication to be made to you as a magistrate, of the county of Kildare, and of the King's County, in order that you may offer such observations as you shall think proper on the matters to which it refers.

I have the honor to be, sir,  
Your obedient servant,

F. W. BRADY.

R. Grattan, Esq., M.D.

REPLY OF RICHARD GRATTAN, ESQ. :—

*Drummin House, County Kildare,*

*26th November, 1849.*

MY LORD—I beg leave to address to you, my reply to the communication of your secretary, dated the 23rd instant. The communication is an important one, and, as the topics to which it refers are, in the present state of Ireland, of great moment to us all, it will not admit of a hurried answer. I must, therefore, trespass, more at length, on your Lordship's attention than, under other circumstances, might be necessary.

Since the Anti-Tithe agitation, a question upon which all Ireland was unanimous, and of which the Whigs of that day availed themselves, to drive their political opponents from office, I have taken no part in public matters. That question, the people carried in opposition to the Tory party, who afterwards, in conjunction with O'Connell and the Whigs, so managed the affair that, between them all, one-fourth of the church property was transferred to the landlords—thus deceiving the people, who derived no advantage from their continued exertions and sacrifices. Then came an agitation for the Repeal of the Union—then the innumerable “One more Experiment,” and the “Instalments of Justice for Ireland,” brought forward, in succession, by O'Connell, and connived at, or openly encouraged, by the Whigs, who used O'Connell, as their instrument, either to harass a Tory administration, or to secure to themselves, the possession of power and patronage. The Whigs, were displaced. To embarrass their successors, Ireland, as before, was made the battle ground for English faction. O'Connell got up the monster meetings. He was encouraged, by the very men who are now the *Queen's Ministers*. He gave expression to language the most defiant of England. He marshalled the peasantry. He passed them in review before him. They counted as many millions. The artificial *Famine*, created and continued by English misrule—*Pestilence*, the consequence of famine—poor law *extermination*, to gratify the political hostility, or the heartless cupidity of the landlord, had not as yet thinned their ranks. He asked them,—Would they be ready, at his call, to start up, and crush the enemies of Ireland? They understood him to mean **INSURRECTION**, and they answered, with one voice, “We are ready.” !!

All this, the Whigs witnessed—all this, the Whigs encouraged—to all this, the English Whigs were parties. O'Connell was arrested. He was prosecuted and imprisoned, by the Peel administration. Oh! what expressions of sympathy—what addresses of condolence—what denunciations of English misrule—what visitings, when in prison, by Whig aspirants for place, by Whig magistrates, and Whig lawyers, all approved of and sanctioned, by the leaders of the Whig party! Another change, in the phases of Ireland's varied sufferings, presents itself. Peel—Ireland superficially tranquilised—pledges himself to introduce measures for the amelioration of the condition of the people, thereby consummating and consolidating his system of Free trade. He proposed to regulate the franchises, and to remove Practical grievances. "But," said he, "I must be enabled, to hold Ireland under control. I must have the Arms Registration Act renewed, which you, Whigs, when in office, declared to be absolutely necessary to preserve the peace of the country."—And now comes, the most nefarious act, ever perpetrated by any opposition, in the long and dark catalogue of political party Crimes.

"No," reply the Whigs, headed by Lord John Russell, "No, you shall not treat the people of Ireland, as if they were slaves—they shall possess arms, as well as the people of England—every man and boy of them, shall be at liberty to purchase and keep a gun. There shall be no registration of arms."

The English Tory landlords, to be revenged of Peel, turn on him, join the Whigs, leave him in a minority, and shove him from office; playing, like gamblers, with the fortunes of the people—Death the stake, and Ireland the victim. And the supporters and partizans of O'Connell, shout for joy; and places are created, and appointments made, and lawyers are promoted, and judges are elevated to the bench. And here, I may observe, that, in most instances, the legal appointments of O'Connell were judicious. This, at least, is something, and being the truth, the enemies of O'Connell ought not to deny him this merit—a great merit it was, and one for which the country owes him much!! Meantime, *Famine* did its work. No remedial measure was introduced. The People died of Starvation, in the very ports from whence cargoes of oats were, at the moment, exported to feed the carriage and dray horses of London.

O'Connell does nothing. In the English parliament, he supports the Whigs. In Ireland, he abuses them? The people lose confidence in him. Smith O'Brien, denounces, in his place in Parliament, Whig perfidy; and protests against place-seeking—making patriotism a mockery—using the credulous and confiding Irish people, as a means to power, and then, flinging them aside, and trampling on them. The people heard and cheered him. The young and enthusiastic hailed him as their Apostle, and pledged themselves to the faith that he preached. The young men of the Irish bar, heard and applauded him. O'Gorman, Meagher, Leyne, Duffy, and others, identified themselves with him. Hatred of the truth—the fell



spirit of malignant jealousy, where jealousy should have found no place—for how often did O'Connell appeal to the “young blood of Ireland”—this spirit of jealousy, looking askance, and devising mischief, raised an unmeaning controversy, about moral and physical force. A trap was laid—a deep pit was dug, for the honest and the true—the conscientious and the brave. Like fools, they played the game of their open foes, and pretended friends. *Facilis descensus Averni*. They plunged, from one error to another, and finally, most unquestionably, throwing aside all prudence, losing sight, in my opinion, of all discretion and common sense, they outraged the laws of the country. I was not acquainted with, and, in fact, had never even seen, a single one of those individuals. I was a mere observer of passing events—disapproving of their proceedings, which seemed to me inexplicable, but which no voice of mine could reach. In their hour of daring, I thus expressed myself. Now, in the time of their punishment and suffering, I grieve for them, and sympathise with them.

