

# THE UNIVERCŒLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

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

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### The Principles of Nature.

#### VIEW OF THE BIBLE.\*

##### NUMBER THREE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY W. M. FERNALD.

We now come to a consideration of the second degree of inspiration from the spiritual world. It is in dream and vision in the hours of sleep. Of course I allude to such dreams as are remembered, and to such visions also as leave their impression in the wakeful hours of human existence. There are, no doubt, impressions received in the hours of sleep, which are not remembered, but which nevertheless leave their influence to operate in the finer and more unobserved processes of thought and feeling. And such instances, which, from the want of prominence and distinctness, we have made no mention of, may be classed in that degree of inspiration which we have just considered,—viz:—the *unconscious* influence from the spiritual spheres.

I refer now to such operations of thought as are remembered, and become the promptings to action or utterance, but which are received in dream and vision in the hours of sleep; or, to quote the elegant language of the Temanite, in Job, 4. 16, "Thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men," which are frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, as channels by which the divine will was communicated to mankind.

If, by our close conjunction with the spiritual world, as before explained, we are made susceptible of influences from that world when we are awake, of course we may likewise when we are asleep. And undoubtedly, the mind is then in a state more favorable, generally speaking, for receiving such impressions, as it is free from outer disturbances, from intrusion of objects to the outer senses, and is in a calm, quiet, more receptive state, for the higher influences of which we speak. In this natural or ordinary sleep, there is an approach to that extraordinary state induced by what is unspiritually called animal magnetism. It should at least be called *human* magnetism. In this state, says Kerner, the author of the narrative of the Seeress of Prevorst—"In the clearest and highest magnetic condition, there is neither seeing, hearing, nor feeling; they are superseded by something more than all three together—an unerring perception, and the truest penetration into our life and nature. And the more simple, and the *truer* nature the man is in his waking state, who falls into this condition, the more entirely does his spirit liberate its self from soul and body, and the deeper and truer is his self-seeing."

In ordinary sleep, then, we may be said to approach a state, so far as the qualification of the mind is concerned, somewhat analogous to the state produced by the artificial means of magnetic operation. It is, at least, a calmer, more quiet and serene state, altogether better, generally speaking, for many spiritual impressions, than the waking state of external, sensuous disorder

and confusion: In dreams, therefore, we need not wonder that the mind is, and has been made susceptible of many impressions of a highly instructive and even prophetic character, both in ancient and modern times, and among all nations of the earth. Of course, the majority of dreams may be styled in the common and expressive language, "*mere dreaming*." They are nothing but recombinations of the thoughts of the wakeful hours, in vague and disorderly connection; reminiscences of the past, excitements of the brain by nervous affections, ill digestion, and a variety of causes, both external and internal. But there is a species of dreaming higher than all this—higher even than the ordinary, wakeful thought. It may be thought from the interiors of the mind, operating altogether independently of the bodily senses, though in closest relation to them, or it may be thought from the presence of superior spirits, by whose influence we are no doubt daily and nightly surrounded.

Now, of the latter character, and it may be mingled with the former, are those dreams which relate to subjects of the highest importance, which are connected and expressive in their nature, which leave an indelible and involuntary impression, and which frequently are most strikingly fulfilled.

These dreams are of common occurrence, far more than is known or appreciated, and are frequently *felt* and *realized* to be true, though from fear of superstition and the ridicule of the world, which, in the mass, does not suspect or dream of any *philosophy* in the matter, are locked as secrets in the bosom, or imparted only to a few confidential associates.

But there are occasional relations of such occurrences which find their way to the public, and the nature of which the public are left to speculate upon, and decide for or against their truth and reality.

Many will remember, no doubt, the circumstance of the murder of Mr. Adams, by Colt, a few years since, in New York. For two nights before the crime was committed, Mrs. Adams declared that she *dreamt* of seeing the mangled body of her husband, cut up in pieces and packed in a box, precisely as afterward proved to be the case. And so much impressed was she by the dream, that she expressed not the usual surprise when called on to be informed of the fact.\*

"A gentleman residing some miles from Edinburgh, had occasion to pass the night in that city. In the middle of the night, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and that one of his children was in the midst of the flame. He woke, and so strong was the impression upon his mind, that he instantly got out of his bed, saddled his horse and galloped home. In accordance with his dream, he found his house in flames, and thus arriving, saved his little girl, about ten months old, who had been forgotten, in a room which the devouring element had just reached."

