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Editor's Introduction

ART. I.—*India: Its Past and Future.*

1. *Indische Alterthumskunde* von Christian Lassen, ord. Prof. an der Universität zu Bonn. 1ster Band. *Geographie und die älteste Geschichte.* Bonn, 1847. 2ter Band. *Geschichte von Buddha bis auf die Ballabhi und jüngere Gupta Dynastie.* 1852.
2. *The Calcutta Review.*

A well known writer of Great Britain at times indulges in the imaginary vision of some traveller from New Zealand taking his stand, in the midst of a vast solitude, on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. This, to a majority of readers, suggests a time immeasurably remote, a time that will, that can never come. And this we must call natural. The same spirit exists in all ages. Doubtless, the men of Nineveh, in their pride and power, never dreamt that civilization and knowledge should once fix their abode in continents utterly unknown to them; and that travellers from distant regions, from an isle, cold, dreary, and barbarous in their time, should in vain labour to decypher on some mouldering pedestal the name of their proudest chief. Doubtless the princes, the philosophers, the merchants, of tumultuous Alexandria,

with its harbour of ten thousand masts, its observatory, its immense library, its numberless work-shops, furnishing Rome and Italy with the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life, never once imagined that at some future day their harbour should be filled with sand, their streets with poverty, their houses with ignorance, their very atmosphere with moral and physical pestilence; that their learning and their arts should flee to unknown shores, to men who but rarely think what Alexandria once was, and what Alexandria now is. Doubtless the great Cappadocian teachers, almost the only depositaries of true Christian doctrine of their age, never once conceived of a time when the very name of their country should almost be forgotten, when superstitious, well nigh savage rites, should be practised where their proudest temple stood, and when a country of which a philosopher of their tongue once had a dreamy vision, should send messengers to re-christianize their degraded successors. We, and all other nations, are in the same condition. Self, and the desire for self-advancement excludes from our view what is more distant, and, after all, on that very account, more hopeful.

Such thoughts spontaneously and irrepressibly arise when we think of a country whose future is but just beginning to unfold itself, and whose almost forgotten past furnishes the materials for the prodigious work of Lassen.

Lassen, the pupil and coadjutor of Schlegel, the well-known editor of a Sanscrit Chrestomathy, the author of the most complete Pracrit Grammar that has appeared in Europe, one of the earliest successful decypherers of the Persepolitan cuneiform inscriptions, the Nestor of Sanscrit learning on the continent, has begun to erect for himself a *monumentum ære perennius*—of which thus far we are permitted to see the pedestal—*A History of Ancient India*. As qualifications for the accomplishment of his task, he brings with him a most extensive acquaintance with the whole literature on Indian topics, a complete mastery over the languages in which the original records are contained, a life-long study of the primary and secondary sources of the history, a glowing enthusiasm for his subject, and much of the “historic spirit,” though this is perhaps too deeply tinged with Hegel’s views.

The work which was commenced sixteen years ago, and of which we have two volumes at present, containing more than twenty-two hundred pages, is to consist of six Books. The first Book contains the geography of India; it describes the whole peninsula as to size, form, division, and relation to other countries, its climate, its natural productions, and thus arrives at the physical condition of its ancient inhabitants. Though, from the nature of the case, there must be much in a geography that is dull, dry, and uninteresting, yet we have found this part of Lassen's work attractive, and even fascinating reading, from the vivid aspect which the *ensemble* furnishes of India, from the minuteness with which the more interesting particulars are detailed, from the intimate relation to life and men in which facts are exhibited that would otherwise claim the attention of the botanist or zoologist merely, and especially from the frequent recurrence of the most valuable suggestions and observations of a philological and ethnological nature.

The Second Book, which commences at Vol. I., p. 353, and is not yet concluded, contains the external history of the different divisions of India, and of the races and nations which have existed there successively or contemporaneously. The Third and Fourth Books are to give a representation of the development of the Hindu mind, as it appears in their religion, their literature, in their arts, and in the state and advancement of science among them. The Fifth and Sixth Books are to review the civilization of the ancient Hindus, as it appears in their social and political condition. The conclusion of the whole is to be formed by a philosophy of the history of India, which is mainly to serve for correcting the views which Hegel has put forth on this subject.

Considering the thorough manner which distinguishes all the labours of Lassen, we could hardly say too much in praise and recommendation of this gigantic undertaking of his; our fear, however, is, that like so many other German works, it will never be finished. Already does the length of the period through which these two volumes have been in the course of publication, entail on the reader the hardship of getting much that is merely raw material, where he expects to find a *work* fit for his entertainment and instruction: *the author has found it necessary to*

append, thus far, one hundred and sixty pages of corrections and additions.

One point, however, has considerably abated our admiration; it is the manner in which Lassen *constructs* the history of the remotest period. Since Sir William Jones's fortunate discovery that the *Sandrocottus* of the classical writers is the same as the *Chandragupta* of Somadeva's poem, and the subsequent and repeated verification of this discovery\* by other scholars, the absurd and extravagant chronology of the Hindus has been superseded by one which has served as the framework of veritable history down to the conquest of Hindostan by the Mahometans, and up to the very origin of Buddhism. But, before this point, all is still dark as night. The Brahmans were no historians. No record of actual facts, except a few local accounts (of Ceylon, Orissa, Cashmere, and the kingdom of Pandya) has come down to us, and, in all likelihood, none ever existed; for where the system of caste prevails, external changes of the whole do not affect the relative position of the castes—there is, therefore, no change, no movement, hence no history. Besides, in their Pantheistic theosophy, men and their deeds constitute such a mere speck in the immensity of the Deity, that they lose all importance and interest. The marvellous and unreal they regarded as natural and real, so that the latter were insipid and valueless.

Another cause of this indifference to history may be found in the insulated village-system that prevails all over India, which stifles the rise of all patriotic sentiment, or rather never induces a consciousness of a common country. Moreover, if we remember the inactive, indolent, contemplative mode of life which is the Brahman's *beau idéal*, we shall not wonder that all their literary energies were expended upon the production of their fanciful poems, their legends, and their mythology. Now it is these which Lassen relies upon as the sources of his history. We would guard against being misunderstood.

\* The change of sounds from *Chandragupta* to *Sandrocottus* is easily accounted for. The Greeks had no sound like *ch*; the nearest to it was *s*—just as *se*, *si*, is heard in the Venitian dialect where the other Italians have *ce*, *ci*. The form of the latter part of the word is due to a wide-spread corruption of the mode of spelling it in the MSS. The true reading is fortunately preserved in a single passage of Athenæus, who writes: Σανδρόκοπτος.



It is undeniable, we presume, that the popular literature and the poetry of a people may be, and in many cases must be used, as furnishing the truest view of their character, their customs, their vicissitudes—in short, their history. “Every well-instructed historian now sees more history in Demosthenes than in Plutarch; values the *Clouds* of Aristophanes at least as highly as Xenophon’s *Anabasis*; finds more facts in the ‘*Canterbury Tales*’ than in all Higdon’s *Polychronicon*; studies the Italian annals in Dante rather than in the *Villains*; and holds the *Novels* of Fielding to be trustier historical authorities than Smollett’s continuation of Hume.” The creations of the human mind in all ages are as real materials of history, as outward actions and monuments reared by handicraft. In this sense none would object, and everybody expect, to see poetical productions and fictitious writings used for the resuscitation of the forgotten life of a nation.