And why? I am not a lawyer, I know nothing of lawyers' quibbles. I despise them. But this I say, that he who, with malice prepense, furnishes another with the means of perpetrating a crime, is himself a party to the crime, and ought to be indicted and punished as an accessory before the fact. I assume this to be the law, and I thus reason upon it. Who was the party who, next to O'Connell, encouraged the Irish people, to hope for Repeal, and to agitate for it? Who was the party, who laid it down in his speeches in Parliament, that, if the great majority of the people of Ireland demanded Repeal, Repeal would be granted? Who was it that, in his writings, proclaimed the doctrine, that armed resistance to authority was, in certain cases, in accordance with the spirit of the British Constitution? Who was it, that furnished to the Irish people, the excitements and the hopes, and the appliances, most likely to lead them to break out into insurrection? Was it not Lord John Russell—and if so, was HE not the great offender—the chief Criminal—a wrong doer towards Ireland—and a dangerous and desperate servant of the crown? Sympathising, then, with O'Brien and Meagher, though I knew them not, I should have considered it strange, and not creditable either to Mr. Leyne or to Mr. Duffy, if they had abstained from all allusion to them. Had they omitted to speak of them, others would have spoken, with even greater warmth, and with, perhaps, less discretion. I did not interrupt them. I do not think it was my business to have done so. The attempt would have created confusion. My business, as chairman, was, to preserve order. This I did, and having approved of the several resolutions, that were to be proposed, my next duty, was, to ascertain and declare, the sense of the meeting, which, you will observe, was an *Aggregate Meeting*, and, at which, of course, any person present had a right to speak.

It was no easy task to manage a meeting so constituted. The

least indiscretion, on the part of the Chairman, would have been fatal to it—a result anticipated, and indeed, I believe, anxiously hoped for, by the enemies of Ireland. So much for the meeting itself. With respect to the ultimate object of the speakers, and of the members generally, of the Irish Alliance, my conviction is, that such object is fully expressed, in the *rules* and *resolutions* adopted at the meeting, and that no sane person, now contemplates any other than a strictly legal and constitutional effort, through the medium of *Parliamentary* legislation, to obtain, for Ireland, the restitution of those rights of which she has been defrauded by England. By this, I mean the restoration of our former nationality—that is, the right to legislate for ourselves, in all matters *exclusively Irish*, such as, canals, railways, harbours, fisheries,—the employment of the people, the security of property, the protection of the tenant occupier, the promotion of manufactures, the improvement of the land—taxing ourselves for these purposes, and *demanding nothing from England*. Are these matters of no consequence to us, the people—to you, my lord, the Chancellor—to the judges—to our landowners—to our over-rented, and over-taxed householders, whether they reside in fashionable squares, or in the streets of business? Are these matters of no importance to the lawyers and attorneys, to the medical practitioners of Dublin and Cork, and Limerick and Belfast, to our merchants and traders, to our artizans and labourers?

Is it no object, worthy of the humane and truly pious, of all sects, to preach those common principles of Love and Duty, towards each other, which our common Christianity inculcates? Is it not praiseworthy that an effort should, at last, be made to frustrate the policy of England, by binding together the scattered fragments of our country, in the bonds of peace and good will—by substituting kindly feeling, in the place of rancorous and senseless enmity,—by teaching Irishmen, of every class and creed, that UNION alone amongst ourselves, will be found the means of renovating Ireland, and elevating her, from her present prostrate condition? As a Protestant, I long for this UNION. As a Protestant, I rejoice, that, for the *first time*, a right movement has been made in the right direction. I assisted at the inauguration of the *Irish Alliance*. I am proud of this. I behold, in formation of the Alliance, the dawn of a brighter day for Ireland. The time is not far distant, I predict, when the men of the north and of the south, avowing those principles, will attend the same meetings, saluting each other, as friends and brothers. The time is not far distant, when Irishmen, of every sect—united though distinct,—will struggle, not for ascendancy, but for the protection of the Rights of all. But these, are the objects of the Alliance, and who is there to say he disapproves of them? I approve of them, and will give to them all the aid in my power.

Should you, my lord, consider that, by so doing, I have forfeited my claim to hold the Commission of the Peace, you best know what course it is your duty to pursue. I never solicited the commission.

It was, to a certain extent, forced upon me. By accepting it, I by no means considered that I was bound to support any political party, or eschew any line of political action that might be displeasing, or inconvenient to the party in power. I always judged for myself, and acted in accordance with what my conscience told me it was right that I should do, not submitting to other men's dictation, and caring but little for their opinions, which experience has proved to me are, too often, founded in error and prejudice.

I do not undervalue the commission of the peace, as it is a useful and constitutional office, but, in any other point of view, I care nothing for it. Its acceptance gave me no additional rank—the deprivation of it can impart to me no degradation.

I have the honour to be, my lord, most respectfully your lordship's obedient servant,

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D.,

Senior-Fellow of the College of Physicians in Ireland.

To the Lord Chancellor, &c., &c.

