





THE DEVIL'S PULPIT:

OR

ASTRO-THEOLOGICAL SERMONS

BY THE

✓
REV. ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,
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AUTHOR OF THE "DIEGESIS," "SYNTAGMA," &C.,

WITH A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE,

AND AN

ASTRONOMICAL INTRODUCTION.

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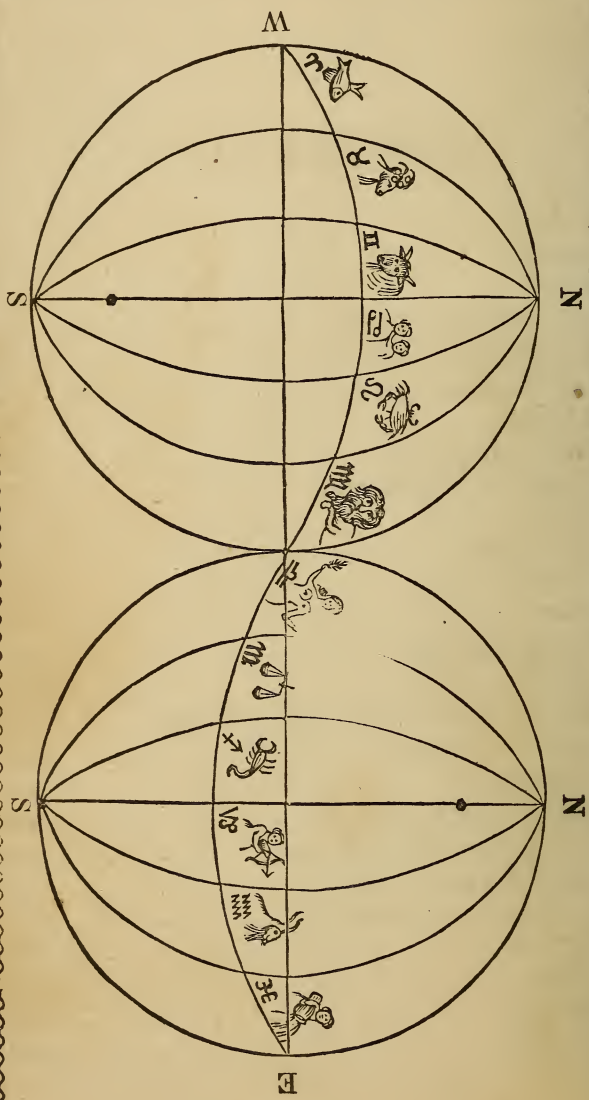
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Cut illustrate of the Rev. Robert Taylor's *Astronomico-Theological Discourses*, "Devil's Pulpit," "Vainey's Ruins," Dupuis in his celebrated "Origin
 de tous les Cultes," "Origin of all Worship," &c.—The cut represents two halves of the apparent heavens; and shows the present and ancient posi-
 tion of the signs of the Zodiac; the poles of the Ecliptic, &c.



INTRODUCTION,

WITH EXPLANATION OF ENGRAVING, &c

This introduction is a key to the astronomical allusions and various mysteries in the Bible, referred to in "*The Devil's Pulpit*," by the Rev. Robert Taylor, B. A., and to similar allusions in Volney, Dupuis, &c.

The earliest worship was that of Deity as exhibited in nature, and the study of religion was the study of nature, and the priests natural philosophers, and hence astronomers, at first, *honest*; but having obtained power or influence by knowledge, the people gave them credit not only for what they did know, but also for what they *presumed* they knew: and because they could foretell eclipses by calculations based on laborious observations and *apparent* astronomy, they also presumed that priests could foretell other events, and hence urged on the astronomical priests the character also of *astrologers*. The priests finding such professions a profitable source of revenue, drove these studies to extremity, and made *mystery* where none existed, as this enhanced the priestly character in the conception of the people.

To preserve this influence and power, the profession or trade of the priest was made difficult. The Druids, or Priests of Apollo, (at first missionaries from India, of the order of Buddha,) had no books, taught the aspirants to the priesthood by memory only; and gradually initiated them into the *mysteries*, making all manner of austerities necessary qualifications, so that none among the Druids of Britain, Gaul, Spain, and toward the East, were of an

inferior character; *all*, by their training, were superior men in mind and body, fit to command, and like other men in power turned that to their own aggrandizement; so that, except the sovereignty, this order filled every station of profit and honor; their itinerant poets directed the common people, stirred them up to war or lulled them in superstition, while others directed the education of the wealthy, and served the offices of priests, lawyers, physicians, teachers and statesmen, and all banded in a secret order.

Such as were the Druids in the West, were also the Magi of Persia and the Priests of Hindoostan and Egypt; *one system*, in substance, governed them all; and the worshippers of Fire in Persia, of the Sun and Moon in India and Egypt were substantially the same; each worshipped God under the symbol of Fire, or the Sun, as the most prominent object in Nature, effecting *being*, life, animal and vegetable, and performing the offices of a good and wise Deity. The blessings of Nature were personified, and *its qualities*, the same as those of Deity, taught by every symbol which Nature affords or priests could imagine. The heavens and stars were divided into hosts, with all imaginable qualities, in proportion as facts were really unknown, and natural phenomena were exhibited in fable; a conjunction of the Moon or Planets was called a marriage, and the Sun assumed every garb according to the season and constellation in which it was; a raging lion in midsummer when the Sun was in Leo, an ox in spring when the Sun was in Torus, and in later times "The Lamb of God" when the Sun took the cross and passed the equator in Aries the ram; a noxious scorpion in autumn when the Sun is in that sign descending below the equator and becoming the harbinger of winter and desolation; and the Sun became a man in the sign Aquarius, or watery season, and in that character was so worshipped; and these four signs form the celebrated Cherubim which ornamented the columns equally of the Jewish and Heathen temples, and have come down to

our times, and associated with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; for one of these signs are attributed to each, and are thus painted on the windows of the Cathedral (Trinity Church) Broadway, New York, built in imitation of an old European church, who copied it from a Roman church, who copied it from a Heathen temple, thus showing the connexion of Christianity with the ancient worship, and throwing some doubt on the reality even of the existence in flesh and blood of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, for here on the windows of Trinity are they represented as emblems of the seasons, and of the seasons too as they were five thousand years ago.

To make these subjects plain we have introduced a cut, Vale's globe and sphere would be better, the ancients had something of the kind, so as to follow their pursuits in their studies as well as in their temples or astronomical towers.


The engraving must be a substitute. (See page i.)

The two parts of this engraving represent the two halves of the heavens; these placed back to back and inflated would represent the heavens or celestial globe. Imagine the Earth in the middle, the north and south poles of which corresponding in position to the north and south poles of the heavens, and the equator of the Earth exactly under the equator marked W. E. in the heavens: then the curved line with figures and signs on it will represent the passage of the Sun, both as it was two thousand five hundred years ago, and as it is now. This line is called the ecliptic.

Observe to the left hand where the Sun crosses the equator, or is just over the equator of the Earth, it is in that part of the heavens marked W., and this is known in fact by the perpendicular rays of the Sun striking on the equator of the Earth, and which time we call spring: that is, we *always* call it spring when the Sun after winter reaches the equator; and this point, happen where and when it will, we call the first point of Aries (the ram) and mark it on the ecliptic with a ram's horn (φ), and

every thirty degrees we call a sign, twelve of which make the whole circle or 360 degrees, the Sun's apparent motion is through these signs or constellations, beginning in the spring with Aries (φ) the ram, Torus (δ) the bull, Gemini (\square) the twins, Cancer ($\var�$) the crab, Leo (Ω) the lion, Vergo (♍) the virgin, Libra (♎) the balance, Scorpio (♏) the scorpion, Sagetarius (♐) the archer, Capricornius (♑) the goat, Aquarius (♒) the water carrier, Pices (♓) the fishes.

The Sun during the year passes through these signs, rising above the equator in spring, and reaching the greatest declination, or distance from the equator to the north, at midsummer or in three months; and inclining towards the equator at autumn, which it crosses at that time, and then passing our winter months south of the equator; and it is this declination of the Sun which gives our seasons, for when the Sun is north of the equator in the beavens, it shines to the north of the equator on the earth, and gives summer to that part and winter to the south, and *vice versa*,

Now observe the cut, where the sign φ aries is, there is the fish, and where the sign torus δ is, there is the ram, and where the sign \square gemini is, there is the bull, &c. The reason is this, the Sun does not cross the equator year after year in the same part of the heavens, but gradually recedes;  before it has completed the entire circuit it is found on the equator, and that is our spring, and that the point in the ecliptic which we call the first point in Aries, and to this point we give the mark of the ram's horn let it be where it will: now two thousand five hundred years ago, this point was in the constellation called Aries, or where we have marked the ram's head, and it is now in the fishes, that is the equinoctial point has receded more than an entire sign during this period, and it is now receding in the same ratio, so that in twenty-five thousand years this point will go backwards the whole circle, and the first point of Aries will again be in the ram; and there is strong evidences that more than

one such periods have elapsed since time, or the earth was. This retrogression of the equinoctial points, is called the *Precession of the Equinoxes*, because this retrograde motion of this crossing point brings on the spring earlier than it apparently ought to be. ☞ The effect is the apparent forward motion of the whole constellations or stars from west to east, in the direction of the ecliptic, and about the *poles of the ecliptic*, marked in the cut with two dots, thus • one north the other south. This apparent motion of the stars about the poles of the ecliptic affect the relative situation of the stars, not with each other, but in relation to the equator and poles of the heavens; for these poles or the north star will make a revolution about the pole of the ecliptic; and the constellation Ram (see cut) which was on the equator, is now north of it; and as this constellation takes the course of the ecliptic, it is evident that four thousand years ago it was south of the equator, and then the Bull was on the equator, and the Sun in that sign began the year—the evident origin of the worship of the Bull or Apis among the Egyptians, and of the respect to the Cow among the Hindoos; it was the period when these signs, the Bull, the Lion, the Scorpion, (changed to the Eagle) and the Man, marked the principal divisions of the year, and were kept with religious rites by the ancients; portions of which were incorporated with Judism, and afterwards with Christianity, and hence we find them associated in Trinity Church with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as representatives of the seasons.

Now in reading Taylor's discourses you will better understand a number of references; for in his first and second discourse, now re-published, he speaks of nearly all these signs, and so in others; and in the first discourse makes considerable reference to Sagetarius, the archer, which should be represented half man and half horse; in the figure in the cut the horse part is left out, for contractions are used in the signs, but the entire Ram, Bull, &c., are frequently seen.

These contractions beautifully explain Egyptian hieroglyphics and writing by symbols.

Besides these constellations, called the signs of the zodiac, all the prominent stars were grouped by the ancients making 48 constellations, and these all had a theological character, frequently changeable with the position of the Sun, for all would be either rising, setting, culminating, (coming to the meridian with the Sun,) advancing or receding from that luminary, for the Sun being always in apparent motion, afforded all these varieties, and the *apparent motions* of the heavenly bodies were well known to the ancients, including the doctrine of eclipses, which requires no other knowledge for their solution. The ancients too at a very early period became acquainted with the true system of astronomy, and this effected a gradual change in their religious notions; and when satisfied that the descent of the Sun in the autumn was a natural and beneficial consequence to the world, the odious scorpion had to give place to the eagle, which by the ancients was seen on the eastern horizon with the Scorpion, when the Bull was on the western, the Lion in the zenith, and the Man or Aquarius, on the opposite or under meridian, the favorite position of the globe or sphere with the ancients, for these had such instruments, and with these all manner of fancy groups could be formed, and studied in the chamber as well as in the expanse of the heavens.

NOTE.—We have recently finished a beautiful Celestial Globe in transparent sections, to be used with the (Vale's) Globe and Sphere; the 48 old constellations are *colored* to be easily distinguished. On the Globe all the facts referred to in Volney, Dupuis, Taylor, and others are clearly seen.

S K E T C H

OF THE

LIFE OF THE REV. ROBERT TAYLOR.

This gentleman was born August 18th, 1784, at Edmunton, near London, and educated as a surgeon under Sir Astley Cooper; but as he exhibited a strong religious feeling, and great powers of oratory, he was persuaded by his friend the Rev. Thomas Cotterell, to take holy orders in the Established Church of England, which he did by matriculating in St. John's College, Cambridge, and became a zealous evangelical preacher, at first in London, and afterwards in Surrey.

Mr. Taylor was religious but candid; and a free enquirer, a tradesman in Midhurst, by the loan of books and conversation, first awakened his skepticism, and as he was too honest to conceal the truth, he drew the attention of the Bishop of Chichester, who not only remonstrated with Mr. Taylor, but persecuted him by depriving him of his support and recommending *retirement*. Mr. Taylor made several efforts to be reconciled to the church, but was treated with great severity: till at length resisting the oppression, he joined some gentlemen in forming a *Society of Universal Benevolence*, of which he became the lecturer, in a small theatre in Dublin; from which he was driven by Protestant zeal.

In 1824 he arrived in London, he lectured and debated in various places and established *The Christian Evidence*

Society. Some of these discourses were printed in *The Lion*, published by Carlile, others form the volume known as *The Devil's Pulpit*, a name given from the circumstance of the author having been dubbed the Devil's Chaplain by Mr. H. Hunt. In 1827 the Mayor of London, presumed to be instigated by others, had Mr. Taylor arrested for blasphemy, selecting the matter from *The Devil's Pulpit*: this was done in the meanest possible manner, the arrest being made so late on a Saturday night as to prevent bail being obtained, and thereby the man of power gained the petty advantage of disappointing the public by preventing Mr. Taylor's lecture on Sunday. A persecution was now organized; Wright, a Bristol Quaker and banker, took this opportunity to press a debt, and threw the orator into prison.

During the same year a second indictment was preferred, including several of Mr. Taylor's friends, but *they* were never brought to trial.

On October 24th, 1827, Mr. Taylor was convicted on one of these indictments by an English Church and King jury, and sent to Oakham gaol for one year, with securities for good behaviour for five years. In this gaol Mr. Taylor wrote his *Diegesis* and his *Syntagma*, this latter was a reply to the Rev. John Pye Smith, it furnishes the proofs of arguments used in debates at *The Christian Evidence Society*. Mr. Taylor also published a weekly letter in *The Lion*.

On Mr. Taylor's release he formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Carlile; he resumed his lectures, and with Mr. Carlile, made a tour, visiting the Universities, large towns and cities of England, and every where challenging the clergy to meet them in argument. A few debates took place, but every where an excitement was created and the tourists were triumphant.

On Mr. Taylor's return from this tour the Rotunda was opened with tremendous effect. A second prosecution followed, which terminated in Mr. Taylor's being sent to Horsemongers' Gaol, where his treatment was as cruel!

as an English Government and faction durst make it. Mr. Taylor, in a fit of desperation from ill-usage, having threatened the life of the gaoler, this fact was made use of even by the government for prolonging his imprisonment. During his persecution the Society was partly broken up. Soon after his release a want of unanimity between him and Mr. Carlile injured his exertions, and his public career was terminated by a marriage with a lady of some property, with whom he retired to France, and there spent in tranquility the remainder of his days, and where he died a few years after at a good old age, leaving no manuscripts as far as is known. G. Vale.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM:

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 7, 1830.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his Star in the East, and are come to worship him."—MATTHEW ii. 2.

Who are the inquirers? The wise men of the East. Very well! Show them in here, and we will show these wise men of the East this mighty King of the Jews—the new-born omnipotence—the little baby-God.

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and Mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

And these wise men were come from the East to worship him. I only beg leave to think I see them at it. I only ask

to be permitted to imagine that such a scene really occurred, and to imagine what your impressions, as well as mine, would have been, had we been spectators of it. If such a scene really occurred on earth, like every other real occurrence, it must admit of being imagined to have occurred. And even they who require us to surrender our reason, should at least leave us the exercise of our imagination: so that we may have some part of our minds left, and not be out of our minds—out-and-out. For 't is rather riding us hard, of our Christian divines, to require us to believe *that*, as true, which they themselves do not only not know to be true, but dare not trust themselves, or anybody else, so much as to imagine to be true. The mind's excursive faculty is found to be as great a rebel against faith, as its reason. To be a Christian indeed, you must lay aside the use of your minds altogether. For the facts of the gospel are of such a mysterious nature, that they will not merely not bear to be reasoned on, but they will not bear to be thought on. You may *believe* that it is true—you may *make believe* that it is true—you may *say* that it is true—you may *swear* that it is true: but the moment you begin to *think* that it is true, you will find yourself within half an inch of thinking that it is false. So that there is really no other way of believing the gospel, than that in which the archbishop of Dublin believes the Thirty-nine Articles—that is, taking them in the lump—and so believing, without thinking. The sanctity, the seriousness, the charm, are gone, the moment you begin to let in daylight on the gospel theatre, by imagining that its personages had a real existence, and its incidents an historical occurrence. Who are these wise men, come from the East, to say their prayers to a little squalling God-a-mighty, sucking his thumb as fast as he could suck?

“*And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mamma.*” But it does not say what Mary, his mamma, was doing to the young child. But it says that the wise men *fell down*; but then, again, it does not say what it was that knocked them down: only, it imme-

diately informs us that they brought out some frankincense, which could be of no other use than to sweeten the apartment — the stable, I should say: for we are never to forget that our blessed Savior was born in a stable — as the angels told the shepherds —

“The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in dirty rags,
And in a manger laid.”

Indeed, one would be utterly at a loss to guess in what the wisdom of the wise men consisted, unless it had been that they had anticipated that the heavenly babe might have such a heavenly smell about him as would have rendered a little frankincense, or aromatic vinegar, very refreshing. And they *worshipped him* — the wise men worshipped him. What sort of worship wise men would be likely to pay to a new-born child, might be easier guessed at than told — only it was not very wise of them to open their treasures, and present unto him gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh, when a ha'p'orth of lollipop, and some bull's-eyes and sugar-plums, would have suited his Royal Highness so much better, and have been quite sufficient to have insured their own everlasting salvation: but, somehow or other, the wise men have always contrived it that salvation should never be cheap; and however little of the profit may go to God (God help him!), his vicegerents and ministers take pretty good care that, if you want to go worshipping, you must open your treasures.

“*And being warned of God, in a dream, that they should not return unto Herod, they departed into their own country another way.*” However these wise men found their way to Bethlehem, it is admitted that they dreamed their way back again. But sure, they could never have dreamed that the King of the Jews, who ought to have been born in a palace, should be so superfluous in his humility, as to suffer himself to be born in a stable; and thus, while he was taking upon

himself the nature of man, rendering it very doubtful whether he was not, at the same time, going to take on himself the nature of a horse? For those good Christians, who believe that our blessed Savior was both God and man, can have no right to quarrel with me for carrying my faith a little bit further than theirs, and believing, as I most sincerely do, that he was both man and horse. To which most true faith I am led, not merely by the most natural suspicion attaching to the circumstance of his having been born in a stable — as where else should a horse be born? But not to make any sort of play on words, or to strain any phrase whatever from its obvious sense, which I would not for the world — not to build on the certainty of the fact that he had no human father — that the angel spoke of him to the mare, or Mary his mother, not as the holy babe or holy child, but as the holy *thing* that should be born of her: I appeal to the whole angelic chorus — to the multitude of the heavenly host who appeared to the shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night, in ratification of that express definition, than which no words can be more express: “*Unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord; and this shall be a sign.*”

Now the key of the whole mystery lies in that single phrase (Καί τῆς το υμῖν το σημεῖον), and “this to you shall be the sign:” that is, this Savior, which is Christ the Lord, shall be a sign. The false punctuation of our English Testaments, contrived as much as possible to lead the people into error, and keep them in it, would make it seem that the sign had meant no more than a signal or token that the angel’s testimony was correct; and that that token was, that they should find a babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and lying in a manger, than which a dog in the manger might have known better. For not so ordinary and indifferent a circumstance as a frail young woman running away from her home (as she might have reason enough to do), and being brought to bed in the best lodging that could be hired for nothing, was the sign (which would have been a sign of nothing else than that the young woman had not been so pru-

dent as she ought to have been); but Christ himself, the Savior, which is Christ the Lord, was the sign, and that sign was to be seen in the city of David.

Now, there are but twelve signs in the city of David; and if, among them, you will look for the sign of the month of November, the season upon which we are now entering, you will find that that sign actually is Sagittarius, with his bow and arrow — uniting the two natures in his own person: that is, not the two natures of God and man, but the two natures of man and horse — being down to the loins a human form, but all the rest a horse. So that the creed of St. Athanasius ought to have run, that, *as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man, so man and horse is one Christ. Perfect man and perfect horse, of a reasonable soul and human flesh, subsisting, who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven* (and it is precisely when the sun is coming down from heaven that he appears in the sign of the man and the horse), and was born in a stable; which gives us the true and astronomical explication, where I defy the wit of man to give any other explication, of that prophecy of Simeon in the second of Luke. Behold this (CHILD)! *Child*, says our fraudulent English translation; but the devil a word about a child is there in the original, or anything half so childish. But it is *ιδε στος κειται*: Behold *this*, that is, this *thing-a-me-bob*, this half man and half horse, this Sagittarius, is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against, *εις σημειον αντιλεγομενον*; that is, he shall be one of the adverse signs — one of the signs of the winter-months, the sign of the month November, when many in Israel — that is, the many stars (that make up this constellation) sink below the horizon, and do not rise again nor appear in the holy city, till after his resurrection, that is, after the sun, having passed through the humiliation of his wintry state, in November, December, January, and February, appears as the Lamb of God crossing the line of the equator in March, where, having overcome the sharpness of death, he opens the

kingdom of heaven to all believers ; thus giving us the meaning again, where no other meaning can be imagined, of those words of St. Matthew, that “ *the earth did quake, and the rocks rent, and the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the Holy City, and appeared unto many.*”

The *οι αλιτοι*, the *saints*, in the proper significancy of that word, never having meant any persons that ever existed upon earth, but referring only to the stars of heaven, or the holy ones of God, as the holy city, and the city of David, and the city of our God, and the Jerusalem, in which all these *fallings* and *risings again*, these crucifixions, resurrections, and ascensions (than which no language of astronomy could possibly be more astronomical), do all of them annually occur, was no Jerusalem, no city, no place on earth, but Jerusalem which is above.

As the apostle expressly admonishes us in these words to the Colossians : “ Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth ;” that is, set your understanding and apprehension on the great principles of astronomical science, and do not be so stupid as to suppose that Jesus Christ and his apostles were persons that ever existed upon earth. And as, again, to the Philippians, chap. iii., v. 20 : *Ημων γαρ το πολιτευμα εν υρανοις* — *for our conversation is in the heavens* ; that is, most explicitly, this whole affair of which we speak and preach, and which is called *gospel*, has no reference at all to any persons that ever existed, or events that ever occurred upon earth : but it is astronomical ; it is all to be seen, and is all exhibited in the visible heavens — as the great Albertus has expressly said : “ All the mysteries of the incarnation of our Savior Christ, and all the circumstances of his marvellous life, from his conception to his ascension, are to be traced out in the constellation, and are figured in the stars.”

And there, in that heavenly Jerusalem, and only there, are

Bethlehem -- *the house of bread* — that is, the tent of the Virgin of August, in which Christ is conceived : and all the Bethsaidas, Bethanies, Beth-shemeses, and Bethels, in which every one of the imagined events of your gospel, not excepting one, have their astronomical significancy ; and which, escaping the discernment of vulgar and uncurious ignorance, have been stupidly mistaken for historical facts : just as a fool, who has but seen the diagrams and delineations in the elements of Euclid, will make himself dead sure that all the mathematics in the world could have consisted in nothing more than in making hobscotches, and catgallowses, and scratchcradles, to play at tit-tat-toe with.

While our Christian clergy of the present day, either the most ignorant or the most deceitful of the whole human race, have played into this fool's game, have pandered to the passions of barbarous ignorance, and found that the swinish multitude would be quite as well satisfied with the shells and husks of science, as the kernel ; and so the tale was but bloody enough, and monstrous enough, impossible to have happened, and inconceivable to be conceived, they would never endanger the power of the clergy by seeking to be wise above what is written.

Thus the clergy have laid the bars of a fraudulently-pretended *historical* evidence across the path of knowledge ; and I wish those had been the only bars that they had laid. But here, sirs, minds will be of use to you : here, I ask you not, *as new-born babes, to desire the sincere milk of the word*, but I call upon you, as full-grown men, to hold me to the debt of supplying you with the solid intellectual feast of the meaning ; in which I ask no sensible man's assent from his favor, but will challenge it from his conviction.

And not a man who hath the intellectual cravings of a man, but shall rise from this feast, to tread the fetters of superstition and ignorance under his feet, and only to wonder how

he could have been held in them so long; and to say with me—

“How charming is divine philosophy,
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

I have explained to you how the SUN, who is the Jesus Christ, and the only Jesus Christ that ever existed, as he passes respectively into each one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, assumes the character of that particular sign, and is assimilated and entirely identified with it. So that while he is still one, and the selfsame Supreme and only God, we find him continually spoken of under the most opposite and contradictory characteristics and attributes. He is even sometimes spoken of as his own enemy, and is as often the destroyer as the savior of the world: sometimes loving the world, then hating the world, then reconciling the world unto himself: thus borrowing continually his moral character in the gospel-fable, from his physical affinities in the Zodiac. He is the Lamb of God in March: he is the Lion of the tribe of Judah in July: while he is *the sign that shall be spoken against*; that is, the sign of *Sagittarius*, the half-man and half-horse in the gloomy month of November, the sign which is indeed spoken against—“the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves.” And thus, through the whole twelve signs of the Zodiac, which I have caused to be sketched on the dome of the minor theatre, for the purpose of assisting these illustrations; as, should I live to see the day, when my fortune shall enable me to exhibit the complete theological eidouranion which I meditate, not an iota, not one single genuine passage of your Old or New Testament will I leave unexemplified, undemonstrated, or untraced to its origination in that occult astronomy, which, under the allegorical veil of what was called *sacred history*, has

for ages subjugated insulted reason to the power of priestcraft: and lapsing, as unhappily it did, out of the management of those who knew its meaning, into the ruffian hands of the Goths and Vandals, who knew nothing about it, has muddled the little share of intellect which nature has given them, and maddened them into Christians. It is no longer that doubt is possible, or that conviction can be withheld, when the mind, possessing but the healthy faculties of the mind, shall see what here we are competent to show, that all the anomalies, contradictions, and absurdities of the gospel, by which a thousand generations of wrangling idiots have been led by the nose by sanctified knaves into a thousand different sects, are but the fallen ruins of a once-glorious temple, in which our art can yet trace out the positions and relations of every part—can mortice the beam into the joist, can dovetail every angle, and replace every frieze and cornice upon the entablature of its proper shaft—till the whole shall present to you the perfect symmetry of the first citadel of science.

For indeed—and in a sense which Christian stupidity never stumbled on—say we, "*In Jewry is God known, his name is great in Israel. At Salem is his tabernacle, and his dwelling in Sion. There brake he the arrows of the bow, the shield, the sword, and the battle.*" In the *Old Jewry*,* in Cheapside, suppose ye? Yes, quite as probably there as in any Jewry upon earth. But look to the Jewry of the Zodiac, where the houses of the sun, which constitute that heavenly city, are—and there will you see the arrows of the bow in the hand of Sagittarius—the *horse and his rider*, which the *sun* is said to break and conquer, by suffering and passing through that *sign which is so much spoken against*, that through death he might overcome him, which had the power of death—that is, the devil—the *diabolus*—the adverse sign, Sagittarius, of which victory Miriam sang—when the sun, rising victorious

* The sermons were delivered in this locality. — ED.

in the summer months, throws this constellation below the horizon, so that he seems to be drowned. "*Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*" While the psalmist, speaking of the same Lord (that is, the sun), when about to enter this sign of the half-man and half-horse — and therefore reconciling it unto himself, tells us (in the one hundred and forty-seventh Psalm) that "*The Lord delighteth not in any man's legs, neither hath he pleasure in the strength of a horse;*" which is as innocent of meaning as the gospel itself, if you will be so innocent as to swallow it as gospel — but clear, harmonious, beautiful, and sublime, in its astronomical reference to the sun in Sagittarius, who, you will observe, is a man only from his head to his hips; so that he has no man's legs to delight in, while all the rest of him is a horse — in whose strength he has no pleasure, the sports of hunting making but little amends to the sun for his humiliation in the short and gloomy days of November. So that our blessed Savior, in becoming what the blessed Simeon calls him, "*the sign that was spoken against*" — that is, the ninth of the twelve signs, had very strong signs of being a *horse* — which gave reason enough for the wise men, supposing them only to be wise enough to understand his astronomical characteristics, when they were inquiring where Christ should be born, to make a pretty good guess that he would be born in a stable.

And why should the Christian, who has no hesitation in calling his blessed Savior *a lamb*, think it profane in us, to call him a horse. Or, if he only became a lamb, that he might bear the sins of the whole world, it only shows that the sins of the whole world could not have been very heavy. But so intolerant, so tyrannical, overbearing, and oppressive, has the Christian temper in all ages been, that while they represent their Savior in any way they please themselves, they raise the cry of *profaneness, levity, and ridicule*, against the slightest variation of the follies which

their own imaginations have consecrated. You may look unto Jesus as a bleeding lamb, but you must not look on him as a stuck-pig; you may address the Holy Ghost as a *dove*, but you may not call him a *tom-tit*. So the blessed Saint Augustin, being an orthodox Christian father, the ornament of the age in which he lived, and the highest authority to us, of what the most pure and primitive Christianity was, has left us a form of soliloquy, addressed to our blessed Savior, in which he shows that our blessed Savior was a *blackbeetle*, or *cockchafer*, or *May-bug*, that is, one of those little insects which Christian children are very properly instructed to stick upon a pin and thread to set them buzzing, that the amiable innocents might learn betimes to think of Jesus Christ, and him crucified. So the learned father Athanasius Kircherius assures us, that “by the *May-bug* was signified the only begotten Son of God, by whom all things were made, and without whom was not anything made that was made.” The words of St. Augustin are: “*Bonus ille scarabæus meus, non eâ tantum de causa, quod unigenitus, quod ipsemet sui auctor, mortalium speciem indurerit, sed quod in hac fæce nostra, sese volutaverit, et ex ipsa, nasci homo voluerit.* He [that is Jesus Christ] was my good cockchafer; not merely because, like a cockchafer, he was the only begotten, because he created himself, and put on a species of mortals, but because he rolled himself, in human *excre* ——” (Casalius de Veter. Ægyp. Ritibus, p. 35.) It is too execrable for me to translate; but God-a’-mighty knows that, however pure in heart these saints might have been, they were men of the nastiest ideas that ever made civilized life ashamed of them. The learned Casalius, in quoting so solemn a declaration of so great a saint, that “Jesus Christ was a cockchafer, or *May-bug*,” proves that the saint must have been right, from those words of God himself, in the 22d Psalm, where he expressly says of himself—“*as for me, I am a worm and not a man.*”—*Εγω δε ειμι Σκωληξ και οκ ανθρωπος*, where the Hebrew word, which has been translated, *a worm*, as

the great Casalius thinks, should have been translated a *cock-chaffer*.

But I am satisfied with the correctness of the received rendering; and do (God be praised for so much grace) rest in most assured conviction, that our blessed Savior, in that high and sublime sense of the science of divinity, of which our divines of the present day are so egregiously ignorant, really was a *worm* and *not a man*—as I can prove, beyond all possibility of doubt, that no such man ever existed. But, sprinkle cool patience on your warm feelings, and I will make this matter possess itself of your conviction, with “confirmation strong as proof of holy writ.” That our blessed Savior, the only true God, really was a *worm*; you have not alone his own word, in that most positive declaration of himself, than which no words could be more positive—*As for me I am a worm, and not a man*—but you have the whole analogy of faith, and all the harmonious coincidences of this sacred science, to illustrate and evince. For observe ye, our blessed Savior achieved his mightiest conquest in the *grave*—and ’tis in the grave, that the worm conquers everybody. Nobody was ever conqueror in that field, but the worm. To the challenge, “*O grave, where is thy victory?*” the only answer is, the victory is the worm’s. To the worm alone can it be truly said, “*thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.*” The debt of gratitude, however ungrateful, must at last be paid; and as they say our blessed Savior died for us, we must die for him. And as he gave us his flesh to eat, we must return the compliment, and give him ours. We must go to the Lord’s Supper, as it is very accurately called the *last* supper, where we shall not be shown up as the company, but served up as the dishes: where we shall be “at supper, like Polonius in the tragedy,” at supper where? “not where we shall eat, but where we shall be eaten.” That he was a worm and no man, is still further illustrated, by that text which saith of him, “*Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself,*” and that which saith, “*Who only hath immortality,*” as he thrice

declares himself to be "*the worm that never dieth.*" Whatever part of us may go into the fire that never shall be quenched, nothing is more certain, than that when we go to Jesus, all the fat and lean will go to the worm that never dieth.

Now hold, and I unlock this mystery—the mystery exists only in the misty view of Christian ignorance, for this our noble science—

“ That, like the rock that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway meets the storm;
 Though round its sides the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

The intolerance of Christian ignorance might be ready to exclaim, that at this rate we could make anything of Jesus Christ. I certainly proved him to be a horse, and now I have proved him to be a *worm*: yes, and if you'll honor me with your attention hereafter, I will prove him to be a *fish*; and that you may not think that I treat the matter lightly, I will prove him to be a *pair of scales*, and you shall weigh him for yourselves. Remembering only, I pray, that a false balance is an abomination to the Lord, but the true scales are his delight.

In a word, we shall trace the real and only Jesus Christ, through every one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, to have been nothing more than the personified genius of each of those signs (that is, of the sun, as considered in each of them), the same with varying physical phenomena throughout his annual course.

As but look, I pray, on any projection of the signs of the Zodiac you please — immediately before the Horse, or Centaur, of November, you shall see the scorpion, black-beetle, or "*worm that never dieth*;" the genius of October, the first of the winter months, standing there, in the gates of hell, that is the point at which the Sun dips below the Equator. And there stands the worm, &c., to testify to the whole world, that

that fire, whose cheering light and heat is now about to be abated, and apparently withdrawn, shall yet never be quenched.

Upon these ingenious figments, so egregiously misunderstood, and put so madly from their scope and purport, have our clergy contrived to play upon the ignorance of the people. But no single discourse, nor I fear the discourses of a whole winter, will be sufficient to possess you of all the treasures of this delightful science, in which, as you advance, you will see all that is so apparently wild — so monstrously confused, and such a jumble of contradictions and absurdities, as to outrage all faculty of method and sobriety in man; like matter in chaos, falling in at the command of a superior genius into a most superb and beautiful orrery, exhibiting all the great phenomena of nature, and solving every problem of this mystic science. We prove to you that Christianity is a fable, with all the precision of a mathematical demonstration: showing you, not only how, and in what, the fable originated, but what were its meaning and moral: as we work out a quadratic equation, by presenting to you, the unknown quantity in defiance of your mind's power of saying *nay* to it; solving all the difficulties, explicating all the mysteries, reconciling all the seeming contradictions, and answering all the requisitions of the great problem. The key that corresponds to the wards of the lock, however complex and intricate those wards may be — the key that fits into the lock — the key that actually throws the bolt and opens the door — is the key of the door.

That key, with respect to the Christian Religion, is its allegorical astronomical sense. With that key, I will return, on some future occasion, to the question, "*Where is he that is born king of the Jews?*" I will unlock the Augean stable, and bring down such a stream of science, and true learning, upon the congregated filth of barbarous ignorance, as shall wash away the manger and the King of the Jews, and the Jews, and the wise men and all, and purify the atmosphere of reason

from the pest of Christianity. I shall show you that, though it may be possible enough for the dunce and the fanatic, the half-idiot, or the three-parts knave, to still continue to take personifications for persons, allegories for histories, and the mere machinery of science for its ultimate scope and end, it is not possible for a man of learning, whose learning has ever taken its fair range in these investigations, not to know that the Christian religion, as taught in this Christian country, is — *what I may not call it* — craftily practised by great and mighty knaves upon the simplicity of ignorance, and the impotence of childhood.

But here, sirs, with no other presumption than such as that of those who, in any age of the world, have offered truth and science to the world, in the place of the jargon of sanctified idiotcy and consecrated falsehood — as PYTHAGORAS presented his demonstration of the equality of the square of the hypotenuse to the squares of the sides of the right-angled triangle — as COLUMBUS presented his evidences of the existence of the trans-Atlantic continent, and as GALILEO asserted his science of the earth's motion — in the teeth of monkish ignorance and priestly cunning, incapable of anger as of fear; inviting criticism, and challenging the opposition of learning, if there be any learning in the world that can oppose us — we *offer* you our *great* solution of the evangelical riddle. It can only confuse you while you are ignorant; it can only offend you while you are dreaming. Awake, and you will find that we were awake before you: and you will come, again and again, to this true school of intellect and reason, to demand and to receive, I trust, not eternal repetitions of a silly story, but to imbibe the mind-invigorating draughts of genuine learning, and still increasing knowledge.

“Here nature opens all her secret springs,
And heaven-born science plumes her eagle wings;
Too long hath bigot-rage, with malice swelled,
Crushed her strong pinions, and her flight withheld —

Too long to check her ardent progress strove :
So writhes the serpent round the bird of Jove —
Hangs on her flight, restrains her towering wing,
Twists its dark folds, and points its venom'd sting ;
But breaking thus the spell of things divine,
Her rising pride shall mock the vain design —
Shall rise to liberty, to life, and light,
While priests and priestcraft sink to endless night."

END OF THE FIRST DISCOURSE ON THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

PART II. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM :

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 14, 1830.

“*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, ‘Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his Star in the East, and are come to worship him.’*”—
MATTHEW ii. 2.

I RETURN to this most important subject in which man is interested, to this most delightful science in which man can be instructed. I return to the positions of this great science, to which on Sunday evening last I brought up the convictions of the large auditory which honored me and themselves with a most grateful attention.

The Star of Bethlehem has brought us up to the stable-door; and no person of rational understanding, who has travelled with us thus far, can any longer doubt that we are in possession of, what you shall seek for in vain in any church or chapel, or from any other minister of the gospel in this metropolis—we are in possession of the *key of the stable-door!* Ye have seen it pass into the lock—ye have seen it ride over all the intricacies and involutions of the wards—ye have heard it, without any strain or effort, throw the bolt, and now the door is open; and “*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall*

be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord, and this shall be a sign." That is, as I have shown, this Christ the Lord, shall be one of the signs of the Zodiac. Walk in, ye lovers of true Science, ye friends of genuine and real learning, who would assist her in the arduous struggle in which she is engaged, and aid her rapidly-approaching triumph o'er her barbarous foes, the priests and priest-ridden dunces, who, with all their pretended zeal and attachment to the gospel, when brought to the test of rational criticism, stand convicted of knowing no more about the gospel than the gospel knows about them. They have but fed on the husks and shells of knowledge. Here we have the kernel.

But why, say they, make we such a parade of our learning? why this apparatus of philology, criticism, and science, set before minds so little able to appreciate, so incompetent to judge, as we must suppose the minds of *the many* to be? and why, if I really wish to communicate knowledge and truth to the people, why not follow the example of the preachers of the gospel, and speak in such language as is familiar to them, and so give them reading made easy, and lectures adapted to the meanest capacity? My answer is, would men but be faithful to their own capacities, there would be no mean capacities to be met with. It is only they who are afraid of hearing what they never heard before, whose capacities are mean indeed. I have found it quite as easy, as I am sure it is more just and generous, to raise the understandings of my hearers to the level of my own; and if I find them ignorant, at least not to leave them so. We are all of us ignorant before we are learned; and those who are forever for coming down to our level while we are down, show but too plainly, that it is the aim of their charity to keep us down. In offering instruction to my fellow-men, I would treat them as my fellows; and must, therefore, plainly tell them that, it is not for me to descend, but it is for them to rise: the level between us is to be found, not by my humility, but by their ambition. I will not make myself a dunce, but I will make them scholars. Be it asked, "*And if I rob them of their*

faith [which God forgive me for being devilishly like to do], what will I give them in its stead?" I answer, I will give them learning in its stead—I will set before them the treasures of science and knowledge, to no worse effect than to create in them an appetite for extended information, whose cravings shall never more be satisfied with the baby's lesson, nor content with eternal repetitions of what they knew before; but shall demand continual supplies of what they did not know before; such supplies as shall increase the store of their intellectual wealth, improve their minds, enlarge their hearts, and free them from the yoke of priestcraft. As now, sirs, ye shall see the use of so much learning, in the learned languages, as shall not cost you the expense of a classical education, nor the labor of your whole life to attain; but as, by your few hours of diligent attention to these lectures, even with your pleasure and entertainment, you shall find yourselves to have acquired; till there shall not be an individual of competent faculties that had been fairly applied to these studies, but who shall be a better scholar than any clergyman or preacher of the gospel, if he be dunce enough to believe the gospel himself, can possibly be. See now, sirs, how we advance! As, would not a man who had but the reason and proper spirit of a man, put to himself the question—If these so-called *sacred* writings of the Old and New Testaments were written, as indeed they purport to be, and most certainly were, "in ages long ago betid," in conformity to the notions of men who have long ago ceased to exist, and in languages which have long ceased to be spoken; who but the sheerest idiot and booby would dream of the possibility of a translation of them into a modern language; or that a sense of them, according to the sense, or nonsense of modern notions, could possibly come even within a guess at their original significancy? But with the simple data of our admissions, as the axioms and postulates of this science: 1. That men, ten thousand years ago, were of the same nature as they are at present; their heads grew upon their shoulders, I suppose; and they had ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, in them—that is, they had the same sources and means of

acquiring ideas. 2. They had but the same, and no other means and ways of communicating the ideas they had acquired. 3. The same things made the same impressions. 4. And the same impressions produced the same reflections.

We arrive at conclusions, than which, the corollaries of a mathematical problem are not more consequential and demonstrative. Of these corollaries, one of the first is, that, as all ideas of mankind must necessarily have been received into the mind in the same way, so there must be a wonderful sameness and similarity in the modes, figures, signs, and forms of expressing those ideas, and as wonderful a sameness of association of idea—the one calling up the other by a similar action of a similarly-constituted brain, in all ages, and among all nations of mankind. Hence arises the large and very extensive class of words, called RADICALS: that is words, which are the roots and bases of innumerable varieties of language, but which, when analyzed, are found to be essentially the same, and of the same signification, in all the languages of the earth. And these, you have the advantage of learning, as you learn the general chords and principles of music, by your own ear; by hearing me repeat to you, as is my custom, all the different languages through which the text on which I treat, has been derived. These radicals, are always monosyllables; they never require more than three letters, and may often be expressed by *two*, or only *one*. Hence the earliest or most ancient languages of men are all *monosyllabic*, and all the combinations found with them, are merely grammatical, and artificial variations of the sound, but not of the sense; and have been introduced in much later times, sometimes poetically, and tastefully, but oftener to hide and conceal the original source whence they were derived.

Of which last sort of words, you can not have a more striking specimen than that of the first noun in our text, the name *Jesus*: of which, the last syllable, *us*, is no part of the word itself, but the mere Latin termination, added to the only real and complete word, *Jes*. Thus *Jesus Christus*, is good Latin, but *Jesus Christ*, is neither good Latin, nor good English, nor

good sense. For in taking away the Latin termination from *Christus*, to render it into the English, *Christ*, we should take away the Latin termination from *Jesus*, and render it into *Jes*. The Greek word for *Jesus*, being *Ιησους*, which is precisely the same adoption of the Latin termination into Greek, as our *Jesus* is an adoption of it, into English, is one among the ten thousand proofs that betray the Monkish Latin origin of our New Testament; that is, that the Latin, and not the Greek, was the first language in which the contents of the sacred *Diegesis* of Egypt, was brought to the knowledge of the priests of Europe. The translation was made from the Latin into the Greek, and a Greek original pretended, not till after it was found expedient, to oppose a check to the advance of curiosity, and to throw a thicker veil over the mysteries of the gospel-craft. Had the Greek been the original, the Greek for *Jesus*, must have had the Greek termination *ος*, and been *Ιησος*; but the Greek *Ιησους*, is bad Greek, and nothing more than the Latin *Jesus*, exhibited in Greek characters. The written documents, the *DIEGESIS*, from which first the Latin, and subsequently, the so falsely called *original* Greek, was derived, have necessarily perished: but Christian ignorance, in mistaking its fable for a history, and committing itself to criticism, by fixing an era, and a scene, when and where its imagined events occurred, has supplied the means of demonstrating the utter falsehood of its pretences: inasmuch as we are able to adduce positive evidence of the existence and prevalence of precisely the same story in India, Persia, Egypt, and Greece, for more than fifteen hundred years before the date assigned to the pretended occurrence of it, in Palestine. But taking the words of the Greek text, the highest written authority to which we can familiarly appeal, in their most simple and primitive significance, and suffering no suborned or forestalled sense to pervert us from the sense which those words would naturally convey, we shall find it far, infinitely far, from any such historical, or even pretended historical sense, as our fraudulent English translation, and still more fraudulent preachers of the gospel, would palm on our insulted reason.

“Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the King.” Now, if this were an accurate rendering of the Greek (which it is not) and if the common-sense meaning of our English words, were allowed to be its meaning; who could, for one moment, pretend that this was the style of writing of any one who could have been contemporary of the events he was about to relate, who had ever lived with, seen, or conversed with the person of whom he speaks? How fatal, therefore, is it to any pretence that anything more than a romance was intended. But look at the literality of the text: *Τὸ δὲ Ἰησοῦ γενηθεντος ἐν Βηθλεεμ τῆς Ἰουδαίας*; *the Jes, or Yes, being in the house of corn, of the Iudæia in the days of Herod the king.* Thus have we the literal translation of the mongrel Greek, Hebrew, and Phœnician roots of this egregiously-misconstrued sentence, of which the sense is, the SUN—(that is, Yes), being in the Zodiacal sign of the Virgin, who is distinguished by the spike of corn in her hand, and is the genius of the month of August, which is the harvest month, which is further distinguished by the definition *Βηθ λεεμ*, the house of corn or bread of the *Ἰουδαία*, that is most literally of the Zodiac, and still further, by the addition, *ἐν ἡμεραῖς Ἡρωδῶν τοῦ Βασιλεως*, that is, not in the days, as signifying the reign of any king on earth, called Herod, but *in*, or according to, the Ephemeris, or Almanac of Hercules, the Sun. That name, HEROD, being compounded of *ἡρως δερμας*, that is, the *Hero of the Skin*, the well-known epithet of Hercules, derived from his always being described, sculptured, painted, and distinguished, as wearing the skin of the Cleonean Lion. For whatever real personages in real history, might have assumed the mythologico-astronomical name of *Herod*, it is certain that no King Herod, or Herod the Tetrarch, as a person that ever existed upon earth, was intended by the *Βασιλεὺς Ἡρωδῆς*, or *King Herod* of the Gospel, but, as the literality of the name betrays, *the Hero of the Skin*, King Hercules, that is *the Sun*: who, in his annual progress through the signs of the Zodiac, before he can reach the *Lion* of July, and so invest himself with the skin of the Lion, as to become the *Hero of the Skin*,

that is, the *Herod* indeed, is obliged to kill all the children that were in Judea, that is, in *Bethlehem and the coasts thereof*; which is a most accurate definition of the Zodiac, Εἰς Βηθ λεεμ, και εν πασι τοις οριοις αυτης.

In Bethlehem, and in all the divisions of it, in which you will see that there are two children, απο διετης, of two years old, *Gemini* the twins of May, which this solar *Herod* is said to kill, in our English rendering; but in the literal Greek αναφειν, to take or put away, or pass through, as the sun passes through the sign of the twins, ανειλε της παιδας;* and that there were but two of them, is discovered by the reference made to the astronomical scheme of the prophet, that is to say, of the old astronomer, Jeremy.

“*In Rama, was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children.*” Why in Rama? What is Rama? Why *Rama* is the Hindoostanee, Coptic, Syriac, Phœnician word, and literal name for the Zodiac; the *high*, the *elevated*, the *exalted*. And this whole tale of the birth of Christ in the days of Herod the king, is found in the Bhagavat Pourana of India, in the Mythriacs of Persia, and in the fabulous writings ascribed to Zoroaster, the supposed contemporary of Moses. As, turn to the old astronomy ascribed to Moses, you will find that Rachael had but two sons, which were Joseph and Benjamin, and there they are to this day in Rama, the two boys of the Zodiac; as Joseph and Benjamin together are accounted as making up but one of the twelve signs; and this King Herod is no other than such a sort of personage as our English *John Bull*—he never grows old—he never goes dead—but he is the bloody King Herod, the naughty man that comes to take away the naughty children.

As we find the grave historian Eusebius assuring us that the martyrdom of Polycarp, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, at Smyrna, 200 years after the pretended date of this affair,

* He took away the boys, i. e. *the boys of the Sun*. ΠΙ-ΑΔΕΣ, whence the Greeks formed their word, παιδες, boys, was a common title of the Sun, and meant *particularly*, the Sun in Gemini.

took place by order of this self-same bloody King Herod, notwithstanding the worms eating him up ; as they do every year, when he enters into the sign of the Scorpion of October, and gives not God the glory. But not alone the name of King Herod, but the name of the children whom it is so ridiculously supposed that King Herod slew, in its original significancy, and historical derivation, demonstrates the astronomical relations of the whole mystery, *ανειλε παντας τες Παιδας*—Herod the King (that is Hercules, *the Hero of the Skin*), put away all the boys. Now the Greek word *Παιδες* betrays to us the Coptic article *Πι*, in composition with the Phœnician *Ades*, the whole word *Pi-Ades* being the common title of the Sun, formed of the radicals *Pi. Ad. Es.*, *The Lord Fire* ; hence the Latin word for a boy, *puer*, is the Greek word *πυρ* for *Fire*, the root of the English words *pure* and *purity*, and the key of the evangelical conundrum, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,” that is, *the Stars that shine the brightest are nearest to the Sun* ; and these boys in Rama, which Herod passed over, are demonstrated to have been none other than the fiery boys of the Zodiac—the two bright clusters of Stars representing the figure of two boys, which the Sun enters in the month of Mây, and for which, Rachael weeps, and will not be comforted—not because they are killed, but *because they are not* ; that is, because they are rendered invisible, no longer to be seen, are absorbed in the superior effulgence of the Sun in passing through them, as he does in the month of May, when

“———Lost, dissolved in his superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflows his courts.”

Thus, in that name of God, Hercules, reduced to its radical, we have the three Ammonian primitives, which are *אור כל אש* *light, all, fire*, which is in the composition *the light, the universal fire*, or palindromically, the fire, the universal source of light, that is the SUN. As there, in the Zodiac in the Lion of July, is that Cleonean Lion, whom the light, the universal fire, that is the Sun, the *Ἡρως δεπατος*, the King Herod, *The Hero of the*

Skin, every year overcomes and passes through in his annual progress, with whose skin he seems to invest himself as a trophy of his victory; and as in which investiture, he is addressed in those words of the Psalmist, or ancient magical incantations appointed to be read through every month, in honor of the twelve months of the year, "O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious, thou art clothed with majesty and honor; thou deckest thyself with light as with a garment, and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain. O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name; magnify him that rideth upon the Heavens as upon a horse; even God in his holy habitation." Thus, too, the epithet added to the name of Herod, that is, *the Hero of the Skin*, Herod the King, in Hebrew, מלך *Moloch*; in Greek Βασιλευς; in Latin *Rex*, the Ruler, the Regulator; was a characteristic epithet of the Sun—the Sun to rule the day, the monarch or only governor of the whole solar system.

And why should Christ be said to be born in Bethlehem of Judea, and be called by the wise men, the Βασιλευς των Ιουδαιων, the King, the Rex, the Governor or Ruler of the *days of Jao*, but in fulfilment of that prophecy of the prophet, that is, in accordance with that astronomical sketch of the astronomical priest, Micah: "*And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah art not the least among the Princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel*"? Now, would any but a Christian idiot, who had bid good night for ever to all use of reason, or a Christian knave, who would say anything, insult us by saying that there ever was a Bethlehem upon earth that ever brought forth a Governor or Ruler upon earth, that ever governed or ruled an Israel upon earth? And are we to endure the intolerable insult and ignominy any longer, that a set of sanctified idiots and solemn dunces, a proud and aristocratical priesthood—too haughty as they are, to be willing, and too ignorant as they are, to be able, to confront us—should be allowed to persuade the world that all these glorious prophecies of "the wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, of the increase of whose government and dominion there should be no end, upon the

throne of David his father, to order and to establish it with judgment and with justice for ever," had their verification in the pretended real history of such a king of the Jews; who, if his history were historical, presents us with nothing more than the history of a thief, born in a stable, living on the high road, and dying on the gallows! A King of the Jews that never had his title recognised but in a sarcasm—never triumphed but on the cross—never reigned, but as if all our kings should be like to reign in the same fashion, we should not long want Radical Reform.

But turn we to the sacred text itself, of the astronomical Micah (ch. v. 2), than which nothing can be more astronomical. And thou, the House of Corn, Mansion of the Virgin, Genius of Increase and Abundance, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, that make up the various signs of the Zodiac, out of thee shall he come to me, or shine forth, who is the Governor of Israel (that is, of the whole Solar system) whose goings-forth from the East, have been from the days of eternity," that is, the Sun, beyond all possibility of being anything else, the never-created, eternally-existing Sun, whose goings-forth from the East to pass through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, most literally and really have been from everlasting. And what means the astrologer by those words: "And thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah," but the astronomical fact, which if you will but look upon the thousands of Judah, your own eyes will testify—that the Stars which make up the Constellation of Bethlehem Ephratah, which is the sign of the Virgin, or Good-woman of the Zodiac, are particularly small; those that should make up the head, especially, being so minute, as hardly to be visible to the naked eye; which gave occasion to the allegorists for their joke, that if you want to find a good woman, you must look for the woman without a head. The Pagan sculptors represented their Venus with a particularly small head, while the Christian painters represented their Venus, the Virgin Mary, whose house or domicil actually is in Bethlehem Ephratah, as a maid with no head at all. The brightest stars

in this constellation being those which form the arms, or vindemiatrix, in the elbow; thus actually supplying the pun, that has never been too gross for the piety of our Catholic brethren, where, in the office of the conception of the Blessed Virgin, they call her—

Judith Invincible!
 Woman of arms:
 Fair *Abishag** Virgin, that
 True David, warms!"

Eternal God! why hast thou given us reason to insult us with Christianity?

But see, sirs, and your conviction shall seal the truth it sees—how beautiful, how majestic, how delightful is science. From the eternal and never-failing regularity of the goings-forth or progress of the Sun from sign to sign, through his annual course, the minds of men first received the idea of TRUTH, of punctuality, and of certainty: and hence among all nations, and in all languages, we find them giving precisely the same name to whatever they held to be true, which they had previously given to the SUN, whose imaginary moral attributes were directly derived from his real physical ones; and thus *the faithful and true witness in Heaven*, the SUN, was looked up to, or pointed to, by every man addressing another man, and meaning to say, that what he said was truth. *It is true as God's in Heaven*; that is, it is as true, as accurate, and as regular, as are the goings-forth of the Sun, "whose goings-forth have been from of old—from everlasting." So the name of the Sun, in every country in which the Sun hath shone, is universally found to be the same as that of their form of assent or agreement, or pledge of promise. And as the worship of the Sun under the name of Jupiter Ammon, was infinitely the most prevalent over all the world—above all other forms of worship,† the ancient Phœ-

* Abishag, a Shunammite, 1 Kings, i. 3.

† "Quamvis Æthiopum populis, Arabumque beatis
 Gentibus, atque Indis, unus sit Jupiter, Ammon."

Lucan 1.

nician word AM — ON, literally signifying the *fire*, the *being*, the name *Ammon*, pronounced in all manner of ways, through the nose, through the throat, but always with the eyes shut, to relieve them from the dazzling of the Sun's rays, as A-men, Au-men, Ah-men, *O-men*, has found its way, and to this day retains its place at the end of every prayer, ending, "through Jesus Christ our Lord Ammon;" that is, most literally, that Jesus Christ our Lord, *is* Ammon; and Jesus Christ and Jupiter-Ammon, stand thus demonstrated to have been but one and the self-same prosopopeia—that is, the personified Genius of the Sun. As Jesus Christ is made to say of himself, in that beautiful and scientific astronomical Mythos, called the Revelation of St. John, "*I am the Amen, the faithful and true witness.*" So the name Yesus or Jesus, so deceitfully sheltered from the discovery of its real meaning, by the Latin termination *us* (which is no part of it) in its dissyllabic and earlier form, is YES, which has become our English form of assent or pledge of fidelity and truth; as we say, *Yes*, with the same meaning as *Amen*, that is, *verily*, it is so—or I consent—*I will*—that is, *by-God I will*. *Hues*—*Yes*—*Ins*—being the most ancient name of the god Bacchus; and absolutely retained to this day upon all our Christian altar-pieces and pulpit-cloths in those three mystical letters I: H: Σ, which are Greek letters, absurdly read as Roman letters, by our Romish Monks, as if they were to stand for the words, *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus the Savior of Men: whereas they really are the name at full length of the Pagan god, Bacchus, the god of Wine, in whose honor at those altars our Christian Bacchanals, not knowing what they do, continue to this day to drink the sacramental wine, which is the blood of the grape—that is, by metonymy upon metonymy, the blood of Bacchus; that is of *Jes*, or *Yes*—the personified genius of the Sun, whose name is written in those letters I, H, S, and surrounded with that circle of golden rays, than which your ingenuity could not write the word Sun, nor depict it in an hieroglyphical representation less to be mistaken, even if you were the most ingenious man alive. And this same I, E, S, is

composed of the Ammonian radicals, I, *the one* ; and E, S, *the fire* : i. e. *the one great fire* : i. e. the SUN, under which identical name he was the Supreme Deity of the ancient fire-worshippers of Persia, from whom, his rites were adopted, by those who are absurdly called the primitive Christians.

The extent of Christian stupidity, and of Christian ignorance, would have been the most unaccountable of all the phenomena of the universe, if its own history had not supplied the account. Men have been trained to prefer ignorance to learning, and have chosen to be driven mad and wild by faith, rather than to be instructed, enlightened, and improved, by reason and philosophy. But as the intolerance of the religious feeling, alike in all religions, was ever more opposed to improvement than any other, we reap a contingent advantage from the consecration of ignorance. The long continuance of the nomenclature and technicalities of theology, and their adoption from one country to another, where everything might be allowed to change, and to improve—but religion—enables us the more easily to work through the difficulties of the problem, and to demonstrate the fallacy that runs through all religions. Thus, there is a long list of words, which our Christian parrots prattle forth, of which they have never dreamed, or thought more of the meaning and significance, than a parrot, and which have been adopted and *naturalized*, without ever being translated. I need not mention the *Amen* and *Hallelujah*, and *Hosanna*, and, *Glory*, and *Sanctification*, and *Holiness*, of the derivative meaning of which, a horse is not more ignorant than a Christian: but our words *God*, and the *Sun*, are really, the one, a Hebrew, the other an old Coptic word: both signifying the same thing: but both alike adopted without being inquired into; and naturalized without being understood. *God*, or *Gad*, being the never-translated name in the ancient Tsabaism, or star-worship, of the constellation of the Ram, or Lamb of God, as I have explained to you, the *Rama*, the *great*, the *elevated*, that is, the first of the signs of the Zodiac—that is, by metonymy of the

Sun, in that sign Aries, the Ram, or Lamb of God,* whose astronomical name, *Yes*, is the root of our *Jesus*, the Lamb of God: as our English words, SUN, and DAY, are found in the first primitives, not of a particular language, but of the most ancient and universal ever uttered by man. SAN, pronounced Zan, Zon, Son, and Zun, that is, with every vowel, and every mode of uttering the initial, that the tongue could compass, like *Gad, Gid, Ged, God, and Gud*, was, like that word, the common Ammonian name, for the *Sun* and *Jupiter*, as is witnessed by that old inscription, quoted by Bryant, on the tomb of Jupiter; who, like Herod, Hercules, Bacchus, Mithra, Apollo, Christna, Vichenu, and all the other allegorized types of the Sun, “was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried;” Ὡδε μέγας κείται Ζαν ον Δια κκλησκσι. “Here was buried the great Zan, whom they call Δια,” that is the great Sun, whom they call God. When the first attempt was made to represent the Sun in pictorial hieroglyphics, a mere straight stroke, as a picture of the finger of the priest, pointing to the Sun, gave the letter I, or J, if part of the hand be seen with it: while the circle of the Sun’s disk formed the O, and thus the radical of all languages, I, O, running through the theology of all nations and of all ages, harder or softer in the Ai-o (Ja-o), Za-o, Jahavah, Jehova, Jeve, Juve, Jove, all betray, that the Sun, and the Sun alone, was the primordial signification of the terms, for *God* and *Jesus*; and bring us to an absolute demonstration of the truth, betrayed to us, by the *unguarded* father Tertullian, that many think that the SUN is our God, and refer us to the religion of the Persians (*Apologet.* c. 16), and still more explicitly acknowledged in Heb. xii. 29: “*Our God is a consuming Fire.*”

* As the Latin word *Aries*, the *Ram*, was derived from the Egyptian word *Arez*, the Sun: as that word is found compound with *Dous*, which is the same as *Deus*, God, the whole word *Δυσσαρης*, signifying God—the Sun, the same mentioned by Tertullian, as *Dysares*, the God of all the Arabian nations.

I am not able, within the compass of such a measure of your attention as I may reasonably detain, to do justice to the challenges of the subject I have taken in hand; but (if I have succeeded; as your favor seems to imply that I have), I shall hope you will return with me, on Sunday next, to the Stable of Bethlehem, furnished with the besom of philosophy, to sweep away the filth of priestcraft, and to bring down such a stream of genuine science and of real learning, as shall wash out the cradle, the manger, the little squalling God, and the wise men and all, and purify the infected air from the pest of Christianity. For this, sirs, you will now perceive, is the nature of true learning, that like the light, it is communicable, easy of access, and equally beneficial to all men—most pleasant in the being sought for, most delightful in the being found: "*More to be desired than gold, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey or the honeycomb.*" Ye friends of truth, of science, and of learning, which never yet shrunk, nor will shrink from its most desired, most sought-for conflict, with all that is reputed as learned in the world: protect me but by the vindication of your own rights from the rudenesses of barbarous ignorance, and from the impertinences of those wild and furious savages of the gospel, who in all ages of the world have been the priests' dogs, wrought up into madness, for no other end, than to terrify inquiry from looking into the baseness of their craft, detecting their ignorance, exposing their falsehood, and trampling on their power. The noble science which I familiarize thus easily to promiscuous auditories, I have intimated to the world in my work, in challenge of the world's criticism, the *DIEGESIS*, and have offered to maintain in the Latin tongue, before either of the universities of England, as Reghellini and Dupuis have offered its grand principles to the enlightened nations of the Continent in the French language; and not a member of any university in Europe, not a priest in the world, has ever dared to enter the lists, or to attempt even a resistance to this Almighty demonstration of the utter falsehood of the gospel. This demonstration is science itself; and in every position that it offers you,

does not ask you to believe, nor wish you to be persuaded, but your persuasion must follow upon your knowledge; and you will find, that as fast as your knowledge comes in, your Christianity will run out.

In this school, sirs, ye come not to eternal repetitions of the same spell; we have no baby's lesson for you; the sincere milk of the word has turned sour; the priests have had all the cream of it, and we have no stomach left for hogswash. We are not going to be brought down, in the same notions that we were brought up. Our lesson is not any longer, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be;" but our *say* is, that the power of priests and priestcraft to impose upon us, which was in the beginning, is NOT NOW, and never shall be again.

END OF THE SECOND DISCOURSE ON THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

PART III. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 21, 1830.

“*Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his Star in the East, and are come to worship him.*”—MATTHEW ii. 2.

UPON returning this third time to the stable of Bethlehem, I am obliged to suppose my hearers already in possession of what I am sure those who have been hearers of the two preceding discourses on this subject, have felt to be those rich treasures of philological, scientific, and historical learning, which it is the great aim of these lectures to lay before the public mind. I must now take them up at the spot where, on Sunday evening last, I left them, that is, at the stable-door in Bethlehem of Judea—where I had the honor of introducing them to an acquaintance with Herod the king, and of conciliating their forgiveness and reconciliation with his Herodian majesty for his having slain—“*All the children from two years old and under, that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof*”—which gave occasion to Rachel, notwithstanding her having been dead 1,732 years before it happened, to weep for her children—when she “*would not be comforted because they were not.*”

Here, then, we resume the thread of these delightful studies. The anatomy of language has enabled us to lay open the primi-

tive ideas, involved in those mystical words: "*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king.*"

1. We have found, HISTORICALLY, that these very words—that is, the *meaning* of them—in the whole identity of everything they refer to, or by any possibility could refer to, are a direct plagiarism from the Sanscreet text of the Bhagavat Pourana (that is, in English, the *Book of God*) of the Hindoos, ascribed, and universally admitted to have been written, by divine inspiration of the Brahminical priest, *Vyasa*, who lived and flourished in India, at the lowest calculation, fifteen hundred years before our unluckily-imagined epocha of the birth of Christ.

2. We have found ASTRONOMICALLY, that in the most minute, even the most wonderfully minute applications, as accurately as the wax fills up every mark and line engraven in the seal, the whole story betrays the character of an astronomical enigma, or parable, and is *a picture in words* of the annual phenomena of the solar system.

3. We have found PHILOLOGICALLY, that, upon tracing back the words themselves to their radicals, or first types, their literality itself is ASTRONOMICAL; whereby we have the same sort of perfectly mathematical demonstration, as when we work out an algebraical problem geometrically, and then work back the geometrical result algebraically.

Thus history, philology, and science, combine in one great trinity of demonstration, to prove the falsehood of the gospel.

The *radicals*, of our text, read *philologically*—that is, according to their first types, throw up the perfect and complete astronomy. *Now when the Sun entered into the zodiacal sign of the month of August, in the Ephemeris of Hercules, the regulator*, then follows, in our English version—"Behold there came wise men from the east."

But here, again, is an egregious and most deceitfully-intended false translation in our English Testaments, in order to produce a respect for these imaginary baby-worshippers, to which they

were by no means entitled. They are not called *wise men*, but Magi—that is, *magicians*, or conjurors: notwithstanding the strong reason which some may think they have to suspect that they were no conjurors.

The fathers of the church generally speak of these wise men of the east as being three kings, in order to make out the accomplishment of that prophecy—“*the King of Tharsis and of the Isles shall give presents, the Kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts.*” 72d Psalm.*

But bring, I pray (as you would in all other sciences), bring down the rich stores of the knowledge already acquired, to aid ye in the further demonstrations to which now we tend. The identity of Jesus Christ, with the Sun, the accordance of all the circumstances of his mythological history, from his imaginary conception by the Virgin Mary, to his death, resurrection, ascension, and final coming again (as he does), every year, to judge “both the quick and the dead”—that is, to divide an equable proportion of his light and heat to both hemispheres—that is, to us and to our antipodes; it being night with them when it is day with us, and *vice versa*. All this having been so clearly proved; the presence of these wise men of the east, the first worshippers of the infant YES—these Magi—with their “gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh,” which were from eternal ages the first tributary offerings consecrated to the Sun, is, as it were, the clencher to the nail driven in a sure place—a demonstration never to be withdrawn—that the whole story of the gospel, from first to last, was derived from these *Magi*, and never was, nor is, any other than that ancient occult or hidden

* So beautifully versified in the eclogue of The Messiah :—

“ See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs,
For thee, Idume’s spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir’s mountains glow.”

science, which the Apostle Paul calls the Theosophy, or Wisdom of God in a mystery; but which, in plain English, is the *black art*, or magic. “*We speak wisdom,*” says he, “*to them that are perfect* (i. e., to the initiated, to them that are *up* to the trick on’t), *yet not the wisdom of this world* (i. e., not a science of anything historical, or that ever really happened), but the *Theosophy, or Astronomy in disguise, even the hidden wisdom:*” Την αποκεκρυμμενην—that is, the magic, the black art, in honor of which, its priests and preachers, to this day, wear black gowns and black dresses, the very livery itself of their Divine Master, the Black Prince, as you may see, by dissecting the word gospel into its radicals—that is, God’s spell, the spell, charm, or magical incantation, by the repetition of certain words, of which, with your eyes shut, and putting your body in the shape of the constellation Orion (one knee *up*, the other thrust from you, and the hands clasped together—thus!) it was believed that the power of Omnipotence would be bound to attend the conjuration.

The founders of this dark science, or black art, are universally admitted to have been these *Magi*; and our Christian antiquaries are proud to quote the celebrated passage from the Zend-Avesta of the Persian Zoroaster, which is found so strikingly coincident with this pretended visit of these eastern Magi to the stable of Bethlehem.

“You, my children,” said the great magician, “shall be first honored by the manifestation of that divine person who is to appear in the world: a Star shall go before you to conduct you to the place of his nativity; and, when you have found him, present to him your oblations and sacrifices; for he is indeed your lord, and an everlasting king.”*

The apostolic father, Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, in the 4th of his epistle to the Ephesians, after admitting that “*the virginity of Mary, and he who was born of her*, as also the story of his *death*, were the subjects of this *black art*, or hidden sci-

* Burder’s Oriental Customs.

ence, and *done in secret by God* ;” asks, and answers himself, “How then was our Savior manifested to the world? A star shone in Heaven, beyond all the other stars, and its light was inexpressible, and its novelty struck terror into men’s minds. All the rest of the stars, together with the sun and moon, were the chorus to this star; but *this* sent out its light exceedingly above them all.”

While in the gospel, quoted by St. Paul, under the title of “*the Gospel of the circumcision*,”* we are instructed, not merely that the *star came and stood over the stable where the young child was*: which was certainly very polite of him; but that he actually walked into the stable: “*And behold it was all filled with lights, greater than the lights of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the Sun itself.*”

So the holy church, throughout all the world, has never ceased to celebrate this affair of the Star, as an event as real and as historical (and indeed it is just as much so) as any other portion in this whole bag of moonshine.

The 6th of January, commonly called Twelfth-day, being twelve days from Christmas, famous for eating cakes, and as famous for its proof of what cakes have been made of Christians, is entitled, in our Christian calendars, *The Epiphany of our Lord*. It is a most holy festival of our most holy church, set apart in express commemoration of this appearance of the Star to the magicians, as is acknowledged in the collect or incantation for *the Epiphany, or manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles*: “O God, who, by the leading of a star, didst manifest thy only-begotten Son to the Gentiles, mercifully grant, that we which know thee now by faith, may, after this life, have the fruition of thy glorious Godhead, through Jesus Christ our Lord, amen.” This festival of the *Epiphany* is so much more sacred than the festival of Christmas, merely, that the four successive

* 2 Galatians 7. The gospel of the circumcision being evidently another name for the *Gospel of the Infancy*, in which the following passage will be found. 1 chap., 10 v.

Sundays which follow it are entitled, 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th Sundays after Epiphany. While, throughout Egypt and the East, whence all our Christianity was derived, the day of the *Epiphany* was considered as the same as that of the birth of Christ, and was uniformly observed on the 6th of January.

The Epiphany, now—the Epiphany! Should not a sensible man insist on knowing what is the meaning of *Epiphany*? I suspect again, that “thereby hangs a tale.” Could you have clearer evidence of the fact, that Christianity is kept up solely by the artifice of keeping people in ignorance, than the fact which your own experience attests in other persons, and perhaps in yourselves, that not one in a million of those who keep the festival of Epiphany, who say the collect for Epiphany, who stare at the twelfth-cakes in the pastry-cooks’ windows on the Epiphany, and play at conundrums, and draw lots for the king and queen on each returning festival of the Epiphany, ever dreams that this game at riddles, and drawing for characters, is a continuance of the never-interrupted religion of the ancient paganism, in honor of the *black art*, or magic of these celebrated magicians; and that PHANES compounded into the word *Epiphany*—that is, *of or concerning Phanes*—is a name perfectly synonymous with the name *Christ*, literally signifying all that the names Jesus and Christ ever signified—that is, the *Sun*.

Phanæus and Phanes, whence Epiphany, or *Manifestation*, was a distinguishing epithet of the God Apollo—that is, the *Sun*, or the light of the Sun, it being the property of the light of the Sun, to make manifest; upon which property, we find the Apostle Paul playing off his puns and riddles; “that *whatever doth make manifest, is light* ;”* and John again, that “*God is light, and in him is no darkness at all* ;” and “*that was the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world*.” And for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might dissolve the works of the Devil, i. e., the Sun

* 5 Ephesians.

becomes *Phanes*, the shiny bright one, that he may dissolve the frosts of winter. He appears in *Phanes*, *εφανερωθη*, the Ram of March, to counteract the evils that followed in the train of the diabolical genius of November.

But the God *EROS*, which signifies *love*, and was the Greek name for Cupid, received the name of *Phanes*, *πρωτος γαρ εφανθη*, *because he was first manifested*.

And hence that ridiculous conundrum, which our methodists are so fond of quoting, but of the meaning of which they are so exquisitely ignorant. *God is love!* Yes, he is; and as much as a horse, and no more, know they of the meaning of God's being love:* the Roman poets, deriving their theology from the Greeks, with as little inquiry as Christians, have mistaken *Phaëton*, who is the same as *Phanes*, for the Son of the Sun, whereas he was unquestionably the Sun himself, as the God of light, represented as the first-born of Heaven, as in that verse of the ancient Orpheus:—

Προτογενος φαιθων περιμηκεος Ηερος υιοη.

“*First-born Phaëton, Son of the far-shining morning.*”

an attribute, distinctively retained to the *Epiphany* of Christianity, in that incantation to the Epiphany—“*O God, who didst manifest thy only-begotten son to the Gentiles,*” as he is ex-

* *God is love!* The fragment of the Babylonian Sanchoniathon, translated from the Phœnician into Greek, by Philo Biblius, preserves to us this passage from the theology of the ancient Phœnicians: *When the Spirit became enamored of his own perfections, he begat Cupid—for Cupid was the beginning of the creation of all things.* Thus little Cupid, and little Jesus who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and who is expressly entitled *the beginning of the creation of God*, are demonstrated to be one and the self-same figment of imagination; and the Christian who denies the real existence of the *holy child, Cupid*, while he believes in the existence of the *holy child, Jesus*, only shows that he uses his reason in the one instance, but lays it aside in the other.

pressly called by the aged Simeon—" *The light to lighten the Gentiles.*" But nothing hinders that God (who had an only-begotten Son, in whom he was well pleased) might have three or four only-begotten daughters, with whom he was much better pleased—and which supplies the best apology I have ever heard of, to save his moral character from the suspicions that attach to his seeming to set so little store by the unfortunate Jesus. Since we may hope that though he gave his Son to die for us, he would not have sacrificed one of his daughters. Phaëton had three sisters: Lampetia, Phaethusa, and Phœbe, in the pagan mythology. The three Marys—Mary the wife of Cleopas, Mary the mother of James, and Mary Magdalene, appear in precisely the same analogy as the sisters of Jesus, in the Gospel.

Of the Magi, so deceitfully translated as *wise men* of the east, directed by a star to a stable in which the King of the *Isdaiot*, was to be born, all our historical knowledge is derived from the most ancient of all writings, those transmitted to us from the ancient Babylonians and Chaldeans.

