

# THE DIAL.

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## THE CHRISTIANITY OF CHRIST.

[Sixth Article. — Concluded.]

### THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF JESUS.

A more serious charge is brought against Jesus by those who impute to him the doctrine of endless punishments for the wicked ; for this doctrine seems to implicate the spiritual no less than the intellectual nature, to betray an imperfection of heart and of conscience, as well as an infirmity of mind ; and we should hold it to be fatal to a person's religious feeling, fatal to the spiritual faith, if we did not know that most devout and tender people had entertained it in all ages of the Church — or, to speak more justly perhaps, had allowed it to rest unchallenged and uncomprehended on the surface of their minds, without distinctly believing it at all.

But we will let Jesus speak for himself. If he spoke any of the words ascribed to him, he spoke these : “ It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than, having two hands or feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee : it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than, having two eyes, to be cast into the Gehenna of fire.” — Matt. xviii. 8, 9. The later Jews regarded with holy horror the Valley of Hinnom, on account of the sacrifices that had been offered to Moloch there, and used its name as a symbol of hell. As much as a century before Christ the Hebrew under-world was subdivided by imagination into two parts, Paradise and Gehenna ; and in the age of the Apostles this word Gehenna had lost much of its vague, indeterminate sense as a figure of speech, and had taken on a technical meaning as descriptive of a place of future torment. But there are stronger phrases on Jesus' lips than those quoted above. Read this : “ Depart from me, ye

cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink. These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Here the mention of the Devil and his angels gives a terrible emphasis to the language used, and a most ominous distinctness, too, to the doom pronounced. But still more fearfully precise than this, if possible, is the declaration in chapter xii. 31, 32 : " Wherefore I say unto you, all manner of blasphemy and sin shall be forgiven unto men ; but the blasphemy against the Spirit shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of Man, it shall be forgiven him ; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Efforts to prove these verses spurious have been unavailing. The manuscripts persist in reporting them. Indeed, Ewald, in his critical translation of the first three Gospels, prints them as a portion of the original " Spruchsammlung," or collection of proverbial sayings, which was the nucleus of the Evangelical histories. " Here, at all events," says De Wette, " the ' nevermore ' is pronounced absolutely ; for whether the ' world to come ' includes the Messianic kingdom and the eternity afterward, or only the after eternity, the sense is the same." The phrase employed, as well as the iteration of the verdict, gives to the passage a deadly weight. No vague, rhetorical " everlasting," with a gleam of hope shining through its thick and boundless haze of meaning, is put into the mouth of Jesus here. The sentence is, "*He shall not be forgiven, either here or hereafter.*" The doom is therefore final : the mercy of God is shut off, and despair makes impertinent all question of time.

The doctrine of hopeless perdition is taught in the parable of the ten virgins, against five of whom " the door was shut ;" and likewise in the description of the end of the world, when " the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire : there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." This is strong language. And there is nothing to break its force. There are no words of opposite or even of qualifying import. Years ago, a theological professor at Cambridge, himself a restorationist, expressed to a class his opinion that the New Testament gave no direct encouragement of restoration to sinners : the sentiment of the Gospel was in favor of it,

but not the letter. It must be remembered, moreover, that the words put into the mouth of Jesus express the belief which was prevalent among the most religious people of his age, who must have understood him to mean what they meant when he used the terms which they used. The Pharisees, much the largest and most influential sect—the “evangelicals” of the day,—held that the souls of all the wicked were doomed to punishment in Gehenna forever, while the wickedest were shut up in a particular cell thereof, called the “Night of Terrors,” never to be released. The Essenes, who were by eminence the spiritualists, the Quakers of the time, ascetics, and come-outers, maintaining the inherent immortality of the soul, held that “the souls of men, coming out of the most subtle and pure air, are bound up in their bodies as in so many prisons; but being freed at death, they rejoice, and are borne aloft, where a state of blissful life is decreed forever to the virtuous, but the vicious are appointed to eternal punishment in a dark, cold place.”

The presumption then is, that Jesus shared the belief of his contemporaries in regard to the future judgment of the wicked. He put forth that belief, and he put forth no other. No criticism of the word *aiônios*, no expositions of the term *Gehenna*, no descanting on the poetical character of Christ's phraseology, relieves us of this burden. The loveliness of his spirit alone gives him the benefit of a doubt. It is possible that in this, as in so many other respects, he was misrepresented; it is possible that, as we possess but a few fragments of his teaching, some instruction of more hopeful tenor may have been lost. But we must abide by such evidence as we have; and that, impartially weighed, justifies, we think, the opinion of the larger part of Christendom. Well, and what follows? That we must put on the doctrine, because Jesus was not able to put it off? Surely not—not even if it was his deliberately adopted persuasion, which we need not grant it was. His purest sentiments, his best affections were all against it. Could he have worked out by the understanding what his soul knew, he might have discarded the national belief and eradicated it from his mind completely. But it is easier for the spirit to receive new truth than for the intellect to repudiate old error. What the pious and humane faith of Jesus was is evident from the words that gushed out of his full heart, and from the benignity he exemplified towards the weakest and the worst. These declare his feeling. If he was

unable to mould that feeling into dogmatic shape, let us forget that partial failure in the department of logic; let us appeal from the Jesus of Matthew to the Jesus whom Matthew could not report — to the Jesus who could not even articulate himself the mystery of the Love that was in him.

In most respects Jesus followed the opinions prevalent among the Pharisees. In one or two points he seems to incline towards those of the Essenes. The Essenes, Josephus tells us, held marriage in great contempt. They were willing to receive the children of others into their community, and educate them as their own. It was not their wish to abolish the marriage institution, seeing that it was necessary to perpetuate the human race; but they deemed celibacy a state of greater purity. Precisely in the spirit of these mild enthusiasts and gentle ascetics is the remarkable conversation which Christ is reported to have held with the Pharisees touching divorce, chapter xix. 3-13. The Pharisees ask if a man may lawfully put away his wife for every cause. Jesus answers no — adultery alone is a just cause; for marriage makes the man and the woman one. His disciples then say, If this is the case, it is not good to marry. Jesus to this, as if assenting to their remark, responds, "All can not receive this saying, save those to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs that are so born from the mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs that are made eunuchs by men; and there are eunuchs that have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive, let him receive." If language like this is to be construed literally — and it is not easy to see how it can be construed otherwise — must we not admit that Jesus depreciates the marriage state and advises his hearers to abstain from it? Did we choose to press language to its last inference, we might detect a low esteem of wedlock in the saying, "In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but all are as the angels." We might also allege imperfection in the doctrine which holds the wedding bond to be inviolate, save by the woman's infidelity. The Church Fathers found it easy to assign reasons for the celibacy of Jesus: his bride was the Church; he needed no earthly helpmate like ordinary mortals; being himself the only Begotten of God and eternal, he needed no progeny to perpetuate his line; he had no time for family cares, no room for personal attachments,— and so forth. But it is quite as likely that ascetic reasons induced the first-born Son to neglect the

universal and sacred duty of Hebrew youth, by remaining unmarried.

The Jews never held the weaker sex in honor, never conceded to woman, nor dreamed of conceding to her the place claimed and allowed her in modern society. Jesus may have risen above this Eastern prejudice by sheer force of spirituality; but we have no evidence that he did so. Moved by compassion, he could pity woman's distresses; touched with tenderness, he could forgive her sins. But except in the single instance of the woman of Samaria, who is to us no historical personage, he does not appear to have recognized her ulterior capacity, or to have placed her even ideally on an equality with man. Could he have done so in that age—in that condition of civilization? Are not theories more or less conditioned and limited by actually existing facts? Could any oriental sage speak on this subject like Mad. Bodichau or the wife of Stuart Mill? Indeed, he must have been much more than mortal to have risen above sentiments which the civilization, the humanity and the piety of eighteen centuries have not reversed or corrected.

To those who have been accustomed to regard Jesus as an inspired Teacher in social ethics as well as in religious truth, any suggestion of his fallibility must be extremely painful. Many would rather be seriously untruthful themselves than allow that he could err in the least point. But fairness compels us to admit that he did err; that he was mistaken through lack of knowledge which he had no means of acquiring; that he was misled by the opinions of those about him. He did entertain beliefs which intelligent people in an enlightened age entertain no longer—which Time has almost erased from the cultivated consciousness—which uninquiring faith alone persists in keeping alive by menaces of wrath, and defends by casting doubt upon the human faculties and treating mortal wisdom with disdain. The proposition that Jesus could not and did not err is to be maintained only by a systematic misinterpretation of language or an unpardonable confusion of thought. Moreover, the proposition itself is unintelligible. There can be no such thing as intellectual infallibility. It is utterly impossible for absolute truth to be expressed in such perfect forms of speech that its very substance shall be conveyed to the human mind, and in a way to compel its instant and full reception. For this a double miracle would be required: one to make the statement, another to explain it; one to frame a new vocabulary of eternal significance, another to in-

struct each particular understanding in it ; one to concentre all truth into a single point of light, and another so to place the eye that the ray should fall directly on its nerve of vision. Unless the statement were complete and unerring, it would not be forever conclusive to a single mind. And however complete and unerring it might be, so long as minds are variously constituted, it must convey a different sense to each one. The instant that Truth comes within the sphere of the Intellect,—of any intellect, however comprehensive and lofty,—it assumes a *form*, and that form is perishable. It belongs to a particular period, and will be disowned by other periods. It belongs to a particular nation, whose mental peculiarities another nation does not share. It belongs to a special sect, whose views other sects repudiate. It belongs to a peculiar social state, which has never prevailed elsewhere, or has been elsewhere outgrown. It belongs to a private mind, and every created mind has its own idiosyncrasy. If the doctrine be Hebrew in cast, the Greeks will not receive it ; if it be Greek, the Romans may not fall in with it ; if it commends itself to the men of the first century, it will not commend itself to the men of the fifth or the tenth ; if Essenian, the Pharisees flout it ; if Pharasaic, the Sadducees pass it by ; if adapted to the genius of the East, it will certainly be ill-suited to the genius of the West ; if advanced by a man of contemplation, the practical man dislikes it ; if set forth by a metaphysician, the scientific man finds fault with it ; if true to the simple imagination of the uneducated, it will be altogether untrue to the philosopher's practised thought. If Jesus must have thought within human limitations, he must have been restricted by those of his own age and people. We might as easily suppose him to have spoken a universal dialect, good for every region and for all time, as imagine him to have taught a universal credence, acceptable to the human reason at every state of its development. More than this, is it not plain that Jesus is really lowered by the imputation of intellectual infallibility ? Is not the office of superlative dogmatist a mean one, compared with that of inspired Seer ? Is it not in truth a dishonor to make Christ the mouthpiece of an infinite metaphysics, instead of a living organ of the Holy Spirit ?—to ascribe to him the fictitious attribute of a preternatural understanding, instead of the noblest natural quality of a pure and truthful soul ? Before we can recognize in Jesus a revealer of truth, we must discard the notion of his being an unerring ex-

pounder of dogma. For if his soul is to be the light and life of the world, it must be freed from the incumbrances of his birthplace and lot.

The history of Christendom makes it mournfully manifest that in their zeal for the opinions of Jesus, believers have missed his faith. And so the result of believing has been a bristling array of theological points turned against each other, and too often against him, instead of the prevalence of noble sentiments and the glorious consent of spiritual truth. When will Christians be persuaded that it would be more honorable, both to themselves and to their Master, to substitute a generous confidence in the sentiments and religious principles of Jesus for a hollow deference to his mistakes?

Upon this whole subject a Christian scholar and teacher, one of the wisest and profoundest of living theologians, has spoken so eloquently, that we can not forbear, in closing this article, to strengthen our arguments by his authority, and to enrich our pages with his words.\* "Where, after all," asks James Martineau, "is the ultimate authority of our religion to be found? Who will show us the real seat of the 'Primitive Christianity,' of which all disciples are in quest? Shall we take the first four centuries and interpret the concurrent tones of their voices into the certain oracle of God? Not so, you say; for the writers of that period were full of the errors prevailing around them; and they themselves refer us to an anterior generation as imparting legitimacy to the doctrines which they teach. Shall we go, then, to that earlier generation and abide by the words of the Apostolic age? Scarcely this, either, you will say; for the marks are too plain that there is no unerring certainty here; the Apostles themselves were not without their differences; and even their unanimity could mistake, for they confessedly taught the near approach of the end of the world. They, too, still refer us upward, and take everything from Christ. To Christ, then, let us go. Wherein resides the authority in *him* which we are to accept as final? Shall we say, in his reported words, wherever found, his statements are conclusive, and exempt from doubt? Impossible! Who can affirm that he had, and that he uttered, no ideas imbibed from his age, and obsolete when that age was gone? that he

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\* *Miscellanies*, by Rev. J. Martineau, pp. 210-213; reprinted from the *Prospective Review* for February, 1846.

grew up to manhood in the Galileean province without a sentiment or expectation native to place and time, or that he disrobed himself of his whole natural mind from the instant of his baptism? that he did not discern evil spirits in the poor patients that came to him, and so misinterpret his own miracle? that he raised no hopes in others of sitting on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel — of drinking with him of the fruit of the vine at his table in his kingdom; and of his own return to fulfil all these things ‘within that generation?’ Will any one plainly say, with these things before him, that Jesus was infallible, and that in his spoken language we have a standard of doctrinal truth? And if error was possible, who will give us an *external* test by which we may know the region of its absence and of its presence? For without this, to talk of his words being a ‘rule of faith,’ is a delusion or a pretense. But why this heathenish craving for an ‘oracle’ turning the Galileean hills into a Delphi, Jesus into a Pythoness, and degrading the Gospels into Sibylline books? Did Christ ask for this blind, implicit trust? Did he wish his disciples to believe his word because it was true — or the truth because it was his word? Nay, did not *he* also refer us to something higher, and hint at an authority needful to authorize his own? Thither, then, we must retreat, if, indeed, we would find ‘Primitive Christianity.’ Behind all the *communicated* beliefs of Jesus lie his *felt* beliefs, with the question, ‘What made them his?’ Whence his holy trust in them? For in his soul, also, they had a justifying origin. He thought them, he loved them, he worshipped in them, he struggled under them, before he published them. By what mark did he know them to be divine? Does any one really suppose that he would refuse to believe them unless his senses could have a physical demonstration, unless the Infinite Spirit would talk audibly with him in the vernacular tongue, and give him his word for them, and show off some proof-miracle to satisfy his doubts? And if it were found out that there was no breach of the Eternal Silence, no phantasm floating between the uplifted eye of the Nazarene and the quiet stars, would you say that it was all over with our faith, and its divine Original clean gone? Surely not. It will not be questioned that the inspiration of Jesus was within the soul: by the powers that dwelt there, he knew the thoughts to be divine and holy as they dropped on his meditations; and the authorizing point of all his

treasures of heavenly truth and grace dwelt in his reason, conscience and faith. Here, then, is the fountain of all the primitive seat of inspiration, the true *religion* of *Christ*—that which he *felt* and *followed*, not that which he *spoke* and *led*. And those are the most genuine disciples who stand with him at the same spring; who are ready for the same trust, and can disengage themselves from tradition, pretense and fear at the bidding of the same source of inspiration."