But Lassen employs the Hindu mythology in a different manner. Resolving it into separate sagas and myths, he admits hardly any of them to be purely poetical myths, but few to be philosophical, or cosmogonical, and uses as many as possible as geographical, etymological, and historical myths, from which he attempts to eliminate true history. The process is by no means new; it was adopted in one direction by the early Greek philosophers, when they wished to disenthral the intellect from the faith of Homer and Hesiod, who, as *they* taught, personified the powers of nature, and deified the sons of men.

In modern times, Vico was the first to introduce into philosophical history this crystallizing of fancies into deeds. In his *Scienza Nuova*, the Egyptian Hermes is the type of the ancient Egyptian science, representing a whole series of the early natural philosophers of Egypt. The legends concerning Orpheus embody the ideas of the invention of music, its power over the passions, and the subduing of the passions as preceding and necessary to the organization and foundation of society. Hercules is the type of the Greek heroic age. Romulus represents the Roman people. Numa typifies the rule of law and order, and stands for the unknown founder or founders of those institutions which formed the basis of the ceremonial religion of the

Romans. "In this way," says Vico, "all contradictions and anachronisms are explained. It ceases to be a mystery, for instance, how seven cities should claim each to have been the birth-place of the one Homer; for there were many Homers, and every Greek city had one, or more than one, of its own. Nor is it more mysterious how so much doubt and contradiction should exist, as to when, precisely, Homer lived; for Homer lived all through the four or five centuries of the Greek heroic age—singing in his youth Achilles' wrath and force, and in his riper years of the wisdom and calm endurance of a many-counselled Ulysses."

In our own day we have seen some very disastrous results and egregious failures in the application of this process to a more solemn system. To be sure, the application was preceded by the unprecedented feat of first turning veritable history into myths; but even when there was unanimity in the first step, the theories obtained by the second were as various and as numerous as their origination.

Even taking the most favourable view, and granting that some legends rest upon a historical substratum, the most successful search for this substratum can amount to nothing more than a felicitous guess, without any collateral evidence, without the possibility of verification. If we adopt, as our author does, a principle of semi-historical interpretation, we may obtain a long series of events and historical personages, but they are still due to nothing but to the "chemistry of thought," which resolved fables into facts.

For instance: The Mahabharata relates, that Kansa, king of the Jadava, made a league with Jarasandha, king of Magadha, and married his two daughters, Asti and Prapti. But, says Lassen, as these last two names signify *Existence* and *Acquisition*, it is plain that the legend means that Kansa *confirmed* and *increased* his power by a league with the king of Magadha.\* To adduce other and more striking exemplifications would lead us too far. But it is obvious, that conclusions obtained in this manner rest on too slight a foundation to claim, with any degree of justice, to be regarded as legitimate deductions from well attested facts.

\* Vol. i. p. 624:

But it cannot be our object to criticise a work, for which, with whatever exceptions may be taken to it, we must feel grateful. Our object here shall merely be an attempt to reproduce the impression which we have received on consulting it, together with some numbers of the periodical at the head of our article, in quest for information on some points of the history of India.

India has always been called the land of wonders, and daily the judgment thus given finds confirmation. The objects which formerly excited the attention of the world, its precious productions, the division of its people into castes, its strange penitents, its gigantic architecture, are no longer the only things which meet the astonished glance. There was a time, it is true, when the intellectual world found no interest in Indian researches. Scientific men would, perhaps, be excited for half a day, on hearing that a stone, with an inscription in strange characters, had been dug up in Central India, which proved the wide extent of country under the sway of a single monarch, before the commencement of our era; or that a new temple had been found on a mountain in the midst of some dark, unhealthy, and almost impenetrable forest, which spoke of a time when the jungle was a garden, and a populous city flourished at the foot of the hill—but soon all this would be forgotten. There was another time, again, when men in the cloisters of Oxford and the halls of Bonn were busy tracing connections between the rocky soil of Greece and the highland of Central Asia, between early Asiatic conceptions and the refinement of Hellas; still, the acting and thinking world at large would remain untouched.

At the present hour, however, when men have become more fully acquainted with the *country* of India, especially with its wonderful Alps in the North, with its immense internal resources, its external advantages, its hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, its unexampled wealth in navigable rivers, accessible coasts, fertile plains, its industrious population, and the richness of its ancient and multifarious literature, when the concatenation of man with man, of nation with nation, and race with race, becomes constantly closer, the position of India in the world's history, and its future destiny, obtrude themselves more and more upon the attention of men. Stretching from

equatorial regions to everlasting layers of snow, neither exclusively highland, nor exclusively lowland, it unites within itself the phenomena and advantages of the tropics and polar climes. The giant range of the Himalaya, the sandy deserts of Rajputana, the fertile plains of the lower Ganges and of Tanjore, the mighty Ghats, and the healthy plateau of Mysore, alike rank among its territories. It is a central land in which the West, the North, and the East of Asia meet; the roads of the caravans from all these points here encounter one another. Its coasts are open to the merchants of Egypt, of Africa, of Babylonia, of Persia, of the Isles, and of China not only, but also to those of Europe and America; it is the central point of a world's commerce. The conqueror, too, from Asia, from Persia, and from Europe, is attracted to it; its conquest would be the crowning deed of all his glory.

The most diverse races may here be found; the Mongolian, the Chinese, the Malay, the Iranian, the Semitic, the European, and the African: and all these comprehended in one vast fabric of Indian society, with its intricate system of castes, its various forms of government, its peculiar civilization at once heterogeneous and uniform, its history losing itself in the obscurity of the fabulous ages, and its multitudinous and so often strange and mysterious religions. For there are found not only Christians; Nestorian, Syrian, Romish, and Protestant; not only Jews; not only Turkish, Persian, Afghan, and Arabian Moslems; but also fire-worshipping Parsees, Jains, Sikhs, the disciples of Nanuk, followers of Confucius, uncounted sects of Brahmans, and the adherents of that most prevalent system, Buddhism, which contains the germ of the scepticism of every age, and in its apparent respect for any creed, but foreshadows the tendencies of the *educated* mind among ourselves. The boasted discoveries of modern sceptics are but a metempsychosis of primeval error. That which was the fashionable creed of philosophers only, in the high and palmy states of Athens and Rome, that which is the vaunted result of the highest flights of our modern "lords of the air," as their gentle countryman calls them, is the creed of the million in India. Ask the plodding ploughman who it is that speaks and acts when *he* speaks and acts, and he will unhesitatingly answer, "God."