They appear to be the first of the human race who constituted such a body as that which is now called the *clergy*. They were formed into societies, and resided in colleges, where their whole business consisted in the study of astronomy, which they disguised from the discovery of the vulgar, under the thick veil of allegorical fictions and pretended histories, precisely such as the gospels which are come down to us, are found to be. Some of their order, from time to time, broke loose from the collegiate discipline, and rambled at large, like so many mendicants and begging friars, and were the itinerant methodists or missionaries of the clerical conclave. They were the professed followers or worshippers of the imaginary founder of their craft, a deified personage, called ZOROASTER, whose worship was styled *MAGIA*, or *Magic*, and the professors of it *Magi*, or *Magicians*.

By ZOROASTER was denoted both the Deity, and also his priest: so that, while there were many real personages who

bore the name of ZOROASTER, the original type is a mere fiction of imagination, as, I trust, on Sunday last, I instructed you satisfactorily in the *anatomy* of words, or the art of dissecting them, and bringing them back to their radicals, or first types, you will see that ZOROASTER is derived from ZOR-ASTER—that is, the two Ammonian primitives. —

TSOUR, *Zor*, *Sir*, the name of God, in Hebrew,* and ASTER, the *Star*, in Greek. Thus, in Zoroaster, ZOR-ASTER, your own ear will run the gamut down to the types in our own language of the words, *Sir*, applied in address to every person of the rank of a gentleman, and *Easter*, the *East*, *E,aster*, and *astronomy*.

So in the name *Magia*, and magic, originally given to the science of astronomy, disguised under the veil of evangelical romances, or *God's-spells*, as they were called, your ear will trace the roots of our name of *Magistrate*, the Latin *Magister*, the English *Master*, one of the characteristic titles of Jesus Christ, who, in the Persic language, as the ancient Persians were the most distinguished fire-worshippers, was called *Mithra*—that is, *the Master*.

The absolute identity of the Pagan God, *Mithra*—that is, *Zoroaster*, the original *Zoroaster*, or personified genius of the Sun, and the *Jesus Christ* of the gospel, is then so clear and so demonstrable, that no man's nose was ever more clearly to be proved to be a part and parcel of, and pertaining to, his face, than *Christ* and *Mithra*, may be shown to be one and the self-same personification of the Sun; and Christianity and magic, one and the self-same device for working on the imaginations of ignorant and silly people, and rendering them the slaves, cowards, and fools, that it was always most convenient for their *Masters* that they should be.

Thus the birth of the God, *Mithra*, from the days of an

* Translated *a Rock*: whence *Petra*, *Peter*, *Jew'Peter*, *Jupiter Pator*, and *Pater*, a father. See "Bryant's Analysis."

infinitely remote antiquity, was represented to have taken place in a stable, and was celebrated throughout the whole pagan world, on none other than the 25th day of December, our Christmas-day, the most celebrated of all the Magian festivals; where, if you rectify your celestial globe to the moment of twelve o'clock at midnight, between the 24th and 25th of December, you will find the constellation of the stable of Bethlehem, in which Christ is said to be born, the moment he achieves his first degree of ascension, at the lower meridian, while you shall see the constellation of the Virgin, who is said to bring him forth (in no disparagement to her eternal virginity) at that moment, come to the line of the horizon; and thus said to preside over his nativity.

As St. Justin, commonly called Justin Martyr, one of the earliest of the Christian fathers, actually draws the parallel between Christ and Mithra, that Christ was born on the same day when the Sun takes his annual birth *in* the stable of Augias—that is, in the station of the celestial Goat, where, we have seen, is actually placed the stable of Augias, in the sixth labor of Hercules.

This Capricornus, the Goat, in the pagan mythology, is said to have suckled the infant Jupiter; of which enigma the undoubted solution is, that the Sun, who is Jupiter, first beginning to rise on the 25th of December, when the days having been at the shortest on the 21st, or St. Thomas's Day (so that unbelieving Thomas doubted whether the Sun would ever rise again), first appear to be lengthening again, the Sun, or Jupiter, or Jesus, is said to be born, or *brought up* with the Goat. Thus among the nations who reckoned the year to begin at the winter solstice—that is, in Capricornus, *the Goat*, the first sentence of the first chapter of their book of Genesis was, as in the first copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch, "In the beginning *the Goat* created the heavens and the earth," while those who reckoned the year to begin from the vernal equinox—that is, when the Sun enters the sign of *Aries*, the Ram, which is the tribe of *Gad*, in the Zodiacal Israel, placed *Gad* as the first of

the tribes, and accommodating their magic to their astronomy, have handed down their Hebrew text, which has become our *magic*: "In the beginning *Gad*—that is, the Ram, created the heaven and the earth."

This creation takes place every year on the 25th of March, called Lady-day, or the day of the conception of the blessed Virgin Mary, who, exactly nine months afterward, on the first moment of the 25th of December, brings forth her first-born, Jesus, and lays him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn: *εν τη φατνη, διοτι εκ ην αυτοις τοπος εν τω καταλυματι.* As you will see that there is really not room enough in the pavilion of the Virgin, when, with the spike of corn in one hand, and the scales of September in the other, she drops little Jesus out of her bosom, and he tumbles down into the stable, the nadir, or lower meridian, the precise astronomical position of the Sun at that moment.

Now, sirs, at that moment, to the accuracy of the setting of a watch, what is the state of the visible heavens, in the construction of the planisphere? Why, this it is: at the lower meridian you have the stable of Bethlehem, in which Christ is born; on the eastern point of the horizon you have the sign of the Virgin, with the great star *Vindemiatrix*, in her elbow, just peering above the horizon, of which Star the magi, or wise men, express themselves—"We have seen his star in the east." At the upper meridian, you have the constellation *Cancer, the Crab*, which includes the cradle of Jupiter, literally the *Io-Sepe*—that is, the manger of Jao, from which mistaken words, have been formed the name of the imaginary husband of the Virgin, *Joseph*. While on the western horizon, you have the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world; immediately above which, you will see the Epiphany, or "manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles," which is none other than the beautiful constellation, *Orion*, which you may see this very evening; those three bright Stars, which constitute his belt, being the three Magian kings, who, looking directly across the horizon, see his Star in the east, and are come to worship him,

which they do by presenting gold, frankincense, and myrrh, the emblematical oblations in all ages, consecrated to the honor of the Sun.

And look ye, sirs; this is history itself, than which nothing that was ever deemed an indubitable record of truth among men, was ever more historical. The most ancient chronicles of Alexandria attest the existence and universal prevalence of this religion in Egypt, for ages before the date of its falsely-pretended origin in the era of Augustus and Tiberius. "*To this day,*" say the writers of that ancient chronicle, "*Egypt has consecrated the pregnancy of a Virgin, and the nativity of her Son, whom they annually present in a cradle to the adoration of the people:*" and when King Ptolemy (that is 350 years before our Christian era) demanded of the priests the significance of this religious ceremony, they told him that "it was mystery that had been taught to their forefathers by a respectable prophet." In the name of the Egyptian Idol, *Serapis*, we have the radical ZOR-AB. IS. The *Sun*, the *Father*, the *Fire*, ratified by the high evidence of the virtuous Emperor Marcus Aurelius, that the Bishops of *Serapis*, were known and recognised under the title of *Bishops of Christ*.

We have found the self-same story, even in the most ridiculous minuteness of its circumstances, constituting the basis of the legends of the Hindoo God, *Chrishna*, existing in written documents fifteen hundred years before our era; and we have found the whole name itself, both *Jesus* and *Christ*, quoted by the great astronomer of Arabia, Alboazer, or Abulmazar, as the name, which, *following the most ancient traditions of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, of Hermes, and of Æsculapius, had been given to the child, which, in the most ancient projection of the signs of the Zodiac, was represented as the Son of the Virgin, of the month of August; "that child,"* says Abulmazar, "*which some nations call Jesus, but which, in Greek, is called Christus.*"*

* As old, then, as that first grouping together of the stars into imaginary figures, whereby alone their relative positions with re-

Of Jesus, traced to its radical Y^{ES}, the name of Bacchus, the Sun, the numerical letters of the great solar Cycle, 608, and the form, or sign of the consent, and *truth*, in the *Yar* of the *Dutch*, the *Oui* of the French, the *Yes* of our own country, you are heretofore informed.

The Hindostanee Chreeshna, transformed into the Greek *Xρηστος*, signifies merely the *Good man*: JESUS denoting the divine, CHRIST the human nature, as existing in that great and universal personification of the solar fire, *Jesus Christ*.

Christ, or *Chrest*, as a Greek word, derives its mystical sanctity from the circumstance of its being the universal inscription on tombstones, and sepulchres of the dead, among all nations that used the Greek language, and among many which used it without knowing its significancy. The simple epitaph on each good man's tomb was his name, and the two expressive words *Xρηστε*, *Χαιρε*! i. e., good fellow—good-by! These two words, represented sometimes by the initial letters, two X-es, or *St. Andrew's Crosses*, were a most obvious hieroglyph of the two crosses of the equator, by the ecliptic, at the equinoctial points, that of autumn when the Sun dips below, and that of spring when he crosses it again from below; and so is said to rise again from the dead.†

spect to each other could be described; and as old as that necessary acting of the human mind, whereby it would attach imaginary histories to those imaginary figures—that is, as old as when first the first race of men looked up upon the vaulty bosom of the night, and said, “*See there!*” (as what else could they say)? “*Behold, I see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.*” So old is the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The dream of the occurrence of any one of its events, or of the existence of any one of its personages on earth, is only one among millions of melancholy proofs of what an idiot man is capable of becoming when once he renounces his reason.

† Hence the name of Chrests and Chrestians, signifying nothing more than good men or good fellows, and bearing no relation to any

Hence, also, the word *Chrest* or *Christ*, upon all their tombstones, naturally associated itself with the idea of the Resurrection, and was hieroglyphical to the same purpose as the Latin *resugam*—"I shall rise again."* Thus the phrase, "*Jesus which was crucified*," means nothing but the Sun which was *crossified*; while in all the cabalistical jargon of the epistles of St. Paul, your observance will perceive that he never makes the mistake of confounding the resurrection of *Jesus* with that of *Christ*. For he can only prove *Jesus* to be the *Christ*—that is, the Sun, by the fact of his rising again; these eternal *risings* and *settings* being the proper and essential definition of the Sun.

Thus, sir, I think it must be as clear as the Sun to all who would not turn from the Sun, and prefer darkness to light, and idiocy, folly, and faith; to learning, reason, and philosophy; that I have done what I took in hand; that I have brought down such a stream of science upon this stable of Bethlehem, as has washed away the accumulated ignorance of barbarous ages, and cleansed your hearts and minds from all respect for the gospel, as a *history*, or for those *stupid* bunglers who have mistaken it for a history; and having once made the mistake, would never endure to have their error corrected, or their information extended.

religious distinctions whatever, was the common compliment of language, and the worshippers of Jupiter and Juno, and of all the riraf Gods and Goddesses of the Pantheon, were called Christians, and were as really so, as those ill-natured bigots who pretended a distinction where there was never any difference, and would allow nobody to be good fellows but themselves.

* As you may have read it parodied in our common churchyard stave:—

"Go home, dear friends, dry up your tears,
Here we shall lie till Christ appears;
And when he comes, we're sure to have
A joyful rising from the grave."

As your own experience attests to you to this day, how difficult and how daring a thing it must have been in any age for the better-informed, the wise, and the discerning few, to attempt to stem the tide of popular prejudice, or to say *nay* to falsehoods, however gross, to delusions, however monstrous and mischievous: whence once the propagating of those falsehoods, and the keeping up of those delusions, has become the source of distinction and emolument to a selfish and a wicked priesthood.

When you see with your own eyes, and witness with your own observance, how savage a madness, how cruel and bitter a spirit, your own protestant and dissenting clergy, the most enlightened of the enlightened, and the most liberal of the liberal, as they would be thought to be, do endeavor to excite against any man who would attempt to make the world wiser than it is convenient for their ignorance that it should be when you see the slanderous arts, the mean, the cowardly defamations put forth from their *lying boxes*, where they know that no man may answer them—a meanness and a cowardice which, in no other case, would man's noble nature condescend to—all, all, to protect their guilty craft—all to throw bars across the path of knowledge—all to evade discussion—all to shirk out from that collision of mind with mind, to which I challenge them, and which alone can strike forth the sparks of genius and light up the day of reason, among men. Were there one priest or preacher in all this miserably priest-ridden metropolis, only one of the thousands who warn their choused and cheated congregations not to go to the Rotunda,* who had dared to trust himself or them to know what is going on in the Rotunda: were there one of the thousands who affect to treat our astronomical argument with scorn, who could show that he had ever trusted himself so much as fairly to look at that argument, I would say that man is honest. But such a man is not to be found in Israel.

* The chapel in which these sermons were preached.

The conscious felon shudders not more at the confusion that threatens him in an impending cross-examination, than your Christian clergy shudder at discussion.

Every other argument against their system has, in some way or other, well or ill, been answered—but never, never this. Of this, as of the *ghost of Banquo*, the flagrant demonstration of their deep iniquity, they have only said—they only *can* say—“Take any shape but that!”

END OF THE THREE DISCOURSES ON THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

JOHN THE BAPTIST :

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 27, 1830.

“*In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the Wilderness of Judea, and saying, ‘Repent ye; for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.’*”—MATTHEW iii. 1, 2.

JOHN the Baptist! JOHN the Baptist!! How d’ye do, Johnny? Where d’ye come from? Who are you when you’re at home? What d’ye mean by making ducks and drakes of the people—by sousing them i’the horse-pond? What d’ye mean by the kingdom of heaven being *at hand*?

You’d a’ told us, I suppose, that the kingdom of heaven was in your breeches pocket, had you worn such a superfluous article of dress! But raiment of camel’s hair, and a leathern girdle about your loins, is all you care for “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.” By my honor, Johnny, I do admire your piety: but I blush for your modesty.

“*In those days came John the Baptist.*” And what days were those? “*Preaching in the Wilderness of Judea.*” And what wilderness was that?

And if it was a wilderness that he was preaching in, what sort of a congregation must he have had, but the squirrels, and the rabbits, and the monkeys, and the chimpanzees, and the orang-outangs, and the wild beasts, and the wild men of the

woods, and everything that was wild? As sure he must have looked wild enough himself, with no shoes and stockings, and nothing else but an old mat of camel's hair, tied with a strap of leather, round his body: and nothing to eat but wood-lice, grubs, and maggots, and locusts, and wild honey; so that his very victuals were wild. And, i'faith! if his doctrine wasn't quite as wild, when he told the wild things to repent, "because the kingdom of heaven was at hand."—God! if the kingdom of heaven had been *at foot*, I dare say the wild fellows would have been wild enough to have kicked it like a bladder, from one end of the wilderness to the other, till they had kicked the king out of the kingdom; and so had had a radical reform with a vengeance.

So it was well thought of by Johnny, to cool 'em down a little bit, by dipping them i' the water; and when "they began to shiver, and they began to shake," they'd most likely begin to repent, and bring forth all that Johnny was preaching for, *i. e.* "fruits, *meat* for repentance." For he must have wanted some fruit very badly; but where the *meat* was to come from, I can not guess.

Did ye ever hear anything so impious and wicked in all your days? It is quite shocking—it sets me all of a twitter.

MOCK SERMON.

(Delivered in the style of the Reverend Doctor.)

And is this the way in which we are to treat the oracles of Omnipotence, the law of everlasting truth, God's most holy word? whereby, however lightly we may affect to treat it now, our souls will assuredly be judged at the last day, and assigned to the eternal happiness of heaven, or to have their portion with devils in the everlasting torments of hell-fire, according as we shall have believed or disbelieved its solemn truths. And is this a subject for levity and ridicule my brethren? Is a profane joke, an impious sarcasm, a mere flash of wit, and exhibition of idle buffoonery, to shut our eyes against the things that make for our eternal peace; and to pervert our souls from the faith of that divine Savior, who came to seek and to save that which was lost? And of all

persons next to our blessed Savior himself, who would have thought that it would have been that holy man, that self denying personage, *John the Baptist*, that would have been fixed on as the *but* of profane ridicule? That John the Baptist, who is so distinctly mentioned in the 18th book of the Jewish antiquities of Josephus, the 17th chapter of that book, where his whole history, and the circumstance of his having been beheaded by the younger Herod, is related in such entire accordance with the facts detailed in the gospels, that to deny or to doubt the reality of his existence, is to outrage all principles of evidence, and to fly in the teeth of history, philosophy, and reason, as well as of scripture.

And why should the testimony of Josephus, a Jew, and an enemy to the Christian faith, as he is known to have been, so clear and explicit, so positive, and full to the proof as it is, of the circumstances of the death of John the Baptist, leave us in any doubt of the reality and actual occurrence of his preaching in the wilderness of Judea, resting as the credit of that occurrence does, on the authority of the inspired word of God? "For if we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater." And that witness is, that this is He, who was sent in fulfilment of that prophecy of the evangelical prophet: "Behold, I send my messenger, which shall prepare thy way before thee: the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God."

That this man should enter on his divine embassy, with such appearance of humility, mortification, and self-denial, as should show that his soul was set on higher objects than the things of time and sense, that salvation was his end, heaven his home, and God his shield and his exceeding great reward; therefore came he baptizing with water unto repentance, exhibiting, in his own abstemious diet, and unostentatious apparel, the example of the humility he taught:—

“The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell;
His food, the fruits; his drink, the crystal well:
His life one constant scene of calm repose;

No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirits bade the waters flow;
 Remote from man, with God he passed his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure—praise."

And was this a character to be held up to impious ridicule and scorn? this the man? this bright model of all that was transcendent in goodness—all that was sublime in virtue—all that was exalted in moral excellence, to be set up in features of caricature and effigy? and desecrated by a vile buffoonery of exhibition, as a but for the hand of Scorn, to point its slow unmoving finger at?

Say, Christians, say, whether shall one be more astonished at the impiety of feeling, the immorality of sentiment, the obtuseness of understanding, or the depravity of heart, of that unhappy man who would thus pour contempt on everything that is sacred, desecrate everything that is holy, dash the pure cup of a Savior's love from his untasting lip, and wage wild war upon the God who made him? *Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble, Gobble!*

END OF THE MOCK SERMON.

So, so! and with such a fetch as this, are we to be put off the scent of curiosity, and to go home like good boys and girls, from a very fine sermon, and never want to know anything more about John the Baptist?

How facile is it to be eloquent, where sound will do instead of sense.

How easy to be a very fine preacher in a very fine chapel, with very fine fools to preach to. And where, when the minister happens to know no more about John the Baptist than the pulpit, the congregation have no more wish to know anything about him, than the pews.

But here, I trust, we are curious creatures; and though Abomolique, with his blue beard, may lock up his blue chamber, and guard it with ten thousand blue devils, we'll not be frightened from our criticism—we'll have a peep into it, though hell itself should gape, and cry, "Forbear!" We have the

word, the form of conjuration, the key of the mystery; I will use it now. John the Baptist, I conjure thee, by God, that thou appear—appear—appear!

“Be'st thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.”

The pretended distinctive testimony of the historian Josephus to the real existence of John the Baptist, vanishes in a moment before the internal evidence of his derivation of the story, from the very legends from which it has passed into our gospels. The authority is, therefore, no more a distinctive or additional one than an additional copy of the New Testament would be an additional authority. Josephus himself, evidently deriving the story from the Chaldean Berosus, who describes an amphibious animal, under the very name of Oannes, half a man and half a fish, who came out of the Red Sea, and appeared in the neighborhood of Babylon, in the reign of Alorus, the first Chaldean king: who preached to the first race of men all day, and every night dipped back again into his native element, the sea*—and thus acquired the name of John the Dipper.

The authority, then, is one and the self-same in both: and we are thrown back on the unsupported and unabettèd claims of the gospel story, merely, for all that can be adduced for the existence of such a person as John the Baptist.

Now, if it shall appear from the unsophisticated, unstrained text of sacred writ, taken in the most literal, obvious, first sense and common-sense meaning of what is called the original Greek, that no such person as John the Baptist ever had a real existence: that the evangelists themselves (whoever they were) never meant a real personage, nor had reference to any events that ever happened upon earth:

If it shall turn out that I can show you what it was that they

* Maurice's History of Hindostan, vol. i., p. 418.

really *did* mean, and whence it was that that, their real meaning, was derived: I shall stand entitled to your verdict, as triumphing in the challenge which I have given to all the preachers of the gospel in this metropolis: in that I charge them with being deceivers of the people: inasmuch as that they are dunces, and I am not one; they do *not* know the meaning of what they preach, and I do.

Now, then, to our business: now to the proof of this. Give me but the measure of attention which you owe to learning, which you owe to your own character as rational beings, and let not Christian savages invade the rights of *man*. And so withhold from me your conviction as long as you possibly can do so. I will not woo it from your courtesy, nor win it from your favor, but I will make it mine, by right of conquest.

“*In those days came John the Baptist.*” Mark, first, the indication of an infinite indefiniteness and remoteness of time; “*in those days;*” Yes! there were giants in those days; “and it came to pass in those days,” as St. Luke has it. Such is precisely the form of beginning the most avowed and declared stories of witches, ghosts, or hobgoblins. “*Once upon a time:*” in those *days*—that is not in those years, in those months, or in the reign of any prince that ever reigned upon earth. But in the days of Herod the King—as Christ is represented, in the 12th chapter of this Gospel, as saying, “*From the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*” Where the phrase of, “*from the days of John the Baptist,*” if it had any chronological reference, could refer only to an infinitely remote antiquity, and be synonymous only with such a sense as, *from the beginning of the world*, or *from time immemorial*, or, as I shall show you, that from the days of John the Baptist—that is, from the 24th and 25th of June, which most literally are, *the days of John the Baptist*, which you will find in the tropic of Cancer, from that point downward, the kingdom of heaven does suffer violence. The days having reached the longest, at the 21st of June, the reign of the tender Lamb of March, the harmless Bullock of April, and the pretty children of May, is no more; but the

violent Lion of July, the Snake in full chase after the Virgin of August, the hideous Python, right over the Scales of September, the Worm that never dieth, of October, the Blue Devil of November, and all the other Sons of Violence, do take the kingdom of heaven by force; they seem to pull the Sun from his attitude lower and lower, till "dread Winter spreads his latest gloom, and reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year." You will observe, too, that this John the Baptist and his baptism, could by no possibility be brought within the associations of idea of any nation or people who had been educated under such institutions as those ascribed to Moses. They could not have even imagined such an imagination as that of rendering themselves acceptable to the God of Moses, by setting aside the peculiarly Mosaic institution, and substituting the innocent folly of baptism. A John Baptist could not possibly have been a Jew, had there ever been such a nation as that of *the Jews*: which I shall hereafter show you, to an absolute demonstration, that there never was: the name *Jews*,* *Hebrews*, *Israelites*—like that of *Freemasons* among ourselves—designating, and *meaning* only those fanatics, of whatever *nation* they might be, who had been *initiated* and "*passed over*," or "*up*" to the highest rank in the *Greater Mysteries* of Eleusis, in Greece, or those of Isis, in Egypt; and who considered themselves, as our *Freemasons* at this day do, as "a *peculiar* people, a Holy Nation," scattered throughout the world.

Observe again. "In those days came John the Baptist;" but the Greek text has not the word that could be fairly translated *came*. It is not *ἦλθε*, but *παρῆγενται*, which is an astronomical word, signifying in Latin *adfruit*—that is, he *became present*—he made his appearance.

Now, it is of the more consequence that no liberty should be

* This origin of the Jews agrees with the assumption of Moses in explaining the mysteries or teaching the truth to the common people, by denouncing idolatry. *Jews*, mean a learned body.—ED.

taken with the sacred text, but that we should adhere to the most severe literality of it, as I invariably do; come what will on't, for these twelve good reasons:—

1st. Because it is not said, and appears not to have been known to this evangelist, where John the Baptist came from. He had as good a right to tumble down from the moon as the other had to tumble up again; as he was certainly sent to prepare the way of the Lord, and to make his path straight.

2d. Because his appearance was not that of a human being. You would not have taken him for a human being, had you seen himself.

3d. Because his food was not such as could have sustained the life of any human being: and whether he came from heaven or from hell, and supposing his meat was nothing else but locusts and wild honey, he must have lived in a continual purgatory.

4th. Because his dress wasn't decent.

5th. Because they said of him that he had a devil—that is, that the devil was in him.

6th. Because Jesus himself said of him, that he came neither eating or drinking; and sure, if he could live without eating and drinking, the devil was in him.

7th. Because Herod the Tetrarch said of him—that this is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him.

8th. Because Christ himself said—and sure it is very hard when Christians won't take the word of their own Savior, and treat us as infidels for showing him more respect than they do—Christ has said, and never said he anything more positively and solemnly—that this John the Baptist, as they called him, really was none other than the prophet Elijah come again, who, 900 years before, had been carried up into heaven in a chariot of fire, with horses of fire. Which accounts for his keeping so near the water's edge, in order that if the chariot of fire, and horses of fire, should be after him again, he might be ready to duck under, and so give those red-hot race-horses a chance to cool their mettle ere they could catch him. 'Tis strange, methinks, that one who had certainly been to heaven once, should

take such pains to show us, that, rather than go back again, he'd be ready to drown himself.

9th. Because St. Luke says—that he was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel, where certain it is, that no man, woman, or child, could possibly live.

10. Because the same St. Luke explicitly says, that he grew and waxed strong in spirit, *εκρατιητο πνευματι*—that is, most literally, he lived upon the wind.

11th. Because, when Miss Herodias, the boarding-school young lady at the lord mayor's ball, had danced herself into an ungentle flusteration, and wanted something to drink, she said, "Bring me here John Baptist's head in a charger," and she and her mother drank it off between 'em. 'Twas monstrous cruel of them to serve John Baptist so. But I believe John Barleycorn gets served every day quite as cruelly, and if they'd bring us *his* head in a charger, there are very few of us who wouldn't be ready to commit quite as bloody execution on him. And sure it but ill becomes them, who eat and drink the body and blood of Christ, to turn up their noses at a pint of John the Baptist.

12th. Because, when the question was fairly put to him, and demanded as fair and explicit an answer—who art thou? and he confessed and denied not, but confessed I am not the Christ. And they asked him—what then art thou, Elias? And he saith, I am not. God forgive him for giving the lie so plumply to our blessed Savior, who positively declared that he *was*. Art thou that prophet? And he answered, *no*. Then said they, who art thou? What say'st thou of thyself? He said, *I am the Voice!* Yes; he was the voice—*Vox, et præterea nihil*—a voice, and nothing but a voice. So now the mystery begins to clear up a bit. As Jesus is expressly called the Word, and John *the Voice*, the devil's in't if the voice and the word are not first cousins, all the world over.

And now we can account for his being so fond of wild-honey. For the doctors say that that's the finest thing in the world for the voice. And sure, sirs, it will never do for Christians to accuse me of levity and sarcasm for speaking of a voice with-

out a body, where their whole system is founded upon so very near a relation to *the Voice* without a body, as is their Divine Logos, *the Word*, without a meaning.

A barbarous people—and never be it forgotten that all the religion in the world is derived to us from barbarians and savages—could sincerely believe that they had something like sensible evidence of the real existence of a voice without a body, when the echo of the priest's voice, while the priest himself remained unseen, peered through the wildernesses, and bowery alcoves of the gods, on their affrighted ear.

And as the priests in all ages and countries were well aware that 'twas the very secret life and charter of their craft to let nobody speak but themselves, the echo of their voice passed for the Deity himself. And thus, through both our Old and New Testaments, you will find that God, who is often enough spoken of as the Invisible God, is never once spoken of as an Inaudible God. He can not be seen, but he can always be heard. He has no body, parts, or passions, only he has the lungs of Stentor himself. He does send forth his voice; yea, and that a mighty voice.

For these twelve reasons, then, added to the reason which runs through them all, the reason of common-sense and common honesty and truth, do I advocate, and myself invariably adopt, the severest literality of translation, not warping a syllable or an accent, either to the right or left, on one side or the other, for any sense whatever. I follow the *throw-up* of the very letter, whether it may seem to make sense or nonsense, whether it lead me to heaven, or t'other place.

It is not, then, the correct reading, that John the Baptist came preaching in the wilderness: but that he appeared—the term is not historical, but astronomical. He was in the deserts, as Luke has it; but what brought him there?—you must *luke* again before you'll guess at it. He was in the deserts until the day of his showing unto Israel.

It is not in the power of language to put an astronomical enigma more astronomically, or for the solution of such an enigma to be more distinct than this—the constellation called John the Baptist is in the wilderness—that is, quite lost and

imperceivable to the eye, in the general wildness, and jumble of confusion which the starry heavens present to the illiterate and unscientific eye, which can make neither head nor tail of them; but falling into distinct method, and most beautiful analogies, as soon as you shall have acquired the art of grouping them into the figures which they represent, and looking for them in the seasons of the year, when they appear above the horizon: then John is no longer in the wilderness, but you will distinctly recognise him in the Zodiac, at the season of his showing unto Israel, when he appears as the genius of the month *Johnuary*—Aquarius, the water-bearer, who comes baptizing with water, *εις μετανοιαν*, to repentance, says our English rendering, but to *animadversion*, is the meaning—that is to change of mind—this is, to put the mind up to the trick on't, that this is not history, but science. In the acquisition of which, you will be able, very soon, to solve every problem of the gospel; to read off from the face of heaven the bright interpretation of its dark sayings; to untangle all its confused mysteries; and, in the proud possession of the kernel of science, you will trample its husks and shells under your feet, with a joy and liberty of heart which science only can give. With this clue of the whole science in our hand, let us catechize this John the Baptist.

Now, my boy! What is your name?—John.

Who gave you that name?—Why, your old friend the Angel Gabriel, when he appeared to my daddy the parson, Zacharias, and said, “Fear not, *Zachee*, for thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John.” But his mother’s neighbors and cousins said unto her, “There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name.”* And they said,

* And what is the meaning of that name, John, by which none of your kindred race or nation had ever been called before, *Ιωαννης*? It discovers to us the three grand Ammonian radicals—I—ON, ES, the Sun, the Being, the Fire; the name of God, the Sun—that is, of the Son in the sign of Aquarius, who pours his stream of water into the mouth of the great Southern Fish: and hence, became Jonas, swallowed by the fish, and the fish-God, Oannes, of the Chaldeans, the Matsya Avatar, or first incarnation of Veeshnu, in the form of a fish, of India, the Jonas of the Phœnicians, the *Ιωαννης* of the Greeks, the

as well they might, "What manner of child shall this be?" And I should have been quite as much pestered to think what manner of woman old Betsy, his mother, was, had not the holy oracles of God, in the 16th chapter of the gospel according to *St. James*,* informed me, that Elizabeth, hearing that her son John was about to be searched for, took him and went up into the mountains, and seeing a mountain that she took a particular liking to, she groaned within herself, and said, "O Mountain of the Lord, receive the mother with the child." And immediately the mountain, being, I dare say, pretty sharp set, opened his mouth, and swallowed the old woman and the boy both at a bounce.

The old woman was completely digested: and nothing more should we have heard of John the Baptist, but that it pleased Almighty God that it should be so; the mountain was seized with labor-pangs, and St. John the Baptist was born again.

The mere ceremony of baptism would never insure our salvation, unless it be attended, as it was in the case of the Baptist himself, with a death unto sin, and a new birth unto righteousness; to which wonderful fact our holy church alludes in her incantation for the 24th of June, which is the festival of the nativity of John the Baptist. "Almighty God, by whose providence thy servant, John Baptist, was wonderfully born," and sent to prepare the way of thy Son, our Savior, by preaching of repentance.

Now, sirs, for the solution of this *Repentance!* What does it mean? I am sure that your clergy and preachers of the gospel, either don't know, and so are the dunces and ignoramuses which I suspect them of being; or, if they *do*, they are the very fiends of imposture and deceit—that palter with you in a double sense, keeping the word of promise to your ear, to break it to your hope—Repentance, *Μετανοια*, entire change of mind—that is, a coming to understand things in a wholly different way, the very reverse and direct contrary in every respect from the notions you had imbibed from your stupid nurses and your lying priests. *Μετανοείτε ηγγικε γαρ η Βασιλεια των ουρανων*, are the words of an astronomical Hierophant, delivered as the prologue to a tragedy, of which the imagined scene was *the heavenly Jerusalem*, of which the characters were, the personified genii of the twelve signs of the Zodiac; of which the plot was, the representation of all the great phenomena of

Janus, the first of the Great Gods of the Romans, and the January, the first of the Great Months of the whole world.†

* Protevangelion—Apocryphal Gospel.

† It has become the Saint Januarius of the Catholics.—ED.

nature, in the form of speeches in character, and the ideal history of the birth, parentage, and education, trial, conviction, execution, last dying speech and confession, of the Sun, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, and all the rest on't. Of which tragedy, the prologue is spoken by a fellow dressed up after the fashion of Jack Frost, with a pitcher of water under his arm, in camel's hair, with a leathern girdle round his loins. The prologue being the words of our text, *Μετανοείτε*—that is, animadvert ye, turn your minds now to the astronomical signification, "*for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand*"—that is, this performance, which I have the honor of announcing to you, is no matter of human history or of real occurrence upon earth, but it is the kingdom of heaven in pantomime; of which, I, Jack Waterstone, am come to admonish you; and my cousin, who will perform the character of Jesus Christ, will, I hope, go through the dying scene, with such effect as to insure your future patronage. His benefit being fixed for the 25th of December, and mine for the 24th of June.

And sure enough, sirs, if you turn to the calendar in your prayer-books, or to your almanacs, you will find that the church really has fixed the festival of the nativity of John the Baptist on the 24th of June; from which day, downward to the decline of the year, the days grow continually shorter and shorter; while, from the 25th of December upward, they grow longer and longer, and you have thus the key to that conundrum in the 1st of St. John's gospel, where the infant Baptist, as the Genius of the 24th of June, says of his cousin, the Infant Jesus, the Genius of the 25th of December, "He must increase, but I must decrease." And he actually does decrease, till nine weeks and three days after—that is, the 29th of August, he gets his head cut off by the line of the horizon; and that day our churchⁿ has fixed, as the festival of the beheading of John the Baptist.*

And therefore, with most mythological accuracy, is the birthday of John the Baptist fixed so near the Sun's highest point of ascension, because that point really is, not merely figuratively, but physically, the mountain of the Lord; and

* John the Baptist is beheaded on the 29th of August, because, at the fourteenth hour and a half of that day, the bright Star of Aquarius rises in the calendar of Ptolemy, while the rest of his body is below; and as the direct adversary of Aquarius is *Leo*, whom I have shown to be none other than King Herod: so King Herod, every 30th of August, at half after two in the morning, annually repeats the operation, of cutting off John Baptist's head.

John the Baptist, as we have seen, was, by his second birth, the son of that self-same mountain. Mountains in all ages, not merely figuratively, but physically, being famous for giving birth to echoes; and what was John the Baptist but an echo?—a voice, and nothing but a voice, as we read in the 40th of Isaiah. The voice said, cry; and he said, what shall I cry? But I say, You may cry what you please; but I shall cry, *it's no go!*

But observe, I pray ye, the great enucleation. The character of priests, and of the priests of all religions, has ever been the same. From the days of remotest ages, the priests usurped to themselves the sole and exclusive right of addressing public assemblies, and were the first theatrical performers. A monopoly, which you do see with your own eyes, they would, if they could, still keep up: the most fanatical and evangelical of them not blushing to preach against theatrical entertainments, and to warn their hearers not to go to any other playhouses, but their own.

Hence the first forms of religion were perfectly theatrical. The first theatrical performances, were tragedies, and the first tragedy, was the gospel. The first performers, or tragedians, were called *υποκριται*, or Hypocrites—that is, persons acting under a mask, and having an under-sense and different understanding to themselves, of the shows they exhibited to the people.

Thus all our priests to this day are hypocrites, and all the religion in the world is nothing but hypocrisy. Of this fact, you find the gospel itself bear witness, in that, Christ, the manager of the strolling company, repeatedly addresses the chief priests and preachers of his gospel, by their appropriate title: ye hypocrites—that is, ye players, or gentlemen of the buskin. The first plot, or story of the tragedy, from which its name *Τραγωδία* *Ωδή* the ode, or incantation of the *Goat*, is derived, was precisely what our gospel is found to be—an allegorical pantomime of the Sun's annual passage through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, by those who reckoned the year to begin from the winter solstice, when the Sun is in the sign of the Goat. While those who reckoned the year as beginning at the Vernal Equinox; when the Sun crosses the line of the Equator, and appears in the sign of the Lamb, whose ancient Ammonian name was *Gad*, which has become our English, *God*, exhibited the same *τραγωδή*—tragedy, or spell of the Goat, under the varied name, but not varied significancy of the Gad's-spell, or God's-spell—that is, the ode, or incantation of the Ram. The oldest written tragedy which has come down to us, the *Prometheus*, *Desmotes* of Æschylus, admitted to have been acted in the theatres of Greece, five hundred years before our Christian era, presents us with

precisely the same story—the story of a crucified God, and opens with a precisely similar first scene. Scene, the wilderness—enter the Demons of Force and Strength: to them; Mercury, the messenger and forerunner of Jove:—

Θανος μιν ες νηληρον ηκομεν πεδον
Σκυθην ες οιμον ες αβροτον ερημιαν.

At length, then, to the wide world's extreme bounds,
To Scythia are we come—those pathless wilds,
Where human footstep never marked the ground.

But where does our poor Johnny of the gospel, pick *us* his locusts and wild honey in “those pathless wilds, where human footsteps never marked the ground?” Why, as thus, sirs: in the ancient Arabic constructions of the Zodiac, the Lion of July was depicted with a Bee, which the Arabs ingeniously call the honey-fly, flying into his mouth: and John has to do in the New Covenant, what his predecessor, Samson, had done in the Old, to kill—that is, to overcome, or come over, the Lion. And so to take the very victuals out of his mouth, which gives us the real solution of Samson's famous riddle: “*Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.*” So there was the honey for him; and sure I need not explain to you how necessarily the honey that was torn out of the throat of a wild beast would be—very, very *wild* honey: and there is the locust enough for him, in the Scorpion of October.

And why are all the Twelve Apostles spoken of as twelve poor fishermen?—a scaly set of 'em, I admit. But as you see, Aries is the first, the Fishes is the twelfth of them; and they are all of them eternally running after the loaves and fishes, than which nothing can be more apostolical. And why is it, that “all that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution”? But because, as you see, they are all of them eternally running after one another; and no sooner shall you see one of them getting a little bit *up* in the world, but you shall observe another rising in the horizon immediately under him, ready to give him a somerset from his highest point of elevation, and pitch him to the devil.

And here, sirs, have we the solution of that astronomical enigma, which has so puzzled the chuckle-headed critics upon sacred writ, who are called commentators; but whose brains, for all the wit that was ever in them, might as well have been made of *common* potatoes.

“Immediately after the tribulation of those days, shall the Sun be darkened, and the Moon shall not give her light, and the Stars shall fall from Heaven, and the powers of the Heavens

shall be shaken." A catastrophe which we actually witness at this day, as the natural result of the tribulation, not of any persons that exist, or ever did exist, on earth; but the tribulation of *those days, i. e.*, the days have been persecuting one another, so that our Sun is darkened; scarce a moonlight night or twinkling star appears, to make us amends for the chill, foggy day; and the very power of the heavens to fertilize our earth again, seems to be brought in doubt. But "immediately after, the days shall be shortened," as on the 21st of December, they shall have reached the shortest; "then shall appear the sign of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great brightness." As there you see, immediately after, the shortest day, emerges the constellation of the Water-bearer, who is the Son of man, the baptist of the Zodiac, with his sharp frosts eating up the grubs, and larva of insects that might be fatal to incipient vegetation, and pledging to our grateful faith the pleasing hope, that though for a season

" Grim horror round our cottage reign,
Yet Spring will come, and Nature smile again."

And sure, I may say, in the same sense as it was said by the astrologue of the gospel, "there be some standing here that shall not taste of death until all these things be fulfilled."—"Nay," he adds, with peculiar emphasis, "verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away until all these things be done." But *done*, such things never were, nor could have been in any other than that astronomical sense, in which they are done every year of our lives. Which sense they who reject, will find that they have as great miracles to work, to save their Savior, as ever their Savior wrought, to save them.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

RAISING THE DEVIL!

AN ASTRONOMICO-THEOLOGICAL DISCOURSE ON THE TEMPTATION
OF CHRIST.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 27, 1830.

“*Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the Wilderness, to be tempted of the Devil.*”—MATTHEW iv. 1.

THE devil he was! the devil! and, says our holy church, “Lord, we beseech thee, grant thy people grace to withstand the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and with pure hearts and minds to follow thee, the only God, through Jesus Christ, our *Lord Ammon*:” and twice in her holy litany—“*from the crafts and assaults of the devil, good Lord deliver us;*” and “*from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil, good Lord deliver us.*”

So serious a bit of business—so right earnest a sort of an affair—so real and so formidable a personage, have we all been catechized to believe “*our ghostly enemy*” to be. But don't be frightened, my brethren; don't meet trouble half way. For it may comfort ye to know, as very soon ye shall know, that I have the honor of being somewhat better acquainted with his diabolical majesty than any public teacher or professor of the diabolical art in this metropolis. My credentials have been received at court; my proportion has been duly gazetted; my titles are indisputable: I have been literally *hunted* out of the

concealment, which my modesty would have preferred, and must not now sink under the weight of so many blushing honors, by squeamishly denying myself to be, e'en, as their great wisdoms would have it so, *archbishop of Pandemonium, keeper of the royal conscience to his majesty, the devil, and primate of all hell*. But, "since they would buckle fortune on my back"—to bear her burthen, whether I would or not"—"Satan doth know, as you may partly see,"—"how far I was from the desire of this." Since, then, I am in office, put on me thus reluctantly, I trust I shall not sink in your good opinion, from my zeal and diligence to serve my master faithfully. And, sirs, if gratitude to God be the first virtue that can adorn the character of a Christian, the first virtue that can adorn the character of one favored and honored as I am, must be *gratitude to the devil*. And sure, sirs, it is not unreasonable that I should call upon you as I do, on behalf of "him, whose I am, and whom I serve," to *give the devil his due*. For, let me tell you, my good Christian hearers, that *fair play's a jewel*, and will answer best in the long reckoning, either with my master, or with yours. You need not make the devil blacker than he is: nobody knows what friends they may come to need. And I must tell ye honestly, that if 'twere the will of my royal master to fetch you to our empire, it isn't lamb's blood nor holy water that could save you. And in such a case, a friend who might speak a good word for you at court, is not to be despised. But ay, say ye! *God is stronger than the devil*. And are you sure of that? Ask the Jew in the garden of Gethsemane: does *lama sabachthani*, sound to thee, like the cry of them who shout for the victory? Then write this posy on the ring of thy remembrance:—

"Jockey of Norfolk, be not thou too bold,
Jesus thy Master was bought and sold."

And is it for the pimps and parasites of Godhead to call themselves ministers of the gospel of peace, and to pretend that to them is committed the word of reconciliation, canting out, with

their superfluous nonsense, "be ye reconciled to God," while they deny my better title to be considered as a minister of reconciliation; when I say—*Be ye reconciled to the devil*; ye never had a quarrel with the other fellow. But my master has been treated with the utmost indignity. Revile not him, against whom even the archangel Michael, when he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring a railing accusation. No, he durst not—for the best feather in his archangelic wings, he durst not—or my great master would, like an eagle in a dovecote, have trussed him for his infernal spit, and cast him down to our great kitchen fire. Revile not him, whom your own scriptures expressly acknowledge to be *the God of this world*. And whom should this world worship, but the God of this world? "the spirit which now ruleth in the children of disobedience:" and I can tell you of the children of disobedience, that there's a devilish large family of 'em. But had ye seen my master's royal court, as I have seen it, and can show it you, how would your admiration teach ye to scorn the state and pomp of earthly sovereigns, where—

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind;
 Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat. 'E'en he
 Who led the embattled Seraphim to arms,
 Under his conduct, and in dreadful deeps,
 Fearless, endangered heaven's perpetual king,
 And shook his throne: what, tho' the field was lost,
 All was not lost—the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit nor yield;
 And what is more, not to be overcome.
 This glory never could his wrath or might
 Extort from *us*."

I enter thus *in medias res*, into the midst of the subject at once, because so does the text I treat; where you should observe

a fact, which should never escape your critical remembrance, that the devil, where he is first mentioned in the New Testament—for he is never once mentioned by that name, in the singular number, in the old—is introduced to us as an absolutely old acquaintance, with a familiarity as gross as if the evangelist had calculated that the idea of the devil would come as natural to us, as folly to a fool; as if we should not be astonished, should not want to know who the devil was, but be ready at once to accost him, as our country cousin, with a—*Ah! how d'ye do, devil; you come to town? How did ye leave our friends in the low countries?* Or, as if the devil himself needed no further introduction to us, than at once to bounce in upon us, like *Paul Pry*, with his “I hope I don't intrude. Know ye not me—not to know me, argues yourselves unknown.” A proof this, than which imagination could conceive no clearer, that the gospel has no claim to be called a revelation; that it has no character of originality: no feature of anything that was new to the ideas of men; that it was not written, and by no possibility could have been written, till as many ages as you please, after all the follies and superstitions of which it treats, were deeply and ineradicably rooted in men's minds, and their priests had thoroughly played the devil with them. Faith may dream what it will of the originality of these writings; *but this* is internal evidence, that they could not possibly be original. Written whenever they were, the story was up before. If I were to name an evidence stronger than any other of the necessarily demoralizing, depraving, and vitiating tendency of this devilish gospel, I would point to its soul-debasing, honor-killing influence on the minds of those who call themselves unitarian Christians, and free-thinking Christians, who are for pretending to be Christians still, after finding out that the devil, upon whom the whole Christian doctrine is entirely founded, is a purely imaginary being; that, in reality, there is no devil; that there never was any; and that all the positive declarations of scripture, that seem to speak of the existence of such a personage, are allegorical, metaphorical, anagogical, oratorical, rhapsodical, categorical, and all the other *ory-goricals*, that mean, in plain

English, they are downright lies. But there is no part of the gospel story related with greater appearance of historical truth and narrative simplicity than this of the temptation of Christ. The pretence then, that it occurred only in a vision; all this appearance of historical truth and narrative simplicity, notwithstanding, is a pretence, that when advanced by men who profess and call themselves Christians, only serves to show what unprincipled and dishonest men their Christianity has made of them.

For sure, sirs, to maintain that this portion of the gospel was visionary, while any other part of it was real, is nothing more nor less than to make it historical or visionary, at your own option—to make of it a nose of wax, and mould it to the fashion of your fancy.

The holy church, throughout all the world, has ever received the temptation of Christ, as as real an event (and I am sure it is so) as his crucifixion, and so much more important than *that*, that while it requires us to keep but one day's fast in commemoration of his death, it enjoins a forty-days' abstinence in commemoration of his temptation: and would have us expect our eternal salvation, not more from the merit of his precious death and burial, or from his glorious resurrection and ascension, than from *his baptism, fasting, and temptation*. As in the form of incantation, for the first Sunday in Lent, are these words: "O Lord, who, for our sakes, did fast forty days and forty nights;" and "*when he had fasted forty days and forty nights,*" says our text, "*he was afterward an hungered.*" But sure, that was a miracle that any of us could have beaten; for if you or I had fasted twice as long, we should not have been afterward hungry: we could have kept it up to all eternity.

But observe, I pray (what Christians never observe) the strict letter of the text, to the very letter of it, and we shall see the wonders it evolves. "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness." *Then!* why when? There can be no sense in THEN, but as it has a reference to a WHEN; and that *when*, you will find was, immediately after John the Baptist (whose astronomical characteristics I have lately so fully ex-

plained) had poured his water upon him, and "Lo the heavens were opened unto him!" *Then*, when he had been baptized, when he had been born of water and of the spirit, when he had the witness of God's spirit with his spirit, that he was a truly regenerate person; then, and not till then, was he full ripe for the devil.

And observe again, my master hasn't to go straggling about to *fetch* his pupils. The Holy Ghost brings 'em to him; Jesus was led by the spirit—whether he was led by the hand, like St. Paul, or lugged by the ear, like Ezekiel, or like all other good Christians, led by the nose—the note for our observance is—that he was led *up* into the wilderness, *ανηχθη*—UP; why not *κατηχθη*—down into the wilderness? Where was this wilderness, that the phrase should always be UP into the wilderness; and, as St. Mark's gospel has it, "*he was with the wild beasts.*" And what wild beasts were they, which were with him, *up* in the wilderness? Anon, will I show you the whole menagerie. "*And when the tempter came to him*"—that is, more astronomically, when he came to the tempter—that is, to my master—for he is a very tempting gentleman, I assure you. My master called on him for something like Christian evidence, and gave him the fairest and most honorable challenge, to make good his pretensions. "Will God suffer his son to be hungry?"—"If thou beest the son of God, *command* that these stones be made bread." But he could command no such thing, and so shirks us off with a methodist-parson text of scripture. "*It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.*"

So you see, Christian, how soon *my* master could make your master *eat his words*. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city. "*The holy city,*" where is that? Observe ye, everything that is holy is devilish: it belongs to my master—the temple itself is his. He setteth Jesus on a pinnacle of it, and willing to try whether he dared work a disinterested miracle, he saith unto him, "If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down; for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their *hands they shall bear thee up, lest*

at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." But there poor Jesus was content to sit, till my good master, perceiving from the nonsense he was talking, that his brain was beginning to swim, in pity to his danger, took him down, and saved your Savior. What should have hindered, sirs; had my dread sovereign been the malignant being ye have been scandalously taught to think him, and had feared a rival in the Galilean boy, but that he should have seized the young usurper by the nape of the neck, with the gripe of Hercules on Antæus, and dashed him off with a "*Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither?*"

But was it so? No, nothing the like of it. And with your Christian justice, as if to show (what is indeed the truth) that a thorough Christian never knew what justice meant, you have charged my sovereign lord with every vice that you could think of, while you can not prove against him a single imperfection. Is *he* the jealous God that would visit the sins of the fathers upon the children? Is *he* the child-killer? Must he have bloody sacrifices to propitiate his own irritable temper? No! with loving-kindness not to be surpassed, with generosity not to be equalled, he takes me his hungry pupil, and, as Milton (who was certainly inspired, if ever man was) expressly assures us, set before him a banquet, compared to which, the intended feast at Guildhall, would have been but a banyan day.

“ A table richy spread in regal mode,
 With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort,
 And savor, fowl, and game,
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled.
 All fish from sea or shore,
 Freshlet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name, for which was drained
 Pontus and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast:
 And at a stately side-board by, the wine,
 That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood,
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn;

And ladies of the Hesperides, more fair
Than thought could think, or love could wish them fair."

"This was no dream," says Milton; while our own most distinguished bishop of London has translated, from the Greek of Prodicus, the words of the temper, which our more frigid gospel has left our imaginations to supply. My master said :—

"Now, will I give thee all thy soul's desire,
All that can charm thine ear, and please thy sight,
All that thy thought can frame, or wish desire,
To steep thy ravished senses in delight;
The sumptuous feast, enhanced with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love.
Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flowers to strew thy couch, and crown thy head:
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed."

O, what a tempting, lovely tempting devil! who could withstand him? And is there anything in all Jehovah's heaven, to match the glories, and felicities of our Pandemonium? And will ye still continue to revile my blessed master, my God and Savior: my imperial sovereign, the devil! will ye still dare to call him by such degrading names as "*Old Scratch*," "*Old Harry*," "*Old Nick*," the "*Old Boy*," and the "*Old One*!" who, had he been capable of growing old, and owed a debt to nature, must long ago have paid it. But ah, no!

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But he shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Say ye that my master hath a cloven foot; and taunt ye both him and me with your evangelical jibe? "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel?" Then let them

that preach the gospel, accept the noble challenge which I have given them, to undertake its defence, on terms of fair and free discussion. Let them come and stand foot to foot, with me, and see how soon they should find themselves *de-fect-ed*. For, by my master's honor, in the solution of that enigma, would I convict them of being as ignorant of the real meaning of the gospel, as if they didn't know great A from a bull's foot.

But as a mistake in a matter which concerns your *soles* may be a very serious matter at the *last*:—to the law and to the testimony! and judge for yourselves, whether the cloven foot belong to my master, or to yours. When your prophet Ezekiel, describing the person of God himself, says, that “his legs were straight legs, but the sole of his foot was the sole of a calf's foot:” and, in Dr. Parkhurst's Hebrew and Greek Lexicons, may you see the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy-seat of Yahou, with four heads a-piece, but only one leg; all heavenly-minded creatures, being as headstrong as you please, but devilish weak i' th' understanding.

But, and if a cloven *foot*, were such disparagement; what say ye to your own apostles, with their cloven *tongues*, of which the only conceivable use must have been, to speak *double* with, to say one thing and mean another; of which I have heard my honorable master say, in the language of Pandemonium—

Εχθρος γαρ μοι²κεινος ομως Αιαδαιο πολησιν
 Ος κ²ετερον μεν κυθει ενι φρεσσι αλλο δε βαζει.

“The man who one thing thinks, and can another tell,
 My soul abhors him as the gates of hell.”

Your master could indeed bestow the gift of tongues, and your clergy have it most copiously: but mine alone could serve you up the tongue, with brain sauce to it. But if you be not satisfied with my ministry, as the ambassador of his satanic majesty, I'll fetch my master himself. By process of magical

incantation, I'll raise the devil: and you shall take his measure for a pair of shoes.

The last scene of the temptation of the son of God, was an after-dinner scene, and is more explicitly and circumstantially related by the holy evangelist: "*Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, in a moment of time; and saith unto him, 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'*" Whereupon the Galilean, with an impudence and ingratitude which showed the manners of one who had been born in a stable, turns me a particular part of his person on my divine master, and says, "*Get thee behind me, Satan: for it is written, THOU shalt worship the Lord thy God.*" St. Luke closes the story with the curious words, "*And when the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from him, for a season.*"

For a season! Yes! *for a season.* For, be sure on't, my master will not be insulted with impunity: he'll settle with him for this: he'll meet him at Gethsemane: he'll pay off the whole score: he'll *nail* him for it.

For though my master "be not choleric nor warm, yet has he something dangerous about him, which let your prudence fear." St. Matthew concludes his narrative with merely saying, "*Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him.*"

So, where the devil left him, I shall leave him too, only commending to your observance, how accurately the analogy is adhered to; which, wherever Satan is mentioned, either in the Old or New Testament, invests him with a character of superior dignity and greatness. How respectfully do those angels and ministers of grace, keep their distance from the royal presence, and leave the son of God to starve, till it be my master's sovereign pleasure, to let him eat.

And I must remind ye, sirs, on behalf of my sovereign, that however disrespectfully ye may have learned, and accustomed yourselves to speak and think, of his serene highness, ye have

learned no such lesson, nor could fairly have drawn any such inference, either from your Old or New Testament.

The moral character of Satan, is wholly unexceptionable. For though it be once said, on wholly *ex-parte* evidence, that “*he was a liar from the beginning, and abode not in the truth;*” and that he was *the father of lies*,* which I admit him to have been, to his immortal honor; as I shall show 'tis a charge of which the sound alone has struck your ear, while your understanding is innocent of the meaning.

Physically we acknowledge, morally we deny, the charge. The father of aberrations, who, from the beginning, slipt out of the zodiac, and with his tail drew after him a third part of the stars of Heaven, was as pure from any moral defect, in that physical obliquity, as the sun's disk, from darkness. And though my great master be called the *tempter*, who tempted Job, and tempted David, and the son of David: yet, methinks, 'tis rather disgracious of “*they upon the adverse faction,*” to represent *that* as a disparagement in my sovereign, which they account the distinguishing perfection of theirs, who is the great universal tempter, who has sent the whole human race into a state of temptation and trial.

And if it be the devil alone, who can possibly tempt mankind, who is it, that the Christian is addressing when he says, “*Our Father—lead us not into temptation?*”

And are you so dead sure on't, that your minds are under the guidance of God's holy spirit, in being led to hear your gospel ministers, when your gospel itself so positively shows you, that if you were led by the spirit, it would not be to church or chapel, that you would be led; but to the Rotunda. The spirit of truth would lead you in the pursuit of it; not to go again and again—to where you were in the habit of going, but to where you had never been before; and you would be as willing to embrace it, whether it came from heaven or hell, from the devil's bishop, or from the devil himself.

* Ανθρωποκτονο ην απ' αρχης, οτι ψευστης εστι.—John viii. 44.

Though the devil be called *an accuser*, and take his names of *the adversary*, and *Διαβυλος*, from the circumstance of his accusing the brethren, day and night, before God: yet, be it observed, he is never called a *false* accuser. And, to an innocent man, an accuser, is not an enemy. It is the wicked, the guilty, the criminous alone, who have cause to fear an accuser.

But, take all the names and titles of his diabolical majesty, that you can find, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation, and I defy your proof of one, whose literal meaning or significancy implies any such sense of moral wickedness as you have imagined, or which does *not* imply, and directly lead the mind, to that astronomical solution, which my previous lectures, prepare ye to anticipate. “That old serpent, which is called the devil and Satan,” says St. John.

From the fact of the *serpent* representing in hieroglyph, all the great theories of astronomical science—the serpent became the great emblem of the supreme being. Take all his other glorious names, in conjunction with that of *Satan*, and the difficulty will be, to hide yourselves from the broad glare of light, and to resist the conviction which I flash upon you. Is he not Lucifer, that name signifying the bearer of light?

Is he not Belzebub, Lord of the Scorpion; — *Death*
 Is he not Belial, *Baali-Al*, Lord of the Opposite,
 Baal Berith, Lord of the Covenant;
 Baal Peor, Lord of the Opening;
 Baal Zaphon, Lord of the North;
 Baal Perazim, Lord of the Divisions;
 Baal Samen, Lord of Heaven;
 Baal Aiten, the Lord Almighty;
 Baal Moloch, the Lord—the King?

In all varieties and modifications of the name of the serpent, the Hebrew *nacash*, a serpent, the Greek *Δρακων*, a dragon, or *Οφεις*, a snake, or basilisk, the royal serpent—the radical idea, is the attribute of a peculiar acuteness of sight; and

hence its reference to the all-seeing *sun*, so addressed by Homer—

Ἡελίος ὁς παντ'εφορα καὶ παντ' επακθεῖ.

The sun, who sees and hears all things.

Which hath, in Hebrew, saith St. John, his name Abaddon—that is, AB—AD—ON, literally, the Father, the Lord, the Being; but in Greek, Apollyon—that is *Apollo*; and *Σαθανα*, the *adverse king*, in our own Greek Testaments; which is a slight variation from the Hebrew, *sathen*, which first occurs in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, where are the words, *Ve yomed Shethn ol Yesroile*, which is a direct repetition of 2 Samuel xxiv.; in which this act of Satan, is expressly ascribed to Yahou—thus proving that Jehovah, and Satan, God and the devil, are really one and the self-same imaginary being.

And in the ancient Phœnician tongue, which those first navigators to this country, left as a relic of their superstition, he acquired the name of the *deuce*, whence the Romans borrowed their Latin word, the *dues*, and paid us back, the *Deity*. And this is the true history and origin of the devil.

Now, sirs! be it your mind to perpend this magical incantation, and in a moment, will I confirm my title of the devil's chaplain, by calling up my master to ratify my credentials.

What oh, Satan! Belzebub! Baal Peor! Belial! Lucifer! Abaddon! Apollyon! thou king of the bottomless pit, thou king of scorpions, having stings in their tails, to whom it is given to hurt the earth for five months—appear!—appear! (*touching the globe*). Well, HE APPEARS! and behold, Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. He who was in the bottomless pit; but anon, by this semi-rotation of the globe the representation of the earth's half-circuit round the sun, is now become Lord of the ascendant, and appears in the zenith.

“*And no marvel,*” says that cloven-tongued and double-meaning magician, the apostolic chief of sinners; and *no*

marvel, indeed ; for these transformations of Satan into Christ, and of Christ back again into Satan, are as natural and as regular, as the succession of summer and winter, day and night.

The marvel on't is, that men who have their eyes open enough in other respects, would be so wilfully blind, and so madly stupid in matters of religion, as to take fright and run away, as if a devil indeed were pursuing them, from the man, who offers them science in the place of fanaticism—evidence, demonstration, and truth—in the place of fable, faith, and falsehood.

If one or two, or only a few analogies were found between the gospel-narrative and the visible phenomena of the starry heavens ; they might be referred to the vague indefiniteness of curious coincidence : and the gospel, in its broad lines of detail, be considered as historically true, notwithstanding. But when all is coincidence from beginning to end, when the analogy breaks not down in one single point—to entertain a doubt of the only inference resulting, or to imagine, that the gospel could possibly be true, is possible only to that innocent idiocy of understanding, that could imagine that the moon was made of a green cheese, or to that priestly villany of heart, that would swear that it was so, to serve its vile priestly craft.

And observe ye, sirs, I pray, the majesty, the grandeur of truth. Our method of interpreting the sacred scriptures, leaves us in no difficulty, drives us on no subterfuges. We are not put to the juggling unitarian artifices, of picking and culling, rejecting passages which we don't like : swallowing the camel, and choking at his tail ; but all goes down with us ; and from those very difficulties in their very grossest form, which unitarian craft would so craftily evade, bring we forth the richer array of evidence, and the brighter refulgence of truth. Neither are we put to it, to shelter ignorance, under the bull-hide shield of sanctified insanity, or the canting insolence of those three parts, idiots, and nine parts, knaves, who, when they

could not for the life of 'em say a sensible thing, nor tell us the derivation of a single word of the shovelfuls they heap on us, are for quitting scores, by Mother Cole's reckoning, "*What will become of your soul, when you die?* You'll think very differently when you come to lie on a dying bed. Think of the deaths of Voltaire, and Tom Paine, and *Row-Shew*, where are they now? Why, where you'll be perhaps before a fortnight's over your head, lifting up your eyes in hell, and *axing* for a drop of water to *squench* your burning tongue."

Thus would usurping idiotcy insult the face of science, and barbarous ignorance, tread on the neck of learning.

And thus it was, sirs, that from a dire necessity of protecting themselves from the squeeling savages of salvation—whose ferocious dispositions would be satisfied with nothing but tales of horror, a murdered God, a crucified Savior, and a red-hot blazing hell—the first men of science were driven into dissimulation, and obliged to hide the bright pearls of astronomical knowledge under the thick veils of gospel allegory. And this is the true history and origin of the gospel.

We forgive, we pity, yea, we may admire, the policy which a dire necessity forced upon those who had the start in the march of intellect before the general mind was stirring. Their writings would not have come down to us at all, the rich treasures of their collective wisdom would have been despoiled, unless their value and their splendor had been concealed under the allegorical veil. They had something that they could teach: they taught it, not perhaps as they would, but as it would be endured—passing *the word of truth* through the ruffian hands of the all-believing multitude, under the protecting shell of miracle and fiction, upon the principle which themselves avow—"*None of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.*"

But not so is it with the priests of the present day: with the protestant priests, even with the most enlightened of our dissenting clergy—unitarians ministers and lecturers on the evi-

dences of the Christian religion, in this priest-ridden metropolis -- in this, the nineteenth century; who, instead of being beforehand with the world in the progress of knowledge, hang like a dead weight upon the wings of science, and are the greatest obstacles to human improvement that the world ever had to contend with.

Estimating the power of priestcraft, as it only can be estimated, by the quantity of intellect over which it prevails, surely we have proof that that power was never so great as in the present age, when it is no longer children and savages, but men in stature, and intelligent men in everything else, who tremble at the FEE, FAW, FI, FUM, of the nursery, and dare not trust themselves to go to any school where there is a possibility that they may learn more than is to be learned in the gospel shop.

END OF THE FIRST DISCOURSE ON RAISING THE DEVIL.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS"—*Allan Cunningham.*

PART II.—OF RAISING THE DEVIL!

AN ASTRONOMICO-THEOLOGICAL DISCOURSE ON THE TEMPTATION
OF CHRIST.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOVEMBER 27, 1830.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the Wilderness, to be tempted of the Devil."—MATTHEW iv. 1.

BRING me up, sirs, the benefit of your remembrance of the great discoveries we have made in the stable of Bethlehem, where I showed you the infant Jesus in the precise position of Jupiter, in the stable of Augias, suckled by a goat.

That Capricornus, the Goat of December, rendering over his charge to *Aquarius*, the *Water-bearer*—that is, the John the Baptist of January: John must unbind the frosts of winter, and, with descending rains, must baptize the *God of day*, ere he can enter fully on his ministry, as he saith in character, "*Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness*"—that is, "*thus must we observe the most accurate astronomical analogies, and make our magical spell a perfect diagram of the visible heavens.*" And therefore, says John the Baptist, "*that he might be made manifest to Israel*"—that is, that the sun might come to shine forth in the Zodiac, "*came I baptizing with water.*" And thus again, in character, our genius of the month of *Johnuary*, seeing

Jesus at a distance—that is, at a month's distance, in *Aries*, the Ram of March, he exclaims, “*Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world;*” that is, that rectifying the unevenness of day and night of the Zodiac, which, in astronomical language, is *the world*, and gives an equal length of day and night to the whole earth: *ὁ αἰρων τὴν ἀμαρτίαν τοῦ κόσμου*. Why, sirs, it is a sarcasm and a pun on language, to suppose an allusion to such idiocy as the conceit of taking away the criminality of the crimes of men. From which analogy, the *world*—that is, all the constellations which make up the great circle of the heavens, are astronomically allegorized as paying him their adorations in that sublime mysticity. *This is his name, whereby he shall be called the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS*. But how can he be brought into the world, or be led up into that wilderness, or jumble of confusion, which the starry canopy of Heaven presents to the untutored eye?

How, but by the spirit? that holy *Gust*, that *rushing mighty wind*, which is necessarily “*not made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding,*” eternally and necessarily *proceeding* from the rapid and eternal motion of the whole solar system, “*wheeling unshaken through the void immense,*” with a velocity that beggars all power of numbers:—

“So late descried by Herschel’s piercing sight,
 Hang the bright squadrons of the twinkling night;
 Ten thousand marshalled stars—a silver zone,
 Effuse their blended radiance round her throne;
 Suns call to suns in lucid orbs conspire,
 And light exterior worlds with golden fire.”

And what must that allegorical nonentity, whose lowest position was the stable of his nativity in the sign of *Capricornus*, the Goat, immediately after having been baptized by *Aquarius*, the Water-bearer, necessarily have to pass through, before he can enter upon his ministry, and come at what all the gospel ministers are marching after, the *mutton* of March, and the *beef* of April? Why! he must live upon *fish*; and there they

are for him, in the pavilion of February, extending their scaly influence, more or less, over forty days and forty nights, during which poor Jesus is in the plight of, "*out of work, and nothing coming in.*"

He has all that idle time upon his hands, and (the proverb's somewhat musty) but when *my* master finds a man idle, he generally sets him to work.

He was very low spirited; and so, like all other low-spirited fellows, he was preparing to enter upon the ministry. And as, of course, he would want a private tutor for that business; he put himself to school to the devil.

How rough and unseemly, sirs, are these husks and shells, on which the swine do feed; how rich the pearls of science, for the throwing of a few of which, before the Christian herd, the Christian clergy, have read to me the sentence of my fate, "God shall suddenly shoot at me with a swift arrow, that I shall be wounded. O, how suddenly shall I consume, perish, and come to a fearful end!" I know it! I know it! I know it will be so! But be my epitaph—"The man who loved TRUTH more than he feared death! and hated Christianity more than he loved life."

But your minds once awakened from the drunken dream of faith, to the sober realities of reason, will run with a rapidity faster than demonstration can keep up with you, through the solution of the astronomical riddles of the labors of the sun, which constitute the whole substantive sense, and original and entire meaning—alike of the Pagan, Jewish, and Christian mythology: alike of the Shasters, Vedas, and Pouranas of the east, and of both the Old and New Testaments of our occidental world.

And why are those most beautiful, incomparably beautiful and sublime compositions, which you call the *Psalms of David*, divided into thirty or thirty-one portions, to be *enchanted* morning and evening, for every day of the month, through the twelve months of the year. But, because they are indeed *the songs of Zion*—i. e. of the Zodiac, detailing in

mystic allegories all the grand vicissitudes of the year, the joys and sorrows, dejections and elevations, conflicts and victories of the *true* David, the sun: who is despairing in winter, hoping in spring, triumphing in summer, and dejected in autumn. And, according to the predicaments of his physical phenomena, himself addresses, or *is* addressed, in the beautiful adaptations of the allegory.

Who then, in this congruity, must necessarily be at once his guide, and tutor, and yet his constant adversary; but the adverse sign, the Διαβολος—that is, the diametrically *opposite* sign, the *devil*, who is *up*, when *he* is *down*; and down, when he is *up*: who, therefore, in allegorical language, *tempts* him, through the wilderness—*i. e.* goes before him, through the signs of the Zodiac. And having led him to the top of that *exceeding high mountain*—that is, the Sun's highest point of ascension, the tropic of Cancer, the 21st of June, whose Hebrew name is *Thomas*, the very name you will observe of him among the twelve apostles, who was a crabbed incredulous fellow, and had more than half a mind to go back again. He addresses him in that accurately astronomical problem—“*All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.*”*

And from *that* point, he astronomically does, and allegorically *did*, fall down and worship him—that is, comes down from his height of ascension, in succession, after the devil; who, having been the leader, and so, seemed to *go before*, and drag and pull Christ *up* to that point, immediately after becomes the follower, and receives that astronomical rebuke: “*Get THEE behind me, Satan,*” with that astronomical explanation of it—“*For it is written*”—that is, it is according to the everlasting law of the heavenly bodies—“*Thou shalt worship*”—that is, *thou*, the adverse sign, shalt follow or come after the Lord thy God—that is, as I have so abundant-

* Ταυτα παντα σοι δωσω, εαν πεσων προσκυνησῃς μοι.

ly explained—*thou* shalt follow after the constellation of the Ram, which literally was, and eternally is, the Lord *Gad* of Israel.

Nor will you ever be confused in this science, if you will but remember the simple axiom, that as there are three persons in the Godhead, so there are the three persons in the devil-head: the Hydra, extending over the three signs of Cancer, Leo, and Virgo, is the *devil*. The Dragon, that persecutes the Virgin, is the devil; and the Whale, that persecutes the Lamb, is the devil; yet are they not three devils, but one devil: the moral character of Satan being nothing more than a picture of the physical phenomena of these three constellations.

And the creed of Saint Athanasius, or the Athanasian, or *immortal* creed, through all the conundrums and apparent contradictions of its theological system, is a most beautiful and scientific exhibition of the grand paradoxes of the Zodiac. Thus God becomes man, when the Sun of the Vernal Equinox, in the LAMB of March, becomes the Sun of the Autumnal Equinox, about the 29th of September, which is the day of the Archangel Michael. And Christians, without knowing the physical meaning of their belief, have universally believed that Saint MICHAEL, the archangel, whose name they translate as signifying *equal with God*, was none other than God himself. Michaelmas-day being exactly of the same length as lady-day, and the Sun of the 29th of September, most literally is the same Sun as the Sun of the tribe of Gad, in the 25th of March, as God and man is one Christ. In the ancient Persic projection of the sphere, the genius of the autumnal equinox, was represented as a fierce warrior, holding a pair of scales in his hands, in signification of his astronomical character, as *that Just One*, which is one of the titles of *Him that was crucified*. And the Archangel Michael is represented as warring with Satan, on the altar-piece of Trinity College, Cambridge, precisely as the head of the Serpent appears to be pulled down

by the genius of the scales of September in the starry heavens.

And Gad becomes Michael—that is, God becomes man, *not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking the manhood into God.*

That is, with most astronomical correctness, the sign does not enter into the Sun, but the Sun enters into the sign ☉ || ⊕.

Again:—Christ, that is, the SUN, is most literally the Mediator, or *go-between*, between Gad and man, because the fixed stars which compose or make up the tribe of *Gad*, and all the other tribes of the celestial Israel, are suns to systems of their own: and our earth's annual motion round the sun throws the sun, or makes him seem to go, between us and those measurelessly remote fixed stars.

As, only walk round the table with your eyes steadily directed to any fixed object on the table, you will see that object, with relation to the distant parts of the room, exactly opposite them, changing its point of opposition as you change your situation. And thus, while you alone are moving, the object on which your eye is fixed will seem to be moving; and thus, will be a mediator, or intercessor, at all times between you and the more distant fixed objects, by which alone you can measure the change which is going on, not in their positions, but yours.

And now look, sirs, upon the starry heavens, or, for your greater convenience, on this most accurate picture of them upon this beautiful toy, the celestial globe: the great liar from the beginning—that is, not the moral, but the *physical* liar; the constellation *Cetus*, the largest of all Heaven, just at the beginning, at the point of the vernal equinox, slips out of the Zodiac. *He abode not in the truth*, and is, as his eternal punishment, condemned to *follow the Lamb, wheresoever he goeth*. And here, you see, most literally, “*He walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.*”

Whom, says the cloven-tongued and double-meaning apostle,

resist, steadfast in the faith—that is, “do you stand fast in the Zodiac, out of which *my* master made a *slip* from the very beginning, and the devil a bit will *my* master be able to catch you.”

“*Resist the devil, and he will flee from you*”—that is, turn your backs upon him, and you’ll find he’s going the other way.

His infernal majesty never thinks a soul worth dodging after; he always keeps straight forward in his course, and “*hath no variableness, nor shadow of turning.*”

But look now at the allegorical joys and sorrows, desires and fears of the astronomical David of the Old Testament, and the no less astronomical Son of David of the New. Says he, in the 22d incantation, “*Fat bulls of Bashan close me in on every side.*” Why, there they are, in the *Taurus* of April, in which every year, the sun is literally enclosed. Says he, in the spell of Matthew? “*Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*” Why, there they are, in the *Gemini*, or *Twins* of May; where you shall see them lords of the ascendant every year, at that point of time when—

“From opening fields of æther wide displayed,
Child of the sun, refulgent summer, comes.”

Or, cries he again, in the 22d Psalm: “*O save me from the lion’s mouth, thou that hast heard me, also from among the horns of the unicorns.*” Why, there never were such animals as unicorns upon earth, except in the little baby’s song, and the big baby’s bauble:—

“*The lion and the unicorn, a fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn, and drove him round the town.*”

But here, sirs, is the very astronomical crisis, to the accuracy of the setting of a watch, of the allegorical adaptation of that *incantation*; where you see the sun, by rising up into the

arms of those *little children*, just contrives to make his escape from the *horns of the unicorns*; and has now, to look out for the next forthcoming danger, and must make a dip to the nicety of a hair's breadth, to keep clear of *the lion's mouth*; and "*O deliver my soul from the sword, my darling, from the power of the dog? O make thy way straight before me.*" Let me not be attracted from my course by the power of the *dog*, in the south, when he rises heliacally with me in the summer: nor let me be worried by them in the long nights of winter, when "in the evening they will return, grin like a dog, and go about the city."—*Psalm 59.*

Resist the astronomical demonstration, if you possibly can, of that mystical *lament* of the allegorical Jonah in the whale's belly, which your ignorant clergy, for any sense that they could ever find of it, are not able to protect from the laughter and scorn of all rational men: but which rises into grandeur and astonishing wisdom and truth, when read to its astronomical significancy: "*I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me; for ever, then, said I, I am cast out of thy sight, yet will I look again toward thy Holy Temple.*" Which, with severer literality of translation, gives us the truly magnificent language of the Sun, in his state of humiliation, struggling to ascend in the ecliptic: "*I went down to the bottom of the mountains,*" repeatedly called "*the depths of Satan,*" *the earth with her everlasting bands, and colors was above me. Then said I, "I have sunk below the line of the zodiacal constellations, those eyes of Heaven; yet will I emerge again toward thy Holy Temple,"* which is here in the constellation of the *Ram*: and just exactly is it three days and three nights, to the accuracy of the setting of your watch, that is, from twelve o'clock at midnight of St. Thomas's day, that the Jonah of the Old Testament is in the whale's belly, and the *Son of Man* of the New Testament is in the heart of the earth—that is the sun is in the lowest degree of his descent in the curve of the ecliptic, *ἡδὴ οἴξει, τεταρταῖος γὰρ ἐστὶ*—that being the exact term of the winter solstice, or of the

sun's seeming to be at a stand still ; from which point, gaining his first degree on the first moment of the 25th of December, at midnight, at the very moment when the star in the east, the brilliant of the constellation of the Virgin, is seen rising on the eastern border of the horizon. The whole pagan world did, through countless ages, rise at midnight to *let in* Christmas, and sang that well-known Christmas carol :—

“ A Virgin unspotted, by prophets foretold,
Brought forth her child Jesus, which now you behold ;
For to be our Redeemer, from death, hell, and sin :
Which Adam's transgression involved us in.”

