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Rebelations of Nature.

Original.

PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY. AN ARGUMENT FROM NATURE.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

PART FIRST.

THE great fact of immortality, comprehending the endless life of the soul in its etherealized and disembodied state, has been conclusively demonstrated to many minds by the sensible tokens of spiritual presence and power, which have been received from the invisible dwellers of the Spirit-home. And there is no thought so satisfactory and consoling to the thirsting heart, as that which points thus unerringly to the unbroken life of man—which shows that the grave is not the resting-place of the spirit, but that the very gate-way of the tomb is an entrance into a more radiant and glorious world. Immortality as a truth, divested of its robe of doubt, and gloom, and horror, shines upon the soul like a majestic sun, beneath whose rays all the budding hopes and flower-like affections may come forth in a fresh and unwithering beauty. And this truth seems to be the primary light which the soul first needs in its development. Without this it reposes in darkness and slumbers in almost a dreamless lethargy; having no ray to illumine the depths of the dark Future, its vision is bounded by the limits of earth and time, and, trembling with fear and doubt, it stands at the door of the sepulcher as waiting to be engulfed in the stream of oblivion. Therefore it is necessary, in order that the powers and energies of the soul may be developed on the earth, that the great fact of immortality should be properly comprehended and internally realized.

In the present article the writer proposes to unfold to some extent the Philosophy of Immortality, as this may be seen in the clear and divine light of Nature. It is evident that, if the endless life of the spirit be a reality, it must rest on a rational and philosophical basis, which is to be found in the very constitution of things. Immortality is not merely a *theological* truth—it does not depend for its support on the testimony of any ancient record—it does not rely even on the

strength of any external fact however demonstrative it may be, but, if it be truth at all, it is a natural and immutable reality which rests on the foundations of Nature itself, and belongs, as an essential attribute, to the very structure of the human spirit. In other words, if man ever shall be immortal, he is immortal *now*, since immortality is not something to be created in the future as a foreign and arbitrary destiny, but an ever-present and eternal fact which has its being, in the bosom of the soul. It is, then, by a calm and careful study of the teachings of Nature, and by an interior investigation of the elements and constitution of the spirit, that we are to arrive at satisfactory conclusions with regard to the immortal nature and indestructible being of Man.

The first thought which needs to be conveyed in the regular discussion of this subject, is that the elements and materials of which the spirit is constructed are contained in the bosom of Nature. By the aid of the physical senses, we are enabled to perceive that Nature is possessed of an external and visible *body*; and now what we desire to affirm and what it will be exceedingly useful to demonstrate, is that Nature is likewise possessed of an internal and unseen *spirit*. It has been already shown by Science that the physical body of Man is derived from the external body of Nature, that being the concentration and embodiment of all the materials that compose the outward universe. If, therefore, it be true that the outward world has produced a corresponding material organism, it follows from the force of analogy that the internal spirit of this world, in case this can be proved to exist, must likewise give birth to a corresponding spiritual organism. The entire system of reasoning in which immortality is to be demonstrated, is thus seen to rest on this one fact, that there is an indwelling spirit in Nature from which the human spirit has been developed, even as also there exist material elements from which the structure of the human body was derived. Let us see if this fact can be successfully proved to the rational mind.

By referring to the various forms of visible matter, we find the constant occurrence of certain phenomena which can not be explained by the action of merely outward elements. For example, the several kingdoms of Nature develop successively the manifestations of motion, life, and sensation. These manifestations imply by necessity the existence of some internal force, since the qualities manifested do not belong to the particles of matter which are visible to the eye;—but what is

this force? The mind can not conceive of force without substance, since in the absence of the latter the former could have neither origin nor basis; and as it is known that force does not originate in external matter, this moving only as it is acted upon, it follows that this is the result of some internal essence which is inappreciable to the senses. Motion may be shown to exist even in the solid rock, for by this principle it is caused ultimately to dissolve and crumble into finer forms; but if motion exists in the rock, then there must be something there to be moved, else there could be no motion, and this something can be explained only as the interior and impalpable substance by which the rock is pervaded, inasmuch as no change can be observed in the visible particles of this body, except as an ultimate effect. So the phenomena of life are manifested in vegetable creations; but, though we can behold the effects of this principle in the verdure of the plant or the beautiful tints of the flower, we can not with our eyes perceive the cause from which those effects proceed, and we are forced to conclude that this cause, being a hidden power, must be the operation of some interior substance,—thus viewing life as simply the movement of the spiritual essence with which all animated forms are pervaded. And as life is an effect of the vegetable structure, so sensation is an attribute of the animal organism; but sensation does not reside in the bone, in the muscle, or even in the nerve itself, but results from the motion of that invisible and refined magnetism with which the brain and nerves of the animal are charged. It is thus convincingly shown that the phenomena of motion, life, and sensation, manifested in the several departments of Nature, are absolutely dependent on the presence and action of an indwelling soul or essence, which is diffused through even the grossest forms of earth.

Standing as it were on the surface of creation, the earthly man can have cognizance only of the most material and superficial elements; and it ought not to be supposed that he can comprehend in this narrow sphere of perception all the divine realities of being. But through the deductions of reason, the soul may be led to the realization of those interior forces and principles which lie beneath the visible elements of Nature; and in the investigation of these forces and principles, it will be led still further to recognize the presence of that elementary and spiritual substance—diffused through the very pores of outward matter—which constitutes the necessary basis of all visible effects. It is indeed quite impossible to avoid a perception of this spirit in Nature, if the mind will reason consistently from the premises already furnished in existing effects. We see around us in the physical world the perpetual and universal evidences of motion, and we find the results of this principle in forms where no outward movements can be observed, as in the mineral and the plant; but what moves?—not the form itself which we observe—not even the visible particles of which the form is composed, and yet there is motion, as is proved by the changes which take place as ultimate effects from the action of this principle. Shall we say that this motion, manifesting itself in all visible phenomena, is simply a principle—a law, hidden in the depths of matter and working out sensible effects on the surface? This may be readily admitted; but if motion exists as a principle or law in the heart of any outward form, then the conclusion can not be avoided that there is something within that form which moves, since the principle could not exist without the action of a substance; and if this substance which moves, whether in the rock, plant, or animal, is not visible, then it must be invisible; if it is not tangible, then it must be intangible; if it is not material, then it must be spiritual.

That the interior essence which makes the life and motion of the outer world can not be grasped by the senses, is no valid objection to the fact of its existence. It is the surface only of material bodies which can be seen by the eye, but beneath this may exist many gradations of refined matter which are not within the sphere of sensuous perception. For instance the substance known as coal can be viewed by the eye only as a rough, angular, and rock-like mineral, which presents no visible indications of interior forces; and yet, when subjected to the process of combustion, this very substance is found to contain within it certain powerful gases which are exhaled in flame. And even in transparent glass through which the perceptions seem to pass with ut-

obstruction, and within which no internal substance is apparent, may be demonstrated, in the most simple manner, the presence and power of the electric essence. Numerous other substances might also be mentioned, in which the existence of similar invisible forces has been disclosed by philosophical experiment. But the gases and electricity are to be considered only as so many gradations in the soul of Creation. We have no right to pause here, and say that these comprehend the whole of the pervading essence; but, having once descended beneath the reach of the senses on the basis of scientific discovery, we can find no resting-place until we reach the very presence of the Divine Spirit. The truth is, that, to render the Universe a complete whole as it manifestly is, there must exist certain unbroken links of being, extending from the outermost to the innermost of creation, uniting the surface with the heart—the body with the soul; and when these links are once fully recognized, reaching down as they do to the most secret sources of life and motion, we shall be led irresistibly to the perception and acknowledgement of that spiritual essence which is the very breath and atmosphere of the great Positive Mind. The power of this essence is necessary to the very being of created forms. In the absence of this, Nature would become stagnant and dead—the pulsations of its mighty heart would cease forever, and the subtile life-currents would flow no more through its myriad arteries.

Let us now apply the argument. Nature, as a united and indissoluble body, is composed of both material elements and spiritual essences. This proposition has been already sufficiently demonstrated. Now it is known that there exist certain established principles and forces, by which the material elements of nature become ultimately organized in the physical structure of man. In the human body is presented an organic combination of all the elements which compose the outward universe; and this, let it be observed, is not the result of mere chance, but the certain and legitimate effect of unalterable tendencies existing in the very nature of things. Such, then, are the ultimate use and end of the material or outward elements of the universe. But we must not forget that there are also spiritual essences, residing within and beneath the external forms of matter; and the question arises, are not these essences governed by the same laws and forces by which the material elements are controlled? The answer must be made affirmatively. There is but one general tendency manifested in every department of Nature, which tendency is in the direction of a perfect individualization of all its component elements. Hence it follows as a just and legitimate conclusion, that the spiritual essences of matter, must, by virtue of established laws, become ultimately embodied in a spiritual organic structure, even as the external elements become organized in a corresponding physical body. I may say then triumphantly to the skeptic,—show to me the principles by which the outward body has been constructed from the existing materials of the universe, and I will show to you the method by which a spiritual form is organized within that body, by an application of the same principles. The necessity in both cases is equally positive and unavoidable, and so the results in both must be the same. Thus, descending from what we know through the senses to what we may know with equal certainty through the reason, we may feel that as there is a spirit in Nature so also is there a spirit in Man.

In this conclusion is presented a substantial basis on which the great thought of Immortality may be safely reared. If there is something more of man than a mere mass of clay—if there is an internal organism within the crumbling body—if there is a living spirit enshrined within the falling temple, then from the very ashes of the tomb may rise the white-robed angel, that shall wing its way to a more sunny bower. Since spirit is the very source of life, and, when organized in the human frame, becomes the seat of consciousness and power, it surely must soar beyond the shadowy realm of Death and smile in triumph on the vale of Time.

EMULATION, or the desire to excel others, is not a virtue. It is only when we love and seek excellence for its own sake, that it refines and exalts the character.

EFFECTS OF EMPLOYMENT ON HEALTH.

BY L. V. NEWTON, M. D.

WE adopt this title for what we propose to say at present, though the subject of human health is one that embraces within its scope air and climate; locality; seasons; food; clothing; exercise; sleep, and many conditions and circumstances that may exert an influence over the functions of animal life.

No subject is of greater importance than that which relates to the public health. In this country, especially, it is important even in an economical point of view. Here we need have none of the apprehensions that so disturbed the imagination of the Malthusians, who saw the earth's population strangling and devouring each other from very excess. There is in this land ample "space and verge" for all the inhabitants of the world's surface. The territory is vast, the soil fruitful, and the climate generally salubrious. Nature has provided every thing in profusion but Man. Human hands are wanted to labor, and gather harvests, and human heads to ascertain and teach the best means of preserving life and maintaining health.

