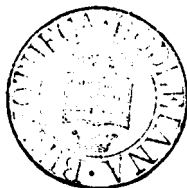


THE  
ALPHA.

A  
Revelation, but no Mystery.

BY  
EDWARD N. DENNYS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



LONDON:  
J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,  
15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE.  
1871.

265. j. 88.



*Your Brother in Love and Intelligence*

*Edw N. Denny*





# SYNOPSIS OF THE CHAPTERS.

OF THEIR PURPORT RATHER THAN OF THEIR CONTENTS.

---

## PART THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER I.

THIS CHAPTER IS INTRODUCTORY.—Ramus Randolph relates what he saw and did in his travels: explains the object of his wanderings: gives some account of himself and family connexions: of his likings and aversions: of his love and the object of it: of his notions of the sacredness of love: of the growth of his philanthropy: of his studies, his tastes, and of his unhappiness.

### CHAPTER II.

THE REVELATION COMMENCED.—Ramus Randolph meditates on the anomalous nature of things, and despairs of reconciling the contradictions which cause him disquietude, when a stranger mysteriously appears to him, and undertakes to reveal the wished-for knowledge. The stranger, who speaks of himself as DIONYSIUS, commences his Revelation.

\* \* For obvious reasons the tone and manner of this communication is ORACULAR AND DOGMATIC. In due course proof will be substituted for positive assertion.



## CHAPTER III.

**THE REVELATION CONCLUDED.**—After a discourse which relieves Ramus Randolph of his doubts, and consequent unhappiness (a relief in which the reader is supposed not necessarily to share), the stranger disappears as mysteriously as he came.

## CHAPTER IV.

**THE MYSTERY ACCOUNTED FOR.**—Ramus Randolph's reflections on the Revelation made to him: his deliberations concerning the mode he should adopt for communicating it to his fellow-creatures: the difficulty and dangers thereof reviewed: some account of DIONYSIUS, his ministrations, and his death. Ramus Randolph sees his mission accomplished in a Vision or Dream, in which DIONYSIUS explains his Philosophy.

\* \* The details of this Vision occupy the five following Chapters.

## CHAPTER V.

**THE VISION.**—Its commencement and various phases described. DIONYSIUS addresses the thousands assembled in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The objects and basis of Philosophy. Objections thereto answered.

## CHAPTER VI.

**THE VISION CONTINUED.**—Uncertainty of Language. Terms defined. Truth. Method of distinguishing Truth from Falsehood. Probable or Believable Knowledge,—Rules for ascertaining. Summary.

## CHAPTER VII.

**THE VISION CONTINUED.**—The Deity the First Principle of all things. The Human Soul the First Principle of Human

Truth. Truth or Knowledge everything to Man. His natural love of Truth. Knowledge classified. How its moral value is ascertained. The natural Rights of Men.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE VISION CONTINUED.—The Attributes of God. The Attributes of the Human Soul.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE VISION CONCLUDED.—Purport of preceding discourse. The origin of "Moral" Evil traced to Man. Its consequences, and mode of cure.

# PART THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.

CONVERSATION between Randolph and Civilis, in which the truth and practical value of the Philosophy propounded by Dionysius is discussed in detail. The inefficacy of Faith as the basis of Religion. No merit in Belief. No demerit in Unbelief. Knowledge the basis of Morality. Its source in the Intellect. The absurdity of certain doctrines mis-called Christian. Truth the same to all men. The natural truthfulness of Human Nature. The means by which Human Nature is libelled and degraded.

## CHAPTER II.

CONVERSATION THE SECOND.—Free-Will and Necessity. Predestination. Dreams. THE REMINISCENCES OF A PIN, Philanthropy at fault.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

CONVERSATION THE THIRD.—Selfishness contrasted with the Happiness we feel in doing good. ESSAY ON METAPHYSICS, MORALITY, AND THE VIRTUES. Christ not a God-teacher, but a Man-pattern. Memory. What is Mind? Mental derangement.

### CHAPTER IV.

CONVERSATION THE FOURTH.—Individuality. Morality is of the Intellect, not of the Heart. ESSAY: MORALS VIEWED AS A SCIENCE. DIDACTIC AND IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE. The Moral Law viewed in relation to certain Social Institutions. Inadequacy of Literature without an Intellectual or Moral test.

### CHAPTER V.

CONVERSATION THE FIFTH.—Phrenology. The Good or Evil we practise is indixed on the countenance. Prejudice. Dread of Truth in the Clergy. ESSAY ON HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. Importance of a First Principle. Laughter. The power of Truth. Prayer.

### CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSATION THE SIXTH.—Idiotcy. The Immortality of the Soul. Manolatry. The Polytheism which is called Christianity contrasted with the Christianity taught and practised by Jesus. Is Electricity the agent by which the Soul communicates with the external world? Apology for want of Method. Man's Health provided for in his Reason. ESSAY ON THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL USES WHICH THE EDUCATED MAKE OF LITERATURE. Slavery black and white. The creed of a Humanitarian.

**CHAPTER VII.**

**CONVERSATION THE SEVENTH.**—Idiotcy, Madness, and their cause. **ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, MORALITY, THE VIRTUES, AND MYSTIC RELIGION. SOCIETY AS IT IS.** All social evils are removable by Education. A plea for national Education.

**CHAPTER VIII.**

**RECAPITULATORY CONCLUSION.**

**CHAPTER IX.**

**SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER** in answer to our Reviewers.



## P R E F A C E .

---

HUMAN NATURE has ever had, and still has, its myriads of detractors. Few there are who have wielded a pen, or gesticulated in the Senate-house, or at the Bar, or from the public platform, or "held forth" from that stage which (as a wit once said) stands "just five feet above contradiction,"—that have not had a fling at it. Poor Human Nature! each day it receives more traitorous stabs from Brutus-like assassins than would have slain a thousand Cæsars. Amidst these stabblings, buffetings, and defamation, let one poor scribe be heard in its defence—put in one justifying plea for outraged Human Nature!

Then, there is TRUTH! Everybody does everything in the sacred name of Truth. Rivers of blood have been shed—myriads of martyrs, willing and unwilling, have gone to their deaths—for the sake of Truth. What is Truth? No one knows! The question was asked before the building of the Pyramids, was echoed by Pilate, and has not been answered yet! Still, the sacrifices go on: still, the question is repeated: still, no answer to our enquiry is obtained! Of the following pages a few of them are devoted to an investigation into the nature and source of Truth.



Again, HAPPINESS! I mean not such as baffled Rasselas in his pursuit of it: I mean not that sensuous chimera which all the world is toiling after: I mean not that delusive happiness which is always in prospect; never ours—like the Sun which the Indian chases—ever more fleet than its pursuers: but that Happiness which is inward Peace—the consciousness of living for a high and holy purpose: moving in that sphere the spirit yearns for—happy only in conferring happiness—blessed (albeit in no saintly sense or fashion) in a calm communion with the universal Spirit of all Goodness—blessed in being, and in doing, good. In the pursuit of such a Happiness—led by “Divine Philosophy,” which, assuredly, is “not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo’s lute,” the reader of the present volume—if he affects the labour, and is bold, withal,—will find himself engaged.

But, is the road I would lead him as pleasant as a Milton might have made that road which leads us to “divine philosophy?” Alas, no!—not “musical” as Milton might have made it; but not quite so “harsh and crabbed” as “Divine Philosophy” is wont to become under the methodical handling of professed Philosophers. Fortunately, “The Alpha” has already passed through the ordeal of public criticism. The praise and the censure which have been bestowed upon it have been bestowed gratuitously,—without fee or favour, without solicitation or reward. To the censure, the last chapter of the present edition is a reply. Of the praise, I will avail myself of a few sentences by way of affording the reader re-

liable information touching the readableness and general character of the book.

*The Literary Gazette* said of our second edition: "'The Alpha' is an extraordinary book, containing some ingenious speculations and eloquent writing." On the first appearance of the volume in 1851, it told its readers that "The beginning of the book greatly interested us in the Author's favour. What Ramus Randolph, as he calls himself, saw and did in his travels—the account of himself and domestic affairs—his first romantic love—his retirement from the world, and devotion to study—all this is told in a style of great beauty." It then speaks of the Author's "high intellect" and "refined feelings" in a way all who desire to think highly of either would censure me for transcribing.

*The Spectator* says: "The literary merit of the Author is considerable. The framework by which he contrives to give dramatic interest to his exposition answers its purpose. He has observed a good deal, read a good deal, and thought a good deal, so that many of his incidental remarks are shrewd, and his attacks upon existing evils keen, though made from an abstract point of view. He has fancy, an elegant style, and a spice of quiet satire."

"It is not every day," says *The Athenæum*, "that a book so note-worthy is laid on our table. For boldness of conception, easy, flowing eloquence of style, subtlety and completeness of thought within the limited range in which it moves \* \* \* \* we can call to mind few fit to be its fellows."

*The Leader* says: "We must not close this notice without

emphatically recording our admiration of the Author's varied powers. In dash, vigour, sly touches of humour, and occasional bursts of eloquence, the book is remarkable, and shews the native force of the Author's intellect. Had we not already extended this article beyond due limits, we would quote some admirable extracts, but the curious reader must consult the volume itself." •

*The Critic* says: "The volume before us is a remarkable one in every way. It is a bold attempt to discover a test of Truth. \* \* \* \* \* It is in the conflict of opinion, in the stimulus of controversy, in the freedom of enquiry into all subjects, that Truth is discovered and Error detected. It (the book) is a contribution to the pursuit of Truth which is not to be abused or despised because we differ from it, but rather to be read, pondered upon, and answered. A *true* Protestant will find no difficulty in answering some of the final conclusions, although a Romanist or Tractarian might; for the latter could only take refuge in FAITH: it is not so because the Church says it is not so! The Protestant meets it with the more conclusive reply: All this is consistent with the *pure* Christianity which I acknowledge. Even if you are right it does not prove *me* wrong. \* \* \* \* \* The volume is the product of a hard and original thinker and close reasoner, and will demand attention and thought on the part of the reader. It is not a book to be lounged over, but to be studied. It is singularly *terse* in its language and *close* in its reasonings. Every sentence is a proposition, every word an idea. We have seldom seen a composition so thoroughly intellectual. But

it is not therefore *dry*. On the contrary, it is of absorbing interest, because it treats of the grandest and most important of all topics that can engage the mind, with a fearlessness that proves the Author to be a sincere Truth-seeker, and which makes us feel that, if mistaken, he is at least honest, and that, although we cannot assent to many of his conclusions, we have profited largely by the expansion of thought which it has produced. It will be impossible to read this volume through without having the intellect braced and invigorated, and feeling a consciousness of new knowledge, and an extended power of reasoning."

It has been already intimated that these commendations have been culled from criticisms, some of which (in all but proof and argument) are condemnations of the Alpha. These criticisms have been answered. Candour, however, obliges me to add that, in dealing with "the grandest and most important of all topics," my views are far from "orthodox." But, were the views of Luther orthodox? Ask the College of Cardinals! Were Calvin's? What answer will you get from Rome? Was John Wesley orthodox? or Whitfield? or George Fox? Ask the Right Reverend Bench of Bishops, or the Kirk! Is High Church orthodox? What will Low Church answer? Is Low Church orthodox? What will High Church tell you in reply? Are not all of us Schismatics? And where shall Schism cease? Had Low Church stuck to High Church principles, where would you look for pure Evangelism? Had George Fox stuck to Church of England orthodoxy, how should we have learned that the Holy Spirit within us is truer

than Holy Writ? But for Wesley's or Whitfield's Heterodoxy, what should we have known of the Saintly holiness of life which the pure light of Methodism reveals? In brief, but for Heterodoxy, what would become of progress? what of Truth? I ask, then,—although "The Alpha" is confessedly unorthodox, which of my brother Heretics will hurl at its Author the first stone? — Believe me, my dear Reader, Truth is one; not many. It is consistent with itself; not made up of contradictions. It is simple and easily comprehended; not complex, mysterious, and abstruse. It is what all men need, and love, and long for. None can monopolise it wholly. None can be deprived entirely of the priceless boon. It is known as soon as seen; and loved as soon as recognised. In all our beliefs and creeds, orthodox or heretical, there is Truth. Everywhere, and in all things, divine or human, there is Truth. It disports itself in the sunshine. It woos us from the shade. It nestles with the Fairies beneath the flowers. It dances by moonlight on the rippling wave. It preaches to us from the thunder-cloud. It smiles on us from the stars. It flashes from the eye of eloquence and inspiration. It beams from the eye of Innocence. It glares from the eye of crime. It gives gracefulness to childhood. It gives loveliness to maturity. It gives sublimity to age. It irradiates everything. It is beautiful everywhere. It is ever loveliest when the least adorned. What hinders any of us from beholding this everywhere-present attribute of the everywhere-present God? I believe it to be Ignorance,—which is only another name—the

generic name—for Prejudice, and Selfishness, and Fraud. Therefore, in the masculine phrase of MARTIN LUTHER,—

“I am for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing; that Truth may be transparent, and unadulterated, and have a free course.”

And why? Because I believe with LORD BACON, that—

“It is heaven upon earth to have a man’s mind move in Charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.”

Futhermore, in the lucid language of SIDNEY SMITH,—

“Add to the power of discovering Truth, the desire for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the great end and object of human existence. This is the immaculate model of excellence that every human being should fix in the chambers of his heart; which he should place before his mind’s eye from the rising to the setting of the Sun,—to strengthen his understanding that he may direct his benevolence, and to exhibit to the world the most beautiful spectacle the world can behold,—of consummate virtue guided by consummate talents.”

Truth, without a First Truth out of which all knowable truth proceeds; in other words, Philosophy, without a First Principle or Starting-point of Truth, is as impossible as a circle without a centre. If Nature does not supply us with such a Starting-point or Principle, we must content ourselves with a CONVENTIONAL PHILOSOPHY; first, however, agreeing upon a

conventional or arbitrary base ; because, whether we have a Positive Philosophy, or only a conventional system so denominated, a First Principle there must be ; and, moreover, **THERE MUST BE BUT ONE.** But, if Nature, which supplies us with everything else, *does* supply us with a First Principle of Truth, we must prove its existence, and discover what it is, before we can establish **A POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY WHICH HAS A SURE FOUNDATION IN NATURE'S EVERLASTING LAWS.**

Let the reader suppose a Philosophy based on a dozen or two of starting-points, all of them arbitrary, and all of them unfixed, and it will be easy to conceive what a jumble of incongruities such a Philosophy must present. The idea might be new to him, but it is certainly true,—that the system under which he was born, and bred, and educated, and still lives, is precisely that jumble of incongruities just adverted to ; and its existence attributable to the cause assigned. Under such a system, he might talk of Truth, Goodness, Morality, Virtue, Justice, Right, Philosophy, Religion ; but, assuredly, he has no definite notion of the meaning of any of these all-important though familiar terms. And, as everybody else is in the same predicament, his intercourse with them, and theirs with him, will be as imperfect on these subjects as though each spoke a language unknown to all the rest. This, in fact, is precisely what occurs : hence, Authority is everywhere dogmatic ; Helplessness takes refuge in unwilling obedience ; and Timorousness and Simplicity—in faith. Is it any wonder, then, that there should be isolation of interests, and wrang-

lings, and bickerings, and strife? Is it any wonder that a wit like Voltaire should have ridiculed everything? Is it any wonder that millions amongst us should believe that they believe there is no God? Not to join in the ridicule of these absurdities; not to make sport for the reader, has this book been written; but in the humble desire of opening his eyes to Truth, and of discovering to him the true basis of a Positive Philosophy and a Real Religion, has this volume been indited. May it prove as fruitful a source of satisfaction to him, and to the world at large, as it has proved to his, and to the world's very faithful friend and obedient servant,

## THE AUTHOR.

*2, Park Villas, Clarendon Road, Notting Hill, London*  
*August 24th, 1855,*





## PREFACE

### TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

---

THE author of this pre-eminent work having been translated to the Spirit-sphere, the privilege of editing this new edition of it has devolved on one whose only claim to the office is a deep sympathy with its chief aim, which is that of clearly and logically showing "*the only way the greatest attainable Happiness of the entire Human family can, by any possibility, be accomplished.*" In doing so, an unerring test of Truth and Right, and the true nature, life-object, and destiny of Man, are shown with the logical acumen of the Philosopher in the beautiful raiment of the Poet.

To the vital Truth of this highest and most deeply important of all themes, depicted in this inspired volume with a genius of such native freshness and variety as to enchain by its fairy-wand the thinker's inmost interest, the Divine Seal is now attached in *The Spiritual Advent of its Author* : of which, a description, given *by himself*, of his reception in the Summer-land ; his first joyous sensations and surroundings ; the scenery and associations of his spirit-life ; and the avocations and exalted powers of those in that heavenly sphere, is herein

added. It reveals that the LIFE "beyond the veil" is a development of the one lived upon earth, and that in proportion to the amount of *Intelligent-love* manifested in the actions of every-day life, is the position, surroundings, power, and occupations of the newly-born Spiritual man.

With these brief remarks, the fourth edition of the "Alpha" is now commended to the intent inner sight of all lovers of their species—to all who care for *their own* happiness now and hereafter, as the most precious offering known to their loving brother,

A. C. S.

# THE ALPHA.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

IT has long been the fashion amongst travellers to histore their wanderings over the world for the benefit of the stay-at-homes of their native country ; and it must be confessed that many wonderful things have been seen and described by these vagrant gentlemen, and ladies errant, who have so courageously encountered dangers by sea and land for the edification and amazement of their wonder-loving readers.

For my own part I have been no great reader of travels ; probably from the accidental circumstance of an early acquaintance with the most veritable, the most entertaining, and, withal, the most instructive specimens of this species of writing that our nation, rich in this literature, affords ; I mean Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and Gulliver. After these masterpieces, I confess that the tales of modern travellers have but little charm for me : they are tedious, insipid, and improbable.

Every one, however, to his taste ; I have mine ; and my reason for intruding it on thy attention, friend reader, is thus early to apprise thee, that though I am myself a traveller, and have seen the greater part of the world's wonders, and have had my share of cockney ecstasy in beholding a sunrise from Mount Blanc, and of seeing the going down of the great luminary with a splendour almost equal to Turner's delineation of that every-day phenomenon, yet I have no intention to describe these raptures under the impression that thou, my dear reader, wouldst care to feast on

such delights by proxy. The great Niagara has dashed over my head : I have spent months amongst the Trappers in the prairies ; I have had my share in perils of all sorts : I have smoked the pipe of peace with the Austral savages in the bush, and with the polished Arabs on the plains of Palestine. I have fought with the savages, and discoursed with the High Priest of Mecca. I have seen tempests on the Pacific, and tornadoes on the Plain : I have done battle with the tiger and the wild boar, and could show scars in proof that I have not escaped scatheless, though I have come off conqueror, in these dare-devil contests. But it is not to the relation of such experiences that I would ask thee to accompany me in these pages. There can be but few who have circumnavigated the globe without some difficulty and danger : and none but the most insensible of mortals could pass over the ruins of ancient kingdoms, or wander for weeks over solitudes where the foot of man had never previously penetrated, without feeling some emotion, and deriving some improvement. These, however, are all personal matters, and can be of no real interest or importance to others, except in so far as the advantages obtained are communicable. The result of our experiences are alone valuable :

“ THE BEST IS ONLY LEATHER AND PRUNELLA.”

As I am not about to write my travels ; and as men, and their modes of thinking and acting, were the objects of my investigation in these peregrinations, I will here briefly state the result of my inquiries and observations. In every part of the globe I found the “Many” degraded and miserable ; and the “Few” miserable and luxurious. On the one hand ignorance and servility ; on the other, cunning, rapacity, and power. I nowhere found more intelligence than at home ; nor, on the whole, more freedom of action and contentment. I had a great object in my wanderings, but I did not attain that object, or only in part. I travelled to consult mankind at the Antipodes about that which is always best sought after nearer home. I probed other minds for that which can only be found, if ever found, by sounding the depths and shallows of our own.

Some men have spent the best portion of a lifetime in exploring the sources of a river : others in digging up the ruins of a city, or penetrating into the hidden mysteries of a pyramid or a people. Curiosity and a love of enterprise have been the chief stimulants to their labours ; and the empty applause of a wonder-loving world, their half-despised, half-coveted reward. But, when the sources of the Nile shall have been found ; when the hieroglyphics of Egypt shall have been deciphered ; when Herculanæum shall have been disintombed ; when all the sculptured fragments of *Ægæa* and Greece shall have been collected and arranged, will the living world of humanity be either the wiser, the better, or the happier for these labours ? Say the circle had been squared ; perpetual motion found ; the philosopher's stone discovered ; the elixir vitæ compounded, and each of us in possession of the immortalising draught—again, I ask, would mankind be better, wiser, happier, than at present ? In every case I believe the answer must be—not a whit ; and probably for the gold and the elixir, far more miserable than ever. That which made a traveller of me, dear reader, and for many years made every inn or hospitable hut my home, is none of these things ; but I anticipate a smile of pity when I inform thee, as I am about to do, what my object was. Undaunted by the ill-success of the princely Abyssinian, I wandered, dear reader, in quest of happiness. Instead of searching for the sources of the Nile, I have diligently sought for the source of Evil, and the ultimatum of human Good ! Whither I have wandered, what I have seen, what I have felt, are of no consequence : the mode of my operations, and the result of my researches, are the things which can alone interest thee. That I have discovered the source of all Evil, and that I have found the happiness I sought, is, however, of consequence as much to thee as to myself ; for if the happiness were not communicable, a good the world at large might share in, it would have been none to me, and, like *Rasselas*, I should have had my toil in vain ; but, unlike him, I would not have recorded my discomfiture. Having said thus much as to my object, let me proceed to give

## SOME ACCOUNT OF MYSELF.

My name is Ramus Randolph ;—for that on the title-page has been adopted on account of its apt though occult significance: a Truth-keeper—Divinely touched, should ever be the utterer of oracular revelation. I was christened Ramus after the celebrated French philosopher of the sixteenth century, from whose family I am a collateral descendant ; a Randolph having married a niece of the philosopher in the time of Mary Stuart. Indeed, she was a domestic of the princess, and accompanied her to Scotland. Had it not been for the celebrity of Ramus as a scholar, and a martyr to his creed (for he was one of the victims of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew), the Randolphs would never have acknowledged a consanguinity to a poor shepherd boy of Picardy ; for the Randolphs are a proud family, and boast of a descent from I know not what Chieftain before Scotland had a king. My father had a literary taste, and was, moreover, somewhat of a connoisseur in Art. Probably these tastes induced my father to bestow on me a literary patronymic, and on an elder brother (respecting whom I shall say a word or two presently) an artistic one : he was christened Raphael. We had a sister whose name was Mary, who died soon after she reached womanhood. Peace to the memory of my sister ! A massive tomb covers her remains : far fitter that those sweet emblems of her spotless mind, the wild flowers which she loved, had been permitted to shed their dew-tears morning and evening over her too early grave ! Raphael conceived a taste for the Fine Arts ; probably from the circumstance that he bore a name sacred to one of them. He desired to follow Painting as a profession, and had secretly made some progress in the study. This was needless as regarded his means and prospects, for our family was rich as well as proud, and he its eldest representative. It may be that he had some hidden motive for this desire ; it was, however, opposed violently by my mother, and ultimately abandoned by Raphael. He was a boy of singularly studious habits, and fond of solitude. I know not how it was, but my mother

was never fond of him, although his nature was most in-offensive and affectionate. I have heard it said that he came into the world a little earlier than he was generally expected, and that the shame of an early imprudence had somehow strangely ripened into a dislike of the object which brought it to her remembrance. I am unskilled in such philosophy, and will leave the matter to those who pretend to a nearer acquaintance with feminine sympathies than I can lay the slightest claim to. Certain it is, however, that he was no favourite with my mother, who bestowed on me nearly all her care and affection. This my brother's extreme sensitiveness could not bear, and solitude and study became a passion with him, and a resource. My father had been dead some years, and the management of the family property should have devolved on Raphael, who was of an age to undertake it, and possessed discretion and talent enough to have had this confidence reposed in him. He was, however, still a minor, and my mother had the legal disposal of everything until my brother should come of age. Home now became unendurable, and one day Raphael absented himself, leaving a letter addressed to my mother, taking leave of her for ever, and renouncing all claim to his legal rights, which, without his mother's love, he declared to be valueless. He preferred, he said, to lay aside his name, forget his lineage, renounce his wealth, and rely on his talents and his virtues to supply their place; or, if he should fail in this, to meet poverty and want, and death amongst strangers, rather than submit to unkindness in his paternal home, where he had deserved nothing but respect and love. Another letter was addressed to my sister, of whom he was very fond, taking an affectionate farewell of her, "perhaps," he said, "for ever!" and so it proved. Year after year rolled on, but Raphael Randolph was never heard of: not the slightest trace of him could be discovered. I was his junior by eight years, and too young, and too proud of the favouritism I enjoyed, to regard his loss as a circumstance to be much regretted; but he had an advocate in Mary, who taught me afterwards how worthy he was of all my regard and affection.

There are but two things in the world which have the



power to render a human being utterly selfish : what they are will be seen in the sequel. I was swayed by one of these temptations, but an angel whispered me, and I did not fall.

My brother's abandonment of his home, and name, and property—and my mother's and sister's death, which occurred some twelve years after his departure—left me a large revenue at my disposal ; but happiness formed no portion of my patrimony. I believe this avowal will be scarcely intelligible to the majority of my readers :—young, educated, handsome ; the grand old hall of the Randolphs in the centre of the finest circle of estates in Northumberland for my residence ; friends of my own rank in life ; political prospects before me ; servants, horses, health—and withal unhappy ! I do not mean uneasy, unsettled, undecided ; but objectless, and mentally unhappy. All men are said to be constantly in pursuit of happiness. Generally, however, *their* aims are definable ; they can name their wants—wealth, power, pleasure, ease, a wife, or perhaps, a mistress : my aim was undefinable : I had no name for it but the vague one—Happiness. It was a soul-yearning after a spiritual good ; the great good, to have which is to have all things ; to want which, though having all besides, is to be destitute ; and feeling the want,—to be most wretched. Such was my unenviable lot : but, in looking back to my coming into possession of the temporal advantages just enumerated, I do not regret that I lacked the power to enjoy them after the fashion of the world ; indeed, I should now despise myself had it been otherwise.

My old steward, Abel Sykes, who had been many years my father's gardener, used to tell me that I was like no one else he had ever met with, and, when a boy, was always unlike other boys. He did not, he said, dislike my odd ways—on the contrary, they rather endeared me to him ; but he could not understand why I should avoid my friends, and refuse to mingle in their sports and festivities. Perhaps one of my singularities consisted in this—I never could treat my domestics as menials, and I never had any that did not deserve to be considered friends. One day, I remember, when Abel had been kindly remonstrating with me about

my "odd ways," I let him a little into the cause of my disquietude by remarking, that perhaps the real owner of Randolph Hall was toiling for his daily bread. A light broke in on Abel, and he said, as a tear trickled down his furrowed face, "Ay, ay, I had forgot; though I never forget him in my prayers: but He who feeds the ravens, my dear master, will never forsake Raphael Randolph; nor will he ever forsake you:" and, turning away to suppress, or more probably to hide, and at the same time to indulge his sorrow, he left me to my reflections. I am not going to recount them: such details are not the purpose of these pages. They were, however, not ungentle, nor confined to my brother and Abel Sykes; they were extended to the entire human family. At that moment my soul signed, as it were, a bond of brotherhood with every creature that can sympathise with another's sorrow. I am not about to hold myself up as a pattern of virtue. I am quite certain that I am no saint. Every man who thinks, acts, as far as circumstances will permit him, in conformity with his convictions. A new conviction had taken possession of my mind; a conviction which diminished my inquietude, and ultimately gave an object to my being, a reality to my existence. It were to be wished that the wealthy could find time for reflection, and that some such incident as I have been describing could occasionally generate in their minds a new conviction. But of all men, those who are born to idleness have the least leisure; and were they not the most unthinking of mortals, they would certainly be the most unhappy.

I have acknowledged that I am no candidate for canonisation. To extreme piety, in the world's acceptance of the word, I could never advance the slightest claim: nay, I even deem lightly of that religion which would make the world a charnel-house, and transform the "human face divine" into the custom-made visage of an undertaker. The happiness for which I have sighed and sought has no reference to "a call:" nor could the most perfect certainty of my being one of the "elect" afford me the slightest consolation. I would not for the world believe that nine-tenths of the human beings I meet are *without* the pale of salvation, myself the while

snugly ensconced *within*. In such a case I should certainly endeavour to scramble back again, and take my chance with the greatest number.

If in these particulars, friend reader, we chance to differ, there will, most likely, be no necessity for me to advise thee to shut the book ; or shouldst thou chance to be a "reviewer" of books, to assure thee that thou mayst proceed to damn mine and me without further ceremony, and without sympathy or stint. But if thou art an unprejudiced seeker after Truth thou wilt bear with my plain-speaking, and my familiarity, and my egotism, to the end. Were I propounding *opinions*, it were meet that I should err on the side of modesty rather than of confidence ; but as I write from conviction, and shall be able to give a reason for the faith that is in me, I hope I may, for a brief space, dogmatise without offence.

From my childhood I have been addicted to a sort of philosophic seriousness ; and on examining the nature of my feelings after Abel had touched the string on which they slept in an uneasy slumber, I perceived that they had more reference to others than concernment for myself ; and the discovery was not without a solid and a lasting satisfaction. Years before the occurrence of the incident just referred to, I had indulged in most of the dissipations, indulgences, and frivolous pleasures which make up the business of a young man of property and fashion ; and, but for an unspeakable void which even the most innocent of these enjoyments left in my mind, I should have become as selfish and besotted a sensualist as any lord or lady in the land. And this is saying a good deal : it is, in fact, the whole of Rousseau's long-winded "Confessions," and a little more, simmered down to a sentence. It is, indeed, probable, that this volume, as far as it refers to myself, will be viewed by many in the light of "confessions ;" for, if Abel Sykes was right in considering my manners and modes of thinking totally unlike those of other people, it is to be expected that the results will prove sufficiently unorthodox to be numbered with my sins : but if so, I hope my confessions will procure for me the absolution in such cases made and provided. To begin, I am no sports-

man. Even the "gentle Izaak" could never have initiated me into the cruel mystery of baiting hooks, or "playing" with the craftily ensnared denizen of the waters. I should have loved his songs, and tales, and gossiping philosophy; but not his unfeeling amusement. The "manly" sport of hunting to the death the timid hare; of "bagging" partridges by the hundred; of butchering deer after the modern "battue" fashion, by wholesale, and for the mere pleasure of the needless slaughter,—though I disgrace and shock the manes of my fierce-minded ancestors, I must confess that I never could perceive the sport, or discover the manliness of such unmitigated savagery. If such is the sport of educated men, of "gentlemen," let us not blame the more innocent and rational amusement of the skittle-ground and ninepins of the hard-worked artisan. Gambling in all its phases I abhor. Steeple-chasing I detest for its brutality. Yet these amusements are the chief components of the "happiness" of men who passed their studious youth in the classic solitudes of a college! Again, I confess, such thoughts distressed and disgusted me.

I turned my attention to politics: I mixed much with the leading politicians and parliamentary orators of the day. I penetrated into its mysteries, and shrank from its polluting contact. The happiness I sought did not lie in that direction. At last, dear reader—but this I assure thee was purely an accidental circumstance, not a premeditated one—I fell in love! With a young and beautiful "right honourable" maiden? No, dear reader. With some dowager Countess? No. With the rich widow of a city banker? No: nor was it with a Dryad, nor a streamlet nymph, nor a sylph, nor a sentimental shepherdess; but a glorious woman: a virgin Eve!—a form and stature that would have left Praxiteles nothing to imagine of feminine perfection had he desired a breathing prototype for a Pallas or a Juno. She might have forced Phidias himself to become a copyist, and the Athenians to build another temple to enshrine his peerless labour. Making due allowance for the exuberance of love mellowed by time into poetic rapture, such was Ellen Raymond. I have seen eyes as large as Ellen Raymond's;

I have seen a mouth as finely modelled ; but eyes so full of soul, and lips with such unspeakable expression, never !

Ellen Raymond—and this is another of my confessions—was a cheesemonger's daughter of Cripplegate, and a niece of Farmer Clutterbuck, the tenant of a little farm belonging to the Randolph estates, about three miles distant from the Hall. When I first saw her she was teaching a libertine honeysuckle to climb, more gracefully than had been its wont, over the entrance of an arbour in her uncle's garden. Clutterbuck's daughter, a handsome girl of sixteen, was standing near her, watching the operation. Ellen was lightly, but neatly clad : a pale blue ribbon encircled her waist, to which it held prisoner a half-blown rose. A handkerchief of some gossamer-like material had been tied carelessly round her head, apparently to restrain the freedom of her luxuriant hair, which was of the darkest auburn, and fell chiefly on one side ; whilst playful zephyrs, with a vagrant freedom, waned among its wavy entanglements, ever and anon fruitlessly essaying to make pillage of a straggling lock. I have named the feeling which then possessed me, Love : it was more like Idolatry : it was Worship, for it carried my thoughts heavenward to the Author of that glorious being ; and I said to myself, " Can such a creature have been formed for the empty conventionalities of earth ? The soul of the universe might inhabit that fair temple ! no spot or taint of sin should ever touch it ! " To have known that she had ever tasted sorrow, would, at that moment, have been the bitterest draught of my existence. I hastened from the spot for fear of profaning it with a sigh.

I met Clutterbuck returning from his labours, and inquired of him, with as little confusion as I could, the name and history of his fair visitor. These he gave me in a few words, adding that she was the only child of his sister ; had had a good education ; was a very amiable and affectionate girl ; and, finally, was on the eve of marriage with a London clergyman. His daughter Lucy was, he said, to return with her in a few days, and perform the part of bridesmaid at the forthcoming ceremony.

Five-and-twenty years previously Ellen Clutterbuck had

been waiting-woman to my mother ; and now she was the wife of a London cheesemonger, and the mother of the noblest creature my eyes had ever looked upon, or my fancy pictured. I did not love the old hall the less on account of these reflections ; but Ellen Raymond could never be its mistress ! and I felt that another void had been created in my mind, since (as I thought) Fate had interposed another barrier betwixt me and happiness. I rode down to Clutterbuck's the next evening, having promised that I would do so, or I should never again have seen the bride-elect of the nameless London clergyman. I partook with them of the evening repast, and conversed with Ellen much as I might have done with an angel ; that is, I gave occasion to her conversation rather than took part in it : and although she conversed on ordinary subjects, and in an ordinary manner, but with much good sense and propriety, I felt myself to be of too mortal and gross a nature to do more than make brief replies to her remarks when addressed to me, and ask frivolous questions in return. Once during—but, no ! I have forsworn all needless details ; and of all topics, this is the one on which it would be most unseemly to indulge in them. There are some things too holy to be unbosomed even to a most dear friend, much less to be blazoned before the world in printer's ink : one of them is the soul's silent syllablings with its God ; another, the secret aspirations of its earthly love. As long as the world continues ignorant, what is called "worship" will continue to be performed in public ; and men will as publicly, and indelicately, babble about their loves or lusts : but as knowledge increases these improprieties will cease ; realities will be substituted for pretences, and men will be too conscious of the indelicacy of these practices to indulge systematically in either of them. The one savours strongly of cant ; the other of libidinousness. Sincerity and purity revolt at both. The mass of mankind are at present too animally-given to comprehend the sacredness of feelings which to utter would be profanation ; and which can only be truly communicated from soul to soul by means of that mysterious power, that wordless spirit-language, Sympathy.

I have, however, an object in this narrative of my love, or it would have remained untold for ever. I stayed till near midnight, and then remounted my horse and rode towards the hall of the Randolphs, lighted on my solitary way by the waning moon. Three evenings afterwards I again visited the Cowslip Leasowes, as Clutterbuck's little farm was called, and was a listener rather than a talker on this occasion also. The next day Ellen Raymond and her cousin left Northumberland, and I took them in the old family carriage to the neighbouring town, whence they were to proceed by the mail to the metropolis.

On parting with Ellen I said to her, "Should I ever hear of you again in the great world, Miss Raymond, by what name shall I know you?" She replied with ineffable modesty and frankness, that she hoped to live and die Ellen Lackland. We parted. The horses flew along the dusty road like demons, and a cloud separated me from all of heaven I had ever seen on earth.

Time heals wounds, but it never effaces the remembrance of their anguish: it also mellows the passions into philosophic calmness, but it never obliterates first love. The impure animal portion perishes: the spiritual lives for ever. Love is unselfish, changeless, and eternal. Mine was too ethereal, and too intense not to have consumed its possessor had it not been capable of diffusion.

My unbreathed devotion for Ellen Raymond was perhaps of too spiritual a nature for creatures subject to all the "skyey influences," and to the cares and vicissitudes of earth: and I have lived long enough to perceive that had my passion been less hopeless, my life had been less happy. The pure angelic being my soul has ever idolised, may have been, to a certain extent, imaginary; but not being liable to change, my affection has suffered no abatement. This living image of womanly perfection has been my guardian angel through life: in the thronged city, in the desert, on the trackless deep, it has accompanied me: whithersoever I have wandered, the spirit of my love was there! I had seen, I had talked to an angel: I had loved that angel with an unuttered, an unutterable love: no matter that it was

an unsyllabled secret: no matter that I had never been loved again! I have often thought that the rule of the Catholic Church is a wise one which forbids its ministers to marry. He cannot think well for the many who must prudently think first for himself. As society is constituted, a married man must be, to a certain extent, a selfish man: and no selfish man was ever thoroughly happy.

It was when time had begun to pour its healing balm on my silent anguish, that the conversation with Abel Sykes which has been previously related, led me to perceive that the love I cherished for a single object was capable of diffusion over the entire family of men: that soul is of no sex; and that wherever there is soul there is something to care for, something to cherish, something to sympathise with and love. It was then I felt that there must be something radically wrong in human society that could in any case restrain this love within the narrow limits of a man's hearth and home. From this moment my life had an object: dim, shadowy, and indefinite it was; but it was based on a conviction that this beautiful world and the inner life of humanity have a purpose in them holier than those we apply them to, and capable of all we can conceive of happiness could we but find it out. I determined to attempt this discovery though the attempt should cost me my fortune, and only terminate with my mortal life. That I should have succeeded is doubtful, had it not been for a circumstance which will be fully described and commented on in its proper place. It will have been perceived that love, and loving service to the human family, was the panacea I relied on as the cure for all evil, and the source of all happiness: in other words, that riches, both intellectual and physical, are given to some and withheld from others, for the common good of all; that the rich man's happiness grows out of his benevolence, whilst the happiness of the poor man springs from the consciousness that he is continually cared for by his more happily-circumstanced and compassionate brother. It will be seen hereafter that my reasonings were superficial, and my conclusions false: that my theorisings and philosophisings, and the labours they led to, would have



been as useless as those of the crowd of philosophers that have from time to time appeared in the world to steal its applause, and have then vanished in the mists they have raised around them, had not a fortuitous light gleamed upon me at the very moment I was about to abandon my well-intentioned labours in despair. For nearly twenty years I was strong in hope : and this hope, which was the spur to my activity, was the nearest approach I could make to happiness. I employed my fortune on every project that promised benefit to humanity. I used my influence to induce others to follow my example. Poverty is an evil : I almost dissipated my revenue to relieve it. Ignorance is an evil : I laboured hard in the work of its removal. Partial laws, tyrannical governments, excessive taxes, are evils : I joined associations to get rid of them. War is an evil : I aided in the agitation for universal peace. Slavery is an evil : I combined with the philanthropists heart and purse to crush it. Restricted trade is an evil : I leagued with the leaguers to set it free. And all this while I dreamed that the practice of Benevolence is happiness to the individual dispenser thereof, and a benefit to the human race. Alas ! Benevolence does little more than foster the misery it would eradicate ; Legislation is merely a choice between two evils ; and our highest Moral Philosophy, but Folly with a specious name ! What is Evil ? What is Good ? Is Poverty *all* evil ? Are Riches nothing but a good ? Is Slavery all evil ? Is Freedom unmixed Good ? Until Good and Evil can be distinguished and defined, it is impossible to determine what condition is the most desirable ; and equally impossible to be happy. Our virtues must tend to Good, or how can they be virtues ? And if we know not what Good is, how is it possible to be virtuous ? Is there such a thing as Virtue ? Can there be such a thing as Vice ? or is everything conventional ? Does Providence or Chance direct the world ? That which thwarts our schemes we call Evil : that which promotes them, we denominate Good ; but, generally, that which is good in my case, is evil to another ; and any advantage I gain is usually procured at another's cost. Thus I pondered, in bewilderment the most

distressing. After twenty years of ceaseless activity at home and in distant lands, what had I discovered? What progress had I made towards the attainment of that good for myself, which, with love in my soul towards everything capable of affection, is still no good to me if it cannot be participated in by all men? Absolutely none! I shut myself up in a retired nook near London: I surrounded myself with books and works of art: I led the life of a recluse: I studied the writings of the sages and philosophers and divines of almost every age and country: I sought to know what constitutes the greatness of the earth's greatest men? Wherein were they wiser than others? The Greeks! what do I learn, what did they intend I should learn, from their Arts, from their Lives, from their Philosophy? From Italian Art, and from modern Philosophy, can I obtain a clue to unexceptionable morality, to positive virtue, to real happiness? From the labours of the most pious and learned divines, is it possible to pick my way to heaven? Such were my thoughts. I endeavoured to generalise what are usually held to be the best thoughts of the best men, and thus obtain a principle; but, alas! the more I probed into the meaning of the lauded geniuses of the earth, the less certain I became that they had any meaning to impart. All concurred in asserting that Virtue is the groundwork of happiness, but none could prove to me what Virtue is. To burn a heretic says one: to be a heretic says another. Those only who have experienced my perplexities can form an adequate idea of my misery. It had, however, ultimately a termination. A gentle hand withdrew the film from my eyes. I saw clearly. How this desideratum was accomplished will be shown in the succeeding chapters.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### A REVELATION.

I HAVE meditated much on the evils that afflict humanity; on the good of which Man is capable; on the grovelling servility of his animal nature; on the high destiny of his

spiritual ; on the happiness of which he is ever in search ; on the miseries which dog him whithersoever he goes, and attend his motions constant as his shadow. I have searched for the principle of Evil, finding it not. I have sought daily for the Good which strives against this Evil, but it has eluded my search. I have read *THE BOOK*, and have caught glimpses of the angel, but whether this angel has a home on earth I have not been able to find out. My whole being, the beautiful universe of which I form a part, assure me that God is the author of all Good ; but surely not of Evil. Are there, then, two principles in nature each warring with the other, and, like two opposite and equal forces meeting, end in nothing ? Peace, peace, unquiet spirit ! Many hundred generations of men have come and gone, and of this mystery have nothing known. Live out thy time as they have done : drain thou thy cup of bitterness when it is presented to thee : enjoy the good within thy reach : and when thy term of life shall have waned within thee, sleep soundly with the flowers thou lovest, and be a part of them. Haply the rose shall smell more sweetly whose roots have batted in thy clay !

On one of those fine afternoons in August which occasionally remind the traveller of sunny Italy with its canopy of deep blue, such were my reflections, as I rambled from my suburban hermitage which occupies a nook in a populous neighbourhood westward of the Great City. I was alone. Without any purpose but to meditate on the subjects which have ever entwined themselves so strangely about my being, I took my way towards the adjacent common, where the breath of heaven is very sweet, but where many a dark deed has been done at midnight that morning has stood aghast to look upon. Summer zephyrs fanned my face as I moved quietly along. I was on the common a solitary wanderer, half-unconsciously threading my way amongst the tufts of golden gorse that gleamed in the slanting sunbeams. The air was odorous. The mossy turf yielded to my tread. "The blind mole could not have heard my footfalls." I now and then stopped to examine the delicate heather, which, in places, grew in such plentiful luxuriance, that I feared to tread lest I should crush it, and rob it of an hour's beauty.

I had wandered to the highest part of the common, and, seating myself on the gently-sloping side of one of its mountain-like eminences, I occupied myself in the minute examination of a single plant of heather growing alone, that had, perhaps from its loneliness, particularly attracted my attention. As I gazed in admiration on its feathery foliage and tiny, bell-like blossoms, I said to myself, "Is not this little flower as beautiful as any of the gaudier nurslings of the garden? Certainly it is very beautiful: beautiful also is the many-petalled rose. Small, indeed, is the resemblance between them, yet assuredly both are beautiful: then in what consists their beauty? Ay, what is Beauty? Good, Evil, Virtue, Vice;—to define these I have often tried in vain. Oh, what is Beauty?" Full of emotion, I gazed towards the blue heavens. I arose; and with feelings not easily reduced to words, I surveyed the whole wide scene around me. Everything was calm, odorous, delightful. Not a living thing was near me. Not a sound was audible save the shrill voice of the lark, trilling his blithe song far above me in the still, blue air; but so high was the winged twitterer that he seemed motionless: a speck, scarcely distinguishable from the eternity of ethereal blue into which he would momentarily melt, then dimly be seen again. But his shrill, clear notes pierced my ear as distinctly as though he had been singing a bondage-song, caged by some thoughtless cottager, in a neighbouring window. I felt to be alone with this sweet sound—with it and heaven: and I exclaimed in a voice scarcely audible to myself, "Oh! what is Beauty?" A low-toned, sweetly-modulated voice answered as though in reply to mine,—"Ramus Randolph!" I turned, and lo, a stranger stood beside me! Whence he came I know not; nor from emotion and surprise had I the power to ask. He was a man of full height, dressed in a garb more Oriental than European; sombrous, loose, and flowing. His neck was bare; his hair black and waving. Neither old nor young he seemed: his countenance was grave, noble, careworn, and commanding; yet full withal of sweetness, and urbanity. I had never seen such a nobly-benign expression in a creature of earth, but occasionally something resem-

bling it in the spirit-world of dreams. His presence inspired a confidence free from all suspicion. I had no fear. I probably felt more awe than pleasure; but his benignity insensibly dispelled the former feeling. He gently touched my arm, and again said, "Ramus! you marvel that I know you?" I motioned an assent. "You marvel also whence I came, and how?" I again replied in the affirmative by a movement of unrestrained respect. "Do you know," said he, "how long you have been listening to that sky-chorister?" "Only a few seconds," I replied. He rejoined, whilst a faint but expressive smile played on his noble features,—“Time flies us quickly in our ecstasies: we do sometimes live a century in a single day, and cram a lifetime 'twixt two tickings of the clock. Space is like Time. A thought is swifter than the lightning. To an Intelligence, the remotest YONDER is ever HERE. To the Deity, the countless centuries, past and future, are an always-present Now.” Taking me by the hand, he continued:—“Ramus Randolph, do you remember me now?” For an instant I saw, or fancied I saw, the features of a schoolfellow, whom since I was twelve years old I had never seen; and I said so. The impression was but momentary, nor could I then recall it, or bring to mind the name of the youth whom in that instant I fancied my questioner resembled. He remarked:—“Knowledge might slumber in the memory, but it never dies. It is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps whilst winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring: it is like the life-germ in the seed: it is like the sweet music of the harp-strings, that waits but the master’s touch to wake it into utterance. Yes, Ramus, we have pored on the same page together. Let us sit down; and I who was once thy fellow-pupil will be thy Mentor now. It lacks an hour of sunset.” We sat upon the soft turf, which yielded to our pressure like an Oriental couch. Again taking me by the hand, he said:—“Ramus, that question of thine ‘What is Beauty?’ is not an idle one. Listen, and I will unravel something of the mystery, as well as disentangle thy perplexities concerning Good and Evil.” I fixed my eyes inquiringly on his, and he began

## A REVELATION.

"I am not going to preach to thee, Ramus Randolph. Thou hast thought too deeply and too well to listen long to words of dubious meaning and mere sound. Beauty is a name importing nothing. There is no such quality in nature. What men mean by it, and why they have preferences, I will by and by inform thee. Conceive of it for the present as one of those offshoots of Ignorance which stand in the way of human improvement and social happiness. It belongs to the same category as Justice, Mercy, Benevolence, Morality;—terms of human invention, to express human qualities, but which, beyond the sphere of Ignorance and Error, have no existence. Good and evil are of the same family. To dis-enthralled Mind they are mere terms, nonentities, negations."

He paused: probably from observing a faint smile of incredulity overpass my countenance. With much gravity of manner, mingled, as I thought, with some severity, he resumed by remarking:—"We learn much in our youth which we must unlearn as men. Were there no IGNORANCE there could be no ERROR. Were there no INJUSTICE there could be no CRIME. *Were there neither Error nor Crime there could be no unhappiness, and the Moralities and the Virtues could have no existence.* Ignorance and Error are the cause of Selfishness. Selfishness is the cause of Misery. These all pertain to earth and to humanity. Love pertains to Heaven, and to the fulness of Intelligence. Perfect Intelligence results in perfect Love. By Love I mean that kindly consideration for others which is implied in the Christian precept 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' It is the direct contrary of Selfishness. There is no virtue which is not included in this Love; whilst Love itself is included in Intelligence. Perfect Intelligence, viewed passively, implies the quality of knowing all things, and the power of doing all things: viewed actively, it is Love: thus;—every act of perfect Intelligence is Good because it is errorless, because it is Right;—hence Active Intelligence is Love. INTELLIGENCE IS THE FIRST (ACTIVE) PRINCIPLE OF ALL THINGS: it absorbs everything in its own being. It is more than

Justice, more than Mercy, more than Benevolence, more than Morality, more than Religion ; inasmuch as what is meant by these—all that is good in them, is included in the ever-living, all-directing, all-absorbing, sole-existing principle, Intelligence. Intelligence is, therefore, the Great First Cause, the active attribute of Deity ; and every act of Deity, which is of necessity errorless, is Love : and, Ramus, this all-embracing Love is Happiness !”

As he pronounced these words—his large, clear, soul-fraught eyes intently fixed on mine—he seemed to grow in stature as he rose in energy, intense, but passionless ; and from Man, to something too majestically superhuman for description : and as he spoke, his measured and melodious words were lights to my awakened soul ;—Reader, may they be lights to thine ;—and those brief, happy moments seemed an eternity. Not only my own past life was crowded in that space, but all past things, and all the glorious future ! I trembled and almost fainted with excess of pleasure. As if to calm my struggling spirit, and call it back to mortal consciousness, he touched the heath-plant I had been admiring, and said, in a tone of the most plaintive sweetness, “Henceforth, Ramus, when thou see’st this simple flower, all lonely and neglected, think of DIONYSUS : both I and it have thriven best in solitude.”

My attention was awakened ; and again, for an instant, I recognised the features of a youthful friend. His words had evidently reference to some remembered sorrow. It was contagious. I was again all human, and I wept. In the same grave, passionless tone he proceeded :—

“The Universe is not an accident. These mosses, this blooming heather, yon lark, still carolling above us, and Man, more wondrous than them all, are not the workmanship of Chance, the uncaused consequents of nothing.”

I acquiesced in silence, and he went on :—

“There are men miscalled philosophers, and almost miscalled men, to whom nothing exists they cannot see and handle : some of them have even doubted of their own existence. I am not recommending faith ; for faith amounts to nothing : by Knowledge only can the soul increase in stature ; but

Scepticism so irrational as this almost degrades humanity to the level of the brute. Intelligence for ever exists ; it gave birth to matter, willed its form, and shall again resolve it into its immaterial idea. Transitory and illusive is the Thing perceived : changeless and eternal, the percipient Mind. Baseless is the world's philosophy : false are all its aims : degrading is the scepticism which clings to matter, but denies or doubts the being of the impalpable and viewless soul. From such misgivings *thou* hast not been free : but from the slough of Atheism, and the comfortless depths of settled doubt, thy reason hath preserved thee. Thou hast reflected too deeply, and reasoned far too well, to dream of consequences without a cause, or of design without a purpose. Though inarticulate, though voiceless, insentient nature has a tongue, a language, which only minds accustomed to reflection, and guided by perceptions more subtle than those of sense, can comprehend. Even from thy boyhood thou hast felt less lonely amongst the groves, and hills, and quiet lakes, and foaming waterfalls, than in the society of men. Thou perceivest I am no stranger to thy soul. But if thou hast shunned mankind thou hast ever borne in mind their miseries, and diligently and hopefully hast thou looked around thee for a cure. In the world's Religion, in its Morals, in its Literature, in its Philosophy, in its Government and Laws thou hast looked in vain : nay, thou hast well nigh despaired ; and in dark moments thy sorrowing spirit has almost doubted of the controlling providence of God. Thou hast seen that the blind faith inculcated by religion is no real barrier against vice and crime. Thou hast seen that Morals are more conventional than real : that Virtue is as productive of evil as of good ; that Law is only legalised licentiousness ; that Learning is little else than showy ignorance : and that the most sacred offices would go unfilled, but for the loadstone that moves everything—the pay. No wonder thou shouldst falter in thy faith. This can never be again. The light of truth, which nothing can extinguish, beams on thy soul, and doubt, and gloom, and misery shall be thine no more for ever ! It is the Happiness thou hast ever yearned for ; for it is communicable : it is the more thine own, because,



without abstracting from thy store of it, thou canst divide it, *ad infinitum*, amongst mankind. There is no mystery greater than this : and this thou perceivest is not a mystery. Knowing the cause of all the evils with which mankind is struggling, thou not only perceivest that the entire system of things is wrong—wrong, false, and hollow from its very base, but thou also perceivest the remedy. Of this knowledge, neither infirmity, nor age, nor fraud, nor force, nor men, nor angels can deprive thee. It is the First Truth, the germ of all truth : it shall grow and ramify within thee and be thy glory and thy happiness for ever. Intelligence is the soul's true wealth : its only wealth. It is the only possession thou canst disseminate infinitely, yet still retain entire.

"But darest thou—for there is danger in it—darest thou, Ramus Randolph, disseminate this truth? Darest thou attempt to teach an ignorant, reckless, priest-deluded, mammon-serving world this only way to Happiness and Heaven? I conjure thee to accept the mission. Why, thou wilt know hereafter. Tell mankind that the prolific parent of all Evil is Ignorance : that Knowledge is the only Good : that the happiness of Heaven is unattainable save through the Intellect ; and that to pursue any other means for its attainment is but mockery and delusion. But assure thyself that Bigotry will have its sacrifice : Power, its revenge ; for Ignorance, which is necessarily ignorant of its ignorance, and believes itself to be wise, is blind : it is also cruel and vindictive. The Church shall anathematise thee : the lynx-eyed Law shall set its myrmidons to dog thee : Scribblers shall traduce thee ; and that satire on Civilisation,—the brute-visaged crowd, shall spit upon thy garments in the public thoroughfares. Thou shalt be denounced as heathen, blasphemer, heretic. In the midst of this opprobrium thou shalt die. But ages hence, like the fabled Phœnix, thy spirit shall arise from out thy ashes, and millions of kindred minds shall bless thee as a martyr of the greatest Truth that ever was proved and promulgated to the world. Thou shalt sow the seeds of a world-wide reformation ; and, Ramus, they shall grow ! Art thou content ? Shall I go on ?"

I silently assented. I was all beatitude. I felt the whole

of the momentous Truth. The minutely-painted danger connected with its dissemination had no terrors. My blessedness was too great for words. As if moved by the same involuntary impulse we rose together, and with noiseless tread walked to and fro amongst the heather. The agitation of my spirits gradually subsided, and I experienced an unspeakable calm. Then all the long-departed freshness and buoyancy of my youth came over me ; and my busy, thoughtful, anxious life appeared to pass before me like a feverish dream. I reviewed it. There was but one phase of it that did not chill me : I had erred in everything but love. This was the rainbow of my life, spanning my whole existence : it seemed made of tears ! My companion was similarly engaged during the time occupied by my reverie, and similarly affected by the retrospect. We did not speak. We had no need of words, or looks, or signs. We read each other's thoughts by sympathy. We were like two happy children whom care had never crossed, whom evil thoughts had never entered, whom sin had never tainted, all simplicity, all hope, all gladness—but with this difference—**WE KNEW THAT WE WERE HAPPY.** We felt the beneficent purpose of the painful turmoil to which humanity is subject. We felt that erring man might be hereafter happier than the Angels who (perhaps) have never erred, and never tasted sorrow : for just as little children are happy, and know it not, so might the Angels be : but he who has known care, must of necessity be conscious of his after-life felicity. Who can doubt but that the Angels have been, aforesaid, creatures of earth, and have erred and known sorrow, for otherwise they know not their beatitude ; and that which they know not is to them as nothing. Without this consciousness, this knowledge, what were existence ? what were happiness ? Whilst to toil for it, suffer for it, die for it, and to reach it in its fulness by this suffering and toil, who can speak, who can imagine the sum of its fruition ? God, who knows all things, whose Intelligence is as boundless as His power, knew from the beginning, that by contrast only can His creatures know felicity ; and, hence, to people his universal heaven with Intelligences who should be conscious of their blissfulness,

He created them ignorant, and subjected them to the cares which spring from error, that as they grew intelligent enough to be happy, the very knowledge of previous misery might enhance their fruition. Can there be a higher, can there be a more beneficent purpose in the sublunary probation of mankind than this? Reader! can there be another? Such were the thoughts that occupied me whilst the mysterious stranger and myself walked up and down beneath the slanting sun-rays. At length I said:—

"But, my dear Mentor, what has become of the many millions of souls, or sparks of Divinity, which in the baby-turmoil of the world have added nothing to their being?"

He replied:—

"All existence is Spiritual in its origin; and Divine Intelligence, which is eternal, is its author. The individualised portion of intelligence, which is the soul of man, is, in its nature, progressive. The will of its Divine Creator is, that it shall retain its individuality; and, in the far beyond, when removed from the immediate causes which enwrapped it in ignorance, it will more freely absorb intelligence from the source of it, and then grow in the image and likeness of Him in whom it was created. The *consciousness* of our individual existence being absolute knowledge, is Spiritual in its origin. By it we have a knowledge of our separate selves, which ensures to us our identity. By it we are taught what we are, and thus learn the purpose of our being. Without this knowledge the identity would be impossible, and our souls would be as though they were not. To exist, absolutely, is to be conscious of our existence; and to maintain and enjoy existence, we must obtain that knowledge which is the germ and test of all knowledge. Well might the Hebrew Solon exclaim:

'WISDOM IS THE PRINCIPAL THING: THEREFORE GET WISDOM.'

But time flies: listen I pray thee, and answer not: I must away at sun-down."

We were again seated,—Dionysius and myself,—and the same calm, passionless expression that characterised his countenance at first, again solicited and compelled attention. What he said will be related in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE REVELATION CONTINUED.

“WHAT has been accomplished in the science of Mind? absolutely nothing! The dreamy labours of the metaphysician have been worse than useless. The mental philosopher has never penetrated to the root of his subject. Observing only the superficies, he has amused himself with subtleties, and plunged both his reader and himself into deeper darkness. And what is the consequence? Why, that one-half the world believes that a man is so much animated dirt produced by chance, whilst the other half clings to the opposite belief by a tiny tether of hope so frail and full of fear that men shudder when they think of it, and take refuge in any occupation that brings obliviousness: and thus a race of Immortals steal abjectly through the world with less of dignity than the brutes that browse upon the mountains! I know how much these melancholy facts have weighed upon thy spirit and chilled the life-blood in thy heart: but be of good cheer: from this hour *thou* at least shalt be happy, and thy all-loving spirit dare to look abroad around creation, and hold converse with the Unseen.

“There are not two Principles in nature each warring with the other: there is but one, and that is infinitely Good. What men call Evil is not Evil: it is the inconvenience caused by Ignorance, warning them to be wise, and has within it the seeds of its own destruction. It is not Good which causes Evil; but blind Ignorance, and purblind Error only. It is not Good that Audacity grasps at through its crimes; but something which Ignorance has misnamed a Good, and cherishes as a Good:—the owner and the thief are both mistaken. Evil has no potency except against itself. The conflict thou perceivest around thee is that of Evil fighting against Evil: the greater evil warring with the less: now this is uppermost, now that, in endless round. Against positive Good, Evil is impotent. Until it can pluck a planet from the sky; or stay the earth’s fertility; or hush

the voice of nature, which in every blade of grass proclaims the Deity, it cannot conquer Good.

“What an immense mass of this evil of man’s own making exists, and ramifies through the ever-entangling medley of interests, and expedients, and antagonisms misnamed Society! But Socialism is not antagonism. Selfishness, the principle of Barbarism, cannot be the basis of civilised society. In a state of nature SELF is everything, and FORCE is law. Christianity, stripped of its mysteries, is the true principle of the social system. The civilisation that men boast of is only barbarism reduced to a system. Men, at present, are tamed savages: the powerful kept tame by what they have; the feeble, by what they want. The powerful are said to commit crimes when they overpass the boundaries of Law to gratify their savage rapacity: the weak, when they overleap the barriers to make reprisals, or to take revenge. Before Man can shake off the savage, he must subdue the animal; not alone by quitting the woods to live in palaces, by cultivating the soil, by making laws, and by acquainting himself with sciences and arts to pamper his animalism more conveniently and effectually; but by subduing his lower instincts, cultivating his God-like Intellect, and erecting society and civilisation on the broad and ever-enlarging basis of his spiritual nature.

“Man is an embryo Intelligence; the Angel and the Animal conjoined. What he adds to his physical stature he obtains from the material earth and air; and back to these every particle of his bulk returns. But the Mind’s nutriment, Knowledge, is as immaterial as itself, and both are eternal of necessity. The fair temple that enshrined the Soul of thy soul’s idol, by change and subdivision shall perish utterly; but the IDEA which represents her in thy memory shall remain entire when suns and systems shall be wrecks. Man is related to Deity by Soul; and towards deific perfection he advances as he acquires Intelligence. His Virtues and his Religion (as certain acts and certain ceremonies are termed) cannot advance him a step; but, like his Vices and his Crimes, they will retard him in the exact ratio of his Ignorance. All Good is, therefore, resolvable into Intelligence,

and all which bears the name of Evil, into Ignorance. Taking the comprehensible active Attribute for the incomprehensible Substance which it animates, Intelligence is an entity, the first Principle, the great First Cause of all things, or Deity. Ignorance is a negation ; and, hence, all the abstractions which have their ideal existence in the circumstances supposed to be produced by the negation, are negations also. Let Knowledge progress on Earth, and in the other stages of the soul's existence, until perfect Intelligence (if this be possible) is attained ; and the virtues and moralities cease to exist so much as in idea, or are absorbed and swallowed up in the Intelligence, which is perfection—the Alpha which knows no end. Man has no moral nature : no immoral nature. His Soul is one and indivisible : it has no qualities or attributes, whether good or evil, save Intelligence alone. It is an intelligent Principle, emanating from Deity, capable of Intelligence, and needing it ; nor is there aught else to need or to acquire but Intelligence ; which to have in its totality, is to have everything. All terms made use of to denote qualities in Ethics, Metaphysics, and Religion, are terms only : search for the Qualities they are supposed to represent, and you find them to be unrealities, notions, nothing. A human soul in a human body, may be more or less intelligent ; which is synonymous with more or less Perfect, more or less Happy ; but it cannot be essentially better or holier than another. What the Metaphysicians denominate qualities of mind are only phases or modes of the Soul's intelligence : thus, Judgment is the seeking after knowledge through the process of comparison ; Imagination, by the swifter, but less certain, process of assumption. They are modes of intelligent action, not separate qualities or attributes. The world's Morality and Virtue are conventional. These Virtues and the Moralities have a seeming existence by reason of their contraries ; and these chiefly by reason of human usages and laws, which result from human ignorance. Metaphysicians and Philosophers know this, or they do not know it. If they do know it, their teachings are dishonest frauds : if they do not know it, they are laborious blunders : in either case they are false, and worse than useless. Thus, on a

basis of sand is built the world's Philosophy, and its wisest men are but much-reasoning fools ; its best, but well-intentioned ones.

"There is more Quixotism in the world than the world in general is aware of. Assaulting windmills, warring with puppets, and with flocks of sheep, are not the only phases of the Quixotic malady. To tilt with a windmill is not more insane, than to rush, armed with mail, and lance against a shadow. What crusades have been undertaken against 'Sin!' And what desperate battles are still fought with its reputed Father! How many ponderous volumes have been indited to prove the justice of the Justice which damns without redemption impossible belief! on Mercy, which can be purchased by a death-bed prayer! and on 'Grace,' which indeed 'passeth all understanding!' Oh, Ramus! to what shifts will fraud and ignorance resort! and to what profanity! What superhuman efforts have been made, by well-intentioned men, to give perpetuity to virtue and morality which should not be, and which cannot be, without giving eternal duration to their opposites! This is but engrafting flowers on the stems of weeds; nay, rearing and nurturing the noxious nightshade because it bears a flower!

"Did men but know how ignorant they are; how vapoury all their 'Learning;' how profane their fancied piety; it would be the first step to real knowledge. I charge thee, Ramus, teach them! Lead them to what is true by showing them what is false. Grey-haired experience in the things which pass for wisdom, is full of sage precepts to the young. 'This path,' it tells them, 'is safe and pleasant; that, slippery, and full of pitfalls.' But youth seldom believes, and never knows, the value of these precepts until it has actually experienced the evils it is counselled to avoid. As long as there is doubt there is liability to error: and as long as the system of things is false, and Wrong is 'profitable,' the wisest precepts will be thrown away. Not precepts do men want, but knowledge; not counsel, but enlightenment.

"The Virtues and the Moralities exist by reason of their opposites. But for Vice, the product of Ignorance and Error.

Virtue could not be conceived of. But for their ill-favoured *opposites*, Justice, Mercy, Goodness, Truth could have no conceivable existence. They are human all: they belong to the atmosphere of Error: there is nothing Divine about them; and beyond the confines of Ignorance they cannot be. The more need there is of Benevolence, the more Misery must exist for Benevolence to alleviate. The greater necessity there is for the exercise of the Virtues, the more must Vice abound. If the Deity could find pleasure in human Virtue, Vice would be pleasing too? The whole are human, Ramus; and the existence of the one gives existence to the others, and Ignorance is the parent of them all. To suppose Virtue to be Happiness or the ultimatum of man's attainable perfection, were to suppose a necessity for Vice, and induce the belief that one portion of mankind must be sacrificed that the other portion might be saved! a human thought, and very blasphemous! I charge thee, blot it out! Let the world cherish its Virtues as long as its Ignorance generates its crimes: but let it strive manfully to rid itself of all; for all are evidences of its Ignorance, and marks of its dishonour. Laws will never repress a tithe of the crimes they foster and originate: but until Laws grow equitable, let the Moralities be encouraged; let the Virtues minister to the defrauded multitude; let Mercy look gently on their crimes, and Benevolence pour balm upon their miseries. Thousands of men made miserable, systematically made miserable, that a few units amongst them might be happy! The tiniest moss that vegetates beside thee, Ramus, and drinks its needful portion of the dews and rain, protests against such impious profanation!

"When humanity shall take its stand upon its spiritual nature; when men shall use their privilege of *knowing*, and their power of *doing*, in the construction of their social institutions, and, on the plan of nature, use the most perfect means attainable by their reason, to rational and righteous ends, Crime shall cease and Evil be extinguished; Heaven shall be on Earth; and God and Angels dwell with man: and all this, without a mystery; for Intelligence shall convert Earth into a Paradise, as Ignorance has heretofore trans-



formed it to a Hell. Without a miracle, without a mystery, shall all this be accomplished.

“Wherever there is Mystery there is Ignorance or Fraud. Ubiquity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Eternity ; these are not mysteries, no more than the whole being greater than a part is a mystery. The only mystery thy flesh-incumbered mind will never fathom, is how Mind created Matter, and by an act of Will linked it to laws unvarying and eternal. But to infinite Intelligence this is not a mystery. Whatever is, and how it came to be, is known to the Deity that willed its being. How Intelligence multiplies itself without sensible addition, and subdivides itself without the smallest loss, thou hast seen : but how it first created itself, or whence proceeded ; and how out of an imponderable Idea it created ponderable Matter, is knowledge for another state of thy existence, a happiness to come.

“To foreknow all things absolutely, that is, prior to their existence, is to be Omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent, and eternal. Such, of necessity, is Deity ; therefore Deity is PRESCIENT INTELLIGENCE, which necessarily includes Conscious Intelligence, or the knowledge of things already in existence, and the results of causes already in operation. In this latter mode of Intelligence Man is permitted to participate, to the extent of his ability to see and comprehend the created objects around him, and to discover and comprehend the causes which produce mutation in the modes of their existence : in other words, the human soul is an Intelligent Principle, capable of Conscious Intelligence. To create everything is first to foreknow everything : and to know all created things, and the Laws which regulate and modify their existence, is to be with and in all things eternally. This is omnipresence, this is omniscience. Thus, with Deity, the Past and the Future are included in the Present, and Eternity is concentrated in a point ! These hitherto mysterious terms are mysteries no longer. No longer is man a mystery to himself : no longer is Deity a mystery to Man. To perceive this, Ramus, is Intelligence identical with the Conscious Intelligence of the Deity : and this is thy Happiness now : and, in the language of the

Oriental Job, thou mayst truly say : ' Though worms shall destroy this body, in my flesh shall I see God ! ' for knowing what thou knowest, even now thou beholdest Deity ! with thy awakened soul, with that deific part of thee—thy conscious Intelligence, thou already perceivest Him in whose spiritual likeness thou wert made !

" A law once promulgated by Intelligence which cannot err, is immutable, and subject to no after regulation, because needing none. Whatever its results, they are foreknown and right.

" Creative or Prescient, Intelligence is necessarily infinite ; infinite in duration and infinite in power : with it, TO WILL is synonymous with TO DO.

" It is impossible that anything but Intelligence can have, or exercise, a WILL. Absolute Will is synonymous with Deity : in the human soul, from the paucity of its knowledge, Will is synonymous with Desire. Man has some intelligence : he has, consequently, an independent Will, limited in its capability of action to the amount of his acquired knowledge, and the necessities of his present existence. His Will is, consequently, of the nature of Desire, capable of action proportionate to his limited knowledge, to his human condition, and to his sublunary wants. His Will has a wide circle for its operations : it has the entire Earth for its dominion. It is, of course, restrained in its activity by the immutable laws, to which, as an animal, he is subject. He is featherless, and cannot fly : he is finless, and cannot inhabit the waters : he is vulnerable, and may be wounded : he is mortal, and must die. But the laws which limit him as an animal, can scarcely be said to set any bounds to the activity of his intellect. Within the limits of the laws which circumscribe the Will accorded to his double nature, he is absolute. He is, however, but an embryo Intelligence, and his Will, regulated by his Reason, in other words, by his imperfect knowledge, is liable to Error ; consequently he has erred ; and this fabric of Good and Evil, Virtue and Vice, Justice and Injustice, mystic Religion with its punishments and rewards, Poverty, Animalism, Misery, and Crime, are the natural and necessary consequences.

"His original error sprung from an incorrect notion of the Deity, which still continues; and an almost total ignorance, which also still continues—of himself. This ignorance led him to adopt a social basis consonant with his animal nature, but altogether inconsistent with his intellectual nature and wants, and his immortality. Man the Animal, having animal necessities, capable of physical power, and physical enjoyment, but ignorant of his spiritual relationship and destiny, naturally adopted brute force as the basis of his social institutions. With the Strong, Might became Right. With the Weak, Obedience became a Virtue, and all resistance to Power was denominated Crime. BUT, WERE THERE NO IGNORANCE, THERE COULD BE NO ERROR: WERE SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS RATIONAL AND JUST, THERE COULD BE NO CRIME.

"Man, however, need not be all-wise to be just; nor need he be errorless to be happy. But before he can be either just or happy, he must rid himself of all Selfishness; he must know what he is; and comprehend the object of his being. To know that God is infinite Intelligence; that He is all we can conceive of perfection *because* He is all-intelligent; to know that Man himself is an embryo Intelligence, incapable of any acquisition on earth but knowledge; to know that to increase in knowledge is to make progress towards perfection and happiness, is knowledge sufficient in itself, when universally recognised, to correct his social error, to banish crime, to annihilate evil, and to regenerate mankind. Whatever knowledge is based on the fundamental principle involved in the proposition just enunciated, *is* knowledge, positive, progressive, and abiding. Whatever of men's knowings want this basis, is transitory, retrograde, and false.

"The world is arriving at adolescence, and must begin to unlearn the errors of its youth. The helplessness of its infancy, the frowardness of its childhood, the lawless petulance of its youth, have passed away: it is time to settle down to serious studies, and make some use of the ill-understood lessons it has so long been conning over in the school of adversity. The Animal has been developed: its prowess,

its courage, its capability of endurance have been tried : let it begin to rely on its Intellect ; let it cultivate the Angel portion of its nature, and depress the overgrown grossness of the brute : let the tall pile of its recorded indiscretions be to it as a beacon on a sunken rock : let Reason sit on the prow of the weather-beaten bark, and Love direct the helm ; then, and not till then, shall the haven of peace, and the longed-for land of promised Happiness, be reached. Then shall come, not the sensual joys of the Mussulman's heaven, nor the misanthropic gloom of the Quietists, nor the dismal paradise of the Latter-day Saints, nor the exclusive Eden of self-righteous bigots of any sect or creed ; but the happiness-producing reign of Intellect, the true Millennium of Mind,—the spiritual sovereignty of Christian Love.

“To get rid of the ever-increasing mass of ignorance-created evil, which, like a dense cloud, overspans the entire earth—from this to the Antipodes, from the Antipodes onward again to this—hindering the genial rays of Truth from smiling on the family of men, you must banish Ignorance, let light upon the ‘masses,’ drop mysticism, and be rational. It is worse than useless to have recourse to nostrums, conjurations, charms : the only Exorcist is Knowledge. The hair-splitting quiddities of the Logicians and Philosophers ; the solemn profundities of Hypocrisy and Cant, must cease. These are the blights and mildews which prevent the Amaranth from bursting into bloom. The time has come to sweep away the pestilence. It is the proper advent of a new Truth,—of that Truth which alone has power to dispel the circumambient, blighting, desolating darkness. I charge thee, Ramus, give it wings ! My voice is but an echo ! As our shadows lengthen our existence wanes : be thou my voice when I am shadowless, and propagate the truth I came to teach thee ! Thousands of thinking men have, at this very time, some dim foreshadowings of this Truth. There is a craving for it in the disturbed and restless minds of multitudes. The time has come when it might be propounded. It might take ages to work its way to the depths of abjectness, and to the heights of power, but this is its proper advent. Evil is at its acme ; Crime has reached its climax :

D

Mind is at work : the time is pregnant with change : the period of mummery is passing by : the hollowness of forms and ceremonies is felt : Religion is about to drop its mysteries and be rational : to be practical, instead of shrouding its few and simple precepts in dark enigmas, and the cabalistic language of imposture. Be fearless. Tell robed and ermined Power, surrounded though it be by guards, and fawned on by Obsequiousness, that its Justice is injustice, tainted at its very base. Tell solemn Sapience that it is not wise. Tell Virtue that it subsists on Vice. Tell Piety that it is Self-deception. Tell Moralists to go to school. Tell the deluded multitude to know themselves if they would terminate their miseries.

"Not idly didst thou ask thyself, whilst bending o'er this solitary heather, 'What is Beauty?' Not idly, nor in vain. If Beauty dwell in this little flower, what is it? If its beauty consist not in the perfect adaptation of means to the end sought to be attained by its existence, it has no beauty : and if it does consist in this, still it has none ; for it is the work of God ; and to acknowledge its paternity is to admit its perfection. Perfection excludes all notion of ugliness, and has no need of any contradistinguishing appellation to describe it. The term Beauty is, therefore, conventional, and Man arrives at a notion of it through its *opposite* ; and of this, through the imperfection or paucity of his knowledge. Perfection is only another name for the handiwork of God ; and Beauty, for Perfection. It is only when we have no appreciation of the exquisite adaptation of an object to the end it serves in the magnificent scheme of Creation, that we pronounce it ugly. Whenever we perceive deformity in a natural object, or anything mean, or loathsome, or impure, we are but viewing, as in a glass, the reflex of our own Ignorance. Our preferences and dislikes have their origin in our ability or inability to recognise perfection ; and in those circumstances in objects which more readily enable us to gratify our inherent *desire to know*. This last is the true but hitherto unrecognised basis of all conventional beauty. Metaphysicians, finding no definable beauty in the works of Nature, explain that certain circumstances in objects produce in the

mind, after an unsettled and lawless manner, an arbitrary bias, an accidental preference : this preference or bias, they say, is an emotion, a pleasure-giving feeling ; and *this feeling*, they tell us, is Beauty. Here they stop. They do not tell us to what circumstance or to what combination of circumstances in objects this feeling is to be referred ; and, not affording this information, they afford none. Precisely of the same value is all their teaching. To have gone further they must have touched the First Principle, and we should have had philosophy instead of the cobweb tissue of which even modern metaphysics is composed.

“There is nothing purposeless in nature, and, hence, no natural bias of the mind is purposeless. In the FORMS of things the mind has a bias towards CURVES. But why ? There are many reasons. I will mention one. Man cannot comprehend infinity : nor can he derive pleasure from what he cannot comprehend. A straight line has in it the *principle* of infinitude : unbroken it is infinite. The mind strives to grasp it, and is repulsed. There is more of awe than pleasure in this repulse. From its interminable vastness we cannot take in the thought : we are doomed to joyless ignorance. The emotion we experience is Sublimity. Whatever awakens the feeling, or impresses us with the idea, of undefined, or defineless, immensity is sublime. Of this the straight line is suggestive ; hence, it affords the mind less satisfaction than the curve ; and for this reason—the mind *can* comprehend the Circle. No matter how immense it be, the mind can travel round it. The process is easy. There is something cut out from Space ; something we can comprehend and KNOW. This is the source and purpose of the bias. Every natural bias of the mind has the same tendency : —it yearns to KNOW.

“In the colours of things, unbroken uniformity would be flatness, sameness, suggestive of infinity. The difficulty of isolating objects, and thus, of *knowing them*, would be immense. Colours obviate this difficulty ; and those most distinguished by their brilliancy give a natural bias to the mind in their favour. This is the beneficent purpose of the bias.

"Sounds and Odours answer similar ends. As they tend to gratify the natural cravings of the soul for knowledge, and as they simplify the process, they are pleasure-giving. Link them by sameness to infinity, and they inspire awe.

"Wonder and Awe are the progeny of Ignorance. Mental pleasure is the invariable result of Knowledge. The emotion we call sublimity originates in Ignorance. The emotion which we have any rational authority to name Beauty, originates in those circumstances in all natural objects, which serve as means to the growth of our Intelligence.

"All Nature woos mankind to know it, and thus to ascend to a closer communion with its Almighty Author. The flowers are not odorous, nor their forms and colours manifold, to delight the senses merely: the senses, as well as that innate feeling which directs our preferences, are the appointed inlets of our knowledge; and these various circumstances, the wooing aids to our perceptions. To convert the pleasure-giving means of knowledge into finalities is unmitigated sensualism:—an error to which even brute natures do not stoop. There is not, Ramus, a blade of grass that points to Heaven but bids thee be intelligent and happy.

"Knowledge amongst men may be positive or negative: thou hast the key to both. Positive Knowledge spiritualises, ennobles, elevates, refines. Negative Knowledge sensualises and degrades. Evil will no longer be a mystery to thee, nor Good elude thy search: nor shall the idea of two contending Principles in the world ever again throw gloom upon thy spirit, or shake thy trust in God.

"The sun is sinking: let us arise. As from this eminence thou viewest the varied landscape, so, from an altitude of knowledge unreached till now, shalt thou cast thy mental eye over the outspread page of History, and by the steady light of Truth see clearly whence ruin came on empires; see from what single cause all the spurious systems of Civilisation the world has known have crumbled into nothing. Thou shalt perceive in thy survey that wherever there is mystery there is fraud, wherever there is ignorance there is evil. Thou shalt see the emptiness of book-men's learning, and how intellect weds itself to error. Thou shalt find that

Law, the breath of Power, is based on Selfishness; and Government, the sinews of that Power—on Wrong. Thou shalt perceive that all the systems of Philosophy yet known to men are reared on falsehood: thou shalt supply a solid base of Truth. Thou shalt see in thy survey infinite perplexity, ever-involving involution: thou shalt restore simplicity. Out of this chaos of Ignorance and Evil shall proceed an universe of Intellect and Happiness. 'Let there be light;'—and mysticism shall vanish, and Intelligence, like yon Sun, cheer with its equitable radiance the entire family of men. Gaze on that glorious object, my dear Ramus, that its last ray may rest on thee, as now do my injunctions!"

He ceased. A cloud of deepest crimson, edged with gold, rose from the horizon o'er the half-sunk orb, and twilight took the place of day. I turned. My monitor had gone! I was again alone! Reader! was all this ecstasy? or was it real? It has been said:—

"SUCH BODILESS CREATION, ECSTASY  
IS VERY CUNNING IN."

---

## CHAPTER IV.

It was on the evening of the feast of St. Bartholomew that the mysterious communication narrated in the two preceding chapters was made to me. When the Revelation had ended and the sun had set, I found myself alone on the common amid the deepening twilight. I was in no haste to quit the spot sanctified by these revealings until the gathering darkness admonished me to do so. In about a quarter of an hour I gained a footpath across the common which conducted to the public road. Quietly I pursued my way for several miles without meeting, as far as I remember, a living thing. The whole time I was entirely absorbed in my reflections.

Whether wonder at the strangeness of the events I had experienced, or the happiness they had produced in me, was the predominant feeling, I know not; but just as I was



entering a village through which I had to pass on my way home, the current of my thoughts was interrupted by the ringing out of the passing-bell which told of some world-weary brother having gone to his appointed rest ; and I thought of the words of the mysterious Dionysius,—“ My voice is but an echo : as our shadows lengthen our existence wanes : be thou my voice when I am shadowless ! ” He had uttered these words while his shadow slept beside my own on the mossy greensward. Could it be *his* knell I was listening to ?

It was late when I arrived at my quiet home. I was occupied until far beyond midnight recording in my journal the strange incidents of the evening ; and then, without taking any refreshment, I retired to rest and enjoyed a deep and refreshing sleep, unbroken even by a dream, until far into the following day. I awoke to the enjoyment of a new existence. To me the world was no longer the same world : at any rate I saw it through another medium. But though it seemed to me more miserable than formerly, I knew the cause of its miseries, and felt myself to be the repository of the secret of their cure.

It was an awful happiness ; too great to bear alone ; and I sighed for a friend to whom I could impart a portion of my responsibility. Such an one, out of a large circle of neglected acquaintances, I felt I had not ; and I bore my secret about me with a fulness of enjoyment, that had but to pass the boundary on which it trembled to become suffering and pain.

My feet still rested on the earth ; but my head was in the clear sunshine far above the clouds. Below me were the tempests, and the murky atmosphere of error-encircled Man ; above and around me were the peaceful glories of an intellectual heaven ; and my busy spirit seemed to enjoy a blessed intercommunion with souls made perfect by Intelligence. I was *in* the world of humanity, but not *of* it. I seemed to have parted with the calculating turmoils of time, and to dwell already in the smooth current of ever-enlarging felicity, caused by ever-increasing knowledge. I occasionally cast my thoughts towards the earth, and sympathised with the

victims of its thick-coming miseries; and, with the old leaven of superstitious earthliness about me, I sighed for the power to work a miracle for their enlightenment. I desired to breathe my spirit on the world, and convince it of its errors by an act of inspiration: and, for a brief space, I thought the thought of a calumniated writer, long since dead; Oh, that the Deity had written his high behests on the face of the sun, that all men might know His will! But has he not, thought I, done more than this? Has he not implanted an inextinguishable desire for the one thing needful deep in the soul of every human being? Has he not adopted the more gratifying mode of communicating his will? not in a material form by writing on the sun, or arranging the stars into a luminous decalogue; not as man, the animal, communes with man, his brother animal, but as spirit communes with spirit? Does it not say as loud as yearning soul can speak, and in an universal language which none who think can misinterpret: Know thyself: Know God: be intelligent, and be happy?