Another fact we borrow from a recent work by a physician. A mother, who was uneasy about the health of a child who was out at nurse, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The horrid thought awoke her, and she determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival she learned that after a sud-

\*Some of the following facts have before appeared in the "Univercœlum," but for illustration of our subject, and in consideration of a number of new subscribers, they are here presented again.

\*Continued from p. 210.

den and short illness, the child had died, and had then just been buried. Half frantic from this intelligence, she insisted upon the grave being opened, and the moment the coffin lid was raised, she carried the child off in her arms. He still breathed, and maternal care restored him to life. The truth of this anecdote has been warranted—we have seen the child so wonderfully rescued—he is now, in 1843, a man in the prime of life, and filling an important post.

The Jesuit Malvenda, the author of a Commentary on the Bible, saw one night in his sleep, a man laying his hand upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but soon after being seized by a pulmonary disorder, was carried off. This is told by the skeptic Bayle, who relates it as a fact too well authenticated even for the apostle of Pyrrhonism to doubt."

The following is not merely given on the authority of the most illustrious of our modern chemists, but is related as occurring to himself.

"Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed one night that he was in Italy, where he had fallen ill. The room in which he seemed to lie struck him in a very peculiar manner, and he particularly noticed all the details of the furniture, etc., remarking in his dream, how unlike anything English they were. In his dream he appeared to be carefully nursed by a young girl whose fair and delicate features were imprinted upon his memory. After some years, Davy traveled in Italy, and being taken ill there, actually found himself in the very room of which he had dreamed, attended by the very same young woman whose features had made such a deep impression upon his mind. The reader need not be reminded of the authenticity of a statement resting upon such authority, eminent alike for truth that would not deceive, and intelligence that could not be deceived."

A still more remarkable case is that recorded in the *Churchman's Companion*.

"A farmer in one of the western counties of England, was met by a man whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work. The farmer (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him,) told him he would think of it, and send word to the place where the man told him he should be found. Time passed on, and the farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night, however, he suddenly started from his sleep, and awaking his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the county town, some thirty or forty miles distant, but why he had not the least idea. He endeavored to shake off the impression and went to sleep again, but awoke a second time with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled his horse, and set off. On his road he had to cross a ferry, which he could only do at one hour of the night, when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise, found that though the mail had passed over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied, "Oh, when I was on the other side, I heard you shouting, and so came back again." The farmer said he had not shouted; but the other repeated his assertion that he had distinctly heard him call. Having crossed over, the farmer pursued his journey, and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now that he had come there he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so amused himself by sauntering about the place, and at length entered the court where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been, to all appearance, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witnesses to call in his behalf. He replied that he had no friends there, but looking around the court amongst the spectators, he recognized the farmer, who almost immediately recognized in him the man who had applied to him for work; the farmer was instantly summoned to the witness box, and his

evidence proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the country, he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was of course acquitted, and the farmer found that urged on by an uncontrollable impulse which he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless.

"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

"Is it a mere idle speculation to suppose that the spirit of some departed friend, should have perceived the extreme danger of the poor laborer, and also the only means by which his innocence could have been established; and hurrying on the wings of love to the sleeping farmer, suggested a journey to the scene of interest and danger, reiterating the impression with a dictate of imperative authority. This must have been so—and what songs of joy rang through the echoing aisles of Heaven, at the redemption of the innocent from the bondage of a cruel and unrighteous Law!"

Such, then, are a few of the many instances which might be given, of a character of dreaming far transcending all our ordinary notions on the subject. We have no doubt that in all these instances there is either a direct interfusion of the thoughts of superintending spirits, or a perception by independent, interior and unsensual processes, perhaps in some cases both combined, which directs and governs the mind.