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SCHILLER.

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An Address delivered November 10, 1860, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the celebration of Schiller's Birthday,

BY W. H. FURNESS.

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WHEN, by the rough steps of the German Grammar, and through the blinding mist of German Genders and Particles, and a disorderly crew of Irregular Verbs, the young American Student has ascended to the far-shining Palace of German Literature, and the gates of the majestic pile are thrown open to him, there stands upon the threshold, in

*Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,*

the first to welcome him, the immortal Poet, whose coming into the world one hundred years ago we are gathered this evening, in sympathy with thousands all over the world, to commemorate. There he stands, grave and benignant; and there hovers around him a brilliant retinue, the princely and heroic forms whom his genius transfigured and exalted to that Olympian sphere where the offspring of those demigods, the poets, dwell forever, shedding far and wide a gladdening influence over all our common work-day world. I need only name the immortal group, that, like a constellation glittering on the brow of night, will illuminate the intellectual heavens till those heavens be no more. Don Carlos of Spain, and Mary of Scotland, and Elizabeth of England, and Joan of France, and William Tell and Wallenstein, all summoned, with their attendant luminaries, from different lands, and transferred from the dim limbo of History, now shine all abroad with a life-giving pow-

er. And through them, the Poet, breathing his glowing thoughts, himself lives again, no longer in a frail mortal body, like that which he wore on earth, which the fire of his genius so soon consumed to ashes, and which only the bodily eye could discern, but he lives again in the ethereal life of the mind. That flows through his creations into the inner-life of all by whom those creations are appreciated ; and so his life mingles with our life and intensifies it, and he lives no longer with men, but in them — being present, not in a form which our imperfect senses can perceive, but, far more intimately, in the life of the Intellect, of the Heart, of the Imagination, which is the life of life, and which he has made more abundantly ours.

Such is the style and bounty of the welcome which the great Poet gives us, by whom we are introduced into the opulent domain of German Literature, and from whom we received the first hint of its immense wealth. And what a more than royal greeting is it, generous, far beyond the wildest dream of Oriental munificence ! A king shall welcome you into his kingdom and at his court with dazzling presents of chariots and horses, with chains of gold, and stars, and ribbons, and caskets, and miniatures of his own august countenance set in precious stones. But the Poet, when he receives you within the charmed circle of his works, bears you up on the wings of his genius, so that you may mount with him into the empyrean, where the most gorgeous regal equipage dwindles to the tinsel toy of a child. He does not deck your person with crimson and gold, but he decorates your inner being with incorruptible gifts — gifts which kings can not buy — gifts, which, once yours, are yours forever. He opens for you new and before unvisited chambers in your own imaginations, and illuminates them with splendors of his thought. No children's baubles, to please and then to weary the eye, does he give you. But he gives you, in a word, himself, his own imperishable life — not the breath of his nostrils which is so soon spent, but the divinity which is in him, which increases both our enjoyment and our power of enjoying, and which the more he gives, the more he himself possesses.

This, true of all poets, of all men of genius worthily directed, is preëminently true of FREDERICK SCHILLER. As we become acquainted with his works, we become acquainted with him. We are impressed with a manly fulness of life in him, giving us assurance not of a mere artist or scholar, but of a man, a genuine

man; and his manhood is signified by a pervading sincerity, a thorough earnestness. All that we learn of him is in keeping with this impression. Although in the familiar circle of his friends and family he was, as we are told, cheerful and gay, yet in public he was grave and reserved. He shrunk from the demonstrations of public admiration which broke forth at times irrepressibly. From all that I have ever read of him and of his works, he dwells now in my imagination in an attitude and with an air of personal dignity amounting almost to solemnity. What helps this impression is the fact that he appears to have been constitutionally devoid of humor and wit. At all events, his genius did not run in that direction. Almost the only passage in all his writings that implies humor is the Capuchin's Sermon in Wallenstein's Camp, and that is taken from the harangues of the eccentric old preacher, Abraham St. a Clara, as is apparent at the slightest glance to all who have ever read any of the old Jesuit's sermons, oftentimes mere strings of doggerel witticisms. The absence of humor would seem to be a very serious limitation of the Genius of Schiller. But what this true poet thus wanted in breadth was made up for in strength and depth.

But here, ladies and gentlemen, let me beg you not to be alarmed. I have no thought of attempting a minute description, a profound, critical, German analysis of Schiller's genius. I would not venture such an attempt on this occasion and in this presence, even if I were qualified therefor. I am referring now only for a special purpose to a characteristic of Schiller which the most superficial knowledge of his life and works brings us acquainted with. Profound explorations in the rich domain of his mind, and in its hidden elements, we may safely leave to his own countrymen. There is no fear that he, or any other great German man, will ever fail to be known through lack of being thoroughly studied. For if there is any one thing that our German brothers delight in more than in all things else, it is to plunge down to the foundations of things, and to tug at the heart of all mysteries. It is their favorite intellectual beverage. Why, if you were to send a clairvoyant at any moment to the centre of the earth, she would come back and report to you the impossibility of getting there, for the crowd of German philosophers busily burrowing after that mysterious spot. And if they had no other means of penetrating the secret of Schiller's genius, they would convert the Bell, which he has made so musi-

cal in his song, into a Diving Bell, and go down in it and bring up to us the unsunned riches of his nature.

But I — I am only an American, a New Englander, and so an American of the Americans, as we New Englanders, with our well known modesty, account ourselves. And as our German friends love to dive down, our American weakness is to go ahead with telegraphic despatch; so we must needs skim over the surface, and keep our heads well above water. We have our notions, it is true, plenty of them. Of my native city, the proverb runs that Boston folks are full of notions. But then they are not notions that we dig for, with German patience and fidelity, in the depths, but notions that come to us for the most part floating on the tide, — come to us perhaps from Germany itself, where they were thrown away long ago, and we snatch at them before we know whether they be true touch or not; or they come to us like birds of the air, which escape us almost as fast as we can catch them, leaving only some of their feathers in our hands, for which we console ourselves by sticking the feathers in our caps. Such is the amount of our notions, — always excepting a few that some of my countrymen have to sell, and that are made solely for that purpose. Being so very rational, and so much in a hurry withal, there is so much to foster our infirmities on the surface, that it does not do for us to try to be very deep. When we do try it, we are apt to get our heels where our heads ought to be, and then we have considerable difficulty in telling the one from the other.

In the exposure to such a peril, I shall make no attempt to be either critical or profound, but seek only to illustrate and enforce what I just now said — namely, that the Poet, the man of genius, always gives us himself, his inner and best life. Such is emphatically the case with Schiller by tokens which every one at all familiar with his works can not fail to observe. In his life and his works, he fills us with the conviction that we are in communication with a man thoroughly in earnest. And it is the men thoroughly in earnest, be it in literature or in affairs, that always go straight to the heart of the world, and take possession of that metropolitan position, and enthrone themselves there. There may be all sorts of obstacles in their way, but these only serve to whet their strength and so to accelerate their progress. They may be violently resisted in their approach to the great centre and citadel, opposed by brute violence and forbidden to advance.

But it is the capital of their hereditary kingdom. It is theirs by the grace of God, and they must reach it. And opposition is a great deal worse than useless. The more violent it is, only the more powerfully does it assist them, for it serves to call out and emblazon their royal natures. Their bodily life may be crushed out of them. But while that is wasting away, the invisible life of them escapes; and slowly but grandly expanding, as it goes, to the dimensions of the world, it finds the hearts of mankind everywhere open and waiting to receive it, and there is a new element of vitality in the atmosphere. You can no more imprison and destroy that than you can chain and extinguish the light. The earnest man is born and predestined from all eternity to win that bloodless victory that crowns the vanquished as well as the victors.

To this company of born kings and conquerors, Schiller belonged. He did not pursue Literature as an amusement. It was the most serious, the religious work of his life. No soldier ever went into battle with more earnestness of mind than Schiller obeyed the command of his genius, forsaking in defiance of ducal authority all things for the sake of Literature, — “looking upwards,” as he himself afterwards counseled the artist to do, “looking upwards to his dignity and the law, and not downwards to his happiness and his wants.” “Something majestic,” said he, “hovers before me as I determine now to wear no fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no throne but the soul of man.”

In this quality of Honesty, Schiller calls to mind another illustrious German writer, likewise distinguished for the singleness of his aim, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, who has been styled a continuation of Luther. And Lessing, like Schiller, teaches us, as very few literary men do in these days, that no genuine Literature is or can be child's play — no, not even that form of literature, the Drama, which, as popularly conceived of, exists mainly for purposes of amusement. They teach us that Literature is as earnest a work as is done under the sun; that it demands valor and strength, and that, when it is faithfully pursued, it revolutionizes nations. It was in the department of the Drama, or in connection with it, that both Lessing and Schiller rendered eminent service to the highest interests of all Literature — aye, and of Humanity itself. What Schiller's services in this direction were, let William Tell and Joan of Arc and Wallenstein bear witness. And what Lessing's were, whoever wishes to know let him read what this noble

literary Reformer wrote in his office of critic of the Hamburg Theatre, nearly one hundred years ago, when Schiller was less than ten years of age, and when the most distinguished men of letters in England had no idea of the intellectual splendor which was then irradiating Germany. At that time Voltaire and French Taste reigned in Germany with a despotism so complete, that to question their authority seemed hardly less than insane. Bold as it was, Lessing commenced the assault upon the Voltaire dynasty, and with the very weapon of ridicule, in the use of which the Frenchman was held to be the champion of the age. But Lessing's wit, as Henry Heine says, "was no little French greyhound that runs after his own shadow; it was rather a great German tom-cat that plays with the mouse—before he devours it." It was not wit alone, however, although of the keenest, that Lessing employed against the high authority of Voltaire. He unmasked upon him a perfect battery charged with principles of the soundest morality and the purest taste; and as the artificial fabric of French thought cracks and tumbles before it, those Hamburg criticisms stir the heart like the roar of a great battle. And amidst the flash and the smoke we descry the French Usurper, stript of his regalia to the skin, and put to ignominious flight, and Shakespere, the Magnificent, coming to reign in his stead. "Far off his coming shines." The grand intellectual Revolution, which Lessing thus initiated, was chiefly due to the fervent sincerity, to the genuineness of the man, to that quality which distinguishes Schiller so impressively, and which in Schiller's writings brings us into inspiring communion with a living man, so that it is as if we looked into his beaming face and were thrilled by the tones of his voice.

This is the essential merit of this true Poet, the warrant of his poetic authority, such as is only now and then, once or twice in an age perhaps, accorded to men. This it is that makes our hearts leap to do him honor and to hail him as a benefactor and a friend. The poetic element is all but universal. The divine seed is in us all, but Poets, worthily so called, are by no means so common in the world, as it would seem to be thought. Versifiers we have in abundance, male and female—very graceful and delicate versifiers too, but only versifiers. It is a lamentable confusion of ideas, and an unauthorized stretch of courtesy, to name them poets. The truth is, that the making of verses, the stringing together of sentiments, caught by hearsay or remembered from the copy book, to

some musical and popular measure, with the due number of jingling rhymes, is a thing to which, as Edward Everett has remarked, all young ladies and gentlemen at a certain age are liable, just as children are apt to catch the measles, and "the utmost their friends can hope for is that they may have them lightly." The best mode of treating the disease — (the common dictates of humanity justify me, ladies and gentlemen, in making this brief digression — I anticipate your thanks,) — the best mode of treating the disease is to regard it as such, and without either checking it too violently or unduly fomenting it with application of parental pride, let the eruption come well out. Great care must be taken lest it should strike in; for although death may not ensue, yet, what is sometimes worse, the disease may become chronic. And then woe betide those who fall into the hands of an incurable versifier! They not only have to listen, they must applaud too; and this is one of the most painful alternatives which our poor human nature can be reduced to. There goes a legend that one of these unfortunate versifiers, after having exhausted all mortal patience, unable to find a soul on earth so regardless of its own sanity and peace as to consent upon any terms to listen to his verses, actually sold himself to the Evil One on condition that that personage would come and let him read to him. The compact was made, but after an hour or two's reading, the listener discovered it would not pay, and begged to be let off from the bargain.

But seriously, versification may be a graceful accomplishment, a decoration that betokens talent, but it implies no creative power. It gratifies the fancy and the ear perhaps, but it is a very different thing from the work of the poet, which is an inspiration and no manufacture, and ought never to be mistaken for it, as it so often is. How many writers have we, styled poets, who are not even good versifiers!

The Poet, as the word imports, is a maker. He creates. But I am not going to attempt in few words, or in many, to define the Poet and Poetry. The essence of this divine gift is as indefinable, and as much defies all language and all imagery, as the Divinity whose inspiration it is. The Poet's eye rolls and flashes with fine fancies; but it is something more than fancies to which he gives form and life. His ear is in fine accord with the music of verse; but he is in fuller unison with harmonies which no ear can hear. He tells us only what we instantly recognize as already in our

hearts ; and yet through him the universal heart of Humanity throbs and dilates with a new life, and all men are greater than they were for his words. In vain do you search for his power in any arts of language, although he is master of them all ; and words are never his fetters, but the wings on which he soars singing, filling heaven and earth with his songs, and fanning as he rises the hot brow and cooling the fevered heart of the world with the airs of Paradise. As little constrained by critical rules as any bird on the trees, he reveals those deep laws of thought and expression to which, by the instinct of his genius, he renders a free and filial obedience. He stands here in the ever-various and ever-moving world of Nature and of man in the dignity and wisdom of his manhood, and yet with the open heart of a little child ; and that heart is a magic chamber from which everything that enters there returns with music and in beauty, to charm mankind and awaken into activity whatever is best and greatest in their nature. He is, in fine, an incarnation of the life and love of things. His is among the very highest offices in the great Commonwealth of Humanity. And he is all this chiefly because his eye is single and his whole being full of light.

Thus Schiller has done a Poet's work in the world. Has done, do I say ? His influence is active now. It is unceasing and immortal. He kindles noble sentiments in men, through sympathy with the same sentiments breathing through his words. We feel, we can not choose but feel, that what he says he says because he himself believes it and knows it. It is no hearsay, no matter of tradition or conformity, but the genuine emotion, the unborrowed convictions of his mind. So that

— all he writes becomes him as his own,  
And seems as perfect, proper and possess,  
As breath with life, or color with the blood.

Such is the potent charm of all personal influence. In Literature it makes us sensible of a presence behind and above the printed page. It renders a word, spoken or written, as telling a stroke of character as a deed. It is this that has made the words of Luther to be called "half-battles," and Luther's Hymn the *Marsillaise* of the Reformation. It signifies and represents the man in the heroic action and attitude of his manhood.