While the countries of the Old World are believed to be too narrow for the millions that throng them, and pestilence and war are looked upon by some of their political economists as actual blessings, that will prevent the more terrible death from famine, the wise men of our own country consider that nothing is so valuable to the State as brawny arms and willing spirits. Each one who labors increases the general wealth, and contributes to the national strength. He may, indeed, be but a unit in the mighty mass. The waters of the Ocean are made up of atoms. It is an infinite number of units that compose the solid earth, and all that covers it. The minutest particles all help to swell the wonderful aggregate. Individual man is of much more importance. He performs a far higher part in the arrangements of Nature. In him is not merely the insignificance of brute matter, but the power of matter acting under the influence and direction of Mind.

Each child that is born, each immigrant who arrives within our boundaries, in a general sense, increases the prosperity of the country; each one who dies, in the same sense, is a public loss.

If the view we have taken be true, *patriotism*, independent of the higher consideration of philanthropy, should propose measures for the preservation of life and health. The law has been very careful to protect property, while health, as it is affected by accidental causes, has been but very little considered.

Reflecting a moment upon the common causes of disease, we perceive that the circumstances are not numerous which make one pursuit differ from another in its hygienic relations. Degree of exertion, temperature, atmospheric changes and exposure, the position maintained during the time of employment, and the presence or absence of noxious vapors or exhalations, and minute atoms of dust floating through the atmosphere that we breathe, may be considered as embracing nearly all.

Such occupations as are conducted in the open air, all things being equal, may be regarded as actually favorable to health. If the labor be excessive, or if the body be insufficiently protected from rain or cold, or the food be deficient or poor, then with the advantages of plenty of pure air, the body may suffer.

It is contrary to the generally received notion, that occupations in which there is an exposure to putrid miasmatic exhalations, are not especially unhealthy. It has been observed that persons about slaughter-houses, cat-gut spinners, glue and size boilers and tallow chandlers, and others having similar employment, are not only healthy, but to the astonishment of those who have made the examination, surprisingly so, and long lived.

Those occupations which produce fine powder, or gaseous substances that may be diffused through the air, will usually exercise a positively pernicious influence on the system by being received into the lungs, and, perhaps, often also into the circulation. There will, therefore, be either direct disease of the respiratory organs, or a general deterioration of the vital powers, and local disease as a consequence, in

various parts of the body. Thus millers, coffee-roasters, paper-makers, machine-makers, iron-filers, and all those whose business is in an atmosphere filled with fine dust, are nearly always in bad health, and are found to be affected with some kind of disease of the lungs; and it is said by those who have carefully investigated the mortality, that their lives are comparatively short.

There are different arts in which deleterious substances are evolved, in the course of the operations, as in the business of the brass-founder, copper-smith, plumber, house-painter, operative chemist, potter, &c., and in this way poisonous or noxious matter enters the body through the agency of respiration, and causes injurious effects.

All gases are not necessarily poisonous, but there are some, as sulphureted hydrogen, which, though in their diluted state will not instantly kill, are too often productive of serious disease. Sulphureted hydrogen is a description of gas that is very common in all crowded cities, and it should be most carefully guarded against, by removing, as fast as practicable, all the great variety of sources whence it is evolved.

These and many similar facts are well ascertained, but they are, it will be observed, mostly of a general kind. If we consider the occupations more in detail, and investigate the effects of each particular employment upon those who are engaged in it, we shall find much more difficulty in deciding that some are especially insalubrious, and others consistent with good health.

Persons, for instance, working in the open air, of whom we have already spoken, have the advantage afforded by this circumstance, of an atmosphere that has not been contaminated by respiration, or by the operations conducted within doors. But if the labor performed is not such as to keep the body warm in cold weather, or if it be so severe as to cause great exhaustion from exposure to the scorching sun during the hot season, then all the advantage derived from pure air may be counteracted by the inconvenience of high or low temperature and the rays of the sun.

The body will bear a very high degree of heat or very intense cold, if gradually accustomed to such temperatures, without readily sustaining any injury. It is the sudden changes that occur, which usually are the causes of disease to persons working under such conditions. They rapidly pass from an exalted temperature to one much lower, or from a low temperature to one much higher, and this is a common source of constitutional disturbance.

Those employments in houses which are of such a nature as to be free from the general objections that have been noticed, may be regarded as the most favorable of all occupations to health. It has usually been supposed that all factory labor is particularly pernicious; but such an opinion seems rather to have been the offspring of a guess than of properly collected facts. Investigations, carefully made, all go to show that the evils of factory employments have been greatly exaggerated, and that those who work in such establishments have a very fair share of health, provided there be not other and independent circumstances to disturb this result. It must always be remembered that the whole time is not spent in the factory—one half of it is spent at home or in other places. If home should be disagreeable or uncomfortable and wretched—or if the general or occasional habits be bad, there is a reason why the health may deteriorate, without in any way being induced by occupation.

It too generally is the case, that employments are blamed for what more properly belongs to *domestic* relations. Living in small rooms in narrow and filthy streets of large towns, anxiety of mind, insufficiency of food, or food of bad quality, and other things unconnected with daily labor, that are calculated to affect the conditions of health, are, in most instances, the actual causes of disease with the children of toil.

ANALOGY BETWEEN VEGETABLES AND ANIMALS.—Leaves correspond with lungs and digestive organs, sap with chyle, the woody tissue with bones, and stings, prickles, and thorns, with the fangs, horns and stings of animals.

Social and Moral Ethics.

THE PROGRESS OF FREEDOM.

THE Spirit of Liberty is moving in the bosom of humanity, with a potency which will, ere long, impel Man to rise in his true dignity, and burst asunder the shackles of Despotism and Slavery in all their forms. Every nation, and every individual, are moved by the inspiration of this Spirit; and the result is, a vast and deep internal commotion in the world at large. The divine aspirations are struggling in the hearts of the many; while the usurper, sitting more and more uneasily upon his throne, is striving, in fearful desperation and unhallowed industry, to weave new and stronger bonds around the awakening and half-moving form of the oppressed.

In the last days of April, the French exiles on the Isle of Jersey, consigned the body of one of their number to the tomb. His spirit, though, had fled to that sphere where the only Ruler is God, and the only government, Liberty. VICTOR HUGO, at the burial, expressed the sentiments of the freed spirit's comrades, as well as of all true hearts that sympathize with the cause of human elevation. The oration, as translated by the *Evening Post*, is as follows:

CITIZENS: The man, to whom we have come to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Tarn et Garone, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him, an inflexible exile, waste away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house: He had but to say a word. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him; he honestly rejected it—and he is dead. He was only thirty-four years of age. And now—there he lies.

I will not add praises to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this republican; and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that men die because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity, we, who closed his eyes; if his native city, his family, his friends, ask us: "Where is he?" we will answer: "Dead in exile!" as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, answered: "Dead on the field of honor!"

Citizens! To-day, in France, apostacy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors. Not one unworthy action which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect; a soldier dishonors his flag—he is made a general; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator; a prince, an adventurer, commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor. Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, bouquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflexions. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy.

Citizens! These men have their festivals; well—we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by home-sickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and affections lacerated, gives way at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier covered with a black cloth; we come to the side of his grave; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb; we bend over our buried

brother, and we say to him: "Friend, we congratulate thee because thou hast been valiant; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid; we congratulate thee because thou hast been faithful; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy republican faith the last breath of thy body, the last pulsation of thy heart; we congratulate thee because thou hast suffered; we congratulate thee that thou art dead!" Then we raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of a somber joy. Such are the festivals of exiles. This is the austere and serene thought which is at the bottom of our souls; and in the presence of this sepulcher, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this appearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our convictions. The man whose mind is made up, never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon this dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal; Liberty and God. Yes—God! Never should a tomb be closed, until this great, this living word has fallen into it! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and religious people among whom we live understand well, that the men of progress, the men of democracy, the men of revolution, know that the destiny of the soul is two-fold; and that the abnegation they show in this life proves how profoundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious future resists even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic clergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment, Roman papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it, and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame: these priests, who, for money, for places, for crosses and mitres, for the love of temporal goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder and treason; these churches, where *Te Deums* are sung in honor of crowned crime; yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the strongest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven; and above the priest, a God. And here, citizens, on the threshold of this open tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng which surrounds this grave, the moment has come to sound a solemn word, that may take root and spring up in every conscience.

Citizens! At this present hour, this fatal hour which will be marked in times to come, the principle of absolutism, the old principle of the past, triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the ax, and the cord; by massacres and musketry; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of the Haynau, a Bonaparte, and a Radetzky. In Hungary, the gallows; in Lombardy, the gallows; in Sicily, the gallows; in France, the guillotine, transportation and exile. In the Papal States alone, I cite the Pope, who calls himself *le roi de doucour*; in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At this moment, the continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents, all this blood, democrats, is yours.

And yet, citizens, in the presence of this *saturnalia* of murder, in the presence of these infamous tribunals, where assassins sit in the robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this dismal and ferocious victory of reaction; I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so; and I say it too in the name of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the victims, we abjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised; certainly—they will be; all of them, and severely! this must be; but not one head shall fall; not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold, shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of February. The head even of the brigand of December shall be respected with honor by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley-slave. No, we will not retort on the scaffold by the scaffold. We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past; we repudiate the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the Republic of 1848, reestablished odiously by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us, and forever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress; we will faithfully bring it back to France. What we ask and wish of the future is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us, as Republicans, to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea which binds Jersey to France, these fields, this quiet nature around us, this England which is listening to us. The men of the revolution—whatever the Bonapartist calumniators may say—wish to reënter France not as exterminators, but as brothers. We call to witness our words, this holy heaven which glitters above us, shedding thoughts of peace and concord upon our hearts; we call to witness our dead brother, who lies in that grave, and who, while I speak, murmurs in his shroud, "Yes, my brothers, reject death! I have accepted it myself; I would not have it for others."

Citizens! These thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them. The day of bloody revolutions has passed; for what remains to be done, the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And moreover, let us be tranquil; every thing combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles, whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker; battles, in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy; battles in which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation; superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the event of which can not be doubtful, and which will be the Tolbiacs, the Hastings, and the Austerlitzes of democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the old world has arrived. The law of Providence has condemned the old despotisms. Time, the shadowy grave-digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them deeper into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades-full of earth upon a coffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph; let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, and impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the Democratic idea in France; the future promises to us the victory of the Social idea. It promises more: it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want is not only the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long—the abolition of this or that right; all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have and what we shall get—never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exile, contemplate with rapture, is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all mankind! Friends, our sufferings give us a claim upon Providence. God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor, we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds; Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet; Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne, of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou, O martyr! offer thy death to the liberty of the human race! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

MAN AND WOMAN.