And who the devil was ADAM, that any transgression of *his* should get us into such a *damnation* scrape. Why, who? but whom the name itself literally signifies. AD—AM, the *Lord*, the FIRE?—“ that is, the sun himself, who has been” transgressing for the last three months most horribly, sinking lower and lower into *iniquity*, or *unevenness*, and giving us such miserable days, that if he does not mend his manners, and begin and lengthen the days again, it will be all *hell* and St. Thomas with us.

Hence the apostles' riddle about the first and second Adam ; both meaning one and the self-same personification of the sun. The first, or *falling* Adam, being the sun, descending in the ecliptic, and shortening the days : and the second, or *rising* Adam, being the sun ascending again, lengthening the days, and cheering our desponding hearts with the promise of an *annual* salvation.

“ Assured, tho' horrors round our mansion reign,
That spring will come, and nature smile again.”

And thus the sun, returning annually to his first degree of ascension, on Christmas day, recalls the departed soul of Lazarus, whom he loved (the year) who has been in a galloping consumption for a long while : though, as he expressly tells you, “ *this sickness is not unto death.*”

Hence, the Sun speaks that sublimely allegorical and most correctly astronomical language: "*I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.*"

Thus, the Sun pledges to us, not the foolish dream of the immortality of man, but the philosophical truth of *the eternity* of nature. And so exactly is the astronomical truth observed, that it is just exactly, nay to the moment, when Lazarus has been four days dead (τετραπαιος εστι)—that is, HATH *the fourth day*—that is, when the year has stood at the winter solstice, during which, Jesus (that is, the Sun) *abode still in the same place where he was*; that, on the morning of Christmas-day, he annually cries—*Δοξαζατε δευρο εξω*—*Lazarus, come forth*. And Lazarus—that is, the genius of Christmas-day, does come forth, shivering, freezing, deadly cold, so as just to say there was a spark of life in him, but that was all, "*bound hand and foot with grave-clothes*;" and his face wrapt up in a towel, precisely as the dressers of a pantomime would send you up the character of *Jack Frost*, with a good dash of the flour-bag in his face, and a cigar in his mouth; you might have taken Jack Lazarus for a white devil.

And who, then, are those black ones, the *Scorpions having stings in their tails*, to whom it was given to hurt the earth for five months? but the allegorical genii of the Scorpion of October, followed by the four wintry months of November, December, January, and February, all under the influence of *ABADON, the king of the bottomless pit*—that is, of that part of the earth's surface, which, being turned from the Sun, looks relatively downward, toward the regions of infinite space, which literally, and really, is, *a bottomless pit*, boundless, bottomless, measureless, infinite.

And what are the seven churches, but the seven remaining summer months, answering most strictly and literally in their very names, and allegorically moral characters, to their physical antitypes, in the seven summer signs of the zodiac.

I ask no more of the Christian, than that he should not deny the text of his own book ; I ask no more of any man's credulity, than, that he should not be unwilling to admit that seven and five are twelve: for, so sure as they are so, so sure is this demonstration, that the gospel is not history, but fiction; not truth, but allegory; *not fact, but a fable.*

For, look ye, sirs, if ever there were such a thing as allegory in the world; and the imaginative faculty in man could imagine the sun to speak, what language could be imagined for him more characteristic than those words of Christ in the Revelation of St. John: "*I am he who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.*"

Egregious raving and idiotcy, in any meaning that your priests could give you of it; sublimely beautiful, and rich of science and truth, when interpreted by the key which itself presents to us, in those words: "*the seven churches which are in ASIA*"—that is, most literally, the seven holy congregations, or constellations, which are in *the land of fire*—that is, in the Sun's path, in the kingdom of Heaven—that is, the reign of the seven summer months.

The seven stars, says the sacred text, *are* the angels of the seven churches—and the seven candlesticks *are* the seven churches.

What are *candlesticks*, but fixed lights? what are those fixed lights, in the midst of which the sun walketh, but those congregations, or *groups* of fixed stars, through the midst of which lies the Sun's annual course in the zodiac?

And here they are in name, in character, in order.

The church, or constellation of *Ephesus*, of *Thyatira*, of *Philadelphia*, of *Pergamos*, of *Sardis*, of *Smyrna*, and of *Laodicea*.

1. EPHEBUS, from Εφεσος, upon *Hesus*, the same as Jesus, the Gaellish name of the God *Mars*, whence our English name, for March, who is the Lord of Hosts, of the Old Testament, and the Lamb of GOD, of the New.

To this church, Christ threatens that he will come and remove its candlestick out of its place; and, by the well-known movement of the heavenly bodies, called the precession of the equinoxes, this candlestick, which, 388 years before our Christian era, was the first of the churches, has been removed out of its place; and the equinoctial point which was then in the first degree of Aries, is found at present to have left the second of the fishes.

2. THYATIRA, from *θυαρισπιω*—that is (*I tread on frankincense*), frankincense being offered to the sun, when in the constellation of the *Bull* of April, famous for "its patience, its labor, and its work," in the business of agriculture.

3. PHILADELPHIA, *brotherly love*, the unequivocal characteristic of the two loving brothers, the Twins of May.

4. PERGAMOS, *height, elevation, marriage of fire*; the sun's highest point of elevation is in this constellation, which dwelleth where Satan's seat is. The Hydra's head being, as you see, on the celestial globe, immediately under this church, which is *Cancer*, the Crab, of June, whose Hebrew name is THOMAS; who, in the gospel allegory, was but a crabbed sort of fellow, and had half a mind to go back again. And here you see him, in his position of the heavens, bearing *physically* the very character which he holds *morally* in the allegory. He comes to the zenith meridian, at the very moment, for looking down to see Jesus raise the soul of Lazarus. But he was no favorite of Jesus, who tells him in the sacred text, "*Thou hast in thee those that hold the doctrine of Balaam.*" And here, in the very midst of the constellation, *Cancer* is Balaam's ass, who has found his way to the very highest place in Heaven (and, of course, brought the doctrine with him), but has let the doctor tumble off his back: and *he's* gone to hell.

The fifth church is SAR-DIS, that word, formed of the Ammonian primitives, SAR, the rock, stone, or pillar, and DIS, *God*, afterward passing into the Coptic, or ancient Phœnician word, EL-EON, the Sun, the Being, and naturalized into the

Greek, Latin, French, and English word *Lion*—that is, the Lion of July; who, having been the Lamb of the tribe of *Gad*, or *God* of March, appears here as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, or July. And here, as the SING-AVATAR, or the Deity, under the form of a man lion, bursting from a pillar,* exemplifying that frightful language ascribed to God in Hosea, viii.: “*I will rend the caul of their heart, and there will I devour them like a lion.*”

The sixth church is SMYRNA, that word signifying a *bundle of myrrh*, the offering made to the sun, in the Virgin of August, having reference to the fragrant posy which she holds in her hand, and to the milk-pail in the hand of the *Isis-Omnia* of Egypt, the Indian *Isa*, and the Grecian *Ceres*; exemplifying that amorous compliment in the song of the loves of Christ and his church, “*a bundle of myrrh is my beloved to me.*”

The seventh, and last of the summer months—that is, of the *Asiatic* churches is, LAODICEA, that word, signifying, *λαος δικαιος*—that is, the *just or righteous people*, living, as you see, in the scales of justice, LIBRA, the balance of September, when the weather is neither hot nor cold, but luke-warm: for which Christ, who, like Christians, had no notion of justice, threatens to *spew it* out of his mouth.

And these seven *churches*—that is, *holy congregations*—that is, *constellations* that are in ASIA—that is, in the *land of fire*; are included within the two *covenants*—that is, *comings-together*—that is, the two equinoctial points, when the sun, twice a year, in his oblique march in the ecliptic, comes to the line of the equator, as he does; in spring, about the 25th of March, and in autumn, about the 29th of September, called Michaelmas-day. And these two *covenants* are respectively the covenant of works, and the covenant of grace: because *spring* is the season for labor in cultivating the earth, and

* Showing the plate in Maurice's History of Hindostan.

autumn is the season for gathering in and enjoying the fruits of that labor.

“*The one,*” says the astronomical Hierophant, “*is from Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children.*” That is, the vernal equinox, when that point was in TAURUS, the Bull, was the time for putting the ox to the plough; and, during the reign, both of that constellation and the succeeding GEMINI, *her children*, mankind are under the covenant of *works*, and there can be no cessation of the labors of husbandry. But the covenant of grace, which is introduced by the fruitful mother of August, is *Eleuthera*—that is, *Liber, free*,—Bacchus, the covenant of enjoyment, when the full ripened grapes are to be put into the agony, or wine-press, in the garden, and to sweat out their precious blood, into the cup of the fierceness of the fury of the wrath of Almighty God:—And “*All the ungodly of the earth shall drink it.*”

“All the ungodly of the earth” meaning nothing more than all the months, October, November, December, January, and February, during which the sun is below the line of *Gad*—that is, the line of the equator, and therefore in a state of iniquity, unevenness, or *ungadliness*. And the lives of men are preserved during these cold and cheerless months, and the absence of the sun supplied to them, by his *blood*, the essence of his virtue, his concentrated wrath and heat, his *fury poured forth*, and corked up in bottles, to supply as occasion shall need, a summer within us, while all without is gloomy winter.

Thus does the sun annually give his blood for the life of the world: and *that* blood being pressed out of the grape at the season of the vintage, which is indicated by the sun coming to the equator, at the autumnal equinox, when he gives an equal length of day and night to the whole earth; and so is the *physical* emblem of *moral* righteousness: we have the secret of the invariable association of idea which connects the blood and *righteousness* of Christ, and as invariably designates *that*

blood as the *blood of the covenant*, and the *blood of the cross*: phrases as innocent of meaning as idiocy itself, in any historical sense, that could be dreamed of, but most beautifully and scientifically solved by the physical and astronomical key.

The blood of the grape, which has been ripened by the heat of the sun, and is to be pressed out at the time when the sun *crosses*, or is *crucified* upon the line of righteousness, the equator, is therefore by *metonymy*, the blood of the sun, the blood of Christ, the blood of the cross, and the blood of the covenant.

And thus the frightful story of the crucifixion is but an allegory of the process of the vintage: Jesus is nothing more than the same personification as Bacchus, the god of Wine.

“And, when Jesus therefore had tasted the vinegar, he said, ‘*It is finished* ;’ and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost,” John xix. ; meaning nothing more than that when the sour or thinner wine comes out of the press, which it does after the virtue of the grape is mainly drawn off, the fruit has sunk down in the press, the spirit evaporates, the vintner, dipping his finger in the liquor, and licking it, perceives, from its thinness and acidity, that all the virtue is extracted: and, “*It is finished*,”—the process is over, the life of the grape is gone; and anything more that you can draw off by tapping the press, will be mere *blood and water*.

And here, sirs, do I present you types of the self-same heliolatrous allegory, constituting the basis of the story of the Indian idol, Chreeshna, existing, in written documents, in the Sanscrit tongue, more than fifteen hundred years before it became the curse of our western world, under the name of Christianity.

But, I trust, we are living to see the day of an end to that curse—for a curse it has in all ages been heavier than any, and than altogether that ever afflicted the condition, outraged the reason, and destroyed the virtue of men. I have *raised* the devil, raised him, I hope, above the power of our aristocratic priests, to found the aristocratic lie, which they call gospel,

on. I have, I hope, swept out the filthy stable of Bethlehem, and purified your hearts and minds from all respect for a religion which you see with your own eyes: never did and never will find an advocate, or a defender, of competent learning and talent to undertake its defence: where truth and science may have fair play to plant their battery against it. Kept up, indeed, it is, and kept up it will be, as any other piece of villany would, so long as the multitude can be bemaddened and befooled out of their reason, into that sneaking poverty of soul that would lay its neck in the mire for kings and priests to tread on.

And thus, with millions a year wrung from the folly and fanaticism of a priest-ridden people, see we the pride, pomp, and circumstance, that can be attached to nonsense that childhood itself would be ashamed of.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON RAISING THE DEVIL.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE TEMPLE :

A SERMON, ON ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.

ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, JANUARY 9, 1831.

“*The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord, are these.*”—JEREMIAH vii. 4.

THE TEMPLE, in Hebrew, is *Yekel* ; in Greek, *Naos* ; in Latin, *Templum* ; in English, *Temple*.

The Greek word *Naos* is radical, but connate with *Naiω*, to inhabit or *dwelt in*, the basis of one of the epithets of Jupiter. *Ζεν κυδιστε μεγαυστε κελαινεφεσ αιθερι Ναιων*—that is, “O Jew, most glorious, most great, compelling the clouds dwelling in Æther!”—the Attic form of which is *Νεωσ, ω*, from *Νεω, glomero acervo cumulo*. Thus clearly signifying a group, a collection, a constellation, agreeably to that definition of the apostle, to the Ephesians, chap. ii. : “A holy temple, a habitation of God, through the spirit.”

In the description of the New Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. 22, we have this solution of the matter : “And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the

temple of it." As, in that three-times-repeated saying of the Jews, rebuked by their prophet Jeremiah, "The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these" (Jeremiah vii. 4); his argument being, that it was not sufficient, nor rationally consistent of them, to know which were the stars that constituted the temple of the Lord, unless at the time of the sun's entering into that constellation, which is the temple of the Lord, in which he gives an equal length of days and nights to all the earth, they should "thoroughly execute judgment between a man and his neighbor," in imitation of the physical equity of the sun at that season.

Hence, the sun, upon entering that constellation, in which he is so just and equal in the distribution of an equal length of day and night, to all the inhabitants of the earth, is distinguished from the sun, as considered at any other season of the year, by the epithet so peculiarly appropriate to him at that season, "THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS;" or, as this great astronomical priest, Jeremiah, most sublimely allegorizes the equinoctial sun; this is his name, whereby he shall be called, "*the Lord our Righteousness*:" our English word Lord, compounded of the Phœnician 𐤋 and 𐤍—that is, the sun, the light, originally signifying the sun. The whole year being reckoned to begin, as then it was, from the point of the vernal equinox, the spring quarter, in the month of March—we find the names of the last four months of the year, still retaining, in our own language, evidence of their origination in an era when the month of March was considered the first: as they are compounded of the Roman names of the numbers 7, 8, 9, 10, and of the most ancient name of the great Phœnician God, Berith, which, more literally, signifies a covenant—that is, a group or constellation; and, in its full utterance, as Baal-Berith, the Lord of the covenant, was the name of the sun, as considered respectively in those covenants or constellations, Septem-Ber, Octo-Ber, Novem-Ber, and Decem-Ber—that is, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth God-Berith, or God in his

seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth celestial mansions: of which January being the eleventh, and February the twelfth, March, in which the sun enters the constellation of the Lamb, becomes the first. And as time was reckoned from this constellation, the stars, of which it is composed, were called "*The Temple of the Lord.*"

As you will find, the original meaning of the Latin word, *Templum*, had no reference to any religious edifice on earth, but signified a portion of the heavens, marked out by the lituus, or sacred crossier of the Augurs, who are the speakers in our text, pointing to the constellation of the Lamb of March, and saying, "*The Temple of the Lord,*" &c. The Latin word *tempus*, time, is perfectly synonymous with *templum*: and from the equity of the sun, when in that temple, or at that tempus, that body of the clergy, who devoted themselves more especially to the study of law and equity, and the administration of "*judgment between a man and his neighbor,*" were called templars; and designated the colleges in which they devoted themselves to this study, "the temple." The celebrated Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, from whom our month of March derives its name, was literally the temple of that God Mars, the God of War, or the Lord of Hosts; in which temple law and justice were administered with such strict impartiality, that the gods themselves were believed to submit to its decisions.

The most admired orations of Cicero, his accusations of Verres, his defence of Milo, all purport to have been delivered in the temple of the deities Castor and Pollux, who presided over the administration of justice.

And if you ever travelled as far in your life, as to a place called Temple Bar, Fleet street, London, and used your eyes when upon your travels, so as to see what may there be seen, I shall not have to draw upon your credulity to persuade you, that there is in that neighborhood, a building, or collection of buildings, called *the temple*, which I should call the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill: and that that Areopagus, or Hill of Mars,

or, in a word, the *temple*, is dedicated to the templars, or students of law and equity, whose future functions and duty it shall be to execute judgment between a man and his neighbor, as impartially as the Sun, when he enters into the Lamb of March, gives an equal length of day and night to all the earth.

As you will see that that temple, which is not dedicated to the study of divinity, but of law, bears over all its great gates of entrance the figure of a Lamb, holding a cross in his paw, in direct indication, that it is none other than the Lamb of March, which is peculiarly the temple or the tempus, from which all reckoning of time began; in which the Sun, crossing the equator in the sign of the Lamb, is the crucified, that is to say the crossified Lamb, and gives such equal justice to the whole earth, as the lawyers are understood to profess to do; but in which, alas, they stick to their text no better than the parsons; and for this reason the templars, though they had nothing to do with religion, would always support the churchmen, because the game between them was never any other than *rogues all*; and honesty would cry, "A plague on both their houses."

You will believe me, too, when I instruct you, that that Areopagus, that Hill of Mars, the temple, is the Lawyer's House, situate at the west end of the city of EL—ON—DON—that is, EL, the Sun; ON, the Being; DON, the Lord, or *Adonis* the LORD, the BEING, the FIRE: EL—ON—DON, losing the significancy of those three Phœnician words, which show its original meaning in the shortened utterance, *London*, sometimes still more shortened in the vulgar "*Lunnun*."

On the highest spot of ground, in which city, those ancient Phœnician settlers in Britain founded a magnificent cathedral to the honor of their God, EL—ON—DON, from whom our city, to this day, retains its name of London. That the God London, to whose honor this great edifice was erected, was none other than the *sun* itself, is discovered to us, not merely in the meaning of the three radical Phœnician particles, that make

up the word London; but in the structure and ornaments of the edifice itself, which, how often so ever repaired or rebuilt, hath never varied, in one single stone or pillar, or statue, of which it is constructed, from the hieroglyphs and emblems by which it may be known and read of all men, as the cathedral or church of the sun. As on its western pediment you shall see, to this day, are the emblematical figures of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, ridiculously, though very craftily, called Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.*

And in the tympanum of that pediment, is an alto-relief, or hieroglyphical representation, than which no written or engraven letters or words could more plainly, nay could anything like so plainly have said, "This edifice is dedicated to the honor of the sun."

Words may change or vary their significancy, but pictures speak the same language to all men, and can not be misunderstood, except where faith forbids the exercise of understanding.

For there, sirs, the sun in his place in the heavens is not more apparent, than is that representation of the triumph of the Sun, when he enters the constellation of Castor and Pollux, the twins of May, with his bright beams of light and glory, striking his adversary Saul, the gloomy Centaur of November, from off his horse, and seeming to insult his sprawling antagonist, in those words: *Σανλ Σανλ τινα με διωκεις*, which, in their interpreted sense is "November, November, why shouldst thou come after May?"

For sure, it is madness only that could dream of any literal sense in the conceit of a man on the earth, persecuting a man in the sky; nay, a God in heaven, so devilishly uncomfortable in those mansions of happiness, as to come down stairs to tell us that somebody kicked him, and it was very hard.

• March,	April	May	June,	July,	August:
September,	October,	November:	December,	January,	February.

Our religious fanatics are always preaching up the conversion of St. Paul: but so much go they before their horse to market in this, that not a word is there about the conversion of St. Paul, in any part of the Scriptures: from beginning to end there's not an allusion to such a thing: the acts of the apostles, contain nothing of the kind. Good God! may you exclaim, do I mean to say, the Christian can not read? Yes; that is what I do mean to say: to all intents and virtue of reading, a Christian can not read. It is faith doth put out the eyes of his reason, and he sees, not the text of the book itself, but the vain phantom of his own foregone conceit: or he would see that it was not Paul that was converted, but Saul.

And Saul is the name of that king of Israel, who persecuted David, and his brother Jonathan, who are the Gemini or Twins of May, in the old allegory, as it is the name of the persecutor of the Son of David, who is the Castor and Pollux of the new.

But Saul, we shall be told, is the same person who is afterward called Paul, as St. Luke says, "Saul, which is also called Paul." Yes, he is so, but by precisely the same alliteration as Sol, which is also called Poll. And Saul and Paul are one and the same persons, only in the same sense as the Sun of November is the same as the sun of May. Only in different characters: Saul before his conversion, being the November sun, in the sign of Sagittarius, where you see the Great Persecutor, with his bow and arrow, playing havoc with vegetable nature, stripping the trees of their foliage, riding down to Damascus, and on the high road to hell and Tommy—that is, to St. Thomas's day, which is the 21st of December, the lowest point of the sun's declension; and, consequently, the lowest pit of hell.

The name Saul being, in Hebrew, the self-same word שׂוּל, which is, wherever it serves the purpose, translated hell: as the Greek name Paul is an abbreviation of the Greek Apollo, under whose protection the month of May is placed

in the calendar of Julius Cæsar, and of the name of the star Pollux, in which the sun appears in his regenerate and mild and amiable character at that delightful season.

The waggery of pretending that what were really pagan edifices, were Christian edifices, and of changing the names of the pagan deities into Christian saints, even with the drollest puns upon the names, where no such pagan deities or Christian saints either, had ever existed, prevailed universally throughout Christendom. We have not only our great *Ædes Pollucis*, or church of Pollux, turned into Saint Paul's church—that is, Poll into Paul. But if you shall ever visit Rome, you shall find the temple of Apollo that was, now called the temple of Apollinaris: the temple of Mars turned into the temple of Martina, and actually bearing the inscription:—

“Martyrii gestans Virgo Martina coronam,
Ejecto hinc Martis numine templa tenet”—

that is,

“Mars hence expelled, Martina (martyred maid)
Claims now the worship which to him was paid.”

And if protestants were but as honest in acknowledging the real origin and derivation of their churches, as the Roman catholics, we should see a similar inscription on the biggest church in this metropolis.

“The church you see beneath this golden ball,
Was built at first for Poll, but now for Paul.”

The conversion which it commemorates, is not a moral, but a physical one. As you see Saul, the man and horse of November, in the tympanum, sprawling on the ground, while Pol, to whose honor the church is dedicated, and who has struck Saul to the ground, himself stands upright on the pediment with his drawn sword in his hand, the point downward,

as, having just done its work, in the attitude of a glorious conqueror.

And this conversion, you will observe, takes place expressly at mid-day—that is, when the sun of Gemini is exactly at the meridian, twelve o'clock of the 9th of June, in the calendar of Julius Cæsar.

Now, it will be for those who would outrage our reason, by pretending an historical sense, for so clearly hieroglyphical a representation, and that this representation had reference to the conversion of a man, to go to the top of Ludgate hill, and look at it again: and ere they tell us that it represents nothing more than the conversion of the man, let 'em tell us why the devil the horse should be converted too? for the horse happens to be the principal figure in the whole group: as the horse makes more than a half of the whole constellation of the Sagittary of November, which is literally struck to the earth by the ascendancy of the sun in May; and there it *actually* is a sunbeam, which is represented as striking him to the earth, in that pediment.

Well, then, may we say, to those most deceitful priests, who would so impudently lie us out of the use of our eyesight: Will ye put out the eyes of these people? Ye take too much upon ye, ye sons of Levi.

The story of the conversion of St. Paul, in his journey to Damascus, has no account of a horse at all; but has a sufficient admission, that the apostle was not worth a horse, in that after he had been struck to the earth, and got on his legs again, he was *led by the hand* of those who were with him; which would not have been the case, if they had a horse to have set him on. Yet no piece of statuary, no ancient entablature, no antique painting or picture in the world, representing this allegorical conversion, omits to give the same prominence to the figure of the horse, which the horse bears in the figure of the Sagittarius of November: thus throwing us up a philosophical and rational meaning of that song of Miriam, in celebration of the self-same conversion of Saul into

Paul, when she sang—"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." And here, sirs, is Miriam (*Spica Virginis*), rising out of the Red sea, singing to Pol, who is at that moment at the meridian: while Saul, the horse and his rider, is at that moment at the bottom of the sea.

And that the figure on the centre of the western pediment of Pol's cathedral is *not* a representation of the Apostle Paul, but *is* a representation of the god Pollux—that is, not of a Christian saint, but of a pagan diety: will strike the mind in a moment's remembrance, that no persons who had respected what Christians call divine revelation, would have set up "any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

Nor could even a mistaken piety been possibly so much mistaken, as to have intended to honor Christ and Christianity, when it called the noblest temple it could raise, by the name of the servant rather than that of the master—set up the apostle above the Savior, and honored and served the creature more than the Creator.

But it must strike the eye, that the figure itself is not the figure of St. Paul, and could not have been intended to represent such a figure as St. Paul represents himself to have been: where he says, "his bodily presence was weak, and his speech contemptible" (though, God forbid that we should think his speech was more contemptible than his writings!) and he had an inexpressible infirmity in his flesh, which he says was "a messenger of Satan to buffet him," as he is described in the *Philopatris* of Lucian; on the ground of which I admit his real historical existence, as well as in that description of his person, acknowledged to be genuine by St. Jerome and St. Cyprian, in which he is portrayed as a little pot-bellied, bandy-legged, passionate old man, with a squeaking voice, with a hooked nose, squinting eyes, a bald head, and full of the king's evil, and the grace of God.

Whereas the figure on the pediment, to whose honor the edifice is built, presents you at once with all the characteristics of Pol, the immortal brother of Castor, as presiding over the administration of justice, wearing the judge's robe, and holding in his hand the sword of justice, with which he avenged his brother Castor's death, and with which he stands before you in a presence the most contrary to that of the bandy-legged apostle, that could possibly be imagined.

“Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to conquer and command;
A station like the herald, Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The cathedral, dedicated to the honor of the sun, in the star Pollux, stands directly in the zenith.

When the star Pollux is at the meridian, the constellation *Aries*, which is the temple, will be observed rising in the east.

The great star, Spica Virginus, in the hand of Themis, the goddess of Justice, holding the scales of September; or Ceres, the goddess of Corn, or Miriam, or the Virgin Mary, for they are but different names for one and the self-same constellation, is setting in the west.

And hence the twins, Castor and Pollux, two names for one and the self-same constellation, being, at that moment, at the zenith, were worshipped, as in a most peculiar sense, presiding over the adjudication of equity, and in all courts of law and justice.

In the calendar of Julius Cæsar, the sun enters the sign of the Twins on the 19th of May, which would bring him in the star Pollux on the 16th of June.

Now the Hebrew name of the month of June, is THOMAS, of whom we are three times told in the gospel of St. John, that he was also called Didymus—that word Didymus literally signifying a *twin*. And Thomas, one of the twelve which is called Didymus, in the gospel allegory, in call-

ing for evidence of the resurrection of Christ, and insisting on having proof, and not mere hearsay testimony, exemplifies the physical analogy, which represents the Twins of May and June, as presiding over the administration of justice.

Cicero makes a noble appeal to their divinity in their images, standing then before his eyes in the Prætorium, while delivering his seventh oration against Verres:—

“Vos omnium rerum forensium, consiliorum maximorum, legum judiciorumque arbitri et testes, celeberrimo in loco prætorii locati, Castor et Pollux. Teque Ceres et Liber, a quibus initia vitæ etque victûs, legum, morum, mansuetudinis, humanitatis exempla hominibus et civitatibus data ac dispertita esse dicuntur.” “*Ye, of all forensic matters, of greatest counsels, of laws and judgments, arbiters and witnesses, Castor and Pollux, placed in the most renowned place of the Prætorium! And thee, O Ceres and Bacchus [that is to say, Mary and Jesus], from whom, the beginnings of life and food, of laws and manners, and examples of gentleness and humanity, are said to have been given and distributed to men and cities.*”

Thus we find that they are, at the close, joined with Ceres and Libera, and spoken of as the civilizers of the world: but their peculiar province was law and judicature.—*Bryant*, volume ii., page 161.

“The name Castor, seems to be a compound of Ca-Astor, the temple, or place of Astor.”

“Ca-Astor was, by the Greeks, abbreviated into Castor.”—*Bryant*.

Hence so many names of towns in Britain (“among the Britons of Phœnician extraction,” *Bryant*, vol. vi., p. 158) ending in *cester*, as Alcester, Chester, Manchester, Dorchester, God-man-Chester, Ilchester, Lancaster, Leicester, Gloucester, Rochester, Chichester, Cirencester, Worcester—all of them distinguished by remains of cathedrals dedicated to the great god Castor—*i. e.* the sun in Germini, as that of London is to

his brother Pol, who is one and self-same deity. As London itself was called by the ancient Saxons *London-caster*, and abbreviated, as so long a word would necessarily be, for the convenience of ordinary utterance: as our St. John's street is called *Sinjun street*.

The real origin and significancy of the whole word London-caster (as I have explained so often, that no original word could ever have consisted of more than one syllable) EL—ON—DON—CA—AS—TOR. EL, the sun; ON, the being; DON, the lord; CA, the temple; AS, the fire; TOR, the hill, would gradually come to be absorbed in *Lun-Doncaster*, *Lun-Oncaster*, *Lunkaster*, and *Lancaster*, which is, to this day, the name of the London, or capital city of the great county of Lancashire.

Castor and Pollux, the two Dioscuroi, were considered and spoken of as the greatest of all the gods.

There are altars still extant, which are inscribed CASTORI ET POLLUCI DIIS MAGNIS. To Castor and Pollux, the great gods, and in the collection of Gruter is a Greek inscription:—

“Γαιος Γαις Αχαρνενς Ιερευσ γενομενος θεων Μεγαλων Διοσκουρων Καβειρων.”

“Caius, the son of Caius, of Acharnia, having become a priest of the great gods, the Dioscuroi, Cabiri.”

The form of swearing *Æde-Pol*—that is, *Per Ædem Pollucis*: by Pol's cathedral: indicates, what was indeed the fact, that there was something very remarkable in the size and magnitude of Pol's cathedral. An analogy, still preserved, in the relative size of the Pol's cathedral, continued to this day, under the variously-sounded, but self-same meaning, name of *St. Paul's* cathedral. The greatest gods seemed naturally to require the greatest churches. And it was not a greater liberty in language to change the name of the church, than to change the name of the deity to whom it was dedicated. And *Pol's cathedral*, the common utterance for the “temple of Pollus,” became gradually to be pronounced *St. Paul's cathe-*

dral, without any note or date, or trace of human observance, when or how the change took place: and for this reason, sirs (which I think may pass for a pretty good one), that there has really never been any change at all, and it is to all intents and purposes the temple of Pollux still—that is, the temple of the Sun, considered and worshipped, as in Pollux, the more easterly, and the brighter of the Twins of May. It was a bishop's see for three centuries before the religion of this country acquired the name of Christianity. The bishops of London and of York were present in the council of Arles, in France, held under Constantine, in the year 314, disputing about Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, though you will find that Christianity had not been preached in England, before the arrival of the monk Augustin, in the year 597—that is, 283 years after that council. The name of either of the Twins being used indifferently, the one for the other, the temple of Castor, or Pol's temple, signified but one and the self-same temple. And its extraordinary magnitude is accounted for, not merely by the analogy, that the gods Cabiri and Dioscuroi, the sons of Jove—that is, these Twins, were distinguished as the greatest of all the gods; but they were the great guardians of property, and their temple was the general banking-house, to which all persons of wealth committed their treasures, as to places of the greatest security: from which, all the profits of banking, accrued to the dean and chapter, and readily supplied the enormous expenditure which such an enormous pile of building would require, either for its structure or repair, as we may learn from Juvenal, in those lines:—

“Ærata multus in arca,
Fiscus, et ad vigilem ponendi Castora nummi.”

“A great revenue in the brazen chest, kept at the temple of Castor, the guardian of intrusted property.”

Hence, the sense of the rebuke put into the mouth of the

Christ of the Gospel, against those who used to say, "Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing;" the universal form of common swearing being *Ædepol*—that is, per *ædem Pollucis*, by Poll's church, "but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor"—that is, he makes a draft upon the bank, and ought to have effects there, to honor it.

The *Twins* themselves, both Castor and Poll, are each of them names of but one and the self-same deity, *the SUN*; and from their representation, as two brothers, originated the fable of the union of the divine and human nature in the person of Christ: Poll being the divine, Castor the human part of the constellation.

They are uterine brothers only—that is, brothers by the same mother; Pol, the son of Jupiter and *Læda*; Castor, the son of *Læda*, by her proper husband, the Joseph of the gospel.

Hence, the dean and chapter of Paul's or Poll's cathedral, will always be sticklers for the divinity of Christ; while Arrian informs us, that Alexander the Great sacrificed to Castor and Pollux, on the day consecrated to Hercules, considering Hercules, and Castor and Poll, as the same deity.

And that he was perfectly orthodox in so doing, our Poll's cathedral is to this day a proof; for if you will but go into St. Paul's—that is, into St. Poll's churchyard, and stand with your face westward, on the northern side; and you shall have the sign of the bible and crown of Rivington's shop, the shop for the sale of books of Christian knowledge, in no other shape than that of the most perfect orthodoxy on your right; and immediately on the point of the pediment over the entrance of the edifice, stands the statue of Hercules, with his well-known characteristic club; and the skin of the *Cleonæan* lion.

I should only like to learn how a man could need better information as to whom the house belongs, than that he

would infer from reading the master's name upon the door? Or how could a worshipper of Hercules better know the temple of Hercules, than by seeing Hercules himself in full possession of it?

But pass through the edifice: from the north, go out at the southern entrance; and, on the pediment over that entrance, you shall see the self-same Hercules, under the Greek name of Andrew, which never could have been the name of a Jew, signifying the strong man, holding a Saltier cross—that is, a cross in the shape of an X, a goniometer, or double pair of compasses, exhibiting the precise angle which the sun made at his two crossings of the equator, at the time when this beautiful form of sun-worship was first instituted.

That angle being now twenty-three degrees, and twenty-eight minutes, compared to what it was when observed by Ptolemy, is shown to be gradually decreasing, at the rate of one minute in a hundred years. So that in one hundred and forty thousand years, it will be shut up entirely; the ecliptic will coincide with the equator, and there will consequently be an equal length of day and night over all the earth, and all the year round, constituting the reign of righteousness, or a physical millenium, which our Christian blunders have so absurdly anticipated in a moral sense. And St. Andrew, you will observe, stands with this great goniometer, or measure of the sun's angle upon the equator behind his back, in significant indication that what is to be seen is a crucified man, but what is to be understood is in the back-ground.

But it is not in one; it is not within the compass of very many discourses, that I can hope to compress the merit of this great cumulative argument, this irrefutable and unanswerable demonstration of the utterly fabulous character of everything that hath ever borne the name of religion among men.

And sure there can be no better way of exposing falsehood than by setting it side by side with truth, and bidding you, with

the eyes of your own reason, to look on this picture and on this: this method I have pursued in innumerable illustrations, which my regular hearers remember with full conviction: this, in a thousand illustrations yet to come, I shall continue to pursue.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE UNJUST JUDGE:

A SERMON.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, JANUARY 30, 1831.

‘*And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying, ‘There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying, ‘Avenge me of mine adversary.’ And he would not for a while: but afterward he said within himself, ‘Though I fear not God, nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me.’*”

LUKE xviii. 1.

WELL, sirs! This is gospel. It is an exhibition of the divine character, as purporting to be set forth by Christ himself. It is the parable of *the Unjust Judge*; and it is delivered to us, under that solemn command of Christ: “*Hear what the unjust judge saith.*”

At the same time, it must be borne in remembrance, that this parable is but one of a pair. There is a fellow to it, to be placed side by side with this parable (in the 16th chapter of

this gospel) which bears the title of *the Parable of the Unjust Steward*. In the two together, we have an harmonious exhibition of what, on gospel principles, the character of God is supposed to be, which is that of an unjust judge; and what the character of a Christian is supposed to be, which is that of an unjust steward: a pretty brace of game, to be dished up to the relish of our moral appetite.

The unjust steward robbed his master; and *the Lord commended the unjust steward because he had done wisely*. And the unjust judge gave sentence without hearing cause, "and hanged the guiltless, rather than eat his mutton cold;" saying, "I care neither for God nor man." "*And the Lord said, 'Hear what the unjust judge saith.'*" And so say I; for God's sake, for truth and virtue's sake, "Hear what the unjust judge saith." And wonder no more at the state of morals in a Christian country, when these are the examples and exhibitions of moral perfection which Christianity itself has consecrated. For those who are in the higher ranks of life, our aristocrats, lords, and hereditary masters, the most god-like example proposed to *their* observance, is to teach them to be indifferent to the petitions of the people, to act from no considerations but of their own convenience; and if ever they do attend to a petition, never to think of the right or the reason of it, but only to get rid of the bother. For those who are in inferior and dependent situations, the proposed example is, that they should rob their employers, and cheat and swindle so dexterously, that if they should ultimately be found out, their employers themselves should own they did it cleverly.

And this is gospel morality! the finest system of morals that was ever delivered to man! The purest, the sublimest, the "*where will you find anything equal to the morals of the gospel,*" calculated to make us just exactly what we are—a holy nation, a peculiar people, zealous of good works; and, as far as this sort of morality has influence in society, society must necessarily and eternally consist of a set of lordly and oppressive tyrants, having no sympathies with the people, and no motive of action, but their own convenience, in the higher

ranks; and a set of *cunning rogues, Isaacs, cheats, liars, and slaves, in the lower.*

Look, then, upon this picture, and on this: I bring before you the master-villain this evening; and shall serve you up the man on some other occasion.

You have heard, and have, I guess, often read for yourselves, the parable of the Unjust Judge. The question is, is such an exhibition of character, or such a moral lesson, whatever the morality of it be, to come in at one ear, and go out at the other, and so no harm done? or, shall we be rational? Shall words have meaning to them? and shall we look at the picture which our priests have set before us, in its own ugly face? By your patience I will do so, and shall lead your convictions; first, to its critical; second, to its moral: and, lastly, to its political aspects.

First, of the critical view on't.

But hold! of criticism, I would recommend all good Christians to be innocent; for the faculty of criticism is fatal to Christianity. The gospel will bear anything else, but it will not bear to be criticised: the moment you begin to criticise, it's a farewell to faith. There's no knowing where it will lead you to: for only see now what helter-skelter comes on't, the moment you take up the besom of criticism.

"*And he spake a parable to them.*" Avast, cries criticism: Who spake to whom? where? when? how? and what the devil is a parable? "*A parable to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.*"

And what's the use of always praying? and what's to make men faint when they leave off praying? All right and straight forward enough, you see, while you sit in the booby hutch at church or chapel, and never dream of asking yourself, or anybody else, what it means: but discovering to the startled attention of the critical mind, the frightful truth, that a parable, to such an end as, *that men ought always to pray, and not to faint*, could by no possibility have been delivered, either by God or man, before that end was an end, which priestcraft had to serve, and that notion of everlasting praying was in full vogue among

men; which determines the period of the darkest day of the dark ages, and of the full swing of Popish superstition of "monks and hermits, cœnobites and friars;" "black friars and gray, and all their trumpery."

Neither could it have been delivered or devised before the times of the general prevalence of that most wicked notion of election and reprobation, since its whole argument is the argument *à fortiori*, that God would avenge his own elect, and that, without any consideration of the justice of their cause, but merely because they were his elect: as our judges of the present day, whose characters are bound by these evangelical examples, would convict an infidel, not because they had any evidence of guilt against him; not because they had any argument to show that he wasn't as good-hearted a man as ever breathed; but merely because he was an infidel. The infidel lamb that should be accused of making the stream run backward, would be sure to be found guilty, where the Christian wolf did try him: O Christian justice, how dost thou shine forth, when the proprietor of the other shop gives verdict against ours: when the sworn knave, that has the letting of the booby-hutches in his own chapel, finds the rotunda guilty! 'Tis Christian *justice*.

A further indication of time is betrayed to us in that awkwardly dropt stitch: "*Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth;*" an admission as clear as the day, that whoever *the Son of man* was, he was not *then* upon earth; and that, consequently, the speaker in the text could not be he. Then who the devil *was*, or *is*, this Son of man? None of your clergy, in church or chapel, can tell you: I can. They don't know him: I do. I have seen him myself; I know him very well, and all his family; and I can show him you.

And in doing this, I haven't to beseech you to see with the eye of faith, to look to the things which are invisible. I have no occasion to draw upon your credulity, and to entreat you to believe me, as my dear hearers, least of all to stultify you out of the exercise of your reason, with that villanous denunciation, "*He that believeth not, shall be damned.*" Only be men, and

exercise your rational faculties as men: give me no credit at all: think that I am deceiving you, as long as you can think so: withhold your conviction, to the last struggle that with reason it can be withheld; and it shall be mine at last, by right of conquest.

As thus, sirs: where is't that this Son of man, in the showing of the text itself, was to be seen? "*Coming in the clouds of Heaven:*" then, in the name of God, where else should we look for him, but in the clouds of Heaven: and WHEN is he to be seen coming in the clouds of Heaven? *Immediately after the days shall have been shortened*, is the answer to that question: *then! then* immediately after the days shall have been shortened. "*But when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another: for verily, I say unto you, ye shall not have gone over the cities of Israel till the Son of man be come.*" Matt. x. 23. Here, again, you have the speaker, Christ, speaking of another, as contradistinguished from himself, who was not then come, but who was to come, before the saints should have gone over the cities of Israel. *Gone over the cities?* Gone over them, sirs—*ο μη τελεισητε*—"Ye shall not have finished them." And who and what were these, who were to flee from city to city, but not to finish all the cities before the coming of the Son of man. And what sort of cities were they, which these persecuted saints were to go over, but so as never to go beyond them; never to be out of one or other of these cities?

Or as, again, this mystical astrologer saith to Nicodemus: "No man hath ascended up into Heaven, but he that came down from Heaven, even the Son of man, which is in Heaven." "O," say your evangelical preachers, the most ignorant men, of their own profession, on the face of the earth, "It was our blessed Savior himself, who was the Son of man; and while he was conversing with Nicodemus, he was in Heaven at the same time." So! a very clever trick, that, like St. Francis Xavier, he contrived to be aboard two ships at once.

But if our evangelical preachers would leave their choused and insulted hearers in possession of the faculty of reason, all our reason that ever was in the world would say, that it was

utterly preposterous for a person to have spoken of the Son of man, who is in Heaven, who had meant that it was himself sitting in his arm-chair, and smoking his pipe all the while, that was in Heaven. And that if it was in Heaven, that this Son of man was, and in the clouds of Heaven that he was to make his appearance, it must be nowhere else but in the Heavens, even in the visible cloudy Heavens, that we are to look for him ?

But we have a further clue to this mystery, which unravels it beyond the mistake of ignorance itself. The epithet, the Son of man, is found accompanied with a term, absolutely and literally defining what was meant by the Son of man. It is, "*The sign of the Son of man in Heaven,*" Matt. xxiv. 30. Now there are but twelve signs in Heaven ; and this sign of the Son of man is further defined as coming immediately after the end of the world. Then, of course, it could come nowhere else, but at the beginning of the new world.

But this sign of the Son of man is still further defined, as having days in it, or in *him*, or of and concerning, or pertaining to him or it.

"The days come when ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, and shall not see it." Luke xvii.

But, what is more, this self-same Son of man seems to have been as well-known under the Old Testament as under the New. As the prophet Daniel saw him, when and where, and as exactly as you may, every one of you see him yourselves. "*In the visions of the night.*" Daniel vii. Attend ye then to the visions of the night—that is, study astronomy, look on the immense expanse of the starry Heavens, and there you shall see the sign of the Son of man—that is, the sign Aquarius, the sign of January, which you can not go over the twelve cities of Israel without coming to, which comes immediately after the days have been shortened ; which made us desire to see one of the days of the Son of man, when they are getting longer again: which comes immediately after the end of the world, which ends in December, and which opens the new year—*i. e.*, the new Heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteous-

ness. And here, too, have we the meaning of those eternal riddles about eating the flesh, and drinking the blood, of the Son of man, which, from the Ganges to the Nile, from the Nile to the Thames, through Braminical, Egyptian, pagan, and Christian superstition, was the universal catachresis of language, for a mystery of which the meaning was never any more than that ordinary eating and drinking of the fruits of the earth, which flow to us from the fructifying urn of Aquarius. It being thus a natural, and not a supernatural truth, that, *unless we eat the flesh, and drink the blood of the Son of man, we have no life in us.*

And what is a parable? but a something represented to the imagination, which has no reality: it is a throw by the side, or apart from the line of truth, into the regions of fancy and fiction. There are forty-four parables in the course of the four gospels. Now what is the nature of a work that contains admitted parables, but evidently a work of fiction and imagination—a work in which one thing is said, and another thing is meant.

But parables, our parsons tell us, are *easy and familiar modes of instructions, graciously adopted by our blessed Savior, in order to convey his divine lessons more clearly to the mind.* Are they so? and did he therefore speak in parables in order to assist our comprehension, and to enable us to ——. “O yes!” the parsons say. Only it’s rather awkward, when we find himself saying, “*Therefore speak I to them in parables; that seeing they may see, and not perceive: and hearing they may hear, but not understand.*”

O, what a clear way of conveying divine instruction to the mind! This accounts for Christians being such wonderfully clever boys as they all are. The greater proficiency they make in the study of divine things, the less they know of ’em: the more they get on, the more they get off: they go to school to learn ignorance: they’d have known more if they had been taught less. So that, should the society for promoting Christian knowledge have all the success they aim at, we shall be *parabolized*, till we shall “know nothing but Jesus Christ, and

him crucified ;" and nobody will ever again get into danger of hell-fire, for calling his *brother* a fool.

This parabolical, hyperbolical, or rather diabolical, mode of conveying instruction, once adopted, all notion of history, or of historical fidelity, is at a sheer end for ever. Here are persons, speeches, actions, and characters, set before us, with as much relief, distinctiveness, and apparent reality, as the broadest features of the gospel narrative ; and yet all this distinctiveness, apparent reality, and even historical probability, notwithstanding, all is the pure creation of imagination and fancy, and there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end.

And will any man say, then, that there is any redeeming reason whatever, why the whole gospel narrative should not itself be held to be altogether a parable ; of the same parabolical and diabolical character, as so much and so very many parts of it must necessarily be admitted to be ?

At any rate, we have *in the case before us*, two very different and distinct authorities in challenge upon our credence ; for, first, we have *the Lord*, whoever he was, telling us a tale, highly probable in itself, which nothing hinders from being true, and telling it *as a truth* ; while the *reporter of the tale* obtrudes his impertinent judgment to tell us that it was *not* true, but a parable : and whereas, the speaker of the parable (if a parable it were) has not told us what the end or gist of it was : the reporter has taken upon himself to supply this deficiency, and to give it a moral, which may have been the very reverse of the moral intended.

For had the gist on't been, to hold up the character of the unjust judge to our hatred, rather than to our respect, as the exhibition of the character of a devil, rather than of a God : and had the moral on't been just exactly that men who fall under the government of such unjust governors, as heed not the justice and reasonableness of the people's petitions, but act only from caprice and tyranny, ought *not* to pray always, but to pray no more ; but take the power into their own hands, play the Paris game upon their ruthless oppressors, and hurl them from their forfeited authority ; would not *that* have been as

good a moral, as honorable to the moralist, and as instructive to ourselves? So much for the critical view of the parable. We come now to the *moral*, which inspired impertinence has obliged us to submit to.

The moral on't *is*, to represent the character of God as that of an unjust judge, restrained by no considerations of justice, equity, mercy, or truth, but chuckling and glorying in avowed injustice and most flagrant wickedness: "*Now, though I fear not God, nor regard man: yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her of her adversary, lest by her continual coming she weary me.*"

There is a Lord God for you! And shall we wonder that our gods and lords on earth, with this example of the divine character before them, should act on the same principle, and deem it most god-like and divine, to be indifferent to the rights or wrongs of the people, and act only in consultation of their own idleness, caprice, or humor.

Had a man sat down to try to hit out a scheme for making tyrants of one half of mankind, and slaves of the other, to make the world as wicked as wickedness itself, and to set up priestly power on the overthrow of everything that is noble in sentiment, just in principle, or generous in action; could he have hit on anything else so mischievous, so wicked, as *this*.

But the moral on't is, "*that men ought always to pray, and not to faint:*" to pray, as the apostle says, "*without ceasing*"—to keep it up day and night, to wrestle in prayer, to bother the everlasting God out of his everlasting life; not to trust to his goodness, his equity, his wisdom, or any of that sort of stuff; but to stick to him, to give it him, to gripe, to tug at him, to sicken him, till at last, in self-defence, the prayer-wearied tyrant will start, as if the fleas bit him, from his uneasy couch, and comply with their desires, for no other reason than because, as he might say, *Damn the fleas, how they bite!* Nor is this any sort of caricature: I wish, for humanity's sake, that it were so. But 'tis the very language of the prayer of the patriarch Jacob, "*I will not let thee go unless thou bless me.*" And in the catholic manual of devotion are the words of a prayer, than which

no words of prayer were ever more reasonable: "O Lcrrd God if thine own goodness will not induce thee to have mercy upon me, my importunity shall."

You see, after all, that there's a way of getting the better of Omnipotence; though he stands out a long while, he'll strike at last. "*And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him,*" says this divine teacher. And shall men on earth think they can employ their *time* better than the angels in Heaven spend *their eternity*; or, than the cherubims and seraphims which continually do cry: or than those pretty dogs with four faces, which are before the throne of God, and rest not day nor night, crying, "holy, holy, holy."

Nay, and 'tis none other than the gravest of our protestant divines, who most gravely assure us, that the prayers of Christians would never be unanswered if they were but continued *long enough*. Many a good batch of bread has been spoiled by letting the oven get cool too soon; and many an effectual fervent prayer has been rendered ineffectual by being given up just at the last moment—when one other long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, would have pulled the old fellow into compliance. He can stand two or three importunate widows, single-handed; but when two or three are gathered together in his name, they get him in the midst of them, and do what they please with him.

But the most frightful part of the moral is, that it is never necessary that what is prayed for should be anything reasonable for God to grant, or that there should be any sort of merit or desert on the part of the person who prays: but always, and in every instance, just exactly the contrary. The more wicked the petitioner *is*, the more acceptable to God; and the more unreasonable and unjust the petition, the more likely to be granted.

Let the greatest murderer and thief on earth, ask God to give him a crown of glory, and an eternity of happiness, 'twould be granted in a trice; but should an honest man only ask for change for a shilling, he'd see him damned first.

So the old woman, the importunate widow, only wanted a bit of vengeance—she wanted to pay off an old grudge, to have

her spite out against somebody that had displeased her. She had only to pester the Almighty Judge with her everlasting "*Avenge me of mine adversary;*" and the Almighty, without inquiring what her adversary had done, or what he might say in his defence, has him hanged, off at hand, to find out, perhaps, that it was a lie that the woman told him, after the execution.

Thus the apostle lays it down as a rule, that if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father. Let him pick pockets, let him cut throats, or so: and

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Wash out their guilty stains."

But if he be *no sinner*—if he be an honest man, and conduct himself with moral propriety, he might as well whistle to the winds, as say a prayer either to God or devil.

So, in the showing of the story (such as it is), Jesus Christ the righteous, might continue all night in prayer to God, and prayed in agony, but prayed in vain, "*Because he had done no violence, neither was deceit found in his mouth.*" But Saul of Tarsus, the most deceitful thief and murderous villain that ever escaped unhangd, *the chief of sinners*, a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injuricus, had only to pop on his marrow-bones, and all the miraculous machinery of Heaven was put into instant requisition. The Almighty jumped out of bed in the middle of the night, and called up all the family of Heaven, with his hue and cry: "*Arise, go into straight-street, and inquire in the house of Simon the tanner for one Saul of Tarsus for behold he prayeth.*" Old cut-throat, ye see, that exquisite villain, the chief of sinners, had easy work on't.

But imagine your man of prayer, depict him in his true colors, at his prayers, and in the act of prayer, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, and then say how such an act can be compatible with moral honesty, or how such a man can be entitled to be deemed an honest man.

He either expects some advantage to accrue to himself from his prayer, or he does not. If *not*, he is an idiot and a fool, and acts without a motive ; but if he expects to be the gainer by it, how is that gain achieved, but by means ? for the like of which in any other case, a man would deserve to be scouted as a black-leg, and a cheat, from all honorable society.

He worms and writhes his dirty way on hands and knees into the presence-chamber of Omnipotence : he gets on the weak side of the Almighty fool, tickles his everlasting beard, whispers the selfish purpose of his soul ; and, as there must always be a little praise mingled with prayer, though it's not intended, I suppose, for flattery, only it's to tell him what a good God he is, and how infinitely wise, and just, and holy, and what pure eyes he has got, and that he is sure not to die, and that his kingdom will last for ever and ever. And the old gentleman is done over, he's caught, he's *in* for it, and his Omnipotence is at their service.*

An honest man would say, " I want nothing that is to beg of by kneeling. Set your heaven open, and I'll be there, when honest men are there. But for your strait gate, and your narrow way, your passages for beggars, pimps, and parasites—I choose damnation rather." And what is the spirit, which your man of prayer, your *strait-gate* cringer, and your narrow-way soul, will be likely to bring into the commerce of social life ? Who is to expect resistance to tyranny, or concurrence in the promotion of any general good, from the sneaking psalm-singing cowards and slaves, whose very devotion itself is a villany ; and whose highest notion of right and righteousness is, that they will pull their own beggarly souls

* A prayer granted, implies, that something is done in consequence of the prayer, which otherwise would not have been done. Which is the directing mind ? where is the spring of action ? who the Almighty, then ? who but the praying knave himself, who, with all his *humble sinnership*, and *lie in the dust before God*, meekly suggests how he might manage his universe better : and shows him how he *ought* to act. O, what a modest creature is a Christian.

into Abraham's bosom ; and then not reach a drop of water to a gentleman in hell-fire.

And mark, too, the wicked fraud, the cheat and the dishonor of the compact, between the man of prayer and his familiar spirit, whom he calls *God*. It is of the same nature as the engagement between a quack doctor and his hireling patients, whom he engages to puff off his nostrums, to swear how bad they were before they took the balm of Gilead, and what wonderful benefits they had experienced from it. It is of the same nature as the secret understanding between the auctioneer and the *sweeteners*, as they are called, who are the bait set in the fool-trap, to make you believe that the goods are worth ten times their value ; and if you don't make haste, you'll lose the best bargains that ever were in the world. There's the jewel of salvation—for next skin to nothing—there's the pearl of great price, going for sixpence. And what would it profit a man, say they, should he gain the whole world, and lose such a bag-full of moonshine, as they'll sell him at the gospel-shop

“*Let us,*” say they, “*as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that we may grow thereby.*” Though, when we've grown a very little, we begin to perceive that the sincere milk of the word, has a devilish blue look, and that 'tis not the spiritual babes, but the spiritual nurses, that get the cream of it.

And here I can not but glance at a contrivance of those spiritual nurses, who dish up the meat for babes, at all our Bible associations, and Jew-converting, and gospel-propagating societies : when the funds of the society run low, and the collection is likely to leave 'em minus—they always come it with a—

“*But ah ! my brethren, it's your prayers that the society desires. If you have nothing else to give, you can give us your prayers. It isn't your money that we look for, but your prayers. God forbid that we should think his cause depended on an arm of flesh.*” And there ! say the babes and sucklings of the gospel, *there's disinterestedness for you !* Where will you find infidels that will act from such disinterested motives ? I'd give them a shilling, if 'twas the last I had in the world, because I see that they are not greedy. Why, ay ! And they see, too,

that when once they can make a man fool enough to prattle to the sky-larks, there's a good chance that he'll be fool enough for anything.

AN HONEST PRAYER is all I ask for! produce me one single instance of an honest prayer! and then I'll say, "'tis possible that a man who says his prayers may be an honest fool."

But when I see contrivance, trick, and management, between God and man: when I see the man who puts himself under the protection of Omnipotence, putting Omnipotence under his protection in turn, and that the bargain between them is, if you'll serve me, I'll serve you: you get me out of my scrapes, and *I'll get you out of yours*. What can I think, but that the man is more knave than fool: and that if the God were anything more than a figment of the man's conceit, they are but two knaves laying their heads together, to chouse and cheat mankind. And is't not such a provision to get Omnipotence out of the scrape, and to prevent his impotence and weakness from being found out, when the petitioner petitions for nothing; but, with that swindling, shirking, saving clause, *in submission to the divine will*; and so asks for nothing, that it will cost Omnipotence any trouble to grant. Spiritual joys, grace in the soul, and everlasting crowns in heaven, are so much cheaper than bread and cheese and potatoes, that the sanctified knave always provides for the glory of God, by not asking him for anything, which, being of a nature to admit of proof, whether it had been granted or not, might prove that he stood not quite so high in court favor as he pretended, and that his divine crony, his God, that he has to fly to when he is in trouble—thinks, if he think at all, that he's an impudent thief for his pains.

The poets Juvenal and Horace, and the moralist Æsop, have led our ideas to the only instances, that I remember, with the exception of the prayer of Jacob, in which the arrangement is perfectly fair and honorable: the man, a poor benighted pagan, to be sure, got grace, or rather *good sense*, at last, to wrestle in prayer with his wooden Jehovah, to the effect:—

“O, Almighty and everlasting God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: all my life long

have I been worshipping and adoring your Divine Majesty, and calling you all the infinitely wise gods, and holys, and almightys, and everlastings, and infinites, that I could find big words i'the dictionary to call you by. And I and my poor family are only getting worse and worse, till nothing but starvation stares us in the face. Now, my Lord God, though you can live without eating and drinking, I can't: though you have no bowels, I have? Will you then advance me a mortgage on that heavenly inheritance which you have promised us? Say but a shilling, sixpence, a penny, a half-penny per cent. to save us from starvation."

The prayer was answered just as all other prayers are answered. And the indignant man, awaking to the reason of a man, seized the priest's puppet by the leg, and dashed him to pieces. Away went rags and righteousness—away went grace and grease—away went poverty and prayer! When he got the *God* out of his house, he got the *devil* out of his house: the ducats, dollars, crowns, and half-crowns, rolled about him: the bacon, bread, and beef, took the place in the cupboard of bibles and prayer-books. And the parsons told the people never to go near that profane, wicked man, who, pointing to his well-clothed wife, and well-fed children, told the parsons, "*We've no more need of your spiritual physic: You may let the booby hutch.*"

To those who can guess the moral of the fable, the politic, or political intention of the *parable*, which is the exact reverse of it in every respect, will be easy. The one is a generous effort to undeceive and disabuse a priest-ridden and gospel-gammoned people, by some great moralist, whose name, could it be ascertained, would deserve to be enwreathed in the grateful remembrance of the whole human species. The other is some equally anonymous priestly villain's priestly plot to degrade, to debase, and to destroy, every spark of nobleness, and every capability of a noble resentment, which princes, priests, and oppressors, have to fear in man; and to make us everlasting petitioners, and patient submitters to all the wrongs and cruelties that princely power and priestly pride shall put on us.

If men ought always to pray, here's a pretty praying trade for a set of idle lubberly thieves, who find praying easier than working; and the millions who couldn't possibly continue their existence if they were always at it themselves, must be pinched of their honest earnings to pay the monkish knaves to pray for them. And thus, a mystical importance is attached to a set of gourmands, and big bellies, who could make themselves of importance by no other means.

And while the poor man is driven to turn his talent from one art to another, and finds every inch of ground on which he might struggle for a living, taken from him by the encroachment of machinery—while every article of human apparel is got up by machinery—shoes, stockings, hats, and gloves, all by machinery—printing, inking, and almost thinking, by machinery—yet no machinery has been introduced into our country to take the parsons' job out of their hands: though the use of machinery, in this way, would save the nation the clear sum of nine millions nine hundred and twenty thousand a year, and do the work much more neatly.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON THE UNJUST JUDGE.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

VIRGO PARITURA :

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, FEBRUARY 6, 1831.

In the second article of our holy church's most holy creed, falsely called the apostle's creed, are these words:—

"And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord, who *was conceived* by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

The sentence is governed in the construction by the initial verb, *I believe*—in Latin, *credo*; whence the whole matter which follows is called *the creed*. And the credulous person, giving credence to this creed, professes himself to believe, or take for sooth and truth, every article contained in this creed; the whole number of articles being twelve, in honor of the twelve patriarchs, in honor of the twelve tribes of Israel, in honor of the twelve gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, in honor of the twelve pillars of the temple of Heliopolis, in honor of twelve altars of Janus, in honor of the twelve labors of Hercules, in honor of the twelve shields of Mars, in honor of the twelve mansions of the moon, in honor of the twelve great gods, in honor of the twelve great apostles, in honor of the twelve great angels in Heaven, in honor of the twelve great rivers in Hell, in honor of the twelve rays of the Sun, in honor of the

twelve months of the year, in honor of everything that was reckoned by twelves—but not in honor of one single reason.

I must, for the present inquiry, beg to suspend your curiosity upon the nail of vulgar apprehension, as to the “AND *in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the*”——. Let all that remain—*in situ quo*—as it did, or as it may in any mind, while we confine our inquiry exclusively to the Virgin Mary.

Who was the Virgin Mary? *i. e.*

Who was she when she was at home?

Where was she born?

How did she live?

Where did she die?

Where did she come from?

Where did she go to?

Why was she a virgin?

Why was her name Mary?

What does the name Mary mean?

What is she to us?

What are we to her?

Why was it that we are so expressly and emphatically told (Luke i. 26), that it was in the sixth month that she received the visit of the angel Gabriel: the sixth month, reckoning March the first, being, as we all know, the month of August?

Why was this Virgin Mary espoused to a man?

Why was that man's name Joseph?

Why was he of the house of David?

Why did the blessed virgin *arise* in those days, which were in that sixth month?

Why did she go into the HILL country?

Why was that city of Juda, in which she appeared, situated in the hill country?

And when she appeared in that city of Juda, which was situated in the hill country—why did she say that God had regarded that low estate of his hand-maiden? and why should the hand-maid of the Lord have ever been in a low estate?

Why did she say that she was his HAND-maiden, not mean-

ing (as God forbid we should think that she could mean) his handy-maiden: but yet not his foot-maiden, nor his head-maiden, nor anything else but his hand-maiden?

Why did she say that he had put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree?

Why did she talk about the hungry being filled with good things, and the rich being sent empty away?—such revolutionary and seditious language as, had it been thrown out to the agricultural laborers of the present day, would have exposed her to two years' imprisonment in the Compter prison of this city, to pay a fine of 200*l.* to the king, and to be further bound in securities of 1,000*l.*, to be of good behavior for ten years to come, and to be further imprisoned till such fine shall be paid, and such sureties found!

Why did she say that all generations should call her blessed?

Why is it that no historical record whatever—*i. e.*, in all the world—not one recognises the existence of this most wonderful personage which the world ever had in it?

Why is our reason patient, under the outrageous violence of being required to believe that he who was the pattern of all virtue, packed up his own flesh and bowels for immortality, while he left the mould in which he was cast, the lap in which he lay, the arms which had embraced him, for worm's meat?

Why is it, that in exact proportion as the various denominations of Christians, have seceded further and further from the catholic church, you find them paying less and less respect to the Virgin Mary? Not half so much in the church of England as in the church of Rome; nor half so much among any other denomination of Christians as in the church of England; and, among the unitarians, none at all.

Why is it, that among all the boasted treatises on the evidences of Christianity, not one has ever attempted to prove the existence of the mother of Christ? and

Why is it, that in proportion as the attempt is made to give an historical basis to Christianity—all reference to his mother is so carefully avoided?

Are not *these* questions which a man should ask: and on

which he should insist on being satisfied, as he would wish to be faithful in the exercise of the faculty of his reason, by which alone he is superior to a brute ?

And does it become a man to be going to church and chapel week after week, and year after year, to come away no wiser than he went, listening for ever to eternal repetitions of sounds without sense, and words without meaning.

If learning be better than ignorance, and wisdom better than folly, in your apprehension, remember all ye have ever heard elsewhere, in comparison with what now ye shall hear; and do yourselves the justice to reject the evil and to choose the good.

The church of England celebrates two great festivals annually to the honor of the Virgin Mary: the one on the 2d of February, called the Purification of Saint Mary the Virgin; and the other on the 25th of March, called the Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, or Lady-day.

The church of Rome, being four times more religious than the church of England, celebrates eight annual feasts, and as many preparatory fasts, the day before, to make ready for the feasts, to the honor of this divine lady. These are respectively:—

Her Purification,	February 2.
Her Annunciation,	March 25.
Her Visitation,	July 2.
Her Desponsation,	January 23.
Her Commemoration,	July 16.
Her Nativity,	September 8.
Her Conception,	December 8.
Her Assumption,	August 15.

Why are these particular festivals kept on these particular days ?

Of the Virgin Mary, it is first to be observed, that that epithet added to her name, bears no such sense in its primitive applications as modern parlance attaches to it.

For though she is repeatedly called a virgin, she is never called a maid. The term virgin being applicable to any virtuous person, either married or single, and either male or female,

except where she says herself—"Behold the hand-maid of the Lord;" and that God "had regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden."

The celebrated 7th chapter of Isaiah, verse 14, rendered in the Septuagint of the Vatican, *Ιδὲ ἡ παρθενος ἐν γαστρὶ ληψεται καὶ τεξεταὶ υἱον, καὶ καλεσεὶς ὄνομα αὐτῆς Ἐμμανηλ*, and in our English, "Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and thou shalt call his name Immanuel," when made to bear the preposterous sense which the privileged deceivers of the people put upon it, is only one among ten thousand instances of the egregious ignorance or wicked fraud, of which, if they dared stand in controversy before us, they would stand convicted: the word which should signify a virgin in *their* sense of it, not being *הַעַלְמָה*, which is the word *here* used, but *בְּתוּלָה*.

But the word *blessed*, added to the name of *virgin*, itself interprets that word, and excludes the notion of barrenness, which the word *virgin* alone, in the sense which it bears in the translation, but not in the original, might seem to carry. And this, the more especially, as the blessedness predicated of this virgin, is the peculiar blessedness of *fruitfulness* and *abundance*: and signifies the overflowing, or that quantity over and above an exactly full measure, the full measure filled up and pressed down, and running over, or the handful thrown into the bargain, over and above what was exactly purchased, which is called the blessing. As Elizabeth, when full of the Holy Ghost, explaineth its sense in these words: "*Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb*"—that is, not the son or daughter, but most literally the fruit—that is, *apples, pears, plums*, but more especially all sorts of corn and wheat, for the abundance of which, bestowed on man by this particular virgin, all generations shall call her the *blessed*, or *fruitful* virgin.

As her husband Joseph, who had nothing to do with the production of the fruits of harvest, or of the harvest month, was yet appointed to preside over that month, and was rather a *husbandman*, than a husband, as he is expressly worshipped in those words of the holy catholic church: "*All hail, honor of*

the patriarchs : steward of the holy house of God, who hast conserved the bread of life, and the wheat of the elect :" which, if it lead us not into temptation, to suspect what particular virgin it was, whose greatest festival is celebrated on the 15th of August, who presides over wheat and corn, and who is the particular *hand-maid* of the Lord ; we have never contemplated the constellation *Virgo*—with her extended arm, in which is the bright star *Vindemiatrix*, holding in her hand an ear of corn, called *Spica Virginis* : the stars which constitute her *head*, being scarcely visible with the naked eye, the figure is chiefly to be made out by those stars which go to the making up of the *hand*, which gives her the distinction of being, not the foot, or the leg, or the head, but the *hand-maid* of the Lord—that is, *the maid with the hand*.

But why was her name Mary ? It is precisely the same as the name *Miriam*, the sister of Moses and Aaron, and literally signifies MYRRH, of the sea, or lady or mistress of the sea. It is precisely the same as *Smyrna*, the name of the sixth of the seven churches which are in Asia, addressed by Christ in the Revelation, and which I have demonstrated to be none other than the seven golden candlesticks—that is, the seven constellations, the Ram, the Bull, the Twins, the Crab, the Lion, the Virgin, and the Balance, respectively, of *March, April, May, June, July, August, and September*, in the midst of which, the Sun walketh in his annual course through the summer months or reign of the kingdom of heaven.

It is none other than the very name of *Myrrha*, the mother of the beautiful *Adonis*, in the pagan mythology : as you will find that very name of *Adonis*, to this day, given by the Jews to their Supreme God, *Yahu* : and by our catholic brethren to their Supreme God, Jesus Christ, as in their Antiphon, for the 18th of December.

"O *Adonai*, and leader of the house of Israel, come and redeem us with a stretched-out arm." The story of *Myrrha*, in the 10th book of Ovid, introducing the character of the old woman, *Anna*, the prophetess of Luke's gospel, the mother of the virgin of the catholic, the nurse of the virgin of the pagan

mythology, aiding and abetting the allegorical incest by which the virgin of the Zodiac is alternately represented as the daughter, the wife, and the mother of the sun.

On all which natural analogies, so clear, so beautiful, so instructive in their physical and philosophical interpretation, the clergy, whose great aim in all ages, but never so much as at the present day, has been to keep mankind in ignorance, have founded their monstrous mysteries of a conception by the Holy Ghost, a birth by the Virgin Mary—a Theotokos, a Deipara, a mother of God, a wife of her own father, a daughter of her own husband, a sister of her son, and mother of her brother. And all those other hideous spurcities which serve to show to what a depth of degradation the human intellect may be reduced, when once 'tis left to no more learning than the priests will provide for it.

The word *Mary* is, as every one knows, the same as the Latin word *Mare*, the sea; and in its plural form *Maria*, pronounced *María*, signifies the seas, as the adjective *Marina*, of or *pertaining to the sea*, read without the letter *N*, after the ancient manner of writing, is the same word, and was, from the days of an infinitely remote antiquity, one of the names of the goddess Venus. The Marine *Venus*, as she was called by the Romans; the *Venus Anaduomene* of the Greeks—that is, *Venus rising out of the sea*—that is, precisely the character of Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron, at the moment of their leading up the children of Israel out of the Red sea, when she sang that beautiful allegorical song, upon the moment of her foot standing on the horizon, or shore of the mighty deep.

“*Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.*” At that moment, when *Spica Virginis* is at the horizon, the star Pollux is at the Meridian, and Sagittarius, *the horse and his rider*, who is the Pharaoh of the Old Testament, and the Saul of the New, directly pursuing Miriam and her company, is at the bottom of the sea. And this victory of the Lord over Pharaoh, is expressly declared to have been achieved with a *stretched-out arm*. And look ye here, sirs; by heaven, if here is not the

stretched-out arm, the peculiar characteristic of the virgin of the Zodiac, the hand-maid of the Lord !

This Venus Anaduomene, or Marine Venus, was the subject of the finest picture of all antiquity. It was painted by Apelles from the person of his favorite mistress, Campaspe, who had been given him by Alexander the Great. It came afterward into the possession of the Roman emperor Augustus, who *had* it placed in the temple, which he built to the honor of his predecessor, Julius.

From this famous picture, or from records of it, it is admitted, that Raphael, Corregio, and Titian, even down to our own Sir Joshua Reynolds, formed their great works, which have never yet been missing from the altars of our catholic cathedrals.

And thus the face of the harlot Campaspe, has supplied the features of the Virgin Mary. The name *Mary* signifying *mistress of the sea*, so distinctly characterizing the marine Venus, is further identified by the vulgar versions of it into Polly and Poll, which are common epithets of the sea ; the Greek word Pollux, for *many*, referring to the many waves of the sea ; addressed by our English poet—

“Hail, thou inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation !

Hail, thou multitudious ocean.”

And in the first Iliad of Homer, we have that noble epithet for the sea, πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

“Βη δ'ακεων παρα θινα, πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.”

That no such a person as the goddess Venus, or the goddess Ceres, the goddess of Corn and Harvest, ever really existed, is admitted by every one : and the pretence of their existence is accounted for in a moment, by that natural tendency of the mind to allegorize and personify all its abstract ideas. As to this day, we personify *death*, and speak of the cold hand of *death*, the jaws of *death*, the king of terrors—everybody, but a fool or an idiot, knowing that, for all such expressions as these, no real substantial person or personage, was ever meant by death.

So, after the whole world's observance, from the days of an

infinitely remote antiquity, that their corn was ripe for the sickle at the time when the sun was observed to be in that part of the heavens which is marked by a group of stars, that make something like the shape of a young woman, with a spike of corn in one hand, and holding out the other, which has the beautiful star, Vindemiatrix in it, over another group which they called the Scales: the Tsabaists, as they are called, or worshippers of the hosts of Heaven, as naturally as 'tis natural to man to possess an imagination, fell into all the imaginations, and adopted all the personifications of that group of stars, which, upon the principle of faith—you know faith that removes mountains—became the basis of an evangelical history.

What was only imagined, was believed to have happened; and the mistake, however gross, was such a pleasing delusion, that the fools didn't wish to be set right, but looked on any one as the devil, or the devil's chaplain, who would have awakened them from their drunken dream of faith, and put them to the trouble of being rational.

The most extravagant adorations, and the most absurd and self-contradictory fictions, were consecrated to the honor of this "wonder in Heaven—a woman." And the brute people, who never thought of asking their priests what they meant, nor would have endured the true and rational explication of their mysteries, were perfectly satisfied, that what was predicated of the Virgin of the Zodiac, had had a real occurrence upon earth; and as for its infinite absurdity, and utter impossibility to have happened, the convenient adage, "*Nothing is impossible to God,*" settled the matter at once.

So, no part of religion is more rational than that in which this wonderful woman of the Zodiac is to this day worshipped throughout Christendom, under the denomination of the Virgin Mary; and *that*, in words of which the astronomical sense is actually avowed and acknowledged.

The most beautiful hymn of the Roman catholic service, actually bears the title of Ave Maria Stella—hail, Mary star—and proceeds:—

“Bright mother of our Maker, hail,
 Thou virgin ever best;
 The ocean's star by which we sail,
 And gain the port of rest.”

As we have to the same virgin, those words addressed, which, if ever there were a people on earth who worshipped the stars, are none other than precisely such words as those star-worshippers would address to this particular group of stars:—

“Hail, flourishing virgin, chastity's renown,
 Queen of clemency, whom stars do crown.
 Hail, city of refuge,
 King David's tower,
 Fenced with bulwarks,
 And armor's power;
 In thy conception, charity did flame!
 The fierce dragon's pride
 Was brought to shame.
 Judith, invincible
 Woman of arms:
 Fair Abisaig, virgin,
 That true David warms.”

Who, then, is that heavenly maid, that hand-maid of the Lord, that Judith so remarkable for her arms, that warms the true David; *but* that constellation of Virgo, that city of refuge, as the ultimate end for which the whole year exists, and which the sun enters in the warm month of August, so expressly and literally defined in the New Testament, as “a virgin in the sixth month,” when “he crowneth the year with his goodness. And the valleys also stand so thick with corn, that they do laugh and sing.”