Now, in many cases recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures, we find that the minds of individuals have been impressed in a similar manner. And this is what may be denominated the second degree of inspiration from the heavenly world. Of course, it matters not what the subject may be; it may be of a moral, religious, or intellectual character. It may be even purely of a scientific nature. And by simple analogy, there can be no doubt, that many discoveries in art and science, have owed their origin to impressions and suggestions from the spiritual world. Indeed, it has always been said of Galen, an ancient physician, that he received some of his best impressions, which led him to important medical discoveries, in the hours of his sleep. It was left for theologians to confine all inspiration to moral and religious subjects.

But of this kind of inspiration which we are now treating of, may be noticed the dreams of Joseph, of Pharaoh and his servants, recorded in Genesis, chap. xxxv: 40, 41, and also the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, concerning the fate of many kingdoms. These were undoubtedly divine, and we have no reason, from the antiquity of the record, or doubtfulness of their authenticity, to distrust their actual occurrence in accordance with well known psychological laws.

It was in a dream that Abram was impressed with the fact yet in the undeveloped future, of the bondage of the Israelites to the Egyptians, and their final liberation from that grievous oppression. The occurrence is related as follows. Genesis, xv: 12-14, "And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and lo, a horror of great darkness fell upon him. And he said unto Abram, know of a surety, that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation whom they shall serve, will I judge; and afterward shall they come out with great substance."

There is nothing, certainly, in this account, essentially different from the principles involved in those dreams which we have just related, of private and individual occurrence. There is not the slightest reason why we should not believe it.

There is one thing, however, which may be observed here, which is the only one wherein the account may be said to differ in any way, materially, from those before referred to. Is it said that the Lord spake to Abram; consequently, a different and higher inspiration is inferred. This, however, is only a common method of speech among the ancients, to represent any



divine impulse with which they felt themselves moved. Sometimes they were "moved of God," sometimes "by the spirit," sometimes "the Lord spake," and sometimes "the angel of the Lord," all of which are used interchangeably, and mean one and the same thing. This is proved from the fact that in Genesis xv: 5, the Lord is represented as speaking to Abram concerning the multitude of his descendants, which should be as the "stars of heaven," and in Genesis xii: 15, the same thing is referred to as having been spoken by the "angel of the Lord." So also in Genesis xvi, where the "angel of the Lord" is repeated many times, as having spoken to Hagar, and in the thirteenth verse it is written—"And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me." We may reasonably conclude, then, that in the case of the Lord's speaking to Abram in his dream, it was not *universal Nature* that spoke, or the whole of the Divine Mind, but some angel or spirit which appeared to him. It may be and doubtless is true, that we are capable of impressions and influences, both asleep and awake, not from any angel or spirit, which may be truly called divine, and which are from the Universal Spirit which operates through all Nature; but I should think it both philosophical, and in accordance with fact and experience to say, that our most special and particular impressions, which come from sources beyond this world and what are commonly recognized as the laws of general providence, were conveyed through the medium of spirits and angels. In fact, these may be recognized as the *great secondary causes* in the all-comprehending government of Deity.

Another instance of this method of impressing minds in sleep may be found in Genesis xxviii: 10-14, concerning the promise made to Jacob,—“And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold, the Lord stood above it, (of course, some divine representative,) and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest; to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth,” &c. The ladder here represented in the vision, with the angels ascending and descending on it, is a most appropriate representation of our whole subject of spiritual communication. It represents the *connection, or intercourse* between heaven and earth—the connection of both worlds by means of angelic ministry. Of this cheering fact we have many intimations, both in the Old and New Testaments.” Are they not (says Paul) all *ministering spirits*, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

But the most beautiful account of the impressment of minds by angelic agency in the hours of sleep, is that record in Job iv: 12-16. It is from Eliphaz the Temanite. “Now” (he says) “a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up, it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence and I heard a voice.” Then the writer goes on to state the substance of the message, which is a general appeal to the justice and truth of the Almighty. Truly has it been said, that for sublimity, beauty, and power of speech, this description is unrivalled by any production of ancient or of modern poetry. “Midnight, solitude, the deep sleep of all around, the dreadful chill and erection of hair over the whole body,—the shivering not of the muscles only, but of the bones themselves,—the gliding approach of the specter,—the abruptness of his pause,—his undefined and indescribable form, are all

powerful and original characters, which have never been given with equal effect by any other writer.”\*

These circumstances go to show the truth of the narrative, and they confirm the philosophy which we are endeavoring to set forth.

