

THE UNIVERCOELUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. I.

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The Principles of Nature.

From the Nineteenth Century.

"THE IMPRISONED JESUS."

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK]

But we must return to the Bohemian cell again, and mark the wan face of the Captive-Fanatic, as he turns his vacant eyes from the round visage of the Abbot to the stern face of the Knight. Meanwhile the soldiers and the monks stand in silent expectation, awaiting the end of the scene.

"To write the number of days with his blood!" gasped the Abbot.

It seemed a thoroughly blasphemous thing, in the eyes of the reverend man.

"But we must not forget our purpose," suggested the Knight—"I have the gold, and it may as well be turned to account, for the good of my soul."

"Tis a holy impulse, my son, which guide thy actions. In a battle with a Lord whose estate is next thine own, thou didst sack his castle, put his people to the sword, and take his daughter for thy leman. Thou Bohemian Poor, sends with Heaven and St. Peter, by giving us of triumph rosy a goodly store of gold. Is it thus, brave Knight?"

"Even so. I would have the gold transformed into an Image of the Blessed Saviour, which shall stand above the Chapel-altar, as a token of my pious thought."

"And as Michael, here, was somewhat cunning in the arts of painting and sculpture,—that is before we imprisoned him—it was thy purpose to offer him life and freedom, on condition that he molded an Image of the Lord from pure gold!"

"It was," said the Knight—"But there is no hope. His mind is utterly gone. See! how he clutches at the light!"

Indeed the appearance of the wretch was very pitiful. Fixing his great eyes upon the light, he seemed to behold phantoms, invisible to all other eyes, for his extended hands clutched nervously at the vacant air.

"Michael," said the Abbot, "Let me clasp thy hand. Turn thine eyes upon me. Thou mayst be free. Thou shalt behold Mary once more."

The great eyes, glassy with a vacant stare, shone with soul.

"Mary?" and the miserable man clasped the fat hand of the Abbot, and looked with intelligent earnestness into his face.

Again the Abbot uttered his words of mercy—

"Free I say! Thou shalt be led forth into the open air and the warm sunshine. Thou shalt behold thy plighted wife. Dost hear me, Michael? Dost repent of thy heresy?"

"Heresy!" echoed the Captive, in a mild tone. "I had a wild dream, but it is over now. Do with me what you will, only let me feel my foot upon the mountain side, and inhale one long breath of air—free air—and I will come to my cell again, and die. I promise this, good sirs—I swear it—!"

He knelt at their feet, joining his knotted fingers, as he rolled his eyes from face to face.

"He consents," said the Abbot with a smile—"He will mold us the GOLDEN IMAGE of the Redeemer!"

Far through the blackness of night glared a vague mass of flame, now looking like a luminous cloud, now like an immense ball of fire. It shone half-way up the mountain side, and was regarded by the serfs of the Bohemian valley with great wonder and awe. Even those who were in the secret and knew the cause of this light, could not see it glaring through the darkness without a sensation akin to fear.

It was nothing more than the light of a furnace shining from the mouth of a cavern.

Before that cavern, on the rocky ground, men-at-arms, cased in iron, strode to and fro, and within its walls, the Captive Michael toiled steadily at his task. They had built him a furnace, supplied him with wax, with clay, with lead, with heaps of gold, and given him the aid of sinewy arms, so that he might create, even in the intense flame, a glittering image of the Redeemer.

For many weary days, for long and dreary nights, the men-at-arms kept watch in front of the Cavern while the Heretic toiled within. They could see him hurrying to and fro, in the glare of the intolerable flame; his skeleton form and haggard face, touched by the intense light, making him resemble the Demon of some Monkish legend. And the stern soldiers, accustomed to battle, and familiar with blood, trembled at the sight of this miserable wretch, who toiled near the furnace, in the mountain cavern.

Sometimes, at dead of night, while his work was in progress, he would come to the mouth of the cavern, and standing thus, between the men-at-arms and the light, gaze silently over the slumbering valley. No one spoke to him. Even the serfs, who aided him, in the mere physical portion of his task, shrank from his touch. They beheld him hover round the flame, they saw him shape his model of wax and encase it in a rough coffin of clay, and, at his command, piled the firewood all about it, until the heat blasted their eyesight. But no one dared to speak to him. He was accursed; he had made a compact with the Fiend—"Heretic!" they whispered, pointing with a stealthy gesture at the skeleton figure near the flame.

At last the statue was done. Word was sent to the Castle and Monastery, that the Image of Jesus, molded of bright and beautiful gold, lay on the cavern floor, amid the embers of the dead fire, enshrined in its shell of baked clay.

It was a morning in the fall of the year, when the serfs and men-at-arms thronging over the rocks, in front of the cavern, saw a gorgeous cavalcade wind slowly up the mountain side. Around, extended the woods, touched by autumn; in the blue dome of Heaven, a single mountain peak arose; from afar, on the bank of a winding river, gleamed the turrets of the Monastery, while the gloomy walls of the Castle rose in the east, over the tops of the brown forest trees.

And the cavalcade of Monks and soldiers wound slowly up the mountain side, with the peal of trumpet alternating with the chaunted hymn, and the glittering steel armor, contrasted with the flowing robes of priestly holiness.

Conspicuous among the band, two forms were seen—the grave Knight, and the jocund Abbot. The white plumes of the

Lord fluttered over his golden helmet, and the glittering cross, which the Abbot wore on his breast, shone from the distance like a star.

And the music came merrily up the mountain side.

Now winding around a cliff, now lost in shadow, the cavalcade drew near and nearer. At last, they reached the mouth of the cavern, the Monks in their white robes, extending to the right, and the warriors in their burnished armor spreading to the left.

In the center of this brilliant crescent, stood the Abbot and the Lord, the dark mouth of the cavern yawning before them. Many awaited the coming of Michael, the Heretic. The fire was extinguished; all was dark within. All was silent as the moment of his approach drew near. Not an eye in all that throng but longed to look upon the beautiful statue. Every heart beat quicker, as the echo of footsteps resounded from the cavern.

On the threshold, just where the warm sunlight encountered the midnight of the cavern, appeared a skeleton figure, and a wan and withered face. It was Michael, clad in his humble garb, and holding in his knotted fingers a lighted pine-knot. The expression of his face, so hollow in the cheeks, and skull-like in the brow, was mild and subdued; with his eyes cast sadly to the sunlight, he stood on the threshold of the cavern, folding one hand upon his shrunken chest.

"It is done!" exclaimed the Abbot. "You shall be free—you shall behold your plighted wife—"

Michael, the Heretic serf, did not speak, but bowed his head in mute assent. It was evident that the miserable man was scarce able to maintain his feet. Ten years of imprisonment had withered him from strong and beautiful youth, into hopeless and premature old age; the thought and toil of his cavern task had almost extinguished the last spark of his wretched life.

"Come!" he said, to the Abbot and the Lord, and turning his face from the light, went slowly into the cavern, torch in hand.

With hasty steps the corpulent Abbot followed the ray of his torch; the Knight, lean and muscular, advanced with measured strides.

"It will be a beautiful image," chattered the Abbot, as he picked his way among the loose stones—"no doubt—for the fellow, though a serf, has some wit—and it will be a mass of gold, solid, heavy, shiny gold,—it will be an honor to our Chapel, and four score masses shall be said, Sir Knight, when thou art dead—for the repose of thy soul—"

"Rather let them be said, without delay, before I die, that I may live a few years longer—" growled the pious Lord.

"Behold the Image!" a hollow voice resounded through the cavern, and the Heretic Michael stood motionless, holding the torch above his head. That light, while it left the cavern wrapt in dismal gloom, shone vividly over the features of the Heretic, and revealed the Image of the Redeemer.

It was placed erect upon a rock. The form clad in the garment of a Bohemian Peasant, the hand extended, the brow stamped with a peculiar expression—all shone vividly in the light.

The Abbot and the Knight could not stir; the Image held them motionless, with a sensation of involuntary awe. They did not utter a word, but gazed upon it with fixed eyeballs.

They beheld not a figure of bright and glittering gold, but an Image of the Saviour molded in lead, the form grimly arrayed in the costume of serfdom, and the face stamped with a look of unutterable sadness. The large motionless eyeballs, the lips moving in a smile that had more of sorrow than joy for its meaning, the great forehead impressed with a sublime despair—all molded, not of bright and beautiful gold, but of dull sullen lead, thrilled the spectators with sensations, such as they had never felt before.

It may have been that the sad hue of the lead deepened the

impression which the image produced, but as Michael held his torch near and nearer to it, the thought rushed upon the spectators, that they did not merely behold a form of lifeless metal.

"I cannot banish the thought—" gasped the Abbot, as his rubicund cheek assumed the color of a shroud—"No! No! There is a soul imprisoned in that leaden mass! A Soul that watches me now—hears me as I speak, and reads my soul with those fixed eyeballs—Ah! Heretic! What have you done? By what infernal sorcery have you imprisoned a living soul in that image of lead?"