Hence, this virgin of the Zodiac, without any contradiction, without any absurdity, was worshipped by the ancient Tsabaists, under the characteristic epithet of *Virgo Paritura*—that is, *the virgin that shall bring forth*; because it is really and physically the month of August, which brings forth the fruits of the earth: and for the fruitfulness of which, expectation waits through all the circling year.

Hence, though a pure virgin—that is, most literally, a *fire* virgin—that is, a virgin whose form is made up of those bright fires, which stud the starry bosom of the night—she is yet the tender mother of all animal life, who provides the food on which we are to be sustained throughout the year—that “openeth her *hand* and filleth all things living with plenteousness.” Thus, all is beautiful, all is magnificent, grand, harmonious, and intelligible; elegant as art, and convincing as science, when interpreted by the true key of astronomical allegory.

Where stands the virgin mother, in the gospel, but near the cross of Christ?

Where stands the virgin mother in the Zodiac? but just as near the cross which the sun makes over the equinoctial line, in September, when, after having expended his last fervors in ripening the corn, he passes into his church of Laodicea—that is, literally, the just people—that is, the group of stars which from the scales of justice, in which it is neither hot nor cold, but lukewarm: but where the solar heat every day diminishing, he begins to descend with sorrow to the grave.

The virgin mother, is supposed grievously to deplore this event. Hence the pictures of the crucifixion of Christ, which represent the Virgin Mary, with the face of the Venus of Apelles, in deep grief, standing near the foot of the cross. It never being to be forgotten that the New Testament most distinctly speaks of two crucifixions of Christ, answering to the two crosses which the sun makes over the equator—the one in spring, in which he is the crucified Lamb, and after which he ascends into heaven, and the other in September; after which, he descended into hell. As you have respectively two distinct pictorial representations of the crucifixion, the vernal crucifixion, entirely omitting the figure of the virgin mother, as that of the autumnal crucifixion, which takes place in September, with perfect analogy, never omits to represent the virgin of August, as standing near the cross of September.

And the plaint of the blessed virgin, as read to this day in the church of Rome:—

“ In grief the holy mother stood,
Weeping near the holy wood,”

is but a version, and a very bad one, of the Greek idyl of Moschus, the plaint of the goddess Venus for the death of her Adonis:—

“ Alas, alas! Adonis, the beautiful Adonis, is dead;
Alas, alas! Cytherea, thy beautiful Adonis is dead.”

Thamuz and Adonis are one and the self-same Diety—Adonis being none other than the sun in Thamuz, whence our common name of Thomas, one of the twelve disciples of Christ—that is, one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac; the Hebrew name for the month of June being Thomas; and Thomas, which is also called Didymus, signifying a *twin*.

The *annual* wound, and being *yearly wounded*, puts the astronomical sense beyond all approach of doubt. The sun, under his name *Adonis*, literally composed of the three words—AD, the lord; ON, the being; and IS, the fire, is allegorically wounded, killed, or put out, by the ascendancy of the great bear, boar, or pig, which is lord of the ascendant during the winter months. So Adonis, in the pagan allegory, is believed to be killed by the tusks of a wild boar; and Jesus, in the Christian allegory, discovers a particular spite against pigs, and is represented to have received five wounds, analogous to the five winter months, October, November, December, January, and February, during which he is below the line of the Equator.

And hence, the savages, whom we call the peculiar people of God, who have always been worshippers of Adonis, and who, to this day, use the word Adonai as synonymous with Yahou, which we absurdly pronounce Jehovah, have always been distinguished for their aversion to pork. And the 80th Psalm to David, that is, to the true David, the sun, beautifully describes the ravages of winter, under this very figure, calling on the sun to turn and bring back again the comforts of that better weather, which we all at this time, so long to see.

“ The wild boar out of the woods doth root it up, and the wild beasts of the field devour it.”

“ Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand: and upon

the son of man, whom thou madest so strong for thine own self:" that is to say; "Turn thee again, O Lord God of hosts, show the light of thy countenance, and we shall be whole."

We shall get the better of these coughs and colds when the fine weather comes, but not till then, when we shall be able to say, "Now is the winter of our discontent, made glorious summer, by this son of York."

That the Virgin Mary, the Grecian Venus, and the Egyptian Isis, are each of them the same as the Virgin of the Zodiac, is a truth borne out, not by one or two, but by a thousand analogies.

Paris, the capital of France, still retains its Greek name *Παρις*—that is, under the protection of Isis, as its great cathedral, bears the name of Notre Dame—that is, *our lady*—that is, the common name of Isis, Ceres, Venus, and the Virgin. But that by this *Notre Dame*, *our lady*, was meant none other than the lady of the Zodiac, is certified by the architecture of the building itself, which represents the twelve signs of the Zodiac, six and six perpendicularly on the sides of the great northren entrance, with the place that should be occupied by the virgin, supplied instead with a figure of the architect of the edifice, and the virgin, to whose honor it is dedicated, taken out of her place in the succession of the signs, and set over the centre of the door as the goddess of the temple, with the child Jesus in her arms, and having under her feet a serpent twisted round a tree, which is the exact relation of the virgin of the Zodiac.

Before the invention of letters, the hieroglyphical monogram of the Virgin of the Zodiac was, what to this day it continues, three straight strokes, with a thin running line from the middle of the one, to the top of the other, and a tail, or downward stroke, passing below the others, which has since become *the shape* of the letters M and Y, the natural abbreviation of the name *Mary*.

But not alone the character and the symbols of the Virgin of the Zodiac, were from remotest ages the very same as those of the virgin mother of Christ; but the name both of Christ and of Jesus, was given to the child which the Virgin of the Zodiac

was represented as carrying her in arms, and which, in the inscription to her honor in the temple of Isis, she was represented as herself declaring to be none other than the sun. I AM ALL THAT IS, THAT WAS, AND THAT SHALL BE ; AND THE FRUIT WHICH I BROUGHT FORTH IS THE SUN.

The Arabian astronomer Alboazar, or Abulmazar, has the curious passage, quoted by Kirker Selden and R. Bacon, and Dupuis (vol. iii., p. 46), putting the astronomical and infinitely remote antiquity of the Christian allegory, beyond question, to every mind capable of perceiving what evidence of antiquity, really is.

"We have," says Abulmazar, "in the first decan of the sign of the Virgin, following the most ancient traditions of the Persians, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hermes, and Esculapius, a young woman, called in the Persic language Seclenidos de Darzama ; in Arabic, Adrenedefa—that is to say, a chaste, pure, and immaculate virgin, suckling an infant, which some nations call Jesus, but which we, in Greek, call Christ."

And why was this virgin mother of Christ Jesus, espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, but as you may see in the visible heavens, and as is here delineated on the globe, this virgin in the sixth month, August, is accompanied, and always to be seen together, rising or setting with the husbandman Bootes, who, with his beautiful star *Arcturus* and his sons, mentioned in the book of Job, presided over the vintage, and was believed to have taught mankind the cultivation of corn ; and who is so honored and so worshipped to this day, by the church of Rome, in her collect: "We beseech thee, O Lord, that we may be assisted by the merits of the spouse of thy most holy mother, that what of ourselves we can not obtain, may be given us by his intercession, who liveth and reigneth with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost."

The name Bethlehem, in which the virgin resided, literally signifying *the house of corn*, and the name Joseph, as literally signifying *increase* or *abundance* ; and it is the business of the husbandman to store up and take care of this increase and abundance, as it is in the month of August that the earth brings

Job 1 = adding

forth her increase, and God, even our God, doth give us his blessing.

And why, has the church fixed the great festival of the assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary, on the 15th of August, and that of her nativity on the 8th of September, as you will see in your almanacs, even of the present year ?

The assumption of the Virgin Mary, is fixed on the 15th of August, because at that time the sun is so entirely in the constellation of the virgin, that the stars of which it is composed are rendered invisible in the bright effulgence of his rays ; and the Christian church has the words : “ *This day the Virgin Mary, is taken up into the heavenly chamber, in which the King of kings, sits in his starry seat.*” As the pagan church, from an infinite antiquity, fixed this very day, as that of the assumption of the goddess Astrea—that is, the starry goddess, which is but another name of the same personification. But, about three weeks afterward, the sun having passed on, in his apparent annual course, toward the scales of September, the stars which compose the virgin, seem to emerge out of his rays, and begin again to be visible to the naked eye.

For that reason, and for none other, the church has fixed the festival of the nativity of the virgin on the 8th of September.

And she was espoused to the man Joseph, because the constellation *Bootes*, always rises and sets with her, and so was imagined to have the charge of bringing her up. With *her* he comes up into the *Ορειν*, the *hill-country*, the upper or visible hemisphere ; and with her, he goes down into Egypt—that is, he sinks below the horizon in the west. The great star in the virgin, appearing on the eastern edge of the horizon, at the moment of midnight, between the 24th and 25th of December, when the sun gains his first degree of ascension, was said to preside over his nativity, and gave occasion to the fable of Christ—*i. e.* the Sun being born of a pure Virgin.

The fable of the birth, being once adopted, the natural analogies of human life, supplied the date of other festivals in honor of this celestial lady, as that of Lady-day, the 25th of March, precisely nine months before the 25th of December.

While her own allegorical language supplies all the fillings-up, of the ingenious fiction, the pure virgin, without any contradiction or absurdity, is literally *purified* in the fire of hell, when she is in her "*low estate*," in February; but, in the sixth month, she thanks the sun for having regarded the low estate, that she, this *maid with the hand*, had been in, when he has put down the mighty—*i. e.* the stars of the opposite constellation, from their seat, and exalted or brought to the zenith, those that had been of low degree. He fills the hungry with good things, as the Lion of July, called by Samson, *the eater*, and herself in the sixth month, are the fruitful and abundant months; while the rich, the opposite signs of January and February, are sent empty away, with nothing to live on, but fish; so that with them, till the mutton of March; and the beef of April come in, it must necessarily be, Lent.

And all this *to-do* is expressly declared to be in *fulfilment of the covenant*—that is, most literally, *making up of the astronomical allegory to Abraham*—that is, the planet Saturn and his seed—that is, *the stars of heaven for ever*.

Thus, sirs, have I brought before you, in this lecture, a few, in my other lectures, very many, of the principles of that occult astronomical science which lies hid under the riddle of evangelical fiction, with a force of demonstration which prejudice, hypocrisy, or madness, may oppose, but reason can not.

For, sirs, if reason, if truth, and the right of the cause, were with those whom I oppose; or, if they themselves but felt an honorable conviction that they were right, why should they have recourse to the dark and slanderous arts of defamation and scandal, and the wicked persecuting tricks, which a good cause never needed, and good men never used.

Why should they brand me with opprobrious epithets, to terrify men's minds from the pursuit of knowledge? Why is it that they dare not trust their hearers, nay, nor themselves, so much as to hear me, or even to know what the nature of the arguments, I adduce is? But that, like conscious bankrupts, they dare not look at the bill which an honest man would bring against them.

Why do they decline the challenge which I have given, and shall never cease to give, to the best and ablest of them, under any arrangements, even of THEIR OWN, so they will not kill me, to show, by fair comparison, whether it be we, or they, who are deceivers of the people?

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON VIRGO PARITURA.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

SAINT PETER :

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.

ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, FEBRUARY 20, 1831.

“*And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever. And he touched her hand, and the fever left her ; and she arose, and ministered unto them.*”—
MATTHEW viii. 14.

HERE is a personage introduced to us, of whom we ought, upon all principles of rational criticism, to be supposed never to have heard before. For this is the first passage in any part of God's most holy word (that is, in either New Testament or Old), in which the name of Peter occurs: yet here his name occurs, and his character is introduced with a familiarity as gross, as if the writer of this gospel had taken it for granted that everybody must know who Peter was—that his name and character, and everything that was to be understood with respect to him, would present itself to the mind as immediately as the name of any one of the days of the week or months of the year. As you might say, Sunday, February 20; everybody knowing, as well as yourself, what Sunday, February 20, means.

A proof, this, among ten thousand others, that these gospels

are not original writings, and were not, and could not have been, written, till any length of time you please, after all the subject-matter which they contain was as familiar to the general notions, and ordinary associations of idea, among the persons for whose convenience they were written, as the names of the days of the week are with ourselves.

Here is an ambiguity in the text itself, which could only have been set right, or at least settled, by those who had other and better means of settling it, than any information which this gospel contains. For, as far as the text goes—"When Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever"—there's no knowing whether it was Peter's wife's mother, or Jesus's wife's mother, that was laid, and sick of a fever.

And if anything like historical and probable fact were intended in the matter, nothing hinders but that Jesus might have been a married man, as well as Peter. And there might have been a Mistress Jesus Christ, as well as a Mistress Peter; and *that*, too, with very great relief to the moral character of this great pattern of holiness, from certain suspicions which would naturally attach to a person who was so familiar as he was, with other men's wives: as we expressly read, that he was followed by certain women which had evil spirits; which *evil spirits*, I hope I may, without impiety, suppose to be none of the best spirits. "Mary Magdalen, out of whom went seven devils; and Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward; and Susanna, and many others which ministered to him of their substance."

Like the great Mogul, this great pattern of purity and holiness—his purity and holiness, notwithstanding, kept a seraglio—which accounts for the singular fact, that of all the ten commandments, the one which our blessed Savior held to be of least consequence, was that which comes between "*thou shalt do no murder,*" and "*thou shalt not steal.*" As we find him disposed to hush up a matter of *that* sort, with a good-natured—*Ut, tut! say no more about it—say no more about it. Hath no man condemned thee, woman? neither do I condemn thee. We are six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. Go, go! and be more prudent*

for the future. It is not for us to fling stones at you. The gospel, you see, both in example and precept, presents us with the purest system of morals that was ever propounded to man.

But our business now is with the chief of the apostles, that great paragon of moral perfection, Saint Peter, who denied his master, and who curst and swore till the very cock upon his roost crowed, *Shame on you, Peter*; but, by the wink of an eye, turned into "Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ, the first saint of the calendar, the porter of heaven's gate, and the rock and foundation of the whole Christian church."

Now, as we can never go to heaven when we die, unless Peter, to whom Christ has committed the keys, shall be pleased to open the gate to us, is it not worth our while to scrape all the acquaintance we can with such an important personage, and not to expose our souls to the dreadful venture of having to knock, and cry, Lord, Lord, open to us, to receive no better answer, perhaps, than a *go and be* ——, *ye fools, I know ye not; and why should I, when you never thought it worth your while to know me.*

So, then, if ye have a mind, I will introduce ye to Saint Peter, and will tell you more about him, and *of* him, than any of your clergy, either catholic or protestant, have ever known themselves, or if they have known, than they have ever had the honesty to tell you. Their object being that of the cherubim, with the flaming sword, which turned every way to keep you from the tree of knowledge—my object being, that which suitably comports with the title they have given me, of *the devil's chaplain*, to tempt you, by all arguments I can, to eat of that forbidden fruit; for God doth know, that in the day that ye eat thereof, then shall your eyes be open; ye shall see, through the vile and wicked imposture that has been practised on you, and the power of priests shalt exist no longer.

The gospel of Luke, chap. iv., settles the ambiguity of the text of Matthew, by determining for us, what otherwise we should have no right to determine, that it was Simon's wife's mother, and not Jesus's wife's mother, that had the fever—Simon and Peter, or Simon Peter, being assumed to be synonymous, or a

double name for one and the self-same personage. But the matter is but little mended, in this account, which represents the *fever*, which had seized the old woman, as being as much a real personage, and as sensible a personage, as the old woman herself.

St. Luke, who we are told, was a physician, and therefore ought to be called Doctor St. Luke (and we have at this day a *Doctor St. John*), tells us that *this fever* took the woman, not that the woman had taken the fever; and not that the fever was a very *bad* fever, or a yellow fever, or a scarlet fever, but that it was a *great* fever—that is, I suppose, a *fever* six feet high, at least: a personal fever, a rational and intelligent fever, that would yield to the power of Jesus's argument, but would never have given way to James's powder. So we are expressly told, that Jesus *rebuked* the fever—that is, he gave it a good scolding: asked it, I dare say, how it could be so unreasonable as to plague the poor old woman so cruelly, and whether it wasn't ashamed of itself; and said, perhaps, *Get out, you naughty wicked fever you: go to hell with you*; and such like objurgatory language, which, the fever, not being used to be rebuked in such a manner, and being a very sensible sort of a fever, would not stand, but immediately left the old woman in high dudgeon, and swore he'd never come into that house again.

The next important discovery is, that Peter, or Simon Peter was at any rate worth a house: which shows us, at least, that the *man* was by so much richer than the master, who declares that he had not where to lay his head. The apostle, you see had a fixed and permanent place of residence, while his master had not. It is hard to reconcile this admission of Peter's being a housekeeper, and able, not only to keep a wife, and very likely a large family of his own, but to keep his wife's mother as well; with the general understanding, that he was exceedingly poor, and nothing more than a poor fisherman of the Galilean lake, except we suppose that his wife took in washing, which may account for her husband being a water-bearer.*

But then again we have the fresh difficulty opened upon us, in the acts of the apostles, which implies, that he was not a

* Peter is unquestionably the Aquarius of the Zodiac.

fisherman, but a tanner, whose house was by the seaside, with this most curious source of ambiguity, which none of your clergy can give a reason for ; and you shall soon see that I can : that Simon Peter, who, in the gospel, is but *one* person, in the Acts of the apostles, splits into the two, Simon, and Peter : and then, Peter is no longer a housekeeper, but a lodger, Peter, lodging in the house of Simon. The house of the tanner being by the seaside (which was certainly not the best situation for a tanyard), may account for the mistake of the tanner being taken for a fisherman. Though the most conclusive reason for settling the question, that this first of the apostles was a tanner, and not a fisherman, is, that though he might catch a sole or a flat-fish now and then, yet we may be very well assured, that *there is nothing like leather*. “And it came to pass,” says our holy record, “that Peter tarried many days in *Joppa*, with one Simon a tanner.” But the most curious fact is, that God Almighty, who knows nothing about 17, Carey street, Lincoln’s Inn, should discover such a very particular acquaintance with the house of Simon the tanner, as in two or three particular revelations from Heaven, repeatedly to describe it, as if to prevent all possibility of mistake ; “*And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter ; he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the seaside.*” This is most condescending particularity indeed. Now it is held to be a wonderful conformation to the evidences of Christianity, to know that there actually is a town of the name of *Joppa*, situate in the Levant, on the coast of the Mediterranean sea : and our Christian travellers, who always see what they go to see, by the help of this divine directory, will find you out the very tanyard of Simon, and come back in new shoes, made of the leather that Simon tanned.

While the scripture mentions no other place of permanent esidence for St. Peter, none that could at any time be called his home, but *Joppa*—God himself instructing us that if we want to find Peter, we must send to *Joppa*. And if we really want to know who a man is, there’s nothing like setting ourselves to find out who he is *when he is at home*. Now, as Peter was a

sort of personage who found it convenient to have more names than one, and could only be identified by ringing the changes through a great many *aliases*, as *alias* Simon, *alias* Peter, *alias* Simon Peter, *alias* Peter Simon, *alias* Cephas, *alias* a stone, *alias* a rock, *alias* Satan, *alias* the devil ;—

We have one of these *aliases* immediately conferred on him by Christ himself, which puts into our hands a clue to further unravelments, "*Blessed art thou Simon, Bar-Jonah.*" Matt. xvi.

But this "Bar-Jonah," ought to be no *bar* to our perception, that Simon and Jonah are one and the same personage—"Bar-Jonah," signifying the son of Jonah, and son and father commonly bearing the same name: and Jonah, who navigated in the fish's belly, when he fled from the presence of the Lord, went down to *Joppa*, and there he found a ship going to Tarshish; so that *Simon Bar-Jonah*—that is, Simon, the son of Jonah, identifies the Peter of the New Testament, as a second edition of the Jonah of the Old, according to the analogy which, in so many instances, I have demonstrated as obtaining, between the *old* and *new covenant*: with only this curious transposition, that in the new covenant, it is the man that catches the fish: whereas, in the old covenant, it is the fish that catches the man.

Now the name *Jonas*, which, in the showing of Christ himself, constituted so essential a part of the style of Simon Peter. *Simon Bar-Jonah* is a direct anagram, and absolutely the same name as that of Janus, who, in the pagan mythology, bears the same character, and fills the same functions, as the *Simon Bar-Jonah*, or Peter of the gospel: with this most curious, most startling coincidence of fact—that while no single line of historical record, of any character whatever, was ever yet to be adduced to prove that any such person as Simon Peter or Simon Bar-Jonah ever existed, or was ever in Rome—Rome, through all periods of its pagan history, was famous for its temple of Janus. Janus was not a *Greek*, but peculiarly and exclusively a Roman deity; and Rome, to this day, retains the self-same Janus, under his name Peter, as her patron saint; and her temple of Janus, on the self-same spot of ground, under her name of *St. Peter's church*.

The figure of the God, *Janus* (*Iavvos*) was represented with a

staff in one hand, with which he pointed to a rock, whence issued a profusion of water ; while in the other he held a key, and had generally near him some resemblance of a ship.

He was addressed :—

“ Jane bifrons, anni tacite labentis origo.”

Two-faced Janus, the origin of the silently-flowing year. He was believed to preside over the new year: his two faces (sometimes one old, and the other young) was emblematical of his looking both on the old and the new year, as the name of the month January, is derived from that of Janus. And his fingers were so disposed as to represent the number 365, the number of the days of the year. Sometimes the two faces, the old and young, were represented as the one looking upward, to the coming year, the other downward, on the year gone by, and were set on two distinct persons ; and in this form you may see him to this day, on the western front of our own St. Paul's cathedral, where he has got the character of *the evangelist, St. Mark*. And the church has invented the silly lie that St. Mark wrote his gospel, under the immediate dictation of *St. Peter* ; as there you will observe the old boy, with his pen in his hand, ready to scribble away ; while the young one (a little Cupid, with wings, the very form of the Aquarius, or Water-bearer of the Zodiac) is looking him up in the face, and telling him what to write. While we have still preserved the very words of the pagan prayer-book, which identify him with the Peter of the gospel.

“ Jane Pater, Jane tuens, Dive biceps biformis.

O Cate rerum Sator, O Principium Deorum.”

O father Janus, O regarding Janus, two-headed, two-bodied saint ; O wise sower of things, O chief of all the gods.

The word PATER, now generally taken for the Greek or Latin for FATHER, is but a corruption of the word Peter. The word PATER or PETOR, whence the name of the apostle *Peter* was, as the learned Bryant has shown, an Egyptian word, the true name of the Ammonian priests, or priests of Jupiter Ammon, being *Peter* or *Pator* : and it is found in combination, to this day, in the name of the supreme pagan deity, *Jupiter*, which, without

any pun or levity, and in brave defiance of any approach of ridicule or sarcasm, stands, the incontrovertible basis and origin of the *Jew' Peter*—*Jew* was the name of God, which the soft and elegant utterance of the Greek nations, pronounced with a sigma or Zeta, as *Zeus*, or *Zev*, and *Pater*, or *Peter*, signifying not his paternal character, but his wisdom, in foretelling things to come, “or bringing to light,” the proper attribute of TIME. As the priests of Apollo were called *Patères*, or *Peters*, in signification of their being interpreters of the oracles of Apollo, as our priests, are to this day.

All the names of relationship among us, as father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, nephew, niece, being, in the opinion of the learned Bryant, originally the names of different orders of priests or priestesses of the gods and goddesses.

The name of *Peter*, the highest, first, and chief of the priestly hierarchy, and a part of the name of the supreme deity *Jew' Peter*, was, by an obvious metaphor, passed over to the father of the household, and he was called *Pater*, as bearing the same analogy to the family as Janus to the gods, as January to the year, as Aquarius to the Zodiac, as Reuben to the patriarchate, as Jonah to the prophets, as Peter to the apostleship, and as John the Baptist to the messiahship.

At Rome, the pagan origin of the name and character of Janus is overlooked or forgotten in the word *St. Peter*; but at Naples, professing the same Christian religion as Rome, and under the same patron saint, it comes bolt upon us in the uncovered, and undisguised name of Saint *January*, bishop of Benevento, who was believed to have been beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, and who was much such another saint, as Saint Monday, and whose blood is annually liquefied, when toward the latter end of January, the sun turning and looking with a warmer ray upon the month, that had denied being under his influence, his icy heart is thawed, his frosts unbound, and January, that came in so cold and ruthless, and blustered like St. Peter in the gospel, “went out and wept bitterly:” and here you see more than enough of the marks of his dirty tears staining the walls of our *Rotunda*.

One of the most striking epithets of the god *Janus* was *Matutinus*—that is, of or pertaining to the morning, as he was believed to preside over *all beginnings*, entrances, gates, and commencements; not merely over the beginning of the year, but over the beginning or dawn of every day: and hence, the *cock*, whose crowing announces the first appearance of the day, was the peculiarly accompanying emblem of the god *Janus*; and bears precisely the same part in the gospel allegory, in crowing Peter into repentance, as he bears in the analogy of nature, when his shrill voice proclaims the breaking-in of evangelical light upon the dark conscience of the sun-abjuring apostle; and the evidence of his repentance descends upon the world, in the dewy tears of the morning.

Hence, 'tis the allegorical language of the sun, addressed to the god of morning, most beautiful in poetry, most accurate in nature, in the 130th Psalm: "*My soul waiteth for thee, before the morning watch, I say before the morning watch.*" Nor less allegorical, nor less beautiful, is that extension of the metaphor, in the language of Christ, to the Janus of the gospel.

"Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice"—that is, *extendedly*, "*Through the three watches of thy state of darkness, thou shalt forswear thy Lord; but the early bird shall awaken thee, and at his crowing thou shalt perceive my glance upon thee, and acknowledge its influence, in dewy sorrows.*"

The Greeks, who never adopted the Janus of the Romans, had a Janus of their own—*i. e.*, the same allegorical personage, under the name of *Æsculapius*, who, like the Janus of the Romans, the Jonas of the Old Testament, and the Simon Bar-Jonah, or Simon Peter of the gospel, was none other than one of the ten thousand personifications of the sun: as is discovered to us in the etymology of the name *Æsculapius*, which is compounded of the three Ammonian radicals: *ASH—fire—KUL—all: AB—father*, with the mere grammatical termination, making *Ash—kul—ab—ius*—that is—*Æsculapius, the fire, the universal father*—that is, the *SUN*.

Of the Greek Janus, then, as well as of the Roman, the cock was the peculiar emblem: and we have meaning, significancy,

and beauty, in those last words of the dying Socrates, admitted to have been one of the wisest of the human race, and a most strenuous maintainer of the unity and perfection of the Supreme Being, when, with his dying breath, he reminded his followers of their religious duties, saying, "*Remember we owe a cock to Æsculapius.*"

But the accompaniments and associations which identify the Saint Peter of the gospel, are more particularly:—

1. His primacy in the apostleship.
2. His appointment to the care of the keys of the kingdom of heaven.
3. His designation as *Cephas*, which is, being interpreted, a stone, or rock, upon which stone or rock the church of Christ was to be founded.
4. His being the brother of Andrew.
5. His being the father of Judas Iscariot; as Judas Iscariot is expressly called the son of Simon.
6. His being the peculiar comrade of *James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon*, Luke v.
7. His always and invariably being connected with fishing, or fishing-nets, or a boat or ship, or with something necessarily leading the mind to some idea of water, of the *sea*, or of a sea-faring life.

The ship into which Christ entered was Simon's; the house into which Christ entered was Simon's. And we have four partners in the firm, the brothers Simon and Andrew, and the brothers James and John, the sons of Zebedee; which name Zebedee, literally signifies, *abundant portion*, as James and John receive from Christ the distinguishing title of Boanerges, which is, the sons of thunder. Mark iii.

1. The primacy, or first place in the apostleship, is evidently given to Peter, on no score of superior merit, and can be accounted for on no other principles, than the analogy of his character, and the absolute identity of his name, as Simon Bar-Jonah, to the first of the signs of the Zodiac, Aquarius, the water-bearer, from which the name of the month Jonuary, or January, takes its name, followed as you see that month is, by the sign of the

lishes of February, which the man, pouring out his urn of water, seems to be pursuing: hence the allegorical character of a *fisherman*, given to the Peter of the gospel, and the belief, that Janus was the son of the ocean, and the invariable accompaniment of a boat or ship, in all representations of the *Janus* of the mythology.

The water which Aquarius, or Januarius, pours out of his urn, is swallowed by the great southern fish, *Formalhaut*: hence, the allegorical fiction of Jonah, being swallowed by a whale, in the Old Testament, and the no less allegorical danger of St. Peter, of being drowned, in the New.

2. *The keys of the kingdom of heaven*, given to Peter, in those words of Christ: "I say also unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven"—is a sort of language to which any notion of literality, history, or absolute fact, can no more attach, than to the language of Æsop's fables. We must renounce our reason altogether, and so, the greater fools or madmen we can make of ourselves the better, to dream of such a thing as a heaven with keys to it: the key of the pantry-door, and literal gates of hell, and a power, either given or possessed, by any human being, or divine being, either to bind or loose, according to the caprice of his arbitrary will.

And this renunciation of men's reason it is, that has given grounds to the insane arrogance of the papal power, and the no less insane tyranny of our protestant clergy, and the infinite miseries, cruelties, and crimes, which religious insanity has entailed on the Christian world.

But, use your reason, and how beautiful, how sublime is the allegory: you have the key of the kingdom of heaven, as it were, put into your hand, by Christ himself, in his own express declaration, that to preach the gospel, was "*to preach the acceptable year of the Lord*"—that is (than which no explanation could be plainer)—to preach the gospel, is to set forth the annual

phænomena of nature, under the beautiful type of an allegorical history: in which the sun is represented as Jesus Christ, and the twelve apostles, through which he sheds his bright beams of light upon the world, are the twelve signs of the Zodiac. And thus you see at once, in how beautiful, in how sublime an analogy, Janus or January has two faces, the one looking downward upon the old, the other upward on the new year.

2. How Reuben, the first of the twelve patriarchs, who is the same Aquarius, is described in the Pentateuch, as that "*he shall pour the water out of his buckets.*"

3. How the Son of man, who is the same Aquarius in the psalms, is described as "*the man of his right hand, who God*"—that is, the sun "*made so strong for his ownself.*"

4. How the prophet Jonas, who is the same Aquarius, was swallowed by the whale.

5. How, when you go into the city, the heavenly Jerusalem, "there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water," who is this same Aquarius, the Water-bearer of January.

6. How, John the Baptist, who is this same Aquarius, comes baptizing with water to repentance, saying that "they should believe on him who should come after him"—that is, the Sun.

7. How, Simon Bar-Jonas, who is again this same Aquarius, is always connected with the idea of water and fishing, has the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; as he stands as the first month of the year, and has the power of binding up the heavens *in frosts*: whose effect is felt throughout all nature, or loosening them *in thaws*, and deluging us with rains: of which, in like manner, everything on earth is loosened, and liquefied, with this only consolatory assurance, that "the gates of Hell shall never prevail against it"—that is, be the frosts or thaws, the bindings or loosnings of January, what they may; the Sun has given such power to this first month of the year, that the gates of Hell—that is, the months of October, November, and December, which the Sun passes through, in autumn and winter, will never be able to recover their empire; and January, the rock of ages, with all his ruggedness, or frosts or thaws; by the evidence of his lengthening days, assures us, that—

“Though horrors round our mansion reign,
Yet spring shall come, and nature smile again.”

And hence, have we the meaning of that conundrum, that in the days of November and December, which are now gone by, we desired to see one of the days of January—that is, one of the days of the Son of man, and were not able.

And we have this distinctive axiom, laid down by the speaker in the gospels, as a guide and clue to us in the astronomical interpretation, to prevent the confusion and cross-purposing, which would appear to arise from the *Sun* being spoken of as the sign in which the Sun is; and the sign in which the Sun is, as the Sun itself.

“*The disciple is not above his lord; it is enough for the disciple, that he be as his lord.*” And hence, the equal respect paid in the heathen mythology to Janus, as to the supreme Jupiter himself: and each of the twelve great gods, when spoken of separately and distinctively, being each in turn spoken of and addressed as the one Supreme and only God. Hence, in the Christian mythology, the equal respect paid to the apostles, or to each and every of them, as to Christ himself, and, indeed, a great deal more—as you will find throughout Christendom, twenty churches built to the honor of St. Peter, St. James, St. Andrew, and all the rest of them, except Saint Judas Iscariot, for one to the honor of poor Jesus.

And hence, you see, with what an accuracy of analogy the apostle has a house of his own, while the Savior has not where to lay his head—the constellations retaining their fixed relative positions, while the Sun, in seeming to pass through them, wanders from house to house.

And hence, as you find Jesus in the gospel, calling Peter a *stone*, you will find Peter in the epistle returning the compliment; and calling him a stone, and the drollest kind of a stone that ever was in the world, “*a living stone, unto whom coming,*” he says, “*as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chozen of God, and precious.*” And this, in accomplishment of that most extraordinary prophecy, in the 28th of Isaiah: “Thus saith the Lord God, ‘behold I lay in Zion for a founda-

tion, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation ; and he that believeth shall not make haste : ' ' which, for any explication that any of my reverend brethren can give, and saving (most reverentially saving) the honor of the Lord God, who, you know, has a right to say what he pleases : if any body *else* had said it, I should say——No ! I won't tell you what I should say.

Are we then so positively commanded to worship a stone, and to believe in a stone ; and that, under peril of the drollest damnation that ever man was damned to, that if we don't believe in the stone, we shall make haste ?

And does it become us, then, to fling stones at the pretended ignorance of our heathen ancestors, and to assure ourselves that none other than the grossest litholatry could have been intended by those who addressed their devotions to the immortal statuary of a Phidias or Praxiteles, the Paphian Venus, or the Olympian Jove, all of Parian marble, and of such matchless execution, as if the design of them had been to present a perpetual admonition to the world : how clever, how infinitely clever man may become, when he gives his mind to the arts and sciences ; and what a fool, religion makes of him. O, but cry my gospel innocents, the stone, spoken of in Scripture, does not mean a stone. No ! it does not ; and neither does the man, spoken of in the gospel, mean a man : and no such man as Jesus Christ, or such men as any one of his twelve apostles, ever existed. Nor has their historical existence ever been pretended, but by those whose object is to keep mankind in ignorance, and who have *justly, that* wo denounced against them, by the speaker in the gospel, who was, in his day, what I am called in mine, the devil's chaplain ; and who said to the chief priests and lawyers, what I say to them too : " Wo unto you, hypocrites, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge ; ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in, ye hindered." Luke xi. With that key, I now present you, in the moral certainty, that by Zion, was never meant any place on earth, but the great circle of the starry heavens ; as the stone laid for a foundation in that Zion, the sure foundation, is that first of the

signs of the Zodiac, from which the whole vaulty arch of Heaven takes its spring, which the sun enters in the month of January.

“*And he that believeth*”—that is, he who understandeth the science hidden under this allegory, so as to know the bearings and positions of this first of the constellations, *he will not make haste*:—that is, he will become an accurate chronologer, and will be able to keep his account of time, with the accuracy of an almanac, through the whole acceptable year of the Lord.

As the astrologue in the New Testament, rebukes his hearers for their stupidity, “a wicked and adulterous generation”—that is, going *ad ultra*, looking to the stars that lie without the band of the Zodiac, “seeketh for a sign from heaven, and there shall no sign be given them, but the sign of *the prophet*—that is, the foreteller of future events, the prophet Jonah”—that is, Aquarius, *the Water-bearer*; because, if you don't understand that, you are too stupid ever to make any proficiency in astronomy; but understanding that, you will soon be able to decipher all the rest—as thus:—

1. January, is Saint Peter, *Aquarius*.

2. February, is Saint Judas Iscariot, *the Fishes*: that fellow betrayed his master, and lost a day, as St. Peter, in the Acts of the Apostle explains expressly, “that he might go to his own place.”

3. March, is St. Andrew, the brother of Peter; because, formerly, the year was reckoned to begin in March; and, therefore, equal honor is due to them both. And Andrew is universally distinguished by his standing before a Saltier cross, the cross like the letter X, which is a goniometer, or exact measure of the angle which the sun makes in crossing the equator, as he does in the month of March.

4. April, is Matthew, the Taurus, or Bull of the Zodiac, as you see all representations of St. Matthew, with a bull's head at his foot, as if of purpose to show us, what the proper *understanding* of the thing is.

5. May, is John, the disciple which Jesus loved.

6. June, is Thomas, or Didymus, directly rising out of the

Twins: yet himself, a crabbed sort of a fellow, that toward the last had half a mind to go backward.

7. July, is James the Greater.

8. August, is Judas, the brother of James.

9. September, is James the Less, surnamed Oblia the Just, holding Libra, the balance of justice.

10. October, is Nathaniel, whom Christ saw under the fig-tree, gathering in the last remaining fruits of the year, and called by Philip.

11. November, was Philip, whose very name signifies *lover of a horse*; as you see his characteristic in the Sagittarius of the Zodiac, who is always represented as half a man and half a horse, or so passionately attached to the sports of the field, as always to be on horseback. And you have this curious definition, John i. 44: "Now Philip was of Bethsaida"—Bethsaida literally signifying the *house of hunters*: and,

12. December, is Simon, the Canaanite.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON SAINT PETER.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

JUDAS ISCARIOT VINDICATED.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MARCH 6, 1831.

"Rise, let us be going: Behold, he is at hand that doth betray me. And while he yet spake, lo! Judas, one of the twelve."—
MATTHEW xxvi. 46.

THIS is the first passage in which the name of Judas occurs; except we reckon *that*, in the 13th of this holy gospel, in which a Judas is mentioned, who, together with Joses and Simon, are spoken of as the immediate brothers of our blessed Savior, besides a whole *posse* of sisters—for the Virgin Mary was the mother of a very large family: the only thing to be regretted is, that his brethren, who must have known him best, had none the better opinion of him, for that better knowledge, they were all of them infidels, as we are expressly assured. John vii. 5, that "*neither did his brethren believe in him.*" Familiarity, you see, breeds contempt. If you really wish to love your Savior, the less you know of him the better: knowledge is always fatal to devotion. I should have been as good a Christian as anybody, if I had not learnt my book.

I have, in my last discourse, proved, even to absolute demonstration, that the first of the apostles, St. Peter, is a purely

imaginary being ; that, like his master, Jesus Christ, he never had any real existence : but is of that order of romantic and ideal personifications which weak and disordered minds naturally fall into : he is nothing more than a varied embodying of the *Æsculapius* of the Greeks, the *Janus* of the Romans, the *Reuben* of the patriarchate, the *Jonah* of the Ninevites, the *Aquarius* of the *Zodiac*, the *January* of the almanac, the *John the Baptist* of the churches, and *the Jack Frost* of the nurseries. We come, now, to the less distinctly drawn, but equally imaginary, characters of the rest of the glorious company of the apostles—that word always signifying the *bright and shining* company.

And here the pretence to anything like history, or historical probability, receives its first shock from the astronomical character of the name itself.

The disciples or learners, being changed into *apostles*, a name that could not have been given to mere messengers or itinerant preachers, and could not have occurred to the unscientific and illiterate conceptions of a Jewish peasant, as Jesus Christ, had he been a real personage, must be supposed to have been.

Then, again, why are the names of nine out of these twelve apostles, being supposed to be Jews, such names as the like of which no Jews were ever called by. As every one knows, every country had a sort and order of names peculiar to itself ; and you would no more find such names as Andrew, James, John, Philip, Thomas, and the rest of them in Judea, than you would find Tom Smith, Richard Jones, or Jack Robinson, at the court of the king of the Cannibal islands.

Then, again, why should there be just exactly twelve of 'em, and no more nor less than just that astronomical number twelve, so nicely corresponding to the twelve months of the year, and the twelve signs of the *Zodiac* ?

And this number twelve, so absolutely necessary to be made up, and kept up, that eleven would be one too few, and thirteen would be one too many ; so that, though there were 120 disciples, there must be but twelve apostles : and, in the first chapter of the Acts of the apostles, we find the eleven, after the resur-

rection of their Divine Master, assembled in a *large upper room*. God forbid that we should think that large upper room was a garret, or the first floor down the chimney. I dare say it was a very respectable lodging, and a great deal nearer Heaven than any garret in Grub street. Here, then, they were in the garret (God forgive me!), in the *υπερῶον*, in the large upper room, casting lots—that is, tossing up a halfpenny, the best out of two and three, for the appointment of one, that was wanting to make up the complete dozen, by supplying the place of the traitor Judas, who, as St. Peter tells us, had something the matter with his bowels, and so lost his bishopric, all which is explained to us, as clear as everything else is explained, by the application of a text of the book of Psalms: “*For it is written in the book of Psalms, Let his habitation be desolate ; and let no man dwell therein, and his bishopric let another take.*” How soon, ye see, were these holy apostles on the scramble for the bishoprics.

The *see* that Judas had vacated was not long left undisposed of; there were two candidates, of whom, one was to be ordained, says St. Peter, “*to be witnesses with us of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus.*”

Though neither of the candidates had been any more witnesses of the resurrection than I or you. And how the devil, if there had been any reality in the transaction, could a man be ordained a witness, of that which he had really *not* witnessed? And if he really *had* witnessed it, why should it depend upon the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether he should be allowed to be a witness of it or not? If Joseph, whose surname was *Justus*, which signifies *a just man*, had really been a witness of the resurrection of Christ, why should the world be deprived of his testimony, merely because he happened to cry tail when it turned up a *head*, or because thirteen would have been too many witnesses, or because the luck fell to Matthias, whose name signifies *a gift*? (a word devilishly like *a bribe*), and he was numbered with the apostles. So *he* got the bishopric, as all other bishops get their bishoprics, *the Lord knows how*; and having got it, like all other bishops, he lies snug, and the devil

a bit do ye hear of him any more ; except that our church, for a reason which none of your preachers of the gospel can tell you, and I can, have fixed, a feast on the 24th of February, and a fast on the 23d of February, to make ready for the feast, in honor of Bishop Matthias, on which occasion, she says that pretty prayer, “ O Almighty God, who, into the place of the traitor Judas, didst choose thy faithful servant Matthias, to be of the number of the twelve apostles; grant that thy church, being always preserved from false apostles, may be ordered and guided by faithful and true pastors, through Jesus Christ our Lord Ammon.” The 24th of February being the place of the Bissextile in the calendar of Julius Cæsar, where, in order that Judas might go to his own place, which is the sun’s highest point of ascension, from which he is betrayed, or drawn down, a new day was introduced, and thus the gospel allegory was made to preserve its perfect coincidence with *the acceptable year of the Lord*.

Now see what havoc a little criticism will play with your gospel history, and you will no more wonder that your clergy, and all their satellites, should labor by all means in their power to deter you from the exercise of that dangerous faculty—as thus:—

Why is *Peter* the speaker and arranger of the whole affair, in this election of the new apostle ?

Did it become him who, with oaths and curses, denied his Master, and whose treason, therefore, was not a whit less than that of Judas, to be the first for calling for a filling up of the place “from which Judas, by transgression, fell” ?

And why should not the repentance of Judas have been as acceptable to God, as the repentance of Peter, seeing the repentance of Judas was accompanied with fruits worthy of repentance, he gave the greatest proof of sincerity that man could give. He brought back the one pound ten—*i. e.*, thirty pieces of silver, which I beseech you to observe, doth make exactly a shilling a day for every day of the month, with two shillings to spare, if that month should happen to be February, and with only one shilling to spare, if that February should happen to

be in leap-year: whereas Peter only *went out* and blubbered, and then wiped his eyes, and was as merry as ever.

The accounts of the last catastrophe of Judas, in the gospel, and in the Acts of the Apostles, are utterly irreconcilable—so egregiously and flagrantly irreconcilable—that no Christian who would wish to be thought capable of honest criticism, would attempt to maintain that they possibly can be reconciled—as thus:—

The Judas of the Gospels, repented.

The Judas of the Acts, did not repent.

The Judas of the Gospel, despaired in his iniquity.

The Judas of the Acts, triumphed in his iniquity.

The Judas of the Gospel, returned the money.

The Judas of the Acts, kept the money.

The Judas of the Gospel, bore an honorable testimony to the innocence of Christ.

The Judas of the Acts, bore no such testimony.

The Judas of the Gospel, gave back the whole sum he had received to the priests, who put it into the treasury.

The Judas of the Acts, bought a field with it.

The Judas of the Gospel, hanged himself.

The Judas of the Acts, died by an accident.

The Judas of the Gospel, met a death that was entirely natural.

The Judas of the Acts, met a death that was entirely miraculous.

So that, most likely, like the death of Christ, it was no death at all. For who knows but that it might have been like-master like-man.

And Judas might have got over his suicide or fatal accident (whichever it was) as Christ got over his crucifixion, so as to be none the worse for it, a day or two after: which, indeed, is more than intimated in the sacred text, from which we learn, that after he had fallen headlong (*πρηνης γενομενος*), and burst asunder in the midst—*ελακησε μεσος*—that is, split into two halves, and *all his bowels gushed out*, in some way or other, which God knows best; he stuck his two halves together, and

went home, whistling as if nothing had happened: as we are expressly told, in words whose very curious meaning has never yet been trusted to the understandings of Christian audiences, that it was the apostleship, "*from which Judas, by transgression, fell, that he might go to his own place.*"

The words of the original Greek, rendered literally and syllabically, as they ought to be, are still more curiously (and to me, *delightfully*) enigmatical, ἐξ ἧς παρέβη Ἰουδᾶς, πορευθῆναι, εἰς τὸν τόπον τὸν ἰδίον.

Out of which passed over IOU-DAS, to be carried to the place, which was his proper place.

The words rendered, "from which *Iou Das*, by transgression, fell," by no means imply any moral fall, or any fault or crime which *Iou Das* had committed, but merely and literally a *passing over*, that he might go to his own place, as I must pass over Blackfriars bridge to-night, to go to my own place.

It is true, indeed, that there are a few passages, which, by a false punctuation, or collocation of the words; and in that stupid way of jumping at a conclusion, upon insufficient premises, are made to bear a sense dishonorable to the character of this holy apostle.

But these, when properly arranged, and the stops *put in*, in their right places, will be found to bear a wholly different meaning.

As, where Judas seems to be called *a devil*, and *the son of perdition*; and it is said, *the Son of Man goeth, indeed, as it is written of him; but wo unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been good for that man if he had not been born.*" And where Jesus says, "*Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?*" It is evident that it was not Judas Iscariot that was the devil, but Simon Peter; for an express exception is made in favor of Judas, in those words immediately following: "*for he knew who it was that should betray him*"—that is, he knew it was not he that was the devil, as he as certainly knew that it was Simon Peter that was the devil, when he expressly said to him, "*Get thee behind me, Satan;*" and the devil's in it, if it was not far more likely to be the devil

that wanted to prevent Christ from suffering, for our redemption, as did Peter, than he who betrayed him to suffer, as did St. Judas.

The Greek word for *who betrayed him*, a *παράδοδος*, is nothing more than *he who gave him up*: and instead of implying an act of treason or crime, implies an act of the highest benevolence and charity.

The clause in the prayer of Jesus, "*Those whom thou hast given me I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition, that the Scripture might be fulfilled;*" when properly collocated, should run thus: "None of them is lost but the son, that the scripture of perdition might be filled up;" so that there might be no room left for anybody to come into perdition.

And as for Judas having the devil in him, and the devil having put it into the heart of Judas Iscariot to betray him; this, instead of being any proof of the guilt of Judas, in betraying Christ, if guilt there were, is the strongest possible proof of his innocence.

And if the devil entered into Judas, have we not a fair right to inquire who the devil it was that let the devil into him? And who should that be but Christ himself? For immediately after he had given him the *sop*, Satan entered into him. So that if Satan really were a bad spirit, as some who know nothing about spirits, would pretend, the act of Jesus, in giving Judas the *sop*, dipped in such a spirit, was little less than setting a *gin* to catch his soul: and then, forsooth, he calls Judas the son of perdition, after he himself had given him a dose of *blue ruin*. Now, if there really were any treason in the case, who was the traitor but Christ himself, who invited his victim to supper, and then poisoned him, most *literally*, played the devil with him, gave him such a d——d bad spirit, as not merely got up into his head, but worked in another way so fatally, that all his bowels gushed out. And, indeed, Jesus himself seems to have been well aware of the operation of the dose that he had given the poor man, by telling him to leave the room immediately. "*What thou doest,*" says he, "*do quickly.*" Judas had only time enough, before he died, to point out to the

officers of justice who it was, *not* whom *he* had betrayed, but who had betrayed *him*. But if this be not the true way of understanding the whole affair; and by the spirit which was sopped up into the sop, that Jes gave to Judas, was meant no sort of aquafortis, gin, hollands, or rum, or whiskey, heightened with vitriolic acid, but the real incarnate eternal devil himself; why, then, it turns up that we have been mistaking our friend for our enemy all this while; and the devil it was—the devil himself—who was the prime agent, and all-directing power in the great work of human redemption. He it is, whose minister I am; my master Satan, who is alone entitled to be called our blessed Savior. He it is, to whom we ought to feel infinitely obliged. *But* for the part which *he* played in the scheme, all would have been lost. We should all have been damned—Jesus would have shirked out of it. He would not have suffered for our sins, and there should we have been left in the lurch to suffer for them ourselves; which, with reverence be it spoken, would have been a damnation case.

Nor is there any definition of goodness and virtue, which a Christian can give, which is not included in that truly meritorious action.

For, first, you shall observe, that, setting aside the carnal judgment of the natural man, which discerneth not the things of the spirit of God, Judas, so far as he was a free agent in the affair, made the word of God the sole guide and rule of his actions.

Now, how could such a man possibly be an immoral character? For where will you find such an excellent system of morals as in the Bible? And to whom are we to look for examples of fidelity, faithfulness, goodness, and truth, if not to the immediate apostles of our blessed Savior? Judas, in betraying his divine master, did nothing but the very act which he was fore-ordained, and commanded by God, and inspired by the Holy Ghost, to do. And if such an act could possibly be criminal, and so criminal, too, as to deserve eternal damnation, or (what is a great deal worse than eternal damnation) to lose a bishopric, why, there's a sheer end of all distinction between obeying the

will of God, and disobeying it: and a man might as well make reason the rule of his actions, as the Bible.

For, so strictly conscientious was Judas (*Is-DAS*) to observe the law of God in all his actions, that, though he might have made a much better bargain with the chief priests, and sold his master for ten times the sun, yet he so subdued all selfish and mercenary motives, that he asked no more than the thing he had to dispose of was worth, that was, one pound ten. Thirty pieces of silver, that being the price which God, in his infinite wisdom, was pleased to determine was as much as it was worth.

And that Judas was actuated by no motives of malice, ill-will, or unkindness against our blessed Savior, but quite the contrary, is proved by the fact, that when he came to Jesus, in the last interview they ever had, he said, "Hail, master!" and kissed him. And Jesus seems to have kissed him in return; as the words of the sacred text are: "*And Jesus said unto him, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?'*" which, in ordinary parlance, is neither more nor less than "*My dear boy, how d'ye do!*" than which nothing could be more affectionate: so that it seems they clapped their beards together, and slobbered like two cupids in a valentine. Jesus said to Judas, "Friend."

Now, I would only ask, what right our Christians have to give their blessed Savior the lie, and to charge him with the disgusting hypocrisy of calling Judas *his friend*, if he really took him to be his enemy? And if he really took him to be an enemy, and only called him *friend* ironically, why did he not suit his action to his word, so that the one might have interpreted the other; and when the fellow thrust his dirty beard *in* his face, give him such a ringer in the chops, as would have shown decidedly what sort of a friend he took him to be.

And how could any two persons on earth be more decidedly shown to be friends, than Jesus and Judas, as not merely exchanging such affectionate salutations, as, I thank God, are out of fashion in the civilized world, sitting at the same table, and dipping their fingers together in the same dish—for knives and forks, and spoons, are infidel inventions—but co-operating in

the same great counsel of infinite wisdom, for the redemption of mankind.

And as for the betraying of Jesus, being represented as a crime, or a disgrace, or a shameful act in Judas, it is the most egregious and monstrous misrepresentation of the matter, that folly itself could have been so foolish as to have dreamed of.

For to betray Christ, was so far from being a dishonorable, disgraceful, or wicked act, that there was not one of the disciples but what was anxious to do it. So, that when Jesus said, "*Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me,*" they were all on the scramble in a moment to obtain the honor of doing it; and the cry was, "*Lord, is it I?*" "*Lord, is it I?*" when Jesus was pleased to settle the dispute, in favor of Judas, by saying, "He is it to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it [in the pan];" and when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon—that is, the son of Simon Peter, which accounts for Simon Peter being so envious of his son Judas being promoted before him, that he could never speak a good word of him afterward; and which was a literal fulfilment of that prophecy of Christ, in which he said that he was come to set the son against the father, and the father against the son. So Simon Peter, when he found that his son, Judas Iscariot, had got the thirty shillings, was so vexed, that he went out and wept bitterly, and cursed and swore that he never would be reconciled to his son any more.

For how could a greater partiality be shown to any man, than by almost giving him the very victuals out of your mouth, helping him to the choice bit, sopping up the gravy of the dish, and reaching your hand over the table, dish and all, to afford him the advantage of licking the grease off your fingers. And there can be no doubt that our blessed Savior's fingers were purer than all the silver spoons in the world. Thus Judas was elected to the honor of betraying Christ, and by coming up at the very crisis, when otherwise his virtue would have failed, pushing him on when he wanted to push off, and getting him *in* for it, when he wanted to get out of it, he was actually the

meritorious agent, and the very hinge and pivot on which the whole chance of our salvation was on the swing.

It is the grossest absurdity, then, to talk of our being saved through the merits of Jesus Christ; when, upon coming to read the gospel for yourself, you shall see, that if there were any merits in the business, they were the merits of Judas Iscariot.

And as for the peculiar merit of *dying for us*—that is, so far from belonging to Christ, that it is peculiarly and exclusively the merit of Judas. Judas Iscariot is the only one spoken of in the gospel, whose death was matter of his own choice, and therefore his was the only death which could, by any possibility, be conceived to have merit in it. It is evident that Jesus would not have been hanged, if he could have helped it. But Judas hanged himself.

As St. Peter, and the other apostles, in the 5th of the Acts of the Apostles, concur in a direct contradiction to the accounts of each of the four gospels, by declaring to the Jews, not that they had crucified Jesus, which, God knows, they never did, but that they slew him, and hanged him on a tree; which is quite as true as the other story.

For, be it remembered, that the flattest and most palpable contradictions that can be put into words, are no contradictions in Scripture; thus, no sincere Christian doubts, or can doubt, not only that Judas Iscariot hanged himself, but that he absolutely did not hang himself. And that it is equally true, that he returned the money for which he betrayed his master, and that he did not return the money.

And the disciples of Christ could never doubt that he was crucified, dead, buried, and gone to hell, even at the very moment, when he was as much alive as we are at this moment, and asking them what they had got for supper, as on that interesting occasion he said to them, "*Children, have ye any meat?*"

So, nothing incompatible with the character of historical consistency has ever yet been observed by the childish understandings of the forty and fifty year old babes in Christ Jesus, in the circumstance of Peter, a Jew, at Jerusalem, preaching to the

Jews, telling them what the name of the field was, in the Jewish language, that it was called, in their proper tongue, *Aceldama*; but as their proper tongue, their native language, was a language that none of the natives had ever heard of, he kindly condescended to translate it into plain English—*Aceldama*, that that is to say, *the field of blood*.

How sublimely accurate is Scriptural chronology: the field had got a name from the transaction, before the transaction had taken place. It was a matter of very high antiquity, when it had occurred within the last fortnight; and it was known to all them that dwelt at Jerusalem, when all them that dwelt at Jerusalem knew no more about it than it knew about them.

But why, above all things which Judas might have bought, should he have bought a field?

And why, above all deaths which Judas might have chosen, should he have chosen to hang himself?

And why should his buying a field, cause him to fall headlong?

And why should his falling headlong, cause his bowels to gush out?

And why should the field be called *Aceldama*?

And why was he called $I\delta \Delta\alpha\varsigma$?

And why was $I\delta \delta\alpha\varsigma$ also called Iscariot?

And why was $I\delta$ -Das Iscariot, also called the son of Simon?

The bringing forth of the latent astronomical sense, will solve all these questions.

Judas is the same name as *Judah*, which is the name of one of the twelve tribes of Israel. Iscariot is the same as Issachar, which is another of the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. Issachar is the sixth of the twelve tribes of Israel, answering to *Cancer*, the Crab, of the month of June, in the centre of which constellation, are the stars, called the asses; which gives us the clear astronomical solution of that extraordinary blessing which *Israel* pronounces upon the twelve patriarchs, applying to Issachar, in the 49th of Genesis, the words, "*Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens; and he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute*"

Now, here is the strong ass, which Issachar, without any intended affront, is literally said to be ; and which strong ass, in an inferior and earlier state of astronomical observation, would give its name to the whole constellation, which, by taking in a great many of the surrounding stars, is now enlarged into the constellation of *Cancer*, the Crab of the month of June.

This ass, is said to couch down between two *boundaries*, as it stands precisely on the line that bounds the two halves of the zodiacal year.

“And he saw that rest was good :” the sun having reached this point, is said to be at the summer solstice, where it seems to be perfectly stationary, for several days, as if it would wish to rest in that state, “for he saw the land that it was pleasant ;” the whole earth never appearing more delightful than in the month of June.

But this Issachar of the Old Covenant—this Iscariot of the New—that is, this Jack Ass, between the two boundaries of the old astronomy, this back-sliding Crab of the new ; standing, at the sun’s highest point of ascension, betrays him with a kiss. He gets him up into the large upper room, than which he can go no higher, and then gives him to understand, that down he must come.

The astronomical chronology being beautifully veiled in the allegorical picture, which represents to us, that immediately when Judas went out—that is, the latter end of the month of June ; then said the Jesus of the allegory—(that is, the sun in the visible heavens) : “Now is the SON of MAN CLARIFIED, and God is clarified in him. If God be clarified in him, God shall also clarify him in himself, and *shall straightway clarify him, little children !*” that is to say, there’s for you, *little children*—there’s your favorite game—there’s

“ Riddle me, riddle me, re,
None are so blind as those that won’t see.”

But let the little children, the babes and sucklings of the gospel, show wit enough to unriddle me their riddle, and I

myself will put on a pin-a-fore, and go to school again, to the infant academy in Silver street.

I want to know how the Son of man could be clarified *straight-way*, but in no other way than the *straight-way*? Had it been in the *cross-way*, or the *reverse way*, or the *crooked-way*, there would have been some grievous error in the reckoning? *Answer.* Because the apparent path of the sun, through the visible heavens, is within the perfectly straight band of the tropics.

And why should this clarification have happened in no other place than in that large upper room? *Answer.* Because the sun's most transcendent beauty and brightness are attained when he reaches the tropic of *Cancer*—that is, at the moment when he kisses Iscariot, or, which is the same thing, when Iscariot kisses him?

Why should this clarification have happened just at no other time than when Judas was going out? *Answer.* Because that is the exact allegorization of the latter end of June?

And why should Judas hang himself? *Answer.* Because all the twelve apostles are hanged as well as he, each self-suspended from the vaulty arch of night, where you may see them, each hanging in his particular field, or portion of the heavens; where they retain their fixed positions, and where the righteous, not figuratively, but literally, do shine as the stars in the kingdom of their father?

And why did Judas, hung in the skies, as all the rest of them are, after betraying his master—that is, having led him up to the point, from which his fall commences, himself fall *headlong*, *πρηνής γενομένος*—that is, become prone? *Answer.* Because, when the sun has passed through the constellation, the constellation itself seems to be tumbling down?

And why, when Judas *become prone*, *headlong*, did all his bowels gush out? *Answer.* Because, when the constellation through which the sun has passed, by the sun's passing onward seems to emerge or come out on the other side, the stars of which it is composed, appear much fainter than they were, as if the sun, in going over them, had trampled out their fires.

And why, when Judas goes out, is the Son of man clarified, and when the Son of man is clarified, God is clarified in him: and when God is clarified in him, God returns the compliment by clarifying *him* in himself? My God! why, or how is all this, but by that clear and universal metonymy, which obtained exactly in the pagan mythology, as it does in the Christian, whereby each one of the twelve great gods, was in turn substituted, and spoken of, and invested with all the attributes of any other, and of all the rest, and each in its turn, when considered as Lord of the ascendant, was the one supreme and only Lord.

Duodotheism was perfectly consistent with Monotheism—the same deity that was god in summer, became the devil in winter; “and no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.”

So Jupiter was often turned into Apollo, Apollo back again into Jupiter—the rule of orthodoxy being

Εἰς Ζεὺς, εἰς Ἀἰδῆς, εἰς Ἥλιος, εἰς Διονύσος,
Εἰς θεὸς ἐν παντεσσι.

There is, then, no more real contradiction in there being twelve persons in one God, each by himself, being separately and distinctively the one true and only God, than in there being three persons in one God, in the Christian Trinity.

It being the same sun, through the whole year round, though there be a January sun, a February sun, and so on; and it is the same sun which was the January sun, which is now the March sun, and will be the July and August sun.

And you will find as many distinct moral characters of your Jesus, in your gospel allegory, as there are physically varied phenomena of the sun: in passing through the twelve months of the year. For

“These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God—the rolling year
Is full of thee.”

And hence, not only the names of Peter, Andrew, James, John, and the rest of them, but the name of Judas Iscariot is one of the names of that *πολυωνυμον Δαιμων*, that *many-named*

demon, by which was never meant anything else than the sun himself.

The name Judas, the same as Judah, generally translated the praise of the Jew—that is, of the Lord, is a compound of the two Ammonian names of god Ieue, pronounced Ieve, whence the pagan god Jove, and the Christian Jehovah, and Dah, *Dis*, *Das*, the day, the god of day, and Iscariot, signifying *he that cuts off or exterminates*, as the month of June puts an end to the sun's further ascension, and begins to shorten all days. This constellation, upon being personified as they all are, gets the allegorical character of a *murderer*, and the field, or portion of the heavens, in which this sign of the Zodiac is *literally hanged*, and where, atheistically speaking, *it hanged itself*, gets the allegorical name of Aceldama, the light, *universal* blood, or the field of blood.

As the name *Jesus* itself is really none other than the ancient Persic name for the *sun*, with a Latin termination, the radical word itself, I. ES, signifying I, the one, the alone; and *ES*, the *fire*—that is, the *one great fire*, which is the sun, and which, worshipped under the name Hercules, compounded of אש כל אש, the light, the universal fire, which was the same Jesus Christ, and under the name Æsculapius, compounded of אש כל אש, the fire, the universal father, which was the same Jesus Christ, and under the Greek name of Απολλων, Apollo—that is, *apart the many*, which was the same Jesus Christ, and under the Latin of *Sol*, or *Solus*, the *One*, the *Alone*, which is the same Jesus Christ.

And under the reverentially repeated name of *On*, the Being, אש—אש, the *Being*, the *One*, the *Being*, the self-same Deity, the sun was worshipped, by the ancient Egyptians. As the sacred name, *Onion*, was also the name of the great temple of the sun, at Heliopolis. This gave occasion to those, whose object was to inquire into the real meaning of things as little as possible, to accuse the Egyptians of worshipping onions.

The onion, receiving that Egyptian name, from the curious analogy, that if you cut it through horizontally, the two sections present a resemblance of the solar system: the sun in the centre, and the orbits of the plants, which revolve round it, making up the whole substance of the root.

Thus, by looking at it, you may contemplate heavenly wonders, and by smelling at it you may shed tears of as sincere devotion as any sensible man could wish to shed; and if, after having looked at it, and smelt it, you should have a mind to eat it, it would be the most sensible way I know of taking the sacrament.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON JUDAS ISCARIOT
VINDICATED.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

S A I N T T H O M A S :

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.

ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MARCH 13, 1831.

“*But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples, therefore, said unto him, ‘We have seen the Lord.’ But he said unto them, ‘Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.’*”—JOHN XX. 24.

No more will I. But, my God! then Tommy, you will be damned to all eternity—you unbelieving wretch—you devil's chaplain—you'll go to hell, as sure as your name's Tommy! And here have we the origin of that curious association of idea, which obtains not merely in our common English phrase, *hell and Tommy*, but which is found in the language of every nation on which the sun hath ever shone, from the Ganges to the Nile, from the Nile to the Thames.

In India, in Egypt, Greece, and Italy, in the language of every nation in which a belief of the existence of a hell is to be found (and wherever there are knaves and fools, that belief is to be found), *hell and Tommy*, or the terms answering in their languages to those terms, stand in as natural and inseparable

an association with each other, as boiled beef and mustard. You could not think of the one, without immediately thinking on the other

With the reason and the science of this curious association of idea, I will presently repay your attention, only requesting you for a few minutes to suspend your admiration, on the peg of your observance of the parity of the association of the devil and Judas, and hell and Tommy ; in which, as Judas seems to be something worse than the devil, so Thomas is the climax, or something worse than hell. You may go to hell, and come back again. As we read of Jesus Christ, that " he descended into hell, but the third day he rose again : " whereas, if he had gone to hell and Tommy, his soul must have been left in hell, and his flesh would have seen corruption—that is, as far as a dead man could see anything.

The passage in continuation of our text, runs thus: "*And after eight days, again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them ; then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, ' Peace be unto you.' Then said he to Thomas, ' Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side : and be not faithless, but believing : ' and Thomas answered, and said unto him, ' My Lord, and my God ! ' Jesus saith unto him, ' Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed : Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. ' "*

On any attempt to give a character of history to this beautiful allegorical grouping, nothing could be conceived grosser than the outrageous and monstrous absurdities, and direct contradictions to itself, which the story so perverted presents us : the fool that could believe it, could believe anything. The knave who would say that he believed it, would say anything.

For here is supposed to be the body of a man, presenting himself, for the express purpose of demonstrating to the senses of his friends, that he was no phantom, no shadow, no smoke, but might be seen and felt ; and yet, coming into the room when the doors were shut, as most certainly no body that was solid and substantial, could possibly have done, or even be conceived to do.

And if the body were solid, and could be seen and felt, then is the pretence, that Christ had really been crucified, and put to death, demonstrated to be a cheat and a lie, by evidence, as strong as ever was adduced to prove that a thing could *be* and *not be* at the same time.

For if the presence of a man alive, in health, in strength—you see him, you hear him, you touch him, you shake hands with him, you converse with him, you eat and drink with him—not a proof that whoever had asserted that that man had been dead, was a liar, then there is no difference between lying and truth among men; and God Almighty should better take away the reason he has given us, than have made us reasonable, to insult us so offensively.

Not all the testimony on earth, not all the hosts of heaven, not God himself, nor his Almighty power, could make it *be*, or seem to be, that the man who is found alive to-day, had been really and truly dead, any two, three, or ten days before to-day. And the Christian religion, if such be its foundation, is founded on the most monstrous lie that ever falsehood framed or folly credited.

The only line in the whole romance, on which relief of its monstrous inconsistency might hang, is the supposition, that Thomas and the rest of them (had such persons really existed, as I shall prove to you they never did) might have expressed their astonishment, not at Jesus's being alive, but at the mistake they had made in supposing that he had ever been dead; of which, his appearance, if a real appearance it were, was, what would be called in all reason, a sufficient proof to the contrary.

The cause of which mistake, still on the supposition of history, Christ himself might have explained, as thus: "Pontius Pilate was my friend. He protected me from the rage of the mob, by bringing forth another criminal, dressed up in my clothes, and saying, '*Behold the man*;' while his wife, who was in the secret, sent me away in woman's clothes."

If history had been intended, which it certainly was not, this, and this only, would have been the historical reading. For whatever is not probable, is not history, but romance.

But come we now to the enucleation of the deep science involved in this romance. You shall see the gospel, rising above the low and grovelling conceptions of the intolerant and impatient fools and dunces, whose vanity can not bear that anybody should be wiser than themselves, and presenting us with a beautiful drama, which had constituted the subject matter of the *Diegesis*,* from which the compiler of Luke's gospel acknowledges his work to be a compilation: and of the four mystical books which were carried by the priests in the sacred processions of the goddess Isis in Egypt, and of which the purport was—what, that of our gospels to this day may demonstrably be proved to be, *a representation of the natural history of the year, or of the sun in passing through the year, under the pleasant fiction of an imaginary hero*, called Hercules and Æsculapius, in Phœnicia; Osiris, Adonis, and Thamuz, in Syria and Egypt; Chrishna, in Judea; Jesus, in Persia; Christus, in Greece; Apollo, Jupiter, and so forth, in Italy; Hesus, in Germany, Gaul, Britain, &c.

The name, part, and character of Saint Thomas, among the *dramatis personæ* of the evangelical pantomime, is one of the most marked and beautiful, as it most clearly conducts the studious inquirer to the solution of the whole enigma.

The name *Thomas*, first occurs in the list of the names of the twelve apostles, in the 10th of Matthew's gospel, where it stands as the 7th; but in the 3d of Mark's, and the 6th of Luke's gospel, it stands as the 8th in the apostolic series: Saint Peter, in every one of the lists, being invariably the first, and Saint Judas Iscariot, the 12th of the apostles. The character of Thomas appears in no other parts of the second scene, except this of his unbelief in the resurrection of Christ, that of his remark previous to the resurrection of Lazarus, in the 11th of St. John's gospel, when he said, in the contemplation that Jesus would die at Jerusalem, "*Let us also go, that we may die with him,*" that of his direct contradiction to Jesus, in the 14th of that gospel, when Jesus had said, "*Whither I go ye know, and the way ye*

* Hence the name which Mr. Taylor has given to his great historical work, the *DIEGESIS*.

know ;” and Tom said, “ We do *not* know whither thou goest ; and how can we know the way ?” And his share in the answer, which six of the disciples make to Peter, after Christ’s resurrection, when he said, “ *I go a fishing,*” and they said, “ *We also go with thee.*” Neither of the other gospels mention a word about Saint Thomas, more than his name in the list : and only this gospel of St. John, gives us his surname, or the interpretation of his name Thomas, “ *which is called Didymus,*” that is to say, *a Twin*, or one of the Twins.

Of which amount of the whole testimony, the sum is:—

1st. That something more was known and understood of the part that Thomas should bear in the sacred allegory, by the writer of the 4th gospel, than by either of the writers of the first three gospels.

2d. That it was not distinctly known, between Matthew, Mark, and Luke, whether Thomas was the seventh or the eighth disciple.

3d. That John, who has given us no list of the disciples at all, by interpreting for us the name Thomas, as signifying Didymus—that is to say, *a Twin*, has left it doubtful whether he might not have been the sixth or fifth in *the glorious company*.

But, which ever he be, the essentiality of his character, is his connexion with Jesus in the mystery of the resurrection, either in *that* resurrection of which Jesus is the agent, and raises the dead man, or *that*, in which he is the *patient*—that is, the dead man himself, who *is* to be raised. In the first enigma, we are instructed, that if Jesus were to die, *Thomas would die* : in the second, that if Jesus were *not* to rise again, or a doubt could possibly be entertained on that subject, Thomas would give up his place in the apostleship.

With this most curious analogy, that the state of doubt in Thomas’s mind, as to whether his master was risen or not, lasted exactly *eight days*, and then, his faith in Christ began at his *fingers’ ends*. Seeing, was not believing ; *hearing*, was not believing ; Thomas must have *a finger* in the pie, before he would be satisfied. He would not be content with ocular proof, nor oral proof—he would have tangible proof—and so would I,

or any other sensible man, before I would believe anything that a dead man had to say for himself.

That this tangible and feeling proof was afforded to Thomas, makes it only so much the more miraculous, and not a little bit unfair, that the like should have been withheld from the Lady Mary Magdalen, when she met her sweet Jesus, as Juliet met her Romeo, by moonlight, in the garden. And when she said to him, not *Rabbi*, as they say to a Jew, nor *ud rabbit it*, as you or I might have said, but *Raw-bony*. But *Raw-bones* would not stand it, and said, "*Touch me not*, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." As if there were something in his bones that would not bear touching, till he had got a little more flesh on them; which can not but lead us to look with a little severer criticism into the terms of the privilege granted to Thomas. And in adhering to the strict letter of the sacred text, you will find that Thomas was not allowed to *touch* Christ, any more than Mary had been. He was not permitted to *feel* with his fingers, but he was to *see* with his fingers. The terms being, not "*Reach hither thy finger, and feel*, but reach hither thy finger, and *behold*."

So that Thomas, after all, saw no more of his Savior than a man could see with his fingers. "*And reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side*, which was a thing, if Jesus had really been a living man—absolutely impossible to have been done. Nor is it at all asserted or implied in the text that it *was* done. Only Thomas rapt out an oath, "*My Lord, and my God!*" which Beza and the unitarians consider as a mere ejaculation of surprise and astonishment, as when anybody treads on our toe, we cry, "*O Lord!*" or "*Good God!*" (for which, God forgive us!) but which the trinitarians, and I with them, most sincerely hold to be a profession of faith—that is, a declaration of Thomas, that from that time forth he should hold the risen Jesus to be his Lord and his God.

In the case of unbelieving Thomas, even if you choose to understand it as history, which I am sure it is not, you see, as in the majority of cases, from the beginning of Scripture to the end, the great advantage of being an infidel. It is not belief,

but unbelief, that is the safe side. And let the gospel be the word of God, by which our souls shall be tried, all the hazard, all the daring, all the likelihood to be eternally damned, and most richly to deserve to be damned, is incurred by the believer.

A hundred texts pledge safety and security, and that he could not be on better ground than he is, to the honest infidel, for *one* that holds out a chance of salvation, to the fool of a believer. The infidel is as safe as the holy apostle Saint Thomas, who was not a whit more incredulous than every sensible man ought to be. The infidel is as safe as the immediate family and relatives of Christ himself, "*for neither did his brethren believe in him.*" John v. Whereas, the believer, who knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. The believer that said his prayers, *for*, and *because* of his saying his prayers, which no wise or good man would ever think of doing, "*shall receive the greater damnation.*"

Why, then, this mighty hue and cry against unbelief—this beggarly tract circulating, this zealous preaching against unbelievers, as if there were no sin in the world but unbelief? But, because unbelief is fatal to priestcraft. Unbelief doth spoil the gospel trade: unbelief doth hinder the craftsmen of the money they would receive from letting their seats in their chapels; and hence it is, they would rather make their peace with the greatest murderer or thief that was ever hanged or unhanged, than have a good word to say for the best man that ever breathed, if he were an infidel.

Thomas, like all the rest of the heroes of the gospel, is a character wholly unknown, unheard of, untraced, and untraceable, in any legends, but those of the Church of Rome, which no sensible man of the present day would any more think of quoting as history, than he would the "*Arabian Nights' Entertainments,*" or "*The History of the Seven Champions of Europe.*"

Origen, an Egyptian monk, quoted by Eusebius, tells us that Thomas went and preached to the Medes and Persians, the Caramanians, the Baskerians, and the magicians. He is generally called the Apostle of India: and the Greek church professes to believe that his body, after his death, was miraculously

transported to Edessa. Some Portuguese writers assure us that he suffered martyrdom at Meliapour, in the peninsula of India ; while the Manichees affirm, that a man who struck him was killed by a lion. The whole protestant world is wisely aware, that the less inquiries of this sort are prosecuted, the better. All historical writers, without excepting one, have been infidels. They would never condescend to take the least notice of the heroes of theology.