I reflected that although the Virtues and the Moralities, abstractedly, are nothing, that Happiness is a reality co-existent with Intelligence; and that Intelligence must exist eternally, even though Matter, at the fiat of the Almighty, were again resolved into its single element; though it were again floating through space, imponderous, and without form; subtle as electricity, which probably it is;—for Matter must be One, and Infinite Intelligence, its soul. How either *came to be*, is of no consequence: enough for us, *they are*. Whether Matter, in its state of ultimate subdivision, thinks: or whether in this subtle state it be but the assimilated agent of Infinite Intelligence, is of no real importance to us now: yet still we would, all human as we are, push our investigations further if we could, nor leave even this stupendous truth unknown. How active, then, thought I, is that ever-living principle within us which prompts us to this discovery! and how besotted are mankind, how dulled their intellect by erroneous training and disuse, to need any other proof of what we are, of what our business is on earth, and what is the end and purpose of our being! Still, alas!

these facts are unperceived. Not one in a million has proved them to himself ; or, in himself, where only it can be found, has he ever dreamed of searching for the evidence. Long and anxiously I pondered on these things. How, thought I, may these all-important truths be shown ? how proved to the millions who have neither the desire (for it is dead), nor the aptitude, for the knowledge ;—who are only animally cognisant of things, but, mentally, are blind ? How shall one mind illuminate millions who are unconsciously enamoured with their darkness ? Spiritualise those who are proud of their animalism ? elevate those who are satisfied with their degradation ? In what form of words can this newly-acquired knowledge be made to permeate all mankind ? The responsibility seemed awful : the task too great to be attempted. An invisible power urged me onward : a growing sense of the difficulty restrained me. Should I abandon the task ? or, relying on the innate power of Truth, attempt it ? Thus I argued :—The blooming plant was once a tiny seed ; the giant oak, an acorn : a grain of sand, the nucleus of a world : the greatest thing had a beginning. Had not my Mentor, Dionysius, likened the truth he set before me to a seed ? “Thou shalt plant it,” said he, “and, Ramus, it shall grow.” I determined to attempt it ; but, by what means I knew not. Who, methought, am I ? Almost a stranger amongst my Species : a voluntary outcast of society, living apart even from my kindred and acquaintances, and perhaps—for experience had not tested the fact—perhaps without a single friend ! There was sadness in the thought, but it was a momentary sadness. Like a cloudlet hurrying across the moon, this transient sadness overpassed my soul. I reflected that it might have been otherwise had I married. Marriage has its consequences ; and these consequences are sometimes evil. I have known the very nature of a good man changed by marriage, that is, seemingly changed ; but the truth lies deeper : his nature struggled for a development which marriage checked. So gentle was the nature of poor Catholicus, that no sentient creature could suffer pain, nor any soul feel misery, but a sympathetic chord in his own soul was touched. Alas ! to wish only a good wish for any

other being than his wife was treason in her eyes : but Catholicus was a *man*, and though a kind one, he grew tyrannous in defence of his humanity. His life was infelicitous : his character was misunderstood : he died mad : and Ignorance wrote his epitaph. How many of the inmates of Bedlam, past and present, have become demented from feelings and experiences akin to those of poor Catholicus ! I have sympathy with these madmen. Were the world's ways wiser than they are, these unfortunates had not gone mad. It is chiefly the most thoughtful and best-intentioned men amongst us that now become demented : men who think till they know not what to think, then, soul-sick, mope, or rave, or smile on vacancy till death enlightens them ! A chaos is theirs of glory and misery ; particles of the ineffable light of Divinity glittering here and there amidst an ocean of gloom ! the light supplied by nature interfused with the darkness supplied by authority, and called light. No marvel they are mad ! They are, however, wiser than the sane ; for they have seen that Evil is paramount on earth, and have had some luminous glimpses of a bright hereafter : and to both these experiences most of the sane are strangers. Sanity signifies an inordinate love of self. The wife of poor Catholicus was eminently sane, and as eminently short-sighted : she would have been more loved had her husband been permitted to bestow some of his affection on his daughter or his dog. Touched with the fate of poor Catholicus, I rejoiced that I had not been married : I was happy in reflecting that probably I had no friend. If I had friends, thought I, if I had a particular predilection for a few amongst my species, I should of necessity have less active sympathy for the many : if I loved some in particular, the aggregate I could not love at all. It is assuredly better as it is. If I had preferences, I must respect those preferences. If I were swayed by individual friendships, I should have no power even to do right, in opposition to their insidious influence. The greater duty would succumb to the lesser, and Wrong would have all the charms of Right. In sentiment it is an amiable, perhaps a natural weakness ; but in action it is a pernicious thing. Let no man ACT through

friendship, or, through friendship, be debarred from action, if he would do the work assigned to him on earth! Every act of partial munificence, every act of personal regard, is a wrong felt and suffered somewhere. It is better, far better that I should have no friend, than that out of respect to my friend I should betray humanity. I was happy that I had no friend. I was penetrated with an unspeakable, a deeply reverential thankfulness to the great Author of my being, that my love had a larger scope; that my affections embraced the universe. Night and day, every moment of my existence, this thought of my duty, with its accompanying homage to Him who had endowed me with thought, was present with me; and was to me, and still is, the most sublime religion. Go where I would, this unutterable happiness attended me; and all I said and did, or desired to say and do, had reference to the one end I now so clearly saw before me. I felt to be above the reach of misfortune, and that Evil was powerless to harm me; and I thought, how blessed the time when there shall be no evil!

Days and weeks flew noiseless by; moons waxed and waned; but my momentous secret still slept untold. Prudence, not selfish fear, restrained its utterance. What is ill-done were better undone. If my felicity had a dash of misery in it, it proceeded from a growing sense of my inability to grapple with an evil which taints, and intertwines itself with everything, and has a power, torpedo-like, to paralyse the arm of him who, with a hostile purpose, ventures but to touch it.

For months I resolved on commencing my hopeless task, yet still did nothing. In order to fix and concentrate my thoughts, I sometimes attempted to read: but reading had lost its relish. Books were full of absurdities; more ignorant, most of them, than the illiterate beings whom the selfish policy of society shuts out from their perusal. Newspapers were but the heartless records of iniquity; the glass in which an ignorant world might view the reflex of its ignorance. Whether the records of the Police Court, or the records of the Imperial Parliament, were the more sickening I know not; but the motives of all the actors in the drama

of life, from the pickpocket to the prime minister, seemed to me to be equally false. Wherever I directed my attention the result was the same. All the labours of men had taken the wrong direction: they were either purposeless, or their purpose wrong. I mixed more with mankind, and calmly observed whatever was passing around me. Everywhere there was intense activity, ceaseless aspirings, but all to a wrong end. If, thought I, the whole mass were inert or sluggish, "a little leaven might leaven the entire lump:" but, in full activity, who shall attempt to turn it in its course, check its headlong wilfulness, and guide it to its good?

About a month after the event which produced the state of mind I have been describing, I became acquainted—how it matters not—with the following circumstances.

At sunset, on the day of the feast of Saint Bartholomew, at his residence in Fulham, died the Reverend Dionysius Lackland; a man whose life had been consumed in study, and whose one object in living was to do good. He would probably have lived longer had his object been really attainable, and his labours less perplexing. But ever scrutinising his own actions, noting their origin and following them into their more distant consequences, he perceived that his best actions sometimes originated in weakness, and frequently resulted in evil; whilst evil, whether intentional or otherwise, he observed, not less frequently conduced to some more ultimate good: in short, that the actions of men, in the abstract, are neither good nor bad; but that they are an unbroken chain of consequences and causes with which human misery is most mysteriously connected. To lessen the sum of this suffering was his aim; but every act was manifold, not single in its consequences: here it was the *remedy* of an evil; there its *cause*: and where would its influence, either for good or evil, cease to operate? Would happiness or misery preponderate in the endless progress of its consequences? How, said he, should any act of a human being be uniformly beneficent, when the very rain of Heaven which fertilises my fields, deluges my neighbour's pastures and drowns his flock? Are Good and Evil names alone, and

not realities? Could we have a sense of either if we were wise? During the latter years of his life he had devoted himself entirely to study with the view to disentangle these perplexities, and discover the source of these, to him, humiliating contradictions: and from this reason, as well as from certain conscientious motives, he had for several years relinquished his clerical ministrations. To be a useful servant of God, he felt he ought to know something of the laws of God; to assume to be His ordained Minister, he conceived that he ought to be more deeply initiated than other men in the latent mysteries of his Will: to be a Shepherd, that he should know something of the true nature and necessities of his flock. He was a "Learned" man; but with all his learning, he felt himself to be as incapable of distinguishing between Good and Evil as the most ignorant over whom he was exercising a teachership. He examined his credentials, and doubting of their genuineness, he was constrained to lay aside the arrogant title of "One of God's vicegerents here on earth." He had seen much, travelled much, read much, conversed much, and deeply had he meditated on all: indeed, few men were more conversant with all the surface-matters which make up the showy sum of human knowledge than Dionysius Lackland; but, that Good and Evil should be so inextricably interwoven, perplexed him greatly; his health failed him, he became a recluse, and was seldom seen beyond the somewhat narrow limits of his own house and grounds. His only daughter, Ellen, was his sole companion; and through her agency nearly all his communications with the outward world were made. She was the instrument of his charities, the repository of his thoughts, the manager of his household, and the entertainer of his casual guests. Sometimes, his amanuensis; sometimes she was to him what the youthful David was to Saul, the exorcist of his melancholy, and would charm away his sadness on the harp.

It was the opinion of Dionysius Lackland that he who prevents human suffering, by removing the causes of misery, is a greater benefactor to his race than he who spends his fortune to relieve it, and hopes by his charity to diminish its amount. He was himself a Howard; but his aim was to do

away with all need of philanthropy. He held that Benevolence is as disgraceful to society as Crime, and that both are equal evidences of a world-spanning injustice. It was to demonstrate these somewhat startling positions, and to establish them on the solid basis of an all-embracing Truth, that the labour of the latter portion of his life had been devoted. His health, which had always been delicate, gave way, and he died, leaving the accomplishment of the task, as well as the guardianship of his daughter, to me. The task is before me, and the maiden at this moment by my side.

For form's sake I will now acquaint thee, friend reader, with a circumstance which thou hast anticipated already, notwithstanding that I have feebly affected the craft of the novelist with a view to a surprise: but as the events of my life have been few, and none of them very romantic, I expect thy forgiveness that I have attempted to make the most of this.—Ellen Lackland is my niece; Dionysius, my long-lost brother; and the long-ago deceased mother of Ellen, the Ellen Raymond of my early years, whose ideal I had so long cherished as my soul's secret idol, and who more than lives again in Ellen Randolph. Ellen is a girl in years, but more than a woman in intelligence and unselfish catholicity of mind. She has been nursed and instructed in a purer knowledge than falls to the lot of the generality of the daughters of men, and inherits a nature worthy of the teaching she has received.

Her father, Raphael Randolph, (or if the reader pleases, Dionysius Lackland,) had conceived the idea of a new Philosophy for mankind; and if not of a new Religion, such a purification of the old as would render its practice new, whatever may be the antiquity or origin of its leading precepts. A mass of notes without order or arrangement,—the occasional jottings down of ideas for the illustration of a system yet in embryo in his own mind, is all the assistance derivable from his papers. These are now in my possession, and the key to them—the mysterious communication made to me on the evening of the feast of Saint Bartholomew, the day of my brother's death.

The mode of this communication, whether it was what is



called "second sight" that I experienced ; or a trance, or a reverie, or a dream, or a ghostly visitation, I must leave to the sagacity of others to determine. The believers in apparitions and the supernatural visits by the dying to their absent friends, so often recorded, and so credibly attested, will most likely incline to this latter suggestion, when I shall have related the additional circumstances which invest this opinion with an air of probability ; for, certainly, the power of long-pent-up affection, a strong will, and the accomplishment of a dearly-cherished object, are more than the usual superinducing causes generally urged by way of accounting for such supra-mortal occurrences.

He had said in the morning that he should die at sunset ; and as the evening approached, he was, by his own wish, placed in his chair at the open window of his apartment, that, as he said, he might, for the last time, see the sun go down, and feel its warm rays play about him. His daughter sat beside him in the sunbeams. He now and then conversed with her on the subject of his translation until he fell into a sleep, calm as the slumbers of an infant when the Angels are whispering spirit-stories to its soul. At sunset he awoke, smiled an affectionate farewell to Ellen, and his other attendants, then slept the sleep of the blessed.

Agitated by feelings which it were useless to describe, and absorbed by reflections which have been faintly indicated, and, I fear, too tediously dwelt upon already, I one night retired to rest somewhat earlier than usual. I had taken a narcotic to promote sleep, to which I had lately been almost a stranger ; and my health was suffering from its loss. I soon fell into a delightful slumber, and in a long-continued vision,—the particulars of which it will be the business of the five following chapters to relate—I saw the object of my wishes realised ; my delegated task accomplished. More vivid than reality were the scenes and circumstances of that dream ; and the impression they made on me, more distinct and indelible than almost any occurrence of my waking life.

The description and details of this extraordinary vision-dream will terminate the first part of this little work, to

which, indeed, the portion we are now concluding is merely the introduction ; and, if I have been thus far successful in convincing thee, my dear reader, that the world is neither as happy nor as wise as it might be, I am of opinion that thou wilt nerve thyself to the task of a deliberate and unprejudiced perusal of the ALPHA we are about commencing. Its object is to show the way—the only one—by which this world-wide desideratum—THE GREATEST ATTAINABLE HAPPINESS OF THE ENTIRE FAMILY OF MEN—can by any possibility be accomplished. And although thou wilt find the relation of these dream-experiences less fantastic than the Arabian tales, and far less diverting than Don Quixote, I promise thee that thou shalt extract germs of wisdom therefrom, which it shall be the chief business of thy after-life to tend and nurture, that their growth within thee may insure thy happiness here, and thy felicity in the never-ending hereafter—*which will come*, whether it find thee watching or asleep ; *which will come*, whether thy soul, incapable of anything but knowledge, have added to its store, or neglected the acquisition.

Virtue is nothing : morality is nothing : holiness is nothing : religion is nothing : for true knowledge includes them all, and is at once virtue, morality, holiness, philosophy, and religion. The only difference between thee and other men is a difference in knowledge : the only difference between men and angels is a difference in knowledge : and probably the only difference between Angels and the Deity, however immense it may be, is a difference in knowledge. The soul is immaterial, and incapable of blot or stain : it can neither suffer pollution, nor add to its purity : it can neither perish, nor part with its consciousness, nor be deprived of its intelligence ; for intelligence and soul are indivisible, and, in effect, are one. All this the Alpha-vision will prove to thee ; will make a part of thee ; for thou wilt not believe alone, but know ; and its Philosophy will be thy religion :—a Religion differing from all others in this—that it cannot be put on and off at pleasure, but must be ever-active, forming an essential portion of every act, and every thought ; needing no minister, no guide, and demand-

ing of its votaries that they be **MEN ENDEED** ; men who have their own welfare in their own keeping ; not self-sold slaves, who, by an act of unspeakable idiocy, consign body and soul to the charge of creatures, in everything but cunning, exactly similar to themselves. If thou wouldst be wiser than these, listen to the Spirit-teacher that solicits thy attention in my Dream !

---

## CHAPTER V.

### THE VISION.

I COULD not have been long asleep when my vision commenced. At first it was confused : familiar objects had parted with their old appearance ; and new things seemed familiar. I was in my own house ; in my own library, yet nothing in it seemed to be my own. My books were not in their accustomed bindings. A few old portraits in oaken frames had changed to landscapes, and other subjects, scriptural and profane, in golden ones. Anon the apartment had parted with its semi-modern, neat appearance, and became a spacious Gothic hall, filled with a crowd of anxious-looking persons. In the next moment it had shaped itself into that portion of Westminster Abbey known as Poet's Corner. A few of the assembled crowd were examining the monuments. Now the busts and statues were no longer monuments, but living men who mingled with the assemblage, every individual of which seemed to be anxiously awaiting some interesting event—a circumstance rendered evident to me by the excitement, and uneasy look of impatient expectation observable on their intelligent countenances. Suddenly I was seized with a similar feeling, and, without speaking to any one, I seemed to know that all were awaiting the arrival of **DIONYSIUS** to propound his new Philosophy. In the next moment, there he stood, "the observed of all observers," just as I had seen him on the common.

The place was now no longer Poet's Corner, but the beautiful chapel of Henry the Seventh, with its stalls, and banners,

its "dim religious light," its pendent ceiling of geometric tracery, and its quaint carvings of exquisite design and wondrous workmanship. Its dimensions had, however, expanded with the occasion, and thousands were congregated within its nave. How strange that in our dreams we have no consciousness of incongruity with respect to time! Conspicuous in the stalls were Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Chaucer, Drayton, Dryden, Marlowe, Massinger, Milton, Butler, Byron, in short, the Parnassus of England; and had the great Father of poetry, old Homer himself, been amongst them, I should have viewed him, as I did the others, without the slightest sense of the anachronism. It must be that, in the spiritual world, with which we seem to have an easy commerce in our dreams, **WHATEVER HAS BEEN, IS.** Methought Shakspeare occupied the place of honour, and was, as by common consent, or prior arrangement, the President or Moderator of the assembly.

Dionysius stood on the dais in front of the tomb of Henry and his queen: and near him, dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness, stood the beautiful and intelligent Ellen. I was oblivious as to any consanguinity with either. The one was simply Ellen Randolph; the other the mysterious Dionysius with whom I had conversed on the common. And now, proceeding from the adjoining choir, a strain of music of the most unearthly sweetness, mingled (for so it seemed) with spirit-voices, filled the whole arena. It ceased; and Echo took up the strain. A thrill of the most exquisite pleasure passed through the whole assembly, which now seemed countless, and was composed of men and women of all grades and conditions. Even the roof and carvings were peopled with human faces, and every eye was bent on Dionysius. By insensible degrees he had become endued with more than human beauty; whilst Ellen's figure had so blended into his, that, to my heated imagination, the twain seemed one.

He advanced to the extremity of the platform, and, with an emphasis of which all understood the meaning, said:—

"Life is not a jest."—Here Goldsmith looked at Gay—  
"It is a glorious reality."—Here Milton and Byron exchanged

significant glances—"Ignorance is—not the '*curse of God*,'—but the cause of evil: 'Knowledge is the wing on which men soar to Heaven.'—"

Methought Shakspeare blushed, whilst to do him honour, the assembled thousands, moved by one impulse, rose!—Dionysius continued:—

"The world has erred; still errs, and is unhappy. The rich are unhappy notwithstanding their possessions. The poor are unhappy by reason of their numerous necessities. The wisdom of the wisest ends in disappointment; and to be ignorant is as safe as to be wise; for, of both conditions, misery is the inevitable lot. Vice riots in luxury, whilst Virtue pines in want. Audacious Impudence has everything but happiness, whilst Modesty lacks even bread. Dulness fares sumptuously, whilst Genius starves. Thus it has ever been, even from the beginning. Still, life is not a jest, but a great reality. The world has erred, still errs, and is unhappy.

"Much can be advanced in vindication of the worst things: and much also may be urged in disparagement of the best. Every question in Politics, Ethics, and Religion has two sides, and each side its zealous defenders. They may be as opposite as light to darkness both in their nature and results, yet the partisans of each maintain that THEIR position is true and right, and denounce the position of their opponents as false, and wrong, and fraught with evil. Thus, Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, Falsehood and Truth, are inextricably interwoven and confounded. What is the inference? Either that the Deity delights to mock His creatures; or, that His creatures, being ignorant, mock and cajole themselves. One or the other of these it must be. It is the least indecorous to believe that the latter supposition is the true one. Let us, then, suspect ourselves, rather than entertain so unhallowed a thought as that the Deity made men in sport; sent them in pursuit of a happiness which is beyond their reach; and embroils them in feuds the most atrocious for the attainment of a visionary good.

"Now, in order that we should know how to distinguish Evil from Good, Wrong from Right, Falsehood from Truth, it is necessary that we should have an unerring guide. It is

THE BUSINESS OF PHILOSOPHY (by which I mean the Science of the Intellect) TO FURNISH SUCH A GUIDE. Mankind have never yet had such a Philosophy. We must discover such an one, or continue to endure the evils resulting from the want. IT MUST BE A PURE PHILOSOPHY, COMPREHENSIBLE BY ALL, CAPABLE OF BEING PRACTISED BY ALL, AND EMBRACING THE HIGHEST INTERESTS OF ALL ;—A PHILOSOPHY AT ONCE SIMPLE, INTELLIGIBLE, AND SUFFICIENT. To do this we must discover the fundamental Truth, which is the exponent of all truth that appertains to the duties and rights of Men. We must have an unerring Principle as the basis of our Philosophy ; and to supply this Principle is the task to which I pledge myself in the face of this assembly.

“ In this important matter we must proceed carefully, and step by step. We must be certain that every previous step is safe before the subsequent one be taken. As Reason must decide whether each proposition advanced be false or true ; and as no truth can be truth to us until our Reason perceives it to be truth, I earnestly intreat that no proposition be allowed to pass so long as a reason can be urged against it.”

Here two Philosophers, ERNEST STRONG-I'-THE-FAITH, and DIOGENES DULL, with whose persons and opinions I seemed to have been previously acquainted, rose together, and in one voice denied that reason could be relied on in a matter so important : and, after the right of priority had with some difficulty been decided, each of them proceeded to give his *reasons* for his dissent. Dionysius thus disposed of their objections :—

“ The very act of these Objectors proves the fallacy of their objection. They, professedly, support by reason their objection against reason. They admit what they deny, and deny what they admit ; and another word need not be wasted on the subject. That Reason often errs is because the Reasoner does not make sure of his facts. SIMPLE PERCEPTION is the consciousness of individual Facts which exist within ourselves, or externally to ourselves. REASON IS COMPLEX OR INTUITIVE PERCEPTION : it is a consciousness of sundry single facts combined with a consciousness of another series of facts

which can only be perceived by comparing single facts with each other : for example, I perceive a stone : I next perceive a stream of running water. I find that the stone is ponderous and solid : I perceive that the water is ponderous and fluid. I next perceive that there is a coincidence between them ; and a difference. Both have ponderosity ; that is a fact : but both are not fluid ; that is another fact. The stone is at rest : the water is in motion. Observing these additional facts, I am led to perceive other facts arising out of these ; namely, that the ponderosity and solidity of the stone are a cause of its being at rest ; and that the ponderosity and fluidity of the water are a cause of its being in motion. Here we have arrived at **COMPLEX PERCEPTION**, namely, **Sensuous Perception**, and **Intuitive Perception** ; **AND THIS IS REASON** ; differing only from **SIMPLE SENSUOUS PERCEPTION** in this ;—that by comparing single facts we become conscious of the various circumstances in which they differ and agree, as well as of the more latent facts of Cause and Effect. There is, then, nothing more mysterious about Reason than there is about Consciousness, the existence of which, as **THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF THE INTELLECT** and the germ of all Thought, I presume neither of these Objectors will deny."

**STRONG-I'-THE FAITH** nodded acquiescence : but **DULL** denied that Consciousness, as a test of the truth of things, is an established fact : hence, he contended, that men have no **CRITERIUM** of Truth, and that **ALL PHILOSOPHY IS THENCE IMPOSSIBLE**. He contended that there is no certain evidence of external things, and that a man has no proof even of his own existence. He therefore denied the infallibility of what is called Consciousness, whether Sensuous or Intuitive, until its truthfulness could be established as an incontrovertible fact. To this argument **Dionysius** replied thus :—

"If the Objector is nothing, then the objection is nothing ; and Nothing can be the author of an objection, which is an absurdity. Perhaps the best proof that can be given that every human being really exists, is that every human being who really thinks on the subject is firmly persuaded of the fact. **IT IS AN INNATE CONVICTION AS IRRESISTIBLE AS IT**

IS UNIVERSAL. Even those who pretend to doubt it only prove themselves to be pretenders: for how is it possible to believe in a proof furnished by reasoning on assumed premises, if they cannot believe a self-evident proposition too obvious to need a proof, and too simple to be established by a syllogism? Again: how could these doubters believe in the result of a syllogism, without first believing in the existence of the Entity which at once originates the syllogism, and is the subject of the doubt? A BELIEF IN THE POTENCY OF THEIR OWN REASON, IS A BELIEF IN THEIR OWN EXISTENCE. We are conscious of the fact, and this Consciousness is Knowledge; the Mind, or Soul, knows that it exists.

"If this fundamental position cannot be refuted—if the Soul be an 'Intelligent Principle,' and if 'Intelligence be the First (active) Principle of the Human Mind,' it is clear that a System of Philosophy logically based thereon is true; and not only true, but unassailable when it shall have been cemented in all its parts by a logical synthesis which human reason cannot controvert, nor, without being guilty of self-confuting absurdity—deny. It is seen that an inveterate Scepticism is capable of the latter attempt: and if I can show that Scepticism is based on a self-confuting absurdity, and that it has no base but this—which is no base—I shall disarm Criticism of *that* weapon, and compel it to reason, and depend on the conclusions of reason, or be silent: for it is monstrous to assume, as this denier of all Philosophy does, that—*your* reason needs a CRITERIUM, but *mine* does not. We shall be told, perhaps, that the Sceptic does not reason; that he only doubts. I ask, by way of answer,—Of what importance is the doubt of a mere mental Automaton? But the fact is, all great Sceptics, Pyrrho and Hume for example, were great reasoners, and reasoned themselves into a belief that Reason is not to be relied on: hence their inquiry,—How do you know that Reason is not deceptive? Where is your Criterium of Truth? A Doubter does not stop at doubting; he denies: nor does he stop at denial; he affirms. On the plea that there is no Criterium of Reason, he denies that Reason can be relied on; and thence affirms that all Philosophy is impossible. This is the Sceptic's diffi-



culty. Is it real? He has a reason for his doubt, and a reason for his affirmation or denial : and here is the absurdity—he denies what he affirms, and affirms what he denies. We are obliged by the very constitution of our cognitive faculty to rely on Reason, which yet assures us that Reason ought not to be relied on! Is there any way out of this difficulty? If the Objector—this denier of Philosophy—will honestly and truthfully reply Yes or No to the questions I desire to address to him, I think there is."

Dull promised both candour and brevity ; and the following colloquy ensued :—

*Dion.*—Can the same affirmation be both absolutely true and absolutely false ?

*Dull.*—Certainly not.

*Dion.*—Then, the Conclusions of Reason cannot be at once both true and false ?

*Dull.*—They cannot.

*Dion.*—They must be one or the other ?

*Dull.*—Clearly.

*Dion.*—When your Reason tells you that without a Criterium of reason, reason cannot be trusted, do you believe your Reason ?

*Dull.*—I do.

*Dion.*—Have you any Criterium of the truth of the reason which induces you to conclude that reason without a Criterium might be fallacious ?

*Dull.*—I have not.

*Dion.*—And yet you rely on it ?

*Dull.*—I do.

*Dion.*—Do you think it absurd to say, with other men, that grass is green, and the sky blue ?

*Dull.*—I do not.

*Dion.*—Is there any absurdity in affirming that two parallel lines, though infinitely produced, can never meet ?

*Dull.*—None.

*Dion.*—Why ?

*Dull.*—Because I am compelled to admit that their meeting is impossible.

*Dion.*—What is your Criterium here ?

*Dull.*—My Reason, certainly.

*Dion.*—Do you feel, in this case, that your Criterium, not being supported by another Criterium, is thence in any way fallacious?

*Dull.*—I do not.

*Dion.*—Do you think the axioms on which the Mathematical Sciences are based are either doubtful or erroneous?

*Dull.*—Certainly not.

*Dion.*—Nor, when logically ascertained, that their Conclusions are false?

*Dull.*—No.

*Dion.*—Then you do not require any further Criterium than you have at present in proof that a Circle is not a Triangle, that two parallel lines can never meet, that the whole of anything is greater than a part, and that two and two are equal to four?

*Dull.*—I do not.

*Dion.*—Why?

*Dull.*—They are too self-evident to be disputed: it is impossible not to be satisfied that they are true.

*Dion.*—You have said, have you not, that you need no other Criterium than you have at present in proof that your reason does not deceive you as to the necessity for a Criterium of reason, and of a Criterium of that Criterium, *ad infinitum*?

*Dull.*—If I have not already said so, I say so now.

*Dion.*—Does not this admission involve an absurdity?

*Dull.*—It appears so, certainly.

*Dion.*—Is it not clear that Human Reason can be trusted in many cases?

*Dull.*—It is.

*Dion.*—And why not in all?

*Dull.*—Because in all cases the Truth is not self-evident.

*Dion.*—Are not self-evident truths necessary truths?

*Dull.*—They are.

*Dion.*—Are not all truths Necessary whether self-evident to us or not?

*Dull.*—Undoubtedly.

*Dion.*—When self-evident, our present Criterium, that is, our Reason, is sufficient to convince us of their truth?

*Dull.*—It is.

*Dion.*—And when not self-evident we want a further Criterium?

*Dull.*—Yes.

*Dion.*—Then, if all truths were self-evident, no Criterium would be needed?

*Dull.*—None.

*Dion.*—Is not Reason that faculty of the Soul by which a Being to whom some truths are self-evident and some are not, or to whom some facts are known and others unknown—taking self-evident truths, or known facts, as his Criteria—arrives at the knowledge of other truths which are more latent and involved?

*Dull.*—Such is the process of Reasoning, certainly.

*Dion.*—Then, Reason is Perception?

*Dull.*—It would seem so.

*Dion.*—You have said that if all truths were self-evident no Criterium would be needed?

*Dull.*—I have.

*Dion.*—Meaning thereby that what is known to be true as soon as perceived could not be rendered more evident, or more certain, by any conceivable Criterium?

*Dull.*—Yes.

*Dion.*—In the solution of any complicated problem, is not every fact in the series through which we arrive at the solution a self-evident proposition?—that is, self-evident to him who solves the problem?

*Dull.*—Certainly.

*Dion.*—Could any conceivable Criterium render them more evident?

*Dull.*—No.

*Dion.*—And is not the problem when solved perceived by him who solves it to be as certainly true as any fact in the series by which he arrived at his conclusion?

*Dull.*—Undoubtedly.

*Dion.*—Could any possible Criterium add one iota to our certitude of its truth?

*Dull.*—Clearly not.

*Dion.*—Seeing then, that the simplest truths are self-evi-

dent,—if the truth contained in the most complex proposition is capable of being reduced to self-evident elements, is it not clear that a Criterium of Reason is needless?

*Dull.*—It appears so, certainly.

*Dion.*—And can you form any conception of that which has no conceivable use?

*Dull.*—I cannot.

*Dion.*—A Criterium of Reason is, then, both needless and inconceivable?

*Dull.*—It must be so admitted.

*Dion.*—And is it not absurd to desire that which is neither desirable nor possible?

*Dull.*—Unless against all reason I deny that Reason cannot be relied on, this also must be admitted.

*Dion.*—Then our difficulty has vanished: and we may continue to assure ourselves that every proposition which is inconsistent in itself and involves a contradiction, is untenable, absurd, and false. It is not a Criterium of Reason which Man needs to open to his Soul the floodgates of all Truth; but a PERCEPTION more acute—keen as an Angel's ken—as all-embracing as a god's—as comprehensive as our Ambition—as infinite as our Hope: and to HIM who gave us this Ambition and this Hope to cheer us onward towards their consummation, be all praise and glory, and reverence, and honour, for the endowment!—Just to the extent that we truly PERCEIVE, we truly know. We conceive of Being, but PERCEIVE not what being is. We exist, but perceive not how we exist. We think, but perceive not how we think. We are, but perceive not, WITH THE CLEARNESS OF A GOD'S PERCEPTION, what we are. The idea of a CRITERIUM is absurd, because no conceivable criterium could render us more wise; but a more acute, a more enlarged PERCEPTION is what we need to make us—what?—not reasoning Men, but all-perceiving gods who have no need of reason. We are Men, not gods. This, and not the want of an impossible Criterium is the Sceptic's difficulty. But the great forerunner of Reason, half-perceiving Hope, tells us—and Reason which halts so far behind our Hope admits it might be true—that we are INCIPIENT gods, although not gods full-grown: and whilst

the enheartening conception of this glorious Hope whispers that the Soul is but as a caged bird beating its strong wings against the bars which imprison it, impatient for the joy of boundless liberty in the blue and starry infinite beyond—is it not absurd to magnify into a difficulty the necessary fact that Men are merely men, not gods!—as Sceptics do? Is it one iota *less* absurd (pardon the incongruity!) than for the seedling oak, reared in a flower-pot, to repine that it is not yet—deep-rooted in the forest—a giant tree, majestic in its massive bole, its mighty limbs, its myriad leaves, and wide-expanding branches?—that the germ of yesterday is not the instant growth of thrice three hundred years! But a greater absurdity still has yet to be named and answered. We have not, say the Sceptics, the Perception, the Knowledge of the full-grown god; ergo, Men have no basis for Philosophy: Philosophy is impossible. So said the Pyrrhonists of old: so say their Echoes now. Let us endeavour to dissipate this delusion. What is Philosophy? Assuredly, that Science which charges itself with the discovery of hidden truth. What is its basis? A limited Perception of Self-evident and necessary truth, which is indissolubly linked to the infinite series of hidden truths beyond it. And what is its process? Logical analysis, synthesis, and induction. Were we gods full-grown all truth would be self-evident, and Philosophy would be both needless and impossible: but as men are only men—susceptible of knowledge—needing knowledge—from the first dawn of the intellect desiring knowledge—having means beyond all other creatures known to us adapted to its attainment—endowed with an innate love of Truth, and a criterium within us by which to test its certitude;—Truth being thus a Happiness, a Necessity, a Possibility, and its constant accumulation—a Progress, which, from the very circumstance of there being an infinity of Truth beyond our mortal ken and grasp, *may* be—and all men hope it *will* be—a Progress capable of continuing to be a Possibility, a Necessity, and a Happiness to all of us for ever,—how absurd to say that Philosophy is for Gods—who need it not, but that for Men it is an impossibility! Yet this is Scepticism!”

Dull bowed his acknowledgments, and the speaker paused:

Meanwhile an approving murmur, subdued and solemn, such as the sea makes on the shingly beach when the night winds glide along its undulating surface, and the moonbeams dance thereon, and the stars stoop down to listen—passed through the congregated multitude. And instantly, with the lawless fancy of a Dreamer, I seemed to stand on the sea-shore amid the murmur of the waves, listening to one of those Echoes of Antiquity, a Modern Critic—one of those Oracles who read the living Present through the optics of the dead and buried Past,—learned and wise at second-hand, but by Habit, which is second nature, skilful in sophistry, and eloquently superficial. Methought he thus addressed me :

“After all this declamation, Mr. Randolph, this show of argument—the Stronghold of Scepticism is impregnable. There is no Criterium of Truth.”

“But we have had an unanswerable demonstration against your assertion,” I replied.

“Listen,” said he, “and judge. Plato magnificently developed *his* Idea theory, which Aristotle crushed by proving it to be purely *subjective*. But then the theory of Demonstration which Aristotle placed in its stead, was not that equally subjective? What was this boasted Logic but the systematic arrangement of Ideas obtained originally through sense? Aristotle’s knowledge could only be, after all, a knowledge of phenomena, although he wished to make out a science of Causes. And what are phenomena? Phenomena are the appearances of things. But where exists the *Criterium* of the truth of these Appearances? How are we to ascertain the exactitude of the accordance of these Appearances with the Things of which they are the Appearances? We know full well that things appear differently to us at different times; appear differently to different individuals; appear different to different Animals. Are any of these Appearances true? If so, *which* are? And *how* do you know which are? Moreover, reflect on this: We have five senses, each of which reveals to us a different quality in the object. Thus, an Apple is presented to us: we see it, smell it, feel it, taste it, hear it bitten; and the sight, smell, feeling, taste, and sound, are five different appearances—five different

aspects in which we perceive the Thing. If we had three Senses more, the Thing would have three qualities more ; it would present three more Appearances : if we had three senses less, the Thing would have but two qualities. Now, are these qualities *wholly and entirely dependent upon our Senses*, or do they really *appertain to the thing* ? The differences of impressions made on different people, would seem to show that the qualities of things were dependent on the Senses. These differences, at any rate, show that Things do not present one uniform series of Appearances. All we can say with any truth is, that Things appear to us in such and such a manner. That we have Sensations is true ; but we cannot say that our Sensations are *the true images of the Things*. That the Apple we have is brilliant, round, odorous, and sweet, may be very true, if we mean that it appears such to our senses ; but to keener or duller vision, scent, tact, and taste, it may be dull, rugged, offensive, and insipid. Yet, amidst this confusion of sensuous impressions, Philosophers pretend to distinguish the true from the false : they assert that Reason is the Criterium of Truth : Reason distinguishes. Very well, reply the Sceptics, Reason is your Criterium. But what proof have you that this Criterium itself distinguishes truly ? You must not return to Sense : that has been already given up : you must rely upon Reason : and I ask you, Mr. Randolph, what proof have you that your Reason never errs ? What proof have you that it is *ever* correct ? A Criterium is wanted for your Criterium, and so on *ad infinitum*. This argument I hold to be wholly irreversible as far as regards METAPHYSICAL knowledge.\*

To this plausible-looking sophistry methought I replied as follows :—

“ If your argument proves anything, it proves the incertitude of all PHYSICAL knowledge : but of the *certitude* of METAPHYSICAL or PSYCHOLOGICAL knowledge your argument, instead of being the demolition, is THE PROOF. Listen ; and I will scatter your ‘impregnable Stronghold of Scepticism’

\* This argument of the Sceptics will be found nearly verbatim in Mr. G. H. Lewes's “Biographical History of Philosophy,” page 133, vol. ii. (C. E.)

to the winds. I intend to fight you with your own weapon. Sense-knowledge, you say, is delusive. How do you know that? You must not return to Reason: for Reason, you assert, is not to be relied on: and you cannot possibly return to Sense, which you have just taken such pains to prove unworthy of belief. Then, how have you arrived at the knowledge, which, with so much confidence, you affirm to be TRUE? And how do you know that it is true? I do not deny your fact: I will admit it: but it is certain that you must have arrived at the knowledge of this fact either through the medium of SENSE, or through the medium of REASON. What I want to ascertain is, *which*? You are thoroughly convinced that the fact you affirm is true,—so true that no 'Criterium of Truth' other than you have had recourse to, and have so confidently relied on, could render it more believable, or in any way add strength or consistency to your conviction: but since you MUST have relied either on Sense or on Reason, I will vary my question, and ask—Whether the Idea which first led to this discovery had its origin WITHIN the Mind, or whether it was derived through Sense-knowledge obtained from WITHOUT? If from *without*, your fact originated in Sense, and you have no proof that it is true. If from *within*, you have an internal CONCEPTION which generates Ideas independently of Sense, and an internal Perception, that is—an INTUITION, of congruity, with respect to Ideas, which is your Criterium of Truth. Either, then, Sensuous Appearances are NOT delusive, or Reason is our Criterium of Truth. But as you deny the certitude of BOTH, and must admit the certitude of ONE, or take a third alternative, AND NEVER AGAIN ADMIT OR DENY ANYTHING, I leave you to select your horn of this triple dilemma, perceiving that, if true to your principles, you must choose the last. No, sir; you must be true to the nature working within you: you must Reason; and rely on Reason; or be silent. I honour Scepticism as long as it has Reason on its side: but the Doubter who doubts all things is irrational; and whenever he presumes to dogmatise is certain to be absurd."

But now—



"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

Grotesque and ghastly was the scene my sublimated Fancy painted. A whole legion of monstrous shapes environed me. Hoofed like Silenus some ; some eared like Asses ; others tailed like Apes ; but, for the most part, prone, methought, like Reptiles, sycophantic, crouching, abject, dumb ; the inward of humanity revealed in the outward ! I shuddered at the thought—remember, this was nothing but a dream—that priestly Lies, made popular, should have such potency thus to metamorphose and degrade humanity :—Lies more fatal than the cup of Circe ! There was, however, this consolation in the thought—'Twill not be so for ever ! And now—a sense of returning stillness stealing over me—this ghastly phase of my slumber-vision ceased,—ceased with the incident that gave it being. The approving murmur that had greeted Dionysius had subsided. All as it had been was ; and the Orator proceeded with his discourse as reported in the following chapter.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

"WE have now established two preliminaries :

"First, that there is such a circumstance as **SIMPLE PERCEPTION**, by which we ascertain the existence of individual facts : and,

"Secondly, that there is such a circumstance as **COMPLEX PERCEPTION, or REASON**, by which we can compare individual facts, and thence arrive at the knowledge of an endless series of truths beyond them.

"But here is an artificial difficulty which it is necessary I should endeavour to remove. **WORDS**, as the symbolic representations of our Ideas, from too great a licence in their use, deceive and mislead us constantly. In the physical Sciences this licence is everywhere guarded against ; and the meaning of the terms employed in them, is carefully limited and fixed. Strange it is, that in Religion and Morals, and in

Didactic teaching generally, there should be everywhere such perplexing latitudinarianism allowed. Stranger still, that Men should be found to defend this uncertainty; and strangest of all, that Moralists and Theologians should be the very staunchest conservators of this perplexity and doubt. But melancholy as these facts are, there is no denying them. Ask a Theologian to define the term 'Religion.' If he be a Romanist he will tell you it means the whole teaching of the 'Church:' if a Protestant he will tell you it is the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. Again, the terms RIGHT and WRONG of the Moralist have no significance but what variable Custom gives to them: yes, after the didactic teaching of fifty centuries these terms of hourly use are still as irreconcilable with the abstract Ideas they are supposed to represent as though all the wranglings of all the Theologians, and Moralists, and Legislators, and Lawyers, and Politicians, and Poets, and Scribes of every denomination that ever existed in the world had never been! It is manifest, then, that, in laying the foundation of a system of Philosophy which aims to be our guide in all Intellectual Science, and thence in Morality and Religion, it is incumbent on us to be especially careful in our use of words. Nearly all differences which produce antagonism amongst men are verbal, not real. Could all Ideas be presented to all minds in their naked truthfulness, that is, without the garniture of Words or verbal vestments, they would affect all minds in precisely the same way. The assent or denial of one would be the assent or denial of all. There would be no antagonism, no bickerings, no animosities, no feuds. Hence, when Words form the medium through which abstract Ideas are to be communicated from mind to mind, it is clear that, to avoid confusion, their meaning must be limited and fixed.

"The study of all the Sciences (save only the Mathematical) consists primarily, if not mainly, in the study of Words. The Mathematician, aware of the incertitude of Words, does not trust to them, but employs a language composed of signs which never vary one iota in their meaning: hence Mathematicians never wrangle. If two of them chance to differ concerning the solution of some problem, both know that

one of them is wrong ; and the difference is settled, not by denouncing one another, but by demonstration. The object of the Mathematician is Truth. How does he attain it ? By discovering a starting-point of Truth. And how does he know that his starting-point is absolutely true ? Because it is self-evident, and its converse an impossibility : and hence, a Mathematical Truth is true everywhere ; true eternally ; the same in all places ; the same through all time ; the same to all Men. And this is true of ALL Truth,—of the Philosopher's Truth—as well as of the Mathematician's. We know this proposition to be true because it is self-evident ; for, if what is true were not always true, the true would sometimes be false—which is impossible. In Philosophy, therefore, as in Mathematics, the First Fact must be a self-evident Fact ; and this, as well as every subsequent Fact, ought to be represented, if not by invariable signs, at least by Terms of which the signification has been arbitrarily fixed.

“In a brief discourse I can do little more than suggest the whole subject,—submit the basis of a system, leaving it to yourselves to erect the Edifice. The materials are TRUE IDEAS, and their symbols Words—words divested of their ambiguity.

“By the term EXISTENCE, (used substantively, and involving the attributes of perception,) I mean ABSOLUTE BEING : that which is, and is CONSCIOUS THAT IT IS. There are but two conceivable Existences ; namely, God, and the Human Soul.

“I limit the term Philosophy to Psychology, or the Science of Mind. Philosophy does not, therefore, in the first view of it, seem necessarily to imply, or include Religion. But if we take cognisance of that EXISTENCE which is the object of Religion—namely, GOD—the all-intelligent Author of the Human Soul, Religion must necessarily be included in Philosophy. An Absolute Existence, then, means a Substance or Being which is, absolutely, and is CONSCIOUS THAT IT IS. Of all things known to Man these characteristics can be affirmed only of God and the Human Soul. It was necessary to be thus precise in order to make you sensible of an ambiguity in Language which is the cause of much misunderstanding and confusion. It is this.

"Our verb To BE implies BEING. *I am: God is.* So far there is no confusion of ideas; no assertion (both hypotheses being true) which is not absolutely true. The verb which implies Being is, in these two cases, properly used to express Being. But this same verb To BE is used also (if I might be allowed the solecism) to express Being which is not Being; namely, IDEAL BEING, not ABSOLUTE EXISTENCE. Thus, speaking of VIRTUE, which is a *Circumstance*, and not a *thing*—a Substantive in grammar which has no Substance, we are compelled to employ the same verb to express our consciousness of the ideal existence of this *Circumstance*, as we should employ in reference to the self-conscious Entity—the Human Soul. Grammarians know all this; but the mass of men are not grammarians; and hence arises the misapprehension and confusion. That which exists absolutely is not resolvable into anything else; whilst that which has only an Ideal Existence *is*. I deny the absolute existence of Virtue, not the Ideal existence of the Circumstance to which we give the name of Virtue. The consciousness of what it is RIGHT to do is KNOWLEDGE. The ACT OF DOING what is Right—*when there is some Sensual or Selfish gratification to be given up, or some Social impediment to be surmounted, in order to do it*—is VIRTUE. Thus, Virtue means a particular mode of the Soul's action, the antecedent of which is the circumstance we call Knowledge. The ACTION, contemplated as a *Thing*, becomes a 'noun' in language, and is too commonly conceived of as an object of possession—as a thing we might have, acquire, lose, or lack. This is the natural result of imperfect teaching by means of a language which is incapable of precision. The terms REASON and CONSCIENCE are especially liable to be misconceived of: indeed, the misconception is almost universal, and its results are peculiarly calamitous. I have said that the study of a Science consists chiefly in acquiring a knowledge of the Terms employed in its construction: it follows, consequently, that, to teach a Science, the primary object must be to define the Terms which are primarily essential to its comprehension. On either side the task will not be very fatiguing or laborious.

F

"By the term SOUL (applied to Humanity) I mean the Thinking, Conscious, SUBSTANCE, be that Substance what it might.

"By the term MIND I mean the Soul's collected Knowledge; but, inasmuch as the Soul's knowledge, namely, its INTELLIGENCE, is the Cause of its activity, its motive-power or Source of Action, I shall generally speak of Mind and Soul as convertible terms, and employ the term INTELLIGENCE as a Synonyme of both.

"I name Intelligence the FIRST PRINCIPLE, because all the so-called Attributes of the Soul are, like Virtue, merely Modes of the Soul's action, dependent on the Soul's Intelligence, and resolvable into it; and because, but for this—the Source or First Principle of the Soul's activity, the Soul's existence could not be conceived of. It could neither Know, nor Act, nor Think, nor Be.

"I have already said that by PHILOSOPHY I mean Psychology, Metaphysics, or the Science of Mind.

"Truth is the basis of Philosophy; because false Facts lead to false Convictions, whilst false Convictions induce erroneous sentiments and acts, which necessarily result in Evil.

"To philosophise means to search after hidden Truth: hence Philosophy is a systemised body of true Facts, which, producing right inferential convictions or sentiments, and right actions, results in mental elevation and real happiness.

"Religion consists in right Sentiments towards the Deity, and in right actions generally: therefore, Psychological Truth, and the Laws of Mentality, which constitute Philosophy, constitute also the basis of Religion. The relation between Philosophy and Religion is that of Cause and Effect: thus,

PHILOSOPHY IS SYSTEMISED TRUTH:

RELIGION, THE SENTIMENTS AND ACTIONS THENCE RESULTING.

"The next step in our inquiry is to present a satisfying answer to the question—

WHAT IS TRUTH?

"The Soul itself is, as we have seen, the Source of its own

Truth : and the test or criterium of all Truth is the necessary and universal assent of all sane Minds to the proposition which contains it.

"But, here again the poverty of Language is the cause of misapprehension and confusion. The verb employed in the question, What is Truth? implies Being or Absolute Existence; and, by this implication, pre-supposes that Truth is an Entity; instead of which it is simply a Circumstance that we are accustomed to speak of as a Thing. This is probably the reason why this question has been so frequently propounded, and never answered.

"Truth might be thus defined: IT IS A SELF-EVIDENT PROPOSITION; that is—a *Proposition to which all Sane Minds are forced to assent as soon as the Idea it conveys is completely comprehended.*

"Such to Man is Truth. Such it was (whether known to him or not) when Man was an untutored Savage. Such it will be always, even when the range of his Perception shall be indefinitely extended, and when he shall vie with an Archangel in the acuteness and range of his Intuitions.

"A simple proposition which is self-evident, or a complex proposition which, by logical analysis, can be rendered self-evident, is the circumstance we denominate Truth. It is self-evident, therefore, that Mental Truth is as certain and as demonstrable as Mathematical Truth; especially if the Soul's Ideas were represented by unvarying symbols instead of by variable and ambiguous Words.

"It is evident that Truth may have reference to the Being, the Nature, and the Works of the Deity, or to the Being, the Nature, and the Labours of Man. The false facts which result from erroneous reasoning are inimical to Philosophy, and are the source of all Evil. Those which, whether directly—that is, in reference to Himself—or indirectly—that is, in reference to Humanity—are traceable to the Will and Nature of the Deity, can alone appertain to Philosophy. As a starting-point, therefore, let us take as axioms the following propositions:—

"First (in reference to the Deity), THAT WHICH IS POSSIBLE IS TRUE.

"Secondly, THAT WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE IS UNTRUE.

"Now, as with the Deity, much more is possible than is impossible, let us endeavour to arrive at what is true by ascertaining what is false. It is clear that,

"WHATEVER IS INCONSISTENT WITH THE TRUE NATURE OF DEITY,—(which we shall presently perceive to be INFINITE, PRESCIENT, ERRORLESS INTELLIGENCE,)—IS MANIFESTLY IMPOSSIBLE, AND, THEREFORE, MANIFESTLY UNTRUE.

"First, then, it is IMPOSSIBLE THAT THE ALL-PRESCIENT DEITY SHOULD EVER CHANGE HIS INTENTIONS, OR ALTER OR SUSPEND HIS LAWS FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ANY NEW PLAN OR PURPOSE, BECAUSE IT IS IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANYTHING SHOULD HAVE BEEN UNFORESEEN, OR LEFT UNPROVIDED FOR. Any assumption, therefore, which pre-supposes such change of Will, or alteration or suspension of his Laws, *implies FALLIBILITY in a Being who is infallible, IMPERFECTION in a Being who is necessarily perfect, and a WANT OF FORESIGHT in a Being who is necessarily prescient*: ALL WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE, AND HENCE UNTRUE.

"Secondly, it is IMPOSSIBLE THAT THE DEITY CAN BE PARTIAL, OR UNJUST, OR CRUEL, OR REVENGEFUL. Any assumption which presupposes partiality, injustice, cruelty, revenge, or any other quality, disposition, or power that is derogatory in its nature, *implies IMPERFECTION in the Deity*; WHICH, BECAUSE IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, IS MANIFESTLY UNTRUE.

"Thirdly, it is IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANY WORK OR CLASS OF WORKS OF THE DEITY SHOULD BE EITHER PURPOSELESS OR IMPERFECT; because *the assumption presupposes LEVITY AND INCAPACITY in their author*, WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE; THEREFORE, ANY ACT, INFERENCE, OR OPINION, BASED ON SUCH AN ASSUMPTION, IS ERRONEOUS AND UNTRUE.

"Lastly, it is IMPOSSIBLE THAT ANY WORK OR CLASS OF WORKS OF THE DEITY SHOULD NOT CONTAIN WITHIN ITSELF A PRINCIPLE BY WHICH, IN ALL THE INDIVIDUALS COMPOSING IT, THE TRUE PURPOSE OF ITS EXISTENCE CAN BE FULLY ACCOMPLISHED; because, without such a principle, the work would be imperfect, and the purpose unattained. THIS IS MANIFESTLY IMPOSSIBLE; HENCE, ANY THOUGHT, SENTIMENT, OR INFERENCE, DRAWN FROM SUCH ASSUMPTION, IS FALSE; AND

EVERY ACTION THENCE ENSUING, IS ERRONEOUS, AND PROLIFIC OF EVIL.

"It follows, then, that IN MAN HIMSELF must we seek for the PRINCIPLE of his being ; THAT PRINCIPLE WHICH INSURES, OR WHICH HAS THE INHERENT ABILITY TO INSURE, THE PERFECTABILITY OF THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH HE WAS CREATED.

"If we succeed in discovering this principle, we shall perceive, indubitably, first,

"WHAT MAN IS ;

"And, secondly,

"THE END TOWARDS WHICH ALL HIS ENERGIES SHOULD BE DIRECTED.

"WHAT IS GOOD, AND WHAT IS EVIL, WHAT IS RIGHT, AND WHAT IS WRONG, WHAT WE OUGHT TO KNOW, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO DO, WILL BE REVEALED TO US AT A GLANCE.

"Knowing the Principle which governs our being, to predicate with certainty concerning all the latent truths beyond it will be within the reach of our Reason also. The Deity has thus frequently revealed himself to men. INDEED, EVERY CREATED SOUL IS ITSELF A REVELATION. Some flashes of these inspired revealings have been recorded ; and GOD HAS SPOKEN, whilst Sages, and Poets, and Prophets, have held the pen.

"By the living light of the principle we are in search of, we shall be able to separate these flashes of Truth, where-soever we may find them, from the erroneous ravings and falsehood, by which they are surrounded. To know what Man is, is to be in possession of the most comprehensive system of truth ; AND THIS IS PHILOSOPHY, THIS IS REVELATION.

"Man is, therefore, the Author, the Object, and the Subject, of all Philosophy.

"Almost the only great Maxim we have derived from the recorded philosophy of the world, and to which the Principle we are in search of is the key, is the all-important one,—'KNOW THYSELF.' The attainment of this knowledge is as possible as it is momentous : a few sentences will solve this hitherto unsolved enigma.

"We have seen that Man, namely, the Soul of Man, is



not a mere circumstance in the Universe, but an Entity or Real Existence. We have seen that he is innately conscious; in other words, that he is an Intelligent Entity. He *is*, and is *conscious that he is*. Body and Soul together he is a Man. **BODILY** he is a thing of bones, and flesh, and blood, and nerves. He has wants and Instincts, which are variously named Desires, Affections, Passions. He has a Brain and five physical inlets of Perception through which he (namely, his Soul) mysteriously communicates with the external world. **SPIRITUALLY** he is conscious of all this: and without this consciousness nothing of all this could be. The Universe to him would have no existence. He himself would to himself be nought. It is clear, therefore, that his Consciousness—the source of his Intelligence, is the First Principle of his Being.

“Now, by means of this consciousness, ministered to through his physical senses, he perceives Facts; and Facts constitute his Mind, his Intelligence. His facts are of two kinds; or rather, he has two modes of arriving at them.

“First, the Facts of which he becomes conscious through the medium of the Senses, which we will denominate **FACTS OF PERCEPTION**; and,

“Secondly, Facts which are thence generated in the Mind itself, which we will designate **FACTS OF INTUITION**.

“These Facts are, of course, Ideas, not Things.

“All Facts, whether of Intuition or Perception, are necessarily either true or false. Both Classes of Facts are important, but those of Intuition pre-eminently so. Fortunately, the truth of the Facts derived through Intuition are more easy of proof than those derived through Sensuous Perception: and the next step in our inquiry is to determine how Truth with respect to either series can be, with unerring certainty, attained. Although the mode of its attainment has been already indicated, it will be convenient to re-state the method, categorically, here.

#### FIRST CATEGORY.

Every Proposition contains, negatively or affirmatively, a Statement or Fact. Now, every Proposition, whether negative or affirmative, which is Self-evident, or which,

by an exact logical Analysis, Synthesis, or Induction, can be rendered Self-evident, is True : whilst the converse of every such Proposition is necessarily False.

#### SECOND CATEGORY.

Every Proposition, whether negative or affirmative, which is self-evidently consistent with another Proposition that is known to be true, is True : whilst every Proposition which is self-evidently inconsistent with another Proposition that is known to be true, is False.

"Truth attained by any of these methods is positive Knowledge. It does not rest on doubtful appearances, or on testimony which can deceive or mislead ; but on a Law of the Soul's nature, the certitude of whose decision it were madness (were it only possible) to doubt. Be it observed also that every decision thus arrived at is a Fact of Intuition, and that out of these Positive Facts comes the Positive Philosophy which is to show Mankind, unmistakeably, all their Rights and Duties—Religious, Moral, Social, and Political. Thus, it will be perceived, that the Facts of Intuition, which are generated within the Mind, and in obedience to an immutable Law which cannot be gainsayed, are Facts which are of the very highest importance to the Human race.

"Besides Positive Knowledge, which is absolutely true, there is a minor description of Knowledge which might be denominated

PROBABLE OR BELIEVABLE KNOWLEDGE, the probability or believableness of which will be rendered apparent by the following

RULES.—"First. Whatever a man knows to be possible *may* be true, and, on trustworthy evidence, is believable. On the contrary, Whatever a man believes to be impossible is, by him, unbelievable, and *may be False*, whatever be the amount of human testimony in favour of its truth : for it is evident that testimony can have no weight against the notion of absolute impossibility ; and, hence, as long as the supposed Fact appears to any man to be impossible, it is not possible that *he* can believe it to be true.

"Second. Any Statement or Proposition involving a Fact

which is CONSISTENT with any of the known Laws of Nature is *probably* TRUE, and thence believable : whilst any Proposition involving a Fact or Statement which is INCONSISTENT with any of the known Laws of Nature is *probably* FALSE, and is thence unbelievable.

"Thus, all Propositions which involve or assert an absurdity, like those involving an impossibility, are necessarily False : and so Truth-loving in its nature is the Human Soul that whatever is self-evidently false, or is by it believed to be false, can no more be conceived to be true, in the one case, or be believed to be true, in the other, than that the Deity can lie, or that a finite Mind can control the Infinite. These two Rules for testing evidence, will be found to include all Facts which are not provided for in the preceding Categories. By the aid of the Categories all Truth appertaining to Philosophy is discoverable : and by the aid of the Rules, Truth is easily distinguished from Falsehood, and believable Facts from Facts which are unbelievable,—in respect to all propositions of minor importance to humanity.

"Thus, then, we have demonstrated,

"*First.* That the Human Soul is a Real Existence.

"*Secondly.* That it is Conscious, and capable of Knowledge.

"*Thirdly.* That the Facts perceived by its Consciousness are divisible into Facts of Perception, and Facts of Intuition.

"*Fourthly.* That the Facts derived and derivable through Intuition (which is the Soul's own Law of Truth) constitute Positive Philosophy.

"*Fifthly.* That the Human Soul is formed for Truth ; that Truth is its natural desire and natural nutriment ; and that, in the attainment of Truth, it is guided by Laws by which Truth, which it loves, can be infallibly distinguished from Falsehood, which it inherently and naturally abhors.

"*Finally.* That the Categories and the Rules just enunciated are not Human contrivances, but the expression (in so far as it is not erroneously rendered) of Nature's own System of Logic,—of God's own Law,—for the test and discovery of Truth.

"Truth may have reference to all existences, material or

immaterial : take, for example, the proposition, 'I AM CONSCIOUS OF MY EXISTENCE.' This is a double truth. It means, I am conscious of the existence of my Body ; and I am conscious of the existence of my Consciousness. I perceive also that my Consciousness is an INTELLIGENT Consciousness ; for, if I abstract Intelligence therefrom, nothing remains. CONSCIOUSNESS IS, THEREFORE, INTELLIGENCE ; AND INTELLIGENCE IS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF SOUL, OR, IN EFFECT, THE SOUL ITSELF : for, abstract Intelligence from your idea of Soul, and ALL HAS BEEN ABSTRACTED : NOTHING OF WHICH THE THINKING PRINCIPLE IS COGNISANT REMAINS.

"My Body is resolvable into parts or elements ; in other words, it is material ; but my Consciousness, my Intelligence, my Soul, is incapable of subdivision, or decay, or change, or loss : in other words, it is immaterial, or spiritual. By the term Intelligence I mean the motive-power of the Soul—the INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE. It is, therefore, true that, in my present state of existence, I am endued with two natures ; one of which is subject to the change we call death ; the other, incapable of any structural change ; but capable of adding to itself by its inherent power to comprehend somewhat of the nature, qualities, and capabilities of all created things ; which comprehension signifies, in effect, THE RE-CONVERSION, SO FAR AS KNOWN, OF ALL MATERIAL FORMS INTO THEIR TRUE IDEAS ; and these ideas being immaterial, all material things so converted really and truly become an indivisible portion of the immaterial Consciousness ; a permanent addition to the First Principle ; and the only means by which the soul can make progress towards perfection.

"THIS FIRST PRINCIPLE IS INTELLIGENCE. IT IS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF ALL THINGS. Without Intelligence there could be no Universe, no Creature, no Creator. Without Intelligence there could be no Will : without Will there could be no Cause : without Cause there could be no Effect : without Effect there could be no MATERIAL ENTITY : hence, every material entity is spiritual in its origin ; the result of a prior Intelligence. Therefore, the universe, which is a material entity, is the effect of a prior Cause ; the Cause, of a prior Will ; and the Will, of a prior Intelligence ;

and, out of a prior Idea, Divine Intelligence willed the Universe: and Man, the embryo Intelligence, has to resolve it back again into an IDEA before he can arrive at the perfection of Conscious Intelligence, and begin to comprehend the greater power of Infinite, Prescient, Intelligence, which is DEITY.

"Man, at the commencement of his conscious existence, is, speaking figuratively, at once an embryo Intelligence, and an Animal. As an Animal he is endowed with Animal instincts; which, as instincts, CANNOT ERR. As an embryo Intelligence he is endued with a capability of acquiring knowledge; that is, of converting material things into truthful, permanent, immaterial IDEAS. *He has no MORAL nature: no IMMORAL nature:* his nature is simply intellectual; for, *apart from the influence of his animal instincts (WHICH, IF UNDULY INDULGED, IS A PERNICIOUS ONE, and apart also from all erroneous conventional influences of society,* his deliberate acts, at any period of his existence, will be, of necessity, the exact reflex of his acquired knowledge: hence, because of this necessity, HIS ACTIONS, THOUGH THEY MAY BE ERRONEOUS FROM A PAUCITY OF KNOWLEDGE, CAN NEVER BE CRIMINAL. His Soul, or spiritual Self, is an Intelligent Principle; therefore, NEITHER MORAL NOR IMMORAL IN ITS NATURE, BUT, PURELY AND SIMPLY INTELLECTUAL. He may err through Ignorance; and if he errs, he suffers; but his sufferings are not in the nature of penalties inflicted as for a crime; but kindly warnings that his course is wrong and needs amendment, and that he is too ignorant to be happy.

"To guard against any error in our reasonings, and that we may the more thoroughly comprehend this important subject, it will be useful to take a retrospective survey of the positions we have assumed, and in part established. We have seen—

"THAT, A HUMAN BEING IS, MENTALLY, AN EMBRYO INTELLIGENCE, INCAPABLE OF CRIME, BUT LIABLE TO ERROR:

"THAT, APART FROM THE INFLUENCES TO WHICH HE MAY BE EITHER ANIMALLY OR CONVENTIONALLY SUBJECT, HIS ERRORS ARE ALWAYS IN THE EXACT RATIO OF HIS IGNORANCE:

"THAT, HIS BUSINESS AS AN INTELLECTUAL CREATURE IS TO

ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE, THE ROOT OF WHICH IS SELF-KNOWLEDGE :

"THAT, KNOWLEDGE CONSISTS OF TRUE FACTS AND JUST INFERENCES DERIVED AND DERIVABLE FROM ALL THE WORKS OF THE DEITY, AND FROM THE LABOURS OF MAN :

"THAT, OF THE TRUTH OF THESE FACTS—FIRST DISCARDING AS UNTRUTH WHATEVER IS IMPOSSIBLE, OR INCONSISTENT WITH THE INHERENT NATURE OF THE DEITY, THE IMMUTABILITY OF HIS LAWS, AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE HUMAN INTELLECT—REASON IS THE SOLE ARBITER AND JUDGE :

"THAT, REASON IS INTUITION OR INTUITIVE PERCEPTION, AS DISTINGUISHED FROM SENSUOUS PERCEPTION :

"THAT, INTUITION IS THAT PHASE OF THE SOUL'S CONSCIOUSNESS WHICH DOES NOT DEPEND IMMEDIATELY ON SENSATION FOR ITS FACTS :

"THAT, CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE SOURCE OF THE SOUL'S ACTIVITY—ITS FIRST PRINCIPLE :

"THAT, THE SOUL, CONSCIOUS THAT IT IS NEITHER THE CREATOR OF ITSELF, NOR OF THE OUTWARD UNIVERSE, IS FORCED TO CONCEIVE OF A PRESCIENT, CREATIVE, INTELLIGENCE AS THE AUTHOR OF BOTH ; THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF ALL THINGS ; THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE ; THE SPIRITUAL, ERRORLESS, INFINITE, UNIVERSAL GOD ; IN A WORD, THE DEITY.

"IF THESE PROPOSITIONS ARE TRUE, the two First Principles to which they have conducted us are also true ; and being true (inasmuch as that every Effect must be consistent with its Cause), they will reconcile all anomalies, and explain everything : for IF THEY SHOULD BE FOUND TO BE INCAPABLE OF THIS, THEY ARE NOT TRUE.

"A severer test of their truth cannot be applied to them ; and with a test lest severe we ought not to be satisfied.

"Assuming them to be true, we have a clear conception of the First Principle of all things. Not only do we know that this First Principle constitutes all we can know of Deity ; but we perceive that Deity in its activity is Intelligence, Prescient, Infinite, and Eternal ; because (as we shall see hereafter) all power, as exemplified in its *activity*,

is reducible into it, and beyond it there is nothing of which humanity can know. Thus, the very nature of the Deity is rendered comprehensible. Through the known we arrive at the unknown. FROM THE NATURE OF THE ALMIGHTY CREATOR OF ALL THINGS WE PREDICATE HIS WILL, AND THENCE ARRIVE AT A GENERAL COMPREHENSION OF HIS PURPOSES.

"We have also a clear conception of the First Principle of Mind : we have seen that it is Percipient, or Conscious Intelligence : THUS, WE KNOW WHAT MAN IS ; AND FROM HIS NATURE WE TRACE HIS RELATIONSHIP TO DEITY, AND PREDICATE THE PURPOSE OF HIS BEING."

Here, methought, the sitting of the Assembly closed, and that the reverberation of the last words of the speaker crept lingeringly along the vaulted aisles until it changed into the most thrilling music. Mysteriously it grew in power, until it filled the whole arena. The assembled thousands breathed vocal air and fed on melody, into which all but myself insensibly dissolved, and Music reigned there alone. But, anon, velvet-footed Silence drank up the melody ; and then, delirious with the intoxicating draught, lay down and slept. How absolute is the Soul in dreams ! Unwilling to awake the slumberer, I slept too, and dreamed an interdream ; from which when I awoke, all, as it had been, was again : the speaker, and the auditory, and the place ; and thus, methought the discourse of Dionysius was continued.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VISION CONTINUED.

"It did not appear to have been remarked, at any rate it was not objected to, at our last sitting, that I contended for, and in part proved, the existence of TWO FIRST PRINCIPLES. This is contrary to the received opinion of A FIRST CAUSE, OR ONLY GOD, and contrary also to the absolute fact ; but

still true in a sense which I will now proceed to explain to you.

"THE DEITY, or to reduce what to many is a complex term into a simple idea or element,—INFINITE INTELLIGENCE, is the First Principle, or Great First Cause of all things, including, of course, Man, and the soul of Man.

"Whenever we conceive of an act, we are obliged to conceive of a prior intention or Will in the Actor. It is impossible for anything but a being that has some Intelligence to have or to exercise a will. Whether we conceive of Will as a Quality of Intelligence, or simply as a Mode or State of being, is of no consequence. *Intelligence* (an intelligent entity) has a will, and nothing but *Intelligence* can have a will.\*

"By this simple exercise of Will (of course, prior to the act and prescient of all its consequences) Infinite Intelligence willed the existence of all things, gave them their distinctive characters and nature, and enacted the laws by which all are for ever regulated.

"Man, however, He created an Intelligent Principle, or Soul. Of the Intelligent Principle thus created, Will is a necessary consequence: thus, An Intelligent Being Thinks: Thought results in a determination to do some act, or not to do it; and this *Determination* is called WILL. This Will, which is one with the principle, could not have been bestowed for any other purpose than to be exercised, and exercised, too, for the ultimate perfection of the being to whom it was freely given. If it had not been intended to be used, it would not have been given. To suppose otherwise is to attribute levity to Deity, which is impossible. It follows, therefore, that, having been bestowed, it was bestowed for a purpose, and its recipient has necessarily a free Right to its use. He has, besides, intuitive yearnings for things unattainable except through the activity of the principle to which this Will inheres. We perceive, therefore, that Man having been endowed with the Intelligent Principle, has of necessity a Will; and from the first dawn of this principle in infancy to the termination of his mortal life, Man the individual, and Man the species, is continually exercising his Will either for Evil or for Good.

\* For a further account of the Will, see pages 79 and 144 to 152.



"The influence of the human Will, herein limited to the Earth, is further circumscribed by the Laws to which as an animal Man is subject. **WITHIN THIS CIRCLE HE IS ABSOLUTE: HE IS—NOT TO SPEAK IT IRREVERENTLY—A LITTLE DEITY.**

"Thus we have **THE FIRST PRINCIPLE**,—Infinite, or Prescient Intelligence, whose Will is limitless, or limited only by impossibility; and **A FIRST PRINCIPLE**, which is finite Percipient Intelligence, whose Will is circumscribed by its finite power, and by the Laws to which the will of the Deity has rendered it subject.

"**THE FIRST PRINCIPLE IS, BY THE EXERCISE OF ITS WILL, THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE OF ALL THINGS; WHILST THE INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE ACCORDED TO MAN, IS, BY THE EXERCISE OF ITS WILL, THE FIRST CAUSE OF ALL THE FINITE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH INFLUENCE HIS CONDITION ON THE EARTH.**

"Thus, therefore, notwithstanding that the Intelligent Principle in Man, in common with every other existence in the universe, owes its existence to **THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, OR DEITY**;—*within the circle accorded to Human Influence, Man, by means of his Intelligence, is permitted to be the cause or creator of his own Institutions (moral, civil, religious and political); to have the care of his own existence; the cultivation or abandonment of his own Intellect; and the working out of his own perfectibility and happiness: but, compared with what his Intelligence is capable of accomplishing, what has he done?*

"**IT IS WITHIN THIS CIRCLE THAT 'GOOD' AND 'EVIL' HAVE THEIR BEING.** Man is the author of the Evil; and the existence of the Evil causes the recognition of the Good. Not that all is Evil which he denominates Evil, or that all is Good which he denominates Good; but here, and by his own acts, those circumstances have their origin to which he ignorantly attaches these hitherto undefinable appellations. Here, too, all Vice is created; hence the Virtues and the Moralities. Here wickedness\* has its natural home; hence Religion, and Civil Government, and Law: and Man is the Author of them all: and all of them, in human phrase, are Evils!

Wilful opposition to right convictions.

"To bemoan these 'Evils' is no part of the business of Philosophy; nor to think it has touched the very summit of human wisdom, by persuading men to bear them. If Philosophy is to be of any greater value to the world than 'swords in dead men's hands, or lamps in sepulchres,' it must teach mankind the way of their avoidance.

"Whether, then, the Intelligent Principle in Man be viewed as a First Principle, or as a secondary one (which it is), the results, as regards our inquiry, are the same. THE WILL WHICH INHERES TO HIS IMPERFECT INTELLIGENCE IS HIS OWN, and in a sense, FREE. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* In all matters of doubt he HAS A CHOICE—as between a suggestion of his higher Nature and the prompting of a physical instinct; but when true Conviction is attained, Free Will\* ceases; he yields to a higher Law; he obeys a beneficent Necessity. The objects of our happiness, and the means for its attainment, are thus left to our own free choice, but we have erred in the selection. NOT, THEN, BY THE PARTIALITY OF HEAVEN, BUT BY THE SELF-IGNORANCE AND FOLLY OF MAN, IS SUPERIORITY, AND DOMINION, AND POWER CONFERRED ON A FEW. It is because we have chosen as our Chief Good the things which physical prowess can have by fighting for, and hold by means of force, that there is strife and contention amongst us—that there are Victors and Vanquished, Masters, Servants, Sovereigns, Subjects, Slaves. WHEN THE WEAK GROW WISE THEY WILL CHANGE THEIR TACTICS, SHIFT THEIR BATTLEGROUND, AND FIX ON A PRIZE TO STRUGGLE FOR, WHICH HAS HEAVEN'S OWN SANCTION FOR THE WINNING, AND WHICH ALL MAY WIN!

"Our miseries are of our own making. Our greatest Evils are our own handiwork. Natural difficulties are not evils, nor, in reality, is Ignorance an evil, but a good. It is the natural and necessary difficulty which must be surmounted before we can be happy. The first and chief difficulty is self-knowledge: for so long as we are ignorant of ourselves, we but grope our way without an object, and vainly wage war with difficulties in the dark. THE WORK OF 'REDEMPTION' MUST BE OUR OWN WORK: NO MAN CAN

\* Properly so-called. See pages 144 to 152.

SHIFT THIS LABOUR ON ANOTHER. HEAVEN WILL NOT VOUCHSAFE ANY MIRACULOUS INTERPOSITION TO HELP US, NOR DO WE NEED THE AID. Deem not that there is any irreverence in this: Intelligence is capable of its appointed work. God gave the Intelligence to do the work. 'Shall not the "Judge" of all the earth do right?' Its work is the acquisition of knowledge, which is its Happiness, its Heaven. But the highest heaven of its felicity is only to be reached through self-knowledge, which shows us what we are, and all we might be: then selfishness ceases, and knowledge terminates in Love.

"WE PERCEIVE, THEREFORE, THAT INTELLIGENCE, NAMELY, THE INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE, IS THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF THE HUMAN MIND; AND THAT ALL THIS PRINCIPLE IS CAPABLE OF IS KNOWLEDGE.

"Through the sensorium, or physical organs of sense, it becomes conscious of Facts. IT CAN KNOW THEM. By comparing individual facts with each other, by observing the relation one fact bears to another, and deducing inferences therefrom—which is to perceive *intuitively*, or to Reason—it becomes conscious of other Facts. THESE NEW FACTS THE INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE CAN KNOW.

"From things seen it can predicate of things not seen: and if it reason correctly, and on true facts, again it becomes conscious of a further series of facts: and these facts IT CAN KNOW. They are facts which the physical eye cannot see, but which the Intelligence, or Soul, CAN SEE, CAN COMPREHEND, CAN KNOW. Hence, ALL THAT THE SOUL IS CAPABLE OF IS KNOWLEDGE.

"Out of this knowledge comes the physical capability to do all that dual-natured Man can do. BUT, WHATEVER IT ENABLES HIM TO WISH FOR, TO ASPIRE TO, OR TO DO, HIS KNOWLEDGE IS STILL KNOWLEDGE, AND NOTHING ELSE. It is not Morality: it is not Virtue: it is not Religion: though, if his acts be such as are conventionally deemed Moral, Virtuous, or Religious, they are the natural results of his knowledge, or of habit, or of convictions, whether wrong or right, which stand him in the stead of knowledge. Without the knowledge they are non-conceivable: with the

knowledge they are only names which designate results. They are mere conventional terms, neither more nor less ; but the actions or feelings they represent are the results of knowledge, or of educational habits and convictions, which, as they are believed to be right, have all the force of knowledge. Say the act called virtuous springs from REAL KNOWLEDGE, in other words, from a right conviction ;—the act is necessarily good—VIRTUOUS IF YOU WILL ;—BUT THE VIRTUE IS THE KNOWLEDGE. The name is a mere conventional designation of the act. Call the same act *vicious*, if you please : no matter : IT IS THE RESULT OF A RIGHT CONVICTION : IT IS NOT CAUSED BY ANY VIRTUOUS OR VICIOUS EMOTION, OR QUALITY OF SOUL : it is simply the result of knowledge.

“MAN IS NOT, THEREFORE, A MORAL BEING ; NOR IS HE A RELIGIOUS BEING : HE IS SIMPLY AN INTELLIGENT OR INTELLECTUAL BEING, WHOSE BUSINESS IS TRUTH, WHOSE ONLY NEED IS TRUTH, WHO IS CONSTITUTED FOR THE ACQUISITION OF TRUTH, AND WHOSE HATRED OF FALSEHOOD AND LOVE OF TRUTH ARE INHERENT AND RADICAL IN HIS NATURE.

“If his knowledge enable him to comprehend his relationship to the Deity, his Creator, a reverential feeling of pious homage is the necessary result of the conviction. Call this Religion, or give this act of homage any other name ; no matter : it is the necessary result of his knowledge. Without the Intelligence or intellectual principle, there could have been no perception, no act, no homage, no Religion : hence Man is not a Religious being, neither is he a Moral being : he is simply and solely an Intellectual being.

“This is what Man is SPIRITUALLY ; and let Metaphysicians and Moralists say what they will, SPIRITUALLY HE IS NOTHING ELSE ; AND GREATER HE NEED NOT BE.

“But as a dual-natured creature, during the period of his physical life, he is also a gregarious or Social being ; that is, he has to provide for his physical, as well as for his spiritual wants ; and if he had knowledge enough to live consonantly with his higher nature, even in his social relations his acts could not be either virtuous or moral : they would be the natural and unavoidable results of his knowledge. THE REAL

G

MAN IS THE SPIRITUAL MAN, THE INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE ; AND ALL IT CAN ADD TO ITSELF IS KNOWLEDGE.

"Now, if what is called Virtue is only a particular mode of the Soul's action, a mere circumstance, the antecedent of which is Knowledge, it is clear that the same is true of Morality, Religion, Goodness, Justice, Conscience, Truth, and all the other circumstances usually spoken of as Attributes or Qualities of the Soul. They are not Absolute Existences, Entities, Beings, Things ; but, simply, modes of the Soul's action.

"Be not deluded by the current notion that Man has a *Moral* Nature, an *Evil* Nature, a *Reason*, a *Conscience*, &c., as so many internal, independent existences, and each of them the source of actions corresponding with their several designations. Such a notion is not only unphilosophical and false, but it is bewildering to the Student, derogatory to God, and mischievous in its consequences to all humanity. On the contrary, Man has only two conceivable sources of action, one Intellectual, or that which originates in Knowledge, the other Physical, or that which originates in the physical Instincts. Now, Morality pre-supposes DUTY as implied in self-respect, and in a respect for the feelings, wants, and rights of others ; and this again pre-supposes a *Knowledge* of these feelings, wants, and rights ; it follows, therefore, that Morality resolves itself into Knowledge, or a consciousness of the particular end to be attained by the act denominated Moral.

"It cannot be pleaded that the Moral act proceeds from any physical Instinct, because Instinct is blind impulse, and, thence, incapable of all moral action ; for, if not blind, it is not Instinct, but Consciousness or Intelligence. 'Morality,' then, signifies an act of Mentality directed to some special end of which the Soul is conscious ; or, in other words, and plainer—it is the Soul's Knowledge realised in action.

"Take any other quality, the result must be the same. An act of Justice pre-supposes the knowledge of what is Just, and results therefrom. An act of Religion (as already explained) pre-supposes the Knowledge of what is Religious, and is the result thereof ; for, inasmuch as blind Instinct

cannot *purpose* anything ; and as a Religious, or a Just act, pre-supposes a purpose, and is preceded by it, so Justice and Religion are, of necessity, neither more nor less than modes or phases of the Soul's Consciousness realised in thought and action. How to arrive, indubitably, at Truth, as to the RIGHT and WRONG in all these matters, is the great end of all Philosophy ; and the Method has been already indicated in the two Categories previously set forth.

"All TRUTH thus indubitably ascertained, is, of course, KNOWLEDGE, the means and base of which is CONSCIOUSNESS. It will be expedient, therefore, to glance briefly and generally at the relative value of the various CLASSES of FACTS arrived at through INTUITION and PERCEPTION—the two branches into which CONSCIOUSNESS naturally divides itself.

"By means of INTUITION I become conscious,

"*First*, of the Fact of MY OWN EXISTENCE,—of the Entity MYSELF, as a Being distinct from all other Beings, Appearances, and Things, external to myself, and which is expressed in the formula I AM.

"*Secondly* : of RIGHTS which thence naturally belong to me as a conscious, independent Being ; as,—my Right to exist, to think, to inquire, to examine, to doubt, to believe, to disbelieve, to determine, to act, or to abstain from action ; all which I do at my own proper hazard, and for my own advantage.

"*Thirdly* : of DUTIES which appertain to myself in my social relations with other Beings who are both physically and mentally constituted like myself, and whose Rights and Social Obligations are thence exactly similar to my own. It will be seen that a thorough knowledge of these three classes of Facts constitutes and includes all Philosophy.

"*Finally*, through INTUITION I become conscious,

"I. That Facts of Intuition are not Facts of Perception, and *vice versâ*.

"II. That Facts of Perception are derived immediately through the organs of sensation.

"III. That Facts of Intuition originate in the Mind itself.

"IV. That all Facts, however derived, are divisible into Classes,—

"*Generally*, into those of Intuition and Perception, and,

*“Particularly, into those pertaining to Mental Science, to the Physical Sciences, to Mathematics, to Mechanics, to Astronomy, to Geography, to Physiology, to the physical History of the World, to the History of Mankind both physical and mental, to Natural History, to Political and Social Science, to the Laws of Disease and Health, to Literature and Language in all their subdivisions, in a word, to every species of Knowledge classed according to its particular object or determinate aim. Hence, we perceive, there is Knowledge, the determinate aim of which is Religion, its object being God; Knowledge, the determinate aim of which is Morality, its object being self-respect, rightly conceived of, and a conscientious respect for the Rights of others: and thus of every other class according to the object designated by its specific appellation.*

*“The Consciousness of these several special objects of Consciousness, and of every separate Fact which appertains to each of them, is KNOWLEDGE, the sum of which, possessed, whether entirely or in part, by any individual, constitutes that Individual’s MIND, and is the originating source of every Intelligent act; for it must be obvious that no Intelligent act can originate in any animal Instinct, all of which are blind. INSTINCTS, as motive-powers, are the motive-powers of the ANIMAL, simply; but they are not the motive-powers of the Intellectual, the Spiritual, MAN. This is not said to undervalue or depreciate the Instincts, but to claim for the Intellect that pre-eminence which is its due. When a Man’s Intellect is over-mastered and controlled by the mere Instincts of his animal nature, and, worse still, when the over-mastered Intellect stoops to become the mere ally, slave, tool, of these Instincts—to think, to reason, and to plan for their inordinate indulgence, it is then that a man sinks lower, and becomes less, than the mere Animal; for, an animal, as such, is a respectable, a loveable thing; it is then that he becomes (in the worst or figurative sense of the term) a mere Beast: and who shall say, and can the Apocalyptic Prophets and expounders tell us—whether it is not the aggregate of such degraded things, whose NUMBER no man can compute, that is typified under the appellation of*

the Great Beast in that tantalising allegory, the Apocalypse—those Revelations in which so little is revealed? I leave this question to the professional unriddlers of riddles, and pass on to the inquiry before us; namely, How are we to ascertain the relative value of all the Knowledge of which the Human Mind is capable, whatever be its class or kind?

“Intellectually, when once a Man *knows* any Fact in Mathematics, or in Morals, or in Religion, or in any other recognised division of knowable Facts,—when he knows it truly, and remembers it, his Knowledge of this Fact is the inexorable Law which determines his Acts in reference thereto, because, intellectually, he is compelled to obey his intellectual convictions. As an INQUIRER (which he is by nature), his object is Truth: he has no motive to deceive others; certainly none to deceive himself. His Soul needs Truth, seeks Truth, loves Truth, and detests Falsehood. *Knowing* the truth, to *speak* the truth is natural, easy, and delightful; whilst knowingly to utter falsehood, is unnatural, difficult, and abhorrent to his nature. He knows, moreover, as though by instinct, the inherent love of Truth in others of his race; and hence he is conscious that, to Lie successfully, his Lies must look like Truth; that he must learn to suppress the rising blush which is ever ready to betray him; that he must silence the ‘still, small voice’ within him—which is the voice of God—whispering ‘Thou shalt not Lie;’ that he must become a consummate Actor, a finished Hypocrite; and that the trade of Lying must be studied and practised as an art;—an art the most difficult of accomplishment; an art which the greatest adept therein never dares openly to profess; an art which is hateful to all Men—the Liars not excepted; for they detest each other; and, though deceivers, hate to be deceived. All Men, in their character of Men as contradistinguished from mere Animals, are thus incessantly prompted to truthfulness; and, with all the force of their intellectual nature, are admonished and impelled to obey their Convictions, just as bodies are compelled to gravitate; for there is always a *tendency* to obey the Law, in defiance of all impediments. Even as the most finished Actor does but mimic Nature, so does the



most consummate Liar but mimic Truth. If he slips, or falters, or forgets himself, he fails; and every such slip, faltering, forgetfulness, and failure, is a vindication by outraged Nature of her own everlasting Law. Man is, therefore, Truthful and Truth-loving by nature; and, as an intellectual being, is incessantly impelled (all irrational impediments thereto, notwithstanding) to be true to himself and faithful to his intellectual Convictions: it follows thence that, to be faithful to these Convictions (even when erroneous in fact) must be 'morally' RIGHT."

"Hence, also," exclaimed DULL, "to be faithful to our *Instincts* must be morally Right."