The poetry of the present day seems greatly devoid of this living

personal power. It is fanciful, or it is metaphysical. It astonishes and delights with its surprises, or it overawes us with a sublime obscurity, or dazzles us with multiplicity of ornament and sparkling turns of thought and expression. It has little in common with the homely, rugged strength of Ancient Poetry — of the old Greek tragedies, for instance, where one act of concentrated passion, in unadorned simplicity, blazes out from “the burning core” of human nature, a part and portion of the inmost life of all men; and therefore of universal and everlasting interest. Have we much poetry of this kind in modern times, always excepting some of the old English Ballads and Shakespere? But Shakespere (thanks to German genius for helping us to understand him!) — Shakespere is an exception in all things, uniting as he does the insight of a god with a fancy of inexhaustible variety, and a boundless humor, and a perfect command of all the harmonies of expression. His mastery over whatever he touches is so complete that it is all mere play, the play of a child as genuine as it is joyous.

But in sincerity, in earnestness of meaning, in truthfulness, Schiller is second to none. This gives him his power. Thus inspired, a true poet, once more I say it, he gives us, not merely fancies or melodies, but he imparts himself to us, transfusing his own convictions warm and glowing into the hearts of men, so that they throb and swell with a new life. Who now can compute the gift? Who can measure and repay the service, the generous service which a true poet, like Schiller, renders us! Honor, immortal honor to him! Be his memory glorious forever!

Schiller thus adds another to the grand attestations that we have to the fact that the great men of our race are the next of kin to all men. The highest are blood-relatives of the lowest. We are accustomed to look upon great men, the men of rare and beneficent genius, as dwelling high up, apart from the common mass of mankind, as beings of different mould, cut off from all real sympathy with us; and accordingly little men who would be great, and who climb up upon some official pedestal to make themselves so, deem it a sign of greatness to despise their fellow-men, to look with contempt upon human nature. Whereas it is only ordinary men, men of feeble sympathies and faculties, who stand apart, aliens, strangers to one another, dumb, unable to communicate. And what with our mediocrity and the many things there are to separate man from man, we should be strangers to one another forever.

were it not for the men of genius, the great and the strong, who have in them, not a different nature, but only more than common of the divine stuff which we are all made of. These it is — these great ones — who come close to us, breaking through all artificial distinctions, because they have power to affect us. They are able to reach and stir into activity the dynamic forces, the primal instincts of our better nature. They awaken a new life in us. We are begotten by them into a loftier condition of existence. They are our spiritual fathers, and we are their children. As one touch of Nature, only one, makes the whole world kin, how close is the kindred when Genius touches us with its searching magnetism, and touches us in the marrow and the quick! Then the whole world become not merely kin — then the whole world becomes one.

Men of Genius, then, are the vital elements, the creative forces of the world's power and growth. Thus Shakespere is the soul of English Literature, the animating principle of English Thought, and the life of the Saxon Race. And whatever civil changes England may suffer, England can never die, so long as the genius of Shakespere lives in the mind of the nation. Though it were conquered and overrun, it would conquer its conquerors, just as the genius of Grecian Eloquence and Philosophy triumphed over all-governing Rome, and crowned the ancient Queen of the world with a brighter glory than the blood-stained renown of her arms.

Thus the power of Genius annihilates all national distinctions, and brings together the most remote in the brotherhood of universal Humanity. To this splendid triumph of Genins, this hour and this assembly bear most significant witness. Brothers and sisters, where are the distinctions that separate us from one another tonight? They all vanish in the presence of him whose genius we now celebrate. There are no Germans here now. There are no Americans, either native or naturalized. A true Poet, by the mere necessity of his great nature, has leveled all the partition walls of language, all the differences of race, and gathered us here now as born citizens of the boundless Fatherland of the Intellect, an Empire in comparison with which the conquests of Alexander, of Cæsar and of Napoleon, are but a small, out-lying, barbarian province, and where he who serves all most faithfully, and shall reign over all most gloriously, be he of what country he may, and where accordingly, in the same broad spirit in which we are now met, "a shining procession of kings" as they have been called,

German kings, Lessing, and Wieland, and Herder, and Göthe, and Schiller, and Tieck, and Schlegel, "have one after another thrown their votes into the urn, and," forgetful of all national distinctions, and anticipating his own countrymen, "elected" the Englishman, "William Shakespere, Emperor of all Literature," Emperor for life — and his lifetime is Eternity.

It was no barren sceptre with which Shakespere was thus invested. Under his imperial reign, German Literature was rapidly advancing to a state of high culture for nearly half a century before the best minds in England surmised what a resplendent fabric of literary genius and art was rising on the German soil. But it was not Shakespere alone that was read in Germany. All the eminent classical names of English Literature soon became familiar as household words among the scholars and writers of Germany, and this when the German mind was looked upon in England as wild and barbaric, and translations of German books were deprecated as a new eruption of the Goths and Vandals. Through the darkness of English prejudice and ignorance the clear beams of Schiller's genius were among the first to penetrate. He is still among the first to inspire us with admiration and respect for the mind of his country, and he weaves the tie which binds us together to-night.

To him, then, we render the homage of our veneration and grateful love. We recognize in him one of the chief dignitaries of the Imperial Realm, one between whom and Shakespere there stands no other of equal dramatic power — one whose influence shall prove to be, in the words of our immortal Emperor himself,

"A hoop of gold to bind us brothers in,  
That the united vessel of our blood  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash gunpowder."

We are here this evening celebrating the advent of a noble and munificent spirit into our world one hundred years ago, November the 10th, 1759,—November the 10th, memorable two hundred and seventy-six years before as the birthday of the great Head of the Protestant Reformation. The coincidence of these birthdays is not without significance. Luther was not only the leader of the great religious movement of the 16th Century, he is accounted by German scholars in his translation of the Scriptures, as the creator of the modern German language; a language, the principle of the mere articulation of which — namely, that all possible justice must

be done, in pronouncing it, to the sound of every letter — is in fine accord with the downright honesty of Luther, who created it, and of Schiller, who, through this noble instrument, has poured into our minds the beauty and the music of his genius.

Thus, already under obligations to Germany for the great miracle of the Printing Press, we acknowledge on this birth-day of illustrious men the gift of the Protestant Reformation and the gift of the language of Schiller.

The death of Schiller, which took place in his 46th year, is memorable as well as his birth. It well became him — the manner of his departure. When the inevitable hour came, he bade farewell to his family and friends, and when one asked him how he felt, his reply was: "*Calmer and calmer.*" Once afterwards he exclaimed: "*Many things are growing plain and clear to me.*" And then he fell asleep in the fulness of his fame. His death was felt throughout Germany and Europe, to be a great public loss. "According to his own directions," says a German authority, "the bier was to be borne by private citizens; but several young artists and students took it from them. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the churchyard. The overcast heaven threatened rain. But as the bier was set down by the grave, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon, coming forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin of the Departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of wind began to wail, as if it were reminding the bystanders of their great, irreparable loss."

But though, in the words of the now venerable Uhland,

— months and years have vanished duly,  
And round his grave the cypress grows,  
And those who mourned his death so truly  
Themselves have sunk in death's repose;

Yet as the Spring is yearly showing  
Its pomp again and fresh array,  
So now, all young again and glowing,  
The Poet walks the earth to-day.

Back to the living hath he turned him,  
And all of death has past away;  
The age, that thought him dead and mourned him,  
Itself now lives but in his lay.



## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GHOST-CRAFT.

PSYCHOLOGY (*Ψυχη, λογος,*) means speech or revelation concerning the soul. Dynamize this word, and we have *to psychologize*, which presents the soul-substance in the attitude of an active and interpenetrative force, and implies a sympathetic object or soul acted upon.

Thinking and feeling, functions ascribed to the soul, are susceptible of either being confined within the soul, or projected from itself into another. But the active and spiritual sense of these words is imperfectly perceived by the multitude, and their interpenetrative sense is not allowed. We do indeed say, I feel you, but this means only, I feel within myself that I am in contact with you, not that I project my feeling into you, or receive yours into me; nor does the verb *to think* ever mean, I project my thought into another's mind, or receive his into mine. For this we have *I think*, and *I learn*, which are confined to special knowledges, and do not extend to the thought-substance itself.

The development and apprehension of novel possibilities required a new term to express them; and what can be more appropriate than this chaste and precise Greek verb, *to psychologize*, which ascribes to the soul primary source of thought and feeling—the active projection of our thoughts and feelings, sensations and sentiments, into others?

With these elementary dynamics of the soul, magnetizers have almost familiarized the public mind. To spirits, also, of the deceased has been assigned such control of other minds, either in their own life-sphere or in ours, as magnetizers exert upon their subjects, sometimes at great distances.

To psychologize is construed, to induce either upon oneself or upon others impressions that are often mistaken for external realities. We have been assured that this is much practiced in the other life. Many ghosts, especially those newly arrived on the other side of the Styx, are said to spend most of their time in this quasi-fictitious state, the partial representation of which may be observed among the Orientals, who eat hasheesh or opium; among the Turks and Germans, who smoke themselves into reverie; but especially among the coca-chewers of Bolivia and the neighbor-

ing countries. It is a pleasure which Nature permits to some, and which others assiduously cultivate, either from its fascination or from the need of taking refuge in an ideal world from the too rude and cruel experiences of their false social positions.

This attitude of soul seems to be much easier to the Orientals than to the peoples of Europe and their American descendants, and to be peculiarly incompatible with the climate of our Atlantic coast. Drugs which soothe and elevate the one may in the same dose irritate and madden the other temperament; and this depends on the relations of the blood globule with the nerve vesicle.

The Brahmins cultivate, as the highest discipline of the soul, a state of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless often mistaking the indefinite for the infinite, the clouds for the firmament, the loss of earth for the gain of Heaven. They seek to perfect themselves by meditating on the abstract perfections of Brahma, and do, it is reported, so introvert their minds in these spiritual gymnastics as to attain the insensibility of cataleptics. They acquire a genius for the trance state, and leave their bodies long quiescent during their celestial pilgrimages—in one unbroken slumber, from the seed-sowing to the harvest, as English authorities attest.

The poet and novelist should possess, as a gift of organization, or develop by culture, the power of psychologizing themselves, and their readers also, in a high degree. For the lack of this, all other talents fail to compensate. Poetry and Romance are our intellectual narcotics: we ask of them oblivion of this world's imperfections, and rendered fluent, gaseous, or aromal, through the subjective magic of their spells, to traverse unobstructed, unchallenged, invisible, new combinations of character, scenery, action, thought, and emotion.

The artist must believe a little himself, or the illusion will hardly be perfect for us. The creator must embody himself in his creation: bodies are the forms, not the instruments of souls. A true poem or life-story, however wildly improbable its incidents, can be, no more than a planet or a sun, the work and mere effect of an external hand. Paley has nailed himself to the counter in his notorious comparison of the watch. D'Israeli in his *Vivian Grey* and *Contarini Fleming* is wonderful in this gift of creative reverie. Longfellow, among our modern poets, preëminently possesses this endowment. His epics live within us.

The function of these ministers of the Ideal is to supply ex-

alted standards by which the crudities of the world may be criticised and gradually corrected. Perverted from this function, and deprived of the criticism of external contact, the endowment engenders self-deceptions and follies. Our ghost-reporter informs us that in the other life persons gradually drop this habit, as they acquire more experience and wisdom. Then they find that the ghost-world, like ours, is real and social; and that in both, heartily to enter into what concerns the public weal is more to the purpose than reverie and introspection, however enticing the cheap marvels of romance which the latter may furnish to its votaries. This does not exclude the creation nor the enjoyment of high works of art: only morbid excesses or trivial perversions are in question.

Mediums who imagine they see and converse with spirits, are often at such moments psychologized, either by some one in our own life-sphere or in the other. What they see may be a picture limned in correspondence with their thought, according to those organic laws of art which execute themselves. An idea, light but integral, like winged seed, is caught upon the breeze of reverie; it coasts along the labyrinthine convolutions of the brain, it penetrates at last the optic lobes (*tubercula quadrigemina*), and takes the form of vision there; for the internal senses are open alike to impressions from matter through the outward eye or from spirit through ideas. The thought, so rendered, may be either our own or another's, as to its origin. The extreme facility with which this kind of portrait or scene-painting is accomplished, is known to every one who remembers the phantasmagoria of fevers and of inflammations of the organs of sense.

When a child, I was subject to an occasional carache, which always depicted itself, as it were, on my organs of sense as monstrous forceps, big as an obelisk, which, in closing as if to crush me, only pinched up a *teenchy* little bit of skin, that made my flesh crawl, then opened to repeat the same operation. Another time, during the incipient stage of the varioloid, while the nervous system chiefly was affected, that disease prefigured itself by psychologizing on my vision a rapid succession of dissolving views, often very interesting, but each of which was invariably transformed into something hideous as it disappeared.

There is a boldness of figure, apparently, here, of which I am well aware, and which might be objected to as indicating levity of fancy unbecoming my theme. Am I then speaking here of vario-

loid or earache as of beings, and as thinking or feeling beings, capable of exercising the highest human power,—that of psychologizing a person? I reply: *Maladies* are concentrated miasms, subversive aromas, corresponding with the mineral, vegetable, and animal poisons in the lower grades of creation. They are, as it were, the disembodied souls of viruses; and again they correspond more or less completely to the graduated scale of vital endowments associated with the organs and faculties of man. Varioloid, for instance, when it invades a person, makes that person over in its own likeness, as to his skin and mucous membranes, so that its daguerreotype may easily be taken; moreover, in a less complete and more confused manner, it fills and modifies the other organic spheres susceptible of entertaining it, such as the blood, which carries its ogre form into the brain, where it comes into intimate conversation with the nerve vesicles, in the spheres of tactile sensation, of certain emotional and instinctual functions, and rises into consciousness by the corresponding ideas. The same miasm, which in one country of the human organism is known as pain, is known in another as ugly thoughts, and in another as ugly pustules. I do not pretend to say that the variola thinks or behaves like a human person, when it is between two pieces of glass, or when it is diffused in the atmosphere; but I do mean to say that, once in correlation with an individual organism, it instantly becomes human form itself, and polarizes with its own peculiar magnetism the thinking element as well as the nutritive element of that person. Some organs or tissues remain unmodified by a given malady: this shows that that malady is susceptible of the human form only to a certain extent, or partially. Some maladies localize themselves, and cultivate exclusively a certain organ or a limited segment of the body, on which they may develop parasitic growths. Such are the family of tumors.

I think that *maladies* exercise a very extensive tyranny in psychologizing mankind—a tyranny at which mankind would do well to be indignant, and against which they ought to make war systematically and very seriously for the recovery of their personal liberty. “I know more than one rich slave to neuralgia, in the State of Virginia, who would think his case bettered if he could change lots with his own negro coachman.

There is, in states of full health as well in others, at certain times, a peculiar openness or susceptibility of the camera obscura of

individual consciousness to subjective or ideal illusions, analogous to those of the *fata morgana*, which are objective or real illusions.