THE genius of woman differs from man's most obviously in this respect, perhaps, that it is less reflective, less apt to weigh consequences; in short, more impulsive. It is easy for man to obey an external law, to shape his conduct by a wholly outward prudence or expediency. It is not easy for woman to do so. She does not cordially obey any thing but her own affections, and where these have been interested, is much too prone to renounce prudence altogether. Woman's activity dates from her affection, man's from his intellect rather. In reference to any thing to be done, man inquires whether it be true or agreeable to his intelligence; woman inquires whether it be good or agreeable to her heart. Man hears a profound voice of warning, saying, "Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of this tree, for in the day thou eatest, thou shalt surely die!" and he consequently refrains. But woman heeds no warning voice; and merely considers whether or not the fruit be agreeable to the sight, the taste, and so forth, in order to put forth her hand and eat.

It is always the sunlight of affection which kindles her energy, while the poor moonlight of the intellect enlivens man's. Man feels impelled to seek subsistence, physical and social. He has great powers to overcome and clothe with his livery, the powers of earth and air, and the forces of the human mind itself. These are his destined ministers, but their reduction to his service is slow and wearisome. He has perpetually to remember, and invent, and contrive a thousand modes of progress. He has slowly to sift the teachings of a wide experience, and garner them up in laws and statutes. He has to appoint bounds for this thing and that, to encourage industry, to discourage vice and idleness, to punish crime. He has to defend himself from aggression, to enlarge his territory when population presses on the means of subsistence, to foster education, to establish commerce, to promote religion; to sustain international justice. All this indicates the bent of his genius. It is an outward bent. He does battle with the aboriginal forces of nature, and makes them finally docile to his will. He is engaged in preparing a theater of life, rather than in actually living. Thus his action is imposed by his outward necessities, instead of his inward taste or inspiration. It accordingly consumes instead of refreshes him.

But woman's activity leaves her refreshed, because she really lives instead of only prepares to live. For it is very curious and beautiful to observe, that just in so far as man by his stalwart might subdues the domain of nature to himself, woman steps in to glorify it by her enchantments. The aim of all man's exertion since the beginning of history, has been to conquer himself a home upon the earth, nor will he ever flag in that career, until he has secured one proportionate to his powers: that is to say, a home which shall be coextensive with the uttermost bounds of space, and to which every realm of nature will bring its glad and lavish tribute. But wherever he halts for a night in this career, wherever he establishes a temporary home to inspire him against the fatigues of the still beckoning to-morrow, there woman comes to pitch the white tent of her innocence beside him, and make his otherwise inevitable wilderness blossom like the rose. His work has ever been that of the hardy pioneer, stretching forth into the savagery of nature, and rescuing it from the grasp of her own incompetent offspring, the bear, the fox, and the serpent. Her work has ever been that of turning the rude domain thus snatched from nature, into a smiling and blooming home. For man, with the immense love of dominion which characterizes him, would pause nowhere, but go on to oversweep and consume the whole earth, were it not for these angel arms of woman binding him to stay and cultivate his present possessions, that so his future conquests might be the more secure. The rude conqueror he! She, the builder up and fashioner of his conquests! For this is the vital difference of the pair, that man for ever asks more, while woman is always intent upon making the most of what she has. Man is a perpetual seeker, woman turns whatever she finds into a present use and profit. Man's eye is fixed upon the future, woman's upon the present. He sweeps the heavens with his gaze, to see what fairer worlds invite his adventure; she quietly unpacks the trunk of his observation, and appropriates whatever available results it contains to the improvement of his present abode.—[Putnam's Monthly.

Facts and Phenomena.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

IN the days of the Revolution lived a venerable and godly minister, of the Congregational Church, who was known as Father Moody. He had a wonderful gift of prayer, and was in many ways, a remarkable person. From youth upward he had been the subject of very true spiritual impressions and directions, which he always obeyed with the most devout earnestness and alacrity. He was never known to make the least question of any thing which he was commanded to do; nor was he ever deceived or misled in the least. So far as we can judge from his own account of the matter, it would seem that the spiritual phenomena, of which he was a subject, were expressed in that form which is now known as the Interior Voice.

Be this as it may, he was addressed in intelligible terms, as the following narrative will show. This account was obtained of one who had often heard it from the lips of the venerable hero himself; for, when he was an old man, he loved to dwell on these incidents of his spiritual life, thus giving himself compensation for the change in external forms, as the shadows of age settled on them, and they grew dim to the outward eye.

His residence was about fifty miles northeast of Boston, and at the time about to be noticed, the country was quite new and rough.

One very cold morning he rose suddenly from the breakfast-table, saying, "I must go to Boston to-day!"

"Not to-day, my dear!" suggested his wife. "Do you know how cold it is? The ground, broken by the late thaw, has frozen again, solid as a rock, and 'twill be very rough traveling."

"Besides, it is a bitter day, father," interposed one of the daughters; "I am really afraid you will freeze to death."

"I think there is no danger of that," he answered. "I do not believe the Lord will ever call me to be a martyr for nothing. He has told me to go: and he will carry me through in safety."

"But what are you going for?" asked his wife.

"I can not tell, I am sure. I know no more about it at present than you do," he replied.

"But, certainly," she ventured to suggest, "you could not be expected to take such a step without some positive assurance that you ought to do so. Is there not a point where madness seems to tread very closely on the heels of devotion? It is well to be zealous, but not blindly enthusiastic, or fool-hardy."

She certainly spoke like a reasonable woman, and much after the fashion of the Spirits of these days; but, nevertheless, her speech availed nothing.

"The Lord has told me to go," was the answer, in those deep and solemn tones which awoke in the listeners a sentiment corresponding with that which they expressed.

The wife said no more, for she knew it was in vain to combat any impression of the kind; but the daughters entreated him not to go.

"I have lived almost seventy years," he replied, "and I have never once hesitated, when the Lord has commanded me to arise and obey his voice. Let my children be assured it is too late to begin now."

Finding it of no use to contend, they sought only to make him comfortable as the circumstances would admit of. His

outer garments were well warmed, and his venerable form sheltered by every possible means from the inclemency of the season, of which that day was one of the roughest specimens. Under these circumstances the aged Seer—for we can call him nothing else—set off on horseback to take a ride of fifty miles, on a short, wintry day, for a purpose and a work as yet unrevealed. A feat like this would make one of our modern heroes shrink into nothing by comparison; and, to say the least, it was a true and brave one. Father Moody lived not in the days of railroads and steamboats, nor of the effeminacy which has in some way crept into the train, and pertinaciously follows in the march of Improvement. His, was a true mind, a strong heart, and a genuine faith.

He had a distinct impression that he must reach Boston before one o'clock at night, in order to accomplish the mysterious purpose for which he had been sent. By a seeming ill luck the day was one of the shortest of the year; and as it wore on, he could not repress a feeling of nervous anxiety in regard to his arrival at the proper time. So strong was this impression, that he never left the saddle, except twice for a few minutes, in order to bait his horse; and during the last stop, he took a small bit which he had carried with him, as a luncheon. Thus imperfectly rested, warmed, and fed, he went on his cold and dreary way, gradually yielding to a feeling of despondency, to which he was unaccustomed. As the sun dropped behind the cold, gray hills, the day fading into night almost as suddenly as if put out by an extinguisher, this feeling increased to such a degree as to be almost intolerable.

In this state the Devil, as he himself expressed it, began to insinuate into his mind doubts and misgivings, addressing him in a tone of familiarity which seems like a reminiscence of the book of Job, showing that, inasmuch as "the leopard changeth not his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," so truly Satan may always be known by his cloven foot.

"Well, Father Moody," said he, for a first salutation, "what are you out for, this cold day? It must be something very important, to take a man of your time of life so far from home, on such a day as this."

"Why, as to that," replied Father Moody, so far dropping into an unconsciousness of the personality before him, as to indulge in a parley, "why, as to that, I can not say that I know myself, as yet, very distinctly."

"You must be doing a fair business, to say the last," responded the intruder, with a sly shrug. "There's no accounting for taste. Some folks like to starve, and freeze, and do fifty other foolish things, for conscience's sake, or some other kind of sham. You've had a pretty hard time, to say nothing of your poor horse! Take my advice; turn right about face, and go back to the tavern. Get into comfortable quarters for the night. And the next time will do well to think twice, before you engage in any such Quixotic expedition as the present."

There was a degree of plausibility in this speech that seemed to silence, for a time, the good angel of the worthy Seer; and for a little while he became quite uncomfortable, with a feeling nearly akin to self-reproach. He had certainly trifled with his own health and comfort. He had left his family against their will and wishes; and until his return they would be kept in a state of the greatest anxiety. And what if any thing untoward should happen to himself? Was he not morally responsible for all the evil which might spring from his rash adventure?

The cunning Adversary, perceiving his advantage—which he is always ready to do, if we may accept the report of those who

best know him—said, rather more boldly, “Come, now, you had better bear a hand, and get back ; for if you expect to do any good, you will find yourself greatly mistaken.”

For a moment the thought of warm quarters, supper, and a bed, were almost a temptation. Father Moody, though a hale and strong old man, was not quite a Hercules. He felt very cold and hungry. His teeth chattered at the contrast between his momentary thought and his present condition.

“Ah, yes !” said the other, “it is chilly, to be sure. As for me, I can’t stand it ; if you can, it’s well enough. I must get somewhere where there is a good fire, at least.”

His allusion, and the peculiar tone in which it was spoken, effectually opened Father Moody’s eyes. He was “himself again.” Rising in the stirrups, as if by a proper dignity and advantage of position he might overawe the Arch One, he spoke, in a loud and determined voice : “Get thee behind me, Satan.”

“But what are you going to do?” whispered the Enemy, well feigning an expression of anxiety and friendly concern.

“Get thee behind me Satan,” responded the Seer, in a still more energetic tone, checking his horse at the instant, and standing quite erect ; and then, as the modern psychologists say, he became “positive.”

“Yes,” he said, his voice dropping into a serene and quiet tone ; “the Lord has never deceived me. He will not mislead me now. I will go forward. He will lead the way, and in his own good time I shall behold his salvation.”

Just as he entered Boston, the town clock struck twelve. The streets were still and dark. There were no gas-lights then, and what few rogues they had, got along quite as well without them. As to honest people, they were in bed, and fast asleep by ten o’clock ; so they did not need any artificial illuminations. Nevertheless, it was a dark, cold, and comfortless mission on which good Father Moody had entered so trustingly ; but after he heard the clock strike twelve, a fever of anxiety took possession of him, and he grew warmer. Undismayed by the discouraging prospect before him, he toiled on, riding up street and down street, amid intricate squares, and through snarls of narrow passages ; but all was dark and still. Even the watchmen seemed to be fast asleep, which was quite a wonder in those honest days, when people sought to earn their money before they took it. Now the case is quite different ; for, to judge by appearances, the watchmen are the only sleepy characters in the whole city.