The Heretic sank on his knees, and a smile broke over his livid face. But as he sank he raised the torch on high, and by the varying light, his Face seem to smile, to frown, to sneer by turns.

The Knight uttered a fierce oath.

"I am afraid!" he cried, leaning upon the hilt of his two-handed sword—"There is a Soul there,—thou'rt right, Sir Abbot—a Soul imprisoned in those fixed eyeballs—"

"What hast done with our gold?" cried the Abbot, turning fiercely upon the kneeling wretch—"Where—" The words died on his chilled lips. For the eyes of the Leaden Image were upon him; they seemed to pierce his heart; the sublime despair of that forehead congealed his blood.

Kneeling upon the cavern floor, every nerve trembling with the last throb of Life, the Heretic lifted his face toward the light, and his voice was heard, clear and distinct, through the silence of the cavern—

"You asked of me, an 'Image of the Saviour, triumphant over death and evil, as he appears in your Church.' I could not mold a Lie into Gold, for I felt that my hour was near. So I molded HIM of Lead, and molded HIM—not as he appears in the Bible, the friend of the oppressed, the Redeemer of the Poor—but as He is in your Church, a Sullen Specter scowling upon the agony and anguish of mankind.

"Behold him, not pure and beautiful as he shines from the Bible, but as he is—imprisoned in the hollow forms, the blasphemous ritual of your Church—"

The voice of the Heretic, ^{An interior or} ^{the fainter and fainter;} the hand which grasped ^{the character} ^{ed over his distorted face--} quivered for a moment ere it fell motionless in death.

"Behold Him, not as He walked the sands of Palestine, a free, beautiful Spirit, full of God-like love for Man, but as he is, chained by the Satanic body of your Church. Behold—the Imprisoned Jesus!"

The Abbot and the Lord started back, awed and terror-stricken, from the dying blasphemer.

"And yet the day comes—" he staggered to his feet again, and held the light to the sad, sullen face of the Image—"And yet the day comes, O Lord, when thy Spirit, no longer imprisoned by creeds, shall walk freely once more into the Homes and Hearts of Men! Then shall the Lead become Gold, and the Sneer be changed into a Smile!"

As he uttered these incomprehensible words, the torch fell from his stiffening fingers, and darkness possessed the cavern, gathering in its folds that sullen Image, which seemed to bear within its leaden bosom a Living Soul.

What had he done with the Gold? Neither the Abbot nor the Lord could ever give answer to this question, for, stricken with terror, they commanded that the cavern's mouth should be choked with a wall of impenetrable stone, leaving the dead body of the Heretic alone with the blasphemous Image. There, shrouded by darkness, alone in night, they remained for ages, until the day of Huss, when the cavern became the temple of four thousand worshippers. But a wild tradition hinted in obscure terms, that within the leaden Image was concealed a bright and beautiful Statue of Gold. Was it ever discovered? Did the leaden shell ever fall aside, revealing the face of the Living Spirit?

Once more we turn our gaze to the scene which occurred in

the days of John Huss—to the aged man, who, placing one hand upon a shrouded Image, saw four thousand worshippers prostrate on the floor of a spacious cavern.

"Ye have heard the history," he exclaimed, glancing afar over the multitude, who had listened to the Legend of the Statue in breathless stillness—"Now behold the Image!"

He flung the sackcloth aside, and suddenly descended from the rock.

Sad and alone the leaden image towered there, with the torchlight quivering over its motionless eyeballs and broad forehead. As the light, agitated by the subterranean air, flitted in gusts of radiance over the dusk countenance, it seemed at once to sneer and smile, to frown with sullen anger, and brighten into a holy joy.

Every face was raised to look upon it; every tongue was sealed, but the vast crowd moved with an unceasing undulation. At last, from a thousand lips, confused murmurs pealed upon the silence of the vault—

"It is no Statue, but a Living Soul. See! The eyes brighten and the lips move! The Lead will become Gold at last, and the Sneer be changed into a smile!"

These words might be distinguished amid that wildly whispered chorus, and the white-haired man, leaning against the base of the rock, looked up into the leaden face, while something like a radiant hope began to burn in his eyes—

"Lord! Lord! Shall thy pure Soul, no longer imprisoned in creeds, walk freely once more into the homes and hearts of men? Shall all thy People gather around one altar, sharing the Bread, which is thy Body, and the Water from the wooden bowl, emblematic of thy Tears? Or shall the day come when the Poor will dare to claim the Cup, filled with pure Wine, symbolical of thy Blood? Shall the Lead indeed become Gold, and the Smile chase the anguish from thy face?"

The light flashed fitfully—the Image seemed to Smile; it did Smile upon the crowd of Bohemian Poor.

But as their solemn cry of triumph rose to the vaulted roof, a wayworn man rushed through the prostrate crowd, his garments torn, his face covered with roadside dust.

Darting forward, he sprang upon the rock, and his face—marked by the consciousness of a dread message—was contrasted with the leaden Countenance of the Image.

"Brothers, Sisters, People, I come from Prague!"—he shouted, with the faint gestures of an exhausted man—"I saw—" he seemed to gasp for breath—"I saw John Huss—expire—amid—the flames—"

He sank exhausted on the rock, and a silence more eloquent than groans or tears descended upon the kneeling worshippers.

Soon they arose, and trooping silently around the altar, shared the Bread of the Serf with each other, and drank the Water from the Bowl, in memory of their Lord, who said, many centuries before, that his Mission was to his Brothers and his Sisters, the Poor.

And all the while the leaden Image, glowing faintly in the torchlight, looked upon their Rude Sacrament with eyes of unutterable sadness. Yet even in the sadness—so it seemed, as the light flitted to and fro—there seemed mingled a mocking Sneer. Was it for the Poor, or for the Oppressor who trod them into dust?

The aged man lifted up his voice—

"It is not yet time!" he cried—"But at last, after the People of the Lord, even the Poor, whose tears and blood have not ceased to flow for five thousand years—at last, after they have suffered enough, and the cup of their anguish is full—the Lead will become Gold, and the Sneer be turned into a Smile!"

Has this Legend of the wild Bohemian land no meaning for the Christian people of the Nineteenth Century?

Let us seek for the Image and scenes and men of all the ages that have died since the day of John Huss, and ask an answer to these earnest questions—

Did the Lead ever become Gold? Did the Sneer ever change into a Smile? Did the pure, beautiful Spirit ever escape from the leaden form of creed and ritual, and walk freely into the homes and hearts of men, as in the days of Gethsemane and Calvary?

These questions we cannot answer, but a singular Tradition prevails—we cannot prove its correctness—that the leaden Image has appeared on various occasions, in the history of the world. It is but a tradition, to be sure, and yet there may be embodied in its wild details, some rude Truth, or perchance the gleam of a rude Truth.

One day a white-haired man was burnt to cinders, in the open square of a Protestant City. Ere he died, and while the flames were slowly devouring his flesh, he never ceased to cry, "Jesus, Saviour of Sinners, have mercy upon me! Christ, pity me!" And all the while, from the window of a neighboring house, a gaunt man, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, watched the agonies of the burning wretch, and said, in a low voice, "The Church hath power to put down all hereby by the sword."

The watcher was called John Calvin, and the wretch whose slow agonies he watched, bore the name of Michael Servetus.

And as the cindered bones of Servetus crumbled amid the ashes of the fire—while Calvin took up his Evangelical pen and wrote a Thesis in defence of the Deed—there appeared to the other spectators of the scene, a singular vision of a Leaden Image, standing very near the stake, with a fathomless scorn upon its motionless lips and fixed eyeballs.

It seemed like an Image of Jesus, not the Jesus of the Bible—pure, loving and serene—but the ferocious creation of John Calvin's vindictive soul.

So we might trace the history of the Leaden Image through various scenes and ages. There are persons who maintain that such an Image never existed, but that a specter, something like it, stamped with a sullen grandeur on the dark forehead, has appeared at certain intervals in the history of the world; appeared as a Warning, an Omen, an Incarnate Scorn.

Whether actual Leaden Image, or shadowy Spectre, we cannot affirm, but the last case of its appearance was in our land, and not more than a year ago. We can only give the incident in the manner and form in which it was related to us.

It was one of the most magnificent Churches on the Continent of America. In architecture a noble specimen of the picturesque sublime, it pierced the serene Sabbath sky, with a lofty spire, whose rich brown stone contrasted boldly with the flushed azure. Over this spire shone a golden cross, flashing far above the roofs of the great city—as the sun was sinking in the west—like a new-risen star.

Altogether this Church, standing near the great thoroughfare of an Empire City, with the equipages of Rich Men ranged before its doors, arrested the eye of a stranger, at once, so noble was the style of its architecture, so rich and warm the hue of its stone, so beautiful its long tapering spire crowned by a golden cross. It seemed softened and mellowed, in every minute detail, by a bland atmosphere of Gold. Gold, from the painted windows to the shining cross, every thing spoke of Gold—all Gold.

