THESIS,

KINGSLEY'S HYPATIA,

FOR THE DEGREE OF

IN THE SCHOOL OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

BY

Mary A. Eldridge,

1888.
Kingsley's Hypatia.

Not long after Teutonic despotism had displaced the civilization of Rome, when Greece was "living Greece's dream," the city of Alexandria was the center of one of those desperate struggles which the several religious sects passed through in the fifth century.

The Egyptian and Syrian churches were destined to labor not for themselves but for me. Alexandria, the ancient stronghold of Greek philosophy and the corner stone of scientific thought, was one of the dark and shadowy spots whose past culture was sacrificed to riot and plunder. Everywhere the mangled ruins of the old world were undergoing that regenerative process which was to bring them forth whole and young and strong.
up its life-blood in defence of its beliefs. Fanatic dreamers they may have been, yet they fought courageously with that "blood of theocratic monsters," the outgrowth of Egyptian Symbolism, Chaldean Astrology and Mysticism, Spiritualism. The innumerable Egyptian monasteries whose adherents often outnumbered the lay feudal aristocracy, contributed their monks to the conflict. The Jews filled the vanes in so small numbers to contest the preaching of the New Testament. The Ancient Greek philosophy and science advanced their disciples for recognition, and not unimportant stood the representatives of Skepticism. The Mohammedans, strong by their faith in the living God, carried conquest in their pathway, whilst the Christians, hating and persecuting one another for small differences of belief.
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denied and Haeckel said that very God whose
dominion they sought to extend.
At this period the struggle was in the very
 insurer of the great work, and it is in this fourth
 which Charlee Kingsley sets forth in his historical
 romance "Hypatia" or "New Force with an Old Face"
 so glowing is the old face that we find it
 hard to keep it in mind the new face. Not until the
 close when we shake off the toga and tunic for the
 coat and gown do we find we are of the
sixteenth
century.
We hear the shrill battle of monks, the bishops and
priests, the fierce "Go the clad in sheepskin and
horsehide, the scraggly Jew, and the Mucius
of Theonis and Hypatia's philosophy, which had echoed
for nearly seven hundred years to the wisdom of the
Alexandrine sages and poets, and looking back
over the little company of characters we truly recognize, the "New York".
We see there "old vice" and "fair virtue": Materialism combating Spiritualism. Intimacy confusing itself with Morality. "All are butseen as they seem and gazed on in the wave of human life." It is that Spirit in men which "even when it is but a very little as it is, the alphabet whereof to read the mysteries of Heaven" yet ever seeks to interpret. That personal ideal which every soul brings within it into the world, which shines dim and potential in the face of every sleeping babe, from it has been scarred and distorted and encrusted in the long tragedy of life.

We go from our quiet Lauren the nineteenth century with Philemon and to the mouth of the great canal of Alexandria to find ourselves among the countless curious and woe-stricken graves of the
greater seaport of the world; and with him will
Bravado. I think that the world of the fifth century
did not look at first sight a thing to be despised.
Mr. find crowding the narrow streets numberless
monks, who fancy that God likes them the better the
more miserable they are, and perhaps he will like
them all the more, the more miserable they make
other people."

We look for the Christian church.

These monks are its representatives. Philammon
found the church "a red shaken in the wind". He
found under the stock-phrase of which it talked
of "wealth of love" and "future reward for present
humiliation" a deep and hardly-hidden pride, a
faith in its own infallibility, a continuous
impatience of every man, however venerable, who
differs from its party on any, the slightest, point.

The adherents talked of shame and desolation far
and unpeeling without pity for the plain and ruined. They cursed their opponents and finally comforted themselves with the prospect of their everlasting torment. This was the "harmonious strength and unity of the Church Catholic," which from the quiet monastery Philammon had come forth to set in which he had been taught from his boyhood "there was but One Lord, One Faith, one Spirit." This was the "indivisible body without spot or wrinkle" which joined together and compacted by that which every member supplied, according to the effectual and proportionate working of every part, increased the body and enabled it to build itself up in love. If the Church institution were divine, Philammon found its supporters strangely human. Scribes in the suspicious, accusers and complaints of the times in common with the heathen, pagan and skeptic.
whose they fought with greatest zeal. Little wise they caring for the "Eternal glory and the beatific vision." Their one test for all men and things was how far had they "advanced in the church," which in short meant their own cause, their influence, their self-glorification.

The mighty Copts represented the luxury and avant-gardes of the times. They show forth the barbarity, spirit of riot and plunder, of human butchery. The struggle of force and physical power for supremacy. They held their wing of the battlefield in Alexandria; spoke to culture, morals and the religious spirit of the age.