*Of course, I was dismissed!* The public and the Press, of all shades of political opinion, disapproved of the proceeding of Chancellor Brady. They regarded it, as an arbitrary attack on the *Independence of the Irish Magistracy*—the less excusable, as proceeding from men, whose entire public career had been one of the most unscrupulous agitation, directed to the sole purpose of acquiring places for themselves, and their adherents,—and the more remarkable, inasmuch as, Chancellor Brady, had himself, been a prominent *Repeal Agitator!*

I received numerous communications, from many of the leading public characters in Ireland, condemnatory of the conduct of Lord John Russell and of Chancellor Brady, and amongst them, this from my esteemed friend, the late Lord Cloncurry.

“ My dear Doctor Grattan,

I have read your very true and very admirable letter to the Chancellor, and subscribe to almost every word it contains.

I am sorry for the country, and for the honour of the Magistracy, that you are no longer of that body ; but I congratulate you, on the occasion offered you of speaking your ever honest opinion. Had your advice been followed, when we were fellow-labourers, years ago, in the “ Society for the Improvement of Ireland,” we should not now, be in the wretched state, to which bad Government and bad Men have reduced us.

With respect and regard,

Most faithfully yours,

CLONCURRY.”

*Maritimo, 6th December, 1849.*

Ten years have passed, since the date of LORD CLONCURRY'S letter. IRELAND, so exquisitely represented by the admirable chisel of HOGAN, —leans over his Bust, with drooping head, and still grieves for his loss. A truer heart, a more generous friend, and more disinterested Patriot, Ireland has never known. It gratifies me to refer to his letter, and it pleases me, to make known to Chancellor Brady, and to Lord John Russell that I *yet survive*, and am not reluctant to question them, on the subject of their Political mismanagement of this country. Indeed, my reference to proceedings of so remote a date, has been, for no other purpose, than to afford me an occasion, to place upon record, the deliberate expression of my firm belief, that Social Improvement, General Confidence, Public Tranquillity, Freedom from Religious Discord, —never, never can be obtained for IRELAND, so long, as Lord John Russell, shall hold office, *of any kind*, in ENGLAND, —so long, as Chancellor Maziere Brady shall hold Office, in IRELAND, as the keeper of the Queen's Conscience! —so long as a Viceroy of the Queen, shall hold office, in DUBLIN CASTLE. Above all the abominations, in Ireland, the Political Iniquities of Dublin Castle, are the most notorious, and the most ruinous to the country. The VICEROY is a mere puppet, for the time, of the dominant party, by which he has been nominated. His only business is, —to be worried for places, by Lawyers, Churchmen, and Corporators! His time is occupied, in refusing nine out of ten applicants—in trying to humour Protestant and Popish Bishops, and in giving a few dinners, and two or three Balls, to the vulgar crowd, collected from the High-ways, and By-ways, to fill his rooms. I reiterate the assertion, that the VICEROYALTY *should be abolished*, and as quickly as possible, for, so long as it shall be continued, Ireland, *can never be at Peace!*

I must bring this work to a conclusion, or it would seem that I wished to lengthen it, for the mere pleasure of writing. It would be inconsistent with the object I proposed to myself, when I commenced it,—if I were now to enlarge on the culpable misgovernment of my country, by Lord John Russell, and his official subordinates. I have, on many occasions, exposed their ignorance, and protested against their mismanagement. I have suggested numerous improvements, in the several departments of our national arrangements,—which, if adopted, would have greatly benefited *all classes* of the Irish People,—attached them to the British Crown, and thus

added to the strength, and increased the general prosperity of the Empire.

It would be quite foreign to my purpose, to refer to these subjects, at present. Besides, it would be perfectly useless. No measure of GENERAL UTILITY, and *extending equal Justice*, to all PARTIES, and to all CREEDS, will ever be carried into effect, in Ireland, or in England, either,—except through the agency of a “PROTESTANT UNION,” such as I have advised. The first proceeding of this Union,—if it were established,—and the first *proof* of its efficiency, would be, the expulsion from office, of Lord John Russell, and of his representative in Ireland—Chancellor Brady. Lord John Russell, has been the Bane and Curse of Ireland. Ignorant to an extreme,—self-sufficient to excess,—uncertain—temporising, and inconsistent, in his policy—he is despised, and hated by all parties, in Ireland. In England, he has deceived and betrayed, in succession, every party to which he had attached himself. He betrayed the Reform party, and he intends to betray it again. He uses the Reform question, for the purpose of *forcing himself* into office, and of embarrassing *every* Administration of which he shall not be a member! In Ireland, his adherents, are the fomentors of all the social discord, that, for so many years, has brought ruin and disgrace on us all.

The British public are not aware of the fact, that Lord John Russell, carries in his pocket, the votes of *Forty Members!* of the “People’s House of Commons,”—men returned by the corrupt influence of the great WHIG FAMILIES, who *pretend* to be *Reformers*,—but who secretly resist, and endeavour, by every means, to prevent Reform. These Families, give their votes, and their Influence to Lord John Russell. He represents *them*, and not the PEOPLE. He does *their* business, and not the business of the REFORMERS.

