

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

We propose in this article to present a brief analysis of the First Part of the above Poem, which is now rapidly passing through the press of "The Telegraph" and will be issued by Messrs. Partridge & Co. in their finest style, about the middle of November. Our extracts are made from the proof, kindly furnished by that office. The spiritual Telegraph of last week, thus speaks of the work of the characters that fill the introductory stanzas:

given of this impassioned writer, who unconsciously sowed the seeds of the great French Revolution, is the most complete and satisfactory portrait we have seen drawn for many a day:

"There was a Genius, hating hateful things, And loving virtue, as a lover clings, Not wholly pure, unto some chaste, sweet spirit, This man from God a burning soul did herit— Swift, eager, passionate, intensely strung To joy and sorrow, and he moved among The sons of time, a meteor mid pale lamps, His brightness veiled in loathsome dungeon damp, Exhaling from corruption. Oh! the clod, Where violets bloom, than he was happier far, And he went waiting, like some falling star, Companionless, heart-broken after God."

Sweet Clarence! oft he turned to noblest themes Amid thy shades; and when, in later years, He won a name, his agonies and tears, And hopes and expectations and despairs, Wild moccasies and secret burning prayers, His solemn midnights, his delirious mornings, His mimics and jests, and dim forewarnings, And prophecies, all took through speech new birth, His three-fold nature touched Heaven, Hell, and Earth,

His three-fold thought, outspoken, thence became Sweet sunshine, cheering dew, and scorching flame. A million murdered heretics, white sown In calmed ashes, and o'er Europe strewn, Made him their wild avenger. It was he Who whispered their great name, O Liberty! With his own heart communing, awe and still, He knew not how that name ere long should fill Mankind with hope, and despots with dismay, As forked lightnings, harmlessly that play Around the cottage roof, but strike the spire, And change the fortress to a funeral pyre, [charms Fell his swift thought; it broke the enslaving

Gigantic he, and keen his thought and clear As crystal skies that rule the northern year. He gathered up the frowns in his palm, The lightning, and the thunder, and the hail, And held them still. Then fell sepulchral calm Upon the face of Europe. Peace obtained A seeming victory and order reigned.

The second Angel of the triad came From out the West, and he was clad with flame, Armed with mailed lightnings, and his feet were shod With swift resounding thunder, where he trod Strange voices echoed; mountain, vale, and sea Woke as from sleep and song of liberty. Then came another by the South wind driven, Balmied in sweet odors, and to him was given A floral garland. These three Angels flew Where dead old Europe for her burial lay, The Angel of the North stooped down to view The ghastly corpse. "Rousseau then heard him say, Out from the ashes of this great decay Shall spring swift Revolution, for I hear A voice prophetic, pregnant with all fear All terror, all confusion, all distress."

"And I will crown him with a radiant tress Of glory and wild joy, and I will make Him beautiful as morning," gently spake The Angel of the South-wind, breathing low— "And I will arm him to avenge the wo Of millions on despotic heads. His call Shall rouse all nations; he shall tear the pall From the slain Christ, and it shall woe so bright, That tyrants perished and blinded with affright, Shall reel and perish from the morning light; I'll temper him a sword to smite Revenge and bigotry; but ancient Night Shall rise against him, and his feet must tread Where blood shall rain as from the skies o'er head; The lurid flames shall follow him; his form Shall burn with agony, through strife and storm, Battling with all the enemies of man."

The Western Angel ceased; then tremors ran Through the dissolving form of Europe dead. These Angels then beside Jean Rousseau's bed, In midnight slumber pierced his breast with keen Heart-anguish, and he dreamed this wondrous dream:

French Monarchy, the holy virgin, type of celestial love, and Peter the stern apostle of the right "Who through the night Of ancient ages fearlessly up-trod The great world-calvary to his rest with God." This scene we pass as it has already been quoted. Rousseau is next wafted on the wings of his swift revolving trance high above the storms of earth. He hears fairy-like music, as if rural Nature had broken forth in song.

"When swelling buds their sheaths forsook, Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree, And yellow daffodils awake, The virgin Spring is fair to see; which reminds one far more than any thing of late of those careless little catches of Shakespeare. He beholds the hero heaven of England's worthies, where in serene benignity king Alfred rules his sphere; thence he descends to the desecrated shores where the Hanoverian George held his cabinet. He is consulting with lord Bute respecting the American 'rebels,' and thus delivers the stirring thoughts of his royal breast:

"Whip them with rods, my Lord, and they'll submit; Shall misbegotten knaves, whose fathers sped To cheat our justice of each outlawed head, Bandy hot words with us, as they see fit? No! let the red-coats have at them—unless They bow. Methinks they lay too much of stress On Magna Charta. Shall a rebel horde Impugn at will our royal council board? What! what! let's flog them till the canting knaves And varlets grow as fearful as their waves."