A stranger who had come many hundred miles to see the city, passed before the Church, watching the tide of wealth and beauty which rolled through its unclosed portals. There were Rich Men and Rich Women, nothing but broadcloth and satin, in that living current. No poor man or poor woman went through the gates of the beautiful church, on that serene Sabbath afternoon, although it is said, that there were some poor men and not a few poor women, in the great city, and two or three who wanted bread. Only two or three.

Fascinated by the splendor, the traveller entered the church, and started back, frightened at the display of wealth which dazzled his eyes. The sunlight streaming through the painted

windows, invested the whole scene with the bewildering splendors of a dream. There was the Congregation, all Rich, all Respectable; not one taint of Poverty, to mar their gorgeous array. Not one poor man, to skulk from a dark corner, and lift his specter-face into the rosy light.

Every thing was Rich. The Congregation, the Preachers, clad in mingled robes of white and black, the Altars and the Church--the very Religion was a Rich Religion, its ritual printed in Rich volumes, and teaching, without a doubt, a Rich way to a Rich Heaven, paved with Gold.

The traveller was very much pleased to see this Rich Religion embodied in a Rich Church.--For he had heard of a Religion, embodied in the life and death of a CARPENTER'S SON; a POOR Religion and * * *

"This church," said a Rich Worshiper, in an answer to a question of the Traveller, "owns property, which may be turned into silver to the amount of TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS."

The Traveller was silenced. His amazement was too great for words.

"How did the Church acquire this property?" he dared to ask, even as a Preacher rose, and began to read some words from a Rich Volume, concerning a Carpenter's Son and certain Vulgar Fisherman, with a word here and there, about its being easier for a Camel to go through the eye of a Needle, than for a Rich Man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

"How did the Church acquire this property?" answered the Rich Worshiper--"In a perfectly lawful way, s-i-r! Some hundred and odd years ago, a Queen gave to one of the Ministers of one of her Churches, certain broad tracts of land; farms, woods, and all that kind of thing. Time passed on, and the Family of the Queen was disowned by the Rebels of this country, but the Tract of Land, under the labor of some hundred thousand men--poor fellows, you know, vulgar farmers, carpenters, masons, and so forth--became the Eighth Part of the Greatest City in the New World.--In a perfectly lawful way, s-i-r!"

"What right had the Queen to this Tract of Land, or from whom did she claim the privilege to 'deed away' the Property of unborn millions?"

The Rich Worshiper did not hear the question,--or possibly could not answer it just then--for he took up his Rich Volume and joined in the Rich Ceremonies of the Rich Church.

The Traveller turned his gaze from side to side, examining the minute details of the church, when he saw a somewhat remarkable spectacle.

The hour of the Sacrament had come. It was a Rich Sacrament; vessels of Gold: wine, red as blood, and well-nigh precious as Gold; altogether Rich Wine. Those who joined in the Communion, too, how their Rich dresses glistened and rustled as they knelt before the Altar.

No wooden cup, no loaf of peasant-bread; no poor worshipers here!

Shall we behold the remarkable sight which the Traveller saw?

On the splendid altar of the Temple, encircled as it was by richly-attired Ministers, with the Rich Communicants kneeling all around, appeared an Image of Lead, bearing some resemblance to the pictures and statues of the Saviour, only the brow was darkened by a frown, the dull eyeballs glared, without moving, upon the Rich Church with an unutterable scorn.

But neither the Congregation, nor the Minister saw this Image: only the Traveller.

Yet there it stood, a sad and sullen Omen, its dark countenance and motionless form, a perpetual rebuke to the Rich worship of the Rich Church.

And as the Communicants, having eaten of the Bread--from a Rich plate of Gold--and drank of the Wine--from a Golden

Cup--retired to their luxurious seats, the sadness and scorn deepened in the face of the Image.

And from the Altar, as from a fountain, flowed an unceasing stream of round and glittering Dollars. Like an undammed current they flowed forth--shining, glistening, turning their beautiful faces to the light, like gold and silver fishes, disporting on a sunny wave--until a Pyramid of Dollars accumulated before the Altar.

It seemed to the Traveller, that in that Silver Pyramid, rising from the floor to the roof, there were comprized Two Hundred Millions of Dollars. Only Two Hundred Millions!

But the Rich Congregation and their Preachers did not see the Silver Pyramid, nor the Sad Image which flung its unutterable scorn upon the Rich Church, even from the Altar where it stood, the sullen forehead and fixed eyeballs, shining faintly in the sun.

The Traveller watched with great anxiety the conclusion of the scene.

The hand of the Leaden Image moved--from its lips came words of power and judgment--

"The sweat, the blood, the tears embodied and frozen into the Pyramid of Dollars!" said a voice which no one save the Traveller heard.

And it seemed to him that as the voice was heard, a Dollar rolled glistening from the top of the Pyramid, and suddenly confronted the Rich Worshipers, in the form of a miserable Laborer. And another, and another, until every Dollar was transformed into some hard-worked and hopeless Son of Toil, and the great Church was crowded with an innumerable throng of poor men, who glided to and fro--unseen, unfelt by the Rich--but with anguish upon their withered faces.

"Behold!" said the voice--"Behold the Poor, who have toiled on, in dumb anguish, through a miserable lifetime, and toiled down at last to hopeless graves, so that the Rich Church might possess Two Hundred Millions of Dollars."

A hand was laid roughly upon the Traveller's shoulder--"You have been dreaming," said one of the officials of the Church--"And the Church service is over, and you missed seeing our most respectable families getting into their carriages, not mentioning the fashionable dresses and coats-of-arms."

The Traveller went sadly down the broad aisle, only once turning his head over his shoulder.

The White Altar was there, shining in the setting sun, with vivid rays, glittering like a halo, about its cross and holy letters--

I. H. S.

But even there, upon the Altar, sad and sullen, stood the lone Image, glaring over the deserted church, as though a Soul was living within its leaden bosom; it was not the sculptured form of that Redeemer whom the Bible pictures, not the Jesus of the Heart and Home, but the Leaden Effigy which the Rich Religion has reared in its stead--a Saviour confined by creed and ritual--an

"IMPRISONED JESUS."

—But stay; there is yet a Star upon the cloud; the dawn may be very near. There is a light in the sky, a word comes through the stillness--let us watch the sky, and listen to the word. * * * * *

* * * Grim with battle, their laborers' rags covered with dust and blood, a multitude came rushing with mad yells, into the loftiest chamber of a Royal Palace--the Throne Room.

From the high walls, the pictures glowed redly in the light of the rebel torches, and the Throne itself, raised on a platform, shone with a crimson glare. Shouts, curses--the tramp of the rebel feet--the faces of the Mob, distorted by passion--bayonets and swords, clubs and hatchets, brandished by brawny arms--weapons in fact of every kind and form--there all marked the scene, with an effect original and impressive.

But in the midst of the riot, when "Down with the Tyrant!" was heard in every interval of its incoherent uproar;—when a rude Mechanic, seated himself upon the soft cushions of the Throne, said mockingly, "I am King to-day!"—when the frenzy of the Mob was deepening into wilder madness, a voice from a far corner of the Throne Room silenced every tongue—

"Give way, there, men of Paris—give way, Mechanics of the Three Days of '48!" and an artizan, scarcely grown to manhood clad in the peasant blouze, came slowly through the throng, holding a Statue in his vigorous arms.

They did give way. Parting on either side, they formed a lane, through which the Mechanic passed, while every head was uncovered, and every mad Rebel still as death. Many a rude cheek was wet with tears.

"It is the Master!" murmured the Artizan, holding the Statue high in the light of a thousand torches—and they—the rude People—the Mob—replied by clapping their hands upon their hearts. "It is the Master!" the murmur began to echo through the chamber. "Uncover, brothers! It is the Master of us all!"

There was something very awful in this sudden stillness of the frenzied Mob—this silent veneration, these tears streaming over cheeks that were stained with dust and blood.

And through the Mob the Artizan carried the Statue, while the breathless stillness of the Throne Room was only broken by those simple words—

"It is the Master!"—uttered with heads bowed, and cheeks wet with tears.

—It was indeed a wondrous Statue, to silence thus in a moment the rude People, who, maddened by wrong, had dared to sack a Royal Palace, and silence them into love and tears!

It was a Statue of Jesus.

In the first Revolution the French People denied a God—in the third they have found a Christ. Is there not a Hope that they will gird him to their souls?

While one portion of the Mob hurled the Throne from the place which it had occupied, and hurled it into its own appropriate place—the center of a pile of blazing logs—another portion went reverently through the streets of Emancipated Paris—nay over the soil of Liberated France—bearing in their midst the Image of Jesus. Ten thousand heads were uncovered as it passed along.

For the first time since the Crucifixion, did the PEOPLE—*without the intervention of Priest or King*—dare to make a covenant with Christ, and claim him for their own.

At last after the night of ages—that Night which for the Poor has been so black, so hopeless, only illumined now and then by blood-red Meteors of Martyrdom and Revolution—at last the Lead has become Gold, and the Sneer been changed into a Smile.

