

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

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ARTICLE I.

THE DOCTRINAL VARIOUS READINGS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT GREEK.

Novum Testamentum Græce et Latine. CAROLUS LACHMANNUS.
Berlin: 1832, 1842.

TREGELLES on the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament.
London: Bagster. 1854.

Novum Testamentum Græce. Edited by CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF.
Leipsic: 1862.

Authorised English Version of the New Testament, with Introduction and Various Readings from the three most celebrated Manuscripts of the Original Greek Text. By C. TISCHENDORF. Tauchnitz Edition. Leipsic: 1869.

Biblorum Codex Sinait. Petropolitanus, Fac Simile. By CONSTANTINE TISCHENDORF. (Imperial Edition, Folio.) St. Petersburg. A. D. 1862.

The magnificent work, whose name stands last in this list, may be said to complete a marked stage in the progress, or at least in the rotation, of the art of *biblical criticism*. It very properly suggests, not only some inquiry into the value and authority of the Sinai manuscript introduced to the learned world by Dr. Constantine Tischendorf, but a review and comparison of the

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ARTICLE IV.

ULSTER.

The area of this province is quite equal to the fourth of Ireland. It consists of nine counties, some of which present a rugged appearance to the eye of the observer. Its loughs, rivers, and towns, bear names so uncouth as to make them difficult to be pronounced. This northern part of the Emerald Isle has no city equal in population to Dublin, no scenery to be compared with that which embellishes the vale of Wicklow, and no lakes so picturesque as those of Killarney. But it has a basaltic curiosity, specimens of which have been widely dispersed, castles in which nobles like Lord Massereene have lived, seats occupied by Irish gentlemen—industrious merchants—useful artisans, a peasantry tenacious of their rights, an eloquent ministry, deeds of valor which have quickened the pen of Macaulay, and a religious record worthy a niche in the galleries of martyrdom. We propose to give an outline of this religious history so far as Presbyterians may be concerned; for our gratitude is due to Ulster. We shall find, whilst the bush was burning in the furnace of persecution, that a spark was transmitted to this wilderness of ours, which has kindled thousands of Presbyterian altars, never we trust to be extinguished. Two centuries ago an Irish shepherd turned aside from the crags of Donegal, and crossed the Atlantic that he might ransom multitudes from the house of spiritual bondage. Makemie is fast becoming *clarum et venerabile nomen*. Firm of purpose, not given to change, a diligent minister, a true missionary, an ardent pioneer, under the guidance of the great Husbandman he brought a vine, not out of Egypt, but from abroad, the curves of which cannot be followed. The vintage of the Rhine is scanty in comparison with the moral products which are dangling on its winding branches. It has encircled a larger number of homes filled with distinct classes of society than we care to mention.

Adrian IV., the Pope of Rome, made a present of Ireland to Henry II., then king of England. The people of Hibernia had no right to complain of the donation, for they had all been constituted ceremonial saints by the manipulations of the Tiber, and believed the Pope to be infallible. This is a new article in the creed of Bishop Purcell. He has succumbed to the dogma; but when leaving Rome, he made himself merry at Adrian's infallibility in his maltreatment of Erin-go-bragh. His quietus has been achieved by the chloroform of the Vatican, and having fallen asleep is muttering out his reverence for the pontifical slipper. But Henry VIII. quarrelled with the popes of his time, and the successors of Peter could not dissolve his marriage with Catharine of Arragon, from an apprehension that Charles V., Emperor of Germany, might capture the city of their mock solemnities. And lo! the English king becomes supreme head of the Church, instead of announcing himself as joint custodian of London Tower, and grand executioner on Tower Hill. Bishop Brown is sent to Armagh, not in the spirit of Elias, or like John to manifest the true Messiah, but to proclaim the news that the Pope of Rome was supplanted in his office as pontiff. What a comedy! Edward VI. bloomed a while; but disappeared in the nightfall of a mysterious providence, for the reign of Mary was a dismal period in the annals of England. And in that of Elizabeth the island of saints was not in a placid condition. War and crime prevailed. The Earl of Essex could not marry England to that tumultuous sea of passion which agitated Ireland. He was no doge of Venice, though furnished with a ring by his queen. Poor Spenser! Elizabeth gave him an Irish estate which lay along the banks of the Mulla, where, among looming prospects, merry pixies, and the ruby blossoms of the shamrock, he might have dreamed away his enchanted life; but incendiarism was the order of the night, and his poetical lodge was reduced to ashes. One of his children perished in the flames, and that catastrophe inserted a cypress leaf which was never detached from the chaplet he had won. But Presbyterianism did not appear in Ulster till James I. ascended the English throne, from which elevation he descried a