Is this system of Political fraud, always to continue, in these Lands, not, as yet, enslaved by the PAPACY, or subdued by a FOREIGN FOE? *It shall not.* A Bold pen,—a Free press, and PUBLIC OPINION, are more than sufficient to accomplish all the Reforms that the country requires. But to give effect to these agencies, powerful as they are, there must an *Organization* suited to the necessities of the time, and in strict conformity to the essential principles of our inestimable “Protestant constitution.” An Organization of this kind, *to succeed, MUST exclude, altogether, the Clerical element of every kind.*

The admission of a single *Cleric* would be fatal to the movement. This, above all things, should be impressed on the minds of the Promoters, of any general effort in favour of Reform, whether it be Political, Social, or Educational. Let CLERICS confine themselves to their *proper occupation*, PREACHING, and PRAYING,—and leave to the LAITY the things that *belong to them*.

More I might say, dwelling longer on many subjects of much practical importance, but it is time I should conclude. This I shall do, in the words of the pious and learned Rajah Rammohun Roy, the great, eloquent, and unrefuted advocate of “Christian Unitarianism.”

“As Religion consists in a Code of duties, which the creature believes he owes to his Creator, and as ‘God has no respect for persons; but in *every nation*, he that fears him and *works righteousness, is accepted with him.*’ It must be considered presumptuous and unjust, for one man to attempt to interfere with the *Religious observances of others*—for which, he well knows, he is not held responsible, by any law, either human, or divine. Notwithstanding, if mankind are brought into existence, and by nature formed to enjoy the Comforts of Society, and the Pleasures of an Improved Mind,—they may be justified, in opposing any system—RELIGIOUS, DOMESTIC, or POLITICAL, which is inimical to the Happiness of Society, or calculated to DEBASE THE HUMAN INTELLECT; bearing always in mind, that we are children of ONE Father, “Who is above *all*, and through *all*, and in us *all*.”

## APPENDIX.

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THE Question of the *Abolition* of the Irish Viceroyalty, having been, at this moment, brought under the notice of the Public, both in Great Britain and Ireland, I avail myself of the occasion afforded me, by the Publication of this Work, to reprint a Letter addressed by me, to the present Lord Lieutenant.

It is not very intimately connected with the leading object of my Essay on the *Human Mind*; but, as it concerns my own character, and throws much light on the Systematic Iniquities of the Castle of Dublin, it should, I think, contribute, in some degree, to enable the impartial reader, and, indeed, every one who wishes to maintain the connexion between the two countries, to arrive at the inevitable conclusion to which it leads, namely,—That the Speedy Abolition of the entire system of Intrigue and Corruption which it exposes, should *be swept away altogether!*

It will scarcely be credited that a *former* Lieutenant of the Queen's! recommended the Romanist Bishops and Clergy, to commence an Agitation against the Established Church in Ireland!!

It will scarcely be credited, by the British Public, that *formerly* there existed in Dublin Castle, a regularly *Organized body of Informers!* employed and paid, to originate *secret* and *illegal Societies*, and to communicate to the heads of their Department, the names and residences of the ignorant and deluded persons, whom they had *succeeded in entrapping!*

Must not every honest-minded man be persuaded, that it is essential to the Peace and Prosperity of this country, that a source of such unmitigated mischief should be removed from amongst us ?

One, of the extreme Radical and anti-English, of the Dublin Papers, and which I have just received, thus expresses itself on this subject :—

“ We consider the evils and the advantages of the Viceroyalty, pretty nearly, well matched. On the one hand, it is strongly and justly contended, that it engenders *a mean, flunkey spirit amongst our Dublin traders and merchants*, and keeps flowing a fountain of CORRUPTION ! On the other hand, it is contended, that a Viceroyalty marks the *distinct Kingdom of Ireland*—that it is a *feature of National existence* !”

For *both* these reasons, I say, it *ought to be abolished*. Instructed by the anarchy,—desolation, protracted war, and openly avowed *determination of the Papacy*, to exterminate CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, in ITALY, and, of course, in *every other country*, if practicable, and also, perfectly aware, that “ REPEAL of the UNION,” means nothing else—than the Separation of this Kingdom from England, and the subsequent establishment of a Church despotism !—most degrading and ruinous to *Romanists*, and absolutely intolerable to *Protestants*; it may be as well, here to state—that every Irish Protestant, of common intellect, will henceforth, refuse to countenance a revival of the Repeal agitation, or tolerate, for a moment, the notion,—of asserting for Ireland, a DISTINCT NATIONALITY,—whether it is to be accomplished, *peaceably*, or by means of WAR !

*Drummin House, Carbury, Co. Kildare.*

*15th September, 1857.*

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARLISLE,  
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

My Lord—I am the only person, in all Ireland, upon whose forehead there remains imprinted, at the present moment, the brand of “ TRAITOR to the QUEEN.”

I charge Lords John Russell, and Clarendon, and Chancellor Brady, in his official capacity, as their servant, with having perpetrated, with regard to me, an act of the most unwarrantable aggression.



SMITH O'BRIEN, and his associates, have been pardoned. Am I, to be still denounced, as a *Traitor* by Chancellor Brady? Am I, to be represented as a person, whom it is not safe to continue in the commission of the Peace, and as one who has, heretofore, abused the trust reposed in him, in the name, and on behalf of the Queen.

Others, may have plotted treason, or acted openly as insurrectionists, but I never,—either thus plotted, or thus acted.

I never was a member of an Association, the heads of which, towards the end of the reign of William the Fourth, conspired to set aside the succession to the throne of these kingdoms, and to place the Crown on the head of the late king of Hanover, to the exclusion of *Queen Victoria*, and with the intention, if they succeeded, after a sanguinary civil war, to subject these countries to the iron rule of a military despotism.