"Not when they are opposed to an intellectual Conviction," replied DIONYSIUS, "for then they must be 'morally' wrong.—Now, by doing that which he knows or believes to be Right, a Man is, in certain cases, a BETTER Man than by doing (whatever the inducement) that which he believes or knows to be Wrong. Our CATEGORIES, by which Truth is rendered distinguishable from Falsehood, enable us to determine in all cases the True from the False, the Wrong from the Right: hence we have an infallible criterium for arriving at true Convictions; and these Convictions, as we have seen, naturally govern our Acts in all cases where a Man has the 'moral' courage to be as true to himself as his own inherent Love of Truth is true to him.

"It is no argument against this fundamental Law of our nature to affirm the readily admitted Fact, that Men constantly do wrong. They are ignorant; hence they do wrong. They also do wrong, knowingly. But why? Because (when taught at all) they are taught in infancy to believe that they are wretches writhing under 'the Curse of God,' begotten in wickedness, conceived in wickedness, wicked by nature, born wicked, and incapable of becoming, of themselves, aught else than reprobate and wicked in the sight of Him who cursed them for ever for another's fault; and because the irrational arrangements of Society, based on these blasphemies, tend constantly to render them unfaithful to their true nature, renegades to their intellectual Convictions, and to be grovelling, selfish, and untruthful, in

self-defence. These, added to our proneness, as animals, to sensual indulgence, are the Superinducing Motives to do wrong in defiance of our Convictions—a state of things which the Casuists who, in a worldly sense, profit by the monstrous Evils thence ensuing, adroitly engraft on Human Nature, or impiously father on an all-beneficent God.

“Let us now proceed to inquire What class of facts, a man’s obedience or disobedience to which, renders him Good or Bad, Better, or Worse, as a ‘moral’ agent?—that is, as a Being who has Wants to gratify, Rights to uphold, and Duties to perform in reference to himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God?

“It is obvious that a man is not a GOOD man merely on account of his ready and uniform obedience to a Mathematical Conviction, or to a Conviction about what is Right or Wrong in Science, Literature, or Art; but that the term GOOD, applied to him as a Man, refers exclusively to those thoughts and actions which are denominated Religious and Moral: hence, a Man is not a BAD man for acting in disobedience to his Conviction respecting any Fact in Science, unless he thereby intends to commit a Wrong towards a fellow-man; but he is a Bad man if, influenced by any irrational motive, he wilfully neglects his ascertained Duties, or intentionally infringes on another’s clearly ascertained Rights.

“In respect, therefore, to the direct ‘MORAL’ VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE, it is evident that a Man is not necessarily BETTER, that is, more Just, more Kind, more Generous, more Religious, for his Literary Knowledge, for his Scientific Knowledge, for his Art-knowledge, for his Legal Knowledge, or for his knowledge exemplified in any Personal accomplishment, Official Station, Rank, Profession, Calling, Handicraft, or Trade. For example. He is not, necessarily, a Better Man for knowing that two and two are equal to four; nor for his ability to see the most complicated of Euclid’s problems at a glance; nor for his ability to calculate with the utmost certainty the motions, magnitudes, and distances each from the other of the shining worlds which stud infinitude; nor for his capability

to analyse Matter, and know the subtlest truth which Chemistry discloses; nor would he be a Better man could his perceptive faculties and his Intuition pierce into all the latent truths of universal Nature, even to a comprehension of the essences of things; nor would he be a Better Man for the most perfect acquaintance with all the Languages, Laws, Religions, Manners, Habits, Histories, Customs, Rites, Beliefs, or Disbeliefs of all the nations of the Earth. All these have an elevating, a refining, a philosophic, a religious TENDENCY; but, weak are all of them, in the present state of the World's ignorance of Human Nature, and the irrational influences which spring therefrom, against Selfishness, Pride, Vanity, Love of Power, the Seductiveness of Sensual gratifications, and against the 'Sin,' and 'Crime,' and 'Immorality' thence alone ensuing. No! Men are not necessarily BETTER Men for any of this Knowledge, nor for all of it together, the 'Moral' Value of the whole of which lies in its TENDENCY to 'moral' Good, not in its direct action for 'moral' good on individual Minds.

"But, inasmuch as a Conviction about a Mathematical or a Scientific verity, compels us to act, when we act rationally, in faithfulness to that Conviction, so, when Mental Philosophy shall have been established as an exact Science, and that Science taught to all men, instead of the Falsehoods which are taught them now, then will every Man be, of necessity, a BETTER Man for the Knowledge thus imparted; because, although so small in its amount and so easy of attainment, it leads him directly to the recognition of an Infinitely beneficent God; discovers to him his own Spiritual nature; and, by teaching him the Laws of that nature, teaches him the Wants and infinite yearnings thereof; and thence informs him of the Rights and Duties which pertain to him, and to the entire species, in every relationship of his and their existence. He *will be* a Better Man for *this* knowledge, just in the proportion as he shall manfully combat and overcome the ignorant and irrational influences which tend to render him Sensual and Selfish, and which, instead of guiding, hinder the natural development of his higher and more ennobling Convictions.

"INTELLECTUALLY, all Men have equal Rights, because the one gift of Consciousness, and the Laws which govern it, and out of which all other intellectual qualities are derived, are essentially the same in all Men. If there were a Separate Religious-Sense, a Separate Moral-Sense, and a Separate Reason or Judgment-Sense, instead of all these being merely Modes of our fully-developed Consciousness, then would there be some seeming sanction for the Men whose Consciousness had obtained (though perhaps unfairly) a more complete development, to plead that, in their case, to the gift of Consciousness had been added by partial Nature the Separate and distinct gifts of Judgment, Morality, and Religion; and, on this plea, plausibly to claim a Right to be the Natural Lords and Rulers over those whose Consciousness—and this through no fault of theirs—might never have had a *chance* of development. But as the God of Nature has not been thus partial, nor could have been so without detriment to His infinite Benevolence, it is clear that the assumption of this plausible claim must rest, not on Man's Nature as an Intellectual Being, but only (if at all) on that perishable portion of his Nature which he enjoys in common with the Brute.

"PHYSICALLY, men are *not* equal; but, physically, what are Men more than the Brutes which reason not, and which have been formed—the Stronger of one species to devour the Weaker of another species? But even among the Brutes, the Strong of any particular Species are never the Tyrants over the Weak of the same Species, but, in all difficulty and danger, are their Champions and Friends.

"Let it be remembered, I am exhibiting the Intellectual, not the Physical, Man; the governing Mind, not the rebellious Body. If we enthrone the King, and provide him with just and everlasting Laws by which to guide his little State of SELF, he will subdue rebellion, and establish Order, Harmony, Tranquillity, and Love. And, as each individual Intellect grows to be sole Sovereign in his own domain, so shall there be Order, Harmony, Tranquillity, and Love, in Families, in Communities, in Nations, and throughout the world. Without it, never! But God, in his government of

the world, has forbidden *that*! His Universe is a progressive, a continually developing, Universe, let Oxford Essayists sneer at the proposition as they will;\* for, luckily, it does not depend on Oxford teaching (or the Deniers of progression would be right) but on God—who is greater than the Oxonians; and, ‘in the progress of the ages,’ accordingly as we *strive* as well as *pray* for it, this ‘Kingdom’ of His will come!”

Here a pause ensued, of which I shall take advantage to terminate the Chapter.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

“HAVING now a clear conception of the Intelligent Principle in Man, the nature of which determines the purpose of his being, let us proceed to examine the nature and attributes of Deity, so far as these can be conceived of by Intellectual, but finite Man.

“It is admitted, because it is impossible to deny, that the Essence we denominate DEITY is the Primary Principle of all things, or the great First Cause.

“Every act implies Intelligent Intention in the actor: hence, that which we call Deity is Intelligent. It must have existed prior to creation: hence, that which we call Deity is Prescient. It must be as limitless in its activity as the universe: hence, that which we call Deity is Infinite: infinite in its power; infinite in its prescience; infinite in its Intelligence or knowledge. Therefore THE DEITY IS INFINITE PRESCIENT INTELLIGENCE; OR, AN INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE HAVING INFINITE FORE-KNOWLEDGE. But as every act of Intelligence implies Prescience of the result, as well as Power to produce it, our idea of Deity may be further simplified by describing it as an Essence, or Intelligent Principle, having Infinite Know-

\* See an Essay entitled, “Suggestions on the best means of teaching English History,” by J. A. Froude.

ledge: or, as an Essence whose Nature, Power, and Perfection, consists in its Intelligence. But as the Intelligence is necessarily co-existent with the Essence, if not prior to it, and superior to the Essence, because without the Intelligence the Essence were as nothing, we will take the NATURE of Deity FOR the Deity, and describe the Essence, which is one and indivisible with the Intelligence, by a term which comprehends all knowledge; that term is INFINITE INTELLIGENCE.

"The Primary cause, or First Principle, of all things is, of necessity, Infinitely Intelligent. Whence it came, and how, is knowledge for another state: A KNOWLEDGE WHICH WE SHALL ATTAIN TO, or the DESIRE to attain it had not been implanted in our nature.—Enough for us now that we are conscious of its existence.—We know all that it is essential for us now to know.—We have as thorough a comprehension of what the Deity is as of what Man is, or the Soul of Man.—We know as much of Spirit as we know of Matter.—The Essence of either is alike incomprehensible.

"By the aid of our physical senses we know that Form and Ponderosity are essential qualities of Matter: and by the aid of a Spiritual Sense, which is analogous to Intuition, we know that Knowledge is an essential quality of the Intelligent Principle whether in Deity or in Man. We are as certain of the existence of this Principle as we are of the existence of the globe on which we live, or of the colour and fragrance of the rose.

"Are Colours nothing? is Fragrance nothing? To a man born blind and destitute of the sense of smell they are as nothing: nor would it be possible to convey to HIM the smallest notion of either, or to afford him the slightest proof of their existence. But without sensuous organs by which to perceive it, all men are more or less conscious of the existence of the intangible, inaudible, imponderous, odourless, and viewless Soul. Whether it has any qualities analogous to colour, ponderosity, and form, we know not; and yet we are certain of its existence: certain that it thinks; certain that it remembers; certain that it has a sense of happiness and misery; and certain that it gathers strength

for immortality by feeding on Knowledge, which is as imponderous, as impalpable, as shapeless, as immaterial as itself !

"We attach no notion of Form, or of Colour, or of Fragrance to the Ideas which represent Happiness, and Hope ; yet, without any such aids, we no more doubt that we are affected pleasurable or painfully, by these mental Images, than we doubt of the Birds that sing, we know not why, above us ; or of the Flowers that bloom, we know not how, beneath our feet."

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the Speaker became hazily poetical ; but as mere Poetry proves nothing, I have suppressed the remainder of the paragraph. He then proceeded—

"And although we do not now clearly comprehend the essential form or Likeness of the Spiritual God, we yet can clearly comprehend its Soul or Nature, which is Intelligence ; for its Attributes, as we shall presently see, add nothing to the Idea, because, in their totality and perfection, the Attributes and the Entity are One.

"Thinking men know this. Even Metaphysicians have an inkling of the matter ; but Moralists have the fact to learn.

"From PRESCIENCE, by which we mean infinite foreknowledge, if we abstract Intelligence, what remains ? Assuredly Nothing !

"Therefore PRESCIENCE IS INFINITE INTELLIGENCE.

"From OMNIPOTENCE, by which we express all we can conceive of Power, if we abstract Intelligence, what remains ? Nothing !

"Therefore OMNIPOTENCE IS INFINITE INTELLIGENCE.

"By UBIQUITY we mean the faculty of being present everywhere at the same time, the possibility of which may be perceived by considering that to know all things so intimately as to have created them, is necessarily to be with and in all things by a simple act of thought : if from Ubiquity we abstract Intelligence, what remains ? Again, Nothing !

"Therefore **UBIQUITY IS INFINITE INTELLIGENCE.**

"**OMNISCIENCE** is infinite Wisdom. Without the Intelligence there could be no wisdom :

"Therefore **OMNISCIENCE IS INFINITE INTELLIGENCE.**

"We will next suppose **PERFECT JUSTICE**, which means neither more nor less than thinking correctly on all subjects, and (which is an inevitable consequence) doing right in all cases ;—the Being, then, that is perfectly Just must be Infinitely Intelligent ; **AND JUSTICE IS ONLY ANOTHER NAME FOR INFINITE INTELLIGENCE, OR DEITY.**

"Suppose again **PERFECT GOODNESS.** A moment's reflection shows us that this is only another name for **PERFECT JUSTICE**, and consequently that it is **A PHASE OF DEITY OR DIVINE INTELLIGENCE.**

"All Attributes of Deity are but Synonymes of Deity, because all are resolvable into Infinite Intelligence.

"To Prescience, Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Ubiquity, Man does not presume to put forward any pretensions. We shall see that he has just as little right to lay claim to the others.

"Take Justice, Goodness, Benevolence, Mercy, Truth : add the **OMNI** which alone can make them applicable to Deity, and the identity of each is lost in the Infinite Intelligence which renders them absolute ; and which, by rendering them absolute, deprives them of existence : for we have but to suppose them to be perfect to perceive that, except as Modes of Intelligence, they are nothing.

"Reduced to their primaries, therefore :—

"**PRESCIENCE** is not Prescience, but Infinite Intelligence.

"**OMNISCIENCE** is not Omniscience, but Infinite Intelligence.

"**UBIQUITY** is not Ubiquity, but Infinite Intelligence.

"**OMNIPOTENCE** is not Omnipotence, but Infinite Intelligence.

"So, **JUSTICE, BENEVOLENCE, GOODNESS, MERCY, TRUTH**, are not Justice, Benevolence, Goodness, Mercy, Truth, but each, and all of them, are Infinite Intelligence ; and as Intelligence is nothing but Intelligence, these Attributes, except as Modes of Intelligence, are nothing.



"We perceive also that RELATIVE OR IMPERFECT JUSTICE is not Justice ; and that RELATIVE OR IMPERFECT GOODNESS is not Goodness ; and so of the others : it follows, therefore, that, either way, the whole of these terms are the representatives of Modes of thought, not of Things. They are misnomers when applied to the manifestations of imperfect knowledge, and superfluous when applied to Deity : hence Man who necessarily lacks the perfection of knowledge, cannot be Just or Good, absolutely, any more than he can be ubiquitous or omnipotent. He can, however, be relatively Intelligent : and, considering relative Intelligence to be relative Justice, or Goodness, he can be relatively Just, or Good.

"To the extent of his knowledge, he can also think correctly, and do right : and to the extent of his ability to do right will he attain the object of his existence, and be happy.

"Nor is it possible to conceive how the Creator could have bestowed Happiness on the Creature but by creating him ignorant, that through the unhappiness which flows from Ignorance, he might, by the contrast, be able to appreciate the felicity which Knowledge alone can give.

"It will be seen that in our list of Attributes we have included MERCY. Mercy is, however, altogether human. We are obliged to suppose the existence of 'SIN' and CRIME before Mercy has any conceivable function. Sin (which, in the language of what is called Religion, is crime committed against God) is an impossibility : for Ignorance *does not sin* ; and Knowledge *cannot sin*. Ignorance does not sin, and cannot sin, just as Darkness, which must always be darkness, cannot have the illuminating properties of Light : and Knowledge cannot sin, just as Light cannot subsist without the quality of illumination. Ignorance ERRS and SUFFERS ; but Error, in the sight of Him who knows that *Ignorance must err*, is not punishable Sin. Nor, on the contrary, is the natural consequence of Knowledge rewardable Virtue. I mean that Error is not punished as obduracy against God ; nor right actions rewarded as acts of obedience and homage towards the Deity : for to suppose either, is to

entertain a multitude of absurdities, *which only the most besotted Ignorance CAN entertain*, in reference to the DEITY.

"In A SENSE, however—and that a most beneficent one—Error is punished ; and Virtue (I mean the natural result of knowledge) is rewarded. Error is made to suffer on its *own account*, and for its own advantage ; namely, that it might get Knowledge, avoid the consequences of error, and be happy : and Knowledge is 'its own exceeding great reward : '—it does right ; in other words, it knows, and thence enjoys. Thus much, therefore, for what mistaken zealots call 'Sin ;' and, in *their* Justice, damn without redemption !

"Crime is sin committed against Society ; but were Society Just, and all men's actions rational, there could be no crime : and where there is neither Sin nor Crime there cannot be either Vengeance or Mercy.

"Mercy is not, therefore, an Attribute of the Deity ; but only one of those *Virtues* which Human Ignorance has made necessary on Earth, and which progress in Knowledge alone can ever enable us to dispense with.

"TRUTH, as the faithful expression of a rational conviction, in all matters, between men, is only another name for Honesty, and is by some regarded as a Virtue ; but, like the others, it will cease to be so regarded when men grow wise enough to remove the artificial inducements to falsehood which at present disgrace Society.

"The faithful utterance of a conviction, if erroneous, implies Honesty (that is, honesty of intention) ; but A RIGHT CONVICTION IS KNOWLEDGE ; in other words—Truth.

"In the first, or substantive sense, Truth is a non-entity, an abstraction, which Falsehood, the product of Ignorance, enables us to appreciate as a virtue. In its largest signification it means that collection of ascertained Facts which we denominate Knowledge ; which, when incorporated with the Intelligent Principle in Man, adds, as it were, to its stature, secures its individuality, becomes its happiness, and is the basis of the Sciences and of all true Philosophy.

"To regard Truth, therefore, as an Attribute of the Deity is, at best, superfluous : for, as the Deity cannot lie, to speak of his probity is needless ; and to make Knowledge an Attri-

bute of Knowledge, though not more erroneous than to deem Omnipotence a substantial Attribute, will perhaps be regarded by some minds as a clearer evidence of the absurdity.

"However homage-giving, and thence, however right, it is in Man to add these designations to the sacred name of his Creator, it is no less meet for him to remember that they are all modes of Intelligence, not Essences, Adjuncts, Things.

"In like manner, all the Qualities of the Human Mind which Metaphysicians anatomise and expound with so much minuteness and appearance of wisdom, are all mere modes of thought and action ; or the simple manifestations of the Intelligent Principle, under the pressure of the artificial circumstances induced by Ignorance and Error. Such, and nought else, are Justice, Benevolence, Probity, Mercy, Truth.

"The Passions have the same dark origin. Genius, Fancy, Imagination, are also (in their integrity, not in their misdirection for worldly gain) the simple manifestations of Intellect in quest of Knowledge.

"Again, Judgment is resolvable into Reason, and Reason into intuitive and perceptive Consciousness, and Consciousness pertains inherently to the Intelligent Principle, or Soul.

"We might, therefore, safely leave all the imaginary mysteries of Metaphysics to the Metaphysicians ; and their subtleties to the Mystics (if such there be), to whom habit has rendered darkness a source of satisfaction and dreamy joy. Enough for us to know that, all which is knowable of Deity is its Intelligence ; that, the Intelligent Principle in Man is one and indivisible ; having one nature, which is Intellectual ; one object, which is Knowledge ; and that, knowledge is man's only real Happiness.

"For the greater satisfaction of those whose education has been so neglected that they find it difficult to perceive all the logical deductions which the recognition of the First Principle opens up to minds more disciplined and reflective, I purpose to avail myself of any opportunity which may occur in these discourses, to multiply proofs of the soul's immortality : for, strange to say, the Immortality of the Soul is as little believed in now as though a priesthood had never existed !

"As one of these opportunities just now presents itself, I will detain you a brief space longer whilst I point out some of the affinities which are conceivable between Deity and the Intelligent Principle in Man. Both are Real Existences; both are Spiritual; both are Intelligent; therefore, from a parity of reasoning, BOTH ARE ETERNAL.

"Intelligence being one with Deity, without which the material universe could not have been, or being, were as nothing, is Eternal. It is impossible, therefore, that an intelligent Being can perish. The human soul can comprehend these truths. What, then, is the human soul? Even the most besotted Atheist must answer, 'an Intelligence!' Certain, therefore, of the identity of their nature, let us see if there be not as striking a parity in their manifestations. FROM A PRIOR IDEA GOD CREATED THE UNIVERSE. FROM A PRIOR IDEA MILTON CREATED HIS COMUS; ANGELO, HIS LAST JUDGMENT; SHAKSPERE, HIS HAMLET; CERVANTES, HIS QUIXOTE; PRAXITELES, HIS VENUS; and MARSHALL, HIS STATUE OF EVE. Humble as are these comparisons, they afford the most gratifying evidence of the exalted parentage of the soul.

"Again, Divine Intelligence knows all the Past, and fore-knows all the Future. So the Human Mind, as far as it truly comprehends the Principle of Gravitation, knows all the Past Operations of the Law, and fore-knows all the Future. A perfect fore-knowledge of the results of any act appertains of necessity to Infinite Intelligence, because, as THE POWER is coincident with THE WILL, the RESULTS must be coincident with the INTENTION.

"In like manner,—to the extent of its power over the circumstances by which its intention is to be accomplished, a similar fore-knowledge appertains to the Intelligent Principle in Man. There is nothing, then, mysterious or incomprehensible in Prescience.

"EVEN IN THE MATTER OF UBIQUITY THERE IS THE SAME RESEMBLANCE. God constructed everything, and hence knows everything, however mighty it is, or however inconceivably minute, and by an act of thought is present with all at once. In like manner, say, a Man has reared one

H

handiwork of his own contrivance on this spot; others at the Antipodes: were he afterwards an inhabitant of the Dog Star, by a simple act of thought his Soul would instantly be with them all!—and this the more completely, the more thorough might be his intimacy with the details of his work. These are puny comparisons, but they prove the identity in nature between Deity and the Human Soul. AND AS THE DEITY IS NECESSARILY ETERNAL, IT FOLLOWS THAT THE HUMAN SOUL IS NECESSARILY ETERNAL TOO. Our relationship with Heaven is clear, and the purpose of our being, manifest.

“The Deity is Omni-Cognoscence, or, adjectively, Omni-Cognoscent: the Human Soul is Mini-Cognoscence, or, adjectively, Mini-Cognoscent. The one has ALL KNOWLEDGE, with a still unsatisfied DESIRE to have an infinitude of Sharers in its knowledge. The other has SOME KNOWLEDGE, with a still-increasing DESIRE to work out the purpose of its existence, by increasing its amount. Between the OMNI and the MINI lies all the unspeakable difference. To diminish this difference is the only conceivable, nay, the only possible purpose of our being: and to obey the promptings of the SOUL'S DESIRE, is the certain, and withal, the only means, of its attainment.

“We have hitherto mistaken the object of this Desire. It is not for the Gold which ‘thieves may steal and the moth corrupt,’ that we have ceaseless longings; but for that Wealth which, to have, entails no poverty on our fellows, and which to distribute, however prodigally, amongst them, serves only to add to our own possession.

“We have seen that ERROR IS THE PROLIFIC PARENT OF ALL EVIL, AND THE CAUSE OF THE MANY HINDRANCES WE MEET WITH IN OUR PROGRESS TOWARDS PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS. At our next Sitting we will TRACE ERROR TO ITS SOURCE; DISCOVER THE ORIGIN OF EVIL; AND TAKE THE FIRST SAFE STEP TOWARDS THE EXTERMINATION OF HUMAN MISERY FROM THE WORLD FOR EVER.”

Dionysius ceased. Not so my Dream. The scene had changed in an instant to the Spirit-world where, in idea, all that had been, was. There methought the Souls of Men

were working out the problems that had baffled them on Earth. Some were slowly finding out how grasses grew; others, discovering what Combustion is, and Space, and Light, and Life, and Motion. What joy marked progress here! Far, far from these methought I saw a group of tiny Souls that had been Kings, and Queens, and Popes, and Emperors, puzzled to discover "the difference between a Sovereign and a Subject:" but no sign of joy gave evidence of their progress! not long enough seemed all eternity to solve this problem to their satisfaction. I pitied them, and passed to a larger group beyond, whose labours seemed as hopeless as the last. Their problem was "the difference between ignoble and noble blood!" Near these were another knot, poring over a problem of their own propounding, "One is three, and three are One." Methought that after centuries on centuries of hopeless labour, enlightenment began to dawn upon these groups of self-deceivers; and that thenceforth Ignorance grew less a Hell! Insensibly, and after what seemed to be the lapse of many centuries, this vision of the Spirit-world grew indistinct, and faded. A consciousness of most delicious music took its place: and as my Spirit yielded to its influence, the former phasis of my dream came back. Again there was the same thronged Chapel, the same countenances, the same mute attention; and thus the mysterious Dionysius again proceeded with his discourse.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE VISION CONCLUDED.

"Our last discourse was somewhat desultory. Let us collect its purport.

"That we might know **HOW** to live it was necessary to know **WHY** we live. This we discovered by deducing the Purpose of the Deity from the Nature of Deity; and the Nature, from the evidences of Design and Power exemplified in His works.

"To comprehend a work perfectly we must know the Purpose for which it was designed or created. The purpose for which the granite or the marble rock was made, is not so perceptible as the purpose of the Human Soul. If in the creation of the universe the Deity had a PRIMARY PURPOSE, and if that purpose was effected by the operations of A GENERAL LAW, it is certain that some things exist from sheer necessity, being the inevitable results of the Principle or Law which had for its object some existence in particular. Marble rocks, and thousands of other things, may, and probably do exist as the consequences of such necessity.

"Let me give you an example. A sculptor produces a statue out of a marble block. The statue is the special object he has in view as the result of his labours; but chips and fragments which he did NOT purpose by his labours exist from sheer necessity. Nor are these fragments altogether useless; for, although he would not have reduced a block of Parian marble into fragments to make a walk in his garden, he converts them to this purpose because they happen to be so convertible, and because when so converted they have a use. So in Nature, myriads of things might have an existence from sheer necessity. They are accidents, but not useless accidents. The universe would not have been created on their account; but as they are necessary results, and, withal, not useless ones, of the Law or principle which had to be called into activity for the production of a special object, they necessarily co-exist with the object whose existence was the special purpose of the Law.

"If, then, we do not always discover from a natural object (whether animate or inanimate) a purpose, capable of satisfying us that for such purpose it was specially designed, we are safe in considering (besides making allowances for our ignorance) that it might be one of those things which exist of necessity;—an accident which has its being out of the circumstances by which another object has its existence.

"Thus the Purpose of a granite rock, or the Upas tree, or the Rattle-snake, or of myriads of creatures that cover every inch of matter, if not of space, with life, is not so easily comprehended as is the purpose of the Soul of Man :

and the whole of them may be the necessary consequences of those general conditions by which dual-natured humanity has its being. Man has animal life ; and the conditions by which his animal life is secured to him, might be the reason, and probably is the reason, that all other forms of animal life have their existence. It is of no moment that some of the lower animals preceded him in the order of time. The existence of the lower animals, therefore, is possibly an incident which the all-wise Architect of the world has converted into secondary purposes that are at once useful and beneficent. Of this we are certain,—that there is A PURPOSE, whether it be a primary purpose, or only a minor one, IN THE EVOLUTION OF ALL FORMS OF LIFE.

“Man is pre-eminently distinguished above every other existence of which we have any knowledge or conception. A Single Human Soul, inasmuch as it *thinks*, and is endued with a nature analogous with the nature of Deity itself, is a greater work than this unconscious ball, the Earth, on which it came into existence. Why, then, may not the existence of countless Myriads of such Souls have been the Primary Purpose of the Deity in the creation of this Earth ; nay, even in the creation of the Universe ? But, be this as it may ; by having ascertained from the Nature of the Deity, the Purpose of the Deity in respect to Man ; and from the Nature of the Human Soul, the only purpose its existence can possibly subserve, we have discovered infallibly, first, what Man is ; secondly, why he is ; and, thirdly, why he is what he is ; and from this knowledge we have no difficulty in discovering HOW HE OUGHT TO LIVE, so as to become what he was meant to become, and has had the free choice of means given to him of becoming.

“We have seen that Man is, spiritually, an Intellectual Being conjoined to an organised material body, and so conjoined that he might, through toil and difficulty, acquire the rudiments of knowledge ;—which knowledge, and the difficulties attendant on its acquisition, we have seen to be the appointed means through which alone his Happiness is attainable. As the Purposes of his Creator are necessarily beneficent ; and as the Human Soul is incapable of any other



acquisition than Knowledge and its attendant felicity, the ultimate attainment of this Happiness is perceived to be the only possible purpose of the Deity in the creation of the Human Family.

"Innumerable 'Evils' have marked the track of Humanity hitherto : they have transformed the Earth into the abiding-place of misery ; and degraded God-like creatures into fiends. And why ? Because, ignorant of their true nature, the most enlightened speculations of mankind have been raised on guesses, and propagated with a ferocity proportioned to their falsehood : and because—ignorant of the true purpose of human existence—the efforts, even of the most conscientious of our teachers, have been one long, disheartening tissue of mistakes. OUR BLIND FAITH IN BLIND LEADERS—who *feeling* something of the God within them, have *assumed* the God—HAS EGREGIOUSLY DECEIVED US. But when each man knows himself, he will have confidence in himself, and trust no other leader.

"We have demonstrated that the Human Soul is a Real Existence ; that Religio-Philosophy is its guide ; that Reason is the all-sufficient Criterium of its Knowledge ; that Knowledge is its great Need, its constant Desire, its sole Principle of Action, the Source of its Power, the only Means of that Progress which is its Happiness for ever. We have shown that this Substratum or Soul is, by the Law of its being, compelled to accept as true whatever it cannot conceive to be otherwise than true ; and, thence, that all propositions consistent with or dependent on this fundamental or necessary fact, we are, in like manner, compelled to accept as true. For example : We are compelled to believe that the multiple of two and two is four, because we cannot conceive the possibility, in this case, of any other multiple. This fact determined, we are equally constrained to believe that the multiple of four times four is sixteen ; and thence, all the other truths of Abstract Mathematics. We might be deceived about Concrete Appearances, and about propositions based upon them ; but about Things in the abstract, we need not be deceived—if true to our nature, and obedient to the Law which regulates that nature ; which Law it were

idle to suppose deceptive, illusory, or false. **THIS IS THE LAW WHICH DETERMINES THE TRUTH FOR MAN.** It supplies us with a First Truth which we are forced to accept as Truth, and is thence the basis on which every abstract Truth, knowable to Man, is reared : nor is it possible for Man to conceive that this same Truth is not His Truth who ordained the Law, and who subjected our Souls to its irresistible operations. We have shown that Conviction follows irresistibly our perception of every fact the truth of which we are compelled by the Laws of our Understanding to admit, and that this **CONVICTION IS THE INEXORABLE LAW OF ACTION.**

"Now, this Law leads to the conclusion—a conclusion which no sane man will attempt to gainsay—That, whatever Circumstances or Influences, personal, moral, social, or religious, which seduce or coerce any man into Untruthfulness, whether of word or deed, are pernicious, corrupt, and degrading ; and, hence, that it is desirable, with all convenient expedition, to subvert these irrational influences—to the end that Truth might have no impediment ; that Justice might reign in the world ; that Love, Harmony, Security, and Peace might dwell amongst us ; that Progress towards perfection might proceed uninterruptedly ; and that Happiness—namely, the consciousness of this Progress, might be ours forever. And now, with respect to 'SIN.'

"We have seen that a human being does not 'Sin.' We have seen that when Crime is law-made or conventional, it is not necessarily wrong ; but only when it is the result of any wilful opposition to reasonable laws and right convictions. We have seen that whatever is Right, whether in sentiment or action, is the result of a right conviction ; and that whatever is Wrong (when not wilfully wrong) is the result of an erroneous, or a wrong conviction : and from these most important facts we have deduced the following axiom ; namely, that **THE ERRORS\* OF MANKIND ARE ALWAYS IN THE EXACT RATIO OF THEIR IGNORANCE.** THE ORIGIN OF EVIL has been an insoluble problem with all thinkers in all preceding times. 'Moral Evil' is the assumed objective Fact which the Theologian gloats over ; deducing it, in accordance with his Moloch-God Philosophy, from the other assumed

Subjective Fact—'Human Depravity;' and his Theology, again, from these—that Theology which is impious and horrible from beginning to end—a Libel on Humanity, and an Insult to its God. Evil is not a *Thing*, but a *circumstance*—a general name given to all the *Inconveniences* to which Sentient beings are necessarily subject;—casualties arising out of General Laws by which Man, and the Universe he inhabits, are governed, for the continuance and the ultimate good of both. But 'Moral Evil,' what is that? and whence its origin? Briefly, it is a general name given to the Inconveniences which spring—not from 'Human Depravity,' but from irrational indulgences and Human Error; and these, as we shall presently see, have their origin in Human Ignorance.

"Error is not the primary, but the immediate cause of much of the suffering endured by humanity. Neither is Ignorance, which (philosophically considered) is a pure negation, the cause; it is simply a *condition* out of which it springs. Error is the result of a wrong conviction: and Evil, of wilful opposition to a rational one: the ensuing consequences being similar in both cases. Thus, suffering does not result from what we *know*, nor from what we do not know, but from what we do in opposition to our knowledge; and from the acts resulting from false reasoning, or consequent upon false or imperfect testimony.

"It has been previously asserted that 'Moral Evil' is altogether the work of humanity, the natural consequence of that Free Will which, under certain circumstances, inheres to the human soul; and that beyond the sphere of human influence Evil has no existence. This fact will be proved to demonstration by tracing Error, which is the parent of Evil, to its source.

"We have already proved that all which concerns us as spiritual beings—all that it is possible for the Mind to acquire on Earth—is Knowledge. It is clear, therefore, that Error must have reference to its attainment. Our *DESIRE TO KNOW*, which is the ever-active principle of our existence, must ever precede our *ATTEMPT TO KNOW*: and, in the absence of all irrational and conventional influences, our *CONVICTIONS* must always precede and determine our rational

**ACTS.** But our Convictions, inasmuch as they are frequently arrived at through greatly-involved comparison, are sometimes wrong. It is then that we entertain a wrong conviction, which, as we are unconscious of its being wrong, stands us in the stead of Real Knowledge, or a Right Conviction; and the act which results from it is an Erroneous act. Clearly, then, Error is the result of a wrong conviction.

"This argument may be more briefly stated, thus:—

"It is NECESSARY that we should get Knowledge, hence we have a DESIRE to get Knowledge; but, as the attainment of all the facts which are not immediately perceptible through our external senses is the result of laborious and involved comparison, we are liable to Error.

"It is, however, clear that we should not be liable to Error if we knew all things, because the act of reasoning would be unnecessary. We are safe, therefore, in asserting that,—

"THE DEITY, WHO IS OMNI-INTELLIGENT, AND DOES NOT REASON, CANNOT ERR. We are also equally safe in asserting that,—

"POSITIVE IGNORANCE, WHICH IS A NEGATION, AND DOES NOT REASON, CANNOT ERR. We also see that,—

"THE DEITY IS AN ENTITY;

And that,—

"POSITIVE IGNORANCE IS A NONENTITY.

Error, therefore, must pertain to an Entity; but not to an Entity which knows all things. It must also pertain to an Entity which has consciousness, in other words, which has *some* knowledge. A Stone exists, but is not conscious of its existence; it is entirely destitute of knowledge, and therefore cannot err. The state of Omni-knowledge is above Error: the state of Positive Ignorance, or utter unconsciousness, is below it: the state to which Error pertains is the state between. It follows, therefore, that an Erring Entity must be a conscious Entity: and that the Entity which is liable to Error, whilst falling short of the Maximum of knowledge that has no need of reason, must have the Minimum of knowledge before it is in a condition to reason: that is, it must be conscious of its own existence, and of the existence of things external to itself, before it

can begin to perceive in what particulars things differ and agree. Hence, all Error has some Truth in it, as well as some Falsehood : and we shall not be far wrong in calling Wrong Convictions—PSEUDO-KNOWLEDGE ; and the state of being to which it appertains—THE PSEUDO-KNOWLEDGE STATE.

“ It is important, then, that we should discover what class or order of creatures belongs to this state ; because herein Evil and Misery have their origin, and Degradation, and Falsehood, and Injustice have their existence, and their home.

“ A Stone which neither lives, feels, nor thinks—cannot err.

“ A Plant which grows and lives, but neither feels nor thinks—cannot err.

“ An Insect which grows, lives, feels, and, perhaps, thinks—can it err ? If it thinks, and if its thought amount to that complex perception which would enable it to select means to an end it reasons, and may err. It will be seen that Dogs, Horses, Elephants, and all the lower animals are in the same predicament ; they grow, live, feel, perceive, and perhaps reason. If their perception extends to the intuitive selection of means, that is, to a consciousness of the relation between cause and effect, they reason and may err.

“ But have the lower animals this consciousness ? Do they really select means ? or is that which looks like Reason in them but the result of a law inherent in their nature, inseparable from animal life, and which we name blind Instinct—an unerring sense pertaining to all forms of life below the human ? As we proceed we shall see reasons for inclining us to this latter opinion ; because this power, whether it be instinct or reason, is always uniform and unvarying in the individual and in the species. If, however, they do reason they are liable to error : for if they never err, it is clear they do not reason. It is also manifest that, if they have the faculty of reason to the extent of selecting means to an end, the power is limited to their animal wants and necessities, and extends no further. The Hog and the Ox are not one whit more capable now than they were before the building of the Pyramids.

"Man lives, feels, thinks, and reasons : thinks and reasons, too, on things material and spiritual, far, far beyond HIS animal wants and necessities. Nor have we the slightest knowledge of any other creature in the universe which comes within the category included in this description.

"These are the circumstances which constitute the state of Fallibility, and False Knowledge ; out of which comes our knowledge of Good and Evil ; out of which the Vices and the Virtues spring, and all the multitude of Evils and Miseries which have led millions to the false conclusion that there is no God. HERE WE HAVE THE HUMAN SOUL WITH ITS APITUDE FOR KNOWLEDGE, ITS NECESSITY FOR KNOWLEDGE, AND ITS BOUNDLESS DESIRE TO KNOW. Here we have the MEANS of administering to the NECESSITY, and of gratifying the DESIRE. And, in order that HAPPINESS might be the result of our acquisitions, here is the LIABILITY TO ERROR ; and here are the EVILS which serve as new STIMULANTS TO THE DESIRE, AND AS CONTRASTS TO THE HAPPINESS : for, as without a sense of Motion we could form no conception of Rest, so without its Converse we should be unable to appreciate Happiness. So all-important is Knowledge, that we could not by any possibility taste of Happiness but by KNOWING that we are Happy ; nor could we know that we are happy, but by the actual experience of its *opposite*.

"There is, then, a necessity for Ignorance, hence we are born ignorant : for we could not feel the happiness of Knowledge but through the want of it ; and as the experience cannot be dispensed with, every Soul begins its being with the smallest quantity of knowledge—namely, the consciousness of its own existence ; to which is inseparably conjoined, A SENSE OF THE NECESSITY OF KNOWING, AND AN INSATIABLE DESIRE TO KNOW.

"There is, however, no necessity for Error ; but only a Liability thereto. Man is the only creature prone to this Liability, and the circumstances which induce this Liability constitute the state of PSEUDO-KNOWLEDGE.

"The Errors he commits in his reasonings are the natural results, the purposed results, and no doubt, on the whole, the

beneficent results, of that free choice of means to an end of which it is the privilege of Man in his imperfect, or pseudo-knowledge state, to avail himself.

"How erroneous his selection has been will be seen hereafter. Our present business has been to discover the source of Error; and we find it originating with Man. We shall subsequently see that the results of this error are as extended as the Earth—the circle wherein, by Divine permission, Man's error-directed will is Law.

"Man is an Erring Being: and from this circumstance has arisen the notion that he is a 'fallen' creature, naturally sinful, and—more shocking still—cursed by his Creator from the beginning, and incapable of salvation except through a crucified Redeemer! Man is an Erring Being—there is no possibility of escaping the conviction: he is liable to Error; but instead of this being a humiliating circumstance, it is most ennobling and consolatory.—He is the only creature on Earth endued with a capability of intellectual progress, having a will limited only by his knowledge.—He is an embryo, incarnate God.—The more we investigate his nature and capabilities, the less possibility will there be of escaping this most elevating conviction.

"Presuming, for the sake of argument, that the lower animals think and reason in the manner of humanity, let us see what constitutes the difference between mankind and them.

"I have already remarked that Man thinks and reasons on a greater variety of subjects, and takes a much wider range of observation and rational deduction, than the brute. That which looks like reason in the lower animals seems to be confined in its operations to a few material objects that come within—I will not say the range of their observation, for their means of observation are much larger than they seem to use—but that come within the range of their animal necessities.

"It is true Man, as an animal, has a wider range of necessities, real, artificial, or imaginary, than the brute, the bird, or the insect has; and this sufficiently explains why his observation should be more active and extended.

"But Man's reasonings and researches are not confined to material things, nor limited to his animal wants. On the contrary, he is as conscious of the existence of spiritual things, though viewless and impalpable, as he is of material things which he can see and handle; and in all ages the spirit-world has been the world of his speculations, and of his hopes and fears. He loves, and has ever loved, to revel in Metaphysics; and although this ennobling science has been hitherto a mystery, his love of the study has been his distinguishing characteristic. Notwithstanding that his erroneous reasonings have misled and bewildered him, he has never ceased to push forward his investigations. What he cannot prove to the satisfaction of his reason, he yet believes on the evidence of probability, and the indistinct promptings of his spirit. He glories, and has ever gloried, in sublime conceptions, and in fantastic and beautiful imaginings. He has missed his way in the pursuit of Truth; but all beautiful and mysterious unrealities have been snatched at to supply its place, and to gratify his intellectual cravings. Look at the Literature he has called into existence: how full of gorgeous imagery, and of noble thoughts, and of incipient creation! Even out of Error, unrealities, and falsehood, he has created an ideal world of which the worst that can be said of it is—that the beings which people it bear too much resemblance to his own erroneous ideal of himself.

"And why all this? What is the inevitable inference to be drawn from these positions? Certainly, not merely to administer to his wants as an animal was this desire after spiritual truth implanted in his nature; but to stock his soul with all-enduring knowledge. And to what end? Assuredly, that he might fit himself for the immortality, the eternity of existence, for which every fact of his nature proves that he is destined.

"He observes effects in Nature, and, with the same ardour as he pursues spiritual investigations, he strives to discover their causes: and, much as there is to do, how much has he already accomplished! Now, whenever he perceives an effect in Nature, and succeeds in discovering the cause, he has added to his soul's intelligence; he is one step nearer to



the Angels ; he has enlarged and strengthened his relationship to his God.

“ ‘ Well, but,’ say you, ‘ does not the Beaver in damming up the stream, observe effects, discover causes, and apply the results of its knowledge to its purposes and wants ?’ ”

“ Probably not. Most likely the Beaver does its work under the influence of blind instinct, the law impressed on its nature that it may accomplish purposes necessary to its wants ; and *that* without the slightest inkling of Cause and Effect, or the least idea of there being the slightest connexion between them. But again I urge the distinction— if there be reason, it extends only to the limits of its necessities, and not one whit beyond.

“ Man, however, *does know* the connexion between cause and effect, and applies causes to produce effects which he does not find in Nature—effects altogether new in their application ; some useful, some only partially useful, and some having no use in the economy of life save the pleasure he feels in availing himself of the powers of Nature, and the employment of his faculties and knowledge in constructive creation.

“ Consider what he has achieved in this way ! He has invented for himself a Language, oral and written, the means of multiplying his thoughts indefinitely, and, through a material medium, of almost eternalising Mind. Look at his machinery ; his labours in the Arts ; his discoveries in Science ! He has dissected the Sunbeam : he has scaled the Heavens : he has weighed the Stars : he has tracked the Comets through infinitude : he has almost packed the Universe within the narrow limits of his little brain ! The Planets are his familiar friends : he roams amongst the Constellations ; and predicates, prior to its absolute discovery, the existence and the whereabouts of an almost infinitely distant Star ! He has abtorted the Lightning from the clouds : he has chained it to the earth : he has made this most subtle agent of Deity his Slave : by its aid he has conveyed his thoughts from one corner of a vast continent to another with almost the speed of Light ! And why the power to accomplish these things, all of which are so incon-

coirably beyond his wants as an animal, but to furnish his soul with knowledge and fit it for immortality? He loves to know: he seeks out causation for the pleasure, or rather for the Happiness it affords him; for when he succeeds in discovering a new truth, he feels that he is participating in knowledge which was once possessed by the Deity alone.

"The great difference, then, between Man and the Lower Animals (great as has been this stumbling-block to some delvers after Truth) consists in this:—the little knowledge which is acquired by the thinking principle in the Brute, Bird, and Insect, is that which is derived exclusively from material things; non-spiritual, non-speculative, non-imaginative; but simply necessary for their animal purposes and wants: whilst Man's reason grapples with subjects the most complicated and involved; whether material or immaterial; speculative or real; near or afar off; perceptible to his senses, or only cognisable by his understanding: whether only necessary to his animal wants, or a consolation to his imprisoned Spirit—that embryo angel of eternity—his knowledge-needing Soul.

"Man naturally loves knowledge for its own sake, and would love it more if he lived in a social condition consonant with his desires, and adapted to his intellectual, as well as to his animal development and wants. Even as it is, he instinctively loves knowledge. A thinking, intellectual man, naturally, and, as it were, intuitively, seeks the companionship of thinking, intellectual men: and, in proportion to his own mental acquisitions, he shuns and dislikes the society of the mere animal amongst his fellows. And why is this feeling interwoven in his nature, growing with his intellectual growth, and strengthening with its strength? There is no other reason than the one already assigned—the desire of the awakened soul for more and more intelligence. And why? but that it will enjoy a separate and independent existence in its disembodied state for ever? Were it not otherwise evident that Intelligence, and its recipient, the Soul, are incapable of destruction, these considerations alone would demonstrate the fact. Scepticism, then, world-spanning as it is, has no peg left on which to hang a doubt.

"What a help to his progress in knowledge is that physical instrument of Man, his Hand! In considering its construction and capabilities we are almost tempted to exclaim—'the most beautiful piece of mechanism in the world!' But perfect as it is, it is only perfect as a means to an end. It would not digest our food: for that purpose the stomach is more perfect than the hand. The truth is, no one work of God is more or less perfect, more or less beautiful, than another; and all comparisons between them are absurd. But why has this instrument, with all its astonishing capabilities, been bestowed on Man? As an animal he might perform nearly all his animal requirements without it: nay, if thought, perception, reflection, and reason were, as some have supposed, accidents; or, if not accidents, gifts which were to lead to nothing, he could think, perceive, reflect, and reason as well, though not so extendedly, without this instrument as with it. For what purpose was it, then, bestowed? Some fallacious reasoners, who have laboured to persuade the world that men are merely animals, have said, that the Monkey and the Beaver have hands only a little less perfectly developed than those of Man. This assertion if not wholly true, let us suppose it so. Say they have hands similar to the human hand. This, instead of linking humanity to the lower animals (continuing the chain of being, as distinguished naturalists have affirmed from an oyster up to a Franklin or a Shakspeare), is the best proof of the most decided, the most complete division—a barrier which is insurmountable. It proves this, that neither the Monkey nor the Beaver really reasons: for if these creatures were endued with the reasoning faculty, that is, with *intuition and a knowledge-needing Soul*, this instrument would have done, long ago, as much for them as it has done for the family of Man. Without it, Man would be a helpless brute, despite of his reason; whilst, wanting reason, the Chimpanzee remains a brute, despite of his human hand. Why, then, was this instrument bestowed on reasoning Man? Simply as a physical help to his mental acquisitions. This hand has been of a thousand times greater aid to his intellectual progress than to his physical wants. Clearly, then,

as an intellectual aid was this physical instrument bestowed on all humanity. Again, why should it so pre-eminently minister to the Soul's necessities, if the Soul be not immortal? Even more than the Ear and Eye, why this Hand? Why Reason? Why that Soul-sense which outstrips Reason in the race for Knowledge—which whispers of things that the physical senses could never reach, of Realities to which Reason could never soar? Why, in addition to these, the insatiable DESIRE TO KNOW, if the knowledge-loving Soul be not immortal?

"We perceive, then, that the only existence on the earth which lives, feels, thinks, and reasons, and which occupies its thought and reason on matters extraneous to itself, and beyond the sphere of its animal necessities and wants, is Man. Can he err? Yes. Where there is Reason which might mistake its facts; or, knowing only a part, and reasoning thereon as though it were the whole; where there is a choice of means to an end, there must be liability to error. Were it not so, Reason would be only another name for Infinite Intelligence, which has no need of Reason; or it would be blind Instinct, which has no choice. Hence, Error belongs exclusively to Humanity.

Infinite Intelligence cannot err.—Instinct cannot err.

Man, occupying a middle state, can err,  
and does.

Linked to Infinite Intelligence by a reasoning soul—a chain which cannot break;—to the Brute beasts by his brute wants and instincts—a chain which death dissevers; a new Condition was introduced into the world at his creation; and a new Principle adapted to this new condition was the necessary consequence. The new Principle is the Intelligent Principle, with its *necessary determination* to do whatsoever it sees good to do—which is called its Will; its operations being confined to the Earth by the Laws to which the entire universe is subject. The new Condition is the Liability to Error. On this Earth where Man's Will is absolute (that is, as absolute as his power), Error creates Evil; and from Evil results all the confusion which distracts humanity. Here we pamper the vices by fostering the virtues. Here dis

tinctions are created which, being false, cannot be eternal ; and Miseries, which only a total reformation can subvert.

"Within this circle of Error, subject only to the laws of his Creator which circumscribe his being, Man is a little Deity ; and just as Ignorance predominates within this circle, he will be prone to Error ; and, as his knowledge increases, his liability to Error, and the evils thence arising, will decrease from sheer necessity.

"Now, in the beginning, Error led this little, self-willed deity of Earth, to forget, or lay aside his godship. *The most fatal* shall I call it? No! for it was no less needful than it was inevitable ;—but *one of his Earliest Errors* was the adoption of the brute force principle, 'MIGHT IS RIGHT,' as the basis of his social system :—CRIME was the inevitable consequence! Then came Legislation ; and Law ; and Justice ; and Mystic Religion ; and the Virtues ; and the Moralities : and Legislators to make the Law ; and Lawyers to expound it ; and Judges to dispense it : and Priests to explain the Religion ; and Philosophers to explain the Moralities ; and Metaphysicians to explain the mental confusion thence arising. Yet, no one is the wiser for the Metaphysics : no one is the better for the Morality : no one is the holier for the Religion. Justice is not Justice ; but a sham. Law is brutality reduced to a system. Legislation is a disgrace to our humanity. And what wonder, since the whole of these contrivances are based on Error, and beyond the circle in which the human will is Law, none of them have an existence!

"Yet, within this circle of Error and Evil there is such a circumstance as TRUTH. Truth and Knowledge are synonymous. Every real existence ; every cause ; every effect ; every action—is a FACT. Every fact is referable to the First Fact, God. The human Soul is a fact. The Universe is a fact. Every individual portion of the Universe is a separate fact ; that is, each entire portion might be contemplated as a separate fact. Every phasis of the human soul, influenced as it is by the circumstances which environ it, may, in like manner, be viewed as separate facts. The nature, and the purpose of all material things ; their

relationship to each other; and the relationship of every part to the whole, are so many Facts. The nature of the human Soul, and the purpose for which it was created, are Facts. Whatever we really know concerning these Facts, is Truth. We are now in possession of the KEY to this Knowledge. To know—to collate—to systemise these individual Facts—to discover the principles which test their truth, and thus convince ourselves of their value and importance, is PHILOSOPHY; and to live in obedience to the Laws which govern them and us; to conform and shape our desires, and direct our animal, as well as our intellectual, instincts towards the true end and object of our being, is RELIGION. Love God; love one another, is the Religion of the 'Redeemer.' Our principles conduct to this Religion. To love God we must know God: and this knowledge is the basis of our Philosophy. To love one another we must know one another; and the basis of this knowledge is to know ourselves. There is no mystery, then, in the Philosophy we would teach the world: no exclusiveness in the Religion. The Religion is the Religion of Christ; the Philosophy is a simple, an intelligible, guide to the happiness and well-doing of the entire family of Men. They are this, or they are nothing.

"Under the present false and artificial system, Virtue is not distinguishable from Vice; Good from Evil; Right from Wrong; Innocence from Crime. Where one begins and the other ends it is impossible to discover: and what Religion is, and what is Irreligion, it is equally difficult, nay, impossible, to determine. As for Innocence and Crime they were Law-made in the beginning, and are Law-made still. That which is innocent to-day, Legislators might declare to be criminal to-morrow, whilst, by the same wonder-working alchemy, the crime of yesterday is pure, unspotted innocence to-day! Presto! and Wrong is Right! Presto! and Right is Wrong again! This is the Drama of Errors which men have been acting these thousands of years. The similarity between Right and Wrong—the Dromios of the play—creates the perplexing interest of every scene; some of which are tragical, others comical,

whilst some are downright farce : and, however it may seem to answer the purpose of the 'Stars' and First-class Actors, who put on and off their mimic dignity with their dresses (as Saints on Sunday nights doff their religion), and who fancy themselves when dressed to be the falsely-august things they personate ; however it may gratify *their* vanity, and satisfy their brute lust for power,—to the throng of subordinates and supernumeraries it is a dreadful business. Life is to them a loathsome burden. The Sons and Daughters of the Deity are degraded below the level of the brute. To whatever uses you apply the Brute, it never loses its brute dignity. Not so with Men. The Earth is converted into a stage where there is nothing real but the miseries. The actors are Buffoons, or Apes, or Thralls. 'Here Man, vain Man, dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven that make the Angels weep.' When decked in our day-disguises we are mountebanks ; merry-andrews ; robed, ermined, wigged, coroneted, and crowned Pretenders. We are only Men and Women when we sleep ; and then, sometimes, do Angels deign to visit us.

"The whole of this false grandeur, and the train of monstrous miseries of which it is the centre and the immediate cause, are the natural and inevitable results of Error. Error, however, is not eternal. It and its Miseries will cease when men perceive the Truth. Till then they must be borne with. There is no 'happy medium' between Truth and Error ; and when the Truth is seen the world will not be wanting in loving, Christian Spirits to help it forward, and advance the Millennium of Intellect, and intellectual Love.

"Erroneous, on the whole, as have been the labours of Philosophy hitherto ; little as Plato, Zeno, Aristotle, Socrates, and Bacon have really accomplished for the world, it would be unjust indeed not to own that these deep-reasoning, earnest men ever struggled hard in the CAUSE of Truth ; and because of this, whilst there is a man to reverence genius on the Earth their names will be affectionately remembered.

"But perhaps of all the pioneers of Truth, the Poets have accomplished most: and, amongst these, I believe our own SHAKESPEARE had the keenest *sense of Truth*, and the largest and most catholic soul.

"But, to reform the original, wide-spread Error of mankind; to show the true social basis, and the way to happiness and an intellectual Heaven, came one diviner than them all: a Man all soul: without a particle of selfishness or animalism in his nature: he whose life was all humility, and gentleness, and love; a love which encircled all men: he who when reviled reviled not again: he who died for the realities he came to teach—one God, the immortality of the soul, and love as the social basis: he who, dying, blessed those who cursed him, and prayed his last prayer for those who nailed him to the cross—'Father, forgive them! they know not what they do!' As a MAN, how eminent, noble, courageous, pure! Do not deride him by proclaiming him a GOD. \* \* \* When men shall understand his mission, injustice shall cease, and all mankind be happy."

Dionysius ceased. The vast assembly, as though spell-bound by the earnest eloquence of the speaker, remained mute and immovable as death. Not a muscle stirred: not a breath disturbed the air. The entire auditory, methought, had hardened into marble. They were statues, and not living men. I seemed to have grown into marble myself. I tried to rise, but could not; to raise my arm: it was too ponderous for my strength. I attempted to speak, but was unable to articulate a word. I looked for DIONYSIUS, but he had gone. Again, music floated through the arena, and so thrilled my whole frame, marble as I seemed to be, that life was almost insupportable. In an agony of pleasure I awoke. The music continued; but it was no longer the music of my dream. I soon recollected the occasion of it. It was Christmas morning. The Waits were performing a selection from Handel, "Now unto us a child is given," beneath my window, in the clear, cold moonlight. I slept again from sheer exhaustion: and the same scene in the Abbey; a huge auditory of statues—their marble features fixed in the similitude of deep atten-



tion—was the one stereotyped idea which haunted my fancy during my restless slumber. It was one dead, motionless monotony. The feeling became almost terrible. What must be that of a murderer, in the world of spirits, with the ever-present idea of the guilt of a brother's blood haunting him through all eternity? It is a mercy that there is no such hell: that Society is responsible for our crimes!

## PART THE SECOND.

---

### CHAPTER I.

#### RANDOLPH.—CIVILIS.

I HAD been one evening relating, to a familiar acquaintance, whom I will call Civilis, the foregoing particulars of the Alpha-vision, when the following conversation, touching the truth, practicability, and value of the Philosophy enunciated therein, occurred between us.

CIVILIS. It is impossible, my dear Randolph, not to feel deeply interested in the singular revelation you have just made to me, whether it be regarded as the product of a dream, or as an incipient system of Philosophy of your own invention : nor can there be any difficulty in conceding to it the praise which is always due to originality. Much has been said and sung, in all periods of the world's history, in praise of Knowledge ; but, until now, none have exalted it above Religion. Many a shaft has been hurled at Vice and Crime ; but, until now, Philosophy has never seriously assailed the Virtues. We have had apologists for Sin and Crime : but none to deny the abstract possibility of their existence. We have had thousands of zealous men enunciating schemes to mend the Civil and Religious polity of the world ; but none who have proposed to demolish the entire structure. We have had deniers of this or that system of Religion or form of Government ; but none who have denounced, and would uproot them all. I almost tremble to recount your merits : yet there you sit, Randolph, calm as the moonbeams on the waves that have just swallowed an Armada.

RANDOLPH. You must consider my tranquillity, *Civilis*, to be the consequence of my knowledge. I *know* my critic is a friendly one, notwithstanding this "thundering in the index."

CIVILIS. Seriously, my dear Randolph, this dream has made a deep impression on my mind; and although there is something so startling in your Philosophy—for I must call it yours—I am more than half persuaded of its entire truth. If it be really true, it must be both practical, and pre-eminently important. But, in this case, what a mass of untruth have mankind to unbelieve as a consequence of its adoption! It is this astounding thought concerning the old system, rather than any lack of evidence I have yet discovered in favour of the new, that counsels me to pause before I discard, as totally erroneous in principle, all the time-honoured institutions which I have been accustomed to reverence, no less for their apparent worth than for their antiquity. You know I am a Lawyer, and therefore accustomed to deal with evidence; and that, on sufficient evidence, I can believe anything. You know also (notwithstanding my profession, Randolph), that I have some title to the character of a religious man; and, as such, am naturally an admirer, and, I hope, to some extent a practiser, of the Moralities and the Virtues which, according to your system, are henceforward to be regarded as blots on our social system.

RANDOLPH. No, *Civilis*; not exactly as blots, but rather, excrescences, which the blots called Vice and Crime make beautiful by comparison.

CIVILIS. I stand corrected—as beautiful excrescences that under a really rational system could have no existence. You will not wonder, therefore, that I feel some reluctance to embrace a system which proposes at the first convenient opportunity to dispense with them.

RANDOLPH. If to live in obedience to the Intellectual Law of our Being, to recognise in others all those Natural Rights we claim for ourselves, and unselfishly to respect those Rights, be Morality—and this is what I mean thereby; and if, generously to forego our own Rights whenever the

higher dictates of an enlarged humanity demand the sacrifice, be Virtue—and this is what I mean by Virtue; then, under any System, Morality and Virtue can never be dispensed with. But it is important to remember that they are Modes of thought and action, not Adjuncts, Essences, or Things. It must be remembered also that the conventional qualities which bear these names are, for the most part, counterfeits that have their origin in falsehood and injustice, not in a Law of Nature which prescribes the same Duties, and gives the same Rights, to all.

CIVILIS. But is not this rule of abstract Right utopian and impossible amongst Men?

RANDOLPH. That depends on our definition of a Man. Brute Animals make no pretence to Wisdom, Truth, and Justice. Human Animals do. Now, that the Human Animal *pretends* to act justly is a proof, not only that he *ought* to be just, and wise, and good, but that he *knows* it: what is there, then, Utopian in believing that he *might be* what he pretends to be, and ought to be, but is not? Conventional Morality is the art of Thriving—it is Selfishness in disguise; and Charity, the wide world through, is only a cheap substitute for Justice. When such pretences as these pass current for Morality and Virtue, it is not possible that our Religion can be real, and the sooner such shams and unrealities can be dispensed with the better.

CIVILIS. I confess there is much in our present Social System that needs reformation, and many anomalies which contradict our natural Sense of Right because partial instead of general in their influence and operation. I own also that there are some doctrines inculcated by our Christian creed which are weak, if not absolutely indefensible: but I think you will allow that this is not a sufficient reason for abjuring them for others which may look more perfect in theory (but which it may be impossible to reduce to practice), except on the clearest and most conclusive evidence. Am I right in my obduracy in favour of my old faith?

RANDOLPH. Perfectly, Civilis: and the more so, inasmuch as our new philosophy repudiates Faith altogether, and asks for no assent but that which springs from a full conviction.

By Faith I do not mean Belief. Let me illustrate my meaning by examples. On the banks of the Tigris, about two hundred miles above the junction of that river with the Euphrates, stands a city called Bagdad. I know this City. I have lived there. The fact of its existence is not with me a matter of Faith, neither is it Belief. The fact does not rest on testimony, but on positive knowledge. By Faith, therefore, I do not mean Knowledge. Again, I am told that the poet Byron swam across the Hellespont at a place where this channel is three miles wide. I have myself swum a mile. My informant as to the greater feat is a man of probity: he has no interest in deceiving me. I reflect that if one man can swim a mile (a fact within my own cognisance), it is within the limits of possibility that another might swim three miles. I do not KNOW that it is true; but the thing being possible, and authenticated to my satisfaction, I adopt it as a true fact; in other words, I BELIEVE IT. This is not knowledge obtained, as in the former case, entirely through the evidence of my own senses; but knowledge which rests partly on testimony, and partly on a corroborative fact which I know to be true. My adoption of the fact as truth is not Faith, but Belief. Again. Another person tells me that the poet did not *swim* across the Hellespont, *but walked across* on the surface of the water, just as he might have walked across a field. In this case my knowledge of the properties of water renders it impossible for me to adopt this fact as truth. Belief demands some corroborative knowledge derived through the testimony of my own senses; some proof of its possibility. If I consent to adopt this fact as truth—(I am here supposing what I cannot imagine to be possible, a *conscientious assent, not a feigned one*); this is not Belief, but a total abandonment of self to the adoption as truth of a rationally impossible fact. This is what I understand by Faith. We can BELIEVE in the extraordinary and the improbable. The miraculous and the impossible demand FAITH. There can be no Belief (by which I mean a rational and conscientious conviction), without some actual, corroborative knowledge of our own with respect to the fact believed. Whenever, therefore, the term

Faith is used as a synonyme of Belief, it must be in reference to facts that are believable; and which are believable because we know them to be possible. But this excludes all facts such as the birth of the once-expected Shiloh without the agency of a human father. People are sometimes wont to escape this dilemma by averring that with God all things are possible. This, however, is a fallacy; for the act of Belief is impossible to God. To constitute an act of belief, two things are necessary, nay, three—first, prior ignorance of the fact to be communicated; secondly, a Communicator, who knows something which the Recipient does not know; and, thirdly, corroborative knowledge by which the Recipient can test the probability of its truth: all which, with God, are clearly impossible; yet possible with Man.

CIVILIS. But is it impossible, God so willing it, that Shiloh might have been conceived of Johanna Southcott without the agency of a human father? in other words, is a miracle impossible?

RANDOLPH. There can be no doubt of God's ability to perform this act; for, to us, every act of creation is a miracle. But since God himself has so constituted the human mind that we cannot believe in any fact without testimony, conjoined to some knowledge of our own by which to estimate the probability of its truth, it is impossible that God could make our Faith in a miracle, a *sine qua non* of our salvation. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, THEREFORE, THAT THERE CAN BE ANY EFFICACY IN FAITH.

CIVILIS. This is startling. I thought, Randolph, and still think, your views respecting Conventional Morality and Virtue somewhat obscure and unconvincing: but nothing can be more lucid and complete than your exposition concerning Faith. I should like to hear your definition of a miracle.

RANDOLPH. By a miracle I mean any occurrence out of the ordinary course of nature, and in violation of the Laws of nature: as if a stone should hang suspended in the air without any visible or conceivable support; or a tree uproot itself and walk about. There is no MERIT in believing a thing which is believable: nor is there any DEMERIT in dis-

believing any circumstance which in the nature of things we feel to be impossible. I believe in God's ability to suspend Saint Paul's Cathedral in the air; but where is the merit of my belief, seeing that it is based on the mightier evidences of his Power within and around me? But I disbelieve that God does so suspend such ponderous bodies, because I never saw an evidence or exemplification of the fact; and in what consists the demerit of my unbelief? I may *assert* that I believe it: but without some circumstance-compelling influence acting on me from without, even this, *Civilis*, would be impossible.

*CIVILIS*. I perceive it: I am satisfied: you have convinced me of the inefficacy and uselessness of Faith. But a thought occurs to me. You said just now that every act of creation is a miracle. In this case, the creation of the first pair of the human species was a miracle. They could not have had any natural progenitors: the act which gave them being was contrary to the Law, or altogether independent of it, by which all things reproduce their like, and must have been the result of a special intervention. Whether our First Parents proceeded from the Earth, the Sea, the Air, or from one of the inferior Animals, the fact remains the same; their production was the result of a special ordination. And the same must be true of every distinct class of creatures, and even of every distinct form of vegetable life: each must be a distinct act of creation, special, or extra-judicial, in its nature. How, then, do you reconcile this fact with what, if I mistake not, you assert in the Alpha-vision, to the effect that the lower animals, notwithstanding their priority on the Earth, are the 'accidental' results of a general Law which had for its primary object the bestowal of animal life on the human species?

*RANDOLPH*. A Creature when once produced, is immediately rendered subject to the Law which regulates its reproduction or continuance. But there is a Principle prior to this Law, the operations of which principle are as inscrutable as those of the Law just mentioned. This principle is a Law impressed on matter by means of which life is bestowed, and new Creatures produced out of new Cir-

cumstances; which circumstances are pre-ordained to arise for the very purpose of their production. I suppose that the Primary purpose of all Creation was the production of Man, and that the material world was formed for his development. The Life-bestowing Principle was necessary in the Matter, or material globe on which he was to have his existence; and many other forms of life, both vegetable and animal, were necessary also that the purpose of his existence might be accomplished. That he might have a probationary existence under circumstances necessary to his full development and ultimate happiness, the Life-giving principle conferred on Matter, produced, *prior* to his own advent, such vegetables and animals as were preparatory to his existence; and, *contemporaneously with his appearance*, such as were essential to his wants. Thus, all other existences and forms of life had reference to HIM: *they* the ACCIDENTS, and *he* the OBJECT of the Law which gave both him and them their being. Not as separate acts of Creation, therefore, but as foreknown results of this Principle, was every distinct form of existence, each at its proper time, produced. This subject is theoretical, and is so treated in the Alpha-vision; and the discussion of it, though interesting, is a deviation from the subject in hand; namely, the truth of the Dionysian Philosophy; but I hope the explanation I have given to your question is a satisfactory solution of your difficulty.

CIVILIS. Perfectly so, as well as altogether consistent with the nature, and what we call the attributes of the Deity, out of which you deduce the Principle which is the basis of your Philosophy. To convince myself thoroughly of the truth of this principle must be my own work; and I promise to devote thereto the time and study necessary to its accomplishment. But to aid me in this task, I must request you to recapitulate, with what brevity you please, the leading facts of your argument, and the particular results to which they tend.

RANDOLPH. This I will do right willingly, Civilis; but suffer me first to show you how the conviction we have just arrived at dissipates that bugbear on which so much



charlatanry and delusion rests—the doctrine of the sinfulness of unbelief, and the meritoriousness of Faith. If, *Civilis*, what is proved to a man's full conviction *he must believe*, there can be no MERIT in his belief; and if whatever lacks a satisfying proof, *it is impossible that he can believe*, there can be no DEMERIT in his unbelief.

CIVILIS. This is admitted. But, whilst on the subject of Sinfulness, I should like to obtain a clearer notion of Sin than that enunciated by Dionysius in the Dream-discourses you have related.\* What is sin?

RANDOLPH. All intentional opposition to the recognised laws of God is Sin. But is this possible? Dionysius denies it: and, in this sense, denies the existence of Sin. But, if we define Sin thus,—all *intentional* injustice between man and man is Sin, it will be seen that Sin and Crime are synonymous terms; and that punishment can only have reference to the intention. All wrong-doing is evil in its consequences; but only intentional wrong-doing is crime. Were human legislation just (a circumstance within the limits of possibility), the *motive* to crime would be minimised; but, at present, legislation is the generative hot-bed of wrong-doing, and just so far as this legislative wrong-doing is intentional on the part of legislators, these law-makers are the worst of criminals, and (whether knowingly or unknowingly) the originators and abettors of crime.

CIVILIS. But a perfectly Just Law must be made by perfectly Just Men, that is, according to your own explanation, by Men who are perfectly Intelligent; but why overlook the fact that men are not perfectly Intelligent, and, therefore, not perfectly Just?

RANDOLPH. I do not overlook this fact. It is because Men are not Just that they make Unjust Laws: and you admit that Men are not Just, and that Unjust Men naturally make Unjust Laws. This is precisely what I complain of.

CIVILIS. But why complain, seeing that the converse is impossible?

RANDOLPH. Men need not to be ALL-wise to be "Morally"

\* See page 94.

**Just.** A Man might truly know himself, and know also his Wants, and his natural Rights; and knowing these, he knows the Nature, Wants, and Rights of other Men: for what are his Nature, Wants, and Rights, are also theirs; and he must respect their just claims if he desires that his own claims should be respected. His Duties, Wants, and Rights, are thus seen to be the Duties, Wants, and Rights of all men. It is therefore within the limits of possibility that the Civil and Political Laws, and the Social arrangements of Society, should be rational and Just. All such Laws must be based on Man's true Nature, physical and intellectual: they must have especial reference to the Purpose of his Being: they must be equally beneficial and necessary to all Men.

**CIVILIS.** But how are we to be assured of all this?

**RANDOLPH.** It is written within us. You doubt this?

**CIVILIS.** I confess I do.

**RANDOLPH.** Do you doubt the Justice of the Christian Principle—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?"

**CIVILIS.** I do not doubt its Justice, but only its Practicability.

**RANDOLPH.** Then you believe the Founder of Christianity to have been a mere visionary theorist?

**CIVILIS.** I admit the inference, and am ashamed of my difficulty.

**RANDOLPH.** That is candid. Many Christians believe that they believe him to be the Deity incarnate, and yet that he gave Laws to Men which are not only impracticable, but absurd. I rejoice that you are not one of these. No, Civilis: he who enjoined Men to "Love one another," taught them also *how*. He taught, inferentially, that the Law which should regulate the actions of Men in their Social relations is written in the Consciousness of each of us; that the true Law of Men is a Law of their Spiritual nature—a Law of God; hence, just, and, of course, practicable. The question How am I to love my neighbour as myself? is answered in the variation of the injunction—"As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them." This solves your difficulty. It also

supplies me with testimony (which all who call themselves Christians are bound to respect) in proof that, without Men being perfectly Intelligent, Laws, both Social and Civil, might be Just; that the Divine Law upon which these must be founded is written within us; and that, however Utopian the idea of such Laws may be, they are neither visionary nor impossible. If you see this—

CIVILIS. I do see it.

RANDOLPH. Then you are progressing in Philosophy; you are, moreover, a better Christian for the solution of the difficulty in which your doubt concerning the written Law within us so fortunately involved you;—so good a Christian, indeed, that every shade of Orthodoxy will pronounce you, if not an Atheist outright, an Infidel at least; and will hate you for it accordingly—with a truly Orthodox and most pious hate.

CIVILIS. My Conscience acquitting me, I can bear that. But, if every Man is thus the Way, and the Truth, and the Law, and the Light, to himself, what becomes of the Christian doctrine of "Original Sin?"

RANDOLPH. It sinks, Civilis, with other worn-out Fables—the product of Superstition and Ignorance—into the Limbo of all mischievous and worthless things. That it cannot be true, and that it cannot be Christian, is sufficiently proved by the fact that the Author of Christianity himself exhorts all Men—the vilest and the meanest as well as the highest and the best—to look each within himself, for the basis of the Moral Law, and to be guided alone by that. This same teacher reduced the Ten Commandments of Moses into Two. "Thou shalt Love the Lord thy God" embodies all that is essential in the first Four: and "Thou shalt Love thy Neighbour as thyself," more than embodies the other Six. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy Neighbour." Why? Because I would not that my Neighbour should bear false witness against me. And so of all the others; and so of every wrong and faithless thought and action. And yet, in the face of this plain evidence, quasi Christians affect to believe—and put it forth as a CHRISTIAN doctrine—that Man, who is thus seen to be a Light and a

Law to himself, is, nevertheless, Cursed of God, conceived in Sin, a Liar, a Reprobate, and a thing of Evil!

CIVILIS. Most certainly this doctrine is impious, monstrous, and every way indefensible; and, to revert again to your demonstration of the utter inefficacy of Faith, it is equally monstrous to hold, with these same quasi Christians, that *to profess a belief in things impossible*, is sufficient to change this reprobate Thing of Evil into a pure and spotless Saint! Under your tuition, Randolph, I grow Infidel apace.

RANDOLPH. And Christian too, even while you forfeit the name of one.

CIVILIS. I am satisfied that Men—all Men, are born naturally good: your demonstration has convinced me of this. But your Natural Law of Right pre-supposes that, Spiritually, all Men are born equal; no one, essentially, better or greater than another.

RANDOLPH. It does.

CIVILIS. But, Physically, they are not so. There is a vast difference in Men's powers and capabilities: in Poetry, for example, between Shakspeare and Joseph Hume: and what matters it whether the difference be Physical or Mental?

RANDOLPH. None,—if Genius do not exempt Men—which it should not—from the allegiance that is due from all Men to the Moral Law. It is certain that, for all Moral purposes, all Souls are essentially alike; and our present inquiry does not oblige us to extend our investigations beyond them. But, Civilis, those who deny that every Soul is essentially equal to every other Soul in all things, to prove their case, would have to grapple with these stubborn Facts, namely,

First, That Truth is the same to all Men.

Secondly, That all Men arrive at Truth by precisely the same means; that is, through Perception with regard to physical Facts, and through Intuition with respect to Mental ones.

It is moreover demonstrable that differences in physical organisation, differences in external circumstances, and differences in Education, are abundantly sufficient to account for all the differences perceivable in the after-growth and ultimate development of each. It is certain, also, that the infinite variety of natural character produced by these various external con-

K

ditions are of the utmost use in the natural economy of human nature; for, without them, it is scarcely conceivable that any progress could be made in the intellectual development of the Human race. But, to come back to the Moral view of the question, it is certain that Goodness and Righteousness are in no way, necessarily, connected with a Poetical, or a Mathematical, or a Mechanical, or an Astronomical, or a Money-getting, turn of Mind: and a difference in turn of Mind, or natural aptitude for this or that pursuit, is all that can be asserted on the subject: and this is only to assert that, as every Mind *must* take some path where the ways are infinite, each, through force of circumstances, or some incidental attraction, has necessarily selected one.

CIVILIS. I perceive the drift of your argument: but you just now used the phrase *natural aptitude*. Is not this yielding the point in dispute?

RANDOLPH. No, Civilis. I alluded to an Aptitude for some particular pursuit caused by physical organisation, not by any difference in quality of Soul. And, as a crowning proof that this last is impossible, you have but to consider that every human pursuit is only some phase of the Soul's Consciousness; and that, whichever might be the special object of its Choice, the Soul is not one whit better or more righteous for the selection. The test is Goodness or Right-doing; and the test of Right-doing I have already demonstrated to be essentially the same in all men. Human Logic is Nature's Logic: in other words, it is the voice of God making the same assertion and the same denial in every human Soul. The test of Truth is its universality—the universality of its application, and the universality of human assent thereto. Every *Minor* premiss or proposition is included in some *Major* premiss or proposition; consequently, whatever we assert or deny of any *particular* (person or thing), we assert or deny of the *Universal* in which that same particular is included. The "Conclusion" of every Syllogism is a Self-evident proposition, and, therefore, Logically true; but it is not absolutely true unless both the Premisses from which it is drawn be Self-evident also. The Syllogism of the Logicians is, therefore (where it proves anything), only a series of truisms; hence,

Logical formulas do nothing towards the discovery of Truth. Every Self-evident proposition is a Fact of Intuition—known to be true because Self-evident to all minds alike, and because—universal in its application. The Right or Wrong of Human Action is Right or Wrong in respect to an Individual Man—only because the same is Right or Wrong in respect to All Men; to apply, therefore, this universal Rule of Right to Human Legislation—it is manifest, as I before said, that **A JUST LAW MUST BE EQUALLY BENEFICIAL AND NECESSARY TO ALL MEN.** Hence, a Man convinced of its Justice (all irrational influences apart) *could not break it*: whilst a Man too ignorant, or too brutal, to feel this conviction, *might* contravene it, and probably would. But the infraction would be the natural consequence of an erroneous impression or conviction: and this, in the eye of Reason, is not a Crime: and Enlightenment, not Punishment, is the remedy.

CIVILIS. I perceive it, my dear Randolph; you are right. Rewards and Punishments are not resorted to by the Deity; and ought not to be resorted to by men. Alas! what are the cumbrous labours of a lifetime, if they are based on error! You are making a Man of me; but the Lawyer's occupation's gone! What a pile of goodly, calf-cased Law-tomes, full of Statutes, Precedents, Pleadings, Interpleadings, Cases, Quirks, and Quiddities, you have converted into waste-paper by a Syllogism! Shades of Blackstone, Bentham, Littleton, and Coke! no wonder I should have been so frequently perplexed by your profundity! My dear Randolph, I see it all. There is no Hell: no after-retribution. Truth is its own rewarder; its own reward: and Error brings its own retribution in the shape of the evil it produces. Every instant we are judged: and there is no "recording angel" noting down the backslidings of each of us preparatory to the grand account! I do confess, Randolph, that I have often thought this mode of keeping Ledger accounts against us made Heaven too much like a City Counting-house, and the Angels too like Clerks to whom a SABBATH could rarely or never come! seriously; it is a subject I never dared to dwell upon; and even now, when I see the absurdity of it—the humanism of the contrivance, I feel shocked at the irreverence of the parallel my fancy had

begun to draw. How like their worser selves have Men made Deity! I perceive the error, and all its degrading consequences. It has been down, down, down, making a multitude of false distinctions between men proportioned to the depth of their degradation, until, at the bottom of the scale, the spiritual image of the Deity is drudge to a man who is something less of a drudge to another man, who waits behind the chair of some sycophant, who is sycophant to some one else that deems himself honoured if he might meekly kneel to Royalty, or kiss the reeking toe of his Holiness the Pope!

RANDOLPH. We have seen, Civilis, that, to rational creatures, acting rationally, Sin and Crime are impossibilities; and that were Laws really Just, it would be the INTEREST of all men, and, in proportion to their enlightenment, their DESIRE also to observe them. Such laws must be adapted to Man's true nature, to the purpose of his being, and to his real wants. What these are our Philosophy plainly shows. "But your philosophy is not true," prejudiced detractors will say. They will assert, because on erroneous reasoning they believe it, that "Man's nature is sinful: that he is a creature of vile passions, prone to all sorts of villany and mischief; and that Laws must be made stringent, and punishments severe, to restrain his natural propensities to crime and evil-doing." This has ever been the cry against poor human nature. And taking this libellous description on trust, or reasoning on Man as they find him writhing under the operation of Laws—which (the results of Ignorance) HAVE RENDERED HIM ALL THIS—Poets, Historians, Novelists, Satirists, Painters, Moralists, and Philosophers of every calibre and kind, have amused their learned leisure, and displayed their penetration and their wit, by so depicting him: and ages must roll away before the simple truth, that the soul is incapable of blot or stain, will find its way to men's convictions. Yes, Civilis, we shall go on caricaturing one another, each for the other's amusement and his own gain, until the corroding lie shall have eaten itself out. The great bulk of the untruth which we treasure up as Knowledge consists of these pernicious calumnies. We shall have other opportunities of examining this fallacious knowledge a little more in detail. I will avail myself of the present

occasion to recapitulate, in the order of their succession, the Facts which establish the Principle by which this pseudo-knowledge must be tested.

CIVILIS. Do so, my dear Randolph; for I have too much of the Lawyer yet left within me to pass by Precedents as nothing, and yield, without a struggle, to evidence which has such an overwhelming weight of authority, as you have just alluded to, against it. What! Poets, Philosophers, Moralists, Metaphysicians, and Divines, all wrong?

RANDOLPH. Ay, Civilis, every soul of them; all MAD, save in their lucid intervals; and these have seldom come to any but the Poets; and to them, only in, what other men have denominated, their maddest moods.

CIVILIS. Your Philosophy is strangely beautiful, Randolph; I long to be convinced that it is wholly true.

RANDOLPH. There is nothing beautiful that is not true. There is nothing true that is not beautiful. It was in searching for Beauty that I discovered Truth. Its temple stands in the centre of an artificial labyrinth composed of the most complicated windings, in which many lose themselves; whilst millions are deluded by the specious Falsehoods met with on the way, and over-written—"This is the Truth, and he who doubts is doomed." But, Civilis, he who would reach the temple round which this wildering maze of thorns and briars is planted, must overleap these artificial fences, or hew his way right onward, instinct-led, having an unwavering confidence in God and his own Soul. God is Truth, Civilis; and every natural instinct of the soul guides us to God. There are as many Revelations as there are souls to need them: each is a revelation in itself, to itself, for itself; which is a greater marvel than any of the spurious marvels out of which a periodical, soul-less worship has proceeded.

CIVILIS. What is this Instinct of the Soul of which you speak?

RANDOLPH. The Desire for that one thing in which all others are included, Civilis, Knowledge; and, conjoined thereto, a mysterious perception of hidden truth—a kind of Sympathy or Presentiment, by which this desire is frequently responded to, if not anticipated; and this, without any im-



mediate aid from Reason or the senses. This is true, involving no contradiction; and is consistent with the power and nature of the Deity, and the evident purpose for which the soul has its existence. What need, therefore, of a marvel in the nature of a Miracle, which *does* involve a contradiction; which proclaims itself untrue, because unnatural; which has no intelligible purpose; and which, in consequence, degrades the Deity even in the estimation of his creatures?

CIVILIS. I perceive your aim, and agree with your conclusion. To work a miracle is inconsistent with the nature, and beneath the dignity of God. Pardon the interruption. You were about to show me how Beauty leads to Truth, and the source of Truth—the Deity.

RANDOLPH. That which men call Beauty, Civilis, is the result produced in the Mind by certain pleasure-giving Principles in nature, which are more or less vividly felt and appreciated through our Soul-instincts, but which are only fully recognised and understood by the aid of our Reason, and by reflection. We say that the Horse is a beautiful animal: we ask ourselves why? We compare it with other creatures, and other things; as the Human Form, the Antelope, the Greyhound, a Vase, a Leaf, a Flower: we perceive that there is one circumstance peculiar to them all; the outline (as we call the extremities of things) is composed of curves. All motion is curvilinear; all the heavenly bodies are circular; the Earth is a circle: the Sea forms a portion of this circle. Water, therefore, which we are apt to say seeks a level, is not level, but, even in a teacup, partakes of the great circle of the Earth. Cut a canal ten miles in length, and make it a true mathematical level; it is impossible to fill it with water. The circle, in some of its thousand varieties of curve, enters more or less into nearly all natural forms. We perceive that, modified by another principle which is peculiar to the straight line, all curvilinear forms are pleasure-giving, and are thence deemed beautiful. But why? The straight line runs into infinitude: it has not in itself the property of encompassing anything; a cube of an inch might be but a portion of a cube of infinite dimensions; it has not the quality of completeness: two straight lines running parallel for ever could not inclose

anything. The curve, on the contrary, has this property of completeness in its very nature. A circle of an inch diameter is a thing complete in itself: it is not, it cannot be, a portion of a larger circle. The mind cannot contemplate infinitude: the thought is beyond its grasp; the idea is never perfect: we cannot comprehend and know it. The feeling is sublime; there is awe, but not pleasure in it. Not so with the circle: no matter how immense it be, the mind can travel round it, and this instantly and without an effort; there is something distinct from all other things: something it can contemplate, comprehend, and know. This we perceive is the reason why curvilinear forms afford us pleasure. We want Knowledge. To exist, and to be conscious of our existence, and to be shut out from further knowledge, we feel would be no more to us than a living death. We need Knowledge, therefore, we DESIRE to obtain it; we have an instinctive love of it, as well as of those circumstances in things which render its attainment possible or easy. By whom was this DESIRE implanted within us? By the Deity whom our souls instinctively acknowledge to be the author of our being. Then, what is Deity? Do you follow me, Civilis?

