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Revelations of Nature.

Original.

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY D. CORY, M. D.

NUMBER TWO.

As science and philosophy come to our aid, and furnish us with as clear, rational, and intelligent conceptions in reference to ourselves, and our inseparable relationship to the world without and the world within, as we profess to entertain on other subjects and in other departments of knowledge, then shall we find beyond doubt, and to our infinite satisfaction and happiness, too, that man, body, soul and spirit, is but a compound atom, evolved and carried forward in the infinite cycles of eternity by the same perfect, harmonious, and unvarying laws of the Creator, as all other atoms are, and that his untold, unthought and inconceivable destiny, is fixed, beyond the reach of casualty or contingency, in the mind of Him "who knew the end from the beginning," and who fashioned us in wisdom. We shall find that the mysteries and supposed miracles of former ages, as well as those of the present, are only the operation of natural laws not understood, and that there is but *one* mystery and *one* miracle in the universe, and that is, God "the Law Giver." We shall find that every natural law is but an eternal, imperishable thought or volition of the Divine Mind!

I know it is urged that God has originated two codes of law: the natural and the moral; "one for matter, and one for mind." But when this proposition is tested by the touchstone of Science and Reason, it is found to be unsound and untrue.

Is there any thing in the universe which is not matter? If so, then there is *something* which is *nothing*!—something *existing* which does *not* exist! This would be absurd and impossible. Then we are compelled to infer that *every thing* is *something*; and that that *something* is matter. Some particles of matter, it is true, are so refined as to defy examination, except through their effects and phenomena. The more subtle and refined, the more perfect, and hence, the more intangible and inscrutable to our senses.

This would lead us, by direct inference, to the conclusion that mind or spirit is but matter in its ultimate or refined and perfected condition; so etherealized as to be possessed of conscious identity and individuality; therefore an immortal identity; for as all matter, whether gross or refined, is utterly indestructible, and therefore *immortal*, it follows that the immortality of the soul and spirit of man does not rest on a theory or an assumption, but is a scientific truth. The only question to be determined is, whether this ultimate of matter, the mind or spirit, continues, after its separation from the body, to possess a perfect and distinct individuality and conscious personality, as in the body. If so—if this can be established by inductive reasoning, as it undoubtedly can—then the whole question of man's immortality becomes a simple proposition, susceptible of scientific demonstration!

In order to prove to you that mind is matter, we have only to show that even "thoughts are things" thrown off from the brain of the living organism, individualized and possessing a kind of distinct existence, if not immortality. How is it that you, and even stooping, tottering age, can recall and resuscitate the thoughts of years gone by, even down to childhood and to the verge of infancy? Where have they been kept and treasured up, and whence has the magic power of the mind evoked them? How is it that clairvoyants, and sensitive mediums, can see, feel, and interpret our thoughts as they are eliminated and projected from our minds, almost before ourselves are conscious of their existence? How else could Jesus know the thoughts of those around him? How else could Adele Magnot give a retrospective history, even to circumstantial minutiae, of any person she chose, while in the state of clairvoyant ecstasy? But not only are our thoughts living realities, as it were, but more especially are the spiritual fountains or batteries which gave them being, and sent them forth, living, ever living personalities.

The proofs in favor of the continued and conscious existence of the soul and spirit of man, are too numerous and multiform to admit of rational doubt. Presuming that none who read this *do* doubt it, I shall pass it, as granted, with the simple remark that this, too, admits of the clearest demonstration.

If, then, every thing in the limitless Universe is matter—including spirit, thought, light, heat, electricity, etc.—it follows that they are all subject to the same Divine laws which control the grosser parti-

cles of matter throughout the dominion of Nature ; and that what we have understood as the moral law, and as having emanated from the Infinite and inapproachable JEHOVAH, is attributable to a very different source, as we shall attempt to show ; and that it is but the offspring of human spirits out of the body, and human minds in the body ; and that this is the result and operation of natural law. We may not be able to present this subject as clearly before the minds of others, as it exists in our own, but we will make the attempt.

We will first recapitulate : that the Universe is matter, and consists of God, and Nature—the Cause and the Effect—the Law-Giver, and the creature of Law ; that matter, however delicately organized, and refined, and ultimated, is matter still, and is necessarily subject to all the laws and principles which govern it in its grosser conditions and manifestations ; that every effect or creation is the offspring or outgrowth of law—i. e., the material was not first called into being by an impulse of the Divine mind, and then a code of laws projected to keep it in subjection. The law which *produced*, must have existed before the product ! So all the laws or principles in nature which relate to man, as an integral part of nature, either as to his animal or spiritual being, must have existed *before man*, and were not subsequently enacted to suit the exigency, as circumstances demanded. Such an idea placed too low an estimate on the wisdom and forecast of the Omniscient. The common understanding, therefore, of what is called moral law, is, in my estimation, very superficial and unphilosophical.

Our just having become acquainted with a truth or a principle of natural law, does not go to prove the principle did not exist before. Principles are as eternal—past, present, and future—as the Deity. Therefore, admitting it to be true, as is generally supposed, that the august Ruler of the Universe, left the pavilion of ineffable light, glory and majesty, and came to earth to communicate truths to man—these truths were not new creations, but eternal principles preëxistent in the mind of God, and, therefore, in perfect harmony with every other thought, volition or principle which ever had an existence there. This proposition will be found to be wholly incompatible with the common notion on this subject of revelation. I hold it susceptible of the clearest proof, to the unprejudiced mind, that the Deity never made a revelation to man at any time, except what has flowed into his mind through the subordinate channel of natural and preëxistent law.

It is a law of the mind, as well as the body, that exercise gives strength and power to those organs and faculties which are most called into action. Those who have most cultivated the intellect and the reasoning powers, have made the greatest advances and discoveries in the fields of intellectual and scientific knowledge—or, in other words, have received the highest revelations in this department of thought. So, those who have most highly cultivated their moral sentiments, have given to the world the highest and purest revelations in the department of moral instruction.

What is the philosophic difference (setting theology aside) between a revelation to the mind of Copernicus, in relation to the true motions of the solar system, (without the use of a telescope,) and a revelation to Moses in reference to the moral and personal conduct of the Jews ? What was the scientific distinction between the mental process by which Newton, Franklin, Davy, and Leverrier made their astounding revelations to the world, which have given a greater impulse to the march of mind toward the temple of Knowledge, than all that had preceded them, and that by which Jesus, Plato, and Confucius were enabled to utter the pure, elevating and sublime moral truths which they taught ? None whatever ; except the cultivation and consequent exaltation and expansion of a different class of mental faculties.

And here let me remark, that all the revelations which have resulted in any important or permanent benefit to the world, have been those which were of that class emanating from those grasping, soaring minds, which seemed, as it were, to drink at the fountain of nature's truth, and to inhale it with their breath. Not miraculously, not in trance, or inspired vision, or any abnormal condition, but by the cultivation and expansion of the natural, inherent powers of the mind, and in accordance with its natural laws. This I hold to be the high-

est form of Inspiration. Of this class was Jesus, Plato, Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius, Paul, and others, in morals. And Aristotle, Pythagoras, Euclid, Copernicus, Newton, Franklin, Davy, Cuvier, Gall, Lyell, and a long catalogue of others, who have dived deep into the arcana of Nature, and brought forth priceless gems to swell the great treasury of human knowledge. Compare these with the amount of knowledge derived through the channel of revelation proper—that of the Jewish prophets and the Apostle John—and what is the result ? The truth is, we have reversed the order of Nature. Revelation was never intended to supersede the exercise of intellect and reason, but as an auxiliary ; not as an end, but a means ; while we have been taught to look upon revelation as everything, and reason, nothing ; and to demand that even Nature and her laws must submit to the teachings of revelation !

It is true all men are not born with the same capacity for mental cultivation ; and this truth has a most important bearing on our subject. For example : There was a negro boy, in the South, who was, intellectually, an idiot in all respects, except the most remarkable power in the computation of numbers ; and in this ability he outstripped any one the world had ever known before. Any combination of numbers, he would either add, divide, multiply, or subtract, in a moment, as if by magic, and without figures. Was not this in accordance with the mental law by which the highest forms of revelations are made ? Or, in other words, is not this a revelation ? And what kind of revelations might we not expect from a person all of whose faculties possessed this capacity and power ? Do not such facts account for the remarkable character of Jesus ? Phrenology answers, Yes.

What is moral law ? It is simply a rule of human action, which discriminates between what is supposed to be right and what is supposed to be wrong. Morality, then, consists in a conformity to what, by the common concurrence of sentiment among any people, or nation, is considered right action, and of course must vary according to the intelligence and moral culture of the people. Hence we find the moral code of different nations and different ages, widely dissimilar. The standard morality of the Jews led them to consider and treat all men, who could not claim Abraham as their progenitor, as dogs ; while the morality of Christ taught that we should "love our neighbors as ourselves," and that all men were our neighbors, in this sense. The morality of Moses inculcated the law of retaliation as just and right, "an eye for an eye," and "a tooth for a tooth," "blood for blood," "wound for wound," "stripe for stripe." Christian morality enjoins the law of love, kindness and forbearance. In Greece, morality consisted in feats of arms and sacrifices to the gods ; in India, in self-immolation and *infanticide*.

We then see there is no absolute standard of moral action, aside from the restraints of natural law, and, in the very nature of the case, *can* never be any, for as man is elevated in the scale of intellectual and spiritual cultivation, his code of *morals* is proportionately elevated, and can by no possibility, transcend it. The morals of yesterday, *can* not be a standard for the morals of to-day, nor those of to-day be a criterion for to-morrow.

The reason of this is evident when we reflect that any standard of moral precepts, not based on the immutable principles of Nature's law, is only a reflection or image of the moral condition of those who originate them, and therefore *must* be changeable. For illustration : there could have been no real wrong done to any person by Eve's eating an apple ; for no principle of natural law was violated, unless it were poisonous. Nor can there be any moral virtue in keeping one day in seven holy and in laboring six ; for the natural law makes no distinction. God works, by these laws, every day. The sun shines ; the wind blows ; the rain descends ; the birds sing, and the flowers perfume the air, on all days alike. These rules of action, or, if you please, moral laws, are, therefore, only adapted to a low plane of intelligence, where they originated ; for they are "out of joint" with that higher law which God reveals through Nature ! It follows, then, that God is not their author ; neither of these nor any other written law. They never could have originated from any higher source than the human mind. And when I say this, I do not mean to ques-

tion their origin in inspiration, or, at least, most of them. But this whole subject of inspiration and revelation is misunderstood. There is no miracle in it. It is purely a natural result, and, therefore, a legitimate subject of scientific research. It is simply the result of the action of magnetism on the living organism of susceptible persons—sometimes exerted and controlled by other persons, sometimes by spirits out of the body—which exalts and renders more acute the natural mental powers of the subject, enabling them to ascend higher in the line of thought and truth, than they otherwise could do. It is, in other words, a law by which one mind may be placed in sympathy and rapport with another, and thereby have the scope of its powers, for the time being, greatly enlarged. But in all this, the Supreme Intelligence has no direct agency. It is always the work of subordinate agents, acting through the channel of natural law.