There is a Spirit abroad upon the earth—it moves the nations—it throbs in the hearts of Men—it swells in the bosom of the world, even as the Presence of the most high God—it is—Can we doubt any longer? Shall we refuse to acknowledge the Light that bursts upon us now? It is not the Leaden Specter of a blasphemous Church, nor the "Imprisoned Jesus" of a heartless theology—it is the Spirit of Gethsemane; the Soul which uttered its Divine Despair on Calvary—it is our Lord, even Jesus, the

CHRIST OF THE POOR.

We are heirs of all the past generations of men—brothers of all the present—progenitors of all the future. Could these relations be made manifest, and sanctified in our whole lives, Earth would become a Paradise, of which the first Eden was but a dim foreshadowing.

GREEN.

PASSIONS and emotions may be made popular; but Reason remains ever the property of an elect few. [GOETHE.]

INTRODUCTION TO PHYSIOGNOMY.

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BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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Each faculty of the mind, it has been said, has a distinct sign in the face. The same faculty has always the same sign, and the same sign has always the same signification. We are not to judge of a person's disposition and talents by general appearances merely, or by impressions alone, but by signs of faculties which are proved to be true by universal observations. These signs in the face are not *separate* from each other, as are the indexes of the faculties in the hand, but they are nevertheless *distinct*. The mingling of all the facial signs in one, makes them even more distinct, as thus their relative sizes, the differences in the form of features, and the slightest variations in expression, are more easily seen. The MIND shows in the *face* its *unity*, by which it is an IMAGE of the "ONE" great cause of "all things." In the *hand* is shown the *relation* of the mind to the multiplicity of surrounding objects, or its relation to the body and the material creation. Hence the indexes in the hand are separate, while the signs in the face are united. But in showing the *unity*, the face shows also the *harmony*, of the mind, and thus exhibits the mind in all its *faculties* as well as a *whole*. In the unity of all created things *harmony* is necessarily implied, and in *harmony* *number* is necessarily implied.

SIGN OF SELF-WILL.

The sign of the faculty of "self-will" is the *length of the chin downwards under the canine tooth, or its depth below the angle of the mouth*. This sign is large in very self-willed persons, and it is small in persons who are deficient in this trait of character. It is very necessary to define, in the first place what we mean by "self-will." We cannot do this better than by saying that we mean by it precisely what we call "wilfulness" or "self-will" in a child. It is the very *reverse* of submission or acquiescence in the *will of another*, and in a certain degree manifests itself in what we call *perversity*. It is altogether selfish or *centers in itself* and has a *correspondence* to the tendency of matter toward itself or toward its own center. Hence it causes a person when under its influence to set things down *heavily* as if he would thrust them into the earth. A child when strongly excited by this passion throws himself down in his seat, if he be sitting in one, or violently upon the floor. If the mother have also a strong "will of her own" (showing, as we say, that the child "came honestly" by this trait of character,) she is not to be outdone, and so she lifts him from his place and sets him down again with something more than the force of his own weight. By way of extenuation of her conduct, however, it may be said that her self-will has been deeply stirred and excited by sympathy and force of example. In a milder mood she expresses her self-will by *stamping* on the floor, and the little urchin, too, very often expresses his self-will in the same way, just like his parents or teachers when their sovereign wills are expressed. In reference to this trait of character we say that a person "has set down his foot," or that he is "set in his way."

Although self-will is in *effect* very nearly allied to "firmness" in the lowest manifestation of this faculty, these two faculties are nevertheless very different from each other. A person may be *firm* without being self-willed. "Firmness" in man is, or should be, more nearly allied to *moral integrity* and *uprightness* than to *perversity* and *self-will*. Many eminent examples might be offered of the difference of these two traits of character, and of the physiognomical signs accompanying them. In the lower

animals firmness has not the superior action which it has in man, and acts generally with their self-will. The horse has the sign of self-will large and he is a famous stamper. The sign of the faculty of "self-will" is particularly large in the ass, and he has more self-will than firmness. It is counteracted generally by docility, patience, and many excellent traits of character—but when his better feelings are not uppermost he is headstrong, obstinate, and self-willed. The sign of this faculty is very large in the zebra. He has all, or more than all, the self-will of the ass, with none of his amiable qualities—so that it is, and perhaps ever will be, impossible to use him for the service of man. The sign of this faculty is also large in the gnu, the hog, the camel, and the lama. Under the strong excitement of the faculty, animals like naughty children, throw themselves *down*, and refuse to rise. This often follows a fit of firmness, as we see in the horse, the ass, the camel and the lama. The self-will of the hog, too, is often excited to a point in which he throws himself down and has to be dragged along.

This faculty, from the correspondence of self-will to the tendency of matter toward a center, disposes a person to make the body, as heavy as possible. Thus the self-willed child has to be *lifted*, and *carried* along, he at the same time bearing down as heavily as he can. He has a heavy, dragging, morose aspect of countenance.

A *lounging* disposition bespeaks a person who had his own way when a youth, who did not want to go to school, and would not learn his lessons—one of those lads whose countenances are marked by a heavy, stolid, immovable appearance, which is often mistaken for dullness. A burthen, or a hard task put upon such minds, only makes them more unwilling to bear it—the true policy is to get them to take it of their own accord. From this we can see why the ass, the camel, and the lama, lie down under a heavy load and refuse to carry it—greatly increasing the weight of their bodies or overburthening them, excites the faculty of self-will. The faculty of "weight" perceives the action of the law of gravitation, but the faculty of "self-will" is the *disposition* which relates to weight, which inclines to increase the weight of the body and to carry burthens. Hence the animals which carry heavy burthens on their backs have a strong faculty of self-will, as we have seen. Those persons, also, who make it their business to carry burthens, have the physiognomical aspect mentioned above, and are very self-willed. It may be observed that it is very natural for porters and hod-carriers, when they sit down, to rest the sign of the faculty of "self-will" against the back of the hand.

SIGN OF RESOLUTION.

There is an intimate connection between "resolution" and "self-will"—such a one as exists between "weight" and "lightness." They are the *opposites*, but not the contraries, of each other; and this opposition is one that is consistent with, and essential to their mutual connection and harmonious relation—it is like the opposite parts in harmony or music. There has been seen to be a remarkable coincidence between the physical action of "self-will" and the action of the tendency of matter toward a center. "Resolution" is quite the opposite of "self-will" in this respect. When highly excited it causes the person to jump out of his chair, if he be sitting in one, or to spring up in the place where he is standing. It does not center in one's self, but is expansive, and acts generally in reference to something outward, as one's social duties and relations. It is active and unselfish, whereas self-will is sluggish and has self for its object. When a person *resolves* he resolves to do something, *some duty* which requires to be done, and something which appeals to him as a *necessity*, and which involves *self-denial* or opposition to mere self-will. In such a case, when one says to himself "This is something of vast importance, which has been long delayed, and which there is a necessity of doing though it should require great exertion, and self-sacrifice," he *leaps up*, and says, "I will do it—it *shall* be done!" The simple

exercise or act of *resolution*, however, goes no farther than this—there are other faculties necessary for the *execution*. Many instances have occurred in which men, in the strength of their resolve, have leaped from the ground in a manner which could not be imitated except under the same stimulus. They first say that the deed shall be done, and then they set themselves to devise a way of accomplishing it.

The faculty of "resolution" increases with years, and has its strongest development in advanced age. It is comparatively weak in childhood. "Self-will," on the contrary, is strongest in infancy, and shows itself less as the person grows older, and least in old age. We make stronger and stronger resolutions as we grow older—we renew our purposes of life as we advance toward its close. The poet has said that we "resolve, and re-resolve, and die the same"—and this, if there be nothing more than resolution, is perfectly true, for resolution by itself accomplishes nothing. It only causes the person to jump up and down, without leaving his place—and this physical action corresponds to the mental. Such a one, however, is very often called an "up and down" person, for in all matters requiring a mere negative his resolution is as efficacious as if it were conjoined to the power of executing. "Resolution" with large "firmness" and "uprightness," makes a very decided character, and one which may be looked to for teaching if not for example.

But we have not yet given the sign of the faculty of "resolution." The *definition*, we hope, has been sufficiently plain. The sign of this faculty is the *length downwards of the angle or back part of the lower jaw*. This sign is large in those who exhibit much resolution, and small in those who exhibit little of this faculty. This angle of the jaw is known by anatomists, and by whoever may have observed the fact, to be deficient in infancy, and to be successively developed from childhood and early youth to manhood and old age. This is because the faculty of resolution" is thus successively developed, as the faculty of "self-will" is successively diminished. This sign is very large in the horse, and he frequently exercises the faculty in a very conspicuous manner in connection with "firmness." After having exercised *firmness* for a long time and suffered a multitude of lashes, he is willing at last to go on again and do his master's service, and this he evinces by jumping up and down a few times, previous to going forward. Horses which have the sign of this faculty much larger than that of self-will are in the habit of dancing before they start, and are also called "prancing horses." In the ass, the camel, and the lama the faculty of self-will is larger than that of resolution—in the horse the faculty of resolution is much larger than that of self-will. A young horse, however, sometimes follows a fit of "firmness" by a fit of "self-will," and lies *down* in his harness as the camel does under his load—but an *older* horse generally manifests "resolution" after his fit of standing.