Sometimes, in traveling through a forest at night, my nervous system calm and normal, expecting to arrive at a town, I have been completely deceived for several minutes together, by the most perfectly delineated forms of buildings, dwelling-houses, churches, etc., etc., so that I supposed I was riding through the streets of the town, when in reality there were no houses near me. This is the more remarkable, because I am not at all an imaginative or entertaining person when I am by myself. I can not often or easily summon before me scenery at pleasure ; and I am peculiarly deficient in capacity for all those plastic arts which architecture resumes.

But the conception of uses implicitly contains the means of arriving at them. The arts are latent in the potential life of the Soul ; and in its mood, inventive or creative, it develops them in radiation upon the world.

Proceeding a step further from the known to the unknown, I conceive how ghosts who are of altogether human form, in sympathetic contact of thought and emotion with us, may induce upon our mental or interior senses such pictures, sounds, or language, as are evolved, by a physiological law, in *correspondence* with their thought, but which we may mistake for external realities.

It would appear, then, that a medium who surrenders his brain to be thought through, or his fingers to be written through, undiscerningly, by some overbearing, impertinent ghost, and who mistakes for realities and truths those signs and visions induced upon his brain by the mere plastic force of another's idea, may be turning his mill-wheels without grist, and not be necessarily advancing destinies, either in this life or in the other. This function may possess, however, such passive merit as the hands of a watch or the shadow of a gnomon, which indicate, without explaining, the series of phenomena to which they belong.

Among the normal attributes of the ghost-life, known to us as the climax of the clairvoyant faculties of somnambulists or magnetized subjects, is the power to project the visual perceptible along with the idea, so as, at will, to see anything actually transpiring in other parts of the world, however remote, provided the actors and the spectators be connected by some tie of sympathy.

This faculty of clairvoyance, called independent, was exercised to the conviction of skepticism itself, in the last century, when

Swedenborg, being with a party of friends at Göttenburg, witnessed and minutely described, during its progress, a conflagration at Copenhagen, three hundred miles distant.

Independent clairvoyance is simply the communion of the individual with the planetary life, through the sense of sight. In another instinctive sense, even the pig possesses it ; for, if you carry him away from home in a sack or a box, he can find his way straight back as soon as liberated from any unknown part. The carrier-pigeon is so called from its habit of carrying 20° or 30° of latitude and longitude under its cranium.

It would be indeed very weak to make a wonderment over these casual dawnings of the sense of ubiquity in man, when we know that such stories as Dumas' Corsican Brothers, or Balzac's Madame de Dey, are true ; for the greater includes the lesser.

Are time and space annihilated for the spirit ? We can understand what is meant by such propositions from the exercise of our own spiritual faculties. We know how nearly or quite unconscious of time we become, when ardently impassioned and delightfully employed. Witness the balcony-scene in Romeo and Juliet. This charming state of things, not merely the conversation of lovers, but all the attractive occupations that leave no tedious sense of time, will "always find us young and always keep us so," in the true organization of labor by its passional chiefs in the combined order.

It is pretended that spirits traverse immense distances in an instant, and are personally present, so as to be recognized by others and enter into real or objective relations with them. Swedenborg is known to have conversed with spirits apparently on the same terms of social etiquette as with persons in our own life-sphere. It is to be regretted that he should have published only the least entertaining of his conversations, though this is perfectly natural : he has preserved chiefly those intended to elucidate some abstract principle, and which are themselves as dry and abstract and impersonal. Swedenborg was no Balzac. T. L. Harris, the poetic priest, who pretends to a seership more celestial than Swedenborg's, has certainly improved upon his predecessor with regard to style, and has given us in his *Arcana of Christianity*, a book of spirit-travel of livelier color, though still very defective in that individualization of personal characters essential to constitute a true

work of art, whether in revelation or common observation, and whether angels or other folks be its subjects. Let the spirits and spirit mediums give us a book equal in its higher way to Gulliver's Travels, to Robinson Crusoe, to Ivanhoe, to the Three Guardsmen and Suite, to Consuelo, or *Le Recherche de L'Absolu*, or even to Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Hive of the Bee-Hunter. After the nine-days' wonder is over, nothing less will do.

The general fact of dishonesty among men, and from which women are by no means exempt, renders invaluable the evidence of transcendent faculties, in a character so honorable and a mind so disciplined by the positive and practical sciences as was that of Swedenborg. "In the altitudes of his vision," says his wise and great English translator, "he saw the refractions of the distant and of the future painted upon the curtains of the present." Swedenborg, during his earlier scientific career, recognized the higher faculties of the soul in these terms: "I need not mention the manifest sympathies acknowledged to exist in this lower world, and which are too many to be recounted, so great being the sympathy and magnetism of man, that communication often exists between those who are miles apart. Nor will I mention that the ghosts of some have been presented visibly after death and burial."

"We need not," says Wilkinson, "pierce the vault of Nature to find the explanation of these things. This world has perfections, mental, imponderable, and even physical, equivalent to supply their sense. The universe is telegraphically present to itself in every tittle, or it would be no universe. There are also slides of eyes in mankind, as in an individual, adequate to converting into sensation all the quick correspondence that exists between things, by magnetism and other kindred message-bearers."

Swedenborg has subjected all that he may have seen or heard in spiritual intercourse to the formulas of his metaphysical theology. I distrust all natural history conceived or studied in this vein, whether in our own life-sphere or any other. His cumbrous attempts at the interpretation of Scriptural analogy witness to this fault in his mind. A horse means understanding: why a horse? An elephant would have been more to the purpose, or a Newfoundland dog. The horse and the elephant are both noble and talented animals; but the elephant is, of the two, the more highly intelligent. Nothing, on the other hand, more hopelessly stupid than a common

Swedenborgian pulpit discourse, interpreting Scripture texts by what they are pleased to call "correspondences."

Was Swedenborg psychologized?

Frequently, our ghost-reporter inclines to believe. A person or ghost in this condition may, as Mr. Braid and M. Azam among others have analogically demonstrated in the phenomena of hypnotism, imagine and believe himself truncated of certain powers natural to him, or possessed of others foreign to his personal experience. Thus a feeble person, when hypnotized, will execute athletic feats under which his limbs would break at other times; while a strong man may be rendered unable to pick up a handkerchief. He mistakes a walking-stick for a serpent, or believes himself transformed into a street-pump, at the will of the hypnotist or psychologizer. So he may be made to assume the mental and moral attitude of another character: to regard himself as Paul, or Franklin, or Napoleon, and even without any intellectual deception may think and act for some time in the spirit of these characters. When deception exists with regard to persons, where there is ever so little intellectual dishonesty (and how few are truly reliable when they can hope to escape the detection of falsehood), the medium or subject is liable to advance his own crude opinions under the sanction of some name to which popular veneration attaches the gravest authority.

M. E. L.

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## THE PROSCRIBED ONE.

[From Constant.]

IN the Heavens, or abstract regions of poetry and truth, the apostle St. John saw a woman appear, clothed with the Sun. She was thus covered with light, and truth itself was her only dress; under her feet lay the moon, that dead star with borrowed light, ever the symbol of the temporal church, and of servitude to the letter; on her head shone a crown of twelve stars, a zodiac of light, all the heaven of intelligence with its starry zone.

This woman was Liberty.

Now, being pregnant, she uttered cries of travail, but before her a monster with seven crowned heads awaited, to devour the child she should bring into the world. She gave birth to a male child,

the destined organ of that power which is one day to gather Humanity under his banner. But the child of Liberty, having as yet no place prepared on Earth, was snatched up to Heaven, and hidden there under the altar of religious symbolism.

Meanwhile, the Woman, pursued by the crowned monster, fled to the desert, and as the serpent sought to encircle her with his coils, she felt that she had wings like the falcon; so rising above the royal reptile, she disappeared in those solitudes where the Father had prepared her asylum.

From the earliest days of Christian society, Liberty was insulted : at Corinth, by the rich, who brought to the communion table choice meats to eat apart, while the poor were anhungered. Liberty, who has no more mortal enemy than selfishness, then fled indignant with her plea to the apostles. But in vain did the popular eloquence of Paul endeavor to bring Christians back to the communion of the first days. The rich had brought with them into the Society their proprietary spirit, and soon the communion was no longer a reality, but merely a symbol of the future ; to the fraternal supper succeeded a mystical ceremony, like the rites of Eleusis or of Mithra ; the sacrament of alliance became a mystery, which the priests arrogated to themselves alone the right to celebrate, even when no longer chosen by the people to preside over their assemblies.

Thus Truth, after having shone for a moment in all her lustre, like the Christ upon Mount Thabor, was forced to veil her rays, and to await Liberty, her sister, whom Selfishness had banished. Only the symbols had been changed, the world was still the same ; and the Synagogue, murderer of the Christ, had in the Church a daughter worthy of her mother.

Liberty then followed the first ascetics to the desert. There she formed laborious societies, communities of abnegation, who generously protested against the exclusiveness of the Sybarite and the lusts of greed, which had invaded the sanctuary. The Fathers of the Desert were added to the first martyrs of Christianity. After some years, the riches of the world tempted the weaker disciples of Hilarion and of Jerome, the world invaded the desert ; seclusion was sought, not to protest against the corruptions of the world, but to gain exemption from its social duties. Then *Monk* became a name for idle ignorance, a title of hypocrisy and superstition. Liberty, sighing, abandoned her refuge in the cloister, and

wandered through city and country, seeking the paria, the excommunicated and the untaught. She often remembered those who had guarded her cradle, she recalled the names of those who had transmitted to each other the Ark of the Star. She could not forget that Moses had been a murderer, a vagabond, a conspirator, a rebel, and a spoiler of Egypt. She knew that the prophets had been hunted from cavern to cavern, as insulters of kings, seducers of the people, and public pests. Still present to her were the crimes ascribed to the incarnate Word himself, to Jesus who had left his carpenter's bench to lead the life of a vagabond, drawing after him a seditious mob, eager for novelties, which he detached from its ancient traditions and from respect to its priests. For this teacher lived by the chance of alms, or ate ears plucked in other men's fields, and seducing the dregs of the people, fishermen and tax-collectors, formed of them a band of enthusiasts to whom he promised a place in his kingdom. For this revolutionary had talked of leveling the mountains and of exalting the valleys, had cried woe to the rich ! had protested incessantly by word and act against selfish exclusiveness, had pardoned the adulterous woman, had forgiven the sins of a prostitute because she loved much, accepting her kisses and perfumes lavished on his feet in the presence of indignant Morality, of Simon the Leper, and the Pharisees.

Liberty knew, moreover, in what contempt our Savior held the excommunications of the Synagogue, although he regarded it as the true official church of his time ; and how little he was intimidated by the maledictions of Caïphus, although he recognized him for the sovereign pontiff of the Hebrew worship, to which he had not ceased to belong. Recalling then the memory of all these things, Liberty sought the prophets of the new law ; she took the name Heloïse, to inspire, by her love, the eloquence of Abeillard, whose virility frightened the priests of his day ; but the courage of the apostle escaped the irons of assassins, and Fulbert could not mutilate the soul of " the doctor of reason and love." For Love is not only procreative through the senses, it also fecundates souls ; wherefore the constituted church had become barren of good works. In condemning its ministers to the celibacy of the heart, it rendered them impotent to serve in the advance of truth, vesting their power in hypocrisy. Because the intelligence of man is virile, because Liberty is not meant for eunuchs, and can not consist with insincerity.

What superb lovers had she, this consuming beauty! How proud they were of their exile! How they triumphed in their martyrdom! For the love of Liberty always has blended with reverence for woman in the hearts of the truest revolutionaries.

Jesus alone seems not to have needed the lessons of "Love," in order to love humanity with a mother's heart; sweet and kind like a woman, it is thus through the plenitude of his feminine nature that he draws us to adore him without shame, and shares with the virgin an homage, that rises in passional fragrance from lands of the orange and vine, where still religion is a sentiment sweetening the popular heart. The illustrious Huguenots secretly fed their inspirations at feminine fountains, and they have often been reproached with this sign of their honor.

What matter a world's imprecations, when we win a smile from her who never smiles on cowards? She has traversed the ages of hope deferred, she, the ideal woman, in company of the proscribed one, this sister of the eternal Truth, incorruptible Liberty.

She combated with the disciples of Waldo, she inspired Amaury of Chartres, she inaugurated the priesthood of her sex under the name of Willamette, the Milanese. She stood by the stake of the Albigenses, and robed herself with them in an aureole of flames; there purifying their souls from errors, she aided them to slough their mortal coil, and upraised these victims of tyranny over conscience to the heaven of the earlier martyrs.

She moved Florence by the voice of Savonarola, she protested with François d'Assises against the abuses of property, by voluntary poverty. She made the cowardly emperor Sigismund blush beneath the eye of John Huss marching to the torture. She inspired the noble repentance of Jerome of Prague, when he abjured a culpable retraction and followed his master to the stake.

A refugee then in Bohemia, she followed the standard of John Tisca. Pale, disheveled on her charger, she raised a vengeful cry against the assassins, brandishing the torch which she had lit at the stake of John Huss, never perhaps to be extinguished but over the ruins of the Vatican!

Luther repeated before Germany what Liberty breathed in his ear, and Germany rose in her name; yet the chosen true lover of Liberty, then, was Thomas Muntzer, whom she exalted with the sacred folly of enthusiasm. This prophet of popular vengeance outstrode three hundred years the epoch of reactions. He died for-

saken of his people, but consoled by Liberty, who from high heaven extended her arms to embrace him, and showed the forms of disciples and avengers riding on the storm-clouds of a lowering future. After the ploughmen of the sixteenth century came the seedsowers of the eighteenth. Impiety manured its accursed field, then came the terrible harvest of '98, with its implacable reapers. Liberty punished ! Unfolding the black wings of Azrael, angel of death, she swept over all heads the edge of her exterminating sword. Then a man, by her disdained, sought to dispute with her the empire of the world, and to raise up a rival against her : he seduced Glory, or rather gave this name to Victory, which he compelled to follow him.

Victory loves Liberty : she proved unfaithful to her new master, but the Emperor appeared truly grand, when Liberty pardoned him, captive, protesting against that perfidious Albion who baited the vultures on an ocean-beaten rock with the heart of this new Prometheus.

What of her now ? Whither is the noble one vanished. Over Europe she passed not long ago, but since have been built walls and forts bristling with arms, and sentinels to hinder her return.

She sought a refuge in the western wilds, but now the land of Washington disowns her. Justice and honor have fled with the deer, the home is profaned with the altar. Heroic virtues lead but to the scaffold, and the last soldier of Christ leaves invested with his corpse Virginia's honor dangling on the gibbet.

Still at the sound of her name the masters of the world grow pale, and wicked priests extend their hands to curse. If a people entertain her, even for a day, the merchants and the kings send their executioners against this people, and seem to compete with the decide of the Pharisees, by the murder of nations. Perjury reigns over Gaul, and Mercury thrones on Olympus.