We have not time to accumulate all the arguments we should wish to furnish on this point; but enough has been adduced to lead to the inference that all that is technically called "moral law," is essentially of human origin, and in no case can it claim a higher source than as being the mixed production of human spirits out of, and in, the body; and consequently can at no time rise much above the mean or common level of thought, and can never form a permanent and perfect standard of human action.

There is a moral law, however, the knowledge of which the masses of mankind are deplorably ignorant, which can legitimately claim a Divine origin, and to which, I beg leave to refer, as an infallible rule of action, and to every line, precept and page of which, all will be held most rigidly accountable, and from the penalties of which there is no forgiveness. This law is the universal law of matter; the only code which can claim God as its author. These laws surround us at every step of our existence. We are born in them—live, breathe and have our being in and through them. These principles are as eternal and unchangeable as the Omniscient being who gave them birth. These statutes know no change and no mutation. As man rises in the knowledge of these truths, he acquires, in so far, a proximate knowledge of their divine Author. In exact proportion as we study and obey them, do we promote our own happiness; and in proportion as we disregard them do we suffer their sting. There is nothing arbitrary, unphilosophical or incongruous in their mandates; but a most perfect and beautiful adaptation to promote the desired end. All is harmony. There is not a flaw nor a defective item or paragraph in the entire code. Neither is there a particle of matter, however gross or however refined, which does not owe submission to their authority. From the granite rock to the highest arch-angel; from the stupendous globe, to the most infinitesimal globule of the life-current that pulsates in the heart of the invisible animalcule; all, all owe their existence and their fealty to the same divine Law-giver and law. As electricity, or, more properly, electro-magnetism—which, under certain conditions, exhibits itself through the various phenomena of gravitation, cohesion, chemical affinity, lightning, the polarity of the needle, planetary motion, animal magnetism, and even animal life—is but refined matter, and subject to law, shall we say that the manifestations of mind and spirit are above and beyond the control of the All-powerful and All-pervading principles of law which we find to control all else? Let us not say this till "we know whereof we affirm," "until we are able to give a reason for the hope" or opinion we entertain.

If the soul and spirit are material essences, possessing conscious identity and immortality, separate from the body, they must derive all these qualities by virtue of a natural, inherent law of matter, attached to it by its divine author. If not, every conscious act or volition of each and every individual spirit—yes, every reptile and insect—must be the result of a distinct volition or act of the Deity. This would create a wholesale demand for miracles, which the most ignorant and credulous devotee of the marvelous would scarcely require.

Science has long since established the fact that matter, in all its forms, is immortal, and indestructible. Can science recognize and establish the existence of a law, showing that matter, in certain degrees of attenuation and refinement, and under favorable conditions,

can assume the attributes of vegetable and animal life? If science can supply one instance of the operation of such a law, analogy and induction will establish the rest. It does more than this: it furnishes many evidences of its existence, in both the animal and the vegetable departments. The miniature forests of vegetation in the form of mold on stale bread, cheese and sour milk, will suffice for the vegetable side; while the production, by Mr. Crossei, of insects—possessing life, sensation, consciousness, locomotion, and even passion, which denotes a certain degree of intelligence—under the poles of the galvanic battery; the production of teeming myriads of animated beings in a barrel of rain-water, and the well-known phenomenon of hair-snakes—furnish us with sufficient data in regard to the animal kingdom. If our premises be correct—and animal life, and animal consciousness and intelligence, which imply thought, are among the properties with which the Creator has endowed matter, in certain degrees of sublimation and refinement—may not matter, in a still higher state of refinement, as it exists in the spirit of man—giving him a much more exalted intelligence and consciousness—be endued with the capacity of preserving its organic form, consciousness, intelligence and identity after it has separated from the body which nourished it? If so, is not the spirit, and its every aspiration and thought, as much the result of a natural law as the circulation of the blood? and hence as much the legitimate subject of philosophic and scientific research?

Finally—"The proper study of mankind is man." The acme of human knowledge, is a knowledge of humanity. Let us study and know ourselves, and then shall we "be always able and ready to give a reason for our hope." Knowing ourselves and the laws of God which govern our being, we may hope to obtain a proximate knowledge of that Supreme Intelligence in whose divine image we are, and were created.

Social and Moral Ethics.

WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

[We do not think that *all* of the degraded conditions of women, shown in the following article, are confined to that sex; neither do we consider many of the wrongs alluded to referable to any existing laws of our government, or to the grasping and domineering disposition of men,—but rather to women's own choice. Yet we believe that whatever improper restraints are imposed by one sex upon the other, should be removed; and we publish the following to aid in the "agitation of thought" on this subject, that the true principles and means of progress may be developed.]

WOMAN, as woman, has never yet been met upon the full grounds of our common humanity. Her genius, hereditary privileges, or public convulsions, have each and all, in every period, separated a few from the mass of the sex, and they have walked the same walks of intellect, passion or crime, which distinguish our brothers; but, as a rule, we may safely assert, everywhere woman is regarded as an appendage to man only, as the medium for reproduction exclusively. In the lower ranks she sweeps the streets, picks the filth of the gutters in the shape of "rag pickers;" carries loads of offal, digs in the trench, is harnessed to the wheelbarrow, the hand-cart, and then in the midst of filth, of want, degradation and misery, nurtures upon a heap of straw her miserable offspring, which in its turn is to act upon society in the shape of the wretched night-walker, the thief, and the assassin. These are the children whose very blood is corrupt with alcohol, and full of the seeds that goad to crime. Yet these women are wives, mothers!

Men, who talk of a woman's sphere, who fill the world with Arcadian dreams, look at this picture! Is this a woman's sphere? Men, who stand behind counters and measure ribbons, who work in our book-binderies, who are post-masters, and editors, and copyists, and

waiters, and preachers, and lecturers, and legislators, did you not crowd the avenues of light labor, would woman be doomed to these things? Did ye your whole duty to the world, would it be silent while such things are?

Men, would ye go to the harvest field, hold the plough, hammer the anvil, work the ship, and fill the ranks of the artisan with honest, manly toil, would woman be condemned to be the toilsome degraded creature that we see in this great city of New-York even, skulking in dens of misery, stalking in rags, and stooping to the hardest toil, or the most disgusting pollution?

Dr. Abernethy quaintly remarked, that "bile can not be cured with rose-water," and so he prescribed blue pill. We do not wish to denounce our brothers; we do not wish to say unwomanly things; but we must say that these subjects are not to be dodged because weak, flippant men and women talk softly about "a woman's sphere," and the "gentleness of woman," the "dependence of woman," the "loveliness of woman," &c.; all this is well, but do not let us stop here. Women are crushed by toil, by suffering and poverty, and the avenues by which she might relieve herself are crowded by the other sex, and thus she becomes the victim of our social wrongs, and a victim far more revolting than a man can become. The sweetest odors are most nauseous in their corruption, and woman, made to represent the highest beauty and spirituality of earth, when torn from her high place, falls to the deepest pitch of infamy.

Man must aid in her redemption, and by so doing he aids himself. Let every honest, well-disposed man abandon any and every office which a woman can perform as well or better than himself, and betake him to offices demanding manly strength and physical courage, and the work of redemption would be half done. Women would be better paid for their toil, and the temptations to crime be greatly lessened to both sexes.

Years ago we went into a shop—a thread and needle store—for the purpose of purchasing some very desirable "elastics," as they are delicately called, which we had seen in the window. We found a stout, hardy-looking man behind the counter, and we muttered somewhat audibly, "It is abominable to be obliged to buy these things of a man." The dealer opened his eyes, and finally answered in a very sensible manner, "You think, then, women should keep these kind of stores?" "Assuredly," we replied. "Well, I never thought of it before, but I think you are right," was his reply.

So it is in the world. People do not think. Some have little capacity therefor, and some are so blinded by prejudice or interest, that they forbear to do so. Then, too, it is commonly asserted that women will not buy of each other; they prefer to deal with the other sex. This is but partially true. Women, giddy and vain, with little self-respect, may like to half flirt with the clerks of a dry goods dealer, but these are a minority, and the true reason seems to be, that, as a general rule, women are obliged to trade upon a small capital; their articles are consequently fewer in number, giving less opportunity for choice to the buyer, and they are apt to be poorer in quality also. But in this city the larger millinery establishments, the worsted shops, lace shops, fancy articles, &c., kept by women, are abundantly sustained by the sex, and the keepers are treated with becoming consideration by their lady patrons, who are able to see the propriety and honorableness of well-directed effort.

We have come to the conclusion that every and any place is a sphere for woman, when man does not wish to be there himself. In that case he does not desire her competition. He likes to keep her for a sort of cat's paw, by which he may be able to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire; but wo to her if she presumes to take chestnuts in her own right. If a purpose is to be gained, women are collected in churches, fairs, parades, and made to stand unbonnetted in the midst of thousands, and present standards, sing, dance, rehearse, and no man thinks of entering a protest, because she does so at his dictation; he has an object in view, a cause to be advanced, a sensation to create, and he uses woman as the best instrument to advance these; and women have no womanly pride to teach them that it is less womanly to be a part of a pageant, to be used for the purpose of thrift or enthusiasm, than to create their own path by their own glorified mission.

Man asserts the integrity of the individual for himself, but denies it to us. There seems to be a strange sort of blundering in the reasonings of our brothers in regard to us. They forget we are the one-half of humanity, that our interests can not be separated, and that the Divine laws apply to the race, irrespective of sex. Among inferior races, there is no division of sphere. We never hear that the lion tells his better half that it is unlioness-like to go out on a foray, or that the eagle forbids his Mrs. Eagle to perch upon the same rock with himself, or confront with him the midday sun. If there is any thing in the animal region improper for the female to do, it is equally so to the male. The functions of maternity are limited, and do not in any way affect human rights; and God has so instilled into the very structure of his creatures law of appositeness and beauty, that only a long series of injury and oppression can uproot them; therefore, woman may be safely left to these, and they will be more entirely and truthfully woman just in proportion as they are left to these divine institutions.

