# THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. NO. 18.


## The Principles of Nature.

### THE THEOLOGICAL CONCEPTION; ITS GROWTH, DEPENDENCIES, AND PROBABLE ULTIMATE FORM.


WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.


NUMBER ONE.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT is inwoven in the human constitution, as is the desire for physical food; and as the body grows by the process of nutrition, or the digestion and assimilation of outer substances, so the religious sentiment expands as the mind digests and assimilates the lessons afforded by outer and interior indications belonging to the domain of Nature. The growth of the religious sentiment, therefore, and consequently of the theological conception, is, both in the individual and the mass, always commensurate with the natural growth of the mind. The obstructions of mental progress caused by an arbitrary enforcement of dogmas conceived in the wisdom of men, and embodied in conventional forms, afford only temporary and local exceptions to the general applicability of this remark.

We will add that as the quality and texture of the body is dependent, in a great degree, upon the quality of the *food* on which it habitually subsists, so the theological conception, at each particular stage in its development, both in individuals and in nations, is greatly characterized by the peculiar *outward circumstances* from which the mind draws its lessons and its nutriment. To illustrate and apply these propositions—to show the supremacy of the authority of *Nature* in deciding theological questions, and to show from long continued tendencies in the mental world what will be the *ultimate* (which will be the *true*) form in which the religious sentiment will probably be embodied,—comprise the objects of the present essay.

For illustration, our attention may first be directed briefly to the case of the individual. In early childhood the human being possesses no knowledge of Nature, or of any outer operations beyond the limited sphere of its own observation, which may be confined to the sensible horizon, or even to a single room. As it emerges from the period of mere animal instinct, experience teaches it its dependence upon outer movements, and especially upon the protection of those of maturer growth. At this period its parents, and others exercising care over it, are its gods. It can, as yet, conceive of no other or higher deity, and all efforts to teach it more enlarged conceptions are but an infringement upon the laws of its progressive development, and are productive only of superstition.

But as the child grows, it extends the sphere of its perception and contemplation. It learns indefinitely the relation between actions and outer results. It perceives that outer structures and embodiments are constantly resulting from the physical movements designedly instituted by those around it, and gradually learns to associate objects of skill and contrivance with the cause or architect who produced them. Having learned who made the chair, the table, the house, &c., it proceeds, in the next stage of natural development, to inquire who made itself, the ground, the grass, the trees, and the sun, moon, and stars. It is told, "*God* made them." Conceiving for the first time of God, the child naturally associates him with a *human form* of gigantic proportions; and it supposes him to be seated somewhere above the clouds, exercising a mysterious influence over mundane things. If the child is favorably organized, and has been situated amid circumstances conducive to general cheerfulness and happiness, it will naturally connect the idea of *beneficence* with the character of God, and look up to Him as a protector and parent. If it is constitutionally of a melancholy turn of mind, and is surrounded by adverse circumstances, and subjected to suffering and trial, it will be likely to associate a degree of malignity with the character of the Deity, and look up to him with dread as a tyrannical Master.

Should we attempt to trace the *individual* farther in his course of development, as commonly exemplified by actual facts, we should soon lose him in the labyrinths of artificial misdirection—of creeds and systems imposed upon his mind by men, and which of course give no illustration of natural principles relating to the unfolding of his ideas. We will therefore dismiss the *individual* as the subject of contemplation, and direct our attention to the history of the Race, in which the same progressive principle is unfolded on a grander scale. For it will be observed that the Race, in its long line of experiences, involves no other *principles* than those set forth in the natural development of one of its individual members.

The Race, too, had its infancy. It was once crude and undeveloped, standing upon a mental plane scarcely above the mere instincts of the lower animals. It had no experience to guide its thoughts, and no history from which to draw forth lessons of wisdom. As external phenomena of Nature were observed, ideas of mysterious and invisible agencies crowded into the mind as their producing causes. In lieu of a more philosophical solution of the dark enigma of being, of life, and of natural movements constantly observed, our early progenitors conceived that the atmosphere abounded with demons, or genii, who were incessantly employed in producing the multifarious outer creations and movements which they beheld around them. A crude idea of a superior power being thus established, there was, as is natural to suppose, more or less effort made to inculcate it arbitrarily upon those minds which had not *naturally* grown into it. These hearing that there was a God, would naturally inquire, where is he, and what is he? And their conceptions of him would take a more sensible and less spiritual form than if they had been spontaneous in the course of the mind's natural growth. Not being able to conceive of an invisible spirit, they would look around them for some physical embodiment in which the Deity most probably resided; and they would naturally rest their minds upon those objects in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, from which they expected good, or which had the power to harm them. The theology of those early times, therefore, was Fetichism, and in its general features is represented in the conceptions of the present natives of New Holland, and other savage tribes of a low order.

From the calamities constantly resulting from ignorance of Nature and her laws, and from the fact that hostility and strife

prevailed more or less, perpetually among them, they were quite naturally led to attribute *malignant passions* to many of the genii who were supposed to preside over human affairs; and fashioning their characters upon the model of their own dispositions, they supposed that their vengeance might be placated, and their favors purchased by voluntary immolations and offerings on their part,—the same as the vengeance of a capricious tyrant is sated on beholding human losses or suffering, produced by whatever cause. Such was the origin of the sacrificial forms of religion so long perpetuated in subsequent ages.

As the general conception in regard to visible objects and phenomena became expanded by virtue of the intercommunication of thought, and the imperfect experiences of the early times, there was naturally a corresponding enlargement of the prevailing theological conception. Men's thoughts being at first confined mainly to the limited sphere of their own consanguinity, the gods of which they very naturally conceived were only such as took special charge over their own particular houses or families. As the sphere of human association enlarged, it came to be conceived that each tribe, and finally each nation, had its particular divinity, one or more, who bestowed favors or executed vengeance, according as the people obeyed or disobeyed his capricious mandates. Not only were the divinities thus gradually magnified in importance, but from being supposed, as originally, to inhabit the air, and outer earthly forms, they were promoted to other and more commanding physical stations. Owing to a territorial division of two portions of the race, which placed them in physical circumstances widely different, the theological conception took correspondingly different directions. When all previous embodiments of the divinity had become stript of their mystery and their sacredness by the discoveries of natural thought, one branch of the race, by common consent, deified the sun, as at once the most conspicuous, influential, and mysterious object in the firmament,—and considered the moon and stars as subordinate divinities. Such constituted a prominent portion of the theology of the Egyptians and several oriental nations, and also of the aboriginal inhabitants of Central America. For a long time it formed the most enlarged thought to which these nations attained in their progressive conceptions of the Deity.

The Fetichism and Polytheism of the earlier times, however, still continued, with gradual modifications, as being best adapted to the conceptions of the masses, and was blended with the worship of the heavenly bodies. The more philosophical minds, and especially those connected with the sacerdotal order, saw its folly; and while they connived at its existence among the more ignorant classes as a convenient means of controlling them, they for themselves, as it would appear, converted it into a mere system of symbols representing various principles and operations of Nature. As astronomical ideas gradually unfolded, it was at length perceived that there was no more of divinity in the sun, moon, and planets, than in the earth and the various natural objects on its surface. The next step in the progress of the theological idea, therefore, developed a system of Pantheism, or the idea that all things were God. This idea, however, was confined entirely to the more learned and philosophical. The external system of worship was continued with perhaps increased pomp and splendor. Nature being deified as a whole, there was very naturally an inclination to deify particularly its various parts; and to these offerings and sacrifices were made under symbols derived from former polytheistic ideas, and which the common people were permitted to interpret in a gross and literal sense. In all this we see that the natural progress of mental unfolding, and the general social state, determined the development of the theological idea.

Whilst these ideas were being unfolded among the Egyptians, Chaldeans and others, another set of theological impressions were growing up among the tribes inhabiting interior and eastern Asia. Favored by a genial climate and productive soil, and relieved in a measure from external cares, their contemplations took a correspondingly more refined, yet more fanciful turn. They early set themselves to speculating upon the origin of the earth, and finally produced a most stupendous theory. They supposed that after all things had been involved, from eternity, in undistinguishable darkness, the great invisible and incomprehensible spirit whom they called Brahma, awaking, moved upon the waters, and created a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns. It was from the hatching of this egg that the earth was formed. At the same time the great spirit Brahma, sent forth Vishnu, who was a part of his own soul, to create man. Another spirit was also sent forth, whose name was Siva. Brahma was considered as the creator, Vishna as the preserver, and Siva as the destroyer, or rather the changer of forms; and the three were but different forms or manifestations of one and the same being. Here is the first development of the idea of a *Trinity* in the Godhead. Associated with these conceptions was an intricate and stupendous mythology, the whole being found, on a close analysis, to consist of a general deification of the principles of Nature, which may also be called Pantheism. It was only in the minds of the learned, however, that the theology received the form which may be properly termed pantheistic, whilst the theology of the masses was still, in all its essential particulars, but an improved form of Fetichism.

As the race advanced, these general systems of theology received local modifications according to the particular circumstances or tempers of the tribes or nations among whom they were disseminated. At length arose Zoroaster, the Median reformer and law-giver, who, from the materials of former theologies, and from his own independent and profound speculations, constructed a system far more spiritual, and perhaps more consistent, than any which had previously existed. Perceiving a constant antagonism of good and evil, light and darkness existing in the world, he was led to conceive of two correspondingly antagonistic deities as respectively presiding over each. To these he gave the names of Ormuzd and Ahriman. Ormuzd, he supposed was pure eternal light, the source of all perfection. He was the creator of the world and of man. Ahriman was also originally a being of light, but because he envied the superior light of Ormuzd, he obscured his own, and became the enemy of Ormuzd, and the father of evil and of all bad beings. Associated with Ormuzd, and created by him, were innumerable subordinate spirits or deities, of different grades, whose office it was to minister to their supreme ruler and parent, and execute his commands. Ahriman was, in like manner, attended by myriads of *evil* spirits, occupying different grades beneath him. The two beings, attended respectively by all their hosts, were at perpetual war with each other, which was represented by the constant struggle between good and evil in the outer world. He taught, however, that Ormuzd would finally prevail, and after destroying Ahriman and his hosts, and all evil and darkness, would reign in triumph, surrounded by good spirits, and all human souls redeemed from corruption, for ever and ever.

But several hundred years previous to Zoroaster, there was a local development of the idea concerning God, which, from the importance to which it grew in after times, deserves our particular attention.

In the land of Ur, beyond the Euphrates, dwelt a man distinguished for physical and mental energy, and for what, in those times, might have been considered a refined spirituality. We have reference to Abraham, the father of the Jewish nation. His mind arose above the gross idolatry of the times, and he conceived of a God possessing a somewhat more spiritual character than the gods generally believed in at that time. Isolated from others, as we may suppose he was, as to theological belief, and the general current of his religious thoughts, he received what he supposed to be a divine afflatus, directing him, saying, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will show thee, and I

will make of thee a great nation." (Gen. xii: 1, 2.) It is highly probable that this was a truthful impression, coming from the spiritual world, and may be explained upon psychological principles which are now being discovered; but that it came directly from the Deity it is not necessary to suppose, although this is what Abraham himself appears to have believed. In obedience to the heavenly call, Abraham departed, and subsequently led a pastoral and somewhat wandering life, residing for the greater part of the time in the land of Canaan. He became a wealthy and powerful chieftain, having many vassals under his control.