Yet, notwithstanding, or rather, *hence*, the Hindu is the most religious being in existence. Rising up and sitting down, walking and standing, drinking and eating, waking and sleeping, obeying the precepts of his moral code, and disregarding them, all he does is with the spirit of religion. Not an action he performs, not a step he takes, not a word he utters, not a breath he draws, but he does all agreeably to the institutes of his religion. It is prescribed to a Brahman which foot he must put first in getting up; he must then carefully cleanse his teeth; then follows religious ablution of the whole body; next he recites inaudibly certain sacred texts; his hair and nails must be cut round, though he must never cut them himself; his mantle must be white; his staff, made of the canonical wood, must be of such a length as to reach his hair, straight, without fracture, of a handsome appearance, with its bark perfect; he must wear golden ear-rings. He must not eat with his own wife; nor look at her eating, or sneezing, or yawning, or sitting carelessly at her ease, or setting off her eyes with black powder, or scenting herself. He must not blow the fire, nor warm his feet in it, nor stride over it; he must not sleep with his feet wet; he must not step over a string to which a calf is tied; he must not pass over the shadow of a red-haired man. He must read the Vedas in various ways; every word singly, or every other word twice, or backwards. He must not look upon the rising or the setting sun, nor when it is clouded over, or upon its image in the water. He must avoid standing upon hair, or ashes, or bones, or potsherds, or seeds of cotton, or husks of grain. He must not remain even under the shade of a tree with outcasts, or idiots, or washermen, or other vile persons.

In no other country has there been an exhibition of so many modifications of the religious sensibility. Transcendental Theism in all its loftiness, absolute Pantheism with all its horrors, murky Mysticism with its multitudinous brood of morbid feelings, and Idolatry of the most grovelling species, have all had, and still have their representatives in India. No wonder that the manifestations of this feeling should be so various. At one time you see streams of pilgrims pouring into Puri, visiting with devout earnestness its sacred tanks, and dipping their feet in the rolling surf; subjected to the grasping exaction of vile

panders or priests; journeying homewards laden with heavy baskets of holy food, travelling in heat and rain and storm, weary and footsore, sleeping like sheep upon the bare road, or on the soaked grass, and suffering deeply from fatigue and disease; at another time you encounter the worshipper of Brairava, the loathsome Kapalika, a naked mendicant, smeared with funeral ashes, armed with a trident or a sword, carrying a hollow skull in his hand, half intoxicated with the spirits which he has quaffed from that disgusting cup, and prepared to perpetrate any act of violence and crime; now you are shocked at the licentious practices and ferocious observances of the Saktas; or you hear of the fearful hecatombs daily slaughtered on the reeking altar of that bloody idol, the monstrous rite of Entrajati, which enjoins the conveyance of the sick and aged away from their homes, to be exposed on the banks of the Ganges, and before death, to be submerged beneath the waters of the sacred stream; the fires of Suttee are scarce extinguished; the strangling cords of the Thugs, those religious, systematic, professional assassins of unsuspecting men, are not even yet laid aside. But how enumerate what may only be comprehended by all that experience can teach and fancy suggest of stages and phases of religiousness possible between the grovelling ignorance of the wretched hermit on whose flesh vermin are preying, or the fanatical faquir who reclines on a bed of spikes, on the one hand, and the cunning deception of the haughty Brahman, or the cold indifference and the philosophic airs of the young Vedantist on the other.

No wonder that in such a land the "lamp of sacrifice" burns brightest, and that the most gorgeous temples and the grandest remains of architecture are here to be found. These are but the shadows of their dazzling mythology. Who that has heard of the hall of Sudra with its roof of gold, and its pillars of chrysolite, where three hundred and thirty-three millions of gods sit in solemn conclave; of the huge sea-serpent which upholds on his head the world we dwell in; of Krishna and his shepherdesses; of Shiva with his forehead of fire; of Kali with her tongue dripping blood, and the ocean-churning Asuras, that has them not to pass at times before the mind's eye like some unhallowed dream?

It is these conceptions which have given form and splendour to their temples and altars, their statues and porticoes, whose pure white marble vies in brilliancy with that profusion of the most precious stones and the gold, the turkis and the ruby, the emerald and the porphyry, which would verify the fables of Golconda. This it is which has produced their variegated forms and proportions, that graceful trellis work, and those exquisite carvings, the marvellous sculptures of their pediments and friezes, the delicately worked meanders and ornaments winding beneath those cornices, that lavish array of vivid colours which give the impress of a joyful and festive beauty, and strike the sense of the traveller with bewilderment. And now let the eye of our imagination be placed in a point where we can see these temples and palaces, as they harmonize with the brightness and transparency of the encircling atmosphere, and stand out amidst the fragrant flowers among which rich orange and citron trees, entangled with jasmines and groups of magnolias, waft their choice perfume around, and where the tall palms rustle, where the tapering bough of the bamboo arches, where the white lotus floats on the bosom of the lake, where mangotopes form their grateful shade beneath the tropic sun, where the small leaves of the tamarind whisper in the breeze, where the cocoa waves its long plumes, where the slender betel, like an ancient pillar, raises aloft its richly wrought capital, where the banyan, that wondrous sacred tree,

"Spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between;  
 Where oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shades;"—*Milton.*

where in deep recesses is heard the soft twittering of the birds, the loud chirpings of the merry minah, and the shriller tones of the martin and the green parrots; where the light squirrels are playing through the quivering foliage; where "the beast that mocks our race" sits with the calmness and gravity of a Socrates; where the slow buffalo wallows in mud; where the

tiger unseen lurks in the jungle; where the sly snake pursues its sinuous course; where

“Trampling his path thro’ wood and brake,  
 And canes which crackling fall before his way,  
 And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play,  
 O’ertopping the young trees,  
 On comes the elephant, to slake  
 His thirst anon in yon pellucid springs.  
 Lo! from his trunk upturn’d aloft he flings  
 The grateful shower; and now  
 Plucking the broad-leaved bough  
 Of yonder plane, with wavy motion slow,  
 Fanning the languid air,  
 He moves it to and fro.”—*Southey.*

Imagine\* these elements forming the background of a landscape representing an Indian morning when the husbandmen are afield; when the women of the different villages, in their airy and fanciful costume, are busily engaged going and coming from the wells, with water-jars nicely poised upon their heads; when a party, perhaps, of Belooch horsemen, grotesquely habited and accoutred, with their plaited hair and ponderous turbans, their swords and matchlocks, may be seen dashing across the plain; when the haughty Moslem, mounted on his fine Khorassani steed, decorated with rich trappings, himself wearing the tall Sindian cap of rich brocade, and a scarf of gold and silk, is approaching from the city; where you may find the Affghan, with his dark-blue scarf cast over his breast, his long black hair falling in masses on his shoulders, his olive cheek painted by the mountain breeze, and his eye full of fire and resolve; and the Seyund of Pishin, in his goats’ hair cloak; the fair Herati; the merchant of Candahar, with flowing garments and many-coloured turban; the tall Patan, with heavy sword, and mien calculated to court offence; the swart Sepoy of the Deccan; the sturdy Goorkha of the hills; the robust husbandman of Oude; the tall, thin, dark warrior of the Punjab; the rapacious Mahratta; the Cashmeree, with his manly features, his herculean build, his symmetrical proportions, his classical make; and then, again, the filthy Sindian, and the small, miserable-looking, cringing Hindu—and these elements will