There is seen to be a certain coincidence between the physical action of "resolution" and the action of the tendency of matter toward space, or upwards; as there was seen to be a coincidence between the physical action of "self-will" and the tendency of matter toward itself, or downwards. This relation of "resolution" and "lightness" to each other, manifests itself in the jumping and prancing horse, in his disposition to lighten himself, or to throw off the burthen from his back. The animals properly called "beasts of burthen" have more of the faculties of "self-will" and "weight," and do not attempt to throw off their burthens but love to carry them. The faculty of "lightness" perceives lightness or the upward tendency of matter, and the faculty of "resolution" is the *disposition* which relates to lightness, which inclines to be *borne* upwards, and to retain every thing which is in danger of escaping and flying away.

As "Time past never returns" resolution prompts us to "seize the moments as they fly," to do what many times before we have resolved to do, to preserve while we may the records that are

fast hastening to oblivion, and to save the monuments of the past that are going rapidly to decay. "Self-will," on the contrary, loves to lag behind, to drag slowly along or to lie down, to let all things fall into forgetfulness and oblivion, and to assist the power of weight in prostrating and leveling with the ground. This is the reason why the Turks, Arabs, and other eastern nations who have the physiognomical and mental characteristics of self-will in the greatest degree, are disposed not only to let the pyramids and monuments of antiquity go to decay, but to assist the work of destruction—while those who wish most to save from prostration those ancient structures, and to preserve all that may still be gathered of the people, the sciences, and the arts of ages long gone by, have most of the sign and faculty of "resolution," and a physiognomical aspect very different from that of self-will.

EQUANIMITY.

"Self-will" and "resolution" together have relation to *equilibrium*, as the first has relation to "*weight*," and as the second has relation to "*lightness*." When both of these faculties of the will are strong, and one as strong as the other, they manifest themselves in the *disposition* to produce equilibrium, to *lighten* very *heavy* bodies by mechanical means, and thus to *raise* them. Weighty objects are in *effect* made light by equilibrium between the weight of one object and that of another, so that *strength* may give the preponderance to which ever it chooses. The ancients who built Carnac, and the pyramids, and raised the vast rocks which now constitute the fragments of ancient temples, must have had gigantic resolutions and self-wills, acting with the faculties of lightness and weight. When those ponderous architectural piles first reared themselves to the sky, there were people who were capable of appreciating them, because they possessed faculties which these objects were capable of gratifying. The degenerate inhabitants who witness the *fall* of those objects, and who assist the force which brings them to the ground, experience from them no other emotions than those which are awakened by the gratification of "self-will" and the faculty of "weight." In them the faculties of "resolution" and "lightness" are greatly decreased, and they make as little effort to unite and raise themselves to the condition of their former glory as do the fragments of the temples that lie strewn around them. The faculty which prompts to *action*, to *self-denial*, which acts *out* of one's self and relates to duties to others, is as deficient in those people as the faculty of self-will, making them selfish, lazy, and regardful only of self-gratification, is excessive.

"Self-will" and "resolution" in equal and harmonious proportion to each other, constitute *EQUANIMITY*, which manifests itself in relation to matter in the *disposition* to produce *equilibrium*, and to *lighten* and *raise heavy* objects, as just stated. This "*equanimity*" is the result of "self-will" and "resolution," as "*equilibrium*" is the result of "weight" and "lightness." It is *calm* and *placid* like the unruffled surface of water, and is like the equilibrium of water, constant and ever-acting, even when it may be said to be destroyed by the force of disturbing causes. As water is ever capable of preserving its character of "*equilibrium*" in the constant liability to lose it, so the mind in its constant liability to lose its "*equanimity*" is ever capable of preserving this character. As "*resolution*" and "*self-will*" are the opposites of each other, it is easily seen that "*equanimity*" must be the result of a balance between them. They are both faculties of *will*, and the combined result is the most perfect "*free-will*," or that state of *equipoise*, so to speak, in which the mind is as free to act in one way as in another. This is the state of *FREEDOM OF FREE-WILL*. It cannot be represented by an *artificial* balance in which the equilibrium when lost is *not free* to restore itself, but is represented perfectly by water, and also by the power of equilibrium which is the result of the faculties of "weight" and "lightness." Where "self-will" and "resolution" are in proportion to each other there is *free-will* so far as these faculties are concerned—but where one of these faculties is much

stronger than the other, there is neither free-will or "*equanimity*" of disposition. "*Resolution*" by itself accomplishes nothing, but with "*self-will*" it attaches itself to substantial and real objects. "*Self-will*" by itself accomplishes nothing, but with "*resolution*" it is raised from the earth and raises something with it. In looking upon lofty mountains, or high monuments, or contemplating the pyramids, there is felt in the mind a degree of *EQUANIMITY* which is not felt under other circumstances, and which no cause of anger or passion can disturb. In proportion as one *appreciates* the noble monuments in Egypt which were made to endure to the end of time, is he incapable of feeling anger toward those who are worse than reckless of their downfall.

As the faculty of "self-will" is stronger in early life, and the faculty of "resolution" stronger in later years, there must be a period when they are equal to each other, and when there is a greater degree of equanimity natural to the disposition than before or afterwards. As a *general* rule this occurs at middle age. There is then more *equanimity* of disposition, and more *efficiency*—resolution and self-will being more in proportion to each other. Before that period there is more indulgence of wayward and selfish passions, and after that period there are more objects *resolved* upon and *commenced*, perhaps, but not accomplished. Though "*resolution*" in old age does not accomplish, it has nevertheless its high and noble use, for it very commonly acts in connection with "*firmness*" and *uprightness*, is always on the side of humanity, and, as before said, makes a good teacher by precept if not by example. This is appropriate to old age, when the muscular energies are greatly diminished—as self-will together with resolution, and thus efficiency, is appropriate to the vigor of manhood. Hence the beautiful truth of the saying, "Old men for council, and young men for war." It is natural too, for grandparents and grandchildren to associate very much together—and thus the "*resolution*" of the former, and the self-will of the latter may act mutually and beneficially upon each other. A beautiful *unity* and *harmony*, indeed, exists between the hearts of the aged and the young, and this unites the resolution of the one with the self-will of the other, and produces a harmonious effect. The looks and words of the grandparent are sovereign to cure the violent self-will of a child, as much so as the action of *self-will* in the parent is in provoking and increasing it.

"Free will" or "choice" is not we see, a simple faculty of the mind, but the result of a balance between opposite faculties. Freedom of mind, as well as of external condition, is what we are to *strive* after in our relations, not what we have yet attained. And it is something, too, which when possessed of we are capable of losing. To destroy the proportion between the opposite elements of the mind would be to *lose* the perfect *moral freedom* which can exist only in a state of unity and harmony—and this, in fact, is the condition in which we are.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

Jesus and two or three of his disciples went down one Summer day, from Jerusalem to Jericho. Peter—the ardent and eager Peter—was, as usual, by the Teacher's side. On the road to Olivet lay a horse-shoe, which the Teacher desired Peter to pick up; but which Peter let lie, as he did not think it worth stooping for. The Teacher stooped for it, and exchanged it in the village for a measure of cherries. These cherries he carried (as eastern men now carry such things,) in the bosom-folds of his dress. When they had to ascend the ridge, and the road lay between heated rocks, and over rugged stones, and among glaring white dust, Peter became tormented with heat and thirst, and fell behind. Then the Teacher dropped a ripe cherry at every few steps; and Peter eagerly stooped for them. When they were all done, Jesus turned to him, and said with a smile, "He who is above stooping to a small thing, will have to bend his back to many lesser things."

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

WHAT is Religion? How is it most truly experienced by men? What are the immediate surrounding influences that most favorably impress the mind with the realities of Religion? Questions like these are full of import to minds naturally inclined to Religion, as is the case with man; and so eager is he to apply some means for his immediate Religious growth, that he is too often in the wrong way to secure the object he seeks. Add to this the actual existence of a large class of men whose profession, like so many trades, is to guide men's minds in these matters, all to live from those served, and we have the odd mixture of some hundreds of sectarian Leaders, with each a thousand or more Priests, all preying, like ravens, upon the substance collected by the hard toil of him who would superadd Religion as a native element to his Soul. Here we see how the world stands. The poor laborer is eaten up by hungry civil and religious masters, under the guise of rendering him essential services.

Without inclination to underrate any essential service the church or state may render man, I may state distinctly, my firm conviction that man is overserved in these matters, and they are therefore burdens instead of blessings, as should be the case. Men (priests I mean) are unwilling to leave the care of the soul of a man to himself, as they should do, in order that he may properly enjoy the blessings and privileges thereof. So it is in the state. Man must be burdened to the extent of his abilities and degree of endurance, just for the delectable privilege of allowing somebody to do, what is oftentimes better not done, or, if needful, he can a great deal better do for himself.