charm in tasselled mitres, Canterbury muslin, and prelatical crosiers, which had escaped his vision among the lowly gowans of Scotland. This change, if change it were, introduced many troubles, all of which might have been warded off by a little common sense.

King James was insincere, disingenuous, preëminently selfish, and a constant spouter of Latin, which he had learned from Buchanan. He was rife in promises which he never intended to fulfil. Before leaving Scotland, in consequence of a hurt which he had received in the chase, the General Assembly agreed to meet in Fifeshire that they might be contiguous to the Falkland palace. His words were smooth, flowing as they did from an oily tongue. He pronounced the Presbyterian to be the purest Church in Christendom, and reminded them, that not content with lopping off some of its branches, their axes had gone down to the roots of the papal upas tree. He limped away, but not without leaving the impression that he had been to Blarney Castle. But his bearing was quite different when, in 1603, he reached Whitehall. The conceit became inseparable to his mind that his triple kingdom could not be governed without the help of prelates, and he concerned himself in the conferences held between puritans and churchmen. Bishops flattered; but they might have been satisfied with the fact that the *three orders* were safe enough in England without forcing the same on a sister kingdom. All civil and religious government requires the assent and consent of the governed. Papists have given an erroneous assent to an erroneous system, but even they are responsible not to kings, but to a perverted Bible, and to Him by whom that Bible was inspired. We omit the wrongs of Presbyterianism enacted in the time of James, for the hierarchy was uncongenial to the Scotch. Prelacy could not cross the Tweed. The Mellvilles, Rutherfords, and Pedens, proved too strong for its advocatés. Half the people of England looked upon the incubus as a playful fairy from the woods of Devon; but the Scotch regarded it as an expensive monster to devour the tenths of their industry, especially should the Church fall asleep. But the Scotch king was not totally devoid of all merit in his admin-

istration. In his reign, Norman knights and Anglo-Saxons stood on the lowlands of Virginia; and Virginia has been the mother of illustrious men. He took an interest in the colonisation of Ulster; and that province is our present subject.

Presbyterianism obtained a footing among the people of Ulster, in the following way: There were waste lands in Ireland, and large tracts of soil which had been forfeited to the crown in consequence of rebellion. The penalties of rebellion are severe in *monarchical* governments; but rebellion in a confederacy of coëqual States would be a misnomer. Byron says we live in an age of cant. Especially had the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, who escaped to the continent, left immense possessions in Ulster. War, insurrection, and incendiarism, had devastated large portions of the island; and the English Government was anxious to retrieve the ruin. Polished gentlemen, as well as cultivators of the soil, went to Ireland. The desert began to smile; and, except for the mismanagement of agents, and the blunders of statesmen, and the interposition of papistry and prelacy, Erin would soon have recovered the green hue it had lost. Viceroy, agents, and every kind of subordinates, violated the terms of settlement, and came between the colonists and the London Government. Cultivate, they said; but, if the land be improved, the rent must be increased. There is an easy way to escape the increase. How? Give up your solemn league and covenant, surrender your Presbyterianism, and succumb to Episcopacy. There must be but one Church for the three realms. Diocesans are more than pillars to the throne. They are Egyptian pyramids. This is but a sample of the audacious talk, in which agents indulged. In what light would Joseph, prime minister of Pharaoh, have held such dispensers of a public trust! But the followers of Calvin and Knox have never been lukewarm, either about the independence of the kirk, or the rights of man. What said Grattan, at a later date, when pouring forth his manly eloquence in the Irish Parliament? "The British constitution owes all its freedom to the struggles of Presbyterians." They went on protesting and sending commissioners to London, bearing all things, and hoping all things;