Though Abraham's conceptions of the Deity were an improvement upon those generally prevailing, they still in a measure partook of the grossness which characterized the general theological speculations of those times. It does not appear that Abraham supposed the Deity to exercise any very extensive jurisdiction over the inhabitants of the earth, but he evidently considered him his own special tutelar divinity; and while he supposed that God was of too spiritual a nature to admit of an outward and physical representation, like the gods of the heathens, he still ascribed to him many of the passions of man, and also those capricious humors, which caused him, like the heathen gods, to take delight in *sacrifices*. So the theology of Abraham was (*as comported with the order of natural development,*) only one degree in advance of the heathen theologies of his times.

Abraham was careful to entail his conceptions of the Deity upon his son Isaac, and he upon his son Jacob, who, with perhaps some slight modifications, entailed them upon his twelve children. The latter settled in Egypt, where they multiplied exceedingly, and in the course of a little more than two centuries, became a considerable nation. By the Egyptians they were despised, persecuted and oppressed. This prevented them from amalgamating with the Egyptians, and from adopting, to any great extent, their customs and their religion. The intolerable afflictions to which they were subjected, at length called forth from among them a deliverer in the person of Moses.

Moses had been brought up at the court of the Pharaohs, and instructed in all the lore of his times. On beholding the afflictions of his people, he was moved with compassion toward them, and with indignation toward their oppressors. After sojourning for several years in the land of Midian, whither he had fled for having slain an Egyptian, and for which Pharaoh sought his life, he received an impression which he supposed to be direct from God, that he should go into Egypt and effect the deliverence of his people. It was, of course, very natural that the injustice and cruelty of the Egyptians should cause in such a mind as that of Moses, a violent reaction against every thing peculiarly Egyptian, and especially against the Egyptian theology; and this reaction, aided by his ardent love for his own nation, inclined him to a zealous and exclusive adoption of the religion of his forefathers. Hence he came from the land of Midian among his people proclaiming, not the God of the *Universe*, but "*the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*,"—i. e. the tutelar divinity of those fathers of their nation, and who would now be a God to their posterity, the nation itself, to rule over it alone. The Jews therefore had their exclusive national God, even as had the Egyptians, and other nations; and it can not be denied that the idea of the nationality of their Deity is carried, more or less, through all subsequent parts of their history.

Though Moses's conceptions of God were elevated somewhat above those of the heathens on the score of spirituality, he yet supposed, like the heathens, that God was capable of manifesting himself to human sense in various forms, such as the burning bush, the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night. In one place he seems impliedly to attribute to God a human form. He represents God as denying him the privilege of seeing his face, on the ground that no man could see his face and live,—but as promising to cover him up in the cleft of a rock with his hand, and that when he took away his hand, Moses should see his back parts! (See Exodus xxxiii: 20–23.) After the tabernacle was completed, Moses supposed that the peculiar, or at least favorite, dwelling place of the Lord, was between the cherubims which overshadowed the mercy seat, and that there he might, at certain times, be consulted by the high priest. (See Exodus xxv: 21, 22; Lev. xvi: 2: Numb. vii: 89.)

The *moral character* which Moses ascribed to the Deity, is far from being the most elevated. It is notorious that he attributed to him some of the passions of weak and erring man, such as anger, jealousy, hate, &c., and supposed that his purposes might be changed by entreaty. Stated sacrifices, analogous to those performed by the heathens, were represented as indispensable obligations which he imposed upon man. In one place Moses represents him as directing the Hebrew women, on their departure from Egypt, to borrow jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, from their Egyptian neighbors, and not return them. (Exodus iii: 22.) In other places he represents him as sanctioning, and even directing, the most barbarous slaughter, rapine, and cruelty, especially in reference to the nations inhabiting the promised land.

From these considerations, it appears quite evident that the theological conceptions of Moses were but one remove from those generally prevailing among the heathen nations of those times. They were evidently an outbirth of the circumstances of the times, and of his own peculiar natural capacities, and they merely form a link in the chain of natural progress.

That Moses, according to psychological laws which are now being discovered, frequently received interior impressions which, under the circumstances were proper and useful, we have no disposition to deny. He doubtless thought that those impressions came directly from God, for in those days almost all remarkable things were attributed directly to the gods, by the heathens as well as by the Jews; but that the Great Father of the Universe spoke to him directly, and gave him the barbarous commands and directions which he records as having received, is not to be credited for one moment.

To Moses, however, belongs the credit of having established one of the most just and equitable political constitutions and codes of laws any where in record upon the pages of antiquity. These being pervaded every where by exclusive religious notions and observances, were well calculated to preserve the nationality of the Jewish people, which they have succeeded in doing even unto the present day.

From the permanency of the Mosaic laws and rituals resulted a general permanency of the national theological conception. Yet the severe restrictions by which Moses guarded the purity of the national religion, did not prevent the Jews of subsequent times from gradually gliding into various forms of idolatry, and especially into the worship of the sun, moon and stars. It appears that even the temple of Solomon was adorned symbolically with reference to an adoration of the heavenly bodies, and also of Baal, the Babylonian and Phœnician, and Moloch, the Ammonitish idol. These idolatrous practices were reformed, and the temple cleansed of their symbols, by king Josiah, by whom, also, the pure Mosaic worship was re-established. Not long after this event the Jews were carried in captivity to Babylon. The facility with which the Jews glided from their own peculiar national worship into that of the surrounding heathen nations, and *vice versa*, seems to afford additional evidence that their national theology was not very essentially different from, or of a much more elevated character than, the theologies then generally prevailing among other nations, and known as heathenism.

In general, however, the Jews continued, down to the coming of Christ, in their adherence to the theological conception delivered to them by Moses, in all its essential features. Their God was the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." He was the God of their nation, and of no other, and even regarded other nations with contempt. He was the "God of battles," a "jealous God," a God of "fury," "wrath," and "vengeance," and

a God who exacted with great rigor, the punctillious observance of barren rites and ceremonies. Some exceptions to these views of the Deity, it is true, are found in the teachings of several of the Jewish prophets; but it must be observed that the prophets, or several of them at least, were men of exalted minds, and susceptible of lofty interior impressions; and being before their age and nation they were not generally understood, and we must not therefore read their writings for an exhibition of the common national belief at any one particular period.

We are aware that we have been treading upon grounds thought to be sacred, even in our day, and that a thousand excuses and palliations, upon the score of figurative language, have been made for the facts we have stated, showing the general grossness of the Old Testament theology; but we do not see but that excuses and explanations may be made, throwing an equally plausible garb over almost any system of *heathenism* that has ever existed. Why, then, should we refuse to look plain facts in the face, and set them down for precisely what they are, and for nothing more?

During the four hundred years which elapsed between the Babylonish captivity and the coming of Christ, the speculative theology of the Jews became somewhat more refined. The idea of immortality became a more conspicuous subject of their thoughts; and by traveling, and especially by the international communications resulting from the Alexandrian and Roman conquests, they became much tinctured with the oriental and Grecian philosophies. Sects were formed among them, (such as the Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, &c.,) somewhat resembling the various sects of the Grecian philosophers. By these, perpetual discussions were kept up, which tended to the development of rational principles, and at the same time to weaken their attachment to the Mosaic ritual. The forms and ceremonies of their religion gradually became, in a measure, dead and meaningless. A great portion of the heathen world immediately around them, had ascended to a similar plane of rational thought with themselves; and the general atmosphere of thought now arising from the minds of mankind, was such as to favor the development of another and higher manifestation in the progress of the theological idea. This was CHRISTIANITY, which, together with its author, shall constitute the next subject for our *candid and impartial consideration*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOME AND DEATH.

HOME,—how many springs of joy does that one word comprise! It is created by the very events which we most dread within its inclosure. It is the offspring of sickness, suffering, and death. It is our exposure to these (so called) calamities, which makes it necessary for each to have that retreat, that ark of protection, where others shall help him ward off the evil day, or bear and survive it when it comes. It is death that calls for successive generations of men, and creates families for the nourishment and defence of each new race. Take suffering and death away, and mankind would be at once resolved into isolated units, and the shrine of the purest joy would be laid waste and desolate forever. Yet how kindly are these essential portions of the beneficent system arranged, so that they often darken not for years the home that they make glad, and, when they come, come almost always with gentle preparation, and with unexpected sources of relief and comfort! How much is implied in the tranquil and healthful condition in which most of our families have found themselves to-day! So many living lyres in time and tune, so many marvellous tides of life kept flowing,—and yet these lyres strung as with threads of gossamer, these tides flowing in the frailest vessels, and liable to be shed by the slightest accident. [PEABODY.

EVERY TRIAL comes with its alleviating circumstances.

## MORAL WORTH.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

WHAT IS INTELLECTUAL culture worth, without the moral? To what end is it pursued, why do we strive after knowledge in the outward universe, or the world of mind? What advantage is it to learn the operations of nature, to win the secrets of the planet and the flower? What to us this endless procession of phenomena, this ebb and flow of action? What to us this subtile analysis, that detects the common law of nature in its meanest atom; this sublime induction that rises from the sands of the sea-shore to the infinitude of worlds, themselves but golden sands on the shores of eternity, inductive evidences of Him around whose throne they burn and worship? What to us this knowledge that rends open the graves of a million years, and reveals to us the secrets of embalmed epochs—strange forms of life, that have no use, only as they indicate, in every rigid filament, the Divine Designer, and, through ascending strata, suggest the law of progress, and the development of a benificent purpose? What to us the use of history, poetry, of all the forms of knowledge; except through largeness of the intellectual vision to purify the heart, and to bring us to spiritual perfection? Without this, knowledge is worse than an abstraction, and, in such a case, we can conceive of a splendid intellect only as we can conceive of a star, drifting through space, without adaptation, without an orbit, without a centripetal law!

In the very nature of things, then, the true scholar is one whose mental supremacy is based upon moral excellence, whose intellectual force is inwoven with spiritual life, in whose own soul Might and Right are one. He then, of all men, is fitted with the enthusiasm of knowledge and of love, to make these one in the practical action of humanity at large. Therefore there rests upon him the most stringent obligation to do so. Loving the moral ideal which he sees, he will labor to extend it; reverencing that supreme Right in his own soul, he cannot resist the claims of humanity. In whatever sphere he is called upon to act, this will be his prime object—to overcome the wrong, to establish the Good and True, to bring on the new epoch when the highest practical power shall be the moral power.