A man's religious experience is of too great value to be thrown away upon inappropriate means for his expansion of soul, his growth in the divine Life. It is a gradual work—men *grow* in grace, and in the knowledge of God. Sudden transitions from the gross and corrupt to the refined and pure, are anomalies. Such things cannot be, and it is a perversion of logic, and human experience, to pretend to the contrary.

Our lives are acceptable to God, and most beautifully profitable to ourselves, when all the physical and mental powers are harmoniously brought out and exercised. This is done best by Nature. To live a natural Life, is to live a divine Life. What frequently passes for experimental religion, is only a gross perversion of Nature. The extremest anguish and suffering attend it, all of which must be put down to the account of violations of the laws of Nature. When these are obeyed, happiness follows. I know it would not seem to comport with the religious teachings men are in the habit of receiving, to say that all the strange feelings, and still more strange utterances and acts of enthusiasts, are so many perversions of experimental religion. Here is an extreme case, which I take from a paper this morning; but I ask, are not mediates to be explained upon the same principle?

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—In Edgecomb, Me., on Thursday night, a man named Pinkham, a ship carpenter, cut off the heads of his wife and four children!—two boys and two girls, the oldest 12 years of age—and then cut his own throat with a razor! The deed was not discovered until Friday morning. Pinkham's own mother was the first who discovered it. A paper was found, signed by both father and mother, stating they had become tired of life! and mutually agreed on the destruction of themselves and children. Both had been subjects of the Miller delusion.

The delusion here named is only the result of what is very generally admitted and practised. It is the extreme, to be sure; but are not all aberrations tending thereto, equally to be avoided? A Religious Life is a calm and beautiful one; and serenity of soul is one of its essential characteristics. Why then this turmoil of passion? What has it to do with Religion? Jesus promised rest to the soul. This inquietude of soul does not agree with the effects he produced upon the minds of sinful men. Nearly all of the currently received influences in the religious world, are strongly marked with the vehemence and violence of passion. Feeling supersedes, and then suspends thought, and the mind of man is but little different from the creature void of intelligence. The connexion of the individual soul with the Father of spirits must not be dis severed; the communication must not be broken by any intervening minds. Christianity most beautifully opens this divine life of the soul; not one of its influences darkens the way, or causes the soul of man to sink in despair. "Come to the Father by me," was Jesus' language. What a most cheering prospect! Now if all professing Godliness were so devoted and directed heavenward that each man's life would shine to illumine the way to God, what an assimilation of spirit would follow in the train of influences like these? But when the Leaders are in the wrong way, it cannot be expected that those led will go right. It is not enough that we "point to," we must "lead the way." Let us *do* the Divine Will, that we may "know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." This is the Experimental Religion, which, more than all the vagaries of sects, will do man good.

Z. B.

IMPORTANT SUGGESTION. TO THE SICK.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the public that Dr. S. S. Lyon has removed to No. 524 Broome street, New York, where he holds himself ready to receive calls and orders, and attend to the numerous duties of his profession. Dr. L. has had an extensive practice for the last eight years, during which time he has not been *stationary*, as is too often the case with physicians, who find themselves hedged in by the narrow and arbitrary laws of the profession; but he has been making continual PROGRESS. He is wedded to no single system; but adopting the truest, the most generous policy, he has culled the peculiar excellences from each, and combined them into a system of his own, in which, however, the reformed modes of practice are paramount. Dr. Lyon has for more than two years been associated with Mr. Davis, the Clair-voyant, during which time he has studied his profession under a new aspect; and he has not only received from Mr. D. many important suggestions in regard to the best modes of treating disease, but he is made the proprietor of several NEW MEDICINES, that, by their astonishing efficacy, testify to the Interior Wisdom, under the influence of which they were compounded.

Dr. L. is not only an experienced and skilful, but a very tender and careful physician. With manners gentle and kind, yet ever dignified and self-respectful—with a high moral sense, which tolerates no wrong—with a large benevolence, which seeks all good—he is pre-eminently fitted for the important and responsible position he occupies; and they who commit themselves to his care, will find that he is not merely a professional attendant, and dictator, but a friend and brother, ever carrying with himself evidence of the TRUE MAN. There is, perhaps, no single individual in the profession, who combines so many and so eminent advantages; and they will be fortunate indeed, who secure his valuable services.

G.

THE POET deserves not the name, when he only speaks out those feelings which are his, as an individual. Only when he can appropriate, and tell the story of the world, is he a poet.

[ECRERMAN'S GOETHE.

Psychological Department.

SPIRITUAL MONITIONS.

If the spiritual experience of any individual should be carefully traced, and all its phenomena faithfully recorded, I think we should find proof that almost every person is the subject of monitions, wholly out of and beyond himself. These monitions may vary in form, intensity, or power; but they all have the same type and character—they all shadow forth intelligence of some coming event, or delineate some necessary course of action, to which the Soul is, as it were, made a confidante, in advance of the Senses, for some fixed and special purpose, which in the event is made to appear. These impressions may be angel whispers; and they doubtless are; for nothing can be more reasonable than to suppose, that while disenthralled spirits, from the advance ground which they occupy, are capable of looking over, and into the future, and of perceiving the results of causes which are yet in the germ, or in their undeveloped rudimental state, should, being as they are, still human, feel a deep interest in human affairs, and especially in those which involve the happiness of their own immediate friends and companions, while in the body. How natural, then—how rational—to suppose that they should whisper warnings into the placid ear of the dreamer, when the false conditions of the outer world no longer operate upon him, and the discordances of his elementary being produce no jar—that they should portray consequences, or events, in the lineaments of visions—that they should suggest true and right modes of action, in cases of uncertainty, or doubt, upon which important results are poised.

In proportion as we keep the soul open and alive to these impressions, the spiritual energies are quickened, and the inner life is developed. A cold and chilling Scepticism, founded on the grossest Materialism—since to the senses alone were committed the measure and the test of its laws—was the reaction of the ancient Superstition: and this doubtless was a necessary period in the education of the human mind, since it tended to the establishment of a just and true equilibrium between the outer and the inner life—between the Senses and the Soul. Toward this equilibrium all the strongest tendencies of the age are now verging. These long neglected subjects are about to be redeemed from the stigma of vulgarity, and exalted to their true position. To the ignorant and the vulgar, with all their mistakes, all their absurdities, we owe much—for their very errors have yet assisted to keep alive the embers of Spiritualism; and their simple candor has served to fan the spark which otherwise might have been as nearly smothered, as what is vital in itself can be. In their unquestioning faith, and implicit reliance on the phenomena they have observed, they have come nearer to Truth than the philosophizing sceptics, who have at once pitied and despised them; for the true and natural eye of the Simple, in looking about itself, traced the operation of unknown causes, in facts which the telescopic vision of the Learned glanced over without perceiving.

But scholars are now coming forth to widen the prescribed boundaries of Science; and they will not much longer dare to stigmatize Philosophy, by casting upon her the parentage of their own narrow and artificial laws—they will not much longer attempt to restrain her freedom, or limit her infinitude; for many of them are, even now, sitting down, like young children, at the feet of Nature, enquiring earnestly, if peradventure there may not be written in HER books, higher and more beautiful laws, which they have either wholly overlooked, or obstinately refused to believe.

Psychology is the great science of the age; and the study of Spiritual Phenomena is engrossing the attention of the finest minds. It is in accordance with this growing tendency—this

increasing demand for "more light," to explore the hitherto dark chambers of the human soul, that we are gathering up all the interesting facts we happen to meet with, which have a bearing on the great questions at issue; and we here subjoin a very remarkable one from the Churchman's Companion:

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A farmer in one of the western counties of England was met by a man whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work. The farmer (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him) told him he would think of it, and send word to the place where the man told him he should be found. Time passed on, and the farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night, however, he suddenly started from his sleep, and awaking his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the county town, some 30 or 40 miles distant, but why he had not the least idea. He endeavored to shake off the impression and went to sleep again, but awoke a second time with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled his horse, and set off. On his road he had to cross a ferry, which he could only do at one hour of the night, when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain that he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise, found that though the mail had passed over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied, "Oh, when I was on the other side I heard you shouting, and so came back again." The farmer said he had not shouted; but the other repeated his assertion that he had distinctly heard him call. Having crossed over, the farmer pursued his journey, and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now that he had come there he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place, and at length entered the court where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been, to all appearance, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witnesses to call in his behalf. He replied that he had no friends there, but looking around the court amongst the spectators, he recognized the farmer, who almost immediately recognized in him the man who had applied to him for work; the farmer was instantly summoned to the witness box, and his evidence proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the county, he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was of course acquitted, and the farmer found that, urged on by an uncontrollable impulse which he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Is it a meretricious imagination to suppose that the spirit of some departed friend, should have perceived the extreme danger of the poor laborer, and also the only means by which his innocence could have been established; and hurrying on the wings of love to the sleeping farmer, suggested a journey to the scene of interest and danger, reiterating the impression with a dictate of imperative authority? This must have been so—and what songs of joy rang through the echoing aisles of Heaven, at the redemption of the innocent from the bondage of a cruel and unrighteous Law!