but how often were their hopes defeated! Could they have believed in prelacy, how soon might their prospects have brightened, and their comforts been increased! But they who sincerely profess our holy religion, must cherish a conscience void of offence towards God and man. And these Caledonian settlers steadily improved their lands, though Mrs. Hemans had not then written her song of emigration. There were gleams of prosperity under adverse circumstances—as the weights on the lower limbs of the palm tree are said to increase the luxuriance of the summit. A Scotchman makes out to live, whether on the sods of Ireland, or among the mosses of the Orkneys. Whether in the east or west, he labors as it were in sight of the heather in which he was cradled. Leyden went to India in quest of pecuniary means, but they were means to be expended in Teviot dale; where the Yarrow joins the Teviot, and the Tweed winds onward to the sea. It was an easy task for the clergy and laymen of Scotland to cross from the Mull of Cantyre to the Irish coast, that Ulster might be evangelised.

Among the large number who crossed, were the Rev. Robert Blair and John Livingstone, both of whom had been present at that great display of power and grace, which occurred about 1630 at the Kirk of Shotts, in the Shire of Lanark. They were earnest men, and honest in the sacred cause. Blair was the pastor of Hollywood. Like all the rest of his brethren, he encountered various trials. He had to contend with the power of the State, combined with that of the Church. Livingstone must have been active. He crossed and recrossed. We meet with him in Stranraer, in the south of Scotland, and at Rotterdam. In the reigns of the First and Second Charles, the annoyances of the Presbyterian clergy were most excessive; for those reckless monarchs were determined to brave popular opinion both in Scotland and Ulster. The Scotch looked askance at the prelates who passed over the Cheviots in their gaudy coaches. They did not fancy such excrescences in a Church they were anxious to make primitive, as it was in the time of Hippolytus. Chevalier Bunsen says that *Rome* was Presbyterian down to the third century; and so say Jerome and Chrysostom. The

golden mouth of the last never uttered a more self-evident truth.

'Tis strange that Irish Presbyterians should have been persecuted; for loyalty to their kings was their watchword. It was, on their part, a condescension to ask for an Act of *Toleration*, when they might have petitioned for equal rights. But for a long time not even this poor favor was granted. Both the English and Irish Parliament were adverse to their claims. Black oaths were in vogue, the Headship of our Lord over his Church was subverted by kings, the *regium donum* stopped, ministers suspended, congregations disturbed, the laity imprisoned, sacraments interrupted, and other grievances which may be omitted for the sake of brevity. Wentworth was in Ulster preparing his neck for the block by his acts of tyranny; and Laud, at Lambeth, working hard to ambrotype the churches of three kingdoms into a resemblance to papistry; but had he manipulated from the Sun of Righteousness, he might have caught simple reflections, instead of theatrical novelties introduced by Constantine, Pepin, and the popes of Rome. The so-called Archbishop of Canterbury was a superstitious devotee; and yet, in his Book of the Church, Southey has tried to write him into that niche which is filled by the noble army of martyrs. There have been good prelates, even though their office be a gross usurpation. Such was the Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore. In the massacre of 1641, no papist would have touched one hair on his head. And such was Usher; but he finally left Ulster for Surrey in 1640, and died in 1650 deeply lamented by Cromwell. We wish that other bishops had cultivated the same liberal views by which Usher and Bedell were distinguished. But Echlin, Leslie, King, and Bramhall, were of the High Church party, and each of them became a clerical despot. The Presbyterians were hedged in on all sides. No flower of hope appeared on the hedge, and there seemed to be no wicket-gate by which they could find an egress. The ministry might have returned to Scotland, but this would have exposed to dispersion the numerous flocks which had been collected. The persecuted thought seriously of emigrating to New England; and some of them