I never belonged to any unconstitutional or illegal organization,—and am I to be vilified, by Chancellor Brady, as a traitor to the Queen, because I approve of none of them? And are those persons who, directly or indirectly, by themselves, or others, are identified with such proceedings, to be regarded by him, as exclusively loyal?

I submit, my lord, I have a right—a manifest, and undoubted right—to insist on a reply from Chancellor Brady.

I am, I admit, a reformer in principle. Yes, I would reform those Religious and Political abuses, that are so clearly destructive of the interests of the well intentioned, and industrious, of every class and creed. Yes, I would give to the people, their fair share of the management of their own affairs, and protect them in the free exercise of the Elective Franchise, so as to guard them against being victimised by local oppression, or by unjust parliamentary legislation. But, my lord, I never attempted, under the pretence of accomplishing these measures, to call into action an *armed force*, so as to coerce the *crown*, and bully the Parliament.

Who was the traitor then? who was the double traitor,—I, who had no part in such a transaction—or Lord John Russell, who threatened to march upon London 100,000 men from Birmingham and Manchester, thus intimidating the king and the lords, while, at the same time, he betrayed and deceived the people, whom he cheated out of all the expected benefits of Reform, by rendering the constituencies more corrupt than ever?

Who was the traitor then? Was it Lord John Russell or I? When Lord John Russell, still playing his accustomed game of political duplicity, flung aside the appropriation clause, on the strength of which, he had forced himself into office, who was the traitor to his pretended principles, Lord John Russell or I?

When Lord John Russell, having organized a party opposed to Sir Robert Peel, and made Ireland the battle field between the

two contending English Factions—the “*Ins* and the *Outs*”—refused to agree to renew the “Act for the registration of arms in Ireland,” and drove Peel from office, and arrested all his measures for the improvement and tranquillization of Ireland;—I well knew, and I predicted, that this proceeding, would, of a certainty, lead to an attempt at insurrection. Accordingly, I denounced Lord John Russell’s conduct in terms of the most unqualified condemnation. I designated his conduct as heartless, cold-blooded, and unprincipled, tending as it did, to place in jeopardy the lives and properties of the people, and ending, it might be, in the total separation of Ireland from the British Crown.

“What was there of Disloyalty or of Treason in this? which of us was the more truthful and unswerving servant of the Queen; Russell—her overpaid English Minister—or I, an unsalaried Irish Magistrate?”

“Lord John Russell will not condescend to reply to these questions, but Public Opinion, with its ten thousand tongues, has already done so. Has it not pronounced him politically dishonest, a mean shuffler in legislation, and fated to bring into contempt and hatred, every party to which he may contrive to attach himself?”

“But, my Lord, I have something more to observe, in explanation of my political conduct.

“I never joined the ‘Repeal Agitation’ of O’Connell, because I knew, from the first, that that agitation was a fraud, and was never intended to be otherwise. When I was applied to, as a liberal Protestant, to become a member of the ‘Precursor Society,’ I discussed the matter *confidentially* with one of O’Connell’s most trusted and zealous associates. I considered the subject fully. I viewed it in all its bearings, and I came to the conclusion that ‘Repeal’ was impracticable. I told Mr. O’Connell’s friend, that O’Connell had no chance of success—that it was perfect folly to think of repealing the Act of Union, unless the people of Ulster, to a man, with *arms in their hands*, were to join him in *demanding* it. But this, I well knew, they would never do, inasmuch as he had lost the confidence of Protestants, and especially of the Presbyterians of the North, by his betrayal of us, on the ‘Tithe Question.’

“To this it was replied, ‘What you say is quite true—we are aware of all this—we know we shall not get Repeal, but the *People won’t Register*. We must *find some way to stir them up*, and nothing will now move them but Repeal. Repeal is the only thing—*we have nothing else for it!*’

“I saw, at once, into the whole affair. I saw that it was a base fraud,—a shameless swindle, artfully devised to influence the election of members of Parliament, so as to enable the O’Connell party to profit by the patriotic efforts of their over confiding dupes. The Catholic body, their clergy, bishops, and priests,

with a few exceptions, were regularly cajoled, and actually permitted themselves to be persuaded, each successive year, that, on the first day of the May following, there would be an *Irish Parliament* in College Green, to legislate for Ireland!

“But all were not so unsagacious and so confiding. The great and good Doctor Doyle, the celebrated Bishop of Kildare, suspected the truth, and, with some of his clergy, refused to countenance the Repeal Agitation. Perhaps, he knew that O’Connell was in *confidential* communication with the Castle, at the very time, when he most furiously abused England for withholding ‘Justice from Ireland!’ and that, with the connivance of the legal advisers of the crown, he enjoyed the exclusive privilege, of speaking *sedition with impunity*, so long as he preserved the Whigs in power, and was pledged to them that, notwithstanding all his threats, there should be no Insurrectionary movement of the people.