Again it is written in Job xxxiii: 15, 16, “In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose.” What a striking representation is this of that ever watchful providence which sleeps not nor is weary; and how clear an indication of the superintendence of spirits and angels to withdraw man from purposes of error and evil, and turn him into those channels whither he is best fitted and destined to run. And as this is said generally, and not of any particularly inspired one, it is only the recognition of a truth familiar to the minds of the Eastern people both of that and the present age. Truly, the hearts of the children of men are “in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; he turneth them whithersoever he will.”

There are other instances, some in the New Testament, all of which, however, we do not feel bound to receive, simply because they are there; but there are many truthful instances, in many parts of the Scriptures, showing plainly a recognition of the same principles in infusing thoughts from the higher world into the minds of persons prepared for them, or who are to fulfil important purposes, of precisely the same nature as those which take place among many people, of ordinary character and circumstances. And it should be a pleasing, instead of a forbidding reflection, that such is the nature of influx or inspiration from the heavenly world—that it is confined to no age or people, but is a truth in Nature, and wide as mankind. But I look for a still more extensive realization of this power of spiritual communication with heaven; and in the future refinement and perfection of the race I have no doubt that there will be a *general* fulfilment, not in any vague, fanatical, or unphilosophical sense, of the prophet's language in Joel ii: 28,—“And it shall come to pass afterward, (that is, in the latter days) that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.” Apply this as we may to the day of Pentecost, it has a wider and grander signification.

\*Dr. Good.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CRITICISM

On the accounts of Matthew and Luke, concerning the birth and early history of Jesus Christ:

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELOM.

BY E. E. GUILD.

NUMBER TWO.

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST AS GIVEN BY MATTHEW.

1. *It is self-contradictory.* The evident design of the genealogy was to prove the descent of Christ from David, and although Matthew expressly asserts that Jesus was the son of David, (Matt. i: 1,) yet he as expressly teaches that he was not the son of Joseph. (Matt. i: 18-25.) He says that there were three times fourteen generations from Abraham to Jesus, which would make forty-two, and yet he was named but forty-one.

2. *It does not agree with statements contained in the Old Testament.* Matthew says, Rahab was the mother of Boos. (Matt. i: 5.) He also tells us in the same verse, that Salmon was the husband of Rahab. Now according to Matthew and Ruth, (Matt. i: 4, Ruth iv: 20.) Salmon was son of Naasson, which Naasson according to Numbers i: 7, lived at the time of crossing the desert. The genealogy makes Rahab the great-grandmother of

Jesse, the father of David. There would then be but four generations from Salmon to David, a period of four hundred years, i. e., from 1492, to 1085 before Christ.

He says, Joram was the father of Ozias, (ver. 8.) Now Ozias is called Azariah, (1 Chron. iii: 12.) and Uziah, (2 Chron. xxxvi: Compare 2 Kings xv: 5, 7.) instead of being the son of Joram was the son of Amaziah, and Joram was his great grandfather, (1 Chron. iii: 11, 12.) He says, that from David to the Babylonian captivity there were fourteen generations. (i: 17.) But he has not named three which are named in 1 Chron. iii: 11, 12, and which added to the fourteen would make seventeen. He says Jechonias was the son of Josias, (ver. 11.) But according to 1 Chron. iii: 15, 16, he was the son of Jehoiakim, and Josias was his grand-father. He says Zorobabel was the son of Salathiel. (ver. 12.) According to 1 Chron. iii: 19, he was the son of Pedaiash. He says, Abiud was son of Zorobabel. (ver. 13.) But in 1 Chron. iii: 19, Abiud is not named among the list of Zorobabel's children.

#### THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST ACCORDING TO LUKE.

Some statements contained in it are at variance with statements contained in the Old Testament. It does not trace the descent of Jesus though any genealogical line contained in the Old Testament. Luke says, that Salathiel was son of Neri, (iii: 27.) In 1 Chron. iii: 17, it is said that he was the son of Jechonias. It says, Bohesa was son of Zorobabel, (ver. 27.) But in 1 Chron. iii: 19, 20, he is not named in the list which is there given of Zorobabel's children. It says that Sela was son of Cainan, (ver. 36.) According to Genesis x: 24, and ii: 12, Sela was the son of Arphaxad. It says, Canaan was son of Arphaxad, (ver. 36.) But according to Genesis x: 6, he was the son of Ham.

#### COMPARISON OF THE TWO GENEALOGIES.

There is a plain contradiction between them. Matthew traces the genealogy of Christ downward from Abraham to Joseph. Luke traces it upward from Jesus to Adam. Both performed a work of supererogation. It was only necessary to trace it up to, or down from David. Matthew says Matthan was son of Eleazar, Luke that he was the son of Levi. (Matt. i: 15, Luke iii: 24.) Matthew says, Salathiel was son of Jechonias, Luke, that he was son of Neri. (Matt. i: 12, Luke iii: 27.) Matthew says, Abiud was son of Zorobabel, Luke that Rhesa was his son. (Matt. i: 13, Luke iii: 27.) From David to Joseph, Matthew counts only twenty-six generations, Luke counts forty-one. Now from David to Joseph, was one thousand years, i. e., from 1050 to 50 before Christ, which according to Matthew would make a little more than thirty-eight years to each generation; according to Luke, a little less than twenty-five. Matthew says there were fourteen generations from Abraham to David; Luke, that there were only thirteen. From David to Joseph, the father of Jesus, all the names except two, (Salathiel and Zorobabel) are entirely different in the genealogies of Matthew and Luke. Matthew makes Jesus descend from the illustrious Solomon, Luke from the obscure Nathan. (Matt. i: 6, 7, Luke iii: 31.) According to Matthew, the name of the father of Joseph the husband of Mary, was Jacob; according to Luke it was Heli. (Matt. i: 16, Luke iii: 23.)

#### ATTEMPTED EXPLANATION OF THESE DIFFICULTIES.

1. "Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph; Luke that of Mary." This does not help the case of Matthew at all: the difficulty still remains that he has given the genealogy of Joseph, which was entirely unnecessary unless Joseph was the real father of Jesus. Nor does it remove any of the other difficulties contained in Matthew's genealogy. Besides, Luke expressly declares that Heli was the father, not of Mary, but of Joseph. (Luke iii: 23.) Now if he was the father of Mary also, then Joseph must have married his own sister. If to escape this difficulty it be said that the words "son of Heli," mean that Joseph was the son-in-law of Heli, we answer, that Luke has used the word son, seventy-five times in this chapter, and in every

instance, unless it be in the one under consideration, he uses it to signify the natural relation existing between a child and its father. Now is it supposable that he would use it in so different a sense in this instance, and yet give not the least intimation of it? If he did, he is justly chargeable with great carelessness as a historian. Again, the descent of Jesus from Mary would not prove his descent from David, unless it could be shown that Mary descended from David. Now of this there is no proof. And although it is not affirmed in so many words by either Matthew or Luke, that she was not, yet it is plainly implied in what is said by both. (See Matt. i: 20, Luke i: 27, and ii: 4.)

2. "Jacob and Heli were brothers. The mother of Joseph was first married to Heli—Heli died and left no children. His brother Jacob married the widow according to the requirement of the Jewish law, and to them was born Joseph. Joseph therefore was the legal son of Heli, although the natural son of Jacob. And Matthew gives the genealogy of Joseph on the side of the natural father, whereas Luke gives it on the side of the legal father."

An objection urged against the first hypothesis, will bear with equal weight against this. How is it to be accounted for that Luke should use the word son when speaking of the relation of Joseph to Heli in a sense so different from what he used it seventy-four times in the same connection? Again, if Jacob and Heli were brothers, they must have had the same father, and the same genealogical descent. The two genealogies, therefore, should have perfectly corresponded, except as they related to the father of Joseph. But they do not, and this fact is sufficient to show the fallacy of this explanation.