And let him not think that such an age is always to be ideal. He may not see its consummation, but he may do much to hasten it. Let the knowledge, let the intellectual power of the present time, declare themselves for the right, and they must hasten that consummation. That epoch will come. We see it in that law of human progress which runs through all God's universe. We see it in that application of means, through the course of ages and the labors of the great and good, which were not meant to be wasted. We see it in the features of the present age, the power which is elevating man above mechanism, the humane ideas, the increasing confidence in moral force, the tendencies to the universal. We see it above all, in that Christianity, which is "the highest fact in the rights of man," whose work is the work of advancement, and whose grand triumph is in the future. And from earth, as from heaven, rises music—

"The sweet, sad music of humanity;"

growing more inspiring though, and breaking into wider and wider circles, as we listen. Heard in the clank of the laborer's toil, in the sundering of the bondman's fetters, in the pause that follows the crash of falling institutions, in the song that rises from fields of harvest growing in the old furrows of violence and blood, breaking out in waste places, murmuring underneath all thrones. The night is waning, the day is at hand. Happy the toiling and watchful scholar, who, in his position, stands nearest the morning, and, as a gifted oracle, shall, with trumpet blast, fling upon the quivering hearts that wait to hear it, the prelude to that grand, out-bursting chorus, which shall proclaim that Might and Right are one!

## Original Communications.

### MUSIC.

BY B. JONES.

—"There is a charm, a power that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your care dissolves,
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—
That power is Music:—"

The ancient history of music is so unhappily obscured that we can arrive but at few satisfactory conclusions respecting it. With regard to its origin or invention, Lucretius has ascribed it to the whistling of the wind through the reeds which grew along the banks of the river Nile—some to the various sounds produced by the hammers of Tubal Cain—others have been ridiculed for ascribing it to the song of Birds, the purling of rivulets, the dropping of water, &c. Diocles has been said, first to have discovered it, by striking different sized vases in a pottery and observing the gravity or acuteness of the sounds issuing from them;—but we have good reason to believe that Jubal, the son of Lamech, and seventh in descent from Adam, first discovered musical sounds.

Music may be either Vocal or Instrumental. Vocal music is the utterance of articulate, harmonious and continuous sound. Instrumental music may be defined, as the utterance of harmonious and continuous sound artificially produced. The combination of sounds producing music, may be either simultaneous or successive—in the first it produces harmony, in the last melody. Vocal music was undoubtedly prior to instrumental, as vocal melody has been practised wherever articulate sounds were used, but the passions of mankind have very much debased and profaned this art, which, like many others was originally sacred, and formed to be the vehicle of poetry. In the time of the ancients, the feats and achievements of heroes and illustrious men were eulogized in verse, and sung publicly to the sound of instruments, and such from scripture narrative appears peculiarly to have been the custom of the Israelites.

The origin of instrumental music is of a date so anterior to authentic history, that when we look for its epoch and discoverer, we are swept away into the wild regions of Mythology and Romance. The God Mercury or Hermes, is said by classic authors to have been the inventor of the Lyre, by stretching strings of different tension across the shell of a tortoise which he found on the sea shore. The shepherd's pipe is ascribed to Pan, and not only in old plates representing the wassails of the ancients, but in representations of more modern date, do we behold the merry God figuring conspicuously in the festal group, and with straining eyes and distended cheeks tuning his rustic reed with inimitable vigor. The Chinese claim the invention, and attribute it to the act of blowing the pith out of the bamboo, but what credence can be given to these vague assertions is a matter of much uncertainty. Jubal, in all probability was the inventor of the lyre, and well may we suppose that,—

"When he struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren closed around—
And wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound;
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
Which spoke so sweetly and so well."

He was the inventor also of the Augab, an instrument which corresponded with the mouth organ, played on by itinerant jugglers and mountebanks of the present day, consisting of reeds varying in number and dimensions, bound together, and comprising a compass of from 4 to 20 notes. In connection with these may be mentioned, the Cymbals, Dulcimer, Hautboy, Flute, Tabret, Sackbut, Psaltery, Trumpet, Harp and Viol; instruments all used in the most remote ages of antiquity, and held in the highest estimation. It is thought among the politer circles of mankind an imperfection to want a relish of any of those things which tend to refine our lives, and it will be confessed by the vigilant observer, that the more enlightened nations of old possessed this art in an eminent degree. Although the merry notes of the blythe sky lark, and the deeper ones of the mellow-throated thrush, would, independently of the instinctive powers originally implanted in man, sufficiently teach him the difference betwixt grave and acute sounds, and excite him to imitate them; yet there is no avoiding the conclusion, that the idea of music is connatural to man, and that like other sciences, its foundation is nature. We neither learned it from the singing of birds, the chiming of hammers, the purling of rivulets, nor the fall of fountains—but its principles are engrafted in our nature, and are the benevolent and peculiar gift of God.

"There is something in the universe of which we have no definite conception; perhaps it is too universal, too wide, too vast to submit itself to anything like demonstration. We all feel it, we all know it, we all enjoy it. The ancients and some of the moderns have deified it and called it Pan. It is in fact the universal adaptation of one thing to another; the harmony of all God's works; the infinite music of an infinite variety. The sequence of bright things is the melody of creation, their synchronous existence, the harmony of God's Almighty will."

Music is an all-pervading presence. It is heard in the sighing summer breeze, and the loud howling blast; in the rippling rivulet, and the impetuous torrent; in the sullen voice of the ocean, and the faint bubble of the waterfall; in the low plaining dove, and in the fierce screaming eagle! The gigantic forest pines, touched by the flying fingers of the tempest, like a mighty lyre, concede a burden of deep woven and inexplicable harmony.

"A voice to light gave being." Down through the gulf of darkness glanced the glad smile of Deity, and at his mighty fiat, ten thousand crystal spheres leaped from the vast abyss, marshalling themselves in radiant ranks upon the purple firmament. Then it was that

—yonder glittering spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time."

Music is concordant with the life strings of the soul, it calms the maddening tempest of the passions, or lifts up the stricken spirit, until God-like, it walks the "crystal billows of sweet sound," untrammeled and emancipate! It is not my intention to dwell upon the mechanical part of the subject, as it would involve a minuteness and technicality of detail here, both prolix and uninteresting; but I shall proceed to consider it in reference to its moral tendency, and its varied effects upon the sympathies and passions of mankind.

Much has been said both in condemnation and approval of music, and many talented individuals have labored with the most persevering assiduity to prove that its influence in the main is more pernicious than salutary. While it must be confessed, that it ministered to the obscene profanities of the pagan idolatries, we are prone to suppose that the unhallowed passions thereby generated were not so much the result of the music as of the impure language of which it was made the vehicle. The music of the human voice is pre-eminently beautiful, yet its most fascinating tones may convey the bitterest denunciations, and mask the vilest passions which rankle in the breast of man. Yet language is superlatively lovely, "a perpetual Orphic song:" shall we then stigmatize that gift as a curse, which when properly applied, is the most inestimable boon ever awarded to humanity? As in language, that only can lay claim to veneration which is chaste, refined, and ennobling—so only can that be deemed music suited to the capacity of a rational being which tends to tranquilize the mind—expand the soul, and humanize the heart.

But we must not confine our observations to sacred music, although that undeniably has the pre-eminence. It is true we do

not hold up the Gig, Reel, or Hornpipe to admiration, however innocent in themselves, but when, would we ask, has the fastidious ear, the most virtuous bosom found aught to excite disfavor or disgust, in the immortal productions of the great masters of this sublime art? On the contrary, who that has listened to their thrilling raptures, their melting pathos, their complicated and ecstatic harmony—who is there will not confess, that his own bosom has vibrated sympathetically and in unison with the subtle chords, and that he has experienced the best, the happiest, and noblest sensations of which the soul is susceptible?

"The passions," says an able writer, "that are excited by ordinary compositions, generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously—but the fear, the love, the indignation, the exalted feelings which are awakened in the mind by sacred harmony, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and duty then go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion." Nought, then, I think can be advanced against that music which has its foundation in reason, and which increases our virtue in proportion as it raises our delight. The songs of Zion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms or pieces of poetry, that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in the holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian Lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself, after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment, as well as the devotion of the people.

The first original of the drama, was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing but a hymn to the Deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which, however, the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand everything that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was virtuous and laudable—to intercede with heaven for the innocent, and implore its vengeance on the guilty

Music, then, when fitly applied, fills the mind of the hearer with great conceptions, it strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind, than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship. It seems an unhappy contradiction to me, to hear men of sense profess an indifference for an art, which they at the same time acknowledge has the most improving influences on their minds, and excites within them such a variety of sublime pleasures.

The sublimest poetry softened in the most moving strains of music can never fail of humbling or exalting the soul to any pitch of devotion. Who can hear the terrors of the Lord of Hosts, described in the most expressive melody, without being awed into veneration—or who can listen to the kind and endearing attributes of a merciful Father, and not be softened into love toward him?

The abuse of music, almost as ancient as its invention, has occasioned Jubal to have more imitators than David; but this ought not to cast any reproach upon music itself, for, as Plutarch observes upon this subject, "few or no persons of reason will impute to the sciences themselves, the abuse some people make of them; which is solely to be ascribed to the disposition to vice of those who profane them."

There is no artificer that has not recourse to this innocent invention, and the slightest and simplest air makes him almost forget all his fatigues. The harmonious cadence with which the workmen strike the glowing mass upon the anvil, seems to lessen the weight of their ponderous hammers. The very boatmen experience a kind of relief in the sort of consort made by the harmonious and uniform motion of their oars. No hero ever made Greece more illustrious than Epaminondas, yet his musical talent was reckoned not among the least of his fine qualities.

Amphion, the son of Jupiter and Antiope, was the eldest of the Grecian musicians. He espoused Niobe the daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, where he studied music, and brought it thence into Greece. The ancient poets fabulously asserted that at the sound of his Lyre, the stones voluntarily formed themselves into walls, that even trees, rocks, and streams followed the musician.

"Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tamed the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian whose harmonious lyre
Tuned to soft woe—made all the mountains weep,
Soothed e'en the inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeemed his last Eurydice."

Amongst the Greeks, music formed an essential part of education, and to be ignorant of it was a radical and unpardonable defect.

It was moreover, a necessary and intimate connection with that part of Grammar called Prosody: which treats upon the length or shortness of syllables in pronunciation—upon the measure of verses—their rhyme and cadence, (or pauses) and especially upon the manner of accenting words.

The ancients attributed wonderful effects to music: either to excite or suppress the passions, or to soften the manners, and humanize nations naturally savage and barbarous. Numerous instances might be furnished in confirmation of this fact: Plutarch says that Antigenides the flutenist, playing on one occasion before Alexander the Great, in a martial measure, so worked upon the passions of the distinguished warrior, that leaping from the banquet table, he grasped his arms, and clashing them vehemently to the sound of the instrument, was with difficulty restrained from charging upon his guests.

Amongst the wonderful effects of music, few instances can be better adduced which lay claim to more attention, or be better attested, than the one brought forward by Polybius, in relation to the Arcadians.