“My Lord, when the lawless wrecker on the English coast of Devonshire or Cornwall, kindles, on the hill top, his false fire, and causes the homeward-bound vessel, with her rich cargo and noble crew, to drift among the breakers—the miscreant, while he regards, with fiendish eye, the doomed ship, exclaims, ‘It is an ill wind that blows no one any good.’! An ill wind, no doubt, was this “Repeal Agitation” to the forty-shilling freeholders, for, them, it deprived of their small holdings, and thus consigned them to pauperism and vagrancy;—but then, it prepared the way for the emancipation of their co-religionists, their superiors in fortune, and in rank. An ill wind it was, that placed the ten-pound freeholders of Carlow, Tipperary, Wexford, and other counties, in antagonism to their Protestant landlords, causing the ruin and extermination of thousands of Catholic farmers. But then, it was a good wind for O’Connell and his party. To O’Connell, it brought the “Repeal Rent” and an “Annual Tribute” to himself—together with a “Parliamentary Party” in the English Commons, and the patronage of all legal appointments in Ireland, from the Chairmen of Counties, to the Queen’s Judges, Solicitor Generals, Attorney Generals, and a host of others, all alike clamorous for place. It was a good wind, my Lord, for him, who was made by O’Connell, whose support he had conciliated, first a Judge and finally a Chancellor—the keeper of the Queen’s conscience in Ireland!—an appointment, the reward, not of any professional superiority over his fellows, but owing altogether, to his complicity with the “Anti-Union” agitation. Truly, it was a pleasant breeze that wafted Counsellor Brady into the Irish Chancellorship.

“I was not, like Chancellor Brady, ‘Wise in my generation.’ I derived no profit from these proceedings. Wherefore should I, when I disapproved of them, and refused to participate in them.

“When Smith O’Brien and his party became, at last, convinced

of the insincerity of O'Connell, and separated from him, I regarded them as men, honest, but greatly mistaken, in venturing to set the authorities at defiance, and preparing to measure their strength with England, in open war. I knew the attempt never could succeed, and I said so from the first. The Roman Catholic Clergy, the only efficient peace preservers, denounced it. The insurrection commenced and ended in a couple of hours. Thirty or forty Irish policemen repulsed an attack on a farm-house. The mountain in labour, produced its mouse, and all was over. England, recovering from her terror, began to breathe freely again. The English, with their characteristic propensity for boasting, glorified themselves, because of their MILITARY prowess, in cutting to pieces the Irish, on their own land. The atrocious London Times, too, after the danger had passed away, chanted its 'Te Deum,' and applied to us all of Ireland, language the most insulting, taunting us with being *cowards!* and for not fighting better!!

"These are facts, my Lord, which no one can deny, and I refer to them, to enable me to ask your Lordship, and Chancellor Brady, why, being a follower neither of O'Connell, nor of Smith O'Brien, I am to be maligned—misrepresented, expelled from the Magistracy, and branded as a 'Traitor to the Queen!' I call on Chancellor Brady to answer distinctly—why?"

"My Lord, after Smith O'Brien's discomfiture and deportation, and when it was legally permissible for the Irish people, to hold a political public meeting—when famine and death, unmitigated by any remedial measure of the slightest value, had exterminated every fifth inhabitant of Ireland—when Lord John Russell, still persisted in forcing, on this blighted land, his heartless plans, that carried with them, everywhere, ruin and destruction, unsurpassed in their inflictions, even by the cruelty and injustice of Indian despotism—when it was thoroughly understood that, by constitutional means alone, and the formation of an 'Irish Party' in the British Parliament, Ireland had any chance of escaping utter destruction, it seemed fit to organize a society for this especial purpose. This society, adopted, by a distinct resolution, as one of its essential principles, a *disclaimer of any appeal whatsoever to a physical force resistance to England*. I was requested to join it. I approved of its objects, and I did so. I was invited, and it was a high honour, to preside, as chairman, at an aggregate meeting of the Society, in Dublin. I did so. One of the speakers, is said, to have expressed his sympathy with Mr. Smith O'Brien. His words, I believe, were distorted and misrepresented. At all events, Chancellor Brady seized on them—the words of another!—to afford him an excuse for removing me from the Commission of the Peace, as a sympathiser with the insurrectionary proceedings of Mr. Smith O'Brien—a falsehood and a calumny, the most outrageous and unwarrantable that ever were concocted.

“ My Lord, I cannot read the hearts of others. It belongs only to the great searcher of all hearts to judge rightly as to the motives, by which the actions of men are influenced. I cannot, however, persuade myself that Chancellor Brady was altogether free from *personal* prejudice in his dealings with me. He and I, had been already opposed to each other. I had resisted him successfully, and I presume he had not forgotten this. It is not an every-day occurrence for a Doctor to try his strength with a Chancellor, whose nod shakes the court, in which he presides, and whose will, in his own court, is law to trembling attorneys, and sycophantic barristers.

“ My Lord, the occasion of my dispute with Chancellor Brady was this. He had scarcely been appointed Chancellor, when, with a degree of folly totally inexplicable, he made war upon the *entire Medical Profession* by issuing an *Ukase* that *Medical Practitioners, because of their Profession, were unfitted to hold the Commission of the Peace!*