\* It is perhaps needless to observe that it would not be easy to find such elements united in any *one* region of that vast country.



represent India in the beauty and the variety of its animate and inanimate nature.\*

This variety of races and nations, however, suggests the inquiry after its origin; and this leads us to the *history* of India. But India, it has been said, *has* no history. And truly, if we understand the history of a land to comprehend only such events as form an indispensable, a necessary link in the long chain of progress and development which unites the aggregate of humanity, in this sense India has no history. Neither the successive conquests to which it has succumbed, nor the differing systems of faith which it has assumed, have at any time, as yet, placed it in a conspicuous position on the high-road which our world's destiny is travelling. Nay, Indian society itself never seems to have been lastingly or materially affected by the varying fortunes of its rulers and of its religious sects. Whether Tartars or Arabs, Greeks or Portuguese, carry their victorious arms into it; whether Brahmanism bears undisputed sway, or Buddhism, pointing the dagger against the very heart of its foster-parent, inculcates its doubting subjectivity; whether Islam overruns it with its religious zeal and exterminating hate, or whether the missionary of the cross lifts up the warning voice of his peaceful doctrine, Hindostan's son appears the same. The descriptions of Herodotus and Megasthenes, of Strabo and Justin, are the exact counterparts of modern accounts of its men and manners, its laws and customs, its towns and cities. Where stability is stamped on all that elsewhere moves, how can there be any interest in history—how can there be any history at all—the record of change?

Yet, in another aspect, can we believe that India is always to remain thus? That a mighty continent of such extent and such resources, as vast almost as the whole of Europe, with more inhabitants than either America or Africa, inhabitants that have furnished to the world the shawls of Cashmere, the muslins of Dacca, the jewellery of Cattaek; inhabitants, whose unparalleled patience and taper fingers surpass the ingenious machinery of England; whose literature, whose architecture, and whose mythology are constructed on a Titan scale, whose country has been the source of our languages; who, notwithstanding their natu-

\* Vide Captain Postan's Personal Observations on Sinde.

ral languor, have always astonished their conquerors by their bravery, and among whom the ancestor of the German, the ancient Goth, may still find a brother among the Jats, whom Jomandes called *Getæ*,\* and where the Brahman still represents the type of the ancient Greek; that such a country is never to play its part in the world's great drama?

To have affirmed this, even in the days when Vasco de Gama had first doubled the Cape of Storms, would have been less plausible than to have said that the newly discovered Western Continent would always be but the great gold mine of the Spaniard; and that America has long ere this commenced to roll back mighty waves to disturb tired old Europe, whilst isolated India still is but a trading station of distant Albion, is so far from favouring such a view, that it rather is nought but what should have been expected. Two facts we must observe: *History*, like the sun, the history of the world and of the Church, *moves westward*; and India is not, as we are accustomed to think and say in our Europe-inherited modes of speech, East, but West of us. The distance from our ports on the Pacific to Calcutta is scarce half of that travelled over in our usual circuitous route eastward. In our position, on the true watershed of nations and of history, we may in truth exclaim, *India is west of us*; and thitherward the course of history is pointing.

Let us pause a moment and see *where* history begins. Doubtless in the garden of Eden. But where was this? The almost universal voice of man points East, to that region now so largely overrun by a race, who, though admitting much that is true concerning the origin of man and his early history, have yet exchanged the true revelation of God for the Koran. But in what particular region shall we locate the garden of Eden? The Mahometans assign four places for the *Jannat-i'Adan*, as the Persians call it, (*Gan-Eden* in Hebrew): the first, Ghute of Damascus, a valley of surpassing beauty between Lebanon and Anti-Libanus; the second, towards Ubulle, in the Arabian Irak

\* The names *Gothi* and *Getæ* were also used interchangeably by Orosius, Jerome, Augustin, Cassiodorus, Procopius, Ennodius, and King Alfred. Grimm's History of the German Language is nothing but a demonstration of the identity of the Goths and the Getæ. The close relationship of the Getæ and the Thracians, and the Eastern origin of the latter, are facts much more widely and readily acknowledged.

or Chaldea; and the third, on a spot bordering upon the desert of Noubandijan in Persia, called Sheb Buvan, watered by the Nilab; whilst others fix it at Samarkand.\* More ancient traditions of theirs, however, place it in the island of Sarandeb or Ceylon, where they say Adam was interred; and the Portuguese have named the mountain, where they point out the grotto and the sepulchre of the father of mankind, *Pico d'Adam*. Ghute has been affirmed by many to be the same as Eden mentioned in Amos i. 5, and Clericus and Schulthess also thought the latter to have been the same as the place of primeval innocence mentioned in Genesis.

As for occidental opinions generally, two centuries ago, Stephen Morinus, when on this subject, broke out into the exclamation: *Vix possunt in numerum redigi omnes de Paradiso terrestri sententiæ*. What shall we say at this day, when these opinions have been multiplying with tenfold rapidity? We would nevertheless attempt to reduce them to three general classes: the mythical, the allegorical, and the literal interpretation. (We pass over that large class of ancient commentators who confounded the garden of Eden with the Paradise mentioned in the New Testament.)

The objection to the mythical interpretation is simply the fact, that the Scriptures are not a mythology. How an Israelite—and none of these *mythographers* have denied, as yet, that the book of Genesis was written by an Israelite—should have *fabled* about rivers and countries, some of which, at least, were sufficiently known to his readers, however imperfect otherwise their notions about geography generally might have been, it is hard to tell.

The allegorical interpretation is open to the fatal objections, there is no end to the theories as to what is taught under this dark guise; and that the narrative purports to be a veritable history, the foundation and corner-stone of what all admit *and feel* to be history. We say nothing about the naturalistic and hieroglyphic modes of interpretation; their life was too spasmodic, and their death too disgraceful. *Requiescant in pace!*

Among the literal interpreters we may again distinguish

\*So in the Scholia to the Twelfth Makame of Hariri. (Vide Baur, Amos, p. 242.)

three classes. Some deny the possibility of identifying the locality on account of the changes which the surface of the earth must have undergone at the deluge. This is easy, but not very philosophical, nor very true. The opinions of Christian geologists in modern times incline the other way. Buckland in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* has made it very clear that the deluge did not change the general features of the earth's surface.\* Dr. Macculloch, one of the ablest geological writers of modern times, says: "There is nothing to make us suppose that the deluge could have disjoined islands, excavated valleys, or deposited alluvia."† Professor Hitchcock says: "The Mosaic account does not require us to admit that any traces of the Noachian deluge would remain permanently on the face of nature. Currents of water could have affected only the surface of the globe, and their effects would be similar to those now produced by rivers and floods. Yet as they would be spread over the whole surface, and not so much confined as rivers, to a particular channel, they would be less striking, and sooner obliterated."‡

But besides, it is evident from the narrative itself that the sacred writer had in view existing geographical relations, and that he describes countries and rivers known to him. The names which he uses occur also in other passages of the Old Testament, and some localities, which he supposes to be less known to his readers, he describes with the aid of others which are better known to them; so with the river Pison, and the land of Havilah, whilst of the fourth river he merely says, it "is Euphrates," and of the well-known "land of Cush" he omits all description. There is very little dispute, indeed, as to two of the rivers, the Euphrates and the Hiddekel, (Tigris); these are certainly "known quantities" in the problem, if such it must be considered. Moreover, in enumerating the productions of the land of Havilah, can he be supposed to enumerate those of a country that has disappeared from the earth? In addition to this, if we take into consideration how the writer mentions Eden in Genesis iv. 16, when pointing out the situation of another

\* S. Raumer's *Palestina*, p. 454.