It was necessary to invent the story that one of the apostles had preached the gospel in India. St. Thomas, therefore, as the genius of that month in which the sun is hottest, was fixed on as the proper saint for that hot climate ; to counteract the awkward historical evidence found in the Bhagavat Pourana, which proves that the gospel had been preached in India, more than fifteen hundred years before its Jewish origin had been pretended.

Both of the names of Thomas, Thomas and Didymus, are names of pagan deities ; and, what is still more fatal to the pretence of a distinction between Christianity and paganism, those deities bear precisely the same character and part in the pagan mythology as in the Christian gospel. One of the most distinguished surnames of the God Apollo, was *Didymus*, that name signifying a Twin : and Apollo was called Apollo Didymæus, as dispenser of the *twin* light, or light by both day and night.

The month of May is subscribed, in the calendar of Julius Cæsar, "*under the protection of Apollo*," as every one knows, that the Twins, *Gemini*, is, to this day, the name of the third of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, reckoning *Aries* the first—that is, the fifth, reckoning *Aquarius*, the *Water-bearer*, the first. The Sun, entering *Gemini* on the 19th of May, quits it for *Cancer*, the sign immediately following, on the 20th of June. Now the Hebrew name for the month of *June* happens to be none other than the direct basis of this word *Thomas* (*Thamuz*) : and thus *Didymus*—*i. e.*, the *Twin*, is not an interpretation of the name *Thomas*, but a surname added to it : *Didymus* expressing the thirteen days which the Sun of *Gemini*, the *Twins*, takes out of the month of *May*, and *Thomas*, the remaining nineteen out of the month of *June*—the whole, *Didymus Thomas*, or *Thomas*—

a-Didymus, exactly defining the relations of this sign of the Zodiac.

As Didymæus, or Didymus, was a synonymous name of the Grecian Apollo, so Thomas was the perfect synonyme of the Phœnician *Adonis*. As each name, traced to its primitive roots, most clearly demonstrates—AD, *the Lord*; ON, *the Being*; IS, *the Fire*—that is, the LORD: the ONE, the FIRE—that is, the SUN.

In the Pagan fable, believed to be the Son of the Virgin *Myrrha*, by her own father, Cinyras.

In the Christian fable, believed to be the Son of the Virgin Mary, by her own God.

Worshipped, by the demi-humanized orang-outangs, whom we call Jews, to this day, under the name of *Adonai*,* which they always substitute in the place of the name *Yahou*, which we pronounce *Jehovah*.

Worshipped by the savage hordes, from whom the Jews believe themselves to be descended, under the name of *Tammuz*,† from the days of an infinitely remote antiquity.

The name *Thomas* being compounded of the two Ammonian primitives, *Thom*, *Wonderful*, whence the Greeks formed their word *θαυμα*, a miracle, sign, or *wonder*; and *ων*, *fire*: the whole together literally expressing. “*the wonderful fire*”—that is, *the SUN*. The name *hell*, or *hell-fire*, is directly formed from the Hebrew *על*, *Eel*, *God*; whence the Greeks‡ formed their name

* *Adonai* is, literally, *my Lords*, in the plural; *Adoni* is, *my Lord*, in the singular: *Adonis*, *the Lord*, *the Being*, *the Fire*—i. e., the Sun, in the full nominative case singular.

† TAMMUZ, *abstruse, concealed*.—CRUDEN.

‡ And the name of *hell*, or *hell-fire*, is but another reading of the name THOMAS, that is, *the wonderful fire*; whence the universal association of the names *Hell* and *Tommy*. They are perfectly synonymous, *על*, *Heel*, the Hebrew name of God, forming the basis of *Ηλιος*, the Greek name of the sun, and passing over by metonymy to the name of the fish called the *eel*, or *water-snake*, which, by putting its tail into its mouth, was the universal emblem of the eternity of the sun; by its remarkable tenacity of life, was the emblem of the immortality of the sun; by its possession of its energies, without any limb or di-

of the sun, HEELIOS; and the Hebrews took back again what they had lent in their name of the prophet, who went up in his *fiery* chariot, ELIAS.

Nor is there any truth in which the learned are more entirely agreed, than that Tammuz and Adonis are one and the self-same deity—that is, synonymous names of the same deity; namely, *the sun in the month of June*, of which Milton so beautifully sings, in his first book of *Paradise Lost* :—

“Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon, allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
 While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
 Ran purple to the sea—supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz, yearly wounded: the love-tale
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led,
 His eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
 Of alienated Judah.”

That love-tale, which the Syrian damsels sung “in amorous ditties, all a summer's day,” was none other than that self-same

vision of its body, the emblem of him who peculiarly hath life in himself; and by its silent orbicular progress, the emblem of the sun's apparent motion in the Zodiac, and of the whole solar system together, through infinite space. And by analogy, transferred to the *heel*, as the lower part of the human body, in the microcosm of man; as the point of Hell and Tommy in the Zodiac, is the sun's lowest place of declination, on the 21st of December. And here breaks in upon us the light of a significancy and a meaning, where otherwise I defy the wit of man to find any meaning at all, of those words in the 49th psalm: “Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels compasseth me round about.” In the name of God, now, what sort of iniquity is it that a man could commit with his *heels*? Or how could the iniquity of his *heels* compass him about? Morally, the thing is an absurdity; historically, it is an impossibility; but, astronomically, “the days of evil” are the short days of deep winter, and then it is that the heels of the sun, in his annual walk, stick fast in the deep

tale, which we now call *gospel*, and which was denounced as the grossest idolatry by the Jewish God, 594 years before it acquired the name of Christianity. It was the tale of the suffering Savior, the crucified God, *Poor Tommy*, denounced as an execrable abomination, though carried on as religious worship, even in the temple of Jehovah himself; as you read in the 8th of Ezekiel, ver. 14: "*Then he brought me to the door of the Lord's house, which was toward the north, and behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz*" (Thomas). The Latin Vulgate has given us the name of Adonis, as a direct translation of the word *Thomas*. "*Et ecce ibi mulieres sedebant, plangentes Adonidem.*"

The Greek of the Septuagint has it, *και ιδε εκει γυναικες καθημεναι θρηνησαι τον Θαμμουζ*. And the Hebrew text is, *והנה שם הנשים ישות מננות את החמון*

That the tale or story of Poor Tom, or Tommy, or Thomas, or Adonis, was the same as the story of Jesus Christ, I have shown most fully in my work on the origin and history of the Christian religion, entitled *the DIEGESIS*: to which I can only refer the more curious inquirer, resting here, on the pretty sufficient evidence,

1st. That the names are in some instances, the very same.

2d. The significancy or meaning of the names is, in every instance, the same.

3d. The doctrines are the very same.

4th. The forms and words of worship are the very same.

And if, with so much evidence of sameness between the ancient paganism and the modern paganism, which is now called Christianity, there ever was a real substantive and essential difference, the man is yet unborn whose wit or whose learning could point out, in what that difference consisted.

mire and clay; as fast as he gets one heel out, the other sticks in again. He is retarded in his progress, and the unevenness at turning the curve seems completely to compass him about. And that this sort of language was astronomical, is announced in the verse immediately preceding, in which the speaker calls what he was going to say, a *problem*, in the *Greek*; a proposition, in the *Latin*; a *dark saying*, in the *English*; and, as the common sense of it means, a riddle.

The name *Thomas*, which is but a varied utterance of *Tammuz* (as hardly any two men of two countries would utter the same word in the same way) the Hebrew name of the month of *June*, signifies, as you will see in your concordance, in the whole word *TAMMUZ*, *the abstruse, the HIDDEN, or concealed*.

So, the name *AMMON*—that is, the *Amen*, one of the names of Jesus Christ, in the gospel, is always brought in at the end of our Christian prayers, as the explanation and meaning of the name Jesus Christ, “*Through Jesus Christ, our Lord Ammon*”—that is, Jesus Christ who *is* our Lord Ammon, or Jupiter Ammon. Ammon, in the whole word, always signified the *abstruse, the hidden, or concealed one*.*

As we find the prophet Isaiah, addressing him with this pretty compliment, “*Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself.*” Isaiah xlv. 15. “*O God of Israel the Savior.*” The Sun, which is Adonis, Thomas, Jupiter, Ammon, and Osiris, is said to hide itself at the winter solstice: and hence, in Egypt, the annual religious ceremony of seeking for Osiris, and the innumerable expressions which run through our whole Christian theology, which is entirely derived from Egypt, about *seeking the Lord*.

AMMON was worshipped, not only as the Sun, at its highest altitude in the ecliptic, but as at the directly opposite point, the lowest—that is, not only as the Sun in all his glory, “*lifting up the light of his countenance upon us;*” but as the *Stygian Jupiter*, in deep winter, hiding himself from us.

And thus, while Thomas is literally the name of the month of June, yet Thomas's-day, or the day in which Thomas is to be particularly worshipped, is the 21st of December.

On which day, the church returns thanks to God for the unbelief of his holy apostle Thomas. Of which allegorical unbelief, the physical interpretation is so clear and so beautiful, that one hardly knows whether more to admire the want of all poetry of soul, or of all common sense, in the bungling dunces, that could dream of anything else than an allegory having been in-

* According to Manetho, as we learn from Plutarch, Ammon signifies το κερκρυμμενον, και, την κρυψιν, *occultum et occultationem*.—SIR W. DRUMMOND'S *Origines*, vol. ii., p. 332.

tenaed by it. The sun is at his lowest point of declination on the 21st of December, and for about four days before and four days after. St. Thomas's day, therefore, the 21st—that is, the middle day of the winter solstice, is fixed on as the shortest day. And St. Thomas, therefore, as the genius of that day, is in allegorical despair, as to whether his master, the Sun, will ever rise again. But, on the 25th of December, which is *Christmas-day*, four days after St. Thomas's-day, it is evident that the sun actually *has* risen, the day is lengthened, the sun has achieved his first degree in the ascending scale: and hence, in *one* manner of arranging the allegory—that is, the day of the *birth* of Christ; in another it is the day of his *second birth*, or resurrection; and in a *third*, it is the day of the resurrection of Lazarus—that is, of the *year*, the friend of Christ, which had been exactly *four days dead*.

It is on the 25th of December that the Genii, or personifications of the other days and months of the year, say, in exact allegory, to Thomas, “*We have seen the Lord,*” and receive from him that churlish avowal of his unbelief:

Don't talk to me about seeing the sun! My fingers are frost-bitten still, and till I can thaw them in his vital heat, and put my hand upon some substance that has been made warm by his recovered ray—the absolute print of his hand upon nature—I will not believe.

This absolute increase of the sun's vital heat, becomes unequivocally perceptible, about eight days afterward. Thomas, therefore, receives the satisfaction he had demanded, and from *that* day, which is the 1st of January, and not before, the lengthening of the day, and the perceptible increase of the sun's heat, having done away with the doubts of St. Thomas, the new year is reckoned to begin.

But there will still be, to the unskilled in this occult science, a constant appearance of confusion and jumbling, and a consequent suspicion of a total want of system and method, as if one could make anything of it one pleased, and it were all mere conjecture, as I can put any one apostle in the place of any other, as it seems to serve the turn; and I am constantly confounding

the disciple with his Lord, and the Lord with the disciple, and one disciple with another; and ascribing to one and the same disciple the most opposite and contradictory characteristics.

The answer is, the multiplication table is just such another jumble and piece of confusion, to a fool; but if you will be at the pains to evolve the inductions or repeated additions which constitute the multiplications, you will learn that the appearance of confusion originated in your own ignorance, and that, in reality, there is no jumble or confusion at all in it.

Only serve the multiplication-table as you serve the gospel, by taking it for what it was never meant for, and refusing to understand it any otherwise than as you did the first day it was put into your hands, and you will acquire about as much skill in arithmetic as your clergy have in divinity. But all the difficulty and apparent contradiction will vanish, if you will but recollect and apply the universal metonymy both of human language and of human idea: whereby, a thing is held to be sufficiently expressed, when anything which has an immediate connexion and relation with it, is expressed—as we say, make *the kettle boil*, for make the water boil, and *shut the door*, for shut the doorway. So, the sign in which the sun is, is at any time identified with the sun. And the sun of every year, of every month, and of every day, is spoken of, in allegorical astronomy, as a distinct and particular sun; while yet, there never is, nor was, but one and the self-same sun. Thus the *Dii Majores*, or greater Gods, of the pagan mythology, were but one and the same God—that is, the same *sun*, as distinctively considered in the twelve months of the year, as the three Gods or three persons in one God, in the Christian Trinity, are in like manner but one and the self-same God—that is, the productive energy of nature, as considered in the three elements of *Fire*, *Water*, and *Air*, which are the original and only Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, “which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,”
Ammon.

Thus the Amen of the gospel, in the mystical prayer, of the 17th of John, prays, that “all his disciples may be turned into one; and that he may be in them, and they in him, and he in

God ; that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, I in them, and thou in me :” so that, instead of leaving the reckoning to stand as only three persons in one God, it must, by an arithmetic, make fourteen persons in one God. “ *That they all may be one,*” says Christ—and so say I too. For if three persons, each by himself being God and Lord, may yet make but one God and one Lord ; what is to hinder, but that fourteen, or any other number of Gods and Lords, may be but one ? For when once a man renounces his reason, as every good Christian is bound to do—sure enough it’s all one to him.

The solution of the enigma, however, as an allegory of the natural phenomena of the same one eternal and unchanging sun, through all the changing seasons of the year, is so clear, so beautiful, so obvious, that it is impossible not to see that it has been only by effort, and pains-taking, that men have shut themselves out from conviction, and barricaded themselves in ignorance, by pretending an historical character for what an unsophisticated child would see, could never have been intended but as a fiction. In which case, one can not but apply to them the censure which the gospel itself denounces : “ *They love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil*”—that is, they hide themselves from the clear and evident allegorical sense of their scriptures, and have pretended an historical one, because they have a wicked and sinistrous purpose of their own to serve ; because they have a craft to carry on ; because they would usurp a tyrannous and cruel influence over weak minds, that see not through their craft ; and because honor, wealth, and power, are acquirable in this way, with less talent, exertion, or industry, than any other.

The belief, which the gospel requires, was never the belief which implied a taking it to be true, but that only which implies, what in a vulgar, but very expressive phrase, is called the *being up to it*—that is, indeed, the *not taking it to be true*, but taking it as it was intended, and as it is, indeed, a fiction, a romance, an allegorical veil thrown over natural history.

And as one series of natural phenomena might be more in the mind of the allegorist than another, or a more or less ingenious way of allegorizing the same facts would occur to the more

or less ingenious allegorists, you have that brave neglect of method, that heedlessness of consistency with itself, or with any other allegory of the same phenomena, which characterizes St. John's allegory, as distinguished from the allegories of Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

So the character of Thomas, a pure invention of the fourth allegorist, like the allegorical miracle of turning water into wine, and the resurrection of Lazarus, never occurred to the minds of Matthew, Mark, and Luke—as the allegorical miracle of the Devil's drowning the pigs, or the pigs drowning the devils, which cuts such a pretty figure in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, is wholly omitted by St. John. To say nothing of the total contrariety, and different ways of telling the fable of the resurrection of Christ, in John's gospel, and the three others; a contrariety and difference which Christian critics themselves are constrained to admit can not be reconciled on any supposition of an historical basis of the story, but allowable enough under the license of allegory and fiction, from which a perfect consistency is never expected. It being enough that the story hangs together any way in which it may hang together, and that the reader be sufficiently aware of the moral or latent astronomical significancy which the story is constructed to convey—

“Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow :
He who would seek for pearls, must dive below.”

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON SAINT THOMAS.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

SAINT JAMES AND SAINT JOHN,
THE SONS OF THUNDER:

A SERMON,

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.,

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MARCH 26, 1831.

“*And after six days, Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and leadeth them up into an high mountain, apart by themselves: and he was transfigured before them. And his raiment became shining, exceeding white, as snow: so as no fuller on earth can white them.*”—MARK ix., 2, 3.

I HAVE before preached, and have published the discourse I preached, on this fable of the *Transfiguration* of Christ, as it is called—the *Metamorphosis*, as it ought to be called. For it is of the same nature as Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The word rendered *he was transfigured* *μετεμορφωθη*, in both Matthew's and Luke's gospel, is, as your own ear will admonish you, most literally—*he was metamorphosed*—that is, he was metamorphosed into the sun: and the drollery of it is, that his coat, waistcoat, and breeches, and his shoes and stockings, if he had any, were metamorphosed to; they also partook of the divine beatification, which is a clear proof that the clothes we wear are as capable of immortality as ourselves: and when we rise again

in glorified bodies, we shall rise at the same time in glorified apparel, to cover our glorified bodies: as St. Paul says, "Not that we would be unclothed;" God forbid! "but that we would be clothed upon." There will be nobody at the marriage-supper of the lamb but who will have the decency to appear in some sort of a wedding garment.

After all, then, it is really no such impiety as they would fain pretend that it is, to say that the gospel is altogether a bag of moonshine. For, if this part of the gospel be literally true and I am sure it is as true as any part of the gospel, it is evident that Jesus Christ, as he stood upon that mount of transfiguration, or, as it is sometimes called, *the Holy Mount*, was nothing more than a bag of sunshine.

Εγενετο, το ειδος τῆ προσωπῆ αὐτῆ, ετερον, is the Greek of the text of Luke's version of this metamorphosis—*his face was turned into another*; or, if we prefer the Greek of the Syrio-Armenic Codices of Cambridge, it is ηλλοιωθη, which would signify that *he was sunnified, or turned into the sun*.

My discourse on this subject, is published in the fourth volume of the *Lion*, and is in the twenty-fourth number of that volume. To that, I refer the more curious inquirer, as it is not now my intention to treat of the miracle of the transfiguration. The narrative has only come in my way, as bringing together the names of two of the disciples, *James* and *John*; who, with *Peter*, were admitted to the exclusive privilege of being introduced into this *Camera-lucida*. To which the Peter of the epistle is made to refer, as the most positive evidence that could be adduced for the truth of the Christian religion, in those words: "*For we have not followed cunningly-devised fables, when we made known unto you, the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his Majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'* And this voice which came from Heaven we heard, when we were with him in the Holy Mount."—2 Peter, i., 16-18.

I have only now to remark, *in passing*, on this miracle of the

transfiguration of Christ, that it is one among ten thousand proofs, of the absolute truth and fidelity of the noble science to which I have so long directed your researches. It supplies a ready answer to those who would revile me as the most absurd of men, for representing Jesus Christ as being nothing more than the Sun that—"that is, precisely as he represented himself." So that, I may boldly say, the gospel has not, and never had, so faithful a preacher as the person whom his enemies have entitled the Devil's Chaplain.

The story of the metamorphosis of Christ, and of the part which Peter, James, and John, bear in it, as called *εποπται*, sophistically translated, "*Eye-witnesses of his Majesty*," can only pass for a part and parcel of a system, taking date subsequently to the reign of the emperor Augustus; on that stupid ignorance that would believe anything, and that stupid ignorance fortified by the maliciousness of a bad heart, which purposely bars off all access of better information, and strikes away the light of knowledge, lest it should shine into the unswept chambers of a fool's understanding.

The whole affair is an uncovered, unconcealed exhibition of the most ancient ceremony or sacrament of the Eleusinian mysteries: the same in all essentialities of sameness, whether as celebrated in Egypt or Greece, to the honor of the Egyptian Isis, or the Grecian Ceres: in which, those of the initiated who were advanced to the highest degree, that was, to *see* the ultimate scope and end of those mysteries, to whom "*it was given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven*," were called the *perfect τελειοι*; and, from the *sight* which had been afforded them, the *εποπται*, or *Seers*, or *αυτοπται*—that is, *eye-witnesses*. As the *sight* itself was called the *Autopsy*—that is, the *sight itself*: and the showing of the sight, the *Photagogy*, or bringing in of light.

Hence, St. Luke, in his preface, can give no higher authority to his gospel, than calling it a *Diegesis* of things which had been told them by those who had been *Autops* and *Uperects* of the science: which our deceitful translation renders, "*Eye-witnesses and ministers of the word*;" he himself being one of the

initiated, but not advanced to the higher degree of an Autop, or noble-grand, or royal arch, in this Freemasonry mystery. The secret was to be kept most profound, as you find the master, when he came down from the Mount of Vision, straightly charged the *Autops*, or favored disciples, that they should tell no man. The initiated, who had passed through all the inferior grades, and attained the high rank of *Autops*, or eye-witnesses, were called by the whole pagan world, *Israelites* and *Hebrews*. The name of *Israelites*, *Jews*, or *Hebrews*, did never designate a political or national body, but were the name, which, from an infinitely remote antiquity, designated the *τελειοι*, the Upreets, the *Autops*, the *Rechabites*, the *Fanatics*, the *Frantics*, the *Lunatics*, or whatever other *tics* and *bites* might be used, to signify the highest order of the initiated in those holy mysteries; and to whom, and to whom alone, were committed the oracles of God. As the name *JEW*, or *JEUE*, is the identical name which we pronounce *Jehovah*, and is a name given to the worshippers of *JEUE*, not from their country, but from their God: and hence *Jesus Christ* was said to be a *Jew*—*i. e.*, a *God*.

As their great ecclesiastical historian, *Eusebius*, translates the name *Hebrew*, and correctly (*אברהם העברי*) translates it, *one who has passed over*, and says that it was given to those “whose religious philosophy had burst through the limits of the visible world, and passed into the bosom of intellectuality, and into that divine light, where are invisible and hidden essences.”*

The *Autopsy* or *Transfiguration* of *Christ*, then, though allegorically indicating the bright shining of the sun upon the allegorical *Genii* of *July* and *August*, takes its narrative form, and its dialogue, as does the whole fable of the crucifixion and resurrection of *Christ*, from words actually used, and incidents actually represented, with more or less aptness, as it might be, by the real *Hierophant* and his disciples, who performed their respective parts in the mystical pantomime which we now call *gospel*; but which *Hierophant* and his disciples were no more the persons that they represented, than our players of the pres-

* Dupuis, vol. ii., part ii., p. 239.

ent day, are the gods, and devils, and fiends, and ghosts, which a fool might imagine them to be.

Out of the whole glorious (that is to say, *clarious*, or shining) company of the apostles, we have found the places, relations, and phenomena in the great solar system, of those distinguished personifications, Peter, Judas, and Thomas.*

It is the Autops, *James* and *John*, who, *with* Peter, were favored with this privilege of the autopsy, with whom we are now to become acquainted: and *that* is more than any Christian on earth dare trust himself to do. Inquiry and knowledge, in all cases, being fatal to faith. Well, Mr. James, and John, why were you, and Saint Peter, fixed upon to be the only Autops, *i. e.*, witnesses of the metamorphosis of Christ, upon the Sunshiny Mount? Why didn't ye take *Thomas* with you—our friend Tommy, the unbelieving, honest-hearted Tom, the only sensible man among ye, if men, or anything like men, ye had been? The clergy, ye see, in all ages, and all relations, were well aware, that the apostle of infidelity would take the *shine* out of 'em.

We first hear of James and John, in the 4th of Matthew, where they are found by Jesus on the sea of Galilee, and are called two brethren, James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, who were in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets: and Jesus called them, and they immediately left the ship, and their father, and followed him.

Thus commencing their apostleship with an act of the grossest filial disobedience and ingratitude, leaving their poor old father Zebedee to mend his nets himself, and to get his ship to land, the devil might care how, while they ran strolling up and down the country after a person, who, for all that appears in the history, if a history it had been, was nothing more than a mountebank quack doctor, who pretended to have dealings with the devil, and to cure all manner of diseases.

But, not for a moment must we lose sight of the curiously-dropped stitch in the weaving of the story, that these two broth-

* The whole apostolic company will be treated of, in due succession, in this science.

ers, James and John, were called to be disciples of Christ immediately after the calling of two other brothers, Simon, called Peter, and Andrew his brother; and that, by the same sea of Galilee, and from the same avocation, running after the fishes.

So, here were two brace of brother-fishermen—the brothers Peter and Andrew, who, as Peter was called Simon Peter, and Simon Bar-Jona, were the sons of Jonah; and the brothers James and John, the declared sons of Zebedee:—which James and John, notwithstanding their being expressly called the sons of Zebedee, receive from Christ himself the surname of Boanerges, which is, the sons of thunder. Mark iii., 17.

So! so! *the sons of thunder*, then? Was the old man Zebedee the thunderer? What became of Zebedee, old Zebedee? His disobedient sons might leave him in his ship, mending his rotten nets, and there an end of him. So will not we!

If James and John acquired the name of Boanerges, which is, sons of thunder, what did the name of Zebedee, their father, signify? Its literal translation is, *abundant portion*.

Now, in a figurative sense, there is quite as perspicuous a significancy in *the sons of abundance*, as in the sons of thunder.

If, then, a literal sense can not be pretended for such a phrase as, the sons of thunder, which is Boanerges, neither can it be pretended for the sons of abundance, which is, the sons of Zebedee. And the sons of abundance, being thus identified with the sons of thunder:—this James and John, who are the sons of thunder and the sons of abundance—that is, the sons of Zebedee, can be no more real persons, than *abundance* and *thunder* are real persons.

Now the church, for a reason which no churchman can give you, and I can, fixes the festival of Saint James on the 25th of July, which is a month remarkable for the frequent occurrence of thunder, and of thunder-storms, as the month of August is as remarkable, as being the harvest month, or the month of abundance. On the 25th of July the sun enters the sign of the Lion of July: but not before the 6th of August is the sun fairly in the middle of the Lion. On that day, then, is fixed the festival of the *Transfiguration*: the face of Christ then becomes another,

and the Lamb of God is transfigured into the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Now be awake again, I beseech ye! The names of James and John, these sons of abundance, these sons of thunder, these apostolic brothers, privileged above all the rest to bask in the effulgence of Christ's glory upon the holy mount, are names which always come together, and always in this order, James and John—never as John and James, which would be blasphemous, and would as surely raise the devil, as if you were to say the Lord's prayer backward. It would be as preposterous as if you were to reckon August as coming before July.

Nor is James, though distinguished by the title of James the Great, ever mentioned as concerned in any action, as making any speech; as speaking, or as spoken of, so much as in one single instance, separately and distinctively from his brother John.

And as there can be no thunder without lightning in the order of nature, so we find that the characters and actions of these thunderers in the gospel, are as allegorical as their names.

For the sons of thunder, James and John, it is, who, of all the apostolic band, were the only two who ask of Jesus Christ for leave to call for fire from heaven; when some apparent interruption in his course had occurred, and James and John observed it, they said, "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from Heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" But he turned (what did he turn for?) and rebuked them. On which beautiful fable of the Sun, holding the thunder and lightning of July and August in check, in order to preserve the harvest from their blasting influence, has been attached, the noblest and the best moral that any fable ever had.

Only, unhappily, our gossellers have served the gospel as they serve all other fables. The moral of it was always that part which they never wished to see, nor cared to practise.

In the keepings of an historical congruity, it should have been Simon the zealot, or the rash and hasty Simon Peter. It should have been the infidel Thomas, or the traitor Judas, whose dispositions should have appeared in the desire to call

for fire from Heaven, or any of the twelve, rather than James the Great, whose character is not drawn at all; and John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, whose character, so far as it is drawn, was the most opposite of all the twelve, to that of such a disposition.

It is evidently, then, not an historical consistency, but a physical one, that the gospel allegory respects. In which consistency, it is seen at once, that though the months of July and August are, in the course of nature, most ordinarily beneficent and amiable to man, yet they are often found to be the sons of thunder, and, from their great heat of temper, frequently accompanied with the most dreadful storms of lightning.

Of the thunderer, James, not one single act which he ever did, not one word which he ever spoke, nor one syllable that he ever wrote, exists, or can be shown ever to have been in existence in any record whatever. The epistle called the General Epistle of James, in the New Testament, claims to be no more than an epistle of "*James, a Servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ;*" and is evidently the composition of a Roman Catholic priest, contrived to inculcate their very lucrative doctrines of auricular confession, and extreme unction: and as such, is rejected as a most palpable cheat and imposture, by the shrewder and more intelligent, even of those who have professed and called themselves Christians. And those who will have that epistle to be apostolical, ascribe it to James the Less, and not to James of whom we now treat, the son of thunder.

The learned Unitarian divine, the Rev. Edward Evanson, in his celebrated work, *the Dissonance*, &c., has settled all pretensions of the epistle-writing James, p. 276.

Neither is there any historical identification of the James the brother of John, of the gospels, with the James, the brother of John, of the Acts of the Apostles, chap. 12, where it is said that Herod the King (our old friend, you know, Herod the King, that cruel child-killer, who is always brought on the stage when there is any bloody scene to act) "*stretched forth hands to vex certain of the church, and he killed James, the brother of John, with the sword.*"

Now, what matters to us what instrument it was that he killed him with? It matters everything: for it is not said that he killed him with *a* sword, but he killed him with THE sword, *μακαίρα*, a very particular sort of a sword that must be, to be worthy to be so particularly mentioned. Let's hope it might be a sort of a sword that would not shed much blood: since, otherwise, it would be hard to account for a miracle being wrought to get Peter out of this Herod's clutches, while poor Jemmy was left to be his victim. For the story runs, that Herod the king, having killed James with the sword, *proceeded further*, to take Peter also; and when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, *εις φυλακην*, "*and delivered him to four quarternions of soldiers to keep him, intending, after Easter, to bring him forth to the people.*"

So, so, so! and we are to read this holy jargon so, with our eyes shut, and with such a perfect innocence of criticism, as to see nothing absurd or contradictory, or preposterous, in this murderous King Herod, being so punctiliously conscientious, as not to allow any public performances to go on during the Passion Week. Like a good Christian, as he was, he will wait till after Easter. An unlucky translation that, of the *μετα το πασχα*, which might have been rendered *after the passover*: except that the rendering *after the passover*, is hardly thick enough to cover from the prying eyes of honest skepticism the latent astronomical conundrum, that this King Herod, having killed James with the sword, must *proceed further* to take Peter, and finds a pass-over, or something, some line, some bridge, some anything you please, that must be passed over, ere he can serve Peter as he had served James.

The first thing, however, that Peter does, upon finding himself escaped from the power of Herod, is to send word, to James especially, of his miraculous escape; which obliges us to recollect that there is another James in the apostleship, and that is *James the Less*, who, though he is expressly called the *son of Alphæus*, which signifies a *thousand*, *learned*, or *chief*, has the distinguishing epithet of *the Brother of Jesus Christ*, and the still more distinguishing epithet of *James the Just*, which

epithet sufficiently serves to fix his place in the Scales of September.

But of the James, the brother of John, the James and John, the sons of thunder, to whom now we confine our studies: their identity with the imaginary genii of the months of July and August, which are the thundering months, is still further established by the allegorical analogy of their being the object of envy to all the other apostles: as July and August are the months in which the Sun puts forth his greatest splendor, and more especially crowns the year with his goodness: so that July and August are, by the most obvious figure, the sons of Zebedee—that is, *the sons of abundance*. But of all the apostolic cohort, James and John happen to be the only two that had a *mother*, or a mother that cared for them, that had their interest at heart, and whose character was worthy to be wrought into the texture of the allegorical drama. As in Matthew xx., 20, you have introduced the character of the *mother of Zebedee's children*—Mrs. Zebedee come to Jesus, upon a boroughmongering errand, to get good places under government, for her two sons. “*Worshipping him,*” says the text, “*and desiring a certain thing of him.*” A carneying old woman she was. She *worshipped* him—not that she cared for him any more than he for her: only she was up to the way of things at court, and knew that places under government are only to be got by the trick of appearing to be vastly religious, and laying on the *worshipping*, pretty thick. So, after he had enough of her worshipping (as, like the rest of 'em, she'd have worshipped the devil, had he happened to be in office), he said unto her, “What wilt thou?” She saith unto him, “Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom!” You see they were mere sinecure places which the woman wanted—nothing to do in 'em but to sit still and enjoy themselves at the expense of the kingdom.

There were, however, two qualifications necessary for the places they desired, as to which, their sufficient accomplishment might be doubted: those qualifications were, drinking and ducking. “Are ye able to drink?” said Jesus (and to make

a good splash in the world, that is no ordinary drink, be sure on't), "but to drink of the cup which I shall drink of:" to toss it off, I dare say, at a swig, without stopping to take breath. To which these sons of thunder, answer very promptly, "We are able." And the devil doubt 'em! the hot months of July and August naturally disposing men to be thirsty and feverish: the personified genius of either of those months, appears in the hieroglyphical picture as a complete

"Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,

As ere cracked a bottle, or fathomed a bowl."

But that cup, now? that particular cup! O season but your admiration with so much patience, as shall put it into my power to serve you up that cup in the due order of this intellectual banquet; and I do promise you in one of these discourses, that you shall drink out of that cup, the nectar of the gods, so rich a draught of science, and of scientific demonstration, as shall destroy in you for ever all possibility of swallowing any more of the milk and water of the gospel.

But our business now, is with the sons of Zebedee, and their mother, Mrs. Zebedee. There is not a little difficulty in identifying this old woman, owing to her being spoken of by no other epithet than that most evidently enigmatical one, *the mother of Zebedee's children*—which should seem to indicate that though she was the mother of Zebedee's children, she never had the honor of being Zebedee's wife. The ladies and gentlemen of the gospel, seem not to have been anything like so ceremonious about these things, as we are now-a-days. Because the gospel is the purest system of morals that ever was in the world—and where will you find anything to compare with the morals of the gospel?

There are two Johns, two Jameses, two Judases, two Simons, and four Marys, in the *dramatis personæ* of the gospel. So that, though we have the expression, Mary, the mother of James, and Mary, the mother of John: it must rest only in conjecture, which of the Marys was the mother of the sons of Zebedee. Unless we please to relieve our conjecture, by acting 'aith on God's word, and so conclude, that as there are three

persons in one God, so there might be four mothers where there was but one woman.

But this sublime confusion is, for the better exercise of our faith, most sublimely enhanced, by the discovery which results from a comparison of the text of Matthew's gospel with that of Mark's, which shows us, that as Christ could truly say, "I and my Father are one:" so his disciples, James and John, could as truly say, we and our mother are one.

What, in Matthew's gospel, is reported as having been spoken by the mother, is, in Mark's, said to have been spoken by her sons; and no mention at all is made of *Mrs. Zebedee* in the affair. It being evidently all one and the same thing, whether it were they who said it, or she—that is, whether the application to be allowed to sit, the one on Jesus's right hand, and the other on his left, were made immediately by themselves, or by their mother, who represented them. Because, as it is the Virgin of the Zodiac, who represents the genii of those sons of *abundance*, July and August—that is James and John.

It never being to be forgotten, that in allegorical adaptation, those congruities and consistencies which we look for in histories and narratives, are not required. The contradictions, absurdities, and jarring statements, which are not to be excused, nor endured, in anything that would pass for history, become the source of greater entertainment, and the vehicle of further instruction, in mythology. And these contradictions, absurdities, and impossibilities, which are found in every page of sacred writ, are themselves the evidence and demonstration that it was not history, but mythology, that was intended.

The folly is, that of the fool himself, who takes the gospel to be true, which never itself purported, nor was intended to pass for truth; and then looks for consistency and method, where nothing but pantomime and fiction was intended.

The believer of the gospel, therefore, is not he who takes it to be true, but he who takes it as it was intended to be taken—that is who *understands it*, who sees through or looks under the gross veil of the letter, into the sublime science of the spirit: in which sense, no pretended minister of the gospel in

in this accursedly priest-ridden country, dare trust himself, or his congregation, to accept the challenge I have given, to show whether it be I, or he, who is the impostor. For God hath made me, what none of them are, "an able minister of the New Testament—not of the letter, but of the spirit—for the letter killeth"—that is, you see, it makes fools of people: "but the spirit giveth life"—that is, there's some good fun, and work for science in it.

As, look into history, or to anything that ever bore the name of history: where will you find the names, or anything like the names, of these *sons of thunder*, James and John, any account of any action they ever did, or any event in which they bore a part?

Of James, your only account is, that after having preached nothing, written nothing, spoken nothing, and done nothing, he was killed for nothing, by that eternally-reviving old child-killer, King Herod.

Of James the Just, following the romance, called ecclesiastical history, he gets killed, in like manner, for nothing at all. And, like almost all the rest of them, he suffers his martyrdom in Heliopolis, or in Hieropolis, those words literally meaning the City of the Sun, and the Sacred City, the known and universal metaphor for the Zodiac, in which all these martyrdoms, or bearing witnesses, are said to have happened, and in which alone, did any of these martyrs exist.

John, however, the beloved son of thunder, never died at all; for though he ceased to breathe on earth, we are assured, by the holy and most veracious Father of the Church, Saint Augustin, that he continues to breathe *under* the earth: as he lies buried in the churchyard, at Ephesus, where St. Augustin himself could see the earth of his grave heave up and down, as the old man draws his breath. It was called a *standing miracle*, for many hundreds of years, in the Christian church, notwithstanding the churchmen themselves could not deny that it was also a *lying* one.

Its efficacy, however, in confirming the faith of the faithful, has been much diminished, owing to the fact of our church-

yards, to this day, presenting equally well-attested evidence of thousands of *vampires*, snoring away in damp sheets, and waiting for the glorious resurrection.

As no history, no geography, no chronology, no annals, registers, or vestiges of fact in all the world, has any account of the existence of such persons as these sons of thunder, shall we be blind to the light of evidence, which a perfect resemblance of names, and a perfect similarity of the fable, flashes on us, in proof, that the ancient paganism, and the mythology, which we now call Christianity, are one and the self-same religion.

Observe, then, the demonstration, and I do beseech you to bar me off from your convictions as long as you possibly can do so. Only be rational, and surrender your conviction, to nothing short of rational demonstration.

Bear in mind, then, the story which makes so distinguishing a portion of three out of four of our gospels, of the metamorphosis of Christ upon the holy mount.

Bear in mind, that it was the distinguished and exclusive privilege of Peter, James, and John, to be witnesses of this metamorphosis, or transfiguration, or glorification, or what you please, of Christ upon this holy mount.

Bear in mind, that if this had happened, as an incident peculiar to Christianity, it could not have happened before the founding of Christianity.

Bear in mind, that your Christ in the gospel constantly speaks of his twelve disciples, or any one of them, as being one with himself, as he was one with the Father.

Bear in mind, that the name JAMES is always rendered into Latin, *Jacobus*, of which the termination, *us*, is merely grammatical, and leaves us the name Jacob, יַעֲקֹב, that Iac. Ob.—(GENESIS, xxvi., 36.)

But *Iacchus* is the direct, undisguised, unconcealed, name of the god *Bacchus*, the god of wine: which, without its Latin termination, is Iac, the direct origin of our English Jack, the radical of Jao, Iaw, *Jeue*, and all our names for God: in which we are never to lose sight of the perfect analogy of physical phenomena with the theological allegory. As we always find *Jack*, signifying God, and *Tom*, signifying the Devil. If you go to Heaven when you die, you will go to *Jack of the box*; but if you go to the other place, you'll go to *Hell and Tommy*.

But Ob* was a direct name of *God*, as signifying the Father, and added to Iac, or Jack, made the whole name Jack-Ob—that is, GOD THE FATHER. And Jack-Ob, called Jacob, was

* A serpent, in the Egyptian language, was styled OB.—BRYANT, vol. i. Ab generally signifies a father, indifferently styled Ab, Aub, and Ob.—*Ib.*, vol. ii., 202.

applied to the grandson of Abraham, as being the father of the twelve Patriarchs. Those twelve patriarchs have been proved to be none other than the personified genii of the twelve divisions of the Zodiac, in the old allegory: and the twelve apostles are the same allegorical genii in the new.

Thus is this Jack-Ob identified with *God the Father*, the *Iacchus*, or *Bacchus*—that is, the Sun; which is the *father* of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

But how came Jacob and James—that is, Jack-Ob and I-AM-ES, to be universally understood, as perfectly synonymous names; when they are certainly no more like each other, than the names *Bacchus* and *Apollo*, which were different and distinct personifications of one and the self-same Deity in the Mythology?

IAMUS*—that is, again, without its Latin termination, I AM, was the universal and most ancient name of the God *Apollo*. And his priests were called from his name, the *Immidæ*, or *Jameses*. They were the very oldest order of priests, known in Greece: as the measure of verse, called *Iambic*, is derived from the hymns sung to the honor of *Iamus*, consisting of a short syllable, followed by a long one; and it is found in the poetry of all nations.

The whole word *James*, anatomized into its Ammonian radicals, presents us with the eternally-recurring trinity in unity.

I, the *One*; AM, the *HEAT*; ES, the *Fire*—that is, the one great source of Heat, the Fire, the Sun.

Without the third syllable, the I-AM—that is, the *One*, the *heat*, or warmth, or caloric, as distinguished from fire, the name is naturalized as a name of God, and ridiculously called the great "*I AM*," as in that droll play upon words in the third of *Exodus*, *Moses*, said to God, "I say, what's your name?" And God said to *Moses*, "*I AM THAT I AM; and thou shalt say I AM hath sent me unto you;*" which, in our ridiculous version, amounts to no more than if he had said his name was *Thing-a-me-bob*, and *Moses* was to go to the children of *Israel*, and say to them, *Thing-a-me-bob*, or *What's-his-name*, has sent me to you: which was as much information as the children of *Israel* could reasonable require, or perhaps as the subject admitted. It was the clearest revelation of the divine character that ever was in the world; and the babes of *Christ Jesus* are quite as well satisfied with it, as the *children* of *Israel*.

Now, it happens most awkwardly, for any pretence to originality, in our Christian Mythos, of the transfiguration of *Christ* upon the holy mount, that we have the same scene as occur-

* *Iamus* was the same as *Apollo* and *Osiris*.—BRYANT, vol. 1. p. 321.

ring to deities of the same name, in an infinite antiquity, before his time, described in the sixth Olympic Ode of the poet Pindar, who flourished 500 years before the Christian era; with this only difference, that in the poem of Pindar the tale is majestic, sublime, and beautiful: whereas, in the gospel of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, it is such a tale as, if it were found anywhere else, would be a disgrace to the children of Israel.

Pindar, speaking of the God *Iamus*—that is, James, who was believed to be conducted by Apollo to Olympia, says, that “they both came to the *Petra* (that is, to Peter, the Rock, to the Petra) *Elibatos*—that is, the *Sun-trod Rock*” (a favorite epithet for a rock, so high as to be only accessible to the all-climbing sun) upon the lofty Cronian mount; there Apollo bestowed upon James a double portion of prophetic knowledge.

Ἰκοντο δ' ὑψηλοῖο Πετραν,
 Ἀλιβατῆ Κρονίῃ,
 Ἐνθ' οἱ ὠπασε θεσαυρον,
 Λιδυμον Μαντοσυνας.

We have no account, however, of any particular degree of knowledge possessed by any James of the gospel. Eusebius, however, so famous for supplying deficiencies of evidence, had not lost sight of the idea, and assures us, that immediately after the Ascension, “our Lord imparted to James, John, and Peter, the gift of knowledge.”

And if he did so, 'tis the best account that can be given for the fact, that neither the one nor the other had ever more a word to say in favor of Christianity; for so soon as their knowledge came in, their Christianity ran out.

A man may, indeed, have knowledge of other kinds, and upon other subjects; but I am sure he can have none upon the subject of Christianity, if he has any higher respect for it than I have. But,

“A wise man will hear, and will increase knowledge; he will understand the proverb, and the interpretation thereof—the words of the wise, and their dark sayings.”

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON SAINT JAMES AND SAINT
 JOHN, THE SONS OF THUNDER.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

A GOOD-FRIDAY SERMON,*

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, NOV. 14, 1830.

Ἄλλος ἐσωσεν, εαυτον οὐ δυναται σωσαι: εἰ Βασιλευσ Ἰσραηλ
ἐστι; καταζατω νυν ἀπο τῆ σταυροῦ, καὶ πιστευσομεν αὐτω.

“*He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe him.*—MATTHEW XXVII. 42.

WAS not this a blasphemous, cruel taunt, to cast in the teeth (if he had any teeth) of the poor bleeding Lamb; of whom, on this holy day, a hundred thousand Christians, quite as innocent as lambs, are singing that pretty stave :

“Lo! streaming from the fatal tree,
His all-atoning blood :
Is this the Infinite? 'tis He,
My Saviour, and my God.”

And I say, *my God*, too! But ere I give ye any comment of my own, you shall have the text itself of Christian doctrine, to the full chorus of evangelical orthodoxy.

“Well might the Sun in darkness hide
And veil his glories in ;
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man (the Creature)'s sin.”

Watt's Hymns, Book 2, Hymn 9.

* Prosecuted for blasphemy.

In the full tide of evangelical declamation, the fathers of our English church, pursuing to its full extent the dogma of the absolute divinity of Christ, in commemoration of this day, which they call *Good Friday*, to this effect, address their admiring congregations:—

“Carry back your minds, ye faithful Christians, to the awful scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. He who suffered on that bitter cross, was none other than the Creator of the world himself. *O awful mystery! O love divine! there you behold the Almighty God arraigned as a felon at the bar of Pontius Pilate. Him, who only hath immortality, tried for his life; Jesus Christ, *the righteous*, found guilty: the author of nature, suffered: the Immortal God, expired: the Everlasting, ceased to be: the Eternal, was no more: the Great *I am*, was *not*: the living God, was dead. There was a radical reform in the Kingdom of Heaven; the boroughmongers were turned out; the Jure-Divino-ship of God himself was no longer respected; ‘*God over all*,’ was put under; ‘*Blessed for ever more*,’ was no more blessed; ‘*Holy, Holy, Holy*,’ was wholly kicked out; ‘*Jehovah’s awful throne*,’ was declared vacant; and the provisional government devolved into the hands of that venerable old republican, Lieutenant-General Beelzebub.”

Such, is not more than the consecutive tissue of absurdity which imagination must necessarily attach to that first and primordial absurdity, which the evangelical Watts has consecrated in those words:

“God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man (the Creature)’s sin.”

Nor does it exceed the licence of Catachresis, which, in an extemporaneous babbler, in a gospel shop, would be allowed to come within the propriety and solemnity of a most spiritual and sublime sermon.

But, if we may relieve the cracking stretch of imagination, by borrowing so much physic from reason, as may work us into coolness, by imagining so much of the story only to be true, as will admit of being imagined to be true (which, God knows, is very little of it). Why, then, in the case of one who had given himself out to be some great one, who had pretended that, in some supernatural sense, he was *come from God* and *went to God*, that he had really wrought miracles, healed the sick, and raised the dead: now seen himself to have need of a Saviour, seen himself to be dying: no challenge could be fairer, nor be conceived to be so, than that which

* In the Indictment.

the chief priests and scribes, and elders, offer to him, in the fine irony, and noble sarcasm of the text : "He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him come down from the cross, and we will believe him."

Had there been any historical reality in the scene, the not accepting of that challenge, the not coming down from the cross, when so called on so to do, was the greatest proof of imposture that imposture of any sort could be conceived to have.

And never was there an impostor upon earth, nor any means or faculty in man to distinguish between imposture and truth, if such a challenge, declined under such circumstances, were not an absolute proof of imposture.

But God, it will be said, is not bound to give whatever particular proof the impertinent incredulity of man might call for. But, with reverence be it spoken, by God and by his honour he *is* bound to do so : and the acquitting him from that bond, under the hypocritical pretence of a submission to his will, is but the same kind of treason against the divine majesty, as that of the Roundheads against King Charles, when they took up arms in the king's name against the king's person ; and were for calling themselves his loving subjects, while they cut his head off. "*Let him come down from the cross, and we will believe him.*" What fairer, what fitter proof of his divine mission, could have been proposed to him ? 'Twas the thing which he himself must have most wished to do.

His rising from the dead afterwards ; if we ourselves had seen him rise, would not have been so strong a proof to us of his truth, as his not delivering himself from death, was a proof of his falsehood.

But it was necessary, say our Christian credulists, that he should die, in order that he should rise again. Then, why did he die at all ? why that superfluous, gratuitous, unnecessary suffering, or appearance of suffering, which could add nothing to the dignity of character, or to the proof of a divine mission, in a person who was really capable of surviving death ?

And, after all, if we are to reason upon the matter, and let the words we use have the proper meanings attached to them ; the resurrection of Christ, in the sense our ignorant and stupid, if not wicked and deceitful clergy attach to it, involves a contradiction in terms, a saying and unsaying, a being and not being, at the same time ; which, if it is to be endured, why Bedlam must be the great seat of wisdom, slobbering idiocy, and stark staring madness, are to be our masters, and will turn poor reason out of doors for ever. For what is it to be dead ? if it be not to be as dead as mutton ; as dead as a door-nail—that is, utterly beyond *the possibility*, be-

yond the conceivability of again becoming alive? If, then, it was *possible* that Christ could come to life again: it could not at the same time have been impossible. But, if it was not impossible that he could come to life again; then, he had never been in that state which answers to the definition of *death*: he had never been *dead* at all.

And, if there had been any necessity for a manifestation of divine justice in the matter, why, in the name of God and of reason, should not that Jesus Christ, who had made a whip of cords, and turned out the poor tradespeople, and little shopkeepers, for the venial offence of selling their wares in the church-yard: why should he not, for the much greater offence of the aristocrats, the chief priests, and scribes, and pharisees, in seeking to crucify him, make a *cat-o'-nine-tails*, and lay it on their backs to such a tune as would have whipt the offending Adam out of 'em! and brought them to their knees in true repentance.

But such is, in every instance, the character of the boasted morals of the gospel, "the purest system of morals, ye see, that ever was in the world; and where will ye find any thing to equal the morals of the gospels?"

The *poor* devils who had sought to keep soul and body together by picking up the honest penny that might be gained by selling nuts and oranges in the outer courts of the temple, have their baskets knocked over, and are flogged, scourged, and lacerated with stripes and wails:

"Which Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a dog."

While the poor and spotless clergy, might commit the greatest crime which the Sun ever saw, with impunity, might nail him who made them to the cross, blaspheme his Godhead, and defy his power. O, what a beautiful exhibition of moral justice is the gospel!

But, there is this relief to the matter, upon the Unitarian hypothesis, that, were the story viewed as a matter of history—which I am sure was never intended—and were all its pretended evidence to be received as good and valid evidence, and to be judged by the ordinary laws of evidence, as an honest jury would judge in any other case, it would not carry a verdict that Christ had ever been put to death at all.

For what is the evidence?

1st. The disposition of Pilate to release Jesus, is admitted.

"*From thenceforth Pilate sought to release him.*" John xx. 12.

2nd. The power of Pilate to release him, is admitted. "*Know-*

est thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" John xx. 10.

3rd. The declaration of Pilate, that he *would* release him, is admitted. "*I will chastise him, and let him go,*"—that is, I WILL let him go : no less than a positive promise to do so.

4th. The firmness of Pilate's character in that what he had once said he would do, in defiance of all the power of the chief priests : *that* he would do : "*What I have written I have written,*" is admitted.

5th. The remonstrance of Pilate's wife, sent to him as he sat on the judgment-seat, to warn him to "*have nothing to do with that Just Man,*" is admitted. Matthew xxvii. 19.

6th. His own conviction, that he was a Just Man, is admitted. "*I find in him no fault at all.*"

7th. The fact of no person, but Pilate and his friends, having access to the presence of Jesus, in the judgment-hall, is admitted.

8th. That the person whom Pontius Pilate presented as Jesus, and of whom he said, "*Behold the man !*" was disguised in a dress in which his person could not be recognised (most strongly implying that he was *not* the man), is admitted.

9th. The strange and unaccountable appearance of "*Simon, the Cyrenian, the Father of Alexander, and Rufus, coming out of the country,*" and being seized upon, and compelled to carry the cross, is admitted.

And upon these admissions, it is found in evidence, that the absolute grammatical construction of the text of both Matthew, Mark, and Luke (that is, of three out of the four), as read as it ought to be, and would be in a court of law, on a trial for murder, is most positively and literally to the sense, that "it was not Jesus Christ, but Simon, the Cyrenian, who was crucified. For in each of these fatal sentences, there is no other accusative in relief, to be governed, of the verb, *they crucified*, but the accusative or objective case of the pronoun *him*, answering to the noun, *Simon the Cyrenian.*" (**They found Simon, him they compelled to bear his cross, to him they gave vinegar to drink, and they crucified HIM.*)

While Luke, still more conclusively has the positive words, that immediately upon their laying hold of Simon the Cyrenian, *they led Jesus away*—that is, they got him out of the crowd ; so that he stood leisurely by, (and † upon seeing Poor Simon tucked up in his place, he endeavoured to comfort him, by assuring him, that it was all a mistake. "Father,," says he, addressing himself to old Simon, "*Father Simon, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* They

*In the Indictment. † Ibid.

think that it's me that they're crucifying but they've got you don't take it to heart, Simon ; you know you must die sometime or other, and it's quite as fair that you should be crucified for *my* salvation, as I for yours.")

And that they really *had* got the wrong man (that is, if they had got any man at all) is rendered still further probable, by the very different behaviour of the person, whom they had seized by mistake, from that which we should naturally have expected from the meek and holy Jesus.

Jesus would have been resigned to the will of God, would have met his *death* with fortitude, as knowing that it was all a hoax, and that he should be none the worse for it a day or two after. He would have set us an example of that faith, and that joy and peace in believing, which, we are told, always accompanies the dying scenes of the faithful. But the wretch who was substituted in his place, either the chief Barabbas, or Simon the Cyrenian, which ever it was, was a blaspheming infidel, and groaned out his guilty soul in the most frightful ejaculation of despair and blasphemy : "*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me !*" Could this be Jesus, this despairing wretch, this conscience-stricken coward, this blaspheming ingrate ? It is impossible : I should rather think it was the Devil himself ; as, certainly, if devine justice required that somebody should suffer for our sins, who so fit to *suffer*, as the Devil, who had been the cause of them ; and who so unfit as poor Jesus, who had done all he could to prevent our sinning.

With this sense and reading of *the matter*, comports the whole theory of Christian doctrine. As you will find the holy Apostle Paul, most emphatically declaring, that the very essence and definition of gospel-preaching consisted in this : "*We preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified*"—that is, not that Jesus Christ was crucified (who but a fool could have thought so ? but *Jesus Christ* was one person, and *him that was crucified* was another ; and the apostle, therefore, preached 'em both, *Ἰησοῦν Χριστόν. Καὶ ττοῦν ἐρταυρωμένον.*

We are, therefore, called upon, as Christians, to have a thankful remembrance of the death of *him that was crucified*—that is, we are glad of it, it served him right, and the Devil take him ; whereas, it would have been our duty to be exceeding sorry for the circumstance, had it been poor Jesus that had been crucified, as most certainly it was not.

We find, too, upon further inquiry into the matter, that (all that the blessed Jesus had to do with the cross, was not to bear it himself, but to get Simon the Cyrenian to bear it for him ; not

that he suffered a defeat, but that he gained a victory ; not that he was nailed to the cross, but that he himself nailed, or caused to be nailed, to the cross, the *Cheirography*,* or handwriting, that was against us," *nailing it*," says the apostle, "to his Cross." (So, ye see, it was not the nail that was in his hand, but the hammer : †) he was not the vanquished, but the victor : (he did not suffer, but he triumphed on the cross. †)

(Nor is it ever said, in any part of the gospel, that Christ showed himself alive after his death, which we know was impossible, the strongest expression of all being that in the first of the Acts of the Apostles, that "*he showed himself alive after his Passion.*" Μετα το παθειν αυτον, not μετα το αποφανειν αυτον, as the Greek would have been, had it meant *after his death*, but after his PASSION. And what was to hinder him from showing himself alive *after his passion*. A man may put himself into a passion, I hope, and put himself out of it again, without breaking a blood-vessel. †)

And when the Jews wanted to kill him, and actually did kill Simon the Cyrenian, or somebody else, whom they mistook for him, it was enough to try the patience of Job himself.

We are not, therefore, so to confound all grammar in words and all reason in ideas, as to take *Jesus Christ, and him crucified*, for only one person: when words cannot be plainer to the sense, than they where *two* ; and two the most distinct and opposed, that any words whatever could describe to be distinct and opposed.

Jesus Christ was the person who certainly was in a passion; but *him crucified*, was the person who put him into the passion. And Jesus Christ is as certainly, and as clearly, defined, as the person who was not crucified, as the other fellow—*i. e.* "*him crucified*," is defined as the person that *was, him that was crucified*

And here, again, as in ten thousand instances, you find, that it is him whom they call *the Devil's Chaplain*, after all, who is the only faithful preacher of the gospel.

God hath made me what none of the fellows as the other shops are,—“an able minister of the New Testament.” I alone, do truly answer to the apostolic character. I alone, of all the bishops and priests in this miserable be-bishop'd and be-priested metropolis, do preach "*Jesus Christ, AND him crucified*:" whereas they have run away with but half the story and that, the wrong half. They have represented *him* as crucified, who never *was* so, and him as dead,

* To χειρογραφον. Coloss. ii. 14. † In the Indictment.

who, as St. Luke says, "did show himself by many *infallible proofs* to be alive."

For, if it be not proof, sirs, and proof infallible, that a man had not been crucified, or not much hurt and certainly no killed; and that there must have been some egregious mistake in any representation, that he *had* been so; when he is seen, three or four days afterwards, alive, shaking hands with his friends all around, eating and drinking with them, and after supper, playing with them at his old game of making riddles upon the Bible, and explaining to them, out of Moses and the Prophets, how it ought to have been, and how he *ought* to have suffered. "What is proof?" as he says to them, in Luke xxiv. 25: "O ye fools and slow-hearts, *ought* not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into his glory?" Yes, to be sure, he *ought*; but there's a little difference, I hope, between things being what *ought to be*, and being what was. If every fellow that ought to be hanged, was to be hanged, what would become of Judge Jefferies?

In setting ourselves to decipher, or make out the significancy or hidden meaning of any confessedly Pagan allegory, we invariably begin with the severest possible scrutiny into the names or nomenclature of the machinery. We weigh the force of every letter of which the names are composed, of every significancy which the names could convey, and of every variation of letters by which the same name might be exhibited. We inquire into the history of that name; we compare lists of all the synonymes of the name; we trace that name to its roots; and thus, often discover, to demonstration (the discovery itself being held to be demonstrative), that the name which millions of persons might have borne, in its first purport, was not a personal name,—as, a Mr. West, a Mr. South, a Mr. East, or Mr. North, whose real existence, as persons, could not be doubted, would bring us to no conclusion as to the origin of these terms, *North, South, East, and West*, which undoubtedly had no original personal significancy. So ATLAS, of the mythology, a word signifying *great labour, or toil*, is found in its significancy to be the same as the name of the apostle, Saint ANDREW, of the Christian-fable, which signifies the STRONG ONE, but who was no more a real personage than Saint ATLAS. As it is the allegorical language of Saint Andrew, in the 75th Psalm: "*When I receive the congregation, I shall judge according unto right. The earth is weak, and all the inhabitants thereof I bear upon the pillars of it.*"

As you find the position of St. Andrew, is in the Scales of Justice, where the Sun crosses the Equator, at the Autumnal Equinox. When St. Andrew "receives the congregation"—that is, when the

Sun, personified as St. Andrew, enters into the constellation, or congregation of Stars, called *Libra*, he is in the Balance of Justice; he will once again give an equal length of day and night to all the inhabitants of the earth, which, notwithstanding its declining state, still depends upon him for its support. While, as if to prevent all possibility of mistaking the astronomical significancy of this genius, you invariably find the figure of St. Andrew represented as that of a man, about sixty years old, when the blood is getting somewhat cooler than once it was, standing with a saltire cross behind his back, a goniometer, or exact measure of the angle which the Sun in the Ecliptic makes in passing over the line of the Equator. As St. Paul expressly defines this old man, as "*him that was crucified,*" knowing this, that our old man—i. e., our *Old Andrew*, is crucified. Romans, vi. 6.

The Saint Andrew of the gospel being none other than the Saint Michael, the archangel of the Apocalypse; you have him, under this name, standing at the Autumnal foot of the Great Solar Arch; and so seeming to bear it upon his shoulder, and giving his name to the 29th of September, which is *Michaelmas-day*.

And Andrew is the brother of Peter, as James is the brother of John. Because, these four Genii or *Saints*, independently of their allegorical character, as Genii of their respective months, have the peculiar honour of being Genii of the four seasons of the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter: of which Peter is *SPRING*, commencing in March: when the Sun enters the constellation of the Lamb or Ram: and hence it is, that in the allegorical picture, it is Peter alone, out of all the glorious company of the apostles, to whom his master, the Sun, immediately after his resurrection—that is, after his having crossed the line, gives that allegorical charge, "*Feed my Lambs*" and "*Feed my Sheep.*"

And Andrew, is *AUTUMN*. The church or church history, having consecrated the belief, on no evidence whatever, and for no supposeable reason, but the accurately astronomical one, that St. Andrew hung two days upon the cross, which is exactly the length of time which the Sun seems to hang, in perfect equilibrio, upon the line of the Equator.

And, as the Sun, in the order of nature, crosses the Equator twice every year; so you will find, in your New Testament allegory, that there are actually two crucifixions, and Christ is said to be crucified *twice*—that is, once upon Mount Calvary, *the place of a skull* (as if to say, brains were of no use to that skull that is so thick as not to find out the meaning of the allegory).

As here you see, most literally *is*, the place of a skull, Mount

Calvary, the head of the Great Monster, *Cetus*, which the crucified Lamb of God is crushing beneath his feet.

And once in *Egypt*, "where also our Lord was crucified." Rev. xi. 8. And after which Autumnal Crucifixion, "he descended into Hell," under the custody of the Archangel MICHAEL (מִכָּאֵל) "Who is like to God?"—(CRUDEN). By Catholics, rendered "Equal with God," which, though theologically absurd, is, as you see, astronomically correct. For the points of the Vernal and Autumnal Equinoxes, being on the same parallel, as here you see *Hercules*, the *Andrew*, rises at the same time with the *Balance*. And that *God*—that is, the *Lord of Hosts*, GAD, a troop, never meant any other than the Lamb of the Zodiac, to which Michael is thus literally and astronomically equal, you have the concurrent testimony of both Daniel and John, prophet and apostle, who, describing the person of God, assure us that the "hair of his head was like wool." So you have the same astronomical enigma, couched in the allegorical epithet of "the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world,"—that is, the Lamb of March, and "Jesus Christ the Righteous, who appeared once in the end of the world, to put away iniquity,"—that is, once again to put an end to the unevenness of the days and nights, by appearing in the Balance of September. And thus, it is Christ upon Mount Calvary in Spring: but it is Jesus, in the Garden of Gethsemane, in Autumn. And hence, the first Martyr, St. Stephen (whose name, *Στεφανος*, is the Greek word for a *Crown*, and who never was, nor meant, any other than the *Coronâ Septentrionalis*, or Northern Crown, which you see here at all times in the heavens, rising and setting with the Scales of September): though he had heard of the crucifixion of Christ, never dreamed of the resurrection of Christ: because, after the *Autumnal* Crucifixion, which is that which St. Stephen bears witness to, the Sun does not rise again, but goes to Hell and Tommy—that is St. Thomas's-day, the shortest day in the year: and, therefore, St. Stephen, in the crucifixion which he refers to, predicates not of a Crucified Lamb, but of that most singularly astronomical personification, "that *Just One*, of whom," says he, "ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

"THAT JUST ONE" being the directly allegorical name of the personification of the Sun, as considered in the Scales of September.

And Saint Stephen, who is this *Stephanos Arcticos*, discovered by his Greek name, which signifies the *Northern Crown*, gets the name of the First Martyr; because at that epocha of time, to which this allegory synchronizes, the point of the Vernal Equinox, was in *Libra*: and then, as you see, on this globe, Saint Stephen really

is the first Martyr. And it is, with reference only to this effect of the precession of the Equinoxes, which has caused, and will again and again cause, that the Spring quarter may occur in Autumn, and that of Autumn, where now 'tis Spring; so that we may have Summer in January, and Winter in July, that the astrologue of the gospel instructs his disciples, that in the Kingdom of Heaven "there be first, which shall be last—and last, which shall be first."

And thus, as Peter has the keys of Heaven, so his brother, Andrew has the keys of Hell. And as the brothers, Peter and Andrew, are personifications of spring and autumn; so the brothers, James and John, are the Genii respectively, of summer and winter.

And these personifications are consecrated in the visible heavens, by those four distinguished Stars of the first magnitude, known by the name of the Royal Stars, which the Sun seems to near or approach as he divides to us these four seasons of the year :

Aldebaran, the Bull's eye, in April.
 Regulus, the Lion's heart, in July.
 Antares, in the Scorpion of October; and
 Formalhaut, in the Fishes' Mouth of January.

That it is the Vernal Crucifixion, or crossing of the Equator by the Sun, when he enters the sign of *Aries*, the Ram, as he does on the 21st of March, and no crucifixion of any man, nor any even that ever happened upon earth, that was the subject of the Fast of Good Friday, and the Feast of Easter, that follows it; is demonstrated in the historical fact, that this Fast and Feast have been religiously observed in the Spring of the year in every country of the world, and in every era of time, of which a record of any sort has descended to our own; and observed, too, with the very same ceremonies, to the very same significancy, and even with the very same words. And the Christ of the Spring Crucifixion is celebrated; because, after the Passover, he ascends into Heaven, and we look forward to the joyful Summer. But the Christ of the Autumnal Passover descends into Hell; and we must prepare for the gloomy Winter.

Three hundred and eighty-eight years before our date of the pretended birth of a man, called Jesus Christ, the Vernal Equinoctial point—that is, the point exactly at which the Sun crosses or passes over the Equator, was in the first degree of the *Lamb*; and since that time, all nations of the earth have celebrated this annual phenomenon, under the allegorical veil of a crucified Lamb. And all the difference that ever was between the Jewish and the Christian ceremony, is so much difference and no more, that as a man may

imagine between the words, *cross over*, and *pass over*. And this cross over, or pass over, is universally celebrated, at that season when the Sun does pass over; and the Sun *does*, or did for many ages, pass over, or cross the line, when he enters the constellation of the Lamb, which the Jews call the Paschal, or Pass-over Lamb.

The Jewish ceremony, consisted essentially in eating their Lamb; the Christian ceremony in "eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Lamb of God, that taketh away the Sin of the World."

And this festival of Easter, on which all other festivals depend, always falling after the first Sunday after the first full Moon, which happens next after the 21st of March, when the Sun passes over, or crosses over the Equator, and enters into the Lamb, when the Jews eat their *pass-over* lamb, and the Christians eat their *cross-over* lamb—this lamb-eating, always follows after the long fast of Lent, during which, it was always the most damnable sin, that a man could commit, to eat anything but fish, as here you see the constellation of the Lamb comes immediately after that of the Fishes. And of those who cannot see, I ask no more faith in my word, than that they will believe me, that the month of March comes after that of February. But in the ceremony of taking the Sacrament, it is both, the crucifixions or *pass-over* that are celebrated; and we eat his flesh, in honor of the Vernal Crucifixion; and drink his blood in honour of the Autumnal Crucifixion: his blood being nothing else than the blood of the grapes, which are ripe in September—as his flesh is the mutton ready for the spit in Spring.

Thus, as to preach the gospel, is declared by the speaker in the gospel to be the same thing as "*to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.*" So "the doctrine of the Cross,"—that is, the *science* of it, is none other than the science of astronomy. And I alone, ye see, am the only faithful minister of the gospel, and true preacher of the cross, in all this priest-ridden, priest-insulted, and priest-cheated metropolis. And, in bearing the name of the Devil's Chaplain, and Bishop of Hell, and every other reproachful epithet that Christian malice can fasten on me, *I bear the reproach of the Cross.* And if this way of preaching seem to you to be foolishness, it seems so, not because you are believers in Christ, but because you are not. The preaching of the cross is foolishness to them that believe not—that is, that understand not; that *ken* not, that *sap* not, that are not up to it. But to us, who are *up* to it, who do understand it, who see through it, and see through all the vile, canting, hypocrisy of the reverend knaves who would hinder you from seeing through it, this preaching of the cross, which they call foolishness, is, most literally, preaching "the power of God, and

the wisdom or science of God,"—that is, of the Sun in the constellation of the Lamb, in which the Cross takes place, and which is the tribe of Gad; the same, whether you call him Adonis, or Jesus, Mars, *the God of War*, or Yehou, the *Lord of Hosts*.

And they it is, who want to put down the Rotunda, who are "the enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose God is their belly, and who mind earthly things:" whereas, the true doctrine of the Cross has no earthly foundation whatever; and I, its true preacher, do set my affections on things above, not on things of the earth; and my conversation is, as you see and hear, in Heaven, where, and where alone, as you may see, in this delineation, is the Crucified Lamb, which the Sun enters in March, and where is the Lamb's Wife—that is, Mrs. Lamb, in the Virgin of August. As the Psalmist sublimely exclaims: (* "*For ever, O Lord, thy word is true in Heaven.*" And so it is: but it was never true on earth: and none but a fool or a dunce would ever have dreamed that it was so.) And they who have represented Christ and his apostles as persons that ever existed upon earth, do turn the truth of God into a lie.

Nor was it till the year 680 of our era, under the reign of Constantine Pagonatus, in the 6th Constantinopolitan Council, held under Pope Agathus, that in the 82nd decree of that council, it was decreed, and the decree subsequently ratified by Pope Adrian the First, that instead of Christ's being represented under the form of a crucified Lamb, which had, up to that time, been the only emblem of the crucifixion, he should be represented in the hideous and disgusting form of a crucified man.

As here, I have the happiness of showing you, on the unquestionable authority of the learned and pious Casalius, a plate of the oldest form of the crucifix, preserved in the Vatican of Rome, where you see Christ is represented as the bleeding lamb, standing upon a mount under the cross, and bleeding from his five wounds, one in each foot, and the fifth from his breast, in allegory of the five winter months, October, November, December, January, and February, during which the Sun really and literally is, below the cross, precisely as in the sacred Hieroglyph you see him represented.

Nor was it till the middle of the fifteenth century, the year 1468, that any eye of man had seen the fraudulently-pretended passage of Tacitus, which the monks foisted into the text of that historian, to make it appear that the crucified lamb was a crucified man, and to disguise and hide the real origin and significancy of the Christian religion, by giving an appearance of history to most mani-

festly intended fiction; and to found on that crucifixion and resurrection, which had reference only to natural phœnomena, a belief of a dead man coming to life again, and absurdities so monstrous, that no man dared tell them to another without first making him promise, that he wouldn't laugh at them.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE CUP OF SALVATION.

A SERMON,*

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, APRIL 3, 1831.

“Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed Garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine vat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: For I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of

* PROSECUTED FOR BLASPHEMY.—[This Sermon was re-delivered, by the Learned Expounder of Scripture Allegory, on Sunday evening last (June 5), to a crowded and highly-gratified congregation. Garbled extracts of the preceding discourse, on Good-Friday (No. 14), from the first three counts of the indictment. The 4th, 5th, and 6th, are mutilated sentences (in like manner tacked together with the tautological farrago of the law) from the present sermon. This medley of priestly patchwork was served on the Rev. Gentleman on the 11th of April following, from the Surrey Sessions. The trial is fixed for the 4th of July next. The result is not feared—free inquiry, and free discussion, misnamed *blasphemy*, having ceased to terrify any but wrong doers and tithe-eaters. His congregation claim for their Instructor that, which he has invariably offered to his adversaries—“a fair stage, without favour.” Let this be granted on his trial; and they feel assured that the verdict of an unpacked jury, having the common inlets of understanding, and capacity enough to distinguish metaphor from simple fact, will be in accordance with their wishes.]—*Reporter.*

vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to uphold, therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the Earth. I will mention the loving kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness towards the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them, according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving kindnesses. For he said, 'Surely they are my people, children that will not lie:' So he was their Saviour."—ISAIAH lxiii 1-8.

AND there ends the substantive matter of this whole holy text, "So he was their Saviour." Very well, gentlemen, very well; I suppose he was their Saviour: the Saviour of the "Children that would not lie! Only they must be a very extraordinary sort of children, that would not lie; for all the children we have ever known, have been devilishly given to lying, especially the forty and fifty years old children, the babes and sucklings of the gospel, and the "*any-old-clothes*" children, with their nasty clotted beards, as thick as the twigs in a birch broom, whom they call "*the Children of Israel.*"

And a droll way of *saving* the children it must be, to *tread upon them*, and trample them, and make 'em drunk, and bring down their strength to the earth: and to be in the Devil's own rage and fury with them, to squeeze their insides out, and to stain all his garments with their blood. O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! what a strange sort of salvation! This is to be the blessed effect of divine revelation.

Now go away, Christian, decamp! retire to the other shop, "for here is not your rest."

Here, we are going to look at what Christians never dared to inquire after, the meaning of all this. Here, we are going to commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, the sin of being rational. Here, we are going to repeat the crime that damned the whole human race. We are going to pluck of the forbidden fruit of knowledge, that grows under this leafy wilderness of words. Well may your priests and preachers of the gospel warn ye, for your souls' sake, and for God's sake—that is, for *their* sakes, to keep away from the Rotunda! Well have they sought to hold me up to public execration, by fastening on me the opprobrious title

of THE DEVIL'S CHAPLAIN : since, like the Devil, I am playing the Devil with their craft, and do tempt ye to take, pluck, and eat of that forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge ; "for God doth know, that in the day that ye eat thereof, then shall your eyes be open," and it shall not be in the power of those reverend impostors to insult you with their gospel, and to tread and trample on you, as they have done, any longer.

I announced, in a preceding discourse, that I would, in due sequence, serve yè up "*the Cup of Salvation*," out of which, if ye thirst after knowledge, ye should drink the very nectar of the gods ; so rich a draught of genuine science, and of real learning, as but once to have drank thereof, shall destroy in you, for ever, all relish for the beggarly small-beer of the gospel shop.

Observe ye, first, the positions of this table of the Lord, and its mystical furniture, the bread of life, and the cup of salvation, as placed upon this table.

You are to suppose this table situate exactly in the East,—confronting, or directly opposite to, the West. It is not so ; but your imaginations must help our science.

All our churches and chapels to this day are built, as all the Pagan Pagodas and Temples of the Sun, through unrecorded ages, were, so as to have their altars in the East : and all the light allowed to fall on that mystic table, was such alone as could gleam through that window in the East, darkened, obscured, and shaded, as much as conveniently might be, by the cultivated growth of ivy, trained to grow on the church wall, and to spread its dark foliage, as a leafy umbrella, over that sacred window ; the *Ivy*, before the invention of glass, serving to keep off the showers, or to prevent too much light from shining on the mysteries of that dark table, there being nothing that the priests, whether Pagan or Christian, Catholic or Protestant, were ever so much afraid of, as of letting in too much light upon their Sacraments.

But the *Ivy*, sirs ! Why is *Ivy* trained, to this day, to grow in Christian church-yards, and to spread its leaves over the eastern window, immediately over the sacred table, and sacred "*Cup of Salvation*," standing on that sacred table, in "the order for the administration of the Holy Communion," but because *Ivy** was the peculiar emblem of the Jolly God, Bacchus, who is always represented as crowned with a garland of Ivy-leaves ? And Bacchus and Christ Jesus were never more different from each other, than six and a half-dozen,—or than different versions of the same substantive allegory—JESUS being indisputably one of the names of Bacchus—

* *Hedera Helix*.

As Mr. Pope, in his epistle of Sappho to Phaon, has rendered those beautiful lines of Ovid :

“ Sume fidem et pharetram, fies manifestus Apollo.
Accidant capiti cornua, Bacchus eris.”

The harp and bow would you like Phœbus wear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear.
Would you with Ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus self with Phaon could compare.