“ I was in the Commission at the time. I am one of the heads of the Profession. My name stands first on the list of the College of Physicians. I considered myself insulted, in common with my brethren, and I resolved to throw up the Commission, unless Chancellor Brady should, at once, rescind this most offensive, unmeaning and capricious rule. I did not appeal from Chancellor Brady to Chancellor Brady, himself—from Philip, drunk, to Philip, sober. I appealed to a higher tribunal than that of Chancellor Brady's. I employed neither lawyer nor attorney. I appealed to the ‘*TRIBUNAL OF PUBLIC OPINION.*’ The public feeling was with me. The liberal and independent press of Ireland aided me. Opposed to these Chancellor Brady was powerless. I grappled with him, and flung him to the ground. I compelled him to rescind his obnoxious regulation, and to give the Commission of the Peace to all Medical practitioners who were entitled to it. Chancellor Brady submitted, it is true, but he submitted with a bad grace, and most reluctantly. A person of generous mind would not have considered this circumstance, a humiliation or an annoyance. He would rather have respected the individual, whether Soldier or Cleric, Doctor or Lawyer, who had not feared to contend for the honor of his profession, and to claim for it its proper position in society. Chancellor Brady, I suspect, is not thus generous. To be sure, he has not said, that vexation at his defeat—that private spleen, or actual resentment—influenced him, when he thought I was at his mercy and incapable of defending myself. I do not affirm that motives so undignified, and so unworthy, governed his conduct. But, as a free-born British subject, I have a right to inquire if the public acts of Chancellor Brady have been *strictly impartial*, with respect to me. I have a right to demand, that there shall not be a rule and a measure, unfavourable for

me, and favourable for others. Lord Roden and his friends, who had been removed from the magistracy, were again, either restored, or afforded an opportunity of refusing the Commission. If these persons found favor with Chancellor Brady, I have beyond all doubt, a right to know what was the *peculiar* enormity of my crime, and what were the special reasons that caused him, to make so marked a difference, between me and them.

“If Chancellor Brady shall refuse to do this act of justice, it is plain he must have reasons which he is ashamed or afraid to avow. If so, my case, even were it a solitary one, would prove, that he is unfitted to fill the high office of the Chancellorship, so far, at least, as regards his control over the magistracy.

“But, my Lord, I have still something more to say. Chancellor Brady, in other instances, has seriously compromised the well-being of the country, and, more particularly, of the PROVINCE OF ULSTER, by his misjudged selection and preference of magistrates who profess ultra Orange principles;—thus, leading the Romanists, and those Protestants who disclaim Orangeism, to believe that equal justice and protection are not to be obtained by them from the local tribunals. Between ‘Bible Ranters,’ who wantonly insult the Romanists at every street corner, and Orangemen, who are encouraged and protected, by many of the magistracy, the whole of Ulster is in a flame. A civil and religious war has actually broken out in Belfast. The Orangemen are already armed, and the Romanists, in their own defence, are preparing for the fight. As the Queen’s Lieutenant, and in a great measure responsible for the peace of the country, this lamentable state of affairs, in Ulster, must occasion your Excellency great concern, and impose on you the necessity of applying to it some prompt corrective. It will not do to refer the matter to Chancellor Brady, or to his underlings. Chancellor Brady, is himself, perhaps, unwittingly, the prime cause, the *fons et origo*, of the most of this mischief. Landlordism and Tenant Right—Protestantism and Romanism, are the conflicting elements—the certain explosion of which, in Ulster, cannot be long delayed, if Chancellor Brady be, any longer, permitted to persevere in excluding, from the magistracy, liberal Protestants, Presbyterians, and Romanists, and if efficient means be not adopted, to prosecute to conviction, and severely punish, *all persons*, whether Lay or Cleric, who shall disturb the public peace, or incite others to do so. Chancellor Brady ought to have done this. He could have done this, if he had pleased, but he left this undone, and therefore he is accountable to the Queen, to the Parliament, and to the country for his neglect. I affirm, my Lord, broadly and plainly, that Chancellor Brady is deserving not only of the marked displeasure of the Queen, but of the unqualified censure of every well-intentioned and strictly loyal person in Ireland, for having permitted the country to pass into a state, almost of civil war, thus imperilling our rights, properties and lives.

“A Conservative Landlord, in Ulster, when asked what he thought of ‘Tenant Right,’ replied.—‘Pooh! set the Devils to fight, and there’s an end of it!’ An orthodox divine, an aspirant to a bishopric, when expressing his opinion of ‘Civil and Religious Liberty,’ remarked, ‘As long as we can make the Romanists and Presbyterians quarrel, I consider our Establishment quite secure!’ Yes, my Lord, this is exactly the deep and desperate game that the specially-favoured, by Chancellor Brady, are now playing in this befooled and victimised country. Is this system to be continued? My Lord, you are placed in a position of great responsibility. As the Queen’s representative you are bound to take care that the Queen’s subjects shall suffer no wrong, and that the law shall be impartially administered. The honor and safety of Her Majesty’s crown,—the public peace, the welfare of the people, all require this, and imperatively call for a strict and searching inquiry, into the political conduct of Chancellor Brady. Any local, partial, or temporary investigation will prove a delusion. It will dissatisfy the public. It will bring with it, no present remedy, and afford no security for the future.

“This communication, my Lord, is rather discursive, and has extended to a greater length, I suppose, than those that you are in general accustomed to receive. But I thought it best to place my views and opinions fully before you, so that your Excellency, and those by whom you are advised, shall readily understand my case, with respect to Chancellor Brady, and thus rightly decide on this, my application, which is:—

“**FIRST**—That this communication be referred to the Privy Council, in order that the truth of the matters herein stated, be inquired into, and that I shall be permitted to establish them by evidence.

“**SECONDLY**—If this be not agreed to, I then respectfully require your Excellency to order, that a Commission be directed to certain trusty and impartial persons, to hold a public court at Naas, the county town of Kildare, there to examine the Magistrates of this, and the adjoining counties, and other persons also, touching my conduct, so long as I was in the magistracy, and to report thereon.

