

The Romance  
of  
Celas;

The Florentine Heroes  
and  
The Three Female Thinkers of the Chasm.

By Dr. Solomon Spalding

That which hath been is now; and that which  
is to be, hath already been: and God requireth that  
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Printed at \* \* \*

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## Preface

If, in presenting to the public, an original romance of the heavens, the work should prove to be kept within the rational limits of Scriptural, Astronomical and Philosophical authorities; the author will escape the censure of all, except certain fastidious critics who cannot believe bible facts, only as they are communicated in the identical style of Prince James' Bible. — Most of the prejudices against works of the imagination are founded upon the lamentable fact, that such works in general have an immortal tendency. But who does not know that a lively imagination is essential to genius, in the powers of invention, as well as sublime oratory and poetry? It is in vain, that the pulpit orator attempts to point us to the golden city above, unless his rhetorical figures lift our souls up on the wings of the imagination and carry us away to those blissful regions: or, in other words, unless he produces ideal presence and gives us things themselves instead of words:— Our corporal powers are limited to a very small compass. Shall this compass circumscribe our mental powers and chain our imaginations to our own footsteps? This would annihilate the intellectual man and convert him into a brute:— Fishes swim in the water— birds fly in the air, but spirits ride upon the wings of the imagination. The author has merely attempted to draw a picture of what his own imagination has conceived to be consistent with those scarcely revealed notions of angels and blessed spirits who enjoy a better inheritance than this planet is generally supposed to furnish— Philip Doddridge says "the visions of John the Revelator, are merely images that passed in his imagination at the time" yet he adds, "they may be aerial ~~phantoms~~ spectres formed by divine or angelic power. Thomas Dick has given us his views of the power and majesty of God: and suggests the idea of a central throne some where in the

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universe, from whence proceed all power and goodness; and even in the character of Mediatorial and ministering servants sends out to numberless worlds, the means of redeeming grace and mercy. The author of the present work presumes not to go beyond the sketch given by Mr. Dick; but merely attempts to finish the picture by romance, in order to fill up a great blank that presents itself to almost every son and daughter of Adam. By presenting the picture in the character of real life, he hopes to entertain all readers; to reclaim lifeless back-sliders; lessen the prejudices of infidels; puzzle theologians and feast the real christian and philanthropist who believe in both the justice and mercy of an all seeing God.

He has only to regret his want of an extensive library for references and an ability to perfect a work which in a future day will fill a conspicuous place in every man's library. It is highly desirable that some loftier genius; a more mature scholar and metaphysician will touch the same golden strings with a more skillful text and melt the stoney mountains into pleasant and fertile plains.

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Introduction

To most persons, the vast regions of Western North America appear like a fruitless waste of territory, unoccupied by intelligent beings, and waiting with a sort of inert impatience for the coming of civilized man, to prostrate the sturdy oak and whispering pine, and convert them into habitations for the recipients of refinement, taste and literature. To the sound of the ope, the plowman's whistle and schoolboy's sports would form a delightful contrast with its present condition: But the God of Nature is in its mountains, lakes, rivers and plains and now and then inspires the breezes of Oregon with the music of heaven. The slave of ambition and the servant of avarice are deaf to its charms; while to them the only stimulus is power and wealth.

The contemplative imagination, aided by historical and geological facts, sees here, one vast burial place of nations now no longer known only as they once fell asleep in the far off abyss of antiquity. That they do not all sleep yet, is sufficiently evident from the fact, that every thing and every creature except man, perfectly subserves the purpose for which it was created. Man alone is exempt from eternal sleep: Being created in the image of God, having powers of imagination by which he can soar away from all created things, and light upon some sweet promise of eternal felicity, where fading and transitory things are exchanged for those of an endless duration. He never sleeps: 'Tis but the earthen bowl that fails and the frail tenement wants rest, while Nature like a potter faithful to its own, now mends us up again.

At length the vessel breaks and moulders with the dust, but he who sits above all nature and first lent the glowing emanation of himself, will never let the sacred spark in dark corruption rest.

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and soon ~~ly~~ found my feet traversing the base of a great cleft of the mountain which opened a communication for the direct rays of the setting sun: I now increased my speed with the intention of finding a lovely nights lodging in some romantic spot, where never yet the eye of man had witnessed the profusion of God's handy work-

manship. Here I trusted I should be visited with an uncommon share of ethereal meditation, and that being undisturbed I should enjoy all my thoughts as distinctly as tho' they were sublime realities..