"The study of music, says he, has its utility with all men, but it is absolutely necessary to the Arcadians. This people, in establishing their Republic, though otherwise very austere in their manner of life, had so high an opinion of music, that they not only taught that art to their children, but obliged young people to apply it till the age of thirty. It is not shameful among them to profess themselves ignorant of other arts; but it is highly dishonorable not to have learned to sing, and not to be able to give proofs of it on occasion." "Now," remarks Polybius "their first legislators seem to me not to have designed to introduce luxury and effeminacy, but only to soften the ferocity of the Arcadians, and to divert by the practice of music their gloomy and melancholy dispositions, undoubtedly occasioned by the coldness of the air which the Arcadians breathe throughout almost their whole country. But the Cynethians having neglected this aid, of which they had the most need, as they inhabited the rudest and most savage part of Arcadia, at length became so fierce and barbarous, that there was no city in Greece, wherein so great and frequent crimes were committed, as in that part of Cynethia." Polybius concludes this account, by observing "that he had insisted the more upon it, for two reasons:—the first—to prevent any of the Arcadian states, out of the false prejudice that the study of music is only a superfluous amusement amongst them, from neglecting that part of their discipline:—the second, to induce the Cynethians, to give music the preference to all other sciences, if ever God should inspire them to apply themselves to arts that humanize a people—for that was the sole means to correct their natural ferocity."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## Poetry.

### THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

BY AMELIA WELBY.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft, unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings;
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress! the joyous brow
Where thou didst lightly wave,
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within the grave,—
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very moon,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung;
Her life, 'twas like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even,
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opes the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears:
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But, tears are on its luster—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who, then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

### THE EARTH'S FUTURITY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I am looking from my heart, through cloudy skies and stormy years,
And the damp and foggy Present shrouds me like a mist of tears—
Nought I see, yet mystic murmurs now my straining spirit hears

Murmurs like the solemn shivering of the trembling forest leaves,
While the muttered breath of thunder through the rooking darkness heaves—
Ere the flashing bolt of lightning 'mid the crashing heaven cleaves.

And a mighty Thought, like sultriness, o'ersways me as a wing,
Like the blended wings of cherubim, while fearfully I sing,
And most fearfully, like Samuel, to the altar foot I cling.

To the foot of that dread altar which in heaven veils its head,
While the clouds, like rolling billows, o'er its bosom wildly spread,
Like the darkness round the Stygian shore—the darkness of the dead.

At the foot of this dread altar kneel I now with clasped hands,
And my bosom smites the darkness, as a billow beats the sands,
When the ocean, all behind it, drives it onward to the strands.

Thus the ocean of my longing forces on my surging heart,
Till the darkness seems to crumble, crumble heavily apart;
And beyond it, as from chaos, golden paradise to start.

Lo! the mountainous Thought falls from me; falls from off my mounting soul,
As if earth from Titan Atlas should with noiselses motion roll:
And, behold! it belts the heavens like a wondrous scroll!

Like as if hurrying thunderbolts, in viewless fingers held,
While they burned upon the azure, were to mortal language quelled:
Straitway, now, all human error from my spirit is dispelled.

And I know this towering is Jehovah's throne on earth,
And the billowy clouds around it hide the Future's mighty birth;
This I read amid the flaming Thought that spans the heaven's girth.

Lo! that thought is man's redemption— man's enfranchisement from wrong—
When the earth to all God's children shall in brotherhood belong,
And the weak shall rest securely on the bosom of the strong.

Like an endless fire, consumeless, burns that thought before mine eyes,
And my soul's electric flashes would eternally uprise,
Rise and mingle with the prophecy that belts the Future's skies.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848.

## OVERCOMING EVIL.

Man is a creature of motives, and is influenced to act by some outward or inward cause. Much of the influence exerted over him, is, however, of an outward kind:—comes from the circumstances under which fortune or imperative necessity has caused him to live.

We are too apt to think that the causes of human imperfection and weakness, lie solely in the human heart; that error and inlquity spring alone from a perverse and depraved mind. But the clear and philosophical observer of men and things, can not fail to perceive that this idea can not be true. All the wrong and iniquity that abound, can not be accounted for on the hypothesis of man's depravity of heart. There are other causes, which lie back of man and without—over which, as an individual, he has little or no control. Many evils arise from the undue exercise of the propensities of our nature, and much wrong originates from the perverse wills of sensual and unholy men. But far more is, in one sense, *forced* upon man. He is a creature of circumstances. If he is thrown among the wise and virtuous, he will be measurably wise and virtuous himself. But if he is cast among the ignorant and debased, he will manifest a wicked disposition and depraved heart.

These are admitted truths;—all enlightened minds perceive them. And yet, how few deduce the true and philosophical conclusions from these facts: viz—that the evil in the world can not be overcome by merely appealing to the individual heart! Religious teachers who are aware of the incentives to evil that exist around man, and beyond him, persist in neglecting to inculcate the necessity of a radical change in society, as the only effectual means of enforcing higher rules of action between man and man. There is a great lack of faithfulness in this respect. Knowing the existence of social evil, and its hindrance to individual progress, the clergy of our country yet persist in discussing questions of an abstract and metaphysical character, which have but little to do with the daily life. We hear much said of the human *soul*;—its infinite worth and infinite danger, and little, very little of the *body*, its office in the creation, and the necessity of keeping it free from disease. Spiritualism should never be exalted, to the neglect of the body and the earthly duties of man. There are grievous wrongs perpetrated every day and every hour in this world of ours, not only of soul but of body. The spiritual, in some forms, is well nigh crushed by the grievous tasks which are imposed upon them by heartless and soulless men. The present system of *labor* is one of the most unnatural, as well as one of the most injurious to body and mind, of any institution the world has ever known. Men and women all around us are tied down to a miserable servitude of body, for the preservation of mere physical life. The noblest energies are fettered and cramped, the body dwarfed, and the whole being reduced far below the standard of nature and God. No wonder that men and women are made vicious—driven to desperation and crime, as thousands daily are;—we only wonder, that there is not more criminality, more iniquity and bloodshed in our midst. We do not understand how human nature can brook the foul wrongs put upon it, when we consider the evident design of the all-wise God. In *uncivilized* lands, such manifest outrages on human nature would never be suffered. The untutored Indian would rather die, than submit to our irksome customs and degrading forms of labor, which make thousands of our race ignoble and debased.

It is vain for Christians to talk of the speedy prevalence of christian faith and christian love, while the root of all evil is suffered to exist. There are no signs of improvement in the present institution of labor—the employers manifest no particular or unusual sympathy for the employed. Men are delving the earth, and wasting their best energies, for a sum barely sufficient to keep themselves and their families alive, while women of delicate constitutions are compelled to toil incessantly, entailing disease and premature death upon themselves and offspring, to provide for their own wants, and the wants of those who depend on them. Talk about overcoming evil with good in such a state of society. No system of religious faith can ever reconcile the suffering masses to the authors of their woes. There is a natural resistance, and feeling of indignation in the human heart, against all injustice and oppression, which no faith can destroy. Let Reformers labor, then, to renovate society, purge it of the gross evils that afflict it, and the way will be soon open for the redemption and improvement of the individual heart.

D. H. P.

## A FEW WORDS OF CAUTION.

Having been a deeply interested observer of the singular Psychological Phenomena and Disclosures that are now becoming so frequent in their occurrence; and having observed that pernicious consequences may result, and are resulting, from an improper use and superficial understanding of them, I feel impelled to publish a few words of caution at the present time, asking that the ideas advanced may meet with serious consideration.

1. I observe a tendency on the part of certain minds to place implicit reliance on all statements which come from persons in states of Mental Illumination: to make their words Authoritative: to receive their sayings as Oracular, and Infallible: to accept and endorse their statements, without evidence and without investigation. This is visible among the sect of "Swedenborgians." Many among them receive Swedenborg as infallible authority, and enslave their minds to his statements. They carry their blind, idiotic subserviency so far, as to deny their Reason and distrust their intuitions, if so be that they are at variance with the statements contained in their Teacher's "Doctrines of the New Jerusalem," or "Memorable Relations of things seen and heard in Heaven and Hell." No matter how reasonable be an idea, or how great a mass of evidence sustain it—provided Swedenborg deny it, it is treated with contemptuous indifference, as unworthy of notice.

I observe the same tendency among some who have been interested in the various statements put forth by Mr. Davis. It pains me to the heart to find men who ridicule the supernaturalists for making the sayings of Moses, or Jonah, or Jude, authoritative and infallible—greater than Reason, more reliable than Conscience, falling themselves into the same error—believing whatever Mr. Davis alleges, because he utters it;—without investigation, without proof—without even asking for proof. It ought to be borne in mind that Mr. Davis' book contains errors and contradictions, in the midst of much that is truthful. It ought to be remembered that he has made grave mistakes, and at any time is liable to repeat them. The very ideas he advocates, show conclusively that this slavery of the Mind to the assertions of any man, this voluntary paralysis of Reason, this setting up of Oracles and blind reception of their words, is a foul transgression; and History adds, has been the cause of unnumbered misfortunes to the Race. If I apprehend aright the position of Mr. D., he recoils as much from this as I do. Now, while the evil is in its incipient state, be warned and let it extend no farther.

2. Another error which many minds fall into, is to suppose that because a person in a state of Mental Illumination utters

Truth on one subject, he is therefore reliable on all other subjects; and because Truth is given forth at one time it is uttered at all times. Minds are variously constituted. Some have faculties fitting them for the investigation of physical subjects, others for the investigation of moral or social sciences. Some only arise into high states of mind at rare intervals, others frequently; but the Mind that to-day utters some great Truth or some important Fact, may fall to-morrow into some dangerous error. Swedenborg made many important scientific disclosures. As a philosopher he stands pre-eminent and alone. But when he transferred his attention to Theological subjects, he became the victim of the wildest hallucinations. Swedenborg, too, in some states of mind saw the most beautiful moral, spiritual and social truths, and at other times flatly contradicted himself, expressing opinions hostile to his previous views. It is well, then, to hesitate before receiving the opinions of any man on Religious points as true, because he excels in the field of physical science;—well also to pause before receiving the views of any one as true to-day, because he uttered truth at a previous time.

3. Again. It is well to remember that a proud man; one who is vain, boastful, arrogant, unkind, can never have accurate perceptions of the highest spiritual and moral Truths. There exists on his part a moral inability to comprehend this range of ideas. Purity is the cause of Insight. Unless a man exhibit in his life, his words, his works, the marks of Christian discipleship, he is unworthy of credence as a Teacher of Religion and Morality. Neither are we to suppose that because a man has a marvellous insight into material facts, or claims a profound knowledge of spiritual things, that he is inwardly pure and Christ-like. A diseased moral state often exposes those of peculiar mental powers to dangerous hallucinations, and begets fancies which have no foundation in truth or nature. More I might add upon this subject, but I am admonished that the space I have at my disposal is already filled. Let us then be cautious in our investigations. Let us receive nothing on the dicta of Authority, but accept every idea which commends itself to the Reason as True, to the Conscience as Right, and to the Affections as Good.

T. L. H.

## COWARDLY COURTESY.

### A BRIEF DISCOURSE BY AN EX-PARSON.

In asking the indulgence of a short sermon, it would be improper to occupy the time with a lengthy apology. It is sufficient to observe, that we have preached so long that it has become a habit, and besides, an Apostle has shown, that even "the foolishness of preaching may subserve a wise purpose."