CIVILIS. Ay, Randolph; I think I entirely comprehend you. There is no such thing as Beauty; but there are eternal Principles in the nature or constitution of all created things, each in harmony with the other, and that in tracing them to their source we arrive at the First Principle, which is Deity.

RANDOLPH. Truly, Civilis: and what is Deity in whom the sentient Soul beholds its parentage? Hands did not make the wonders of creation; nor fabricate the spiritual soul; nor construct the subtle principles which move and influence both Mind and Matter. It is obvious that a POWER greater than these willed their existence. A SPIRITUAL POWER; for the material cannot fabricate the immaterial. AN INTELLIGENT POWER; for that which THINKS NOT cannot, first, *purpose* the existence, and then *cause* the existence of that which THINKS. What, then, is Power? Power is INTELLIGENCE: and, hence, Lord Bacon's axiom, Knowledge is Power. Are you satisfied that the Nature and Perfection of Deity is Intelligence?

CIVILIS. I am satisfied that there cannot be any Power which is not traceable to Intelligence. I am satisfied also that there is not a Virtue or an Attribute that it is possible to ascribe to Deity which is not also reducible to Intelligence: so that whatever be the Essence to which this Quality inheres, its motive principle must be Intelligence. But if the Creator of the universe be nothing but Intelligence, it is apparent that the knowledge of the Deity (if I may so express myself), is limited to the results of His own Laws. For, as nothing could have existed prior to Deity, so the Deity has nothing to know but what is subsequent to itself, and caused by its own will: and as the attainment of Knowledge is a Happiness, and I believe, the only Happiness of which the human Soul is capable, it follows that God has no beatitude, save in the contemplation of His own Works, which would seem to be a less happy condition than His Beneficence has made possible for His Creatures, inasmuch as their Happiness is the result of their prior Ignorance.

RANDOLPH. Truly, Civilis: but this, instead of being a difficulty, suggests the highest and most God-like MOTIVE for the creation, by the Deity, of Man, and probably of other forms of intelligent creatures in the other globes which are poised in space—Creatures who begin their conscious existence in Ignorance, that, through misery, they might ultimately attain to a Happiness greater than that which results from Conscious Power in the Deity; but inferior to that resulting from the exercise of His Love. As no higher motive is conceivable for the creation of the insentient, material universe than the production of sentient, immaterial Beings, who, through Ignorance and Error, might attain to Knowledge and Beatitude, we have an intelligible and most gratifying reason for the creation of Man. And as the sole perfection of Deity is Intelligence, it is not possible for the Human Soul to have a higher aim than Knowledge, or to arrive at its Perfection by any other means. And further, Civilis; as Deific Intelligence results in Love, which is the felicity of Distribution, added to that which belongs to the consciousness of Possession; so, as a motive for the Equal Distribution of Knowledge amongst Men, the Love which prompts this Distri-

bution is beneficently made an addition to the felicity which attends its Possession and attainment. From these rationally-ascertained Facts, Civilis, we arrive at these conclusions: First, that the only means by which the attainment of Perfection and Happiness is possible, is Knowledge: secondly, that to get Knowledge is the one great Purpose of human existence: and, thirdly, that to disseminate our knowledge amongst all our brethren is, not a duty only, but the highest conceivable privilege with which the Deity could endue humanity. You admit, Civilis, that every work of a Being of Infinite Intelligence must be perfect as a means to an end?

CIVILIS. Certainly.

RANDOLPH. The Author of the Universe is the Creator of Man. There must have been a purpose in his creation, as well as a self-acting principle in the Creature capable of the accomplishment of the purpose?

CIVILIS. Clearly, my dear Randolph: for, otherwise, the means to an end would be defective, which with God is impossible.

RANDOLPH. It is evident that the Purpose of his existence is the attainment of knowledge, and that the Intelligent Principle or Soul (with its inherent perception, its power of abstraction, and its intuitive love of truth), is that self-acting Principle which has the capability of discovering Truth. If there were many sources of Truth, there might be many sorts of Truth, differing in nature according to the difference in nature of their several authors; but as there can be but ONE AUTHOR, all Truth must be consistent in its nature with the nature of its author, and resolvable into it. Having ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil what Deity in its nature is, we have THE FIRST TRUTH, which is of necessity the test of all other truth in reference to the Deity. It is impossible that anything can be true with regard to the Deity that is inconsistent with the perfection of its Intelligence. We have also ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil, what the Human Soul is, and what is the Purpose of its existence. It is impossible that anything can be true with regard to the Human Soul that is inconsistent with the nature of the Human Soul, or with the Purpose for which it was

created. This, Civilis, is an answer to the question, "How is Truth always to be known?" This subject is, however, developed more at length, and I believe demonstrated beyond the power of refutation in the Alpha-vision with which you are already acquainted.\* And now as to the mode of estimating its value. All truth is valuable, which, based on the First Truth, conduces to the end for which the Soul was created; namely, to make constant approaches to the Deity through a knowledge of His purposes and works; and the Laws by which the former are accomplished, and the latter regulated. This is the standard by which to measure the spiritual value of all truth. The means of arriving at the relative value of all knowledge has been indicated in one of the Discourses of Dionysius;† and will be more fully developed as we proceed. It will be proved, incontestably, that every Soul—and you have already assented to the proposition—is a revelation in itself, to itself, for itself; but as, in its very nature, Knowledge is Love, and its exercise the very highest phase of conceivable happiness, so we are admonished by our Reason and our Soul-instincts to live for others as well as for ourselves: thus, our social duties are clearly pointed out to us; and thus also, the right direction of all our labours, and of all our Laws, are indicated beyond the possibility of mistake. Man has a double nature; that is the only difficulty: he is an animal, in which an Angel is enshrined. He might live for either. Could we convince the world, Civilis, or the world's Leaders, that the world's welfare, and the Soul's happiness, must depend on the choice between them, Mankind would make their choice in obedience to the conviction.

CIVILIS. Prove to me this last inference of yours, my dear Randolph; show me (all irrational impediments thereto apart) that a man *must act in obedience to his convictions*, and I am thenceforth your disciple in Philosophy, if not a convert to your Religion.

RANDOLPH. Why, Civilis?

CIVILIS. Simply because I shall not have a doubt remaining of its Truth: for, if this Fact be true, the rest are true; and every other system is necessarily false.

\* See pages 70 and 71.

† See pages 87 and 88.

RANDOLPH. But will this conviction necessarily make a convert of you, Civilis?

CIVILIS. I see the tendency of your question, Randolph. It will. And this is an answer to my scepticism.

RANDOLPH. Credulity, Civilis, is a far less commendable quality than Doubt. He who is a Sceptic through lack of evidence, renders as high an homage to the majesty of Truth by his unbelief, as *he* does to whom the evidence brings full conviction.

CIVILIS. How true is this! And yet it is the fashion to decry Unbelief as a scandal to humanity. But my eyes are opened. My Soul bears ample testimony to the original truthfulness of Human Nature. Many times, to-day, have your remarks reminded me of thoughts and feelings, vivid once, but long ago forgotten—my infant cravings to know what none could tell me—my quick discernment of an inconsistency—my earliest aspirations towards Truth, and towards the God of Truth, so good, and great, and bountiful as He then appeared to me, dwelling above the Stars, clothing the Leasowes I gambolled in with verdure, and the daisy-spangled Meads with beauty. My infant logic, when it flashes on me, shames the logic I found it afterwards so difficult to learn. Well and truly said the lowly, Heaven-taught Nazarene concerning little children—"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Methinks He would not have taught them, through lying Fables, to tamper with, and make light of, Truth. Our system for rendering credulous the infant mind, and teaching it to put its trust in marvels, and shut its eyes to the absurd, is fearfully complete—first, those incongruous Fables of the Nursery; those of the Poet next; and, mingled with these, the grosser marvels and mysteries of the Priest. Verily, I begin to think with David, that "all men are liars." Civilisation is a lie. Society is a lie. No man dares to be honest, even to himself. If the Knowledge with which our libraries are stored be as spurious as ourselves, what an Augean stable has to be cleansed of its abominations before Truth shall find a fit abiding-place amongst us!

RANDOLPH. The task is, indeed, a Herculean one: but Truth is omnipotent. We have only to let in Light on the

plants that thrive in darkness, and they wither. To punish a man for his opinions is only to confirm him in them. Give him a new Truth which shall alter his convictions, and he is a new man. You may dragoon men into submission, but not into belief. You may preach "Love one another" through another cycle of eighteen centuries, but you will accomplish nothing, except the change of an honest denial of your doctrine into hypocrisy and cant, until you can teach Men Why, and How. Not doctrines do we propagate, but a Principle. Test everything by *that*, and all will be accomplished. We know what Human Nature is, as God made it. We shall find that the sentimentality which passes current in the world for Knowledge, is, for the most part, as false as that False human nature which Error and Injustice have generated amongst us, and which the very acme of the world's wisdom only teaches us to deplore. The Chinese have a method of dwarfing forest-trees to dimensions suited to a flower-pot. But this is not God's work. Neither is that FUNGUS NATURE which Folly has engrafted on humanity—HUMAN NATURE, AS GOD MADE IT—KNOWLEDGE-NEEDING, TRUTH-LOVING, AND PROGRESSIVE; but a mean, complicated tissue of absurdities and contradictions, on which the Philosophers, whose work it is, have falsely bestowed this sacred appellation. Books are, for the most part, filled with the nutriment on which this fungus feeds. Men dwarf men, as the Chinese dwarf their cedars—by introducing poison into the sap; and then tell us that the diminutive falsehood is HUMAN NATURE! The aggregate of these artificial diminutives constitutes that impersonal abstraction we call Society. This Hydra dooms Man to ignorance, shrivels him into a brute: then tells us that Men are brutes by nature. It starves him, and he steals—and, of course, Men are thieves by nature. It feeds him with falsehood in his pap—all men are naturally liars. It compels him to be selfish, and then impudently puts down his selfishness to the account of human nature. It tasks and tortures him; it breaks down his imprisoned spirit, and bows his very soul, by the vilest servitude and oppression, into the dust; and then attempts to fasten his servility on his nature! Having thus humbled its victim, it does with him whatever else it pleases. It has

taught him that all the miseries he suffers are inevitable; that his nature is grovelling, wicked, and detestable; that God is a God of vengeance, and will punish him with unspeakable torments everlastingly; and then bids him go and worship that God! Perhaps his real nature revolts at such a worship. Perhaps he believes what Society has told him—of the meanness of his nature, and the misery of his lot. Then he girds up his loins for endurance, and says within himself, “I must toil and suffer—why should I worship? Whom should I worship? I am the creature of necessity—I am the child of Chance. There is no God!” Society now tempts him with its tinsel splendours; he grows ambitious; *ergo*, human nature is ambitious. It humbles its impersonal self before the thing it has created; flatters it, lauds it, till it grows proud; and then charges this Pride, itself has caused and fostered, to the account of human nature! Thus is nobility created. I see you are weary, Civilis; but stop whilst I tell you how Society manufactures its Philosophers. It takes one of the aforesaid atomies of its own making; lures him with luxuries, and he becomes a sensualist. It tells him that Pleasure is Happiness: and there is no meanness to which he will not stoop—no danger he will not dare—to grasp it. He does grasp it, and finds it an illusion, a cheat; he falls to moralising; writes blasphemies about Nature and the Human species; dies; and his falsehoods become the food of future generations!—At our next meeting, Civilis, we will call this imperious, self-willed delinquent, Society, to a more strict account, and examine the wares it vends, even to its favourites, and palms on us for Knowledge.

Civilis promised to come the next evening, and the Reader, if not tired of our Philosophy, is invited to make one of the party.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### RANDOLPH. CIVILIS.

CIVILIS. I have already experienced the correctness of one of your axioms, Randolph. “Give a man a new Truth which shall alter his old convictions, and he is a new man.” I have



been born anew, and my new birth is "of the Spirit." Since yesterday I seemed to have lived an age—to have grown old; to have outlived, not only my opinions, but my occupations, my acquaintances, nay, even my very home; for not a nook within it seems to own me for its master. Not a Book, nor a Picture—and you know I have been a little tainted with the Fine-art mania—has solicited me to bestow a single kindly thought upon it. I see everything through a new medium. It is astonishing how much more clearly I see into things, or, as the phrase is, "through them," than I did formerly. My mind has been in a whirl of excitement. I cannot call the feelings which have possessed me Happiness; and yet I have never experienced a happiness for which I would willingly exchange them. Although naturally taciturn, I have done nothing but talk all day; and I fear, at times, not very coherently—for poor old Cognovit, my clerk, gave many uneasy indications, whilst I was at chambers this morning, that he thought me mad. I have since been endeavouring to connect in my mind the several parts of your—shall I call it Philosophy or Religion, Randolph?—into one systemised whole; but have not been able to concentrate my thoughts sufficiently to do so. In this endeavour a thought or two occurred to me which seem to require some elucidation.

RANDOLPH. I am glad, Civilis, you have been bestowing so much thought on the subject as to have started a difficulty. Your imagination is, however, a little heated: let us adjourn to the lawn, and seat ourselves beneath the sycamore. The evening is sultry, and its refreshing shade looks especially inviting. To a tyro, Civilis, the unadorned nakedness of our Philosophy is a little startling.

CIVILIS. It is; but in any guise how beautiful is Truth! One view of the subject has afforded me especial consolation. To know that our very errors, and the discomfort they occasion us, are necessary to our after-life felicity, is in every way a happiness; but in none so much as to feel that our sorrows are ordained by a beneficent, not by an angry God, and that men have only to be wise in order to avoid them. The fact is clear enough when once suggested; for, certainly, could the soul know all things intuitively and at once, without the

step by step progress which it makes from its first conjunction with the body, and without the infelicity which attends its devious wanderings from the onward pathway to perfection, we should be happy without knowing it, and Felicity would be impossible. How long might we have waited for Doctors in Divinity to tell us this?

RANDOLPH. Ay, Civilis, they are but blind teachers, with all their sanctified pretensions. The beneficent scheme of Providence which Philosophy reveals to us seems not to have been so much as dreamed of by prosing Moralists, whether Lay or Clerical. Yet it is certain that to any other being than the Deity, felicity is impossible except through infelicity. And how simple the means compared with the magnificence of the end! for we perceive that the felicity of the Creature is secured, and even that of the Creator enhanced, by a single act—that of the Creature by the only means possible for its bestowal; and that of the Creator by the eternally-increasing greatness of the gift. The only idea these teachers seem to have of Providence amounts to this—that God is ever busied watching over, and superintending His universal work, and constantly changing His purposes, and interfering with the operations of His Laws—Laws, Civilis, which were made by a Being of infinite Intelligence, foresight, and perfection, and which were promulgated in the beginning for all eternity—I mean, of course, if it be the purpose of the Deity that they shall continue for ever. But it may be—and in this case, Civilis, mark the endlessness of the fruition in store for man!—it may be, that after the period when the countless myriads of created Minds (created to KNOW this universe of wonders) shall have acquired the knowledge of the whole; and that thus the Universe shall exist in myriads of Minds by means of myriads of imperishable IDEAS OF THIS UNIVERSE, just as, prior to its actual existence, it existed in the Mind of the Deity himself;—then, it may be, that the fiat shall go forth that ALL WHICH IS shall be no longer; and that another Universe more wonderful still shall take its place to supply fresh Knowledge and higher Happiness to all the created Sharers of His infinite beatitude: and thus may change follow change, and fruition succeed to fruition, through all eternity.

CIVILIS. This is, indeed, a glorious prospect, Randolph, and forces one to think that we might tire of Hallelujahs—the highest felicity to which even our Bishops have ventured to give a name! The thought I just now adverted to, and which has somewhat perplexed me, is this. If a man can neither believe nor disbelieve *at will*, but only as he is convinced, or not convinced by evidence which coincides with his own knowledge of the nature of things, it follows that his belief, or disbelief, is a matter of necessity, and not of mere caprice or choice. Again, if a man, exempt from all external influences, *must* act conformably with his convictions, and, under any circumstances, *must bend to controlling influences*, it follows also that his actions, as well as his convictions, are the result of an INEVITABLE NECESSITY; where, then, is his FREE WILL? And in what does your system differ from the doctrine of the Fatalists, and the less loveable one of the Predestinarians? For, as his thoughts and actions, together with the circumstances which determine them, are necessarily foreknown to the Deity, is not his course marked out for him from the beginning, and his after-fate PREDESTINED?

RANDOLPH. Your question is a very comprehensive one. That all the circumstances of a man's life are foreknown to the Deity is admitted. The Fact is involved in the general Fact of his Omniscience. But, Civilis, to foreknow these circumstances is not necessarily and absolutely to predetermine them—especially in the sense of rewarding some and punishing others, as is irrationally believed by the sect of Christians called Predestinarians. God governs by General Laws; yet within the operation of these Laws there is room enough, not to say provision made, for infinite variety. Each Sphere in the marvellous Immensity holds its place, and runs its destined course, and rejoices in its times and seasons, in obedience to the great Law. But look at the Earth, studded with creatures and things, numberless, and of inconceivable variety! And if all are cared for by Him who ordained them all, think you the Weeds are less cared for than the Flowers? But these are platitudes; and you are expecting arguments and proofs.—When God willed the existence of the Material Universe every portion thereof was subjected to certain General

Laws, which the unconscious mass is, and ever has been, and ever will be, compelled to obey from an imperious necessity. In this case, not only was its course foreknown, but it was pre-ordained or predestinated. The unconscious mass of the Material Universe having no Intelligence has neither Motive, Waywardness, nor Will; therefore to promulgate Laws for the regulation of its movements was to pre-ordain these movements. But, mark me! the Necessity which even inert Matter obeys is a foreseeing, all-knowing Intelligence, not the Necessity of the Fatalists, which is unintelligent and blind. The case is, however, greatly different with respect to Man, who, unlike the huge machine, the Universe, is wayward, impulsive, passionate—a creature swayed by his beliefs, convictions, motives, and who is thence said to exercise a Will.—

CIVILIS. Pardon me. You have already demonstrated that whatever is true is known to be true by these two characteristics—its necessity, and its universality.\* It must be true, therefore, that every occurrence, every thought, every movement or action of Men and Things, is either the result of NECESSITY, or the result of CHANCE. If of Chance, then every occurrence is uncertain, lawless, purposeless; and all our ideas concerning Falsehood and Truth, Wrong and Right, Bad and Good, must be mere fancies, chimeras, idle dreams. But this is contradicted and disproved by everything we see around us, or feel within us; for, to say, "There is no Truth," is to utter a proposition which confutes itself: hence, we are obliged to return to NECESSITY,—uncompromising, inexorable, iron-handed, ruthless, stern NECESSITY—a terrible impersonality which leaves no room in all the universe for God!

RANDOLPH. If Chance be the antithesis of Necessity, and if Necessity excludes a God, you are right. You have, however, very properly disposed of Chance, as involving an idea inconceivably absurd: and your alternative—an iron-handed, Godless Necessity, you have so truly painted that our very nature shrinks instinctively from the contemplation of the picture you have drawn. And what is the inference? Why does our nature, our conscious Soul, quail before the thought

\* See page 130.

of an omnipotent, inexorable Necessity which excludes a God from the Universe, but that there *is* a God—a Supreme Intelligence, which is above Necessity; and thence that the true Necessity of your alternative is nothing more than the inflexibility of the Laws by which God regulates his Universe?

CIVILIS. Yes, I comprehend you; and think your inference *is* inevitable. A controlling yet dead Necessity is as inconceivable as the thought of it is chilling and repulsive to our nature. It is evident there can be no Necessity which is at once active, and independent of the Deity; and you have rightly named the Necessity of my alternative **THE INFLEXIBILITY OF THE LAWS OF GOD**. So far I am answered. **God's Laws are Man's Necessity**. But you have yet to show me in what manner—to echo your own description of him—the wayward, impulsive, passionate Creature, Man, swayed by his Motives, Convictions, and Beliefs, can be said to exercise a Will.

RANDOLPH. Yes, can be said to exercise a Will. These were my words. This, then, is the conflicting Statement—That, although a Man's rational Actions as well as his Convictions and Beliefs are the result of an inevitable Necessity, this does not deprive him of that liberty of thought and action which is denominated Free Will. Remember, I am not to defend the term, but only to explain it.—The Necessity to which Man is subject is two-fold: First, the Necessity we are considering, namely, that which influences his *rational* acts: and, Secondly, that which circumscribes his Animal nature, and determines his birth, his growth, his perfection, the reproduction of his Species, and his decay. **BUT HIS MIND IS NECESSARILY FREE**, that by its exercise it might make progress towards the perfection for which, though never attaining, it must ever strive. But, to illustrate this subject—to prove this last assertion, and remove the difficulty you have started, I must demonstrate what Free Will *is not*, as well as what it is.—No rational Man, acting rationally, has Free Will either to deny, or to act in contradiction to a necessary or self-evident Fact—once he perceives it to be self-evident and necessary. The act of his Mind in reference to this fact, must be an admission of its truth; whilst the fact itself be-

comes an unavoidable Conviction; and, if he is thereby led to perform any Act in consequence thereof, his Act must be in conformity with the dictates of this Conviction. He bows, and, as a Rational Being, can have no desire but to bow, to this inevitable, yet beneficent, necessity of his Intellectual nature.—I have met with a Learned Critic who denies this Law—denies that (all irrational influences apart) a man must yield implicit obedience to his Intellectual Convictions. He believes himself, and is believed by others, to be a Philosopher; and yet he does not see that his own denial of this Law is an act which *proves* the Law: for (if sincere in his denial) he feels a conviction that there is no such Law; and this Conviction *compels him*, and, as long as he entertains it, *must compel him*, not only to deny the Law, but (if honest) to act on his denial. We need no other proof than this that the Law really exists; and that it is a Necessary Law; and that the Conviction which compels this Philosopher-Critic to deny the Law is a self-confuting, and, therefore, a *false* Conviction. Our Convictions, then, are not matters of choice, but matters of Necessity; and (when honest thereto) our acts are the necessary results of our Convictions. Where, then, is our Free Will? How do we come by the notion of it? and What is it? We must not forget, Civilis, that the study of a Science consists mainly in a study of Words;—a study through which we arrive at a thorough comprehension of the Terms employed therein. In the present case, instead of offering a gratuitous Definition, that is, of attaching to the term, Free Will, a meaning of our own, we must endeavour to ascertain what meaning is attached to it by mankind in general. This will, I think, be best accomplished by an illustration. Suppose a case in which a man says within himself, “I will do in this matter what I find to be right.” He first proceeds to determine what *is* right; and having satisfied himself of this, he carries out his previous determination by performing the act. The idea of Free Will in the matter seldom occurs to him; perhaps never. He feels it to be right to do the act, and therefore does it. The conviction results in the act: but, inasmuch as it was *his own Conviction*, a predetermination of his own proper self, and not the result of any influence

exerted upon him *from without*, it is said to be an act of FREE Will. He obeys the dictates of his own Mind, and not those of some one else's Mind. This is what everybody means by FREE Will. This also is my meaning: for no sane man can mean more than this, or other than this; nor, were greater freedom possible, could it be to him of any possible advantage. FREE Will, then, means neither more nor less than a Man's Freedom from all external constraint; freedom to do what his own Desires or Convictions prompt him to do. It is the freedom of doing what one likes to do; or what one feels one ought to do—either because it is right to do it, or because it is prudent or pleasant to do it—be THE ACT-COMPELLING MOTIVE OR CONVICTION what it might. A Man is a Free Agent in so far as he is at liberty to act out, to the extent of his natural power, all the suggestions and promptings of his double nature: but his Free Agency is only Rationally Free when it is limited to the acting out of his own Intellectual Convictions.

CIVILIS. I am not sure that I fully comprehend your meaning, Randolph; but *this* I perceive clearly enough—you have been describing Personal Liberty, Liberty of Conscience, not FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

RANDOLPH. I have, Civilis; and my object is so far gained that you clearly and distinctly see it. This is Liberty of Conscience, Personal Liberty, not Freedom of the Will. I apprised you beforehand that I did not undertake to defend the term Free Will, but only to explain it. But now tell me, Civilis, what is it you understand by THE WILL—THE HUMAN WILL? Is it a Thing, or only a Circumstance?

CIVILIS. A Circumstance undoubtedly, and not a Thing.

RANDOLPH. Can you define it?

CIVILIS. I think I can. I have always conceived of the Human Will to be a Man's perfect Freedom, unrestrained either by natural or by human laws, to think and do (within the limits of his natural power) just what it might please him to think and do.

RANDOLPH. But I have shown you that a RATIONAL MAN, ACTING RATIONALLY, *cannot* Think and Act except in obedience to the Laws which arbitrarily determine all his rational

Thoughts and Actions; and, inasmuch as these thoughts and actions are determined for him, and not by him, it is clear that he has no Will in the matter.

CIVILIS. But suppose him to act IRRATIONALLY, as self-willed persons generally do?

RANDOLPH. *Then* he exercises a choice, undoubtedly—a foolish, not a wise one; and is, moreover, less worthy the name of MAN in proportion to the use he makes of the privilege with which you seem so anxious to endow him. I repeat, then, that a Man is a Free Agent in so far as he is at liberty to act out, to the full limits of his natural capacity, all the suggestions and promptings of his double nature: but that his Free Agency is only RATIONALLY Free when limited to the acting out of his own Intellectual Convictions. The more Knowledge a Man has, and the greater his determination to use his knowledge in a rational manner, and for rational ends, the *less* he will avail himself of the privilege he enjoys—the privilege, Civilis, of thinking and acting as absurdly as he pleases. Where, then, would be the advantage of a Man's believing or disbelieving capriciously and at will; of acting as capriciously against the dictates of his convictions; and of possessing some impossible Freedom of Will such as you were just now dreaming of, instead of being, in all these cases, subject to the Laws of his Creator, which act upon him as an inevitable yet beneficent Necessity?

CIVILIS. I see my Error, Randolph. It is manifest to me now that my notion about Free Will was altogether irrational, and that more liberty than Men have would be a detriment to them, and not an advantage. Your reproof (which has had the effect of being more severe than you intended, in consequence of your argument having been so perfectly convincing) has entirely dissipated *that* illusion. But, still, I must ask you wherein consists Man's Moral Responsibility?

RANDOLPH. Your perception is still clouded by prejudice, Civilis. Wherein consists a Man's moral responsibility? Why, although a Man's rational Convictions are determined for him by an over-ruling Necessity, he is still at liberty (leaving aside his rash and erroneous judgments and convictions) to act upon base or foolish Motives, and thus to be as irrational as he



pleases: and, surely, this liberty is large enough to involve him in all the Responsibility that even a Saint, who would damn him for the enjoyment thereof, could possibly desire! It is this Liberty, Civilis, that has filled the world with Misery, and darkened it with Crime!

CIVILIS. I have neither cloud nor prejudice remaining now, my dear Randolph, thanks to the lucidity of your exposition, and the zealous fervour with which you have enforced it.

RANDOLPH. I am glad of it, Civilis. It is a positive gain to be disincumbered of our Prejudices; and a happiness to be stripped of our Delusions. You perceive, then, that Man is an ANIMAL as well as an Embryo Intelligence. HE HAS ANIMAL INSTINCTS which are necessary to his animal development. The needful gratification of every sense (the seats of these Instincts, as well as the inlets to his knowledge) is pleasure-giving: it is, indeed, the Pleasure which induces their exercise.—HE HAS ALSO SOUL-INSTINCTS—the Desire for Knowledge, Presentiment of Truth, and a sympathy with spiritual things. These Instincts are also pleasure-giving. It is the Pleasure (perhaps I ought to say the Happiness) which invites the exercise of these Instincts also. MAN'S FREE WILL CONSISTS MAINLY IN HIS FREEDOM OF CHOICE BETWEEN THE GRATIFICATION OF THESE TWO SETS OF INSTINCTS. From the erroneous choice he has hitherto made has arisen nearly all the Evils he has so needlessly suffered. This I will prove to you in its proper place. Ignorance, therefore, not Intelligence, is the parent of Free Will. As our Knowledge increases, our Free Will is circumscribed; and this, for the beneficent purpose of our progress towards perfection and happiness. In our exercise of Free Will we may restrain our animal Instincts within rational limits, or yield ourselves entirely to their insidious influence.—We may follow the benign direction of the Soul-instincts, or, neglecting their solicitations, we may crush their growth within us. We might use them to the noblest end, or misdirect them to the mere purposes of sensuality. As long as these Instincts are ONLY INSTINCTS, they may give a BIAS to the Mind, BUT HAVE NO ABSOLUTE POWER TO DIRECT IT. But, convert a Soul-

instinct into a conviction; and nothing but the influence exerted over the individual who has attained the conviction, by the mass of minds to whom the conviction has not yet come, can prevent the resultant act from being in strict conformity with the conviction, and terminating in good. Man is not, therefore, a mere material machine, the minutest movements of which are predetermined as well as foreknown; but an Intelligent creature, having free liberty of choice between the nature and gratifications peculiar to the brute, and the nature and gratifications of his angel-Intellect. As he inclines to the former, he is subjected to the Laws to which mere brutes are subject; and as he inclines to the latter, he is subjected to the Law, which (operating as an imperious, and, at the same time, a beneficent necessity) compels him to believe that only which is believable, to reject that which is unbelievable, and to act in obedience to his convictions. It is on this very law, *Civilis*, that we must rest our hopes of the extinction of Evil, and the regeneration of the human race. Have I, so far, made myself understood? Do you see that this necessity to which the Human Soul is subject, is not the chimerical necessity of the Fatalists, but the ordination of an All-intellectual God, who purposes thereby the Happiness of the Human Race?

*CIVILIS*. I clearly and completely perceive your meaning, my dear Randolph. Certainly, this necessity is not the necessity of the Fatalists with which I was confounding it; but is, as you have described it, **A BENEFICENT NECESSITY, CAPABLE ONLY OF GOOD**. You have also reconciled to my entire satisfaction, what appeared to me an anomaly, namely, the existence of this Necessity with the existence of Free Will. If there be any portion of your explanation I do not fully comprehend, it is the distinction (looking to their *results*) between Foreknowledge and Predestination. I perceive that to Foreknow, is not necessarily to Predestinate. But, my dear Randolph, seeing that there are millions of human beings whom erroneous influences have kept ignorant, and whom the circumstances they were unable to control or surmount have degraded into the condition of brutes, I am led to perceive also (or, at any rate, to fear) that, in consequence of

these influences, these millions may never attain to that state of Perfection and Happiness of which their nature is capable; I would, therefore, ask, how do you reconcile God's FORE-KNOWLEDGE AND PERMISSION of these adverse circumstances, first, with His ability to do all He purposes to do, and next, with His Justice?

RANDOLPH. Whether *we* can reconcile these seeming anomalies with God's Justice or not, it is certain that whatever Infinite Intelligence sees good to do cannot be the work either of incapacity or injustice. We have already seen that there are some things we cannot conceive possible even with God. Incapacity and Injustice are of the number. To give the human race a sense of Happiness without acquainting them with sorrow, is another of these Impossibilities. There is, therefore, a NECESSITY for the condition in which Humanity finds itself—I mean, for its primitive ignorance, for its dual nature, and for those Instincts I have adverted to which tend to the development of both natures. Were it not for the existence of the Instincts, Man could not have anything worthy even of the name of Free Will: and without the Free Will he could have no choice: he must be governed by a special Providence, not by general Laws: his progress in Knowledge would then be errorless; but he would have no more sense of his happiness than has a statue of its form, or the rose of its fragrance. There would be no need of the endless variety we now find in the material universe. As aids to our senses, the forms, colours, and characteristics of things would be unnecessary; for we should not need the senses, nor of course, have any. In short, Civilis, the Deity must have made, or might as well have made, his Intellectual creatures complete Intelligences at once—witnesses of his Power, but not sharers in his beatitude. So that, taking the Happiness of His creatures as the object of such a creation, the latter would have been a blunder: the means would have been inadequate to the end. Power would have been exemplified, but not Beneficence. Free Will itself is, therefore, a Necessity. Now, if a created soul cannot attain Perfection and Happiness without the Free Will, the two Natures, the Instincts, the Sorrow, and the Ignorance,

it is clear that the General Laws, by which the Special purpose of human existence is on the whole secured, must be subject to the casualties caused by the errors to which Free Will is liable. The failure of millions of Souls from the circumstances you have alluded to, is a contingency, foreknown I admit, and permitted, but inevitable. But that these incidents, which are the consequences of the non-comprehension on the part of the sufferers of the beneficent laws of the Divine Creator—which, if conformed to, would render their existence an Ever-upward life towards the Infinite Intelligence—can be the result of injustice, is impossible. The purpose of the All-loving Father in the creation of Man was, that there might be Consciously-intelligent Sharers with Him in the beatific enjoyments which are inseparable from a life of Love and Use. Deity could not, having regard to His divinely appointed method of teaching His children, by their own personal experience of the effects of their self-chosen motives of action, interpose between them and the consequences of their actions. Such interposition would *impose a necessity upon them*, which would be inconsistent with their free-choice: It would also be unjust to them; for, by surrounding them with an external sphere of happiness, not as a result of their own right-doing, but by arbitrary imposition, they would be deprived of all consciousness of Right and Wrong, and simply exist as creatures of Sensation; and the intelligent MAN, created in the image and likeness of the Infinite, would be degraded from his position of being only a little lower than the angels, crowned with the godlike power of perceiving the Right, and with the glory and honor of doing it. No, Civilis, those who, from want of knowledge, choose the brute gratification of the Animal nature, instead of listening to the monitions of the Angel within it, must suffer the anguish such choice will bring; but fear not, this very anguish is the divinely appointed means by which the Almighty Father will teach them the Right; and then the clouds of Ignorance will be removed, and universal happiness ensue.

CIVILIS. I am convinced, Randolph; perfectly convinced. I could not now re-embody or re-word your argument. I

am too much excited to do so : but I am sure it is logical and conclusive. I followed it carefully, anxiously, fearfully—I am satisfied that it is true.—Pardon my emotion, Randolph.—

RANDOLPH. I perceive you are unusually moved, Civilis; and will defer until our next meeting, the inquiry on which we were to have entered this evening. Let us join Ellen : and over our coffee I will relate to you a dream—I have always been a dreamer, Civilis—that I dreamed some months ago; which, though fantastic in its character, will not be an unsuitable preface to the practical portion of the subject we have yet to discuss.

\* \* \* \*

CIVILIS. There is something very inexplicable in dreams. They seem to be, for the most part, but disjointed reminiscences of our past experience; yet occasionally they appear to be the dim foreshadowings of the future. I once dreamed that I saw my mother, who had been standing beside me, ascend to Heaven, when she became one amongst a crowd of Angels around the throne of God. Forms and colours there were none. The throng was innumerable. It was something of the nature of **EXPRESSION** by which each was distinguishable from the others, and my mother from them all; **SOMETHING FELT BUT NOT SEEN**. Never shall I forget the—I know not what to call it—**NOT THE LOOK**, which my mother cast towards me, as unwonderingly I gazed on the glory she had become. It seemed to say "Come too;" and instantly I floated upwards, light as ether, towards her in the Heavens. Then thought I an earthly, unholy thought, and fell. I essayed to rise again, but could not. A cloud of darkness overspread the radiance. I awoke in agony. I was then a child; but this dream has held a mysterious influence over me ever since. I have ever vainly wished to dream this dream again. But there is one dream, which, with but little variation, I dream frequently. It is a sort of confession: give me leave to tell it you. It commences by the most delightful of sensations I ever experienced—that of floating through space; not flying, but, by the mere power of volition,

careering over the surface of the earth and sea; descending whithersoever I desire to descend, and visiting whom and what I please. An accident in my infancy, Miss Randolph, maimed me, and rendered me the unprepossessing object you see me now. My soul has ever gazed worshippingly on Beauty; but Beauty has never beamed back a sympathetic look on me. In my dreams—in the spiritual world—there is ever one Fair Form of which I have no waking memory, but the same always,—beautiful, loving, true. Her I invariably visit in these aerial dream-careerings. Her I worship, conscious the while, that the soul of this ideal Fair One sympathises wholly with mine own.

This dream, though frequent, is occasional. I am then always another self, having no memory of my waking self—no consciousness of my deformity. It now occurs to me, Randolph, that I may be one of those wrecked souls of a former generation, not lost, but re-embodied; and that my former *ego* and my present self, are two embryo existences, which, *per se*, await but a link in the chain of memory to unite them into one. One *Ego* with two memories pertaining to two states of being! May not this be so? Often when a new truth comes to me, I seem, dimly and indistinctly, to have seen that truth before. Is it not so, Randolph? or am I dreaming now?

RANDOLPH. It cannot be so, Civilis, for that conscious portion of the Divine Intelligence which is within our bodily form—which is, in fact, THE EGO, must, from the control it exercises over every part of that form, permeate every part; and as intelligence is eternal, the form through which it manifests—held in shape as it is by the intelligence within it—must also be eternal. The divine life in man is progressional; and it having been once individualised in its passage through the matrix, it needs not, and therefore cannot, re-enter it. I will, however, relate to you a dream I had, which somewhat favors your ingenious fancy. I will entitle it

#### THE REMINISCENCES OF A PIN.

One evening during the early part of last summer, after having dined sparingly and alone—Ellen was not with me

then, and my house was a hermitage—I had my coffee brought to me in the library. Although summer, it was cold, and a fire threw a warm glow of cheerfulness over the apartment. Coffee was brought in. My reading-lamp was placed on the table. The remaining daylight was shut out. I seated myself in this easy-chair. My only care—the only real sorrow which at such moments impresses itself upon me—was the thought that the absence of such comforts amongst millions of my fellow-creatures converted these comforts into luxuries which it was almost criminal to enjoy, and especially, to enjoy alone. In this melancholy, and half-thankless mood, I was about to help myself to a cup of this pleasant beverage, when I observed a Pin shining at the bottom of my coffee-cup. I removed it to the tray before me that I might not forget kindly to admonish my maid for her carelessness. I declined my coffee; for I have an instinctive aversion to pins. Musing on this trifling circumstance, I thought to myself, “Could a Pin relate its history, we should sometimes listen to very curious recitals.” Absorbed by this idea, I fell asleep; when gradually the Pin raised itself until it rested on its point, and began to perform a sort of pirouette before me. During this performance my fancy metamorphosed it into the form and dimensions of a young girl, except that the head (with the hair twisted round it after the manner of a turban) and the lower extremity (which terminated in a point), still retained the characteristics of a Pin. Having finished its gyrations, which appeared to have been performed much to its own satisfaction, methought it began to relate its history by echoing my own whimsical surmise.—“Yes, Mr. Randolph, a Pin *could* relate very curious tales if it chose to do so. The pirouette you have been admiring I first performed above the end of the stem of a tobacco-pipe. Thrust through the centre of a green pea, I have danced in the air with a grace and buoyancy that a Grisi or a Taglioni might have envied,—a mischievous urchin such as you were half a century ago, Mr. Randolph, with cheeks swollen like a trumpeter’s, blowing the pipe the while by way of accompaniment, and wondering, as well he might, at my dexterity. I was then but a learner. Practice makes

perfect; and I can now, as you perceive, do without the pea, as boys in time learn to swim without the corks. And let me ask you, Mr. Gravity, whether there is not as much to admire in my dancing, as much to interest and delight the proud intellect of the *élite* of a nation, as in that of any of the lewdly-graceful performances of the most favoured pets of the Opera? I have seen these orgies, sir; for, although I have had my ups and downs, I have been in good society in my time. Yes, I have peeped from beneath a diamond, sir, on these Opera-shows, and have almost unwound the convolutions of my head in amazement,—not at their agility, Mr. Randolph, for I have often beat them out and out on my tobacco-pipe—but to think that men and women could be found ready to turn themselves into machines, and make grimaces, and play antics, for the amusement of other men and women not one whit wiser or nobler than themselves. But I will give you my history: it is a strange one I promise you: So listen.

“I was not born, nor, correctly speaking, created; but proceeding from a previously-prepared wire—the parent of many thousands of my species,—was cut by the shears of the pin-fabricating Fates into an individual existence, which for a brief space I endured with but little consciousness of the fact, having been tumbled into a heap of similar embryos waiting certain very important additions, namely, my head, my uncorrosive vesture, and my polish. I had already passed through the grinding process of my lower extremity (which might be called my rudimental education), under the hands of a master famous for his points. It chanced that I had an excellent head, and well put on, and I naturally became a very sharp pin. I cannot too much expatiate on the inestimable advantage of a head,—an advantage which I take some pride in remembering does not fall to the lot of all pins. With a good head, a pin of the right material, that is, of a good temper, and not too soft—might be made to go through almost anything. I have gone through a great deal in my time. Yes, sir, with a good head, a strong constitution, and superior powers of penetration, I know of no woollen nor even hempen difficulty which it might not readily overcome;



that is, barring accidents, such as falling into a cesspool, or getting into the fumbling fingers of a man.

"A slop-pail I always looked upon with abhorrence; and never shall I forget the terror I experienced early in life, trembling as I did over this very utensil for several seconds, dangling from the front of Betty Bedquilt's morning gown. There I was, head downwards, and the gravity of my head, for once, nearly ruined me. But, luckily, Betty's hollow tooth gave a twinge at the very moment I had given myself over as lost, and I was saved from the exterminating pollution of the cesspool by being made the instrument of alleviation to Betty's surcharged tooth;—a filthy business for a pin of my pretensions; but I forgave the degradation, as it saved me from a worse: besides, I felt that I had performed an office of real charity: and to reflect on the good we do is no slight happiness in this world.

"Well, as I was saying, and with good reason—a slop-pail is my aversion; and the thing most detestable next to this is to fall into the hands of a masculine biped who happens of a morning to be minus a button to his shirt. These creatures have digits with only sensitiveness enough to manage a button, or to tie hard knots with a yard or two of twopenny tape: but, for a Pin! the Fates save us delicate existences from their paws. We are made for the fair sex. Their modest charms are intrusted to our keeping. We are the guardians of their delicacy and honour. And many a time have I balked the unseemly advances of libertinism by a blood-letting scratch or a venomous puncture, when unguarded thoughtlessness and opportunity have concurred to expose some charm, intrusted to my especial keeping, to danger and assault. Oh, these men! I almost loathe the sight of them. I was once in terrible danger of being bent double by one of these uncouth wretches: but I was too sharp for him; for, penetrating into his awkwardness, I penetrated at the same instant into the quick under his thumb-nail. By this exploit I escaped his clutches; for, with a very wicked wish, away he flung me, and I fell into a seam in the carpet, and thence wriggled through into a chink in the chamber floor.

"Here I lay inactive and neglected during several weeks. How I wished I could convert that varlet into a living pincushion! I was inexperienced then, and naturally fell into the lax way of thinking so current amongst mankind. I really thought there was a difference, nay, an immeasurable difference, between a milkmaid and a marchioness: so I looked with contempt on the one, and entertained a sort of servile reverence for the other. All my anxiety was to raise myself in the world, at least as high as the waist of a real Baroness; and here I lay exuding verdigris out of sheer vexation for near a month. Oh, these men! I did nothing but invent schemes of revenge on the whole fraternity whenever I should effect my liberation.

"One mischief, however, my internal fumings did myself. I began gradually to lose my polish, and was thus parting with my best chance of redemption; for glitter is a great attraction, and external appearance no slight recommendation in the eyes of the world even to a Pin. I, however, still possessed my powers of penetration, which was no slight point in my favour; and was, moreover, still as straight as any young lady after her new corset has been properly laced. But let me drop similes, lest my fancy should hurry me into imprudences. I have seen much which is not to be mentioned, and have lived long enough in what is called good society to have learned discretion. Indeed, the only difference I could ever perceive between the fashionable portion of society and the vulgar consists in a discreet government of the tongue. The former utters its best thoughts and suppresses its worst: the latter gives an honest utterance to all. So now, having resolved on circumspection, let me proceed with my story.

"Nearly a month after my accident, I had the good fortune to be rescued from my obscurity by the chambermaid, who, having exhausted her mistress's pincushion, one day when the carpet was up, had recourse to the crevices of the floor to supply her necessities. No sooner did she espy me that she drew me forth, and, according to her custom, placed me in her mouth, covered as I was with the excretion already mentioned.

"Having been thus unwittingly restored to my pristine brightness by the thoughtless Susan, I was transferred to her habit-shirt. It chanced that Susan's lip had that morning received a slight incision from an indiscreet use of a knife whilst feeding, and the poisonous matter that had dulled my brilliancy was duly transferred to the wound. A poisoned lip was the consequence. The wound was cured after some weeks of disfigurement and pain : but as Susan was ignorant of the cause of her mishap—oh, how much evil is caused by ignorance, Mr. Randolph !—she continues to deposit stray pins in her pretty mouth as usual, to the jeopardy of her own as well as their existence.

"I was begged of Susan by the lady's maid ; and the very same day I was employed in a way which I thought a little derogatory, for my duty was to hold together some whity-brown paper placed around a bonnet which had to be returned to the milliner for alterations. Pins, however, should not be particular, nor judge too hastily. Every "accident" is not a misfortune, though at first sight it might look like one. It is impossible to foresee what good fortune disagreeable circumstances might be leading us to. We neither know what we escape nor what we are approaching. This was my case. And as for the degradation,—I was cured of the prejudice, as far as regards myself, by observing to what uses one set of human beings converts the rest of the species. It was here I began to grow philosophical. Pins, thought I, do not work for pins. The animals do not labour for each other, save only (and this out of love) for their little ones ; but each creature labours for itself alone : whilst men and women, I perceived, not only enslave the animals beneath them, but enslave each other. I never could comprehend the meaning of this, nor see the necessity for so much work. I was first led into these reflections by the following circumstance. A delicate young creature named Jenny Blanchard, a worker in this establishment, took me one Sunday evening, in the bow of her bonnet, to church. It was the first time I had ever been there. It was a novelty, and I paid great attention to all I heard. I perceived that people came to church to be instructed by some one far greater than themselves, as to their

duties. I well remember these words being read from a great book :—

‘Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

‘Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap: which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: How much more are ye better than the fowls?

‘And which of you taking thought, can add to his stature one cubit?

‘If ye then be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought for the rest?

‘Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not: they spin not: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

‘If then God clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven: how much more will He clothe you, O, ye of little faith?

‘And seek not ye what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind.

‘For all these things do the nations of the world seek after: and your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.

‘But rather seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.

‘Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

‘Sell that ye have, and give alms: provide yourselves bags which wax not old: a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, nor moth corrupteth.

‘For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.’

“Just as I was rejoicing within myself that all the over-worked maidens, whose toils I had been witnessing for more than a week, *will work no more*, but live in health, and be arrayed in beauty as the lilies are, the preacher—a man you may be sure, Mr. Randolph,—explained that all these beautiful words meant the very reverse of what they seemed to mean: that the poor should be always with us; and that the poor must work in this world for fear of being damned in the

M

next. Poor Jenny Blanchard fainted, and was carried back to the place whence she had come—I cannot call it her home—and in three days, sir, she was dead!

“I saw much in this ‘Maison des Modes’ of too painful a nature to remember willingly, but which is too deeply engraven on my memory to forget. I became the casual property of Miss Lydia Brierley: and thousands of times have I been transferred from her palpitating bosom to her work, and from her work back again to her bosom. For many weeks together, from six o’clock in the morning till the noon of night, have her delicate fingers employed me to aid her in her almost ceaseless avocations. Poor young lady! so gentle! so spotless-minded! so truly good! Why was she doomed to everlasting work, whilst the ladies in the house I had come from were so utterly exempt therefrom as to be almost dying of idleness and ill-nature? Amongst us Pins there is a difference. A great, unwieldy corking-pin is made purposely for coarse employments, in which none but a biped of the masculine gender would ever think of employing a delicate ‘Medium’ like myself. But why this difference amongst the Fair Angels of the Earth? And what are you breeched and bearded ‘lords of the creation’ about that you permit it? I am pretty sharp; have a tolerable share of natural penetration, but I never could understand this. Why loll you there, sir, in luxurious ease—I will, however, eschew heroics as I am just now in the melting mood; and I thank my stars that I am made of a melting material:—so let me proceed with my story.

“The last time I was employed by Lydia Brierley was on her death-bed. Poor child! She had become the victim of consumption. Work, work, work; together with a sensitive, loving, gentle heart, had utterly consumed her. The last office in which she employed me was to secure a five-pound note in her last letter to her mother, who had no means of escaping the workhouse but by poor, gentle Lydia’s life-consuming toil. I remember she placed it over her name; and as she feebly pressed me through the papers, a tear fell upon me! I can never forget that tear!—one of the last poor Lydia shed; for she was in heaven before I quitted her ema-

ciated hand! How often have I said to myself, 'Oh, that poor Lydia Brierley had been a Pin!' At that moment I would willingly have held her grave-clothes about her, and have gone with her to oblivious corruption in the quiet ground! but it chanced otherwise.

"What I heard and witnessed in this millinery establishment, it would almost dissolve me to relate. Most of these millinery maidens died in their 'teens.' Some, however, I saw there who had passed the common meridian of life, proof, apparently, against incessant toil. These were shrivelled up into automatons. They had skins of parchment, and tempers like—but I have abjured similes, and will not say—like what. For months after I shuddered at my recollections of this Temple of Fashion—the type, sir, of hundreds—on whose altars, hung round with shrouds, hecatombs of maidens are yearly sacrificed! Shame, shame on the men who have neither the sympathy, nor the courage, nor the wit, sir, to, prevent it."

Here some slight noise awoke me, and interrupted a recital in which I had begun to take a peculiar interest. But for the interruption, I know not to what other scenes and circumstances, of which I have no waking knowledge, I may have been introduced by my loquacious persecutor: and herein consists its strangeness. Until I had (as it were) *heard* the narrative, I was ignorant of it; and am still ignorant of what remains untold.

I am not one of those who draw out-of-the-way inferences from dreams; nor do they often make any rememberable impression on my mind. The dream just related is one of the exceptions. The strange phenomenon it exemplifies arrested my attention; whilst the social bearings of the very common-place circumstances which passed in review before me, afforded me matter for much serious reflection, and led me, moreover, into certain grave inquiries, which, if they tended little to my immediate happiness, prepared my mind for the reception of those new and startling convictions that ultimately led to its attainment. I had often witnessed scenes of real misery, and had, not unfrequently, relieved them. From single cases of severe privation, I had been led to con-

template the physical and mental misery of whole classes of my fellow-creatures; and for many years I had been pretty actively engaged, lessening, as I vainly hoped, the sum of these miseries; and that—on a scale bearing some proportion to their magnitude. But the fancy-painted fate of poor Lydia Brierley affected me more than the realities had ever done: and the words of my fantastic relator of her history, “Oh, that poor Lydia Brierley had been a Pin!” absolutely haunted me for weeks.

To render human beings more equal in Happiness by relieving the miseries of the miserable, has ever been the object of all Philanthropy: but hitherto, Civilia, Philanthropy has been a mistake. It is admitted that, to do good; to mitigate the misfortunes of the unfortunate; to relieve the miseries of the miserable; to reclaim the criminal; to encourage the virtuously-disposed; to feed the hungry; to clothe the naked; to heal the sick; to administer consolation to the dying; in fine—to lessen the sum of human evil in all its recognised forms and varieties, has ever been the object of the nobly-generous and sincerely philanthropic Few. They have ever done their best, as far as social influences would permit them, to follow in the footsteps of their great Exemplar, who died to convince an unbelieving world—unbelieving, because unconvinced—that Love alone is Happiness. But, had these Howards known that, for the most part, the good they did on one hand was the prolific cause of misery on the other; had they reflected that, as society is constituted, to raise one portion of their brethren from abjectness, is to plunge another, and perhaps, a more “deserving” portion into it; even these Christ-like philanthropists could not have been happy men.

CIVILIS. But is this necessarily so, Randolph? Is our best, our most disinterested Benevolence reduced to this sad strait?

RANDOLPH. I will suppose a case or two by way of illustration, and you shall judge. The wide-spread prostitution of the beautiful daughters of Poverty and Misfortune is a dreadful evil. If you build and endow “Magdalens” to reclaim them, and make these Magdalens permanent and happy homes for the reformed sisterhood, you do no more than offer pre-

miums for the prostitution you deplore. These refuges for "Sin" will soon be peopled from the streets: yet these will still be full of the frail candidates for a home, who, to be eligible, must Sin. Such homes, if permanent, would indeed be noble evidences of Philanthropy — that is, noble in intention, and an unconscious homage would be thereby paid to the principle of Christian Love. But it is easy to see that the Benevolence would be less inconsistent with itself, and far more just, if these homes were made the asylums of Innocence instead of Crime. And why is it not so? Because this would be an open, an avowed, acknowledgment of the natural Right of all to share in the blessings which the beneficent God of Nature sends so abundantly for all; it would be a gratuitous declaration by the wealthy of the rottenness and injustice of the present system. This has never been; or only to a very small extent. But it is clear that unless Charitable Asylums, and Penitentiaries for the reformation of Criminals be made permanent and comfortable homes for offenders against the criminal and moral Law, they are not, in reality, philanthropic; nor do they assist, except to a very small extent, in the subjugation of Evil, and the diminution of human suffering; as an example or two will prove. Say a thousand of the female Unfortunates just alluded to be annually reclaimed, for a time only provided for, and then returned into Society, competitors for employment: if they obtain the employment, a thousand of the previously-innocent are annually turned into the street, and the last resource of modesty is forced upon them. It is true, Civilis, that this system of purblind Benevolence makes work for well-meaning kindness to do: but it is also true that such charity serves only to perpetuate the evils it attempts to cure, and does not, I fear, diminish them one jot. Could the really benevolent see how small a modicum of good they actually do, their generous minds would turn away from the Sisyphus-labour in despair, if not in bewilderment and disgust. Take another example. Say, by way of guess, for I am not very conversant with statistics, that the number of criminals in the United Kingdom, I mean, those persons who live by despoiling "honest" men of the fruits of their own, or somebody else's labour, is half a million: take the number of



Beggars, probationary Thieves, and those persons who exist between roguery and insufficient labour, outcasts of Society all ! at half a million more : and we have a million of human beings amongst us in the most abject and pitiable condition in which it is possible for human beings to be placed. Suppose that by a philanthropic wish we could convert all these people into honest, high-minded men and women, each with a handicraft by which to earn a subsistence, and each determined to rely on it for this most commendable purpose ; suppose them further, by our wish, earning their subsistence by the labour of their hands, what have we accomplished ? We have transformed a million Thieves and Beggars into a million Workers : but we have also dispossessed a million workers of the means of living, and converted them into candidates for the Workhouse and the Gaol. Is this well done ? And yet our intention was benevolent in the extreme.

CIVILIS. I fear your position is but too true, Randolph: the only way I see out of it is, in such a case, to provide more labour by which to employ this million whom we have supposed rescued by a wish from idleness and crime.

RANDOLPH. But according to the system on which Society is at present established, Civilis, Employment will not be found unless it be "remunerative" to the Capitalist or Employer. And that this cannot be, is proved by the half million of Paupers, many thousands of them "able-bodied," who almost constantly exist in our Union Workhouses. We have, therefore, by our wish, but converted a million of persons, who were previously earning a subsistence by the labour of their hands, into a million wretches, whom, if Selfishness dared to be consistent, we should put to instant death. But, as Selfishness does not dare to be consistent, we can only do by them the thing next most consistent with our principles, namely, keep them in a parish prison on the smallest pittance possible, and thus shorten their existence by sorrow, and imprisonment, and lingering starvation. This, Civilis, is precisely what we are doing now ; except that competition, and an occasional extra demand for labour, come to the relief of the victims for a time, or possibly produce a change of sufferers. A child might see that there is no philanthropy in this. To heal the

sick, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, *is* pure benevolence as far as it goes, because all this can be accomplished without much depressing other members of the indigent classes. If, however, these methods of relieving indigence have the effect of raising the object of your bounty into a competitor with others in the "Labour-market" (though a windfall for the Free-traders), it is clear, that (all else remaining equal), HIS elevation is the depression of another somewhere. As long, therefore, as there is not remunerative work for all who are willing to work, the labour of Benevolence, under the present system (and which, whether little or much, is a *condemnation* of the system), is but little more than labour in vain. The truly consistent men (whatever we may think of their Draco-like Philosophy), are those who denounce the necessary results of an inhuman system as "SCOUNDRELISM," and, with the whip and gallows, would *attempt* its extermination. No, Civilis: we must do one of two things,—pension Indigence for life on the wealthier classes, and, by thus making a comfortable provision for Idleness, do a monstrous injustice to Industry; or (which in principle is the same thing), feed it (if crimeless) on the water-gruel of Pauperism in a parish Poorhouse; or (if criminal) on the daintier fare of the Reformatory or the Gaol. THE FORMER MODE OF PROVIDING FOR INDIGENCE, AND OF PREVENTING CRIME, IS THE GRATUITOUS, WHILST THE LATTER IS THE FORCED, HOMAGE, THAT EVEN SELFISHNESS IS COMPELLED TO PAY TO THE CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE, WHICH IS LOVE. This, Civilis, is the result of my investigations—investigations which the dream I have just related suggested to me—on the philosophy of Benevolence. Its suggestions were equally useful in directing my attention to the philosophy of Work. It has lately become the fashion, as you well know, to attach an undue dignity to Work. England rejoices in a writer whose style is admirably suited to the impenetrability of his ideas: ideas which, when we can come at the meaning of them, are seen to be nothing more than the merest common-places, artfully rendered imposing by the darkness of the diction in which they are shrouded rather than evolved. There is a great mystery in book-making: and the writer in question is at the very head of his

craft. One idea which we gather from his writings, and I am not sure that we are indebted to him for many notions equally distinct, is, that *Work dignifies the Worker*. Musing on the fate of poor Lydia Brierley, I arrived at a very different conclusion. The building of bonnets; the fashioning of furbelows and flounces, may be necessary, in the present state of society, as a means of obtaining bread not otherwise obtainable; but to the worker in what consists its dignity! Either mankind are by nature equal, or they are not. If equal, then working to produce superfluities for others in order that the worker might obtain the commonest necessities for himself, can be no other than injustice; and the work a galling evidence of his degradation. If they are not equal, then work only serves to force on the worker the humiliating conviction of his inferiority. In either case work, instead of dignifying, degrades the worker. It is a very different thing where every man works for himself, and no man arrogantly claims a right to share in another man's labour; or where, out of pure love, a man works voluntarily for another. There is perhaps no greater proof of the truth of these positions than that it is the great effort of all men to avoid the condition which makes hiring work a necessity; and that every man feels that work is not degrading just in the proportion that it is self-imposed. It is false, then, that mere physical labour, or, in fact, any labour which, performed for pay, recognises a class of professed idlers in society, can confer dignity on any man, however it might suit the purposes of a butterfly class, and its paid apologists, to propagate the fallacy.

Equally false, *Civilis*, is every usage of Society, in every portion of the globe. The Religion, Morals, Customs, Manners, Laws of the entire Earth are false. Even Philanthropy is false in practice, and only true in aim. It would dispense benefits to all mankind; but after the lapse of many thousand years, it has yet to be instructed *how*.

CIVILIS. I have frequently remarked, Randolph, that you very kind-hearted people are neither less irascible, nor more meek in your mode of dealing with your opponents, than are those who never give way to the weakness of caring for any but themselves: but possibly this unamiable mode of

doing the amiable is not quite so inconsistent as it seems to be?

RANDOLPH. Possibly not: and, peradventure, in one of your own very benevolent moods, Civilis, you will adopt, even if you do not explain and justify, the practice. For myself,—thus challenged, I do not choose to plead; but shall try the effect of turning the other cheek to the smiter, and, for once, see what virtue there is in passive resistance,—still, however, maintaining my position that, if Life be not a mockery, and our infinite yearnings after the True and the Good a most mad delusion, the World's doings are as false as I have just depicted them.

CIVILIS. I need scarcely ask you, my dear Randolph, nor will I do so to-night, how you would proceed with a view to their reformation?

RANDOLPH. Not by almsgiving; not by preaching reformation; not by abrogating Laws, or remodelling Institutions; but, by helping Men to know that they are Men. If by a wish, Civilis, I could exchange all that is false in the Laws and usages of Men for what is just and true, I would not wish that wish. It would accomplish nothing. But if I could draw aside the veil which hides men from themselves, I would draw that veil aside; and all would be accomplished.

After arranging for a meeting on the morrow, Civilis left me. What transpired at that meeting will be detailed in the following chapter.

---

### CHAPTER III.

RANDOLPH. CIVILIS.

CIVILIS. Two evenings ago, if I rightly understood you, Randolph, you proved to me that the very basis and test of our Social duties—ought I not to say of Christian Love?—is SELFISHNESS; and yet, against this same Selfishness, your Intellectual Principle, Intelligence, wages unceasing war. Perhaps I ought not to make a difficulty of this anomalous-

looking Circumstance; but, although Stupidity is a reproach, Candour is a species of Virtue, and I confess that I am not sufficiently clear-sighted at present to reconcile the apparent contradiction.

RANDOLPH. Selfishness must, of necessity, seek its *own* gratification, and pursue its *own* advantage: It is Animal Instinct; blind Impulse, which has its own peculiar work to do, unguided by Consciousness, and thence incapable of discretion. But, Civilis, a man ceases to be Selfish, ceases to act on unreasoning Impulse, when, mentally measuring the Claims and Rights of other men by the natural promptings of this unreasoning portion of himself, he determines, that is, WILLS, to give effect to the Suggestions of his Intellectual Intuitions by thinking and acting in reference to others as (were their respective positions reversed), he would desire others to think and act in reference to him. It is not SELFISHNESS (having by some impossible alchemy changed its nature) giving Laws and prescribing Limits to itself: it is the Unselfish, Truth-loving, Justice-perceiving INTELLECT, acting on an irresistible Conviction—a simple, universal Rule of Right—restraining the ANIMAL, and limiting its action by the Sovereignty which belongs inherently to the Intellect, and is the distinguishing characteristic of the MAN. For MEN, Civilis, there is no other Law. Your CIVIL LAW is for the half-and-half creatures typified by the Greeks in their Centaur, and by the ancient Egyptians in their Sphynx: Brutes with Human Heads: Men with Brutal Appetites: and it is to the fostering of these appetites alone that, during the continuance of their gradually-developing Manhood, your Civil Law, which is founded on Selfishness, is necessary for the government of the Human race.

THE GREAT FIRST PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—OF LIFE, Civilis, not of the inherently-existing Soul, BUT OF ANIMAL LIFE, IS SELFISHNESS. Two Plants growing side by side, each heedless of the other, absorbs from the EARTH all the nourishment it needeth: or, if there be too little for both, then, all it can. Animals do the same instinctively. IT IS THE GREAT LAW OF LIFE. Whatever lives, blindly and unknowingly, seeks to prolong its Life, until the purposes of its life are accom-

plished. It then dies. Nor, to unconscious Life, is death an Evil. Man the Animal is naturally Selfish—not the conscious Soul (the true Man), but the conventional man of Flesh. **THE MAN THAT LIVES AND DIES IS INSTINCTIVELY SELFISH.** With him, as with the unreasoning brutes, and the insentient herbs and grass, Selfishness is the Great Law of Life. Wherever there is a reasoning Soul, be it in the Dog, this law is modified. *But* for the **TRUE MAN**, the inherently conscious Soul, which for a time inhabits the living tenement of flesh, this Selfishness could not possibly work evil. But since the Body lives exclusively for the Soul's experience and education, **SELFISHNESS DOES WORK EVIL.** All the real Evils we complain of are caused by Selfishness;—mere inconvenience is not an Evil—and by Selfishness they are perpetuated. **THE SOUL (WHICH DOES NOT LIVE AND CANNOT DIE), THE TRUE MAN, IS NATURALLY UNSELFISH;** and from the beginning until now its Instincts have warred against the principle—this Selfishness—which is the Law of Life. Out of this strife have grown all those modifying circumstances which have been invented to restrain the instinctive Selfishness of the Animal within rational and endurable bounds;—I mean mystic Religion, Morals, Arts, Sciences, Literature, and Laws. By means of these, the Soul has endeavoured to assert its sovereignty, and to turn the Life of the outer man to its own immortal purposes. The struggle has been long; and sometimes fierce and terrible: but Mind is at length obtaining the mastery, and will have it. The modifying circumstances I have spoken of, deeply tainted as they are with the Selfishness which created them, or, for its own ends permitted their creation,—these Religions, Morals, Sciences, Arts, Literatures, and Laws—have accomplished nearly all they are capable of accomplishing: and, in some places, more than they were intended to accomplish. They are the barriers by which Selfishness here restrains Selfishness yonder. Compromises, not Cures. They were never intended to exterminate Selfishness (nor have they the power); but rather to foster and perpetuate its existence by systemising its action: for without such helps, the unrestrained Evil would be constantly preying on itself, and procuring its own destruction; thus, hindering for ever

the progress of the Soul, and nullifying the purposes of its creation. Mind is proud of what it has accomplished : and properly so. But it must accomplish more : it must accomplish all. And to this end it must test the value of what it has done ; and see what remains to do. It boasts great stores of Knowledge : it must see if it be Knowledge. It vaunts of its Morality : it must ascertain what its Morality is worth. It prides itself on its Religion : it must inquire what portion of it is true. It brags of its Justice : it must ascertain if it be anything more than a name. It rejoices in its Government and Laws : it must determine whether they be not better suited to mere brute natures than to Men. It talks ostentatiously of *what it could do* in the matter of General Education : but the Millions who are perishing for want of it, must see whether they cannot educate themselves. Be it our business, Civilis, to help them. And with this purpose in view, let us apply the touchstone of our First Principle to the several branches of our knowledge, and see whether there be not a better and more certain mode of educating the "Millions" (were we generously agreed to do it) than even by throwing open our Schools and our Literature ungrudgingly to all. In the progress of this investigation we shall not only prove the existence and universality of the Selfish Principle, and show the banefulness of its influence on the destinies of Men ; but by seeing, as we shall do, that our Religion, Morals, Literature, and Laws, are (as I have just asserted) but modifications of this principle, we shall see the desirableness, and possibility, and I believe also, the appointed means, of its subversion. Placing the two Principles and their consequences in juxtaposition, we shall see which is the more suitable for the happiness, and the wants and purposes of humanity : and having done this, we will leave Mankind to decide between them : "For where our treasure is, there will the heart be also." Truth needs not the Priest, nor the Orator, nor the Faggot, nor the Sword, to propagate it. It requires but to be unveiled that it might be seen of men, to become the Law of their Souls, and to be established amongst them for ever.

CIVILIS. I shall be a most willing listener, my dear Randolph : for though I know enough of the great Truth, to

subscribe generally to the many important propositions you have just enunciated, I am still too much a Lawyer to dispense with the evidence by which you will, I am sure, substantiate your sweeping charges against the present knowings and doings of Society. Some minds, from habit, are incapable of grasping a great principle in its totality, until, by means of evidence, they have mastered its leading facts: their genius is inductive, not synthetical. Mine is one of these. Hence I delight in evidence. Although I never really doubted the fact of my Soul's existence, your logical demonstration of this fact in the beginning of the Alpha-vision has converted the feeling into a mathematical certainty, and the pleasure-affording faith into an enduring happiness. In like manner, I have ever been persuaded of the Soul's immortality; but had I been sceptical, your proofs in the Alpha-vision would have convinced me. I have never needed, I have never desired, an additional proof: and yet you have just given me one which is so logically conclusive, so obvious, so simple, so all-sufficient in itself, that I have no words to express the happiness your demonstration has afforded me. **BECAUSE THE SOUL DOES NOT LIVE, IT CANNOT DIE!** why I would not, if I could, unknow this demonstration, to be absolute Emperor of the earth. For say, **LIFE** is the Soul: it matters not. Life is then a thing apart from Matter, and not a mere condition of Matter: *an Essence which THINKS independently of Matter*: a thing which does not live, and therefore cannot die. So happiness-giving is, to me, a logical demonstration, that I could affect ignorance for the pleasure of being taught.

RANDOLPH Beware of the common error, *Civilis*. Let self-reliance be the rule, and reliance on others the rare exception. What another mind can do, yours can do. But discussion is a spur to intellectual perception. Our minds are differently constituted; partly from physical differences, but chiefly from a difference in education, habit of thought, and the personal disparity in our knowledge. It is these latter differences which cause the physical differences; and hence the apparent uselessness of the labours of those mental delineators who call themselves Phrenologists.\* Mental

\*See page 228 (RANDOLPH) Ch. V.



differences exist between us from the circumstances I have mentioned. We shall therefore regard Facts from different points of view, and thus be the means of conferring on each other a mutual advantage. Not, therefore, because I can teach you anything you could not discover for yourself, do I ask your attention: but because my reasons for believing a fact might be different to yours.

CIVILIS. It is because I conceive that they will not only be different to mine, but better, that I am anxious to hear them. But I have another reason, and a more important one. It is this. Although your First Principle is a major proof of the truth of things, which proof renders all minor proofs superfluous (because it necessarily includes all others in itself); still, to prove the Minor facts separately, is to prove anew the truth of the Major Fact; and thus to make assurance doubly sure:—a great desideratum, Randolph, in so great a matter. Therefore, to test its truth, that, if it stand the test, we might place it on high as a beacon-light to the entire world, and for all ages, I will scrutinise your facts and reasonings as though I were ignorant of the great Principle, or sceptical as to its truth.

RANDOLPH. You will find this a difficulty, Civilis: but the love of Truth which prompts the attempt makes me proud of my disciple. It is not, however, my intention to try your powers of simulation, or to tax your patience, overmuch; although to some extent this is necessary to a thorough comprehension of the Animal Principle (which at present governs all societies of Men), as well as more completely to test the Intellectual Principle which will ultimately subvert and supersede it. The *modus operandi* of the change may be expressed in a word, EDUCATION: *an Education having one aim*—THE INTELLECTUAL PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS OF THE ENTIRE SPECIES; *and one Specific for its attainment*, TRUTH. Our first business, therefore, is to ascertain how far the present mode of education is really conducive to INTELLECTUAL PERFECTION AND HAPPINESS; and how much of the Knowledge we are so chary of is, in reality, SOUL-ENLARGING TRUTH.

The plan of examination I propose to adopt is this.

Amongst the papers of my late brother, whom I will continue to designate by his adopted name of DIONYSIUS, are a mass of scattered Memoranda under a variety of heads, made by him evidently with a view to the systemised work he had been meditating for several years. These isolated Notes I have arranged with as much attention to order as their incompleteness would admit of; having interpolated an occasional sentence where such an addition was necessary to produce continuity of the subject-matter, and a connection of the several parts. These Memoranda I propose to read to you in the order of their present arrangement. The first division of these Notes refers to Metaphysics, Morality, and the Virtues. If the reasonings or assertions concerning these appear to us inconclusive, insufficient, or erroneous, the interval that will elapse before reading the Notes which comprise the next division, I propose to devote to comment or discussion; and so of the others. This plan of proceeding will bring the entire subject we have to discuss systematically before us; and although it involves a repetition of theme, it need not involve any superfluous discussion. A new view might furnish you with new objections. These I shall endeavour to answer, and I have no apprehension as to the result.

Civilis assented, and I proceeded to read the following—

EXTRACT FROM THE PAPERS OF DIONYSIUS.  
METAPHYSICS. MORALITY. THE VIRTUES.

“The Human Soul being, like its Parent Deity, an Intelligent Principle, capable only of Knowledge, it follows that the Knowledge it can acquire is its Happiness; which, confined to itself, is the Happiness of Possession: but as Knowledge is Love, the highest Happiness attainable by the Human Soul, is, like the highest it is possible to assign to the Deity, the Happiness of Distribution.

“It follows, therefore, that if Men lived up to the Standard of their spiritual nature, they would seek knowledge that they might attain Happiness; and they would distribute it without stint amongst their fellow-men, and this out of pure Love, and thus obtain for themselves the more exquisite happiness of Distribution.

"Here, then, we have a Principle which clearly determines what men ought to KNOW; namely, ALL TRUTH; and what they ought to DO; namely, All the Good in their power, if they would fulfil the high purposes of their being, be Men, and eschew the mere gratifications and condition of the Brute.

"It is manifest, then, that if we were to live up to the Standard of our Spiritual Nature, our desire for Possession, and all our intellectual energies, would be chiefly directed towards the attainment of Mental wealth, which we could distribute without the dread of impoverishing ourselves; and as Knowledge is naturally sympathetic, we should no more seize upon and hoard material wealth, or material comforts and possessions, than we should be greedy in the matter of Knowledge. The former of these hypotheses describes the present condition of the human family, and explains the origin of all the miseries known amongst us: whilst the other shows clearly the condition to which it must attain before happiness can be universal; before Evil can be banished from amongst us; and before we can make any considerable progress, individually or collectively, towards that Intellectual Perfection which it is our high privilege to strive for, and, in some measure, within the reach of our capacity to attain. To be convinced of these things, as I am, is a happiness indeed!

"Clearly, then, if Men had not chosen Animal gratifications as their chief good, their privilege of doing good would never have been enjoined on them as a duty; and that purely deific maxim, 'Thou shalt Love thy neighbour as thyself,' would never have been propounded. But, as a duty it must now be enforced on humanity, until the pursuit of knowledge as our chief good enables us to practise it as our most glorious and God-like privilege.

"We need knowledge, which is—an acquaintance with Truth: and we have a certain test for discovering Truth, and distinguishing it from Falsehood. Some of the ancient Philosophers nearly reached it. Plato, Socrates, Zeno, and others. They were lovers of Knowledge: Philosophers, inasmuch as they were searchers after the ultimatum of human good, and searchers, too, in the right direction: but they

failed for the want of Catholicity. They had a clearer conception of Deity than many of us moderns: perhaps clearer than most of us, notwithstanding that we pretend to a more familiar—a much too familiar, acquaintance; but they had not conceived of the true nature of the Human Soul. Their Knowledge ascended only to the point of Pride: it never touched that altitude which converts it into Love. Socrates nearly reached it: perhaps touched it: but Persecution sent him to an untimely death. The Greek Philosophers erred in thinking the mass of men inferior to themselves in nature. They did not rise above the conception of Law as a restraint to the Licentiousness of Ignorance; and of statues, and civic crowns, as rewards and incitements to virtue. *But* for these impediments, their Pride of Intellect, which made them dictators, and their reverence for Virtue, or rather for the Virtues, as Justice, Probity, Fortitude, Valour, Love of Country, and the rest, they would inevitably have reached the First Truth. Plato's 'Republic' *held the practice of the virtues to be the chief good*—the utmost limit of attainable perfection. It was a nullity: a dream: it could not work. And, why? Because the Virtues are chimeras, nonentities; Justice is a name, not a reality; Friendship (reduced to action), a wrong done somewhere; and Patriotism, mere national Selfishness. Nothing can be good, or right, or true, which is made to pertain, exclusively, to an individual man, or to a class of men, or to a nation. Make it universal, and its very universality deprives it (as in the case of Virtue) of existence. In this consists the simple grandeur of real Christianity. The catholicity it teaches swallows up conventional Morality, and extinguishes the Virtues. The conception is grand, and makes the Pride, and the theorisings of 'Philosophy' ridiculous. CHRIST TAUGHT LOVE: BUT HE SHOULD HAVE PREACHED KNOWLEDGE, WHICH, IN ITS UNIVERSALITY, IS LOVE. He taught that the Soul is immortal: but his Metaphysics were at fault, and he could not demonstrate the fact: he left this doubtful: and his grand but simple system could not work. Volumes might be written on the non-necessity, and undesirableness of the Moralities and the Virtues; but by the aid of the First Principle, by perceiving that the Soul is none the better

N

for anything it takes on trust, but only for its Knowledge, a single sentence logically disposes of them.

"Vice and Immorality ought not to exist amongst us. This we know: there is no doubt on the subject: it admits of no denial. Now if these had no existence, neither could the Moralities and the Virtues exist. As the latter cannot exist without the former; and as the former ought not to exist at all; it follows that the Virtues and the Moralities ought, as soon as possible, to be dispensed with. What then shall we say of the Literature that enjoins on mankind the practice of these undesirable conventionalities. Why, that the authors of this Literature do not know, or do not consider, what they are recommending. We might test their efficacy and usefulness in another way.

"If Virtue is a Good, and I possess the means of being virtuous, it is my privilege under the Mental system, or my duty under the Animal one, to extend the means of being virtuous as widely as possible amongst my brethren: and if this is my duty, it is the duty of all men: and if all men did their duty; and all men availed themselves of the means—which it will be admitted is desirable, then all men would be virtuous; but as there could be no appreciation of the virtue in the absence of Vice, Virtue, in effect, would have no existence. And this is what all good men, all catholic-minded men, must earnestly desire. Christ's catholicity reached this point: but out of it grew a creed: and Faith was enjoined on men instead of Knowledge; hence its failure.

"Now, what is the cause of Vice? In the language of the world it is Injustice: in the language of true Philosophy, it is Ignorance, or False Convictions. What cherishes it? These same False Convictions. What stands, like a bulwark, in the way of its repression? Again, Ignorance; of which the selfish Principle is at once the parent and the nurse.

"Benevolence is one of the most beautiful of the virtues. What a wilderness of misery would our ill-governed world be without it! Yet, the more need there is of Benevolence, the more Misery must exist for Benevolence to alleviate. But the wretchedness with which it co-exists is a dreadful Evil. The

former cannot exist without the latter. Seeing this sad fact, how many have doubted even the existence of a God; or, believing in his existence, have arraigned his Government! When, alas! we wilfully shut our eyes to the general Laws by which he governs; make Laws of our own; and, in our besotted ignorance, fit them for Animals, not for dual-natured Men. In these, our Laws, we shall find that the Vices and the Virtues have their birth. All are human: not one amongst them is divine.

“What, I ask again, shall we say of the Literature which represents the Moralities and the Virtues as the greatest good attainable by Man, and a passport to that happiness in Heaven which we fail to get even a glimpse of on Earth? Why, simply that it values them at more than they are worth; and that, however necessary they may be whilst Ignorance fosters Evil, the sooner the world can do without them the better. They are human contrivances, and commingled with misery; and the Literature which would perpetuate them, though locked up from the millions, is not of half as much value as this one sentence of Truth:—

“FELLOW-MORTALS, DEGRADED AND MISERABLE THOUGH MILLIONS AMONGST YOU ARE, YOUR ELEVATION MUST COME THROUGH THE CULTIVATION OF YOUR INTELLECT, AND YOUR REGENERATION MUST BE THE WORK OF YOURSELVES.

“But the Metaphysicians? what are they about? Helping the Moralists! So much, then, for the labours of the Moral Philosopher and the Metaphysician! To what shifts have not the former been put to define his Morality; or to tell us, in any case, where Morality ceases, and Immorality begins! And to the Metaphysician we are about equally indebted. What do we learn from either that it behoves us to know? As to Metaphysics, our course is clear: we know enough for all useful purposes by knowing the beginning, which Metaphysics do not teach: and to the professors of this occult science we may safely leave all the subtle distinctions and incomprehensible quiddities by which they delight to exhibit their profundities, perplex their readers, and deceive themselves. The different phases of Mind are merely different phases or degrees of Knowledge. Our Wonder is the out-

ward and visible sign of our Ignorance. Hope and Fear, Joy and Grief, are phases of Ignorance. Nearly all our violent Passions are the result of social wrong, which is, again, the result of Ignorance. Our Judgment is complex Reason, and our Reason is complex Perception. We judge wrongly when we judge in ignorance; and rightly when our perception has made sure of its facts. Our Imagination is a Soul-instinct, in its impatience for Knowledge, assuming facts on which to build some possible or impossible fabric of events as a solace to the ever-inquiring Soul. These assumptions are always legitimate, and, in their consequences, always good, *when they are regarded as assumptions, and not as true Facts*; or, when they lead to the investigation which proves whether they belong to the category of Falsehood or of Truth. They (these assumptions) are Evil in their consequences, when, unproved, they are negligently or ignorantly viewed by the ignorant as proved verities. And, alas! there is much of this evil in the world: and none greater or more mischievous than has arisen from regarding the speculations of Poetry as genuine Prophecy; which never did exist, and never will. And this, which no Metaphysician has told us, is the whole mystery of Metaphysics!

"Our pleasures are chiefly animal and selfish—even those which arise from our Mentality; which happens thus: we ignorantly convert the pleasures of Sense (which are pleasure-giving *means* for the acquisition of knowledge) into the end and object of our existence. Nearly all our Fine Arts are thus desecrated and misemployed. Our selfish love of these animalisms (which Metaphysicians and Moralists approve of because they are natural, and, in their subservient ignorance, defend) would become rapacious and intolerable were they not subjected to some restraint: hence, in order to set limits to the chaos of evil induced by these irrational indulgences, we contrive Laws, and manufacture Morals, and set up tribunals, and invent punishments, and concoct virtues, and imagine grotesque systems of pains and penalties in the world to come; and thus perpetuate them, irrational as they are, and, as far as in us lies, entail them on the world for ever.

"To the dreamy labours of the Metaphysician and the

Moral Philosopher is intrusted the task of explaining these Passions and ill-directed Desires, and of determining how far they can go innocently, and (as if such a thing were possible) where Innocence inspissates into crime! Of course, without a First Principle, the whole of this pretended ingenuity is but guess-work and mere dicta, of less value than yesterday's 'Times,' or "Moore's Prophetic Almanack" of last year.

"Seriously, however, I do not censure these Morality-mongers; for were it not for the restraints which their labours impose on a portion of mankind, there would be nothing but licentiousness and unmitigated misery in the world. As it is, we have Virtues and Moralities as the counterpoise of Evil; and we have the externals of decorum, and the semblance of knowledge, in place of the more rational realities. No, we will not seriously blame them for laying hold of Virtue because they could not reach Intelligence. Let us rather honour them for their benevolent efforts to make the best substitute within their reach do the work of the true operator beyond it. But praise cannot be given them except for their ingenuity and good intentions. To speak of them as men of Genius, or as intrepid pioneers hewing out a way for the progress of mankind towards the perfection attainable by their nature, would be to satirise them by unmerited commendation.

"Thus even our Ethics and Metaphysics, which, next to our Religion, profess the most; and which are, at last, the very pith and marrow of all our educational Literature—excepting only the purely Scientific—contain little or nothing of that knowledge which the Intelligent Principle within us prompts us, by its yearning after rational happiness, to know."

RANDOLPH. Here ends, Civilis, the cursory, but argumentative, though not fully reasoned out Memoranda of Dionysius on these hitherto-lauded branches of our educational knowledge. They are again referred to in his similarly-searching essay on our imaginative and didactic Literature. Their HISTORY is traced in his essay on Government and Laws. But, in the essay I have just read, his argument, as to the abstract inutility and undesirableness of Morality and the



Virtues as aids to human perfectibility, is, I think of itself, unanswerable and conclusive. No one will be bold enough to affirm that Vice and Crime ought to be cherished amongst men, in order that Virtue and Morality should have a being. At least, there are none who would assent to the naked proposition. But if we view the subject a little more in detail, we shall see that there are tens of thousands of persons in all communities, by courtesy called Civilised, who have a direct interest in the continuance of Vice and Crime that leads directly to their fosterage. And these very persons are, moreover, everywhere the sinews of the national Power, and the chief exponents of the national intelligence. Alas! Civilis, is THIS CIVILISATION? You perceive that, not only do Vice and Crime give activity to the Moralities and the Virtues, keeping their practisers and propagators busy in what has the external resemblance of Good; but they give dignified, perhaps "honest" employment to Law-makers; to salaried Judges; to stipendiary Magistrates; to paid Advocates and Lawyers; to Gaolers; to Turnkeys; to Hangmen; to Police Commissioners, and all their salaried subordinates down to the thief-catching Constable; to Military and Naval Commanders, their Subalterns, and men. All these, it must, I suppose, be confessed, procure "honest" livings, and, no doubt, live themselves most virtuously, by the simple continuance of Wickedness and Crime. Nor in this catalogue have I included the Clergy of all denominations, who thrive on immorality and irreligion. I just now assumed that no one would be bold enough to contend that Vice and Crime ought to be cherished, even to keep the white-robed Virtues amongst us. Yet, with such an array of good places, and good things, that would be lost to their present possessors and future expectants, for ever, I feel constrained to withdraw the assumption; and *that* from sheer lack of faith in the potency of Virtue and "Religion." Of course, such a sacrifice of Interests can never be required; because the change, if it ever come, must be too gradual to need it: and the reformation, moreover, is too distant to cause the present race of possessors or expectants the slightest alarm. I have merely put the case to show you the anomalous state of things that inheres to the system in which the Moralities

and the Virtues have their being : FOR CERTAINLY, NO EVENT COULD BE MORE CALAMITOUS TO THE LIGHTS AND LEADERS OF THE WORLD, THAN THE SUDDEN CESSATION OF IMMORALITY AND CRIME !

CIVILIS. You warned me beforehand, that my office of Scrutator on the part of Society would be a difficult one. So far, I find the task I have undertaken an impossible one. Certain it is that the Selfish System thrives on Vice, and batters on human degradation and misery. It is equally certain, that Morality and Virtue must be superseded by the element of a new System, Intelligence. But when "the white-robed Virtues" have gone, Mankind shall build a monument to their memory ; and many an old-world name shall be inscribed upon it ! And yet, the *greatest* names shall not be there : for Poverty keeps no record of its generous sacrifices. I doubt, Randolph, if Intelligence will ever rear such sterling worth, such large-souled Men, as, in loving Faith, have daily sacrificed to Virtue ?