Repóse, like the Christ, in your shroud, unfortunate Poland and Hungary ! they have placed upon your graves a stone, sealed with their seal, and have set guards to watch over them.

Spirit of John Brown ! watch with Emanuel and Garibaldi ; for Liberty holds to a method in her madness — *first* she unbinds her hero races, and then she delivers the paria. The world of physical forces is not the heritage of Liberty. That which the sword could conquer, the cannon can maintain, and the Despot consolidate. Essentially centrifugal, Liberty may burst, explode and scatter the

elements of social order, she may rescue victims already grown black in the face under the tightening clutch of systems of oppression; but not to her is reserved the foundations of harmony.

Harmony, the order of the new heavens and the new earth, the grand conciliation of now-conflicting forces, knows not Liberty the protestant, knows not Order the oppressor, knows only ART, that bastard of Liberty, ravished by Order, whom Genius bore away to Heaven to educate him for the throne of Earth. To Art the Fates confide that sceptre beneath whose charm divine necessity itself becomes free in Love; and the will of the slave, obeying from attraction, is made one with the will of the despot, commanding his good by affectional impulse.

M. E. L.

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## DR. EINBOHRER AND HIS PUPILS.

### CHAPTER IV.—RATS.

WE had all entered the lecture-room before Dr. Einbohrer. Peter House, insinuator of crooked pins in chairs, opened his desk, and lo! therefrom leapt a huge rat. All stood aghast. But Peter seized a poker and punched the adventurous rodent until he was dead, dead, dead. In the height of the *mélée* the venerable Professor had entered unobserved. Peter the pinster did not see this most visible of men until a deep voice near him said, "Peter, what doest thou?"—"I, sir," replied Peter, "have enlisted in the holy crusade against the invaders of Norway, which trample with sacrilegious foot the holy places of Thought and Learning. *Hoc signo vici*," he continued, uplifting the quivering rodent.—"Bring it hither," said the Doctor, with a tone which awed us.

The animal was laid on his table. For a long solemn time he gazed upon it, and there was profound silence. The only sign that the Doctor was not sleeping was, that the smoke arose from his meerschaum in great clouds, presaging thoughts which lighten and words which thunder; clouds so dense that it would have killed the rodent had it not been already as dead as a door-nail, or, which seems to me a better figure for extreme deadness, a coffin-nail. At length Olympus trembled, and a voice issued from the clouds:

"I see, gentlemen, that man proposes, but God disposes. I

came hither designing to speak of the Brain—the throne of the Monarch, Mind; but I have been sent another subject, a symbol of those environments and accidents which mould the brain and modify its conclusions, being in reality *Fate*. My subject, then to-day, is the Not-me, the Objective, or Non-ego, or (in a word) *Rats*. Ah, thou poor animal,” he continued, in dreamy apostrophe, “so inhumanly murdered by one who could not see that there was enough room in the world for him and thee [here Peter winced as by a spiritual crooked pin in his chair], thou art a representative animal. And yet why should the rebuke fall upon one alone? Ages of persecution and ostracism have passed, poor rat, upon thy martyr-race [here more than one lip quivered], yet so ever does the purblind world stone its benefactors; for I mean to affirm that no animal species has been of such importance to the refinement, civilization, and happiness of the human race as the Rat. Van Stammer,” he continued, severely, “do you question my affirmation—do you vilify and denounce my thesis?”

It must here be remarked by the Editor of the Einbohrer Papers, that this severe appeal was frequently made by the Doctor when wrought up, to the sore-eyed, flaxen-haired devotee of the Absolute, hitherto known as Van Stammer. The Doctor had selected him as his man of straw, his meagre figure assisting the illusion, to be called forth whenever he wished an antagonist to annihilate. Such phrases were frequent as, “Do you deny that, Meinherr Van Stammer?”—“You say that is false, then, Stammer?”—“Do you *dare* overturn my major premise, sir?” Poor Stammer, who would have sworn that yellow was sea-green, if the Doctor said so, often had a torrent of epithet and sarcasm poured on his unoffending head which was designed for Einbohrer’s scientific antagonists in Germany and France. His only action under these personal-impersonal allusions was a nervous movement on his seat a foot and a half due East, where he sat swinging his foot rapidly, whilst his sore eyes winked—some of us thought watered.

“Then as you deny this so promptly, meinherr,” he continued, though poor Van S. had been silent as the grave, “I will remind you that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in some people’s philosophy, and will prove what I have asserted concerning Rats. Gentlemen, I shall give my Hypothesis of Rats—1. Speculatively; 2. Historically; 3. Scientifically.

“The centre of Philosophy is the Metempsychosis. The lan-

guage of Claudian gives the true clue to the varieties of animal existence, referring them all to Humanity.

The yoke of speechless brutes each one now wears:  
 Bloodthirsty souls he did enclose in bears;  
 Those that rapacious were in wolves he shut;  
 The sly and cunning he in foxes put;  
 Where after having in a course of years  
 In numerous forms quite finished their careers,  
 In Lethe's flood he purged them, and at last  
 In human bodies he each soul replaced.

"Rats are manifestly the bodies given to defunct Epicureans. Since on earth they found their chief interests, heavenly and earthly, centering in the stomach, a wise ordination committed them to the form of this most Epicurean of Animals, so that their career having full swing should accomplish its own punishment. Thus it is the rat's irresistible passion for preserves, cheese, pasties, ["writing-desks," suggested Peter, but was frowned down,] that leads it into traps and merciless hands, which are its Inferno. It has long been a fact familiar to naturalists that rats are the daintiest of all animals. If two jars of sweetmeats stand on a shelf together, one made with brown sugar, the other with loaf, the rat will entirely devour the loaf-sugared before it touches the brown-sugared. It is of refined taste."

"Please, sir," broke in Peter, "wouldn't that account for its preference of my desk over that of Van Stammer?"

"Sir!" was the stern rejoinder, emphasized by a startling smoke-puff, "this lifeless form, doubtless, until now enfolded the spirit of some poor youth, who, with every advantage for devotion to science, thought more of earthly pleasures; for which he was given this rodent form, in which, learning the full evil of his course, he fled hither to aspire to studies neglected during his human life. No doubt the liberated spirit has gone into some newly-born infant, who will one day, perhaps, sit here, in the seat of those who reject their opportunities as he once did, and are in a sure path to similar degradation."

This scathing sentiment left us all in tears, except Peter, who was sensual enough to pride himself on his humanity, in having been instrumental in the liberation of the incarcerated rat.

"This Norway Rat," continued the Doctor, proceeding to the second division of the subject, "is one of a tribe of Rodents which have been great travelers. It is the Jew of Ratdom, dispersed,

but everywhere preserving an unmistakeable individuality. For a long time it was unknown in Britain but by dire rumor. It was conveyed thither in the year 1750 by Norwegian timber-ships; and England sent them, along with mean soldiers and worse Governors, to America. Garcilaso de la Vega records that they were introduced to the South Americans by European ships in 1544; but this is true only of the black rat. Henceforth, History confirms my statement, that they have always deeply affected the social condition of the people among whom they have resided.

“Take Kamschatka, for example; the people of which region could once only live a little more respectably than their own grizzly bears. There was a time when, as Sydney Smith expressed it, the people there were so averse to anything higher that cold missionary was a staple article of home fare, and was kept on sideboards to regale visitors. Warm missionary was considered indigestible. How did this state pass from the Kamschatkans? I answer, *Rats*; and let every philanthropist and Christian echo with thankful hearts, *Rats*. It was not the missionary; he as before seen was cooked and eaten as fast as he came, and furnished the meat rather than the bread of life. But it was on this wise. Some of their native huntsmen observed that there was one season when all the Rats on their coast migrated Westward to find more food and warmth than Kamschatkan winters afforded. On the following season they returned in swarms, and brought in their wake numberless sables, weazles, Siberian hares, and so forth, which sought to prey upon them. The hunters followed their migrations to hunt these voracious animals, whose skins were valuable for clothing. When they had clothed themselves with their furs they had enough to trade with China and more southern lands. But these foreign states had long before had the Gospel — had long received the missionaries, and preserved them uncooked and warm. Commerce in these furs brought them in contact with more civilized states, in their treaties with which it was included that their missionaries should not be cooked. Traces of civilization presently appeared, the Light of Christianity dawned, — *all, I repeat, due to Rats*.

“If, Herr Van Stammer, you are still sneering and skeptical, [S. moved this time two feet due East, at least, with great emotion,] I will point to that large tract of country in Northern Germany, where sanitary, and indeed *all* practical Reforms originate with Rats. There is a state-fund to repair houses which, from age or

other reasons, are unsafe to indwellers. But this is never done until the Rats are seen leaving said houses. These animals will leave, as the Proverb truly says, a falling house. If a man can prove in the city council that three rats have been seen running from his house, they are bound to furnish him from the fund with means to repair it. What, then, keeps these poor from having their houses tumble about their ears with swift destruction? Who come, not only as monitors of impending danger, but witnesses at law for their benefit? I answer, and the Eternal Voices and Silences answer, *The martyred race of Rats!*—Need I add that at sea these little animals proclaim the unsafety of ships, by leaving them? Oh, my young friends! what would this universe be without Rats! We have seen that it would be a system of missionary-eating, ruin-buried, shipwrecked worlds. Who can wonder that the Chinaman cries, ‘Dear Rats, I so love you that I can not refrain from eating you?’”

Tremuit Olympus! and an all-persuasive silence ensued, which none had heart to break.

“To proceed, then, Pupils, to my third head, the pure Scientific. With truth I might say to this poor animal, We hail thee as to some extent man’s brother! for with man it is omnivorous, viviparous, vertebrated. And besides being like man, not confined to one kind of food, animal or vegetable, its stomach is structurally human. It is even more cleanly and dainty in its ventral peculiarities and tastes than man. It has a Frenchman’s hatred of anything tough—as skin, for instance—and most of the smaller animals which it devours are found with their skins curiously turned inside out, even to the ends of their toes! Naturalists who wish to stuff the skins of specimens, find they can do no better than give them to the rats to be prepared. Their individuality—always the source of rodent as of human sorrows—is, that they have the ambitious epicurean tendency aforesaid so much at heart. Weazles, men, cats, foxes, dairy-maids, lynxes, house-wives, terriers, idle pupils, are their implacable foes. Between these they can scarcely be said to live lives of repose and happiness. They only love Ratsbane in Homœopathic doses; they do not love tobacco-smoke, which is bad taste, in which they do not resemble man—unless it be Horace Mann. *Nux vomica*, mingled with oat-meal, is generally suspected among them, in this day of Rat-light and knowledge. Arsenic is generally used to relieve families of them; and

in each house where used, generally kills three rats and four children *per annum*—a fact which seems shadowed forth in the old legend of how they got rid of the Rats in the ancient town of Hamelin. They really must have had a hard time with them, if Mr. Browning's description is true :

Rats !

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,  
 And bit the babies in the cradles,  
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,  
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,  
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,  
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,  
 And even spoiled the women's chats,  
 By drowning their speaking  
 With shrieking and squeaking  
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

“The Aldermen being threatened with mobs if they did not relieve the people, offered high rewards. A handsome youth appeared with a flute. ‘What would they give him?’—‘Any sum.’—‘A thousand guilders?’—‘Yes.’—He played upon his pipe a tune,

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered  
 You heard as if an army muttered ;  
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;  
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;  
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling :  
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
 Cooking tails and prieking whiskers,  
 Families by tens and dozens,  
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,  
 Followed the Piper for their lives.  
 From street to street he piped advancing,  
 And step by step they followed dancing,  
 Until they came to the river Weser,  
 Wherein all plunged and perished.

“These rats had evidently heard in the Piper's tune that the ‘World was grown to one vast drysaltery.’ Well, the Piper claimed his thousand guilders ; but the Mayor and Corporation swore *that* was only a joke, and asked him to be content with fifty, or get the rest as he could. The Piper stepped into the street and piped another tune, and, lo ! there was just such a stampede of children in Hamelin as there had been of Rats : every child in the

city followed him to Koppelberg Hill, where they disappeared forever, and the town was left childless. Poor city! no rats, no children! But the same tragedy is, as I said, likely to be a home experience, where Arsenic is freely used — the Piper being a sort of impersonation of Ratsbane. The best way would seem, according to Reason and Experience, to be to catch one and singe it, and then release it: he will soon advertise the rest of the incident. A synod is then called, resolutions of indignation are passed, and they all leave the premises, to await the good time coming to rats as to men — the Rat-Millennium, — when the Rats and Cats shall lie down together, when Earth shall turn to a huge rich Stilton cheese, and Nature resound with the munching and lurching of the spirits of the just rats made perfect!”

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## URSULA.

BY HONORE DE BALEAC.

### CHAPTER III.

At this moment an extraordinary man appeared at Paris, a man gifted by faith with incalculable powers, and eliciting from magnetism all its varied applications.

Not only did this great Unknown, who is still living, cure purely by his will and at distances the most cruel and inveterate diseases, suddenly and radically, as did of old the Savior of men, but he also produced the most curious phenomena of somnambulism, subduing the most refractory wills. The physiognomy of this Unknown, who acknowledges no other master than God, and claims to communicate, like Swedenborg, with the angels, is that of the Lion; a concentrated, irresistible energy looks out from it. His features, singularly fashioned, have a thunder-striking aspect; his voice, which comes from the depths of his being, is as if charged with magnetic fluid — it penetrates the auditor through every pore. Disgusted with the public ingratitude, after making thousands of cures, he has thrown himself back into an impenetrable solitude, a voluntary annihilation. His all powerful hand, which has restored dying girls to their mothers, fathers to their bereaved children, idolized mistresses to their frantic lovers; which has cured patients aban-

done by physicians ; which has caused hymns to be chanted in synagogues, temples and churches, by priests of different religions, all brought back to God by the same miracle ; which has softened their agonies to those for whom return to life was impossible,—that sovereign hand, the sun of life, that dazzles the closed eyes of the somnambulist, would not rise to restore a presumptive heir to a queen. Enveloped in the memory of his benefits, as in a luminous shroud, he refuses himself to the world, and lives in the heavens. But at the dawn of his reign, surprised by his own power, this man, whose disinterestedness equaled his faculties, allowed a few curious persons to witness his miracles. The noise of this renown, which was immense, and may revive to-morrow, awoke Doctor Bouvard on the verge of the grave. This persecuted mesmerian could at last see the most radiant phenomena of this science, long guarded in his heart like a treasure. The old man's misfortunes had touched the Unknown, who gave him certain privileges. Thus Bouvard suffered, as they went up stairs together, the jests of his former antagonist with malicious joy. He answered him only by " You shall see ! you shall see ! "— and little motions of the head which men permit themselves when they are sure of their fact.

The two doctors entered a more than modest apartment. Bouvard held a moment's conversation in a bed-chamber contiguous to the parlor where Minoret was waiting, and not without distrust ; but Bouvard came presently to seek and introduce him to the mysterious Swedenborgian and to a woman seated in an arm-chair. This woman did not rise, and seemed not to perceive the entrance of the two old men.