It will be time to talk of the ideal of womanhood when the actual presents us no pictures of depravity, poverty and crime. Even in this city of New-York there are no less than three men now imprisoned for the murder of their wives; beastly, drunken, idiotic creatures, (rose-water will not cure bile,) who mercilessly dragged these wives and mothers down to death: and yet there is a doubt whether human justice will reach them. We are opposed to capital punishment in toto, but if ever man deserved the extreme penalty of the law, it is the one who cruelly takes the life of a helpless woman, made by the law so entirely his chattel that she is well-nigh shut out from human justice. A manly man, a generous man, who should look into this matter fully, would refuse to take a wife upon the terms authorized by law. He would feel that she could be no true companion till she is recognized in the country just as free, as individual, as civilly responsible as himself. Few bonds are needed for those whom the great God has conjoined, and when two persons would meet in the holy and reputable aspect of husband and wife, the terms should be fully and entirely equal; and this can not be the case till woman is an acknowledged citizen like her brother—till she is relieved from all disabilities in which he does not share. Then, and not till then, will she find a dignity in the labor of her hands or her brain; then, and not till then, will it be honorable for her to accumulate wealth, and distribute alms, as she moves in the conscious dignity of matron and citizen. Then, and not till then, can she aid her weak, suffering sister, and dam up the flood-gates of human pollution, and be, as God designed she should be, the embodied beauty and spiritualism of the world. Placed side by side with man, her brother, governments would become superfluous, in their present vast complexity, and we should ere long realize that beautiful democracy, of which the whole science of man is prophetic. There would be one language and one people—a language of universal love, a people of one entire brotherhood.

Our old systems of reform have been tried and found ineffective; the pulpit lags too much behind the day; our legislators hold back upon precedents, and so the ages roll on and the earth is full of violence; the earth so beautiful, so adapted to man in his present best capacities, prophetic of its Eden, is full of deserts and thorns and malarial, symbols of the pollutions that mar his moral nature. All that man's ingenuity has hitherto been able to devise for the removal of evil has been done, and now we must look to this great reform through woman. She must be lifted to her legitimate position, made able to help herself and aid her brother, and thus will the work of redemption be advanced. —[N. Y. Budget.

Honorable Testimony.

To a woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or ill, they did not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. In so free and so kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweeter draught; and if I were hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

MUNGO PARK.

Facts and Phenomena.

From Chambers' Journal.

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

THE phenomenon of trance is a subject almost equally interesting to the imaginative and scientific. The world, when in its infancy, recorded the marvel in the myths of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the hundred years' repose of the Beauty of Faërydom; and as these dreams of imagination faded before the awakening power of knowledge, philosophers and grave physicians took up the tale, and sought to explain a mystery still full of darkness and awe.

Now, although of late the philosophic public have appeared more interested in sending people to sleep than in waking them up—as in mesmerism and electro-biology—it is possible that two or three incidents of the natural resurrection of the supposed dead, may not be void of interest to the general reader. We will begin with a winter's tale, to which we listened, under a most favorable conjunction of domestic and friendly planets, this last Christmas; the narrator being grandson to the heroine, and of course able to vouch for its authenticity.

Once upon a time—somewhere in the reign of George II.—a certain German Colonel, in the service of the house of Hanover, married a young English lady of great beauty and little fortune. In accordance with a courteous modern fashion, not common, however, in those days, some noble friends of the bride offered the young couple a home during the honeymoon, in their ancient and splendid castle in the north of England. The hospitality was accepted; and, as at the end of that period the soldier was suddenly compelled to rejoin his regiment, and embark for Germany, then the scene of war, the lady's stay was to be prolonged, at the request of her hostess, till his return. That period never came. He fell in battle a few months after his departure, and his wife did not long survive him. She died after giving birth to a daughter, whom on her death-bed she commended to the guardianship and care of Lady P——.

The trust was accepted. The orphan thus cast upon their protection was reared by Lord and Lady P—— as their own child, in all things save one. They were Romanists: but her mother having been of the Church of England, their sense of honor prevailed, and they had her educated in the reformed faith, sending her every Sunday to the clergyman of the parish for religious instruction. She grew up a beautiful woman, accomplished also beyond her sex in those days; and so it chanced that Lord P——'s third son, returning from his continental tour, was struck by the change time had wrought in his heretofore playmate, and forthwith fell in love with the portionless but bewitching little heretic. Now, it might fairly be imagined, that they who had loved and reared the young girl as their own daughter, and who had proved themselves so generous, just, and honorable, would have gladly sanctioned this union; but it was not so. Her religion—albeit she owed it to themselves—was an objection not to be overcome, even though she offered to change her faith, which, taught only at intervals, and contradicted by the habits and tone of thought of her daily associates, had not taken very firm root. Such a conversion, in truth, might justly be suspected under the circumstances, and the usual plan, therefore, was adopted—the lovers were separated. Lord P—— procured a commission for his son in the army of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and sent the young lady on a trip to Portugal, under the care

of the English Ambassador, who was his intimate friend, trusting that she might meet with somebody abroad who would prove a successful rival to the young soldier.

If worldly prudence was not one of William P——'s virtues, its lack was not apparent in his new position. He was serving a master who was not at all inclined to think discretion the better part of valor, and who watched with admiration through his telescope the desperate and daring courage with which the young Englishman carried a difficult post in his second battle. Turning to one of the officers of his staff when the day was won, Frederick desired him to summon "that brave English captain" to his presence. He was respectfully reminded that the young soldier did not hold that rank. "He has done so from the moment I remarked his conduct," was the reply. In the same summary style of promotion, the king greeted the Englishman at the close of another battle as Major P——, adding a gracious wish to know if there were anything, the young officer desired, which he, Frederick, could grant. No more unwelcome reply could have been devised than the one made to this royal kindness. Major P—— respectfully requested permission to quit the service! Frederick heard him with as much surprise as displeasure; but after his implied promise to grant the request, he could not refuse. An order of dismissal was therefore drawn out officially, ending, according to the usual form, thus: "Major P—— is therefore at liberty to go —," the blank being left for the king to fill in. The angry Frederick added these words: "*au diable*, Frederick Rex." This curious dismissal and royal autograph are still preserved in Major P——'s family.

The officer did not go in the direction indicated; he merely proceeded to a country, the fiends of which are, according to a sailor's proverb, "too civil by half." He went to Portugal; and, shortly after his arrival in Lisbon, renewed, as a matter of course, his family intimacy with the English Ambassador, who having never heard of the forbidden love-passages between his fair charge and the younger son of the P——s, made him always welcome at the Embassy; and so the days glided happily away, till a letter from the Ambassador communicated to Lord P—— the startling intelligence of his son's presence in Lisbon, and his frequent visits to his old friend. The reply to this missive was a positive prohibition to the intercourse of the lovers, with which the good-natured envoy was obliged to comply. Their enforced estrangement fell heavily on both, especially on the lady, whose delicate spirits became suddenly and strangely affected. She grew faint and languid, without apparently suffering pain; and finally, to all appearance, died. The Ambassador's daughters, young women of her own age, were greatly touched by this tragic catastrophe of the romance. The corpse was kept beyond the usual time in warm countries; and at their earnest and tearful entreaty, the despairing lover was permitted once more to behold his fair betrothed before the grave closed over her. It was the night preceding the intended interment; the coffin, which had already received its cold, still inmate, was placed upon a table, covered with a black pall; the chamber was hung with black, and dimly lighted by large wax tapers, placed at the head of the bier. Tremblingly, the young man raised the veil which covered the face of the dead, and gazed upon the calm, fixed, colorless features, in silent agony; then, bending down, he kissed the white lips fervently again and again—and oh, strange marvel of nature! the Sleeping Beauty became a reality;

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt;

the lips trembled slightly, the eyelids moved ; and the truth—enough to have turned a weaker head—flashed on him : she was not dead, but in a trance ! With wonderful presence of mind, he extinguished the lights, lifted the sleeper from her coffin, and bore her into the next room, thus saving her from perhaps a fatal shock. Gradually the vital powers were restored ; but no commands could now keep William P— from her whom he had thus restored from the grave.

There had been no possibility of doubting the reality of the trance. The young lady had been insensible, cold, motionless, and, in the judgment of her physicians, dead for more than a week ; and a full and faithful account of this strange incident was forwarded by the Ambassador—now an intercessor for the lovers—to Lord P—. But singular and touching as the incident was, it wrought no change in the sternness of the parents' determination ; and feeling that he could not again expose his betrothed to such suffering, and hoping that when the deed was irrevocable they should be pardoned, William married the fair sleeper in defiance of all prohibitions, and carried her with him to England.

If happiness were to be estimated by worldly prosperity, it had been better perchance, for her to have slept on. They wrote a supplication for pardon to Lord and Lady P— as soon as they reached London ; but no reply was vouchsafed, no pardon ever granted, and the rash young couple found themselves in the great city friendless and destitute, the younger son's allowance having been discontinued by his father. What was to be done ? Never were moral courage and energy more needed. But the fair sleeper possessed both ; she was, moreover, an excellent artist, painting flowers admirably, and in those days the market for talent was not overstocked ; perhaps, also, her story may have been whispered abroad, and the secret interest of the Ambassador exerted in her behalf. She sold her paintings and little fancy articles—the fashion of the times—screens, and baskets, and painted fans, successfully, and thus supported her husband and herself. Strange contrast must their life have presented from its earlier years ! Instead of the stateliest of England's homes—the poor obscure lodging ; instead of all luxury and ease, appliances and means to boot of grandeur—the toil and struggle for daily bread. Yet they were very happy. Both had doubtless learned the insufficiency of wealth and station to confer bliss, and found pleasures undreamed of before in the exercise of talent, in the pretty, needful toil, in the thousand little ties of sympathy, and mutual hopes and fears, comfortings and encouragements. The fancy loves to dwell upon the interior of that home : the quaint little room with its old-fashioned furniture, the few stiff chairs, the polished table, the worked fire-screen, partially protecting the fair young artist from the blaze of the cheerful fire as she bends over her task, and groups of roses and lilies, and all the sweet old-world flowers, upon her paper, or on the velvet or tiffany destined for her lady employers ; whilst her husband, seated at her side, beguiles the incessant toil of its weariness by reading to her in a low sweet voice, or telling her of the great Frederick, and of the battles fought beneath the Prussian eagles. This is the fairest side of the picture. Many a real care and harrassing anxiety must, nevertheless, have haunted the mind of the sleeper awakened, especially when the birth of her child, a daughter, demanded greater exertion and larger means. And there was no end to the ups and downs in the life of the honorable William P—. About this time, a distant relative, who had been interested by the romance of

his love, died, and left him a large fortune—a greater trial than poverty to many a spirit. For a time, however, they enjoyed this sunshine of fortune—the more, indeed, from recent privation and poverty ; but William was not—as his story thus far has shown—gifted with any great store of worldly prudence. There were numerous bubbles afloat in that day, marvelous contrivances for making—or, more certainly, marring—fortunes in an incredibly short space of time ; and he was seized with the prevailing mania, entered into a wild speculation, and lost nearly all the wealth that had been so opportunely sent.