The sun was soon lost to my view, and the exceeding great height of the rocks over my head, soon enveloped my foot(-) steps in the most impenetrable darkness.. Danger seemed now alone to have dominion over me, and the paroxism of revery to which I had submitted myself was now changed to a horrible reality-- Should I continue my course, some unknown fissure might receive me down into fathomless depths below: and to return would

be equally dangerous, for I had already passed some ~~the~~ fearful precipices; while from wild beasts I was equally insecure, as their night vision gives them so great advantage over humans in the dark: I was seized with tremor and a cold sweat covered my brow. My agony for the moment was extreme. But that hope in immorta(1-)

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He visited me in this dark retreat, and brought consolation to my troubled soul. I felt perfectly safe for I knew that my Redeemer liveth— I knelt; and while the spirit of prayer and thanksgiving flowed from my grateful heart like a broad river, my ears were saluted with angelic music. I ceased from my devotional exercises when a voice called to me and said, "Friend! this night is redemption commenced in the Rocky Mountains and the shaking shall not cease till all the dry bones in the Valley of Oregon shall be clothed upon and a nation shall arise to bless God in the spirit of holiness." Who art thou? said I, and what hast thou to do with me in the name of the Lord? He said "Come and see" At this instant I beheld a beautiful young man clothed in a long robe with a princely coronet upon his head, a brilliant lamp in one hand and a golden harp in the other. I followed him through an oblique opening among the rocks till we came to a spacious cavern, illuminated in a high degree with lights of the purest white flame I ever beheld. I was seated amidst a company of dignitaries who evidently possessed an exalted and etherialized mould of intellect, and so far partaking of the nature of the pure angelic spirit; that I was perfectly humbled into silence and submission. I was only constrained to ask, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" The answer was this: "Wait till the narration of our own history shall teach you, and then you will be left to your own choice as when you left your company to pursue the reveries of your imagination."

"After our evening vigils" said the youth "you shall hear more, perhaps, than you hoped to enjoy in your lonely cogitations; and I presume you will not return without some remaining desire to travel with us as long as we travel, and enjoying with us all that is magnificent and glorious in all the universe of intelligent being." Let me not weary your patience, if in telling my own story I should disclose many coincidences of your own life and fortune.

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Cleveland, Choryden, The Escape from Servitude.

After the evening exercises, which were most splendid and melodious, the Youth proceeded as follows: "Sir, my extreme dislike to the character and conduct of Mr. Choryden, and my sincere regard for his injured lady compelled me to form some rash determinations respecting their amiable daughter. Honor was my hobby for I was quite unskilled in the philosophy of love. I strove to be reconciled in the belief that he would make suitable concessions and thereby atone for his past conduct: but this proving in vain, I determined to elope with Adaline early the next morning, if the stage-coach should arrive early enough to give us a passage out before break of day. I gave her intelligence of my design in order to have her in all readiness for the expedition, not knowing how long we should be absent, nor precisely what course we should take. She readily accepted the proposal, and said she would prefer spending the evening in reading, writing and meditation. We accordingly retired to our separate apartments and awaited the ten O'clock bell which was to summon us together again. These two unhappy hours were improved in writing our parting addresses to our friends and companions. The bell rang and we were together with emotions like those of long absent friends. Our sentiments were reciprocal and nothing could prevent a full expression of our thoughts respecting Old Choryden and his unholy course of conduct towards his family. She said she was willing to attempt any expedition that I should assure her was practicable and that would reflect honor upon us both hereafter, if we should return to the Village of Cleveland: and "happy indeed shall I be" she added "if the romantic wheels of fortune should bring about events sufficiently splendid to

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Our first care was to escape: and this undiscovered, for we were both under age, and both under the authority of Mr Choryden. If I were to escape alone: but little forethought would be necessary; but what I conceived to be the most worthy and most abused object under heaven, Miss Adaline must go along too —

About one O'clock our conversation began to grow rather dull from drowsiness and sleep was fast changing my thoughts into realities, when all my contemplated journey, with its formidable evils and unspeakable pleasures passed into rapid succession before my eyes, and I was enjoying <sup>as</sup> rapid succession all the amusements of high life as though I were in London on the king's birthday —

Adaline watched. Her employ was listening for the coach: but suddenly the well known and unexpected footsteps of her father approaching our room frightened her into a hasty exercise of her reasoning faculties. She gave me a pretty smart box upon each ear and then hid herself in the garret — At first I should have thought myself thunderstruck if my better judgement did not tell me it was the soft and silken hand of Adaline.

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"I told him he was mistaken in the person, for it was not I,— I had been to bed these three long hours, and you Mr. Choryden are only walking out in your sleep; pray Sir go to bed. I am sleeping well enough!" "Sleeping well enough.. Sleeping well enough!!" roared out the infuriated merchant: "You impudent rascal! Do you expect to carry into effect your hellish designs with Adaline by means of such ingenuity as this? Be assured I will put a stop to this negotiation if I have to burn my house down over my head, and as to Adaline I will send her to the ends of the earth before I will suffer her to spend so much of her time in your company."—"To the ends of the earth!" said I, that is just where I was going to set out this morning to carry her; and now having her consent and yours too, I will be off about my own business; so good bye Sir. — I closed the door upon him in a moment, ran into the street and shouted the name of Adaline, not expecting to alarm her, but to give the old man occasion to suspect I had already succeeded in getting her off. — I hurried myself to the steam-boat office, took passage on board the Superior bound for Detroit and was off just at the break of day. This was a beautiful morning; such was a one as gives to the sensitive soul the pleasure of existence. This I enjoyed in part but not so fully as one might suspect, who knew not what had taken place. A brisk land breeze, with a pretty heavy steam pressure, soon and almost insensibly carried me beyond the view of my own little village and the wretched abode of the amiable Miss Adaline Choryden. — The passengers on board were principally gentlemen of business, land speculators, merchants, and several families emigrating to the far off West. I considered them strangers and treated them as such, taking

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