“But one hour—less than an hour,” thought Father Moody ; “shall I be too late ? Will the Lord deceive his servant ?”

In spite of his faith, a momentary feeling of doubt crept over him. The necessity of rest and refreshment once more came up to be considered ; and in his figurative belief and language, the Devil beset him at every corner, crossing his path, and continually troubling him with pertinent questions ; but he was so resolutely repulsed, that at length he drew off his forces, and thus fairly gave up the contest.

Suddenly a light glimmered in the distance. It was from a chamber in the fourth story of a house in a neighboring street. As soon as Father Moody laid eyes on it, he knew his mission was to that house ; and quickening his speed, he turned the corner, and directly came up to it. Seeking a sheltered position for his poor jaded horse, he dismounted, and, having carefully fastened him to a post, he advanced to the door, where, after some little time finding the knocker, he gave a rap that had will and meaning in it, to which responded the waking

echoes of the silent streets. Very soon he saw the light, which was still in view, descend from story to story, until it appeared in the hall. Presently the door opened, and a man appeared, whose pale and haggard countenance exhibited, at a single glance, the most terrible war of passions.

“What have you come for ?” he demanded, in an angry tone of voice. “Why are you here ?”

“I know not,” replied Father Moody, “but the Lord has sent me.”

There was something truly sublime in the majestic appearance, as well as the prophet-like character and mysterious position of the Seer, which at once arrested attention, and commanded respect.

For a moment the stranger seemed struggling to resist the influence ; and then he quaked from head to foot, as if a universal ague had seized him. In a voice so tremulous with emotion it seemed well-nigh sobbing, he said, at length, “Follow me, and behold what you were sent for.”

Thus saying, he led the way to the room he had just left, and, pointing to a rope which was suspended from the ceiling, he added, “There it is,” and then stopped suddenly, as if he had felt the cord tightening round his throat. After a few moments he continued, “Had you been ten minutes—yes, five minutes later, I should have been in eternity at this moment !”

“Look there !” he resumed, turning to a table where lay a parcel of folded papers, neatly filed. “The tying of that knot was the last preparation. It was tied, and my hand was already on the fatal noose.”

He then seated his guest, and gave some account of the circumstances which led nearly to the consummation of so rash and wicked an act. He had been what is commonly called a wild, or rattle-headed young man, though not precisely what is known by the term, dissipated. His habits, however, were such as to mar his business relations. He struggled on for some time, but being naturally of a gloomy temper, his continued disappointments yielded at length to a heart-sickness which he imagined was at once without parallel, and without remedy. In short, he had conceived an utter disgust of life, and had determined to die.

“My son,” said Father Moody, rising, and laying a hand on his head in that impressive manner for which he was so distinguished, “by the good providence of God you have been snatched from perdition, this very hour. Are you willing to be saved ?”

A deep groan, that seemed to rend the heart it came from, was the only answer. Father Moody was tall and commanding in appearance, and he spoke with an air of authority corresponding well with a fine consciousness of his prophetic character and mission. Laying a hand on each shoulder of the youth, he said, “Let us pray.”

The young man’s knees bent like osiers in a strong wind, and kneeling by his side, Father Moody opened that wonderful power of utterance, which was without a peer. The young man wept, sobbed, and shook as if smitten by convulsions. The conflict was terrible—but he arose in a calm and passive state.

He forsook his old companions, and engaged in useful business, in which he learned to bear occasional disappointments as a necessary discipline. Not long after he joined the old South Church, of which he was for more than forty years a most active and useful member, seeking every opportunity to do good, and never forgetting the wise counsels of the venerable Seer, who had been so truly led to achieve his redemption.—[*Shekinah*.]



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The design of this paper as a medium for the circulation of free thought, will absolve its editors from any responsibility with regard to the opinions of individual contributors.

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INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

In the further discussion of this subject, let us return to the very point where the argument was dismissed in our last number.

It may be said that some particular arts, or processes of art, once known to the ancients, are now lost for ever, and we have no power to reach the excellence which, in these respects, our progenitors attained. If the mind were material, or could be confined in material forms, this argument also might hold good, so far as it goes. But this is by no means the truth. Some particular facts have, undoubtedly been lost; but who can tell what principles of great and universal good may have been given in exchange for those facts? We do not know; but we know this, that for every lost art we have hundreds, if not thousands, of new discoveries and inventions, each of which may be of equal value with any of the missing gems, if we consider them in regard to the absolute amount of good they may confer on the world.

Again, it is said that the artistic faculties of the ancients reached a height of power and splendor which has never been equaled in modern times. But even admitting the claim, it does not invalidate the strength of the general argument at all. There are several reasons for this. In the first place the mental power, which is now more equally diffused through the masses, was in early times concentrated in individuals. And this was necessary, considering the common ignorance, and hence immobility—even for the good of the masses themselves. These could not be reached directly, nor moved collectively, but only through the more excitable persons, who became to them media, through whom might be made manifest revelations of the Beautiful, the Sublime, the True. So a few individuals, perhaps, became the natural absorbents of the genius of a whole people; and hence the transcendent splendor of their power.

And again, in rudimental ages the imaginative faculties greatly predominate; and the arts connected with them are cultivated, and approach their maximum of excellence, perhaps, before the Reason, which is of much slower growth, can have become matured, or even conscious of the strength it is destined to wield. Yet shall we say that the Fine Arts have a higher dignity and power, or that the spirit and genius of their cultivators were more ennobling, than those of Science? Was Homer, or Praxitiles, a greater, or even a finer genius than Archimedes, who bequeathed to the world those great mechanical laws, which governed it for eighteen centuries? Was Tubal Cain less nobly endowed than the tuneful Jubal? We are so accustomed to regard whatever involves the necessity of mechanical labor, as being essentially vulgar, that we are hardly prepared to judge in this matter; and yet we shall, at no very distant period, see things more clearly.

Every great Genius is not the property of himself, nor of his people, nor of his nation, but of the world; and what is true of the greater, is also true of the lesser lights. All power for good is public property. It may be confined, or appropriated for a while; but it ultimately reverts to its true law. It seeks equilibrium as naturally and necessarily as air, and light, and heat. Thus there is an interfusion of every man's spirit with every other man's. One may have his own original genius; but this will be modified, more or less, by all that have gone before, by all that immediately preceded, by all that constantly surround him. In Copernicus we behold not himself alone, but a partial transfusion of the spirit of the Samian Sage; and again, was not Pythagoras, himself, an impersonation of the wisdom of ages that had gone before, yet conjoined with his own predetermined and original genius? If Ptolemy had not studied, and recorded his observations, would Hipparchus, who was his immediate successor in the line of genius, have made his great discovery of the precession of the equinoxes? Or if Vitruvius had not written, should we certainly have had a Michael Angelo?—And so we may say of a Franklin, a Kepler, a Newton, a D'Alembert, a Laplace, a Cuvier. Had there not been other great lights in the firmament, would these have been stars of the first magnitude?

But leaving all minor matters aside, let us take a single point—the history of Steam Power; for this will put the case in the strongest possible light. About a century before the commencement of the Christian era, Hero, a native of Alexandria, described a machine in which a movement of continual rotation might be imparted to an axis, by the reaction of steam, issuing from lateral orifices, in arms placed at right angles to the revolving axis. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Branca, an Italian engineer, conceived the idea of giving motion to a wheel, by a blast of steam blown against its axis. About the same time De Caus, a French engineer, proposed to raise a column of water by the pressure of steam, confined in a vessel above the water which was to be raised.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated Marquis of Worcester published his great work, "A Century of Inventions," in which he describes a steam-engine to be worked by high-pressure; and it is quite probable that he had conceived some idea of the elastic force of steam. Toward the close of the same century the principle of the atmospheric engine was shadowed forth in the mind of Papin, a French engineer, who sought to obtain a moving power by introducing a piston into a cylinder, and producing a vacuum under it, by

a sudden condensation of the steam by coal ; but he made no practical application of his theory.

The first actual worker of a steam-engine was Thomas Savery, an Englishman, who obtained a patent for his invention in 1698. Savery combined the ideas of Worcester and Papin, or the principles of the elastic pressure and susceptibility of condensation in steam ; but he was very far both from an exact understanding of these properties, and a knowledge of their full power. Savery's engine was used for raising water ; but its working was faulty and wasteful in the extreme, while from the unregulated high-pressure used, there was continual danger from explosions. These wants and difficulties suggested much study on the subject, and finally led to the invention of the atmospheric engine, by Newcomen, a blacksmith, and Cawley a glazier, of Dartmouth, England. An important improvement in this machine was made some time after, by an ingenious boy, name Potter, who found that head-work, for him at least, was better than hand-work. He was employed to attend the cocks by which the steam was admitted and condensed, and the condensed steam and water were drawn off. He conceived the happy device of tying strings to the cocks, which he fastened to the working beam above, that by its ascending and descending motion it might open and close the cocks ; and this was soon done, more promptly and efficiently than he could do. By this simple device the engine nearly tripled its power, while at the same time it gave Master Potter what was of vastly more importance to himself, just then, opportunity and leave of absence for the enjoyment of play among his fellows.

This engine, thus improved, held its place until the genius of Watt was brought to bear upon the subject. Watt was an instrument maker of Glasgow ; and by a seeming accident his mind was brought into the study of steam-power. A model of an atmospheric engine, which was used in the Lecture-room of the University, being out of repair, it was put into his hands for mending ; when, in the experiments he was obliged to make, he perceived the faults of the machine, and discovered some of the most important phenomena connected with the evaporation of water. Filled with delight, at obtaining results at once so unlooked for, and so grand, he at once sought an interview with Dr. Black, professor of Natural Philosophy at the University, and laid the subject before him : when for the first time he became acquainted with the learned Doctor's theory of Latent heat, which his own observations had most strikingly confirmed. By study and continued experiment, Watt came at length to understand and demonstrate very clearly, the properties of elasticity and condensation, on which the whole mechanical power of steam depends.

Fulton, taking up the steam-engine where Watt left it, in 1793 conceived the idea of applying it to wheels in the navigation of vessels, which in 1803 was carried into operation, by building a boat to be introduced into the waters of the Seine. In 1809, Fulton, in connection with his brother-in-law, Mr. Livingston, built the first steamboat in America, which navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles an hour. And now, not only our Lakes and Rivers are alive with steamers, manifesting vast improvement in power, economy, and speed, but steamships are plying between distant continents, and will soon traverse every section of the entire globe.