† *A System of Geology*, London, 1831.

‡ *The Historical and Geological Deluges Compared*.



country, the land of Nod, it were strange, indeed, to suppose that he would take the trouble to add the words "on the east of Eden," if he thought that either one or both of these countries could no longer be found.

But the most conclusive argument is derived from the grammatical structure of the description given, which precludes the possibility of applying it to anything but to a continuing, lasting state. The words rendered in the English version "went out" (v. 10), "which compasseth" (v. 11), "that compasseth" (v. 13), "which goeth" (v. 14), are participles, a form of speech in Hebrew which denotes a lasting, continuing, fixed, actual, present state or condition, and which can only be made to refer to past or future time by accompanying verbs in these tenses respectively.\* So entirely convinced of the correctness of this rule is Delitzsch, who, as a Hebraist, is *facile princeps* among the commentators of the believing school at the present day, that he is obliged to change the pointing of the first verb (שָׁרַף into שָׂרַף) in order to support his interpretation, which in itself is quite plausible and innocent—viz: that although the four rivers still exist, yet as *the garden* no longer exists, so the *one river* which watered the garden, and which, after its exit from this garden, "was parted" into four branches, is no longer to be found.

From these considerations we conclude, that the sacred writer described geographical relations existing in his day, and that we cannot evade the solution of the problem by the plea, that the Deluge effaced all traces of Eden. Yet neither would we attempt to fix its site, and especially that of the garden, so exactly as is done by those whom we regard as the second division among the historical interpreters, and whose variant conclusions alone should deter us from such an attempt. For among those we find some, who, with Credner, locate Paradise on one of the Canaries in the Atlantic Ocean; others, with Hasse, on the banks of the river Pregel, in the province of East Prussia; Olaus Rudbeck locates it in Sweden; Sickler, near the Caspian Sea; Harduin, in Galilee; Lakemacher, in Syria; Buttmann, in Farther India. It has also been placed near the

\* See Ewald's *Ausführliches Lehrbuch*, § 168.

sources of the river Amazon; and there is but little doubt that, when the interior of Australia shall be more fully explored, the four rivers, with Havilah, bdellium, and the onyx-stone, will by somebody be discovered to be there.

To the third division we would assign those, who, adhering more strictly to the Scripture narrative, locate Eden, with greater or less definiteness, somewhere in Central Asia. Thus v. Hammer advocates Bactria; v. Bohlen, Persia; Herder and Hartmann, Cashmere; Milton,

"From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings;  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar."

Armenia has had a large number of advocates, among whom we would only mention Reland, Calmet, Faber, Verbrugge, Link, Gesenius, v. Lengerke, v. Raumer, Bertheau, Baumgarten, J. Pye Smith, and Kurtz. To these we would add the great mass of sensible interpreters of all classes, represented by such names as Calvin, Fr. Junius, Grotius, St. Morinus, Hottinger, Michaelis, Wahl, Rosenmüller, Beck, Ewald, Bush, Delitzsch, and Knobel, who apply the description given in Genesis to some tract, larger or smaller, situated in the region between the Euphrates and the Indus.

Lassen\* supposes that Gen. ii. 10-14, only gives the general outlines, and that a country is designated which is bounded by the Euphrates and Tigris in the West, and by the Oxus and Indus in the East. These rivers inclose the table-land of Iran, which is ascended from the plains of Mesopotamia, Turan, and the Punjab, and bounded by the Zagros and Armenian mountains in the West, and by the Belurtag, Hindukush, and Sulaiman mountains in the East—a conception of the cradle of the human race such as the unbeliever Lassen concedes, need not be rejected by the most philosophical geographer.

In support of this hypothesis we may state, in the briefest possible way, that the river Oxus, even at the present day, also bears the name of Gihon, and especially among Arabian, Persian, Turkish, and Syrian writers; the same opinion as to this

\* Vol. i., p. 528 sq.

river is maintained by J. D. Michaelis, Rosenmüller, v. Hammer, Hartmann, Knobel, and others. The name Pison, meaning *overflowing*, is a translation of *Sindhu*, the native name of the river Indus; so Cosmas Indicopleustes, Schulthess, Gesenius, Bush, Ewald, with some hesitation Delitzsch also, Knobel, and others.\* The verb (פסס), rendered in the English version "which compasseth," may with greater propriety be translated by "passing *through*, or *about*;" it is used (1 Sam. vii. 16,) of Samuel, who *went over* the cities Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh, of "the watchmen that *go about* the city" (Cant. iii. 3), and in many other passages similarly. The name *Cush* must have belonged in earlier times to countries farther North than those to which it is afterwards applied; that is, the migrating tribes carried the name of their original abode with them, just as the *Northmen* carried the name of their mother country to France, or as the wandering Greeks carried *Hellas* into Italy; we may also compare the French *Bretagne*, which is applied to two different localities. Nor is it difficult to find names, both in ancient and modern geography, of tribes and places in the vicinity of the Oxus, far more strikingly similar to *Cush* than *Tigris* is to *Hiddekel*.† *Havilah* has often been identified with India. Lassen compares the name with *Kampila*, a region in the North-west of India, mentioned by Ælianus under that name. Bush compares it with *Kabul*. The Targum of Jonathan directly renders the word by *India*. In Gen. x. 7, 29, Pseudo-Jonathan and the Jerusalem Targum render it in the same way. Knobel very strenuously, and with good arguments, as it appears to us, maintains the correctness of this rendering. Castelli, Gesenius, Bertheau, and others, hold the same view.

We shall therefore, perhaps, not be charged with presumption, if we venture to fix our first parents' original abode, which

\* In the above enumerations of the different writers on this subject, we have frequently placed mythical interpreters among the historical, because the fact is, that many of them bring their whole learning and ingenuity to bear on the elucidation of what the sacred historian's conception really was. This is all that we ask; the individual writer's opinion as to the correctness of that conception may well rest on its narrow, subjective basis.