The general subject of discussion, selected for the present occasion, serves to revive in the memory the history of a distinguished professor of religion named Nicodemus, who, notwithstanding he was one of the *early* followers, went to Jesus at a very *late* hour in the day. But I am reminded that the text comes first in order, and is supposed to be pre-requisite to a good sermon. You will therefore allow me to call your attention to the following interesting passage, recorded in the biography of Nicodemus.

"The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Master, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

If not the most original mode of introduction, it is nevertheless natural and proper, to remark briefly concerning the rank and character of the two persons whose names occur in the text. Nicodemus was a great man and a ruler. Being a member of the chief association or convention of Jewish ecclesiastics, he occupied a distinguished position among "the upper ten thousand." He was a man of grave and solemn demeanor—remembered the Sabbath day, and always went to Church. While he kept, with the utmost scrupulosity, that part of the Mosaic statute which required him to do no work on the *Seventh day*, he left the people to keep so much of the law as required them to labor the remaining *six days*. In other words, the profane multitude were expected to do all the work—he being a pious man made *religion* his business.

Jesus was a very different man. He was the son of a carpenter, and worked for a living—"went about doing good." When he could accomplish a beneficent object, he even worked on *Sunday!* Of course, he was not at all religious in the popular sense. When the pious folks at Jerusalem went up to the holy hill, and entered into the temple, and did worship most audibly in presence of all the people, he would wander off out of the city, and ascend some neighboring mountain alone, to commune with Nature and Deity; or he would go down to the beach of Tiberias, where the fishermen were mending their nets, and instruct them. He sought the companionship of humble men, and was known as the common people's teacher. It is now generally believed that he was eminently pure, sincere and truthful, but as he did not subscribe to the whole Jewish ritual, he was treated as an infidel.

In the elucidation of my subject, it becomes necessary, in the second place, to advert in a more specific manner, to a remarkable instance of pious condescension on the part of Nicodemus. It is recorded of him that, on one occasion, [it was in the night,] he visited the carpenter's son, and employing a title of profound respect, addressed him in the language of compliment as recorded in the text: Rabbi, "Master, we know that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these *miracles* that thou doest, except God be with him."

There is much that is deemed inexplicable in the conduct of rulers. The whole life of some great men is extremely enigmatical, but as preachers are admitted to be divinely wise in all that pertains to the inside of a man—knowing the condition of the heart, perceiving the secret springs of human action, and tracing the hidden intricacies of motive and volition—we may, by virtue of our office, presume upon a solution of all difficulties.

It was known that the carpenter's Son was greatly esteemed by the common people. He was their physician and teacher, and when he spake they "heard him gladly," and were influenced by his sayings. Nicodemus was not quite sure that a revolution might not occur, in which Jesus would be promoted to a position of royalty. It was well, therefore, to make his acquaintance and secure his favor. Besides, the priestly ruler did not seek a public place or occasion for this purpose. His complimentary speech was not delivered before the Sanhedrim; nor did he send for the carpenter's son to visit *him*, but *he* went to Jesus, not during the day, but "*by night*," when the Master was *alone*, and there were none to witness the interview. Had Jesus appeared before the Jerusalem Association, the terms of address employed by the Rabbi would, doubtless, have been very different. He would probably have said, We have Moses and the prophets, and we know all the learned Doctors, but who is this carpenter's Son, that he should presume to teach the people?

I observe, thirdly, that Reformers, infidels and ungodly men in general, have suspected that Nicodemus was a cowardly hypocrite, because he took a late hour, one evening, to call on Jesus of Nazareth. But they seem not to be aware that even *pious* people must be *prudent*. We are admonished, that the uncircumcised in heart are not qualified to judge the saints. We are to look to the Church for a true standard, and agreeably to the one last erected, Nicodemus was, most certainly, a genuine Christian. Did he not believe in the *miracles*? Ah, my friends, it was not merely a matter of faith with him; he claimed to have absolute knowledge;—'*We know* that thou art a true teacher, because of these *miracles* which thou doest.' Here we have an illustrious example of the true faith. Nicodemus went, not to the Standing Clerk it is true, but he did go to the great Head of the Church, and filed his declaration, expressing his belief in the *miracles*, and that without qualification or protest.

Will not the Church, at this late day, do justice to the memory of such a man? The preacher laments the necessity of an appeal to the reason and conscience of the brethren, but is controlled by an intense perception and overwhelming consciousness that the duty appertains to the office.

Finally, I submit the question to the faithful for their decision, and by the deep religious sense of justice for which the believers are *so* distinguished, I ask a righteous judgment. Answer—*Is not Mr. Nicodemus entitled to fellowship?*

## CIRCULAR.

### INDEPENDENT CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

We consider the following to be the principal objects sought to be promoted by the establishment of Religious Societies 1. To indoctrinate the Mind in true ideas concerning God, Man, Providence, Duty and Destiny. 2. To present the evidences of Religious Truth, not merely as they are supposed to exist in Miracle and Tradition, but as they are found in Nature, in Providence, in Spiritual Revelation, in all forms of Science, and in the powers and tendencies of the Human Soul. 3. To familiarize the Mind with those great Laws of Moral, Material and Social Order, by the observance of which Man becomes true, harmonious and perfect; and fitted to enter into the most intimate moral and social relations with his fellow men. 4. To afford opportunities for Social Worship, in the communion of sincere and loving hearts with each other and with God. 5. To afford facilities for mutual aid in attaining the highest views of Truth and Duty, in forming a Christ-like character, and in living a divine Life.

We are moved to make an effort at the present time for the formation of a Religious Society, from the following considerations. 1. Because the churches of the day have, for the most part, become hindrances to Human Progress, promoting Bigotry and Sectarism instead of Tolerance and Brotherhood. They close their pews against the needy, and establish, at the very altar, an aristocracy of wealth and caste. Because they bar their pulpits against the great Truths of spiritual and social Science, confining their teachings to the technicalities of a dead Theology; and they close the minds of the people against Light and Wisdom by the establishment of Creeds, which preclude all freedom, whether of thought, speech, investigation or discussion. 2. Because many minds, becoming wearied of this false Christianity of Priest, Creed, Ritual, Aristocracy and Sectarism, are anxiously seeking for opportunities of Worship where Truth shall neither be suppressed, mutilated or sold—where Christianity shall be taught, not as a dogma, resting on tradition, but as a system of Natural and Universal Truth,—a Gospel of unlimited Progress and Human Brotherhood. 3. Because the Mind must be informed and the Conscience quickened, before man can lead that true life, and enter into those true relations which comprise his highest duty, and result in his enduring good; and because a Religious Organization of the plan which is proposed, may be made one of the most effective means of enlightening and harmonizing the People, since its appeals are made not alone to the Intellect, but to the Conscience and the Heart; and since it presents permanent means of reaching the public mind through the Pulpit and the Sabbath, which afford place and time for assemblage, worship and instruction.

For the accomplishment of the ends in view, we have associated ourselves together under the name of an Independent Christian Society. We have selected Rev. T. L. Harris as our Minister, because of his freedom from the spirit and the bonds of Sectarism; his ability to present and enforce the great ideas of Christianity; and his character as a disinterested laborer in the field of Humanitary Reform. We require subscription to no creed, and observance of no ritual, recognizing all as associated with us who are sincere seekers after Truth, and desirous of forming a true character and living an upright life. We make our pews Free to All, that there may be no distinction between rich and poor, and that all, whether contributors or no, may feel that they are entitled to seats, not as a matter of favor but of right.

We present this abstract of our plan and purpose to your notice. If you are a seeker after Truth, we ask your presence and influence. If you are able to contribute pecuniarily, we ask your assistance, since we are obliged to encounter every form of secret and open opposition, and need an increase to our list of about $1.000, to place our affairs in easy condition. We ask you to distribute this Circular to those whom you may have reason to deem favorable to our cause, and to hand in the names of subscribers who may be obtained at either of our meetings, or to the Treasurer of the Society, Mr. Charles Partridge, No. 5 Cortland street.

New York, October 1, 1848.

## A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

We have just received a cheering letter from a distinguished gentleman in Georgia, (personally a stranger to us) whose favor we gratefully accept as the measure and offering of a free mind and a generous heart. On a beautiful leaf in the book of memory our friend has written his name, with several who have placed us under obligations, which we can only repay by some poor service we yet hope to do for humanity. We will venture to publish the letter, for our friend's words, in the encouragement they afford, are as fitly spoken as his favors are timely bestowed. S. B. B.

S. B. Brittan:

Dear Sir—The question of the "subsequent being" of the Univercœlum sounds harshly on the ear. There has long been a reaching of the higher thought for such an exponent. It affords aliment to enoble man, and impart a more diffusive benevolence. Type it upon the immeasurable surface of humanity. Powerful for good, it must not fail to do its mission. Let it occupy the green spot of the affections, and satisfy the reason. Here all can meet and mingle into peace. Hereditary impressions and long cherished convictions of the past, confined the spirit of truth, which is being distilled from the decayed forms of the religious thought, while the minds of the age banquet on the gospels of to-day. You have planted the banner of religion on those hights that have heretofore defied the ascent of the understanding. Human happiness will rise in countless forms to bless, and bring her tributes to the shrine of distinguished virtue. Engaged in the highest cause, (for God and humanity) the theater of your usefulness is most honorably and amply occupied. Hope on. Work on. Man's destiny, is Unity—his ultimate, repose in virtue. Hasten the consummation!

In responding to your Circular, I enclose ten dollars, without any of the considerations therein specified, and if my resource were commensurate with my devotion to the cause you illustrate, I would take the unappropriated stock. You will place me on your donation list for thirty dollars more, at such times as your wants may require. I am making efforts to extend your subscription list, and shall succeed. For the character of the paper, the terms are entirely too low.

Be pleased to enter me as a subscriber to Mrs. Green's Journal. The beauty of her thought has endeared her to my heart.

With increased sympathy for truth and humanity, and an intense desire for eminent results in the field of your labors, I subscribe myself your well wisher. D. F. D.

J. T. Batchelder.—Our terms are two dollars. Your favor came safe to hand, for which please accept our thanks.

All that we believe without us, we first feel within us.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

The first number of this elegant and valuable publication is now ready for delivery. In its intellectual character and mechanical execution, it will compare favorably with the best of the monthly magazines, and yet, though it possesses a scientific character, it is furnished to subscribers at a much less price. The first number contains a beautiful frontispiece, also initial letters, with devices illustrative of the subjects treated, together with several other illustrations. The contents are as follows: 1. Salutatory; 2. First Principles of Physiology, chap. 1; 3. Conversation on Physiognomy—Index; 4. Lessons in Botany, Lesson 1; 5. The Infusoria, with illustrations; 6. Astronomy, Chap. 1; 7. Meteors; 8. Biography of John Banvard; 9. Song of the Squirrel; 10. The Sunbeam and the Raindrop; 11. Letters from a Hollow Tree, No. 1; 12. Man; 13. Letters on Mythology; 14. Niagara—a Poem; 15. Dramatic Sketch; 16. The Echo—Poetry; 17. Origin, progress, and influence of Art. Will the readers of the Univercœlum do us the favor to call and examine the work?