Once more the gaunt specter, poverty, stood in the path of the sleeper, at a time, too, when the energy and spirit of youth had fled ; and this time it forced the separation which nothing had been able to effect before. William P— resolved to return to Prussia, and reënter the service of Frederick ; whilst his wife and their only daughter established a school for young ladies, with the money still remaining from their recent wealth. And thus years rolled by. The patient, industrious mother succeeded in retrieving some portion of their losses ; the rash, eager, but generous husband, won laurels and wounds in still quicker succession. The daughter married, and became ultimately the grandmother of the narrator of the story ; and, finally, General William P— returned, a few limbs minus, and very gray, but still fondly beloved, to his home, and died, full of years and honors, in the arms of his awakened sleeper.

Let us next introduce our reader to a small chamber in a country parsonage, a little later in the same century. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the open window, through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the little garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut tree, cast a clear, pleasant light through the snowy dimity curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing with the listlessness of weakness, on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sunlight might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor ; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself ; and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money matters, had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape. He would have cared little had his difficulties affected his own comfort only ; but they fell likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes preyed on his affectionate and rather timid spirit ; the probable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonized and perplexed reflection, listening to the church bells ringing for Sunday service, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices ; and the poor pastor, as he lay overpowered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which op-

pressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Providence once more dawning on his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered, but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterward.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose ; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain ! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the deep sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered round his family. His physical condition preserved his personal freedom ; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direst evils of poverty. The rumor, however, of his trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. Being much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity, he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever wake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt discharged. For the following two days, Lord E—— was a regular visitor at the parsonage.

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sun-light fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathings of the trance-chained man deepened, and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E—— shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow ; there was a slight flutter of the eye-lids ; she held her breath, and clasped her hands in an agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand, so long motionless, stirred ; the eyes opened ; she could not speak for overpowering joy. The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her, and observed : " I thought I had slept longer, the bell has not yet ceased ringing ! "

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned ; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of Sleep ; he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E—— conferred a living of some value on him ; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which they had been so marvelously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforward strove to unite prudence and generosity ; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In both these instances, the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record,* in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this death-like thralldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake ; and the account given by the individual who endured this interval of

life in death, is very singular and interesting. She was an attendant on a German princess ; and after being confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a nervous disorder, to all appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was of course immediately removed to a different couch, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations :

" She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her ; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death ; she felt them clothe her in the garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin. This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly ; she had no power of utterance ; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavored to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral-hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height, and agony mastering that awful spell of unnatural slumber, produced the moisture on her brow, which saved her from being entombed alive."

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occurred during the cholera. The people of England have an especial horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the air, and not in the person who is affected by the complaint ; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to persuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they hurried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation. A poor seafaring man, who had been long absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who, lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbors would have dissuaded him, but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death. There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the beloved corpse, the rude mariner shed tears, which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next instant the exhausted and death-like sleeper opened her eyes, and gazed up in his face ! The joy of the poor fellow may be imagined.

We might multiply instances of this phenomenon, but as they would probably be familiar to the reader, or have at least been told before, we shall but add a wish that the old adage, " Too much of a good thing," may not be found a practical truth with regard to his sleep ; and wish

To all and each a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

Our good gifts should not be subjects of vanity, but of gratitude. If we are better than others, let it be seen in a sublime forbearance, and forgiveness of all wrong.

* In an old magazine, dated 1798 ; and also in Dr. Crichton's Essays.



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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.

New-York, June 18, 1853.

CONDITIONS IN THE FUTURE LIFE.

DEGREES IN HEAVEN.

THE triumph of Truth, through the agency of Reason, is clearly prophesied by the vast change that has occurred in the opinions of the Christian world, during the last few years, on subjects connected with the future life. Even many of the Orthodox faith, are softening their estimation of the nature of future punishment, by repudiating the doctrine of a lake of literal "fire and brimstone," some of them ceasing to deny that there may be a possibility for progression in goodness by those who depart this life in an "unconverted" state,—while the most reasoning members of the Universalist denomination have abandoned their faith in the immediate transformation of all into a condition of perfection, and have adopted the more rational view of progress in the Spirit-world, under the same laws which govern the human soul in this. The following article from the *Golden Era*, a Universalist paper in the West, is an embodiment of some of the progressive views of that denomination, on the above subject:

We are particularly pleased to know that men are thinking more definitely with respect to the future life. Our notions of the life to come have been very vague and ill-defined, little other than chimerical, unnatural, unreal, and impossible emotions of bliss to be enjoyed without cause, ability or condition. We have not reasoned concerning that life at all, from what we know to be the sources of joy to an intelligent and moral being. Hence Christians have conceived heaven to be a feast room—a camp meeting, a city of gold, a holiday scene, a social jubilee of eternal duration just according to their ideas of sensual delight, into which men are to be taken, just as we would take a child into a show-room, or theater, and have supposed that once in then all will enjoy a fullness and equality of delight such as the angels feel. The attention now given this subject will tend to make more definite and rational all our ideas of the future life and intensify and

realize our faith so that it shall not be simply a vision of rapture, but a principle of indwelling life which is an earnest or antepast of the life in heaven.

But why do we believe in degrees in heaven?

1st—Because there are degrees in earth. It is a fact which no one ought to deny, that all men have some good in them in the earth. All have good enough in them to be worthy of God's love. That which is good in them is their kindness with God, which is immortal and must live in heaven. But there are many degrees in human goodness, varying "from the least unto the greatest." Now it is a well settled opinion that death is no respecter of persons, but treats and affects all alike, so that whatever be the change that death produces on one man, it will be the same on all men. So that if there are degrees in positive goodness, or inherent value or worth before death, there will be the same degrees after. Otherwise death is partial and does more for some men than others; lifts up some, or draws down others. Between Sir Isaac Newton and the demented dolt there is a vast difference. Death can not confer the wisdom and mental strength which years of study have given to the mind of the philosopher. And if death should confer it upon the weak and ignorant, it would show them favors which it does not the wise and strong. Death is no partialist. The man of one degree of good when he dies, has no just reason to hope that he will have more than one degree of good when death has ushered him into the immortal state. And the man of ten degrees of good may expect that with ten degrees he will enter upon the life of eternal continuance. So the difference between Channing and Gibbs was very great, and if death is no respecter of persons, it will be equally great in heaven. Not that Gibbs will be wicked or Channing sick or desponding, but that their respective relations to each other will be retained.

2d—Because we are immortal and shall retain our personal identity. Thus man's likeness to God makes him immortal. If he is immortal, every period of his existence bears a direct relation to all of his past and future existence. The past has wrought the present, and the past and present will work and mold his future. I can truly say, "I am to-day what the past has made me." The period will never come when I can not say this, in truth. I am the immortal being. It is not I made into another being bearing no relation to me. Hence my individual and personal identity will always give me a consciousness of past existence and of present relation to that past existence; so that when death disrobes me of mortality I shall be myself, bearing the same relation to my superiors and inferiors that I did before, and hence possess my proper degree of spiritual good, while they possess their proper degrees. To deny degrees in heaven is, to my mind, to deny man's immortality and his personal identity in the future world.

3d—Because man is a progressive being. I conceive that the capacity to progress is an inherent and necessary element in the constitution of an immortal creature. This is the glory of the finite mind. It must always be: because the finite mind must always be dependent upon the Infinite, and being dependent must always want something which it has not yet obtained. Every inhabitant of the heavenly realm is a wanting creature, wanting because dependent upon God; and being wanting can not be perfect, and if not perfect it can only have a degree of perfection. Our wants can not be less in the future world than they are here, nor their supply less necessary to our happiness. In supplying these wants lies the spring of eternal progress and happiness. This being our nature, degrees in heaven are as essential to our happiness as they are in earth. The glory of it is that each degree in the ascending plane of eternal progress must be passed through and enjoyed by all.

THE right of every man to a place on the earth without being compelled to pay for it, must soon be recognized. And the opportunity for all to labor, and to receive the full product, free from the taxation of capital, will also be enjoyed. A guaranty for this is seen in the progress that has taken place for a few years past, in the human mind.

I. S. H.

THE CONVENTION AT HARTFORD.

It was our intention to offer some remarks on this subject, in which many of our readers are supposed to be interested, in our last number ; but the crowded state of our columns and the precedence of other matter prevented us from doing so. And now it is not our purpose to speak at length of the proceedings of the Convention at Hartford, since to do this would require more space than could be justly appropriated to the subject. We can only refer briefly to the general character of these proceedings, and the influence which will be probably exerted by this somewhat novel and startling exhibition of mental freedom.

As a whole the Convention can not be properly called a failure, because its sessions were generally well attended, and the presence of several distinguished speakers gave a lively interest to the occasion. But we can not say that it was in all respects what the friends of free discussion would naturally desire. In the first place, the advocates of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures were not present, the principal speakers that appeared in defense of the Bible being such as acknowledged at the outset that only certain portions of this book can be regarded as inspired. From this fact it will be seen that the orthodox view of the subject which supposes the Scriptures to be the only, direct, and infallible word of God, was by no means properly represented. This, however, was not the fault of the individuals who assumed the responsibility of sustaining an opposite view. It was manifestly the earnest desire of these individuals that the proper representatives of the Church doctrine on this subject should be allowed a perfect freedom to speak in its defense ; and indeed a hearty invitation was extended to all such, in the call for the Convention, to come together and "sit down like brethren in a communion before the altar of intellectual and spiritual Freedom." But these chosen guardians of human souls were not present on the occasion ; and we are contented to let the fact speak for itself, without placing ourselves under any liability of misconstruing their motives.