Old Miriam the sorceress, pandareus and slave-dealer, striped to the life in falsehood, frivolity and avarice, give to us the few picture of the time. Life into but faithful to their beliefs and practices they still
held a brotherly affection which might well have been imitated by the Catholics. They held power by commercial influence. They assay'd the Christian with dagger wounds and death when night and riot united.

The fifth century was not without its philosophers and the soul head of Greek philosophy in Alexandria was Hypatia, Theon's daughter.

Purity and beauty and an enthusiasm for all that was noble was represented by the Neoplatonists. Her creed, like those of her fellow philosophers was one of the fancy and religious sentiment rather than of reason and the moral sense. But if her creed was false her life was all that was highest in purpose. She represented that wonderful metaphysical subtlety which saw the symbols of the most important realities and felt the distinctions on which hung the solution...
of the whole problem of humanity. In her ardent
longing she, too, "sought for a sight." And while she
sought she believed she had found "a Ruler whose
will was higher than her will: one chosen for
her in Heaven." Nor except in obedience to the
Heaven-chosen did she believe "freedom to be so much
as conceivable."

"Truth! Where is Truth but in the soul itself?
Facts, objects, are but phantoms metamorphic
ghosts of the earthly night, at which the soul
sleeping here in the opaque and clay of matter shudders
and shames its own vague forebore sense and
perception. Yet even as our nightly dreams, so in
me the suspicion of mysterious and immaterial
presence, unfettered by the bond of time and space,
so do these waking dreams which she call sight and
sound. They are divine, one neighbor appointed to
god, pure and pure, through successive lives till
it enters the Nothing, which is the All, and finds
its home, at last.

Would not we with Philammon
have opened our ears to words such as these? What
does it reflect but elements of modern advanced
thought and culture? Is it not unfolding of all
that was and is most noble. Does it not speak
of the unseen world, the hope of immortality, the
conquest of the spirit over the flesh? Was the
gulf between Cyril, the church head, and Hypatia,
the pagan, so infinite?

Leaving above all other characters
Kingsley has given me the transition of one mind
passing through every form of human thought, human
action, of human sin and folly. The "Unfathomable
Jew", Raphael. Abi-Ezra, Friede whom all others
Alvem faltry. He is he who for years wanders and finds no rest. He sees but little in wisdom as in folly, in spiritualistic dreams as in sensual turpitude. He could not rest in Platonism, nor in Stoicism, Epicureism, Cynicism, skepticism, and in that lowest deep found a lower depth where he became skeptical of skepticism itself. He concludes that "philosophy is superfluous in a world where all are fools" and says "Philosophers, Jews and Christians, farewell forever and a day!"

The elsiest words of your most sacred books mean anything or nothing as the case may, push your fancies and there is neither truth nor falsehood under the sun." Then said he "in utter abasement, I confessed myself lower than the brutes, who had a law and obeyed it, while I was my own lawless God, devil, harpy, whirlwind. I needed som
my own dog to awaken in me the innate consciousness of my own existence. I took her; she was like a God-sent and God-flying angel, to human nature, to mercy, to self-sacrifice."

Not until he follows the dog-teacher does he learn that "it is not intellect but sympathy; that experience is the grand spiritual doctor; that conviction will never be excellent in worthless till it convert itself into conduct."

So Kingsley presents the elements of ancient Alexandria. The same which if ever had existence have merged together and the outcome has been civil and religious liberty. In all times there have been absent souls who have dreamed of turning back the stream of human error, of doubters who have set
about working out "the last formula of the great world problem," given self to God, and yet others without formulated beliefs found virtue and therefore found "His whole likeness" Virtue is and work "nearly not far from the kingdom of God." Thus says Carlyle. In distracted times the Religions Principle driven out of many Churches either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working there toward some new Revivalism, or else wanders homeless over the world like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organization. Into how many strange shapes of superstition and Fanaticism does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself. The higher Enthusiasm of human nature is for the while without Exponent; yet does it continue indestructible, unwaveringly active and work blindly in the great
chaotic deed. Thus, each after each, and to church
after church, bodies itself forth and melts again
into new eustatomorphosies.

So these martyrs of religion we would say "Be of
cheer - Mankind will sap the o'erward." Their
heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to
Heaven, but of all lands, and out of all times, as
a sacred Milord. Their heroic actine also, as a
boundless everlasting Realm of Triumph.

After generations, enjoy the fruits of martyrdom
of their ancestors. The histories of wars have
forgotten heroes. Recollections of brave deeds have
made brave men. Raphael, Hyksias, and devout
Philammonos have stirred not alone their own time
but they arouse him who reads and discerns to that
entire, sympathy which unites all hero-worshippers.