RANDOLPH. But, admitting this, why have all these Sacrifices been made, Civilis, if their tendency and intention be not to make that Common which is now occasional ? If Christianity is never to be more than a mere profession, then was Christ crucified in vain. GIVE ALL MEN that Virtue, which is Love, which is Self-Knowledge and Intelligence, and it will find new modes of action. Not individuals will it raise from wretchedness ; but, with a larger aim, every new act of Love shall confer happiness on a world.

CIVILIS. I admit your plea of Catholicity, and yield. But, if Christ is not the Son of God, in the sense intended by Trinitarians, what hope is there that Christianity, in any form, shall progress, and develope itself, and become the universal rule of Social and Religious life amongst mankind ? Deprived of his supposed Divinity, will Kings and Queens, will Popes and Sacred Colleges, will Princes, Dukes, Earls, Lords—will great Warriors, Lay and Clerical—great Judges in Law and Equity, still put their faith in the Leadership and Teaching of the simple Nazarene, non-noble, and of dubious parentage ? Still further ;—will those who scorn Low birth—more even than your three-century-Nobles do—the Lowly-born them-

selves, consent to own his Leadership, do his behests, and imitate his example?

RANDOLPH. Ay, Civilis, to the full as much as any of them do the least of these things now. Had we no misgivings about the permanency of the reign of Falsehood, no faith in Truth, we might still be certain that the simple precepts of Christianity would not be *less* practised then than now. Show men that these precepts are based on the natural Laws of God, and in less than another cycle of eighteen centuries, they shall be the Law of Men "from Indus to the Pole." Mark you, Civilis, how the fruitless Falsehood operates. First, Faith in Christ's divinity is easier, cheaper, and, for the rich, a thousand times more convenient, than practising his Life. Again: The secret of their Faith, or their non-Faith, as the case might be, is safe in their own keeping. You may know men's Acts: you can but guess at their Beliefs. Once again: To Live his Life! How convenient to exclaim against the possibility, the absurdity, the impiety of the attempt! Live his Life! How can mere Mortals, whatever their station, Live the Life which the inherent baseness of Human Nature rendered all but impossible for a God! Who thinks, who has need to think—when Faith in some absurdity is everything—of Living HIS Life, of doing HIS behests, of conforming themselves to HIS example? No one, in reality—our Laws allow it not;—few, even in pretence. It is true, thousands are ready to attempt it. Communities—little knots of men—are already formed, and growing, and giving a practical answer to your inquiry; and eloquent men, Paul-like, are making all Theology ring with the great Truth that God alone is God, and that Christ is the great Man-pattern for our imitation. Adopting the interpretation of the learned Paul, Christ was, indeed, a Son of God: "For," said he to the wisdom-loving Greeks, "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God." Had Paul known the whole Truth instead of guessing at it; HAD HE PREACHED KNOWLEDGE INSTEAD OF FAITH, we had not now been disputing about the matter. But Paul was a noble fellow notwithstanding. In him the Truth struggled hard for an utterance; but the time for its utterance had not then come. How manfully he strives

against the Animalism of the world! How grandly he pleads for Spiritualism; persuaded of an inherent immortality, even whilst he half asserts, and half denies, the Resurrection! There is no fear for the truth, *Civilis*. Make it known; and Men will embrace, and love, and teach, and practise it.

*CIVILIS*. I believe this, certainly. I have Faith in Truth. To pass on, however;—tell me, Randolph, is not Christianity, according to your own exposition of it, a system of Morals? And, if so, why this new denunciation against Morality and the Virtues? I confess I do not understand you. You have defined Morality something in this way—The Knowledge of what is demonstrably Right and Wrong between Man and Man, reduced to action. Why, then, ignore the name as though the acts you wish to be universal could have no demonstrable existence?

*RANDOLPH*. Man, who is an Intellectual Being, has an Intellectual or Rational Nature; hence, his rational actions might, without any solecism of language, be named his Rationality. It has been already demonstrated that he has no Moral Nature, hence there can be no such circumstance as Morality. Morality you have yourself explained into Knowledge: that is, you have said, in other words, Morality is not Morality, but something else. The name is nevertheless useful, and I use it to designate a certain phase of the Soul's Right-thinking, Rationality, or Intelligence. My sole object throughout has been to prevent any misapprehension as to what the name implies. This moral action of our Philosophy is definable: but Conventional Morality—that Will-o'-the-Wisp Whimsey which so adroitly adapts itself to all sorts of opposite Callings and Conditions, defies all definition.—Like Iago's purse,—“'Tis something; nothing; 'twas mine; 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands.” Such a Proteus-like circumstance cannot find a place in true Philosophy. We shall subsequently have occasion to glance at its pernicious consequences in human Education, and you will perhaps reserve your defence of it—if you still think it defensible—until these consequences have been passed in review before us.

*CIVILIS*. No. I doubt if I have a word to utter in defence

of this Conventional Morality, seeing that it is only a bad substitute for Christian Duty. I have known you clearer in your expositions, Randolph, than on this occasion; but I think I see through my difficulty, and will proceed to offer a remark or two on the subject of Metaphysics. The reasoning of Dionysius dwarfs this science into nothingness. He, however, omits to tell us what is MEMORY. I appeal to you. How should the Soul which knoweth what it knows, forget what it knoweth, and thus have need of that something we call Memory? What is Forgetfulness? What is Memory? If there be that partial oblivion which we call Forgetfulness, then there is Memory, Recollection, or a recalling what is a part of the Mind into the presence of itself, to be scanned again, and again to be forgotten: for if the Mind does not *always* remember what it knows, it certainly forgets what it knows: and that it does not always remember, or keep clearly before itself, facts which are completely its own, is evident by this:—I sometimes think of myself; then, forgetting myself, I think of facts external to myself; as of this rose, and its colour, odour, form; or I reflect on facts which are a part of myself; as, two and two make four. The relation of myself to myself is so close that there never can be a gap between them; and yet, in thinking of this rose I forget myself: in thinking of my hand, I forget my spiritual self. I know that I exist: I know also that my existence is not your existence: but I do not *always* think of these facts. They are remembered, and then forgotten; forgotten, and again remembered; and never is my knowledge remembered all at once. And sometimes when it is important to me that I should remember a well-known fact, I do not remember it until the occasion has passed for its use. There is, then, such a thing as Obliviousness, and such a thing as Memory. Will your Principle, which should explain all mental phenomena, enable you to explain these? Dionysius either did not perceive the difficulty, or he availed himself of the very shabbiest of the Virtues, and avoided it.

RANDOLPH. The true spirit of purchasable, either-side-advocacy seems to have descended upon you, Civilis: and your last remark is worthy of the inspiration. When "the

right hand shall forget its cunning," the habitual Advocate shall forget his art.—No!—do not apologise: a professional sarcasm is never very damaging. The wit is had recourse to when the cause is lost, and is thrown in by way of a *quid pro quo* to the client for his costs. Barring the banter, there is *something* in your remarks on Memory; *but not much*. Dionysius explains the NATURE OF IMAGINATION: and you have described, or nearly so, the NATURE OF MEMORY. There is no practical utility in Speculative Metaphysics. "We know enough," as Dionysius expresses it, "for all useful purposes," by knowing the true nature of the Soul—its Powers, Desires, Laws, and present Limitations. It has been already demonstrated that the Soul exists in virtue of its own Deity-derived Nature, and that this nature is neither Religious, nor Moral, nor Mathematical, nor Mechanical; but solely and simply Intellectual. This is our starting-point in Philosophy, our First Principle, and contains within itself the whole of knowable Metaphysics: for by what *process* the Soul Thinks, and Distinguishes, and Remembers, and Forgets, and Wills, and Acts, Metaphysicians and their Metaphysics cannot inform us. But the metaphysical Circumstance we call Memory is not so inscrutable; and a brief investigation will shew us that it is neither a Faculty of the Intellect, nor a Quality or Mode of Mind, but that, in its Substantive Signification, it is one with the Mind itself. This, of course, involves the question—

#### WHAT IS MIND?

I answer,—The Soul's recorded Knowledge taken in its totality. Knowledge, properly so called, is ascertained Truth: but the totality of a Man's Knowledge includes also whatever he might have mistaken for knowledge, or have adopted for knowledge on trust: for out of what he knows, or thinks he knows, arise his Intellectual convictions; and out of his convictions, his Sentiments and Acts. A Man *is* in virtue of his Soul's Nature—which is purely Intellectual; but he is *Wise or Foolish* (of course relatively) in virtue of the false or truthful character of his Knowledge: he is, moreover, *Bad or Good* (of course relatively) in virtue of the *use* he makes of it;—that is, whether he applies it more or less to un-

selfish or to Selfish purposes. It is a Man's MIND which determines his Character: and his Mind is made up of Ideas, which, whether false or true, influence his Acts, and take the name of Knowledge. It will be useful to contemplate the Mind historically, and note its origin and growth.—The Thinking Entity, as the recipient of Ideas, must have existed previously to its perception of a single Fact; for it is obvious that the Entity which perceives cannot be the Fact or Facts perceived. It follows, therefore, that the Mind and Soul, though inseparable when once united, are not in reality One, but only One practically and in effect.

Now, it is probable that the undisciplined Soul (as in infancy) has a *transitory* perception of many Facts before it begins to reflect on these facts, to anatomise them, to compare them one with another, and to observe wherein they differ and agree. Until this process of Intuitive perception or Reason begins there can be no Mind, no Memory. The Sensuous faculty of Feeling, Tasting, Smelling, Hearing, and Seeing has been in operation, and Facts have been perceived; but there having been as yet no inkling of a comprehension of them—no Intuition exercised—they have not been recorded, incorporated, or made part of the perceiving Entity—the Soul. When thus appropriated, however, an incipient Mind, A MEMORY, has been indissolubly added to the Soul: then, fact by fact it grows. Obedient to a Law of our Intellectual Nature, Facts soon begin to arrange themselves into classes; those belonging to a particular object arrange themselves under the already registered idea of that object; and these again under the general idea which constitutes a class or order of such objects: and thus are laid the bases or ground-plans of all the Sciences. All right Education merely aids the development of this natural Law. Without this simple provision—so magnificent in its consequences—all intellectual progress would be impossible: our acquisition of Facts would result in confusion and Derangement, and Memory would be Madness;—when active, raging; when inactive, melancholy, moping, stark. In addition to what I have just said concerning its growth and origin, I conceive the only answer that need be given to your question, What

is Memory? is this—that, could you annihilate Memory you would, at the same time, and by the same act, annihilate Mind. This statement, *Civilis*, I think you cannot gainsay, and if so, I may fairly leave you to determine for yourself whether Memory be, or be not, resolvable into Knowledge or Intelligence.

*CIVILIS*. I certainly cannot impugn this statement: I cannot deny its truth. But is there not a very obvious Sophism lurking beneath it? I cannot destroy this Parchment without destroying what is written upon it: yet, the Writing is not the Parchment; nor the Parchment the Writing.

*RANDOLPH*. But you *can* destroy the *Writing* without destroying the Parchment: which shews that your simile is not strictly analogous, and consequently, that the inference you seek to draw from it will not hold. A slight alteration will render it analogous: but then, instead of proving *your* case, it will prove mine. Let the Writing represent Mind (which it does, literally): and call the Parchment with its Writing—a “Deed”: then, by destroying the Deed, you destroy the Writing, or by destroying the Writing you destroy the Deed; for (though the Deed cannot for legal purposes exist except in connexion with the Parchment) the Writing is the Deed, and the Deed is the Writing. Moreover, the Writing, which is MIND (materialized), is also the (materialized) Record, Memorial, or MEMORY of the Contract which is the subject-matter of the Deed. This Book is Mind; but it is also a Memory. Now, abstracting from your idea of the Book the *material* of the Book, or from your idea of the “Deed” the *material* of the Deed, the case is exactly analogous with Mind and Memory in man. They are two names for one thing.

*CIVILIS*. I believe, *Randolph*, you are right: at all events, I am confounded by my own simile, if not confuted, and I yield the point;—that is, until I can more closely and calmly examine your demonstration. In the mean time, it must be admitted that, in your reduction of all mental qualities into Intelligence, Memory cannot be cited as an exception.

*RANDOLPH*. It is assumed in our Philosophy that whatever Fact Consciousness or the Soul once perceives it always retains. This innate and necessary power of retention—and



which is part of the Soul's nature—is what is usually meant by the term Memory. Remembrance is, however, the proper word. It has also the power of Abstraction; by means of which the Soul concentrates its attention on any chosen Fact or Subject, and, for the time, purposely forgets all others. To illustrate this point by our material simile of the Book, it concentrates its attention on what page it pleases to the entire forgetfulness of the rest. Without this power of Abstraction, we could not analyse a complex idea, nor, from particulars, ascend to generals. All Forgetfulness is Abstraction: it is the useful and natural, if not the self-purposed, result of the Soul's attention to some special or particular subject of thought. Forgetfulness is not, therefore, necessarily, a defect of the Soul's nature; but is an ordinance of its Creator—as necessary to the Soul's progress in knowledge as is the ordinance we name Reason. Whatever a Man finds it desirable, or needful, or pleasant, to do, the *germ* is within him of his ability to do it; the provision is made; the means are given; the method is patent; the Law of its accomplishment is a Law of his Soul. Of vast importance and advantage is a well-ordered Memory; that is, a Memory in which Facts are Scientifically arranged. Remembrance then is easy, and the Soul enjoys a perfect mastership over its Facts. The GERM of this Order and arrangement I noticed when alluding to the origin and growth of Mind. To develope ourselves to the utmost we have but to discover God's Laws within us, and to follow them out into their remotest consequences. Observing that our Facts or Ideas naturally arrange themselves into "Chains" that they might be laid aside without being absolutely forgotten;—that the major Facts round which minor Facts arrange themselves are in the nature of Principles; that Principles are, not only the Strongest cementers of our Facts, but that, by securing them, the Soul greatly relieves itself of the labour of retention,—we are strongly admonished to get Principles, because a Principle contains within itself all the separate Facts which exist in connexion therewith. To have and to comprehend the Principle is to possess the Facts; and what is more, to know their nature, value, and use. Now, if we can unite all our Facts by One

Principle which governs and determines their relationship; the whole mass of our collected Facts are arranged into one entire Series or Chain: and, in effect, all our Knowledge is remembered at once. The Mind acts as a whole, and that, consistently. All our thoughts are directed to one end: all our actions have one purpose: each one is consistent with all the others; and the Soul makes progress in Intelligence with absolute certainty. All knowledge knowable on Earth is within our reach; and an infinite development of our faculties of Being and Knowing is seen to be the rich reward of our rightly-directed efforts,—the felicitous Heaven of our Hope.

CIVILIS. Thank you, my dear Randolph. You have given me food for thought during the interval that will elapse before our next meeting. You have shed a new light on the nature and office of Memory. You have, moreover, rescued Forgetfulness from being any longer regarded as a natural defect of the human mind, or as a proof of Man's inherent imperfection. To a Mind that has been taught from the earliest dawn of its intelligence to regard itself as necessarily imperfect and helplessly dependent, few averments could be more consoling. It makes one blush, Randolph, to think that, with all our pretensions to Religion, and all our fancied reverence towards the Deity, we have been every moment dishonouring that Being by our Ignorance! How true it is that Ignorance, disguise it as you will with Mitre, Cowl, or Vestments Sacerdotal, cannot be either reverential or religious!

RANDOLPH. It will not be always thus, Civilis. In the dim distance I see the world of Humanity united by the power of a single Truth! There is one Fold: and one Shepherd: and the God of all Truth dwells amongst his intellectual Creatures: and the Nations of the Earth are one Nation: and all Mankind are happy! Poets, and Patriarchs, and Prophets have seen it! Not a dream of the Past was the Golden Age of the Poet: but a truthful foresight of his Soul gazing onwards through the haze of forty centuries into the FUTURE; the possible Future! which now I see more clearly than the most truthful Records could picture to my mind the

Past!—I just now made a somewhat random allusion to MADNESS, LUNACY; which,—from perceiving the scientific order in which our Ideas, obedient to a Law of the Thinking Faculty, naturally arrange themselves in the Mind, thus converting it into a Memory—I conceived (perhaps too hastily) to mean MENTAL DERANGEMENT, A DISORDERED INTELLECT,—terms which are frequently used to designate Lunacy or Madness, and which (probably from analogy) induced the thought. The subject is, however, too interesting, too important, as well as too complicate and difficult to be thus dismissed. It is also too vast a subject to be discussed to-night, or perhaps to be disposed of at all in a conversation: but I wish, *Civilis*, before we separate for the evening to throw out a few suggestions on the subject that might sometime lead us to the unravelling of a mystery, which, whilst it remains a mystery, will leave our Philosophy incomplete.—If that Mind be eminently Sane which is eminently Scientific, or most sane on that Subject which it has most successfully studied; and if Science be nothing more than a Method of arranging our ideas agreeably to the Laws of Thought and the idiosyncracies of our Mental Nature—all which positions I feel to be tenable and true—then Insanity (whether general or partial) must mean that lawless incoherence of thought—whatever may have occasioned it—which is most opposed to the scientific Order of our Ideas whence Sanity comes. Taking these predicates as the basis of an Argument on the subject, I should affirm that Madness or Lunacy is Mental Confusion, or the Intellect disarranged and in disorder; but, *Civilis*, it is not conceivable that the SOUL can be *diseased*. The physical organs, through which the mind perceives external objects, may, from many causes, become diseased: false impressions are thereby produced; and these produce erroneous convictions: but the Soul is neither diseased nor mad. All Error may be said to be insanity, no matter how produced; whether by reasoning rightly on false premises, or by making false deductions from true ones. The cure for all such madness is the Truth. This, however, is not Madness as men at present understand it. And yet, I take it, there is no other Lunacy than this. John Dalton's visual organs conveyed to his sen-

sorium impressions of colours different to those of other men: but John Dalton was not mad. Idiots, whose physical organs are deficient, or defective, are not mad. They have Souls as sane as those of other men; but Knowledge cannot reach them. These Idiots are physical malformations: accidents of a general Law: or the result of physical disease in their parents. Men may overwork an organ until it grow diseased and produce wrong impressions; which will necessarily result in wrong convictions, and erroneous sentiments and acts. The visual organs of Milton (it is said) were overwrought: he went blind, not mad. He wrote a grandly poetical history of the "Fall of Man." This work, judging from its absurdity, is more like a manifestation of what men denominate Madness: but, though wrong in all its facts and reasonings, it was the result of a strong conviction, and not of "a mind diseased." On this hypothesis, then, Mental Derangement is nothing more than a confusion or *derangement* of ideas: a multitude of disconnected facts, which, after two-thirds of a laborious lifetime spent in their collection, the Possessor perceives to be valueless: hence, they but confound his reason. They have cost him a lifetime, yet amount to nothing! He lacks the First Principle by which alone they can be arranged and systemized into soul-satisfying knowledge. The energies of his defrauded Soul droop under the disappointment: Memory becomes a burthen, and Obliviousness a blessing. This state of mind occurs chiefly to those who have A GREAT OBJECT in their researches. The mass of collectors of old-world facts, and antiquated philosophy, are satisfied by THE LABOUR; and are pleased with being the known repositories of a dead, profitless mass of useless trifles. They look as complacently and solemnly grand (and the grandeur of the look with them is everything) as looks our GRAND MUSEUM:—a Temple enshrining fragments from which the soul has fled: a monument of absurdity and affectation: and yet, withal, a splendid evidence of what men ought to be, and wish to be, but are not. Now and then, from amongst this crowd of solemn triflers, starts an earnest man whose aim is the discovery of a living, soul-exalting Truth. To him, disappointment often brings what men call madness—ungovern-

able irritability of temper, or a total prostration of the Intellect. He has been delving after Truth; but, failing to reconcile a multitude of anomalies (which a comparison of true facts with false ones ever must produce), Derangement follows: and this, I hold, is Lunacy; for where "Madness" is not the result of physical disease, it is nothing more, I conceive, than mere bewilderment which **THE TRUTH** can cure. Disease cannot touch the immaterial Mind. Show him the Truth for which he has been vainly striving; and his vigour of mind, namely, his Memory, will return to him in all its pristine strength; and his Knowledge,—useless in its derangement—will shape itself into one easily-remembered, happiness-giving whole.

**CIVILIS.** Then Shakspeare's interrogation—

"CANST THOU NOT MINISTER TO A MIND DISEASED;

"PLUCK FROM THE MEMORY A ROOTED SORROW;

"RAZE OUT THE WRITTEN TROUBLES OF THE BRAIN;

"AND WITH SOME SWEET OBLIVIOUS ANTIDOTE,

"CLEANSE THE STUFF'D BOSOM OF THAT PERILOUS STUFF

"WHICH WEIGHS UPON THE HEART,"—

**THE FALSEHOOD THAT OPPRESSES IT,**—might be answered in the affirmative?

**RANDOLPH.** Ay, Civilis: not, however, forgetting *his* answer to whom the question was addressed:—

"THEREIN THE PATIENT MUST MINISTER TO HIMSELF:"

For, although he who knows more than another, has, to some extent, the happiness-affording power to help another by unveiling the hidden truth, the other must take the trouble to *perceive* it for himself. You now see, Civilis, why "doting Age" grows childish; and why Memory (which is the Mind) breaks down and deserts its owner. Oh, Civilis, the Memory would not fade; there would be no "decay" of the immortal Mind; no "second childishness and mere oblivion," were **THE ONE TRUTH** universally known to which all other verities tend; AND WHICH, UNITED, MAKES THE MIND OF MAN ONE WITH HIS IMMORTAL SOUL,—AN EVER-LIVING MEMORY. But, even as things are, that which should form the living memories of men exists, (in the form of dead Opinions,) in books of other men's inditing: and the most studious amongst us—

read, read, read, IN THE VAIN HOPE OF SECURING FOR OURSELVES AN INDIVIDUALITY. But, OPINIONS cannot make an individuality. TRUTH ALONE CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS. AS LONG AS MEN LACK CERTAINTY, AND REPOSE UPON OPINION, Life will be, as Shakspeare has described it:—

——“A WALKING SHADOW; A POOR PLAYER,  
“THAT STRUTS AND FRETS HIS HOUR UPON THE STAGE,  
“AND THEN IS HEARD NO MORE:—A TALE  
“TOLD BY AN IDIOT, FULL OF SOUND AND FURY,  
“SIGNIFYING NOTHING.”

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### RANDOLPH. CIVILIS.

CIVILIS. The remarks with which you closed our last conversation, Randolph, have occupied my Mind, somewhat in the sense of haunting it, notwithstanding that my attention has been mechanically directed to other matters, nearly ever since. “We read, read, read, in the vain hope of securing to ourselves an Individuality. But, Opinions cannot make an Individuality. Truth alone can accomplish this. As long as men lack Certainty, and repose upon Opinion, Life will be a ‘Walking Shadow’:—it will be like ‘a tale told by an Idiot—full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.’” You say it is Truth alone, which, by giving us Certainty, insures to us a Character of our own, an Individuality. But, is not every man in repose a very different being to the same man in action? And in action to-day, with a different train of thought passing through his mind to that which passed through it yesterday, is he the same man now as then? Will he be to-morrow what he is to-day? or ever again what he has been? In brief, Randolph, what portion of ourselves constitutes our Individuality? What part of that which was *is*? and of that which is *will be*?

RANDOLPH. What a man has demonstrated for himself he knows: and what a man knows is his own. But what he

borrows, without comprehending, from Books of other men's inditing,—what he takes on trust—is none of his: he is “a thing of shreds and patches;” “a walking shadow;” an Echo: the voice he iterates is elsewhere. There are devourers of Libraries who remain almost as weak and empty as though they had never read a line. It is with these as with great Eaters:—Gluttons are proverbially lean. It is the business of the Soul to originate as well as to acquire; and to this end it must comprehend the use and value of its gatherings. Perhaps of all our School acquirings those of the Linguist are the least profitable. He stands much in the same relation to Literature, as, to Music, stands the manufacturer of Lutes and Harps. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world of Words, and beneath this mountain of verbiage bury his own Soul? The bane of all Education is its tendency to the showy and superficial, affording only a cobweb covering to our Ignorance—a many-tinted Robe of film for the Soul's adornment, not Ambrosia for its nutriment and growth: and the reason is this,—the world for which it is fitting us is a world of Show, and Shams, and false pretences; not of serious purpose and reality. When tinsel does as well, what need of Gold?—Did you ever listen to the deep soul-music of the Nightingale, gushing and welling when all else is still, in the soft twilight of a Summer's night? It seems as though some Spirit of Earth were pouring out its plaintive last farewell to the much-loved one whom it leaves behind;—one last adieu of fitful, sobbing, melting melody, ere it takes wing to Heaven. Listen. It sings; and thrills us with its song; and interweaves our very being with its own. It ceases: and Heaven seems closed against us. We linger longingly about the spot, and listen still. There is nothing all around us now but silence, where all before was melody, and we are lone and sad; but never can we forget that song.—Gorgeous is the painted Peacock in the Sunshine. We gaze on his splendours with admiration. Vain of our notice, he too essays a song. We stop our ears, and seek elsewhere for music. Much like this it is with men. Truth is of the Soul, and speaks directly to the Soul. It is not an Ossa of piled-up Opinions: it is not dazzling phrase, and

showy sophistry, it is the word of God that dwells within the Soul.\* It is simple, self-evident Certainty. Opinion comes of looking for proof *without* ourselves; Certainty, of looking for proof *within*. And this Certainty is the staple of our Individuality, and the Element of all intellectual progress. As without Certainty, no man can become a Mathematician, or make progress in any Science, so without Certainty in the Science of Well-doing, no man can make progress therein. The first step in every Science is Certain, because Self-evident: and Certain, because Self-evident, must be every step beyond. Our Future is an undeveloped Certainty: and so it must be always. There must ever be an unknown Certainty, towards which all known certainties tend; for what but this could lead us on in our inquiries, and make possible our development for ever? The more we know the more certain it becomes that there will ever be more and more to know. On the first blush of it, it seems a little unsatisfactory that God should have hidden Futurity from his creatures, and have enveloped the fact of our Immortality in doubt. We have but to reflect a moment to perceive that our dissatisfaction is absurd. Is not every step a triumph? and the growing knowledge that these steps are infinite, a joy? Seeing that there is no conceivable termination to our progress, the more and more impossible it seems to us that this progress should ever be arrested: nay, the more reasonable it is seen to be that the Future should be a terra incognita, in which every new wonder but excites new Hope, and that to our finite understandings the ever infinite Future should be beneficently veiled.

Thus, Civilis, it is Certain Truth, and not unproved Opinion, that constitutes our Individuality, and stamps its possessor Man. Now, the Individuality which is the most obvious, and not only the most obvious, but the most valuable to its Possessor and to the world, is, without doubt, that **SELF KNOWLEDGE** which makes itself felt in all our social relations under the form and name of Purity of Conduct, Benevolence, Goodness, Duty; because, in its nature, it can never be concealed; nor do any who perceive it ever desire that it should

\* See proofs of this at pages 127 and 128.



be concealed. In his social intercourse, the *Learned man*—if modest withal—feels constrained to lay aside his Learning; the *Scientific man* his Science; the *Novelist* his fictions; the Poet his measured diction, his metaphors, and rhymes; but Goodness—that Intellectual characteristic which unconsciously graces every act, and word, and look, of its possessor—is never out of place, never out of season, never obtrusive, never absent, yet never wished away. It is that sunshine of the Soul which warms, and gilds, and beautifies whatsoever else it smiles upon. It is that Power which abashes and disarms the Self-righteous accusers, and converts them into Men; whilst it reclaims the Erring from their errors by bidding them—"Go, and sin no more." That one might have spent a week with Shakspeare without so much as suspecting him to be the author of Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth, is conceivable enough; but it seems impossible that we could have spent an hour with Jesus, or Socrates, or Plato, without feeling conscious of an innate, unostentatious Goodness in them approaching the angelic and divine. It is, then, that phase of a man's Intellectual development named Goodness, which, when the result of pure Conviction, is emphatically *his*, and will be his for ever. I have described this Goodness with all possible emphasis—as the result of Intellect or Intuition (that is, intuitive perception, or intellect expanded into a conviction), because it is the practice of Preachers and Writers to speak of the Intellectual as something distinct from the Moral, and inferior to it; whereas, if there be any truth in our philosophy, they are one and the same thing. Goodness, therefore, when the result of Conviction, and not of Convention, is as much the genuine Intuition of the Soul, as are our Mathematics, our Sciences, and our Arts.

CIVILIS. I confess, my dear Randolph, that here I am at issue with you. It may be the result of inveterate habit in me, but I cannot help it. I certainly am one of those who believe that Goodness or Morality results less from pure Intellect than from Feeling and the Natural Affections; less from the Understanding than from the Heart. I believe that the poor and Ignorant are, as a class, no less Moral, no less Conscientious, no less Humanely thoughtful and solicitous about

the sorrows and sufferings of their fellow-creatures, but, everything considered, more so, than are their richer and more intellectually-developed brethren and sisters throughout the world. For my own part, I have ever found more real, unaffected Goodness and genuine Humanity amongst the uneducated Poor than amongst persons more highly educated and of far greater Intellectual attainments. I am, therefore, at issue with you on this point. And that it is a point of great difficulty, as well as of great importance, is proved by the prominent place it occupies in all serious discussions regarding the general Education of the people and the dissemination of Knowledge amongst them. This point, indeed, seems to me to be the pivot on which the great question of educating the "masses" turns.

RANDOLPH. You are taking the Common-sense view of this important question, Civilis, undoubtedly; but that is frequently a very imperfect view, and, in the present case, I think, a false one. The Feelings and Natural Affections which you place in juxta-position to the Intellect and the Understanding are either mere Animal Instincts, or they are Instincts of the Soul—that is, Intuitions. In either of these cases, the resultant acts, however they might operate to the convenience and advantage of Society, cannot be ascribed to any *intentional* Goodness in the Actor, who is, in all such cases, the mere involuntary instrument of these Instincts or Intuitions; hence, these involuntary impulses are no more ascribable to what is properly called "Humanity" than if one of the lower Animals were the actor. Goodness, therefore, cannot be predicated of any involuntary impulse, whether called Feeling or Natural Affection, even though that Impulse be a pure Intellectual Intuition. Before any Moral peculiarity can be ascribed to the act, the Soul must have made the act its own by foreseeing and intending the consequences. Then only is the act rational. Before it can be Moral it must be Intellectual. Pure Intellect is Intuition. Pure Intuition is Intellect. Every single item of Man's knowings was at first an Intuition. The sum total of our positive knowledge is made up, item by item, of these pure Intellectual Intuitions. So much, therefore, for ignoring the Intellect, and attributing

Goodness, Morality, and the kindly Affections—to the right or left auricle of the Heart! You can scarcely need to be reminded, Civilis, that the Feelings and Affections which have their origin in our Animal Nature, are the Passions in their incipency.—It were but to insult your understanding to say more. To render our Feelings and Affections blessings to ourselves and to Society, they must be guided and controlled by the Intellect: and to enable the Intellect to guide and control them wisely and efficiently, you must Educate and develope *that*. The Intellect is the true Policeman, the true Moralist, the true Preacher, the true King: these every man ought to be, and could be, and, had he but the opportunity, would be, unto himself. To *be* all these, is the right and the privilege, Deity-derived, of every adult Soul alive. Nor is it less the Right and Privilege of SOCIETY that it should be so; but Society has made to itself other Gods—Gods of Clay, and of Parchment, and of Molten Gold, to worship them, instead of their Creator: and the Individuals which compose Society, brutalized by the false worship,—slaves to the false Gods—are selfish, mad, or blind. You see, then, Civilis, how superficial—not to say how base—that declamation is which seeks to keep men ignorant, lest Intellect should dethrone Morality!—lest Intelligence, forsooth! should prove less pure and innocent than the Feelings and the Natural Affections—of the Heart. No, no, Civilis, it is not *that* they fear. What it *is* which passes current in these discussions for solicitude concerning the Morals of mankind we shall see hereafter. I think it must be clear to you that every Human Being has a natural, Deity-derived Right to the best Education that its natural Parents, or, failing them, the State, can, during its infancy and nonage, bestow. I think I have shown you that it is by developing the whole Intellect, that all that is, *par excellence*, Human—all that is noble, godlike, true, or beautiful, is evolved. I need not say that whatever thus largely and permanently benefits the Individual Man, must as largely and permanently benefit Society—the opinion of the Clergy, and the 'Squires, and the Lords, to the contrary notwithstanding. The progress of Society, and the development of the Human Soul, resolve themselves, therefore, into a

question of Education. What, then, is Education? Can it be obtained only in Colleges and Schools? Is that always the best which is generally thought the best, and is paid for accordingly? If the State will not Educate the Poor and Friendless, is it impossible for the Poor and Friendless to Educate themselves? These questions are to some extent answered in the Essay I am about to read to you, culled from the papers of Dionysius, touching the Educational value of our Didactic and Imaginative Literature; and, although I feel that my volubility this evening has left you but little chance of putting in rejoinders to my replies, you will have an ample opportunity of doing so after this Essay shall have been read.

CIVILIS. I am not sure, my dear Randolph, that the unfairness with which you charge yourself has not saved me from some confusion: nor am I more certain that, perceiving this, your volubility was not good-natured and intentional. Yet, notwithstanding this, I shall still avail myself of my right of rejoinder, should I ultimately see—what I confess I do not see at present—that the arguments with which you have met my objections are invalid, and thence obnoxious to attack.

RANDOLPH. This point settled, let us proceed to the Essay.

EXTRACT FROM THE PAPERS OF DIONYSIUS.  
MORALS VIEWED AS A SCIENCE.

DIDACTIC AND IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.

“It is very generally observed,—and the fact is unceasingly urged on our attention by the opponents of popular Education,—that Knowledge fails to make men happier beings, or better citizens: in other words, that it does not render them more moral, more virtuous, or more religious; neither better servants, more loyal subjects, nor happier men. Unfortunately, every day’s experience compels us to admit that there is but too much truth in this seemingly ungenerous objection. Innumerable are the instances in which we find that the knowledge men have acquired at school or elsewhere, has served only to render them more thorough, because more accomplished and ingenious knaves. This has always been a most humiliating conviction in the minds even of those who

against a Moral Sense, as well as in affirming that Morality is reducible to an Intellectual Science, which, like the other Sciences, derives its certitude from a Self-evident Starting-point of Truth. Here, then arises the question:—

WHAT IS MORALITY?

I answer—Morality is that Science which enables us to determine what are our Rights and Duties in all our Social relations. It only remains to be shown that it has a base of Truth.

“To say nothing of the Soul,—a Human Being is contradistinguished from the Brute creation—from all the Lower Animals, solely by his Intellect, and the means with which God has provided him for indefinitely, and also infinitely, enlarging and developing his Intellect. Other Animals might have Senses more acute, and, for aught we know, some mental appreciation of the Facts perceived by them; but it is evident they have not that faculty of Intuitive Perception whereby a Human Being distinguishes between the congruity and incongruity of his Ideas, and thus arrives at a clear and definite Conception of positive, abstract Truth. Leaving, then, entirely out of the question the notion (which an Atheist might dispute) of an ever-enduring Soul, it is obvious that, in the nature of his Intellect and its educational peculiarity alone consists Man's pre-eminence over the Brute. It does not consist in any physical peculiarity, nor in any physical Instinct, or Endowment; but solely in his Intellectual ability to distinguish between congruity and incongruity, between the concrete and the abstract, between the possible and the impossible, between Falsehood and Truth, and thus, by means of this faculty, to progress, indefinitely, in his power over external nature, in purity and holiness of thought, in usefulness to himself and others, in Virtue, in Morality, and in all Knowledge.

“If there be any in Human Form incapable of the conception of Truth in the abstract, he does not come within the definition of a Man. He is excluded from the Category of Humanity. All Men, therefore, have the capability of distinguishing between Things and Ideas, that is, between the Concrete and the Abstract. Moreover, all men have, equally,

the capability of perceiving the truth of a proposition which is self-evident—immediately the terms of the proposition are completely comprehended. It follows, therefore, that all Truth is the same to all men; and hence that all men are, Intellectually, alike, because the nature and characteristics of the Intellectual Faculty are the same in all men. Here, then, is the Starting-point of Moral Science,—

**ALL MEN ARE INTELLECTUALLY ALIKE.\***

Be it observed, too, that all Men are alike in that very characteristic of their nature which constitutes them MEN, and which alone contradistinguishes them from the Animals we are thus, and thus only, justified in ranking “lower” than ourselves. Out of this Fact we shall deduce a MORAL LAW:—a Law which Philosophers cannot gainsay; and which, of all men, “those who profess, and call themselves Christians,” are the least privileged to dispute.

“All Men, having the same nature, have the same Wants, and, therefore, the same Rights. But how comes it that all Men have Duties as well as Rights? Briefly thus:—for all that is necessary here is to exhibit a general Principle, and not to obstruct our view by a cloud of details and particulars—confining our view, therefore, to Man as a social being, it is obvious that of the various Rights which he inherits from Nature, not the least important nor the least dear to him is his Right to enjoy, preserve, and defend his Rights. A Brute does this by brute methods. A higher being by higher methods. A Man has a Right to preserve his Rights; in other words, to preserve his Rights is a Duty he owes to himself. The RATIONAL method of accomplishing this results in an enlightened reciprocity. Every Man having the same Rights as every other Man, it becomes the Interest of each individual not to invade the Rights of his neighbour, seeing that by so doing he will thus needlessly endanger his own. Thus, Self-interest, and a rational policy, teach Men each to respect the Rights of his neighbour, because hereby his own Rights are more likely to be respected. For example. Observing that my Rights are thoughtfully and rationally, that

\* See page 89.

at work,—internally, in the form of the Passions and the Instincts of our lower nature, and externally, in the form of Selfishness. The latter, which is the more powerful and incurable of the two, exists and ramifies throughout the entire framework of Society, compelling men in some cases, and offering very powerful inducements to them in others, to act contrary to their inborn convictions. These influences are, not the genuine result of our knowledge, but the result, chiefly, of erroneous Social institutions, all the complex workings of which, we shall unravel when we come to consider the great subject of Civil Government and Laws. Under this head I SHALL PROVE THAT MANKIND HAVE THE POWER TO RID THEMSELVES OF THESE INFLUENCES. Let us, therefore, for the present, suppose them gone. Let us suppose that a state of society exists in which a rational conviction in any man may be acted upon without coercion or constraint.

“In the first place I must prove, that, ALL PERNICIOUS INFLUENCES APART, A MAN MUST ACT CONFORMABLY WITH HIS CONVICTIONS: THAT HIS AIMS AND ACTS MUST BE THE REFLEX OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.

“To be cognizant of a true Fact, and to know without doubt that it is a true fact, is to possess Knowledge. For example: two and two are equal to four. This is a true fact. No one doubts it: we all know that it is true. Hence this fact is positive Knowledge. Nor is there any power which can alter the fact in our minds. We may be compelled, or, by an influence acting upon us, we may be induced to act as though we believed two and two to be equal to six. We cannot, however, unknow our knowledge; and, notwithstanding the influence, the true fact is registered in our Souls, unalterable and eternal. The same is of necessity true of every other fact which is indisputably our own. There are, however, some facts less easy of proof than the one just used to exemplify the assumed position. It is, of course, possible that another person may possess Knowledge which, because I have not proved it to myself, is not my knowledge. Until it be my own by absolute conviction, it cannot influence my acts with certainty. If I merely believe it, *I might* act as though I knew it. But, being a doubtful matter with me, my Fancy,

or my Convenience might determine the act I have to perform in reference to it. But once it is a settled conviction with me, I have no choice: I must act, if I act rationally, conformably with my conviction.

“Suppose, for example, that a Man believes it possible to compound the Elixir Vitæ, and thus arm himself against the possibility of physical death. If some sentiment or hope to this effect—no matter how attained—urge him to make the attempt; this sentiment operating on his mind, is, for the time, a Conviction; he consequently makes the attempt, and might waste his life in the pursuit of this chimera. But, on the contrary, if he positively knows, or through believable evidence, entertains a firm Conviction, that all which lives must die; it is utterly impossible that, if honest to himself, he can either attempt or hope to compound the Elixir Vitæ; just because it is not possible to believe a thing, and, at the same time, not believe it; or to know a thing, and, at the same time, not know it. As long as he feels an uncertainty about the matter, either way, he may make the attempt, or neglect to make it; but once a settled conviction on the subject takes possession of his mind, he is compelled, if true to the right, to obey that Conviction.

“He is, however, liable to be operated upon by an external influence; thus: Another person believes or hopes that he has the power to compound this medicine, and allures him by a settled salary to devote a portion of his life to the attempt. Needing the pay, as a thing necessary to his comfort, or perhaps to his existence, although he knows the thing to be impossible of accomplishment, he simulates a feeling contrary to his conviction, and undertakes to devote his life, if need be, to the labour;—not because he hopes for success, but for the sake of the pay. The pay, therefore, supplies the motive; his necessities are the influence; and his employer (influenced by a false conviction) the immediate author of his act. You may say that the act on his part is not only irrational, but immoral. Without admitting or denying this, I reply that he was tempted to the act by an influence which could have no existence except in a false and foolish condition of Society. This influence tempts, or, perhaps, in conjunction with other influences, compels him to be a knave; and confirms his



employer in his folly. Thus is Society deprived of two good men, because one has a superfluity of the necessities of life (which—I mean his life—being still pleasant, he would perpetuate); whilst the other is in danger of perishing for want of them. Clearly, then, the “immorality” of the act is more conventional than real; and, although no true man would be tempted by the bauble “respectability,” nor by any other bribe, into its commission; it is, nevertheless, innocent compared with the really immoral and widely pernicious arrangements of Society, which, not only cause, but, in the eye of Reason, justify nineteen-twentieths of all the conventional immorality and unlegalised crime that exist amongst us;—proclaiming our “wisdom” to be folly, and the use we make of it a glaring evidence of Selfishness so grossly criminal as to merit a much harsher name. This illustration, rather out of place, has been admitted to exemplify what I mean by the pernicious influences which I will ultimately show you we have the power to remove.

“Let us take, as another example, a case which is a little more complicated. The result will be similar of necessity.

“I know that a falling rock would crush me. If, therefore, I perceive a rock about to fall, it is not possible that I should place myself beneath it, at the same time believing that it would descend harmlessly on my head. But I desire to put a period to my life, and *therefore* I expose myself to the certain destruction. Here, it might be said, I should be acting contrary to my conviction; namely, that knowing the rock would crush me, my absolute conviction of the fact, ought, according to my own principle, to compel me, as a rational man, to avoid the danger. But that is not my position, because it is but one half of a complex proposition. My first conviction is that the rock will crush me. I am miserable, and want to terminate my existence: hence I have a second conviction:—namely, that by terminating my existence, I shall terminate my miseries. In exposing myself to the falling rock, I act conformably with both my convictions. The latter, or major conviction, governs the former, or minor one, and is the compelling cause of the suicidal act.

“Every man, then, acts, and is always obliged to act, when he acts rationally, in strict conformity with his convictions:

and this fact completes the evidence which establishes the truth of the two following propositions:—

“FIRST. THAT, TO ACT RATIONALLY IN ALL CASES, A MAN MUST BE, NOT ONLY INTELLIGENT ENOUGH TO ARRIVE FOR HIMSELF AT RIGHT CONVICTIONS, BUT HE MUST LIVE UNDER A SOCIAL SYSTEM FROM WHICH ALL PERNICIOUS INFLUENCES, WHETHER OF LAWS, CUSTOMS, OR CREEDS THAT HAVE A TENDENCY TO INDUCE OR COMPEL MEN TO ACT IN OPPOSITION TO THEIR CONVICTIONS, SHALL HAVE BEEN REMOVED; SUCH ARRANGEMENTS HAVING BEEN SUBSTITUTED IN THEIR STEAD AS WOULD ENABLE HIM TO LIVE UP TO THE FULL STANDARD OF HIS SPIRITUAL NATURE, AND BE A MAN INDEED.

“SECONDLY. THAT THERE IS NO POSSIBLE MODE OF ARRIVING AT THESE DESIRABLE RESULTS EXCEPT BY ENABLING EVERY MAN FULLY TO DEVELOPE HIS INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES BY MEANS OF AN EDUCATION BASED ON THE CHRISTIAN PRECEPT, WHICH IS ALSO A LOGICAL CONCLUSION OF TRUE PHILOSOPHY, “THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.”

“This then, settles the question as to the potency of all positive Knowledge for undivided Good. The Wrong and the Evil arise from EXTERNAL INFLUENCES; or from the ANIMALISM which the present false and debasing Social System engenders; or from the UNCERTAINTY as to the Knowledge we possess being Knowledge; or from ERRONEOUS CONVICTIONS, which, for the time, have all the force and potency of Truth or positive Knowledge. Wherever there is a doubt about a fact, the resultant action will be either erroneous or right accordingly as the actor happens to lean to this or that opinion concerning its truth. The doubt will, therefore, always produce uncertainty, and leave the doubter free to act according to his fancy, his feelings, or his momentary convenience.

“This brings us to the questions,—HOW MUCH OF THE STORED-UP KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IS KNOWLEDGE? AND HOW MUCH OF THAT WHICH IS REALLY KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN PROVED TO BE SO, TO THE ENTIRE CONVICTION OF THE INDIVIDUALS WHO POSSESS IT?

"We shall presently see reasons for concluding that the amount of positive Knowledge possessed at present by any individual, when separated from the mass of Facts, Fancies, Opinions, Speculations, and Dicta, which pass current for Knowledge, is necessarily very small.

"The Literature of a nation or community is the ostensible repository of its Knowledge. Keeping before us, as we proceed, the convictions just arrived at ; and testing the value of the Literature we are about to describe (rather than minutely to examine), by the only test which can discover its truth, **NAMELY,—ITS INHERENT POWER TO RENDER MEN RELIGIOUSLY WISE, INTELLECTUALLY GREAT, AND MORALLY GOOD,**—let us proceed to inquire what is about the amount, and what the real nature and value, of the Knowledge from which so much good is by some so erroneously expected ; but which is, nevertheless, a sealed book to the great mass of the people of all communities.

"What we want is the power to proceed with **CERTAINTY** in all our strivings after Truth. And this is only to be had by the aid of a Mental and Moral Standard, logically derived from the First Principle of our Intellectual nature by which to test all Truth. The want of a First Principle has hitherto produced uncertainty in all mental investigations ; and the uncertainty, the confusion and non-conformity of opinion and action which have been, hitherto, so inextricably interwoven with all subjects.

"The nearest approach we have had to a First Principle, and which has, to some extent, supplied the want of one, is that **INNATE FEELING OF THE TRUTH OF THINGS**, which strong, cultivated, and meditative minds have always had, and have always chiefly relied upon ;—a Feeling which exists, at least in its rudimental form or incipency, in every human soul. This Feeling is, in fact, *a Sixth Sense, a Soul Sense*,—in short, that Sense, or innate Feeling of the truth of things, which have misled many Thinkers into a belief in the existence of a "Moral Sense" or Instinct ; the fallacy of which I have just shown, by proving that these flashes or beginnings of Truth, cannot serve as the reliable basis of our convictions and actions, until, tested and approved by the Intellect, they

have become positive and reliable Knowledge. This Feeling, Intuition, or SPIRITUAL INSTINCT, for want of a more definite name, we might venture to denominate SYMPATHY.

"In all true Poets, and true Men, this sense is strong; strong, because it has been cultivated and encouraged: and from this source arises nearly all the unproved, and, therefore, Speculative Knowledge which we possess; and which that portion of us which is taught at all, is taught to rely on and believe. Nor is this reliance, where more positive knowledge is unattainable, to be despised or discommended. On the contrary, it should have been always placed within the reach of all men. But, since only strong and cultivated Intellects can *originate* such Knowledge; or, are likely, under the present state of things, fully to appreciate it when presented to them; it follows, that the UNCERTAINTY connected with it in the general mind, is, and ever has been, a great bar to its potency for Good, even amongst that portion of mankind that have lived within the pale of its influence. No marvel, then, that its consequences are less satisfactory than the promoters of its extension have been wont to anticipate. With these considerations and convictions clearly before us, let us proceed to determine for ourselves the true value of our Didactic and Imaginative Literature, as an agent of Civilization, even when viewed apart from the social influences which are constantly acting on the public mind to render it inoperative for Good.

"To Men and Manners that portion of the Literature we are about to consider, is chiefly devoted. It is, for the most part, imaginative; and the purposes it generally professes to serve, are the encouragement of high and generous feelings, and the inculcation of "Virtue," "Morality," and "Religion." The portrayal of what is called, but falsely called, *Human Nature*, is another of its aims. The whole of this, but the latter more especially, is, however, only surface-work: a recognition of only half a truth; but which is falsely, and ignorantly represented as the whole truth. Because an unwise, semi-barbarous Social System has drilled, tortured, and moulded men into selfish, mean, servile, ignorant, cruel, credulous, bigoted, vicious, and rascally representatives of humanity; because

these, and fifty other infamous qualities, and intermediate shades of qualities, are thence found to be strangely blended with a Religion into which Man has been terrified : mingled also with the not-quite-extinguished feelings of his neglected better nature,—which feelings ooze out in the modified forms of “Morality” and the “Virtues”;—because Society forces human beings into such inconsistent counterfeits of men, it has become a trade, and not an unprofitable one, to unweave, disentangle, anatomize, and, after a fashion, to explain these queer idiosyncrasies; and thence, it has grown into a custom to call such descriptions, *portrayals of human nature*; and to laud the libellous exploit as a marvellous result of deep insight into that supposed mysterious compound of inconsistencies, yclept Humanity! To draw these caricatures; and to utter, in the sacred name of Truth, these libels on Men and Deity, have been the dignified amusement of some writers, and the serious labour of others, ever since Literature has found a market amongst men. Innumerable are the fanciful tales, imaginary histories, and wonder-moving fables, which Genius has invented as vehicles for these apocryphal portrayals. They have been, for the most part, enriched with much refined sentiment; savoured with much wit, pleasantry, and satire; and garnished with an abundance of moral precepts, as honourable to the writers, as they have been useful (and useful they have been) to the world. Such has been, and still is, the staple of polite Literature amongst all modern nations: and such it was in all the most intellectual nations of antiquity.

“But the Generous feelings inculcated with so much zeal in this Literature, requires, as every one is aware, no great stretch of Generosity to keep pace with them. Of course, when Generosity is recommended, it is always with a due regard to the prior claims of an elder virtue. Be charitable; but let your charity begin, as well as end—at home. That which is meant by Generosity is, therefore, left entirely to the taste and worldly wisdom of the reader. If we are too unselfish, too kind, we shall violate the ordinances of that other virtue—which is necessarily a great favourite amongst us—PRUDENCE ITSELF! It is easy to see that a virtue with

such limitations is no virtue at all ; but A MERE SENTIMENT, which, to feel, will cost us nothing. And, which of the Virtues, which of the Moralities, is not in the same predicament ? —a sentiment, rather than a rule of life, which men, under the present social arrangements, can afford to reduce to practice ?

“ The most valuable and truth-telling, or rather, truth-suggesting portion of our Belles Lettres is devoted to POETRY AND THE DRAMA : and, in these the “divine afflatus” often speaks out, and thunders in our ears verities which, in prose compositions, would be scarcely tolerated by ‘ears polite.’

“ In our Poetry there is much allusion to Nature and natural objects. Much there is, certainly, which is false ; much that is purposeless ; much that is fanciful ; but also, much that is true,—at least in Feeling, and something that is true in fact. All true Poetry is eminently sympathetic. In the works of our elder Dramatists, but in those of Shakspeare more especially, the FEELING inculcated is almost invariably truthful, sympathetic, noble. This branch of our Literature has, too, the advantage of addressing itself through the media of the Stage and the Actor, to all the people capable of affording the luxury of a seat in the Theatre : and by these means the noblest sentiments have found their way to the understandings, or the sympathies, even of the most illiterate ; and from this circumstance, its influence, as a civilizing agent, has been more truly valuable than all the other branches of our imaginative literature put together ; notwithstanding that, in common with the others, it has fallen into the error of attributing to poor Human Nature, the Vices that belong to a Social System which is Selfish to its very core.

“ Yet, beyond proving to us the propriety of being as virtuous as the circumstances we chance to be placed in will admit of ; and beyond that still holier influence which it possesses of awakening in our minds that sympathy with latent Truth,—a power which so pre-eminently distinguishes the teachings of Poetry from all other modes of instruction within the reach of humanity aforetime ;—beyond these very uncertain, because indistinct, and merely suggestive teachings, what POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE have we derived even from Poetry and the Drama ? Without a First Principle to guide us to the

snatches of Truth which, by the help of one, we find scattered throughout these inspired compositions, what are men really the wiser for the indistinctly-taught verities shadowed forth in these performances? Were we to answer 'Nothing!' I fear that it would be difficult to convict us of misrepresentation or mistake.

"As in the case of the Tale and Romance writers, and the professed Moralists, we are indebted to the Poets and Dramatists for but a small modicum of real Knowledge. All the remainder, at the very best, and taking no account of their misrepresentations of the true nature of humanity, amounts to little more than SENTIMENT, which we might carry about with us by way of ornament; but which, we should be set down as romantic madmen, were we so imbecile as to use; for the world knows, even our Court of Chancery recognises, —no surer proof of lunacy than that of giving way to the noblest feelings of our nature, and acting up to the impulses of an unselfish Generosity.

"But as long as truth is confined to Sentiment, few men will be any wiser for the knowledge. Even those who seek Truth the most zealously cannot be satisfied with a Poet's dicta; so that small indeed is the value of the verities which are embodied even in the Poet's far-seeing, yet random inspirations.

"We have taken the highest view of the best portion of the Belles Lettres; we might save ourselves the labour of examining the worst. Amusement is the first object the books in this division are intended to serve,—amusement, often of a very equivocal description; and Instruction—problematical as it generally is in the whole of them,—the very last. Therefore, to the 'unwashed' artificers and labourers who have never learned to read, great as is their loss, it is not all loss. It would be wonderful if it were so. It would be wonderful indeed, if, of Man, the most peculiar and highly endowed work of the Deity of which we have any knowledge, every individual man had not within himself the germ of his own perfection; the all-sufficient means of that elevation for which the entire Species is so pre-eminently fitted, and so obviously designed. Strange it would be, if anything but

the evil exercise of Power on the one hand, and voluntary blindness on the other, could render one man's cogitations necessary to another man's temporal and eternal welfare. Strange it would be if Books were the only means of progress towards that errorless perfection which is Heaven; and stranger still, if by an ordination of the Deity, Man must humbly sue his fellow-man for permission to peruse them. Much, therefore, as the illiterate at present lose in not being acquainted with Books—the passport hitherto to a free intercourse of mind with mind—it is not all loss; nor is the loss irreparable for the future. The proof, and the only proof of all Truth, is in the Human Soul. The true nature of the true Man is there. Let the 'unwashed,' untaught, degraded, toiling Millions read this Deity-indited volume; con over and study this true, authorized, unmistakable Revelation from God to Man: a Revelation which is the same to-day, to-morrow, and for ever: the same to the Indian Savage as to the civilized Celt: the same in every climate, and in every tongue. No man can hide it from his fellow; none can misinterpret it. Let the degraded millions everywhere *but know themselves*, and from this elevation look around them, and read that other Revelation external to themselves, the pictorial volume of Nature, and thus advance themselves to a closer communion with the God of Nature. Let them do this; and thenceforth slavery and oppression cease of necessity, and the world is changed."

CIVILIS. The subjects treated of in this Essay are of immense importance to humanity, and I concur, generally, in the arguments, and in the positions maintained therein concerning them, without, however, seeing my way very clearly as to the scientific exactitude of Morals (viewed as a rule of human conduct) in their minor details, and in their certitude as a test for ascertaining the human or moral value of all other knowledge. To deal with my objections separately, let us take the principle or fundamental Law of Morality as enunciated in this Essay, (to which, as a Principle, I yield an unreserved assent,) and see whether there be not many questions of great social importance, the right or wrong of which your principle cannot define with much exactness, if at all.



I will instance Marriage. Can it mark out the precise degree of consanguinity where propriety ends and impropriety begins, in marriages between blood-relations? Can it determine where blood-relationship begins or ends?

RANDOLPH. Were it within the province of Moral Science to determine these questions, Civilis,—which it is not,—I should answer that it could determine them with about the same amount of exactness as that with which the Naturalist establishes his lines of demarcation between species and species, genus and genus, class and class, and between the various branches into which the physical Sciences are, for the convenience of studying them, divided. The question of Marriage is not, however, a question of Morals, but of Physiology. Morals have nothing to do in *establishing* our Social relations, but only of determining our conduct towards each other when these relations have been—either rationally or conventionally—established.

CIVILIS. Then, do you hold, Randolph, that there would be nothing immoral or indecent in the marriage of two persons however near akin?

RANDOLPH. Immoral, Civilis, most assuredly, whenever and wherever they are by Human Reason prohibited; and indecent, whenever and wherever they are prohibited by a generally recognised Convention.

CIVILIS. And the same of Polygamy?

RANDOLPH. The question of Marriage (within certain degrees of Consanguinity) is, as I have said, a question, not of Moral Science, but of Physiology: whilst the question of Polygamy is **very** obviously one both of Physiology and of Morals. Let it be clearly understood, and constantly remembered, that Moral Science has nothing to do in establishing our Social relations, but only in determining our conduct towards each other, once these relations have been rationally established. It is then **A LAW**, not to be observed by some and disregarded by others, but **BINDING ALIKE ON ALL**. Nature, providing against casualties,—but not against exterminating Wars, which, however necessary during the reign of Selfishness and Ignorance, are irrational in the abstract,—has ordained that the sexes shall be numerically equal; one female to one male, throughout the

Earth. Polygamy is, therefore, a violation of the Moral Law. For, if one man might have many wives at once, or one woman many husbands, it is clear that many will be thus deprived of participation in a Natural Right, and the Physiological law (beneficent always) will be—frustrated I will not say—but set at nought to the certain detriment and demoralization,—as long as its obduracy continues,—of the race.

CIVILIS. I perceive my error, Randolph, and thank you for the correction. But, in this latter case, does not Moral Science *prescribe* the Law as well as enjoin us to obey it?

RANDOLPH. A Social Law might be the result of Convention, or the result of Reason; but Reason, when exercised in the originating of a Law, is not *named* Morality: Morality comes after, and enjoins on all the duty of obedience.

CIVILIS. You seem to admit the propriety of Convention in determining the Social relations, although you inveigh against Convention as an authority in Morals?

RANDOLPH. I can only admit the authority of Convention where our knowledge fails us, as, for instance,—in determining where Consanguinity begins and ends. Convention might step in where Reason halts. But in all Conventional determinations for the guidance of a Community, Reason says that the opinion or will of the majority shall be the Law.

CIVILIS. Without regard to their intellectual gifts or capability of judging?

RANDOLPH. We have seen that Reason *can* determine the Moral Law, and therefore that any Conventional determinations which are opposed to it, whether imposed on a community by a majority or by a minority of its members, is irrational and wrong. And now, in answer to your question, I need only remind you that, under all rational regulations of society, *all* men would have intellectual gifts and the ability of judging: but, methinks, Civilis, the capacity for judging need not be very acute (inasmuch as the decision could not be very important) were the question this—Shall we draw the line of prohibition between blood-relations at the sixth, or at the seventh degree?—But, after all, this is a Scientific question, which it is the business of the Physiologist to determine, rather than one to be decided by the suffrages of a commu-

nity. We might further instance Temperance—temperance in all things, from novel-reading and tight-lacing down to chewing opium or drinking gin. The right and wrong of all these matters (the novel-reading excepted) are to be first determined by the Physiologist—by the laws of Disease and Health. The too much and the too little are not Moral questions. A Man (if one who is grossly and habitually intemperate can be called a Man) may decide these questions for himself. The Moral Law merely enjoins—and it includes *all* men in the obligation—that *his* indulgence shall not be at the expense or to the disparagement of another. Whether drunk or sober, Peter must not prejudice the rights of Paul; he must take care that the evil consequences of his folly are confined to himself: but as this is all but impossible, the Moral Law which warns Peter that he must renounce the error of his ways, or be treated by his fellow-men as an imbecile or a brute—prohibits, and in the name of God, *all* intemperance that can injure Society, or lower a man in his own conscientious estimate of himself. So that your objections, thus far, are not very formidable, and do not in reality touch the question as to the power of the Moral Law to determine the right or wrong of all matters within its own province—in *their minute particulars*. I am, however, prepared to admit that it may not be able to do so in all cases *with mathematical precision*: nor do I think it desirable, or that it is intended by the Author of Nature, that it should be so; and for this reason: Mathematical precision in the acting out of the Moral Law would leave no room for that **VARIETY** which lends so great a charm to all creation,—for that more or less, within the prescribed limits, which gives occasion to the cultivation and growth of those Feelings and dispositions that lead men *beyond the confines of Morality*—upwards—towards those purer regions of Ethics assignable to higher natures than our own.

We have thus seen, *Civilis*, that Moral Science, although it does not determine the right and wrong, the too little and the too much, touching any question which properly belongs to the other Sciences, does most effectually test the value to Men, as social and moral beings, of all of them; and, more-

over, limits their action to whatever, in its tendency, is intellectually progressive and essentially Good. It has enabled us to perceive that the Knowledge contained in our Didactic and Imaginative Literature is insignificant in amount, and much of it very questionable in its character.

CIVILIS. It has undoubtedly. I admit it. And let me here express to you my entire concurrence in all you have said to the disparagement of Conventional Morality, the meaning of your strictures concerning which—modified as they have been in this Essay by the candid admission that this conventional substitute for Morality, though false and evil, was, nevertheless, inevitable as the precursor of a better system, and must be tolerated until the mass of men grows wise—I now completely comprehend, concur in, and adopt. Touching our Didactic and Imaginative Literature—its great defect has been shown to consist chiefly in its erroneous estimate of Human Nature, and in its indistinctness: for Opinions, however rational, are only Opinions, not settled Facts, and are thence uncertain guides to human action.

RANDOLPH. It is a misnomer, therefore, to call this Literature Knowledge, even that part of it which is the most rational; because, in effect, nothing is true which is not proved to be true: therefore, whatever lacks the proof, lacks the distinguishing quality of knowledge,—its controlling influence for unadulterated Good.

CIVILIS. This point has been fully demonstrated in the Essay. Wrong Convictions, which are equally omnipotent with Truth itself, inevitably lead to Evil; whilst Right Convictions invariably result in Good. But is there not something anomalous, not to say unjust, in this?—I mean, that wrong convictions should be as imperious in their influence as right convictions?—Error as omnipotent as Truth?

RANDOLPH. This is certainly the fact: but it is neither anomalous nor unjust, as a moment's reflection will convince you. In the nature of things, it is impossible that a Conviction, whether wrong or right, should not have equal potency over the mind that entertains it. The fact would be anomalous if opposite convictions produced similar results. But one series produces Evil, which our true nature shrinks from:

the other Good, for which our nature yearns. You are forgetting that Error is not sin; and that the inconveniences produced by Error are not Punishments. You are forgetting also that Inconvenience, and Suffering, and Sorrow are necessary to our appreciation of Happiness; and that, but for this necessity, the Deity might have made us instantly cognizant of all knowledge—perfect Intelligences,—without linking us to life and matter, or placing us amongst material things, at all.

CIVILIS. I stand corrected.—What a complicated web of contradictions has grown out of admitting Sin and its Punishments; Faith, and its Rewards! And how consistent and simply beautiful that System, the Alpha and Omega of which is Knowledge!—They are but momentary glances I get of it:—I mean of the Truth in its totality.—Splendid visions, too felicitous to last.—If I could unknow my errors all at once, and at a single view look steadfastly at the whole truth, I doubt if I could survive the happiness.—Who shall suddenly look on the glory of the Omnipotent, and live! And what is Deific glory but all-effulgent Truth!—that one Truth which is the essence and concentrated centre of all other Truth! I fear, Randolph, you will think me fitter to be an enthusiast of a new Faith, than a disciple of a new Philosophy so simple as yours, yet so sublime in its simplicity. The indefinite is sublime from the circumstance of its indefiniteness: but, to a mind accustomed to seek truth amongst entanglements and contradictions, the definite becomes sublime from its scarcely-to-be-grasped definiteness and simplicity.

RANDOLPH. True, Civilis: whatever seems complex in the operations of a Principle is the complexity with which it comes into antagonism. Through the simple and the consistent, we are made aware of the involved and the contradictory: and it is easy to mistake the Light which enables us to distinguish confusion, for the Cause of the confusion. But we are forgetting the Essay. Are all its positions proved? It assumes that Education as it exists at present, is nearly as potent for Evil as for Good. It next examines the Imaginative and Didactic Literature which forms a part of this education, and decides that the cause of its failure

is the indistinctness, or absolute falsehood, of the facts and opinions it dispenses for Knowledge. The great majority of these facts and opinions the Essay assumes to be false; and none more false, or more pernicious than those which represent Crime, Immorality, and the Evil Passions, to be the genuiue offspring of Human Nature. Our business is to criticise the reasonings of Dionysius, and determine for ourselves whether the positions he advances be false or true. You have just admitted the conclusiveness of his arguments touching the inutility of this Literature as a guide to human conduct, and this, chiefly on the ground that its facts and assumptions are false; or that they lack the proof which is necessary to give them the force and efficacy of positive knowledge. Are you satisfied—for this is a highly important part of the inquiry—that the Crimes, Passions, Contradictions, and Idiosyncrasies which at present characterise men's actions, are, not what this Literature represents them to be,—faults inherent in our nature, but the products of a false and artificial SOCIAL SYSTEM, which System, it is assumed in the Essay, humanity has the power to reform? Remember, Civilis, that, at present, I neither affirm nor deny this proposition. I put the question, because it is highly important that we should come to a right conclusion with respect to it.

CIVILIS. I confess, Randolph, that, as counsel for Society, and looking to facts of every-day occurrence, I am *not* prepared to reply to your question in the affirmative. I will cite a case which seems to me to militate against the proposition, and which will put the question fairly before us. A boy, ten years old, wilfully drowns his little brother (an infant twenty months old), because, as the delinquent owns, the child annoyed him by crying. Is this fratricidal act to be fathered on Society; or to be laid to the account of the innate wickedness of Human Nature? A mother destroys her infant; but many motives might be imagined, all of which may be, and I believe are, chargeable on Society. But how is the motive of this boy traceable to Society in such a way as to exonerate the boy, and relieve Human Nature from the odium which, if the act be natural, fairly, and undeniably, attaches to it?

RANDOLPH. The case you have cited is such an one as I expected from your professional sagacity. Now, WHAT IS HUMAN NATURE? Certainly, not Brute Nature. There is, perhaps, some ambiguity in the remarks of Dionysius; but there is Truth in his conclusion. The animus of his argument is this:—Society, by its present social arrangements, obliges even the more thoughtful and educated of its members to act from selfish motives; in other words, to make the principle of animal life its first consideration in all matters, if not its chief guide; but that, by withholding the best education at its disposal from the great mass of mankind, it leaves *them* in the condition of mere animals; and, in addition to this, subjects them to the want of even physical necessities, enjoins selfishness, under the name of Prudence, as their principle of action; prescribes impossible Morality as their guide; and then disingenuously denominates the anomalous results of their conduct,—the genuine product of Humanity: when it must be evident that the distinguishing characteristic of Human Nature—Mentality, has been forcibly annihilated, instead of having been generously and carefully evolved. Even if you suppose the pressure of want, and the influence of the selfish principle away; *to do right* in defiance of such mental blindness is sufficiently difficult, if not impossible: but, under the accumulated pressure of all these injurious influences, the wonder is, not that there is much crime and immorality amongst us, but that the world is not one vast theatre of horrors. And, that this, *Civilis*, is *not* the case affords the amplest evidence of the Angel-like perfection to which Humanity will grow under the dispensation and guidance of the Mental Principle.

CIVILIS. I think your interpretation of the strictures urged by Dionysius against Society for its false estimate of Human Nature, is most lucid and convincing; and I admit their justness without the slightest hesitation: but your explanation does not meet the difficulty,—the boy's motive, and his knowledge of the heinousness of the supposed offence. If under the circumstances here glanced at, such an act could be committed, it is clear that the dominance of the Mental Principle would be no guarantee against it; and that the

highest attainable intelligence admits of the commission of the most heinous crimes: in other words, that it does not annihilate Brute Passion; although,—and this I cheerfully grant you—it materially lessens the chances of its criminal activity. Even this boy, however brutal might neglect have rendered his nature, *must have had* a mental conviction that his act was wrong. His avowed motive was to rid himself of a little, a very little, annoyance. The question, then, resolves itself into this:—Had the boy (a thing scarcely possible at ten years old) been fully cognizant of all the facts which prove his Soul's relationship to his Creator, would this knowledge necessarily have prevented his rash act? And is Human Nature, or is Society to be held responsible?

RANDOLPH. Against sudden Passion—and you might have imagined causes of sudden passion in an adult more powerful than mere irritation of temper in a child—against sudden Passion, I do not think that Right Convictions are in all cases safeguards; but they are monitors which teach us, that to act from unreasoning impulse is beneath the dignity of Men. Human Nature, necessarily linked as it is to Brute Nature, must be always liable to error. In the case supposed, if the act were the result of sudden passion, it must be placed to the account of Brute Nature; but if it were a deliberate act, it was the result of an erroneous conviction. Society is responsible for those acts only which are committed through the ignorance which Social arrangements foster, or under the influence of the motives they induce. You must admit, Civilis, that the number of those crimes which are committed in pure despite of right convictions are very insignificant in their amount, and always must be, compared with those which are clearly traceable to the evil influences of Society. You must admit also that, whilst a right conviction may not in all cases hinder the wrong act, Brute Nature, and not Human Nature, is the influencing cause.

CIVILIS. All this I most willingly admit. But, admitting, as I do, that in all cases where a Man has a right conviction, he must, if free to follow it, act conformably with that conviction whenever the act be a deliberate one, and where his reason is appealed to as to the propriety of its performance,

Q



it is still manifest that Brute Passion might hurry him into criminality whatever be the amount of his Intelligence: and that even acts of homicide are within the range of the wrong-doings which even an educated Man, in his human condition, is liable to commit.

RANDOLPH. You are overlooking one very important consideration, *Civilis*. In obedience to the Laws impressed by the Deity on all his works, all things reproduce their like. It is certain that Men's sentiments influence their own organization during life; and that intelligent parents usually, if not invariably, transmit an organization to their posterity more favourable to high mentality and intelligence than their own. If this be true; and if Mentality be fostered and encouraged by Social arrangements, instead of mere animalism, as is the case at present, it is impossible to prescribe limits even to organic improvement; so that the Animal passions which seem to stand in the way of human perfectibility, will probably be so much modified in their activity by a more perfect organization, that they will be entirely under the control of the human Will; and the objection you have raised against the possibility—not of Human progress, but of—Human perfectibility, (for it amounts to no more than this), may be capable of entire removal. We are arguing an abstract question; and the possibility of arriving at absolute perfection in our sublunary state is not the real point at issue; but the possibility of human progression towards a state of comparative perfection: so that, practically, if not absolutely, your objection amounts to nothing.

CIVILIS. I cannot deny the validity of your argument, nor the conclusion to which it leads. I have, however, one more objection: and, I confess, it is an objection which I foresee others will make, and not one to which I attach any considerable importance myself. Do you not think that Ignorance, with the fear of future Punishment now so generally supposed to attach to Crime, is a more powerful guarantee for Innocence amongst the great mass of mankind, than will be the conviction sought to be established amongst them by your Principle, that, in the abstract, there is neither Sin, nor Punishment with respect to it in a future state?

RANDOLPH. The fear of Punishment, or the hope of reward, is no guarantee for Innocence, Civilis, whatever either of them might be as a restraint against evil-doing. Criminality consists in the Intention; and the mere abstinence therefrom, through motives of hope or fear, is not *Innocence*; but *Prudence*;—that quasi Virtue, which abstracts nearly all virtue from the more genuine Virtues; and does its best to convert Justice, Magnanimity, and Benevolence, into something as mean and selfish as itself. Innocence is not your meaning; but this prudent abstinence from evil-doing. But, taking your question in the sense you intended it, you are supposing an impossible case: namely, the present restraints removed, and the present motives and incentives to evil-doing remaining. But, Civilis, before the Mental can take the place of the Selfish Principle, men must be universally intelligent: and Intelligence, in the absence of the present premium-inducing motives to vice, will be, of necessity, an unspeakably stronger guarantee to Right conduct than the distant fear of an after-retribution (even were Hell a certainty), with the present incentives to vice egging on feeble Ignorance to the commission of Crime, and whispering that a death-bed repentance is sufficient to avert the Retribution.

CIVILIS. I am answered.

RANDOLPH. We have proved, then, that the Literature we have been examining is, for the most part, false in its aim; and, even when its aim is right, that in the absence of a Principle by which to test its truth, its very inspirations—those flashes of Truth which proceed from the genuine promptings of the highest intellects—are in the nature of guesses only; and, because of their uncertainty, impotent and valueless as guides to human happiness. To-morrow we will take another branch of our so-much-lauded Literature, the which, on examination, will prove equally worthless until read by the Light that is able to convert it into Knowledge. It may, however, seem strange to say that the very Light which so converts it, will show it to be needless; and thence, as valueless as the rest. This is the Enigma to be solved to-morrow.

CIVILIS. *Deo volente*, I shall be with you, Randolph.

Meanwhile the results of our investigations this evening will stand thus epitomized in my own mind :—That all knowledge is mainly useful to us, as Intellectual beings, in the ratio of its tendency to render us (using your own words) Morally Good, Intellectually Great, and Religiously Wise :—that Morality is a Science which enables us to determine with something less than mathematical precision our Rights and Duties in all our Social relations; and that the chief impediment to its introduction amongst us as a rule of life, and the chief cause of our Knowledge not invariably resulting in Good, is the artificial Social System that has grown up around us; which system being based on a code of false Morality, is the prolific source of Ignorance, Falsehood, Wretchedness, and Crime.

RANDOLPH. And you might have added, Civilis, that the only remedy for these evils of our own making is Education;—an Education in our nonage which shall lay the intellectual foundation for all that is Great, and Good, and essentially Human, in every Soul amongst us.—The air is sultry and oppressive. There is a tempest gathering. You will be at home before it reaches us. Good night!

---

## CHAPTER V.

### RANDOLPH. CIVILIS.

RANDOLPH. It is easy to do an unintentional wrong by means of a general remark. What I said in reference to the apparent uselessness of Phrenology\* was certainly intended to imply that Gall, Spurzheim, and their Disciples, have thrown but little light, if any, on the Science of Mind. I believe that mapping out the head into many minute divisions, each the locality of an "organ;" even admitting that this feat can be accurately accomplished, is comparatively profitless labour; and that, to study Phrenology as a Science—I mean more particularly to study its details—does not lead to any adequate result.

\* See page (RANDOLPH) 173.

CIVILIS. But you seem to except from your censure the general or leading principles of the Science?

RANDOLPH. I do, Civilis, because I believe its leading principles are, not only true in the abstract (as of course its details are), but capable of a sufficient amount of demonstration (as the details assuredly are not) to be applicable to a positive use.

CIVILIS. You are quite an Utilitarian, Randolph.

RANDOLPH. I am: for I think with Bentham that there is nothing really estimable that does not, in some way, conduce to the general good. And if I have done the Phrenologists any injustice, it has been in not acknowledging that the world is indebted to them for supplying physical data in exemplification of a very important metaphysical fact. That "Use is second Nature" has become a proverb with us. The power of Habit—the wisdom of training up a child in the way he should go, to the end that, when old, he might not depart therefrom, was an early discovery of the race: but, that there is a physical corroboration, in the heads of all of us, of this power of Habit, is a fact for which we are indebted to the Phrenologists.—After demonstrating that "the Brain is the organ of the Mind"; that, "various portions of the Brain have various (special) functions to perform"; and that, "Size (other things being equal) is an index of power"; they have shown most conclusively that the more the whole brain, or any part thereof, is used, the larger in bulk, and thence the more powerful it becomes; and, consequently, that every one of us has the power (would Society but permit us to use it), and with the power the responsibility (did not Society almost absolve us therefrom), of forming each his own character, and of being each the Architect of his own Organism;—for, although the fabric is Nature's work, the fashion of it, the ornament, the architectural expression thereof, is, or ought to be, OUR OWN. Vested by Nature with a discretionary power of which none can entirely deprive us, we naturally incur a responsibility in our use of this power from which none can entirely absolve us. Nature intends that we should be, and (notwithstanding the tyranny of our Social institutions), to a great extent we are, the authors of our own

happiness and misery in this mortal stage of our existence, and thence, of the felicity or infelicity of every stage beyond. We have certainly, within ourselves, the means of becoming (of course,<sup>1</sup> relatively) happy or unhappy, ugly or handsome, wise or foolish, bad or good: and for a physical corroboration of these facts, we are mainly indebted to the Phrenologists. We have but to call into activity and to cultivate our Intellect, and that portion of the brain through which our reasoning faculties are manifested enlarges in bulk and power; and as it enlarges, so all our intellectual operations become more and more easy: hence it becomes more and more easy to be Wise. Again: we have but to call into activity the kindlier Feelings of our Nature, to love and cherish our fellow-creatures rather than to despise and hate them, and that portion of the brain through which the Soul manifests these Feelings grows, increases in volume, power, and activity; and as it enlarges, so all these kindly operations of the Soul become more and more easy, until, from long habit, kindness, and sympathy, and Christian love, become a self-created portion of our Nature; and it is ever more and more easy to be Good; and consequently more and more easy to be Happy. In like manner, if we are habitually brutal and selfish, if we pander to animalism and neglect the Intellect, if we yield ourselves up to lasciviousness and intemperance, and indulge in feelings harmful to others and degrading to ourselves, we create an ever-growing Monster in our brain which will daily render it more and more easy to be despicable, selfish, harmful, and unhappy. As we make ourselves into Intellectual and Moral creatures our features alter their form to agree with the habitual feeling, just as the Brain alters its configuration to produce it: and accordingly as we indulge in brutality and other forms of Selfishness, the outward and visible signs of these feelings are registered in the brain and indixed on the Countenance. Whether seen of men or not, they are there,—placed there, moreover, by ourselves. Yes, Civilis, the insignia of honour, or the marks of degradation and disgrace, are branded on our foreheads by ourselves! The Soul is the Prince of the palace it dwells in, and has to a great extent the power to shape the tenement into whatsoever fashion

it pleases. A Soul might inherit a noble cranium, or be the heir of a mean one ; but if Selfishness (to which every form of animalism is reducible) misdirect the sentiments of its inhabitant, knavery and licentiousness will convert it into a nursery of loathsomeness and vice—into all that is abhorrent and degrading. Implant Right Sentiments in the infant mind ; teach the child to seek happiness through Intelligence and not through Sensuality, and there will be no malformation of the cranium ; nor on the Countenance will there be any sinister expression, any ugliness, or silliness, or deceit. The Phrenologists have afforded us evidence, appreciable by our senses, of these humanizing verities : and it is for this we have to be grateful to them, and not for any enlargement of our knowledge concerning the constitution and nature of the Human Mind.

CIVILIS. This view of the subject seems to afford some confirmation to the theory you enunciated, in our first conversation, respecting Man's Spiritual equality, wherein you maintained that the differences between men are purely educational and organic.\* And in this case, the Law-Giver, the Mathematician, the Physiologist, the Painter, and even the Poet, must yield place and precedence to the Humanitarian, as higher than all these in greatness of purpose and utility.

RANDOLPH. If Jesus of Nazareth were greater, better, more to be revered and honoured than Solon, Alexander, Aristotle, Bacon, Shakspeare, Newton, Handel, Bentham, Arkwright, Watt, or Locke, then is Humanitarianism (of which he is the unapproachable type and head), greater, better, more to be coveted and esteemed than mere greatness in any of the Sciences or Arts. Now, Jesus, the Son of Joseph, is all this : or he is not : if not, let the world declare it—openly, honestly, trumpet-tongued : but, IF HE IS, it follows that the Sciences and Arts are only to be esteemed in the ratio of their ability to render aid (and great and glorious are the aids they have it in their power to render) to the highest purposes of Humanity ; and their Professors to be honoured in proportion as these great objects are seen to be the end and aim of their ennobling labours.

\* See Chap. I., page 129.

CIVILIS. I am with you, my dear Randolph, in all this: yet it seems strange that I should never have contemplated these subjects from the same point of view before. That we make our characters and write them on our countenances ourselves is an idea which has something very awful in it; something fearfully equitable; something inexorably, yet beneficently Just! It is, however, true to the very letter: and he who studies Men (albeit, remembering what is written on his own brow, he should do this in charity and humility, and not in pride or hate) can read these Characters, no matter what pains their authors take to hide them. You might perceive almost at a glance whether it is a man's honest Soul that is gazing on you through his eye, or only the Spirit of dissimulation with which he seeks to blind you. Certainly, a Human Being ought not to have the countenance of a Coster-monger, or a Thief-catcher, or a Cabman, or a Jockey, or a Handicraftsman, or a Tradesman, or a Merchant, or a Lawyer, or a Gaoler, or a Thief; but of A MAN. The Cobbler's apron is no disgrace to a Man; but, to have "Cobbler" written in every feature of his face, or "Dissembler," "Slave-driver," "Trader," "Trickster," "Sensualist," engraven on his forehead, patent in the play of his muscles, or emblazoned in his eye, is in every way a degradation. It is base hypocrisy, despicable cant, to tell men they have Souls and not permit them to develop them! It is the very blackest injustice, the utmost refinement of Tyranny, to compel Men to brand themselves with any of these marks of degradation—to write Beast instead of Man upon their foreheads, and then to—

RANDOLPH. You must remember, Civilis, that the present generation inherited these anomalies and did not make them; that the evils you now (for the first time probably) see in all their abstract enormity, are the result of a tacit convention which the weak and unenlightened cling to with as much tenacity as the literate and the strong. You must remember that the work of reformation (were we all agreed as to its possibility and desirableness) is not the work of a day, but the work of ages: and, above all, that those for whose behoof the work is chiefly to be done—if ever it be done thoroughly—must do it themselves. Till then the degradation must be

borne with. There is certainly much injustice and hypocrisy on one side, but there is quite as much apathy and voluntary servility on the other. Nor is this servility confined to the very poor and the uneducated. It runs through all Society. Though we tyrannize we cringe,—despots and slaves by turns. The slavish untruthfulness we are nurtured in, transforms us into creatures of Prejudice; and, through a habit-created instinct, we live in the most pitiable and slavish dread of Truth. It was the opinion of Bernard Mandeville a hundred and fifty years ago that, “To make Society happy, and people easy under the meanest circumstances, it is requisite that great numbers of them should be ignorant as well as poor.” In spirit at least, if not in candour, we have many Mandevilles amongst us yet. Nor does this Selfishness pertain to any one class, creed, sect, or denomination. Like Spiders in unswept apartments, Prejudice and Exclusiveness hang their deforming cobwebs everywhere; and in those whose ostensible profession is Charity, and whose lives and labours are supposed to be dedicated to Christian Love, these intruders are the most unseemly, and deform the most. Prejudice is rampant because Selfishness bears undivided sway amongst us: and few there are who will not cling to falsehood rather than jeopardize their rent-roll, their profits, or their pay. You will find, that, of all men, the Clergy have the most sensitive dread of Truth. They are thoughtful men, and, for the most part, good logicians: none know better than they the value to an opponent of an honest admission. Only a few days since I met with a singular instance of this most sensitive dread of Truth in a Clergyman. I had said something which had awakened his suspicions as to my orthodoxy. It was curious to see the snail betake himself to his shell the instant his horns were touched. When safely ensconced in his slime-made citadel, I propounded a question which I had purposely led him to believe was but the precursor of others. Are you satisfied, said I, that one and one are equal to two? We were not alone, and he would not make the admission: neither taunts, nor entreaties, nor the varying of the question, nor the stripping it of the dress of language by reducing the proposition to an idea which all minds must entertain from sheer



necessity, though they had no notion of sounds or signs by which to express it,—none of these could induce him to hazard an advantage by recording his admission. It had been easier to tempt a mad dog to swim across the Ribble or the Thames. Here is a veritable fact which seems to militate against the action-compelling influence of Truth. We are in search of the source of an antagonistic influence. A very brief statement of a true fact will explain the contradiction alluded to, and give this antagonistic influence a name. Mark the explanation, Civilis.—This truth-abhorring Clergyman had just received an appointment which quadrupled his income, and multiplied his love of the selfish Principle by four! To all such men, Civilis, a truism is, of all the *isms* under which men range themselves, the *ism* which is most obnoxious. This brings me to the Essay I am to read to you this evening, where you will see the baneful effects of the SELFISH PRINCIPLE exhibited on a large scale. We are subsequently, you know, to trace it to its source, and see how untruthful Literature, and partial Laws, and Conventional Morals, and Mystic Religion grew out of it; and how these, the refined Children of a barbarous Sire, partake of the nature of their parent, and are compelled to allegiance whilst their nonage lasts:—a nonage now, happily, near its end. Dionysius, in the present Essay, examines History with the same object in view as that which led him to the examination of the several branches of the Literature already disposed of.