And why, it may be asked, did not Hero reach the conception of Worcester, Worcester that of Watt, and Watt the idea of Fulton ? Why, but because the world was not pre-

pared—they were not prepared. The elements must be *had* before they can be combined, arranged, and brought into the unity of a great and successful operation. We can see by this how a great idea, being once shadowed forth to the vision of some master-mind, is brought nearer, and seen more clearly by the next ; and so on through a series of minds, every one, perhaps, unfolding some great principle—until at length, when distant ages, it may be, have contributed to develop and accumulate the means—to purify and concentrate the light, the whole thought evolves itself, in all the beauty, power, and splendor of its full conception !

How, think ye, would Noah, or the most accomplished Tyrian, or even Archimedes himself, be affected by a view of one of our Ocean-steamers, with all its machinery in full operation ? Would he not be stricken dumb with astonishment, almost amounting to terror, at such a wonderful exhibition of human power ?

And not less important and rapid have been the improvements of machinery for the manufacture of cotton. It was not until after the eighteenth century had passed its meridian, that the great advances in that department began to be made ; for since then Hargreaves has invented the jenny, Arkwright the spinning-frame, Cartwright the power-loom, and Whitney, an American, the machine for clearing the cotton of the seed. There is, perhaps, no more wonderful triumph of inventive genius and power, than may be seen in a cotton-mill in complete and successful operation. By the help of machinery one person can superintend as much work, as two or three hundred could have done only half a century ago ; and when these advantages cease to be a monopoly, and become the property of the race, by giving to the poor man, and to every man, his proper share of the advantage, there will be a still more decided change for the better.

Look at a Crystal Palace, the light and graceful structure that covers whole acres, and yet appears so delicate and fairy-like ! Would one of the ancients have believed that it was planned and wrought at a distance from the spot, and that, too, with such admirable nicety, that it goes together without the variation of a hair's breadth ? What a triumph of art is here ! Was there anything in the structure of the Pyramids to compare with it ?

The strength of the fabled Titans is eclipsed by the giant Fire-steed, who walks through Earth and Sea, the most terrible expression of power which has ever been subjected to the control of man ? Behold, is not the lightning itself caught, and bound, by the power of our iron will, subdued, and sent forth, obedient as a carrier-dove, and taught to bear messages from man to man, unharmed beneath its fiery wing ? Could any person have comprehended this even one century ago ?

In the bare glance we have taken of the subject we have passed by thousands upon thousands of minor arts, the simplest of which might illustrate the law of Progress ; but we have said enough to show that Society is developed by the same laws as the Individual ; and that a truly great idea is not the property of a single man, or people, or period of time, but of all mankind, and all time ; for it can not stand alone, but is, and must be, more or less intimately associated with all the light that precedes, and all that follows it. By the power of sympathy and emulation, the love of gain, or the hope of good, one improvement suggests another—one invention another ; and in spite of all present monopoly, whatever advantages may

accrue, are, in the long run, common stock. Thought flows into thought ; mind leagues itself with mind ; and every new impulse of a higher truth—a more exalted sense of right—must hasten the civilization of the world.

THE RICH AND THE POOR.

SOCIETY, as it now exists, is divided into three general grades—the rich, the middle classes, and the poor ; and it is a fact, which should be especially noticed, that the very existence of these classes demonstrates conclusively that Society is wrongly organized, and that its entire structure is established on a false basis. One of the first and most prominent principles in the Constitution of Nature is that all men, however diverse may be their moral states, their intellectual gifts, or spheres of action, are equal as brothers ; and were the system of social economy founded on this principle, as it by right should be, there would be then no rich and no poor, but all would stand on the common platform of humanity, entitled to an equal share of the gifts of Providence. Thus Society is condemned by the inequalities which it sanctions and the wrong conditions which it fosters ; its power is weakened and its resources limited by the very barriers which it has set up between the rich and the poor.

See how wide is the disparity which has been created between these two classes ? The one is surrounded with splendor, pampered with luxury, and enthroned on seats of power ; the other is perchance clad in rags, fainting with hunger, or perishing beneath the arm of Oppression. And yet has not the great God given to each a soul ?—a soul impressed with His own likeness, which makes them all alike his children ? O, yes, that soul cries out from the shattered huts of poverty, as in the splendid palaces of wealth ; and the soul says that all are brothers—that all are equal—that all are worthy of the same smile from Heaven. But the divine impulses of humanity that might have birth in the bosoms of both rich and poor, are suppressed and deadened by the very circumstances in which these classes have been placed. The rich man, from the force of his assumed dignity, will not bend to bestow a smile upon the poor ; and the latter, pale, crushed, and stoical, feel no privilege or power to acquire the gifts which Nature would bestow alike on all.

We may seriously inquire, Is this condition of things right ?—and in answer, if we will but listen, Humanity will relate the mournful story of its wrongs. But what then shall be done ? Shall the unnatural and unrighteous conditions of Society be passed over in silence as the inscrutable dispensations of God ? Shall we tamely and indolently submit to existing evils without any exertion for their removal ? No ! The season of night is passed in which Wrong can hide its deformity and Oppression steal forth in darkness to rob the soul ; and the time has come when man must claim his own rights and privileges as man—when the barriers which have been erected between the rich and the poor must be torn away, and when the bright spirit of Reform, powerful in its new resurrection, must go forth to diffuse the blessings of Wealth and place a crown on the brow of Poverty.

R. P. A.

If men and women would learn to think for themselves instead of following the dictum of others, we should see a very different world from this.

THE THEATER.

AMONG the numerous places of amusement which are resorted to in large cities, the theater is perhaps the most prominent ; and whatever may be said of its demoralizing tendencies as viewed in its present aspects, it can scarcely be denied that it possesses within itself the capabilities, if rightly conducted, of being eminently useful. Appealing as they do to the senses as well as the hearts of those whom they address, the representations of the stage are endowed with a two-fold power, engrossing the faculties of eye and ear, while they stir the fountains of thought and feeling ; and none can doubt that these, when conceived and executed in accordance with a pure taste, may be made a powerful incitement to noble and virtuous action. These remarks, it will be seen, are not intended to vindicate the stage as it *now is*, but rather to commend its real excellences as it *may be*.

We have been led to these reflections from recently witnessing the play of *Macbeth*, as presented at the Broadway Theater, of this city, in which Mr. Forrest sustains the principal character. It is due to the enterprising proprietor of this theater, to say that the play referred to has been brought upon the stage in the most complete and attractive style, and with scenery which involved an expense of several thousand dollars. We may add with confidence that the scenic effect of this piece, as thus produced, is unsurpassed by that of any other similar representation hitherto brought on the American stage. The several parts in this play were, as a general fact, well sustained. Mr. Forrest, as *Macbeth*, had occasion to display in the most impressive manner, those powerful delineations of deep passion for which that great artist is so remarkable. Perhaps to the critical eye, the acting of Mr. Forrest may seem in some parts overwrought ; and yet it appears that even this fault, if it be such, arises from his vivid conception of the play, and from entering more absorbingly into its spirit than can be done by the superficial observer.

But it remains with the people to make acting what they will. As the popular taste and sentiment become more refined, the whole character of the theater will be proportionably elevated and naturalized ; and we have reason to hope that this resort of the public will hereafter become so strong an advocate of morality and virtue, as to counteract all the demoralizing influence which it may have exerted in the past.

STREET SWEEPERS.

WE take this opportunity to inform our country friends that the above business is decidedly the most genteel one of the season. During the fashionable hours—say from 12 to 3—the most distinguished ladies of the city are engaged in cleaning the pavé of Broadway, and so devoted are they to their new profession, that the *mop* is nicely cut and stitched, elaborately trimmed, and generally composed of fine silks, or some other rich and rare material. We do not, by any means, question the patriotism and public spirit of the ladies—which must be wonderful, indeed, thus to sustain them in bearing about the “*weeds*” that have been subjected to this apparently servile occupation, and thus have become saturated with all the filth they have assisted to remove—to a complete sacrifice of neatness, comfort, and good taste. When we look at these manifestations, so out of all nature, we see that Fashion is, decidedly, *not a Bloomer* !

Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Just as Madame Laurette prepared to follow, the rowers, with a sudden and bold stroke, made for the shore; while at the same time the anchor was weighed, and the most rapid preparations for sailing took place on board ship. All this had happened so suddenly, that it was accomplished before it could be questioned. They were obliged to hold Theodosia when she perceived the *ruse* of which she was to be the victim, or she might have plunged overboard, as in her distraction she seemed about to do. Shrieking, and screeching, with her arms stretched out toward that beautiful shore, that still lay smiling, unmindful of her anguish, she was torn from the railing, and crushed down into the cabin, where her heart might break, at least more silently. Nor was there less remonstrance on board the boat. The *Padré* alternately entreated and threatened; while Madame Laurette could only wring her hands, and weep, and cry out for her dear child. But it was all in vain. Mr. Birnette had managed the affair with the skill of a consummate diplomatist. And though the will, in its express letter, provided that the Tutor and Governess should never be separated from the young orphan, to whom they could supply the best substitute for the parental relation, except with the mutual consent of the parties most interested, the shrewd English lawyer knew very well that the legal machinery was conducted in so very loose a manner at Rio Janeiro, that he had nothing to fear so much as Lynch Law; and from that he made a timely escape.

Mr. Birnette was altogether too good a lawyer to permit Madame Laurette's effects to go into the ship, which would have been an actionable offense; and therefore, instead of having them sent on board, he had had them conveyed clandestinely to a certain warehouse, from which they were soon returned to the owner.

A deeper gloom than even death had ever caused, hung over the *Fazenda*. The dire uncertainty which veiled the fate of its young mistress, the violence with which she had been torn from her early home and friends, all contributed to heighten the gloom. Soon after the catastrophe, the good *Padré*, hoping to invalidate the guardianship of Mr. Birnette, by proving that he had broken the terms of the will, left Rio Janeiro, and undertook a voyage to England. After his departure the hopes of Madame Laurette seemed to revive—any motion, in such cases, is so much better than a dead calm; and, beside, she really doubted if there *was* any thing beyond the power of the good Father to achieve. After a few weeks she began to count the months that might intervene before her darling's return; and because she might possibly arrive unexpectedly, she had all her private apartments put in order, again and again, her favorite flowers scattered through them, and her favorite books opened at familiar passages. In short every thing that she had valued was cherished with the most delicate and tender care; and the flowers and vines Theodosia loved best were nursed and trained under the excellent matron's immediate care. Once a week the room containing the precious cabinets was entered by Madame Laurette; and every vacant nook was carefully dusted by her own hand; for the threshold of that sanctuary no menial was permitted to cross. In this manner several months wore away; and still the good lady smiled, in her simple faith, as if Hope had been to her the polar principle, toward which all others turned. Once only had a letter reached them from the dear child. It announced her safe arrival in Paris, and establishment in the school of Madame —, Rue de —; but every word was evidently written under constraint, and subject to the scrutiny of other eyes. It seemed to be at great pains to magnify the comforts of her position; but Madame Laurette knew it was wholly different from the heart-burst that made Theodo-

sia's joy spontaneous, and musical as that of a bird. She observed, too, that the name and address of her preceptress were carefully erased. But though it bore very slight allusion to the lost home, it breathed a spirit of gentle and subdued piety, and resignation to the Divine Will, which could not but comfort the loving readers. Alas! it afforded little satisfaction to Madame Laurette beyond this and the intelligence that Theodosia was alive at the time it was written; for she knew, too well, how freely her thought would have winged itself and flown home, laden with the fondest epithets of love, had its wings been, but for one moment, left free; nor was this all. No address was communicated; and therefore no answer could be returned. It was very, very sad, and this blank uncertainty was the most trying of all.