The problem of man's two-fold life, Its alternating birth and death, Pressed on him, and his heart seemed rife With lingering strains of Angel-breath.

Through the dark world again he trod, Bearing within a new born sense, Heart-quickened from the lips of God, Soul-thrilled with Love's omnipotence. He was a Prophet for his time, And through his utterance evermore, A voice, eternal and divine, Thrills Europe to its bleeding core."

The next scene, which we cannot now give, is entitled *Rousseau in Paradise*. Earth, with all its sore trials, has forever passed away, and his freed Spirit awakes in the far Indian Heaven, where the mild Brahmins muse in banyan bowers, and Poesy, more soft than Europe knows, lulls the tired wanderer to his welcome rest, till all heart-sorrows and scenes of time fade from the mind, like troubled dreams at touch of morning light.

ever the philosophy the Spiritualists would desire to propagate might be understood by the learned, what were the unlearned to do? How would the fishermen of Galilee have understood it? To say that Spiritualism is universal brotherhood and charity, is not enough, and yet, when a philosophical disquisition is entered into, then the speaker is to be ignored by being asked, how are the unlearned to understand the deep mysteries of its scientific detail. This denial of the Spiritual theory strikes me as somewhat most extraordinary, when I consider how many learned men of the English writers, men who have been esteemed as good christians, have touched upon such things in their writings.

I was lately reading Sir Humphrey Davis' consolations of travels, and there met with the narrative of a vision which he makes an imaginary person see, but who is pretty generally understood to be himself, and which, it seems to me, is equal to, and might almost have served as the model for Mr. Davis' visions of the inhabitants of the planetary spheres. Mr. Davis does not plagiarize, so we must suppose him original. Sir Humphrey Davis' works not being generally read amongst you, I will transcribe the vision. It is interesting, if only to show that philosophers unconnected with the Spiritualists, have indulged in some sort even as the Spirits divulge to us.

The person seeing the vision, visits the colosseum of Rome with some friends, and is left by them. (I do not transcribe in words, but give the substance, as it is somewhat lengthy.)

"I had scarcely concluded this sentence, when my reverie became deeper, the ruins surrounding me appeared to vanish from my sight, the light of the moon became more intense, and the orb itself appeared to expand in a flood of glory," harmonious sounds then filled my ear sweeter than the most perfect concert. "It appeared that I had entered into a new state of existence," the music suddenly ceased, but the light continued, and a low sweet voice addressed me, after upbraiding me for assuming knowledge, it said: "I am an intelligence somewhat superior to you, though there are millions who exceed me in power and knowledge," and then proceeds to teach, directing that the mind should be wholly yielded to the influence to be exerted upon it; "and you shall be undeceived in your views of the history of the world and the system you inhabit." The voice then ceases, the light disappears, and the seer appears to be rapidly carried upon a stream of air; a dim hazy light breaks on his view, and he sees a country covered with forests, and marshes, and wild animals grazing in large savannas, carnivorous and beasts disturbing and destroying them. Naked savages were feeding on wild fruits, devouring shell fish, or fighting for the remains of a whale cast on the shore. Their shelter was caves and palm trees. The voice then said, see the birth of time. The scene then shifts, a scene of pastoral life is then disclosed. The genius characterizes them as men escaped from the state of infancy. The scene again is shifted, an early state of civilization is then shown when the implements are made only of brass. The scene again shifts, and an advanced stage of civilization is shown, where the implements are of iron, and "thought is made permanent in written characters." The scenes shift, until the various stages of civilization are gone through, and a long comment is given upon the history of civilization, and of those men who had been benefactors to the race or a nation. After the progress of man is traced, the genius says, "now you will say, is mind generated, is Spiritual power generated, or are these results dependent upon organizations of matter, upon new perfection given to machinery, upon which thought and motion depend?" Neither of these opinions are true; listen whilst I reveal to you the mysteries of Spiritual natures. Spiritual natures are eternal and invisible, but their modes of being are as infinitely varied as the forms of matter. They have no relation to space, and in their transitions, no dependence upon time, so that they can pass from one part of the universe to another by laws entirely independent of their motion. The quantity or number of Spiritual essences, like those of the material world, are always the same, but their arrangements like those which they are destined to guide, are infinitely diversified, they are parts more or less inferior of the infinite mind, and in the planetary systems, are in a state of probation continually aiming at, and generally rising to a higher state of existence. The genius then goes on to speak of the great luminaries of the earth, and says, were it permitted, he would show the fates of individual existences. The genius then shows a glimpse of those states, which the highest intellectual beings that have belonged to earth, enjoy after death in their transition to new and more exalted natures.

*See Daniel x: 5, 6, 12, 13. Rev. vi: 12, 13. Rev. vi: 15, 16, 17.—2d Peter iii: 10, 13.