“**THIRDLY**—Should these propositions not be acceded to, I then claim that **JUSTICE**, to which every culprit in the empire is entitled. I claim a ‘**TRIAL** before **CONVICTION**.’ I demand that the Crown Prosecutor be instructed, by your Excellency, to indict me for *treason*, *sedition*, or for any other presumed *illegal act*, so that, if guilty, I may be punished, or, if acquitted, I shall be enabled to leave the court, freed from any imputation that might be supposed to fasten a stain on my name or character.

“**FOURTHLY**—If this course be not persued, it only remains for me to request that your Excellency will command Chancellor Brady to submit to you, his observations, in reply to my charges

against him, that thus, my complaint and his justification, may both be impartially judged of, by the Parliament and the British public.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient Servant,

RICHARD GRATTAN, M.D., Ex-J.P.

Senior Fellow of the College of Physicians in Ireland.

To this Letter the Castle Authorities did not condescend to reply—I therefore published it myself, and, as I was not put on MY TRIAL for TREASON! I carried the war into the camp of my opponents, and in a pamphlet, said to be ingeniously written, I summoned Lord John Russell, Lord Clarendon, and Chancellor Brady, before the “HIGH COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION, IN IRELAND”! They affirmed that no such Court existed—and that, even if there were a Court of the kind—it had no jurisdiction, *in their case*. After much argument, on both sides—their objections were overruled. The trial was proceeded with,—the Defendants, were convicted, on *all the charges brought against them*, and CHIEF JUSTICE PLAYFAIR, who presided, censured their conduct, as most arbitrary, unconstitutional, and illegal.

This Pamphlet, contained suggestions for Legal, and other Reforms,—and for this, it was read, with much interest, by the Lawyers and Attorneys!! At some future period—when we shall, all of us, have passed away, it will be referred to, as a political and literary curiosity—and one throwing considerable light on the state of Ireland, at the time when it was written.

With regard to the separate nationality of Ireland, I have, in common with every liberal Protestant, entirely changed my opinions. I am now persuaded, that any further concession of *Popular Freedom* to Ireland—would only tend to strengthen the *Italian Bishops*, in their attempt to acquire, for their Church, an absolute supremacy, and exclusive authority, *in all things*, Civil and Political, as well as Religious! O'Connell, had he lived—and if he could have possessed himself of absolute power—would have been most intolerant in matters of Religion.

A letter from Andrew Carmichael to me, which I chanced to preserve, has reference to this subject, and will sufficiently



establish the truth of my assertion. The occasion on which it was written, was this—A Protestant Curate, in the Diocese of Dublin—in one of his Sermons, happened to speak of the “Rhapsodies of Saint Paul.” His Bishop censured him. He proved contumacious—resigned his curacy—and commenced a course of public Lectures on Theology. He was an exceedingly eloquent person, and his Lectures were attended by a great number of young men, both Romanists and Protestants. O’Connell, either was, or pretended to be alarmed at this. He accused of Infidelity, the Lecturer—though a PROTESTANT, and, therefore, one with whom he had no business to interfere—and he advised the young men of Dublin—“If they chanced to meet him, in the street, *not to throw him into the Liffey*”!!

I regarded this, as a most audacious attack on the “Liberty of Conscience,” for which O’Connell was always clamouring. I wrote a letter to him, protesting against his language and conduct, and commenting on his gross inconsistency. This letter, not a single paper, in Dublin would publish—so, I enclosed it to my friend, Mr. Carmichael, for his perusal. The following is his reply.

24, Rutland-square,

22nd January, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,

A letter from you is always welcome to me—but you have contrived to make your last, in an extraordinary degree welcome, by your most acceptable eulogium on my last work—it is such an eulogium, as I would wish to deserve, and you are the person from whom I would wish to deserve it—“*Laus ab Laudato.*”—No one is better entitled than yourself, to the character you ascribe to me—for in all that I have seen of your writings—a Love of Truth for its own sake, and a fearlessness in its dissemination, are marked and conspicuous.

I have read your letter to O’Connell with great pleasure, but regret that it has not been published. It would have done him a great deal of good, and yourself a great deal of honour—but he seems to have a charmed life—and the press, almost universally, succumbs before his influence. Even when an arrow is launched at him, it touches no mortal part. His numerous followers believe that he is invulnerable, and, as if their faith worked the miracle, he becomes so. It is a pity your letter was not printed, for, if his Subjects are not *Slaves, even they must admire it.* He is now in the North of Ireland, but his Southern

popularity has not accompanied him—I see that even the windows of his Hotel were broken. This does not speak much for the good sense of his opponents. In the present state of Ireland, however,—a state to which his eternal agitations have so *mainly contributed*, it is no small advantage that he should be convinced that he is not *Master* of the land, from the Giant's Causeway, to Derrynane Abbey.—If *He* had been but contented with the Emancipation Act, what a prosperous country would this have been—Even as it is, it is prospering, in spite of the everlasting turmoils in which it is engaged; but, if he had allowed the people to enjoy a little tranquillity, English capital would have poured on us in such abundance, that not a hand would have been unemployed, nor a mouth without food much better than a potato.

I have been on thorns to sit down to this letter, and thought I would have had an hour during the Christmas holidays, but between preparing for the Commission, the Quarter Sessions, and the Term, there was not a moment which I could seize, until the present.

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Your's most sincerely,

A. CARMICHAEL.

*Doctor Grattan.*









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