# Choice Selections.

## A PARABLE OF JESUS.

### BY THEODORE PARKER.

One day the son of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, read the story of Methusaleh: that he was nine hundred and sixty and nine years old when he died, full of rest and quiet. The son of Joseph was but a boy of ten, and thus he prayed in his childish heart:—"Oh God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, thou God of the living and not the dead, grant me also, the years of Methusaleh, and let my last end be like his,—my peace and quiet so increase!"

His prayer was over; but the youthful Jesus yet lingered in the recent presence of the Lord, not yet returning to his common consciousness, when a voice spoke to his soul, which shivered at the word:—"God shall do more for thee than for the patriarch; thou shalt live more than Methusaleh, thy last End be greater, thy peace and quiet much increased."

The swift years went by. The child grew up in his father's shop, heeding Joseph and his mother in all things. He became prematurely great, far above the wont of men. The voice of persuasion spoke through his lips. Never were heard such prayers as he prayed,—so quickening, yet composing to the soul. When he opened his mouth, the Scornful said, "It has thundered;" but men of holy heart said, "No t'was an angel spoke." So went it with him till he was about thirty. Old men thought him a prophet come back to life; but the young men said, "No; it is a new man, a son of God, and much more than a prophet." At last the Scornful, whose sins he rebuked, though with love, nailed his hands to a cross.

In the agony of death he thought of the Prayer and Promise: but the body's pain for a moment dimmed the soul's interior sense, and he cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," and "where is thy Promise?" And his head sunk upon his shoulder; for it seemed as if his heart had died within him at that bitter thought of despair.

Then the yell of the multitude rung in his ear; for the poor wretches—the scrapings of the streets—had been brought up thither by the Scribes and Pharisees, to assist at the murder. Their wild voices recalled the wandering thought. He opened his eyes, and they fell on these sheep without a shepherd—these brethren that had no brother, and lo! they wagged the head and lolled out the tongue, and said, "Aha, it is thou that redeemest Israel! Thou! Save thyself, and come down from the cross, for this is the Christ." Even the thieves mocked im.

He closed his eyes, and prayed again, the man's prayer and his last, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do;" for the sight of those sheep without a shepherd awoke his deeper nature; even forgetful of the nails and the thorns, the scourge and the cross, men heard the whispering of his prayer, and even the wicked felt the beautiful rebuke.

Then spoke out that voice again, heard once in answer to his boyish prayer; but his soul now shivered no more at the words, "Behold the fulfilment of my Promise! Thou hast lived more than Methusaleh; thy last End is greater, thy peace and quiet deeper and more increased. Thou art my beloved Son; come home with me, and rest thee forever!"

[Christian Rationalist.

## FREEDOM.

### BY NICHOLAS MURRAY.

There was a time when the light of intelligence glowed only on the high places of our world; when what were called the lower classes of society were as willing to surrender all claims to it, as were the higher to monopolize it. But the shadows of the evening of that day are fast stretching out. An impulse has been given to the human mind; and that not of one mind, but of all classes. And as if by a mysterious preconcert, there seems a general determination and rising among all men to think and to know for themselves. The press is free. Knowledge, swelling over the banks which for centuries confined it to a very narrow channel, is flowing over all the earth. No longer imprisoned in a monastery, or hid under a cowl, it has gone down to the cottage and the hovel, and is almost equally within the reach of the prince and the peasant. Books and magazines, and weekly and daily journals, are now annually produced in numbers like unto the leaves of the forest, and like those leaves are scattered over all the earth. To such an extent has knowledge already attained—such is the all-pervading influence of the press, and such is the sympathetic chain with which it has bound man to all his fellows, that a noble sentiment well and fitly uttered will be echoed through all the earth, and will live forever.

As it respects the civil, social and religious progress of our race, there is no characteristic of our age more favorable than this. Where there is but little intelligence, and no spirit of enquiry, we find multitudes the victims of the most gloomy superstition, and the people the subjects of the most grinding tyranny In proof of this, we appeal to the millenium of darkness, extending from the sixth to the sixteenth century, through whose long and lonely night mind and body were bound in fetters; when the race was almost ground to powder in that mill of which the feudal system and popery were the upper and the nether millstone. But ignorance and credulity are fast disappearing. There is at the present day more sober inquiry among many of the apprentices of our mechanics, than there was formerly among the students of the Sorbonne. The river of knowledge, which monks and friars so long confined within high embankments, has broken away from their keeping, and all are drinking from its waters. The consequences are already wonderful. To acquire education and influence, it is no longer necessary to be born within the sacred precincts of the aristocracy. To rise to a seat in the halls of legislation, or on the bench of justice, it is not necessary to be born a lord, or an heir to a coronet. The factitious mounds erected by power, superstition and knavery, the swelling river has carried, or is carrying away And the way to eminence and usefulness is now open to all. The shake of the head of the lordly dunce on the woolsack, is no longer a sufficient confutation of the truthful appeals of a Hampden or a Burke; and all over the earth mind is rising to its empire and its sway. O, the privileges and blessings of an existence in an age like this!

## Miscellaneous Department.

### COME AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY MRS. A. J. DAVIS.

"Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die, oh house of Israel? EZEKIEL 33: 11.

From the paths where Error has taught ye to tread,
Where ye've water'd the dust with your tears:
Where earth seems a sepulcher over the dead,
And your faint hearts have shudder'd with fears;
From ways that are tracked by the martyr's red blood,
Where ye shrink as ye tread o'er the sod:
Where ye hear the loud roar of Death's threat'ning flood,
Oh! come now from those paths—come to God!

Come from where, lost on earth, misguided, ye err'd,
And where Error's false lights did beguile:
Her call 'midst the hush of the tempest was heard,
When the thunders were lull'd for awhile:
Her beacons were lightnings by the wild storm hurl'd,
Flashing thro' the dark night to betray—
From ways misdirected, throughout the wide world,
From those paths where ye err, come away.

From the prisons where Error doth hold minds enthrall'd,
From dungeons where in darkness ye lie—
Where, fettered like slaves, with harsh chains ye are gall'd,
And where falsehood condemns ye to die—
Where sounds in your ear the cry of death-dooms,
And the dread, unforgiving decree:
Come forth from those prisons, from those living tombs,
Come away from those graves, and be free.

From darkness where Error has shrouded your life,
From the night where her black mantle falls—
From feverish visions of discord and strife,
From the horrible dream which appals;
Where the soul its deep trance is struggling to break,
And the spirit would utter its voice,
Come now from that sleep—come, arouse ye, awake,
Come away from that night, and rejoice.

From the tempest-tost bark wildly driven ashore,
And wherein on life's sea ye set sail—
Where ye hear the breakers that fearfully roar,
And the stoutest among you turn pale;
From that vessel whose wreck fore-doomed was, by heav'n,
E're it strikes on the rocks, come away—
To save it, in vain, Error's crew have long striv'n,
The life-boat now waits, do not stay.

*Come all*—from the desert, come forth from the wild,
From the prison, from chains, from the grave—
From the storm-driv'n ship by meteors beguiled,
Come—oh, come unto Him who can save!
He is gath'ring his own—his voice all obey—
And the farthest, they too, shall return,
Who rush after Error, pursuing her way,
Led on by the false lights which still burn;

For Error is mortal, and finite her ways,
Short the paths which her followers tread,
They must terminate soon, howe'er she delays,
When Truth waits for the spirits she led.
And the weak, who lean on their chains lest they fall,
They shall learn that with God they are strong:
And the pris'ner shall break down his dungeon wall,
And with might from the Lord conquer wrong.

And all shall be saved from that wreck on the strand,
Even those who still cling to the spars—
Only Error shall perish! by Heav'n's command,
By His might who controlleth the stars.
For not with the mortal the immortal dies,
Love, and Wisdom, and Truth, came to save—
And Death is with Error entombed where she lies,
And victory is won o'er the grave.

And the new-born soul feels its infinite life,
And short were the past scenes of sorrow,
Earth's one night of anguish, of tears, and of strife,
Before an eternal to-morrow.
'Twas the darkness that's over—'twas fear's brief pow'r—
A moment of threat'ning commotion,
'Twas the horrors of death—it was one dark hour—
A wave on Eternity's ocean.

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It is finished!—'t is past!—immortals, ye live!
Ye stand on the shores of time that's gone,
Ye have that within, which the world could not give,
Nor can take from the heavenly born.
Ye are saved! ye are safe! the Savior behold,
The Christ to whom, in darkness, ye cried,
'Tis Wisdom who rescued—Truth, Error controll'd,
And the Father's love hatred defied.

Ye are free!—ye have learned! earth has your heart taught,
And, by contrasts, ye know now of life;
Embark then, ye may—ye shall find what ye sought,
The future is with happiness rife.
And see with what safety your vessels now ride,
Where, all laden with riches of soul,
Majestic, they float on that calm golden tide,
Their course will be onward, and heav'n their goal.

Ye can navigate now, for that ye have learned,
And for that came ye here to this world,
Ye've seen what was wrong, and to right have returned,
And now wait, with your banners unfurled,
Till summons from God speaks the hour, tells the time,
When your spirit may leave the Earth-Land,—
That summons is music which the angels chime,
And ye hear it, and leap from the strand.

Ye have flung to the earth the mantles ye wore,
They were mortal, and stamped with earth's mark;
Those travel-strained robes ye have left on the shore,
And your souls disencumbered embark.
Now clad in the garments your spirits have sought,
The stainless for which ye have striven,
Ye wear the apparel your virtues have wrought,
And are robed like the sons of heaven.

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THE MEANS of acquiring intelligence are as easy as its rewards and honors are certain. To become a theologian it is not necessary to master the language, the terms, the sophisms of an Aquinas. To become a thorough lawyer it is not necessary to wade through the Justinian code and all its dull commentators. To become a physician it is not necessary to master a barbarous nomenclature, or to be able to talk wisely about idiosyncracies To acquire a practical knowledge of the natural sciences, a seclusion of four or six years within the walls of a college is unnecessary. To weigh the stars in a balance, to tell the strength of the unseen chains that link the planets in their orbs, a pilgrimage to Greenwich is unnecessary. The knowledge of things is no longer confined to the masters of terms. Knowledge in all its departments is laying aside its barbarous and scholastic dress.

## HORTENSIA:
### OR, THE TRANSFIGURATIONS.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

[CONTINUED.]

Four weeks since, she declared, that only through your means could she be restored to perfect health. And as you now appear before me, so did my daughter describe you four weeks ago. Perhaps about fourteen days since, she declared, that you came, sent by God, to meet us, and that we must break up and seek you. We set out. She directed the way we should take—at least the part of the world we should go to. With the compass in the carriage, and the map in hand, we traveled, uncertain where, like a ship at sea. At Villach, she pointed out the nearest way to you, described even the particulars, and that we must leave the high road. From Hortensia's mouth, I learnt this morning how near you were, and at the same time the little circumstances which I have mentioned to you. Immediately after your arrival, Dr. Walter declared to me, that from the description of the host, you resembled exactly the person whom Hortensia, four weeks ago, and since that time, almost daily had described. I am now convinced of it, and since so much has already been fulfilled, I do not for a moment doubt, that you and no other can save my daughter, and give me back my lost happiness."