embarked, but, by adverse incidents, were driven back to Carrickfergus, the town where the first Ulster Presbytery had been organised. Bramhall satirised the expedition; but he who makes himself merry at the perils of the sea shall not go unpunished. Had this mitred churchman forgotten that Paul encountered the Euroclydon? The fact is, that the bishop feared their return. There had been frequent assaults made with the pen on the Presbyterian clergy, but the prelates found them more than competent to the defence of their principles. They had ably exposed the oppressive law that loyal men, if Presbyterians, should not be eligible to any office. They were kept down by *disabilities*. We regret that Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Connor and Down, should have added any thing to this tale of woe. He possessed a creative imagination and a cornucopian eloquence; but he too was dazzled into moral blindness by the sunshine of power. He locked up six and twenty churches in his diocese, claiming the right of interdict, and the power of the *keys*. This was a papal act on a reduced scale. But the presbyters of Ulster derived their commission from a Master who preached alike in the temple or a synagogue, from the slope of a hill, the brow of a mountain, or on the shore of the sea. He had the same truths to make known, whether he stood in the vale of Sharon, or on the heights of Carmel or Olivet. And, following his example, the clergy of Ulster were willing to preach the gospel on the margin of the Bann, at the foot of Agnew Hill, or by Loughs Derg, Foyle or Neagh. Even the gentry were not fastidious about Byzantine architecture. They did not care for St. Mark's in Venice, or St. Sophia in Constantinople. They wanted the bread, the water, the wine, the oil, the milk, and manna of the gospel, with which the hungry soul was satisfied.

The protectorate of Cromwell came in between the sad fate of Charles I., and the restoration of Charles II. The Presbyterians of Ulster denounced the taking off of the king and proclaimed the protector to be a usurper. Their language, indeed, was unguarded and singularly indiscreet, when we consider the circumstances in which they were placed. Their vituperations aroused the ire of Milton, who in controversy was always

abusive. His pen moved among nettles; but the rose was absent. His prose style was obscure, circumlocutory; consisting of long involved sentences and indirect statements, with an occasional majesty which would have suited his *Paradise Lost*. But circumlocutory as they certainly were, his terrible denunciations must have brought the Presbyterians of Ulster to reflection. The writer cannot call to mind that any reply was ever attempted to the immortal bard of England. Perhaps for the same reason that Junius would not answer Dr. Johnson—he held him in too much reverence. We agree with Macaulay, that Charles I. had violated the solemn oath he took at his coronation, and that his brother had filled all England with immorality; but when he eulogises papistry in his review of Ranke, he must have forgotten that popes have been unparalleled tyrants. He says that Pius VI. crowned Napoleon. A mistake—for the Corsican crowned both himself and Josephine; whilst the Pope stood by trembling like the leaf of an aspen. It is surprising, however, that Ulster Presbyterians should have been so hostile to Cromwell. He was a natural product arising from a kingdom wantonly convulsed by the folly of its rulers. He was competent to his station. He fought battles, scattered armies, won victories, dissolved Parliaments, vindicated the naval honor of England, encouraged morality, made popes to tremble, shielded the Waldenses, and, in a word, wild uproar stood ruled. Had his counsels prevailed touching the settlement of the three Romish provinces of Ireland, papistry would not now have been the predominant religion. Had Henry, the son of Cromwell, instead of Richard, been successor to his father, all the duplicity of monks, and the wire-workings of prelates, could not have restored the monarchy; for most wisely did he govern Ireland. During his administration the Presbyterians of Ulster were unmolested. They enjoyed repose. Absent ministers returned, churches were reopened, congregations reorganised, sacraments dispensed, dilapidated buildings repaired, and new Presbyteries formed. Bishops decamped to Breda, or grew courteous in their sees. The doctrine of non-resistance, even to kings who surpass their constitutional rights, was hushed to silence. Cromwell