GENIUS has not the privilege of being tried by its peers. Pope says one misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire, than to love them. Truth on a darkened world is like lightning at midnight; while it startles the beholder with the brightness of its flash, it reveals a wall of impenetrable gloom beyond.

[E. D. H.]

Original Poetry.

SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY S. H. LLOYD.

How sweet to leave the busy throng,

To tread the silent wood,
And in sweet solitude

To list its deep-toned festal song,—

And undisturbed by care,
To hear no voices there

That tell of violence and wrong.

No discords come to mar the soul ;

For he who loves to walk,
And with the trees can talk,

Holds lower things at his control ;

For him the wind doth swell,
The leaves their secrets tell,

And clouds their glorious anthem roll.

And such is Nature's mystic sway

O'er those who tread her aisles,
And gently woo her smiles,

And love to list the pine trees' lay,—

That he who weds her heart,
No power e'er can part,

Or turn the stream of Love away.

No need has he of earthly domes,

Of priests and burning lights,
Of forms or temple rites,

Or distant lands to seek and roam,

To lisp the Father's name,
To light the incense flame,

Where true devotion finds her home.

The trees ring out their mystic chime

Like bells upon the air,
And in their temples fair

Their thought doth murmur into rhyme ;

And from each bud and flower
He learns to bless each hour,

And kiss the flowing stream of Time.

MEMORIES.

Dost thou remember Sweet! that golden time

When we first met in Life's fair May-time hours ;

When Earth grew blessed as in Eden's prime,

And Love was born within these souls of ours ;

And our fond hearts would swell

With thoughts no tongue could tell,

Trembling with new found joys like dew-o'erladen flowers ?

Dost thou remember, Sweet! how gentle Time

Shook from Night's hour-glass half its starry gold,

While we sat tranced in calmest bliss divine,

Opening the heart's rich treasures, fold by fold ;

Then lingering bade adieu,

With yearnings strange and new,

And slept to dream of hopes and raptures yet untold ?

Dost thou remember, Sweet! Ah yes, though now

That dear Past fades like some receding star,

Yet loves with blossoms crown thy fair, young brow,

No time thy bosom's tenderness can mar ;

Life's changing good and ill,

All binds us nearer still ;

Love's Memories like its hopes, its joys, eternal are.

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER XI.

It happened that a pair of thrushes had built their nest on a branch of the tree under which they sat, during the last three years. The birds had been great favorites, and had become even so tame as to recognize their friends ; and they would frequently alight on and caress the hand from which they fed. They were particularly fond of Emilie, and always evinced their joy at her presence, by a thousand little chirps and twitterings ; and they seemed to pour forth their sweetest warblings at her approach.

There is an instinct in all creatures, which leads to the recognition of affection for themselves ; and I have sometimes thought that birds are particularly sensitive to the impression ; or else it is their beauty which makes us more alive to all their little manifestations of regard. And Emilie, too, as all true and gifted spirits must, loved animals with a yearning and tender love. Her soul flowed forth freely into Nature ; and true to its great law, the soul of Nature flowed back into her soul, with ever sweet and intelligent responses to her love.

Now these birds had come with their little family, as it would appear, to bid a temporary farewell to their summer home. They were twittering from branch to branch, chirping in the most vivacious manner. As soon as they perceived Emilie, they flew around her with low and tender murmurs of affection ; and finally the parent pair nestled, one on each shoulder ; and turning their heads toward hers, looked up into her face with a wistful and troubled expression in their soft eyes.

"Ah, they are bidding me adieu!" she whispered, while her tears flowed freely, "and they seem to know it is forever."

As she spoke she laid a hand over each ; and they curved their necks to the gentle pressure, as if inviting her caresses. Then creeping forward, they nestled together in her bosom, for a moment, in perfect silence—then spreading their wings, they flew off, to rejoin a large company of their companions that were assembled on a neighboring tree, and chattering with great loquacity and earnestness, as if calling them away.

The scene was inexpressibly tender and affecting : and Cornelius was wholly subdued ; for he could not resist the omen which seemed to letter itself upon his soul in characters of fire. He felt that he could not have spoken, if a word might have redeemed her from death ; but he clasped the fleeting treasure to his bosom ; and they wept and sobbed in each other's arms.

There was a fearful struggle in the heart of Cornelius ; but the higher principle was triumphant ; and, for the first time, he bowed himself before the Supreme Will : and then a divine joy pervaded his bosom—the downy wing of Peace nestled in his heart—and a serene Faith, and a beautiful Hope, sprang out from his soul, like wing-ed angels, leading him upward, through the fair expanse of all Light, and Beauty, and Love—uniting him with all the Infinite.

No word was spoken ; but Emilie perceived the change sympathetically ; and they were both calm, and peaceful, and happy. In that moment their souls were united in eternal wedlock ; and as they sat together in the silence of their nuptial bower, their marriage song woke spontaneously from angel harps, and rang out, in prolonged sweetness, through all the echoing aisles of Heaven.

Emilie was the first to speak. "Those dear little birds will come back in the Spring ; but their music will not penetrate the cold bosom of earth ; and their glad songs will echo around my grave. I have been thinking they will have an instinct of my resting-place—for I wish to be buried here"—she stretched out her hand to a little nook, sheltered by a young willow, over which had clambered a luxuriant clematis, whose silvery fringes contrasted happily with the dark masses of the yet green foliage, making a bower so perfect, it seemed a work of art.

"It is sweet to think," she continued, "that I shall slumber here, in this beautiful couch, amid all the holiest influences of Nature; and my little minstrels will sing my requiem; and sometimes their notes of joy will melt into a delicious strain of sorrow, when they miss the caressing hand that has so often fed them. And you too, my beloved—you too, will come here, and be blessed with seasons of the sweetest peace—the holiest joy—for my spirit shall hover around, and whisper to yours, through all the tenderest, the loveliest voices of Nature. I shall enter into every dew-drop that bathes your forehead; I shall penetrate the morning sun-beam that wakens you from slumber; I shall exhale perfume from the expanding leaf; I shall paint my love on the roseate bloom of the unfolding flower; I shall sing to you in the song of birds; I shall pour the melody of my affection into the voice of babbling streams; I shall whisper to you in the reposeful silence of noon-day; I shall look on you through the infinite brightness of midnight stars; I shall hover along your summer paths; I shall nestle beside you at the winter fireside."

She paused, and parting the hair from his forehead, looked into his face with such a yearning tenderness, as filled his whole soul with rapture unspeakable. And thus they sat together, with a mutual and perfect transfusion of thought—affection—hope;—and the light of Heaven was unfolded amid the shadows of earth. For some time no word broke the holy spell that bound them; but at length he perceived that she was gazing earnestly along the forest-path, toward which the whirring wing of a timid pheasant had attracted her attention.

"I could almost wish that path was not there," she said at length.

"Why, my love?" he asked; "and what are you seeking there?"

A faint flush passed over her pale features, as she answered; "because it disturbs, and withdraws me from the first full and perfect harmony of thought, feeling and hope, we have ever known. O my beloved; and this is too sweet—too holy to be broken." After a slight pause she added; "You may think me weak, Cornelius, but my mind is irresistibly drawn toward that path—I feel—and I believe—from that way my mother is to come. Even now I think I can perceive her breathings upon the still air, drawing me thither, with a strange and sweet attraction." She waved her hand as she spoke, with an expression indicating sensibility to an atmospheric influence.

"Last night," she resumed, "I was sitting here with you, in my dream, just as we are now—when suddenly my attention was drawn to the path, just as it has been often, by the wing of a passing bird. I looked down through the opening. The yellow sunshine lay along its borders, smiling upon the stricken foliage—caressing the bare branches with a sweet promise of renewed verdure—and mellowing the purple clusters of the grape, with beams rich and golden as we see now; and the brown leaves were dropping silently to the ground, as if prompted by a spirit calling them to rest, making a slight rustling sound, as they saluted their fallen brethren—just as they do now. Immediately after this a dear good old Indian, who was my pupil at Mont Desert, appeared before me. He was much agitated, and travel-worn, as if he had come from a great distance, on some exciting errand. I knew that my mother was near, before he told me—I knew she had come to bless me ere I die. I sprang forward in my sleep—and awoke. The clear cold moonlight was shining into the room; and I could see that no bodily form was near; but I knew that my Mother's Spirit was there—and I spread my arms to its embraces. Then I felt a soft, tender, loving form, pressing so gently upon my heart; and I seemed to lay my head upon its bosom, as I always used to do—and I wept the sweetest tears—tears of holy love, and joy unspeakable; and so I fell asleep. Do you think that this was only a dream, wrought upon the brain by the stimulating power of disease?—Ah no, my love; it was a revelation; and my soul

accepts it as such. Our Father is good, and merciful, and tender. He will not suffer me to die till I have seen her."

"Ah, there are steps approaching!" she exclaimed, after a short period of silence; and as she spoke starting wildly from her seat. At the same moment a venerable Indian sprang from a little copse beside the path.—She tottered forward, and fell into his arms, murmuring, "where—where is she?"