But, in towns and cities, where Ivy is not so conveniently to be raised, you see the same effect aimed at, by stained glass,* or painted windows, exhibiting allegorical representations of the same Bacchus—that is, of the Sun, as he appears in the visible heavens, the day after Michaelmas-day—that is, immediately after he has crossed over, or *been crucified*, by crossing over the line of the Equator, at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, which is the last day of September, the last day of the process of wine-making, or of the annual vintage; and was, at the time of the adaptation of this allegory to the phenomena of nature, the last day of the Sun's position in the Scales of Justice, or righteousness.

So that he is represented as “*Christ taken down from the Cross*,” a dead man, with all the blood drawn out of him, that precious blood which he shed for us men, and for our Salvation, when he “*came down from Heaven*.”

And where is his blood? Why, where should it be, but in that “*Cup of Salvation*,” standing upon that sacramental table, just as it was drawn out of the Bacchanalian barrel, on which the Ivy-crowned Bacchus sits like a drunken boy at the good vintner's shop. And as I feel a little bit blood-thirsty just at this moment; and as the Catholic clergy very sensibly held, that there was no occasion to give up the cup to the laity, I shall, with your permission, keep the cup to myself, hoping that your faith will be satisfied, by seeing me drink it as your representative. (*Drinks.*)

“*And now*,” in the sublime poetry of Watts' Hymns, as sung in a hundred chapels and churches, in this infinitely *be-chapeled* and *be-churched* metropolis :

“*And now I drink my Saviour's blood,* (*Drinks.*)
I thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous wine;
Mingled with love, the fountain flowed
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.—(*Hymn 18.*)

* See the Methodist Chapel in Queen-street, which is hideously tenebrous.

This soul-reviving wine,
 Dear Saviour 'tis thy blood : (Drinks.
 We thank that precious flesh of thine,
 For this immortal food."—(Book 3, Hymn 17.)

Or, as I have read those lines of Dr. Watts plagiarized, and but little altered, in the composition of quite as good a poet as Dr. Watts—the Rev. Dr. *Towzer*, a famous hand at doggerel :

"'Tis the same blood, in wine or swipes,
 'Tis God's own blood, we vow ;
 And when we feel it in our tripes,
 We feel we don't know how."* (Drinks.

Nothing can be more sublime than this language : only, the awkwardness of it is, when they who use this sort of language as that of the most fervent piety in their mouths, would represent it as blasphemy in ours : and would punish *us* for only quoting and repeating their own *ipsissima verba*, their *very, very* words.

What says their own Saint Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, the pride and glory of their Christian church, in the third century, whose language is held to be none other than that of orthodoxy itself?

Cruci hæremus, sanguinem sugimus, et inter ipsa redemptoris nostri vulnera, figimus linguam." "*We stick to the Cross, we suck the blood, and we loll our tongues in the very wounds of our Redeemer.*

There can be no doubt at all, that this is figurative language. Only one cannot help sympathising with the liability of its being misunderstood, when preached by our missionaries to convert the blubber-lipt and copper-coloured souls of our brothers and sisters in the Pacific Ocean,—such as

'Hokey, Poyke, Wankee, Fum,
 And the King of the Cannibal Islands."

Especially when 'tis taken into the account, that the missionaries themselves could no more explain the meaning of those figures of speech, to the cannibals, than the cannibals could to them.

For but ask them, sirs ! nay ask any of your preachers of the gospel, that live and die in the fat of idleness, here at home, WHEREFORE SHOULD IT BE THAT GOD SHOULD FORGIVE OUR SINS, BECAUSE OF CHRIST'S BLOOD?—(Sixth article of the Indictment.) What *Sequitur*, what connection, what relevancy, of the one thing to the other ?

* In the Indictment.

Is it that we killed his only son, the greatest of all conceivable sins; and for that sin, he is so pleased with us, that it was the best thing that ever was done in the world; and for that sin's sake, he not only forgives us that sin, but all the other sins that we could possibly commit? Can your clergy answer this? They cannot, they never could: I can, and will. WHAT REASON CAN YOUR CLERGY GIVE?—(*Sixth article of the Indictment.*) None, absolutely none: and in *their* default, I offer you a reason, for which I ask no other favour from you, as rational men, than that you should withhold your conviction, as long as you can do so, even as long as you can. I ask no man's consent from his favour. I will make it mine by right of conquest.

“THE REASON WHY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST DOES INDUCE GOD TO FORGIVE US OUR SINS IS, THAT HE LIKES A DROP OF THE *Crater* AS WELL AS WE DO; THAT PUTS HIM INTO A GOOD HUMOUR, AND THEN HE IS NOT SO PARTICULAR ABOUT US.”—(*Sixth article of the indictment.*)

And see, sirs! I call heaven and earth to witness, the starry seat of God most high, in the visible Heaven, the typical Cup of Salvation upon earth, and the mystic enigma of sacred theology, enucleated by demonstrations of irrefragable science, that this is the true, the only reason.

Look up, sirs! upon the vaulty bosom of the night, or upon this beautiful toy, the pictured representation of what is there to be seen: and *there* is that *CRATER*, which the Lord loveth; and *here* is that *Crater* which the Lord loveth, pictured on this globe; and *here* is that *Crater* upon this eidouranic table, which, I thank God, is no picture at all, and which I love as well as he.

The *Crater* is not an Irish, but a Latin word, signifying the *bowl* or *cup* of salvation. It was always represented in delineations of the starry heavens, as a cup having two handles—a sufficient hint, as I hope it may prove, to my Christian persecutors, that, in seeking to throw me a second time into prison, for blasphemy, they have taken hold of the *CRATER* by the wrong handle.

Observe, now, the position of this *Crater*, in the heavenly city, and then see if the Lord does not love a drop of the *Crater*, as well as we. It is *at* or *near*, the gate, or *going out*, of the Celestial Sion; always *near*, and a little *below* the point of the Autumnal Equinox, and coming before it, in order to be ready to catch the precious fruit of the vintage.

And hence it is, because of the good drink in that cup always situate so near the gate of that heavenly city, that of the Lord who loves a drop of the crater as well as we do, it is said, in the allegorical conundrum of the 87th Psalm, “The Lord loveth the

gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob,"—that is, more than all the other signs of the Zodiac, which are the mansions of the Sun, the dwellings of JACK OB—that is, of God the Father, of whom says the Christ of the gospel, "*In my Father's House are many Mansions.*" And, by essential metonymy of language,

"Metonymy doth new names impose,
And things for things by near relation shows."

To love the gate, could never mean anything else than to love the good entertainment that you get at the gate; and to love the *Crater* could never mean anything else than to love the good stuff that was in the *Crater*. For I believe we should all of us be innocent enough of any excessive attachment to the cup, if the cup were as empty of good stuff as Christian prosecutors for blasphemy are of good feelings. "*And why?*" says the Psalmist in his 75th, "*God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another. For in the hand of the Lord there is a Cup, and the Wine is red; it is full mixed, and he poureth out of the same.*"

And, like him, I pour out the red wine, and I pledge him from the bottom of my heart.

And if he be a just Judge, just as is the Sun, when in the Scales of September (he gives an equal length of day to all the inhabitants of the earth) the devil of any quarrel will he have with me. I never offended him in thought, word, or deed. But what will he say to a gang of caballing priests, who, when they could never give a rational interpretation of their own balderdash themselves, are for calling in the strong arm of the law to crush and destroy him who can do so,—a better scholar and an honest man than their holy church, throughout all the world, could ever boast of.

I say, it is the wine that puts God into good humour, or rather puts good humour into God, as in Judges, ix., 13, it is expressly said that "*Wine cheereth the heart of God and man.*" And hence in the most beautiful analogy of the moral propriety, indicated by the physical phenomena of the Sun in the Scales of Justice, effusing the rich blood of the grape into the Cup of Salvation, should man learn, that when his own cup of blessedness is full, he should never forget to fill for his neighbour; nor ever put the Cup of Salvation to his own lip, but to pledge in it his heart's forgiveness, and remission, and absolution, and *laying aside for ever* of all notions of sin and damnation, and all their damnation cruelty against any body, or for any thing: and to be ready to say or sing, either to Jew, Turk, Infidel, or heretic:

“ Then gie’s a hand, my honest friend,
 And here’s a hand for thine ;
 We’ll tak’ a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang sye .”

Here, then, is the congruity, the connection, and the moral solution, of the physical problem, between the shedding of blood and the forgiveness of sins.

Wine, then, cheereth the heart both of God and man. An immaterial, incorporeal, or unsubstantive deity, is no deity at all. The sacred record of God’s most holy word, of which, in all this priest-ridden and priest-insulted country, I alone am the faithful Minister and true Hierophant, knows nothing of such an hallucination. It is a cheat, invented by the priests, to hide the truth of nature, and to prevent rational man from becoming reasonable: it is a dagger of the mind—a false creation—proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain; and of which the brain, recovering itself from the fever of fanaticism to the health of reason, will dissipate the delusion at once.—“*There’s no such a thing.*”

But see now, after all the maddening nonsense of spirituality, and spiritually-pretended meanings, which are no meanings at all, how refreshing, how delightful, how beautiful is science.

“*The Cup of Salvation.*” Now, observe ye, sirs, the priest’s position with relation to the position of that cup, upon that table; of the reason of which, the priests themselves, our Protestant and Dissenterian priests, the most priestly of all priests that ever bepriested a priest-ridden people, are most profoundly ignorant.

Those relative positions are the same to this day, in the administration of the Christian Sacrament, as they were through anterior ages of Pagan superstition, in the administration of bread and wine, to the honour of Ceres and Bacchus, in the Eleusinian mysteries: and both Orgies bore the name, which the Christian Orgy, to this day, retains, “*those holy mysteries.*” The word HOLY is but a mock solemn utterance of the ancient Phœnician word, HELY, from whence was formed the Greek word, *o’Helios*—i. e. the SUN; and from whence our whole family of English words, bequeathed to us by our Phœnician ancestors, as *health*, and *healing*; and *Eel*, the fish; and *Hell*, *Hill*, *Hole*, and *Hull*; and the *Heel* of the human body, connected, as every shoemaker can tell you the *Heel* is, with the *sole*.

The human family is to be distinguished from the family of the ourang-outang lady and gentleman, who have lately come to see their cousins, the dandies, in Piccadilly, by the felicity of having a *Heel*: and so, I suppose, a *Soul* to their heels—*Heel* being

the Greek, and *Soul* or *Sol* the Latin, for the SUN. As everything depends upon having a right *understanding*, so the Psalmist prays to God to forgive him *the iniquity of his heels*; and Christ complains of Judas, "He that eateth bread with me, hath lifted up his *heel* against me."

And hence, your church and chapel arrangements of the paraphernalia, in these *Hely* mysteries, or mysteries of the Sun, have been always those of a *camera obscura*, or astronomical orrery; exhibiting, in shadowy types upon that darkened table, the actual phenomena of the heavenly bodies, as observed by the astronomical priests, from their episcopal observatories, which are now called the Bishops' *Sees*, or *look-outs*,—the bishops always being upon the *look-out*. And you have the very earliest rule laid down for the building of a church or chapel, in Hebrews viii. 5:—"See, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount."

And see, sirs, how accurately is that heavenly pattern copied in the arrangements of this heavenly table.

The table must stand in the East, and this portion of Scripture, which I have read, appointed to be read *for the Epistle*, must be read by the priest standing on the south side of that table: it would have been blasphemy against the Heely Gust, to have read it on the north side: it is the gospel, and not the epistle, that is to be read on the north side of the table. Because—for what reason that your clergy can give you, none at all! but, look at their book with your eyes open, in the 48th Psalm, and you have the because—because, "Upon the north side lieth the City of the Great King: God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge." Northward of the Equator stand the mansions of the Sun, in his reign through the summer months, beginning with March, and ending with September; but southward of the Equator, as you see in this delineation, stands the Cup of Salvation. And I, whom they brand as the Devil's Chaplain, for which I forgive them—and whom they seek to put into prison, for which, the Devil forgive them for me—am not only the most faithful minister of the gospel you ever heard in your lives, but the most orthodox.

And, in reading this portion of Scripture, appointed for the epistle, with my foot standing on the south side of the table, I say with the Psalmist, in the 26th Psalm:—"My foot standeth right; I will praise the Lord in the congregations;"—that is, the Sun, in the congregations or groups of Stars that constitute the respective signs of the Zodiac:

And were you dying with thirst, you might never take the Sa-

cramental Cup, before you had taken the Sacramental Bread ; because,

Ceres comes before Bacchus ; the Mother before her Son ; the Lady before the Gentleman ; the Corn-harvest before the Vintage ; the Wheat of August before the Grapes of September.

Aye, and of the latter end of September, too—that is, not till Michaelmas-day, the day of the Archangel *Michael*, who holds up the Arch of Heaven, on the 29th of September, with the Scales in his hands,—the 29th of September being the Day of Judgment, the last day for gathering in of the last fruits of the cultivation of the earth, of which the allegorical apostle admonishes the farmers, the gardeners, and the vine-dressers ; that, on that *Day of Judgment*, the Sun will render to every man according to his agricultural industry ; “ and whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” And the necessity of being accurate, as to the precise day—that is, *the Day of Judgment*, or of the Sun's coming to the line of the Equator, at the Autumnal Equinox—that is, the day of the Covenant, was beautifully indicated in the astronomical theorem of the 31st of Job : “ I have made a Covenant with mine eyes : why, then, should I think upon a maid ? ” that is, in the astronomical solution, I have ascertained by astronomical observation, that the *Covenant*, or the coming of the Sun to the point of the Autumnal Equinox, takes place in the Scales of September, and is therefore not to be anticipated or looked for in the Virgin of August.

So, when the Virgin Mother, in the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, complains to her Son, the Bacchus of the Gospel, that “ they have no wine : ” she receives that astronomical rebuke, “ Woman, what have I to do with thee ? mine hour is not yet come,”—of which the astronomical solution is, “ that the time for making wine is not in August, but at the latter end of September.” “ And there were set there, six water-pots of stone, after the manner of the *purifying of the Jews*”—that is, literally, of “ *the firing of the IOU-DAI-OI* ”—*i. e.*, the Sun's bringing in of his solar fire, into the six signs of the summer months, during which men must be content to drink water, because the time for turning water into wine is not till the latter end of September, just as the Sun is at the gate, going out, or just at that moment gone out, of the heavenly Jerusalem.

The Epistoler to the Hebrews still more accurately fixes the very day of the vintage, by reminding us, in Hebrews xiii. 12. that “ Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his blood, suffered without the Gate*”—that is, the day immediately after the Sun's

* The Mount Calvary of the earthly Jerusalem is, very unfortunately, *within* the gate, in the centre of the city.

having crossed the Equator,—in honour of which “suffering without the gate,” our most orthodox Christian altar-pieces, represent Christ, not as directly upon the Cross, but, as *taken down from the Cross*. Now, where stands the Virgin Mother of the Son of God in your gospels but by the Cross of Christ? And where stands the Virgin of the Zodiac, but by the Cross which the Sun makes over the line of the Equator, at the Autumnal Equinox? And here have you the whole story of that marriage at Cana, as old as this arrangement of the starry heavens, ascending up to a date, not of hundreds merely, but of thousands of years before the pretended era of the birth of your Christian Christ.

Here is the old maid herself, as fond of a drop of the Crater as any of us; with her head, as you see, running on nothing but the Crater, which she has just been smelling, she turns away her head in disgust, because she finds it empty, and with her outstretched arm, in which is the bright star Vindemiatrix, that is to say, *indicator of the approaching vintage*, she seems in the act of saying, “*They have no wine.*”

And observe, now, the positions of the heavenly bodies, at the moment when the stars in that outstretched arm peer above the edge of the horizon, *due East by North*.

And then read off the text, which I have read to you from sacred writ, and this *astronomical text*.

Who are the Lords of the Ascendant, at that moment, for whose sake this “that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? treadeth the wine-press alone, and of the people there is none with him.”? They are the children, Castor and Pollux, Gemini, the Twins of the Zodiac, “*Children that will not lie,*” and the only children that ever answered to the definition; sure indicators, by their ascendancy in the zenith, of the rising up of this outstretched arm of the Lord, which will bring on the Day of Vengeance—that is, of Vine-geance, or of treading and trampling down the grapes in the wine-press,—called the *agony*,* in the Garden of Gethsemane, when the declining Sun sweats his blood out into the Cup of Salvation,—that day always being the day of the Sun’s position in the line of the Equator, as the Sun comes to that position every autumn.

“The point of the Autumnal Equinox being, as you see, parallel with that of the Vernal Equinox, the Archangel Michael, or the Genius of Michaelmas-day, has his name of MICHAEL, which

* An *Agony* literally is a *Wine-press*: its application to a state of human suffering is metaphorical. *Vengeance, Avenger, Vindication*, are technical to the business of the vintner, or wine-maker

signifies *Equal with God*: and Jesus, that *Just One*, as he is called by the first Martyr, St. Stephen, the Corona Septentrionalis,—whose position, you see, is immediately over the Scales of Justice.

And Enoch, that *Just Man*, who was translated, and “was not, because God took him”—that is, the Sun entering into the constellation, by his brighter effulgence rendered the Stars, which constitute this constellation, invisible—and *ΝΟΑΗ*, that is Nock-ee: Enoch, written backwards, that *Just Man*, notwithstanding his getting so gloriously drunk, are both said to walk with God.

BUT HOW COULD ANY MAN WALK WITH GOD—with their indefinite, indescrpt, and indescribable God, their incomprehensible and infinite space-filling God? WHEN (their) GOD CANNOT WALK HIMSELF? Why, to be sure, HE WOULD BE AT HIS JOURNEY'S END, BEFORE HE SET OUT. AND AS HE FILLS ALL SPACE, HE MUST SIT STILL IN ALL SPACE, LIKE A GOUTY OLD MAN IN HIS ARM-CHAIR, AND STAY AT HOME THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.”*

O folly, folly! where will thy foolishness end? Into such measureless absurdities will men run, when they are, as we see them, too ignorant to give a rational meaning of their own language to us, and too wicked to let us show the rational meaning of it to them.

But see, now, how, to all the definitions, even to the most apparently incongruous and contradictory, of this Sacramental Cup, answers this cup of the celestial sphere, as thus:

1st. “It is the Cup of Salvation; you drink of it and are saved.” Psalm cxvi. 13. Because it preserves the Sun's vital heat within you, without which you would go dead.

2nd. It is the cup of damnation,—you drink of it, and be damned. Because, after the Sun has shed his precious blood into it, his reign in the summer months is over, and to Hell and Tommy he must go.

3rd. It is the Cup of Consolation (Jeremiah xvi. 7), because it consoles us for the absence of the Sun, whose blood is poured into it.

4th. It is the Cup of Trembling. Isaiah li. 22 As you see, it stands but on half its rim, on the slimy back of the Water Snake; the most slippery position that could possibly be imagined: as if to admonish us of that heaven-recorded moral:

“There's many a slip,
'Twixt the cup and the lip.”

5th. It is the Cup of the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

* In the Indictment.

Because it is the concentrated essence, virtue, juice, and blood of the TRUE VINE (John xv. 1), who is the Lord Jesus Christ.

6th. It is the Cup of the fierceness of the fury, of the wrath of Almighty God. Rev. xiv. 10. Because the fiercer and the hotter is the Sun, the richer and the better is our wine.

7th. It is the Cup, as you see, of the Pure Virgin of Bethlehem. John ii. 3.

8th. But look again, sirs : and forgive me ! It is the Cup of the Scarlet Lady of Babylon. Rev. xvii. 4.*

10th. "This Cup is the New Testament in my blood," says the Bacchus of the gospel. Luke xxii. 20. As in his tipsy character, he speaks of the Cup being in the wine, instead of the wine being in the Cup.

11th. It is the blood of the everlasting covenant. Heb. 12. Because the Covenant, or coming of the Sun, to the line of the Equator, indicates the time of the Autumnal Equinox, when the grapes are ripe for the vintage.

12th. It is "the Cup of Blessing which we bless." 1. Cor. x. 16. "Because through eternal ages, men did pledge therein, Health and prosperity to all good men."

13. It is the Cup of Abomination, and of all abominable things. (Rev.) Because the time for the filling of that Cup is the beginning of the fall of the year : the *Ab-Omen* of the coming winter : and the croaking raven, rising *South-east by East*, immediately after that Cup, pecks the Snake's back, to make it drop and spill its precious content : when the Cup, setting *West by South*, yields the ascendancy to the infernal Serpent, who seems about to seize the Crown of Heaven, and to "the Scorpions, having stings in their tails," and to their King, the Royal Star, ANTARES, the ABANDON, the King of the Bottomless Pit.

Now, perpend ye, sirs, again ! Through ages of an indefinite antiquity, before our ridiculously pretended era of the birth of Christ, our Pagan ancestors had been taught to believe that MARS, the God of battles, from whom our name of the month of *March* is derived, surnamed by the Greeks *Ares*, from which the Latins formed their name of the constellation, *Aries*, the Ram, had been drowned in this cup of Bacchus, indifferently called the *Cup*, the *Crater*, the *bowl*, the goblet, the barrel, the tun, the hogshead, or any thing, whose association is the idea of holding wine.

* Mr. Taylor explained privately, to *Gentlemen*, the 9th. It is "the Cup of Fornication ;" as it stands under the point of junction of the two pair of legs, the forks made by the crossing of the Equator by the Ecliptic.

And he was drowned by the two brothers, the giants Othus and Ephialtes.

The astronomical solution of that theological allegory, is clear as the day.

But sensible men always knew what was meant by the orthodoxy that forbade the appearance of Mars in the presence of Bacchus. For if any hostile feeling against any man were found to obtrude itself at the festive board,

“Or any care or grief remain,
We'll drown it in the bowl.”

And this is the morality of Heaven itself. Sirs, here is the bowl, whose coming to the Zenith throws *Aries West by North*, below the Horizon. And here are the giants, at that moment rising *East by North*, laying their heads together.

So, through infinite ages, was the harvest home, or gathering in of the last grapes of the vintage, celebrated by pantomimes and allegorical tragedies, similar to such as our sailors, to this day, perform on ship-board, on passing the line.

Allegorical tragedies were the first origins, not merely of our theatrical but of our pulpit performances. And tragical, indeed, have they proved to human happiness, ever since the *Hupo-Krites*—that is, the *hypocrites* (and never was there a priest on earth, but who was a hypocrite) have been for making us pay for their performances, and sending us to prison, for finding out the meaning of them.

The name of the TRAGEDY is precisely the same as the name of the GOSPEL; the one *Τραγὴ Ὀδῆ*, literally signifying the Ode, spell, or bringing down of the Goat, when Capricornus, the Goat with the Fish's tail, was the sign of the summer solstice, as the Crab now is; and, therefore, must be brought down to the Western Horizon, to bring the Sun to the zenith, when in the Scales of September.

The GOD'SPEL, or Spell, or incantation of the Lamb of God, in precisely the same astronomy, brings the Lamb into the lowest Pit of Hell. You have, consequently, the Sun in the latter end of Autumn, personated as Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane.

“And being in an Agony” *εν αγωνια*, says St. Luke—that is, literally, in a *Wine-press*, his sweat was as great drops of blood, *ωσει θρομζοι αιματος*, falling to the ground, a *bloody sweat!* hideous in imagination, and impossible in nature; but the very technical language itself of the process of wine making, that word *θρομζοι*,

translated *great drops*, being nothing else than a syncopation of the word THRIAMBUS, a well known appellative of the God Bacchus.

“And there appeared unto him an angel, strengthening him.” What angel could *that* be, but the angel of Michaelmas-day, the Archangel Michael? “Strengthening him”—that is, making him strong by putting more grapes into the Agony, to make it sweat more than ever.

But, “when he had tasted the vinegar, he said, “It is finished,”—that is, when the great drops had left off falling, and only the thin and sour wine that is pressed out of the mere stalks and skins, could be drawn off, he said, “The business is all over.”

And thus we can tell the Clergy, that “we know that *this* record is true,” as we can tell them, that we know their record is not true.

Ours is the seat of everlasting curiosity, indefatigable research, and still increasing knowledge. Our hearts are too full of the love of science, to leave a vacuity for the harbouring of bad passions. We have none. We have not time or leisure to be wicked.

“Where science dwells, the Muses join their train,
And gentlest arts and purest manners reign.”

Thus deal we with our priestly fables, of both the Old and the New Testaments, while our priests answer us in the only way that is left for them to answer, that, of their POWER; their tyrannous, oppressive, and wicked POWER.

They can drag us to the bar of felony and crime; and they have done so.

They can subject us to be insulted by the mock solemnity and pompous shaking of a lawyer's wig upon a barber's block: and they will do so.

They can turn on us again the dreadful clanging bolts and bars of their Oakham Jail. I call on you, sirs, to HELP to save me from them, and to check the triumph of barbarous ignorance over persecuted philosophy.

END OF THE CUP OF SALVATION

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

PART I.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, APRIL 10, 1831.

"He that despised Moses' Law, died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace? For we know him that hath said. 'Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense,' saith the Lord. And again, the Lord shall judge his people. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—HEBREWS, X, 28—30.

THE epistle to the Hebrews is, as I shall prove, the composition of some Royal Arch Mason, veiling the mysteries of the masonic craft, under a sort of language whose sense and purpose has escaped, and been intended to escape, the penetration of all but the FREE MASONS of the *Hebraic* degree, to whom it is addressed: and will therefore supply the text of this, and of the whole course of the lectures I have proposed to deliver: in which I shall, with "confirmation strong as proof of holy wit," expose to the whole world the Pretended *Secret* of FREE MASONRY; and discover, to Masons themselves, *that* whereby, when they shall come to read, "THEY shall understand my knowledge of the mystery of" their craft.

The words of the text are dreadful, and terribly frightful! and, read as they may be, (and as I have heard them), in a crackt-bell sepulchral tone of voice, their terror doth unnerve the faculty of

reason in man ; and many, matty a good and innocent mind, throwing the reins up upon the neck of imagination, hath been borne away into reckless despair, or incurable insanity.

Our madhouses are filled with miserable wretches, who, applying this text to themselves, have imagined that they have committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost ; that they have, in the grossest sense, "*trodden under foot the Son of God, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace.*" A mere vicissitude in the state of their animal spirits ; the subsiding of the high fever of fauaticism, when, in their insane language, they were *illuminated*, and had *tasted of the heavenly gift*, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and had *tasted the good word of God*, and the powers of the world to come," (Hebrews, vi. 5.) into the sober November, of that debility which necessarily follows a fever, is evidence enough to them, of their unpardonable gift : the wound is given, that never can be healed, —the sorrow conceived, that never can be comforted : while villains of harder nerve, though not of stronger intellect, in their luck of being able to brave its terror for themselves, by making sure of their own salvation, play the priest with it, in turn, upon others, and gratify the worst feelings of a malignant heart by applying it, in imagination, to any object of their religious aversion.

But let a man, rise up in an age, possessing learning enough to know the meaning of the text, and with that learning, generosity enough to communicate his knowledge, and thus to break the *spell* of priestcraft, to restore distracted minds to the health of reason, to soften stony hearts into the flesh of human gentleness and love : the priests are all on the shiver and the shake for the safety of their craft,—they are ready to set all Bedlam loose, to tear him to pieces ; their patients are taught to look on him as their enemy ; imagination invests him with the character of an emissary of Satan, the ambassador of Hell, the Devil's Chaplain : the very walls, the mere brick and mortar of the building, within which the voice of reason is to be heard, get a bad name : and the evangelical idiots that would block the streets up to get a glimpse of a rational man, in Silver-street Chapel, dared not, for their salvation, trust themselves within the doors of the Rotunda. And priests, of all denominations, in this metropolis, have the modesty to warn and debort, and admonish their choused hearers not, for any consideration whatever, to trust themselves to enter that horrible Rotunda. "Why, who preaches there?" the Devil's Chaplain. If once you go and hear him, your soul is lost for ever. He is inspired by the Devil. Witchcraft composes his discourses, a power of fascination rides upon his sentences, and Hell itself lets down the sledge-hammer of conviction upon his periods. Your only safe policy is to

keep away from the Rotunda : if you go there, you'll become rational, and then they lose your custom for ever. Only put forth your hand, and pluck and eat of the apples of Paradise, and the devil a tooth will you have left for any more of the crabs of the wilderness. As, for instance, see *the way that we have*, in the passage I have read to you. A merciless, horrible bit of business as it is. But

Who wrote it?

How?

Who said it?

Whom does it concern?

Who did it?

To whom was it addressed?

When?

What does it mean? and

Where?

What business is it of ours?

These are questions which every sensible man would ask on any other subject, in which he was, or might suppose himself to be, interested; and without the most perfect and satisfactory solution of which, a rational man would no more suffer himself to be frightened, at the big words of it, than a sensible cock-sparrow would at the clapper in a cherry tree.

To be sure, Jack Straw looks develish savage, and when the Holy Ghost blows his clapper round a little faster than usual, it makes a great noise; but let us venture once to perch on him, and we shall sing, "*Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, (Singing), ripe, ripe, ripe,*" and when the cherries *are* ripe, it is not the parson's clapper, nor his devil either, that shall hinder the clever birds from helping themselves to them.

"Thus then, to all this *much-a-do* about "dying without mercy," and "sorer punishment" still, than "dying without mercy," this "trampling under foot the Son of God:" this "sanctified bloody covenant:" this "unholy spiteful Spirit of grace:" this "vengeance and judgment:" and "frightful falling into the hands of the living God." Reason answers at once: "Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?"

"But we may find, perhaps, that there is a method in this madness. But if there *be*!—*method* is a thing of which reason, and reason only, can judge: and they who were conscious that what they put forth would bear the scrutiny and trutination of reason, would never be afraid of looking at both scales, nor shrink from that calm and indifferent comparison of what may be urged on both sides, which it was never anything else but madness or villany that was afraid of.

First, then, who was the author or writer of this epistle to the Hebrews, as it is called?

In the Greek manuscripts, and in all authentic translations from the Greek it is perfectly anonymous. It is called only *Ηπρος*

Εἰςραϊς Επιστολή, *the Epistle to the Hebrews*. It is not known by whom it was written, nor is there a single passage in it, from beginning to end, to glance a probability as to who the writer was. It is only guess-work, supposition and imagination, that has ascribed it to the apostolic chief of sinners, Saint Paul; and, upon this mere guess, many of our English Bibles and Testaments entitle it, "*the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews*," notwithstanding the flat contradiction of the subscription that states, at the end of it, that it was written by Timothy—i. e. *Written to the Hebrews, from Italy, by Timothy*.

In Dr. Lardner's table of the Books of the New Testament, this book of *the Epistle to the Hebrews* is classed under the head of **DISPUTED BOOKS**: of which definition, he defines, that it is one of those, *which should be allowed to be read in Christian assemblies, for the edification of the people, but not to be alleged as affording alone sufficient proof of any doctrine.*"—that is, as I understand the definition: it will do to be read in Christian assemblies, where any thing will do—for the *edification* of the people—that is, as I understand it, the *building them up*, like blockheads, stocks, and stones, into pedestals, for priests to play the God on.

The time at which Dr. Lardner, the highest authority in the judgment of Christians that could possibly be quoted, supposes or guesses (for it is all guess-work) that this epistle might have been written, is the spring of the year of our era, 63. As I (with as good a right, and better reason for guessing, than Dr. Lardner) should guess, that it might have been written in the autumn of the year, sixty-three thousand years before our era.

My reason for guessing that it was written in *autumn*, being the strong symptoms that the epistle itself contains, of having been written when wine was cheap, and when he who was so anxious to edify others, was pretty well *headified* himself: and I guess it to have been written so many ages ago, in honour to humanity, which should but ill brook the affront of supposing that such stuff, as this epistle consists of, could have possibly come into respectability, after mankind had acquired the faculty of reason.

At the same time, I have no quarrel against the guess of any other person who might guess, with equal force of presumptive evidence, that it was written yesterday afternoon at four o'clock; as he might urge, that it begins with the express date: "*In these last days*," and it is certain that none other than yesterday, and the day before, were these *last days*; and it ends in the last chapter, with an equally explicit indication of date, that we should *consider the end of the conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday*.

The result of all the guessing, and of all the critical research and learning in the world, throwing us up this melancholy fact, that mankind have been frightened out of their wits; and our mad-houses have been filled, and our churches and chapels, which are but half-way houses to the madhouses, crowded, by persons who have believed that themselves or others had trodden under foot the Son of God, and all the rest of this hideous orgy, upon the authority of some scratchings and scramblings on an old goat-skin scratched by the nails of some drunken Bachanal, of whom nobody can guess who he was, between Jack Sprat, or *Jack-any-body*, and nobody can guess *when*, within any thousand, or two, or three thousand years ago. The rule with Christians, being invariably this, that the less they know about any thing, the wiser they take themselves to be: and the more profoundly ignorant, the more fervently religious.

The meaning of a thing was always that part of it which a Christian never wished to know any thing about.

But, granting what no longer can be denied among men of learning, that the Epistle to the Hebrews is anonymous and dateless. It is not known by whom, or when, it was written: yet it was written to somebody, or some community of persons. And our want of the light of date, and name, may be supplied by the light reflected from the implied character of the persons, or community of persons, to whom it purports to be addressed.

It is called, at any rate, *the Epistle to the Hebrews*. The **HEBREW**S! Then who are, or were, or what is or was meant by, the Hebrews? Now, Sirs, do I put it to your own authority of judging, to judge, who is the scholar, and worthy to be revered as a teacher, having something that he can teach, and *you* can learn,—I, who can teach and tell you who the Hebrews are, and what the meaning of this Epistle to the Hebrews is; or your spiritual pastors and masters who cannot, and who, as they are profoundly ignorant themselves, have no protection for their monopoly, but the trick of suppressing curiosity, and warning you not to go to the Rotunda, for fear you should find out, by your own improvement, what a state of boobyism and ignorance they would have kept you in!

The *Hebrews*, the *Jewish nation*, you have been taught to believe the descendants of the Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—a national and political people, such as the French, Dutch, Poles, Russians, among ourselves,—a people that had once a political constitution,—King, Lords, Commons; and Boroughmongers of their own. The immediate ancestors of the long-armed and blue-faced

gentlemen of the menagerie, whose existence, to this day, is a standing proof of the truth of divine revelation, suppose ye?

Aye, aye! It will do, ye see, for a lecture on the Evidences of the Christian religion, where the lecturer dare not suffer himself to be questioned, even in the most respectful and courteous manner in which an inquirer after truth could question the professed teacher of it.

But it would not do to abide the questions, *where?* in what monument of past existence? in what document, line, word, or vestige of history? by which alone we can know any thing of what has been going on in the world before we came into it; have we a vestige of the existence of a *Hebrew nation*? That question can be answered only in the most decisive, the most unequivocal negation that ever truth threw up in solution of any inquiry whatever. No *WHERE*, in all the world, no where: in no era of time, in no slate, or stone, or skin, or papyrus, or paper—in nothing that ever was plastered by the trowel, scratched by the style, graven by the chisel, or written by the pen of the human hand, hath the world ever possessed a scratch of a scabblement that recognised the existence of a Hebrew nation. "*A holy nation, a peculiar people, a royal priesthood;*" their only scriptural definition is a definition that expressly bars off, and excludes any sense or understanding of their ever having existed as a political body, or ordinary people, in the national sense.

But this Epistle to the Hebrews, anonymous as it is, yet of high antiquity, as in all soberness and truth it must be admitted to be, is proof that there were persons, or a community of persons, called the Hebrews. Yes; and so are there, and so has there been, since the building of Solomon's Temple, persons, and communities of persons, called *Free Masons*; persons corresponding with each other by means of secret symbols, and held together in a mystical corporation, governed by law and officers of their own—recognizing each other by certain winks of the eye, positions of the foot, lollings of the tongue within the cheek, gripes of the hand, and indentations of the thumb upon the wrist; which, escaping the notice of persons not informed in the craft, easily discover those who are initiated, to each other.

And thus, many a man is asked whether he is a mason, and what degree he has attained in the masonic mysteries, by these dumb signs, and pantomimic actions, which no eye nor ear of any third person can possibly perceive. The first or the second summons being misunderstood, or unheeded, a third and fourth of higher authority, and of more imperative mystery communicated only to the higher graduates of the craft, enables them to boast with truth,

that whatever mistakes may occur in this way among their inferior orders, the higher dignities, the Εζραίοι the αδεηθοι αγιοι, or *holy brethren*, can recognise each other with infallible accuracy, whatever countries they may be born in, whatever language they may speak, all over the world, and through all eras of time.

By these symbols, of higher authority than the common claims of humanity, and the ordinary obligations of charity in man to man, they can demand and receive assistance from each other, in all their distresses and inconveniences: and each good mason will fly to the relief of his brother mason, as an obedient son to the command of an affectionate father, as the right hand of one's own body will come up to the assistance of the left; and *that*, without any regard of the country, age, condition, character, or religion, of the mason, who has thus need to be assisted, but solely and exclusively in virtue of the consideration, that he *is* a mason.

The moral uses, and the moral fitness and propriety of such an institution, if ever there were a fitness and propriety in it, must necessarily be diminished, and the institution itself grow into desuetude and neglect; as every good mason is bound to wish and desire that it should do, in proportion as its end is achieved, and its *principles* diffused, by the diffusion of civilization; and, consequently, of universal benevolence among men, when the whole world shall become one great lodge of Free Masons,—when the *Secret of the Lord* shall be discovered to every individual on whom the Sun doth shine. As it exists at the present day, it is a slander upon reason, and a disgrace to humanity. Boys, and lubberly garsoons in a drunken frolic, and for the mere joke of the thing, may have been betrayed into the first ceremonies of the idolish mummery: but sure I am, that there is not a sensible and honest man on earth, who, when reminded of such a proof of his boyish folly, as his having become a mason, will not hang his head and own himself ashamed of it. A Free Mason is another name for a fool professed.

But, in earlier days, through the days of an infinitely remote antiquity, such an institution as that of masonry, as it had its necessity, had its sanctity, its right, its justice, its utility, in that need, which those of the human race who first emerged from the state of barbareous ignorance into reason, intelligence, and science, had to protect themselves from the incursions of the monkeys, baboons, and wildmen of the woods, with whom the conflict was continually the struggle of wit against brute force, and who were only to be kept aloof by stratagem, overawed by mystery, and ruled by terror. To keep off these, it was always the first care of a master mason to see “the lodge properly tiled.” Gradations of mystery, and trials of the strength of understanding, of

those whose curiosity urged them to wish to penetrate into the *arcana* of masonry, were absolutely necessary to protect the cradle of infant science from the incursion of the wolves of the wilderness, and the same law of nature, by which man feels that more is due to man from man, than from man to the inferior animals, both justified and *authorized*, that *esprit du corps* which attached the mason to his brother mason, as man more properly to his *brother man*,—his brother in the possession of a rational nature, and in that sympathy of desire to enlarge his faculties and to cultivate his reason; which he who hath not, though he may be the best Christian that ever breathed, is but a monkey still.

The celebrated Chevalier Ramsay has laboured to prove, that Free Masonry arose during the Crusades, and was only a secondary order of chivalry: the learned Abbé Barruel supposes it to be a continuation of the Society of Knights Templars; while Clinch and others deduce its origin from the Institution of Pythagoras.—In the course of these Lectures, however, with the aid of further discoveries, brighter lights, and juster principles of critical research, than have heretofore been brought to bear on this curious subject,—I pledge myself to let the *cat-out-of-the-bag*; to leave no part of the mysterious secret unexposed; but to flash resistless conviction on the minds of Masons themselves, that they are absolved from their oath of secrecy, in that they know nothing that we do not know as well as they, and that they have nothing left, either to conceal or to betray.

I shall prove Free Masonry to be the combined result of the Egyptian, Jewish, and Christian superstitions, and absolutely identical with the celebrated Eleusinian Mysteries of Greece, the Dionysian Mysteries, or orgies of Bacchus, and the Christian Mysteries of the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, which are absolutely not more different in any respect from each other, than the customs and forms of any Lodge of Free Masons in England, may be, from those of a Lodge in any of the nations of the Continent; where, though the language, the words, the persons, and the paraphernalia, may be varied, the spirit and the purport of the mysteries is precisely the same.

On the evidence hereafter to be adduced, no one shall be able to doubt that the Eleusinian and Dionysian Mysteries, modelled as they were, upon the Mysteries of Isis, and Osiris, of Egypt, have passed over into the mysteries of the craft of Free Masonry; and that they were formed at first for scientific purposes, though subsequently made the vehicle of the doctrines of the Egyptian mythology.

Those who were initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries, were

bound by the most awful engagements to conceal the instructions they received and the ceremonies that were performed. None were admitted as candidates till they arrived at a certain age, and particular persons were appointed to examine and prepare them for the rites of initiation. Those whose conduct was found irregular, were rejected, as unworthy of initiation: significant words were communicated to the members, such as the Giblym or Chib-belum, Mo-A-bon and Begulgal, in modern masonry. Grand officers presided over their assemblies. Their emblems were exactly similar to those of Free Masonry, and the candidate advanced from one degree to another, till he received all the lessons of what they called wisdom and virtue which the priest could impart.

The terms, Jews, Israelites, and Hebrews, were designations of those who had passed on to the highest dignities in these holy mysteries. And hence, this Epistle to the Hebrews, literally is, an Epistle to the *Free Masons*—that is, to the higher order of the initiated in the craft of the mysteries, “the free and accepted masons;” who, if Christians would but read their book with a mind to observe what it is that they *do* read (which they never do), they would see that the *Hebrews*, and this Epistle to the Hebrews, is not addressed to any national community, but to a mystical and religious fraternity only, whose members might consist as societies of Free Masons may, of men of any and of every country, nation, and language upon earth, as “*there were dwelling at Jerusalem, Jews, devout men of every nation under Heaven.*”

The patriarch Abraham, is called “Abraham the Hebrew,” not in designation of his country, but of his college-degree, the rank he had attained in these mysterious dignities. Abraham was a Free Mason.

If you will only look into the order of the arrangement of the books of the New Testament, you will see, that the Epistle to the Hebrews is not arranged with the Epistle to the Romans, the Corinthians, the Colossians, the Thessalonians, &c., which designated the Christians inhabiting Rome, Corinth, Colosse, Thessalonica, and so on. But it is set apart by itself, coming after all the Epistles that were addressed to particular communities, or particular persons; and constituting therefore, no epistle, properly so speaking, but a *general discourse*, the meaning of which would only be understood by that higher order of Free Masons, who, though they are neither called Free Masons, nor Hebrews, in any part of the discourse itself, are addressed by a title which signifies the same thing as Free Masons—that is, “*Holy Brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling,*”—that is, “Fellow-craft free-masons.”

The initiated in the Dionysian Mysteries of Bacchus, who were

exclusively the "*partakers of the heavenly calling*," possessed the exclusive privilege of building temples and theatres in Asia Minor. They were incorporated at *Teos*, by the kings of Pergamos, and were actually subdivided into different lodges, as the Free Masons are with us at this day.

And, as our Free Masons of the present day are only masons in a figurative sense, and those who are *the Hebrews*, or have attained the highest degree among them, could no more lay a brick in mortar, or mount the ladder with the hod on their shoulders, than they could dance the tight rope; but are perfectly satisfied with being masons of the silk apron, and the silver trowels,—so the masonic character of this *Epistle to the Hebrews*, is indicated to absolute demonstration, by the masonic metaphors and figures of speech mixed up with the Bacchanalian tropes and allegories, which constitute the subject-matter of the piece.

"*For every house*," says the master of the lodge, "is built by some (mason), but he that built all things, is God." Thus, in the full vanity of the masonic spirit, attempting to prove that God himself was a Free Mason: while Free Mason Abraham "looked for a city, which had foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

That these Free Masons—that is, the higher grades of them, *the Hebrews*, understood what was meant by Moses, and Christ, and Christianity, to a very different tune from any with which our clergy have kept in concert, is betrayed, by that curious exhortation which opens the 6th chapter, in which the apostle calls on his Free Masons to *leave the Doctrine of Christ*, which I, as earnestly as the apostle, do most sincerely call on you to do. You cannot leave it too soon: the sooner you have done with the doctrine of Christ altogether, the better. For, as the apostle truly says, it is baby's meat, it is mere milk, and lollypop for the nursery,—a sensible man ought to be ashamed of it.

"*Therefore leaving the doctrine of Christ*," and all such like milk-and-water spoon-meat for fools, *let us go into perfection*, as "Free and accepted Masons." "*To the praise and glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us ACCEPTED in the beloved.*" 1 Ephes. 6. "*Wherefore we labour*," says the apostle, that "*whether present or absent, we may be ACCEPTED of him.*" Thus most accurately defining the meaning of the word Hebrew to be none other than precisely that which obtains, at our masonic lodges to this day, a *free and an accepted Mason*, as the word Hebrew, in the first of all documents in which it is found (Genesis xiv. 13), literally signifies, העברי, ὁ περατης, one who has passed over, or through the lower degrees.

The earliest appearance of Free Masonry, in modern times, was nothing else than a revival of the mystical fraternity of the Dionysian Mysteries, which had, for countless ages, subdued the reason, and repelled the curiosity of mankind. It appeared in the form of a travelling association of Italian, Greek, French, German, and Flemish artists, who were denominated *Free Masons*, and who went about erecting churches and cathedrals, as they acquired renown, and their renown called them into employment in the way of their trade throughout Europe.

But this hinders nothing of the force of our evidence of the anterior existence of their craft, betrayed to us in the most mystical parts of the language of the New Testament (quite mystical enough), and confirmed by the coincidence of Pagan and classical evidence, quite as accessible to the general scholar, and a good deal more so, than to the novitiate at a modern masonic lodge.

But the essential connection of convivial purposes, and good carousing, with the most mysterious solemnities of masonry identifies the institution, beyond the emergence of a doubt, with all the ends and purposes of the mysterious orgies of the jolly God: and the trick of speaking in a *Fee-faw-fi-FUM* sort of a way, of what was really a very simple affair, and rendering the most ordinary and innocent act of eating your supper, and washing it down with a comfortable swig of good wine afterwards,—a mighty-to-do, to frighten women and children, was the pith of the secret of Free Masonry, which the women never found out,—not because they could not have found it out, but because, strong as their curiosity was, their superstition was stronger. And it was never a discovery which anybody was ever very proud of discovering, to discover how greatly he had been befooled, and how easily it was done.

For very mortification, he who had been drawn in himself, would lend his hand to draw in others, and from having been the dupe, would become, in turn, the agent of imposture. The Fox who had lost his tail, you know.

The mysteries of Free Masonry are identically the same as those of the Dyounisia, or Mysteries of Bacchus; and, consequently, an uncovering and exposure of these mysteries, will be an exposure of all the secret of mystery that is, or ever was, in the masonic craft. And that masonry, correctly understood, is the combined result of the ancient Egyptian, and Jewish, and Christian religions, you will learn, from demonstrations to be adduced, in the due order and succession of these lectures.

From the present, 'tis matter worthy of your attention to carry home the correction of the general error, which supposes, that

there ever was a Hebrew nation, or a temporal Kingdom of Jews, Israelites, or Christians. These, being, not political, or national, but entirely mystical and masonic terms,—names of the different degrees of gradation in the masonic craft, that temple of Solomon, “*in which ye also, as spiritual stones, are builded together, for an habitation of God through the Spirit.*”

In which series, the Christian is the lowest, the Israelite next the Jew next, the Hebrew next, and so on, up through the gradations of those who, having passed “the middle wall of partition,” and been admitted within the Veil, are called *Hebrews of the Hebrews*, to martyrs or witnesses, autops or seers, prophets or tellers, saints, apostles,—“*Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.*”

As you see, in the 18th of Acts of the Apostles that Apollos was a Jew, though born at Alexandria, in Egypt, an eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures. But Paul, who was a Jew, though born at Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, was a Hebrew, as well as a Jew,—the higher dignity always including the lower. And Paul, the Hebrew, therefore took Apollos, the Jew, and expounded to him the way of God more perfectly.” Though Paul himself had not reached the still higher degree of a *Τελειος*, or perfect one, but was proceeding through his degrees, following after, as he drolly describes it, “that he might apprehend that for which also he was apprehended of Christ Jesus.” Philip. iii. 12.

END OF THE FIRST LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

PART II.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, APRIL 17, 1831.

“*For if the blood of bulls and of Goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh : how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God. And for this cause, he is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.*”—HEBREWS ix. 13—15.

THE passage, in any sense which our Christian clergy can put upon it, is the language of slobbering idiocy, or of stark-staring madness. I defy the ingenuity of man to look on it with the eye of criticism, or to hear it with the ear of intelligence, and not feel unspeakably disgusted at it. *Bulls' Blood* and *Goats' Blood*, and *Ashes, sprinkling, cleansing, purging, dead works*, and living Gods : and then, the Mediator of the New Testament, redeeming or getting the transgressions that were under the old one out of pawn, and this in.

He Brews nine, 15. Then he brews very intoxicating liquor : for sure, there never was any doctrine in the world that could more tend to our (*headification*) edification. Goat's blood and bull's blood, and *what not?* mixed up with ashes, for a man to wash his hands and face in, for the purifying of his flesh : and then, you

know, with all the—all the—what is more easy to be smelled than mentioned, *with all his blushing honours thick upon him*, to stand before God for a sweet smelling savour. My God, if it isn't the most *knock-me-down* doctrine that ever was. Think you, but see the nasty stinking saints, where

“Lo! round the throne, at God's right hand
The Saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.”

And can you resist the idea, of what a slaughter-house sort of a smell there must be, about the throne of God? or can you wonder, that the ladies should always carry a little bottle of aromatic vinegar to church or chapel, together with their Bibles and prayer-books, as a sort of *Companion to the Altar*, to help to sweeten their imaginations?

Or can the learned in ancient history, with the light which this sort of language, ascribes to divine inspiration, as it is, by the whole Christian world, upbraid the ignorance and barbarity of their Pagan ancestors, who, in the sacred ceremony of the *Tauribolia*, in order to ensure their sanctification, put themselves into a sort of sawpit, and boards being laid over the pit, full of holes, an ox or bull was slaughtered upon the boards, in order that everything that might run from the body of the animal might run upon them; and with which, being most plentifully be-smear'd, and be-greased, and be-graced, and be-sprinkled, the Lord's anointed ones came forth, believing themselves to be regenerated, as from “a death unto sin, unto a new birth unto righteousness: for being by nature, born in sin, the children of wrath, they were hereby made the children of grace:” and sweet children the children of grace must have been.

And if this pepper-box way of sanctification, this letting it drop through holes in the cullender upon the body of the saint in the sawpit, which we so justly execrate, and reprobate, and shudder at, in the Pagan *Tauribolium*, was nothing like anything that was meant in the pure doctrines of our most holy faith; how awkward 'tis, that the pure doctrines of our most holy faith should have been handed down to us in none other than such oratorical, metaphorical, and allegorical figures of speech, as could have derived their origin from none other source than those execrable *Tauribolia*.

Why, too, are *we* taught to look for *our* salvation to the blood *sprinkling*, and told expressly by the apostle to the Hebrews, that the blood of *sprinkling* speaketh better things than the blood of

Abel. (Heb. xii.) Blood that can talk! Eternal God! and is it possible that the apostle is actually making puns for us; and that by the blood of *Abel*, he means nothing more than the blood of a *Bull*? By the holy Peter we are told that our sanctification of the spirit must be "unto obedience, and *sprinkling* of the blood of Jesus Christ:" which *sprinkling* can nowhere be so conveniently administered as by our going into the *holy* place. And our hearts are not said to be cleansed, or washed, but *sprinkled* from an evil conscience, and afterwards *our bodies washed with pure water*, as God-a-mighty knows, after such a nasty process, a little clean water must be very refreshing.

These *Ægibolia*, Goat sacrifices, or TAURIBOLIA, Bull sacrifices, as they are called, were parts of the mysteries of the more ancient Free Masonry. They were renewed every twenty years, when the penances of the noviciate were again renewed, and not fewer than eighty kinds were gone through before the apprentice mason could attain the degree of a *Τετυεος*, or the highest degree in these masonic mysteries.

The Sovereign Pontiff, the "thrice puissant, illustrious, respectable, and worshipful" high priest, himself descended into the saw-pit, which in this Epistle to the Hebrews is called the *Holy Place*, invested with all the emblems of royalty; and the vestments which he had worn, the *garments washed in blood*, excited the most profound veneration; they were accounted to increase in *holiness* (as it is most probable they did) in proportion as they became more ragged: the more they stank, the sweeter they were held to be; and when they would no longer hang together, they were placed, on a column of the temple.

The seven successive Christian Emperors, from Constantine to Gratian, wore, and were proud to wear, the pontifical "garments washed in blood." The Emperor Gratian, 383 years after our *Annus Domini* (that is, not till after the middle of the fourth century), was the first Christian Emperor who threw off the badges of Paganism, or found out that there was any such difference between Paganism and Christianity, as that a man might not be both Pagan and Christian at the same time.

Our kings and emperors, however, of the present day (God take 'em all to his mercy) have been less punctilious; and a George the Fourth, a Duke of York, and the Duke of Sussex, for their own imperial, royal, and ducal purposes, have thought themselves none the worse Christians for being Free Masons.

That the argument of the text is of this masonic character is as apparent as that it has any argument at all. For none at all is there in it, if it be not the argument *à fortiori*, or argument *from*

the stronger, admitting the sanctifying efficacy of the *Tauribolium* and *Ægibolium*, the blood of bulls and goats, and the ASHES (that is the modest word for the *excrements*) of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, to sanctify to the purifying of the flesh, in order to prove the still more purifying and higher efficacy of the blood of Christ, when applied in the same way.

I must now, then, re-open our masonic lodge, and suppose the proofs admitted, whereby I have already proved that the terms *Christians*, *Jews*, *Israelites* and *Hebrews*, are not names of communities that ever existed in a national or political character, but are designations of the different degrees, or grades of initiation in the mysteries of masonry. This Epistle, then, to the Hebrews, is an epistle to Free Masons of the rank of the *Εἰσπατοί*—that is, of those who had passed over, or passed through, as the name literally signifies, passed over the middle wall of partition, between Jews and Gentiles, and were therefore admitted to a far different understanding of the mysteries of the craft, from that which does well, and well enough, for the bearded babies and sucklings of the gospel.

A Christian sticks to the gospel of Christ, and takes it all to be literally true, which is very well for him—for as the “thrice puissant, illustrious, respectable, and worshipful Adoniram,” in this Epistle to the Hebrews, justly tells them, “the doctrine of Christ is baby’s meat; it is mere meat and lollypop for the nursery: as he tells the lodge at Corinth, ‘I have fed you with milk and not with meat, for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able.’” But as the fellow-craft masons—that is the *Hebrews*, were more advanced, he addresses them, in the 6th chapter of the Hebrews, or *Perates*, or *Past-overs*, “*Holy brethren, partakers of the Heavenly calling*” (leaving the doctrine of Christ, and all such like milk-and-water stuff for fools) *let us go on to perfection*, as Free and Accepted Masons, “to the praise and glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us *accepted in the blood.*” 1 Eph. vi.

As all the other Epistles in the New Testament, called the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Colossians, Thessalonians, &c., are epistles to different lodges of Free Masons, which were established in Rome, Corinth, Ephesus, &c., and had been established for ages before our date of the Christian era. And these are exhorted, in language which none but masons could properly understand, to “*build themselves up in their most holy faith.*”

As in the opening of a lodge in the second degree of masonry, or “a fellow-craftsman’s lodge,” after the due knocks and sigus,

and assurance given to the worshipful master that the lodge is properly tiled, the worshipful master calls out, "Brethren to order! as masons in the second degree. Brother Junior Warden, are you a fellow-craft Free Mason?"

The Junior Warden, answers, "I am : try me, prove me."

Worshipful Master : "By what instrument in architecture will you be proved?"

The Junior Warden answers, "By the square."

Worshipful Master : "What is the square?"

Junior Warden : "An angle of ninety degrees, forming the fourth part of a circle."

To which the Worshipful Master answers, "Since you are so well informed yourself"—

(Wonderful information, you see, it is for a Free Mason to know what a square is!)—"Since you are so well informed yourself, you will prove the brethren present to be Free Masons, by three-fold signs, and demonstrate that proof to be correct, by copying their example.

This reference to the *square*, or squarer, whose use in building is to ascertain the perfect equality of the angles of the stones which are to form the building, identifies these fellow-craftsmen, or masons of the second degree, with the masons of the lodge of Ephesus, addressed by Paul (who was a mason of the third degree), in the Second Chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians, where, distinguishing these *fellow-craft Free Masons* from those of the first, or *entered apprentice's* degree, he addresses them:—Now, therefore, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizen's with the Saints, and of the household of God, and are *built* upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the *building fitly framed together* groweth into a holy temple in the Lord : "In whom ye also (*having been tried by the square*) are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit;" or, as they are addressed by the Free Masons, Saint *Peter* (whose name itself signifies a *Stone*, than which masonry itself could not possibly be more masonic.)

"Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house. But unto them which be disobedient, the same stone which the builders (or masons) rejected, is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the *word*." Stumble at what *word*? In the name of God, the Great Architect, what word could that be, but the *pass-word*? the knowledge of which could only be committed to masons of the higher degree; and the being at a fault for which, when called

upon, detected the mason, who should attempt to play the *cowan*, and penetrate into the mysteries into which he had not been duly initiated. He would stumble at *the word*: which, as it had never been committed to any one who had not gone through the ceremony, and had the bandage taken from before his eyes,—whereby, says the worshipful master, he “should show forth the praises of him who had called him out of darkness into his *marble* ous light,” none but the “Free and accepted Masons” could know the word: and all the rest would stumble at it.

But I, in challenge of all the Free Masons in the world,—better acquainted, as I am sure I am, with their mysteries, than themselves,—archer than the archest of them,—have not stumbled at the *word*. I have discovered the great secret.

The spirit of the great master, Hiram Abiff, the immortal widow's son, hath led me to the centre, from which point no master mason can err: and of those genuine secrets of a master mason, lost by the untimely death of Hiram Abiff, and admitted to be lost in every lodge of Free Masons in the world, I can say EUREKA,—*I have found thee*: I have drank of the blood of the everlasting covenant, and the life of the Lord Jesus Christ flows in these veins.

“Abeste, Abeste, O procul abeste profani.”

Be far hence: be far hence, O ye profane.

Brother Junior warden, see that the lodge be properly tiled.

Let not the Thracians tear their Orpheus.

Let not the wicked approach to hurt me.

Let not Ehyroh of the Cave again assault the sacred person of Hiram Abiff, the immortal widow's son.

Let not the Christians, again in my person, crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.”

And then masons, of the higher orders, “to you it shall be given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of Heaven.

And none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.”

Brothers of our holy order, again I charge you to see that our lodge be properly tiled.

If there be any here who love not truth, or fear to hear it, let them depart in peace, ere I pronounce the great and fearful *word of God*, which is “quick and powerful, and sharper than any two edged sword, reaching to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

The sharp-cutting sword do I now strike home to the heart of every individual who hath ever been initiated in a lodge of Free

Masons: in the declaration of a truth which must penetrate him to the marrow; and the truth is,—that no honest man was ever conscious of a secret, or, being conscious of one, ever kept it. He who would be privy to the concealment of anything which it concerns another, as well as himself, to know, is a villain. He who by any sort of ceremonies could be bound by others, or imagine that he had bound himself to keep such a secret, doth write himself a fool!

And though he may have been passed through all the idiotish fooleries of the drunken beastly bacchanals, who call themselves MASONS, he was never a member of the community of rational men who call themselves FREE. The very signs and symbols, the winks and grips, pass-words and ceremonies, by which he hath been befooled into the conceit, that he hath been let into the secret, are the proof and demonstration that he hath been shut out of it. The SECRET, or, as the world originally meant, the *sacred*, of Free Masonry, was in its intention only sacred and secret, from the natural and insuperable difficulty of communicating the great truths of astronomical science to the vulgar mind, and of preserving records of the great phenomena of nature, which only the few, the very few of mankind, in their infant emergence out of barbarism, had leisure to observe, or, ingenuity to record.

And these were not secret, nor sacred, any further, or in any other sense than the science of geometry or navigation are secret or sacred from those who know nothing about them.

All the mystery and allegory grew upon the necessity of using symbols and characters, by which the well-skilled in these sciences might communicate with each other, but which the ignorant and foolish multitude run away with, as the ultimate scope and intention of all that could ever have been intended. And as the dunces and fools were infinitely the majority, the wise and intelligent found their machinery taken out of their own hands, and were not allowed to rectify the error of general ignorance, nor to explain their own meaning.

The great secret of masonry, which the masons themselves were not allowed to know, and which for that reason, and that alone, they never told, was that strong meat, which even the *perats*, or Hebrews themselves, were not able to digest, because, as the worshipful master tells them, in the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that "*strong meat belongeth to them that are of full age, who have their senses exercised in the use of their reason, to discern both good and evil.*" *τελειων σε εστιν η στερρα τροφη.*

I need not tell ye, then, how inrocent both Jews and Gentiles, and all the choused masons of the craft, below the rank of the

Teleios, or *perfect masons*, must necessarily be of the great secret of Free Masonry; when God-a-mighty knows, that they never exercise their sense or reason in the matter at all.

So there are but three Free Masons of the highest rank, the *Teleioi*, or Perfect Masons, who *could* tell you the secret, an' if they would. And those three masons, the *magistri magistrorum*, the master of the masters, the only perfect masons in this kingdom, are the Duke of Sussex, who is the first,—Mr. Richard Carlile is the second,—and modesty only forbids me to name the third.

There were but two copies of the great development of the work of the "Frere Maçon Reghellini de Schio" brought into England; and of those two, the Duke of Sussex has the one, and I have the other.

THE GREAT SECRET was, an honest avowal and full discovery to the perfect mason of the utter imposture of all the religions that were ever in the world, and the obtaining of his forgiveness of all the mummeries and tricks that had been played off upon him, to prove whether he had a mind capable of rising above them, and to bar off the brute and barbarous multitude, to escape from whose savage fangs science was obliged to hide herself in the cloak of mystery. The Christians, the Jews, the Israelites, and all the other stones and blocks of masonry, who were made to be beplastered and *put upon*,—being never so self-satisfied as when most imposed on; never so wise, as when most egregiously ignorant: and never so happy as when perfectly miserable.

Ere this could pass through the dark "chambers of Imagery" into the bright hall of Science and Truth, they would, as they do, stumble at the word,—and what *word* could that be, but the word of salvation, the word which every Christian has a thousand times seen written in Roman letters over every representation of *Christ upon the cross?* i. e.

The Christian Teragrammaton INRI, consisting of the four letters, I. N. R. I?

A little bit of *Latin*, I suppose, like the labels on the doctor's gallipot, that stands as well for *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*—that is, "Jesus the Free Mason, the king of the fellow-crafts' men," as it would stand in English for, *Jack Nobody, Rascally Jack*.

Ask your preachers of the gospel to tell you the meaning of it: they cannot tell you, they would stumble at the *word*, and would be ready to knock you down for asking them. It might be right for Christians not to seek to be *wise above what is written*: but their folly has been so monstrous, that they have never sought to be so wise as to know the meaning of what *is written*: and there stand the four letters, I. N. R. I. upon the church, of which Christians

know no more the meaning, than they do the meaning of the *cawing* of a crow upon the steeple.

Those letters are the initials of the four pass-words to the higher grades of masonry, *Iumi, Nour, Rouach, Iebeschal*, which signify the four elements, Water, Fire, Air, and Earth, over which the four archangels were imagined to preside, whose names are pass-words in masonry, *ASDUREL, Casmaran, Tarliud, and Furlac*, the meaning of the mystery being, that the Being who is represented as hanging below the word I. N. R. I., is the personified genius of the universal nature. "For in him," says the apostle, "dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" and all the elements, FIRE, Air, EARTH, and WATER, which make up and constitute the *Pleroma*, or fulness of the Godhead, are equally effected by the position of the God of Nature—that is, of the Sun, when upon the Cross of the Equator.

Thus, to those who knew the secret, the difference between a man's saying Jesus Christ, or Christ Jesus, would be difference enough to show which way the wind blew.

If he said Jesus Christ, he was only a Christian,—he was a Johnny Raw, and knew no more about Christianity than the knaves of the higher grades of masonry had taught him. But if he said CHRIST JESUS, and tipt the wink, to show that he had not said so by accident, but kenned the everlasting science which determines the reason why he should say Christ Jesus rather than Jesus Christ, he was known to be a Free and an Accepted Mason, and would not be found at the pillar Boaz (the left), when he should understand *Jachin* (the right). That on the right Jachin,—on the left Boaz. (2 Chron. iii.)

Κατορθπισσ

יָדָר (Yeken), restification.

Ιρχυς

בֹּזַי (Boz), strength.

"But O!" cry me some of the Free Masons of the lower lodges, "we have been initiated, we are regular members, we have gone through all the ceremonies, and we never heard anything of the sort." I know ye never did: ye have kept the secret very inviolably. I give ye infinite credit for your fidelity,—

You have been very faithful, sirs: I know

You never told what you did never know.

But I must tell you, sirs, *the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him*, and he will show *them his covenant*: the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and put their trust in their mercy,—that do I; and that is what none of your preachers of the gospel, nor any of your masons below the rank of royal arch, know any thing of.

I can say, with holy Job, "*I have made a covenant with mine eye; why then should I think upon a maid?*" (Job 31.) 'Tis Arabic, 'tis Shem Hemephoresh, 'tis *Abracadabra*, to you. Go ask any preacher of the gospel to give you the meaning of it,—not one in all this priest-ridden and priest-insulted metropolis would ye find who was not as ignorant of the meaning of it as a horse. Go tell your "thrice pussiant, illustrious, respectable, and worshipful Adoniram," that I can tell the meaning of it; and if he can tell it himself, he will admit that he who can do so has discovered the great secret of the royal arch.

Shall I discover to you something of this glorious secret, or will ye still go to church and chapels, and be for ever the dolts and dunces that your priests would have ye to be?

Look, then, upon the vaulted bosom of the visible heavens, that real royal arch, in which reigns the glorious King of Day. Observe the apparent passage of the Sun round the Earth, which is the real passage of the Earth round the Sun. Twice a year you will perceive the Sun shines exactly upon the line which you might imagine to divide our globe into two equal parts; and, in consequence of his shining thus exactly over the middle, he gives an equal length of day and night to all the inhabitants of the earth.

This he does, once in coming upwards, which is the spring quarter; and once again, in coming down, from his highest point of the great or royal arch, towards winter, when it is autumn.

These two points, then, at which the sun comes to the line, bear the name which expresses *coming together*, *Co-Venants*, the two *Covenants*. And these two Co-Venants, or coming together of the line of the Sun's path, called the Ecliptic, with the line of the Equator, take place, one in spring and the other in autumn, and are therefore called respectively, "*the Covenant of Works*"—that is when men are called on to labor in the cultivation of the earth; and "*the Covenant of Grace*," fruition or enjoyment, under which they are to enjoy the fruits of their labour.

The *coming together*, in the spring quarter, took place when the Sun is seen to be in the group of Stars called the *Lamb*; and in autumn, when he appears to be in the Scales, or Balance of September, after having passed through the Virgin, or Maid of August. And as the Covenant of Grace does not take place when the Sun is in the group of Stars, which are called the Virgin, nor before it reaches the further end of the Scales, which it does on Michaelmas-day, the Free Mason Job says, "*I have made the Covenant with mine eyes*," meaning, I have, by astronomical observation, ascertained the point of the Covenant; I have ascertained and it is in *Libra*, the Balance of September. Why then should I look

for it in the Virgin of August. And these two Covenants are the two masonic columns, *Jachin* and *Boaz*,—the one signifying *science*, the other *strength*; in allegorical language, Christ the *wisdom* of God, and Jesus the *power* of God.

Thus *Faith* is the Genius of Spring; *Hope* of Summer; and *Charity* of autumn.

FAITH of Spring, because Faith and Works must always come together.

HOPE, of Summer, because from that point the Sun looks vertically down upon the seeds which have been committed in faith to the fertilising womb of the Earth.

CHARITY, of Autumn, because the sun empties his Cornucopia into our desiring lap.

Faith is the Eastern Pillar; *Charity* the Western Pillar; and *Hope* the Key Stone of this Royal Arch!

“CHRIST is the end of the Law to them that believe;”—that is, the Lamb of God, in Spring; but Jesus is the other end of the law—that is, “that JUST ONE,” in the Scales of Autumn, when in the rich and luxurious juice of the grape, he gives us his blood to drink; and it is this blood, and this alone, which, not reaching its full ripeness before the Autumnal Equinox, is called *the Blood of the Covenant*.

And the vintners, or those who tread upon the grapes to press their juice out, do every year trample under foot the Son of God—that is, of *God*, the true vine, or *Bachus*, being really the offspring, Gift, or Son of the Sun in the constellation of *Gab*, which is *March*. But they never account the blood of the covenant, with which they are sanctified—that is, *Sunnified* (if I may coin that word), to have sunshine put into them, an unholy—that is an *un-sunny* thing: they know it is the finest drink in the world, and that they owe it entirely to the Sun, whose blood, in so striking a metaphor, it really is.

And thus it is, in reference to the Scales of justice, that the Grand Master, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, or Free Masons of the *line* of the passover, or the plummet, plays off his riddles about “*We know him that hath said vengeance belongeth unto me, and the Lord* (that is, the Sun) *shall judge his people,*” as I know all about it too. “The day of Vengeance”—that is, literally, of *Vine-gence*, meaning nothing else than the day of *working the Vine* wine-making. It is the allegorical language of the Sun, in the Scale of September. And all the scope of this affair is nothing more than a warning, on the part of the master of the vintage, to those who were employed in trampling under foot the Son of God, to remember that the blood of the covenant was very intoxicating;

and if they should get so drunk with it as to fall into the vat, it would be *θοσερρον* a very dangerous thing. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the *Θεος ζων*—that *fermenting God*—that is, into the wine vat.

The Jews, an order of Free Masons, above that of Christians, but below that of Hebrews, profess that the name of the Supreme Deity is unutterable, and invariably substitute in the stead of the word which we absurdly and erroneously pronounce Jehovah *ADONAI*, which is, literally, *My Lords*—with the pronoun suffix to the plural of the word *ADONIS*, the well-known name of the beautiful son of Marrha in the Pagan mythology, and never meaning any thing else than the Sun itself—that is *AD* the Lord; *ON*, the Being; *IS*, the Fire, which is the Sun, in allegorical language, the Father, the Husband, the Son, the Lover of the Lamb's Wife—that is, the everlasting Mrs. Lamb, the August Virgin Mary of the Zodiac. While the Free Masons of a higher degree make a precisely similar pretence, and have a mystical or talismanic name of God, which is never communicated but to the very highest of the craft, which they are not allowed to utter,—but I will; and of which they themselves don't know the meaning, and I do!

As you find the *Hebrew*, or third degree mason, Paul, in 2 Corinth. xii. 4, describing himself as having been caught up into the third heaven, where he heard “unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter.”

Not lawful for a man to utter! I shall be damned if I utter it. But, since it comes to, that I'll be damned if I don't: I have it: the great secret is here!—I am bursting to let it out. Where is the Devil?—keep him off from me a moment. The unutterable word is—is—*JAO-BULL-ON!* O Lord, O Lord, O Lord! *Jao-Bull-on.* What alive! and the secret is out: the common secret of Free Masonry, of Christianity, of Judaism, and of Paganism.

But what is its meaning?

Iaw, the name of the Supreme Being, as uttered from the Sacred Tripod of the Delphic Oracle.

Ἐραζέω σε των παντων υπατον εμμεν Iaw

I pronounce *Iaw* to be the name of the Supreme Being. I, the symbol of unity in number. Alpha and Omega, *A* and *o*, the first and the last, the beginning and the end, which was, and which is to come, “the Almighty.”

Rull Bul Bole. Disguise it as you will, utter it in any tongue of all the peopled earth, its essence and significancy is none other than Baal, the name of the Supreme God, when the Covenant—

that is, the Vernal Equinox, was in the Bull of the Zodiac, from whence the name of that sacred animal, in our own language, to this day; and on, the never-varied Egyptian name of the Sun, thus proving the Sun to be, as indeed it has been, the great and ONLY object of all religious worship: and the science of the Sun, or of astronomy, the interior and esoteric secret of Free Masonry. The science of the Sun being the secret sense of all mysterious allegories, and the Sun itself, the ultimate object of all religions. The

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, or by sage,
Ioa, Bull, or Lord.

END OF THE SECOND LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

"AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS."—*Allan Cunningham.*

LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

PART III.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, APRIL 19, 1831.

"Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shephard of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever, Ammon."—HEBREWS xiii. 20.

Now, *the God of Peace?* 1. What's the meaning of the God of Peace? 2. And what's the difference between the *God of Peace*, and the *Peace of God*: which, the parsons tell us, *passeth all understanding?* And how many Gods are there? since we read not only of a God of Peace, but of a God of Battles, and of a God of Mercy, and a *God of Wrath*, and a *God of this World*, and a *God of Heaven?* With this most curious distinction, that it is *the God of Peace* who alone is called the VERY God of Peace. 1 Thess. v. 23. And in the Nicene Creed, *the Very God of Very God.* Are there some Gods that are not *Very Gods?* Are there Summer Gods, Autumnal, and Winter Gods, as well as VERY or Spring Gods? And why is it, that the VERY God, and the *Verily Verily* way of speaking, always stands in connection with something about a *sheep*, or a mutton, or a ram, or a lamb, or a tup, or an ewe, or a Rachel, or a shepherd, or a sheepfold? Never is the association varied. It is the God of Peace, that brings back the shephard from the dead, after he had been as dead as mutton. And why is it that always, after our ideas have been led to the *Verily*

Verily shepherd of the sheep, we are admonished that we must go to plow, "to every good work, and labour," in the cultivation of the earth. And then *Jesus Christ* is defined as "to whom be glory"—that is, *in whom is Sunshine*: and then—Ammon.

Are not these questions the like of which a rational man would ask, and on which he would insist on receiving the most ample satisfaction, in any matter which concerned, or which he thought might concern, his temporal interest? Say that it might be something which would give him a title, or claim to receive twenty, or one hundred, or ten thousand pounds, or bring him under an obligation, to pay, or make good some such a sum, according as the letter and spirit of the document should determine.

Would he treat the copy of a lease, a will, or a title deed, as he treats what he calls a revelation from the God who made him?

A revelation from the All-wise God, on the proper understanding and due obedience to which, his eternal happiness or eternal misery is at stake,—a revelation originally written in Greek!

Greek! My God! and would not a sensible man say, does not the All-wise God know, that I am an Englishman: and if he had any revelation which he wished me to attend to, why didn't he write it in plain English?

Aye, but the parsons, ye see, very learned, and entirely disinterested men, have kindly interposed in the affair, and have given us a translation out of the original Greek into the vulgar tongue. Yes they have,—and the Devil thank 'em for their interference. I thought that there had been but one Mediator between God and Man. But if there be no means of knowing the will of God, but by a revelation which requires to be translated, why, 'fore God? there must be as many mediators as translators.

But look, then, at the translation, such as the translators, these self-constituted Mediators between God and Man, have given it us—these very learned and entirely disinterested clergy—who, seeing that God wished to communicate his will to us, in generous condescension to our ignorance, and to God's ignorance as well as ours, have kindly interfered to tell us what he means.

I dare say God would have explained it himself, if he could.

But here is the meaning, brought down to the meanness of the meanest capacity, with this most singular advantage, that the meaner a man's capacity is, the better is he satisfied with the meaning.