On account of the absence of the clergy, and the abortive attempts of several individuals without proper mental qualifications to speak in their stead, the discussion was rendered far less interesting and profitable than it might have been under other circumstances. Yet we have reason to hope that the proceedings of the Convention as a whole will result in good. While it can not be expected that the investigations and remarks made on this occasion, will serve at all to settle the question in the public mind with regard to the authenticity of the Primitive Records, still the very fact that a Convention of this character has been held, wherein the claims heretofore set up for the Bible have been publicly and boldly examined, will doubtless have an effect in some degree to produce that agitation of thought which may be safely regarded as the beginning of wisdom. It may be that the hard, crusty soil of theological superstition needs to be broken up with the plow and the harrow, before the seed of divine truth can be interiorly received ; and, with this consideration, we may recognize the use of all such measures as will conduce to this general effect, however greatly attracted we may be to the more gentle and heavenly ministry of the still, small voice.

From a statement contained in the Call, we infer that the speeches made at the above Convention, will be published in book form, having been previously submitted to their authors for revision. When the book appears, the public will doubt-

less have a far more correct criterion of judgment with respect to the value and importance of the thoughts uttered on this occasion, than has yet been presented in the secular journals.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

ONE of Miss Sedgewick's characters, in the superabundance of her benevolent feeling, used to term those events which cast some new burden upon herself—or what other people would consider as such—"opportunities." The very choice of the word was better than whole pages of description, in delineating her character. She was so preëminently loving in the highest sense, that any occasion which called that faculty into exercise gave her pleasure, and was therefore a privilege—an opportunity. There are many such in this world of suffering and sorrow ; and here is one, which, for the sake of a sister poet—a long-suffering but high-hearted and honorable woman—I could wish to see well improved.

Laura Eggleston, a writer well known, and quite popular among the Universalists, has lately met with a most severe affliction. She has long been poor, and in very feeble health, suffering frequently from hemorrhage of the lungs ; yet under all the difficulties she sedulously labored, to maintain herself and her aged mother. And even when not able to stand, she would sit up in her bed, and sew, or write, in order to obtain a pittance which might keep her from dependence. In this way she has toiled and struggled on for years ; yet she was comparatively happy. But a misfortune, sudden as it was terrible, has overwhelmed her and her aged mother in irretrievable ruin, unless the benevolent affections of her fellow beings are enlisted in her behalf. The little cottage that sheltered her and her infirm parent—their humble but dearly loved home—was destroyed by fire, the inmates hardly escaping from the wreck with their bare lives. All their furniture—every article of clothing—the dearly loved store of books—the more precious manuscripts—all—every thing—was lost.

Miss Eggleston is in the midst of people who have no sympathy with her religious opinions, and who probably consider that her misfortune is the direct punishment of an offended God. And yet under her present affliction, their better feeling—their truer nature—seems to have prevailed ; for she writes that the neighbors have been very kind to her. One of them has supplied her with a room, with a privilege of cooking in the kitchen ; and others have brought in some cheap articles of furniture and clothing. She has been very sick in consequence of the accident, but is now gaining strength.

Her letter is an appeal which any true human heart would find it very hard to resist. It tells the tale of suffering and loss with a simple and touching pathos, which is dignified and ennobled by such a genuine sense and desire of independence, as makes the forlorn condition still more deplorable. The appeal is made chiefly to the Universalist denomination. Let them do what they will. This is a case of humanity, and should not be proscribed by any sectarian bounds. Shall it be said that we have sympathy, and means of relief, for the Poles, Greeks, Irish, and Hungarians—and that we can feel for the wants of people hundreds or thousands of leagues away—and yet no feeling—no help for these sufferers in our very midst ! I trust not.

Should any one be disposed to offer this afflicted and suffering one any substantial aid, money and other donations may be left at the office of the *Christian Ambassador*, in care of the Editor, No. 548 Broadway, New-York. F. H. G.

SECTARIANS.

WHEN a prophet teaches new doctrines, he is persecuted by the majority of mankind, when alive ; then, after his voice is heard no more, his words are recalled and revered ; but the spirit which moved him, and which reappears to-day in another greater than he, is not recognized. The fields of truth are limitless ; but any one man, the greatest, can not in his generation exceed a certain range, and it is absurd for his followers to deny every thing beyond, because he saw no further.

The disciples of Plato believe that Plato taught every thing worth knowing. Aristotle's followers admit no truth outside the narrow circle of Aristotle. Calvinists and Lutherans build on the cramped foundations laid by the great reformers ; and every sect walls itself in with the creed of its originator. Large bodies of men prefer to rely upon the doctrines of one, a man like themselves, who lived centuries ago perhaps, and who, however great, had not a tenth part of the light by which to see the truths he grasped at, that his followers have to-day. When the prophet digs the rough ore of gold out of the mountains of error, his disciples preserve it carefully, and worship it, in its crude state, instead of refining it, and putting it to a practical use. To think of digging for more is downright heresy.

Such is the narrow vision of sectarians, that we firmly believe, should Christ come again upon earth, and preach precisely as he preached eighteen hundred years ago, the churches would unite as one man to crush him. He would not be fashionable enough for some, in his humble attire. Others could not endure his irregular proceedings, teaching the love of his Father in all places, among poor sinners, in lowly habitations, on the corners of the streets. His doctrines would be too liberal even for those who profess to live by his doctrines. Moreover, imagine him once rising to speak in one of our fashionable pulpits ! As for his healing the sick, casting out devils, and so forth—that would be pronounced “humbug” by the thousand and one different churches which have assumed his name. All sectarians are Jews at heart, and they will crucify the truth as long as it is found to conflict with their narrow belief.—[*Boston True Flag*.]

BOOK NOTICES.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

IN the June number of this excellent periodical, there is, as usual, not only a sparkling variety of matter, but some papers so chaste in style and sound in sentiment, as well to deserve the title of classical writings, to which they certainly belong. Such is the article on the “Works of American Statesmen.” We find a very interesting account of Polar Expeditions, the movements of Sir John Franklin, and the efforts made for his recovery. There is also a very clever paper on “Thackeray in America,” and several other clever things.

There has been some complaint and dissatisfaction with this magazine, on account of its not giving the names of its writers. But is not this the true spirit, though it may go a little further than is necessary, in fact ? The way in which our magazines are generally managed, is not only disgusting to every sensible and honest mind, but is destructive to all hope of a substantial National Literature—the system of subservience to names merely. The case is just this : Mr. Milksop, or Mrs. Sweetbread, or Miss Dovey, writes a story, or some verses, perhaps.

By a good hit, or from accident, or, it may be, merit, the production is well spoken of by some, and lauded extravagantly by others. Newspaper and periodical editors come in to swell the cry, every one claiming some merit in having been among the first to discover the new wonder. And in this way, merely, from a happy hit at the popular taste and fancy, some maudlin sentimentalist, slipshod linker of rhymes, or stale humorist, gets STARRED. Henceforth Mr. Milksop, who must stand as the representative of his class, is set up as a luminary ; and though his soul be dull as lead, yet if the *surface* be well covered with tinsel, or some substance that has the quality which the interior wants—REFLECTION—he may shine in the splendor of other people's light, without any waste of his own. Thus suddenly, and, without doubt, much to his own astonishment, he finds himself a great man ; the magazines compete with each other in high prices to be given him ; and if some recovered gem of Milton, Shakspeare, or Byron, *without a name*, should come in contact with his gilding, or tinning, it would be eclipsed in a moment—and simply for this reason, that Mr. Publisher, and Madame Public could understand the tinsel, while the gem would be an unknown jewel to them.

In this way reputations have been made, until they are thick as squibs and crackers on the Fourth-of-July eve ; and it might be added, about as flashy.

That Mr. Putnam has discarded this miserable system of favoritism, and chooses rather to stand on the substantial basis of merit, redounds highly to his honor. He can not but be successful, in the long run. Truly great geniuses are seldom popular among their cotemporaries, because they can not be understood by those who occupy a plane so much below them. The duty of publishers is, then, clearly this—not to descend—not to minister to the low condition, and depraved taste, of the masses, by employing, exclusively, such writers as *can* be popular ; but by the help of truly great minds, to create a standard of excellence, and then seek to bring the public taste and feeling up to that.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. SEMANTHA METTLER, THE CLAIRVOYANT ; being a history of Spiritual Development, and containing an account of the wonderful cures performed through her agency. By Frances H. Green. Published by the Harmonial Association, No. 100 Nassau-st., New-York.

THE character of this work is so clearly set forth in its title, that it seems almost unnecessary to speak of it in a lengthy notice. Both the subject of the narrative and the writer by whom it has been embodied in tangible form, are well known, at least by name and reputation, to most of our readers. The work contains a variety of interesting incidents in the life of Mrs. Mettler, including the process by which the spiritual vision was unfolded, and the miracles which seemed to follow the exercise of her psychological power. Those who have ever come within the sphere of the individual whose biography is here portrayed, or who are attracted by the peaceful and elevating influence that flows out from a true Life, will desire to peruse and possess this volume.

All orders should be addressed to the Harmonial Association, No. 100 Nassau-st., N. Y. Price, 25 cents, paper ; 38 cents, muslin ; the bound edition containing a beautiful and life-like portrait of Mrs. Mettler. The trade will be supplied on liberal terms.

OPINIONS are not less sacred than property, and the bigot who controls the one, is as guilty as the thief who steals the other.

Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

"Now I think of it, Jeannette," said Theodosia, "pray tell me under what pretense you obtained admission?"

"You will be amused if I tell," returned the lively French woman, her countenance sparkling with the natural vivacity, which no circumstances could quite repress. "At first I tried the same crime by which Madame Montresse obtained a ticket for you, my love—in short, I stole a handkerchief before the face of the officer himself, pretending to be very shy and private about it. Ah! Monsieur is a good man—heaven rest the souls of all he has loved, and lost!—he perceived the spirit of my intention, and whispered me, 'It will not pass, Mademoiselle; but pray, can you make fine ice creams?' The question was so absurd, I almost forgot how wretched I truly was, and began to laugh, without replying.

"You can not, then," he said, with a look of disappointment.