" How ! no more magnetic troughs ? " said Minoret, smiling.

" Nothing but the power of God," gravely replied the Swedenborgian, who appeared to be some fifty years of age. The three men were seated, and the Unknown began to speak. They talked rain and fine weather, to the great surprise of old Minoret, who began to think himself mystified. The Swedenborgian questioned the visitor upon his scientific opinions, and seemed taking time to examine him.

" You come here from mere curiosity, sir," said he, at length. " I am not in the habit of prostituting a power which in my conviction emanates from God. If I make a bad or frivolous use of it, it might be withdrawn from me. Nevertheless, it is in que-

tion, Monsieur Bouvard has told me, to change a conviction contrary to ours, and to enlighten a *savant* of good faith. I am going, then, to satisfy you. This woman whom you see," said he, (she had not moved,) "is in the somnambolic sleep. By the confessions and manifestations of all somnambulists, this state constitutes a delicious life, during which the interior being, disengaged from all obstructions to the exercise of its faculties by visible Nature, goes abroad in the freedom of that world which we are wrong to call the *invisible*. Light and hearing are then exercised in a more perfect manner, than in the state called *waking*, and perhaps without the aid of organs which are the sheath of those luminous swords called sight and hearing! For a man placed in this state, distances and material obstacles exist not, or are traversed by a life that is within us, and for which our body is a reservoir, a necessary fulcrum, an envelope. Terms are wanting for effects so newly rediscovered, for now the words *imponderable*, *intangible*, *invisible*, are senseless, relatively, to the fluid whose action is demonstrated by magnetism. Electricity is certainly only too tangible. We have condemned facts, instead of accusing the imperfection of our instruments."

"She sleeps," said Minoret, examining the woman, who seemed to him to belong to the lower class.

"Her body is in a manner annulled," replied the Swedenborgian. "The ignorant take this state for sleep. But she will prove to you that there exists a spiritual universe, and that spirit does not recognize there the laws of the material universe. I will send her into the region where you wish her to go. Twenty leagues hence, or in China, she will tell you what is going on."

"Send her only to my house at Nemours," asked Minoret.

"I wish to have no part in it," replied the mysterious personage. "Give me your hand, you shall be at once actor and spectator, effect and cause."

He took Minoret's hand, held it for a moment, appearing to collect himself, and with his other hand took that of the woman seated in the arm-chair; then he placed the doctor's in the woman's; making a sign to the old skeptic to move his seat beside this pythoiness without a tripod. Minoret remarked in the very calm features of this woman a slight starting, when they were united by the Swedenborgian, but this movement, although marvelous in its effects, was very simple.

"Obey the gentleman," said this personage to her, while holding over her head his *hand*, from which she seemed to aspire light and life; "and consider, that all you do for *him* will please me. . . . Now you may speak to her," said he to Minoret.

"Go to Nemours, rue des Bourgeois, to my house," said the doctor.

"Give her time, leave your hand in hers until she prove to you by what she tells you, that she has arrived there," said Bouvard to his old friend.

"I see a stream," replied the woman in a low voice, seeming to look within herself, with profound attention, notwithstanding her closed eyelids. "I see a pretty garden."

"Why do you enter by the river and the garden?" said Minoret.

"Because they are there."

"Who?"

"The young person and the nurse of whom you are thinking."

"How does the garden lie?"

"Entering by the little stairway that goes down to the stream, there is a long brick gallery upon the right, in which I see books, and which ends in a cabajontis (?) adorned with wooden bells and red eggs. On the left, the wall is covered with a mass of climbing plants, with virgin ivy and Virginia jasmín. In the centre, there is a little sun-dial. There are many flower pots. Your pupil is examining her flowers — she shows them to her nurse, she makes holes with a trowel and puts in seed. The nurse is raking the alleys. Although the purity of this young girl is that of an angel, there is in her a beginning of love, faint as the twilight of dawn."

"For whom?" asked the doctor, who until then heard nothing but what any one might have told him without being a somnambulist. He was still on the look-out for some jugglery.

"You know nothing about it, although you were recently anxious enough when she became a woman," said the somnambulist, smiling. "The movement of her heart has followed that of nature."

"And is it a woman of the people who uses such language?" exclaimed the old doctor.

"In this state, they all express themselves with peculiar lucidity," replied Bouvard.

"But whom does Ursula love?"

"Ursula does not know that she loves," replied the woman, with a little motion of the head; "she is far too angelic to know the desire, or whatever it is, of love; but she is preoccupied about him, she thinks of him, she forbids herself even, and then returns to it, notwithstanding her will to abstain. She is at the piano."

"But who is it?"

"The son of a lady who lives opposite."

"Madame de Portenduère?"

"Portenduère, do you say?" resumed the somnambule; "so it is: but there is no danger; he is not in the country."

"Have they ever spoken?" asked the doctor.

"Never. They have looked at each other. She thinks him charming. He is indeed a handsome fellow, he has a good heart. She has seen him from her window; they have seen each other at church, but the young man no longer thinks of her."

"His name?"

"Ah, for me to tell you I must either hear or read it. . . They call him Savinien, she has just pronounced his name; she finds it sweet to utter; she has already looked in the almanac for the day of his fête, and has made there a little red point—child's play! Oh! she will love well, but with as much purity as power. She is not a girl to love twice, and her first love will color her soul and penetrate it so deeply that she would repulse every other sentiment."

"Where do you see that?"

"In her. She will know how to suffer; she has stamina to resist, for her father and mother have suffered much!"

The last words confounded the doctor. Between each two phrases spoken, several minutes had elapsed, during which the woman seemed to be concentrating her attention. You could see her seeing! Her brow presented singular aspects: interior efforts were painted on it; it cleared up or contracted by a power the effects of which had been remarked by Minoret only upon the dying, at moments when they exercise the gift of prophecy. She made repeatedly gestures which resembled Ursula's.

"Oh! question her," said the Swedenborgian, to Minoret; "she will tell you secrets that you alone can know."

"Ursula loves me?" resumed Minoret.

"Almost as much as God," said she, with a smile. "So she is

very unhappy about your skepticism. You do not believe in God, as if you could hinder him from being. His word fills the worlds. You cause, thus, the only torments of this poor child. Wait, she is playing the gamut ; she wants to be a still better musician than she is, she is impatient. This is what she thinks : If I sang well, if I had a fine voice, when he is at his mother's my voice would reach his ear."

Dr. Minoret took out his pocket-book and noted the precise time.

"Can you tell me which are the seeds she has sown ?"

"Mignonette, sweet peas, balsamins."

"What last ?"

"Larkspur."

"Where is my money ?"

"At your notary's ; but you invest it so as not to lose a single day's interest."

"Yes ; but where is the money that I keep at Nemours for the expenses of the season ?"

"You place it in a large book with a red binding called *Pandects of Justinian*, Vol. II., between the two next to the last leaves : the book is on top of the glass buffet, in the case of the folios. You have quite a row of them. Your funds are in the last volume, to the side of the parlor. Ah, the Number III. is before the Number II. But you have no money, they are" —

"Thousand franc checks ?" asked the doctor.

"I do not see well, they are folded. No, there are two checks, each for five hundred francs."

"Do you see them ?"

"Yes."

"How do they look ?"

"One of them is very yellow and old ; the other, white, and almost new."

These last replies amazed Dr. Minoret. He looked at Bouvard with a stupefied expression, but Bouvard and the Swedenborgian, accustomed to the astonishment of the incredulous, talked in a low voice without seeming to be surprised. Minoret asked to be allowed to return after dinner. This anti-mesmerian wished to collect himself, to recover from his deep terror, in order to test again this immense power, to subject it to decisive experiments ; to state questions, the solution of which might remove every species of doubt.

"Be here at nine o'clock, this evening," said the Unknown. "I will return for you."

Dr. Minoret was so much disturbed, that he left without salutation, followed by Bouvard, who cried out after him :

"Ah, well? — Ah, well?"

"I seem to be losing my wits, Bouvard," replied Minoret, on the sill of the carriage-way. "If the woman has spoken truly about Ursula, as there is but Ursula in the world who knows the fact about what this sorceress has announced, *you will be right*. I wish I had wings to fly to Nemours and verify her assertions. But I will hire a carriage and start this evening at ten o'clock. Oh! I am losing my head!"

"What would become of you then, if, having known for many years an incurable patient, you should see him cured in five seconds? If you saw this great magnetizer draw torrents of sweat from a dartrous subject; or restore the use of her limbs to a paralyzed lady of fashion!"

"Let us dine together, Bouvard, and not separate until nine o'clock. I wish to seek out a decisive and irrefutable experiment."

"Be it so, my old comrade," replied the mesmerian doctor.

The two enemies, reconciled, went to dine at the Palais Royal. After an animated conversation, by the aid of which Minoret escaped the fever of ideas that was burning in his brain, Bouvard said to him: "If you will recognize in this woman the faculty of annihilating, or of traversing space, if you acquire the certainty that from the Church of the Assumption she hears or sees what is said and done at Nemours, we must admit all the other magnetic effects. To a skeptic they all appear equally impossible. Ask him then a single proof that shall satisfy you, for you may believe that we have informed ourselves about your place at Nemours, but we can not know, for example, what is going to take place at nine o'clock this evening in your pupil's chamber. Remember or write down whatever the somnambulist pretends to see or hear, and hasten home. This little Ursula, whom I do not know, is not our accomplice, and if she has done or said what you will have written, then bow thy head, proud Sicambrian!"

The two friends returned to the magic chamber, and found there the somnambulist, who did not recognize Dr. Minoret. Her eyes closed gently under the hand which the Swedenborgian extended towards her, and resumed the attitude in which Minoret had

seen her before dinner. When the hands of the woman and those of the doctor were placed in contact, he asked her to tell him what was passing at Nemours at that moment.

“What is Ursula doing?” said he.

“She is undressed; she has finished putting her curls in paper; she is kneeling before her crucifix of ivory attached to a frame which is covered with red velvet.”

“What is she doing?”

“She is saying her evening prayers; she commends herself to God; she supplicates him to banish evil thoughts from her soul; she examines her conscience and reviews what she has done during the day, so as to know whether she has been wanting to its duties, or to those enjoined by the Church. She undresses her soul, poor dear little creature!”

Tears stood in the somnambulist’s eyes.

“She has committed no sin, but she reproaches herself with having thought too much of Mr. Savinien. She interrupts herself to ask what he is doing in Paris, and prays God to make him happy. She ends with you, and says a prayer aloud.”

“Can you repeat it?”

“Yes.”

Minoret took his pencil, and wrote, under the somnambulist’s dictation, the following prayer, evidently composed by the Abbé Chaperon.

“My God, if thou art satisfied with thy servant who adores Thee and who prays to Thee with as much love as fervor, who tries not to stray from thy holy commandments, who would die with joy like thy son, to glorify thy name, who would live in thy shadow, Thou who readest in hearts, grant me to unseal the eyes of my god-father, to put him in the way of salvation, and to communicate thy grace to him, so that he may live in Thee, during these his last days; preserve him from all harm, and make me suffer in his place! Good Saint Ursula, my dear patroness, and thou divine mother of God, queen of heaven, archangels and saints of Paradise, listen to me, join your intercessions with mine, and take pity upon us.”

The somnambulist so perfectly imitated the candid gestures and holy inspirations of the child, that Dr. Minoret had his eyes full of tears.

“Is she saying anything?” asked Minoret.

"Yes."

"Repeat it."

"*This dear god-father! with whom will he be playing his backgammon at Paris?*"

"She blows out her taper, leans her head back, and goes to sleep. Now she is gone! She is very pretty in her little night cap."

Minoret saluted the great Unknown, clasped Bouvard's hand, descended rapidly, ran to a station of cabriolets, under a hotel now demolished to make room for the street of Algiers; found a coachman, and asked him if he consented to start immediately for Fontainebleau. The price named and accepted, the old man, rejuvenized by excitement, set forth towards home. According to agreement, he let the horse rest at Essonne, reached the diligence of Nemours, found a place in it, and dismissed his coachman. Home, towards five a. m., he laid down amid the ruins of all his previous ideas about physiology, about Nature, about metaphysics; and slept until nine o'clock, he was so very tired. When he woke, certain that since his return no one had passed his threshold, the doctor proceeded, not without an invincible terror, to the verification of facts. He was ignorant himself of the difference between the two bank bills, and of the interversion of the two volumes of the Pandects. The somnambule had seen true. He rang for La Bougival.

"Tell Ursula to come and speak to me," said he, seating himself in his library.

The child came, she ran to him, embraced him; the doctor took her upon his knees, where she seated herself, mingling her lovely blonde curls with the white hair of her old friend.

"Something troubles you, my god-father?"

"Yes; but promise me by your salvation to answer frankly all my questions."

Ursula blushed to her very brow.

"Oh! I will ask nothing but what you can tell me," said he, continuing, seeing the modesty of first love startle the purity, until then infantine, of those beautiful eyes.

"Say, then, god-father."

"By what thought did you end your prayers last evening, and at what hour was it?"

"It was a quarter past nine or half-past nine."

“ Well, repeat me your last prayer.”

The young girl hoped that her voice might communicate her faith to the skeptic; she left her place, knelt down, joined her hands with fervor, a radiant light illuminated her face, she looked at the old man and said to him :

“ What I asked of God yesterday, I have asked Him this morning again, and I will ask Him until he grants it to me.”

Then she repeated her prayer with a new and more powerful expression; but to her great astonishment, her god-father interrupted her by finishing it himself.

“ Well, Ursula,” said the doctor, taking his god-daughter upon his knees again, “ when you were going to sleep, with your head on your pillow, did you not say to yourself, ‘ This dear god-father! with whom will he play his back-gammon in Paris ? ’ ”

Ursula arose, as if the trumpet of the last judgment had sounded in her ears; she uttered a cry of terror; her large eyes looked at the old man with horror-stricken fixity.

“ *Who are you, my god-father? Whence do you hold such a power?* ” asked she, imagining that, as he did not believe in God, he must have made a compact with the angel of Hell.

“ What did you sow yesterday, in the garden ? ”

“ Mignonette, sweet peas, balsamine,”—

“ And last of all, larkspur ? ”

She fell upon her knees.

“ Do not frighten me, my god-father, but you were here, were you not ? ”

“ Am I not always with you ? ” asked the doctor, jestingly, in respect for the reason of this innocent girl. “ Let us go to thy chamber.”

He gave her his arm, and they went up stairs.

“ Your legs tremble, my good friend,” said she.

“ Yes, I am left as one thunderstruck.”

“ Will you then at last believe in God ? ” cried she, with ingenuous joy, showing the tears in her eyes.