CHAPTER X.—THE STORM.

And how fared Theodosia, during that long and perilous voyage, torn rudely, as she was, from all that she loved on earth, and deprived of all personal attendants; though all her life she had been surrounded by as numerous a train as most queens? Her character was gathering a wonderful strength, and her mind developing with a proportional rapidity. She had learned to think for herself—to act, and determine for herself; and the force of thought she sometimes evinced almost made her uncle, himself, stand in awe of her.

She soon saw that the Captain was the creature of Mr. Birnette; and she found herself so closely watched, that, had she been disposed, she could have held no communication with any of the passengers. These were not many, indeed, and probably their friendship was no loss; for certainly they did not appear to be the kind of people who could either appreciate, or be willing to assist her. She would never meet them again; and there was something which appeared to her revolting in the idea of any present intimacy. A surly, cross-eyed damsel, was appropriated to the service of waiting-maid; and she, with the quick instinct of such persons, perceived that her lady was a prisoner more than anything else; and she treated her as such. So, for the most part, Theodosia, who had been used to prompt and positive attention to her minutest wishes, declined her services, and never called on her, unless urged by an imperative necessity—and thus she learned a good lesson, which some people never learn—to help herself; and, at the same time, the arrangement gave great satisfaction to the blink-eyed maiden.

At the first shock, Theodosia appeared actually stunned by the terrors of her unexpected position; and for a while she was wrapped in a stupor that seemed to take little cognizance of anything around her. She would sometimes stand for hours, looking at the white foam-wreath that marked the ship's track, with a vague thought of the shroud it might be, and the rest she might find beneath; and it was only by the excitement of a terrible storm that she was aroused from this state.

In that hour of agony, when every cheek was blanched with terror, and even the voices of the old sailors quivered with emotion as they passed the word to each other, she, alone, was calm. There was nothing for her in death so horrible as life; and when the groans of the wrenching timbers chimed in with the wild howling of the storm, until it appeared that with every struggle they should break asunder, or with every plunge, that all would go to the bottom, her feelings rose into a kind of ecstasy. With clasped hands, and lifted eyes, she uttered bursts of prayer and praise. In this state her uncle appeared before her. He was dressed in his life-preserver, and was evidently about making the fearful experiment of escape from the ship. As he came unexpectedly before her, his knees smote together, with a pang stronger, even, than his extreme terror. His countenance became more frightfully pale; and he trembled so as barely to sustain himself. From that moment Theodosia lost all fear of him.

He attempted to take her hand—to speak, and ask forgiveness for his committed, or uncommitted crime. He strove to look kindly—to speak affectionately—as if that last act of justice might cancel the past.

"Let us part in peace"—he at length said; and he could speak no more.

Theodosia regarded him a moment, with a stern and terrible look, as of an injured divinity; and then her heart was touched with compassion. "Go," she said. "I forgive you. Go, poor man! I am now the strongest. Go; tell my father that the child he committed to your trust, was happy to escape from your guardianship by a horrible death! How will you meet him!—and you, his brother, too! Alas, alas! I could almost love you for the pity I now feel! It will be but a momentary pang;" she added, clasping her hands together, after a little silence, as if the act might give her strength—"and then I shall go to my dear parents—"

She said no more; for just then there was a shout! The maneuver of rescuing the ship from a coral reef she was about plunging on, was successful; they had escaped; and once more Death was cheated of his intended prey.

But for Theodosia the storm had not been fruitless. A complete reaction was produced; and she was effectually roused from her stupor. An entire revolution had taken place in her whole character; and with the storm the first great crisis of her life was passed over triumphantly.

CHAPTER XI.—THE REACTION.

THEODOSIA had been present at the reading of her father's will; and though she was wholly ignorant of the simplest principles of business, and the common forms of law, she had the acumen to perceive that if the testament of her father had been invested with so much force in one of its points, it must be in all. She knew that there was a flaw in her uncle's proceedings, in regard to separating her from her friends who had been expressly invested with her immediate care; and on this she grounded her hope. She knew that the *Padre* not only had much knowledge of the world, but was learned in the laws of different nations; and she rightly believed that he would leave no effort untried which might obtain her release from her most odious captivity. With this thought she composed herself; and rising above all idle repinings, she resolved to wait patiently, and watch for the first opportunity of communicating with him.

It seemed, indeed, as if her strength and calmness were preternatural. She believed that the spirits of her parents daily, and nightly, visited, watched over, and strengthened her; and in this thought she had no fear, but only the sweetest peace.

She began to employ herself in regular occupation, that relieved her of the tedium of many an hour, which, otherwise, would have hung heavily on her hands. Embroidery, drawing, and many little works of delicate art, and fancy, were taken up, at intervals between reading and meditation; and they not only beguiled her of unpleasant reflections; but, by practice, she was making great improvement, especially in drawing—yes; for Jozef's sake, who had taught her the first principles, she would cultivate her fine natural taste; though he was thousands of miles away, and she was on board a dismal ship, and was to be borne off, to what place she knew not; though she had little reason to hope that her condition would be much improved.

Yet she thought of Jozef; and of those sweet, early days when she had known him; and as she recurred to some of their last interviews, a light shone up through her maiden heart, that almost gave her a solution of the mystery of his sudden departure. And did he, then, love her, so truly, delicately, honorably?—O, if he had only staid, to have received her from the hands of her dear father! and then she wept, to think how she should have wept, for very joy, if it had been. And where was he now? Ah! what if he should find her, and do some wonderful deed of valor, and carry her off from her wicked uncle! These, and an unnumbered amount of other such fancies, she dwelt on from day to day, until at length the idea of Jozef also became domesticated with her.

Thus the protracted period of the voyage passed away; and on arriving in Liverpool, she was directly conveyed across the Channel, and placed under the care of Madame Montresse, the mistress of a school, which enjoyed the highest reputation for giving the last polish to a young lady's education. It was then situated in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Champs Elyssés; though no traces can be found of it, anywhere, at the present time.

CHAPTER XII.—SCHOOL TRIALS.

MADAME MONTRESSE received her distinguished pupil with the voluble politeness of a true Frenchwoman; but Theodosia soon came to know that all this parade of kindness was merely superficial, which the lady wore, as she did her false teeth, wig, and rouge, in order to appear fine as possible, whatever she might be. She found, also, that she, herself, was not only far from being a favorite with her fellow-pupils, but was really an object of suspicion among them. Every approach to familiarity with any of them was guarded against, in the onset, by a thousand little obstacles, which all appeared to happen very naturally; but from their concurrence a design to exclude her from all intimacy became apparent. Her chamber, her study-room, her walks, were all either solitary, or strictly guarded by the Argus-eyed hyena, who attended her in the shape of a *femme de chambre*, and an aged Duenna, savage as a harpy, who followed all her steps, often obtruding on her most private retirement, lest in some evil moment she should escape from her thrall. If she even looked wishfully on some bright face, warm with the sunshine of a young and innocent heart, one of those hateful shadows was sure to come between, and throw all into eclipse.

But there was one feature of this cruel restraint which had a far different effect from what was intended. The severest tasks were allotted her; yet the continual occupation of her mind in study, withdrew her thoughts from the present; and while she lived in the august companionship of the master-spirits whose sentiments she imbibed, her mind grew into a loftier stature, and went out into a horizon of wider scope, while, at the same time, the exercise was a healthy discipline; and so the punishment became a blessing. Thus lessons of seeming impossibility of attainment were set before her, with a polite intimation that if they were not perfectly mastered, she would forfeit all relaxation for the day. But when it was seen that she took in more of the spirit of things at a glance, than others could by long and painful study, she was compelled not only to get the ideas, and principles; but her clear and analytical mind was bound down to acquire the precise terms, literally as they stood. And to this also—thanks to the good *Padre*'s scientific nomenclature and technology, she was equal.

But still some petty flaw of conduct was continually forced into the service, and marked down against her; and a forfeiture of almost everything pleasant and healthful was the consequence. If at any moment she was beguiled into a happy thought, and laughed at any little pleasantry she could not avoid hearing, she was charged with unlady-like and rude behavior.

What a change was this, from a state of love and freedom, which came near to compassing all that is most joyous, refined, and exalted in nature. Theodosia had lived with a bird-like melody ever flowing in her heart, ever gushing from her lips, ever responding to the melodies that seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with their warbling love-notes. Who would not have been overwhelmed by such a sad reverse? Who would not have sunk, and despaired utterly? But there is a certain order of spirits that never attain their full growth, and true power, but by struggles that would crush the common mind; and thus it was with Theodosia. The "day" was meted by the "strength," even here, while the strength continually grew stronger, as the day advanced. With a clear conscience, and a deep faith in the good purpose for which she was created, and in the Benevolent Power that was overruling, even these seeming evils, Theodosia *could* not despair; but while her vivacity diminished, the fountain of her peace continually deepened; and in her serene bosom still it rested, calm and beautiful as some fair fountain, which, finding its outer sunshine dim and clouded, turns back to its source, where living gems cast their pure light on its hidden waters. Could the wicked ones only know that from the tears they awaken, and the wrongs they inflict, are concreting richest pearls for the crown of the Persecuted, they would grudge their cruelty, and, out of sheer malice, be kind. But looking only on the surface, they perceive it not, till the majestic Character they have unwittingly contributed to form, appears before them, like the rising Sun to a belated Fiend, by its overwhelming light to drive them back into their own darkness. Were it not thus, the world

could make no progress; but thus it is; and we are blest with the presence of great ones, who, by their example, teach us that there is nothing truly positive but Goodness. All else is accidental, negative, and inert.