"And why should I not?" I answered, "seeing my dear mother did nothing from the time I was born, but make the most delicious creams; and for many years I did nothing but assist her; and some even said my creams rivaled hers."

"How fortunate!" he exclaimed, still speaking under the breath. "You wish to go with you—" and he nodded toward you. "The lady Abbess, to whom I am well known, has commissioned me to obtain some one who excels in her favorite condiment. I will take you; and thereupon I gave him my hand."

"But when did all this happen?" inquired Theodosia.

"While you were accepting the gifts, and exchanging adieus with the young ladies. It was but a moment in being accomplished."

"But pray how came you to be placed near me?" pursued Theodosia.

"Excuse me, my friend," returned the other, "and believe that happy accidents, even in the most untoward circumstances, sometimes occur."

"No, my dear Jeannette, I can not believe—indeed, I know, that it was not accident which brought you here. These are prisoners' cells; and you have exchanged a comfortable room and fare, in order to cheer and bless me with your presence!—Say, dearest Jeannette, is it not so?"

"I could not see you, otherwise;" returned Jeannette, sinking to the ground, and clasping the knees of her friend—"and how could I live, if I thought you suffering all this wrong; and I never sharing it? I would, indeed, make the life that you saved for me worth keeping, by showing you that it was worthy to be saved. I could make only these terms; and I made them. Be sure I should have made better, if it had been possible."

"O, most generous! most devoted!" returned Theodosia, sinking on the ground beside her friend, and clasping her arms about her. Whatever else she would have said was spoken only in the language of tears.

"Let those who distrust all friendship learn better of you, my noble Jeannette!"—she said, at length rising; and giving her hand to the latter, she added, "I feel prouder, and more exalted by having excited such a friendship, than I should to sway the strongest scepter, and wear the richest crown on earth. Surely Heaven must, and will, reward you."

"I have my reward;" answered Jeannette, laying a hand on her heart; the next moment embracing her friend—"and do not think too much of me, Theodosia; perhaps I believe, as you do, that you will some day escape from this thrall—and build my actions on what might naturally follow."

"Ah! naughty, naughty one!" responded the other, "to be so generous, you will not acknowledge your own generosity; and precisely because a good Providence has seemed to permit, and favor all this, do I feel an earnest of the future joy! Yet none the less shall I esteem and love you—none the less exalted will be your self-sacrifice."

Jeannette whispered hurriedly, "There are steps!" and then, with a finger on her lips, she glided to her own cell.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE ABBESS.

DIRECTLY after, the same nun who had escorted the prisoner to her apartment on the previous evening, again made her appearance, giving to Theodosia, as she entered the cell, a summons from the Lady-Abbess, that she should immediately appear before her.

Expecting some evil, yet summoning courage to meet it, Theodosia arose, and followed her conductress once more through those somber avenues. Ghostly forms glided to and fro, their apparently muffled feet waking no echoes, while the dim tapers they carried, only gave light enough to project their grim shadows on the massive walls.

A feeling of horror which she could not shake off, took hold of Theodosia. She could just see the outline of those wrapped and hooded forms, which seemed to spring out of the horrible darkness, for a moment, then plunge into it again, and disappear. There was only sound enough to make the silence still more intolerable and frightful; yet they went on, she and her evil conductress, winding, turning, and doubling on their track, until it seemed as if Theodosia, with every step, must sink to the ground; and certainly she would have done so, had not the way come to a timely end.

Suddenly, without any previous warning, a door was flung open, and the prisoner was plunged into the midst of a dense light which nearly blinded her, and increased her faintness. As soon as her sight had become accustomed to the change, she saw that the Lady-Abbess was seated on a kind of throne, or State-chair, with two monks on each side, and that from the instruments of torture, and several huge old volumes, she was in the hall of Justice—though it was a horrible mockery of the name it assumed.

The instant that Theodosia laid her eyes on the Abbess, a kind of vague impression seemed to leap out, like lightning, from the depths of buried years. But in an instant, as soon as she sought to analyze it, it was gone. Yet, in passing, it had done its work; for it seemed to assure the poor, friendless orphan, that whatever might come, she had really nothing to fear from that woman.

Naturally, and instinctively, she fell at the feet of the principal figure not only from weakness, but to shield her eyes from the too powerful light. The act itself was opportune; for the Holy Mother accepted it as a pledge of penitence and submission.

"Daughter," she said, with a countenance so solemn it seemed as if she were going to sleep; "full of iniquity as thou art, the Holy Mother-Church has, through her abundant mercy, provided a way of escape; and though it be through the severest penance, and mortifications of the body—" She hesitated, as if wanting terms.

"You would say, Holy Mother," suggested a dark and keen-eyed prompter at her side—"that the prisoner should accept even the severest tortures, willingly and joyfully, as the instruments of salvation to her soul."

"Ah! that is right!" murmured the Abbess; but she evidently spoke without any direct relation to the case at issue. She had been perusing the face of the prisoner, while hers, in turn, had been as deeply and rapidly read. With her first glance Theodosia saw that the face of the Abbess was a remarkable one. There was a kind of volcanic illumination about it, as if much that was good, and noble, and true, for want of proper development, had burned out in her soul, leaving only the smoldering ruins of its beauty. One thing was certain—she had more human feeling than she was free to exercise. She loved ease, perhaps, or sensual indulgence—good eating and drinking—or else—which was more probable—she was constitutionally unfit for her position—not having that natural capability which, if it is not, should be considered as a distinct power—the governing faculty.

The consciousness of this seemed to have produced an imbecility which was not natural to her; and so her authority had come to be a cypher; and her functions had passed into the hands of those sharp-featured and keen-eyed monks. Impressions like these fitted through the mind of Theodosia; for her artistic eye, and fine appreciation, unfolded the character with the rapidity of intuition; and in the momentary pause she had read, as it were, a life history.

And on the other hand, the Abbess was equally interested. Having made her almost unconscious rejoinder, she again fell to perusing the prisoner's face, as if the question to be settled had relation to that only. She became apparently lost in thought; and just as the monk on her right recalled her attention, by laying a dark, bony finger across her fair and fat palm, she was murmuring to herself in broken sentences: "Ah! it is vain! Why do I still expect it? Why am I always seeking one face? Years have gone—long, long years—she must be old now—dead perhaps—gone! Yes," she said, with a sudden start—"I was dreaming. But it is all over. Let us proceed." And with the fitting vision of youth and tenderness which for a moment had beamed through her eyes and softened her voice, she sought also to dismiss the tenderness of the woman, and, as if compelled to do penance for her involuntary negligence of the business, she put on as hard and cold a frown as she could possibly assume.

Theodosia had become so much excited by her mysterious words, and expression of countenance, as well as her apparent interest in herself, that she forgot the sword that was suspended over her own head—but a moment, and then she was recalled to her senses.

CHAPTER XX.—FATHER LARRASY.

"Poor child!" said the Abbess—but the eyes were not yet quite hard and cold; and in the voice there was an expression of real though inert pity. "Poor child!" she continued "thou hast been kindly nurtured—and fared tenderly—but the snares of the Evil One—"

"Encompassed her round about"—suggested the same wily monk, darting on the Abbess as he spoke, a glance from his evil eyes—which seemed to express at once a threat and an imprecation. The Abbess recoiled. She made a still stronger effort to recover her severity.

"The world is all deceitful, my daughter!" she began. "We have rescued thee from its snares. Here we live only to mortify the senses—to subdue the appetites—to crucify the vanities of life;" and in bringing up one round, fat hand to clasp with the other, in order to express her own deep humility, she jarred the great bundle of keys that hung at her side, while the key of her own rich larder, and the key of the wine-cellar, rang together, as if they had, jointly, a word to offer against that resolution; while the great mass of flesh said in its own behalf, that however much mortification its kindred might have known, abroad in the world, itself was not precisely the happiest illustration for the good Mother's text; while Theodosia thought of the ice creams, and could scarce forbear smiling, though she felt that the malignant eye of the priest was on her: and then she shrunk more within herself.

Emboldened by the apparent lenience in her Lady-Judge, Theodosia raised her eyes with a thought of asking for mercy, when they encountered those of a priest, who was known as Father Larrasy; and from those evil orbs shot forth a flash so keen, so sinister, and at the same time so malignant, that she shudderingly recoiled from the glance. The teeth gnashed together; the thin hands clutched hold of the thread-bare cloak, as if it were necessary thus to detain them lest they should rend or tear; and the whole person seemed to have been invaded by the ferocity of a tiger. It was unspeakably terrible. Throwing off, in the excitement of the moment, his usually servile and fawning demeanor, in defiance of courtesy and usage, he sprung forward, and clenched the trembling victim so forcibly, Theodosia felt as if the blood were starting beneath his grasp. He lifted her from the ground, and seemed about to dash her back again, when the Abbess interposed.

"The good father Larrasy is more forward, even than usual, in his zeal for Mother-Church," she said; and though it was in a bland tone

of voice, a delicate ear might have detected a latent irony—which, however, was more apparent as she proceeded—"and certainly the haste to punish sin betokens spotless purity in the punisher."

This power, so unexpectedly once more put forth, astonished Theodosia; for amid all that was impending she could not resist making observations, even as she hung trembling in the hands of the infuriated priest. But the Abbess had that kind of character which will yield, perhaps, ninety-nine points; and, if the hundredth be contested, regain the whole. She was now completely roused; and rising from her seat, with one hand she clasped the hand of Theodosia, and raising the other with a slow and solemn gesture, that had power even in the very slowness of its motion, she only uttered two words—"Stand back!"—and the terror-stricken priest, wholly unprepared for resistance, did as he was ordered, and slunk away. It was plain that the Abbess, who had once ruled, was herself again. But she could see from the frowning visages around that the side of mercy was the unpopular one.

Yet the Abbess still persisted. "Rise, poor child," she said. "Whatever may have been thy crimes, thy person shall be safe from violence, at least in my presence; and such justice as I can command thou shalt have."

Whereupon, with very little ceremony, the ecclesiastical court adjourned; and Theodosia was taken back to her cell.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE ICE CREAMS.