† V. Grotius on Gen. ii. 13; Winer's *Realwörterbuch*, i. p. 285, 287; Knobel, *Volkertafel*, p. 250; *Ejud. Genesis*, p. 27.

was, at all events, in the *Eastern* part of Eden, on the banks of the Indus. There man's history *first* began. Its second beginning finds him already a short distance westward, on the mountains that stretch from the borders of India to the sources of the "great river." Thence he descends into the plains, and founds powerful kingdoms and mighty empires. As soon as the record of history begins, it has but to exhibit successively the downfall of an Eastern, and the rise of a Western kingdom; each of which in turn becomes the bearer of history. Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, successively disappear before one another. Persian conquest stretches far towards the West; but its central point being East, it must give way before the westward march of history, and Greece, its language, and its power, becomes the beacon-summit of the world's bright youth. But still towards the setting sun Clio's car is rolling, and Rome, with iron hand and speech of pride, becomes the mistress of the world. The struggles between the powers of the ancient world and the new nations in the West is wavering long, but still decided in due time; and the *Western* Roman Empire, with its emperors crowned in the imperial city of Germany, by its very name bears witness to the onward current of the stream of time. But the glories of Imperial Germany fade before the rising splendours of the farther West, and the armies of the Lily and the navies of the Rose become the umpires of the world. And, as the greatest display of the marine power of Spain was but the immediate precursor of its rapid decay, so the sceptre may even now be departing from the mighty mistress of the seas;—but, even without a positive decline, Albion must soon be overshadowed by her youthful rival. Here, too, the nations and their civilization, their wealth, their power, and their influence, are visibly moving westward. This fact is so familiar, that it has ceased to be observed; and it has become a trite remark, that the undeveloped, yet already well known resources of this mighty West, prepared by a bounteous and omniscient Providence, point to the greatness of their future possessors.

Christianity has pursued the same course: lights in the East were extinguished, to direct the eyes of men to the rising brightness farther West. The candlestick of the Asiatic



churches has been removed; Antioch, Alexandria, Byzantium, (and even these had their culminating periods in due succession,) saw their patriarchates fall, to make room for the Eternal City; but here, too, pallor and gloom gathered and thickened, until that unprecedented effulgence burst forth in the heart of Germany, which placed it high above the nations, and caused the language of men to fossilize the fact, that Germany was then the bearer of Church history, by calling it the Land of the Reformation. But soon a great dragon with three heads, called Philosophy, Physics, and Criticism, blew pestilential vapours over its fair fields, and desolation and destruction covered the once gladsome plains. Protestant England, almost alone among the nations of the earth, stood now forth the beacon-light of Christian joy. But at *this* moment, when the corruptions of an effete Prelatism, the ambition of a bigoted Cardinal, and the increasing infidelity of a once pious people, dim the bright light of the gospel, it is not presumption to say that the Church of the Future, the Church of the Present, has erected her tabernacle among us—that upon us are directed the waiting eyes of the nations, to see what the law of Christ is to effect through this favoured country.

And already has this land shadowing with the wings of the eagle, which is beyond all the rivers, the nations, that Ethiopia ever sent forth—already has it sent ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters, saying, Go, ye swift messengers, to nations scattered and peeled. Already are the hills of the islands of the sea gleaming in the rays of saving light that have shot across the dark waters; already has a long secluded nation felt that the Pacific is no longer an impassable barrier, and that the forests of Maine and the groves of Florida furnish the bridge that spans the wide ocean; and already has a still mightier nation begun to feel the upheavings produced by new, by Christian ideas, that entered it almost by stealth. The least meaning that can be attached to such events—(and who would say they mean nothing?)—is that they are guides which point out clearly and steadily the course of history and the march of Christianity, its great centre.

The single apparent exception that presents itself, the mighty empire of the North, is more than an exception; it is an omi-

nous anomaly. Progressing and increasing, as it seems to be, it has no principle of growth within itself; its accretions are those of a stone. *Petrified* in its policy, petrified in its manners and customs, petrified in its theology, and petrified in its religion, it is like that great image of terrible form, its head of gold, its breast of silver, its thighs of brass, its legs of iron, yet its feet of clay; it is unable to stand. Its colossal weight may yet be hurled by Providence upon the West to crack into a hundred shivers the hollow intellectualism of modern Europe; it may yet crush miserable Turkey, which, to use Lamartine's expression, is dying for want of Turks; it may even serve to circumscribe and oppose the aggressive spirit of Britain, in Asia; still, it lies out of the path of man's *progressive* march, and leaves untouched the wheels of time; the magic car that began its course at the creation, moves on until it reach its goal.

The design of creation was pronounced in the command: *Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it.* When this command shall be fully obeyed, then the design of creation will have been accomplished. The design of redemption was pronounced in the command: *Go ye into ALL the world, and preach the gospel to EVERY creature.* When this shall have been fully obeyed, man's work will be done. The *remotest* end of the great circuit to be completed is doubtless India; and how this land has been prepared by the past for its future, we would now inquire and endeavour to answer in the most hasty manner.

The internal history of India may be divided into *four periods*, according to the faith of each dominant power: First, *Brahmanism* terminated by the rise of Buddhism in the sixth century before Christ; second, *Buddhism*, whose power was broken by the irruption of the Mahometans at the beginning of the eleventh century; third, *Islam*, the dominating power until 1765, when the great Mogul acknowledges England as the ruler of Bihar, Bengal, and Orissa; the fourth period is occupied by the extension of the *British power* in India. To pass this history even in the most cursory review before us, is out of our power in these pages; we can only fasten on three or four of the most conspicuous peaks of the landscape, on the "*fastigia*

*rerum*," to gather from such prominent features what can be gathered from them.

Of *the earliest period* we have no records, except those contained in the Vedas, the ancient hymns of the Hindus, and the two great epic poems, the greater of which, the Mahabharata, relates a war waged in the fourteenth century before the Christian era, two centuries before the fall of Troy, in consequence of the first invasion of the Deccan by the sovereigns of Northern Hindostan. However, the scene presented by these poems is all phantasmal; it is all dim and indistinct. We see the preparation for the combat; we hear the din of the battle, the clashing of the swords; we are surrounded by the raging fury of the warriors panting to meet the foe, the snorting of the steeds, the buzzing of the hurled javelins; all sounds and colours are there; yet we can hardly tell who wages this fearful fight. Their hymns present scenes of peaceful repose; we recline upon the soft grassy ground; we behold the verdant palms, the twittering birds, the deep blue arch above, the glowing sands of the desert; yet all this, in the trembling distance, the hum of the breezes, the whispering sounds, with wave-like motion swims together into a chaotic mass; nothing distinct emerges, and the image melts away like the shade of Creusa.