3. "Levi, the son of Melchi, married a woman and begat Matthat. He then died, and Eleazar married the same woman and begat Matthan. Matthat married a woman, who bore him Heli; then dying, Matthan married the widow and begat Jacob. Heli married a wife, but dying childless, Jacob married the same woman, and begat Joseph (the husband of Mary,) who succeeded to Heli; according to Deut. xxv: 5, 6. Agreeable, therefore, to Matthew's account, Eleazar begat Matthan, and Matthan begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Joseph. And according to Luke, Joseph was the (ceded) son of Heli. Heli was the son of Matthat, and Matthat was the son of Levi."

The credit of this studied and ingenious explanation belongs to the celebrated John Leland. See "*Life and Writings*," page 352. Mr. L. calls it "possible—probable—not certain." We agree with him in the first and third proposition, but to the second, viz., that it is *probable* we can not assent. It is perhaps as ingenious an explanation of the difficulties it attempts to solve as any that has ever been offered. It is also entitled to the merit of attempting to remove more of the difficulties contained in these genealogies than any explanation we have ever seen. But unfortunately, like most of the attempts that have been made of this kind, the explanation itself is burdened with difficulties as great as those it attempts to remove.

The objection urged against the two first explanations on the ground of the extraordinary sense in which they make Luke use the word son, when he says that Joseph was the son of Heli, is also valid against this. Besides, according to the passages cited from Deut. xxv: 5, 6, Joseph should have been called Heli, for the first-born in the case of such marriages, was to succeed in the name of the deceased brother. But no intimation is any where given in the New Testament, that Joseph was ever called by that name. Again, this explanation supposes that no less than three of the uncommon and extraordinary marriages mentioned in the passages cited from Deuteronomy, took place among the immediate ancestors of Joseph. Now that such a thing was *possible*, we do not pretend to deny, but that it ever did or ever will take place is by no means probable. Not only then is this explanation unsatisfactory even in regard to the difficulties which it attempts to remove, but it leaves all the other difficulties contained in these genealogies entirely untouched.



4. "These genealogies were compiled by Matthew and Luke from the public registers at Jerusalem, which registers were not correct." But, if they wrote by Divine inspiration, they had no need of registers to copy from, or if they had they should have corrected whatever was erroneous in them.

5. "The genealogies were not written by the Evangelists, but were interpolated into their Gospels by an after writer." Not only has this been said of these genealogies, but also of the whole of the first and second chapters of Matthew, and the first and second of Luke. Allowing this opinion to be correct, then the New Testament is entirely destitute of any evidence of the supernatural origin of Jesus, and for aught that is said to the contrary in that book, and agreeable to much that is said in favor of that opinion, we ought to regard Jesus as the natural son of Joseph and Mary. Besides, if these genealogies could be interpolated into the sacred text, why may not other portions of the New Testament be interpolations also?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE ERA OF FREE OPINIONS.

WHOEVER will examine with candor the records of the past, will acknowledge as we think, that in all ages the dominant theology has stood as the most insuperable obstacle to general mental progress among the masses. Priests, governed by the blinding and corrupting influence of their social situations, or by motives of sectarian bigotry, have indiscriminately denounced all natural discoveries inconsistent with their theological creeds, as infidel and impious, and have cautioned mankind against receiving or even examining them. It can not be denied that the dominant theology of the present day partakes much of this conservative and restrictive spirit. But while the great mass of the so called "evangelical" clergy are laboring to stay the tide of free inquiry, and to rivet still more firmly upon the public mind the fetters of ancient creeds, there is here and there one among their number who can not close his eyes to the signs of the times, and who is compelled to recognize in present tendencies the germs of a revolution which must ultimately sweep all restrictive theologies and priesthoods from the earth, and establish in their stead, the most unbounded freedom of thought. As an evidence of this, we present the following extract from a sermon of Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University, on the late revolutions of Europe. He says:—

"Sooner or later, then, the era of free opinions must commence throughout all Christendom. Truth may then be spoken without fear, whenever and wherever a man sees fit to speak it. Neither civil nor ecclesiastical power will then be able to stifle free discussion.