He was silent, and waited my answer. I sat long, uncertain and silent. I had never in my life, met with so singular an adventure.

"What you tell me, my lord, is somewhat incomprehensible, and therefore, with your permission, somewhat incredible. I am, or rather I was, nothing but an artist; and I know nothing of medicine."

"There is much in life," said he, "that is incomprehensible to us, but all that is incomprehensible, is not therefore incredible, particularly when we can not put aside the reality, and the phenomenon stands before us, whose cause lies hidden before us. You are no physician; that may be. But the same power, which has discovered to my daughter your existence in the world, has, without doubt, destined you to be her saviour. In my youth I was a free thinker, who scarcely believed in God, and can now, in my mature age, even go as far as any old woman, and consider as possible the existence of devils, witches, specters, and familiar spirits. Hence is explained both my importunity and my offers. The first is very pardonable in a father, who lives in constant anxiety about his only child; and my offers are not too great for the saving of so precious a life. I see how unexpected, extraordinary, and romantic it must all appear to you; but remain with us, and you will be a witness of many unexpected things. Do you wish for an occupation exempt from the care and trouble of a journey? It depends upon yourself to choose. I will impose no labor on you. Remain only as my confidential companion, my comforter. I have before me a heavy hour, perhaps it is very near: one of our company will suddenly, and if I rightly understand, in an unusual manner, die. It may be myself. My daughter has foretold it, and it will happen. I tremble to meet the fatal moment, from which my whole fortune cannot redeem me. I am a very unhappy man."

He said still more, and was even moved to tears. I found myself in a singular dilemma. All that I heard, excited sometimes my astonishment, sometimes my just doubts. Sometimes I had a suspicion of the right understanding of the count, and sometimes supposed the error was my own. At last, I made the courageous resolution to attempt the adventure, come what would of it. It appeared to me unjust to consider the count an imposter; and in God's wide world I had no employment or living.

"I renounce all your generous offers, my lord," said I; "give me only as much as I have need of. I will accompany you. It is sufficient for me, if I may hope to contribute to your happiness, and your daughter's recovery, though, as yet, I in no way comprehend the *how*. A human life is of much value; I shall be proud if I have it in my power, one day, to believe that I have saved the life of a human being. But I release you from all that you promised me; I do nothing for money. On the contrary, I will, moreover, maintain my independence. I will remain in your retinue as long as I can be of service to you, or can find my life comfortable in it. If you agree to those terms, then I am at your service. You can introduce me to your invalid."

The count's eyes shone with joy. He inclosed me silently in his arms, and pressed me to his heart, while he merely sighed, "Thank God!" After a time he said, "To-morrow you shall see my daughter. She has already gone to rest. I must prepare her for your presence."

"Prepare her for my presence?" exclaimed I, surprised. "Did you not tell me, a few minutes since, that she had announced my arrival, and described my person?"

"Your pardon, dear Faust; I forgot to inform you of one circumstance. My daughter is like a double person. When she is in her natural state, she is in no way conscious of what she hears, sees, knows, and says in her state of trance, if I may so call it. She does not recollect the smallest trifle that occurred during that period, and would herself doubt that she had spoken and acted as we have related to her, if she had not every reason to place confidence in my words. But in her trance, she remembers all that has passed in a similar state, as well as what she has experienced in her usual and natural life. It is only during her trance, that she has seen and described you, but out of that she knows nothing of you, except what we, by repeating her own expressions, have been able to inform her. Let us only wait for one of her extraordinary moments, and I have no doubt she will immediately recollect you."

In a conversation of some hours, I learnt from the count, that his daughter had for years, even from a child, an inclination to sleep-walking. In a state of somnambulism, she had, without being able to recollect it afterward, with closed eyes, left her bed, dressed herself, written letters to those present, or played the most difficult pieces on the piano, and executed a hundred other trifles, with a skill, which she not only did not possess when awake, but which she could not afterward acquire. The count believed that that which he now sometimes called a trance, and sometimes a transfiguration, was nothing more than a higher state of somnambulism, but which enfeebled his daughter almost to death.

### A FRIGHTFUL EVENT.

It was late when I left the count's apartment. There was no one but old Sebald in the public room, who was still enjoying his wine.

"Sir," said he, "speak a little German with me, that I may not entirely forget my noble language, which would in truth be a shame. You have spoken with the count?"

"I have spoken with him. I shall now travel with him to Italy, and remain in your company."

"Excellent! It does me good to have one more German face near me. The Italians, as I have heard, are bad birds. Now, with the exception of our possessed countess, you will be pleased with all our company. As you now belong to us, I can now speak more openly of our affairs. The count would be a good man, if he could only smile. I believe he is not pleased when one laughs. All that surrounds him has the aspect of the last day. The old lady is also right good, but is easily vexed, if one does not immediately fly here and there according to her motions. I believe she goes to Italy merely on account of the pure burnt water, as she loves a glass of liquor. The sick countess, also, would not be bad, if she had not, besides her pride, an army of devils in her body. Whoever wishes to be in her good graces must creep on all fours. Bow yourself diligently before her. Dr. Walter would be the best of us all, if he only knew

how to exorcise the devils. My comrade, Thomas, is therefore ——" At this moment, the host, full of horror, rushed into the room, and cried to his people, "Help! help! there is fire."

"Where is the fire?" asked I, alarmed.

"Up stairs, in a chamber; I saw the bright flames outside the window."

He ran out; the house was filled with cries and confusion. I was following, when Sebald, white as a corpse, held me by both arms: "Jesu Maria! what has happened?" I told him in German to get water, as the house was on fire.

"Another piece of deviltry!" sighed he, and hurried into the kitchen.

The people ran up and down stairs. It was said the room was fastened and they sought instruments to break open the door. Sebald was up stairs, even as soon as myself, with a bucket of water. As he perceived the door, toward which all pressed, he cried, "Jesu Maria! that is the chamber of the old lady."

"Burst it open," cried the Count Hormegg, in extreme agony. "Burst it open: Mrs. Montlue sleeps there, and she will be suffocated."

A man soon came with an axe, but it was not without difficulty that he could break the strong well-mortised oaken door. All pressed in, but, shuddering, bounded back.

The room was dark. Only in the back-ground, near the window, a yellow flame played on the floor, which soon went out. An indescribably sharp stench blew toward us as we opened the door. Sebald made the sign of the cross, and sprang headlong down stairs; some of the maids followed his example. The count called for a light. It was brought. I went through the room, in order to open the window. The count directed us to the bed. It was empty and undisturbed, and nowhere any smoke. Near the window the stench was so great that it made me sick.

The count called the name of Mrs. Montlue. As he came nearer with the burning candle, I saw at my feet—imagine my horror!—a large black spot of ashes, and near by a burnt head, we could not recognize; one arm with the hand; in another place three fingers, with gold rings, and the foot of a lady, partly charred.

"Great God!" cried the count, turning pale—"what is that?" He observed shuddering, the remains of a human figure. He saw the fingers with the rings, and sprang, with a loud shriek, to meet the doctor, who was entering. "Mrs. Montlue is burnt, yet no fire, no smoke! Incomprehensible!"

He tottered back, in order once more to convince himself of the reality of his discovery. He then gave up the candle, folded his hands, looked fixedly before him, and turning deadly pale, left the room.

I stood petrified, by so horrible and unheard of a spectacle. All that had happened during this day, the wonders that had been told, had so stupefied me, that I stood, without feeling, gazing at the black dust, the coals, and the disgusting remains of a human form at my feet. The room was soon filled with the men and women belonging to the inn. I heard their whispers and their stealthy steps. It seemed to me, that I was in the midst of specters. The nursery tales of my childhood were ripened to reality.

When I came to myself, I withdrew from the chamber, intending to go down into the public room. At that moment, a door at the side opened; a young lady, dressed in a light night dress, came out, supported by two maids, each of whom carried a lighted candle. I remained standing, as if blinded by the new apparition. So much nobleness in figure, movement, and features, I had never seen in reality; nor ever found in the creations of the painter or the statuary. The horrors of the preceding moments were almost forgotten. I was only eyes and admiration. The young beauty tottered toward the chamber, where the frightful event had occurred. When she observed the men and women, she stood still, and cried out in the German language, and with a commanding voice, "Drive away this crowd from me." Immediately, one of the count's servants executed her commands. He did it with such uncourtly violence, that he forced them all, and me with them, from the gallery to the stairs.

"If there ever has been fairy, this is one," thought I. Sebald was sitting, quite pale, in the public room, near the wine. "Did not I say so?" cried he. "One of us must go. The possessed, or rather that malicious Satan, so willed it. The one must break his bones, and neck—the other, a living body, be burnt. Your obedient servant, I take my leave to-morrow, lest the next turn comes to my insignificant self. Whoever is as prudent as I am, will not travel with them to hell. In Italy, even the mountains spit fire. God keep me from going too near. I should certainly be the first roast of Moloch, since I am much too pious, and, nevertheless, at all hours, not a saint.

I told him of the young lady.

"That was she," said he; "that was the countess. God be near unto us! She has, probably, desired to snuff up the burnt mess. Go with me to-morrow; let us make our escape. Your bright young life raises my sincere compassion."

"Even the Countess Hortensia?"

"Who else? She is handsome, therefore the chief of the devils has himself bewitched her; but——"

At this time, Sebald was called by the count; he went, or rather staggered, sighing deeply. The accident had filled the whole house with noise. I sat on my chair, amid all these wonders, estranged from myself. Long after midnight, the host showed me a small room, where there was a bed.

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ANTIPATHY.

After the fatigues of the past day, I slept soundly till near mid-day. As I awoke, the events of yesterday appeared like a feverish phantom, or the illusions of intoxication. I could neither convince myself of their truth, nor yet doubt them. I considered every thing now with greater composure of mind. I no longer hesitated to remain with the count. I rather followed him with pleasure and curiosity, so entirely new and wonderful did my destiny appear. Then also, what had I to lose in Germany? What even in life? What could I risk in following the count? At last, it only depended upon myself, to break the thread of the romance as soon as its length became disagreeable to me. When I entered the public room, I found it filled with the overseers of the place, police-officers, capuchins, and peasants of the neighboring country, who had been drawn thither either from motives of curiosity or by their official duties. Not one of them doubted but that the burning of the lady was the work of the devil. The count, indeed, had the remains of the unfortunate woman buried by his own people. But it was thought proper, that the whole house should be consecrated and blessed by the reverend Capuchin fathers, in order that it might be purified from the evil spirit. This was a considerable expense. There was a question, whether we should be arrested and given up to justice; but it was disputed whether we should be delivered to the civil or ecclesiastical authority. The majority were in favor of our being taken to Undine, and brought before the archbishops.