The next moment a female figure, with an air of haggard wildness amounting almost to distraction, rushed upon the spot; and mother and child fainted in each other's arms.

It is impossible to give even the faintest shadow of the thrilling scenes which followed. Madame de Vieron had escaped from the brutal sailors of Argall with a severe wound, and was taken, in a state of temporary mental alienation, to an Indian village, of which the good Onorico was Chief. There she was nursed with the greatest tenderness, by the beings we have called savages, until she was partially recovered. Then no inducement could keep her one day longer. She declared her intention to go forth, and seek her child, through the great and almost pathless wilderness. She would at least seek until she could go no farther; and then her maternal heart would lie down to rest, with the comforting assurance that it had made its utmost effort—and had only failed, because success was impossible. When they found that her resolution was not to be shaken, Onorico, with two young Indians, whom they had left at Warpoes, accompanied her in her mournful and apparently hopeless adventure.

It seemed that Providence favored her design; for she met with a band of hunters, who informed her of the name and residence of Argall, giving quite explicit directions to the Indians, by which to follow their route. What heart but a mother's, could have looked forward on such a journey, reaching from the coast of Maine to the borders of Virginia, through an unbroken wilderness, filled with savage beasts, and savage men, with any thing like a hope of accomplishing it?

It seemed as if a holy charm went with her, in all her way-faring. The coiling snake withdrew himself from her path, gliding softly away, when he heard her coming footstep. The gaunt wolf looked upon her through the opening wood, and forgot his hunger; and when she lay down to sleep, with no protecting walls to shelter her, it seemed as if the blue drapery of Heaven dropped itself down to encircle her; and through its guardian folds the shrieking panther dared not even look. And in all the wigwams where she tarried, the softest mat was spread for her repose; the tenderest meat, the ripest berries, and the sweetest corn, were brought for her refreshment; and when she went forth, the simple inmates followed her with blessings, and prayers, that the Great Spirit would guard, and guide, and sustain her, until she should find her child; and when they returned to their cabins, mothers hushed their babes to sleep with the chanted story of her love.

Who shall say that there is not, in a high and holy sentiment, when developed in corresponding action, a spirit which penetrates inferior animals; and by filling them with instinctive reverence, disarms them of their savageness? We know not; but if Love is the ruling principle of the Universe, why may it not—nay, why should it not be so?

And the mother's heart received a special strength for the accomplishment of her purpose. She had been most tenderly nurtured, without ever knowing care or labor; and had always lived delicately. How then could she bear such great exposure and fatigue? It can be accounted for only in one way—and that is, that the long retarded development of her physical powers had been excited by the stimuli of the Affections, and the Will; and the accumulation of vital energy, when brought into action, was sufficient for the required effort.

And so she went on—day after day, and week after week—never despairing—always hoping—and an angel seemed nestling forever in her heart, and whispering a sweet promise of hope.

In the course of three months she reached Virginia; and there a bitter disappointment awaited her; and for a time she almost sank under it. But having succeeded in obtaining explicit directions concerning the best route to Manhattan, she again went forth, and the result was as we have seen. Many a time she had been nearly sinking; and the old Chief thought he must make her a grave in the wilderness; but she struggled bravely with Death, and was repeatedly the conqueror; for the maternal instinct asserted its paramount law; and all inferior forces flowed into harmony with its operations.

The form of Madame De Vieron was wasted nearly to a skeleton; and it was plain that she could not long survive her daughter. For some days, however, she kept herself up, and performed a mother's offices about the couch to which Emilie was now wholly confined; but the great stimulus was in a short time wholly withdrawn; and she could sustain herself no longer. A bed was made for her opposite to that of her child; and from it she never rose but once again: and then it was to be borne to her daughter's side; for the two hearts yearned for each other so imperatively, they could not endure the smallest space between them.

Now they clung together continually, with sweetest words of love, and blessings, and benign tears; for they rejoiced, with joy unspeakably deep and holy, in the thought that they could be no more separated, forever. It was beautiful to see their earnest and tender watchfulness over each other's wants and sufferings; but the rapturous shock of meeting was too much for their enfeebled strength, and probably hastened the departure of both. Thus they slept together, hand in hand, the head of the daughter nestling in the mother's bosom; and when they woke, their full and loving eyes were eloquent with the utterance of pure and beautiful thoughts, that filled all their souls with divine harmony and peace.

Day after day, and night by night, Cornelius watched beside them; for his soul was in perfect unity with theirs, and flowed into the harmony of their sacred joy. But Van Courtlandt had not yet reached the serene and expansive sphere which enfolded them. He was still unreconciled to the blow, which he now felt to be inevitable; and his agitation was so great, whenever he entered the room, that he kept himself almost entirely away, even though his heart yearned to be in their presence. But the gentle Faunie, with a light step, a tender hand, and a loving eye, ministered unceasingly about them; and she gathered blessings from her labor, richer than all the wealth of the external universe.

Just one week from the period of reunion, Emilie had been worse through the day; but toward evening she grew easier; and as night advanced she fell into a gentle sleep. Madame De Vieron had perceived the change; and she lay watching the countenance of her child continually. All her friends were gathered round her couch, bending over her in deep silence; for her breathing was so light, they sometimes thought she would pass away unperceived. It was nearly midnight when she awoke; and she looked from one to another of the anxious group that surrounded her, with a sweet and loving smile.

"All here!" she said in a clearer and stronger voice than she had spoken in for many days—"Ah, that is kind!" As she spoke she stretched out her arms to Van Courtlandt, murmuring—and you too, my father!" He bowed himself down to the bed; and as she twined her thin arms about his neck, and laid her cheek close to his, the weight which had for weeks pressed upon his bosom like a great stone, suddenly melted, and he burst into such a passionate fit of lamentation, that they were obliged to tear him away, and lead him from the room. But the unwonted indulgence relieved him. He grew calm, and full of comfort; and presently returned to the bedside.

"What is it you wish, my love?" said Cornelius, perceiving that Emilie looked anxiously toward the window.

"Is the moon up?" she answered—"Lift the curtain, dearest; I would look upon it once more."

He silently obeyed; and the slanting beams of the clear orb, just then issuing from the horizon, streamed into the apartment with a flood of radiance.

"Now take the candles away," she again whispered, "I would have no artificial glare crossing the light of Heaven."

"Mother, one more embrace!" she said, turning to Madame De Vieron; "and we need not say adieu; for it will only be for a little while." She had risen wholly above all human emotion; and her spirit was even then breathing the atmosphere of Heaven.

She then stretched out her arms to Cornelius, who, in his extreme distress, had withdrawn from the bedside, embracing him with words of sweetest hope, and comfort; and then in turn all her other friends, giving to each a tender and appropriate blessing—Then clasping her hands together, she closed her eyes, murmuring softly, "O, how beautiful!"

It was a scene too holy for tears. The illumination from her spirit diffused itself through the souls of all present; and they knew that a sojourning angel yet lingered in their midst—an angel whose simple memory should be a sweeter blessing than the living presence of others; and as they watched her ascending pinions, a way of light should open, ever more serenely shining forth—ever more widely expanding—ever further reaching—until it should join the abyss of Earth to the refulgent battlements of Heaven. Thus should it ever be, in the first transition of the human soul—we cannot call it death—and thus would it be, if we could but look at the change aright; for amid the deep shadows, and the fearful gloom, are unfolding the portals of a higher sphere. While we are wailing with poignant anguish over the struggles of the departing, in Heaven they are waiting to welcome the advent of another Soul. Angel harps are struck to measures of ecstatic joy! The voices of cherub and of seraph swell and prolong the widely resounding anthem; and all the spiritual spheres echo back the jubilant strain—"Unto us a child is born!"

The moon had been clouded for a few moments; and when the shadows passed away, they saw that the countenance of Emilie had suddenly changed. She looked upon each with an intensely conscious expression of the eyes; but she made no effort to speak. A serene smile played over her features, beautifying their ghastly paleness. Then as she made the sign of the cross upon the still bosom, the hand gently settled there—the drooping lids closed—and without a struggle, she fell asleep, softly as the folding flower at sunset.

HUMAN BEAUTY.

Now of these three, infinitely mingled and combined,
Consisteth human beauty, in all the marvels of its mightiness;
And forth from human beauty springeth the intensity of Love;
Feeling, thought, desire, the three deep fountains of affection.
Son of Adam, or daughter of Eve, art thou trapped by nature,
And is thy young eye dazzled with the pleasant form of beauty?
This is but a lower love; still it hath its honor;
What God hath made, and meant to charm, let no man despise.
Nevertheless, as reason's child, look thou wisely farther,
For age, disease, and care, and sin, shall tarnish all the surface;
Reach a loftier love; be lured by the comeliness of mind,—
Gentle, kind, and calm or lustrous in the livery of knowledge.
And more, there is a higher grade; force the mind to its perfection,—
Win those golden trophies of consummate love:
Add unto the riches of the reason, and a beauty molded to thy liking,
The precious things of nobler grace that well adorn a soul;
Thus be thou owner of a treasure, great in earth and heaven,
Beauty, wisdom, goodness, in a creature like its God.