#### EXTRACT FROM THE PAPERS OF DIONYSIUS. HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

“Some one has said that ‘History is Philosophy teaching by examples.’ How far this definition is a true one will be seen as we proceed.

“An historical fact is Knowledge as far as it goes: Knowledge in a certain sense: it is a human record of a human act. There is always some uncertainty as to the truthfulness of the record. But, supposing it to be an exact epitome of the historized event,—IS THE RECORD VALUABLE? This must depend on circumstances. As long as it be necessary to store

up facts with the view to the discovery of Principles, or guides to human conduct, there is value in the records. If not the *object*, this has been more or less the *effect* of our records hitherto. But it can scarcely be said that any fixed principles have yet been educed from our laborious gatherings. As far as the principles of Religion and Morality have been agreed upon, these principles have been the tests of the good or bad quality of the facts recorded: and thus, a kind of pseudo-philosophy, uncertain in its nature, is deducible from our recorded facts. This Philosophy, such as it is, is Knowledge, such as it is; that is, it is false or true in its character and aim, just as the tests which are used to determine these circumstances happen to be false or true. These tests, however, have no certain standard in any given locality of the world; but vary as opinions vary concerning the true nature of Morality and Religion. The Philosophy extractable from History is, consequently, very equivocal in its character: but, being the best attainable under the circumstances, we will not quarrel with the definition which forms the starting-point in this inquiry. But, the fact is, whatever philosophy there may be in the examples, there is no real value in the record. Natural facts are necessarily right, because they are the results of errorless Intelligence. But the Knowledge of the facts is less important than the Knowledge of the Laws or Principles which govern and produce them. We need not, for instance, make record of a shower of rain. But our Knowledge of the Principles on which this fact, and all similar facts, depend, should be recorded, lest the knowledge should be lost. Were it not for the Principle of gravitation, we should not have the showers, nor their beneficent results. Such Knowledge is all-important. We are thereby made cognizant of second causes, leading us to the First Cause, God. But with Human facts, that is, facts caused by Human agency, the case is different. These facts do not proceed from errorless Intelligence, but from the fallible operations of the Human Will; and are therefore Right or Wrong just as they are rational or the reverse. To know what, under any circumstances, we ought to do, is Knowledge; is, indeed, Philosophy; positive in its character, and unvarying in its operations. The act when

done, is an event that cannot be recalled. If Right, its results are right. If right because dictated by an unerring principle, all such acts will be always right, and the record of them will be needless. Nor will the record be of any real value if the act be wrong. Test it by the Principle, and prove it to be wrong, needless and valueless is the record still. Thus, then, Philosophy is a thing apart from History, which is (or should be) a true record of occurrences, whether the occurrences be Right or Wrong: and, having the Philosophy, we might dispense with the History, and thus save ourselves much profitless drudgery; because the Knowledge which shows us whether an act already done be Wrong or Right, shows us, at the same time, what it is Right or Wrong to do.

“What an immense labour it were to acquaint ourselves with all the (humanly speaking) interesting facts of the world’s history! If last year’s facts are interesting or useful to us, so are those which occurred before the Flood. But, as has just been shown, however interesting historical facts may be to us, they are of no real value beyond the gratification they afford to our sympathies with the Past. We learn that King so and so *did* so and so. Some will assert that his doings were unwise and tyrannical. Others from the same facts will arrive at the very opposite conclusion. And this must always be the case as long as what is called Religion, and Public and Private Morals, are the tests by which we come to a decision; because these tests, modified as they are by contending interests and conflicting opinions, differ so widely in their appreciation of Right and Wrong, that Right and Wrong are everywhere confounded. Who, then, shall decide between them? And yet we *must* decide before we can extract Philosophy from the example.

“The peculiar excellence of a first Principle consists in this: it enables us to dispense altogether with precedents and examples. If, then, our Principle be the true one, we might spare ourselves the labour of reading History for the benefit of its examples, however we might do so for our amusement, or to gratify our sympathies with the Past.

“In what does the history of all the nations of the earth consist? In one long struggle between a little spurious

knowledge, and a huge mass of ignorance. This little knowledge gave POWER to its possessors; and the want of it, amongst the great mass of the people, produced servile obedience to the authority of the few who wielded the power and jealously conserved the Knowledge. In Egypt, how much this Power did, not for its happiness, but for its transitory and unreal grandeur, and its fame! For ages it went on rearing stupendous records of its selfishness and folly. Yes, they are these: but they are something more. The Pyramids, these old-world structures, are an expression of the God in man: they are the stupendous utterances of ancient Egypt's yearning after immortality. But, at length, the dark tide of Ignorance (blindly and purposely encouraged amongst the 'masses') broke down the mystic barriers which for centuries had restrained it: its desolating flood spread ruin everywhere; and Egypt's civilization passed away. 'Barbarians skulked, beast-like, amongst its palaces,' and its Temples became the dwelling-places of loathsomeness, and vice, and abject misery. Here was an early trial of false knowledge and exclusiveness: it failed.

"The civilization of Babylonia, Assyria, Media, Tyrus, and the other great Kingdoms of antiquity, being of the same selfish and exclusive character, led to the same result. A little knowledge in the beginning did wonders: but the Ignorance, cherished by exclusiveness, soon became too potent for its taskmasters. It arose in its Savage might: the monuments of human pride lay prostrate in the dust; and much of the Knowledge that reared these splendours lay buried beneath the ruins, and was lost to the world for ever.

"Greece ultimately emerged from barbarism, and a civilization, the best and most perfect the world had seen (save that of the Jews who had arrived at the conception of ONE God) took root amongst its rocks and islands. The Sciences made considerable progress; and the Arts arrived at a pitch of greatness and perfection which leaves no hope of rivalry. As a reason for all this, Knowledge was less exclusive: there was a oneness of Spirit animating the nation. Its wisest men imparted their highest wisdom to the populace from the porticoes of their beautiful temples. These Temples were public

possessions,—that is, they were raised in honour of the false Deities the whole nation served: their Statues, in like manner, were public property: their public men lived for the people: there was some approach to a Commonwealth of Mind. The highest aim of this nation was public and private Virtue; and it did its best to inculcate the practice of it amongst all its citizens.

“But the attainment of Knowledge as the ultimate purpose of existence; the distribution of Knowledge to all, as the common birthright of all; and the recognition of the fact that the possession of a First Principle includes all Goodness; supersedes the Virtues; contains all the Happiness the mind can make its own: and that to have it is to have everything,—this Knowledge was not theirs; and their baseless fabric fell. Their Religion was Idolatry: and yet their idolatry was in the right direction. It was the embodiment of what they knew, or thought they knew, of Nature;—the materialized ideal of Power and Beauty. Their Arts, which formed the symbolic portion of their religion, grew up into an imaginary but false perfection. And now, nothing remains of their shadowy creed but the beautiful symbols which imparted to the shadow the semblance of reality. They reposed on Error. Evil grew out of Error. They did not perceive the hollowness of their virtues, although they failed to find happiness the result of them. Listlessness succeeded: ignorance increased: ruin followed: and the civilization of polished Greece, like that of the earlier nations, passed away.

“Rome, the rough imitator of Greece, relied on its barbaric Virtue, its martial prowess, and its wealth and conquests. It fought its ruthless way to the empire of half the world. Power, which coexists with Abjectness, was Rome's god. This Nation grew great by its activity; then, ‘sheathing its sword for lack of argument,’ fell into luxuriousness and lascivious ease; fed on its former victories; gloated on its spoils; grew apoplectic, and expired. Peace to its ashes; for it sowed the seeds of a purer civilization than its own!

“Christianity now, with its angel-teachings, descended on the earth. Its pure Spirit still dwells amongst us; but men are loath to trust to its benignant guidance. And, why?

Because we are ignorant: because the old leaven of exclusiveness, and the love of power, will not let the religion of Love take root: and because the new creed has been interwoven with the myths and mysticisms of the old. Modern History, therefore, presents all the features of that of antiquity; and its Civilization contains the same elements of decay.

“Let us cast our eyes about us, and what do we see? The first strongly-marked characteristic of modern Civilization is the Ignorance, deep and dark, of the masses, accompanied by its animalism, its misery, its almost hopeless degradation, and its crime. As long as you can set this mass of ignorance to work, and pay it a trifle for its labour, it is a docile sort of monster enough. It obeys the rein; moves systematically; and this Caliban is said to be civilized. Prospero, who reigns, and who has some Knowledge, much cabalistic lore, dabbles in the dark arts, and holds communion with spirit-ministers of his power, says ‘go,’ and it goeth; ‘Come,’ and it cometh; ‘Do this,’ and it doeth it. It sometimes, however, grows impatient of restraint; and beards the Prospero it owns for king after this fashion:—

‘This island’s mine.

‘When thou camest first,

‘Thou strok’dst me, and made much of me, would’st  
give me

‘Water with berries in’t, AND TEACH ME HOW

‘TO NAME THE BIGGER LIGHT, AND HOW THE LESS

‘THAT BURN BY DAY AND NIGHT: AND THEN I LOV’D  
THEE,

‘And show’d thee all the qualities of the isle;

‘The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile:

‘Cursed be I that did so!

‘That first was my own king.’

“And History tells of greater lengths to which this Caliban has gone beyond this blunt, Jack-Cade remonstrance. It has been known to throw its eye amidst its miseries, on some half-witted Stephano to choose for king, in place of Prospero. Believing that the swaggèring braggadocio, whom

it has met with 'half-seas-over,' to be a worthy Successor of Prospero whose reign it has renounced, the elated monster has been known to address this Stephano to this effect:—

'I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,  
'And kiss thy foot. I prithee be my god!  
'I'll show thee the best springs: I'll pluck thee berries;  
'I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
'A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
'I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
'Thou wondrous man!'

"And so he changes masters; but is a slave the same. In vain he says,—

'I will be wise hereafter,  
'And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
'Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
'And worship this dull fool!'

"And thus it is with this many-headed Monster, Ignorance, to the end of the chapter. A STEPHANO MIGHT BRING A CHANGE OF MISERIES, BUT NEVER A CESSATION.

"In every modern nation, this is one side of the picture: Ignorance, Animalism, Misery, and Crime! Can this be Civilization! To the degraded beings who compose this mass, could primeval barbarism, with its woods and wilds, and health, and liberty, be worse?

"But let us turn to the other compartment of the picture. At the first glance it looks beautiful in contrast with the one we have just been contemplating. The chief abatement to our pleasure, and the first, is, that, in extent and magnitude, it bears no comparison to the other side. Nothing, even if everything be as delightful as it looks to be, absolutely nothing to compensate for the dark and wretched outline just presented, but whose horrid details even Fancy must forbear to paint.

"Here, however, we have Pomp, Courts, Magnificence, Armies, Navies, Senates, Time-honoured Ceremonies, and Crowd-honoured Men; Kings, Queens, Ministers of State, Judges, Ecclesiastics, Universities, Nobles, Learned Men;

Commerce, and its Ships, and Docks, and Marts;—and its Merchant-Princes, with their Mansions, and their Lackies, and their Sumptuous Feasts! All this looks dazzling, gorgeous, grand: But is it real? It looks like happiness: but is it so? Or is it but the gaudy mantle which Disappointment flings around itself to hide the incubus it took for Pleasure? Is it Happiness; or Misery with a mask on? Is it the offspring of Knowledge; or should it call Folly father? This is what History could tell us if it would. But it has ever suppressed the half. Placing the Magnificence in the foreground, it has artfully thrown the Misery into the shadowy, dim, receding distance. It has told but half the truth. Yet what is the Philosophy hitherto deduced from these one-sided representations? How is the failure of system after system accounted for? Why, *that all human contrivances are necessarily imperfect and evanescent; and as to RIGHT, that there is no right!* A conclusion which every other order of being in the universe contradicts and falsifies every instant.

“If, however, to get positive Knowledge be our great vocation on the earth; and if in this vocation be comprised a happiness so great, and lasting, and complete, and godlike, that there is no greater possible save that which comes from using our knowledge for a world-wide benefit, and communicating to all our fellows the ennobling means of the happiness we ourselves enjoy—all which our Principle teaches us—then have we abundant proofs in the pages of history, that Selfishness, which owns Ignorance for its sire, has ever been the cause of all the vicissitudes and failures which have hindered human progression, retarded the growth of intellect, wrecked every social system, and chequered the world with every variety of Evil through all preceding times.

“If it can be shown that our Principle be not the true one, then are our deductions false: then are all our theorizings as vapoury and unreal as the Systems that have crumbled and are crumbling into the nothingness from which they sprung. But, if true, we have no need of History either as a warning or an example. We have only to follow our guiding-star of TRUTH to bring about that Millennium of intellect which some of the most thoughtful minds that have adorned humanity

B



have prophetically promised to our race : that period ' when there shall be but one fold and one shepherd ; when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation ; neither shall they learn war any more.'

### BIOGRAPHY

may be considered to be a portion of History. But if we read it without testing it by the principle here enunciated, we shall fail to extract much Philosophy therefrom. Without this test, Biography, like General History, out of the multitude of its examples affords no unerring rule for our individual guidance.

"If we would pursue the acquisition of Wealth as the means of happiness, we shall certainly find that to make a friend of that niggard virtue, Prudence, will be to procure an alliance that will aid us every step of the way.

"If the attainment of Honours be aimed at as the ultimate Good, we shall find examples in abundance of the methods which have been successfully pursued.

"If Fame be the ultimatum of our hopes, we shall find incentives in great profusion, and of every kind, to madden our ambition, and lead us astray : for great Fame comes of great Genius : and Genius, like the traveller across the sands, leaves no footprints behind it by which a follower might dog it to the Temple. Only this is to be gathered—that the most famous Geniuses the world has known, have generally been the least selfish, and most catholic-minded of men.

"But if we ask Biography to tell us which object we should pursue for the attainment of Happiness ? which object be the Right one ? or if any of them be right ? Biography cannot inform us. Our oracle is dumb.

"Having an unerring Principle for our guide, we, however, cannot have any difficulty in deciding these questions for ourselves. We have all one object to accomplish ; one pathway to pursue : the object is the discovery of Truth : the road to it through the Intellect alone. Let those who would lead us by any other route exhibit their credentials : we have the hand and seal of Heaven itself to ours.

"From this view of the subject it requires but a moment's consideration to perceive, that, for any positive, soul-enlarging Knowledge derivable from Biography, it might be altogether dispensed with without much loss: and, but for the gratification it affords to the best sympathies of our nature; and the proofs it yields us of what difficulties may be surmounted by unyielding perseverance, it might be relinquished without regret."

CIVILIS. That there is no utility whatever in Historical and Biographical literature is not, I presume, meant to be insisted on in this Essay, provided always the right test be applied by the student for ascertaining the value of the facts therein recorded?

RANDOLPH. Certainly, Civilis, inasmuch as men are more in the habit of reasoning from particulars to generals than from generals to particulars; and, although our real business is with the Future, examples drawn from the Past have a tendency to strengthen the reliance of undisciplined minds on Abstract Principles, notwithstanding that the examples, however numerous, can neither prove nor justify them.

CIVILIS. It is probable that many persons do not perceive that abstract principles are in no way dependent on Facts.

RANDOLPH. But a little reflection should convince them that it is so: for, although Principles (which are Necessary Laws that never can be falsified by an exception) can be *proximately* arrived at through the Baconian method of induction, the labour must be endless, and the sought-for principle never absolutely attained. And he who has once satisfied himself of this fact must see at a glance that, however much of human interest might be extractable from Historical records, he can never rise from the study of them a wiser man in his own estimation, however much the thoughtless crowd might wonder at the extent of his reading, and applaud him for his voluminous but useless knowings: for, if he has read to any useful purpose, he has read by the light and guidance of a Principle, and his facts are superfluous: but if he has not read by the illuminating guidance of a Principle, his facts are valueless because they lead to no conclusion. In either case, his erudition is not wisdom, and his toilsome gatherings are of no real use.

**CIVILIS.** Few persons can be brought to see—and professional men, Lawyers and Parsons, the least of all—that without a First Principle as the acknowledged basis of their reasonings, Logic is a useless acquisition, and one which always leads to conclusions which are either doubtful, or absolutely false. They are not aware, or at any rate, cannot be constrained to admit (a circumstance which always looks suspicious, Randolph,) that before a “Conclusion” can be right, the assumed “Premises” from which they argue must be propositions which are absolutely and universally true: and the consequence is, men’s minds have become so vitiated and corrupt, that any absurdity, however gross, if it be but the product of a Syllogism, is relied on as truth, and acted on accordingly: and, hence, the everlasting janglings, and bickerings, and warfare, both in arms and words, which make a Babel of contradiction and confusion of the world.

**RANDOLPH.** There cannot be anything more true than this, nor anything more deplorable. And this state of things must continue, Civilis, as long as the animal principle, Selfishness, (which is the immediate cause of it all) shall reign paramount amongst us;—it must continue until men shall universally be **MEN**. The way is long: for, in the equal Justice of Heaven, it is decreed that Ignorance shall ever retard the progress of Intelligence; that Barbarity shall be a clog on Civilization; that no one Community or Nation shall ever enjoy—what to *Men* is unenjoyable—exclusiveness in Well-doing; that the nation which is in advance of the other nations shall not advance far if it hold not out a helping hand to those in its rear; that that form of Civilization from which War, and the fear thereof, shall be permanently banished, shall never be attained until the Intelligence which must usher it in shall have permeated **ALL NATIONS**, and vanquished the Animalism and Selfishness of the world. Let no man madly imagine a sudden transformation. Let there be no superstitiously idiotic reliance on supernatural aid. Man must work out his own redemption. The way is long, and steep, and difficult: but he has that within him which will enable him to surmount all obstacles to his progress; and he shall go on, individually and collectively, “Conquering and to Conquer” for evermore.

But, as I have just said, The Eternal, perfect Justice of Heaven has decreed that this progress shall be slow; that the great impediment to progress, War, in all its forms,—individual, which is called Crime—national, which is called Aggression, shall never cease as long as Individual men, and Communities of men, and Nations, shall disgrace the name of Men by clinging blindly and madly to EXCLUSIVENESS.

CIVILIS. We are evidently, at present, only on the very threshold of Civilization, my dear Randolph; the crowd of men having scarcely a glimmering of what it is; and their leaders and instructors are, many of them, scarcely a whit more wise.

RANDOLPH. We, in Europe, and our brethren throughout the Earth, have amassed wondrous stores of Knowledge: Spirit has acquired wondrous power over Matter: A flash of thought is sped across the globe with the celerity of lightning: Man is beginning to triumph over pain! But we have yet to bruise the Serpent-head of Selfishness; and, by joining hand to hand and heart to heart, to circle the whole Earth with Love. Much has been done, undoubtedly; but the mightier, the grander part is yet to do. When the Physical and the Intellectual shall have done the rougher work of the world, the Moral (which is included in the Intellectual) shall perform its angel-part on Earth, and the rags of the poor, and the jewels of the rich, shall be exchanged for a larger share of happiness to all. This is no dream, but a momentary fore-shadowing of the coming Future! But History concurs with our Philosophy in declaring that Mobs, Violence, Treasons, Revolutions—cannot bring the Moral Millennium nearer. Rebel we must not, nor despair. We must toil on and hope. The fiction we call Justice must live out its time: we cannot slay it: it is proof against Sedition's Sword and Spear: and why? because, spurious though it is, it is the nearest approach to real, abstract Justice for which the intelligence of mankind is at present fitted: it is the Star amid the darkness that heralds in the dawn—the bright forerunner of "the perfect Day."

CIVILIS. In all these ordinations of the Deity we perceive the utmost perfection of Design, combined with unalloyed

Beneficence. The character of our Institutions must ever be (on the whole) a faithful reflex of ourselves. We have at present as much Light as we can bear; as much Justice and Liberty as we deserve; as pure a Morality as we are fitted for; as high a Notion of Heaven as Sensualists can enjoy; as excellent a Priesthood as we could tolerate; and as rational an idea of Deity as priest-deluded, Mammon-serving, prejudice-blinded Slaves to Sense and Sensual things can ever dare, consistently with our principles, to entertain, aspire to, or own. Enough, for the present, that there is more Light, more Liberty, a larger Intellectual Life, a purer Heaven, for all who will seek them with singleness of purpose and sincerity; and a Way, withal, for the Race, if not for timorous Individuals, out of this antiquated System of absurdities, which teach and encourage us to amuse ourselves and waste our energies—as Cowper has so happily expressed it—

“By dropping buckets into empty wells,  
“And bringing nothing up.”

And that this is what we do, seriously and systematically, under the idea that we are amassing wisdom, is, to my mind, sufficiently proved by the Essay you have just been reading. To know the Principle which determines the value of all human actions, and shows us which of them are Right and which are Wrong, renders the collection and collation of the recorded facts contained in Biography and History a needless labour. And as all the Literature which has reference to human affairs, whether speculative or historical, forms at present a considerable portion of the education of the educated, we perceive that their fancied wisdom is little else than folly, and the toil of its attainment nearly so much labour lost: whilst, by the help of the First Principle, we perceive that, without the ability to read a book, it is possible for the most illiterate workman, whose mind has been a little disciplined by thought, to become wiser than the wisest statesman or the most erudite scholar amongst us. This is a stupendous fact, and as true as it is stupendous.

RANDOLPH. Yes, Civilis, real Knowledge, true Wisdom, con-

sists in knowing what to do, and doing it; in knowing what to know, and struggling to obtain the knowledge; not in knowing (however truly) what, aforesaid, others have known and done. This is Knowledge which the most knowing—have not; Wisdom which the wisest want. Not the least gratifying view of the fact enforced on our attention in this Essay, is the possibility of teaching the neglected millions all this Knowledge, and of placing the rest within their reach, without waiting for the decision of the Saints as to how far a working-man would jeopardize his soul by his acquaintance with that heathen contrivance—the Christ-cross-row! This shows us, notwithstanding the grave authority just referred to, that as a grain of wheat contains the germ of its own perfection, so does the Soul of Man; and that no man needs, through any natural necessity, to sue his fellow-man for permission to fulfil the purposes of his existence. To know himself is to know other men; and this is the certain key to all the knowledge which relates to the Will and Nature of the Deity, to his own nature, to the purposes of his being, and to the means of working out these purposes. Consequently, all that is professed to be taught (but which, after all, is not taught), by Religion, Ethics, Metaphysics, the Belles Lettres, and History, is really and amply taught in the simple Truth that the Soul is an Intelligent Principle incapable of any other acquisition than the knowledge placed purposely within its reach; and that an immortality of Happiness is the inalienable birthright of all who will avail themselves of this proffered largess of a beneficent Creator.

CIVILIS. This verity of verities (only in a far higher sense), my dear Randolph, is the Lever that Archimedes sighted for.

RANDOLPH. It is: and, trust me, Civilis, with it we will raise the world. But, could the world overhear our vaunting, certes it would laugh at us.

CIVILIS. Apropos of that; What is the cause of Laughter? why do we laugh? I ask the question, because I have ever been subject to involuntary laughter in the midst of the most serious investigations; and often have I chid myself for levity, deeming my tendency to risibility a natural but pitiable weakness.

RANDOLPH. Often when pursuing an argument in doubt, and consequently, in ignorance of the result,—our Laughter is caused by the sudden joy of a new and ennobling conviction. The violence of the emotion caused by the greatness of a suddenly-perceived Truth communicates itself to the physical frame, and the effect is Laughter. The Brutes never laugh: a proof that Knowledge is not a happiness to them, nor received as we receive it. To suppose the Deity from a similar cause to experience the emotion of Laughter is so impossible, and, at the same time, so incongruous an idea, that one almost laughs even at the deliberate perception of its irreverence and incongruity. Having nothing to learn, no new idea can suddenly enter the Divine Mind. A state of comparative Ignorance, is, in all cases, necessary to Laughter. The Brutes do not laugh, because they are probably too ignorant to perceive an incongruity; hence it seems fair to infer that their Knowledge is not in the nature of *soul-perceived* Intelligence; and that they do not derive any happiness from its acquisition. We laugh at the sudden perception of an incongruity. We laugh in our most serious moments when a new thought or conviction rushes suddenly, or unexpectedly, into our minds. We laugh at what *seems* to be incongruous, or absurdly false. It is not at the mere absurdity of another's folly, mistake, or extravagant falsehood, that we laugh: the emotion is the happiness we naturally derive from the exercise of our perception; but it is the *unexpectedness* of the incongruity that causes the physical convulsion. A thing is not necessarily incongruous, or absurdly false, because it produces laughter in another: it is enough that it seems to be one of these to him. It is not a deliberate feeling of triumph or ridicule at another's folly or ignorance; but an involuntary self-gratulation at our own capability to perceive the absurdity, whether it be a real or a supposed one. Prove suddenly to the Laugher that the supposed absurdity is not an absurdity, and he will laugh again. The world is sufficiently intelligent to perceive the apparent extravagance of some of our propositions, were they presented without the proofs; and sufficiently ignorant to be involuntarily affected by the circumstance: but acquaint them with

our reasons for entertaining our convictions, and they would no more laugh than we do; provided always that the knowledge came not too suddenly upon them: otherwise, in consequence of the delicate physical sensitiveness of some, it would occasion either Laughter or tears; in others it would produce speechless astonishment; but in all, Homage (expressed in some form of Happiness,) to the Bestower of the faculty that enables us to comprehend these everlasting verities.

CIVILIS. Then our Laughter is not necessarily malevolent even when resulting from any absurdity we perceive in another?

RANDOLPH. All genuine Laughter is involuntary; but Envy, and other selfish passions, frequently avail themselves of the *natural* circumstance, and convert the emotion into an instrument of offence; and sometimes we encourage the paroxysm, or simulate the feeling, for the express purpose of derision and annoyance.

CIVILIS. The more I examine and consider this all-explaining Principle of yours, Randolph, the more I wonder at its elucidating power.

RANDOLPH. Wonder is not the most apposite term for one to use who has really satisfied himself that a First Principle must necessarily possess this power. Wonder, like Laughter, is the bantling of Ignorance. The difference is this: we do not LAUGH until we have obtained the enlightenment, or until we think that we have obtained it; but when we WONDER we are still in the dark. Although I have availed myself of a Mentor's privilege to criticise your language, Civilis, I sometimes share in your astonishment. It is, in comparison with anything previously known, a marvellous power: for it is the only one; and capable of the work it has to accomplish.

CIVILIS. Thank you, my dear Randolph, for reminding me of the nature and office of the First Principle. I feel myself, even yet, but a tyro in the study, and cannot so completely disengage my mind from my old modes of thinking, and old associations, as to avoid Wonder at the power you are teaching me to wield. I am so interested in these applications of the Principle that I should never tire of listening to your eluci-



dations. Tell me, are not the Causes of Wit identical with those which produce Laughter?

RANDOLPH. Allied to one of the immediate causes of Laughter is the talent we call Wit, which consists in a habit (constitutional or acquired) of perceiving incongruities, and comparing absurdly dissimilar ideas; and is one of the incentives to Knowledge; one of the aids thereto, though not the one most legitimate and direct. To perceive wherein things differ is a circuitous way (as used, however, by the mere Jester,) to the perception of the particulars in which they agree; which latter is the direct method of arriving at principles, and thence, at a first Principle. Suddenly to give pointed utterance to these incongruous ideas in a humorous or satirical form, produces, as we have seen, genuine Laughter. A talent the reverse of this is generated by the habit of perceiving SIMILITUDES (more or less remote) between ideas which are not commonly perceived to resemble each other. This habit is Poetical. When such similitudes are made pointedly or gracefully apparent in beautifully appropriate language, and in some systemized and measured form, the result is Poetry. The aptitude to perceive these remote, or usually-overlooked resemblances and analogies in things, constitutes, therefore, the poetical character. To clothe them in appositely-beautiful and metrical language (together with an aptitude in the construction of the fable these similes are to adorn) constitutes the Art of Poetry. And in the application of these talents to the production and promulgation of great verities, or civilizing and noble sentiments, consists the true *value* of Poetry, namely, its Philosophy. And in Poetry, as we have already seen, we have the nearest approach to abstract Philosophy that has been yet attained by man and promulgated amongst us. The reasons for this we already know. An intimate acquaintance with the analogies of Nature leads to extended sympathies, to generalized views, and to philosophical deduction.

CIVILIS. What an unspeakable happiness there is in knowledge! To me this elucidation regarding the real nature and cause of Laughter is especially interesting. Probably there are but few persons who have ever reflected that Laughter

might be homage-giving; and yet the conclusion is inevitable when the feeling is analysed. I now wonder how I missed attaining to this knowledge long ago. But, alas! how insignificant must be the amount of all we can know of ourselves as long as we are ignorant of the Principle which enables us to explain all mental phenomena, and as long as we entertain the erroneous notion that to know ourselves is an impossible acquisition. I remember once (when a student of the Inner Temple) laughing aloud in the midst of a most instructive and impressive Lecture on "Evidence." To an auditory as mute as death the Lecturer was detailing the circumstances which led to the discovery of Eugene Aram's guilty knowledge of the murder of Clark. "Taking up one of the bones," said the Lecturer, "which were supposed to be those of the murdered man, Aram incautiously remarked;—'These are no more Clark's bones than they are my bones.' To which a bystander instantly replied:—'If you know that these bones are not Clark's bones, you must know where Clark's bones are.'" The circumstances of this singular case were new to me; and the unlooked-for and most ingenious inference of the bystander, added to the solemnly-emphatic delivery by the Lecturer of these accusing words, let such a flood of light into my mind on the subject of evidence, and the mode of eliciting truth, that, as I have told you, I laughed aloud. I would have given the world to escape the momentary indignation which rebuked me for the unseemly interruption. I *felt* that my emotion was an homage to Truth; and an homage also to the Speaker; but I should have been totally unable then to make the fact comprehensible to another.

RANDOLPH. Many earnest, truth-seeking minds must occasionally experience similar sensations: but do you perceive, Civilis, from this truth-elucidating fact through which Eugene Aram's guilty knowledge discovered itself, HOW DIFFICULT IT IS TO ACT IN CONTRAVENTION OF OUR KNOWLEDGE?\*

The strongest motives to falsehood were operating on Aram's mind, and yet the Truth slipped out! On the strength of the Principle involved in this fact must be based, as I have fre-

\* See the natural Truthfulness of the human mind vindicated, pages 85 and 86.

quently told you, our hopes of the subjugation of Evil, and the reformation of the world. Let the world rid itself of all *motives* to Falsehood, and the Soul will no sooner perceive a Truth than it will render due homage to the God of Truth by acting conformably with its perception. This is Religion, Civilis: and Religion is a Necessity. The Soul does not "worship" Truth: but, perceiving it, obedience to its dictates follows of necessity. Happiness cannot but be grateful to the Bestower of it: and this is the highest form of Worship, save alone the Acts that grow out of it which have for their object the bestowal of Happiness on others. This is "The whole duty of Man." When Jesus of Nazareth was questioned on this subject; reducing the ten commandments of the Jews to two, he replied in these words:—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and with all thy strength: This is the first and great commandment: And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He does not, Civilis, enjoin on men "lip-worship:" he even reprehends "long prayers:" but, both by precept and example, he enjoins acts of self-denial in material things; and in spiritual things, unceasing acts of Love. **THE KNOWLEDGE WE WOULD TEACH MANKIND**, Civilis, not only enjoins these duties, but enforces them. This form of expression might sound egotistical and presumptuous: but it is not so: it is an explanation, not a vain-glorious boast. No one is more grateful for the God-like beneficence of Christ's teaching than myself; nor more humbly grateful for the Knowledge which has the capability of enforcing the practice of his happiness-affording Code of Love.

CIVILIS. Suppose all men possessed of this knowledge, my dear Randolph; would intervals of time be set apart for public Prayer and Worship, as at present? And if so, what would be the nature of the forms and ceremonies used on such occasions?

RANDOLPH. In Religious observances, as in Social and Legislative arrangements, the doings of the Future will be determined by the general amount of Intelligence which may at any time exist in any given community. But when men arrive, universally, at a just conception of the nature of Deity,

Prayer and Worship will not be the sole, perhaps not the ostensible, object of the frequent gatherings of the people. These periodical meetings will be more for the dissemination of knowledge than for the purposes of Prayer: for spiritual communion with God, and of Soul with Soul, than for laudatory Worship. It will be felt that to do Right is the vitality of Religion: and knowing what is Right—to teach it to the young—will be the dignified, happiness-affording duty of the old. The Temple of the Deity will be consecrated to Truth; and ALL Truth will be taught in the Temple. There will be no absurd distinction between secular truth and religious truth;—because there is no such distinction in reality. I shall, perhaps, better explain my meaning by reading to you the termination of a letter written by Dionysius to one who had applied to him for instruction on these subjects; but chiefly as to the efficacy and propriety of prayer. After commenting on the universality of the Prayer which Christ bequeathed to us, he says:—

“No prayer is good that is selfish. No prayer is good that is not in its nature and purpose universal. That which is desirable for us is desirable for all men. But as the Deity, our spiritual Father needs not to alter or suspend his Laws to accomplish the purposes he seeth good to be accomplished, and will not do so at our presumptuous promptings and ignorant entreaties, why, though knowing how to pray, should we pray at all? Because every rational act of oral or mental prayer is a closer intercommunion of our Spirit with the Divine Spirit: every such act, therefore, will hallow and strengthen thy Spirit; and thy prayer, if rational, and the end thou seekest be in consonance with the divine purposes of the Deity in the government of his Universe, will, peradventure, be answered by a spiritual light and power that may enable thee to realize thy hopes, and accomplish the good work thou desirest to do. Thus much as to the propriety and efficacy of Prayer. But, my dear young friend, remember this:—Every good wish; every right act, is prayer also; and Praise, and Homage too. To be a Spiritualist thou must, by the unselfish excellence of thy thoughts and acts, PRAY ALWAYS: and this is assuredly the highest homage thou canst render Him

who desireth no ignorantly-servile submission; and cannot be gratified, after the manner of men, by mere lip-worship and laudations. To do right: to love thy fellow-creatures as thy heavenly Father loveth thee: to get Knowledge, and to live up to the full standard of thy spiritual nature: to subdue the animal, and evolve the god, is assuredly the most acceptable homage thou canst pay to Deity. But pray sometimes in thy closet. Abstract thyself from sense; and ask for strength and light: but chiefly that thou mayest be both strength and light to those who, wallowing in the slough of animalism, need thy help, thy strength, and thy enlightenment. Thus it was that he who had no selfishness taught Selfishness to pray."

Here our conversation was postponed until the morrow. The reader who has thus far accompanied us is a bold man. The timid will have long since laid the book aside. The Bigot will probably have burnt it. But he who has had the courage to read it thus far with that critical attention which the most momentous subject that can occupy the mind of man demands of him,—whether he be with me or against me, wholly or in part—is a wiser man than when he began the task of its perusal. We shall have but little further occasion for abstruse discussion, and that little will be chiefly confined to a portion of the following chapter.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

### RANDOLPH. CIVILIS.

CIVILIS. The public prints, to-day, relate one of those incidents, so fearfully interesting because so inscrutable, which shake our faith in the Soul's separate sovereignty within us. —Three men, traitors to Laws they sanction not, are taken in armed rebellion against those Laws, and ordered to be shot. Preparation is instantly made for their execution. They kneel to meet their fate. A file of soldiers present their muskets, and wait only the order from the officer in command to Fire. "Recover Arms!" The three lives forfeited to the Laws are

spared. The condemned men rise: two of them grateful if not wiser men: the third an Idiot; thenceforth, forevermore—a moping Idiot! It is such facts as these, Randolph, that

“PUZZLE THE WILL;

“AND MAKE US RATHER BEAR THOSE ILLS WE HAVE,

“THAN FLY TO OTHERS THAT WE KNOW NOT OF.”

What is the change that has taken place here—in this microcosm that we call a Man,—by which the bold traitor, at the bare thought of death, is scared in an instant into Idiocy? What has occurred that he who was perhaps capable of reasoning out all the problems of Newton's Principia one moment, is, in the next, incapable of comprehending that two and two make four!

RANDOLPH. Men have not only become Idiots, but have died of Fear: which is, perhaps, not less a marvel.

CIVILIS. But, admitting this, it is no explanation of the sad phenomenon.

RANDOLPH. Certainly not, Civilis: but probably the same explanation, or a similar one, would comprehend both facts.

CIVILIS. When death ensues, inconceivable as is in all cases the cause of death, we no longer look for consciousness in the deserted tenement: but whilst the body lives—if the Soul still tenant it—we marvel that it makes no intellectual use of the organs of sense through which it was wont to receive intelligence from the external world, as well as to communicate its previously recorded Knowledge. What has happened that this communication is no longer possible? Has Memory faded? and is the everlasting Future an unconscious blank?

RANDOLPH. Were this surmise of yours true, Civilis, what a multitude of absurdities were also true! and how numberless the facts we hold to be true—on the strength of their converse being impossible—are false! That any portion of the Matter of a grain of sand can ever be annihilated is felt to be—is known to be—impossible. How, then, can that which has a still more positive being—which is and is CONSCIOUS THAT IT IS—a Being the very essence of which is KNOWING—ever cease to be conscious? ever part with its Knowledge?

ever undergo the annihilation which, to the smallest particle of unconscious Matter, is impossible?

CIVILIS. The position you are taking is, I admit, a strong one. *How* that which *is* could be destroyed, or *why* it should be destroyed, is certainly inconceivable.

RANDOLPH. Again. Had you, had any man, think you, ever so much as an inkling that that which every man is compelled to believe to be impossible, is nevertheless true?

CIVILIS. Answering only for myself, certainly not.

RANDOLPH. Furthermore. Did you ever DESIRE that any truth, the converse of which is impossible, should be the converse of what we are compelled to think it? For example: did any man ever seriously *desire* that the whole should not be greater than a part.

CIVILIS. Assuredly, Randolph, no sane man ever seriously desired this.

RANDOLPH. Did any sane man, think you, ever seriously and permanently Desire annihilation?

CIVILIS. Never: because, in the first place, to entertain a desire so irrational is itself an evidence of insanity; in the next place, such a desire is against nature; for it is clear that the very constitution of the Thinking Principle is a provision for an extended if not an eternal Future; hence, nothing could be more inconsistent with our internal promptings, and with the apparatus (so to speak) by which these promptings are realized, than to desire that the Principle so appointed and fitted for continuance and progression, should be blotted out from existence (were this possible) for ever. I do not think, therefore, that it is possible for any man seriously and permanently to desire annihilation.

RANDOLPH. It is clear, then, that our Intuitions do not force any fact upon our consciousness and belief that we could, sanely and rationally, desire to be other than it is.

CIVILIS. To my thinking nothing can be more clear than this.

RANDOLPH. If we could not avoid the belief that this Fright-made Idiot's Memory were annihilated, and that his Future must thenceforth be to him an everlasting blank, is it a consummation which a sane mind must so desire as not to wish reversed?

CIVILIS. Certainly not. Speaking only for myself, I feel there is a principle within me which rebels against even the thought of annihilation. I feel, moreover, that a beneficent God could not have created an universe of conscious creatures, implanting in them a Desire for eternal existence, only to respond to that desire by annihilation.

RANDOLPH. Then, Civilis, THE THOUGHT YOU GAVE UTTERANCE TO CONCERNING THE INCIDENT WHICH SHOOK YOUR FAITH IN THE SEPARATE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL, AND IN ITS IMMORTALITY—DIFFICULT, IF NOT IMPOSSIBLE, AS IT IS TO ACCOUNT SCIENTIFICALLY FOR THE PHENOMENON WHICH EXCITED IT—IS SEEN TO BE A THOUGHT WHICH NO RATIONAL MIND, JUDGING RATIONALLY, CAN ACCEPT AS TRUE: NAY, MORE: WHICH NO SANE MIND, JUDGING SANELY, IS NOT COMPELLED TO REPUDIATE AS FALSE. However impossible it might be, therefore, to comprehend the connexion between Mind and Matter so as to make comprehensible to another how the Soul can be cut off from all rational communication with the outer world whilst imprisoned in a body, the delicate organization of which has been so rudely disarranged, it is obvious that the incident furnishes no basis on which the Materialist or the Atheist can rationally erect a doubt of the Soul's immaterial existence and immortality. That we have a nervous system, which disease might disorganize, or an accident throw into confusion, is no proof that Matter—organized or unorganized, dead or living—THINKS; much less that it confers on itself the power to conceive of a Substance more subtle than itself; that, Self-taught, it invents theories concerning this Substance; that it creates Systems; establishes Laws; contrives and sets in motion the machinery of the Mind; rises to the sublime conception of a limitless Universe and an infinite spiritual God; transmits the magnificent falsehood to another organism like itself, to be thus transmitted again, and again, and for ever; and, having done all this, that it ruptures a blood-vessel or strains a nerve, falls to the ground an unconscious clod, and that its Power—Conscious and Creative—ceases thereupon, and passes into nothing!

CIVILIS. But, if these anomalous circumstances contradict the notion that the Organism is the Ego—and I admit



they do—still, they do not furnish an *absolute* proof that the Ego is a substance distinct from the Organism; which is the fact requiring proof.

RANDOLPH. When I assert that two bodies cannot occupy, at the self-same time, the self-same point in space, I state a fact which is self-evident, the converse being impossible: how can proof be given, or who can sanely seek a proof, more absolute than this?

CIVILIS. Sceptics seek such superfluous proofs: but I am not a Sceptic.

RANDOLPH. No rational man can be a Sceptic. The proof that the Organism is not the Ego is found, Civilis, in the absurdity of the converse notion,—in the manifest impossibility of the fact. Consider this: the Power that performs any act which exemplifies contrivance, foresight, and intelligence, is **SOMETHING**, or it is **NOTHING**. Passing over the self-confuting solecism which compelled me in the last member of the statement just made to assert that that which is **NOT** *is*—it is manifest that if this Power be **SOMETHING**, to suppose that this Something (the reasoning Faculty, for example) can ever cease to **BE**—can ever pass into **Non-Being**—were to entertain a notion which (as I have already shewn you) all sane minds are compelled to reject as false because so obviously impossible: but if this Power be **NOTHING**, then we must assent to the notion that Nothing can be the Thinker of thoughts, the Solver of problems, the Discoverer, if not the Creator, of Laws, and the Doer of rational deeds; which also is a notion that all sane minds must reject as false because so manifestly impossible. Hence, the conclusions we inevitably arrive at are, First, that, the Ego, or Principle which Thinks, is **SOMETHING**; and, Secondly, that, since it is impossible that that which *is* can cease to **BE**—in other words—that Being can ever pass into **Non-Being**, it follows that the Thinking Ego must exist for ever.

CIVILIS. And **THINK** for ever?

RANDOLPH. If the Organism be the Ego, then Thinking for ever, as well as Existing for ever, does not form part of my corollary.

CIVILIS. Which is unfortunate, inasmuch as the part not

included is tantamount to the whole; for BEING, without KNOWING, is, in effect, NON-BEING; and your argument has proved nothing.

RANDOLPH. As you now seem to be arguing for the sake of argument, I have purposely put my proposition hypothetically: and I say again:—if the Organism be the Ego which thinks, then, Thinking for ever, as well as Existing for ever, does not form part of my conclusion; because the Matter of the Organism, ceasing to be organized, ceases to be in the condition which is supposed to be capable of Thought. I commenced this argument by stating the fact you have just insisted on—namely, that POSITIVE BEING IS CONSCIOUS BEING, or, as you have negatively expressed it, that, Being, without Knowing, is Non-Being: now, as Non-Being cannot think, the Being which does think must be Positive Being, and not Matter, or a mere *condition of matter*; consequently, the Thinking Ego within us is not organic; and as it must Exist for ever, so it must Think for ever; simply because Being, without Thinking, would be Non-Being, which we have seen to be impossible. The fact that no Man ever does, or can, really and rationally, entertain the notion that his physical Body, or any part thereof, IS HIS THINKING SELF, might be, moreover, inferred from this idiosyncrasy of our mental nature; namely, We always think and speak of every part of our physical selves, as well as of the entire Person, as of something *external* to ourselves; as a *possession* of ours; and not our VERY SELVES. Furthermore, our Language—the very genius of which is the necessary result of the idiosyncracies of our Mental Nature—testifies to the same fact; we all say, *my Head*, *my Brain*, *my Heart*, *my Blood*, *my Nerves*, just as we say *my Pen*, *my Book*, *my Paper*; thus, repudiating, as though by instinct, the notion that any of the parts of my body, or all of them together, represent ME—the Conscious, Thinking, Speaking, Acting, Master of the machinery that does my bidding—ME. I repeat, then—and I am satisfied thus to leave it—the circumstance of our having a delicate nervous system, which disease or accident might deprive of the power of *manifesting* Rational Thought, or Consciousness, or Life, is no proof that the Organism is the Ego, or that Rational

Thought, like a Taper's flame, is a mere physical phenomenon which an accident might extinguish,—a star-mocking meteor lighted but for a moment to dazzle and to die,—a luminous Falsehood kindled for no imaginable use! Yet this we must believe, and a great deal more which is equally impossible and absurd, if we lose faith in Reason, and doubt of the independent existence and supremacy of the Spiritual Soul. —Let me remark, in passing, that I know of no credulity more irrational, amongst "Civilized" men, than this Atheistic Materialism;—except, indeed, the MANOLATRY which consists in worshipping the "Man Jesus" as a God; the invention of an absurd Polytheism—a Triunity of Gods!—far less reconcilable with Reason than the Polytheism of ancient Greece; and the fabrication of a superstitious Theology, in harmony with this invention, by which our Modern Heathens insult Truth, and the God of Truth, hinder the development of Mind, stunt the Intellect of men to the barbarian standard, and ignore the Knowledge with which the Sciences, in spite of this Theology, have enriched us out of the arduous labour of nearly two thousand years! Jesus of Nazareth did not teach any such absurdity, Civilis. He said, emphatically and distinctly, "God is a Spirit,"—not three spirits, mark you, but ONE Spirit—and that men must "worship Him in spirit and in truth." The Superstition which has reared this gross fabric of Heathenism, and the Credulity which supports it, are every way more pernicious than that undisguised Atheism which, at least, leaves men at liberty to reason themselves out of Atheism up to that DEISM—the worship of One God in spirit and in truth—which this Heathenish Manolatry has ever striven—and still strives—to cover with obloquy, and convert into a reproach! Manolatry is not Christianity, Civilis. Superstition is not Christianity. Athanasianism is not Christianity. Idol-worship is not Christianity. Virgin-worship is not Christianity. Theological Dogmatism is not Christianity. Bible-worship is not Christianity. CHRISTIANITY is the worship of One God in spirit and in truth: Doing unto all men as we would that all men should do unto us: walking in the ways of Jesus: living his life: feeding the multitude: healing the sick: giving sight to the blind—sight to those who have

eyes but see not : raising the dead by infusing a spirit into dead Materialism : overcoming evil by good : abasing Mammon : driving the money-changers from the temple : blessing little children : instructing all men : humanizing the nations : converting the whole earth into a human brotherhood : sacrificing, if it must be so, every earthly comfort for the attainment of these objects : turning not aside at the frowns of Power : heeding not the Scorners' scorn : and, if need be, dying the death of our great Exemplar, and shedding our heart's blood, for the redemption from Ignorance and Error of a misguided world. This is Christianity, Civilis ; and if our priesthood but preached this Christianity, and inculcated the practice thereof, we might forgive them the heathenish devices which secures to them their power.

This parenthetical digression has been somewhat longer than I intended it to be, Civilis ; but it has not been introduced to divert your attention from the subject which suggested it. By way of explaining the phenomenon under consideration—I mean that total or partial separation of the Soul from all rational intercourse with the external world which we call Idiocy—I will hazard an hypothesis which I think might afford a clue to the solution of the Physical difficulty, if it does not satisfactorily explain it.

CIVILIS. To my principal difficulty—I mean, the doubt which had arisen in my mind as to the possibility of the Soul's annihilation—you have given me a very satisfactory reply : for, certainly, the impossibility of conceiving *how* anything which exists absolutely can ever cease to exist, is strongly conclusive against the annihilation of an immaterial substance which not only exists but knows it. So also your Argument, drawn from the fact of our compelled assent to every *necessary* truth without the possibility of desiring that it should be other than it is, not holding good in reference to the Soul's annihilation, is a further, and a very strong corroborative proof of the same fact. Whilst your last argument—that of the impossibility of the Deity making our desire for immortality an intuitive sentiment of the Soul only to answer it by annihilation—is of itself so perfectly conclusive against the possibility of its annihilation, that, were this the only evidence,

I should not need a more conclusive proof of the Soul's separate existence and immortality. Yet, notwithstanding this, my dear Randolph, any light you can throw on the physical cause of Idiocy cannot but be interesting.

RANDOLPH. As I have said, *Civilis*, this branch of our enquiry belongs to the Physiologist and not to the Metaphysician. I can but theorize, not having the data on which to erect a demonstration.—That even a Purely Spiritual Being could communicate with another Purely Spiritual Being without a MEDIUM of some kind, is inconceivable, if not impossible. That the Soul—the Thinking Ego within us, conjoined as it is so mysteriously to Matter, could communicate with the material world, or one Soul thus circumstanced communicate with another, without a *medium* and an *agent* of communication, is also inconceivable. That, in this latter case, the NERVES—some of them so minute as to be scarcely visible without optical aid—serve as the MEDIUM of communication, is a physiological fact too well known to require more than to be mentioned. That ELECTRICITY—a substance which seems to hold a place midway between Spirit and Matter—is the AGENT employed seems probable: and, if so, it is easy to conceive how a rude shock might so disarrange the nervous system, or produce such a chemical change in the structure of these viewless organs of communication, as to interrupt, partially or entirely, permanently or transitorily, according to the extent or nature of the injury sustained by them,—the passage of the agent to and from the seat of Consciousness. This theory, if true, seems to me to explain the phenomenon which suggested your enquiry. More injury, or the same amount of injury sustained by nerves more delicate, might have instantly caused the phenomenon we call Death.

CIVILIS. Then, Lunacy and Madness, on the same hypothesis, are accounted for by disease, or overwork, or any all-engrossing subject of thought inordinately indulged in, so acting on the nervous system, and producing a change of structure therein, that wrong impressions are conveyed through the sensorium to the Soul, in one case; and by the medium of communication being rendered too susceptible of particular impressions, in the other?

RANDOLPH. This is the solution which, to my mind, accounts satisfactorily for most of those mental aberrations to which humanity is subject, if not for all of them; and, if the hypothesis be a true one, then, IDIOTCY is caused by the want of the needful or healthy means of communication between the Conscious Soul and the external world: whilst LUNACY and MADNESS are the result of right conclusions drawn from erroneous premises; or wrong impressions produced by the disease of the medium through which they are conveyed; causing, as in the former case, right conclusions to be drawn from premises which are erroneous;—a proof that Insanity is no disease of the immaterial Soul. It is evident, therefore, that where false data produce mad conclusions, the cure for all such madness is the Truth: but where mad conclusions are the result of disease, the case is one in which the Physician must attempt the cure.\* How the mysterious communications to which I just now adverted are performed; how the Thinking Principle impresses its Will on the Agent which so instantaneously does its bidding; how the Agent acquires motion, passes, and performs its mission, whether that mission be to raise a finger, or pronounce an oration that shall vibrate through the world, will probably remain a mystery until the Physiologist can tell us by what wonder-working alchemy the blood which circulates through our veins is here converted into bone, there into muscle, elsewhere into tissue, nerve or brain: but that the matter of the blood is so converted, is a fact capable of proof, and appreciable by every understanding: it is a *necessary* fact: we know that it is so, that it *must be so*, even though we do not (which, however, we might) *see* the concrete proof thereof. In like manner, it is as certain—because equally *necessary* and inevitable—that there is within us an apparatus and an Agent for the transmission of Thought, and an immaterial Ego which thinks, and Wills, and Acts, as that there is an Universe external to us, and a God that is the Author of it all.

I repeat, then, the incident which shook your faith in the eternity of Memory and the immortality of the Soul, is seen

\* See MADNESS and LUNACY, page 192, to the end of the Chapter.

to be, like the Ghosts which affright the ignorant and haunt the superstitious, a mere creature of the imagination, which has but to be confronted and questioned to be proved unsubstantial, illusory, and false.

CIVILIS. This solution of the physical part of the difficulty I raised to the Spiritual basis of your Philosophy, you have advanced as a mere hypothesis. I must say that I think it a reasonable one; and if physiologically true, conclusive. I am glad that your hypothetical solution of this difficulty demands of me only an hypothetical assent. Let me tell you why. Last night I dreamed that you had published these Conversations, and that certain grave Critics had taken exception to your book, chiefly because the "Mr. Civilis, who did the Objector" (as one of them, methought, facetiously expressed it), "allowed the sage Randolph to have everything his own way; that his arguments were weak, his manner vacillating, and his pretended opposition a transparent sham." I thought I called your attention to these strictures, at which, though conscious of having argued, not for mere victory, but for Truth, I seemed to experience considerable annoyance. You laughed at my uneasiness, and said, "What would these Critics have, Civilis? Opposition for the sake of opposition? A pot-house argument—fierce, noisy, and interminable? Do these gentlemen think there is really no right and wrong in any question? or that wrong and right are so nearly related, so much alike, that every argument should be a mere wordy, long-winded, illogical brawl? and that every brawl, if it terminate in a peaceable and gentlemanly way, must be a drawn battle? No, no," you continued, "if Mr. Civilis *does* perform the part of Objector negligently, and wilfully allows judgment to go by default, the exception taken thereto amounts to nothing; for if these Critics believe in a complicity by which honest argument is set at nought and Truth sacrificed, it follows that they think Mr. Randolph's facts to be assumptions, his reasonings fallacies, and his conclusions false: and, in this case, to prove that Mr. Civilis might have done the part of Objector more effectually, they have only to shew us how Mr. Randolph's arguments might be met and controverted. Until they have done this, they have done nothing; and our conclusions remain unanswered."

RANDOLPH. I doubt, Civilis, if I could make a better defence against the puerile cavillings of *real critics*, than you have offered for me against the facetious animadversions of *unreal ones*; and, in case my Notes of these conversations should ever get into print, I think I cannot do better, by way of anticipating such objections, than to indorse and adopt it. But let me tell you what, in such a case, would be a far more formidable, because a far more reasonable objection. It is this:—Mr. Civilis possesses so lively an imagination, that our talk frequently becomes too desultory and disjointed to be really effective as a philosophical discourse. Now, what has Mr. Civilis to answer to this objection, which is a grave and solid one?

CIVILIS. That is to say,—“Your reasons, Jack, your reasons?” But you know, Randolph, that “though reasons were as plentiful as blackberries,” valiant men never give reasons “on compulsion.” Under protest, however, I will give you *one*. My answer shall be given in the words of the worthy Dogberry—though not with precisely the same estimate of the utterer of the oracle as the worshipful Dogberry entertained when he made the pregnant sentence immortal—

“God is to be worshipp’d,—ALL MEN ARE NOT ALIKE.”

Some men have to be whipped, others to be wheedled into wisdom. Some persons can take—and there are Physicians who prescribe—physic in good, substantial, half-pint potions at a dose. By far the greater number of patients, however, prefer infinitesimal doses of the distasteful drug;—and Philosophy, so those who are best informed on the subject tell us, is everywhere “a drug.”

RANDOLPH. Still, Civilis, drugs ought not to be adulterated.

CIVILIS. It is possible to render them palatable without adulteration; but even then these patients can be only got to take the prescribed remedy sip by sip: and what matters it so the health-affording draught goes down? Depend upon it, my dear Randolph, if there be only a word or two of constructive Deism or Treason in a book, there are always thousands of the lynx-eyed spies of Despotism ready to discover and proclaim it. So, if there be any real Philosophy, any



germ of Good, scattered, however sparingly, throughout its pages, it also will be, ultimately if not immediately, discovered and proclaimed. Nor will it always be the less prized because not promised on the Title-page. Moreover, the gilded pill, or the draught infinitesimally divided, will be considered by most people rather a recommendation than a fault. Sermons, Homilies, Books of "Divinity," are almost universally soporific: and who does not fall into the all-embracing arms of Momus if he but make the vain attempt to spend an hour or two with Hobbs? Too much of one thing is good for nothing, Randolph; which reminds me that it is quite possible to have too much of this.

RANDOLPH. One thing is certain, Civilis, that where the ways are numerous the wisest can take but one: and the one which is best known to the traveller will be generally found, for *him*, to be the safest and most direct.

CIVILIS. Then I will continue my interrogations; and, as heretofore, (first apologising for having somewhat deviated from the rule to-night,) I shall be reasonable enough to be satisfied with an unanswerable reply. And whilst Physic and Physicians are in my mind, I would ask you whether, like Lawyers, Physicians—the "Regular Practitioners" as well as Quacks—will not have to be dispensed with under the Intellectual System? In other words, Is Ignorance the sole cause of disease?

RANDOLPH. There can be no doubt of it, Civilis. Ignorance is the cause of all Evil, and, therefore, the cause of Disease. Amongst the instinct-guarded Brutes that range the fields and forests in their natural state of liberty, it has been said—though I know not with what truth—that there is no disease. Man is Reason-guarded; and in this, as in all other matters, his Free Will, undirected by his neglected Reason, has plunged him into Error; and Error, into every description of Evil; and into this amongst the rest. The Health of the Lichen that luxuriates in the shade of yonder wall, is necessarily Purposed and Provided for by the Author of its being. And think you, Civilis, that the Health of the Human Species, the most favoured and peculiar work of the Deity, is not also Purposed and Provided for? The provision for Man's Health

is in his Reason. In all things his necessities admonish him to THINK. He is to have no Happiness, no Heaven-blest existence, if he neglect to think:—a providential provision, Civilis, for urging him to become Intelligent. It is, moreover, one of many collateral proofs of the high purpose of his being; his God-like nature; and his self-deciding destiny. Without Perception (which is only another name for Reason) Man could not obtain Food to nourish him, nor Raiment to cover him, nor Shelter to protect him from the inclement blast. And, if through his perception he obtain these,—through the same means, why not Health? And if Health, why not all he desires and needs? HIS DESIRE AND HIS NEED PRECEDE HIS EFFORT. He needs and desires Food: his perception enables him to find it. He needs and desires Health, and shall not his perception enable him to secure it also? He desires Happiness; but without the means to obtain it, his desire would be a mockery. We have seen that his Reason, which procures him all his other blessings, also procures him this. He desires (how greatly he desires!) Immortality: and why does he desire it, if within himself, he has not the means of securing the object of his desire? Nothing is given him but through the exercise of his Reason: and, if not his Food, why his Health? If not his Health, why his Immortality? If we cannot know that twelve times twelve are equal to a hundred and forty-four without the aid of our Reason; how, without it, should we know that the Soul is Immortal? But, if Reason enables us to know the fact of least value to us, and towards which we feel no instinctive desire; why should it not also enable us to know the other, which is all-important, and towards which we are impelled by the most irresistible desire? But the Desire to obtain Food must be followed by a rational Effort, or food is denied to us. The desire to procure Health, or Happiness, or Heavenly-bliss must, in like manner, be followed by a rational Effort, or these also are unattainable. But as Food and Raiment are not denied us when thus striven for; neither is an Immortality of Happiness, nor Health. No, Civilis;—we should not need and desire Health, if the exercise of our Reason did not enable us to obtain it. "Death, a necessary End, will come when it will come;" but

were we wise enough to live conformably to the dictates of our Reason, we should all attain old age, and die a painless death, and experience a calm translation from the physical to the spiritual world. In a rational state of society, and when the Diseases resulting from the folly of our progenitors shall have worn themselves out, there will be no disease which our Intelligence will not enable us to prevent; or, if it come, to cure. Even now, there is much good sense, not to say philosophy, in the well-known maxim, that "a man of forty is either a fool or his own physician." This would be beyond all question true, were men wise enough to live according to the obvious requirements of nature, and had they the necessary leisure to study a science in which every human being is so largely interested. But as things are at present ordered, to live according to nature is next to impossible. Food in some places is too plentiful: in others too scarce: in other places there is none. In the first case, all methods are tried to tempt the cloyed appetite; and feasting and riot is the one great business of human life: in the second case the food is frequently unwholesome, as well as scant, whilst the one, all-engrossing idea of the class thus circumstanced, is to ensure a supply of it. In the third case, thousands are always on the verge of starvation; depending on the chance of the day, or the daily dole, for the daily meal. With the sumptuous fare there is little healthful exercise: with the scanty fare, there is incessant labour: with the beggar, rags, and every variety of wretchedness. The consequence is, in every case, Disease; and, in the latter cases, maladies so fatally contagious, that in the plenitude of our queer piety, we father them on Heaven! No, Civilis! we must have our inconveniences and our sorrows here; and these are provided for by our ignorance in infancy, and our liability to error through the whole of our pilgrimage on earth: but all physical evils might be avoided without perilling our after-life felicity; and to get rid of the Physician might possibly help us to avoid disease.

CIVILIS. I hold this to be a very lucid answer, Randolph. Certainly I could pick many holes in it were I to reason from that superficial view of things which is so much relied on by the world under the imposing title of "Common-sense;" but

having learned to look into the depths of things, I cannot permit myself to cavil about points which, superficially viewed, might seem to be anomalous, but which I perceive our abstract Principle answers.

RANDOLPH. Your night-mare Critic seems to have made a deep impression on your mind, Civilis.

CIVILIS. Which, being interpreted, means, I am but warring with a shadow? Well: be it so. I will add, however, that Common-sense is always right when it asks questions, not when, unaided by Uncommon-sense, it presumptuously aspires to determine them. Resolve me, therefore, one more Common-sense question, and I am ready for the Essay. From numberless causes that produce disease, it is probable that, annually, hundreds of thousands prematurely die. If the restraints imposed by Poverty be removed, will not more be born? and if born in health, and if disease be banished from amongst us, would not the over-population so much dreaded by some, be more to be apprehended?

RANDOLPH. He who made the Earth, made it spacious enough for its inhabitants. But, Civilis, when men live up to the standard of their mental nature, and spiritualize themselves by knowledge, it is presumable that they will no longer propagate like hares and rabbits; but that births will be relatively rare in proportion to the certainty that every birth is the nativity of an Intelligence,—the advent of a future god. I do not mean that the forethought of men will altogether, if at all, produce this state of things; but that, as our intellectual nature predominates within us, our physical nature, and probably our sensual appetites, will be greatly changed. The Essay I am now to read to you, Civilis, although it has been in some measure anticipated by what has already passed in review before us, is, nevertheless, important, inasmuch as it distinctly shews that,—whilst our Literature is what the former Essays have shewn it to be, namely, of slight value when tested by the highest test; containing but little real and much spurious knowledge; much sentimental and didactic teaching which is false and wrong, and little that is true and right;—it is, nevertheless, of the first consequence to all men  
—TO THE ILLITERATE AND HALF-EDUCATED POOR ESPE-

of information and knowledge, but is the real cause of the continuance of the monopoly. There is Power amongst men only because there is Impotence and Imbecility; and this Knowledge (valueless as much of it is) is Power. There is surface Urbanity and Politeness, only because there is Boorishness; and this Knowledge is the Urbanity and Politeness. There is Polish only because there is Coarseness; and this Knowledge is the Polish. It is nothing in itself: and if all possessed it, its nothingness would be apparent, and its present value gone. As it is, the possessors of Book-knowledge; and, of course, all the conventionally-educated aristocracy of all nations, do really feel themselves to be superior animals, and naturally look down with peacock complacency and contempt on all below them who lack the showy externals in which they so exclusively rejoice. And it must be confessed that some of them are refined and elegant savages enough; most fascinating in their manners; knowing exactly when to stoop, and how. It is quite a luxury to see with what easy dignity all real Lords and Ladies can sustain an artificial character, and how gracefully they can demean themselves on all occasions. These people—whose ability to do better things is so apparent—luxuriate in a kind of sublimated Cannibalism. It is, however, much more refined and far-seeing than the cannibalism that goes naked, and lives in huts, and feeds on the physical fat and muscles of their fellows: no: it is far more delicate, far more provident, to feed upon the products of their labour, than to pick their bones; to house their victims in huts, and live themselves in Palaces; to reduce their victims to systemized submission, and amuse themselves by invisible control; to keep their victims in barbarous ignorance, the better to seem themselves like gods, and to make their reign perpetual.

“Below these majestic creatures, there is a class of semi-refined savages that apes the learning of the Learned, and the grandeur of the Great: a class, moreover, far less delicate and refined; but more lofty, more cruel, and if anything, more cannibally-given, than the lordly Anthropophagi it strives to imitate. But, be it known to all men that it is the more or less limited acquaintance with the Literature we have been examining that makes all the difference between the Anthropophagi of

Birth, and the Anthropophagi of newly-acquired distinction and wealth; as well as between really well-read men and superficial pretenders. Be it also known that there is no other difference between these and the Artisans, and the Hodmen, and the Thieves, and the Beggars at the bottom of this so beautifully graduated scale of "orders" into which the Sons and Daughters of the Deity are divided on this, His blessing-bearing Earth.

"It will be seen that there is more Knowledge contained in our First Principle, than in all our Didactic, Historic, and Imaginative Literature put together. It contains, in fact, all the yet unthought-of Knowledge which can in any way appertain to Mentality: so that with it, the most illiterate might be far wiser than are the most learned without it: hence, no man need despair of being the peer of any other man, whatever his Learning, in all matters of Philosophy. In Physics, he who is master of the greatest number of facts, and who reasons most wisely concerning them, will always possess an advantage over him who has fewer facts, and who reasons worse. I mean, of course, as long as a Selfish System robs the larger possessor of the unbought happiness of imparting them. Not so, however, in Mental Philosophy. To know the First Principle makes all men peers in the highest Knowledge: and when this parity of Knowledge has been once attained universally in any Nation or separate community of Men, all else that is desirable follows of necessity. To be equal by nature, and to be thoroughly conscious of this equality, is to be equal Socially: and then, whatever arrangements might be agreed upon for the general convenience, will necessarily be based on the general Happiness. This is not, however, the Republicanism, nor the Socialism, nor the Communism which is everywhere clamouring for a recognised existence. The Millennium which benighted enthusiasts yearn for will never come whilst Ignorance dreams that Socialism consists in Idleness—or in Sensuality reduced to a system. No! Socialism is ever-active Spiritualism, limiting the animal to its smallest dimensions, and lifting the Intellect to the summit of its capabilities. The ameliorations of the Social Evils to which such large masses of men are now directing their aspirations, and

giving form to by combinations thus variously denominated, are still afar off in the dim distance which mind cannot penetrate without the optic-glass of an all enlightening Principle. Such a Principle is now our own; and, by its aid, the possibility of the wished-for Millennium is distinctly seen. But the work of regeneration must be the work of the Intellect working in the multitude. They must educate themselves. This work must be begun in earnest, and pursued with a steadiness of aim, and a self-reliance which it might take ages to acquire: but acquire it they must, or continue thralls.

"Perhaps the most important maxim we have derived from classic antiquity is 'Know thyself:' but the author of the aphorism did not supply us with the key to the Knowledge he commended, with such truly Doric simplicity, to our attention. Without the key, the injunction, *Do right*, were not more an enigma.

"If we take it for granted that the subject of *self* is inscrutable, we naturally make no effort to know ourselves: and the aphorism is useless.

"If we believe each individual self to be a mere transitory existence, and that our species only is immortal, we necessarily decline the study altogether; and here again the aphorism is useless, for it leads to no result.

"If we believe in our immortality, but at the same time assure ourselves that we are by nature 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' the maxim is realised in the belief; but so unsatisfactory is the knowledge that 'Know thyself' sinks into a sarcasm, and we look upon its author as an oracular cheat.

"If, however, self-knowledge is the key to all knowledge, and if the Happiness for which we are designed depends on the acquisition, then 'Know thyself' has a meaning worthy of its antiquity: for it is the touchstone of all Truth; it is the foundation of all Religion; it is the basis of that superstructure of Intelligence that every man must rear for himself:—a work in which, whilst another's aid might ease our labour, another's tyranny can neither hinder nor repress.

"Wherever the Deity has placed a brute animal, there he has placed its appropriate food, and everything necessary for

the gratification of its instincts, and the development of its peculiar nature. Wherever he has placed a flower, or a lichen, or a blade of grass, there is its appropriate soil; there it flourishes and arrives at its perfection. Thus, seeing the most perfect adaptation of means to an end in every other work of the Deity, we might, with certainty, have predicated, without waiting for the proof, that the Literature which one portion of mankind has the power to produce, as well as to lock up from the other portion, could not contain anything really essential to the highest wants and welfare of the entire species: and our examination of these so-much-estimated treasures has demonstrated the fact. Therefore:—

“Fellow-labourers, Hodmen, Husbandmen, Mechanics, Artizans, Soldiers, Sailors, Serving-men, and Serving-women, ye upon whom the ‘primal curse’ has been so adroitly shifted, wherever ye are on this globe, and whatever your callings and condition,—**KNOW YOURSELVES.** Your bodies are of the same materials, your souls of the same pure essence, your capabilities the same, your destinies the same as those for whom ye labour, whom ye serve, and whom ye have been falsely taught to believe were created to be your superiors in station and intelligence. **BE TRUE TO YOURSELVES: KNOW YOURSELVES: LIVE UP TO THE STANDARD OF YOUR SPIRITUAL NATURE, AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN KEEP YE THRALLS.**”

CIVILIS. I agree with the Essay, Randolph; with its Facts, and with its Conclusions. With all my heart I endorse the recommendation which Dionysius addresses to the Poor and illiterate of all communities—to get Education as the only means of raising themselves out of the degradation which the literate and the rich know so well how to turn to their own temporal advantage. With him I hold that that man is no less a slave who tamely submits to the tyranny of Circumstances (as all the man-made arrangements of Society are plausibly called) than he who bowed his neck to the yoke, and bared his back to the lash, of the Nigger-Master and the Nigger-Driver of the United States. The OBJECT of the Carolina Cotton-Grower, and of the Lancashire Cotton-Spinner, is the same,—**PROFIT**—the profit that can be extracted out of the Labour of the “Niggers” for whom the Planter paid down his Dollars in a



lump, or out of the Labour of the "Hands" to whom the Spinner pays a weekly wage. The Planter encouraged fecundity amongst his Slaves, because every young Nigger added to the property and power of this demon trafficker in human flesh. The Spinner, not less astute, encourages fecundity amongst the "Hands" of his district, because the greater their number, the nearer to starvation-point will be the "market-value" of the Labour out of which he seeks to enrich himself, to found a "Family," and to bridge over that gulph which divides him from the coronetted class whose power and state he envies, whose manners he apes, and whose Man-devouring propensities—if somewhat less keen than his own—are infinitely more refined.

RANDOLPH. But, in echoing the sentiments of the Essay, Civilis, we ought to be as *general* in our animadversions, if we desire to be as just. The JOSIAH BOUNDERBYS of Society are not indigenous to Lancashire, notwithstanding that the County Palatine furnished Charles Dickens with the type. Our quarrel is with the System which breeds the Bounderbys.—

CIVILIS. True, Randolph; and our advice to the SLAVES of the System is to get Education, if they would free themselves from that Serfdom of the Soul which renders all but a few STEPHEN BLACKPOOLS of their number oblivious to their degradation.

RANDOLPH. And you might have added, Civilis, that, our Advice to the EGYPTIANS who hold these millions of their brethren in this abominable bondage, is to allow the Schoolmaster to guide them to "the Land flowing with milk and honey," lest a Moses should arise and lead them BY THE WAY OF THE RED SEA. That Structure in which the Laws of Nature are violated has a never-ceasing tendency to fall. Society is everywhere artificial; and everywhere trembles on the verge of disorganization and reactionary revolt. What an incessant Parliamentary tinkering it takes to hold the very strongest of these Structures together! Why will our human "lords" continue to think themselves wiser than the Lord of Heaven? Our artificial contrivances have been tested often enough, and always with the same result: why do we not try the Natural? Partly because of the presumption of our human lords;

but chiefly because of the ignorance and sycophancy of the people. We have yet, you know, to see for ourselves what it is that sets the complicated machinery of Society in motion. I have told you that the motive-power is Selfishness, and that the System would long ago have whirled itself into fragments but for the counteracting drags with which we regulate its mischievous velocity; and that these drags are Morals, Mystic Religion, Literature, and Laws. We have yet to trace these to their origin, see what amount of divinity there is in them, and value them at what we find them to be worth. If you have no objection to enter on this subject to-morrow, Civilis,—

CIVILIS. Not the slightest, my dear Randolph. Monday I start on Circuit; and I should like, before I go, to get as clear a notion of what the Politics of Society ought to be, through the exhibition of what they are not, as I think I have obtained, through a similar process, concerning Morals, Religion, and Philosophy. Suffer me, before we separate for the evening, to tell you what these notions are, to the end that, if erroneous, you might set me right. The name of "Christian"—originally a misnomer—is so identified with a belief in Original Sin, and Reward, and Punishment, and Faith, and Repentance, and inexorable Justice, and infinite Mercy, and Sacrifice, and Reprobation, and Reconciliation, and Election, and Grace, and "He will have Mercy on whom he will have mercy," and with other blasphemies, which yet Men strangely reconcile with reason, that, although my faith, based on the Laws of God within me, accords with the Creed (if I may call it a Creed) relied upon and taught by JESUS, I prefer to denominate my "Confession of Faith" the Confession of Faith of a DEIST, or a HUMANITARIAN, rather than that of a Christian.

I believe in Truth; and that the God of the Universe is the God of Truth.

I believe that God is a Spirit; and that it is the first duty of all men to worship Him in Spirit and in Truth;—not only at stated intervals of time, but at all times;—not through Fear, for God is not to be dreaded as a Demon;—not through Hope of his special favour, for God is no respecter of persons;—but because He is ever to be honoured, in the reverential homage of a grateful Spirit enlarged by Culture and beau-

tified by Sincerity and Goodness, as the beneficent Creator and Sustainer of the Universe, and the equal Father of Men.

I believe that the next duty we owe to our Creator, and the most acceptable to Him, because it is at once the most difficult and the most purifying ordeal to *us*,—is,—not in a self-seeking, but in a self-sacrificing Spirit—to teach, and love, and honour all men :—certain of this, that all men will *deserve* to be esteemed and honoured when culture and kindness shall have done as much for them as it has done for the least of those who now sit sorrowingly at Nature's feast, thinking in bitterness how many are excluded !

I believe that God reveals himself, and discovers his Will, direct to every man, through the Laws of the Intellect alone: that these Laws are Man's Truth: that this Truth is the Source—and, as far as it has been truly developed,—is the Substance of all Philosophy: that Morals and Religion are comprehended in this Philosophy; and that Philosophy is the voice of God !

RANDOLPH. If my judgment deceives me not, *Civilis*, your general exposition is the sum and substance of all Philosophy; the Alpha and Omega of all Religion. Ours is not a Creed demanding Faith; but a System (so far as it has been truly rendered) of incontrovertible verities demanding that we know them. Our nature, and our purposed destiny, have been brought within the limits of our finite comprehension. "We have justified the ways of God to Man."

---

## CHAPTER VII.

RANDOLPH. *CIVILIS*.

*CIVILIS*. We often meet with ladies, generally unmarried, always on the youthful side of sixty, who pride themselves on dreaming dreams which invariably "come true." It must be owned, however, that they are a little latitudinarian in their interpretations. If they dream they are about to be married,

and they receive an invitation to a christening; or if in their nocturnal imaginings a cow tosses them over a church steeple, and, within a week or so of the dream-disaster, a kitten scratches them, their dream "is out." In like manner, Randolph, *my dream is out*. The ingenious theory by which you explained to me, in our last conversation, the Physical cause of Idiocy, has been already pronounced an ignorant fallacy by a critic in a Leader amongst the weeklies. It seems that DR. A. J. SUTHERLAND, on the recent trial of BARANELLI, explained on oath his belief that the illusions produced on the Mind by HYPOCHONDRIASIS "*are the effect of the nerves of the Stomach conveying false notices generally through the System to the brain.*" The critic denounces this opinion as absurd and ignorant in the extreme,—"*ignorance too gross for refutation, too obvious for detection.*" The critic goes on to say, "If, allowing every latitude to the language of a man whose conceptions are so vague, we follow his explanation, we learn that Hypochondriasis is the effect of the gastric nerves conveying false notices. Now the nerves convey nothing but *Stimulus*, as a telegraph wire conveys the electric current; that *Stimulus* may be strong or weak, the Sensation produced may be agreeable or disagreeable; but to suppose that a "message" is conveyed from the Stomach along the telegraph wires of the brain, and that under certain conditions this message will *be false*, to suppose *this* was left to DR. A. J. SUTHERLAND, who is ignorant enough of Physiology to be the dupe of gross Metaphors!" You see, Randolph, that your theory is not original, and that it has been demolished before it has been publicly announced. What have you to say why your theory of the physical cause of Idiocy should not be expunged from your Notes?

RANDOLPH. First, let me say that your own interpretation of a dream is scarcely less latitudinarian than those of the ladies you have been satirising whose dreams always come true. The Ignorance denounced by the Critic is that of supposing that "Notices," false or true, are conveyed through the nerves from the *Stomach* to the brain. He does not say that false notices might not be conveyed through the external Senses to the brain; through the eye, for instance, as in the

case of the celebrated DALTON, who could not distinguish the difference between a bright Scarlet and a Black. Only stimulus is conveyed from the Stomach through the nerves: but Ideas, false or true, are conveyed from the external world through the nerves of Sensation to the brain: and the Soul's WILL, in reference thereto, is also conveyed from the brain to the organs which convert that Will into action. I will leave the defence of Dr. Sutherland to himself: but I have no doubt that his meaning was this:—All disease (according to Abernethy's theory) commences in the Stomach: the nerves of the Stomach becoming diseased, communicate disease to the System: the nerves which convey impressions or ideas from the external world to the Brain becoming diseased also, convey "false notices" of those impressions; and hence the Hypochondriasis for which he intended to account. Thus, the cause of the mental illusions might *commence* in the Stomach, although the "false notices" could not be *thence* conveyed. It is clear, *Civilis*, that you have altogether mistaken the Critic. How sensitive most men are about everything which seems to reflect on the reputation of their friend! I have no fear of the Critics and Reviewers: they might mistake our motives, or our reasonings, or our facts; but on the whole they will deal justly and even tenderly with our feelings, and (if we have any) with our reputation. The most awful circumstance connected with venturing into print is that ordeal we have to pass through—running the gauntlet of one's Friends. Like the poor Stag,

"THAT FROM THE HUNTER'S AIM HAS TA'EN A HURT,"

a man, if not good-naturedly gored, is almost certain of being

"LEFT AND ABANDONED OF HIS VELVET FRIENDS,"

if anything a Critic says of him or his productions is at all construable into indifference or contempt.—No, *Civilis*; you need not reply. I know you are not one of those "velvet friends;" but a tried and firm one.

*CIVILIS*. Well, I will not reply to your satirical insinuations. This I have learned—that Satire is a dangerous plaything; for, as "Curses come home to roost," so is the Satirist's arrow liable to wound himself. It is well when there is no venom

at its point. I was in error, certainly, as to the Critic's meaning: but it now occurs to me to remark, Randolph, that a man might be an Idiot and yet Hear, Smell, Feel, Taste, and See, like other men: whilst the defect which stamps him Idiot is that Intellectual obliquity which confounds all rational and moral distinctions; and for which the non-perception, or the mal-perception, resulting from a diseased or defective organization, does not account.

RANDOLPH. This Intellectual obliquity, *Civilis*, is rather the characteristic mark of the Madman than of the Idiot. The latter seems to have lost all motive to action; whilst the former still acts, but acts from a motive which is wrong. I, however, perceive the meaning and force of your objection. A man might see an Enemy in the person of his best Friend, and reason and act accordingly: that is Madness or Insanity. But, if a Mathematician experience a shock which for the remainder of his life render him incapable of realizing to himself the fact that Six divided by two leaves no remainder, this would be a mark of Idiocy: and if his Soul be not organic, and still Sane, you would ask, Why is he incapable of performing this mental operation from the data which is part of himself, and which requires no new "Notice" from the external world to enable him to accomplish it? But, in this case, you *assume* that the Senses convey true impressions, and that the Patient Hears, Sees, Tastes, Smells, and Feels, as perfectly after the shock which occasioned Idiocy as before. You *assume* also that the nerves through which he was wont to communicate his thoughts are as capable of this communication as they were previously: both which assumptions—if the shock impaired their power or rendered *either set of nerves* inoperative—are manifestly untrue. It is clear, then, that, under the circumstances assumed in my hypothesis, the Soul, however capable of knowing and comprehending, is cut off from communicating what it knows; and, in such a case, any *act* it might attempt to perform might be altogether wide of its own intention.

CIVILIS. I am satisfied. And let me now say I am glad to learn that you really intend to give the world an opportunity of forming a judgment concerning your system of

Philosophy from which I have derived so much consolation and advantage.

RANDOLPH. I shall certainly do so, Civilis. Our Principle is either false or true; and if we are labouring under a delusion, we shall be among the first to hail the demonstration that can set us right. No man is aware of the extent of his own Ignorance. That which he believes to be Truth is Truth to him until he has become convinced of its falsehood. No man can positively KNOW that another man is wiser than himself: for the very instant he is conscious of the fact he is a new man: the demonstration has dissipated the difference. Thus it is with us, Civilis: thus it must be with all men. If our assumed First Principle be not the fundamental Truth, one of two things ensues: either there is no such Truth (which amounts to this—there can be no God); or there IS such a Truth, but it differs from ours. In either case the Objector must demonstrate his position before we can abandon ours. But, in this case, our object will be attained: we shall get the Truth: we shall make a step in Intelligence: we shall be no longer his inferiors in this particular. He has but to prove the disparity between himself and us; and that disparity will have ceased to exist. Truth has this advantage over Falsehood,—all men are really interested in it: and, in the present case, for one whom Falsehood seems to benefit, there are, obviously, a hundred whom it hurts; and as Knowledge is Power, Error will ultimately go to the wall. Were Fame my object, I would not publish these papers. If profit were my object, I would not publish them. Nor would I publish them if I feared to awaken ridicule, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. But as I hold it to be the duty of every man to do right regardless of personal consequences, I shall certainly give the world an opportunity of forming a judgment concerning these speculations of ours. If they are founded on a fallacy they will be soon forgotten; if on the fundamental Truth, they will slowly and noiselessly influence, towards a healthier action, the mind of the entire world. The way is long; but (unless I greatly err) it is a safe way, and the only one. Whoever supposes that I consider myself a Magician, having but to wave my wand over the

broad ocean of Error, as Moses is said to have waved his over the Red Sea, and that instantly a way to the promised land will be opened through its waters, he, and not Ramus Randolph, is a dreamer and an enthusiast. England was never (in the common acceptation of the word) *greater* than it is now; and never further from the path of real Civilization,—save only that Knowledge is spreading, and a dreamy sense of some impending change is experienced by many thousands of its more intelligent and liberal citizens. But the governing powers are as infatuated as ever with its physical and commercial greatness, and their own arbitrary power over its destinies, all of which they calmly dream will be perpetual. And probably this very circumstance will be the greatest impediment to its reformation. No nation on earth will have a harder struggle to rise superior to the influences by which it is so thoroughly enmeshed. Not Italy with its Atheism; nor France with its Sensualism, its sentimentality, and its fondness for display. Not even Germany which sits brooding under the chilling shade of Despotism; thoughtful yet inactive; dissatisfied yet dumb. England is in love with the liberty by which it enslaves itself.

“And what avails, from iron bonds exempt,  
“If rosy fetters bind as fast?”

But these are not reasons why the Truth should not now be told; why the seeds should not now be sown, which, if they have the ever-living germ of Divinity within them, will spring up, if not in this, in a more congenial soil, and produce a rich harvest of happiness for the world. Listen now to Dionysius.

#### EXTRACT FROM THE PAPERS OF DIONYSIUS.

#### ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENTS, LAWS, MORALITY, THE VIRTUES, AND MYSTIC RELIGION.—SOCIETY AS IT IS.

“To live luxuriously, or, by acquiring Wealth, to have the means of luxurious living, is confessedly the great temporal object of mankind at present; but more especially of that



portion of the human family which claims to be considered Civilized. By Wealth I mean high wages, large profits, and inordinate accumulations.

"It is true that in every nation, the great bulk of the people are below the hope of attaining this object in any considerable degree. But, not to notice individual exceptions, this is the desire of all; and so strong and general is this desire that it might be said to operate almost as an instinct. It is, in fact, instinctive. The true character of this Instinct is not, however, the acquisition of Wealth, but the attainment of Happiness.