The count, not being master of the Italian language, was glad when he saw me. He had in vain offered a large sum of money to defray the expenses occasioned by the extraordinary circumstances. He entreated me, to finish the business with the people in his name.

I immediately drew near the priests and police-officers, and declared to them, that until now, I had as little connection with the count as themselves, and offered two things for their consideration; either the misfortune of the burning had happened naturally, or at least without the participation of the count, in which case they would bring much trouble on themselves, by the arrest of so high a nobleman; or he was truly in league

with bad spirits, in which case, he could out of revenge, play some bad tricks on them, their cloister, and their village. Their wisest course was, to take the count's money and let him go; they would then have no responsibility or resentment to fear, and in any case would be the gainers. My reasons were obvious. The money was paid. Our horses were given us—we mounted, and rode on. The prospect cleared up.

The countess, with the women and other servants, had gone some hours before; the count, with only one servant, having remained behind. On the way, he began to speak of the frightful event of the past evening. He said his daughter had been very much overcome by it. She had suffered for some hours, with cramps and convulsions, after which she had a quiet sleep. She appeared tranquil on awakening; but desired to leave the unfortunate house immediately.

Probably in order to prepare me for my future situation, he added: "I am obliged to pardon and yield much to my sick child. She is of unconquerable obstinacy. From her extraordinary irritability, the least contradiction moves her to anger, and a slight vexation is sufficient to cause many days of suffering. I have announced your arrival to her. She heard it with indifference. I asked if I might introduce you to her. Her answer was, 'Do you think I have so much curiosity? It will be time enough when we are in Venice.' I think, however, we shall have sufficient opportunities on the way. Do not allow the humors of my daughter to vex you, my dear Faust. She is a sick unfortunate creature, whom we must treat with tenderness, lest we destroy her. She is my only treasure, my last joy on earth. The loss of Mrs. Montlue does not appear to be painful to her, as she had lately, I know not from what cause, taken an aversion to her. Perhaps the slight, certainly not violent inclination of that person to strong drink, was disgusting to her. Dr. Walter affirms, also, that this habit was the cause of her spontaneous combustion. Formerly, she was a very good woman, and much attached to my daughter and myself. I lament her loss very deeply. Dr. Walter related to me other instances, which must be extremely rare, of the spontaneous combustion of the human body, by which it is in a few moments reduced to ashes. He endeavored to account for the phenomenon on very natural grounds, but I cannot comprehend it. Only this much I know, this burning door of death is one of the most frightful."

Thus spoke the count, and this formed the subject of our conversation to Venice. For the young countess had now the humor, notwithstanding her bodily weakness, and the objections of her father and the physician, to make the journey by long days' rides, and with no other delay than the nightly rest demanded. I had not, therefore, the honor of an introduction. Nay, I must even keep at a distance, since, alas! I had not the good fortune to please her.

She was carried in a sedan chair—servants ran near her on foot The women rode, and the count likewise in his own carriage. The doctor and myself rode on horseback.

As the countess one morning came out of the inn to mount her sedan, she perceived me, and said to Dr. Walter, "Who is that man, that forever and eternally follows us?"

'Mr. Faust, my good lady,"

"A disagreeable fellow—send him back."

"You, yourself, have wished for him; it was on his account that the journey was undertaken. Consider him as a medicine which you have ordered for yourself."

"He has the disgusting qualities common to all drugs."

I was near enough to hear this not very flattering speech, and knew not what countenance I put on, though I well recollect that I was almost vexed, and should immediately have left the whimsical Venus, had not the count been so kind. I could not affirm that I was a handsome man, but I knew that generally I did not displease the women. But now, only to be endured as a disgusting medicine, was too severe on the vanity of a young man, especially for one who, had he been a prince or count, would not have hesitated to have joined himself to the adorers of the charming Hortensia.

In the meanwhile I continued with them. The countess reached Venice without any particular accident, and her medicine followed obediently after. A magnificent palace was hired, in which I had an apartment, and also servants, particularly appropriated to my service. The count lived in great style, as it is called. He had many friends among the Venetian nobility.

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THE TRANCE.

We had been about four days in Venice, when one afternoon I was hastily sent for by the count. He received me with an unusually cheerful countenance.

"My daughter," said he. "has inquired for you. Indeed, no day has passed without her speaking of you: she has done so already to day; but now is the first time that she has desired your presence. Enter her room with me, but very gently; the least noise throws her into dangerous cramps."

"But," asked I, with secret horror, "what does she wish me to do?"

"Who can answer?" replied the count. "Wait for the future. May God direct all."

We entered a large state chamber, hung round with green silk hangings. Two female servants were leaning, silent and anxious, near the window—the doctor sat on a sofa, watching the invalid. She stood upright, with closed eyes, in the middle of the room—one of her beautiful arms was hanging down, the other, half raised, stiff and immovable as a statue. Only the movement of her bosom betrayed breath. The solemn silence which reigned, the goddess-like figure of Hortensia, upon whom all eyes were fixed, filled me with involuntary yet pleasing horror.

As soon as I entered this silent sanctuary, the countess, without opening her eyes, or changing her position, said, with an indescribable sweet voice, "At last, Emanuel! why dost thou keep so far off? Oh, come hither, and bless her, that she may be cured of her sufferings."

I probably looked rather foolish at this speech, being uncertain whether or not it regarded me. The count and doctor motioned me to draw nearer, and gave me a sign that I should, like a priest, make the sign of the cross toward, or else, as blessing her, lay my hands on her.

I approached, and raised my hands over her wonderfully beautiful head. But from extreme respect, had not courage to touch her. I let my hands sink slowly down again. Hortensia's countenance seemed to betray discontent. I again raised my hands, and held them stretched out toward her, uncertain what I was to do. Her countenance cleared, which induced me to remain in that position. My embarassment, however, increased as the countess said, "Emanuel, thou hast not yet the will to relieve her. Oh, only give thy will—thy will. Thou art all powerful. Thy will can do all."

"Gracious countess," said I, "doubt all, but not my will to assist you." I said this truly, with great earnestness. For had she commanded me to throw myself into the sea for her, I should with joy have done so. To me, it was as if I stood before a divinity. The soft symmetry of her form, and her countenance, which seemed to belong to the unearthly, had likewise disembodied my soul. Never had I seen grace and sublimity so united. Hortensia's face was, as I had before seen it, it is true, only transiently or from a distance, pale, suffering and gloomy; now it was quite different. An uncommon delicate color was spread over it, like the reflection from the rose. In all her features swam a light, such as a human countenance, under ordinary circumstances, could never obtain, either by nature or art. The expression of the whole was a solemn smile, and yet no smile, but rather an inward delight. This extraordinary state was justly called transfiguration by her companions; but such a transfiguration, no painter in his moments of inspiration, ever

saw or imagined. Let one, therefore, figure to himself the statue-like position, the marble stillness of the features, with the eyes closed as in sleep. Never before had I felt such fearful delight.

"Oh! Emanuel!" said she, after a time, "now is thy will sincere. Now knows she, that through thee she will be cured. Thy hair flows in golden flames; from thy fingers flow silver rays of light; thou floatest in heaven's clear azure. How eagerly her whole being imbibes this brilliancy—this health-bringing flood of light."

At this somewhat poetical form of speech, the drugs, with which I had the melancholy honor of being compared to a few days before, involuntarily recurred to me, and I continued silent, taking no notice of the gold and silver rays.

"Be not angry with her in thy thoughts, Emanuel," said Hortensia. "Be not angry that her weakness and distempered wit compared thee with bitter remedies. Be more generous than the thoughtless one, by suffering misled, and often by earthly weaknesses given up to frenzy."

At these words the doctor threw a smiling look on me—I also toward the doctor, but with a gesture of astonishment, not because the proud beauty humbled herself to an apology, but that she appeared to have guessed my thoughts.

"Oh! distract not thy attention, Emanuel!" said the transfigured, quickly. "Thou speakest with the doctor. On her alone turn thy thoughts, and on her safety. It distresses her when thy thoughts for one moment leave her. Continue in the firm desire to penetrate her half-dissolved being with the beneficial power of thy light. Seest thou how powerful thy will is? The stiffened fibres relax and melt, like the winter's frost in the sun's rays."

While she spoke, her raised arm sank. Motion and life animated her figure. She asked for a seat. The doctor brought her one which stood in the chamber, with richly embroidered green silk cushions.

"Not that kind," said she. After a while, she continued: "The arm-chair, with a striped linen cover, which stands in Emanuel's chamber, before his writing-table. Bring it here, and leave it forever!"

I had, truly, but the moment before left the arm-chair standing before the table. But the countess had never seen my room. As I reached the key of the room to one of the women, Hortensia said, "Is that the key? I did not understand those dark spots. Thou hast in the left pocket of thy vest, yet another key—put it away from thee." I did so. It was the key of my press.

So soon as the chair was brought, she seated herself in it, apparently with great comfort. She commanded me to stand near before her, with the ends of my fingers toward the pit of her heart.

"God! of what delight is the man capable!" said she. "Emanuel, give her thy word, she entreats thee, not to forsake her till the ruins of her mind have been re-established—till her recovery is perfect. Should thou forsake her, she must die wretchedly. On thee hangs her life."

I promised with delight and pride to be the protector and guardian angel of so precious a life."

"Also, regard it not," continued she, "if she, in the state of earthly waking, mistakes thee. Pardon her—she is an unfortunate, that knows not what she does. All faults are the sicknesses of the mortal part, which cripple the power of the spirit."

She was talkative, and so far from being vexed by my questions, she appeared to hear them with pleasure. I expressed my astonishment at her extraordinary situation. Never had I heard that sickness made a person, as it were, godlike; that she should, with closed eyes, perceive what she had never seen before, and what was far distant from her, and even know the thoughts of another! I must believe that her state, which, with justice, might be compared to a transfiguration, was the perfection of health.

After a minute's silence, which was always the case before she answered, she said, "She is healthy like a dying person, whose material is breaking asunder. She is as healthy as she will be, when her humanity ceases, and the earthly body of this lamp of eternal light falls to pieces."

"The transfiguration," said I, "makes all dark to me!"

"Dark, Emanuel? But thou wilt experience it. She knows much, and yet cannot express it; she sees much clearly, much dimly, and yet cannot name it. See—man is combined from a variety of beings, which bind and arrange themselves together, as round a single point, and thereby he becomes man. So are all the little parts of a flower held together, whereby it becomes a flower. And as one part holds and binds the other, so the other restrains it in turn; no one is what it would be by itself, since, only ALL can form man, and be otherwise nothing. Nature is like an endless ocean of brightness, in which single solid points are drawn together. These are creatures. Or like an extensive shining heaven, in which drops of light run together and form stars. All that is in the world, has run together from the dissolved chaos, which is everywhere and always imbibing and then dissolving itself again in ALL, since nothing can remain stationary. So is man, out of the manifold substances of the universe, grown around with floating flowers. But in order that man may be, more insignificant beings must place themselves around him, which shall support his divine part."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]