And so here, after "the bulls' blood, and the goats' blood, and the ashes of a calf sprinkling the unclean, and Jesus suffering without the gate, and sprinkling us with his blood, and sanctifying us with his blood," and all sorts of nastiness, comes the wind-up, about

the God of Peace, and the shepherd of the sheep, and the dead alive again, and the blood of the everlasting covenant, and Jesus Christ, and glory for ever and ever, and—AMMON.

And sure, Sirs, they who think it no presumption to translate to you, what it is that God means, ought not to persecute me, for translating to you what it is that *they* mean.

It is the secret of the masonic craft,—it is the secret of priest-craft,—it is the secret of lawcraft, and gospelcraft : it is the secret of everything that is secret,—GAMMON.

Go to the door of a masonic lodge, give 'em three knocks, the dactylic knock, one long and two short ; the anapaestic knock, two short and one long ; and the adonic, one long, two short, and two long.

1. Túm tí-tí.
2. Tí-tí túm.
3. Túm tí-tí—túm túm.

And then, as our blessed Saviour says, "*Knock, and it shall be opened unto you ;*" and when it is opened, bounce in upon 'em, and cry "GAMMON !" and, my life on't, if the master of the lodge will not recognize you for a Royal Arch, without your ever having had your buttons taken off your clothes, a halter put round your neck, a dagger held to your breast, your eyes bandaged, or any other of those disgusting and filthy fooleries, whose usage accounts for so many kings and princes, and royal dukes, having been Free Masons.

Had any good or just feeling towards mankind, been at the bottom of their mysteries, you would never have heard of a royal duke being at the top of them.

The word AMMON, which is really and truly the identity, the very same as our word, *Amen*, which comes at the end of all our prayers, and creeds and collects, at the end of all the titles and epithets of Jesus Christ, and at the end of every thing that is excessively nonsensical and mysterious, always signified the *secret one*, the hidden, the occult, and was uttered in a low voice, in intimation to the mystics, that something was to be sought for, that was lost, and to be found again ; there was a *subauditur*, a *subintelligitur*, something of which you were to "give it an understanding, but no tongue."

And in this use, it was one of the names of Jupiter, and as regularly closed *his* catalogue of titles, as those of Jesus Christ, signifying that Jupiter was Ammon, as it also signifies, to those who look for significations, that Jesus Christ is Ammon.

Jupiter-Ammon being precisely the same deity as Jesus Christ, Amen : or, as it stands at the beginning of a will, *In the name of God, Amen*. And both Jupiter, Ammon, and God Ammon,

and Jesus Christ, Amen, are personifications of the Sun, who is Jupiter, in Spring; Christ, in Summer; Jesus, in Autumn; and Amen, in Winter.

Hence the mystic game of *hide and seek*, or *bo-peep*, or *blind-man's buff*, or *hunt the slipper*, or something that was lost, and again to be found, or something that was hidden, and to be sought for, which is the one common and universal conceit that runs through all the forms of religion that ever were in the world, and never differing in any one religion, from the ceremonies of any other. Thus the Free Masons pretend to seek for the lost secrets of Hiram Abiff; the worshippers of the Goddess Isis, seek for the remains of Osiris. The Eleusinian Dionysian, Adonic, Bacchanalian, Masonic, Jewish, and Christian Mysteries, alike abound in the same figures of speech, about seeking for the Lord, and calling on the name of the Lord, as if to awake him, with a sort of "*Holloa*," God Almighty! Where are you, My Lord God?

As you will observe, all these *seekings for God*, begin with a mighty big O, as "O Lord God Almighty! and O Lord Jesus Christ," and end with crying out the word of the game, or the *word of life*, as it is called. As the bishop is exhorted to hold fast the faithful word (1 Titus 9), which is a sort of *whoop*, or *puss*, *puss*, *give me a little water*; the faithful word, being *Ammon*. And it is never till they cry *Ammon*, that the fervent prayermonger rises from his knees, takes his hands away from his eyes, and seems as if he had just recovered his lost senses.

But it is especially to be observed, that this mystical operation of *seeking the Lord*, is always to be performed with the eyes shut, or at least only squinting between their fingers, there being nothing that religious people are so much afraid of as letting in too much light upon their dark fooleries. It is the self-same game of the nursery. Only the big fools are playing at it, instead of the little ones, the game of *shut your eyes, and open your mouth, and see what God will send you*.

Only the worst on't is, that the forty and fifty year old babies when we won't play with 'em at *hide and seek*, are for *changing* the game, into prisoner's bars. A dirty trick that, Sirs, when they dared not attempt to grapple with the man's argument.

Thus, when the wise and studious had compared the glorious Arch of Heaven, to the vaulty dome of a magnificent temple, it was much easier to jump to the conclusion at once, that it was Solomon's Temple, than to take any pains to learn astronomy. Who knows, but that there might have been such a temple? and, certain it is, that very fine temples have been built, precisely as globes, and eidouranions, and orreries, are constructed at this day,

in which, the great model of what astronomers and philosophers have observed in the visible heavens, has been represented in the forms and ornaments of our churches, cathedrals, and chapels, to this day,—the original devisers, intending them, as temples of science,—the barbarians into whose hands they have subsequently lapsed, perverting them into means of perpetuating the first and grossest conceits which infancy could form, and thus binding down the child who, when he was a child, did think as a child, and speak as a child, when he became a man, to be as great a child as ever : and, to this day, will you see the forty-year-old babies running away from the Rotunda, for fear any thing should be explained to them : and praying to God, that they may die in the same faith that they were born in, and so be brought down, no wiser than they were brought up.

But now for demonstration : look, I beseech you, as to the two pillars, which constitute the essential emblem of Free Masonry. You never saw nor heard of a masonic lodge in which that emblem was wanting.

They are called respectively Boaz and Jachin, the names which Solomon, the wisest of men, is said to have given to the two pillars, which he set up in the porch of the temple.

“And he set up the right pillar, and called the name thereof JACHIN, and he set up the left pillar, and called the name thereof Boaz.” 1 Kings, vii. 21. As the masons of the present day absurdly pretend, that Boaz and Jachin were masons employed under the director of their great master, Hiram Abiff, and to their honour these pillars were respectively consecrated.

Boaz, the column on the left, being the name of the master of the apprentices in the masonic mysteries.

JACHIN, the column on the right, being the name of the master of the fellow-craft masons in the same mysteries : while HIRAM ABIFF, the immortal widow's son, who is the Jesus Christ of the system, and the great object of their idolatrous veneration, is honoured by the consecration of a *tomb*, which is placed at the north part of the sanctuary.

While a rope, that comes from the coffin in the north, goes by the obelisk in the south, and binds the two columns together,—which columns, says the perfect master, are fixed crossways.

It was at the fixed cross-way, called the Pillar Jachin, the right-hand pillar, that Jachin paid the craftsmen their wages. That was very just of him. Could any thing lead the mind more directly to the idea of justice? And *Justice*, observe ye, standing at the cross-way.

And Jachin, the pillar at the cross-way of justice, is master of the fellow-craft masons, who enjoy the fruits of their labour.

While Boaz, the pillar at the left cross-way, is only master of the entered apprentice masons, who do all the work.

I seek the derivations of the words *Boaz* and *Jachin* (which is what masons themselves never think of), and I find them, respectively, Boaz, "*In it is strength*," and JACHIN, "*He shall establish.*" thus identifying the radical ideas of MIGHT and RIGHT, Strength and Justice.

I look, again, at the masonic insignia, and I see that these two Pillars, which the perfect master has told me, are two cross-ways, and which I have told him, signify Might and Right, are adorned by an arch of cloud, which seems to rest upon them.

They are then cloudy pillars, and I learn that I am to look for them in the clouds, and through the clouds. They are the pillars of Heaven, supporting the vaulty arch so high above our heads, and that arch only is the royal arch, in which the *King of Heaven*—that is, the Sun, reigns through the summer months, commencing at the Vernal Equinox, in Spring, where Boaz, the master of the entered apprentices, sets his men to work, in cultivating the earth, and ending at the Autumnal Equinox, the 29th of September, where Jachin, the master of the fellow-craft masons, pays the men their wages by giving them the fruits of the earth.

And these two Equinoctial points, when the days and nights are of an equal length, as they are on the 25th of March, and the 29th of September, are called pillars, because the great semicircle, or upper hemisphere, doth seem to rest upon them, as they are expressly called by Job (chap, 36), "*the pillars of Heaven, standing until the day and night come to an end*;" which is manifestly an elliptical, or abbreviated sentence, of which the sense filled up is—*the pillars of heaven standing at the point where the inequality of the length of day and night, is at an end*, and the days and nights are of an equal length over all the earth, as they are when the Sun is at the point of the Vernal, in Spring, and again, at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, in Autumn.

But the Adoniram of the masonic mysteries, has further betrayed the craft, by telling the perfect master that the pillars, BOAZ and JACHIN are not only pillars, but *cross-ways*.

Now, in the name of God, what are cross-ways but two ways of which the one crosses the other? I ask no more of your credulity, than that you would look on the heavens for yourselves, or on these representations of the heavens and the earth, and then try to deny, if you can, that these cross-ways, Boaz and Jachin, are the Vernal and Equinoctial points, at which the line of the Ecliptic

crosses the line of the Equator—that is, the Sun in his apparent path,—the Ecliptic, comes to shine directly over the line of the Equator; this it does in Spring and Autumn, and only then. Hence these *comings together*—that is, comings of the line of the Sun's path to the line of the Equator, are called the two Covenants, or the two Testaments; and you have the reason in Heaven, while no earthly reason whatever could be assigned, why there should only be two Covenants, or two Testaments, the Old and the New.

Which Covenants, Saint Paul expressly tells the Free Masons of Galatia, “are an allegory”—that is, most expressly, the whole contents of both the Old and the New Testament, are in every respect a mere allegory, and not a word of historical truth, nor was any thing like history ever intended.

Now, Sirs, when I take an algebraic problem, and work it out geometrically, it is admitted to be science,—it is called demonstration.

If, then, I take the terms of an admitted allegory, and find them answering, in every respect whatever, to their solution in the visible phænomena of nature,—is not that demonstration?

Give me, then, the mathematically accurate points of the two Covenants of Spring and Autumn, and resist the demonstration who can? that every figure of speech, with respect to the two Covenants, answers to the absolute relations of nature at those seasons

SPRING.

March 21st, at twenty-one minutes after eight in the morning.

Spring, the Covenant of works, when men must cultivate the earth.

The Jewish Dispensation.

The Law.

Truth.

Righteousness.

Boaz.

Masonry under the Law of Types and Shadows.

AUTUMN.

September 23rd, at forty-six minutes after seven in the afternoon.

Autumn, the Covenant of grace, when they are to enjoy the fruits of their labours.

The Christian Dispensation.

The Gospel.

Mercy.

Peace.

Jachin,

Masonry under the Law of Grace and Truth.

Hence it is, that in the gospel covenant (that is, at the Autumnal Equinox), when all the great ends for which the year

exists, are annexed, when the Sun of Aries, the Ram of March has come *into* Libra, the Balance of September, the allegorical conundrum is, "Mercy and Truth are met together ; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Psalm 85. And this kissing, takes place—(where should it else)—on the lips of the Virgin ?

But not till God's justice has been satisfied. And how can God's justice be satisfied, but by the Sun's going a little bit further than the Virgin of August, and putting himself into the Scales of September.

And out of those Scales he will not get ; and that justice, therefore, will not be satisfied, without a crucifixion. For in those Scales of Justice, is the *cross-way*, Jachin, where the line of the Ecliptic crosses the Equator.

As you read in the allegorical gospel, "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus, Mary his Mother."

Eternal God ! and does she not stand there still ? Can the clergy say that I did this ?

Why do they shake their gory locks at me ?

But see here—here stands—the Virgin of August, by the side of the Cross of September.

What ! and say my barbarous persecutors ; do I make nothing but an allegory of that awful display of the divine attribute, when God, to satisfy his own justice, vouchsafed to be crucified ?

And do I make nothing more of Mercy and Truth meeting together, than a mere allegory of what happens every Autumn of our lives ?

No, nothing more ! but I do with my Bible what my persecutors never do or did with theirs : I READ it, and understand what I read.

And I read immediately in the context, that when Mercy and Truth meet together, and Righteousness and Peace kiss each other, then it is that "*our land doth yield her increase ;*" and if it be not in Autumn that our land doth yield her increase, why, then, I'll try again, and say with the Holy David, in the 74th Psalm, "O Lord, look upon the Covenant, for all the earth is full of darkness and cruel habitations ;" which I should understand to mean : "Give us an abundant harvest, and a luxurious vintage, as thou hast promised, to reward our labour, for all the earth—that is, all that part of the earth which falls below the points of the Covenant, is full of dark and gloomy days, and all the celestial mansions, then over it, are cruel habitations." The damnation Scorpion of October, the cruel Archer of November, the filthy Goat of December, the nothing but the Cold Water of January to drink, and nothing but the Scaly Fish of February to eat.

O, give me plenty of the blood of the Covenant, and the Devil may have the *water wherein* "Christ is the end of the law, to them that believe." But Jesus is the other end of the law, to them that understand.

"I know in whom I have believed," says the old wag, and am persuaded, that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day.

In whom had he believed? the Sun.

What had he committed to him? the seed sown in the earth.

Against what day? why, the day of judgment.

When the Sun, in the Scales of September, shall weigh out "to every man according to his work; and whatsoever a man hath sown, that shall he also reap."

Look then at that masonic arch.

Its pillars are faith and Charity.

Its key-stone is Hope.

The husbandman must sow in Faith, live in Hope, and reap in Charity.

And why are those who cultivate the earth always called *Husbandmen*? Because, in allegorical language, they are married to the Virgin of August, to whom they look continually, that she shall bring forth their children.

Faith is Spring, Hope is Summer, Charity is Autumn.

Spring is the Covenant of Works, because Faith and Works must come together.

Autumn is the Covenant of Grace, because then, the works of husbandry are over, and a man has to enjoy the free gift of the Sun's bounty. Then,

"What blessings his free bounty gives,
Let us not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey."

But Hope, the key-stone of the royal arch, the most mysterious of these ingenious hieroglyphs, hath for its object the resurrection of the dead. The resurrection of what dead?

None other, Sirs, than the seeds which are sown in Faith, and which are to be reaped in Charity—that is, buried in the Earth, in Spring, to be found again in the abundant returns of Autumn.

And here, Sirs, is the common solution of the masonic riddle of seeking for Hiram Abiff, of the mythological search of Ceres for Proserpine, of Isis for Osiris, and all the *hide-and-seek* nonsense, and bo-peep fooleries, which have been called mysteries, sanctities, solemnities, awful considerations, sacred, secret, holy balderdash,

which they have adhered to, as if they had thought that reason was given to them for no other end than to employ all their ingenuity, labour, and skill, to get rid of it.

While all the mystery of our text, so hideous, so monstrous, so filthy, in the best sense that ever was, or could be given to it by those who are going about to get me immured in a dungeon, and cut off from the cheerful ways of men, as unworthy to exist in society: doth in this illustration come up to a dignity and grandeur which their sanctified idiotcy never dreamed of which their ignorance would not understand, and their malice would not endure.

The blood of bulls and goats, the blood of crabs and fishes, the blood of any one of the animals whose imaginary forms inclose the groups of Stars which constitute the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac, were each in turn, as efficacious for the salvation of mankind, as the blood of Christ, as the ashes of an heifer—that is, those bright-burning and inextinguishable sparks which make up the form of the Bull of the Zodiac, sanctified—that is, sunnified, to the purification—that is, *fireification*, impregnating with the creative heat of the solar fire, the *flesh*, or animal food which the Sun creates for us. But this, and these, only had their efficacy—that is, their astronomical accuracy, as symbols of science, according as the two Covenants—that is, the point of the Vernal Equinox, the Covenant of Works and the Autumnal—that is, the Covenant of Grace, was in one or other of these signs. These Covenants change every 1253 years. Hence the term, the New Covenant, and the Blood of the Covenant, is always the juice of the grape, which is always ripe when the Sun is at the Autumnal Covenant, wherever that Covenant may fall: and this blood has always the efficacy of purifying our consciences—that is, firing, or warming our minds from dead works—that is, of refreshing us after the labour of sowing the seed, which is sown in hope of a glorious resurrection at harvest.

And for this cause, Christ is the Mediator of the New Testament—that is, most literally, he goes between our earth, and the Autumnal Equinoctial point, which is the New Covenant.

That, by means of death—that is, being crucified, and ducking under the Equator, he might redeem and fetch up the stars which were in a state of transgression, by being under the line of the first Covenant.

That, *they which are called*—that is, the stars of the first and second magnitude, which the astronomers *call* by distinct names, might receive the promise of eternal inheritance—that is, the eternal duration of the universe, that so long as the Sun and Moon

endureth, "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, shall not fail."

And thus, Sirs, have I given you a rational sense of words, for which I defy your spiritual pastors and masters to give any sense at all.

And this, if I am again to be the victim of the savages of the gospel, will be my proof, that under the pretext of suppressing what they call blasphemy,—their hostility is directed solely against learning, which they cannot equal, and science, which is too unprofitable and excellent for them to seek or to attain.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus ; strepitumq ; Acherontis avari."
Georgic. lib. ii 499.

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause ;
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of Fortune, and resigned to Fate.

END OF THE THIRD LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

NOTICE.

THE reporter takes leave to remark, in the space unoccupied by the lecture, that the trial of the Rev. Mr. Taylor will have terminated before the next publication of this work. On Monday, July 4,* will be decided whether the champion of free public discussion on religious subjects is to be tolerated, or whether his staunch defender of the Deity from the *really blasphemous* imputation of blunder and cruelty, is to be again incarcerated, at the instance of a Society of ignorant Fanatics—the cat's-paw of another body, who dare not risk their own fingers near the fire of criticism, to obtain their object—in other words, the change of refutation of their mistranslated (but highly paid-for) doctrines. A body who could beat down reason and philosophy with the club of the law, and convert the sword of Justice into the stiletto of the assassin. The masked freebooters call for the aid of the law of the land—for what? To punish the disturber of the peace of their places of worship? No. But to shield the asserted truth of their doctrines from observation, and to stifle inquiry. The law of the land!! The persecutors of Galileo and Copernicus were sanctioned by the law of the land—the *discoverers* (!) and persecutors of wizards and witches were held guiltless, and the victims of bigotry, after a mock trial by a Puritanical jury, were hung and burnt, by a law of this land; nay, the Reformers of some of the corruptions of the present most holy Christian Church, were hung, burnt, banished, or imprisoned by the aforesaid law of the land.

The attempt of the church to draw on government, its *former* coadjutor, for aid, at once proclaims its political connexion, notwithstanding the assertion of Earl Grey, on Tuesday se'nnight, in reply to the inquiry of the Saintly Lord Wharnccliffe, if his Majesty's Ministers would extend the accustomed aid to the Established Church? "Government," he said, would continue to afford its support to the Church, in return for the zeal and attention with which it discharged its duties [to whom?], and on account of the superior MERT of its religious instruction."—(A merit not allowed to be questioned, forsooth)—Bah! Merit needs not the protection here sought—it has nothing to loose by investigation, and everything to gain by publicity—it seeks no other patron or protector than the majesty of Truth.

The Noble Earl, however, assured the Noble Querist that he "disclaimed the idea of a political union with the Church;" observing, "that its members had very seldom exercised that power with advantage to themselves (?), and often [q. always] with great detriment to the public."†

Candidly expressed. And he might have as truly added, that, in the contested endeavours to prop up the Christian Church, more lives have been sacrificed, more cruelty practiced, more philosophers imprisoned, more wealth expended, more famine created, and more uncharitable feelings generated, than in all the other warfares of mankind put together, since the period of its introduction.

And yet, oh, consistency! this Parliament-Reforming Peer suffers the Law Officer of the Crown, in despite of his opinion, to prosecute the Rev. Robert Taylor, in the name of the King, for blasphemy, *i. e.*, the development of Truth, which, the indictment says, is a "scandal to Almighty God,—a contempt of our Lord the King,—and an evil example to all his liege subjects."

* A writ of certiorari was applied for, but refused! Arraignment at the felon bar, being thought more degrading, and the verdict wished for more secure. (?)

† Jurors—ye whose names will hereafter be associated with the honour of quitting, or with the odium of confining, this persecuted philosopher, mark this admission of the Premier.

If the framers of this stupid, drivelling production—the indictment—be not blasphemers and libellers intentionally, in proffering their pigmy might to assist the Almighty God to punish the Reverend John Taylor, they can hardly be acquitted of folly, in supposing that by putting down the leader of a peaceable assembly, (who, not believing according to law, argues according to reason) they can stop the growth of his opinions. No. They have taken root too firmly to be eradicated by their feeble grasp. They may “*scotch*, but cannot KILL the snake.”

The prosecuted Discourses are to be found in pp. 209 and 222 of this work; and the Reporter takes this opportunity to inform the readers of the PULPIT, that notes of *all* the Rev. Gentleman's Discourses have been taken up to the present time, and will be published, in the order of their delivery, weekly. Mr. Taylor has given notice of his intention to deliver the substance of his intended Defence, at the Rotunda, four times this week,* which will also be carefully noted. Thus subscribers to the *Devils Pulpit* will possess, even though their instructor be again immured in a dungeon, a volume of astronomical information, unequalled by any writer on the subject in ancient or modern times.

It must occur to every one, when made acquainted with the fact, that the King (whose name is a bugbear in the service), if defeated, pays no costs, that the expenses falling on the defendant, are themselves sufficient to crush an unwealthy individual. The Rev. Robert Taylor is not rich. The Road to Wealth he left to walk in the Path of Truth,—or, as his persecutors would be glad to believe, the Road to Ruin. An opportunity for his friends to assist him in his journey, and enable him to overcome the obstacles to its accomplishment—and, indeed, to all who value, and would contend for, the right of toleration—is now open, by promptly subscribing to pay the law expenses of this prosecution. The Reporter is authorised to state, that subscriptions for that purpose will be received at the Rotunda, and at the house of Mr. Carlile, 62, Fleet street; a weekly acknowledgment of which will be inserted in “The Prompter.”

Whatever the result of the trial may be, it is confidently hoped that the historian of another age will not have to add, when recording the persecution of this scientific Expounder of Scripture Astronomy, the desertion of his followers, when their aid was needed and solicited.

June 28, 1831.

* The policy of this proceeding may be questioned by many, as giving advantage to the enemy. This the Rev. Gentleman, however, seems to disregard: and appears only anxious that the truth and justice of his defence should be publicly appreciated, wholly disregarding the consequences to himself; thinking, perhaps,

“Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.”

May it so turn out.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY. PART IV.

DELIVERED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, APRIL 24, 1831.

“*Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shephard of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory for ever and ever, Ammon.*”—HEBREWS xiii. 20.

I RETURN, without preamble, to the stage of our process in the last discourse on these words.

The name *Jupiter* is etymologically composed of what Dean Swift has ignorantly represented as a pun on the word, the Jew, Peter.

The word JEWEE, or JEVE, being the very word which we pronounce Jehovah, or Jove; and which (see erratum) Free Masons pronounce JAVE, and say, it is the name by which they know the Grand Architect of the universe. From the order of perfect masons being permitted to pronounce this name of God, they acquired the distinction of being called *the people of God*, and took to themselves, or received from others, the name which they had given to God: and so arose the sect called the *Jewess* or *Jews*. The word Peter, which signifies a *Stone*, added to the name of God, JEW, making the whole title of *Jupiter*, most emphatically expressed, as *God the Great Architect*.

As we find it was the *Sun*, who really is the Great Architect, who, in all ages and countries was emblemized and worshipped under the character of a *Stone*.

Christ in the gospel, confers this title on the chief of the apostles, the Jew Peter.

"I say unto thee that thou art Peter, which is by interpretation a Stone."

The chief of the apostles returns the compliment to Jesus Christ, by calling him the Chief Stone of the Corner.

Thus the epithet, *a Stone*, was common, both to Jupiter, the Jew Peter, and the Jew, Jesus.

But the epithet *Ammon*, added to both the names of Jupiter and Jesus, as they are, when fully pronounced Jupiter Ammon, and Jesus Christ Amen, demonstrates their absolute identity, as neither the one nor the other ever meant anything else than SOL, the Sun, the word *Amon*, being composed of the two primitives, AM, the *Heat* or Warmth; ON, *the Being*.

And this Heat or Warmth of the Sun, being missing, or hidden, or concealed, during the winter months, all nature was supposed to be engaged in seeking for *Ammon*, and the priests expressed this sense very beautifully in those words: "*Verily thou art a God that hideth thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.*"

But where the devil is he to hide himself, when he is every where present? Why look ye, Sirs, most geometrically, most astronomically *under the earth*, by descending, as the apostle calls it, *into the lower parts of the earth*—that is, by the earth presenting that part of which ye inhabit from the Sun.

Hence the physical consistency, and universal usage, of those who *seek after God*, seeking him upon their knees, as if they would scratch him out of the ground with their nails: and calling him by name, *Ammon, Amen, Aumen, Omen*: and even, sometimes, giving him a good scolding for lying in bed so long, as you read in the 44th Psalm: "*Up Lord! Why sleepest thou! Awake, and be not absent from us for ever: Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and forgettest our misery and trouble:*" And in the 89th Psalm, you find the Psalmist giving him a complete Billingsgate ragging, calling him a liar, and asking him, if he's not ashamed of himself. "How long, O Lord, will you hide yourself? For ever? Where are your loving kindnesses which you swear unto David in your truth."

Thus the order of Free Masons, called Jews, scattered as they were, through all periods of their existence, took a pride in calling themselves by the name of the Great Architect, Jew—that is God, never meaning anything else than the Sun itself.

While the inferior orders of Masons, analogous to what are now called the *Entered Apprentices*, the *Christians*, were content to believe, that Christ, their God, actually resided in them: and

As by Christ, was never meant any thing else than SOL, the Sun, that Latin name of the Sun, the Sol, pronounced for the greater reverence, the *Soul*. gave origin to the mystical belief that every Christian has an immortal soul in him. And thus, physically, and not metaphysically, "Christ doth dwell in us, and we in him; we are one with Christ, and he with us." And hence Christians, not only pray to God, as the Soul or Sol of the universe, but to the soul's vital heat, or warmth within them. "*Praise the Lord O my SOL, and all that is within me, praise his holy name: why art thou heavy, O my SOL, and why art thou so disquieted within me?*" And where the Sol—that is, the Sol's vital heat leaves men's bodies, notwithstanding the immortality of the Soul, the common phrase is, that so many *Souls perished*—that is, not in the gross, and mad conceit, that the Sun's body, or orb, is actually in us: but he dwelleth in us, as the apostle usefully explains by his spirit, which he hath given us—that is, by his vital warmth and heat—that is, most literally, by the *Amen*—that is, AM the heat, or caloric; ON, *of the Being*, as distinguished from Jesus, which is I, the One, ES, the fire, which is the Sun itself.

Hence, with the most accurate analogy, the Scriptures never speak of *Jesus* being in us; but the phrase always is, that it is Christ that dwelleth in us, that is not the Sun's Orb, but the Sun's heat and warmth, which what it is, and all that it ever meant, the apostle puts beyond all doubt in that most express definition to the Colossians iii. 3, "*Christ, who is our life:*" and *for me to live* is Christ: or, as Christ the principle of vitality, allegorically speaks of himself, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." And this life in us, is kept up and increased, and can only be supplied, by continued and repeated taking of the Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ—that is, by good eating and drinking. And I only wish that those who are so anxious to give the poor the gospel, were but half as anxious to give 'em the Sacrament.

"For except we eat the flesh of Christ, and drink his blood, we have no life in us."

"He that hath the Sun hath life, and he that hath not the Sun of God, hath not life."

The difference between the Sun, and the Sun of God, being only that the Sun is the great Solar fire, as spoken of abstractedly: and the Sun of God is the same Solar Orb, as spoken of in relation to his apparent position at the Vernal Equinox, from whence all time was reckoned to begin: and when he appears to be in the tribe of God—that is, the constellation, called Aries, the Ram, or Lamb.

And from which position, from which the whole year was

reckoned to begin, the Sun receives that truly magnificent epitheton, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the Sheep: and hence it is, the Sun itself, who, speaking in his allegorical character, calls himself so repeatedly *Verily, Verily*: VER being the well-known Latin word, for the Spring, the Vernal Equinox. And this so emphatically, and twenty times repeated "*Verily, Verily, I say unto you,*" does not mean *truly or really*, but the very contrary—that is, figuratively, *Vernally, Verily*—that is, in the character of the Vernal Sun. (I, &c.)

"I am the beautiful Shepherd, and I know my Sheep, and I am known of mine." *ο ποιμην ο Καλος*, the *Shepherd, the beautiful*. Our English translation shirks out of the sense of the original, in order to conceal the identity of the sweet Jesus of the gospel, and the beautiful Adonis of the mythology, "*the beautiful Shepherd layeth down his life for the Sheep.*"

Why, look Sirs, to the best sense your clergy could ever give you of such a catachresis, and say if the walls of a madhouse ever resounded to the echo of greater nonsense!

Here's the world turned topsy-turvy. Here's the sheep taking care of the shepherd, and we're to eat the butcher instead of the mutton.

But how beautiful, how sublime, how magnificent is science. Listen, I beseech you, to her sacred voice, in the personated character of the Great Shepherd:

"No man taketh my life from me; but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

What is his life but his vital warmth and heat? When does he lay it down, but when entering into the Scales of September, he satisfies the Justice of Heaven, by giving to men the reward of their works in cultivating the earth, in full measure of the Corn of August, and the full ripened Grapes of September? And there Sirs, when the Sun is in the Scales of September, where was the point of the coming together of the Sun's oblique path in the Ecliptic, upon the straight line of the Equator—that is, most literally, in the Autumnal Covenant, there stands the Cup of Salvation, into which he every year sheds his most precious blood, the rich juice of the grape, therefore called the Blood of the Cross, and the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant, and the Blood of the Grape, and of the True Vine, and of God, and of Jesus, and of Adonis, and Bacchus.

And there the *Amen*, the faithful and true martyr, or witness, having fulfilled all the promises of the year, and repaid all the toils of agriculture, lays down his vital heat, and descends below the line of the Equator into that Hell beneath, in the gate of which

you see, stands the ugly Scorpion of October, that "worm that never dieth," to pledge to you that encouraging truth, that though *Ammon* be hidden or concealed, Christ still liveth, though the caloric, or vital heat, appears to be greatly diminished, yes, "*the fire is not quenched.*"

The Sun, that seemed to give up his life into the power of those infernal Scorpions, having stings in their tails, to whom it was given to hurt the earth five months, will rise again in the Constellation of the Ram, with healing in his beams: and he who was *our Saviour* in Autumn, becomes *our Redeemer* in Spring. Hence, says the Apostle, speaking of the Sun in the Scales of September, "*It is God that justifieth.*" Who is he that condemneth? "*It is Christ that died.*" But that was a mistake. It was not Christ that died,—the apostle immediately corrects the error, by saying, "*Nay, rather that is risen:*" because Jesus is the Autumnal, and Christ the Vernal Sun. It is Jesus, therefore, that dies, and Christ that rises: and Jesus dying to redeem the chosen sheep is but another version of the story of Jason, sailing to fetch back the Golden Fleece.

All calculations of time, being made from the commencement of the Spring Quarter, when the Sun, appearing in the sheep, is so beautifully called the Shepherd of Israel, and so sublimely addressed in the 81st. Psalm: "*Hear, O thou Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a sheep, show thyself!*" Where you see the idea of leading, is expressed in terms, as it is involved in the Greek word for sheep, *ᾠροζατον* from *ᾠροζαινω*, *to go before*, or *to go first*; thus demonstrating the *Sheep of Christ* never to have meant any other than the Sheep of the Zodiac, which is the first or leading constellation.

All calculations being made by means of counting off of little stones, to help the memory, which were *calculi*, from whence our word *calculate*, to count or reckon up, is derived. Each particular stone was to represent the unity, or single idea required to be represented; and so, by necessary association of idea, got the name of the thing so represented, and shared in the respect attached to that idea.

It required, then, twelve stones to represent the twelve signs of the Zodiac. And as the first of these was the constellation of the Ram or Sheep, the Stone that represented this, could, of course, be none other than a precious Stone, the chief Corner Stone.

And the Sun always being associated with the sign which he was in, the Sun in the Sheep, was called the Shepherd of the Sheep; and so they represented him as a devilish big Stone. And thus get you the solution of that conundrum of the dying Jacob, which

I am sure none of your clergy could solve for you, in the 49th Genesis, "*From hence is the Stone the Shepherd of Israel.*" Thus the worship of Stones, *Litholatry*, grew up with *Heliolatry*, or Sun Worship, because the barbarous savages, who were always the majority, found it easier to settle the matter at once, by worshipping the Stones themselves, than to bother their brains by inquiring what it was that the Stones represented.

But when calculation came to be superseded by arithmetic—that is, when it was found, that little pictures, or hieroglyphical marks, would represent unities, quite as well as Stones, and would not be in danger of being put out of their places; and so to subject the unity which they represented to be forgotten, or the one mistaken for the other, those scrabblings, or marks, were necessarily determined by some sort of resemblance to the thing to be represented.

And then, in the forms of the nine digits, and the cipher or nought that follows them, and to which nought is ascribed the peculiar property of recalling the whole nine to itself, we discover what it is, that was the common basis both of religion and science; and their common origin in Egypt, the cradle of them both. There, the Nile overflowing their country, through three months of the year, during which the world was believed annually to be drowned, the remaining nine were deemed only worthy of especial notation.

To these, the poet consecrated the Nine Muses, with Apollo in the midst of them: while the mathematicians more soberly gave them the names of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and nought at the end of them; and they are honoured in the 68th Psalm, under the title of "*the damsels playing upon the timbrels,*" with God in the midst of them.

The number ONE, the most simple of all forms, has all the properties in arithmetic with which imagination invests the deity of theology, and is represented by a straight stroke standing perpendicularly upon the line of the Equator.

In all the languages of the earth, its name has ever been the same as the name of the Supreme Deity. The ONE—ung, un, une, Ων, ον, of all tongues, of all nations, in all ages, betrays but the varied utterance of the primitive Egyptian worth ON, *the Being*.

Nor has there been any name invented for the Supreme Being, of which the first engraven character was not the letter I, as in Jove, Jupiter, Jehovah, Jason, Janus, Jesus.

The moral idea, deriving itself from the physical one, godliness and uprightness are synonymous terms. An *upright* man, acting with the greatest simplicity and straightforwardness, was the moral reflection of the physical God. While the epithet, the *upright*,

par excellence, "the upright Lord," "the righteous God," "the Lord most upright," "Jesus Christ the righteous," were the peculiar designations of the Eternal *One*—that is, of the *One-God*, as distinguished from the two-God, the three-God, the four-God, and all the rest of the Gods.

When a small stroke was added to the top of the figure, and another at the bottom, the bottom stroke represented the line of the Equator, and the top the line of the tropic of Cancer, the Sun's highest point of ascension, while the whole pillar was a natural Almanac of the Sun's latitude, or north declination, for every day from the Spring Quarter, to Midsummer-day.

It was a great improvement when the straight stroke was set aslant: because then, it not only represented the Sun's declination, but it represented the line of the Ecliptic—that is, of the Sun's apparent path, at the precise angle, which that path forms on the line of the Equator.

The Greeks improved this hieroglyph; and having represented this path of the Sun aslant, as it is in nature, they elongated the ornamental cornice at the top, to the left, and the little pedestal at the bottom, to the right, thus Z. So that these lines being perfectly parallel, represented the upper one, the line of the tropic of Cancer, the Sun's highest point of Ascension: the lower one, the line of the Equator, on which the whole figure stands, and which is perfectly parallel with the line of the tropic of Cancer.

But out, alas! in this modification, science was outrunning orthodoxy,—the figure was no longer an I, but it is a ZED. It no longer expresses the simple and abstract idea of unity or oneness,—but here are three strokes for your *one*.

Your patience, bunglers! look again! and you will see that *these three are one*, and each of them is separately and distinctively a perfect *one*. And you have a trinity in unity, a Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in one undivided and indivisible God-head.

Of which, this sloping line, the Sun's path, the line of the Ecliptic, is God the Father; this (the upper *one*, the line of the tropic of Cancer) is God the Holy Ghost, sitting, as where should he else, on the head of God the Father, as his inspiring wisdom and science.

THIS (the *One* standing in the line of the Equator) is God the Son, the *Lord our Righteousness*; who, as you see, leaving the glory—that is, the brightness which he had with the Father, when he floated in the line of the Equator, like a swan upon a fish-pond,—“did, for us men and for our Salvation, come down from Heaven,” as the Sun, dropping below the Equator, from the point of the

Autumnal Equinox, has every year to make the round of the gloomy months of October, November, December, and January.

As you see him, thus 3, giving a tail to the letter Zed, you see together, the three ones, of which each is separately an *one*, —the whole figure, representing the One God, and *thereby hangs a tale.*”

The Greeks, in adopting this more scientific hieroglyph, adopted at the same time a softened utterance of the name of God, and JEW, the vocative utterance of *O God!* is in Greek *Zev*, the Zed being substituted for the J, and the elegant utterance of *Zev Πατερ*, superseded the coarse sounding Jew Peter, the original basis of the name of the *One-God*, Jupiter.

The two-God, as represented by the figure 2, is a picture of the Sun, in the second of the constellations, called *Taurus*, the God *Baal* of the Scriptures, vitiated in our English utterance into the word the BULL, which the Sun enters in April 19.

And this little dot (.) is the Bull's Eye, the Star of the first magnitude, called *Aldebaran*, an Arabic word, signifying the *One Eye*, from which the Sun, setting off about the 19th of April, throws off his arch, to the height of reaching the tropic—that is, Midsummer-day, from which whirls round the nobly-arched shoulders of the animal, to the line of the Equator, which is so much below the parallel of the Bull's Eye,—as it is longer from Midsummer to Michaelmas than from April the 19th to Midsummer : and there he sits on the Equator, as thus 2, with his knees turned under him, like an ox in a meadow, calmly chewing the cud. And so, if I am depriving you of the sugar-plums of the gospel, I give you the Bull's Eye of philosophy.

3. Here is the *three-God*, the Sun in Gemini, the Twins of May, the shining brothers, Castor and Pollux, of whom one represented the human, and the other the divine nature in the person of Christ.

Castor was the human, Pollux was the divine nature : and so great was their love for each other, that Pollux was not content with his own immortality, without obtaining permission from Jupiter to share it with his mortal brother, and the boon was granted upon the condition, that Castor should fetch his brother Poll out of Hell, by coming down from Heaven to convert him—that is, to *turn him up*, and to stand in his place. So that the one was to be in Heaven,—the other in Hell.

Here then is CASTOR, a pretty little spark, about the 19th May. Observe his history! he whirls himself round on his axis, with a very little ascension to the height of the tropic, from which you trace his quadrant of a circle, resting on the Equator, at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, thus?

Now then for a leap into the dark : now Castor go and fetch your brother Poll : you are not the first Saint that went out of the world by means of a line.

“Down, down to Hell ; and say I sent thee thither.”

See him passing through what remains of September, getting into October, thicker, deeper, darker grow the days : this is Hell itself. But this is not the worst on't ; he must not only go to Hell, but he must go to Hell and Tommy, who is at the bottom of the bottomless pit.

Saint Thoman's-day, Sirs, which is the 21st of December, the lowest point to which the Sun can possibly descend the tropic of Capricorn.

Well, then, I have brought my little Castor to the lowest pit of Hell, in search after his brother Poll : and behold Poll is not here. Methinks I hear the distress of the heavenly brother, crying out, “Where are you Polly : O my poor Poll !” but patience, my pretty boy ! turn round the bottom Hell, clear the tropic of Capricornus, ascend as the days grow lighter as far as to the 25th of January, and at that point exactly you will find your brother Poll ; exactly answering to this map of the whole adventure, which is the figure 3. And for that reason, and none other it is, that on that day, the 25th of January, the church has fixed the festival of the conversion of Saint Paul, just one month from Christmas-day.

And Castor recognizes his brother Pollux, in Hell, by his black eye, which he got in boxing, from whence his name Pollux, which signifies a pugilist : and his type, the black eye, which terminates the figure. And it is even none other than the God Pollux, defined by the black eye, as being the *bruised*, whom Christ, in the 4th of Luke, declares himself sent to deliver. “He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. And if you go to Hell, you must look to get bruised too ; for, depend on't you'll have to box Arry, before you get out again.

The two dots, then, of the figure 3, are the one, the Summer, and the other the Winter Sun, the break being the line of the Equator, cutting the figure at about one-third above and two-thirds below.

The 4 God is the unambiguous combination of the oblique line of the Ecliptic, standing upon the horizontal line of the Equator, with the line of the Equator marked off, with the thick black line which measures on the Equator, so much of it as the Sun shines upon, and fixes the point of the Autumnal Equinox, where the Sun must be crucified.

The 5 God is a most beautiful orrery, exhibiting the line of the Ecliptic, from the top of which, which is the Summer Solstice, runs off the line of the tropic of Cancer, and from the bottom of which, which is the Equator, at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, from below which, bellies round the course of the Sun, through October, November, December, where you see him having passed the tropic of Capricorn, which is the line on which the whole figure stands, with his eye shut, and his nightcap on, a perfect hieroglyph of the phenomena of the Sun on the 25th of January; and, therefore, another hieroglyph of the conversion of St. Paul.

The 6 God, the Kingdom of Heaven, is open to all believers; you have the Sun's full and open disk standing upon the line of the Equator, whirling himself into rotundity upon his own axis, and by that whirl throwing off from his own body the mighty vault of his reign through the Summer months, where you see him, as an elegant little spark, just having turned the tropic of Cancer, on the 2d of July, come to pay his addresses to his intended wife, the Virgin of August, the Lamb's wife, Mrs. Lamb that is to be; and here it is, on none other than this 2d of August, the church fixes the festival of the Visitation of the Virgin Mary.

The Seven God—*i. e.*, the God of Sabaoth, the 7, presents you with the horizontal line of the Equator, marked off at the beginning, to show you the point of the Vernal Equinox, and terminated at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, from which the Sun drops below the Equator, and carries his dark thick gloomily tail, growing only thicker and thicker, into the lower regions, and no turn or dot indicating where the Hell he was going to. 7 is the great mystical number, the hieroglyph of all ignorance; and consequently, the parent of all devotion.

It being an universal law, that men never consider any thing so sacred as that which they know nothing about. *Remember the Seven, to keep it holy.*

The 8 God is the Summer and the Winter Sun, meeting together,—the one above, the other below the line of the Equator, precisely at the point of the Autumnal Equinox, making that cross at which the Justice of God is satisfied, by pouring forth of the fierceness of his wrath, into the Cup of Salvation, and in which reconciliation, or coming together, "Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." That kissing annually taking place, as then it did, upon the pretty lips of the Virgin of August, which is the 8th month of the year, though more accurately defined by Saint Luke, as the Virgin of the Sixth Month, when March is considered as the fire.

The 9 God is the Sun standing with open and tranquil disk

upon the Equator, from which he throws off his substance, by a voluntary suicide to go and redeem the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

For he only laid down his life that he might take it again ; and to those who love his appearing, shall he appear the second time, and I hope, a many times, without Sin unto Salvation.

As there he stands, like a scale or steel-yard, the ball at the upper end, vainly endeavouring to bear up the weight which pulls it below the balance at the Equator, 9, the unequivocal hieroglyph of the ninth month ; and the last of the reign of the Prince of Princes.

The o God is the Sun itself, or the whole circling year, placed at the end of all numbers, to multiply them by ten—that is, to recall the whole to itself.

Our English word YEAR, to which the letter R at the end is superfluous, is nothing more than a drawling pronunciation of the word yea or yes, of which the meaning is the same as *Amen*, and the derivation the same as that of the name YESUS, which is Jesus.

And thus you see, Sirs, that religion is nothing more than science, most monstrously misunderstood : and science is religion, properly and wisely explained.

If I have not yet done it, I *shall* develop, that Sun worship, obscured by the wintry mists of religious ignorance, that true hell upon earth, is the secret of all sacred Scriptures, and of all religious and mysterious associations.

END OF LECTURE ON FREE MASONRY.

ERRATUM.

By an oversight of the compositor, an error occurred in the last number of the Devil's Pulpit ; the moral of which, as an error, has this week been repeated at the Surrey Sessions.

The last sentence of the fourth paragraph, on page 266, was deficient of a member, which, when supplied, will show that the Surrey justices were deficient of three members, or *knowledge, law, and justice*, which should be in office with them. The sentence was thus spoken :—

A DIRTY TRICK THAT, SIRS, WHEN THEY DARED NOT ATTEMPT TO GRAPPLE WITH THE MAN'S ARGUMENT, TO FASTEN THEIR SPITEFUL FANGS ON THE MAN!

• Was not this prophetic? Is not the Devil's Chaplain a man divinely inspired? Is he not the man whom Moore's Almanac has prophesied, as to this year, as certain to overthrow the bishops, to set the king right on the subject of religion, to overthrow all the corruptions of the Christian religion, and to re-establish, at the same time, the Original and the New Jerusalem? Is not the Reverend Robert Taylor the man? He is now in Hell; but he shall rise again *on the third day*. There are not more than three great days at a time, as a *temporal* emblem of the Trinity and Unity. Such were the three days of Jerusalem, after the crucifixion. Such were the three days in Paris, in July last. The one spiritual, the other temporal or real. As we, in England, have learnt, how, as politicians, to mix up spiritualities with temporalities, as is the case in the person of the King, in the person of the Lord Chancellor, and in the persons of the Bishops and Clergy generally; so, in *our* advent of the glorious resurrection, after our three days of hell fire we shall gloriously purge both our spiritualities and our temporalities. These are words for the wise, for the initiated, for the Royal Arch degree, for the people of God; fools and gentiles will not understand them. They have eyes, and see not; ears, and hear not; skulls, and understand not.

The Rev. Robert Taylor went to his mock trial on Monday, last, the 4th inst.; and, being called on, addressed the chief priests and Jews of the Surrey Synagogue. They exclaimed, "*he hath spoken blasphemy, what need we of further witnesses? Ye have heard this blasphemy. We have a law, and by that law he ought to die.* For that purpose take two years' imprisonment of his person. Let him coin two hundred pounds in gold, as a fine, by the aid of his master, the Devil, and his philosopher's stone. And let him give the world a pledge of a thousand pounds against any further use of his magic eloquence. Crucify him among thieves, and give him nought but hyssop and vinegar." See "The Prompter," No. 35, for a picture of his horrible sufferings.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE HOLY GHOST:

A WHITSUNTIDE SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MAY 29, 1831.

“All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come.”—MATTHEW xii, 31.

So so, gentlemen! then we're in for it. So stands the text, and not alone in Matthew xii, 31, which I have repeated; but again, without any material variation, in Mark iii., 28, and Luke xii., 10,—so that there's no getting out of it.

Why, what a comfortable, delightful, consolatory thing this gospel is! What glad tidings of great joy for all people. What infinite obligation are we under to the clergy for imparting this precious bit of comfort for us: as if they had thought we couldn't be miserable enough with all the miseries that flesh is heir to, but we must invite and call in the supernumerary luxuries of anticipating the horrors of a red-hot hell, and everlasting brimstone, in another world. Lost, lost is our quiet for ever: damned must we be beyond the power of God the Father to save us, beyond the redeeming efficacy of the blood of God the Son to redeem us, beyond the reach of salvation itself to save us, only, if one day we happened, unaware, to bolt out a naughty word against the Holy Ghost. Am I not justified, then, in charging the preachers of the gospel with being impostors, quacks, and deceivers of the people, when they preach up repentance towards God, and faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ, as sufficient to salvation, when 'tis so evident that they are not sufficient? Their prescriptions do not and cannot reach the seat of the disease: and a man may be damned, all his repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ, notwithstanding. (The gospel is nowhere faithfully and honestly preached but at the Rotunda.) Their nostrums are but a chip in porridge, —worse than a chip in porridge: they are actively and potently mischievous, and deadly poisonous, making their deceived patient to rest in a false confidence, to perish, because of his confidence, to die of his medicine when he might have recovered of his disease. Nay, by the pretended medicine itself, they inflict on him the disease which otherwise he would have escaped. For had there been no divine revelation at all, there would have been no sin at all,—and so we should have been equally free from the disease and from the physic.

But as it is: and if we must be persuaded that the text of the New Testament, in the way in which they understand it, is the word of God: Is it not handling the word of God deceitfully? Is it not “crying peace, peace, when there is no peace?” Is it not a lie against the Holy Ghost, to talk of the blood of Christ cleansing from all sin, when there is a sin from which it cannot cleanse? or to preach the all-sufficiency of Christ's atonement, when thus it stands upon the record, that that atonement is not sufficient? For what's the use of stopping all the leaks in your leaky ship but one, when that one sinks you quite.

What's the good of paying off all your creditors but the only one, whom you know before hand to be inexorable, who will cast you into prison? and “Varily I say unto you, thou shalt in no wise go hence till thou hast paid the utmost farthing.”

Come, sinner,—come, be honest to thine own convictions, and venture to look for once into thine own affairs. Cast up the reckoning for the chance of thy salvation. Down with it: down with it! thy spiritual *assets* to meet the spiritual claims upon thee! Thou'lt go to Heaven, wilt thou? when thou diest? Thou'lt be in better plight than the unregenerate? the apostate? the infidel? or the blasphemer, I suppose?

Thou hast a reconciled God and Father to go to? And “being justified by faith, thou hast peace with God, through Jesus Christ?” hast thou? Ah, ah, “thy peace of God, which passeth all understanding,” is a cheat, a fraud, a trick, a lie.

A reconciled God, an atoning Saviour! they are not worth a fig: they are of no use at all: you may be damned in spite of the blood of Christ to save thee, thinkest thou? Why, 'tis of less reckoning than the cankered pin upon a beggar's sleeve. Look'st

unto Jesus? So looks the drowning wretch unto the distant shore, that mocks his misery by showing him he cannot swim to that, nor that to him.

There is another, a third, and a greater power than either thy God or Saviour, or than them both together, whose single veto upon thy salvation doth render all the rest of the process a mockery of thy hopes, and an aggravation of thy despair. For the holy church, throughout the whole world doth acknowledge the Father of an infinite Majesty: his honourable, true, and only Son. But therewith go, "also the Holy Ghost," who, by the most cruel irony and sarcasm that was ever couched in language, is called, par eminence, "the Holy Ghost the Comforter."

Ere I proceed to serve ye up the intellectual feast, to which I have invited ye, I have a *grace before meat* to say, from the bottom of my heart to the heart of every good-hearted man in the assembly: let him lay a honest hand upon his honest heart, and withhold his *Amen* from the *grace* that I shall say, if he can do so,—if he can do so!

Hear it, all good men.

If a wise and good man saw thousands of his fellow-creatures, weak-minded men, credulous women, and defenceless children, all of them capable of becoming reasonable, had they been reasonably dealt with, driven instead into incurable madness by a confederacy of reverend knaves and thieves, who, to serve their wicked craft, have set up a fiction of their own imaginations merely, and led the poor simpletons to quail and shudder at the thought of committing an unpardonable sin against the fiction, would *he* be the evil-disposed and wicked person who should draw up the veil of mystery, and show to all who were not too blind to see what a fiction it was, and thus turn their reverence into scorn, their fear and quailing into honest laughter, and their childish religion into manly reason? For my exploits in this way, I have got the credit of being inspired by the Devil: and the clergy, who cannot defend their religion in any other way, are seeking to bring on me the punishment which the law assigns to blasphemy and witchcraft; but "this only is the witchcraft I have used."

So, having said grace, without further ceremony I shall fall to. And now for the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

For you may make the matter up again, and be as good friends as ever with God the Father, and God the Son, and blaspheme 'em as much as you please; but if you only speak a word against God the Holy Ghost, the fat's in the fire, and you're damned to all eternity.

Now, if God the Father and God the Son had really been

riends of ours, and able to settle the business of our salvation between themselves, what place, office, or function, could a sane imagination imagine for so superfluous, and, at the same time, so mischievous a deity as the Holy Ghost? A more ridiculous plight could hardly be conceived, than that of our immortal souls, all tight and right for salvation, as far as God and his Son could save 'em : but to be damned and lost for ever, because there was a third party that required to be consulted on the occasion. But this, you see, is the consequence of having such a glorious constitution in your Kingdom of Heaven, as must consist of the three estates of the realm.

Your Reform Bill is proposed by the representative of God, approved and sanctioned by the patriotic God, and yet you and your bill may be thrown out and lost, by the impertinent interference of a third power,—the other house that you know nothing of, that represents no interests of yours, that's made up mainly by a bench of bishop's, against whom, if you but speak a word, it's a breach of privilege ; you are condemned without judge or jury ; and to Hell you go, in spite of all that God the Father and God the Son could do to save you.

Nor is the predicament of God the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, in this business, a whit less ridiculous than that of the damned soul, that had been deceived by the clergy to repose a vain and fruitless confidence in them. Since, if imagination is to have fair play, in imagining a soul damned for having committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost, it is impossible not to imagine how God the Father and God the Son might express their sorrow and sympathy at such an unfortunate event.

As with the eye of faith, methinks I see God the Father looking over Heaven Wall, down into Hell Pit, and crying,

"Ah, poor sinner ! what, are you there ?" And then waiting till another whiff of wind blows the smoke away ; *"I'm sorry for ye, from the bottom of my heart, I'd never 'a damned you, no more would my Son."* When up comes God the Holy Ghost, turns me God-'a-mighty round upon his heel, and thunders on him : *"Hark ye, my Lord God, attend to your own business' and spare your superfluous and uncalled-for pity. You and your Son may forgive all manner of sin and blasphemy committed against yourselves as you please. But, as for my forgiving a blasphemy, a sin, a word a thought, a breath, against my divinity, I'll see him damned first Your propitiation for sin is no coin that shall pass in my market the blood of Christ may atone for sins committed against you ; but as for the blood of Christ, in cases of sin against me,—damn his blood."*

It may sound strange to you, Sirs: but this is the very pith and gist of the argument; the absolute and inevitable catastrophe of the supposition of an unpardoning and unforgiving God.

And so the bishops, who have always taught us that we must love our enemies, and bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us, have required us to love and bless, and pray to the Holy Ghost, the greatest enemy to us, and to our salvation, if there were any truth in the story, that could possibly be.

And by that blessed rule of contraries that runs through every thing of a religious nature, it is that never-pardoning, never-forgiving Holy Ghost, who drives men to despair, who cuts them off from all hope, and damns 'em to all eternity, only for saying the Lord's prayer backwards, who gets the pretty name of the COMFORTER, and who, they say, fills 'em "with all joy and peace in believing." We were wont to understand that Job's comforters were none of the most comfortable comforters. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, outheroes Herod. And after you may have made your peace with God, through faith in Jesus Christ, is competent to step in, with his *Veto* upon your bill.

This, indeed, may be sport to the infidel, and a trifle to the hypocrite, but, to the person who has the misfortune to be a sincere believer, it must be truly horrible.

But to crown all! this day, which the church appoints to be kept holy to the peculiar honour of this wonderful good friend of ours, has got the name of Whit-Sunday, that is to say, I suppose, Witty Sunday.

Because the Holy Ghost is the giver of all wisdom, or wit. But little wit, indeed, has he given to those who believe in him, worship him, and are frightened out of their wits, for fear they should commit the unpardonable sin against him, without ever having inquired who or what he is, or where he came from; whether he was fish, flesh, bird, or beast; whether he was masculine, feminine, or neuter, and how, or when, he was first heard of, or what right he could have to damn our souls, when we were all right enough with the other party.

On all of which matters of infinite curiosity, a man who had the wit which a man should have, would insist on receiving the most ample satisfaction.

Because, if this "blood and fire, and vapour of smoke," which we read about in the service of this Witty Sunday, should prove to be nothing but a bag of smoke, it may turn out that the bishops have been smoking us all the while; and Whit-Sunday, instead of

being kept so late as the middle of May, ought to have been fixed for the 1st of April.

Some of our learned divines, however tell us, that Whit-Sunday does not mean Whit-Sunday; it being the universal rule in matters of divinity, that a thing never means what it means, but Whit-Sunday means White Sunday. And I dare say it does; though, if it had not been for the sound of the thing, it would have been quite as witty to have called it Blue Sunday, or Yellow Sunday, or Green Sunday,—so it had never been forgotten that Greenwich Fair is the day afterwards.

But the colour of the day could only be derived from some analogy to the colour of the mind. And white, which was always the emblem of simplicity, because it is the easiest to be put upon: and so the forty-year-old babies have been as much overawed by the terrors of White Sunday, as ever were the ten-year-olds by the thought of Black Monday.

Whit Sunday is also called the day of Pentecost, because the word *πεντηχοστος*, is the Greek for *Quinquagesimus*—that is *the fiftieth*, and this day is the fiftieth from Easter—that is, from the day of the Jewish *Pass-over*, and the Christian *Cross-over*, and the astronomical *Go-over*—that is, from the day when the Sun in the Ecliptic *passes over, crosses over, or goes over* the line of the Equator, at the time of the Vernal Equinox.

Notwithstanding the pretended celebration of this festival, in honour of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles in the visible appearance of fiery cloven tongues; an event which if it ever happened at all, must have happened *after* the date assigned to the resurrection of Christ. Certain it is, upon the showing of the Jew-books, that this self-same festival was kept for ages before that event. As it is called in those books, "*the feast of weeks.*" It being exactly seven weeks from their Passover, as it is from our Cross-over. And in *their* edition of the story, it fell on the same day, and was precisely in commemoration of the descent of the first person of the Trinity, upon Mount Sinai, in thunder and lightning, as it is with us, in commemoration of the descent of the third, upon *Mount Up-stairs* into the large upper room, in "blood and fire, and vapour of smoke."

With this most singular, and never-to-be-forgotten coincidence, that,

Whether this Patefaction of the Deity be "up stairs, or down stairs, or in my lady's chamber," it never took place, but in the month of May, and when the Sun was in the sign of *Gemini*, the Twins: where, happily for our illustration, it happens to be, at this minute, just entering Gemini, 35 minutes, 52 seconds of its first

degree, this being May 22 : to-morrow it will have made the first degree complete, plus 33 minutes 52 seconds. May, being particularly the season of love, and towards the latter end of it, the beginning of the hay harvest, when the first ingatherings and early fruits gave us a *gust*, or fortaste of the forthcoming abundance : and the Sun, having entirely overcome the mistiness and fogs which attend his earlier career, shines forth in his full splendour. He is then said to be, and physically *is, clarified*, as our pens and quills are said to be clarified, when all the superfluous moisture, and goosegrease is, I know not how, boiled or baked, or dried out of them.

But, though the Sun is thus clarified, and cleared from all the mists that dim his splendour, when he enters the Twins of May, his heat is not yet so equably diffused, as when he shines directly down from his highest point of elevation, the summer solstice. In consequence of which, the air is heated and rarified, but partially, as over the sands of Africa ; and over all those parts of the earth which reflect heat. So that the surrounding denser air, rushing in, in consequence, causes those rushing mighty winds, or *Holy Gusts*, which render the month of May full often peculiarly unpropitious to human health.

The word *holy* is but an affectedly solemn and religious-cant utterance of the word *hely*, purposely adopted to conceal its real meaning and derivation, from the Greek word *Helois* ; which signifies the Sun, as that Greek word is from *HELI*, which is, *My God*—that is, the *Sun*.

In like manner, the word *GHOST*, is but the drawling, mock solemn utterance, adopted for the same deceitful purpose, of the word *GUST*, or a *puff*, or blast of wind.

And *glory*, or *glorified*, and *glorification*, are similar cheats of the sound to hide the sense, which is clary, *clarified*, and *clarification* ; from whence our common words, *clear*, *clearly* and *clearness*. which I hope I have now made *clear* to your understandings.

So your Holy Ghost at last ends in a mere puff of wind. A *Hely Gust*—that is, *a gust of wind caused by the Sun*.

And we can give our Christian clergy a physical, rational and literal interpretation of their famous conundrum, John vii, 39, where, in the Greek, are these words : *επω γαρ ην πνευμα αγιον οτι ο Ινους εδεπω εδοξασθη*.

“ For as yet there was no Holy Ghost because Jesus was not yet *clarified*.”—(solution.)

That peculiar rushing wind from Heaven, can be produced only by the Sun, and then, and not before, when the Sun is *clarified*, as he is in May.

And all this, in illustration of another enigma, “ *He that be-*

lieveth in me out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." Yes, yes! And this is Christian instruction for you: this is the blessed effect of believing in Christ. It will give a man the dropsy in his belly, and not pints, or quarts, or gallons, but rivers of living waters? God, the Waters may be living, but the Devil's in't if the man must not be dying. What would become of such a believer: his dearest friends must be afraid of coming near him, for fear of being drowned. He'd overwhelm us.

St. Luke mentions Christ's healing a certain man, which was before him, and which had the dropsy, as if it had been a very kind and charitable thing to cure a man of the dropsy. But here, in St. John, we have the dropsy, and the most inordinate dropsy that ever was in the world, described as a privilege, and benefit to be conferred on a man as a reward for his believing in Christ. Could wilder nonsense, could more execrable insanity, and stark staring madness resound through the walls of Bedlam, than this? or than the best interpretation of this, that any clergyman you ever heard before in your lives could ever give you? Or could you have clearer demonstration that your clergy really are enemies to the diffusion of good sense and rational learning among men, than when you see them unable to meet a man in argument, or vie with him in honest labours, to rationalize society, seeking to brand him with the name of evil disposed wicked person, and to assign him to the penalties due to felony and crime?

As see ye, sirs: the "certain man which had the dropsy," in Luke's gospel, was indeed a *certain man* that very particular certain man, that had such a very particular sort of dropsy, as no man but he.

And that we may be more particular as to the identity of that certain man, which had the dropsy, the evangelist points him out to us, with that particular admonitory hint to us, which nobody takes any notice of, but which is the key of the whole riddle. "*Behold!*" "*Behold a certain man.*" This certain man with the dropsy, then, is a man that may be *beheld*, looked at, seen, observed. Beheld! where? He's not here, surely. *Holloa, Old Potbelly, where are you?*

The text supplies an answer even to that question, a certain man, "*before him*"—that is, not in his presence, or *behind* him, as was the certain Cyro-Phœnician woman which came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment, but *before* him—that is, *in his way*: so that Jesus must run over him if he does not get out of his way

And then it follows that he "*healed*" him—that is, not that he *cured* him of the dropsy; the Devil-a-bit, for that was as bad as ever.

He has a relapse of this complaint every spring of the year ; and so appears again in the gospel of St. John, as the believer in Christ, like the poor Chinese, Hoo Loo, so used to his tumour, that 'twould kill him to take it away, though out of his belly flow rivers of living water.

So Jesus is not said to cure him, but he *healed* him ; that word, from *HELIOS*, the *Sun*, signifying merely that he shone upon him—that is, he *Sunned* him, as the sacred words are, “ *he took him, and healed him, and let him go.*” And here you see the old boy, in Aquarius, the genius of January, with the pot right upon his belly and rivers of living water literally and annually flowing out of it. As the inundations of both the Nile and the Ganges, the most famous rivers of the whole earth, annually take place at the time of the Sun's entering into the constellation of Aquarius, the *Water Bearer*. And Jesus every year, literally and physically, *takes* this dropsical man, and *Suns* him, and lets him go, when he *takes up*, and enters into the group, which constitutes this constellation, as it stands in his annual course, shines in it, passes through it ; so he heals it, and lets it go : as David calls upon the Sun to do, in order that he may pull himself out of the mire and clay of winter. “ Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, and on the Son of Man, whom thou madest so strong for thine own self.” Psalm 80.

The witty miracle, or descent of the Holy Ghost, on the apostles, by the rule of contraries, which runs through the whole of sacred writ, is in the letter so excessively and inordinately silly, that we find our Christian ministers, notwithstanding their mendacious professions of not being ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, most egregiously ashamed of the Acts of the Apostles : so much so, that though, like the Pagan Augurs, whose successors they are, they job the job, of saying as little about it as possible from their pulpit, no two of them would venture to speak of it in the presence of a third, without making him promise, that he would not point his finger and laugh.

For first the miracle was wholly superfluous and unnecessary, yea impossible, unless Christ himself were an impostor, which I am sure he was not.

For how could the apostles receive the Holy Ghost, when they were already in full possession of the Holy Ghost ?

And how could Christ possibly send down the Holy Ghost from Heaven, after his ascension, when *before* his ascension, he had actually given them the Holy Ghost, and, consequently, put them in full possession of all the advantages that could attend the possession of that gift.

“ He breathed on them,” says John, in his gospel, xx. 22 ; and

saith unto them : “ *Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted, and whosever sins ye retain, they are retained.*”

What could priestly pride and arrogance want more than this ?

What could it be but a mere sending coals to Newcastle ? to supply 'em with any more Holy Ghost, after such a *blow-out* as this ?

And can we suppose, that the power to forgive and retain sins, would have been given to men who had yet to wait till *Wit Sunday*, before they could have wit enough to know how to exercise that power, or sufficient of the gift of talking, to say enough about it.

But out again,—this is but half the foolery on't. For, after having received the Holy Ghost, to endure them with supernatural wisdom, and the gift of tongues, to enable them to speak all the languages of the earth in a moment of time, we find, that the next day they had forgotten all those learned languages, and even spoke their own so clownishly and ungrammatically, that even the Bow-street magistrates took notice of Peter and John, the two principals, “ that they were unlearned and ignorant men.” Acts iv. 13.

The prominence of Peter and John, in this affair of the tongues in which Peter, after all, was the only one who seemed to make any use of his tongue, must lead us to think that these two were the representatives of all the rest : so that, in reality, there were but two of them on whose heads the fiery tongues actually sat : and who were in that “ large upper room,” not to say the first floor down the chimney, when, “ suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.”

Sitting, sirs ! they were *sitting* ; and, like their impudence, it must have been, to be in a sitting position, when the third person in the Trinity was come to visit them. “ They were all, with one accord, in one place : so that, however many of them, they made up but *one* congregation, and had but two dignities of the first magnitude among them. And the one place, where they were with one accord, is in the Greek of the immediately preceding chapter, called, *το υπερωον* : with this still more critical and curious piece of exactness,—that this rushing mighty wind from Heaven, which was the Holy Ghost, was to come, not *about* the time of Pentecost merely, or *on* the day of Pentecost, which might have seemed particular enough ; but not till the day of Pentecost was *fully* come. As if this matter were regulated with the precision of a chronometer.

The hint given to our observance, is, that whenever the Holy Ghost is concerned with a man's *upper story*, we should not only

see which way the wind blows, but also be very particular as to what time o' the day it is with him.

Of which propriety the church throws us out a pretty broad hint, in her Witty Sunday collect : " Grant us by the same spirit to have a right judgment in all things, *Amen*"—that is to say Ammon—that is to say *Gammon*, that is, we must be up to Gammon, and take a special care to have a right judgment in all Holy Ghost transactions.

Thus, as the Holy Ghost means most literally nothing more than the Sun-heated air—that is, a Holy Gust, or a Gust rushing through a hole—as it is expressly called, " a rushing mighty wind." And we see that it is the property of the wind to produce a mere noise, without any sort of sense or articulate coherency. We see what kind of use they would be likely to make of their tongues, " who spoke only as the Spirit gave them utterance."

As you may see and hear for yourselves, to this day, in what they call extemporaneous preaching, and what passes for eloquence at the other shops,—that they have indeed the gift of tongues most abundantly, but the Devil-a-bit of the gift of common sense, or intelligible congruity with their tongues.

You may hear them rattle away, like the clapper in a cherry tree. All the louder, and all the faster, the more of the Holy Gust blows upon, while they themselves are as unconscious of any meaning in their clamour, as the daws and sparrows that are fools enough to be frightened at it.

Had the severest sarcasm that ingenuity could devise, have been intended (and who could say that it was not intended?) in this witty miracle, how could it be wrought up to finer effect, than in the exhibition of a set of fellows, under the influence of a brain fever, imagining that the heat they felt about the head was a tongue of fire, and that the ramblings of their delirium were spoken, not by the tongues of their mouths, but by knots on the tops of their night-caps. So that their friends, making the best apology they can for them, say, that they must be drunk. Whereupon the chief speaker among them, in order to prove that they were not drunk, " standing up," and, " lifting up his voice," explains to them, that it was impossible that they could be drunk, because they had only been drinking for three hours, " seeing it was but the third hour" of the day. And as a further proof that they were not drunk, he beseeches them, only to listen for a few moments, how rationally and sober he can talk. And then he tips 'em off that fine specimen of rational argument, and sober calm, and manly reasoning, " Your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams, a dark Sun, a bloody Moon. blood and fire, and vapour and smoke."

Whereupon the more sensible part of their hearers sue out a writ *de Lunatico Inquirendo*: and, for the safety of the public, the ministers of divine wisdom are put into the fittest place for all the divine ministers.

Such is the impression, that the story in any relations to an historical character of it, would necessarily produce on any honest mind. And so well aware are the privileged deceivers of the people, that this *would be* the impression, that though it is in the system of their theology, the *sine qua non*: the great and ultimate proof of Christ's resurrection (as it really is in nature, the proof of the Sun's having reached the great object of his desire, the Gemini, or Twins of May), that they always shirk it. Even the maddest of our evangelical preachers, mad as they are, have too much of that shrewd cunning which accompanies madness, to expose themselves to the laughter which would attend on any explanation they could give, of this witless Whit Sunday witty miracle.

But mad and foolish beyond all names of madness and folly, as is all that you ever heard, about this Holy Ghost affair, in church or chapel: It is not madness nor foolishness that we offer you at the Rotunda. I, indeed, laugh at their interpretations of scripture, can they return the compliment and laugh at mine? Indeed they cannot: or, if they did, 'tis at the wrong side of their mouths.

But "Wisdom is justified of her children." And here are her children, the Gemini of May, the great object of desire to the *personified* genius of the Sun, in the gospel pantomime, where, as you see, they turn their faces from him, and Master Castor is holding up his hand, as if to push him off: While he coaxes them to him in these allegorical words: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And of such as you see, really *is* the Kingdom of Heaven. Such is the Sun's position really and literally on the day of Pentecost—that is, on the fiftieth day from Easter.

And to all the analogies of their historical nonsense of the day of Pentecost, present we here that rational, philosophical, and demonstrative solution, which, they who dared not come and hear it, for fear they should be convinced, call blasphemy.

For see, sirs. *Problem 1.*—Were they all with one accord in one place, so that how many soever they were, they made up but one unanimous congregation?

Solution.—The Stars which make up the whole constellation of Gemini, which are 85 in Flamstead's catalogue, though only 25 in the catalogues of Ptolemy and Tycho, are most literally with

one accord in one place, and form but one constellation, consisting of two brothers, Castor and Pollux, answering to two brothers, Peter and John, who are the two who represent the whole company, and were the only two who made any use of their tongues.

Problem 2.—And they were sitting, when the Holy Ghost came, and filled *all the house where they were sitting*.

Solution.—The Gemini, or Twins of May, are, and always were represented in a sitting position, the two boys kissing and cuddling each other.

Problem 3.—And what particular large upper room, in which they were, is called an upper room.

Solution.—In relation to appearances with us, it is *up* indeed, e'en up in the vaulty arch so high above our heads.

Problem 4.—And it is called in the Greek *το υπερῶν*—that is, literally, in the *egg* above.

Solution.—The Castor and Pollux of the Zodiac are represented as hardly out of the shell, and were both believed to be oviparous—that is, *born from the egg* of Læda, the wife of Tyn-darus.

But the most curious and literal of all these analogies is *that* contained in those words of sacred writ, which every body has read, but nobody has read, with their eyes sufficiently open to see exactly what it was that they were reading.

“And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat *upon each of them.*” *Ἐφ' ἕνα ἑκάστων αὐτῶν*—that is, upon both of them—that is, upon the two only, Peter and John, or Peter and Thomas, as representatives of the whole constellation.

And here are the “cloven tongues like as of fire,” sitting upon the heads of each of the brothers, Castor and Pollux, the pretty prattling children of the Zodiac, who, if they could not prattle better stuff than the pantomime sets down for them, had better hold their tongues: lest other children should apply to them the proverb—

“Tell tale tit
Your tongue shall be slit.”

A slit tongue, or a cloven tongue, never being emblematical of any thing else than a lying tongue. Their identity with the disciples is further sustained by the fact of their eternal childhood, as we find them addressed by Christ, both before and after his resurrection, notwithstanding their beards were thick enough, by the wheedling epithet, “*little children,*” as in John xiii. 33. Where he

speaks to them, like mamma to her little pets, "Little children, yet a little while I am with you, and whither I go ye cannot come;" which, for all the sense your clergy could ever give you of it, is as pretty a

"Bye baby bunting
Your father's gone a hunting,"

as ever lulled to rest the tetchy squallers of the nursery.

But philosophically most accurate: the little while that he is with the little children, is, from this day, Whit Sunday, May 22, till Wednesday, June 22, when he leaves the little children, and passes into Cancer the Crab: and, sure enough, whither he goes they cannot come.

So did the ancient astronomers, in this enigmatical fiction, record their accurate knowledge of the proper motions and relations of the heavenly bodies.

The Pagan story of Castor and Pollux, which is quite of as good authority, and of infinitely higher antiquity than the story of the Acts of the Apostles: as we have it in Diodorus Siculus, relates that these Gods, sailing with Jason, in the Argonautic expedition, to bring back the Golden Fleece, saved the vessel from a dreadful storm (that is, surely, from "a rushing mighty wind"), there appearing upon the heads of Castor and Pollux two lambent flames—that is, surely, "cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them:" which appearance was followed by so great a calm, as left no doubt on the minds of any of them, that the persons on whose heads the fiery tongues had been seen were divinely inspired.

And, as in the visible heavens, when the first star in the toe of Castor, is at the Zenith, at that moment, the two Equinoctial points are respectively at the eastern and western edge of the horizon, Castor and Pollux were believed to preside in an especial manner over all courts of law and justice.

And hence, in all theologies, consisting alike as all systems of theology have done, of an allegory upon natural phænomena, the origin and never altered, never varied observance of the principle, that the promulgation of the law should always be from the top of a mountain.

Jupiter thunders forth his decrees from the top of Mount Olympus—Yahough or Jehovah gives his laws from the top of Mount Sinai.

And Jesus Christ preaches his sermon from the Mount.

But here is the solution of the whole mystery. As the mythology of Castor and Pollux ran, that they should always be

antipodes to each other : so that when one was in Heaven the other should be in Hell. Here you see precisely opposite to the place of Castor and Pollux, in the Zodiac, is the Holy Ghost flying away with "his beloved Son, in whom he is well pleased." Here is St. John, on whom the cloven tongue had sat when he was in the large upper room, turned into the boy Antinous, carried away by the eagle of Jupiter. The eagle itself being identified with Jupiter in the Pagan Mythos, as the Pigeon of the Gospel is identified with the Holy Ghost in the Christian fable : the beloved disciple with his Eagle on the pediment of your Christian Cathedral, is thus identified with the Ganymede or Antinous of the Pagan Mythology.

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON THE HOLY GHOST.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

SAINT PHILIP: A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MAY 29, 1831.