"The desire to get luxurious indulgences is, then, a natural Instinct of the Soul, seeking, through minor physical instincts, the Happiness which these instincts (given for other purposes), have it not in their power to bestow. Wealth can buy luxurious indulgences: these indulgences are supposed to be capable of affording the Happiness of which every one is in search: hence (except amongst those—and their name is legion,—whose daily drudgery limits their ambition to the acquirement of their daily bread), all our aspirations tend to the acquisition of Wealth.

"This craving is the mainspring of all the movements of Social life; and, as at present regulated, is the cause of nearly all the Social miseries to which semi-civilized Man is subject. The feeling is necessarily Selfish. And if our Laws were so framed that the Selfishness of every individual of a Community should be restrained from gratifying its cravings at the expense of others, it is clear that the folly of expecting Happiness from Wealth must long ago have ceased; because its emptiness would have been felt, and all inordinate accumulations would have been prevented.

"Laws, however, instead of repressing, or setting rational limits to the activity of this Selfish desire, have been framed to sanction and encourage it. In fact, the origin of Laws was the protection of inordinate accumulations, as we shall presently see.

"We have only to do with what is. How what is came to be, is but of little consequence. We will, nevertheless, advance a theory which may help us to understand the past, and remove the impediments which surround the future.

"If all History did not attest the fact, Common-sense must perceive that the origin of Property was the Law or Principle of Brute Force. No other origin is probable: and, certainly, no other Law could ratify the right. Man, as an animal, requires sustenance. Nature in its vegetable and animal products affords this sustenance. A strong man marks out a certain portion of land which supplies the food and other comforts and conveniences of which he stands in need. He calls it 'Mine,' and, if necessary, defends it by his physical strength and prowess. Others do the same. In the process of time, all the land of a district, or natural nation, is thus marked out and appropriated. It may be that some men have failed to acquire a portion. No matter. MIGHT IS RIGHT; and he who is not strong enough, or sufficiently adroit to secure a portion, must look for one in some unappropriated part of the world to which he can hew himself out a way, or otherwise obtain access. He must do this or starve, or steal, or live on alms, or become the slave and menial drudge of one more fortunate or more ferocious than himself. After a time it is found that the spontaneous products of any thus-appropriated district are not sufficient to support its accumulated population. It is further found that the natural fertility of the soil might be increased by culture. The serfs and their progeny are employed on this labour. They obtain permission to live on condition of the performance of this servile drudgery. The Lord has the power of life and death over his slave. He has acquired a property in his fellow-man; a Right in the strength and life-blood of his brother. The latter must be obedient to the former in all things. The Possessor of the soil has now Leisure as well as Power. This leisure is spent in the animal indulgences now at his command. He employs his serfs to build him a stronghold for a dwelling: to fence around his possessions; and to serve him in any way that may best administer to his growing luxuriousness, and make the distance between the Lord and his Serf more impassable and complete. Lord!—a name by which we distinguish Deity. It is needless to remark on the *modesty* of this epithet when assumed by men;—and by such men! by the lord Johns, and the lord Harrys, who even now abtort from us more homage than we yield to Heaven! This Chief or Lord has still a

craving for something he has not. In the midst of his sensualism he is still a Man. He wants Happiness. He conceives that more wealth will supply the want. He tries to gratify this craving by dispossessing a weaker neighbour of his possessions and adding them to his own. His menials are compelled to lend their assistance; and he perceives the acquisitive and aggressive uses that can be made of menials. He succeeds in his aggressions, but is still unsatisfied. Greater possessions have given him greater power; and with his power increases his rapacity. He is not singular in all this: many others are practising the same policy. No sooner is a province apportioned than the Possessors thereof make Laws; or without any fixed or written Laws, determine amongst themselves that any attempts by the Non-possessors to relieve themselves from this possessionless condition, or to make reprisals, shall be denominated Crimes, and be punished accordingly.

"If 'Might' were rationally as well as brutally 'Right,' these Laws or regulations would be also right. But this not being the case, Might is Wrong; or rather it *was* wrong; and the original assumption of Property in the soil, the real Crime; and the crime so called, not crime, but a justifiable attempt to obtain the restitution of a natural right. Many have been the efforts for this restitution. Numerous have been the attempts at reprisal. But they have never, to any extent, succeeded: and where they have succeeded it has been only a change of the oppressed into Oppressors; and vice versa. Every successful effort (where reprisal has been attempted), as well as every failure, has, therefore, only added strength and consistency to the maxim—**MIGHT IS RIGHT, AND ALL OPPOSITION THERETO IS CRIME.**

"The idea of JUSTICE was necessarily very simple. The powerful Possessor could apportion what degree of punishment on the refractory, possessionless menial he might choose, and call it retributive Justice. Of course this Justice, based on an abstract wrong, is arbitrary. It is, in fact, **INJUSTICE ARBITRARILY TRANSMUTED INTO A VIRTUE.** Growing out of the same wrong come the virtues of a more amiable character, namely **MERCY**, and Forbearance, and others of the same family.

"The craving for more Power amongst the powerful, led

them, as we have seen, to prey on each other. This was an evil that came home even to them. In process of time it was therefore found expedient to agree upon some principle of action amongst themselves. It became necessary to make Laws to restrain this growing licentiousness, and make one Proprietor respect the property and rights of his neighbour. A man might barter, sell, or give away his property ; but even the wealthiest must not be permitted to take by violence the property of the poorest. **HENCE THE LAWS SANCTIONING, AND MAINTAINING THE 'INALIENABLE RIGHTS' OF PROPERTY, AND PROTECTING THE POSSESSOR AGAINST THE UNRESTRAINED RAPACITY OF HIS RICHER AND MORE POWERFUL NEIGHBOUR.** Thus the original wrong, which Brute force had converted into Right, became also a **LEGAL RIGHT** : and the class of Serfs were, as a class, cut off from their natural rights for ever ; whilst limits were set to rapaciousness when directed by one proprietor against another.

“After it had been thus arranged that disputes relating to property should no longer be decided by Brute force or War, a tribunal, or a Judge, would be appointed to decide between litigants : and probably the first Judge had been the most active depredator ; selected as Judge, and perhaps as Chief of the district, province, or nation, on account of his possessions and the number of his dependents or serfs, as helps to the enforcement of his decisions.

“This, then, would be the beginning of Civilization, which even now, means little, if anything more than the establishment of Order by means of the ‘Pains and Penalties’ attached to the infractions of Civil authority and Law. All Laws, or Social regulations, would be based on this (rationally speaking) unjust foundation. Thus reared on abstract wrong, all Laws would naturally and necessarily recognise the Right founded on Might. Deeper than this for a basis they did not, and under the circumstances, deeper, they could not go. And deeper than this the interpreters of Law—the Blackstones and the De Lolmes, have never gone : because deeper they have not dared to go. And if any length of time can convert Wrong into Right, six or eight thousand years is a powerful argument against opposition and cavil. I am inclined to think that it is a conclusive one, and for this reason amongst others :

—the contest was purely an animal contest: the weaker succumbed to the stronger; and if the former had chanced to out-general their oppressors, *they* would have been the Oppressors, and their victims the Oppressed.

“We shall now see another reason. In the process of time, the Serfs, or subjugated portion of mankind, demand and obtain a recognition of *their* claim to a Right of Property in their Labour, and in all proceeds thence arising. And wherever this Right has been recognised, and is, by usage or Law, maintained, Civilization is said to exist,—because Slavery, in name at least, has been extinguished. Man has relinquished his property in Man, retaining only a property in the surplussage of his labour. Admitting, or overlooking the original wrong, the class of Serfs thus became identified with the Selfish or Brute-force Principle; and Selfishness became the universal Law and sole principle of action amongst mankind.

“Hence arose all the Interests, as well as all the confusion and complication of Rights which we find amongst us at the present day, and which it is the all-absorbing business of the world to balance and adjust so as to prevent the fabric of Error thus raised from falling into pieces, and re-resolving itself into its simple element, Brute-force; or the Right of the Strongest. To this it is ever tending: and to this it must tend always. Hence also the *denominations* of property, ‘Real’ or Landed; and ‘Personal,’ or Money, Merchandize, Goods, Chattels, &c. Hence also the origin of Classes as we find them at present; the Higher Class who possess the Land and the chief governing power: the Middle Class who have enriched, or are endeavouring to enrich themselves, by their profits on the Labourer’s Labour, and by their own earnings and savings; all which have obtained for them a share of political power: and the Lower or Labouring Class who have no property but the modicum arising out of their labour, and are thence destitute of all political power.

“This, then, is the natural (but for MEN, the irrational,) though, under the circumstances, the desirable COMPROMISE by which all men in ‘civilized’ communities have bound themselves to the Selfish, or Brute-force Principle. All recognise it: all participate in it to the utmost of their power: all who can in any way profit by it (that is, live by it,) protect and

cherish it: each man subscribes himself Slave to the Selfish Principle: each is compelled in self-defence *to accumulate and to keep*; DISTRIBUTION IS THE EXCEPTION OF THE SYSTEM, WHILST ACQUISITIVENESS IS THE LAW.

"The only Love that was evinced in the struggle which brought about this state of things, was the Love of kindred (of course, more or less modified in its Selfishness in proportion as the Intellect obtained enlightenment and strength:) hence, what more natural than that the propertied classes should secure their Property against future aggression—to their 'heirs for ever'? To accomplish this, Laws were made and promulgated. To enforce obedience to these and all other property-produced Laws, Governments were established. It matters not what were their form; this was their object. What we have especially to notice is this;—that THE ACQUISITION AND RECOGNITION OF PROPERTY CREATED ALL CRIME WHICH HAS REFERENCE TO PROPERTY, WHETHER THIS REFERENCE OR RELATIONSHIP BE IMMEDIATE OR REMOTE. Out of this same institution of Property sprung the idea (such as it is) of Justice; and, as we shall subsequently see, of the other Virtues, and the Moralities, and Mystic Religion.

"The Right founded on Might has its advantages: and these advantages are to a certain extent secured by Government and Laws. But, being an evil resulting from Ignorance and Error, it has also its disadvantages: and this is one of them; Crime, of which it is the parent, dogs it as its shadow: and as long as this spurious Right lasts, dog it it will, even were it through eternity. Property, and its attendant, Power, might change hands to-morrow: no matter: Crime would be prowling in its rear.

"Do not let us any longer profanely attribute these evils of our own contrivance to the Deity who has beneficently made even our mistakes of use to us, and who has amply provided us with the means of avoiding them. 'Original Sin' was and is the original mistake of adopting Brute Force as Right, and living according to the dictates of our Animal Instincts, instead of following the dictates of our Intellectual nature and seeking happiness in Knowledge.

"We have seen how the institution of Property gave birth to Crime—a conventional name for acts which could not have

had an existence but for the Brute Force which originally converted an abstract Wrong into a Legal Right. We have seen how the existence of Crime gave an ideal existence to Retributive Justice; and this Justice, to the Virtues—Mercy and Forbearance. We have yet to see how it generated the other Virtues, and the Moralities, and Mystic Religion. Crimes were punished by pains and penalties under the sanction of that conventional Justice now denominated Law. But Laws could not reach every description of delinquency;—as Hatred, Malice, Mendacity, Evil thoughts, and Malevolent intentions; all which passions and feelings were generated by the accumulative principle that first brought unnatural want, and abjectness, and misery amongst men. As Civil Laws could not reach these passions and evil feelings, *it became necessary to invent a MORAL CODE: in other words, to propound a CONSCIENCE for the disaffected and disobedient members of the Community.* A man's natural Conscience grows out of his natural love of Truth and Righteousness, or of what he believes to be true and right. Whenever he yields obedience to the dictates of his knowledge or belief, he is with himself at peace. Whenever he yields obedience to any influences which are opposed to his intellectual convictions, whether these influences be the promptings of his own animal nature, or of any power exerted upon him from without, then is he with himself at war. This inward satisfaction at what he knows or believes to be true and right, and this self-reproach which follows all yielding to irrational influences, constitute a man's natural conscience. Of course, when what is obviously Wrong becomes conventionally Right, it is necessary to manufacture an artificial Conscience to correspond thereto. The thing was possible; and it was done. Yes, Authority had to forge a Conscience for mankind to enable it to rule them. The thing was easy. Successful men are clever men. Riches can buy the Genius that Poverty is glad to sell. It is well that it is so: for here was the advent of Literature, and Science, and the Arts:—the barbaric nursery of Soul. The Malignant Passions mentioned above were denounced as Wrong, Wicked, a breach of the Moral Law. To obtain covertly by Mendacity,

Fraud, or Cunning, any portion of the property of another, was also (and, under the circumstances, properly so) denounced as an infraction of the Moral Code; a Code, be it remembered, the base of which is Selfishness, not an Equality of Rights to all. Even to harbour a malicious thought against another, was pronounced equally wicked and immoral, and this, notwithstanding that malicious thoughts are generally engendered by injustice. But how could this species of Crime be punished? Nothing more easy.—Genius lends its aid, and the thing is done!—BY DENOUNCING IT AS DISOBEDIENCE TO THE GODS!—that is,—when every aspect and phase of Nature was a god; and afterwards BY HERALDING IT AS SIN AGAINST THE AUTHOR OF ALL GOODNESS, THE GOD OF ALL JUSTICE, THE ALL-SEEING ONE. Hence the Future Punishments for the morally Bad, and the Future Rewards for the morally Good—the Hell-fire, and the Happiness, which were to be eternal. Men have been coerced or juggled into an unholy bargain; and nothing less than ETERNAL damnation for an unrepented infraction thereof, satisfies the cupidity of those who have got the best of it! Great aids, all these contrivances, to Governments. HENCE, MORAL GOODNESS, ALLIED TO THE PERFORMANCE OF CERTAIN RITES, AND THE SUBSCRIPTION TO CERTAIN CREEDS, CAME TO BE DENOMINATED RELIGION. Hence also, Men clothed the gods, even the ONE GOD whom they thus invoked, with the very attributes they had manufactured for themselves! The great unseen God was, to all sinners, a God of inexorable Justice, a God of Vengeance, visiting the consequences of Sin on the children of Sinners even unto the third and fourth generations: but a God of Mercy and Loving-kindness unto the believers in the mysteries of Religion, and the sinless observers of the Moral Law! These are great facts for the admirers of “the wisdom of our Ancestors!” Still, it must be owned, that great blessings, unpurposed, and unforeseen by the authors of these facts, but pre-ordained by a Providence which reigned over all, flowed out of them abundantly, and will flow on for ever. Cupidity, which gave us one-sided Laws, a spurious Morality, and a Deity-degrading Creed, gave us also our Chemistry, our Poetry, our Sciences, and our



domestic and liberal Arts. Not, therefore, to condemn, but, by viewing them historically, to understand them better, is this survey of the origin of our Institutions given. We have seen, and shall further see, that all of them grew out of Selfishness.

“But as a System of unmitigated Selfishness could not work and be perpetuated without some ameliorations, the opulent were compelled (as well from natural feeling as from policy), somewhat to relax its rigours: they were constrained to be Benevolent to the miserable victims of the System; and to become Good Samaritans amongst the way-side unfortunates, who, hungry, had none to feed them; who, sick and homeless, had none to help them in their abjectness. All such Virtues were lauded as duties of Religion, and as good and acceptable services to God:—to that God, mark you, who has sent an abundance for all, which if unselfishly distributed to all, these Virtues (godlike as they are) could have no existence! The ENDURANCES of the Poor were also elevated into Virtues!—Patience, Probity, Long-suffering, Fortitude, and Charity—if not of alms—of thought and speech,—all these were likewise made a part of Religion;—the Good Works which were to be part-security (the other part being Faith) for the reception of the virtuous—the obedient observers of the Moral Law—into glory and blessedness hereafter. In vain has a purer Code of Morals been propounded to the world. In vain that simpler help to the formation of a Conscience which Jesus of Nazareth came to teach mankind. ‘Do unto others that which ye would others should do unto you,’ is a recipe to make a Conscience worthy of its meek and gentle Author. This recipe goes to the very root of the Selfishness which is the Key-stone of the present System. Shrouded with all the mysticism that Selfishness first invented for the purposes we have been unmasking, this moral maxim is nearly lost sight of; and whenever Religionists condescend to speak of it, it is only to explain away its integrity and usefulness.—Thus came Mystic Religion, the Virtues and the Moralities. And out of all these unrealities came the Literature, which, at the bidding of its selfish paymaster, took all these unrealities under its especial protection. Is it any

wonder that our Literature is what we have found it to be,—next to useless as a guide to Truth? But our Science, which, to produce our Luxuries, had the same beginning, is a thing of far greater consequence.

“Within this circle of Error we have been reviewing, that which we call Good is not Good, but Evil modified. If we would obtain unmixed Good, we must abandon the Error that produces the Evil: for as long as we adhere to the Error, all our contrivances, such as Property-protecting Law, Property-produced Morality, and Property-venerating Religion, will never be able to convert Evil into Good, or Wrong into Right: but we shall go on vexing ourselves by the useless struggle, and irreverently accusing our beneficent Creator of being the Author of the Evils we ignorantly produce for ourselves, and as ignorantly take all possible pains to entail on our posterity for ever.

“Some writers on the origin of Governments have supposed a Social Compact. The nature of this Compact will now be clearly perceived. In the first place, one portion of the Human family enjoyed by conquest all Rights. The other portion by reason of their weakness, had no Rights, but Duties only; which Duties were imposed on them by their conquerors. But as weakness is ever disposed to regain its lost position, if not by force, by Tact and Cunning, this state of Society is a state of War. The supposed Compact would be, therefore, a yielding by the Powerful of a Right of Property in their Labour to the Serfs, for the sake of peace and order; whilst the acceptance of these concessions by the Serfs, served in some degree to ameliorate the rigour of the Brute-Force Principle on themselves; and at the same time to make them parties to, and participators in, the Selfishness which, to the present hour, is the principle of action of all Communities by courtesy called Civilized. And out of this Compact, such as it is, have grown all the Interests; all the Trade, Commerce, Bargainings, Employments, Distinctions, Expedients, and organized turmoil (to say nothing of Religion and Law) which make up the all-absorbing business of Human life from the cradle to the grave. **THE MOTIVE-POWER OF ALL IS SELFISHNESS AMELIORATED BY RESTRICTIONS.** Yet

so dovetailed is this Selfishness with everything, that it is the very mainspring of these ameliorations too.

"In England at the present time Property is sacred: there is nothing more so. Hence, the Brute-Force principle is as dominant as ever. The life-germ of all Commerce was the Compact just alluded to, which secured to Serfdom a right of Property in the proceeds of its Labour. It cemented the Selfish Principle by giving every man an interest in it: it was the tub thrown out to the whale. Commerce has now, however, its Millionaires; and can reckon here in England its merchant Princes by thousands. It has grown into a Power almost equal to the Aristocracy of the Land; and is even at this time contending with it for a supremacy in Selfishness. But look at the toil-stricken, want-stricken, crime-stricken millions who have almost ceased to have an interest in the struggle! All, however, cling blindly to Selfishness: and this will probably make the barbaric system popular—yes, even popular, here in England, until England's false greatness shall have reached its summit:—peradventure even to her fall! Yea, till her Selfishness shall have ended in her desolation: till her Beggary shall have eaten up her resources: till her Commerce shall be a by-word: till her Nobles shall have licked the dust: till gaunt Famine shall have decimated her population: till Misery shall have overtaken the remainder; and till this last mock-heroic Drama of barbaric Civilization shall have been acted out, as another lesson for humanity; as another example for the instruction of an ignorant world.

"Here, then, we have the incipency of Crime; the origin of our idea of Justice; the origin of the Moralities; the origin of Mystic Religion; the origin of the Virtues; the origin of Laws, both Criminal and Civil; the origin of Governments, Jurisprudence, Literature, the Sciences, and the Arts; the origin of Commerce; the origin of the malevolent passions and feelings that poison existence, and disgrace humanity; and the origin of all the Manners and Customs which distinguish Civilized from Savage life. We have seen that the whole of them are of human invention: that they are without any special sanction of the Deity: that they arose out of Ignorance and Error: and that the whole of this im-

mense superstructure of complicated antagonisms is false and unstable because it is based on the Animal Principle; and is consequently productive of that 'mingled web of Good and Evil,'—or rather, of Evil mitigated by restrictions, which inheres to every portion of our Doings as naturally as Form inheres to Substance, or Motion to the Earth.

"Here, too, is the origin of all those social influences which pamper and encourage our Animal, and depress our Intellectual, Instincts: which compel men to do wrong systematically, and to bow down their Intellect before Legal Right which is based on abstract Wrong. Yes, on the very ugliest of our Animal Instincts, Selfishness, is the false but showy superstructure of all Social Institutions raised!

"Morality, like Law, is also based on abstract Wrong! \* And what is it at best? It is an effort which the Oppressed Man is required to make—to love and respect his Oppressor. And when attained (if not the result of Ignorance, as it often is), what a noble, what a godlike conquest over his lower nature! But how unspeakably mean is that man who can demand such a life-long sacrifice at the hands of his brother!

"The Virtues, like Morality and Law, are the progeny of Wrong! Those of *endurance* fall to the Poor man's share,—Patience, Long-suffering, Fortitude: and how unspeakably grand are they when practised by the Oppressed (as they constantly are) in lamb-like submission to the Oppressor! Those of *Action*, the most beautiful of which are Benevolence and Mercy, are Luxuries which fall chiefly to the share of the Rich. And what are they? Nothing more, for the most part, than a forced but pitiful *return*, by the opulent, to those at whose expense the luxury, or the pride of being Benevolent and Merciful, is obtained!

"But to show how anomalous in their very nature these Moralities and Virtues are, as well as how omnipotent is the Selfishness on which Society is based, we need only to remember that a man dare not, in a multitude of cases, be as Virtuous, or as Moral as he would wish to be: for if, in obedience

\* See demonstration of this fact in Chap. IV.

to the Angel-dictates of his better nature he squander his worldly possessions in being Merciful or Benevolent, or in Doing unto others, as he would they should, in similar circumstances, do unto him; or if he neglect the opportunity to get rich, and thus beggar himself; either Bedlam, or a Workhouse, or a Gaol, together with the contempt of the Well-to-do, and the Prudent, and the Proud, and the revilings of the Multitude, is the reward he has to expect for acting up to the standard of his noblest convictions. Supposing, then, that Morality and the Virtues were indeed what most people fancy them to be,—the beautiful children of Heaven, instead of what they are,—the clumsy contrivances of men, and the progeny of their Errors, is it any wonder that they are frequently at a discount? Did we not know the reason, the wonder would be that they exist at all. THEY ARE THE MAIN PROPS OF THE SYSTEM WHICH GENERATED THEM; seeing which, our wonder ends. But, with all our souls we repugn, we repudiate the system. Let Adversity come; let but our Trade and Commerce fail; and these props on which we lean so hopefully will bow before the blood-stained desolation of our hearths and homes like reeds before the tempest.

“Why, even now—such is the strength of our “Morality”—a man will take the lives of a whole family to gain a shilling! A woman will destroy a husband and half a dozen sons for the sake of what she can save out of the pittance allowed by their club to bury them! A mere child, a female child, will calmly murder her mistress to procure the price of a new mantle in which to ape ‘gentility!’ Even Genius itself, under the pressure of these influences, what will it not undertake for pay? Is Religion, even amongst the Saints, the least barrier to dishonesty where anything worth the forfeiture of the Saintly seeming is to be got by the dereliction? Will a Lawyer refuse a bad cause if a fee is to be fingered by espousing it? From the highest to the lowest, has not Religion, has not Virtue, has not Honour, its price? And why are all these things? Because where Honour, where Virtue, where Religion begins or ends, no one knows; AND BECAUSE EVERY MAN’S OPINION-MADE CONSCIENCE HAS TO DRAW THE LINE OF DEMARCATION FOR ITSELF. Is it any

wonder that imperious Selfishness should draw this line to its own pecuniary advantage? I do not blame the Men so much as I blame the System. They but yield to motives that are too strong for Consciences which are composed of mere opinion. Do I blame the Lawyer for advocating every cause that comes? Assuredly not. I only blame the System which binds him to such advocacy. He must live: nor is it his business to prejudge cases even were it his interest to do so, which it manifestly is not. The Right or Wrong of a case is a very nice point to determine even according to our conventional mode of judging it. Well might he who is in the Wrong think that he is Right: for even in our Tribunals where the quaint-looking representatives of our man-made Justice sit so gravely, the decision is a lottery. Take a case of the most flagrant crime. A man is charged with the murder of his wife. There is no direct evidence to convict him. The wife was poisoned. No one saw the poison administered; but the woman dies. A number of concurring circumstances tend to fix the criminality on the husband. He was known to have had poison in his possession. He had been heard to utter obscure threats against his wife. But, then the Law says there must be a reasonable Motive proved, without which it holds that a man cannot commit a crime. Motives are proved. The woman was a virago: the man's home a hell; his life a misery. They often quarrelled: sometimes fought. It is further proved that the man lived on terms of peculiar intimacy with a young woman in the neighbourhood; and that soon after his wife's death the paramours became man and wife. With this array of circumstantial evidence against him, is the man guilty? The Jury who try him take all these circumstances into their consideration. They convict the accused: and the man is hanged. Why did the Jury convict him, and the Law doom him to an ignominious death? Because a reasonable motive, a very strong motive, had been proved to exist in confirmation of his guilt:—THE MEANING OF WHICH IS, THAT THE DOZEN JURORS AGREE, THAT, IN SUCH A CASE, WITH SUCH MOTIVES OPERATING UPON EITHER OF THEMSELVES, EITHER OF THEMSELVES MUST HAVE COMMITTED THE ACT; THAT

HUMAN NATURE MUST YIELD TO SUCH A PRESSURE OF INCITING MOTIVES. So, because a reasonable, a very strong, an irresistible motive had pressed him into Crime, they condemn him. And the Law hangs him for the same reason. It is still possible that, with all these circumstances against him, the man might have been altogether innocent. Such things have been. But what does this reliance on Motives mean? WHY, THAT EVERY ACT MUST BE PRECEDED BY A MOTIVE; AND THAT IF THE MOTIVE BE BUT IMPERIOUS ENOUGH, IT IS NOT IN HUMAN NATURE TO WITHSTAND IT. Then where is the Guilt? And in what consists the Justice which dooms the circumstance-made Criminal to irrevocable death? Of such anomalies Society is altogether composed. And what wonder, when its very basis is wrong? When Conscience is opinion-made; and when Justice is a sham?

“Not only is this Animal, or Brute-Force Principle, the cause of Crime; but in its operation it becomes the interest of the powerful classes of the Community not to exterminate it if they could; but partially only to repress, and partially to encourage it. Think of the army of ‘respectability’ which battens upon Crime! Nor are the real Evils which exist amongst us, and the real Vices of mankind, enough to satisfy the candidates for place and power without conjuring up A PRINCIPLE OF EVIL, which they represent as making constant war on ‘fallen’ humanity! But for the crimes and evil-doings which exist under this fosterage, our heroes of the ‘Church Militant’ could have no plea for carrying on their phantom war against ‘Original Sin’; and might be either disbanded as conquerors of the ‘Arch Enemy,’ or, at least retire from the Service on half-pay. Men cannot afford this if they would: so that real Evils must be encouraged, at least to a certain extent, that these phantom evils might be pleaded, and the full pay procured,—and that all the other Crime-profitting Professions might flourish and abound amongst us. What are the whole of them but the damning evidences of our Criminality and Ignorance?

“Let us imagine a purely intellectual being from the abode of Spirits made perfect by Intelligence visiting our Earth. What would be his wonder, (presuming the fact to be new to

him,) to hear our nation boast of the immensity of talent constantly supported by us in affluence, not as the representative of our wisdom and worth, but as an evidence of our Ignorance and our Crimes? Would he not think us monstrously wicked, and as monstrously impervious to shame? Would it lessen his wonder to learn, that, with the exception of a few Poets (who have always been the pioneers of intellectual progress), and a few Philosophers (some of them not over wise), this is nearly all the proof we have of our progress in Knowledge and Civilization after an experience of six thousand years! Yet these evidences of a nation's delinquencies are ever the boast of its people, and the props and ornaments of its court.

"We have seen how men of Intellect,—men largely endowed (as many of them are) with universal sympathy, but limited in their views by the superficial knowledge current even amongst the educated, become inured and shaped to selfishness by the dominant Principle. What, then, are the aggregate of mankind, who, born to wealth, superciliously despise Intellect as something mechanical, or, born to labour for their bread, have neither time nor the means to cultivate their Intellect? How does the selfish system operate on the former, who fancy themselves to be above the condition of thinking men, and on the latter who are so much below it? It converts them into mere animals who prey on each other. Our System not only permits, but enjoins it. We are animals with Intellects which reach not beyond the mysteries of getting, or misusing wealth; hence, sensual enjoyment is the Alpha and Omega of all. We, indeed, profess to be Immortals, and we profess to be Religious; but our Religion is material, and our faith herein is encouraged by the inducement of reward. Yes, so much are we the creatures of this degrading principle, that we hold ourselves to be incapable of allegiance to Heaven without a Bible-proclaimed promise of reward! But as the reward is distant, and the nature of it so little appreciable by our lucre-loving minds, it naturally follows that we should represent it to ourselves as attainable on very easy terms. Faith, and a few occasional Ceremonies and Observances, and the prize is ours. And should it chance



to turn out something less comfortable than a Judgeship or a Bishopric, no matter: IT WILL NOT HAVE COST US MUCH, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our enjoyment here has been but little abridged to obtain it; and that, under the circumstances, we have made the best bargain we could. Hence, we place but a light value on our Religion, and turn it, as we do our Virtues and our Morality, into worldly profit or sensual enjoyment, or as far as possible into both. On the same commercial principle we use the best labours of the Intellect for precisely the same end. Our reading is, for the most part, debased into Sensualism, present or prospective. Our Arts are sensual. Our Theatres, our Opera-houses, our Concert-halls, our Churches; our Meeting-houses are used and attended chiefly for sensual excitement and personal display by the majority of those who frequent them. Our Palaces, our Houses, our Equipages, our Dress, are merely so many phases of our Sensualism. I am ashamed to think that a multitude of our fellow-men are degraded into liveried symbols of our Sensualism also. But so it is. Every luxury that is paraded before the public eye, or indulged in in private, is unmitigated Sensuality; and the uneducated Poor are excited to crime, and as far as possible, converted into Sensualists, as much by the force of this degrading example as by the brutal ignorance they are bred in. It is no answer to say that if the Rich were not Sensual the Poor must starve. This is only preferring Sensuality to Liberality; Wrong to Right; inordinate accumulations, and the animalisms they engender, to a recognition of the true grandeur of the spiritual man, and the practice of Christian Love. But then, a LIBERAL distribution of the blessings and bounties of nature amongst all men would break up the system; and hence we make Mountebanks and Sensualists of ourselves to preserve it! Where are the Father Mathews of Upper-class Intemperance? Or is dram-drinking once a week more pernicious to Society than the eternal round of Sensualism indulged in by the Titled, and the Rich; and aped, even to the fashion of it, by the 'respectable,' and the 'genteel'? Such, alas! is Civilized Society. Such is Civilization amongst men who call themselves Christians eighteen centuries after the crucifixion

of its Founder:—that true Son of the Eternal One, whose true Manhood preserved *his* ‘respectability’ without the aid of Carriages, Studs, Cooks, Lackeys, and the other indispensables of an ‘Establishment.’

“MIGHT, we have seen, is RIGHT; made so by submission in the first place; and by general consent and participation afterwards. It is therefore universal in its influence and operation. And so it always has been during every period subsequent to the commencement of our written history, if not from the very first appearance of mankind on the theatre of the world. And operate it must, and its evils be borne with, until the general Intellect of nation after nation can be so formed and educated that the principle of Intelligence shall sap its foundations, conquer, and supersede it. BY THESE MEANS ONLY CAN THE RICH DESCEND, AND THE POOR RISE, TO THE LEVEL OF MEN. BY THESE MEANS ONLY CAN THE REIGN OF INJUSTICE BE BROUGHT TO AN END, AND UNIVERSAL PEACE AND HAPPINESS BECOME THE EARTHLY INHERITANCE, AS THEY ARE THE HEAVENLY BIRTHRIGHT—FOR GOD HIMSELF HAS WILLED IT SO—OF MAN.

“ALL I CAN SAY IS, THAT MANKIND HAVE THE EXCHANGE IN THEIR POWER. AND IF THE DEGRADED MASSES WHO TOIL, AND GRUMBLE AT THEIR CONDITION, OR STARVE, AND IMPOTENTLY CURSE THE SUPPOSED AUTHORS OF THEIR MISERY, WILL NOT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO AWAKEN THEIR INTELLECT, AND RELY ON IT; THEY MUST TOIL ON AND GRUMBLE, STARVE ON AND IMPOTENTLY CURSE, AND TRANSMIT THE SAME DARK PATRIMONY TO THEIR CHILDREN.”

Here endeth the extracts from the Papers of my deceased brother, Dionysius Lackland. Peace to his ashes! May his spirit illuminate the world!

It was a beautiful night. Civilis proposed an adjournment to the garden. Suppose us on the greensward, pacing to and fro amid the moonbeams;—the stars

“STILL QUIRING TO THE YOUNG-EYED CHERUBIM.”

\* \* \* \* \*

**CIVILIS.** I can easily conceive, Randolph, what delightful visions must have frequently flitted across the mind of Dionysius—just as those pale cloudlets swim across the moon—when he anticipated the distant Future which is to realize his hopes. He had not, however, any vivid hopes for England. I have enough of nationality yet left to wish that she may be found in the van of the progress-march which shall subvert the old barbaric principle of Force, and erect the principle of Mentality on its ruins.

**RANDOLPH.** I could wish so, too, Civilis. And although Commerce has become everything to England; although money-making has become a Science; although this same Science falsely asserts that the Selfishness, which is its principle, is not Selfishness but Distribution; although these Adam Smith-fallacies are believed in; and although the specious falsehood has been Cobdenized into the semblance of Truth, I have yet hopes for England. One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with the social results of the Animal Principle is the progress Mind has made—in England especially—in spite of the disadvantages it has had to encounter with a state of things that in the beginning scarcely recognised its existence. Notwithstanding, therefore, that Mentality is still cherishing the Animal Principle, working for Wealth; doing its bidding; adding to its Selfish enjoyments; pandering to its Luxuriousness; and upholding its pretensions to possession and power; it is still, by this very labour, acquiring strength for higher purposes; and whilst it seems to be most busy fastening its own chains, it is, in reality, effecting its liberation and asserting its right to the undisputed sovereignty of the world.

**CIVILIS.** This is, indeed, a hopeful view to take of our prospects, my dear Randolph: but, Commerce, on which England's present greatness chiefly depends, is the great fosterer of a middle-class, happy-medium condition, which, according to our Moral Philosophers, is the very climax of all sublunary perfection. Despising alike, or affecting to despise, the grandeur they cannot reach, and the degradation at which their delicacy revolts, these our Moral Philosophers, preach up, and devoutly hug the "happy medium." This—for it is

almost universally reiterated—will be a great hindrance to the reformation.

RANDOLPH. Yes, Civilis; but Truth is mightier than “Moral Philosophy.”

“A SUBSTITUTE SHINES BRIGHTLY AS A KING,  
“UNTIL A KING BE BY; AND THEN HIS STATE  
“EMPTIES ITSELF, AS DOTH AN INLAND BROOK  
“INTO THE MAIN OF WATERS.”

*Shakspeare.*

Between Truth and Falsehood, and between Right and Wrong, there is no medium. How came “divine Philosophy” to miss this fact? Between two Evils there may be a medium; and it would seem to be the very acmé of human wisdom to get midway from them both! No, Civilis: when the bright Day-star of Intelligence shall ascend from the horizon, the little Starlets will go out: but whilst Star-light is a blessing we will walk thankfully by its light. It might be ages yet before Star-light can be dispensed with. Nathless, I foresee the day. The deepest darkness immediately precedes the dawn. And if a conflict of opinions be darkness; in England, in all Europe, it is dark. Our Sun, if it be a Sun, Civilis, will be long regarded as a Parelum: no matter: it will drink up this circumambient darkness: then will the mists through which our cumbrous Error looks magnificent, dissolve, and like—but the simile is hackneyed, and, perchance,—a note or two too high.

CIVILIS. It has been less appropriately used ere now.

RANDOLPH. Probably so. But I conceive that Metaphor has done as much to blind as to enlighten men. It has stopped many a gap in argument which a reason would have better occupied. I was about to say that the People must be educated—THAT THEY MUST EDUCATE THEMSELVES. There is no royal road, no democratic road, to the end I was glancing at, but this. We have seen that Self-education is a much more simple matter than men think it. The first Truth, which shows the end and object of all Education, is soon learned. This step taken, the thing is done: for, awakened to the knowledge of what he is, and what he needs, even the

poor miner who dwells a thousand feet below the sunbeams, will find time to think; and will think his way to Knowledge. "The People's Charter," rightly interpreted, is Knowledge. Let Chartists petition for Education. But in the meantime, and above all things, let them link hand to hand and heart to heart in one strong brotherhood of love—greybeards and boys—and mutually instruct each other. The "New Harmonies," and the "Socialism," and the "Communism" of well-meaning enthusiasts must merge into Education, before any general progress can be made towards the SPIRITUALISM which must be the Socialism of the future. The principle of CO-OPERATION which is now beginning to be talked about, is right: but the people must be taught to what END it is to lead before co-operation can be made to do anything more than benefit one portion of the working-classes at the expense of the rest. THIS MUST BE THE RESULT OF ALL ASSOCIATION, IF IT BE NOT UNIVERSAL. Make it Universal; and either all is accomplished, or nothing is accomplished. Without the co-operation of the Employers, the co-operation of the Workmen, however general, would end in nothing: if not universal, it must result in positive Evil somewhere. SUPPOSE THE UNIVERSAL CO-OPERATION OF THE EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED, the result is COMMUNISM; but ALL is not accomplished: FOR WITH OUR PRESENT DESIRES AND OUR PRESENT MODICUM OF KNOWLEDGE, COMMUNISM WOULD BE STAGNATION. IT WOULD EITHER SINK INTO PRIMITIVE BARBARISM, OR AGAIN RESULT IN MIGHT BEING THE ARBITER OF RIGHT. No: without an infinitely higher motive than either our Knowledge or our Religion supplies us with at present, Communism would be found to be, like the golden age of the Poets, a fable; or, like their Polyphemus, a huge monstrosity. LET US, HOWEVER, CO-OPERATE FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF INTELLIGENCE. Let us be SPIRITUALISTS through Knowledge: not through affectation, or Hope, or Fear, BUT THROUGH KNOWLEDGE, and all else that is desirable will come.

I am far from thinking that Governments will attend to my suggestions; and the more especially if they perceive that the results I predicate therefrom would follow their adoption. But, no matter. The duty of all Governments is

to see that all the people get a Secular Education,—a Religious one—when Secular Education is seen to be synonymous with Religion. Never heed the classics. Leave these to the dreamers who think that poring over the pages of those who lived and thought for past ages, is the best way to live and think for our own. Never heed Latin and Greek; leave them to be the tests of candidateship for students in "Divinity." Never heed modern languages (except as a means of international amity) until contemporaneous nations are wiser than ourselves. If, however, Genius should invent an universal Language, teach them this. At any rate, teach them their own language. Teach them the elements of the Sciences: Teach them to think. Teach them—but in a nobler sense than that in which the Poet uses the expression—"TEACH THEM THEY ARE MEN." Such an Education will enable them to distinguish Truth from Falsehood; Right from Wrong; and to pick their way to real Knowledge through that mass of Literature, which, without such aid, will confuse rather than enlighten their understandings. Thus to Educate the People is the first duty of a State. What I mean by this is, that the State should secure to the people the time, the opportunity, and the means, to get this Education; and, at first, to go, if necessary, into the "highways and hedges," and compel the young Calibans to come in. **THE ACT OF EDUCATION MUST BE THE PEOPLE'S OWN.** All Education is Self-education, although those who have acquired splendid nothings at College will not have it so. Before the mind can acquire any truth, it must take the trouble to think, and to perceive it to be truth: for thus only can the truth become its own. If Governments will do this, not neglecting at the same time to get the same Education for themselves, all will have been accomplished. "Out of the multitude of Counsellors cometh wisdom." **AND THE WISDOM THUS GENERATED WILL SEE THE WAY TO REMODEL OUR SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS ON A RATIONAL PLAN.** What those Institutions will be it is needless to discuss. It is quite certain they will be very different from the present. The Principle will be changed. Might will be Right no longer. If Property should still be recognised, the laws affecting it

will not be Cumulative, but Distributive. There will be but little luxurious Superfluity; and no Want. No ostentatious Benevolence; and no abandonment of Self-respect. There will be neither Alms-givers, nor Beggars. Few will be slothful, and none will be overtaken. "Call no man master" will then be understood without a Commentary; and Christian kindness will be an Instinct rather than a Law.

CIVILIS. May that blessed time come quickly, Randolph! But what will the Sneerers, and the habitual Jesters of Society, say to all this?

RANDOLPH. These latter geniuses will do what Jesters are constantly doing, Civilis, they will perpetrate a bad joke, at a wrong time, and to no purpose.

CIVILIS. The Sneerers in "high places," will say that the adoption of universal Education on such a plan would inevitably end in that form of Communism you have been repudiating.

RANDOLPH. No matter, Civilis. Error is not eternal: and Prejudices will die out. ENOUGH FOR US TO KNOW THAT IF ANYTHING CAN RID THE WORLD OF EVIL, IT IS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE IGNORANCE THAT GENERATED IT; AND THE SYSTEM THAT ENCOURAGES ITS GROWTH. But a nation's Intelligence, especially against such obstacles as under the most favourable circumstances will have to be overcome, will be of slow development; and the fine ladies and gentlemen whose delicate sensitiveness would be shocked at the bare idea of equality and promiscuous intercommunion with their fellows, will have slept perhaps many ages in their monument-covered graves before such a state of things is likely to come to pass. But, for their present satisfaction, as regards their descendants, let them remember that Education will do for "plebeians" all that it has done for them: and perhaps more. Let them bear in mind that their own Ancestors were boors, and plebeians, and rough diamonds:—very rough diamonds indeed, some of them! Let them be assured that any change which may be produced by Education, will be an elevation in manners, intelligence, and external condition, of those who are degraded in all things now. Even in the matter of personal Beauty—for Beauty, rightly understood, is that phasis

or form of matter through which, in all things, we perceive Intelligence—yes, even in the circumstance of personal Beauty, a great change for the better will inevitably take place. Not that the labouring classes are at present more deficient in all that passes for beauty than their more aristocratic brothers and sisters. But when their fine frames shall not be deformed by over-toil; and when their fine faces shall beam with the Soul's Intelligence, it will be a great change from the stupid idiotcy, and crime-distorted countenances which so frequently make one's heart ache now. Let them remember these things: and, although, under a rational system, their posterity will have fewer superfluities than are indulged in at present, they will need fewer: for Sensuality will be out of fashion; and the perfumed prejudices which now exist will have been put off with the Ignorance that bred, and the Pride that nurtured them. If the lower classes have much to learn, the upper classes have much to unlearn; and all will be the better and the happier for the change.

CIVILIS. This is no impossible, physical Utopia, my dear Randolph; but an Intellectual Eden as attainable as it is desirable and delightful. Listening to your voice in the calm stillness of this pleasant night, whilst the quiet stars and the motionless and odorous air seem to have been listening too, how have I wished that the men whose chance of entering Heaven was once likened to a camel's impossible passage through a needle's eye, had but been here to hear you! Methinks, the injunction, "Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the Poor, and follow me," would not have been addressed in vain to all of them.

RANDOLPH. I hope it would not: but your Mind, Civilis, is very susceptible of poetical impressions, and the peculiar fitness of the time and place has predisposed it to receive them. THERE IS MUCH IN FITNESS. You know what Portia says:—

"THE CROW DOTH SING AS SWEETLY AS THE LARK,

"WHEN NEITHER IS ATTENDED; AND I THINK

"THE NIGHTINGALE, IF SHE SHOULD SING BY DAY,

"WHEN EVERY GOOSE IS CACKLING, WOULD BE THOUGHT

"NO BETTER A MUSICIAN THAN THE WREN."



Fitness, Civilis, that is, everything Right, well-timed, and rightly placed, IS THE VERY PERFECTION OF ALL ART. In the present case the fitness was an accident.

CIVILIS. This reminds me of what you just now said of Beauty;—that rightly understood, it is that phasis or form of matter, through which, in all things, we perceive Intelligence. Applied to the Human Countenance the definition struck me as being excellent: for whilst there is a great diversity of opinion regarding Form, all own the magic influence of an Intelligent Expression; but how does it apply to the lower Animals, and things inanimate which have no Intelligence?

RANDOLPH. I meant, Civilis, a form, or phasis, or if you prefer it, an expression, which is, in all things, the RESULT of Intelligence;—IN MAN, the in-dwelling Soul, which is Intelligence;—IN THINGS INANIMATE, the in-dwelling evidence of Design, which also is Intelligence. In all the works of Deity—Man of course included, we recognise the Intelligence of their Almighty Author. The more we know of them, the more we perceive the perfect adaptation of means to an end exemplified in their formation. Hence, Beauty, rightly understood, is only a fonder—a more familiar name for the perfection of Design in things; which Design is, of course, the result of Intelligence. The peculiar phasis or form of a thing, in other words, its peculiar expression—is its peculiar beauty. In the Human Countenance, through the expression of the external form, and in the eye, we perceive the Intelligence of the in-dwelling Soul: and of this expression, Man himself—the individual man in whom we perceive it—may be truly said to be the Author; and all rightly-perceiving minds esteem and honour it accordingly.\* IT IS THE EVIDENCE OF POWER OVER MEANS BY WHICH HUMANITY CAN DO ALL IT HAS TO DO. Hence, the Beauty of its doings must consist in the most perfect adaptation of the means at its disposal to great and worthy ends. Every work Humanity undertakes to do ought to be in aid of the great work of its existence; namely, the perfection of the Soul's Intelligence. Thus, our

\* See discussion on Phrenology at the commencement of Chap. V., page 228.

Arts, and our Literature, should not have a tendency to degrade, to caricature, or to depress Human Nature; BUT TO ELEVATE AND ENNOBLE IT. All Art is false Art—false as to its object, which has this degrading tendency. IN LIKE MANNER, ALL OUR SOCIAL ARRANGEMENTS, OUR LAWS, AND GOVERNMENTS, SHOULD BE THE MOST PERFECT ADAPTATION OF THE MEANS AT OUR DISPOSAL, TO THE ATTAINMENT OF THAT HAPPINESS FOR ALL, WITHOUT FAVOUR OR EXCEPTION, WHICH IS THE END AND PURPOSE OF HUMAN EXISTENCE. That on Earth, Mankind will ever attain to a perfection of that Intelligence which confers anything like perfect Happiness, is, no doubt, impossible; BUT THIS IS THE END TO AIM AT: and, to aim at it with any chance of success, we must get rid of our brute-force principle in Governments, and model our Social Institutions on that plan, whatever it might prove to be, that shall be found most conducive to the true wants, mental and physical, of all its members. We have seen that the end which is at present aimed at is everywhere the enjoyment by a few of that happiness which wealth is supposed to give; and the selfish or brute-force principle is a fit and proper means for its attainment. If the multitude were not ignorant, so ignorant as to have fixed on the same animal enjoyments for themselves; and *that*, without much chance of obtaining them, this principle must have exploded long ago. Wealth will be always a lottery with a hundred, perchance a thousand, blanks to one prize: and as long as all press eagerly and selfishly for the prizes, every one who obtains a blank deserves the disappointment he experiences: whilst those who get the prizes are not to be pitied if they find, as they always do, that even the empty enjoyment of possession has been anticipated in the fervour of pursuit. Selfishness is the mainspring of the present System: Christian Love of that which should supersede it. The first is costly, cruel, and inefficient. The second is cheap, benignant, and effective. That is suited to men degenerated into brutishness. This, to men who would depress the brute portion of their nature, and develope the angelic. The one is stationary. The other is progressive. The selfish System is a system of expedients and makeshifts, leading to all that is hateful and

unholy. The Christian, or rational System, is the realization of all that is desirable, of all that is attainable on Earth. Let mankind make their election.

CIVILIS. Set the whole Truth before mankind, my dear Randolph, as convincingly as you have set it before me; and they WILL make their election;—that is, THE MILLIONS WILL; and that soon; and their election will be right. Let "Redemption Societies" look to it. Let "Working-men's Associations" look to it. Let "Land Societies" look to it. Let Chartists, and Communists, and Socialists look to it. Let Poverty and Slavery, whether black or white, here and elsewhere, comprehend the Truth—AND REFORMATION WILL BE RATHER A NECESSITY THAN A CHOICE. It is easy now to perceive how the National Debt will be liquidated, and no man be a loser.

RANDOLPH. Ay, Civilis; and how England might give back to neighbouring nations,—and with interest, too—the unfledged Liberty she helped to crush when she wantonly incurred this debt. What you say about Societies and Associations of Working-men possessing themselves of this Truth is important, and means must be taken to help them to the knowledge: for assuredly, till Intellect can bring about the Millennium, the Millennium will not come. Mobs, Violence, Treasons, Revolutions, would but retard, nay, indefinitely postpone the period of its arrival. Man must work out his own Redemption. Redeemed HE is already who knows the Truth. The uneducated Indigent must remain the helpless and degraded things they are until they get enlightenment.

CIVILIS. My dear Randolph, I am truly happy.—I have a steady view of all the operations and results of the Intellectual Principle.—You have schooled me into Happiness; not fitful, but abiding.—I see the way to Universal Peace without the aid of Peace Societies: and to the extinction of Slavery without much addition to that large expenditure of breath and bathos that has been so all but uselessly exhausted on the subject. We shall see, however, or I am much mistaken, Randolph, that these Anti-slavery and Peace-Society-Men have but few amongst them, WHO, SEEING THE WAY, WILL NOT RENOUNCE THE WORK. The majority of them are mere

Sentimentalists who would prefer to whine over imaginary miseries,—or miseries so far removed from the vicinity of their counting-houses as to have all the charms of imaginary ones,—than to set their hands to the extinction of the evils which produce them. Show them that to accumulate private Property—that to enrich themselves so as to afford to be philanthropic—is to place millions of their fellow-creatures in that abject condition that it is almost, nay quite—**A MERCY TO THEM TO ENSLAVE THEM**: show them that to monopolise the Earth and the Fruits thereof is the **CAUSE OF SLAVERY**: show them that to hold a Property in man is not one whit more venal than to hold a property in the Soil—which is the very Life of a man—his absolute Existence—which they have no more Right to molest, or shorten, or endanger, or warp to their own selfish purposes, than they have to manacle his limbs and make a Slave of him,—**SHOW THEM THIS, AND YOU WILL CURE THEM OF THEIR PHILANTHROPY!** Show the Peace-Society-Men that **AS LONG AS THERE IS GROSS INJUSTICE IN THE WORLD THERE MUST BE WAR**; and the roofs of their Congress-Halls will never more echo back their sentimental watchword—“Peace!” The Soul-Instincts of these men are right enough; but their Wealth will bind them to the Selfish Principle: they are Slaves of an abstraction—fettered to an Idea—“**RESPECTABILITY.**” How well He knew the strength of this Idea who said that “it is easier for a Camel to pass through a needle’s eye than for a Rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven!”—The memory of this night, my dear Randolph, and of all our former communings, will dwell with me for ever. You have awakened my soul to the enjoyment of a new existence. I will endeavour to repay your more than brotherly affection by awakening, or by the attempt to awaken, in other minds the same abiding and exalted Happiness.—Life is brief: or as Shakspeare so beautifully expresses it,—

“THE TIME OF LIFE IS SHORT:

“TO SPEND THAT SHORTNESS BASELY WERE TOO LONG

“IF LIFE DID RIDE UPON A DIAL’S POINT,

“STILL ENDING AT THE ARRIVAL OF AN HOUR.”

We partook of a slight refecton together: talked an hour or two of the unapproachable Genius of the Bard of Avon, and parted about midnight.

How little I have profited by the unobtrusive MODESTY of the world's greatest Bard and best Philosopher, the reader will perceive without any prompting of mine. But it will, I hope, be seen also that zeal in the cause of Truth—zeal resulting from a Conviction too absolute to permit the mere affectation of modesty—has been the sole cause of the otherwise indefensible and unseemly difference.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### RECAPITULATORY CONCLUSION.

THE Intelligent reader who has thus far accompanied us will not have failed to perceive that the autobiographical portion of this little work may be a fiction; and mere inventions the Revelation and the Dreams. And whilst it is due to Truth to admit the latter half of the fact, it is unnecessary to apologize for a deception, the object of which is so well understood. It is rather to be regretted that the practice is so frequently justified by the necessity. Whether the necessity existed in the present case the reader will judge. He will also judge whether the object gained be worthy of the circuitous means employed for its achievement. If we have accomplished anything, we have laid the foundation of a new Philosophy, which at some future period of the world will be the world's Religion. We have not broached a new Theory. We have not come before the world with a new System of Opinions; but with a new-found Truth. It is a Verity: it is **THE** Truth; or it is nothing.

The Lovers of their Species, and the Friends of Truth, are many: we will suppose the reader to be one of them: were it not so, the chances are, we should have parted by the way. As a philosophical treatise, into which it was our purpose at

the outset to beguile him, we have fears that our performance may have proved deficient in certain immaterial particulars; but, as a faithful guide through the labyrinth of Error, and as an indicator and exponent of Truth, and its attendant Happiness, we are not without hopes that the expectations raised, and the promises made by us, in the beginning, will have been essentially and satisfactorily realized and redeemed. We now know, that in Food; in Wine; in Sumptuous Feastings; in Luxurious Homes; in Liveried Human Appendages, Equipages, Dress; in Pleasures, Pastimes, Excitements, Sports; in Pictures, Books; in Power and Possessions, however unlimited their amount, not even Selfishness ever yet found Happiness, but only the daily and hourly means of dissipating life, and of silencing the promptings of the crucified and defrauded Soul. To mere Selfishness, therefore, Life has always proved the truthfulness of the luxurious Solomon's exclamation—the descriptive epiphonema of his grandeur—"All is Vanity!" Together we have unravelled the "tangled yarn" of human life: we have solved the great enigma. We have lifted the veil of its mysteriousness, and have found Deformity: we have passed through the intertangled mazes of this deformity, and have recognised eternal "Beauty." Like the fabled Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, hand in hand with the Angel Truth, we have walked through the burning fiery furnace of error-created Evil, and the smell of fire has not touched our garments: we have talked face to face with Deity and have not been consumed. We know, therefore, what Solomon did not know, namely, *why* selfish grandeur is "all Vanity." The truth is a great truth: but have men believed it? or has it been with all others as it was with Solomon,—the half-consoling sentiment of disappointed age?—The wisdom of the old, which youth derides, and no man puts his faith in till he must? The Truth is a great truth: but it was announced, not proved. Look round the world: has the desire for this false grandeur, this deceptive happiness, abated a single tittle? The reason is obvious. Men do not *necessarily* act on another's dictum; nor should they; but only on their own convictions. Were it otherwise, what to us were Truth? What to us were the

God of Truth? In this beneficent Principle of our nature, we see the emancipation of the human mind from the thralldom of OPINION; the possible subjugation of all "moral" Evil; and the regeneration of the entire world! Every Fact discovered by Science compels us to act in strict conformity with our knowledge. We know that the whole is greater than a part, and we cannot act as though we believed the contrary. It is a Law of our Intellectual nature, and we must obey it.

Placed in the midst of the existences of which Natural History and the Physical Sciences take cognizance, it becomes our chief business to acquaint ourselves with all the facts and phenomena they place within our reach. Here is the great storehouse of external Nature's Truth. It is the ability to possess ourselves of these truths of the outward world, of the greater truths within us, and to investigate, and comprehend them, that so pre-eminently distinguishes the human family from all the other works of the Deity by which we are surrounded. Numerous indeed are the facts which the patient and laborious investigators in these fruitful fields of knowledge have discovered and recorded. But much as has been accomplished, very much remains to do. It is to SCIENCE, that, after a thorough knowledge of ourselves, our rights, and duties, we must chiefly look for that knowledge which enlarges and elevates the Soul; which opens to us a clearer comprehension of the Laws by which the Universe is sustained; and which links us in a closer communion with our common God.

To the man of Wealth, the man of Business, the man of Pleasure, the man of Fashion,—to those who are these things only—the things "pure and simple" of Fashion, Pleasure, Business, Wealth, we have *not* addressed ourselves: the "Alpha" is no concern of theirs. What is Truth, what are the higher verities of the Intellect and the Understanding—the nobler aspirations of the Soul to them? Neither to the Religious man have we addressed ourselves,—the man who has a Creed on which he rests with simpleness of mind and child-like confidence: he is happy whoever else is sad: his name is on the golden roll of blissful immortality: he needs no help of ours: our thoughts are not for

him. But there are those amongst us—millions, may be—who do not believe in Wealth, in Commerce, in Pleasure, in Fashion, nor in any Creed—with an undivided confidence absorbing their whole souls; and, consequently, who have moments of restlessness, hours of doubt, days and nights of sorrow;—it is to these we fain would whisper, There is balm in Gilead—there is a verity deeper, purer, truer, holier than all these for *you*. Unhappiness is provocative of thought; but thought which only leads to Scepticism ends where it began. At present there is no Religion for him who has no Faith. Wanting this, he is repudiated and cast out. Neither has the world at present any system of Philosophy which does not launch the Enquirer, rudderless and compassless, on an ocean of Doubt. Philosophy has no recognised foundation. Religion has no love. Numerous are the Enquirers who need both;—a Religion which beneficently embraces all Earth's children, and a Philosophy which has certitude for its base. It is to these Enquirers more especially that our volume is addressed. We have shewn that such a Philosophy and such a Religion are possible. Our object has been to supply the basis and enunciate the principles on which either must be reared. We believe that the principles which are the basis of one are the basis of both: hence, we affirm that Philosophy and Religion are one, and that, in the abstract, Knowledge and Goodness are synonymous terms. By the term Knowledge we mean Truth; and we hold that all Truth knowable to Man, or conceivable by him, derives its certitude from the First Principle of his being and the Laws which govern it for ever and ever. To establish these propositions, to render this First Principle and these Laws comprehensible to our readers, and thence to arrive at conclusions which logically determine our Rights and Duties—religious, moral, social, and political—has been the sole purpose of the book we have been inditing. As a book eminently religious, eminently Christian, we offer it to the world. Its Religion resembles that which all truly Christian persons *feel* in their intercourse with their fellow-men at those moments when their religion has been reduced to action, and when the articles of their faith, and the formularies of their worship, have, for the time, been laid aside or



forgotten. It is a religion,—not of profession but of action; and, although many will denounce it as deistical and dangerous, it is due to ourselves to say that it can be so denounced only because its author entertains a higher notion of the Creator, and a purer notion of Religion, than creeds enunciate, or Christians of any denomination dare openly profess.

We have shewn that THE SOURCE OF ALL UNHAPPINESS IS DOUBT: that the source of Doubt is IGNORANCE: that, to Ignorance, everything is a Mystery, even its own mischievous doings and ridiculous imaginings; and that, in all ages, "RELIGION" has been the great Master-Mystery of them all. The ally, or master of all Civil Government, it has ruled the world by its occult mysteriousness. We have shewn that the true religious FEELING, which at all times has been as universal as the human race, has been made the basis of every system that has obtained credence amongst men, and exercised an influence over them. But, what Falschood has been fastened on this feeling, and by what knavery the machinery of the various systems has been worked, let their histories tell. Buddhism, Druidism, Polytheism—all the Ancient Systems, were Mysteries managed by the Few for the subjugation and government of the Many; Judaism, Mohammedism, and, we are compelled to add, Christianity, not excepted. As these were, or as they are, aids and instruments of Civil Government, exercising their influence over Ignorance, we grant the necessity for the fraud. But how much better were it to enlighten Ignorance than merely to govern it! As long, however, as the Millions remain ignorant, these "pious" frauds must be submitted to; especially as long as that ignorance exists which makes a man a mystery to himself, and leaves him at the mercy of every sanctimonious pretender.

We have shewn, if not in an extended form, at least by logical inference and implication, that inestimable advantages would necessarily accrue to the human race from the subjugation of this Ignorance, and from the consequent changes in the form, spirit, and objects of all social institutions which would follow thereupon. We have shewn that, were social institutions reared on the eternal and ever-enlarging basis of that portion of man's nature—his Intellect—which is the

only distinguishing mark of his superiority over the brute creation, the source of all that is Good, Great, Godlike, and Progressive within him, he would, necessarily (the Individual as well as the Race), make progress with undeviating certainty in Goodness, Greatness, and all Godlike perfections, and thus constantly widen and enlarge that natural boundary which separates Humanity (in tens of millions of instances so little now!) from the non-Intellectual, non-Progressive race of creatures (so loveable, many of them, and so admirable all!) which we denominate The Brutes. We have shewn that, in proportion to the more equal distribution amongst mankind of the KNOWLEDGE by which alone this permanent and world-wide elevation of humanity, higher, and still higher, in the scale of being, can be attained, in that same proportion will there be Equality amongst men, Civilly and Socially, as well as in their physical and moral condition. Hence, as a present means for the amelioration, and as the only possible means for the permanent extinction, of the ever-increasing Evils which a contrary system naturally, and necessarily, and most justly entails upon Humanity, we have solemnly conjured Governments to set about the holy work of NATIONAL EDUCATION. To this end also have we as solemnly conjured the great mass of the People, who form the basis of all Society—not to say the strength and bulwark of every State—seriously, and with one mind, to set about the sacred work of EDUCATING ONE ANOTHER.

Having, however, but little faith in Governments, whether “Liberal” or “Conservative”; or in Parliaments, however composed; or in the ability of the Uneducated themselves (weighted down as they are by Power) *to commence*, without some aid, this work of regeneration and enlightenment, we turn, more hopefully, to ask the needful help elsewhere. Believing that we have proved our case; believing that the cause of Humanity is the cause of God; believing that the Philosophy, of which we have sketched the outline, is the voice of God within us, the divinely appointed means, in his own good time, of redeeming Humanity from the abject condition to which Falsehood, and Superstition, and Selfishness, and Ignorance have reduced it; we would, with all earnestness and

solemnity, conjure the tens of thousands of the better educated amongst us, who, like ourselves, see and deplore the widespread and annually-increasing Evils propagated in that rank and festering hot-bed of Vice and Crime which we call Society, to unite in the formation of a Holy League, a Humanitarian Brotherhood, a Man-redeeming Confederation, for helping the Poor and Friendless of our Species to get that Education—that Religion—for themselves; and to afford that Education—that Religion—to their Children, which is alone able to redeem them and their Class from that Serfdom which blights the Soul, from that degradation, Moral and Physical, which levels them, by Millions, in their intellectual stature, to the very confines of the barrier which divides our species from the brute creation; but which, in the matter of animal abasement and the loss of their natural dignity, millions upon millions of them habitually overpass!

We have Societies for the propagation of Soul-degrading Myths, and Mysteries, and Fables, and Falsehood: shall we have none for the propagation of Deity-honouring, Soul-enlarging Truth?

We have Tract Societies for entailing the worst of Slavery on Men: shall we have none for their enfranchisement?

There must be something more terrible in the frowns of Power, there must be something less attractive and encouraging in the mild aspect of Philosophic Truth, than we have yet been able to discover or discern, if Myths and Fables shall have their disseminators, and if Truth shall not;—if hundreds of thousands can be found piously ready to enslave Mankind, whilst none can be found willing to put their hands to the work of their Redemption.

To the furtherance of this object the natural bias of our mind has ever tended; and as a help (albeit, a humble one) towards its consummation, are these our labours dedicated: they will have been less valuable than the paper we have soiled if, "in the progress of the ages," they do not minister to this result.

**WE SHALL BE ACCUSED OF RATIONALISM!** We shall be able to endure the taunt. **WE SHALL BE DENOUNCED AS LEVELLERS.** We plead guilty to "the soft impeachment."

**WE SHALL BE ACCUSED OF PRIDE.** It will not much disturb our equanimity.

If the first accusation be just (and we own it!), it follows that we are not fools: in this case, our Pride, and our Leveling propensities cannot be set down to the account of our folly; whilst the converse of this, not only may, but must be true of those who, by implication, pride themselves on not being rational. But do religionists really despise Reason? or do they only pretend to despise it? Deny any of their dogmas, they will instantly inundate us with reasons (such as they are) in support of them. Every church; the professors of every system of faith, will, as a last resource, meet us with a reason such as this:—"The Bible," or "The Koran," or "The Zend-avesta, says so, therefore it is right." Deny the genuineness of any of these; and we have the reasons which induce the believers in them to declare them genuine. If our Reason is to decide whether the Koran be a revelation from God to Man, it may also decide on the reasonableness of any of the facts or dogmas promulgated therein, or founded on it; as, for instance, whether Mohamet was a Prophet, or an Impostor, or a sagacious Reformer, who to do mankind a service, resorted to imposture. If reason may and must decide on any of these facts or particulars, it not only may, but must decide on all. There is no doubt but all the more gross and palpably-absurd doctrines of the Church of England, would be rooted out, but that our priesthood naturally ask themselves this question:—"What will the people say, the thinking, far-seeing people of England in this the Nineteenth Century? We reasoned ourselves away from Rome, and from some of her absurdities; but if we should reason away a few more of them, will not the Laity reason too? and where will it all stop?" Hence nothing is done. The priesthood are wrong in this determination. Protestantism must go forward, or return. As a Church which reasoned itself into being, it must (independently of the influence that any higher Truth may have upon its destinies)—it must reason itself onwards, or inevitably fall. The right of private judgment is the corner-stone of Protestantism. Remove it, and the blighting doctrines of the Church of Rome will be again predominant,

and people of all grades and conditions will become once more the passive instruments of a grasping Priesthood;—the mere creatures of a man who not only claims a right of judgment for himself, but absolute infallibility: whilst, with an arrogance as presumptuous as it is absurd, he says to the eight hundred millions of his fellow-men, “*you* have no such right, neither have you the capacity to judge concerning one tittle as to the efficacy of the formulas on which the Salvation of your Souls depend. I am the appointed one. I am God’s vicegerent here on Earth. Leave all to me.” For three hundred years we have differed from this mitred mountebank. We have claimed and exercised a right of judgment for ourselves. **WE HAVE DARED TO BE RATIONALISTS IN RELIGION.** And yet the sun has shone upon us still: the Moon and Stars have smiled and twinkled over us as of yore: the dews and rain have continued to descend on our fields and pastures; and the seed-time and the harvest-time have come and gone, yielding us their usual abundance. The charge of Rationalism, therefore, be it preferred by whom it may, is not a very grave charge. It may be borne: and we have the courage to bear it. We should be burned if Romanists had their way. But Romanists will not have their way, and we shall escape the martyrdom.

**BUT WE ARE LEVELLERS!** Yes: inasmuch as we are the propagandists of a Levelling Principle we are constrained to plead guilty to the charge. But we are merely “Utterers” of the Principle; not its Authors or contrivers. We, moreover, came by it honestly. We discovered it,—not amongst the dusty tomes of antiquity, the learned lumber of centuries; but in a previously unheeded corner of our own mind. It is older than the hills. It has existed through the long night of a past Eternity: it will continue to exist through the eternity of day that is to come. We are but the fortunate finders of a hidden treasure, the which we stumbled upon by accident; but, perceiving its value, we have taken some pains to lay it in a presentable form before the world. But let us drop unseemly metaphor. The Principle is either true, or false. If false, its falsehood has but to be shown, and its influence ceases; or rather it has no influence. But, if true, and if our deduc-

tions and inferences therefrom prove logical, it will not much aid the defenders of Selfishness and Error to affix on us, its humble propagandists, the anathematizing epithet of Levellers. This will no more deprive the Principle of its influence, or stop the course of reformation, than to name the Sun a snow-ball would diminish the fertilizing influence of its beams. Neither the Principle, nor whatever is true in the minor principles we have deduced therefrom, is ours: for Truth is of God, and cannot originate with Man; nor, when once perceived, can man resist the subtle progress of its influence, but whithersoever it leads him he must go. It has led us to write a book. Whatsoever it has commanded us to utter we have uttered. Whatsoever it has bid us do, to the best of our ability we have done. The mode of utterance we have chosen, and the means we have resorted to for the accomplishment of our task, are alone the things for which we are responsible: and, in these, we are sufficiently aware of our deficiencies to know that we stand in need of the reader's benevolent forbearance. We have, however, no right to expect immunity from censure; nor do we seek it. Good intentions are not sufficient of themselves to exonerate misguided Folly from reproach.

We shall defend our PRIDE when those who know us better than we know ourselves have told us what it is. We certainly deny that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." We deny it, as we deny Transubstantiation, Regeneration by baptism, and the Infallibility of the Pope,—because our reason revolts at such gross profanity. If this is Pride, we at once plead guilty to the charge: for our pride instructs us that every human form enshrines an angel: it admonishes us not to treat our fellow-men as slaves, but to cherish them as brethren: not to set ourselves above them, and "despitefully use them," but to regard them as our equals in nature; to love them as we love ourselves; and if we happen to have outstripped any of them in the pursuit of the one thing needful, Knowledge, to divide it with them. The Angel is awakened within us, and we have no wish, no motive to be selfish. The good we have we are anxious to divide with them. This is not the pride of Predestinarianism; the

Y

pride of the "Elect;" the pride of False Humility; the pride of Self-righteousness; the pride of Saintship; nor the pride of Place, and Power, and False Pretensions. There is, however, a Spice of the Pharisee in us: and whilst we own it, we regret it. But, be it remembered, that to do right is a tacit condemnation of those who do wrong: And how are scribes to correct folly but by denouncing it? or to denounce it, but (through implication,) by beslaving themselves with praise? If, however, there be no hypocrisy in our Phariseism there is not much turpitude in avowing it: what there is of the inherent stain we will leave to be dealt with by our Censors, who, if they should not find a flaw in our arguments, will be glad (some of them) to find a speck in our character so invitingly open to assault.

For the convenience of Critics who would gainsay our conclusions, we will reduce the leading Principles of our Philosophy into two groups of Propositions.

#### FIRST.

- THAT THE PRINCIPLE OF PRINCIPLES, THE FIRST MOTIVE-CAUSE OF ALL THINGS, IS INTELLIGENCE: HENCE, THE DEITY IS AN INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE HAVING INFINITE FORE-KNOWLEDGE: HENCE, ALSO, WHATEVER IS CONSISTENT WITH THE INFINITUDE OF THE FORE-KNOWLEDGE AND NECESSARY BENEFICENCE OF THE DEITY, IS TRUE: ON THE OTHER HAND, WHATEVER IS INCONSISTENT THEREWITH, IS NECESSARILY FALSE.

#### SECONDLY.

THAT THE HUMAN SOUL IS AN INTELLIGENT PRINCIPLE, CAPABLE OF KNOWLEDGE, AND NEEDING KNOWLEDGE: THAT KNOWLEDGE IS ASCERTAINED TRUTH: THAT MIND, OR CONSCIENCE, IS THE SOUL'S RECORDED KNOWLEDGE: THAT KNOWLEDGE (AS FAR AS IT IS TRULY ASCERTAINED, AND ALL IRRATIONAL INFLUENCES APART) COMPELS RIGHT SENTIMENTS AND RIGHT ACTIONS: THAT RIGHT SENTIMENTS AND RIGHT ACTIONS CONSTITUTE RELIGION: THAT RELIGION SUPERSEDES THE CONVENTIONAL MAKESHIFTS CALLED THE MORALITIES AND THE VIRTUES,

AND TENDS CONSTANTLY TO THAT INTELLECTUAL PERFECTION, AND RESULTS NECESSARILY IN THAT HAPPINESS, WHICH IS THE END AND PURPOSE OF THE SOUL'S EXISTENCE.

*If these, our fundamental Principles, are not true, then all our inferences are Errors; AND WE RECENT THEM HERE.* But if true, they will ultimately overcome all opposition; level all conventional distinctions; remove all unjust Laws; correct all absurd notions; reform all ridiculous customs; sweep away all superstitions; alter the fabric of all society; change the whole business and objects of humanity; and silently and peacefully regenerate the world.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

THOUGH perfectly convinced ourselves of the truth and indestructible stability of our Principles, we are not conceited enough to hope that the method we have adopted for their elucidation will have been sufficient to convince every Reader of the foregoing pages—the careless, and the prejudiced, and the superficial, as well as the more abstract and acute, of the accuracy of the conclusions to which it has been our object therein to lead him. We are not so vain as to hope but that any one of these Readers may have fixed on points which he thinks untenable, on proofs which he deems inconclusive, on conclusions which he deems illogical and false. A Thinker of one class will have said, “Your First Principle is not proven;” whilst another class of reasoners will have argued thus:—“If it be true that Intelligence is the First Principle of the Human Mind, what should have hindered the whole world of Thinkers from perceiving it before?” To such justly jealous Enquirers after Truth, the following Answer to the strictures and objections of a professional and learned Critic—a reader of our first Edition—extracted from our Preface to the Second, will, perhaps, by such Enquirers, be deemed no unfit addendum to the Third. In this belief, and with this



explanation and apology for so doing, we venture to place matter which is prefatory in its form as

## A SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER

### IN ANSWER TO OUR REVIEWERS.

To say that Critics are sometimes careless about their facts, dull of apprehension, or dishonest by design, is only saying that they are men like the rest of us,—worthy or unworthy in proportion as they are wiser or less wise than other men, or as they are more or less superior to the prejudices and other circumstances which influence human acts. Whether our Censors have misunderstood our principles, or purposely mis-stated, for the pleasure of condemning them, a word or two in self-defence is our right.

We certainly ought to be grateful—and grateful we are—for the very flattering commendations regarding our “style,” and the “general literary treatment of the theme,” with which their condemnation of our philosophy is so generously interlarded. To *The Critic: London Literary Journal*—we have to acknowledge our obligations for a most fair and liberal notice of our work; from which we might have extracted a preface for the present edition, in many respects more suitable—as conveying a better and more general notion of the contents of our volume—than any we could hope to write ourselves, were it not much too complimentary of our labours for even *our* modesty (described by one of our Critics as “an unknown quantity”) to adopt.

First let us say that it is not true, as has been suggested by *The Athenæum*, that we pilfered our principles from the Buddhists, from Socrates, from Plato, from Origen, from Spinoza, from Bacon, from the Mystics, from the German Philosophers, from the Quakers, from Bailey’s “Festus,” from Robert Owen, and from we know not how many other worthies of lesser note, who are said “to have preached the abolition of all Governments, Magistrates, and Laws.” It is not true that we have availed ourselves of any hints from any of these sources; and we are the more impelled to give

these suggestions an unqualified contradiction, inasmuch as it furnishes some proof of the strength of our position and the truth of our principles that they are countenanced by thinkers of the Ancient and Modern world so eminent as this galaxy of genius, whose works we are supposed to have rifled, but no portion of which, save perhaps, now and then, a stray sentence, and that ill understood, had we ever read. The truth is,—and if these suggestions of the Reviewer told against our work, the opposing fact must tell quite as forcibly in its favour—about two years before the “Alpha” was published, that is, about seven years ago, we had undertaken to prepare a series of Papers on Beauty and Taste for the Decorative Art Society. We commenced our task with a determination to make a sturdy attempt to think out the subject for ourselves. Our process was analytical; but instead of arriving at the First Principle of Beauty, we found the term “Beauty” to be the name of an abstraction—and this was a discovery to us;—we then applied the same process to Virtue, Morality, Justice, Conscience, Religion, and the rest of this family of terms, which, since our first acquaintance with Lindley Murray, we had allowed ourselves to think of as the names of *things* or *impersonal existences*, and not as the names of nonentities, or mere abstractions;—so “innocent” were we then of all acquaintance with mental philosophy and the jargon of the metaphysicians. We perceived that the whole of these terms represent merely modes of our Intelligence;—hence the idea out of which grew the “Alpha,” and the honour which has been awarded us by our Reviewers.

It is, however, but justice to say that we know enough of some of these works *now* to relieve us of any suspicion that the charge was wantonly preferred; and at the same time to make us cautious how we charge others with plagiarism, knowing as we do how the laws of thought necessarily lead divers minds, when engaged in the same inquiries, to the same conclusions; whilst the Laws of Language have a similar tendency to clothe thoughts that are identical, even in the same form of words; and all this the more certainly, when the mind, instead of roaming at large in the limitless world of Poetry, is confined to that narrow circle of *self* wherein the philosopher,

delving for first principles, is constrained to prosecute his search.

To avoid writing a book under the designation of a Preface, we will pass over many of the mis-statements of our Reviewers, and allow their harmless pleasantries (though perpetrated at our expense) to stand as an atonement for their dogmatism, false logic, self-contradictions, and mistakes; and so pass at once to the criticisms of a Critic who not only misrepresents, and laughs, and dogmatizes, and reprehends, but who most obligingly condescends to *argue*, and thus affords us a better opportunity of defence than fifty pages of protestations against unfair treatment could supply. Thus he opens his ruthless attack on our philosophy:—

“The author of this strange volume comes before the world with lofty pretensions. He is not a truth-seeker, but a truth-propounder; he brings a revelation, not an inquiry. He pronounces all that has gone before—all that philosophies and religions have offered in the shape of a solution, to be sterile and false. He brings with him that ‘Truth which is the exponent of all Truth,’ and which sweeps away Philosophy, Religion, Morality, to place in its stead one luminous principle which shall enlighten the world.”

Before we quote the rebuke which follows this statement, we must take the liberty to say that we are not dogmatic “propounders” of Truth, but zealous enquirers, as is shewn by the three chapters\* devoted to the proof of the truths we aim to establish, as well as by our frequent declaration, in the Preface and throughout the work itself, that, IF OUR First Principles be true and our reasonings therefrom logical, *then* is our philosophy true, and all other systems false. But it has pleased the Reviewer to assume the contrary, and thereupon thus to admonish us for our supposed presumption:—

“Now, it is always a matter of legitimate suspicion when a man sets himself in antagonism to the whole past; and this suspicion will operate so injuriously to the author that, instead of listening to his arguments,

\* In the present Edition *five* chapters.

men will shrug their shoulders and pass on. As a philosopher, therefore, he has been guilty at the outset of a most unphilosophical disdain for his own race."

We have before us—a recent acquisition, which, for its facts, we prize—Mr. G. H. Lewes's "Biographical History of Philosophy," beginning with Thales and ending with Auguste Comte. He there shows us, with the full force of his skill and acuteness, that, of all the Philosophers who have ever lived, and transmitted their labours to us, *not one* of all them, nor all of them together, have ever furnished us with a guide to Truth; and that the only use of studying their exploded systems is to teach us to put no trust in any of them. We believe, in the main, that he is right in his conclusions. Our own experience coincides with the result of his learned labours; for, although until lately we have been ignorant of these philosophies, we have always felt assured that if any of them contained, what all true and thoughtful men are ever desirous of obtaining—unerring guides to a knowledge of human rights and duties—their principles would necessarily have been as current in the world, and as generally understood, as are the physical principles discovered by Newton, or the Law of the association of ideas propounded by Locke. We agree, therefore, with the Historian of Philosophy, and confidently appeal to HIM against the censure of the Reviewer, more especially as the Reviewer presently echoes the Historian as to this very fact, and proves that, of all men, *he* ought not to have been our accuser. With this,—we "shrug our shoulders and pass on"—to declare that we really are *not* guilty of a "disdain for our own race." Our work breathes love to all men; we war with systems, not with individuals; with error and falsehood, not with men. "As a philosopher," too, we humbly submit that it was not only no error in us to take our stand on an acknowledged fact, but this very fact proving the propriety of our endeavours, it would have been most unphilosophical in us to have overlooked it. If a guide to Truth be still a desideratum—a fact established by the Historian of Philosophy—*alias* our present Reviewer—it was surely a laudable proceeding on our part to make an effort to discover one. If we have not found

it—so much the worse for us all. It is a matter, not for exultation, but for sorrow. The Reviewer proceeds:—

“Setting aside the claims of the writer to a possession of God’s truth on the highest of all subjects, let us calmly ask whether he is in the possession of man’s truth on the subject—or whether even he has a plausible and truthful-looking scheme to propose? We are bound to answer both questions with an emphatic ‘No.’ The fault may be in our long training in the old philosophies—in a leaven of the world-old ignorance—which have so dulled our vision, that we cannot recognise the pure white of truth.”

Of course, the Reader need not be told that the last portion of the paragraph just quoted is cleverly ironical; but he may not be aware that the old philosophers for whom the Reviewer professes so much reverence were all of them *Metaphysicians*: bearing this in mind let us see what all this pretended reverence amounts to, when it pleases the writer to assume that “all the ideas” in our volume belong of right to these Philosophers, and not to us.

“Vice, we are constantly told, is only Ignorance, and there would be no Virtue were it not for Vice. The author is strangely mistaken in supposing this is a discovery of his own. It is as old as Socrates. Indeed we may say, in passing, that the ideas in this book, so far from being novel, will be recognised by every *metaphysical* reader as having frequently been promulgated, and as having passed through his, the reader’s, mind; but as having passed *through* it—rejected as crude and false.”

Here, then, we see that the veneration of the Reviewer has suddenly altered into undisguised contempt. Here, like the Historian of Philosophy and ourselves, he “sets himself in antagonism to the whole past” with as much *nonchalance* as though he had never rebuked us for the like presumption! We shall presently have occasion to return to the passage last quoted, having introduced it here to show the reader how little of consistency is needed in the composition of a slashing review.

After declaring that "the author is radically unphilosophical in his methods," etc. etc., the Reviewer goes on say, that—

"*Much demonstration is employed to prove* that Intelligence is the Principle of all things, that God is Intelligence, that Man is a lesser Intelligence, that Intelligence is happiness and perfection, while unhappiness and imperfection result from Ignorance only. If we were all Intelligent we should all be virtuous, because 'right convictions compel right sentiments and right actions.'

"We believe we have done the author no injustice in this statement, and we fear no contradiction from scientific thinkers when we say that such a statement implies a profound disregard for philosophic method, and a profound misconception of human nature. We will show this presently; meanwhile let us simply demur to the gratuitous assumption with which he starts, viz., that Intelligence is the First Principle of all things."

We must ask here, if "much demonstration has been employed to prove" that Intelligence is the First Principle of all things, as is thus admitted by the Reviewer himself, is it not absurd to say, as he has just done, that our proposition is a "gratuitous assumption?" Surely a philosopher so well versed in "scientific methods" ought to be consistent. Surely a gentleman who boasts of his "long training in the old philosophies" ought to be just. That certainly is not an "assumption" which has cost its propounder *much demonstration to prove*. And what is the "method" taken by the Reviewer to prove that our proposition is false? He simply combats it with the ever-ready weapon of Pyrrhonism,—"*How do you know that? What do you know of the First Principle of things? and what of Intelligence?*" satisfied, apparently, that all Philosophy must crumble into ruins at the first touch of these truth-assaying interrogations. But, however this mode of confutation may have answered its purpose when applied to the First Principles of other systems, we think it can be shown to be a *proof* instead of a confutation of the truth of ours. If Intelligence be *not* the First Principle of all things,—certainly if it be not "The First Principle of the Human Mind," and if it

be not in the very nature of Intelligence to compel its possessor (all irrational influences apart) to act in strict conformity with its dictates, then is our work false and worthless, and the sooner it is forgotten the better: but, on the other hand, if these positions are proved by the very means selected by this acute Reviewer to demolish them, it is a fair inference that they are true; and then only has Criticism to do with our ulterior conclusions.

The first question,—“How do you know *that*?” (i. e., that Intelligence is the First Principle of all things)—must be taken clearly to *admit* the only point of real importance for which we contend, namely, *the all-importance to Humanity of Intelligence or Knowledge*, because it implies this statement—“if you *know* this, there is an end of the argument; you are right.” It is true our opponent might reply—“Yes, but you do *not* know it.” We shall see presently that we *do* know it as completely as we can know anything; and, moreover, that *this also* will be presently *admitted*, in the amplest and most unequivocal manner, by the Reviewer himself. But, first let us get both these admissions from the Reviewer's prototypes—the Pyrrhonists or ancient Sceptics, who, like himself, settled everything to their own satisfaction by a “How do you know *that*?” The Sceptics denied the possibility of all Philosophy because men cannot *know* things *per se*; consequently, they must have held the converse of this, namely,—that could men know things *per se* they would know everything; they would be (and solely by means of this knowledge) not mere men, but gods. Pyrrhonism is a denial of everything *but this*: but *of this*—of the oneness, the all-perfection of knowledge—*Pyrrhonism is the proof*; for, on this first fact, was the Scepticism based which demolished everything *except its base*: in the very nature of things it could not demolish *that*. To deny what it affirmed—the all-in-all importance of Intelligence, would have been, not merely absurd; it would have been also an abnegation of itself. If absolute Intelligence would raise men into gods, it follows that *it is this Intelligence which constitutes the god*: for, suppose the Intelligence totally absent in either case, *all potency is gone*, and what remains (if a remainder can be conceived of)

is felt to be a substance or essence as empty and impotent as the veriest negation. Thus, then, when we have explained, as we shall do presently, what we mean by the term "First Principle," it will be seen, according to the implied admissions of the acutest minds that ever existed amongst men, that "Intelligence is the First Principle of the Human Mind," and "the First Principle of all things:" proof will have been given that we *do* know this as completely as we can know anything: the "How do you know *that*" of the Reviewer will have been answered: and the two other questions which accompany it,—"What do you know of the First Principle of things?" and "What do you know of Intelligence?" will be seen to be far more idle than it were to ask—"What do you know concerning TIME? of the man who has obligingly told us what o'clock it is. Let us emphasize another word of this question,—a word which the Reviewer does *not* emphasize; and let us suppose him to insist on an answer to this form of the question also—"How do you know *that*?" We reply—we know it in the only way Man can know anything; that is, by means of that Law of his intellectual nature which compels him to believe and acknowledge that the whole of anything is greater than a part—from the sheer impossibility of denying it. On the Law which compels this assent—which compels submission to the evidences supplied by the senses, or the less controvertible evidence supplied by the understanding, all Philosophy, all Science, all determinations concerning Truth and Falsehood, Right and Wrong, must necessarily be based: and he who can affirm that this LAW is illusory or false, is more or less than Man. Will the Reviewer select either horn of this dilemma?