laid down the pavement on which the Prince of Orange rode to the English throne; and the battle of the Boyne quieted the Shamrock Isle. Surely the rights of Presbyterians are at last secured. They were not troubled, perhaps through the feverish reign of James II., for their aid was invoked even by the non-juring Sancroft against the inroads of papistry. Nor in the reign of Anne, so long as Lord Wharton ruled in Ulster; when the mild and grateful Addison sat in the Irish Parliament. But the Tory interest, during a part of her reign, prevailed over that of the Whigs. High Churchism revived. There were conspiracies to bring in the Pretender; but the Bishop of Rochester absconded, Bolingbroke fell, and, after a temporary imprisonment, Prior went off to Down Hall in Essex, where he died in 1721. The house of Hanover triumphed after the demise of Anne, but in her time the hateful test oath was enforced in Ulster. Presbyterians were compelled to say that they had taken the sacrament at least three times in each year, not in their own, but Episcopal churches. Jonathan Swift scribbled out a defence of this detestable law. He had been a Whig, but became a Tory, hoping that the change might secure for him the Diocese of Hereford. In 1695 he was presented to the Rectory of Killroot, but left it in a hurry that he might talk politics with Sir Wm. Temple of Moor Park in Surrey. He represented papistry under the symbol of a cat, and Presbyterianism under that of a lion. 'Tis wonderful that he thought so well of Presbyterianism, for the lion is said to be the king of the forest. Inferior creatures have been used more than once to represent churches. Dryden portrayed Romanism as a graceful hind, and Protestantism as a panther; but on St. Bartholomew's night, in the Irish massacre, and among the valleys of Piedmont, the hind must have been metamorphosed into a panther. Montague and Prior, in the "City and Country Mouse," turned the satire of Dryden into ridicule. His poem appeared in 1787, when the church feeling had reached its culmination. But De Foe wrote on the sacramental oath, which caused such excitement in Ulster; and he was a great controversialist. He was self-possessed in the pillory, as in the gardens of Kensington; and, like his name-

sake of old, would have preserved his composure even in a den of lion. This great man sleeps in Bunhill fields, the Westminster Abbey of Dissenters, and his dust is mingling with that of Milton, Watts, Bunyan, and a host of other worthies.

To record human suffering is an irksome task. But it is right that our Southern Church should know the penalties, arrests, and imprisonments to which our Ulster sires were subjected for the sake of opinions which they held as sacred. It was a portentous sign, and historically true, that the aid of our General Government was called for to force our independent Church into a union with the North. Nor was this done by the Bramhalls of Ulster, but by men with whom we once went in company to the house of God, and mused in the groves of learning. The writer has lived to see the time when ministers could not reach their congregations without a permit from subalterns. There are several approaches to the renowned vale of Cashmere, where men are stationed to give out passes. We could have denied ourselves access to the green vales, or the blue mountains of Virginia; but there are sights more pleasing than the Hindoo Cashmere. "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes, which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters." "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King." But we will turn to more pleasing themes. We rejoice in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the cause of so much tribulation to the Ulsterites. But Gladstone seems inclined to become nurse to the stricken Pope, which is rather an undignified position for an English Premier. For nearly a century had the Presbyterians, except at intervals, been under the frowns of power. Notwithstanding their undisputed loyalty, some of their ministers were most unjustly suspected in the insurrection of 1798. But still they had increased in numbers and influence. This result was owing to ministerial fervor, pastoral diligence, untiring efforts, preaching in the fields, and the administration of sacraments even at the midnight hour.

After the Hanoverian succession, which took place on the decease of Anne, the Church enjoyed rest. The hand of Herod was no longer stretched forth to vex the mountain partridges. They could whirl at leisure from heath to heath, ascend the hills and perch at will from Lough Larne over to Donegal Bay, or from Tory Island to Dunmore Head. The Presbyterians in the long persecution had settled pastors in the chief towns of Ulster, and in many of its retired villages. Crowds attended on their services. The General Synod could meet in peace and students repair to their Divinity Hall. Among later events are the organisation of the General Assembly, the separation between the Arians and Trinitarians—for how can two walk together except they be agreed? the licensure of young men thoroughly educated, revivals of religion, a desire for missions, able authorship, the union of burghers and anti-burghers, and their coalition with the leading Church. What a lesson ought our Southern Church to learn from the sufferings and courage of our fathers who patiently waited till the Master showed them the way out of their difficulties! There are two counties in Ireland divided by the Slievh Bloom mountains with one, and but one, path by which to cross. So it is in providence. We must travel on till we come to a way which the vulture's eye has not discovered.