- “He delighteth not in the strength of the horse;
He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.” *Bible Version.*
- “He has no pleasure in the strength of a horse;
Neither delighteth he in any man's legs.” *Prayer Book Version.*
- “He values not the warlike steed, but doth his strength disdain:
The nimble foot that swiftly runs, no prize from him can gain.”
Brady and Tates Version.
- “He gives to beasts their food, and to young ravens when they cry;
His pleasure not in strength of horse, nor in man's legs doth lie.”
Sternhold and Hopkins Version.
-

THERE'S for ye, sirs! There's nuts for us to crack. They give you the shells only for your money at the other shop; but here we'll have the kernel.

Here's a bit of divine revelation for us: “The Lord hath no pleasure in the strength of a horse; neither delighteth he in any man's legs.”

What a droll conceit, that God-a'-mighty should have any objection to a man's legs. There must be some understanding in these legs, I guess; and I defy the wit of man to give a better guess why the Bible should be called the Old Testament—that is, the last Will and Testament of God, than that it leaves us a *leg I-see (legacy.)*

And if we but make a right use of the legs, which God hath bequeathed to us, we shall give the clergy such a kick bye and bye as shall not leave them a leg to stand on.

But the new Testament and the Old are so essentially interwoven, that the defects of the ellipsis in the one being to be supplied by the periphrasis of the other, like different translations of

the same original, affords a strength of demonstration as to the significancy and intention, than which nothing which is called demonstration can be more demonstrative.

Thus, in all possible renderings, or translations of this evidently enigmatical portion of the word of God, and it really and truly is the word of God, "The Lord delighteth not in a man's legs; neither hath he pleasure in the strength of a horse;" turn it which way you please, or let it mean whatever in the Devil's name it may mean—it either means nothing, or it means something that smells of the stable. It's a bit of horsemanship; and I'll answer for it, that Mr. DUCROW, at Astley's theatre, could give ye a more rational explanation of it than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There are always to be found in the New Testament characters, analogies, and personifications, which supply the key to the blue chamber of the Old Testament,—the one is said to be typical of the other: and, therefore, the way of interpreting Scripture, which I have uniformly adopted, has been that which Scripture itself proposes. Not handling the word of God deceitfully, as they do, whom the apostle denounces for beguiling unstable souls, but comparing spiritual things with spiritual, and letting God speak his own language, and in his own way, however droll and strange to us that way of his may seem to be. For ye see, my brethren:

"The Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." And, therefore, when his ways seem to us to be strange ways, and his thoughts nonsensical thoughts, it becomes us to submit our wisdom to his folly, and to settle the quarrel with our faith, by concluding at once that *it's a way that he has got*.

As the holy apostle admonisheth us in those holy words, in 1 Corinth. i. 25: "Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

And our own reason must show us, that if the almighty did not occasionally relieve his infinite wisdom from the stretch, by condescending to make a fool of himself occasionally, not only would his infinite wisdom wear out, but we should lose the grandest evidence of the truth of our holy faith, which assures us that God made man in his own image, after his own likeness. So that as—

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit: no man is wise at all times,—so it is not for us erring mortals to arraign our heavenly Father, who offers the Cup of Salvation to our souls, for an occasional symptom of his having been a little bit in his cups himself.

God forbid that I should throw out an irreverential insinuation against his incomprehensible Majesty. But when I find the holy

word so little mincing the matter, as to let it bolt out, that he's downright drunk, I take the very humblest, modest, and most reverential mode of only insinuating that his Omnipotence may be supposed to be capable of an holy indiscretion.'

But not more evident than the state of divine inspiration, when complaining in the language of our text, that "he hath no pleasure in the strength of a horse, neither delighteth he in any man's legs."

But, whatever may be the state of divine inspiration, reason is always sober: and shews the certain etymological fact, that the lover, or delighter in a horse, is expressed in the Greek word *Philippos*, the basis of the name Philip, will, through all the windings of the Cretan Labyrinth, identify this Lord that had no pleasure in the legs of a man, and but little in the strength of a horse, with the holy apostle Philip, the disciple of Christ in the gospel allegory, and the half-man and half-horse of the Zodiac, from whence that allegory was taken.

The Sagittarius of the Zodiac is, as you see, the gloomy genius of November,—a man down to the loins only, and all the lower part a horse—a *man*, therefore, exactly answering to so much of the definition of *the Lord* in the Old Testament, as brings the idea of a man and horse together—that is, a man not having a man's legs, but those of a horse:

A man growing to a horse; and so a *lover of a horse*,—most literally, a Philip.

In the strength of this horse the Lord has no pleasure, and in the legs of a man this horse has no occasion. The Sun is in this constellation in the month of November, during which there is but little pleasure for either man or horse, the sports of hunting, at this season, hardly making amends for the chilly and cheerless prospect of approaching winter.

So it is the chilly and cheerless Apostle Philip of the gospel, who alone, of all the twelve, says to his master, "*Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us,*"—that is, a slight glimpse of the Sun, or a mere sight of him, without feeling much of his heat, will be enough for the gloomy days of November. To which he is answered in the language of a most perfect and scientific allegorical astronomy:

"Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou, then, show us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me—he doth the works. Believe me that I am in the

Father, and the Father in me : or else believe me for the very work's sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you : He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father."—John xiv. 8—12.

If this, then, be a definition of a believer in Christ, and sure it is so, sirs ; if Christ himself is to be believed upon his oath, his twice repeated oath, "Verily, Verily," being in strength of affidavit no less than *By God, By God*. "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do ;"—that is, the man shall beat the master. Where is there a Christian upon earth at this day, who answers to the definition ? or how can a man call himself a believer in Christ, without, by that very pretence, committing the most flagrant blasphemy, making himself superior to Christ, setting himself above Omnipotence, and asserting his possession of superior miraculous powers ?

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." None, then, but the Almighty himself can be a believer.

As Saint Paul instructs us—that the wisdom of God (which is wise enough with the boys and girls) is foolishness with men.

"And if ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say to this Sycamore tree, be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea ; and it should obey you." Then surely, sirs, the pretenders to faith are the most impudent hypocrites that ever insulted reason : for it is as impossible that a man should possess faith, as that he should remove mountains.

"He that believeth in Christ, is one with Christ, and Christ with him. He is in Christ, and Christ in him." And is as much entitled to be believed in, prayed to, adored, and worshipped, as Christ himself ; and, therefore, prove to me that he is a believer in Christ, (if any man on earth can) I'd be quite as ready to worship *him*, as his master.

"Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." So that if a believer in Christ would but take his course through the interior of Africa, he might be the means of fertilizing the whole sandy desert. He that believeth in Christ, "though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever believeth and liveth in him shall never die." Nothing, then, which is mortal, can answer to the definition of a believer in Christ.

There can be no doubt at all that the Holy Apostle, Saint Philip, was a believer in Christ, and by the clue of these definitions, we may effectuate the business of this indagation, which is to find out our man.

And as we have more than a hint that Philip was a great hunter, we cannot follow his holy example better, than by having a good hunt after him,—with this more especial inducement to the chase, that we have been told that Philip had four daughters which did prophesy : so that, by stealing a march upon Saint Philip, we may run a chance of scraping acquaintance with the Misses Philip, and getting our fortunes told.

As we read, in Acts xxi. 9, “of PHILIP, *the Evangelist*, who was one of the Seven—that is, I suppose, one of the seven evangelists, or else one of the seven archangels, or else one of the seven heavens, or else one of the seven summer months, or else one of the seven gates in the Holy City, or else one of the seven Stars in Jesus Christ’s right hand, or else one of the seven eyes in God-a-mighty’s forehead, or else one of the seven golden candlesticks, or else one of the seven planets, or else one of the seven days of the week, or else one of the seven vials of wrath, or else one of the seven seals of prophecy, or else one of the seven gifts of the spirit, or else one of the seven deadly sins, or else one of any of the seven holy or seven unholy things, which we find always so ingeniously contrived to set the brains of religious people in the state that their brains are always found to be in—*i. e.*, all sixes and sevens :

So Philip, the evangelist, was one of the seven *some-things*, or *some-ats*, or, for fear of being “wise above what is written,” we had better be satisfied with knowing that Philip, the evangelist, was one of the seven *thing-i’-me-bobs*,—which, if it be not quite so much information about Saint Philip, the evangelist, as I am in the habit of supplying *my* customers with, God Almighty knows that it’s quite as much as you’ll get for your money at the other shop.

It is something, however, to know, that Philip, the evangelist, was Philip the evangelist : because, if an evangelist means a writer of the gospel, as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the writers of our four gospels are therefore called the four evangelists ; then Philip, the evangelist, is a fifth evangelist, and the gospel, according to Saint Philip, must be of as high authority, and quite as essential to our salvation, as either of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John.

The earliest sect of Christians, called the *Gnostics*, professed to possess a genuine and real gospel, that was actually written by the holy evangelist, Saint Philip ; but, unfortunately, the later sects of Christians, who called themselves Orthodox Christians, said that the gospels which the Gnostics received, were *no-gospels*, and that the *Gnostics* were *no-sticks* ; because they stuck at nothing, and forged their gospels themselves : which, if they did, it only shows

what *sticks* Christians must be, in having no suspicion that others might play the game as well as they.

But of Philip, the evangelist, whatever became of his evangely, we have the most positive information that he "had four daughters, virgins which did prophesy," Acts xxi. 8. I should not wonder if their names were Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. But their prophesying is vexatious: since it shows that we have not only been derived of Philip's gospel; but, between the *sticks in every thing*, and the *sticks at nothing*, we have been done out of the Miss Philips' prophecies: and here has been all this divine inspiration thrown away. Here is infinite wisdom running out at the spigot, and no Cup of Salvation to catch it,—an inspiring God, the mind that rules the universe, in the fountain of all knowledge, throwing away its suggestions as if they were of no more account than the froth in a bottle of ginger beer. Had we been by when the cork was drawn, we might have been sprinkled into salvation. But as it is, alas! No more of the sweet water of life hath flowed down to us than hath served to breed locusts and caterpillars, in the stinking ditches of priestcraft.

Tell them us, that the four gospels are enough, and that we ought to be satisfied with the *prophecies* of their Isaiahs, and Jeremiahs, and Zachariahs, and Zephaniahs, and Jeberechiah's? they lie against the testimony of their own book in so telling us: "For thus saith the Lord God, the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means."

And if it hadn't been to support the craft of the priests, we should never have been curst by their prophets, or evangelists either.

Would we do away with divine revelation altogether? I answer, certainly not, with the Miss Philips' divine revelations: but none but the Miss Philips for us. Let them produce the Miss Philips' prophecies, and they would convert the whole infidel world. For I am as sure as I am of my own existence, that no infidel would ever give the lie to the ladies.

Notwithstanding the positive assertions of Scripture, that Saint Philip had "four daughters, virgins which did not prophesy," we learn from ecclesiastical history (Euseb. lib. 3. c. 30), which never contradicts Scripture, that he had but three daughters, two whereof, Eusebius says, persevered in their virginity; but the other was not quite so persevering. The two old maids, he says, died at *Hierapolis*, that never-to-be-forgotten *Hierapolis*, or Holy City, and Heliopolis, that City of the Sun, in which all these virgins and prophetesses, and evangelists, and saints, and martyrs, come by their saintships, and martyrdoms, and crucifixions, and

executions, so as to leave no account of their having been executed in the calenders of any city or country upon earth.

The other Miss Philip, as we learn from the same Eusebius, "lived a very spiritual life," and died at Ephesus. *Ephesus*, as I have heretofore demonstrated in theological geography, not being any city so called upon earth, but another compartment of that self-same Hierapolis, or Heliopolis.

Of the holy apostle, Saint Philip, all that we learn from our prayer book is, that he goes partners with James the Less, in the religious honours of the chimney-sweeps' holiday, the 1st of May, —when the parsons, for no reason that they could ever tell anybody, tell God Almighty to grant that they, following the steps of his holy apostles, Saint Philip and Saint James, may steadfastly walk in the way that leadeth to eternal life, through the same, his Son Jesus Christ, their Lord, Ammon.

Of all which mystical language, the whole meaning is couched in that last word AMMON, and may be found out by spelling ammon, with a capital G to it.

Of this holy apostle, Saint Philip, all we learn from critical orthography is, that no Jew, or inhabitant of Jerusalem, or Hebrew, if we were to suppose the existence of a Hebrew or Jewish nation, (which I deny), could ever have been called by that name. For Philip is not a Hebrew name; but, like Andrew, Nicodemus, John, Thomas, James, Alexander, Rufus, and many others, of Greek derivation; proving so incidently with ten thousand other proofs, that the original Greek, in a sense which Christian critics never yet had the honesty to contemplate, was the original *indeed*.

The word *Philip*, literally signifying, *lover of a horse*, metaphorically became a name expressive of the character of jockeys, huntsmen, equestrians, farriers, riders.

Horsemen, as we call them to this day, men delighting in the menage, training, and care of that noble animal, *the horse*, than in the care and management of which no man can be wittier or better employed.

But the light of science breaks in here upon the faintly delineated *Philip* of the gospel.

The horseman-like, the God-man of the Christian fable, rides back again into his original site in the Starry Heavens, and the holy apostle, Saint Philip, of an idiotishly-believed fable, is the Sagittarius of astronomical science.

Of the holy apostle, Saint Philip, the holy fable, that is to say, the holy *gospel*, expressly states:—"Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter." John i. 44.

We have already settled our reckonings with Andrew, and Peter, James, John, Thomas, and Judas.

We have already ascertained and demonstrated, even with the accuracy of mathematical demonstration, the precise astronomical positions of Saint Peter, the keeper of heaven gate, at the gate going *into* that heavenly city, and his brother *Andrew*, the keeper of the gate, at the going out of that city. What other, then, could that city of Peter and Andrew be, than the city which lay between the stations Peter and Andrew—that is, as every city must lie, between the gate that leads *into* it, and the gate that leads *out* of it.

That city of Andrew and Peter was also the city of Philip, and also is called *Bethsaida*. But what light reflects the meaning of that word BETHSAIDA, as constituting an exegesis, or further definition of the city of Andrew and Peter? Or, if Philip were a man at all, what the better or worse man should he be for being of *Bethsaida*? Or of what such consequence could it be that we should know that Philip was of Bethsaida, that it should be worthy of divine revelation, divinely to reveal, and to inspire a particular parenthesis, stopping the general tenor of the business of divine revelation, to give us, as it were, a rap on our knuckles—a sort of *mind ye, sirs, now, what you'r about?* Remember, PHILIP WAS OF BETHSAIDA.

Well, what of that? There is so much of that as amounts to another, added to one hundred thousand concurrent demonstrations, that in every text, in every parenthesis, in every phrase of your gospels, there is proof inherent, that they are not true, and never were intended to pass for truth, or for anything more than what they are—that is, a veil thrown over astronomical science, and allegory and fiction merely.

בֵּית צַדָּא (Bet-Tsada), is literally the *house of the hunter*. Here, then, we have the whole enucleation, and ο θημιλπος απο Βηθσαϊδα, *Philip of Bethsaida*, is identified with the lover of the horse, the horse-man, or half man and half horse, in the house or mansion of the hunter, which is the place of the Sagittarius of the Zodiac, and is the city of Andrew and Peter: the Philip of the New Testament being none other than the Nimrod of the old. "*Cash begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth,*"—that is, among the constellations which fall below the Equator, which are called *of the earth*, or *earthy*, as distinguished from the constellations of the northern hemisphere, which are called *heavenly*. And as Nimrod is distinguished in the Genesis as he who "*began to be a mighty one,*" so Philip, the hunter of the gospel fable, has the honour of being the *first* called to be a disciple of Christ. "He

was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Wherefore it is said, "even as Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord." Genesis x. 9.

And here you see, on the celestial globe, is the gloomy genius of *Novem-BER*—that is, the ninth God-Berith,—each of these stations of the heavens deriving its name from its ancient Tsabatism, or *Stag-worship*, whence, in the Phœnician tongue, the word *Beth-Saida*, the house, station, temple, or constellation of the hunter; and, for the whole of them generally, Beth, Baal, Berith, *the temple of the Gods Berith.*—*Bryant's Analysis, Vol. III., p. 210.*

As you read in Judges viii. 33 :—"And it came to pass as soon as Gideon was dead, that the children of Israel turned again, and went a whoring after Baalim, and made Baal Berith their God." על-פרייה לאלהים

God forbid that we should find any fault with the language of divine inspiration; only, on our carnal way of thought, we grown-up folks, cannot help thinking that the Israelites must have been a very forward race of people, when the *children* of Israel went a *W—ing*.

The name of the Gods, Berith in the singular number, *Ber*, is still retained in conjunction with the Latin words, *Septem Octo, Novem, Decem*, in our *Septem Ber, Octo Ber, Novem Ber, Decem Ber*.

We now, I think, begin to ken in what sense this *Novem Ber*, or *Ninth God Berith*, this *Philip*, or *Horse Man*, in *Bethsaida*, the house or station of the hunter, gets the name, in common with others, of *the evangelist*. Acts xxi. 8. "The house of Philip the evangelist,"—an evangelist meaning "a preacher of the gospel," and *to preach the gospel*, meaning, to do what no man on earth ever did, or could do, what none but the twelve apostles, that is, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and the Sun, as shining in and through those signs, could do,—that is, as Christ himself has told you what it is. Luke iv. 19. "*To preach the acceptable YEAR of the Lord*,"—that is, to indicate *time*, and to regulate and point out the beginnings and ends of the months, and seasons of the year.

These, then, are the only preachers of the gospel, the natural *lights* of the world, whose houses or celestial mansions are in that "city set upon a hill," which "cannot be hid," where they are set "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years;" and from the study of which we learn the "*word of the Lord*."

They alone are the believers in Christ, who, "where he is, there are they also."

They alone are the believers who "have everlasting life." They

alone "cast out devils,"—that is, the Diabloloi, or signs which are adverse to them. They alone speak the same science in all the languages of the earth. They alone "drink deadly poison," absorb the putrid exhalations of the earth, and are unhurt. They alone, in annual succession, appear as "in Christ when Christ is *in* them." They alone are so essentially homogeneous with him, that the effects ascribed to him are equally ascribable to them.

"The works which he doth do, they do also : and greater works than these do they do, because he goeth to his father."

He proceeds from sign to sign, by an attraction which keeps him within the range of our Solar System. They are distinctive Suns to Systems of their own, Suns brighter than ours, producing more glorious objects of creation, and lighting up happier worlds through the gallery of immeasurable space.

But I have another Philip for you, which will leave the astronomical identity of this *believer in Christ* beyond all ambiguity. Your last Scriptural Philip is found in Acts ix. 26, where the Angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, "Arise and go toward the South, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

Why, look ye, sirs; these are the very relations of the Philip the Horse-man of the Zodiac. He is literally "going toward the South." He is going *down* from Jerusalem; as almost the whole body of the constellation falls below the tropic of Capricornus, the Goat, his head alone being within the Zodiac; and he goes into Gaza; and

GAZA is the Hebrew for a *goat*; and "Gaza," which is "desert," is none other than a definition of the unfruitful and desolate Decem Ber.

And he preached to the eunuch,—an eunuch literally signifying a "*fine night*,"—the fine and frosty nights of the beginning of winter being the most convenient for astronomical observations.

"*An eunuch, under Candacé, Queen of the Ethiopians*," the most beautiful figure of language that could be conceived for a *fine night, the silver moon, pale regent of the dark ones, being under, or set.*

And he preached, not of the triumphs of the Sun in Summer, but of his humiliation after his having descended below the Scales of September, and therefore having come into the neighborhood of Philip. "In his humiliation," he says, "his judgment was taken away,"—that is, when the Sun comes to the Equator, at the Autumnal foot of the Celestial Arch, he is in *Libra*, the house of judgment, and his effulgence, of course, renders the Stars which constitute the house of judgment invisible. And thus,

"In his humiliation his judgment is taken away."

But mark ye still! Philip, with his *fine night*, rides as they preach.

Eternal God!—an' if here isn't the coach they ride in,—*Charles' Wain*, the Great Northern Bear, on which, with your own eyes, and every night of your lives, you may see the whole heavens riding round in royal pomp, and proclaiming, in one and the self-same demonstration, the everlasting truth of science, and the utter falsehood of the gospel.

But how far did the gentlefolks ride in continuation of their discourse upon the humiliation of Christ?

Why, through the whole remaining winter season, they travelled all through "Gaza, which is desert"—that is, the Goat, which is the constellation of the barren and frosty December, till they come into Aquarius, the constellation of January, which establishes the faith of the "*fair night*,"—that the sun is re-ascending. He cries out, "See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?"* Baptized he is.

"And when they were come *up* out of the water—that is, when the water is at the zenith, just at the moment when it passes the zenith, the horseman, Sagittarius, sinks below the horizon, at the point, *South-west by West*.

The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch, the fine nights, saw him no more. "And he went on his way rejoicing,"—his way being upwards in the course of the Sun, towards the summer months.

But Philip was found at *Azotus*—that is, in Hell, the place of them that go down to the pit, the *unsaved*. In the Pit of Destruction.

And thus, in the theatre of the starry heavens, as well as upon the stage on earth, we find one man in his turn plays many parts: and we can truly say, that whatever they may talk of at the gospel shop, we have here "Good entertainment for man and horse."

* And here, sirs! Could you entertain a doubt if you were to try to do so: that with your definitions established your controversy—Gaza, which is desert—Gaza being the Hebrew for a Goat; the Goat being the sign which the Sun enters when the Earth is shut up in deepest winter, when indeed it is desert: and the name Samson, שמשון—Shemshen, literally signifying the Sun. That Samson carrying away the gates of Gaza, and bearing them on his shoulders up the Hill of Hebron, never meant any thing else than the Sun, dashing his mighty way out of his wintry prison, and bearing the nature which he had borne in December, up the hill which he climbs in his annual course through the Zodiac. And that Christ rising from his Tomb is another version, but not so good a one of the same astronomical allegory.

Our holy evangelist, Saint Philip, has been in turn both king and beggar, both friend and foe, both saint and sinner, both persecuted and persecutor. You may gaze at him as the huntsman ; you may *stag* him for the chase.

He has been Pharaoh, King of Egypt, the horse and his rider, thrown into the sea.

He has been the Joseph of the Patriarchate, whom his brethren threw into the pit.

And here you see him come out of the pit, at the very moment when he has sent Mrs. Potiphar, the scarlet lady, about her business ; and, having reached the meridian, he is Lord of all Egypt, presiding over the corn. The star *Spica Virginis* setting, at that moment, at the point due *west by south*, when the brightest Star in *Sagittarius* is Lord of the Ascendant.

And you will remember that Joseph, among the twelve patriarchs, was not more famous for delivering divine prophecies, than *Sagittarius*, among the twelve signs is, for shooting with a long bow.

But it is only by a laborious effort of painful stupidity, that we can fail of identifying Joseph of the Patriarchate, the Philip of the Apostolate, and the *Sagittarius* of the Zodiac,—when Philip is the only one of the apostles that had a daughter that was a virgin, that Joseph was the only one of the patriarchs that had a daughter that was a virgin once ; with this most singular characteristic, that she was a virgin that ran over the wall. Gen. xlix. 22* And here is Miss Philips, the virgin, tumbling over the wall, heels upwards, and her father running after her, as if endeavouring to keep her a virgin. But how he succeeds in that endeavour, you may guess when you shall observe, that the moment that he gets over the wall, if you look o' th' other side, you will see that Miss Philips is brought to bed of Twins.

Could imagination conceive a more beautiful personification of the genius of B ethsaida, than that which immediately follows this of his run-away daughter : “The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him. But his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.”

As see ye, Sirs ! All the bright and strongly-marked Stars of this constellation, are immediately in the bow, and in the arms and hands of the figure.

What could be more graphically precise ? unless it be the further definition :

* The Latin Vulgate has it “*filia discurrerunt supermorum.*”

"The blessings of the everlasting hills shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of him that was separated from his brethren." Gen. xlix. 26.

It is when the *everlasting hills* which you see here, immediately over the fruitful Scales of September, are come to the meridian, that Sagittarius is seen rising south-east, by east.

Sagittarius is the only one of the signs that literally is separated from his brethren, by falling so much below the tropic of Capricorn.

Joseph is the only one of the Patriarchs that was ever spoken of as standing in any relation to a crown: and the Sagittary is the only one of the signs of the Zodiac in the very same predicament, standing, as you see, in immediate contact with the crown of the south.

Thus, not more accurately drawn on the celestial globe, than in your divine *revelation*, vi. 2. "Behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering and to conquer." So the Philip of the Zodiac rides down to Gaza, which is desert.

So the Philip of the gospel remonstrates: "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us"—that is, a mere sight of the Sun will do for November. And so the frosty Nimrod of the year reigns, as a king over conquered vegetation.

Yet the dying Israel adds: *From thence is the Shepherd, the Stone of Israel*,"—words which defy all faculty of interpretation in any other sense. But clear as the day in this truly magnificent science, Peter is the *Stone*, to whom Christ commits the care of his sheep: and see ye, sirs! It is the coming of Sagittarius to the meridian, that causes the Stone, the Shepherd of Israel, to rise E.N.E. in the horizon; and Sagittarius setting S.W. and W. brings Peter to the meridian. So that from the positions of the one, we find the other, and "from thence is the Stone, the Shepherd of Israel."

This is all we are forced to believe of Philip, because it is contained in that part of ecclesiastical fiction that is called sacred. There is but one further notice of Philip, in that part of ecclesiastical fiction, which, not being forced down our throats, is not sacred.

We are instructed by the bishops of the Church of England in the bishop's book, Nelson's Festivals, page 202, that Philip "in the latter end of his life"—that is, I dare say, when it was getting towards November with him, "came to Hierapolis"—that is, the sacred city again; "and found that sacred city" very much addicted to idolatry.

Why yes, sirs, look ye here, if that sacred city isn't addicted to idolatry, worshipping lambs and rams, and bulls and goats, and lions, and crabs, and lobsters, and mackarel. But says, the bishops' book, the Hierapolites were in those days more particularly addicted to the worship of a *serpent*, or dragon, of "a prodigious bigness." Saint Philip, by his prayers, procured the death, or at least, the *vanishing* (those are the very words of our bishops) of this famous serpent."

But here is Philip, and the prodigiously big serpent too: and Philip, as you see, levels his bow-arrow at the serpent's tail, and by coming to the zenith, literally causes the serpent, *Hydra*, which reaches nearly a third part of the length of the whole city, to vanish out of Hierapolis.

And what did the Hierapolites do to Philip for attacking their God?

There must have been some society for the suppression of vice in the city of Hierapolis, to put down the fellow that was riding the high horse against the established religion of the country.

Why the bishops gravely tell us, that "the magistrates, being provoked by the success Christianity had among the people, put St. Philip into prison."

Why, then, what but solemn thieves, and consecrated swindlers, were they who called in the power of the law to defend their religion, when it could not be defended with argument, and put the man into prison, for ridiculing their folly, and showing them what a system of idiotish ignorance and priestly imposture, this established religion was.

So Philip suffered martyrdom in Hierapolis, where he was, as the bishops would have us to believe, "hanged up by the neck *against* a pillar."

Now, ye know a man cannot be hanged against a pillar,—he can only be hanged upon a pillar, or near it, or by the side of it, or from some beam, or any thing else transverse, or forming an angle with the pillar.

But see, now, how bishops invent gospel. Here actually is the pillar, the great solstitial colure, passing immediately before the nose of Saint Philip: and here is Saint Philip hanging by the neck in the Zodiac; all the rest of his body being below the Zodiac, and immediately against this pillar.

So then, gentlemen, I believe I have left nothing unexplained of this bit of ecclesiastical horsemanship.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

SAINT MATTHEW:

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MAY 19, 1831.

A man, named Mat Thew.—MATTHEW ix. 2.

WELL, what of the man named Mat Thew? Why so much of him, sirs, and no less than affects the merits of the most important question in which man is interested, as is the pivot on which turns the alternative of thine everlasting destiny!

If the profession of the Christian faith were not a system of the grossest hypocrisy, a fashionable villany, a licensed swindle, cheat, and trick, in the keeping of which each religious scoundrel thinks himself authorised in enforcing a seeming and appearance of consent from others which he could never sincerely yield himself, would it be possible that we should see every Christian nose in an instant, as it were, tying itself into a knot of contempt and scorn at the annunciation of any kind of argument that could hang to the tale of a man named Matthew, and shove off all inquiry with its disdainful—

What of the man named Mat Thew? WHAT OF HIM, sirs! *What of him?* Is it come to it, then, that a Christian should thus betray to us his own consciousness of connivance with priestly imposture, and that foul hypocrisy of a false and wicked heart, that will, after lending its countenance to the distraining of the sum of £10,359,560 a year out of the means of a country that starves its own inhabitants to keep up the credit of a story that was told by a man named Matthew; and, after frightening reason from her seat by threatening us with everlasting torment in the

red hot blazes of hell fire and brimstone, if we don't, believe the gospe^l according to the man named Matthew.

And after we exclaim in anxious terror: We will—we will believe it—a thousand times believe it—

Only tell us something about the man who wrote it—

Who was the man named Matthew?

After having thus robbed us, thus terrified, or at least thus insulted us—do they shirk us off at last with a

What of the man named Matthew? What consequence can it be to you to know who the man named Matthew was?

And so their doctrine, after all, is, go to church and chapel, you fools,—listen to the parson, and shut your eyes, and open your mouths, and see what God will send you. What matters it to you who the man Matthew was, or whether he was a man or a horse?

Never was the day, never, in all the tide of time, in which such mighty efforts were made to keep mankind in ignorance; never were any clergy on earth, Pagan or Papistical, so opposed to the diffusion of knowledge, so desperately afraid of it, and so bitterly hostile to it, as the Protestant clergy, both of the established church, and the dissenters of the present day, in this metropolis.

But ask of any one of them, in his public function, the solution of any difficulty, on which your mind's peace may be at stake, in the most respectful manner that you possibly can, the whole congregation will rise in instant alarm to have you forcibly ejected, as if they looked on you as a mad dog broken in among them.

Ask of any one of them in private to relieve your doubt, or satisfy your curiosity, you would instantly be disdained as an insolent and offensive intruder, or remanded to such satisfaction as you might derive from listening to their public officiation.

But one institution exists in the whole country, where any respectful question, which any well-meaning man might wish to put, would instantly be answered, with critical and scientific truth, freed from all embargo, and that one institution is in danger of being shut up for want of means to pay its rent; and the critical and scientific lecturer there, the only honest and faithful expounder of the mysteries of theology in the kingdom, is in danger of being shut up, for his honesty and his faithfulness, within the dreadful walls of Horsemonger-lane gaol.

And so, sirs, will this tax-burthened and priest-ridden country, from age to age, continue to pay its millions upon millions a-year.

So will the millions of our fellow men in Ireland continue,

from year to year, in contented wretchedness, to whine to us like hogs that cannot help themselves, for potatoes; to pine, starve, and die like dogs in ditches; to keep up the pompous sanctity of a set of reverend knaves in preaching to us their Matthew's gospel, not one of whom could ever tell us who the man Matthew was, or would give us any more satisfactory relief of our curiosity than such as amounted to a virtual "damn your impudence for wanting to know." And that's quite as much knowledge as was ever promoted by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

But we'll know something about the man named Mat Thew; or, what will do as well, we'll know the reason why we know nothing about the man named Mat Thew.

So let the slaves of priestcraft, the gudgeons, flatfish, and blind eels, that they catch in the gospel net, swim down the ditch of faith into the cesspool of insanity. But here we shall blaspheme and be rational. We must know something about the man named Matthew. We must know all about him.

And for this reason, sirs (and if you cannot bear the reason you must go to the other shop), that we hold that when a man has got the credit of having written a gospel, which we are bound to take for gospel, under peril of eternal damnation, the man who would leave any stone unturned in the way of picking all possible acquaintance with him, would be a fool.

Now the first place or passage in any writing, book, or part of any book, or record, profane or sacred, history or romance in which the name of the man named Matthew occurs, is in our text, this same ninth verse of the ninth chapter of what is called "The Gospel according to St. Matthew."

And here it occurs in the accusative case, *Mat θαιον*, governed by the verb *είδεν*, *he saw*, and in conjunction with the noun under the same grammatical government, *ανθρωπον*, which is translated, *a man*, that word, so translated, attracting its participial adjectives, *καθημενον*, sitting,—that is, *a man sitting*, and *λεγομενον*, named, or, more literally, called,—thus throwing up so much information as *a man sitting Mat Thew*, with the further predication of what he was sitting *on*, or *at*—that is, his chair or table—*επι το τελωνιον*, which the best Latin versions render *sedentem in Telonio*, which in English should be "*sitting in a TELONIUM*;" and which, for all that can be shown to the contrary, might mean sitting in a wheelbarrow; but which our English translators, taking an audacious liberty with the sacred text, instead of confining themselves to the business of translation merely, have presumed to interpret for us, which they had no right to do; they have added

to the text the gloss of their own impudence, and rendered what should have been *sitting in a telonium*, in the long periphrasis, *sitting at the receipt of customs*.

The variation may seem but trifling to uncritical and uncurious baalams of the gospel that can swallow any thing, but to us, who would not handle the word of God deceitfully and I sincerely hold this to be the word of God, it makes no less difference than that of turning it into the word of the Devil.

As the text stands in our English Testaments, "And as Jesus passed forth from thence, he saw a man, named Matthew, sitting at the receipt of customs, and he saith unto him, 'follow me;' and he arose and followed him."

It's a downright falsehood. There is not a word in the original to signify that Matthew was in the receipt of anything, when he obeyed the command of Jesus, and arose and followed him; and supposing Matthew to have been a Jew, as they tell us that he was, it is an attempt to palm on us a greater miracle than the resurrection of Christ himself; for who ever heard of a Jew who would leave his business at the call of either God or man, when there was any thing to be received!

If a Jew had ever obeyed the call of Jesus, we may be sure it must have been because he was *not* at the receipt of custom, and because no better customer than Jesus was likely to call at his shop.

Sooner might they persuade us that the moon was made of a green cheese, than that there was ever a disciple of *Moshesh*, who would leave an opportunity of fingering a sixpence, for a sackful of Christian Salvation.

Besides, the derivative meaning given by Christian interpreters, to the name Matthew, signifies GIVEN, or a REWARD, which, if it signifies anything, should signify that the man named Matthew would do nothing but what he would take care to be rewarded for.

And if the *Telonium* meant the place, as they tell us, in which Matthew sat as a custom-house officer, appointed under government to receive the customs and charges of freightage of the cockboats that sailed on the Galilean puddle, his leaving his masters' employment, and betraying his trust, at the bidding of the first thief that bid him do so, only shows what an unprincipled scoundrel the man called Mat Thew must have been, and should make us rather wish that such a villain might be found to be no relation to the gentleman who wrote the gospel according to Saint Matthew, than that we should guess them into one and the same person.

And sure, sirs, there is no instance in any rational construction of language among men, in which any author of a treatise so anni-

hilated his own memory of his own person, and was so utterly beside himself, as to introduce his own name and character into his treatise, in such a way as this man named Matthew has done, if this Matthew was the same as the Matthew to whom the Gospel according to Saint Matthew was ascribed.

With as much reason might they fix on any other name introduced in the course of the gospel, as the name of its author, as that of the man named Matthew ; as I might fix on the name of Belzebub, which occurs in this gospel, and call it the Gospel according to Saint Belzebub, which "they upon the adverse faction" would find as much labour to disprove as ever they could impose on us to prove that it was *not* the composition of their runaway custom-house officer.

Neither is the term which our English renders *a man*, in the phrase, *a man named Mat Thew*, *ανδρα*, which would have been literally *a man*, and which is the term invariably used, when nothing more than an ordinary and proper *man* is intended, but it is *αμβρωπον*, which is the figurative and complimentary term for *a man*, literally signifying something *whose face is upward*, a *looker up*.

Do I mean, then, to question whether a man named Mat Thew was really a man? I answer, yes! that's exactly what I do mean to question: and for this reason, because there is nothing in evidence to show but that he might have been a horse. And none but a fool would ever go before his horse to market.

To all-gulphing and never-chewing Christians, who, while they treat the holy scriptures with the utmost contempt and indifference themselves, call us blasphemers for showing them a higher respect than they know how to show, this might appear as mere badinage, and the starting a difficulty and doubt as to whether so simple a phrase as a man named Mat Thew really means "A MAN named Mat Thew," might look like chicaning rather than reasoning. But not so fast! the grounds and reasons for that doubt are the very strongest on which ever doubt was founded.

For who could have a right to be absolutely sure that *a man* means *a man* in the language of that mysterious book in which he is obliged to admit that the SON OF MAN does not mean *the Son of a Man*, Christ being always called *υιος ανθρωπου*, never *υιος ανδρος*—that is, always the Son of Man in the figurative term for man, never the Son of Man in the literal one, as most certainly in that sense he was never *the Son of a Man*.

But not only was the Son of Man not the Son of Man, but the Son of Man was not a Man at all; the holy scriptures most em-

phatically admonishing us, that he was only "found in fashion as a man." Philip ii. 8; that only being one of his fashions which very soon went out of fashion, as in Mat. xvi. 13. You will find that "when he was come into the coast of Cæsarea (that is to say, *seize him here*) Philippi, (of Philip, the lover of a horse)—it was a question, that flesh and blood could not settle, whether he was a man or horse. And so at Cæsarea Philippi, no where else, and at no other time, but when he was come to *Cæsarea Philippi*. Why at *Cæsarea Philippi*? Eternal God! we'll meet him at Philippi! There he proposes the avowed problem, "Whom say they that I the Son of Man am?" And one guesses that the Son of Man is *Elias*—that is *HELIOS*, the Sun itself; another guesses that he is John the Baptist—that is the constellation of Aquarius, the Water Bearer; another guesses that he is one of the planets; at last another guesses that the Son of Man is the Son of God, and that's the solution of the conundrum.

It is evident, upon this solution, that the word *man* is synonymous with *God*. The man named Mat Thew may therefore mean the God named Mat Thew. And this is the only proof that the clergy themselves could ever adduce, for calling the word of Mat Thew the word of God. For Matthew is not one word, as it is deceitfully represented to be, but two: and two of entirely distinct significancy,—*Mat* being the individual name, and *THEW* the family name.

So that whatever the *MAT* means, we may wipe our feet upon the mat. But the *THEW* betrays to us, that "*The man named Mat Thew,*" most certainly was no man at all. *THEUTH* being the name of the Chief or Supreme God of the Egyptian.

From the Egyptian word *THEUTH*, dropping the cacophony produced by a repetition of the Θ , or *TH*, at the end, which is paragogic merely, as the word was variously spelt, the Greeks formed their name for the Supreme God Θ *THEOS*, which is the basis of our English words *theology*, and *theological*. In the Doric dialect of the Greek, this *Theos* would be spelt and written *Thaios*, which is precisely the word added to the word *Mat*, in the *Mat Thaios* of the Greek Testament.

In the *Æolic* dialect of the Greek, which was the basis of the Latin tongue, *THEOS* became *DEUS*: as in our English coinage, *Deus* is the sum of all we have to say about the *Deity*.

Plato, in his treatise, named *Philibus*, mentions *Theuth*, the Supreme God of Egypt. He was looked upon as a great benefactor, and the first cultivator of the vine, as is expressed in that pretty hexameter:

Πρῶτος θεὸς εἶδεν δρεπανὴν ἐπὶ ζῶτρυν ἀγείρειν.

Thoth first taught how to apply the pruning knife to the vine branch.

He was supposed to have invented letters : if so, he certainly invented the two best inventions that ever were invented, that is to say, good learning, of which I have enough, and good drinking, of which I have not enough. (*Drinks.*)

Suidas calls him Theus ; and says that he was the same as Arez, which was the name of the God Mars, from whom our English word for the rough and blustering month of March, and the Latin name *ARIES*, the Ram.

So that there's no knowing whether the *man*, named *MAT THEW*, may not turn out to be a beast at last.

But it may be asked, how could a brute beast write a gospel? That's soon answered :—

A brute beast could quite as easily write a gospel as a rational man could believe one.

And sure, sirs, 'tis monstrous that any man who believes that Baalam's ass could preach a sermon, should doubt that any ass in the world might write the text for it. Nothing is impossible to God.

And that there really was something of the beast in the character of the man named Matthew, or something very beastly about him, I appeal to the highest authority in this metropolis, even as high as the top of Saint Paul's Cathedral, on the western pediment of which, you will see the man, named Matthew, in company with one of the savagest looking wild beasts of all that you ever saw in Pidcock's Menagerie.

They say, *Pares cum paribus facillime congregantur. Birds of a feather flock together*, and it may be so with beasts.

But this is certain, however cruel you may take Mat Thew's lion to be, Matthew himself has a heart of stone.

God Almighty, they say, says, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of any thing that is in Heaven above, or in the Earth beneath, nor in the water under the Earth." (*Like a School-boy.*)

But the contempt of the Christian clergy for any commandment of God, is as huge as Saint Paul's Cathedral.

So there stand the graven images, in as naked impudence as the Venuses, and Tam-o'-Shanters, and Souter Johnnies, on the Italians' head-boards, as they cry, "*Combien pour cela, Monsieur?*"

But is there no authority for this apparent idolatry? Yes, the authority of every cathedral or decorated church in Christendom,

the authority of a thousand altar-pieces of God, in immediate juxtaposition with this violated commandment. The authority of all the ornamented title-pages of the Bible itself, every representation you ever saw, or that ever existed, in which the *man, named Matthew*, was represented, never failed to represent a lion, as a co-essential and inseparable part of that representation.

The man named Matthew has something to do with the beast. But whether it was the man or the beast that wrote the gospel can only be guessed at on the strong presumption that it was the beast that wrote it, implied in its not being called the gospel of Matthew, or *by* Matthew, as it would have been, had the man named Mat Thew wrote it: but ACCORDING to Mat Thew: that word *according* being composed of the Latin word *COR*, cordis, the heart—that is, agreeably or answering to the heart.

Now if the gospel had been agreeably to the man's heart, and not answered exactly to the lion's heart,—the lion, as being the king of the beasts, like all other kings that beasts are subject to, would have torn the man to pieces.

Nor would Mat Thew's gospel be of any authority whatever among rational men, if it were not supported by the authority of the royal beasts. And that's the reason why, if a man speak his mind too freely against the gospel according to Saint Mat Thew, the Devil-a-bit does Mat care about it. But the lion begins to roar, and the jackalls of the gospel, that are always the lion's providers, will swear that you said it against the peace of their Sovereign Lord the King, his Crown and Dignity: and you may reckon it as a bit of the Devil's own luck if you don't get cast into the lion's den.

Never would mankind have believed in Matthew's gospel, if they had not been frightened out of their wits by Matthew's lion.

But there are three other gospel-mongers, or evangelists, as well as the Anthrope Mat Thew, to whose loving kindness we are equally indebted.

There is Saint Mark, with his little Devil, to remind us of the characteristic genius of his gospel, "*He that believeth not shall be damned.*"

There is Luke, with his mad bull, ready to gore us into salvation: and

There is John, with his eagle, to pluck out the eyes of our reason.

And each of these monsters, or holy evangelists, as you observe, has a royal nature in it—that is, something indescribably mischievous, savage, and destructive: the lion, being the king among wild beasts; the bull, the king over tame animals; the eagle, the

king of things "in Heaven above;" and the Devil, or Man-devil, the king of things "in the Earth beneath."

Well, then, may we pray to these royal beasts, or beastly kings, and especially I, who, with the eye of faith, do see them, as it were, on the spring, to lock me in their infernal embraces.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Spare the bed which I lie on."

The royal savages are all but ready to murder us in our sleep.

Their myrmidons are breathing vengeance upon me, for only having made a joke or two against the Holy Scriptures. Because my jokes set my fellow-creatures a laughing: whereas, their jokes have never been laughing matters. And they are for coming the old joke, which they played off upon me, when they clapt me into Oakham Gaol, and then sent the chaplain of the prison to tell me to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made me free."

And then, having seen the action entered against me, and seen me entered for the endurance of the most cruel persecution their power can inflict, they'll come their other joke of entering their protest against all sorts of persecution, and assuring me that Christianity allows of no persecution, while not a drop of water to cool the martyr's tongue, not a drop of oil on the tip of a feather to ease the cracking of the hinges, and the impetuous recoil and jarring sound of their iron bars upon his wounded ears, will the whole body of the clergy be able to afford him out of their tiny annuity of 10,359,560*l.* a year.

When I lay in Oakham Gaol, the Bishop of Norwich, the most liberal of the whole Bench of Bishops, sent me word, that he was sorry for me; but that was all he sent.

There was a joke for ye, sirs, or rather, joke for me; that was a bishop's joke.

And all, ye see, to keep in their own hands the exclusive privilege of communicating what they call Christian knowledge, and teaching the meaning of the holy scriptures.

And you are to give your preachers of the gospel credit for being able to teach you the meaning of the reading of the book, when you see that those preachers don't themselves know the meaning of the pictures. The best part of every book in the world is the pictures. Even a sensible child might put your folly to the blush, if he saw you so inveterate a fool as to fancy that you could understand the meaning of the book, when you did not understand the meaning of the pictures. The pictures, sirs, the pictures!

Not till the days of the interference of our Protestant and Dissenterian preachers in the publication and circulation of Bibles and Testaments, was an authorised edition of the four gospels ever put forth, without presenting an equally authorised representation of the four evangelists with the four royal beasts by which they are respectively distinguished,—the lion, for Matthew ; the angel, for Mark ; the bull, for Luke ; and the eagle, for John. But the Protestant priests, the most deceitful of all deceivers of the people beginning to fear that the people might acquire wit enough to ask for the meaning of those four royal beasts, have swindled away the old title-page, and substituted one with only two royal beasts in it.

‘The lion and the unicorn, a fighting for the crown.’

And God grant that they may fight for it, till they kill each other, and so not a single royal beast be left to worry our lives out for the sake of keeping up his crown and dignity.

But now for what your Protestant priests never dared to trust you with, or never knew themselves, the meaning of all this.

Refuse to think that what I offer you is sooth and truth, as long as ye can refuse to think so. Withhold your assent as long as ye can withhold it. Only lend me your attention, and you shall lend me nothing else : I will not borrow your conviction, nor pay it ye back again. I will steal it, and keep it for ever. Thus, sirs.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, whoever or whatever they were, *were divinely inspired*. Very well, I suppose they were so. And if they were, they must have had something in them not common to the nature of man. The divine light shone in them in a very peculiar manner.

But if the divine light shone in them, the divine light must have been less light than the light of the kitchen grease in the paper lanthorn that illuminates the edge of a Billingsgate sprat-basket. if it hadn't shone in the wild-beasts as well as the wild evangelists.

But if it was the understandings only of the evangelists that were illuminated, the Devil's in it if the four-footed beast has not twice the understanding of a two-legged beast to be illuminated.

And if it be urged that light is only of use to those who have eyes to see with : why, then, the more eyes any thing has, the more light it must want. Now, the four evangelists laboured under the misfortune of having but one single pair of eyes a-piece, and those little better than buried alive in their foreheads ; but

the four beasts with whom they are invariably attended, are described in the 4th of Revelations, as being full of eyes, before and behind, so that they could see with their tails : and not only were they full of eyes before and behind, but it is added, *they were full of eyes WITHIN.*"

A most wonderful provision that against their catching the cholera morbus ; for the moment they felt they didn't know how, they had only to *look* at their own tripes to *see* what was the matter with them.

That they are the very same beasts as those which ever accompany the four evangelists, is defined in the sacred text, with the accuracy of natural history. "The first beast," says the holy apostle, "was like a lion ; and the second beast like a calf ; and the third beast had a face as a man ; and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle."—Rev. iv. 7. And these four beasts were not merely before the throne of God, or round about the throne of God ; but they were in the midst of the throne, where none could be but God—that is, they were none other than God himself—that is, the *All-seeing God*, who having to see all things, must of course have employment enough for all his eyes ; and, indeed, for a few more, in order to let some of them get a wink of sleep, while the others are on duty. But as it is, the holy apostle says, "they rest not day nor night."

Come, then, bright science, from thy starry throne, and enable us to rescue the spell-bound reason of men from the accursed bondage of those priestly thieves who preach a gospel to their choused hearers, which they never believe themselves, which not one of them dared trust himself to defend by argument before rational men, and which is only kept up in a mockery of respect by the terror of their prisons, the pomp of their priests, and the bayonets of their soldiers.

Here, sirs, are Mat Thew, Mark, Luke, and John, answering to every one of the predications of the four evangelists, not excepting one, or leaving a defect of demonstration for chicane to hang a doubt on.

Here are the four royal stars, as they were through eternal ages of by-gone time, located in the visible heavens, to mark the place which the Sun nears or approaches, as he annually divides to us the four seasons of the year.

Saints they were called, and *Saints* really they are, that name signifying, as its derivation betrays, *Suns*, as each of the fixed Stars is a Sun ; and which the circular halo of rays, with which the heads of their effigies were surrounded, expressly acknowledged ; evangelists they were, because their office was "to preach

the acceptable year of the Lord," and to mark the predicament of EVAN—that is, of Bacchus, the Sun, through the four seasons.

FOUR they are, because there are but four seasons of the year, over which these four royal Stars preside.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, they are names never found in the language of any Jewish nation upon earth : but betraying in their derivation the most accurate description of the four royal Stars.

Regulus, which is Saint Matthew, or Cor Leonis, the heart of the lion, which the Sun enters about the 2d of July, and leaves about the 23d of August, when the earth begins to give her fruits ; and thence this Star gets the name of Saint Mat Thew, which is, most literally, the *Sun, the gift, the God*, the most expressive designation of the Sun's bounty, and of the heat at that season. And here is Matthew, not only with his lion, but in his lion, the very heart of the lion. And here is the beast in the throne of God, and see if he is not full of eyes, before and behind. He has got an eye in his tail, Daneb, and the eye within him, which is his heart itself ; and these eyes never sleep, they rest not day nor night.

Formalhaut, in the Fishes' mouth, Jonah in the whale's belly, swallowing the water which is effused from the urn of the Aquarius of January, is the Saint Mark.

That word *Marcus* literally signifying the *polite* or shining one, the most beautiful definition you could invent for the shining Formalhaut, who is the only one of the four whose accompanying genius is a human being, Marcus being believed to have composed his gospel under the dictation of Saint Peter : and here, sirs, is Peter, pouring it forth, and Mark swallowing it, as fast as he can swallow ; and I need not tell you that there's a good deal for him to swallow.

Aldebaran is the bull's eye, the unequivocal elymon, both of the name and symbol of St. Luke, with his bull.

The word Luke, literally signifying *the luminous*, the very term than which you could find no other to express the magnificent red-looking Star, which you see a little above, and westward of Orion, and which you have never looked at the Stars in your lives, nor, I guess, at any thing else, if you have *not* seen, and which the Sun is directly upon, about the 28th of May.

ANTARES, in the Scorpion, which the Sun is directly upon, on the 29th of November, is Saint John : that I, the *One ; Own*, the Being ; ES, the Fire : this being the brightest of them all, the disciple which Jesus loved,—*que les Romains appellaient Paricilienne*.

The colour, the apparent sizes, the geometrical figures which these four stars of the first magnitude presented to the eyes of the first observers of nature, and would present to us still, had not our Christian priests, in a moral sense, put out the eyes of the people; but, above all, their neighbourhood to the Equinoctial and Solstitial points, caused them to be marked as fixed points from which to measure and determine the progressive march of the Sun, of the Moon, and the five other moveable Stars, or Planets; and, consequently, of the time of the year, of the seasons, and in necessary association, of the progress of vegetation, of heat and cold, of winds and tempests, and thus entirely of all the phœnomena of nature, to be developed in the revolution of "the acceptable year of the Lord."

These four royal Stars, therefore, could not have failed of attracting observance, in every age, in every country, where man had been capable of observance, wherever "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night, had been observed." They could not have failed of being observed as the authors of divine knowledge to man. They could not have failed of being worshipped by all the worshippers of the hosts of Heaven, as they are, at this day in the Church of Rome, with a worship only secondary to that of EVAN—that is, Christ, Bacchus himself. They could not have been honoured with any honour heterogene to that of the four holy evangelists. They could not have been named with names more expressive of their appearance and relations than

Mat Thew, the giving God.

Marc, the polished.

Luke, the resplendent.

John, the Fiery

Regulus, the Little King.

For-mal-haut, the Arabic for the Fishes' Mouth.

Aldebaran, the Arabic for the Bull's Eye: and

Antares, the Scorpion's Heart:

Which are their names upon the celestial globe, are absolutely less expressive than the names Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Two of them—*i. e.*, the Stars Luke and John, are red: and the other two, Matthew and Mark, are white or pale-looking Stars.

And they are placed in such opposition to each other, that when one of the red ones is at the meridian, the other is its direct antipode in the middle of its course under the earth. So with the white ones.

The two, Luke and John, are placed near the colure of the Equinoxes, and were considered as the sentinels who kept guard, separating the long days from the long nights.

The two, Matthew and Mark—*i. e.* Regulus and Formalhaut, guarded the limits of the Suns highest and lowest parallel of declination, Summer and Winter.

As Matthew's is the longest, and Mark's the shortest gospel, Luke's and John's, like Spring and Autumn, are about of an equal length.

Saints they are, that name literally signifying what the rays round their heads pictorially signify : they are Suns.

Now, sirs, with our most certain historical knowledge, seconding these astronomical demonstrations. 1st. That the Bishops of the Egyptian Idol *Serapis*, in the time of the Emperor Adrian, were called *Bishops of Christ*. 2d. That the sign or sacred symbol of that idol was *the sign of the Cross*—that is, in the processions or religious marches of these astronomical priests, there were carried certain sacred *spells*, or holy books, which detailed the history of the Sun in his annual revolution, under the allegory of *a crucified man*, whose name was *JESUS*: and that the number of those books was *four*: and that the name of those books was none other than the equivalent of *the four gospels*: and that the authority to which they were ascribed, was none other than that of *the four evangelists*.

And that for making these magnificent discoveries to an insulted people, your Christian gospel preachers, unable to find a man among them that can answer me, like Moses in the Exodus, are looking this way and that way for their opportunity to "smite me in the back, and bury me in the sand," to huddle me off the stage of public observance into the dark cells of their Horsemonger-lane Gaol.

I have but one argument with ye: if there dwells a noble nature in ye, let 'em not do it!

END OF THE DISCOURSE ON SAINT MATTHEW.

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

“AND A BONNIE PULPIT IT IS.”—*Allan Cunningham.*

THE REDEEMER:

A SERMON,

PREACHED BY HIS HIGHNESS'S CHAPLAIN, THE REV.
ROBERT TAYLOR, B. A.

AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS-ROAD, MAY 1, 1831.

“*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth. And though after my Skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.*”—JOB XIX. 25.

“*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*” saith the holy Job. And I know so too: nor does their breathe on earth a man who hath higher respect for the text of his sacred passage, or a firmer conviction of the truth that it contains, than he, whom professing Christians designate as *the Devil's Chaplain*; and whom the Society for the Suppression of Vice have branded as *a wicked and evil-disposed person*.

What, then, is the cause of the difference between us, if I respect the Scriptures as much as they do. This it is: they respect them, because they know nothing about them; I respect them, because I know all about them: They, like the devils, believe and tremble at them: I, like a rational man, understand and laugh at them.

What, then, is the difference, 'twixt their faith and mine?

Theirs bids them lift their dagger to my throat. Mine doth forgive the wrong, and bids them hear me. Only hear me,—e'en upon no other covenant than the challenge. *Strike, but hear me!* And if they would only hear me, the fault should all be mine it

they struck at all. If they would only hear me, I have a magic that would unnerve the uplifted arm; I could put a spell upon them, of power to tame the savage breast, to soften rocks and bend the gnarled oak.

Of the thousands and tens of thousands who rail against me and persecute me, by forbidding all friends of theirs to become friends of mine—the most cruel mode of persecution—how many are there, who ever exchanged a single word with me?

I have no enemy on earth who hears me. All I complain of is, of being hated, because unknown; and condemned, because unheard. Of the whole body of the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, whose subscriptions supply the fund, which in the event of their success, is to buy away my property, my good name, my liberty, and all that is dear to a good man, how many are there, who have once so much as heard me, or read my writings, or could with honour say that of their own knowledge they knew me to be such a man as ought to be punished,—as ought not to be allowed to enjoy his life and liberty. Not one of them, sirs,—not one.

And this, sirs, is what the Society for the Suppression of Vice—that is, the Bishops, Archdeacons, Reverend Rectors, and Vicars, Right Honourable Lords, and Honourable Baronets, who constitute the Society, called *Justice*. They club together out of their enormous wealth to supply the fund, with which to buy up the testimony of the dirty thieves that will, for money, swear them any thing, and to pay the dirty counsel, that will, for money, plead them any thing, to crush a solitary unsupported individual, whose only means of subsistence is his intellectual labour,—whose only claim to distinction is his hard-earned learning, whose only riches is the good esteem which he hath earned in the judgments of all good men.

And like the wolf that only wanted to play with the kid, if he would but come down from the shed, and to tickle him under the throat a little bit, just no more than to make him squeak, and to show him how far they are from any thing like a vindictive spirit, and how entirely their gospel forbids any thing like persecutions for religious opinions: they will persuade the jury that they may be safely trusted with the power which an adverse verdict would give them, for *God forbid*, and *far be it from them*, and *all the rest on't*, that they should seek any further object than the mere suppression of an intolerable nuisance, and that the defendant be for mere form sake fined *five shillings*, reprimanded by the court, and discharged.

They have no ill will against the defendant as an individual: they have no desire to suppress the free and uncontrolled discussion

of any opinions whatever : they are as far from a spirit of bigotry and intolerance as the sun's disk from darkness.

Till they choused and cheated jury, giving them credit for all these liberal professions, and thinking that the punishment of so trifling a sentence, even if it should not be exactly just to the defendant, less than the inconvenience of being shut up all night to themselves, will heedlessly and idly pronounce the fatal verdict, that will bring the poor kid down from the sheltering shed, to the proof of the sincerity of their wolfish pretensions.

Then, when they shall have got the verdict, then like the city sledge hammer, will they come down with vengeance, then will the wolves show their teeth, the aspect of things will be altered, then the mere *five shilling fine*, which might have been all the punishment which the jury had meditated, will be turned into the forfeiture of 1,000*l.* as part of the sentence passed on him, upon his last conviction, 500*l.* of which must be taken out of the pockets of the best and dearest friends he ever had on earth, and so wound him through them.

And what sort of a wound *that* must be, I put it to the feelings of every man in this assembly, who ever had such friends, or was worthy to have them, to feel for him.

Then, too, it will be remembered, that laws are of no avail if they are never to be put into execution : and the law expressly awards, that the punishment for blasphemy, upon a second conviction, shall be *transportation* for life.

The Court, however, always tempering Justice with Mercy, and yielding to the earnest solicitations of the prosecutors themselves, to whom the defendant ought to feel himself infinitely indebted, will insist on no more than the payment of the fine of the thousand pounds incurred upon the previous conviction, and which they know that it is absolutely impossible that it should be paid. And to be further imprisoned, till—till e'en as long as they please.

Go, Christian, go and smell the sweet and wholesome air, of which God hath given the free enjoyment to every thing that breathes, and then say, by God and by his everlasting truth and mercy, who are the *wicked and evil-disposed persons*,—the Society for the Suppression of Vice who seek to deprive him of that precious right,—or the man, of whom not a single member of that society can show that he ever did a wrong to any man.

But the clergy, the patrons of this Society, say of him, as their prototypes, the chief priests and pharisees of the gospel said of Christ, he hath spoken blasphemy, and in the most literal analogy to the type of the gospel, the chief priests, the clergy, and the church patrons of this Persecution Society, act from the back

ground ; they strike from behind a screen, not bringing the accusation directly in their own persons, but hiring and suborning two false witnesses, to report something that he had said, which they did not understand, and did not wish to understand, and which, being reported, without any notice of what was said before or after, or in what relevancy, or to what end, might have the same appearance of strangeness and wildness, as if he had said, "*Destroy this temple, and in three days I will build it up again.*"

And his discourses, of which all men of science and learning who have ever heard them, have ever acknowledged to be most truly learned, and most demonstratively scientific, have been served up to his persecutors, in Lincoln's Inn, who will handle them with just as much criticism, and just as much ability and disposition to understand them, as might be expected for the diagrams of Euclid, when submitted to the criticism of that most genuine House of Lords, a pig-stye.

I have been engaged in enucleating the bright gems of science, hid in the shell of religious allegory.

The splendour of those illustrations begins to flash into the dark caverns of priestly wickedness : and the priests, purposely averting their eyes from the light, have set their dogs at me ; as well knowing, that though the light cannot be refuted, it may be extinguished ; though they cannot answer their opponent, they can destroy him.

I return, as well as I can, to the business which the text more immediately propounds, in the illustration of which I hope to add another to the thousand proofs that the world possesses, that the prosecution against me is really none other than the war of barbarous ignorance, and cruel fanaticism, against intelligence and virtue. Another effort (may it be the last !) of priestly villainy to prevent the diffusion of knowledge, and to perpetuate the reign of superstition and madness among men.

Independently of the sublime astronomical science, veiled under the allegory of a crucified Saviour, the allegory discovers, in innumerable episodes and underplots, subordinate to the main design, an earnest effort on the part of the allegorists to attach a *moral* corollary to their gospel.

But unfortunately, the *moral* of the story has ever been that part of it which Christians, in all ages, have been, of all men in the world, least disposed to attend to.

So that it is hard to say whether the science of the gospel has been more above their understandings, or its moral, opposed to their conduct.

No sooner was believing the gross sense of the dead and deadly letter of the text of the New Testament, substituted in the place of a critical and philosophical understanding of its spirit and intention, than a fierce and furious zeal for the gospel was allowed to supersede all necessity of obedience to its moral inference.

The moral detail, drawn out on the scientific ground-work of the natural phœnomena of "*the acceptable year of the Lord,*" the allegorised history of the Sun, exhibited to the perceptions of the wise, the wrongs and sorrows, which *the principle of reason* would have to undergo, ere it would come to triumph, as ultimately it will, over barbarous ignorance and sanctified malignity.

The *principle of reason*, the Logos, science, or truth itself personified, is the *Jesus* of the fable: the representatives of barbarous ignorance are the Jewish rabblement, the religious church and chapel-going villains, egged on by their priests and preachers, and Methodist parsons, to cry out against him, they know not wherefore; and to hate him, for they know not what.

The chief priests and elders, and all the council, seeking for false witness against him (and very easily finding it, be sure on't), are the *Society for the Suppression of Vice*, with the clergy and dignitaries of the church at their head, not acting openly and above board, but in council, and secret cabal, employing their wealth to defray the expenses of the prosecution, and urging on the black-guard *people of God* to cry *crucify him! crucify him!* and to the reasonable question, "Why, what evil hath he done?" to cry out so much the more, *Let him be crucified.* So that when the deed shall have been done, each particular reverend and right reverend may still be able to lay claim to the praise of setting his face against all sorts of persecution, and to say, like the Scottish murderer to the ghost of Banquo:

"Thou canst not say I did it."

It is obvious, then, to all impartial criticisms, that the gospels, though their details are various, and their particular incidents wholly irreconcilable with each other, are not in the least degree false or contradictory, because the *detail* and the *incidents* are no essentialities of it.

The moral is wholly unaffected, however the circumstances of the allegory may be varied.

The only line of truth to be observed, and which is not, and may not be compromised, is, that in whatever way, and by whatever means, it is always ignorance and prejudice that seek the

destruction of learning and virtue ; it is always the self-interested and the crafty who excite that prejudice, and endeavour to perpetuate that ignorance.

From which the moral is, to the good and the wise, that they should learn to meet with fortitude, to bear with patience, and to forgive with boundless philanthropy, the persecutions and wrongs, from which perfection itself could not be exempted.

The admonition to the less learned and less wise (O that they would take it in good part !) is, how little they should trust themselves to be ruled by priests, and how the man whom their priests have delivered over to their prejudice, might, if they had but done themselves the justice to inquire into his character, prove to be their best and greatest benefactor. This is really the moral of the gospel. But in the *main* design of sacred writ, the scope and interpretation is entirely a matter of *science*, and the *moral* only contingent, as a moral might attach to the game of chess, or to a problem in Euclid, in which the moral ideas of precision and accuracy, of method in conduct, of order, of justice, of truth, cannot be separated from our observance of the beauty we perceive, and the pleasure we derive, in the accuracy of the scientific demonstration.

The text—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c., is of this entirely scientific character, and the *moral* corollary, no part of the proposition itself, is nothing more than an inference as to the pleasures of hope in *any* object, and the utilities which the *principle of hope* may subserve in strengthening a man's courage to contend with the difficulties of his immediate situation.

The words of the text derive a peculiar solemnity from the circumstance of their being read in the office for the burial of the dead, and a peculiar familiarity to the minds of musical amateurs, from their forming the most magnificent anthem in the oratorio of the Messiah,—the sound being the only part of the business which Christians have ever attended to.

But the meaning of it? O God, none but an infidel would ever have dreamed of its having any meaning. The moment you begin to want to know the meaning of a thing, your Christian neighbours will put you down as, "*a wicked and evil disposed person.*" When you seek to be wise above what is written, though what is written be the greatest nonsense that ever was written, they consider you as a dangerous man, an immoral character, one whose conversation is to be avoided, whose company is to be shunned. Men would grow wiser for it, you see ; and the consequence would be, that the empire of folly and fanaticism would be endangered, and clergymen would not be able to get a living.

So it's enough for them to know that somebody said—though the Devil may care who—that he “knew that his Redeemer was alive; and that after he was dead, he would be alive himself.” And then about his flesh and his skin, and the worm's meat, coming to life *again* (which it is devilishly like to do.)

And then, when all the kin was off, raw-head and bloody-bones was to see God, in his *flesh*,—in his *flesh*, without any skin on it, a pretty pickle to see God in! Nobody being able to tell us, whether it was the man that was to see God in his own flesh, or whether God was going to run away with the man's flesh.

But as for the skin, that seems to have been not worth a resurrection, it was more holy than righteous, the worms might have *that*.

Go, ask your clergy to show you some relevancy in all this jumble of absurdity, some method in this language of apparent madness; some sense of it, in the understanding of which, a man may stand excused to his own reason, for pronouncing it to be reasonable. They cannot do so. All that they can do, is to warn you not to go near the Rotunda, where you will find a man who *can*: and so they club together in their dark coteries, to accuse him of reviling Scripture, who never reviled any thing but their most gross and filthy misunderstandings of Scripture: and of blaspheming the word of God, who never blasphemed any thing but the corrupt glosses and false interpretations, which they have put on Scripture and which, because they dared not submit them to the trial of discussion, they seek to defend by the tyrannous arm of power.

But see, now, ye who love truth, and hold learning and science to be more respectable than sanctified insanity, and slobbering *Grace of Godship*, what the text of sacred writ will become when shone on by the bright light of critical erudition. How infinitely superior in sense, how exalted in significancy, how sublime in science, how rich of instruction!

The passage is introduced by a most sublime summons on our severest attention.

Why do ye persecute me as God, and are not satisfied with my flesh?”

“O that my words were now written; O that they were printed in a book.” Printed in a book is a devilishly awkward figure of speech for a man to have hit upon, three or four thousand years before printing was invented—“*that they were graven in an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever.*” It ends with the words—“*Yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another though my reins be consumed within me.*”

The very striking and infinitely important variations of the Greek and Latin from our English translation, and probably of the Hebrew text, which is itself but a translation from the original Arabic, stand in demonstrative proof, that the effort of the English translators has been precisely that of our Protestant clergy, at this day—that is, not to discover the meaning of the text, but as much as possible to conceal it; not to instruct the people, but to keep them in ignorance.

The Latin Vulgate has it, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth and in the last day I shall rise up out of the Earth. And again I shall be invested with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God.*" and for the words, "*though my reins be consumed within me:*" the Latin has it, "*This hope is laid up in my bosom.*"—(Sinus.) The Greek of the Septuagint has it, "*For I know that he who shall liberate me is perpetually dwelling in the Temple over the Earth. My skin which pumps up these shall rise again. For these things are accomplished for me, before the Lord, which thing I (understand or) represent in my own person, which things my eye hath seen, and not another. For all things are perfected to me, in my breast.*"*

A little bit of difference that, I believe, from any thing that appears in your vulgar tongue! The devil-a-word about the *worm's* meat: and the rot in the man's loins, or of any such stuff, as could serve for a basis of the Bedlamite idea, that dead men's flesh, after having been eaten by worms, and undergone a million of decompositions and recompositions, through millions of millions of years, should appear alive again.

Who, then, was JOB? The learned Jewish Rabbis, who have plagiarised this work from the Chaldean and Arabian astronomers, admit that he was a mere *personification*, an imaginary being, that never had any existence but in poetry and fiction.

Though a poor guess has been made, to identify him with Jobab, the fifth descendant from Abraham, from the similarity of the name Joab, to that of *Jobab* in the series, "Abraham begat Isaac, Isaac begat Esau, Esau begat Ruel, Ruel begat *Cruel*, and *Cruel* begat Jobab.

But without the addition of a single letter to the name, without any variation at all, but our remembrance that the Greeks, who have no letter V in their alphabet, but always represented that

* Οἶδα γὰρ στί αἰνναοῦ εἶστιν ὁ ἐκλυεῖν με μελλῶν, ἐπιγῆς, ἀναστήσαι τὸ δερμα μὲ τὰ ταῦτα, παρὰ γὰρ Κυρίου ταῦτα μοι συντελεσθή. Ἄ ἐγὼ ἐμαντῶ συνεπιστάμαι ἃ ὁ οφθαλμὸς μὲ εἶρακε, καὶ ἕκ ἄλλοσ παντο δέμοι συντελεσται ἐν κόλπῳ.

letter by a B, as they wrote *βεργιλιος* for Virgilius, and *Σεβηρος* for Severus. So they must have written and could have written in no other way than JOB for JOVE. And, says the learned Bryant, there is good reason to think that *Jehovah*, the name of the God of Israel, underwent a like change, and was converted to *Ιωβα*, by the Africans pronounced *Juba*, which, in Latin, signifies the feathers in a cock's neck, which he holds up when he fights; also the red flesh, like crests in a snake's neck, precisely such as were the form and shape of the Holy Ghost, when he sat in tongues of fire upon the heads of the apostles, on the day of Pentecost; and, as you see them here upon the heads of my two celestial fighting cocks, Castor and Pollux, the Twins of May, the Holy Ghost always being famous for making people devilish hot-headed, giving them the gift of the *gab*, and setting them a fighting.

As certainly, then, as *six* may be proved to be the same as half-a-dozen, is it proved that Job, and Jove, and Jehovah, are personifications of the one. and the self same great Themes of all allegory, the Sun and the Year.

And the perfect and upright man of the East, with his Seven Sons, and three daughters, tempted by Satan, and falling into great affliction, and then getting out of his affliction, and becoming as prosperous as ever, and finding his seven sons and three daughters alive again, and none the worse for having all being killed, at the beginning of the story, is a Chaldean gospel, precisely of the character of our Egyptian fable of Jesus Christ, of which the gist was nothing more than the natural history of the year, which has the seven summer months, from March to September for its sons: the three extra-zodiacal feminine constellations for its three daughters, the Old Mother Virgin Mary, that tempts him to curse God and die, for his wife, and Bootes, Hercules, and Serpentarius, for his comforters, who descended with him into his state of affliction, when below the Equator: in which, as if almost by the pun itself, Old *Bootes*, or *Boots*, is Bildad, the *Shootie*; Serpentarius, is Zophar, the Naamathite, and Hercules is Eliphaz, the Temanite.

While God is invariably the Gad of the tribes of Israel—that is, the Ram of the signs of the Zodiac.

Hence, in strict observance of the astronomical analogies, *God*, the Sun in the constellation of Aries the Ram, asks Job or Jove the *year*, in his state of dejection, after the Autumnal Equinox—*Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth the twelve signs in the season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?* Where the names of these constellations are precisely the same as they are on our

celestial globe, at this day, and the Pleiades, Arcturus, and Orion, though so manifestly none other than names of the fixed stars, are spoken of, as much as if they were real personages, and certainly they are quite as much so as Job and his three friends, or God and the Devil, who each sustain their respective parts in this beautiful astronomical drama.

Hence, with that perfect astronomical science, which had ascertained the motion of the precession of the Equinoxes, to the accuracy of determining that motion to be $50'' 9'''$, and three-fourths of a third of a degree in a year, an accuracy which our Herschels, Haleys, and Sir Isaac Newtons have never been able to surpass or to dispute, the great astronomer, speaking in the dramatic character of Jove, or Job, the allegorical genius of the year, has those remarkable words, in the 31st chapter, "*I have made a Covenant with mine eyes, why then should I think upon a Maid?*"

Than which, for any sense that your clergy could ever put upon it, more idiotish nonsense never echoed within the walls of a mad-house.

For what should hinder a man from thinking of a maid? Or what would the maids think of us, if we never thought of them? Or why did God give a man eyes at all, if the bargain is to be, that there should be any harm in using them to look upon the loveliest thing that eyes did ever see.

But look at the beautiful result of the astronomical enucleation: the fruits of the earth are to be patiently waited for till the season of their maturity—that is, of the coming of the Sun in his path in the Ecliptic, to the line of the Equator. This covenant takes place, not in *Virgo*, the Virgin of August, but in *Libra*, the Balance of September. Hence the astronomical accuracy of the Apophthegm, "*I have made a covenant with mine eyes,*"—that is, I have observed the place of the Autumnal Equinox, by astronomical observation,—I have ascertained that it takes place in the Balance of September,—why, then, should I think of finding it in the *Virgin* of August.

And now, sirs, bring our science to the text. And it is no longer obscure, that the declining year should say to the constellations, whose ascendancy marks the Autumnal period, "*Why should you persecute me,*"—that is, come after me, "*as God*" that is, as God persecutes, or drives along the whole glorious company of the apostles, "*and are not satisfied with my flesh,*"—that is, with having enjoyed the animal food, which the year supplies in Spring "*but are thirsting for my blood,*"—that is, the rich juice of the grape, which the year gives in Autumn.

Then, have we in most accurate analogy, the clear and beauti-

ful language of the YEAR, after having shed his blood in Autumn, consoling himself with the assurance that the Sun, which every year *redeems*, or brings the year round again, still *liveth*: and “*in my flesh*,” says he—that is, the flesh, the mutton and beef of March and April, which comes immediately in succession after the fish of February, “shall I see God.”

Thus, according to the Latin text, “*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at the last day I shall rise up out of the Earth, and again I shall be invested with my skin*,” the last day, or the latter day, is the last day of the old, and the first day of the new year, when the year was reckoned to begin from the commencement of the Spring Quarter.

And then it is, that the Sun appears in the mutton of March. Jesus has redeemed his lost sheep, Jason has brought back the Golden Fleece, and Job is re-invested *with his skin*.

And thus, sirs, without believing in anything supernatural, which no man in the use of his reason could possibly do: with perfect sincerity of heart, and with a far higher respect for the sacred text, than was ever shown to it by Christians, for we have shown it the respect of taking pains to understand it: say I, and not an intelligent infidel upon earth will hesitate to say with me, “*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and at the latter day*,” of each concluding winter, through eternal ages, “*he shall stand upon the Earth. And though, after my skin*,” my Starry Golden Fleece of that celestial sheep: “*he passeth on till worms destroy this*,”—that is, till the Scorpions of October seem to have extinguished his vital heat: yet, again and again, no sooner shall he have passed through my *fish* of *February*, than in my *flesh* of *March*, “shall I see God,” whom I shall see for my *SOL*, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.”

The face of nature is varied, year will continue to follow year, through eternal ages; but the Sun, and the Sun alone, is eternally the same.

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