Our knowledge of *the second period* rests upon more solid materials gathered from every side. For this Chinese literature furnishes its stores of information, although the difficulties in the way of obtaining it are very great. For the Buddhist doctrines were derived by the Chinese from works in the Pali language, and are now contained in an immense mass of books exceeding perhaps 10,000. Few of these books are translated into Chinese, the greater portion being supposed to retain the original language, but attempting to give it in Chinese characters, thus producing a very curious jargon. Gutzlaff never met with a single priest who could explain these books. Whatever has been obtained from this source has been found in consonance with the accounts rendered by Burmah, Tibet, Nepaul, and Ceylon. And besides, the earth and the mountain have been made to yield up their monumental treasures; caves have been penetrated, relics dug up, rock inscriptions decyphered. In this period falls the first contact of the Hindu with European

nations. Numismatics has exhibited the history of three great nations, the Graeco-Bactrian, the Bactro-Scythian, and the Indo-Scythian. The coins have shown how the Greeks consolidated their power, and extended it to the furthest East: how they preserved their religion, arts and civilization, and yet cemented the bonds of political union with their Eastern subjects: how they led on their people in the onward course of commercial activity and national prosperity; how they held the Barbarians in check; and how, weakened by internal strife, and struggling with their rivals, the Parthians, they fell an easy prey to the Scythian. Then Northern India was the battle field, not only of ambitious autocrats, but also of races, religions, and opinions;—it was the scene of such contests as might be anxiously looked upon by the gods of Greece, by the Hindoo Triad, by the Gautama of Buddhism, and by the elemental divinities of Parsism. For at that time, and in that country, on both sides of the Indian Caucasus, met all the different forms of life and thought which antiquity exhibited, in such close and immediate contact that their commingling produced either a new life or a speedy suffocation. There met the worshippers of Jaratustra and Brahma, the preachers of Buddhist quietism and artists who would substitute the beautiful gods of Hellas for the deformities of Oriental symbolism; the cautious Banian met with the Chinese merchant; and in the armies of the kings there marched Hindus on their elephants, and Saca archers by the side of the close Macedonian phalanx, and the well-ordered Bactrian horsemen. Hence the value of the Greek accounts of this age. For it was, as it were, on the cross-roads of historical formation that the Greek in Bactria stood. From this point he could open with his right hand the Vedas of the Brahmans, and the Nosk of the Mazdajasnians, and draw with his left the bolt that closed the gates of the great Chinese wall which guarded the entrance of the Middle Kingdom.\* Still, the Greek could produce no lasting effects in India, for he came from the *West*; streams do not ascend.

Nor could the *Mahometan invasion* effect a real and perma-

\* Lassen, Zur Geschichte der Griechischen und Indoskythischen Könige in Bactrien, Kabul und Indien, durch die Entzifferung der Altkabulischen Legenden auf ihren Münzen.



ment change in the character of that nation. For though the Arab incursions commenced early in the eighth century, Moslem rule was not established until the eleventh, and although the Mogul emperors were perhaps the most splendid the world has ever seen, though their succession was a long and prosperous one, one that can boast an Akbar and an Awrungleb among their number, still, history moves westward, and they came *from* the West. Yet these monarchs erected tombs over the remains of their relatives, that would elsewhere have been thought fit for temples and palaces. Their pavilions were formed of the purest white marble, wainscoted with lofty mirrors and tapestried with the richest brocades. They had but to give the word, and in a few years a range of rocky hills became the site of a new metropolis. "Some of the halls in the palace of Delhi had their floors and ceilings covered with plates of silver, and the walls and columns, of the finest marble, were inlaid with elegant flowerwork composed of carnelians and other precious stones." But now, those "walls and ceilings have been stripped of their silver ornaments; the inlaid gems have been picked out of the marble, and the only tapestry that is now seen on the shattered walls and columns is what the spider weaves." In those desolate halls dwells the helpless descendant of a long and illustrious line of princes, dependent for his daily bread on the bounty of foreign conquerors.

The first of these conquerors were a lustful and unscrupulous band of tyrants and marauders. The calendar of Portuguese conquest presents an unceasing succession of tales of blood. These, the first European followers of Jesus which modern Hindostan saw, were fierce, cruel, and remorseless, insolent and overbearing in their demeanor, tyrannical and exacting beyond all Hindu or Mahometan precedent, with hearts set on gold, and hands stained with blood. They were bound by no laws, and restrained by no scruples. But they have long since passed away. "The rapid growth of the Portuguese empire in India had been the natural forerunner of its rapid decline. The extraordinary success which attended the first efforts of the Lusitanian conquerors inflated them with a boastful self-reliance, and urged them on to those excesses which precipitated their

overthrow." Yet their rule is memorable, if it were for nothing else, for the introduction of Romanism into India. Among that race of effeminate there towers a form majestic in mind and body, Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies; the eye rests relieved on the page that records his deeds, as he toiled, shrinking from no amount of labour, from no suffering, from no humiliation, with his restless zeal overcoming every obstacle, "committing to memory translations, at the time unintelligible to himself, of the creeds of his faith," to recite them with tones and gestures that should speak at once to the senses and to the hearts of his hearers. Solitary, poor, unprotected, he burst through the barriers which separate men of different tongues and races.

Yet the defects of his work were enormous and radical; for, as has been well expressed in a comprehensive and incontrovertible climax, "Xavier was a Fanatic, a Papist, and a Jesuit." The worship which he established was idolatrous; and the morality which he inculcated, placed ritual forms and outward observances above virtue and holiness. His successors, trained in the theology of Laynez and Molina, addressed themselves to the dominant classes, and for the sake of proselytes, they turned aside from the practice of no deceit, from the exercise of no hypocrisy. They lied in word, and they lied in action. They called themselves Western Brahmans; and in the disguise of Brahmans they mixed themselves with the people, talking their language, following their customs, and countenancing their superstitions. Clothed in the sacerdotal yellow cloth, with the mark of sandal-wood on their foreheads, their long hair streaming down their backs, their copper vessels in their hands, their wooden sandals on their feet, these new Brahmans found acceptance among the people, and were welcomed by the princes of southern India.\*

Who can wonder at the opposition which the Hindu offers to the attempts at converting him, that considers not only that among them, apostasy to another faith amounts to an abandonment of ancestral fidelity, to religious pollution, and even to civil outlawry, but who also remembers who and what were the

\* Tennent's Christianity in Ceylon.

first representatives from the West of that religion which is now preached to them?

Nor is this all; for when in *the fourth period* of the history of India, Protestant missionaries came among them, men that were actuated by the intensest zeal for their Master, by a burning love to their fellow men, by an eager spirit of adventure in spreading Christ's kingdom, by the greatest powers of self-denial, and by an entire devotion to God, they were placed in the most anomalous position by the irreligion and the avarice of the new conquerors of the land—British *Christians*. The East India Directors not only resisted the introduction of missionaries into India, and sanctioned their deportation from its shores, but they even placed themselves on the side of idolatry by restoring temples, adorning pagodas, taking charge of their funds, and attending in parade their festivals. And even at the present time the Government are still the managers of lands which afford endowments to heathen temples. Very large sums of money are paid out of the Company's treasury for the support of heathen idolatry and Mahometan worship, and the patronage of some of these priestly appointments still remains at the disposal of the East India Company.\* But this, thanks to God, is gradually disappearing; a better spirit has begun to prevail; the sneer that called the missionaries little detachments of maniacs sent out to command the allegiance of a hundred million of men, has become obsolete; the preacher of the gospel is now recognized as the messenger of peace by the conquerors, and as the teacher belonging to a superior race by the conquered; he is no longer pushed aside by the eager merchant for fear that he would injure his trade; and while the one is busily gathering gold and precious stones, the other can freely offer the pearl of great price.