As Presbyterians we feel grateful for any accessions we may have obtained from abroad. Our Secretary of State published his card of thanks to the many nations of Europe for helping him to achieve in the South what could never have been done by an indigenous population. He should have included the prelates of the Prince of Peace, who accepted the odious commission. But we want Christian soldiers to evangelise our land. The lunar stripe of Presbyterianism which first became visible in the lowly hamlet of Rehoboth has not yet waxed into that circle of brightness for which it was designed. It will not return to its first impression on the firmament of the Church, but realise the vision of the woman clothed with the sun and the moon at her feet, and around her head a crown of twelve apostolic stars. We are under obligations to Wales, Holland, and to polished Huguenots exiled from the vineyards, the stately lilies, and

sylvan chateaus of France. But Dr. Howe no doubt has done them justice in his admired History of Presbyterianism in South Carolina. We are indebted to Scotland for her Witherspoons and Nesbits, and to impulsive Ireland for her Tennents, Blairs, Smiths, and Lattas, who scorned political notoriety, but sought a true clerical distinction. But be assured, if no stranger had ever touched our shores, Presbyterianism would have existed. It was essential to the cause of learning and religion. It is suited to the poor of this world, to the rich, to professional men, to planters, merchants, artisans, and rulers. It is often whispered in the galleries of the aspiring and the upper stories of prelacy that it is not adapted to people of rank. A slander invented for the purpose of making even one proselyte to Phariseism! To what sacrament did Ladies Yester, Glenorchy, Colquhoun, and that noble band of women who signed the League and Covenant resort? To what Church did the Queen of Navarre and the Baroness De Stael belong? We have had lords and sirs acting as elders and deacons. The letter of Col. Stevens, sent in 1680 to the Presbytery of Laggan is laid up among our archives, and we trust in the chest of the Covenant, for it brought over a crosier of parity which has borne pure blossoms and nutritous fruits. We have not sufficient data on which to attempt any sketch of Makemie. He was probably a native of Rothmelton, a town that lies between Lough Swilly and Milford Glen in the County of Donegal. In 1675 he entered the University of Glasgow, and 1681 was introduced to his Presbytery for licensure by the pastor of Rothmelton, whose name was Drummond. He seems to have reached Virginia in 1682, but subsequently left Elizabeth City for Accomac. We suppose he must have been a man of Irish warmth and genial manners, or he never could have pleased Marylanders of the Eastern Shore. It is a conjecture of ours that his taste inclined him to the upper classes of society. In this we may possibly do him a wrong, but we are not without reasons for the suspicion. He was an Hibernian gentleman. That activity was a quality in his character is undoubted. Proofs might be stated, but it is not necessary. His talent was versatile. He could write sermons or extemporize,

send out vessels to Barbadoes, purchase lots, take care of his property, build churches, and confront Lord Cornbury on points of law. That lord speaks of him as preacher and lawyer in one of his letters. He was sound in his Calvinistic principles, but abundant in good works, like Howard the Philanthropist, who professed the same creed. In short, this evangelist from Erin was a very remarkable man.

Presbyterians can never wish any harm to Ireland. In America we are not without clustered towns bearing Irish names spread over our limestone valleys. We have our Belfasts, Derrys, Donegals, Cavans, and Monaghans in a rich abundance. But three-fourths of this gem of the ocean are kept in beggary by the craft of priests; yet we hope that some system purer than Papistry may yet prevail from Rathlin Isle to the extreme of Kerry and from the noble Shannon to the Vale of Arklow. Ireland may well rejoice in her Burkes and Wellingtons, her Currans and Grattans, her Goldsmiths and Edgeworths, and in her Edgars and Cookes. The eloquence of Curran was suited to the torrid zone, but in Grattan we admire an orator who to a dispassionate judgment united an ardent imagination and a well attempered patriotism.



ARTICLE V.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

The Life of Christ. By the Rev. WILLIAM HANNA, D. D., LL.D. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers. 1871. 6 vols. in 3. 12mo.

Jesus: His Life and Works as Narrated by the Four Evangelists. By HOWARD CROSBY. New York: University Publishing Company. 1871. 1 vol., 8vo., Pp. 551.

In all externals the two works above mentioned are deserving of high commendation. The work of Dr. Hanna, from the press of the Carters, is presented in very attractive form, printed in