So far, then, we submit, that the "statement" on which the Reviewer joined issue with us does *not* "imply a profound disregard for philosophic method," nor "a profound misconception of Human Nature:" and if further proof be wanted of this, further proof will be given as we proceed.

We will now explain what we mean by the term "First Principle," by way of answer to another question of the Reviewer:—

"How *can* Intelligence be the First Principle of a thing?"



What we really mean by the term might be easily gathered from what we have already said; but to avoid any chance of misconception on the point we will further explain that, by the term First Principle, we mean—the *essential nature of a thing; its motive power;—its sole source of intelligent action.* We have, in various portions of our work, and with more regard to scientific precision than in the passage cited by the Reviewer, described “the Human Soul” as “an Intelligent Principle,” meaning thereby, the spiritual man—the “substance” or reality which has an inherent aptitude for intelligent action, but which, in its incipency, has to acquire the *means* of intelligent action. It cannot be denied that these means are facts, knowledge, Intelligence: nor will it be denied that Intelligence may be, for all practical purposes, if not with scientific exactness, considered and spoken of as the motive power of this “substance”;—its beginning, or source of action. Meaning this, we have described Intelligence as the First Principle of the Human Mind; and, looking upwards to find a cause of these human conditions, we perceive, through the same process of reasoning, that Intelligence (absolute and infinite of course) is the First Principle of all things. This will explain our meaning, and, we trust, will be found to be a satisfactory answer to the question propounded by the Reviewer. We know that all intelligent action is the result of Intelligence in the actor. It is a truism. And as Intelligence is, not *the intelligent substance*, but the *motive power* of that substance, and as our notion of principle implies action, the term First Principle applied to Intelligence, if not strictly scientific, is not very censurably wrong. We have said that Philosophy and Religion are convertible terms, and we find from Mr. Lewes’s History that the reverend Scholiasts of the middle ages entertained the same notion. Scotus Erigena said—“True Philosophy is true Religion, and true Religion is true Philosophy.” Of course a Religion presupposes a God: consequently, our Philosophy, or, if the Reader prefers it, our Religion, is based on the faith (we would fain call it the *proof*) of the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, to whom we must necessarily bear a certain relationship (however distant) in spiritual nature or essence; for otherwise

he could not be an object of adoration to *us*. Our opponent seems to censure this weakness; and the following paragraph from his article on our volume will appear a little inconsistent when compared with his apparent reverence for the "religions" as well as the "philosophies" of which he professed himself the indignant champion in the opening paragraph of his Review. He says:—

"Upon this assumption that Intelligence is the Principle, Aim, and End of every created thing, the author bases his system. So long as he remains with the Deity and Creation he has it all his own way. No man can disprove Cosmology; for the simple reason that no man can *prove* it. The author, therefore, may sport as he pleases amidst the chaos of unformed worlds, and tell us 'all about' them. With First Principles we profess no acquaintance; as the sailor said of ghosts, 'we don't understand their tackle;' but when he descends upon earth and speaks of human beings, we begin to feel more confident."

Having ventured on the assumption which provoked this flash of profane pleasantry in our Censor, we must defend our notion of the Deity by affirming that we but follow the common practice of mankind in describing Him as the very perfection of Men's own ideal of themselves. Savage men, of necessity, imagine a savage God. *We* bow to the same natural necessity when, deeming Intelligence the glory of humanity, we conceive the same Attribute, in its absoluteness, to be the glory, the power, the perfection of God. With this protest against unfairness, and what has some resemblance to cant, we willingly descend to earth to discuss matters more immediately appertaining to humanity.

Instead of "sporting" in the "uncreated worlds" of the Reviewer's imagination, and unphilosophically forgetting that men are only men, the Reader will find that the direct opposite of this disingenuous suggestion is the truth. Of Man we write, and of Man's higher nature, and of the Laws of that higher nature, by which his lower nature *ought* to be (and, in the instance of our Censor, *is*, no doubt) controlled. To this

end we make an effort to prove that knowledge in its very nature is synonymous with our abstract notion of virtue; hence we conclude that, "Right convictions have a constant tendency to compel right sentiments and right actions." To these propositions the Reviewer objects. He says:—

"Vice, we are told, is only Ignorance, and there would be no Virtue were it not for Vice. The author is strangely mistaken in supposing that this is a discovery of his own. It is as old as Socrates."

To this we reply—that, if it is proper to designate these propositions of ours "a discovery," IT IS AN ADMISSION THAT THEY ARE TRUE: and whether the honour of the discovery belongs to Socrates, or to ourselves, or to both, or to neither, does not in the slightest degree invalidate the facts themselves, or diminish their importance. Often, quite unawares, the truth we seek to hide slips out; and this fact will be seen to be again and again verified in the article now under review. But to proceed. The Reviewer says:—

"The peculiar error to which we now direct attention, —viz., that Vice is Ignorance, and that Knowledge compels right actions—could only be entertained by one unaccustomed to scientific method."

One word here on the subject of "Method," to which the Reviewer attaches so much—to our thinking—needless importance. If the "scientific" or other Methods relied on by all previous philosophers have failed to lead to the discovery of a fundamental Truth—why so pertinaciously insist on every new aspirant to philosophic honours pursuing one or other of those beaten tracks which experience proves have hitherto led to nothing? The Reviewer tells us that—

"The error lies in eliminating from human nature all the conditions except intelligence, and theorizing as to how man would act *if* they were so constituted. But Nature is not to be coerced by our Philosophy; on the contrary, she insists upon our Philosophy taking its shape from her: and this command the 'Alpha' violates in every chapter."

This is a grave charge, but it is not true. We do not, however, see that there is any more necessity for the metaphysician, when analysing Mind, to confuse his demonstrations with a dissertation on Physics, than for the Anatomist, in a discourse on the bodily functions, to obscure his demonstrations by intermingling them with discussions on the nature of Mind. To know the essential nature of a thing we must consider it in the abstract,—entirely separated from everything else: and thus far only are we chargeable with this so-called error of elimination. But that, in our theory of human progression, we have overlooked the conditions which belong to our physical nature, or, knowingly, slighted the claims to consideration of any natural instinct—for the more extensive gratification of which the Reviewer may have, either on public or private grounds, an especial wish, by his influence and advocacy, to foster and protect—we beg, distinctly, yet respectfully, to deny. Neither are we chargeable—if our Principles are true, and they have not yet been shown to be false—with any unphilosophical attempt to “coerce Nature”; unless to coerce Nature means—and we do not see that it can mean anything else—restraining the licentiousness of the animal appetites to the moderate gratification of them which satisfies the brute.—With this exception—if exception it can be called, and of which we see no reason to be ashamed—we affirm that our Philosophy *does* “take its form from Nature”; and, consequently, that we do *not* “violate her commands” at all, much less “in every chapter.” Again the Reviewer asks,—

“But who does not see the vicious reasoning which employs such an IF?”

Let us ask the Querist in return, what—but for the state of things indicated by this “if”—were the use to humanity of *his* learned labours? What is the meaning of all that is being done (whether little or much) under the name of Philosophy, Religion, Morality, Science, Art, Poetry, and Literature in general,—to say nothing of Laws, and Magistrates, and Legislators,—if it be not, first, that the state of things is confessedly bad; secondly, that it is possible to improve

it; and, finally, that by these various labours some improvement is both desired and intended? And if all these thinkers and intellectual labourers recognise the work implied in our "if" as work needful to be done, and are sincere in their desire to do it, why should the reasoning of the "Alpha" be denounced as "vicious" for recognising so notorious and palpable a fact? If the Fact had no existence, all teaching would be needless; but that it *does exist* makes evident the only reason that is possible for the existence of a curative philosophy. It is the knowledge of what Man *is* compared with what he *ought to be* that affords a *locus standi* to philosophy at all: and it is the business of Philosophy to discover and apply those Laws, by which Nature has ordained that wrong shall be corrected, and "Evil" be converted into good. Then how eminently absurd the objection! We are next reminded that—

"Men, as at present constituted, are intelligent, but they are also instinctive and emotive beings."

The Reviewer knows that we no more doubt or deny all this than he does. But does this form any reason why the ignorant multitude—who are, many of them even amongst ourselves, scarcely anything *but* instinctive and emotive beings—should not be educated into intellectual beings also? We believe that they are poor, and filthy, and ragged, and wretched mainly because they are ignorant. We perceive that the Instincts and Emotions have a tendency to make beasts of men, and we aim to correct this tendency in Nature's own way, the only way—namely, by universal education.

"Intelligence," says the Reviewer, "is *one* mode of action by which an organization manifests itself; but it is only one mode, and is controlled by other modes."

We contend that when the "other modes" control the Intelligence the tendency is downwards. We think that the Intelligence should control the Passions, and not become their minister and slave. The Reviewer goes on:—

"Instincts, Desires, Passions are not less integral por-

tions of the human soul, and *they* mislead men into vicious actions more than Ignorance misleads them."

But if Instincts, Desires, and Passions "mislead men"—as they undoubtedly do—the greater the necessity, say we, that Intelligence should modify, limit, and control their action. The Reviewer proceeds :—

"No greater mistake can be committed than to place all our actions under the impulse of the Intellect, and to suppose that our knowledge of what is right will compel us to do right :

'Video meliora proboque  
Deteriora sequor!'

'I know and testify to the good, yet I follow the bad.'

We have never assumed or said that, against impediments such as social influences and mere animal appetite, knowledge is absolutely resistless: we are too well aware of the contrary. What we *do* say is that (apart from all irrational influences) knowledge *is* resistless. But this we maintain also—that there is no power under Heaven but Knowledge (or Belief which has the force of Knowledge), by which whatever is irrational can be eradicated or reformed. The Reviewer denies this: he says:—

"Social experience has educated social feelings: the Intellect has, of course, guided this education—it has thrown its light upon the objects—but it has not been its motive force."

This is a strange passage. What is "social experience", but an accumulation of social knowledge reduced to action, and teaching by personal influence and example? But he tells us that the Intellect has, "of course, guided this education"; and if *of course*—how could anything else have been the "motive force"? Or, supposing a motive force other than Intelligence—what is it?

There is a remarkable, a sort of paternal, tenderness in the claims to respect put forward by the Reviewer for the Instincts, Desires, and Passions; which, like so many mischievous Pucks and Jack-o'-lanterns, mislead men into moral

Z

quagmires even more than Ignorance misleads them. We have had a classic illustration of this charming weakness in the confession of the Roman Poet; we are to have another example, almost as pleasantly respectable, in the person of—the Reviewer will tell us whom:—

“In the face of this universal experience, how can a man assert that Vice is the same as Ignorance, and that we do wrong because we are unenlightened, when it is clear that, in most cases, the wrong we do is owing to our instincts and passions disregarding the Intelligence and acting in defiance of it. Take a familiar illustration. Jones is fond of port; a pint does him no apparent injury; a bottle makes him quarrelsome, reckless, and profligate. He knows well enough that, if he drink a bottle of port, he will thump his wife, destroy the furniture, pass the night in a round-house, and suffer terrible head-ache on the morrow. He knows this as well as he knows most things; he foresees the consequences,—and drinks the bottle.”

A man always affirms or denies the converse of what he denies or affirms. Now let us see what the Reviewer affirms in this very choice and “familiar illustration:”—why, that, Be a man what he may, he is what he ought to be!—and, consequently, that all progress is impossible, and all education folly. Is THIS the result of—“our long training in the old philosophies!” Of course, everybody must sympathise with Jones. It is clear, moreover, that, but for this, not unamiable,—indeed, somewhat interesting,—possibly even,—solitary trait in his character, we should care nothing about Jones. Still, we must take the liberty to say that, apart from its want of pertinence as an illustration of any defect chargeable on the “Alpha,” this specious mode of argument exhibits only a most unphilosophical pandering to Common Sense, which we will take the liberty of describing as—The plain, honest reasoning, of plain, honest people, on data which these plain, honest people seldom condescend to examine, and which are far more frequently based on fundamental falsehood than on fundamental truth. But, in our case, Common

Sense is the Culprit; and, if you make the Culprit the Judge, no marvel, gentlemen Reviewers, should you obtain a verdict against us; and, once for all, we protest against its arbitrary and superficial decisions. Conscious, apparently, that his "familiar illustration" is less pertinent than witty, and that it is susceptible of an answer, the Reviewer, with a most laudable candour, proceeds to give it:—

"Now it is quite clear that our opponent might say, Jones only *partially* foresaw the consequences—his conviction was not absolute—he suffered his desires to sophisticate with him—he listened to the sneaking suggestion that *this* time, perhaps, he should not become intoxicated, and so on; whereas if he clearly and unmistakably saw his action in its true light—saw the inevitable consequences, and recognised them as inevitable, then he would not drink the bottle. Some such reservation as this must be in the minds of those who talk about Vice being Ignorance."

Must be *in the minds* of those who talk about Vice being Ignorance! Why, is it not many times written in the book, on the merits of which this clap-trap is put forth as criticism? This "reservation" is *always* made by us. One instance is as good as fifty. Of the ten propositions which are the base of all our arguments and conclusions,—each proposition rendered as distinct as typography can make it,—and in page 73 of our volume, the second proposition stands thus:—"THAT, APART FROM THE INFLUENCES TO WHICH HE MAY BE EITHER ANIMALLY OR CONVENTIONALLY SUBJECT, HIS ERRORS ARE ALWAYS IN THE EXACT RATIO OF HIS IGNORANCE."\* Can there be any excuse for the Ignorance of the Reviewer? And if not, what then? The Reviewer might have stopped here; but, in his simplicity, or in his wilfulness, he proceeds to record an admission which mars all, and which, strangely enough, he prints in *italics* as though unconscious of the triumph he obtains—over himself. These are his words:—

"Give a man the omniscience of an Angel and he will act like an Angel."

\* See the second of *Nine* propositions at page 74 of the present Edition.



Precisely so:—and the more of this omniscience (*i. e.*, Knowledge) you give him, the further you will remove him from the natural condition of the mere Brute. All we have been contending for is granted. All our opponent has been arguing for is given up. The Reviewer's admission, thus stated, affords the following logical results. Give a man the knowledge of an Angel, and he will, intellectually, *be an Angel*: ergo, KNOWLEDGE CONSTITUTES THE ANGEL. Again. Give a man the knowledge of an Angel, and he must *act like an Angel*: ergo, KNOWLEDGE IS THE ARBITER OF HIS ACTS.—It seems somewhat extraordinary that so acute a logician, skilled, too, in methods scientific, should have ventured to draw his crowning conclusion from ANGELS—after having so recently confessed that he “didn't understand their tackle.” But the fact is, there are few things more difficult—when a man will talk—than to falsify the convictions which, whether he knows it or not, are a part and parcel of his very nature—the Alpha and Omega of his inmost soul. Man is, intellectually, truthful and truth-loving by nature, the gloomy and impious doctrine of “original sin” notwithstanding;—and this is only one of the thousands of proofs which are every day occurring of the fact.

The Journal in which the review we have been reviewing appeared is not remarkable for its orthodoxy. It prides itself, moreover, on its philosophical acumen, on its fairness, on its love of Truth for its own sake, and on its liberality in opening its columns to all opinions—from the super-orthodoxy of his Holiness the Pope to the atheistical heresies of Miss Martineau: why, therefore, our opinions should have been misrepresented therein, if deemed worthy of notice at all, we know not: but it is a little singular that, in purposely falsifying our proposition so as to bring it within the limited range of a bad joke containing the most execrable philosophy, the Reviewer should have affirmed, by a gratuitous admission, the two fundamental principles of our work—both of which it was the main object of his entire article to confute! The moral we draw from his misadventure is this: The man who merely argues for Victory should never make admissions. Our other Censors were too wary even to *argue*. They jested, fibbed,

sneered, dogmatised—and won.—Now, of all these modes of confutation, the Fib, though an ungentlemanly weapon, is the most effective, because, as we have seen, it begets occasion for the others. Take a specimen of this mode of warfare from another review. We are said to have done wholesale injustice to THE ARTISTS by asserting that “All Art is false Art:” whereas this monstrous Aphorism has been culled out of the following sentence from page 345 of the “Alpha”:—“Our Arts and our Literature should not have a tendency to degrade, to caricature, or to depress Human Nature, but to elevate and ennoble it: All Art is false Art—false in its object—which has this degrading tendency.”\* Thus our *white* has been converted into *black*: and where is the remedy? Verily, there is an art in everything; but the art of fabricating evil out of good is a vicious art; and a profitable one, no doubt, or it would not be so frequently practised by Reviewers. We have just said that Men are, intellectually, truthful and truth-loving by nature. We may add that they are time-serving from necessity. We do not mean what is called Philosophical necessity, but the necessity arising out of conventional circumstances which are alterable by humanity, and wrong—because they incline all but the sternest minds to disregard the higher promptings of our better nature, and that—greatly to the detriment of all. Before we return to the Reviewer on whom we have bestowed so much attention, let us take this opportunity of remarking that, if we rightly understand the fundamental principle of Robert Owen’s philosophy (from which it has been said we have borrowed some of our own notions on Social matters) it is that, “Man is the Creature of Circumstances.” Now, it will be seen that our position is the direct converse of his; for we maintain that Man has the power to control circumstances, and does control them: and Robert Owen falsifies his own principle, and (unconsciously we presume) relies on ours, when he seeks to *alter* Man’s social condition, which, on his own principle, must be incapable of alteration.

Concerning the identity of Knowledge and Virtue, and the intellectual Law which is the arbiter of our rational acts,—

\* See page 309 of the present Edition.

the positions maintained by us, and denied by the Reviewer—our argument, briefly stated, is as follows:—If (as we maintain) an inadequacy of Knowledge is Vice—namely, the cause of it, it follows that a sufficiency of Knowledge is Virtue. Again. If, (as we maintain) a sufficiency of Knowledge is Virtue—namely, the cause of it, it follows that the cause must be, in all cases, competent to the effect predicable therefrom—just to the extent that all irrational impediments to the natural operation of this Law—the intellectual arbiter of our acts—have been removed: and certainly nothing but Knowledge can remove them. This is a simple statement of the Law for which we argue: but that it is a Law, in the sense that it is universal and unvarying, is the fact the Reviewer denies. He contends that, although knowing two and two to be equal to four, he can act if he pleases, as though he believed the multiple of these numbers to be seven or six. We answer,—As a *true man* you cannot; as a *knave* you might: and every one (the Reviewer excepted) must admit that a man ought not to be a knave. And, if he ought not, then the fewer temptations to knavery that Society puts before him the better; and all the hindrances which operate against his natural reliance on the truth which he knows to be truth, ought with all practicable promptitude to be for ever removed. But for a man to say, as is said in a roundabout manner by this Reviewer, that the wish to effect the work of this removal is “idle” because the labour is so “immense,” is absurd indeed; and could only be consistently maintained by a consistent believer in Robert Owen’s principle, which abnegates a hereafter, assumes progress to be impossible, and renders Philosophical Knowledge not worth the sacrifice of a month’s animal enjoyment to obtain.

We are, however, no enemies, saintly or ascetic, to animal enjoyment; nor ungrateful that the performance of all our animal necessities have been beneficently made instrumental to this enjoyment: but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact which arises out of the circumstances just mentioned, namely,—that, contrary to what we observe in the natural economy of the brutes beneath us, Man has converted these means of enjoyment into an institution,—cultivated his animal appetites

into a daily-recurring passion, which must be gratified, if possible, at any cost; and, indeed, at what a cost? What an enormous amount of needless misery is entailed by Society on Mankind at large as the inevitable consequence of these *natural*, but surely not *necessary*, indulgences! Simpletons of every class—and there are some in all—and probably the crowd of Common-sense Men also, will laugh outright at our complaints and lamentations; but we entreat the Reader to reflect on this matter, and realize the magnitude of its moral for himself. He will be a wiser, perhaps a sadder, but certainly a better man for the meditation, the introspection, and the knowledge.



# APPENDIX.

---

## INTRODUCTION TO "MY ADVENT."

---

UNTIL the last twenty years, the teachings respecting the whereabouts of the habitations of the so-called dead, their surroundings, and occupations, have been given to the world by the ambassadors (self-styled such) between God and Man. These being worthless, from the entire want of knowledge shown by these masters in Israel, and the author of "Alpha" having, in fulfilment of his last earthly pledge (if achievable), again held converse with this world's denizens, the positive intelligence of the Immortal sphere is here presented in a condensed account of his Spiritual Advent—assuring those who knew and loved him when he was in the flesh, of his continuance in the work of his life; and also of his nearness to, and power to assist by his counsel, those of his friends who are more immediately occupied in carrying out the work he had commenced.

To accomplish this purpose, he selected J. J. Morse, the now well-known inspirational speaker, to be the *medium* for his communication. The former visited, from time to time (until the narrative was completed) at the house of the editor of this edition, who always invited one or more friends to be present with him during the giving of the "Advent."

The medium at each sitting, and previous to the commencement of the narrative, was thrown into a state corresponding to that induced by mesmeric passes, the operator in this case being in the Spiritual world. During the continuance of this semi-trance state, the medium was made to think the thoughts which passed through the author's mind, and thus to give utterance to the "*inspired*" description of persons, places, and events, which will be found in the "Advent."

Since the departure of the Author to the golden shores of the Summer-land of life, the writer of this and many of his friends, have frequently seen and conversed with him on the relation of the Physical to the Spiritual life, and kindred topics,—much to their physical, mental, and spiritual improvement.

The "Advent," at first chiefly intended for the Author's intimate friends, has been so highly appreciated by them and others, that he suggested its being added to the present edition of the "Alpha" as an appendix.

In compliance with this suggestion of Ed. N. Dennys, it is so added; with the earnest hope that its perusal may give a perfect, although faint idea, of the Realities of—Life beyond the Veil.

# “MY ADVENT.”

---

## PART I.

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than have entered into thy philosophy.”—*Hamlet*.

WHEN I became conscious that Physical dissolution was near, I experienced sensations of exquisite delight. I felt as if I were sinking into an atmosphere of indescribable happiness, which, from its intensity, gradually overpowered my bodily senses, and caused a profound slumber. This slumber lasted about three days, at the end of which I awoke, and became conscious that the change called “death” had passed over me, and that the veil which, for more than threescore years, had hidden the realities of existence from my sight, was removed, and for ever.

When I awoke, I found myself in an apartment, the like of which I had many times pictured but had never before realised. It was circular in shape, having walls of a translucent substance, nearly resembling alabaster, and a bright, yet mellow light, pervaded the whole of it. I found myself reclining on a couch, formed to resemble a white lily. Floating around me, and filling the room, was a perfume-laden atmosphere, the inhalation of which gave me a new sense of being, coursing through my veins like ethereal ether, and filling me with joyous life: I had not, however, fully realised my new condition; it was so much like a dream that I arose from my couch, and rubbed my eyes, and felt myself to ascertain whether I was dreaming or awake. After some little consideration, I became fully conscious of an elevation of myself in every sense; when, quietly thinking for a while, I suddenly observed the curtains part at the side of the couch furthest from me, and a person of a most benevolent aspect stood in the opening.



He was clothed in a long flowing robe of emerald color, and bright as the diamond. It was fastened round the waist by a golden cord, with two tassels depending from the ends thereof. His head was bare, and his long wavy hair fell in heavy masses of gold around his shoulders.

He quietly advanced to the centre of the apartment, and I felt myself irresistibly impelled to rise and approach him. When we met, we cordially embraced each other, as dear friends who meet after a long absence. On my part, I was (then) ignorant of the cause, although I felt as if I had found a dear brother, from whom I need hide nothing.

After the first blissful sensations were toned down, the following conversation ensued between us.

Myself.—“It is strange, dear friend, and I feel you are a dear one, that you and I, who have never before met, should be so attracted; for I never felt myself so drawn towards another in the whole course of my existence as I am towards yourself.”

He.—“My dear Brother, it is not strange! We *have* met before. Many a long year have I been ever near you; and, assisted by others, have been helpful to you in your interior unfoldment.”

Myself.—“But what reason had you for attaching yourself to me?”

He.—“That I will explain anon; you must now seek to clear the mind of the undefined shadow that rests upon it.”

Myself.—“True. The shadow, if it can be so called, is this,—I feel myself changed, elevated, and also conscious that my work on earth is but partially completed. Am I entirely separated from the sphere of my labours, consequent upon this interior elevation? I know the higher can descend to the lower; but will not the lower repel the higher, and so render the descent a useless waste of time?—I hope I am not separated from my work: and yet I fear I am. Enlighten me on this point, I pray you.”

He.—“Dost thou not feel an attraction encircling thee? Analyse thy sensations calmly, and trace whence the attraction comes.”

I travelled backward to the scene of my first life. I felt within, the strong desire to elevate those I had left behind. I had a clear conception that Intelligence rules all existence, and that Intelligence suffers nothing to exist, unless it be useful. Thus reasoning, I knew there must be some means whereby my desire could be gratified, and I said to my Brother—

“How can I compass the means which I perceive must exist? How can I approach those upon the planet whence I came; for I am conscious of another existence away from that planet; because what I now behold would be impossible thereon.”

He replied—“Come with me, my Brother, and I will introduce you to the rest of our circle; you shall then receive a practical exposition of how you can fulfil the animating desire of your soul.”

We arose from the couch upon which we had been seated, and passing between the curtains, which opened at our approach, we passed onward through a corridor, at the end of which I observed a landscape surpassing in beauty and grandeur all that I had ever seen or conceived.

Before us was an open plain interspersed with trees, shrubs, flowers, and streamlets; and away in the far distance rose up, like undulating waves of the grand ocean, bright and verdant mountains, dimly seen over the tops of which was the outline of what appeared to be a city, bathed in a calm, subdued light. Over our heads was a bright blue atmosphere, clear as the noonday sky, and a spirit-sun cast its soft, golden light around, bathing every object in a flood of celestial glory.

Immediately facing the doorway of the corridor, and at some two hundred paces distant, was a circular grove of feathery trees tapering towards their tops, and bending towards the centre—forming a dome of emerald brightness. Reclining in different attitudes within the circle, were many, to me, then, strangers.

Immediately my Brother, who preceded me, had announced my coming, they all rose to their feet, and ranging themselves in a triple circlet, received me into their midst, with much joy and congratulation.

When the enthusiasm consequent upon my reception had somewhat subsided, my conductor asked silence, and briefly recounted to them the history of my change; and how I had been conveyed, still sleeping, to the apartment in which I awoke. The scene about me was soul-stirring; and while I was gazing in wonder around, strange, half-forgotten memories arose: faces and ideas that I saw around me seemed more like old friends (for faces here reflected ideas) than new ones; and yet I had no distinct recollection of at any time whatever exchanging a word with any who were there. The President, or Guide of the circle, observing the slight shades of perplexity which were coursing over my mind like clouds before the summer's sun, motioned me to approach him. Said he—"My Brother, gaze well around thee, and try if thou can'st not recall from the deep recesses of thy memory, the duplicate of the friends you now see here in person." And e'en as I commenced to roll back the curtain of my memory, one by one their counterparts came to view, as train after train of ideas were aroused and passed before my sight; then, involuntarily, I turned around, and found that each idea was the shadowing of a leaf of one or the other of their minds. Like a flood of new light, the consciousness then flowed through my being, that my humble earthly efforts had been guided by minds far superior to mine; and I felt again—as we all must feel, sooner or later—a child entering into the broad fields of wisdom.

The brother who had conducted me (Apoletha his name) approached our president, and in a calm, respectful manner, intimated to him that I was desirous of obtaining the knowledge whereby I should be enabled to return to the planet Earth, and continue my part in the work of the universal elevation of the human family.

Before proceeding further, let me here say a few words in reference to the conduct of the individual members of the circle. Our President, Guide, or Sage—call him what you will—was one whose every motion was the harmonious beat which inwardly responded to that sweet cadence which was echoing all around. His mein was noble, but he was as simple as a child,—kind alike to those who stood

next him in knowledge, as to the humblest who formed the happy brotherhood; hence, instead of servile submission to all his desires, there was the ready acquiescence of trustful loving children to a wise and virtuous parent; and truly could they write the proverb in letters of gold—"In honor, preferring one another." Would that the perfected images of such societies glistened like diamonds upon the face of your earth!

To enable me to accomplish my desire to revisit the Earth, four members composing our band, besides my conductor, advanced from the main body: Two of them were of the same character; the third less perfect in his movements; the fourth still less: yet, though standing on different plains of mentality, they were each animated by the same loving desires.

The two who were of the highest grade were appointed to be (what you would call) body-guards to myself: The one next in degree was to render them any assistance they might require: The other accompanied the excursion to enlarge and improve his mind. They were all placed under the guidance of Apolettha, who received his instructions from our Chief.

When all was arranged, we rose upward, and appeared to pass outward into the realms of space. Gradually the glorious landscape faded from my sight, and, for the first time, I found myself floating in the boundless ocean of space. How can I describe the delightful feeling that circled through me? How can I convey to you with sufficient clearness the sensations I experienced during this, to me, novel and superior mode of travelling? Only by the experienced can this joyous state be understood, and they alone can say—"Time and space are not."

Suddenly I observed away in the far distance a tiny twinkling star, to which we soon approached. As we passed it, it blazed out in magnitude superior to the sun of your system. Apolettha informed me, that when we arrived at a point whence a line could be struck to the polar centre of it, its distance from us would be 85,000,000 English miles, and that it was the centre of one of the inner

systems of the fifth circle of suns, which system occupied just twice the space of that to which the Earth belongs. By this time another bright twinkling star came into view, encircling which was a wide area, or circular sea of magnetic light, revealing internally the same relative gradations of colour as did the star itself. I inquired its name of Apolettha, and he told me that it was the solar centre of the system to which the Earth belongs. By this time its proportions were distinctly seen, when, looking away to the right into the depths beyond, I observed a small, tremulous light come smoothly rolling along. Directly Apolettha saw it, he changed our course, and all descended in an oblique direction, and by that means drew near to the little orb, which gradually revealed to our eyes its spiritual life; and once again, I stood upon the planet Earth. But how changed was the view since my short absence,—how dark and cloudy all things were,—the gloom being fitfully illuminated here and there by flickering rays of spiritual light, which, though ever struggling to expand themselves, but seldom succeeded, through the want of associated effort among mankind. I saw the people of earth crowding hither and thither in their search for wealth, and material reputation, stooping down and seldom or never rising beyond their mouths: good and holy were many called, but they were dark and cloudy within. I saw that many a patient, plodding tiller of the soil,—that many of the servants of the rich and so-called great were in themselves brighter, and purer, than their rulers: and, as I looked, tears of pity fell from me, and deep thrills of sympathy for suffering humanity, coursed through my nature. I wept for the ignorance and misery I saw around me. Apolettha said, “Weep not, Brother! at these sad scenes, there is endless labor yet for thee.” Sorrowfully I replied, “How can I raise them now! For too truly do I find they have ears, but they hear not; they have eyes, but they see not; they have understanding, but they understand not. I cannot speak to them as I was wont: I cannot write and distribute my views as I did on earth!” Here again I felt my childhood’s simplicity was revealed by the reply he made;—“Ignorance is the cause

of error.' You are ignorant how to communicate with your brethren in the flesh, hence the error into which you have fallen." I felt the reproof, and bowed myself in silence, reproved by mine own words.\*

This occurred in the midst of your busy city London.

We now ascended from our level and passed onwards until we found ourselves among a fresh people, where all things were strange and new to me; but swiftly came the news to my brain, "You are in the land of freedom!"† Said my guide to me, "Follow! and I will now show you how the immortals speak with the mortals."

By a process which I will describe another time, we passed into the house, and to an upper chamber, where, seated around the room, were about twenty brethren of both sexes. Instantly my inner nature responded to the stream which flowed upward from them; for they had met for the purpose of obtaining instruction and advice from the inner or spiritual life. Apolettha, throwing aside his robe, advanced to a young man who was sitting in the centre of the group; and, after he had performed some manipulations around his brain, I observed the image of the young man rise from himself and repose, peacefully sleeping, at a short distance; then the sphere around Apolettha also enveloped the body to which that image belonged, and the "medium" (as you would call him, and as I learnt such were) poured forth, under Apolettha's complete control, a flood of instructive eloquence, which was as dew to thirsty souls. At the conclusion of the address, mortals and immortals separated,—each refreshed and invigorated by their respective work.

Then Apolettha, turning to me, said, "You have had sufficient for the time, Brother, we will return to our home, and again seek the advice of our Chief and Brotherhood, as to the best mode of procedure to ensure your success.

By the same means that we descended—the use of our *Will*—we ascended, passing through your solar system and several others in our upward course, till we again alighted in the Summer-land of the Second-sphere.

\* Alpha, p. 104.

† America.

## PART II.

"Can such things be, o'ershadowing us like a summer-cloud, with out our special wonder."—MACBETH.

A **LOFTY** grove of trees, which united their feathery branches, formed a long avenue where the studious mind could meditate in calmness and peace. Slowly down the grove I paced, thinking of the sights and scenes I had lately witnessed, and endeavouring to form some plan by which the evils I knew to exist might be removed. But it must be one, I thought, more elaborate than any I had yet conceived. Plan after plan passed slowly through my mind; but I could not bring myself to accept any one of them; when, sad and dejected, I raised my eyes and saw my friend and brother Apoetha approaching. "Whysad, Brother?" said he. "Come hence with me: a council of advanced Sages is to be held, and our circlet has summoned a general meeting." I followed him, and met the others of our company, upon whose faces a pleasurable anxiety was depicted.

When all was ready, we commenced our journey towards the distant city I have previously mentioned, which, as we approached, and it became more plainly discernible, appeared more like a Temple than a City. We did not enter it, but passed to its left side. I now became conscious of a still greater elevation, internally and externally, than I had yet experienced; and what surprised me still more was, that upon looking back, I saw our home surrounded by its groves, at some considerable distance beneath us.

We were at this time passing over what appeared to be the brow of a mountain; and around us, on all sides, blossomed flowers of every hue, filling the whole atmosphere with their fragrant odour. The sides of the mountain, which sloped gently downward, and terminated in a broad and open plain, formed a vast amphitheatre, which was

dotted here and there with groups sitting, standing, or reclining, whose countenances beamed with love and happiness. Immediately upon our entering their midst, they all rose to their feet, and bending their gaze towards us, extended their right hands, and greeted us thus, "Welcome the circlet of Renethad!" To this greeting, Renethad, our chief, responded on behalf of the circlet.

Gazing across the plain I saw a large Temple. Presently, there issued from its doors four young men (whom, I have since been told, were of those who lived, *but to breathe*, upon your earth, and then passed upward; and that their stage of spiritual development was retained for the service of the sphere.) When they had remained stationary a few moments, they spoke as follows: "The Teachers are ready: The Temple is ready: Let those who will, to the fountains draw nigh, that all trees may be watered, and none wither and die! Come, come, come!"

In answer to the request of the heralds, we arose; and, separating into three divisions, wended our way to the Temple, to which there were three entrances; these at their terminations gave access to three tiers of seats rising in a semi-circle around the interior of the building.

The door at the left hand gave access to the floor of the Temple. The centre door opened to the seats immediately above. The right hand entrance admitted to the highest tier.

The seats were a species of raised work, principally flowers emblematical of the interior development of the occupiers; and through each tier ran a grain of colour. The lowermost tier was red, bright spiritual red: the tier above, was of a bright golden hue, slightly tinged at the edge with green: the upper tier was of the hue of the violet.

Facing the tiers was a description of ornamental work, chiefly composed of flowers twined and twisted to form seats; three of which were side by side at the top, and twenty-one others in a semi-circle beneath.

The three topmost were for the teachers of the three Divisions; (each division was divided into seven circles.) The twenty-one seats below were for the twenty-one



teachers of the Circles. The whole was surmounted by the seat of the Father of the sphere.

On that portion of the floor immediately facing the platform not occupied by seats, was an immense crystal vase. Springing from the interior of this vase were numerous rare flowers, and trailing down its outside, was a graceful creeping vine, of a kind that I had not before seen.

In the centre of the platform, close toward the front, stood a raised desk supported by two pillars, one on each side, and composed of a material that can only be described as condensed light. Between the supports of the desk was a banner of a light silky material, blue in color, and fringed with silver, in the centre of which was imprinted a crimson heart flaming, the tip of the flame supporting a pair of scales; at the bottom of the heart was a brilliant golden crown and sceptre—a picture symbolising the guiding principles of the Council: or, Wisdom, Justice, and Love.

A deep silence now ran through the vast assembly, for the Chief had risen, and was descending from his elevated position to occupy the desk; whence, in a speech remarkable for its concentration, he stated the objects of the meeting in language of great force and beauty.

The objects, as stated by him, were briefly these:—

Firstly,—That as the leaven from the Angel World had permeated the vast mass of Western civilisation, the attention of this association, combined with the means at its disposal, should be diverted to the opposite section of the earth; taking, as its first point, the English nation; afterwards, traversing France, Germany, and Prussia; thence penetrating the more northern lands, reviving in a certain sense their ancient legendary traditions.

Secondly,—That the aim of this concentration, should be to establish the new dispensation of Intellect: by which means alone is it possible to awaken humanity to the miseries around it.

Thirdly,—That as this association is in possession of certain knowledge, it is recommended to the consideration of its members, that when the objects before mentioned

have been achieved, the collective mass of the spiritual Intelligences shall unite themselves with the Western legions of Progress; as the conditions of the western legions on both sides of the "River" will then render such union possible and desirable.

Lastly,—The object of this combination, shall be to effect a resurrection of the mystical countries surrounding the equatorial regions.

In his concluding remarks, the President announced that the Delegates from the various circles would bring before the meeting the idea of the several circles, in relation to the several plans of action mentioned.

The Delegates representing the lower circles spoke first; each speaking from the vacant rostrum, for the Chief had resumed his original position.

The intent of this being, that each grade of Intelligences should present its remarks entirely from its own plane, to prevent an appropriation of ideas proceeding from minds superior to its own. The effect of this regulation was to cause the various minds to exhibit their capacity to the fullest extent; and as every statement was received as the speaker's highest conception of the subject under discussion, there were no false feelings of superiority excited in the minds of any present, since all knew that individual progress is eternal.

Of the further deliberations of the Council it is not my intention now to speak: suffice it to say, that from its assemblage to its dissolution, the space analogous to six months had elapsed; and many changes, by advancement of its members, had been effected.

The number attending this Council was, about equal to the population of London; but throughout the vast gathering not one single instance of disturbed harmony occurred.

The effects of the deliberations of this association will not be seen on earth for some years to come; and previous to their being known, we will endeavour to communicate through this "medium" a series of papers in reference thereto.

Commending this brief narration of my "Spiritual Advent" to all, for *thoughtful* consideration, I ever remain Humanity's brother in "Love and Intelligence,"

EDW<sup>d</sup>. N. DENNYS.

*September 25th, 1870.*

# INDEX.

- Abernethy, his theory of Disease, 280.  
 Abstract Rule of Right, not Utopian, 121.  
 Abstraction, its office, and importance, 190.  
 Abstract Principles, not proveable by, nor dependent on, Facts, 243.  
 Accidents, secondary results necessary to General Laws, 124.  
 Advent, Spiritual of Author, 347.  
 Akenside, quoted, 283.  
 "Alpha, The," its Principles not pilfered, 324.  
 — how it came to be written, 325.  
 — Reasons for Publishing, 282.  
 — to whom addressed, 324.  
 Amusement, much pandered to in Literature, 216.  
 Animals, the Lower, do they reason? 106.  
 Animal Nature, necessarily selfish, 170.  
 Animal Appetites, the gratification of, an institution amongst men, 342.  
 Annihilation, the desire of, irrational, 256, 257, 261.  
 Anti-Slavery Men mere Sentimentalists, 311.  
 Aram, Eugene, power of Truth exemplified in, 251.  
 Arts (the Fine) should always seek to elevate and ennoble humanity, not to caricature and degrade it, 309.  
 Atheism, unreasonableness of, 20.  
 Attributes of the Mind resolvable into Knowledge, 80.  
 — of Deity resolvable into infinite Intelligence, 90 to 96.  
 Badness, Moral, what constitutes it, 87.  
 Beauty, non-existent, 19.  
 — whence our notion of it, 34.  
 — a pleasure-giving circumstance, 134.  
 — that phasis of a thing or person in which, or through which, we perceive Intelligence, 306.  
 — the highest form of, is intelligent expression, 308.  
 Beautiful, the, synonymous with **THE TRUE**, 133.  
 Beaver, the, does he reason? 110.  
 Being, Absolute existence, 65.  
 — cannot pass into Non-Being, 259.  
 — Positive or Absolute, inseparable from knowing, *ibid*.  
 Belief, distinguished from Faith and Knowledge, 122.  
 — nothing meritorious in, 127.  
 Benevolence, the most beautiful of the virtues, 178.  
 Biography, its teachings valueless as a guide to Happiness, 242.  
 — wherein useful, and why, 243.  
 Brain, the, "the organ of the Mind," 229.  
 — its configuration alterable, 230.  
 Brierley, Lydia, 162.  
 Brotherhood, a Humanitarian, proposed, 318.  
 Brutes never laugh, 248.  
 Cannibalism, a refined species of, 272.  
 Categories of Absolute Truth, 70.  
 Catholicism, 40.  
 Certainty, importance of, 197.  
 Chance, idea of, absurd, 145.

- Christ, His philosophy at fault, 177.  
 — a question answered in reference to his supposed divinity, 183.  
 — the great Man-Pattern, 184.  
 Charity (conventional) a cheap substitute for justice, 121.  
 Christianity the true Social Principle, 21.  
 Christianity, the practicability of its great Principle doubted, 127; defended, *ibid.*  
 — the uses to which it is applied, 184.  
 — a System of Morals, 185.  
 — its pure spirit not confided in, 238.  
 — what it is not, and what it is, 260.  
 Christian Belief, an instance of the absurdity of, 127.  
 — Theology, some of the absurdities of, 277.  
 Civilization (Modern) described, 239.  
 — the beginning, a compromise, 287.  
 Clergyman, dread of Truth in a, 233.  
 Colloquy, a catechetical, between Dionysius and Dull, 54.  
 Colours, the uses of, 35.  
 Common Sense, definition of, 338.  
 — superficiality of, 268.  
 Contrasts, necessity for, 107.  
 Conviction follows irresistibly the perception of a Self-evident Fact, 103.  
 — the Law of Action, 103.  
 Convictions (Rational) naturally result in rational actions, 208.  
 — equally imperious, whether wrong or right, 221.  
 Conscience, described and defined, 290.  
 — an Artificial—for what purposes invented, 290.  
 — Christ's receipt to make a, 292.  
 Conventional Arrangements, when justifiable, 219.  
 Conversation the First, between Randolph and Civilis, 119.  
 — the Second, 141.  
 — the Third, 169.  
 — the Fourth, 195.  
 — the Fifth, 228.  
 — the Sixth, 254.  
 — the Seventh, 278.  
 Co-operation impotent for Good, if not directed to the highest purposes, 304.  
 Countenance, the, our habitual thoughts and feelings indited on, 230.  
 — what ought not to be written on, 232.  
 Cowper quoted, 246.  
 Credulity less commendable than Scepticism, 139.  
 — danger of, *ibid.*  
 Crime, the cure for it is enlightenment, 131.  
 — by whom cherished, 182.  
 — the sudden cessation of, to whom calamitous, 188.  
 — how caused and perpetuated, 286.  
 — a source of profit to the powerful classes, 298.  
 — the boast (indirectly) of Civilized Nations, 298.  
 Criminality consists in the intention, 227.  
 Critic, a modern one described, 59.  
 — argument of a sceptical one quoted and answered, *ibid.*  
 — an objection of a modern one answered, 147.  
 — an imaginary one, 264.  
 Cupidity (like every other Evil) has its uses, 291.  
 Curves, their connexion with our notion of Beauty, 35, 134.  
 — why pleasure-giving, 35, 135.  
 Dalton, John, 193, 280.  
 Deity, the nature of, deduced from the necessary fact of its Intelligence, 90.  
 — the Attributes of, examined, 92.  
 — the Purposes of, deduced from its necessary Nature, 99.  
 — a Spiritual Power, 135.  
 — possible motive of, for the Creation of Man, 136.  
 — must have had a purpose in Man's Creation, 137.  
 — whatever is inconsistent with the nature and perfections of, necessarily untrue, *ibid.*  
 Deism, the worship of ONE GOD in spirit and in truth, 260.

- Despotism, Lynx-eyed, 265.  
 Dionysius, the Stranger, 17.  
 — some account of, 43.  
 — his death, 46.  
 — on Metaphysics—Morality and the Virtues, 175.  
 — on Morals viewed as a Science, Didactic and Imaginative Literature, 201.  
 — on History and Biography, 234.  
 — on the Political and Social uses which the Educated classes make of Literature, 270.  
 — on Government and Laws, 283.  
 Desultoriness of the present work, an apology for, 265.  
 Disbelief, no demerit in, 126.  
 Disease mainly the result of Ignorance, 266.  
 — irreverently laid to the charge of Heaven, 268.  
 Drama, the, has always been a pioneer of Truth, 215.  
 Dreams, the inexplicability of, 154.  
 Dull, Diogenes, a Sceptic Philosopher, 51.
- Education consists in the development of the Intellect, in conformity with certain natural Laws thereof, 188.  
 — without a philosophical base of Truth, is at best but showy ignorance, 195.  
 — though superficial, let the poor and illiterate make an effort to obtain it, 269.  
 — should be promoted by the State, 305.  
 Electricity, a surmise concerning, 30, 262.  
 England enamoured with its false physical greatness, 283.  
 — the possible fate of, 294.  
 — reasons for hope concerning, 302.  
 Ego, the thinking, or Soul, not organic nor material, but spiritual, 259.  
 Egypt (ancient), the civilization of, 237.  
 Equality of Mankind, question discussed, 129.  
 Erigena, Scotus, quoted, 332.
- Error, the immediate (Ignorance being the remote) cause of Evil, 104.  
 — the result of a wrong conviction, 104.  
 — has its origin in Man, 104 to 107.  
 — has always some truth in it, 106.  
 — a consequence of Free Will, 107.  
 — peculiar to Man, 113.  
 — an early one, and its consequences, 114.  
 Evil, origin of, 103.  
 — a Circumstance, not a Thing, 104.  
 — the result of Error, *ibid.*  
 Exclusiveness, the effects of, 237.  
 — must be vanquished, 244.  
 Existence, meaning of the term defined, 64.
- Facts constitute the mind, 70, 83. N.B.  
 See also 188.  
 — Perceptive and Intuitive, 70, 83.  
 — methods for ascertaining the truth of, *ibid.*  
 — of Intuition pertain exclusively to philosophy, *ibid.*  
 — how and why classified, 83.  
 — all objects of Thought and Consciousness, whether False or True, are, 114.  
 — naturally arrange themselves in the Mind into classes, 188.  
 Faith distinguished from Knowledge and Belief, 122.  
 — no efficacy in, 123.  
 — the term, when used as a synonyme of Belief, must be in reference to the believable or probable, 123.  
 Fear, an offspring of Ignorance, 180.  
 First Principle, meaning of, explained, 332.  
 — the want of a, cause of uncertainty and confusion, 212.  
 — nearest approach to, yet recognized, *ibid.*  
 — Logic a useless acquisition without a, 244.  
 — the record of Facts rendered nearly useless by the possession of a, 236.  
 Fine Arts, the, misapplication of, 180.

- Fitness, importance of, 307.  
 — definition of, 308.  
 Forgetfulness, not an inherent defect, 190.  
 Free-Will and Necessity, subject discussed, 144 to 152.  
 Friendship sometimes the cause of Injustice, 41.  
 Future, the (of Mankind) a reverie concerning, 191.  
 — why veiled, 107.  
 Generosity, restricted by Prudence, frequently degenerates into mere Sentiment, 216.  
 — the most unselfish, held to be a proof of Lunacy, 216.  
 God, the absolute Existence, 64.  
 — does not reveal himself to Men by means of Miracles, 123.  
 Goodness, what constitutes, 87.  
 — (perfect) Synonymous with (perfect) Justice, 93.  
 — the test of, is right-doing, 130.  
 — results from self-knowledge, *ibid.*  
 — another, and a better, name for Morality, 198.  
 — necessarily Intellectual, *ibid.*  
 — objections against its Intellectuality urged and answered, 109.  
 Gospel quoted, 161.  
 Governments, origin of (a theory), 285.  
 — a duty of, 304.  
 — what they ought to be, 309.  
 Greece (ancient), the Civilization of, 237.  
 — (ancient), cause of decline of, 238.  
 Habit, power of, 229.  
 Hand (the Human), its use as an instrument of Intellectual progress, 112.  
 Happiness, attainable through Knowledge only, 101.  
 — the Desire for, an universal instinct, 284.  
 "Happy-medium," the, an absurdity, 303.  
 Health, restorable and preservable by means of our reason, 266.  
 Heathens, (Modern) Christians, so-called, 260.  
 History, a definition of, 234.  
 — are its records valuable? 234 to 242.  
 — if useful, why? 243.  
 Human Nature not sinful, 132.  
 — universally libelled, *ibid.*  
 — the means used to degrade it, and the consequences thereof, 146.  
 — libelled in our Literature, 213.  
 — distinguished from Brute Nature, 204, 224.  
 Humanitarian, the "Creed" of a, 277.  
 Humanitarianism, its moral greatness, 231.  
 Humanitarians, a brotherhood or society of, proposed, 318.  
 Idiocy, Lunacy, Madness, some thoughts concerning, 192.  
 — an inquiry into the cause of, 255 to 263.  
 — physical cause of, a surmise concerning, 262.  
 — supposed to be caused by the disorganization (when not originally resulting from a want) of the medium of communication with the external world, 281.  
 — a characteristic of, *ibid.*  
 Ignorance (comparative, of course) the condition out of which Evil and Error springs, 104.  
 — no man aware of the extent of his own, 282.  
 Illiterate, the, no great losers from their non-acquaintance with books, 217.  
 — a word of advice to, 217, 275, 301.  
 Imagination described and defined, 186.  
 Immortality of the Soul, facts in proof of, 97.  
 — argument for, drawn from the greatness and range of man's capabilities, 108 to 111.  
 — argument in favour of, drawn from the Human Hand, 113.  
 — where never desired or sought

- for, there would be no injustice in withholding it, 153.
- Accident, a fearful one, 254.
- Individuality, what constitutes it, 197.
- the kind of, most estimable, *ibid.*
- Insects, do they reason? 106.
- Instinct, Errorlessness of, 74.
- Instincts—animal, 150; of the Soul, *ibid.*
- the motive-powers of the *Animal*, 84.
- effects of their preponderating influence, *ibid.*
- Intuition, Facts of, what they teach, 83.
- have their origin in the Mind, *ibid.*
- Intellect, the, defended against the attacks of the Moralists, the Clergy, and other decryers thereof, who, without it, would never have been Moralists, Clergymen, nor Decryers, 199.
- Intellectual Obliquity, a characteristic of the Madman, 281.
- Intelligence, the first active cause of all things, 20.
- all good included in, *ibid.*
- the Soul's true wealth, 22.
- Existence impossible without it, 24.
- sometimes used as a Synonym of Mind and Soul, 66.
- the First Principle of the Human Mind, why so called, 66, 332.
- Intemperance prohibited by the Moral Law, in so far as its consequences are hurtful to Society, 220.
- the, of the Upper Classes, 300.
- Justice (perfect) defined, 93.
- (conventional) based on Abstract Wrong, 286.
- Judgment synonymous with Reason, 96.
- Jesus of Nazareth, the unselfishness of, 117.
- the First of Humanitarians, 281.
- Knowledge, the Eternity of, 18.
- the probability or believableness of its Facts, how ascertained, 71.
- (Self) the most important, 80.
- the Soul capable only of, *ibid.*
- Knowledge the motive-power of all intelligent action, 84.
- value of, importance of ascertaining, 85.
- the moral value of, how ascertained, 87.
- distinguished from Belief and Faith, 122.
- the Desire for, instinctive, 135.
- is Love, 138.
- whether it is productive of Evil as well as of Good? *See Essay*, 201 to 211.
- how much of what is called Knowledge is Soul-enlarging Truth, 211 to 217.
- Test of the value of, 212.
- the difficulty of acting in contravention of our, 251.
- the differences in the amount of it make the chief differences in the personal accomplishments and social condition of men, 272.
- "Know Thyself," an explanation of the Aphorism, 274.
- Laws (Human), to be just, must be based on the true nature of Man, 127.
- to be just, must be equally beneficial to all men, 131.
- (Civil) based on Selfishness, 170.
- (Civil) chiefly adapted to Man as an Animal, *ibid.*
- the origin of, 286.
- Laughter, causes of, 247.
- a state of comparative ignorance necessary to, 248.
- occasioned by the unexpected perception of an incongruity, *ibid.*
- not necessarily malevolent, 249.
- involuntary, *ibid.*
- homage-giving, 256.
- Ledger-accounts (in Heaven), absurdity of the notion, 131.
- Lewes, G. H., Extract from his History of Philosophy, 59.
- his sweeping condemnation of Philosophy, 327.
- Life, Selfishness the law of, 170.



- Line (the straight) an element of the Sublime, 135.
- Literature, conventional Morality and Virtue wrongly estimated by, 179.
- the Political and Social uses which the educated classes make of, 270 to 275.
- the partial blessings it has scattered amongst mankind, 270.
- needlessly panders to our animalism, 271.
- misused, because not universal, *ib.*
- not a necessary adjunct of moral greatness, 275.
- what ought to be its tendency and aims, 309.
- Love (Christian, or Social) explained, 19.
- Lord, this sacred appellation desecrated, 285.
- Lunacy, Madness, Idiocy, thoughts respecting, 192.
- a theory in explanation of, 263.
- Luxuriousness, universality of the desire for, 283.
- Indulgences, the craving for, a misdirected instinct, 284.
- Madmen, are they unhappy? 41.
- Madness, Idiocy, Lunacy, thoughts concerning, 192.
- Man, an embryo Intelligence, 26.
- his nature neither moral nor immoral, 27, 74.
- to be just, must be unselfish, 32.
- the idea of, developed, 69.
- his Religion and Morality (when real), the result of his knowledge, 80.
- (properly so called), an intellectual being only, 81.
- (viewed in his double nature), a social being, *ibid.*
- (the real), is the spiritual man, 82.
- has two sources of action, intellectual and instinctive, or emotive, *ib.*
- his natural LOVE OF TRUTH, 85.
- the Equality of his Rights based on the identity of the intellectual nature in all men, 89.
- the Inequality of his Rights based on his animal nature, *ibid.*
- Man, an erring being, 108.
- the extendedness of his reason, *ib.*
- his intellectual achievements, 110.
- how distinguished from the Lower Animals, 111.
- when well educated, his preference for the society of intellectual men, *ib.*
- his Hand considered as an instrument of intellectual progress, 112.
- possibly the object of all Creation and its Laws, 125.
- might be morally just, without being omniscient, 126.
- naturally Good, 129.
- a revelation in himself, to himself, for himself, 133.
- nothing true concerning, that is inconsistent with his nature, 137.
- has a dual-nature, 138.
- as a rational creature, acting rationally, must act in obedience to his convictions, *ibid.*
- intended by Nature to be the author of his own Misery or Happiness, 229.
- what he has accomplished, what remains to do, 245.
- Mandeville, Bernard, an opinion of, 233.
- Manolatry, worshipping Jesus as a God, 260.
- Marriage, between blood relations, a question for the physiologist, 218.
- Materialist, argument of a, 59.
- answered, 60.
- Materialism, shewn to be irrational, 260.
- Matter, a surmise concerning, 39.
- its essence incomprehensible, 91.
- annihilation of, impossible, 255.
- Men, all have equal rights, 89.
- difference between, educational and organic, 129.
- all are intellectually alike, 204.
- have the same wants, rights, and duties, 205.
- all are more or less the architects of their own organization, 229.
- Mental Derangement, a supposition concerning, 193.
- Memory, Synonymous with Mind, 136 to 191.

- Memory, the importance of a well-ordered, 190.
- Mercy, not an attribute of Deity, 94.
- Metaphysics, hitherto an unfruitful study, 25.
- Morality, and the Virtues, an Essay on, 175.
- Milton, 198.
- Millennium (Moral) unattainable by violence, 245, 310.
- how attainable, 273.
- Mind, definition of the term, 66.
- all qualities of, resolvable into knowledge, 82.
- see also 179.
- a circumstance, not a thing, 187.
- synonymous with Memory, 186 to 191.
- the totality of our Ideas, 188.
- distinguished from the Soul, *ibid.*
- the process of its formation and growth, *ibid.*
- typified by a Writing, or a Book, 189.
- Miracle, definition of a, 123.
- Miracles, not resorted to by God, *ibid.*
- involve a contradiction, 134.
- Moral Evil, 103, 104.
- Moral Law (the true) written within us, 127.
- pre-supposes a Moral Science, 203.
- the, philosophically ascertained, coincides with that taught by Jesus of Nazareth, 207.
- the influences which obstruct its action removable, *ibid.*
- the, the offspring of Reason, 219.
- its decisions not needed to be mathematically exact, 220.
- limits the action of the other Sciences, 221.
- Morality resolvable into Knowledge, 82.
- hypothetical definition of, 120.
- real, can never be dispensed with, 121.
- conventional, the art of thriving, *ibid.*
- conventional, undefinable, 179.
- difference between real and conventional, explained, 185, 206.
- Morality, real, reduced to the certitude of a science, 203.
- treated of as, "that Science which enables us to determine what are our Rights and Duties in all our Social relations," 204.
- arguing from that portion of Man's Nature by which he is contradistinguished from the Brute, shewn to be the embodiment of the hypothetical definition of it at page 120, or, in other words, this—"Respect the Rights and Feelings of others, if you would have your own Rights respected: be just if you would not become the victim of injustice," thus agreeing, both in spirit and in letter, with the moral injunction of Jesus—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," *ibid.*
- (Conventional) the necessary precursor of the rational Moral Law, 221.
- (Conventional) no certain test of right and wrong, 236.
- (Conventional) based on abstract wrong, 295.
- anomalous nature of, 295.
- unreliableness of, 296.
- Morality-Mongers, apology for, 181.
- Moralities, the, conventional counterfeits, 121.
- origin of, 290.
- Moral Sense, idea of, untenable, 203.
- Motives, imperiousness of, 297.
- Museum, the, a tomb for dead thoughts, 103.
- Mystery, the suspiciousness of, 30.
- the uses made of it, 316.
- Necessity and Free-Will, subject discussed, 144 to 152.
- Omnipotence, 92.
- Omniscience, 93.
- Opinion, worthlessness of, 196.
- Organization, alterable by Education and the operations of Mentality, 236.
- Original Sin, shewn to be both un-Christian and absurd, 128.

- Original Sin rationally interpreted, 289.  
 Over-Population, the fears concerning, answered, 269.  
 Owen, Robert, the anomalous nature of his principles noticed, 341.
- Paul, his excellences and defects, 184.  
 Passion (Sudden), right convictions not always a safeguard against, 225.  
 Peace-Society-Men mere Sentimentalists, like the rest of us, 311.  
 Philosophy, (the Science of the Intellect,) what its requisites are, and what must be its base, 51.  
 — limited to Mental Science, 66.  
 — definitions of, 58, 60, 115.  
 — should teach the avoidance of Evil, 79.  
 — Ancient, not sufficiently Catholic, 176.  
 — that extractable from History equivocal in its character, 235.  
 Philanthropy perpetuates the evils it seeks to cure, 164.  
 Phrenology disparaged, 173.  
 — what it has been instrumental in teaching us, 228 to 232.  
 — next to useless as a science, 228.  
 Pin, Reminiscences of a, 155.  
 Plagiarism, charges of, should not be made incautiously, 325.  
 Plato, his Republic based on "the Virtues," 177.  
 Poetry and the Drama have ever been the boldest pioneers of Truth, 215.  
 Poet's Corner, 48.  
 Poets, the, have done much for Truth, 117.  
 — the innate feeling of the truth of things always strong in all true, 213.  
 Polygamy, reasons against, 218.  
 Prayer should be rational—a sublimation of spirit, not an ignorant supplication for we know not what, 253.  
 — efficacy of, *ibid.*  
 Prescience, 92.  
 Pretences censured, 121.  
 Predestination, subject discussed in connexion with Free-Will and Necessity, 145.
- Prejudice, the universality of, 233.  
 Principle (First), see First Principle.  
 Principles, importance of, 235.  
 — the strongest cementers of our Facts, 190.  
 — unattainable by the Baconian method, 243.  
 — (Good and Evil,) the idea of, absurd, 25.  
 Profit, the many-headed, cold-blooded Monster, by which the bodies and the souls of men are everywhere enslaved, 275.  
 Progress (of the Intellect) endless, 143.  
 Property, the ever-fruifful source, and certain perpetuator, of crime, 289.  
 Propositions, two preliminary ones, 62.  
 — true, when self-evident, 70.  
 — true, when consistent with others which are true, 71.  
 — two general ones, shewing what is true, and what is untrue, in reference to the Deity, 67.  
 — four particular ones, shewing what is not true (and thence, by implication, what is true) in reference to the Deity, 68.  
 — six, shewing the nature of the Human Soul, 72.  
 — nine, shewing the basis of all Philosophy, 74.  
 — two, recapitulatory, 322.  
 Prophecies, the Poetry of the Bible, 180.  
 Providence, absurd notions concerning, 143.  
 Prudence, its office as one of "the Virtues," 214.  
 — an artificial conscience which prompts right-doing, not from the genuine love of right-doing, but from the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward, 227.  
 Punishment (Future), the doctrine of, confuted, 126.  
 — (Future) next to inoperative against the practice of wrong-doing, 226.  
 Pyrrhonism, the fundamental principle of, adduced as a proof of the principles of the "Alpha," 330.

- Qualities (of mind) shewn to be merely modes of Intelligence or Knowledge, 96.
- Randolph, Ramus, gives an account of himself. Introductory Chapter, 1.
- Randolph, Ellen, 44.
- Raymond, Ellen, 9.
- Rationalism defended, 318.
- Reason defined, and illustrated by an example, 51.
- errs when it mistakes its facts, *ib.*
- a Criterium of, needless, the idea absurd, 54 to 61.
- the Criterium of Truth, *ibid.*
- Reasoning, process of, described, 80.
- Reading frequently profitless, 196.
- Redemption, a work which every man must perform for himself, 79.
- Religion (real) defined, 115.
- (mystic or conventional) not a test of right and wrong, 236.
- (mystic or conventional) based on a *quid pro quo*, 271.
- (mystic or conventional), the origin of, 291.
- (mystic or conventional), its uses as an ally of Governments, 316.
- Remembrance, 182.
- Reminiscences of a Pin, 155.
- Responsibility, individual, nearly extinguished by the folly of society, 229.
- Revelation, every soul is itself a, 69.
- Rights (of Property) the origin of, 285.
- (of Labour), the origin of, 286.
- Rome (ancient), its civilization, 238.
- Rules for distinguishing between the probable and the improbable, the believable and the unbelievable, 71.
- Satan (a fabulous monster of Christian Mythology, the supposed "Principle of Evil"), allusion to, 28, 126, 298.
- Satire, a dangerous plaything, 280.
- Sceptic, the argument of a, answered, 59, 60.
- Scepticism, its unreasonableness, 20.
- its absurdity shewn, 59, 61.
- Sciences, the, the product of a law of mentality, 188.
- Science, the truths of, govern our action in respect thereto, 203.
- Selfishness, the principle of brutality and barbarism, 26.
- (viz., self-gratification for one's own sake), distinguished from the self-gratification we feel in conferring benefits and blessings on another, 169.
- constantly works evil, 171.
- its mischievous tendency, how restrained, *ibid.*
- its effect on mankind, 241.
- the motive-power of all society, 277.
- not discouraged, but naturally sanctioned by its offspring, the laws, 284.
- Selfish-System, the, thrives on vice, 183.
- the props and ameliorations of, 292.
- the natural products of, 297.
- specimen of men's justice under the, *ibid.*
- anomalies of, 298.
- a general view of its operation on society, 299.
- contrasted with the rational system of the future, 309.
- Self-Reliance commended, 173.
- Self-Knowledge, importance of, 247.
- Selfish-Principle, all men consenting slaves thereto, 288.
- Sensitiveness—of our friends, 280.
- Sensualism, its universality, 300.
- Sermons, generally soporific, 266.
- Servility, a general vice, 223.
- consequences of, *ibid.*
- Shakspeare quoted, 194, 195, 230, 240, 255, 265, 280, 301, 303, 307, 311.
- Similitudes, the habit of perceiving poetical, 250.
- Sin, the impossibility of, 94.
- so-called, is Error only, 103.
- an invention of Power, 291.
- Slavery must exist everywhere as long as selfishness holds supreme sway in the world, 275.
- mental as well as physical, white as well as black, 276.

- Society, the reformation of, the work of ages, 232.
- the institutions of, ever a reflex of the men who compose it, 246.
- "Social Compact," the, explained, 293.
- Social institutions, what they ought to be, 305.
- Principle (the true) is Christianity stripped of its mysteries, 26.
- Socialism, what it is not, distinguished from what it is generally thought to be, 273.
- Soul, the human, an absolute existence, 65.
- the human, defined as a "Thinking, Conscious, Substance," 66.
  - contra-distinguished from Mind, *ibid.*
  - greater than the physical universe, 101.
  - naturally unselfish, 171.
  - does not live, and cannot die, *ib.*
  - its nature neither moral nor immoral, neither mathematical, nor mechanical, nor religious, but simply and solely intellectual, 187.
  - our knowledge of its nature furnishes the First Principle of all Philosophy, *ibid.*
  - contains the germs of its own progress and perfection, 247.
  - argument against its annihilation, 255.
  - not organic, nor material, but spiritual, 258.
  - its desire of immortality an argument in proof thereof, 267.
- Soul Instincts, 150.
- Sound, their connexion with our idea of Beauty, 36.
- Spirit, the only absolute or real existence, 20.
- Spiritualism, the Socialism of the Future, 304.
- Sublime, the, indefiniteness an element of, 222.
- Sublimity, definition of, 35.
- the emotion has its origin in ignorance, 36.
  - distinguished from what we call Beauty, which has its origin in whatever administers to our Intelligence, 35.
- Susan, her misadventure and its consequences, 160.
- Sutherland, Dr. A. J., on Hypochondriasis, 279.
- Straight Line, the, an element of the Sublime, 35.
- Strong i' the Faith, Ernest, 51.
- Sykes, Abel, 6.
- Syllogism, the, a series of truisms, 131.
- uselessness of, 132.
- Temperance: the question, What is temperance? is one for the Physiologist to answer, 220.
- enjoined by the Moral Law, inasmuch and in so far as intemperance is pernicious to society, *ibid.*
- Theology, its superstitiousness, 260.
- some of its superstitions enumerated, 277.
- Thought, a phenomenon, not of Matter, but of Mind, 260.
- Trinitarianism, an absurder kind of Polytheism, *ibid.*
- Truth, the danger of disseminating it, 22.
- the present time propitious for its dissemination, 33.
  - Reason shewn to be the only criterium of, 52.
  - the basis of Philosophy, 66.
  - the term defined, 67.
  - how known in reference to the Deity, 67.
  - the love of, natural to Humanity, 85.
  - more easily discovered in and concerning the abstract, than in and concerning the concrete, 102.
  - determined by the laws of the intellect alone, *ibid.*
  - is of God, 103.
  - the adjective sense of the term distinguished from its substantive sense, 95.
- \*\*\* Great confusion is caused by both readers and writers not invariably keeping in mind the dis-

- tion between the adjective and the substantive sense of the term Truth. A true, or a faithful, or an honest STATEMENT of a true Fact, is Truth in its *adjective* sense: the TRUE FACT ITSELF, is Truth in its *substantive* sense: and in this latter sense it must be considered of when we ask ourselves the question, What is Truth? It is obvious, therefore, that the true answer (in its most limited form) to the question, must be this—A TRUE FACT IS TRUTH; or (in its most comprehensive form), THE TOTALITY OF TRUE FACTS IS TRUTH. It is absurd to suppose that the question, "What is Truth?" is less capable of an answer than the question, What is Alcohol? or what is Bread? or what is any other concrete thing. It will be instantly obvious to every reader that, if Philosophy enables us to discriminate between true Facts and false Facts (and it does this, or it does nothing), it is easy enough to answer the question, What is Truth? whilst it is impossible to say what is any concrete thing. He who does not know what he asks, cannot know when he is answered: and this seems to have been the case with the askers of the question, What is Truth? from the time of Pilate, who, as Bacon says, "would not stay for an answer," to the last propounder of the question, who does not know the answer when he hears it.
- Truth, the test of, is its universality, 130.  
 — its own reward, 131.  
 — worthy (above all things) to be depended on, 185.  
 — the importance of certainty in all our enquiries after, 212.  
 — an instance of the difficulty of disguising, 251.
- Truth, the soul naturally pays homage to, *ibid.*  
 — the temple of the Deity should be consecrated to, 253.  
 — all distinctions between secular and religious truth, absurd, *ibid.*  
 — self-evident, never desired by us to be other than it is, and an argument deduced therefrom, 256.  
 Ubiquity, 93.  
 Uncertainty, consequences of, 213.  
 — must always be the consequence of guesses at truth, 227.  
 Upper Classes, the, a word of comfort for, 306.  
 Virtue, definitions of, 65, 120.  
 — "reduced to its lowest denomination," as the Arithmeticians say, is knowledge, 80.  
 — (real), cannot be dispensed with, 121.  
 Virtues, the, our conceptions of, occasioned by the vices, 19, 178.  
 — modes of thought and action, 121.  
 — (the conventional) are counterfeits, *ibid.*  
 — (the conventional) how far worthy of honour, 183.  
 — (the conventional) the progeny of wrong, 295.  
 — (the conventional) anomalous nature of, *ibid.*  
 — (the conventional) unreliableness of, 296.  
 Vice, cause of, 178.  
 — by whom cherished, 182.  
 War will continue whilst exclusiveness and selfishness preponderate in the world, 245.  
 Westminster Abbey, 48.  
 Wisdom, a definition of, 246.  
 Wit described, 250.  
 Will, the, a necessary concomitant of Intelligence, 31.  
 — (the Human), described, 77.  
 — (the Human), bestowed that it might be used, *ibid.*

- Will (the Human), how limited, 78.  
 — (the Human), to what end bestowed, *ibid.*  
 — (the Human), good and evil has its origin in, *ibid.*  
 — (the Human), its freedom, how limited, 79.  
 — (the Human) is not free in cases where full conviction is attained, 113.  
 — Free (see Free Will), 144 to 152.  
 Wonder, an outward sign of Ignorance, 179.
- Words, care in the use of, recommended, 62.  
 Work, in what consists its dignity? 168.  
 Working-Classes, the, a word of advice to, 217, 275.  
 — a word of warning to, 301.  
 World, the (of people), just arriving at adolescence, 32.  
 Worship, too sacred for publicity, 11.  
 — the highest form of, 252.  
 — probable mode of, in the distant future, 253.  
 Wrong-doing, causes of, 86.

# THE RELIGION OF LIFE,

AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE

## MAN, JESUS CHRIST.

A COURSE OF LECTURES BASED UPON TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

By EDWARD N. DENNY,

Author of "The Alpha."

---

*The work is printed on fine Toned Paper, in a beautiful type, and is issued in numbers, in a neat wrapper, price 4d. each; or in cloth, with Portrait on Steel of the Author, 3s. 6d.*

---

*No. I. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

### TRUTH.

"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?"—*John* xviii. 38.

ARGUMENT.—The nature of religious truth is elucidated, an estimate of Biblical truth is given, and how to determine truthful views of the Deity. Obstacles are pointed out, and means suggested for their removal. To deny the existence of truth is atheism.

### WHAT IS EVIL?

"There be many that say, Who will show us any good?"—*Psalms* iv. 6.

ARGUMENT.—Croakers and grumblers are reproved, whose mouths are for ever filled with suspicious forebodings. "The bane of all 'religion' is the setting up of moral evil, human depravity, and the dominion of sin; because involved therein is the practical denial and consequent dethronement of God." So-called evils are incentives for Man to exert himself to overcome unfavourable conditions. Even death introduces Man to the life immortal, and demonstrates the paternal love of God to Man—a love inexhaustible.

### CHARITY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."—*1 Cor.* xiii. 1.

ARGUMENT.—Charity is *not* almsgiving, the shielding of vice or unrighteous power; the erection of hospitals, and the institution of philanthropic enterprises merely, but that deep love of justice which,



while it deters us from desiring wrong to come upon ourselves, at the same time prevents our violating the rights of others. The practical introduction of this principle would supersede all other benevolent works, which are often cloaks to hide the effects of gross selfishness and cruelty inflicted by the strong upon the weak. It is "Humanity," or, in Scriptural language, "Love."

---

*No. II. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## POVERTY: ITS EVILS AND MISSION.

"There is one that laboureth and taketh pains, and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind; and there is another that is slow, and hath need of help, wanting ability, and full of poverty; yet the eye of the Lord looked upon him for good, and lifted up his head from misery, so that many that saw it marvelled at him."—*Eccles. xi. 12, 13.*

**ARGUMENT.**—Social distinctions are arbitrary, and do not impeach God's justice, but are the result of Man's injustice. Adversity proceeds from Man's disobedience to the laws of his nature, individual and social, and compels him to search for truer conditions of life. Penury is the fruit of social wrong, of which the poor are the victims rather than the authors. It is caused by the almost universal ignorance and sensuality which prevail, and can only be ameliorated slowly by education and an improved social system.

## THE DIVINITY THAT DWELLS IN MAN.

"The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—*Isa. xxxv. 1.*

**ARGUMENT.**—The greatness and inestimable value of the human soul; its endowments are the attributes of God. By faithful, hopeful, persevering exercise of our faculties, the wilderness of human life may be made to blossom as the rose. A knowledge of our soul-nature is our first duty; and a review of its divine capabilities, instead of inflating us with pride, ought to melt us with love and gratitude to the good Father, God, who has bestowed upon us such spiritual wealth.

## THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

"Therefore seeing we have this ministry, as we have received mercy, we faint not; but have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the Word of God deceitfully; but by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost. In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."—*2 Cor. iv. 1—4.*

**ARGUMENT.**—The ecclesiasticisms of to-day, unfit to live, afraid to die, are being left behind in the march of intellect. The Church of the future will teach men all they require to know, that they may fulfil

life's obligations satisfactorily. It must be based upon reason, worship a God of perfect justice, and have brotherly love, in the form of equal justice to all, as its aim. A cosmopolitan communion, a refuge for the infidel, an educated working Church for an educated working world.

---

*No. III. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## "STAND UP; I MYSELF ALSO AM A MAN."

*Acts x. 26.*

**ARGUMENT.**—True religion is the substance and source of every quality worthy of a man. Man's nature is essentially good; therefore, God exists. What constitutes true manhood is portrayed, and also that which is derogatory thereto.

## THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Prov. xxii. 6.*

**ARGUMENT.**—What is called "sin" is only nominal sin; the REAL sin being the neglect of the ecclesiastics and upper classes, who neglect their charges, and thus induce all the sin which might otherwise be prevented if the leaders of society did their duty. From motives of selfishness, religious teachers impart to their flocks false dogmas, instead of inspiring truth, which would remove all crimes and anomalies which exist in society, and introduce the reign of true religion.

## TRUST IN GOD.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"—*Ps. xxvii. 1.*

**ARGUMENT.**—The unchangeableness of Nature's method of working is pointed out as a reflex of God's mind. We must *know* God to trust Him. Has God revealed himself to Man—and how? The soul, the mirror of Deity. The source of all truth is within Man, and its precious treasures are revealed to all earnest seekers.

---

*No. IV. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## SELF-TRUST.

"But by the grace of God I am what I am," &c.—*1 Cor. xv. 10.*

**ARGUMENT.**—Self-reliance depends upon self-knowledge. The relation between God and Man is defined. St. Paul a noble instance of self-trust, or trust in truth. All human acts which ennoble Man and produce his comforts proceed from self-trust; and this attribute should be assiduously cultivated.

## WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—*Prov. xii. 10.*  
Or, as this passage might be rendered—"A righteous man is merciful to his beast."

**ARGUMENT.**—True manliness and righteousness are convertible terms, and constitute the "Christian," or follower of the natural religion. Priestly ordination is valueless. Righteous acts should not be based upon expediency, but originate in a love of goodness and justice.

## THY KINGDOM COME.

In the 8th, 9th, and 10th verses of the 6th chapter of the Gospel of Jesus as rendered by the Evangelist Matthew, it is written:—"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

**ARGUMENT.**—The nature of prayer in general is discussed, and this prayer in particular. The meaning of the Kingdom of God on earth. How to attain it.

*No. V. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## WHAT IS MAN?

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"—*Psalms viii. 4.*

**ARGUMENT.**—The importance and wide scope of Bible teaching respecting Man favours the view that Man is intrinsically good and divine. The causes of his vices and degradation are pointed out, also the errors of theology respecting the nature of Man. The religious teachings of Jesus contrasted with those of Moses and Mohammed. Man is not at enmity with God. Orthodox dogmas are degrading. "Prove all things," especially religious teachings, and hold fast to truth, wherever found.

## THE "ONE THING" DESIRED BY THE PSALMIST.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."—*Psalms xxvii. 4.*

**ARGUMENT.**—The character of Jesus embraces universal greatness. David desired goodness for himself, but Jesus for all humanity. The true preacher is His disciple, and his topic is as boundless as the love and goodness of his Master. The great want in the world's religion is a God to vitalise it and make it practical; the result of which would be a faith in goodness and truth, and consequent progress in the improvement of society.

## PURE RELIGION.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world."—*James* i. 27.

**ARGUMENT.**—God's highest gifts to man are the divine attributes of the human soul, and the most holy place of worship is within man. To cultivate the highest powers of his nature, and harmonise them with the lower, is the work of "Pure Religion."

*No. VI. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## PHILOSOPHY.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy."—*Col.* ii. 8.

**ARGUMENT.**—Philosophy means a system of truth which shows us all we need, what we are, and what we should be, and is synonymous with true religion. True philosophy has a reasonable basis and a righteous end, and is not a superstructure built upon injustice, blind credulity, opinion, and the surmises of ignorance and cupidity, such as the spurious philosophy referred to by the Apostle. Paul was a reasoner, and illustrated the prime importance of reason in matters of religion. The teachings of the churches are tested. A belief in fables and dogmas is degrading. Universal education recommended. A progressive immortality is the destiny of man.

## THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

"The disciples came unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and placed him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye become converted as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—*Matt.* xviii. 1—4.

**ARGUMENT.**—Childhood is the type of heaven, but our endeavours to attain knowledge drive away the first happy state, which is succeeded by a more perfect one in after years. The child-state of innocence was ever present in Jesus, as he lived in harmony with the ever-welling spring of knowledge within him. His miraculous birth is discussed. Sin and distortion of character proceed mainly from false training and superstitious religious teachings.

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—*John* viii. 32.

**ARGUMENT.**—The rock on which this freedom must be built is a recognition of the law that whatever is necessary and desirable for me is also necessary and desirable for all men. True freedom is liberty to

seek out the truth and practise it. Unless based upon Truth and Right, Liberty becomes Licence. Those teachers of a sentimental liberty and irrational piety who consider truth as beyond our discovery are unfit to teach, and enslave the minds of the people with their specious arguments.

---

*No. VII. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## ELECTION AND GRACE.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do his good pleasure."  
—*Philippians* ii. 12, 13.

**ARGUMENT.**—The Calvinistic doctrines of Election and Salvation are examined, and their absurdities refuted. The theology which conceives of a capricious and revengeful God, a corrupt and reprobate humanity, eternal torments, and a scheme of atonement for the human race, and a barrier to all progress. God hath implanted in man the desire for happiness, and given him reason, whereby he may know and observe law, and thus "work out his own salvation." The true religionist is the promoter of broad and unfettered education.

## TIME.

"And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his head to heaven, and sware by him that liveth for ever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."—*Rev.* x. 5, 6.

**ARGUMENT.**—Much time is wasted and misspent in idleness and pleasures, yet it is natural for us to desire that which is pleasant, great, and good, and our actions seem best to us at the time we do them—hence the importance of our lives being regulated by intellect. The proper use of time is the attainment of wisdom and the practice of goodness. Religionists make these duties a gloomy penance, and in place of religion, substitute rites and forms. Jesus went to the temple to teach, not to worship, and we should learn our duties at church, but practise them at all times. Jesus made religion loveable, pleasant, and beautiful; he harmonised it with human nature.

## SIN.

"If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin."—*John* xv. 22.

**ARGUMENT.**—Being endowed with angelic intelligence, man is capable of sinning. Ignorance cannot sin, but may commit wrong. Sin is man's shame, but it is his glory that he is liable to it, otherwise he would be no better than the brutes. This liability relates man to all that is glorious and good. The greater the means of enlightenment, the greater the responsibility. The church theory of sin is false, and Satan is a myth. Sin proceeds from the over-activity and perversion of the sensual faculties. It is not an offence against God, nor is He

angry with the sinner. The sinner offends against himself, even in injuring his neighbour, and his degradation and consequent punishment are his means of salvation. There is no atonement for sin, which has to be overcome by knowledge and spiritual progression.

*No. VIII. contains Three Lectures, price 4d.*

## LAW THE REGENERATOR.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Galatians* vi. 7.

**ARGUMENT.**—Sacrifice does not mean propitiation for sin, but honour to God and obedience to His law. Upright motives and actions are the only acceptable sacrifices. The notion of vicarious sacrifice is a blunder, and an obstacle to the reign of justice amongst men.

## THE LAST JUDGMENT.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—*Psalms* xc. 9.

**ARGUMENT.**—A New Year's sermon. We should review our lives from time to time, and ascertain whether they coincide with our highest model of character, and with the laws of God as known by us. Men engrave their peculiarities on their inner natures, as well as on their faces, and thus are working out for themselves hideousness or beauty for the future. The "recording angel" exists within us.

## GOD IS NOT MOCKED.

"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another. For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."—*Galatians* v. 13, 14, 15.

**ARGUMENT.**—Man by his actions places himself on a plane of being which brings to him an appropriate reward for all his works. Being the creature of Causation, man is amenable to law, but by the cultivation of his nature he may continually attain to the exercise of the higher attributes of his being, and thus to a more spiritual enjoyment of existence.

*No. IX. contains Two Lectures, price 4d.*

## PEACE.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—*Romans* xii. 18.

**ARGUMENT.**—The horrors of war are depicted and contrasted with peace—the golden chain that binds man to Deity, and which can only exist when truth triumphs and when man is just. Selfishness, love

of power, and sensual ease, breed injustice, and the system of vicarious atonement taught by well-fed priests perpetuates selfishness. Thieving and crime are a form of war proceeding from social injustice. "The earth is the Lord's," and the time is anticipated when the crime of proprietorship of the means of the people's existence will cease. To be prepared for such a change, the mass of the people should be educated.

## THE MILLENIUM, AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

"They shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it."—*Micah* iv. 4.

**ARGUMENT.**—A happy people is a religious people. The result of Solomon's reign is cited to show that the rulers and teachers of the people are responsible for the state of society. Reason and religion should be united, and thus destroy sectarianism. The people should be taught the laws of existence and the principles of justice. If the ministers of religion did their duty in teaching the truth, poverty, crime, ignorance, and unhappiness might be banished from the earth.

---

*On fine paper, in neat wrapper, price 4d.; on common paper, without wrapper, price 2d.*

## TWO LECTURES TO ENGLAND'S WORKING POPULATION, ON THEIR OPPRESSORS' OPPRESSIONS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

1. The Labourer, and his Rights and Difficulties. 2. The Workman's Way Out of his Difficulties.

An Album Portrait of E. N. Dennys, 1s.

Published by J. BURNS, Progressive Library, 15 Southampton Row, London, W.C.