THE Abbess looked after her as she retreated, with that same mysterious expression, as if she would have retained, and comforted her; but she was almost as void of real power as the prisoner, herself. She had just been prompted to put forth a wonderful manifestation in her defense; but she well knew, that so far from being any effectual service, it would be more likely to provoke a bitterer penance. But the Abbess did not know that, touched by a magic spell, her own latent power was reviving; and that throwing down the gauntlet, as she had done, in behalf of right, she had paralyzed those to whom she had been long subservient, to such a degree, that they would find it difficult to recover their usurped authority. She knew her prerogative, and that her power was absolute, if she only might dare assert it. There was certainly some prospect of a mutiny; and as the priests and old nuns withdrew, one by one, scowling like so many foiled demons, not a word of support was given to the Abbess; and she was left alone. But she had little time to reflect on her own situation, which was not without its danger, when her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Jeannette.

This ever-watchful friend had ascertained what was going on; for having the freedom of the premises, so far as there was any freedom, she had followed on the track of Theodosia, and listened long enough to learn the truth. Knowing the weak side of the Abbess, in regard to which she had short but summary instruction from the officer, she hurried with all possible expedition the strawberry cream she was preparing, and which she hoped would act as an emollient, if not as a refrigerative lotion.

The door opened and she appeared before the Abbess, who had retired to her own private apartment. She set down the tray with her *chef-d'œuvre*, in the form of ices. The delicious cream was blushing through its crystals, like morning through a snow-drift; and in a ruby-colored cup, which heightened the effect of the bright golden spoon, the delicious morsel was reverently presented.

But there was something truer beneath those sacerdotal robes than could be satisfied with creams, or any condiment whatever. She took the glass, as if more out of complaisance to one who was so evidently seeking to please, than from any call of appetite; and merely tasting it, she said, "Another time, good Jeannette. I perceive they have not spoken amiss of thee, or of thy creams. But I can not eat now. It would make me sick. Pray do take it away."

And Jeannette averred that when the Abbess said this, there were tears—real tears—trickling down her cheek, though she sought to restrain them.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

ON one side of a creek, a branch of the river Ibrahim, which made up into a deep gorge of the Libanus mountains, near the northern boundary of ancient Phœnicia, dwelt Ephron, a young man of the family of Lamech; and on the opposite shore was the abode of the young Zeirah, a daughter of the same house. The water spread out into a broad smooth sheet, more than a mile in width. It nestled in the deep valley, quietly and lovingly, like those placid people who frequently stand in the way, smiling all the while, and never dreaming of annoyance, while such, in fact, they are. And so was the thoughtless little lake that lay between the habitations of young Ephron and Zeirah.

They could see each other, indeed, from the heights on the opposite shores; and they had become learned in the language of signals. But that would not always suffice; for the mutual attraction was so strong, that they were frequently drawn to a meeting, which could occur only by a long and arduous journey around the headlands of at least twelve stadia, over a rough and precipitous shore. Yet it was surprising to see how often they met, and how frequently messages were sent from the house of Obel to that of Micha—of which Ephron was sure to be the bearer.

But more serious obstacles than that of the natural barrier I have mentioned, arose, to mar the pleasantness of these occasional interviews. Micha was a person of cold, calculating habits, and character. He had no conception of any higher excellence than he could see developed in mere physical force. In short, the intimacy which he perceived growing between the young people, was not at all to his liking. Ephron was a youth of remarkably quiet and retiring habits, gentle and thoughtful, with just such a face, and expression, as we should now say characterize genius. But alas for those simple days! if genius ever appeared among them, it was with a comet-like suddenness and splendor; for it was never anticipated or foreknown, since all its specific signs were as much a dead letter, as the alphabet which yet slumbered in the future—a latent germ, in the unborn soul of Cadmus.

Poor Ephron was neither remarkable for feats of agility, nor strength. He had never graced the entrance of his father's tent with the horns of buffalo, or stag; nor had he laid the trophy of a bear or lion skin at the feet of his mistress. He brought her only shells and flowers. He took little pleasure in those pursuits which mostly engaged the attention of other young men of his age, and in which Keder, the son of Nebo, bore off almost every palm. And he too, was a lover of Zeirah, and a candidate for her hand.

Often had the all-important question thrilled in the soul, and quivered on the lips of the gentle and modest Ephron; but the sternness of Micha crushed back the sweet hope into his heart—unspoken. This state of things could not last forever; and at length a crisis was provoked.

A peculiarly savage and voracious female wolf, had ravaged the folds for more than twelve moons; and what was worse, she seemed to train her continually increasing progeny, to her own peculiar cunning and daring; until at length, the nuisance became intolerable. But no means of defense or attack appeared of any avail against the cunning and ferocity of their savage enemy, who, with her gaunt offspring, appeared alike insatiable, and invulnerable. Large rewards, and the highest honors, had been offered to any one who might either capture, or slay the monster; but as yet she had continued both to defy death, and elude arrest, until at last, emboldened by continual triumph, she carried her forces into the very heart of the colony; and the flocks of Micha became the peculiar object of her depredations.

Now was the time for Keder. He sallied forth, and, after repeated efforts, the enemy was slain; and her savage frontlet was laid at the feet of the delighted Micha. Thus was the victor entitled, by virtue of his prowess, to name his own reward. He claimed the fairest maiden of his tribe; and who was so fair as the beautiful Zeirah, the

Light of the hills—the Flower of the valley? Regardless alike of her prayers and entreaties, her stern father bade her instantly prepare to grace the tent of Keder on the next day, when he was to receive a civic crown, and a public feast would be given to commemorate his heroic deed.

Ephron saw all this from the opposite shore. He saw the beloved of his soul led away, a helpless and unresisting victim; and he understood, but too well, the spirit and meaning of the pantomime. Nor was Zeirah all this time unconscious of his observation. She knew that he was there. She saw him. Making a signal which he well understood as an assurance of her faith, she took a small shell and a bunch of withered flowers—his last gift of love—from her bosom—pressed them to her lips—bathed them with her tears—and then, with an expressive gesture, pointed toward the East, motioning with her hand that he should keep himself quiet, and silent. All this he understood; and he was comforted; for her gesture had assured him that she would seek refuge with an aged woman, who dwelt in a cave in a secluded nook of the distant mountains, where they had often met, and where they had plighted their vows to each other.

A new ambition was roused in the heart of Ephron. He, also, would do something to make his life memorable. He would wreath his name with honors, and become worthy of the love, which, under the most trying circumstances, had renewed its pledge. Providence, or fortune, favored his determination. He had not, hitherto, been idle, although he had appeared so; for he had been studying some mode of navigation, which had, for its first object, a passage over the waters that lay between him and Zeirah. This idea was renewed; and by a sudden concentration of thought, new possibilities were unfolded to his mind.

As he lay thus studying, he was roused from his reverie, by a light skipping of tiny feet on the dry leaves and stubble; and presently a troop of squirrels, which had been attracted to the mountains by the fruit of the numerous walnut and live oak trees that grew there, appeared on the bank near him. For some time they seemed in great consternation, chattering, and moving about in a lively and expressive manner. But an old patriarch who, by virtue of his gray hairs, claimed authority and precedence, sought from among the dry branches that strewed the ground, a cylinder of bark. He divided it with his teeth, and laid it on the water; and while it balanced there, sprang on to it. The others quickly followed his example; and erecting their tails to the wind, they all set sail, as brave a little galleon as ever dared the seas. Ephron sprang to his feet, and shouted, till the old woods of Lebanon gave back his triumphant cry in a thousand echoes. These simple, untaught animals had demonstrated his idea. He saw that it was practicable.

That night, he and Zeirah met in the cave of the ancient hermitess; for she had found means to escape from a fate more terrible than death. They comforted and reassured each other; and then bade adieu until their hopes should undergo the final test.

In the mean time Zeirah was nowhere to be found. All search was vain. Keder wore his honors alone, while the heart-stricken Micha, overwhelmed by the loss of his favorite child, would have been ready to yield her, even to the weak arms of the despised Ephron, if he could but once more have been blessed by the serene light of her gentle and loving eyes; for beneath all his ambition, and all his coldness, he had a heart: and his daughter was the concentration of every thing that was lovely and precious to him. Again, and again, he vowed that if she would only return, he would not attempt to restrict her in her choice; and by a strange perversity of feeling, Keder, whom he associated with the loss of his child, became the object of his signal aversion and hatred, as he well knew he had always been to his daughter.

And Ephron with such an impulse to prompt the ready thought, and nerve the facile hand—what might not be expected from him? Scarce had three moons from the disappearance of Zeirah, waxed and waned, when a summons for convening all the tribes with invitations to a great feast, was issued by the good patriarch, Obel, the father of Ephron.

Never did a clearer light beam through the dim old shadows of

those venerable mountains, than shone forth on the assembled multitudes, who were gathered to the head of the valley, that overlooked a clear expanse of the Ibrahim.

A deep mystery hung over the scene. No one knew why they were summoned, but they all felt that something eventful was impending. The most voluble women kept an unusual silence; and even little children, who are always ready to catch the spirit of things, spoke to each other with hushed voices.

On a height, in the midst of all, sat Obel, with the heart-stricken Micha by his side. "Behold, my brother," said the former, laying his hand on the trembling arm of his venerable friend, "shall we not, henceforth, be the brethren we were of old? And what shall hinder thy house from being wedded to mine?" As he spoke he pointed to a promontory that shot out into the water, about four stadia above them. Every eye followed the motion of his hand.

Why was that unanimous shout, which roused the old voices of Lebanon, and made the waste places musical? A strange moving, life-like form appeared on the water. It rounded the promontory with a graceful curve, and shot out into the stream. It was the first vessel that ever made its advent on the waters of Earth; and though rudely fashioned, yet in its tasteful decorations of flowers, and bay leaves, and twining ever-greens, that streamed gaily in the wind, it appeared to the unsophisticated spectators a miracle of art. They instinctively comprehended its use, and its future benefits. Renewed shouts roused the spirit of the most bashful echoes; and such a peal of joy and triumph burst upward from glen and valley, rolling away through the woods, and over the mountains, as then had seldom woke to celebrate any human achievement.

As it drew nearer, they beheld seated in the wondrous structure, two human forms. One of them was recognized as Ephron; but the other was closely veiled. The young voyager plied his oars manfully. He had a perfect control of his invention. After performing a variety of movements, he struck directly for the shore, and brought the flower-wreathed prow gracefully to land.

Almost frantic in his suspense between joy and fear, Micha rushed to the spot. The conflict was but momentary. Zeirah spung lightly forth from her nest of flowers; and the next instant was in her father's arms. He staggered back with his precious burden; and clasping his aged arms around her, bathed her innocent, loving face with his hot tears.

Nor were there any there, who conceived that Ephron was unworthy of the boon he sought. And in this simple event was the initial movement of all navigation—all commerce.