Truly, in more than one respect has India undergone a great revolution; the most notable for our present purpose is, perhaps, that which is indicated by the fact that whilst all the previous incursions of foreign nations into India passed through the narrow mountain gorges in the West of India, these modern conquerors spread from the East, by making Bengal the original seat

\* The Calcutta Review, March, 1853, p. 113.

of their empire, and by making Bengal the great portal through which history in its western course must pass into India. And unless the course of history, thus far so uniform, should all at once change its direction, we might almost presage that England is not destined for ever to hold India as its own. As neither Greek, nor Mahometan, nor Portuguese, nor Dutchman, nor Frenchman, all coming *from* the West, was able to prevail in India, so it may yet be with the Englishman. India in its ultimate development is to be an *endogen*. Such vast continents as Australia and India (that look like immense tumours on the small body of England,) whenever they shall be peopled by a race of *men*, conscious of being such, cannot but feel the cramping, crippling, crushing effects of a management of their dearest interests in the hands of a body of *merchants*, or of a distant and expensive government. Their eye may chance to fall on a page in the chronicles of the world, headed July the Fourth, 1776. History is philosophy teaching by *example*. It is true, before such an event *could* happen, India will have to be born again. But is not the time at hand for this regeneration?

What hinders men that love their fellows, that are true and right-hearted, to set themselves to the work of eradicating the prejudices and superstitions which debase that great nation, that they may put away the follies and subdue the passions which lead to crime and guilt, and live together in a brotherhood of peace and love, to have a true faith, a sure hope, and the same God? A people in its infancy is to be moulded by the hands of faithful teachers. Shall we permit, can we endure, that the world and Satan are to take their instruction into their hands? Our poetry and our arts, our science and our philosophy, will soon be transplanted thither; but what can these do? They may charm the intellect, and pour into it an increasing flood of wonder and delight; but what is this, if death and suffering, sorrow and crime, continue to waste and blur God's fair creation? Can there be anything more elevating than the very attempt to rescue our fellow-creatures from mental bondage, from cruel, murderous delusion, and to lead them to Christ and holiness? What though our own personal efforts, or the efforts of our generation seem to be unavailing? What though we



strike hard and long, and not a stone of the great wall of superstition seems to move? We have no trumpets to cause it to fall at the blast; but we have faith, and times and seasons are in God's hands. We must insert the insignificant seed in some crevice of the mighty structure, and "soon roots will be felt striking their tiny fibres within the solid masonry, loosening every stone, and insensibly, but surely, bringing the day of overthrow, when the pile itself shall yield to almighty power."

But for this work devotion and zeal are not the only requisites. The spiritual husbandman must also know the ground which he is to till; he must make himself familiar with the customs, the prejudices and the susceptibilities of the race to which he is sent, and especially must he seek to know their religion and their philosophy. The Hindus will not listen to one who comes among them strong only in his own faith and ignorant of theirs. "Read these translations," said a clergyman to a sect of religionists at Benares, who were already seceders from idolatrous worship, and were not indisposed for argument upon the comparative truth of different creeds. "We have no objection to read your books," was the reply, "but we will enter into no discussion of their contents with you until you have read ours." The *practical* religion of the Hindus is by no means a concentrated and compact system, but a heterogeneous compound, made up of various and, not unfrequently, incompatible ingredients. The superposition is based upon ignorance, and until the foundation is taken away, the superstructure, however crazy and rotten, will hold together. The whole tendency of Brahmanical education is to enforce dependence upon authority; in the first instance, upon the Guru, in the next, upon the books. A learned Brahman trusts solely to his learning; he never ventures upon independent thought; he appeals to memory; he quotes texts without measure, and in unquestioning trust. It will be difficult to persuade him that the Vedas are human and very ordinary writings; that the Puranas are modern and unauthentic; and even that the Tantras are not entitled to respect. As long as he opposes authority to reason, and stifles the workings of conviction by the dicta of a reputed sage, little impression can be made upon his understanding. Certain it is

that he will have recourse to his authorities, and it is important to show that his authorities are worthless.\*

The missionary, therefore, must know his own peculiar strength, as well as the peculiar weakness of the system which he opposes. He must know not merely that he is strong and his opponents weak, but where and why he is strong, and where and why they are weak. The Brahman not only admits, but declares it to be most worthy of God to reveal himself as man—that this is the only true revelation of Him—that an incarnation is the fittest outcoming of the glory of God. The Buddhist admits that in God we live and move and have our being. But both the Brahman and the Buddhist lose their precious truths as some noble river that is lost in the sands.†

The missionary can teach the deluded heathen the coherence and the foundation of these truths; nay, more, he has already done so; and great and marvellous beyond precedent has been the result of his labour. The Brahmans, those earthly gods, do not now meet with the unqualified reverence which they once claimed and received. The fire which they are said to have emitted from their mouths at one time for the destruction of their enemies, has long since been extinguished. Some servile castes of Menu's ordinances have become masters and leaders. The Brahmans no longer pass the four stages prescribed by their lawgiver, nor do they abstain from lucrative employments, however inconsistent with their vows; they even sell their learning, live by their pens, and condescend to the most unpriestly avocations for the sake of gain. The degrading superstition, which hung like a cloud over the length and breadth of the land, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, from Coromandel to Malabar, is passing away. The bed of the stream, which had erst been dry, is filled half way up with the pure and healing waters. The simoom-blast is giving place to a gentle breeze. Green pastures start up in the midst of the wilderness, and astonish the eye. The work of regeneration has commenced, and is advancing fast. Soon, if *we* fail not, soon, the hundreds

\* Such is the view presented by that excellent authority, *H. H. Wilson*, in his *Lectures*.

† See these considerations more fully carried out by *Trench*, in his *Hulsean Lectures*.

of millions that now bow to Buddha, the god of their own creating, will break away from his dominion, and bless the Prince of Peace. Soon, the Shasters, those lying vanities, will be exchanged for the oracles of the true God. Soon, the wretched worshipper of Gunga, who seeks salvation and cleansing in the muddy waters of the Ganges, will be saved by the death of Christ, and washed by his blood. The sound of the gospel will soon be heard everywhere; the worshipper of the true God will soon be found "in green Bengala's palmy grove," near "Gunga's mimic sea," "on broad Hindostan's sultry meads," and "black Almorah's hills."

And when the commerce and nautical skill of Arabian merchants shall have taken the place of those of Spain and Portugal of old, as these overshadowed Tyre and Sidon; when Siamese and Burmese philosophers shall have supplanted the ancient Greek sages, as these superseded the Egyptian hierophants; when Persian mathematicians shall be cited in place of the French, as these took the place of the Chaldeans; when the learning and researches of those that now worship the Dalai Lama shall have won the fame now possessed by the Germans, as these cast into oblivion the schools of Tiberias and Pumbeditha; when China shall represent a rejuvenated and regenerated Russia, and the culture and arts of India shall be what the culture and arts of Italy were, then the philosophic Bishop's prophecy, uttered centuries ago, shall yet prove true:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."