But to return to Theodosia; when it was impossible to bring any bad mark against her, a task was set which seemed impossible of accomplishment; and again if this was unexpectedly brought out, a thousand petty maneuvers were resorted to, for the purpose of defrauding her of rights so dearly purchased. None of the other girls were subjected to any of these unjust and cruel privations; and the more Theodosia reflected on it, the more strongly she became convinced that there was some motive; though from her entire unconsciousness of the value and power of wealth, she could not possibly divine the real one—that her Uncle, who was the next heir at law, was murdering her by inches, in order to obtain possession of her princely heritage.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

PROLOGUE TO THE IRON AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

MANKIND had now advanced as far as they could, without some more efficient implements of labor; and, accordingly, the time had arrived when these, also, should be provided. For there is a law of development in all things; and in social, as well as in natural bodies, progress must proceed in a regular series, so that the chain of causation and results may be complete. For a considerable period there had been quite a stagnation of art; and no important improvements had been made in the manufactures already invented. It would seem, that, before making any great effort, Nature requires a season of repose, in which to recruit her strength, and rally her forces; and as in Nature, so is it in Society.

The most advanced and enlightened Family of Earth had now taken possession of the narrow plain, between the Syrian mountains on the east, and the Mediterranean on the west, most of them being congregated on the banks of a beautiful little river, near the slender promontory which was the site of ancient Sidon, the oldest of the Phenician cities.

In a leafy cabin, which could hardly be distinguished from the grove of acacia trees where it stood, dwelt a widow with her only child, a boy of fifteen summers. Her husband had fallen a sacrifice to his bravery, in defending the settlement against a terrible lion, which had long preyed on their flocks, and threatened them with total destruction. He slew the foe; but he gave his own life in exchange, having received wounds from which he never recovered. The mother's heart was bound up in this single relic of the happiness of her youthful love; but when she looked to see him grow into the fair and manly proportions of his father, he drooped, and withered; and every day he became more feeble, until it was apparent that a weakness of the limbs, which had been scarcely noticed in childhood, was getting obdurate. All hope fled at last; and at fourteen he was a confirmed cripple.

At the first knowledge of his situation he was seized with a malignant fever from which he barely recovered. In the season of youth, when the fairest dreams of life, and the sunniest hopes, unfold their irised wings, and sing so sweetly, it is difficult to subdue all the heart; and, for a time, foiled ambition, and arrested activity, goaded him continually. But all that love could do to cheer, and make atonement for his privations, was done. His young companions bore him out to pleasant places in the wood, when they rested from the noonday heat; or in the evening, laid him on a couch of sea-weed, where he might listen to the sea, whose deep surging had become to him an intelligence, as it were the voice of a distant friend, that ever seemed calling him away—away—into the embrace of the Infinite. Young maidens brought the ripest fruits, and gathered for him the fairest flowers; and the sternest hunters always remembered the lame boy, when they took from their baskets the purest honey-comb. All loved

him for his sweet, dreamy eyes, and his gentle and loving words; and so his heart gave up, at length, its long-cherished ambition; and he rejoiced in the love of all.

Yet at times, when he thought of some brilliant achievement, which had been foreshadowed in his early visions—when he thought of the signal services he should have rendered to the state, imitating his brave father, and making his name a blessing among men—but most of all, when he thought of his widowed mother, whose tottering steps he would have led so gently down the declivity of age, tears gathered in his eyes, and the shadow of his infirmity rested on his brow. At length his soul seemed brooding almost continually amid the darkness it fed within itself; and the periods of melancholy became more and more protracted. His companions sought no longer to draw him from this sorrowful state, which, though neither himself, nor they, comprehended the truth, was preparing him for the advent of his mission.

Never yet did the human soul enter on any great and glorious work, but it was first consecrated by suffering, and baptized in tears. Hence, angels, when they go abroad on the most important errands, bear in their hands the chastening rod, that they may first scourge him, whom, thereafter men will crown. Let us, then, always remember, that if we are true to the high star of our destiny, sorrow will only stimulate to purer thought, and nobler action. Every strong and true heart has an alchemy within itself, by which it may convert the deadliest poison into healthful and invigorating aliment; and every earnest soul has power to set the gem of immortal honor amid its wreath of thorns. The thorns will soon perish; but the gem shall live, when changing cycles are lost in the measureless infinite.

But once more light broke in upon the darkened soul of the lame boy—light wherein he saw visions of beauty, which language had no power to express, and therefore they were hidden in his soul, until they made his whole being radiant with a new life. All perceived the change; but no one—not even his mother—could draw from him any explanation of the cause. When they questioned him the light of his countenance grew so refulgent, that many times they turned from him in terror, as if they had beheld an angel looking out from the depths of his large lustrous eyes. Often while they were speaking, his eyelids closed, and he fell into a strange sleep, whispering unintelligible words, that sounded in their ears like the breathing of a sea-shell, or like the remotest voice of the sea itself, as if it were a message from the far-off Infinite. Then his whole being was transfigured; and his face became radiant as the face of a spirit.

And so he came to be considered as one holding communion with the supernatural forms, with which their untutored imagination had peopled sky, earth, and air; and his friends shrunk from him, with a superstitious fear. All except his mother forsook him; for they were oppressed with a vague consciousness of the spiritual, so naturally oppressive to rude and undeveloped minds. But when others avoided him, his mother gathered more closely to his bosom; yet it was with a feeling of awe, and reverence, due rather to a superior being, than to the cherished nursling she had dandled on her knees, or the poor decrepid boy whose slight form she carried daily in her arms. When he slept, she knelt beside him, looking with earnest eyes into his pale face, and pondering on the revelations, that seemed to hover on his murmuring lips.

One day he asked to be carried to his favorite retreat, a nook walled in by rocks, and sheltered by a cluster of palms, on a declivity that overlooked the sea. She did so; and having adjusted his couch of soft dry moss, and sea weeds, left him to his coveted repose. Several times, ere she came for her midday rest, she ran to the palm-grove, to inquire if her son had need of any thing. He would open his eyes languidly, and close them again, without replying a word, as if he were just hovering on the borders of sleep.

So it was until the sun reached the zenith; and then once more the widow hastened to her child, bearing milk, and fruits, and bruised corn, for his refreshment. But now he was fast asleep. The eyes were not perfectly closed; but between the golden fringes of the delicately veined lids, appeared two soft lines of the living azure that slept beneath. The fresh wind made continual frolic with his gleam-

ing hair, sometimes sweeping it, like a flood of sunlight, over his features of almost sparry whiteness, then carrying it back, as if it would show the classic outline of his finely arching brow. The mother paused for a moment contemplating with maternal pride, the beauty of her child.

Then she set down the vessels she bore, and gently sought to wake him; for she had found that his sensibilities had become so acute, that a sudden surprise was frequently attended by painful results. She took his hand, and pressed it between both her own; but her heart misgave her at its unwonted coldness. She knelt down, and pressed a kiss upon his lips. They were fresh and dewy; but the warm breath hovered so lightly on their roseate curves, it did not stir the delicate trees that lay across them. An indefinable fear possessed the mother. She dared not approach him; nor could she wholly withdraw herself. And so she sat watching him, until the decline of day, when she was found by some of her people. There he still sat leaning against the mossy rock, like some sweet angel who had grown weary, and fallen asleep, ere he could finish his errand of love.

The news of the sleeper went abroad; and all the people came together on the shore, as if called for by one impulse. They watched him until the midnight stars deepened with their intensest luster; and then the sleeper woke. In a moment his mother had knelt before him, with her arms about his neck, and his head nestling in her bosom. And so they clung together, some minutes. Then, gently motioning her aside, and looking round on the beloved faces, which of late had ceased to be familiar, he spoke.

"It is well you are all gathered together; for my time on earth is brief; and I have much to say. Nay, mother; do not grieve that this is so. Remember that I shall leave my infirmity behind; and filled with a new life, and clothed with light, I shall go to dwell among angels. I have had a vision of the great Future, both of Earth and Heaven. I am wholly penetrated with its beauty, and overwhelmed with its grandeur. But send for our kinsman, Tubal Cain; for to him also I must speak. In the mean time give me a draught of milk, mother, and let me rest; for I have lived in these last few hours the life of years—nay, the life of ages. Bring our kinsman, hither; and wait for me until I wake."

As he gave back the cup into his mother's hand, he fell into a soft natural sleep; and all the people sat there, watching him silently. His mother bowed herself on her knees before him, regarding him earnestly, as if her own spirit, also, hovered on his light and flickering breath.

Original.

THE SPIRIT OF MAY.

BY FANNY GREEN.

I have heard thy music when far away,
Spirit of Beauty, Spirit of May!
Sceptered Queen of the blooming spring,
Rest awhile on thy breezy wing;
For the Floral sisters, a smiling band,
Are forth to welcome thee over the land!

The air diffuses a sweet perfume
It has hived from the orchards where apple-trees bloom—
Stretching afar o'er the hill-tops bright,
They wave like an ocean of rosy light;
And their perfume, a gift of the worshipper free,
Ascends from the blossom—the soul of the Tree.

On mossy banks by the southern wold
Young Violets wake, and their robes unfold;
And over the wild and rocky steep,
Where the yet imprisoned fountains weep,
The Columbine catches the breath of morn
To distil its sweets in her crimson horn.

The Sun has looked down with an ardent eye,
And his burnished rays in the buttercup lie,
Or soldier wrought in the cowslip's sheen
Is a chalice of gold on the brightest green,

While the roses of morning, the purple of eve,
On a ground of snow the anemone weave.

Fondly the meek Arbutus stores
The loving incense that round her pours,
Treasuring up in her nectarine cells
Gifts from the Hyacinth's fragrant bells—
The Flowers are sisters; for thus they live—
And freely take, as they freely give.

But here is the child of the spring-tide morn,
With motion as soft as the waving of corn;
Her cheek is bright as the flowers of May,
And her step like a bird's on the dancing spray;
O fairer than all in this vernal hour,
Is the soul's sweet blossom—the human flower.

Pure and gentle as evening dew,
Her form is lithe as the graceful yew,
And her small, bare feet, in the twinkling light,
Scatter the dew-gems round and bright
As they skim like a swallow the spangled grass;
And her soul is mirrored in Nature's glass.

Soft is the light in her shadowy eyes
As the dew-drop that hid in the violet lies;
And we pray, as we look, that this beauty and grace
May illumine her soul as they flit from the face;
And thus, through all change, as Time hurries away,
She will keep in her spirit the blessing of May.

Thy music the blackbird inspires, and the flush
Of rapturous love is the song of the thrush;
But listen!—The wing of the hovering Breeze
With a shivering touch has saluted the Trees,
And the stirring leaves chime with a euphony sweet,
As they bend to the Zephyr's aerial feet.

In the bobolink's music that echoes around,
Is the freshness of meadows—the verdure of sound—
And sucking in sweets, Epicurian Bee
Seems to be singing his honey to me;
While in Robin's rich lyrics of pathos and power,
Are the opening bud, and the vanishing flower.

But voices are calling—and thou must away:
Then give us, in parting, a love-taken, May!
Let the pure loving kindness that blessing imparts
Drop down, like a germ of good, into our hearts;
And when thou hast spread thine ethereal wing,
O leave in our spirits the freshness of spring.