CRY OF THE WORKER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A SPADE! a rake! a hoe!
A pickax, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough by lessons rough
In labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on sultry field,
Or plow the stubborn lea,
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch;
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,

Where starving children huddle and crouch
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drouth
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn—
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickax, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer—
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich,
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever nature needs,
Wherever labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the workhouse walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,
By lawful turn my living to earn,
Between the light and dark—
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My bacon and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil,
Entitled to my fee,
No alms I ask, give me my task:
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickax, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb—and wo to him
Who does their pay begrudge.

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple-door,
But robbed them over-night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The spital or the jail!

Summary of Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

CHINA.—The *London News*, says: "According to the last news, the insurgent force, after just defeating two imperial armies, was within seven hundred miles of Peking, with apparently nothing but routed and discouraged troops to oppose them, and with the certain prospect before them of establishing a native dynasty, and of expelling the intruding one and its militia. Seven hundred miles, with the principal resources of the Empire behind them can not be a difficult march to men who in nine months time have already advanced from the marshes and fastnesses of Quangsee to the city of Nanking, a distance of at least 1,000 miles. The insurrection, in short, seems to be a long contemplated national movement, and its rapid and triumphant progress shows that it has the support of the people, estranged from the Manchoo dynasty by its feebleness, corruptions and exactions."

The French war steamer *Cassini*, and the United States steamer *Susquehanna*, had both proceeded up the Yangtse Kiang, and Colonel Marshall, the American Commissioner, has determined to place the latter before Nanking. The immediate effect of this interference on the relative position of the insurgents and imperialists, is most momentous. It is acknowledged by the Chinese themselves that the loss of Nanking would have been the loss of the empire.

Later advices from Shanghai report there is no doubt about the loss of Nanking—for the Taoute has put a placard on the walls acknowledging it, and offers a reward to any one who will take the leader or officers of the rebels. The document also states that the rebels are coming eastward in boats.

TURKEY.—It is now officially announced that all further negotiations between Prince Menschikoff and the Porte had been broken off, and on the 22d the Prince took his departure from Constantinople for Odessa. The Ambassadors of France and England, and the Ministers of Prussia and Austria, had previously agreed to make a joint attempt at reconciliation between the Divan and the Russian Envoy. Their attempt, however, was fruitless, as Menschikoff persisted in his demand for the immunities of the Greek Church. "Notwithstanding this intelligence," (says the *Moniteur*) "it seems difficult to believe that the rupture of diplomatic relations between Russia and the Ottoman Port will be followed by hostilities. One guarantee in the wisdom of the Court of St. Petersburg and its assurances of peace recently given to all the European Courts; and another consists in the fact that, according to the rights of nations, the refusal to accede to a demand of concessions and advantages not previously agreed to, is not regarded as a sufficient reason for the commencement of hostilities."

RUSSIA.—Dispatches, purporting to be from Kalish, state that the military camp generally formed during the spring, near Warsaw, had been indefinitely postponed, owing to the state of affairs at Constantinople, and the van of the Southern army of 100,000 men, had received orders to approach the Turkish frontiers. Letters from Jassey also state that the Russian military preparations were continued on an extensive scale. A permanent bridge is in course of erection over the River Pruth.

A dispatch from Odessa, 23d, says: "Prince Menschikoff arrived this morning from Constantinople. The rest of the embassy are expected within three days."

MEXICO.—Senor Almonte, Mexican Minister, has arrived from Mexico; and it is expected that the boundary line question will be acted upon.

Santa Ana had revived an old decree intended for the annoyance of United States travelers, and the Governor of Acapulco, General Alvarez, had issued a counter proclamation, advising the people in his department to pay no attention to the edict of Santa Ana.

A band of sixty robbers entered the town of Lagos, liberated the prisoners, about two hundred in number, and carried away property to the amount of some \$30,000 or \$40,000. The inhabitants, numbering eight thousand, made no resistance.

RIOT AT MONTREAL.—Father Gavazzi, who has for the last few months, been engaged in lecturing against the Roman Catholic religion, visited Canada a few days since, for the purposes of his calling. On the 6th inst. he lectured in Quebec, on which occasion he was attacked in the midst of his discourse, by a mob, which resulted in no very serious injury to his own person, although several who helped to defend him were severely beaten. On the 9th inst. he delivered a lecture at Montreal, when the church was attacked by a mob, and an encounter took place between the assailants and the police, in the church, which resulted in the expulsion of the rioters and the death of two or three persons. After this the lecture proceeded, all things passing quietly, until its close, when the mob outside were twice fired into by the troops, killing, or mortally wounding from ten to twelve, and injuring some forty others. At the time when the troops fired, the mob were in a comparatively quiet state.

DOMESTIC.

CALIFORNIA.—A great riot occurred at Santa Barbara, on the 13th ult., in consequence of an attempt to sell land held under a squatter title. Two citizens were killed, and the Sheriff mortally wounded.

On the 3d a fire occurred at San Francisco, which destroyed eight buildings.

The news from the mines is encouraging.

DREADFUL CALAMITY.—The *Troy Whig* learns that the dwelling of Mr. Cropsey, in the town of Poestenkill, Rensselaer county, was burned to the ground on Saturday night last, after the family had retired, that a son aged eight years perished in the flames, and that another aged five years was so badly burned that he has since died. Mr. and Mrs. Cropsey escaped with great difficulty through a window, and a son aged twelve years through the cellar. Mrs. C. was so badly burned that she is not expected to live. Mr. C. was so badly burned, he being a cripple at the time. He lost everything.

HORRIBLE DEATH FROM A RATTLESNAKE BITE.—The *Ancient City* published at St. Augustine, says: "On Saturday, the 14th inst., a son of Mr. Futch, of this county, while picking whortleberries, was struck by a large rattlesnake. Upon being struck he started to run, but found the snake had its fangs fastened to his pantaloons leg, and in stumbling and scuffling to get loose the snake struck him some six or seven times. The lad was about fourteen or fifteen years of age. He survived but a few hours."

MR. LE DUC, the Commissioner from Minnesota, appointed by Gov. Ramsey, presented himself in the city a few days ago. Mr. Le Duc, in addition to the cereals and minerals of Minnesota, has brought down an Indian lodge and wild buffalo, four years old, for exhibition at the Crystal Palace. How the latter is to be exhibited we don't know. But an Indian lodge, with its equipments, chiefs, squaws and papooses, bows and arrows, tomahawks and calumets, would form a striking contrast to the trophies of civilized life that the exhibition will display.—*N. Y. Herald*.

ARTHUR SPRING, the murderer of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch, was executed on the 10th inst., at 11 A. M., at the Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia. He declared the innocence of his son, but refused to confess his own crime, protesting that he was in bed at the time of the occurrence, of which he was not aware until informed of it by the police officer sent on the following morning to arrest him.

A cow on the track threw a passenger car over an embankment on the Western railroad, near Macon, Ga., on the 8th inst. One man was killed, five passengers injured, and the car smashed to pieces.

LAND WARRANTS LOCATED.—It appears from the Pension Office report that land warrants have been issued to the amount of nine millions nine hundred and thirty-five thousand three hundred and twenty acres.

ONE hundred and thirty-nine of the rescued passenger from the lost ship William and Mary, have arrived at New Orleans in a destitute condition.

PHENOMENAL.

A NEW BURNING FLUID.—Our readers are aware that on Walnut Hills, excavations are being made, on the line of the new Short Line railroad. The workmen have in excavating passed through layers of crystallized lime-stone, and soap, or slate stone, alternately, in which very little water was found. A few days since, however, when they were about one hundred and seventy feet from the surface of the earth, the flame of a candle or of a burning match accidentally came in contact with a liquid supposed to be pure water, that had gathered in one of the holes drilled in the rock. Much to the surprise of all present, the apparent water instantly took fire, not after the manner of inflammable gas—but sent up a strong, clear, and steady flame, as if it were composed of some kind of oil. On applying fire to the liquid which was in the other drill holes in the vicinity, it also burned in the same manner. Since that time lamps and candles have been entirely dispensed with, in the subterranean apartment, the substance continuing to burn steadily, and emit an excellent light. Many persons whose curiosity is excited, visit the spot daily to witness the singular phenomenon. The liquid gives no unpleasant odor while burning.—[*Cincinnati Sun*, May 27.]

A PARIS correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald*, says:—The aerial and celestial planets are throwing upon our "*Tellus*" specimens of their minerals. On the 14th inst., several people who were under a tree near Baune, in the Department of Cote d'Or, saw an aerolite falling at a short distance. They immediately ran to the place, and found the stone stuck in the ground. It was a magnificent specimen of basaltic stone, twenty centimetres long, of a black color, the interior of which was as green as malachite, and mixed up with copper and silver. This curious stone was sent to Dijon, to the museum, and a part of it will be forwarded to the Grand Museum of Paris.

ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE IN CANADA.—On the morning of the 24th May, just above 2 o'clock, says the *Bytown Citizen*, the shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt in this town. The houses shook and the windows rattled so as to wake up several persons. We are informed by a gentleman who felt the shock, and who is well competent to give an opinion upon such matters, that the direction of the vibrations was from the west by north. In no period during the last several centuries have those convulsions been so frequent as during the past twelve months.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The *Attica* (Genesee County) *Atlas*, says: "A remarkable phenomenon in the heavens was visible at this place last Wednesday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock. A bright belt, about the width of a rainbow, extended from below the north-western horizon, up through the zenith, and down to within a few degrees of south-eastern hills. There was considerable auroral light in the north, but nothing so bright as this belt. From the time we discovered it, there was no change of position or appearance till it gradually withdrew in the north-west and faded away. Its appearance was that of a tail to a comet, though brighter and more extended than any such appendage on record."

SINGULAR GEOLOGICAL FACT.—At Modena in Italy, within a circle of four miles around the city, whenever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its refraction the water bursts up with great violence, and quickly fills the well thus made, the supply of water being neither affected by rains or droughts. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, houses, paved streets, and masonic work. Below this again is a layer of earth; and at twenty-six feet walnut trees are found entire, with leaves and walnuts upon them. At twenty-eight feet soft chalk is found, and below the vegetables and trees.

We learn says the *Winchester Unionist*, that a Mr. Black, of Griggsville, Pike Co., Ill., was taken to the Insane Asylum at Jacksonville a few days since, rendered insane by the spirit-rappings.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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