The old man looked at the chamber, so simple and so coquettish, which he had arranged for Ursula. On the floor, a green carpet exquisitely clean; on the walls, a grey linen papering, sprinkled with roses and their green leaves; at the window, which looked upon the court, were calico curtains fringed with a rose-colored stuff; between the two windows under a high glass a pier table of

gilded wood covered with marble, on which was a blue vase of Sevres porcelain, in which she placed bouquets; and in front of the chimney, a little bureau of exquisite inlaid work, with a cover of that sort of marble called the breccia of Aleppo. The bed, in old chintz, and with chintz curtains lined with rose, was one of those beds *a la duchesse*, so common in the 18th century; its ornaments were a tuft of plumes sculptured above the four-fluted columns at each corner. An old pendulum, enclosed in a kind of monument in shell, encrusted with arabesques in ivory, decorated the mantle-piece, which, with its marble torches, and the pier-glass with its corners on a gray ground, produced a remarkable unison of tone, color and manner. A large clothes-press, the doors of which were covered with natural landscapes in miniature formed by the receiving of divers woods, some of which had shades of green in their veining, now no longer found in commerce, doubtless contained her linen and her dresses.

There breathed in this chamber a perfume of heaven. The exact arrangement of things attested a spirit of order, a sense of harmony, that must have struck the dullest soul. You saw, especially, how dear to Ursula were the objects which environed her, and how she delighted in a chamber which storied and held in remembrance all her life, which had cradled the child and which canopied the maiden.

Now, passing in review the points touched upon by the sorceress, the guardian ascertained that Ursula's window looked into Madame Portenduère's house. During the night, he had meditated how he should behave with Ursula, relatively to the secret surprise of this growing passion. He could not question her without compromising himself, for either he must approve or disapprove this love, and he was not yet prepared to do either. He had resolved to examine the respective situations of the young Portenduère and Ursula, in order to know whether he ought to combat this inclination before it became irresistible. Only an old man could display so much sagacity. Still panting from the shock of the magnetic facts, he was turning over everything in his mind, and questioning the least objects in this chamber; he wished to look at the almanac hanging at the chimney corner.

"These heavy chandeliers are too clumsy for your pretty little hands?" said he, taking up the marble chandeliers with copper mountings. He weighed them in his hands, looked at the almanac,

took it, and said: "This looks ugly too; why do you keep this common business almanac in this darling chamber?"

"Oh! leave it with me, god-father."

"No, you shall have another to-morrow."

He carried down stairs with him this piece of conviction, locked himself in his cabinet, looked out Saint Savinien, and found, as the somnambulist had said, a little red point before the 19th of October; he saw another against the day of Saint Denis, his own patron, and before Saint John, that of the curate. This point, as large as a pin's head, the sleeping woman had seen, notwithstanding the distance and intervening objects. The old man meditated until evening upon these events, still more immense for him than for another. He was obliged to give in to the evidence. A strong wall thus crumbled, so to speak, within himself, for he lived sustained upon two bases—his indifference in matters of religion, and his denial of magnetism. In proving that the senses, organs of a purely physical structure, all the effects of which were explicable, terminated in some of the attributes of the infinite, magnetism reversed, or at least appeared to him to reverse the powerful argument of Spinoza: the infinite and the finite, two elements incompatible, according to this great man, were found the one in the other. Whatever power he might accord to the divisibility, to the mobility of matter, he could not recognize in it qualities quasi-divine. And then he was too old to attach these phenomena to a system, and so let them pass farther unheeded, to amuse himself with comparing them with those of light and vision. All his science, based on the assertions of the school of Locke and Condillac, was in ruins! Seeing its hollow idols broken, necessarily his skepticism tottered. Thus all the advantage, in the combat between this Christian childhood and this Voltairian old age, was going to be on Ursula's side. In this dismantled fort, upon these ruins, poured a light. From the midst of fallen columns, the voice of prayer burst forth! Nevertheless, the firm old man recalled his doubts. Struck to the heart, yet undecided, still he struggled against God. But his spirit seemed to waver, he was no longer the same that he had been. Excessively dreamy, he read Pascal's "Thoughts," Bossuet's sublime *History of the Variations*, Bonald, Saint Augustine; he wished also to turn over the works of Swedenborg and of the late St. Martin, of whom the mysterious man had spoken to him. The edifice built in this

man by materialism cracked on all sides; only one shock was needed, and when his heart was ripe for God, he would fall into the celestial vineyard, as fall the fruits. Several times already in the evening when playing with the curate, his god-daughter at their side, he asked questions which, relatively to his opinions, seemed singular to the Abbé Chaperon, still ignorant of the interior labor by which God was redressing this fair conscience.

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THEODORE PARKER.

A DISCOURSE BY M. D. CONWAY.

THE King came from his throne, and wept over the face of the dying prophet, and cried, "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

My friends, the bravest man that trod this continent has fallen!

We can give few details of the event; the latest conversations have not transpired; but we know that when he fell it was with eyes and hands stretched out toward the everlasting summits of virtue and truth, whither o'er crag and torrent his whole life had climbed; we know that his last word was for his life's work, his last sigh for the wronged, his last heart-throb for Justice and Humanity.

It is said he was in his fiftieth year; but I think his life was much longer than that, for such a man stretches hours into years, years into ages. He had lived long enough; he had revealed how, in this self-seeking age, a man could live and love and suffer; he was ready for the voice which said, Come up higher!

Theodore Parker, born August 21, 1810, at Lexington, Mass., was the grand-son of the man who formed the first line of defence and drew the first sword in the war of American Independence. It was John Parker who at Lexington confronted tyranny, at the same time uttering the noble words which have come down to us, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they wish to have war, let it begin here." It was he who captured the first fire arm in the Revolution — a musket which to this day has hung over the desk where Theodore Parker

thought out and wrought out higher revolutions. It was in the same noble spirit, also, that he carried on the battle of moral and intellectual independence. He was a tender, warm-hearted man. When, after his first heretical discourse, he was severely and unkindly reproached at a ministerial conference in Boston, he did not reply; he burst into tears and left the room. But when the assault was not upon himself, but upon Truth and Justice, those who assailed them found that the guns of Lexington were not rusty, but still had their word to say. He also, with the mantle of his ancestor upon him, said, "I will not fire unless that for which I stand is fired upon; but if they wish to have war, let it begin here." It is as the hero and victor in the first engagements of this war that is still waging, and whose issue is not doubtful, that we have gathered to do homage to Theodore Parker and to celebrate his apotheosis.

Mr. Parker's father was an industrious mill-wright, a man of robust health both mental and physical; he had ideas, and fine powers of expression. His mother was a beautiful woman, in person, and had a delicate and poetic nature. These two blended in that wonderful union of womanly tenderness and manliest courage which those who knew Mr. Parker have so often admired in him. I remember well that white day when I first entered his assembly: he rose to pray, and said, "Our Heavenly Father, and our Mother!" — then his voice trembled, and the hearts of the people were bent as before a strong wind.

In his earliest youth those who knew him saw that this man was an organized conscience. They saw Fidelity written on his brow, and Earnestness as the eyebeam of his eye. His parents were poor, his opportunities slight; but Destiny tyrannizes only over those who cower: great avenues are always open for great souls. This boy went from his plow to his Plutarch. When in his seventeenth year, he toiled with his hands, taught a school, and instructed himself in Philosophy, Chemistry and Astronomy. Thus he himself earned the knowledge and the money which enabled him in 1830 to enter the Freshman class of Harvard University. When he had attained this end, for which he had long striven, he resolved to make the most of it; knowing that he had not the means of continuing the full University course. In that one Freshman year he finished all the studies of the Sophomore and Junior years, adding to this immense acquisition a large ac-

quaintance with the English classics and the Mathematics, not required by the College course.

The next year (1831) was spent in Boston, where he taught Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, for fifteen dollars a month and his board. At this time he mastered French, Spanish and German, by which I mean that he could read and write in those languages with ease. From 1832 to 1834 he taught a private school at Watertown, where he passed from the portals of the languages to their Literatures. Here he entered into the great deeps of German Thought and Theology, his acquaintance with which was not surpassed by that of any living man. Here also he studied Hebrew, so that he was able to enter the Divinity College at Cambridge with one year's advance. During the two years in which he remained at this school he added to the regular theological studies a knowledge of Italian, Portuguese and modern Greek.

In 1837, Theodore Parker, with the libraries of all nations in his head, with the second Revolution of America in his heart, was settled over a small rural parish in West Roxbury, near Boston. Six years did he here wait upon his Destiny, living a pure and healthy life with Nature, ever growing but not yet grown beyond the Church-roof that was above him, and which, thanks to Dr. Channing, was of a pretty high pitch.

But those six years were six forming epochs of his history, over which the spirit of Life was brooding. Then and there the great Ideas for which he afterward lived throbbled like waking Titans within him. Then and there it was that, despite all his efforts at retaining it, the old Theology opened in fearful chasms under his feet, and each thing on which he set his foot, hoping it would prove a rock, crumbled beneath his strong step.

This is always a period of terrible suffering to a heart that aspires to be true both to itself and to others. It is a time when the affections cling to every plank of the old wreck so fiercely, that they fail to see, at once, the solid shore of Truth near by, with the beacon lights above. It was then that this young thinker resolved to pause. He confided his state of mind only to his intimate friends, and asked leave of absence of his congregation at West Roxbury. The next year, 1843-4, was spent in Europe, and was not occupied in idle travel, but rather in deep intercourse with the Scholars and Thinkers of the World, and in deep drinking at the Springs of Learning. Then it was that he gained as steadfast

friends such men as Strauss and De Wette, Carlyle and Martineau. He returned with elastic spirit, his mind clear, his purpose strong; and Boston was ere long startled by a blast at which its theological walls shuddered to their foundations. The dismay was occasioned by a discourse delivered in 1845 by Mr. Parker, at the ordination of a young minister at South Boston: this discourse was entitled "The transient and the permanent in Christianity," and the theme was that the Spirit of Truth and Rectitude which Christianity represents naturally took its body from the age in which it was born or any through which it passed; that thus it might be connected with miraculous legends in one age, or with Platonic speculations in another; that these must necessarily pass away, before new ages and the introduction of new races with new elements; but that, above this fluctuating tide of the ages, real Christianity must remain strong as Gibraltar — that Christianity being the perfect idea of God as a Father, and the Golden Rule. This was what Mr. Parker termed "the absolute religion;" it existed in all religions, and was more fully expressed by Christ; it was absolute, because the flight of ages did not bring man to the limits of its truth or its application, and because it was not dependent on sacraments that Jews might have fixed upon it, or rites borrowed by Bishops from Greek and Roman altars. It was the generalization of all Religions. I have dwelt a little on the central idea of this discourse of Mr. Parker's, because it furnished the keynote of his subsequent life, his ministry having been devoted to its advocacy with all the eloquence, energy and learning with which he was endowed.

I need not here repeat the history, so shameful to the Unitarian Church, of the reception which this larger view met. His own pen, as the light of life was fading, was devoted to that record, so faithful, so terrible. One can only blush that a party of comparative sciolists, of men whose knowledge had been pumped into them from the Harvard reservoir, should dare to pronounce judgment on one who had drunk in the dew and rain and sunshine of every sky, and changed them to rich, golden clusters of Learning and Thought. Yet we should bear with his persecutors; they knew not what they did. Four thousand or more persons rushing from their ranks to hear a man who brought Church and State to the awful bar of Reason and Right, was a draft upon human, or, rather, ecclesiastic nature which they were not up to honoring; especially when

the taunt of Orthodoxy added, "Oh, we said what this Channing doctrine would lead to; the next step will be Atheism." Stung by all this, the old Unitarians, feeling that they had the wealth and aristocracy of Boston, if not the people and the intellect, on their side, declared Parker to be a religious leper — declared any one unclean who should shake hands with him. One minister, who was a candidate for a professorship at Cambridge, had an engagement to exchange pulpits with Mr. Parker for a morning. His friends said, "If you exchange with Parker, you had as well withdraw your name." He wrote a note to Mr. Parker, saying that circumstances beyond his control would forbid the exchange. Rev. Mr. Sargent exchanged with him, and was immediately voted out of his pulpit. Rev. Jas. Freeman Clarke did the same, and his church was divided half in two. Wherever he went, the Unitarian detective was after him; he has had the very pulpit from which I am preaching to-night closed in his face. To this fierce ecclesiastical persecution was added that of the politicians who could not endure that Sinai with God's Law flaming about its summit should come out of ancient Judea, where it was almost forgotten, and be established as a Nineteenth Century institution in Boston. So Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Hallet, Mr. Hilliard and others, on whom Mr. Parker had exercised that anatomical skill unsurpassed in any age, made common cause with the Unitarian Association.

But I need not dwell on this. You all know how this relentless wrath pursued him to the grave. You remember that when this man went forth to a foreign land to die, it was with the imprecatory prayers of the Revivalists upon his head, that God would put "a hook in his jaw;" and that when a few of his brethren sought last year to gain from the meeting of the Alumni of the Unitarian School one kind word which might soothe his heart as life was ebbing away, the Resolution was rejected with scorn. Yet to these very men how often had Theodore Parker exercised that charity which "seeketh not its own." When our class, the class of 1854, was about to graduate, the majority of us were radicals, and all of us had an admiration for Mr. Parker. We thought of inviting him to deliver the annual address at our graduation: that would have been done had it not been for Mr. Parker himself, who said to us, "I should rejoice to do it; but the professors have already been much embarrassed at the reputation of your class for

radicalism, and this would embarrass them further ; get a liberal man less notorious than myself—Dr. Furness, for instance.” We took his advice, and Dr. Furness delivered the address. After us there came a class which cared less about embarrassing the Faculty ; one which, without consulting Mr. Parker, voted to invite him to deliver their address. The Faculty, contrary to the rights of the Alumni and the law of the University, refused to allow him to address them. The young men stood their ground ; and there was no address that year, but a very eloquent silence. And these were the men who under the standard of Channing had stood forth against orthodoxy for the rights of conscience ! Legitimate descendants, one would say, of Puritans who fled from religious oppression in the old world to imprison and scourge Quakers in the new.

Through all this Parker bore himself bravely ; his public and his private life a path of unsullied light. When he was reviled, he reviled not again ; all that severity and sarcasm of which so much has been said, being reserved for those who wronged Humanity and Truth ; you will find none of it leveled at any merely personal assault upon himself. But as the poet says, “ Head-winds are right for royal sails ; ” this opposition did but call forth that unequalled energy for which he was remarkable, and unsealed within him deep wells of vitality which sent their life-streams through the world. This very opposition has made the dark background for the whiteness of his life and the lightning of his thought. On the sad morning when that one electric line of the telegraph sent its shudder throughout the land, the sun rose with clouds about it ; with those clouds it struggled during the greater part of the day. At last they were beaten down under his rays, and the light-flood filled the earth,—whilst the clouds crept slowly on Westward. Then when the sunset came, it was made gorgeous by those very clouds : they gathered in golden pavilions about it, in seas of crystal. It is the clouds that make the beautiful sunset. Then I thought how like this was the life and death of this gifted and true man. So did he struggle up over the clouds which sought to obscure his rising light, so did he triumph over them ; and it is the very clouds which gathered about him, the persecutions which he endured so bravely, that reflect the radiance of that sun which set in Florence. No unclouded sunsets are they which lift the eyes of men heavenward, and cause them to say, Beautiful, beautiful !