"THEY KILL A GIRL A YEAR."

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

[A popular English writer affirms, that in some of the London sewing establishments "They kill a girl a year" by hard work, and that during busy seasons, the girls work till after midnight. The proprietors have come to look upon the sad result as a matter of course, and act upon it in a very business-like manner with an eye to the profit and loss account.]

Ye lovers of your fair array,
Ye men so brave, ye ladies gay,
It is but charity to say
You know not all you have to pay
For all your goodly gear.
They tell me—and I'm forced to own,
From all the facts before me thrown,
Enough to make a spirit groan—
That for your thoughtless pride alone,
They kill a girl a year.

Shut from the sunshine and the dew,
From dawn till dusk a fragile crew
Their weary, weary work pursue,
Nor midnight sees their "orders" through,
Nor flags the overseer.
The drooping form he may not see,
Or note one sign of misery;
True to his patrons must he be
Who serves the god necessity,
And kills a girl a-year.

A bridal robe is making there,
By one whose brow and eye are fair

As her's who shall that vesture wear ;
 Ah ! while she toils with patient care
 That eye too bright and clear,
 Shuts on the world without a cloud ;
 That bridal robe has earned her shroud
 At what an altar has she bowed ;
 The worm she weds. Speak not aloud,
 " They kill a year."

" How go the times ?—is business fair ?"
 Is asked and answered, with an air,
 By men who meet, and notes compare ;
 Then for the enterprise prepare,
 To make ten thousand " clear."
 Ye pampered hearts whose business thrives,
 Think of those hearts whose business drives
 To such sad altars such sad lives ;
 O ! for your daughters and your wives
 They kill a girl—a year.

[Illustrated News.]

Summary of Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

MEXICO.—Santa Ana is making a decided revolution in the internal affairs of Mexico. He has dismissed all legislative bodies ; and is to issue new rules and codes of government. A new law for the observance of the public press is so stringent that several of the most prominent journals have been discontinued. Gen. Arista is banished to Europe, because of his sympathies with the United States.

TURKEY.—A dispatch of April 28th, from Constantinople, says : " The newspapers speak in a tranquilizing tone. The question of the Holy Shrines is settled according to the wishes of Russia. M. de la Cour, French Ambassador, agrees with the negotiations respecting the Greek Patriarchate. The armaments have been stopped."

HOLLAND.—The irritation of the public mind in Holland increases against the recent Papal usurpation, and the ill feeling awakened between the Protestants and Catholics is so great that it is feared a conflict will happen. The more timid among the Catholics are leaving for Belgium. The ministers assemble daily. This is the Protestant version of the story.

Contradicting the above, a dispatch from Paris says, on the Roman Catholic side, " Monsignor Belgrado, the Pope's Internuncio in Holland, is making a tour through the various dioceses in the Kingdom, for the purpose of installing the new Roman Catholic Bishops. The Archbishop of Utrecht will reside at Bois-le-duc. Everything has passed with the greatest order and tranquility."

PERSIA.—By the route of St. Petersburg, of date April 21, it is stated that Persia is preparing for another expedition against Herat. The British Ambassador, Col. Shiel, had declared that he would demand his passports if the projected expedition were carried out.

A DEPUTATION of the Peace Conference solicited the Earl of Clarendon to insert in treaties now pending with the United States, a clause to settle all future difficulties by arbitration. The Earl of Clarendon promised to consider the proposal.

THE opposition to capital punishment is so strong in Canada, that a man and a woman, who had been sentenced to be executed for murder, were prevented from meeting their doom, by the people ; and the criminals have been committed to the penitentiary for life.

A DIVING apparatus has been recently invented in Paris, by which the diver may remain under water for several hours without inconvenience. From a chemical compound confined in a box on the diver's back is derived the gas required for breathing, and which also furnishes sufficient oxygen to support the flame of a lamp which may be burned sub-aqueously.

By a late decree of the Roman Inquisition, Macauley's History of England, and the Scripture Lessons, published by the British Government for use in the Irish National Schools have been placed in the Index of forbidden writings.

THE Administrative Council of the kingdom of Poland has decreed the confiscation of the property of those political refugees who have not taken advantage of the amnesty.

COUNTESS Blaaka Teleky has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment, for her share in the Hungarian revolution. She has been immured three years in a fortress at Pesth.

A NEW submarine telegraph cable was laid down with perfect success, between Dover and Ostend, on the 5th ult. The line is 70 miles in length, and contains six wires.

SOME further relaxations are made in the treatment at Milan.

DOMESTIC.

OUTRAGE.—The *New-York Tribune* says : On Tuesday, 17th, two Italians, one aged and paralytic, being at the Battery, observed two row-boats of the Sardinian frigate come to the shore, and asked the sailors some questions respecting the treatment of the Exiles whom they had brought to our shores, and the causes of their complaints. The sailors, in reply, struck the two Italians, and showed a disposition to carry them forcibly on board the frigate, but were deterred from so doing in consequence of the interference of some bystanders. Another Italian coming up just after the other two had left the spot, reproached the sailors for maltreating a helpless and infirm old man, whereupon some fourteen or fifteen set upon him, beat him cruelly, and, although a strong man, he was forcibly dragged to a boat and rowed off to the frigate, where he was put in irons, and not liberated till some two or three hours afterward.

THE United States Government gave an order in January last, for the construction of a model locomotive, tender and passenger car, to be presented to the Emperor of Japan ; which order has been filled and shipped by the U. S. Steamship Mississippi. The model is accompanied by Mr. Charles Montgomery, a practical engineer, who has been delegated to explain to the Japanese the power of steam, as applied to locomotives, and the benefits to be derived from its use. The models are of the neatest workmanship.

ANTI-RENT OUTRAGE.—On the 17th inst., in Schoharie county, N. Y., officer Lawrence proceeded to the house of Jacob J. Deitz, for the purpose of serving a summons ; when the latter seized and threw Lawrence on the ground, and gave a signal which brought four disguised ruffians to his assistance, who beat the officer severely, cut his hair off with a jack-knife, and tarred and feathered him.

THE Rev. Benjamin Whitmore, who has been thirty-six years pastor of the French Congregational Church, Boston, has recently been compelled to sue in a civil court for his salary—\$500. The defence set up was, that the plaintiff by " his lascivious conduct and conversation for the last thirty-five years " has rendered himself incompetent to act as minister. A dignified plea, this ! The worthy priest vindicated his character, and gained a verdict.

THE *Alta California* states positively that an expedition was on foot for taking possession of the Mexican province of Sonora, and that its designs are known at Washington as well as to the authorities of California. In a few days, it says, the public will be fully advised of all the particulars.

THE new school law of Ohio provides for the instruction of colored children in every township of the State, and for purchasing libraries for the common schools, in which there shall be no books of a sectarian character.

A SEVERE gale occurred on Lake Erie on the 19th inst., by which several vessels were beached, sunken or capsized ; and many lives were lost.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A petition has been presented in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, to strike out the word *male* from the article on suffrage.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* announces Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, as a believer in Spirit-manifestations.

PHENOMENAL.

"TABLE MOVING" IN PRUSSIA.—The Berlin correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*, writing on the 21st inst., makes the following extraordinary statement respecting "table moving" which previously formed the subject of a communication from Vienna, published in *The Times*: "The papers continue to give long details, from divers quarters, of experiments made with the so-called 'table moving.' At Heidelberg the whole 'faculty of jurists' operated, and in eight minutes set a nut wood table on the twirl, and this so rapidly that the gentlemen of the bar became giddy in their efforts to follow the movement. At Vienna, 'the fluid' communicating itself to other articles of furniture, which all twisted and turned as if moved by hand. Being somewhat sceptical, I last night assisted at an experiment at the house of an eminent scientific man. The party consisted of some twelve or fourteen persons. Six of these, three of either sex, seated themselves round a slightly mahogany table, standing upon a tripod leg, with castors. The chain was formed by the hands of all being placed flat on the table, and the little fingers of both hands being crossed over those of the persons sitting right and left. Those outside the ring, having marked the bearings of the room, as well as the original position of the table legs, with chalk, carefully watched the operation. In less than eleven minutes, a jerking, oscillating movement was perceptible—then a cessation—then a few more jerks to the left and right—then commenced a slow rotary and progressive motion to the right and northwards; this in a few seconds was followed by more rapid motion, which obliged 'the chain' to stand up and follow the movement, until at last the table spun round in the same double direction with such velocity as compelled the chain to relax their hold, when the table, after half a dozen turns, remained stationary. It must be observed that the experimenters sought by pressure to impede the rotary motion, and this so forcibly that not only the castors indented grooves in the floor, but the flat slab of the table unscrewed and would have fallen from the stem, had it not been supported by two of the party. A second trial was made a few minutes later with the same results, but with this difference, that the effect was not produced until the expiration of 34 minutes."

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.—There was a very heavy fall of rain and hail on Tuesday night about 8 o'clock, which, we fear, has done much damage to vegetation, in the neighborhood; and yesterday morning a large quantity of fresh water catfish were found in the open fields near the cotton factory and gas works. Some of the fish we understand were alive, and weighed upwards of a pound. How they were conveyed to a place so far from their native waters, we leave to the savans to determine.—[*Norfolk Herald*.]

A METEOR recently fell on the tower of Lincoln Cathedral, England, during a violent storm, and set fire to one of the pinnacles. A ball of fire descended upon the center tower of the cathedral, and burst with a loud explosion, emitting beautiful rose colored flames, and accompanied by a flash something like lightning. No other signs of electricity in the air either preceded or succeeded the appearance of the meteor.

HERR VON PARNEWITZ, the inventor of the process for making wool from pine trees, has recently presented to the king of Prussia specimens of paper made from the same material. Another ingenious individual, at Giersdorf, has also made paper of the red pine, which is so white and good as to be suitable for writing or drawing, and needs no sizing because of its resinous quality.

THE Chenango (Ill.) Star states that a mountain of mineral substance has been discovered, which, when ground and mixed with water, is an excellent substitute for bread.

IN Bath, Me., Mrs. Sprague, while speaking in a revival meeting of the Free Will Baptist Church, suddenly fell in a fainting fit, and died in a few moments.

ANOTHER wild man has been found near Memphis, Tenn. His name is Hugh Denwiddie, and he is from Bourbon County, Ky., where he has a wife and children living.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE attention of all reformatory and progressive minds is invited to this Journal, the design of which is to advocate the rights of Humanity, to present the true principles of reform, and to chronicle whatever may be useful and attractive in the developments of the present age. As prominent and distinctive features of this work, may be mentioned:

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BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER;

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THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE;

in which will be disclosed, through the medium of philosophical deductions, the principles involved in that sublime process by which the Universe has been progressively unfolded. Further notice of this work may be expected soon.

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