On Earth he was the chariot of Israel ; and in a chariot of Holy

Fire he passed upward, praying that his mantle might fall on some one who should finish his work in America. He said: "Of course you know I am not afraid to die, though I wished to live and do much work which I longed to do. I had great powers committed to me, and I have but half used them." Then without a struggle this noble man ceased to breathe. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace! One who stood near writes, "I have never seen death under a form so devoid of terror."

There are two aspects in which the life and character of Theodore Parker are to be viewed:

First, his Humanity. I need not here give those views which were so frankly and boldly announced to the world. I have only to say, however, that this man gave no mere lip-service to the suffering and oppressed: all the money which he could save from a moderate salary, an enlargement of which he several times opposed, was divided between the purchase of books which he needed, and the poor. He did not only plead for the fugitives, but kept them in his house—a house which was their castle in more senses than one.

When, in 1852, I was preparing to leave Virginia for Cambridge, a woman belonging to my father secretly requested me to find out her husband, who had fled from a neighboring estate several years before, and was, as she thought, in Boston. When I reached Boston, I inquired of the late Ephraim Peabody, under whose care I was in a manner placed, if he could assist me in finding this fugitive slave. "I can not," he replied, "and I do not know any one who can, unless it be Theodore Parker." I asked him if he could introduce me to Mr. Parker. "You will need no introduction," he answered. So I went down to Mr. Parker's, told him who I was and what I wished. He rose up and went with me through all the negro-quarters, and the hiding-places of fugitives in the city. Then I knew, for the first time, how far the generous pulses of that great heart were felt. Every room into which we entered was hushed with reverence, as if a god had entered; tears flowed down many a dusky cheek, as his hand was clasped. He said to some of them, "This is a Virginian, seeking a fugitive; but you need not be afraid of him." They replied, "You need not say that, as he is with you." As he left each humble roof which he had helped to comfort, the fervent "God

bless you" which started from their hearts brought tears to my eyes; and for many days I could think of but one passage in the Bible: "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him; because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his justice was a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind, feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor; and the cause which he knew not he searched out. He brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

The second aspect of his life and character is theological. It is asserted, but erroneously, that Theodore Parker was merely a destructive in Theology. Once or twice in the year some great Falsity needed a great Denial; and he did not shrink from the duty because it was uncongenial. But the great drift of his ministry was affirmative, and not negative. It was the cant of the church that he pulled down without building up—that he took away that upon which the world reposed without putting anything in its place; but it came from those who did not go to hear what he put in the place of the error he demolished, and who placed under a ban the works he issued.

Any man of common sense, who has read Theodore Parker's works, knows they are two-thirds constructive. It is due to him that the common sense of this country is not utterly atheistic. The only Theism and Future Life which a man of sense can believe in, have been more firmly established by Mr. Parker than by any other writer of this century. The great truth of perpetual inspiration has been affirmed by him; and the heroism and wisdom of Jesus was a favorite theme with him.

I know Mr. Parker did deny. I will not stop here to show up, as it deserves, the sophistry of those who say that a man should not take away anything, unless he has something to put in its place: which is the same as if one should say that a man should not pull down a falling and dangerous house, unless he has a house ready-built to put in its place. Mr. Parker obeyed the great and stern voice of Truth within him: denied where it bade him deny. He found the religious world in chaos; and he was not like the conservative of whom some one said, that had he been present at

creation, he would have cried, "Good God, chaos will be destroyed!" He knew that the destruction of chaos was the formation of Eden, the Garden of God. He knew that the pangs of perishing Error gave birth to the holy child, Truth. I had for more than a year the privilege of attending Mr. Parker's ministry, and can bear witness that though that voice, now stilled in death, sometimes was a blast at which the Jerichos of Error fell, it was oftener the Orphic strain to which the hundred-gated cities of Truth arose.

Bear with me, friends, in one more personal reminiscence. The last time I ever saw Mr. Parker was on a beautiful day, when we walked, with no other companion, through a noble grove about twenty miles from Boston. When we came to the fine outlet of the wood, he lay down upon the green sward. After a long pause, in which the serene landscape was pouring its beauty into every sense, he spoke these very words in that solemn and tender voice which was the only gift of outward eloquence that Nature had bestowed upon him—he said, "There is a miracle-sense in man which should be respected; man is too near to the Divine mystery of existence not to clutch at anything that seems to declare it. At present he feeds that mystic part of him, that miracle-sense, with old Church legends and fables, as a man who can not get bread will eat grass rather than starve; but when man has grown so far as to see God in that flower, to love him in that blue sky, and to read his Scripture in the deep intuitions of his own heart, Nature will so rise as a miraculous dawn above him, that all the little watchfires of miracle kindled by the Church will sink into pale ashes."

The young men whom he helped up to this higher miracle, for whom he unbarred the portals of Nature and the Soul which the Church had closed, the poor and the wronged whom he had helped, these will cry out with me, "My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" For God's Israel in every age are those who are pressing out from the Egypts of Bondage and Superstition toward the promised lands of Liberty and Truth. It is they who in every age are able to turn their backs upon the seductive flesh-pots of Wrong, and follow Right even into wildernesses. Of these, this man who has fallen was the chariot and horsemen—the warrior in strife, he drew the burthens of the peaceful day. He was the Father who begot intellectual upon civil freedom: yes, he was childless, that every independent thinker might call him

Father. My friends, I call not upon you to adopt any man's peculiar convictions, but to admire that which is sublime in character, heroic in achievement. Here was one on whom the finger of God was laid as he followed the plow on an obscure New England farm : he turned and took the burthen of life upon his shoulders, not knowing but that it would crush him much sooner than it did. Up through the cloud and the darkness and the lightnings he pressed to the mountain-height of his faith ; below stretched the dreary waste of the wilderness, seeming to say, " You must leave every friend, every helper, for this desert path ; the flowers of Boston and Harvard do not bloom out here ;" then he looked to the pillar of duty which God had set to guide him — even that was a cloud on his day, and at night a consuming fire even whilst it illumined the way. Yet the chariot of Israel did not falter, its horsemen did not shrink from the conflict. So on, on he pressed ; until lo, his feet tread the verge of the dark Jordan of death ; but here his courage is full, the light of life is glorious upon his brow. He had laid his all upon the altar of truth ; heart and brain were a willing sacrifice ; the fire from Heaven which was in him, had consumed that sacrifice. He had worn himself out for his cause. But, ah, what a pillow was there beneath that dying head ! A pillow made of earnest devotion, of kind deeds, of love strong and unwearyed ; for a man's life passes to be the pillow of his dying hour.

Softly, softly, friends ; the death bed of a holy man is a sacred place. Oh, could we but see the visions pouring their dayspring on the closing eyes ! Could we but know of that unseen heart on which he is resting, of that invisible arm which encircles him !

And thus sets life's evening-star to rise as the morning-star of Eternity.



**MEN** think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times ; man's choicest privilege ; his highest possession ; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for anything, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously — a devil could do that ; but to live divinely is man's work. — *Theodore Parker.*

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Mill on the Floss.* By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede." New York: Harper & Bros. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

Any work by Marian Evans is always a welcome guest to the knowing circles. For many years known to us through her admirable translations of Feuerbach and Strauss, we are delighted to draw near to the original resources of so gifted a woman. Our author has every kind of ability, — imagination, drollery, delicacy, sympathy. Sir Philip Sydney's muse has also whispered to her, "Look into thy heart and write." So the result is in Adam Bede and in the Mill on the Floss, the vital play of character, the portrayal of the dominant passions and motives of real men and women. Besides, this writer has originality; her characters seem to have gradually and through many years engraved themselves on her mind, and thus they are not conventional. Show us another woman who could put out a story of this length and interest, whose main theme is a sister's self-devotion, and not the old story that we need not name!

As an artist, our author can paint portraits, but her groupings are defective; besides which, her backgrounds are black as thunder-clouds. But Mr. Reade tells us not to expect Handelas, Leonardas, Angelas, and we believe he is right: how can women be artists, when they are the natural inspirations and subjects of art?

*The Semi-Detached House.* Edited by Lady THERESA LEWIS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

A noble-woman's demonstration of how untitled people may so behave as to be really noble, and how nobility may so behave as to be vulgar. Lady Theresa has spelt out into an exceedingly entertaining set of characters, old Wycherley's saying, "I weigh the man, not his title: 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better." Or, if our readers prefer Burns' later version of it,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp—  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

We could not, however, help, on reading the account of the Sampsons — Jews selected by Lady L. to indicate titled vulgarity — remembering the explanation given by an Israelite of the Wandering Jew: "That being, forever wandering through the world, leaving his traces on every shore, passing amidst all nations, never resting, undying, — that being is *hatred of the Jews.*"

*Political Debates between Hon. Abraham Lincoln and Hon. S. A. Douglas, etc., etc.* Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

The father of the Republican party was one Franklin Pierce. He being called to an early grave, gave the child into the keeping of James Buchanan. These two have raised the said infant to be the strongest power in the nation, to-day. Another democratic administration would make even Republicanism too tame for the demands of the American people. Even now, we see that the two prominent candidates at Chicago were those who had said the hardest and truest things against slavery, such men as Chase,

McLean, and Bates being obviously behind the movement, however well they would have done before Buchanan's time.

The politicians have underrated the anti-slavery feeling of this country. Mr. Seward, before his return from Europe, was the inevitable Chicago nominee: and why? Because his name had become associated with the two finest watch-words of the great struggle in America, to-wit: "Higher Law," and "Irrepressible Conflict." These watch-words would have nominated him and carried him on to freedom; but when he returned he showed that he was himself not up to them: he made a forcible-feeble speech at Washington, in which he belied his heart by saying that John Brown had been justly hung. Then the tide of the only real heart in the political mass ebbed away, and left him high and dry on the shore of his enemies.

Then they took a man who had also said "irrepressible conflict," and caught him before he had a chance to go to Washington and unsay it. Him they nominated, and here are his speeches, very properly and quickly placed before the public by the enterprising publishers of Columbus. On reading them, we have come to the conclusion that Mr. Lincoln would, if elected, do the country almost as much good as another democratic administration. The democratic administration would probably settle the slavery question sooner, but it would do it by bringing on dissolution, or, perhaps, war. Mr. Lincoln's method is suggested in the following paragraph from his speech in this city, last fall — a speech, by the way, which we had the good fortune to hear, and a more able one we may live long and not hear:

"I think we want and must have a national policy, in regard to the institution of slavery, that acknowledges and deals with that institution as *being wrong*. Whoever desires the prevention of the spread of slavery, and the naturalization of that institution, yields all when he yields to any policy that either recognizes slavery as being right, or as being an indifferent thing. Nothing will make you successful but setting up a policy which shall treat the thing as being wrong. When I say this, I do not mean to say that this General Government is charged with the duty of redressing or preventing all the wrongs in the world, but I do think it is charged with the duty of preventing and redressing all wrongs which are wrongs to itself. The Government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare. We believe that the spreading out AND PERPETUITY of the institution of slavery impairs the general welfare."

It is obvious that an administration, in accordance with this strongly-put principle, would do all that any policy which retained the Union at all could do, for the abolition of slavery — that is, the whole *animus* of the country would be for freedom; the tide of official and popular influence would set that way. A spirit must seek its appropriate body; and the spirit of the country being for freedom, it could not be long before it would organize itself into a free government. We think Mr. Lincoln sees all this; if not, he is "building better than he knows." Surely, it is something to look forward to the inauguration of a President who has said, "There is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence — the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man."

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*Disquisitions and Notes on the Gospels: Matthew.* By JOHN H. MORISON. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

The work of a reader rather than a scholar, of an honest-minded man rather than a thinker, this book meets a want of the time far deeper than any intellectual or critical want. What the right and left wings of The-

ology, as they are termed, need most of all is, that they should pause and say, with Orestes: *Between us be Truth*. We say to the supernaturalist, Believe the miracles if you will, but in God's name do not try to make out that the New Testament is an ancient work an Transcendentalism, as Paulus or Kingsley would pretend: to the anti-supernaturalist, Deny what you will, but do not palter in a double sense, and claim that St. John only anticipated Theodore Parker. Let us all face the plain facts in the case, first of all, accept the just meaning of plain words, agree that black is black and white white. Very much of the *odium theologicum* of the day is owing to an attempt at trickery and disguise. We welcome, then, this rare thing — an honest theological work! Mr. Morison does not try to make out that this or that one was asleep, when the Bible plainly means they were dead; nor to evade the miraculous conception, or the rising of the dead from their graves at the crucifixion. This work might be termed, *A Manual of Honest Interpretation*.

*Et Fureidis*. By the author of "The Lamp-Lighter." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.

This is a very charming story of how a handsome young Englishman won a fascinating Oriental wife. On this thread, however, the scenes of Eastern beauty and life are strung. The author sketches finely, and, one would expect, accurately; for, she says, "Thompson has unfolded to me the details of Syrian life; Churchill has lured me into the mountains of Lebanon; Chasseaud has, by his fascinations, compelled me to linger there," etc., etc. We suspect, however, that the journey was begun in the dear old reign of Caliph Al Raschid, and has since gone on *via* Rasselas, the Happy Valley, and More's Utopia. Oriental tales have been rather angelic in their visits, since Hope's "Anastasius;" but here is one, out and out. Sometimes we can describe its effects, however, only in the language of the Western orator, who said of something that "it combined Eastern splendor with Oriental magnificence." Do the young Englishmen who take the early train to Damascus meet their Havilahs bearing antique pitchers to the fountains, accompanied by lustrous-eyed gazelles? Do the guides, when asked whether they know the way, reply, "Does the camel of the desert know the water-spring? and can the eagle find its nest?"

*The Church of the First Three Centuries; or, Notices of the Lives and Opinions of some of the early Fathers, with special reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, illustrating its late origin and gradual formation.* By ALVAN LAMSON, D.D. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. 1860. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.

Like a white-bearded Rip Van Winkle, this book comes among our living interests and present cares, and must produce a respectful smile everywhere but in Boston, where, it seems, life is so long that they can throw away thirty years of experience, and begin afresh where Freeman and Channing began. But life is not so long elsewhere; there are *some* things, we must protest, that we *do* know; consequently we ask, with Mencius, "Why do you speak so much to the point, of that which is nothing to the point?" Why should Dr. Lamson raise up the shades of Justin, Tatian, or Origen, and bring them or their opinions across our path? Why not tell us of opinions which live, and of men who live in them? It is like telling us of gopher-wood and shitim-wood, who are surrounded with maple and oak. It is when such works as this, and Huntington's last, and the long replies thereto, come to us from the modern Ath — Alexandria, that we think of the old story of one who, being asked what the two professors of a certain Theological School were doing, replied: "One is milking the barren heifer, and the other is holding the sieve underneath."