"Every man will be at liberty to think just what he pleases, to give utterance to his thoughts as he sees fit, and to make as many converts to his opinions as he can. Opinions on the most important subjects, may be universally promulgated, and a pulpit may be erected in every hamlet in Europe, from which may be published the good news of salvation by the cross of Christ.

"All this is well, and as it ought to be; but it is also to be remarked, that freedom of opinion is freedom for error as much as for truth. A man has the same civil right to publish the one, as the other. The law which removes all restrictions from the publication of the Scriptures, also removes all restrictions from the publication of Infidelity, the permission to argue in favor of despotism. The liberty to teach the doctrines of republicanism, is also liberty to teach the doctrines of agrarianism. The restraints of civil and ecclesiastical authority have been removed; the unlimited right of discussion will be enjoyed; and, so long as no party invades the rights of another, it should be enjoyed by all. In accepting the advantages of self-government, we must accept of its disadvantages also. In assuming the privileges of freemen, we must also assume the responsibilities of freemen. When society has arrived at majority, it must like the individual, relinquish the protection of the statute of infancy.

"Privileges of free discussion will then be employed universally for evil as well as for truth. Truth and error will, for the first time throughout the whole extent of Christendom, meet each other face to face, without the slightest veil to obscure the features of either. Opinions, wise and unwise, healthful and deleterious, on all subjects, civil, social, moral and religious, will find an abundance of earnest and able advocates. Every form of government, every article of religious belief, every mode of religious practice, every right of man that is capable of being asserted, and every system of morals that human ingenuity can propose, will pass under review; will be examined with all the analytical power with which the intellect of man is endowed, and will be enforced with that eloquence which can only be aroused by the conviction that he who speaks, has intelligent humanity for his audience.

"And hence, I think there must result a development of the intellect such as the world never before witnessed. The stimulus of universal freedom will then, for the first time, be applied to man. The intellect thus excited, will be directed to questions of which many will be new; all of them of surpassing interest, and deeply affecting the most important relations of which a human being is capable. The authority of precedent will decline and every question will be tried, not by the opinions of the past but by the newly-awakened intellect of the present. Every man will claim to know the reason for that which he is expected to believe, and the grounds for that authority which he is expected to obey. Individual man, coming from the prison house of ages, and looking abroad in the clear light of intellectual day, will claim the privilege of seeing with his own eyes, hearing with his own ears, and feeling with his own hands. When the human mind, thus excited, puts forth universally its new born strength, its progress must be more rapid than we have ever before seen. The covering will be removed which ages of despotism have spread over truth, and an energy be communicated to the human faculties, such as they never before have possessed."

### THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

SUPPOSE now that there were no sun nor stars in the heavens, nor any thing that shone in the black brow of night, and suppose, that a lighted lamp were put into your hand, which should burn wasteless and clear amid all the tempests that should brood upon this lower world. Suppose, next, that there were a thousand millions of human beings on the earth with you, each holding in his hand an unlighted lamp, filled with the same oil as yours, and capable of giving as much light. Suppose these millions should come, one by one, to you, and light each his lamp at yours; would they rob you of any light? Would less of it shine on your own path? Would your own lamp burn more dimly for lighting a thousand millions?

Thus it is, young friends. In getting rich in things which perish with the using, men have often obeyed to the letter that first commandment of selfishness: "Keep what you can get, and get what you can." In filling your minds with the wealth of knowledge, you must reverse this rule, and obey this law; "Keep what you give, and give what you can." The fountain of knowledge is filled by its outlets, not by its inlets. You can learn nothing which you do not teach; you can acquire nothing of intellectual wealth except by giving. In the illustration of the lamps which I have given you, was not the light of the thousand millions which were lighted at yours, as much your light as if it all came from your solitary lamp? Did you not dispel darkness by giving away light?

Remember this parable, and whenever you fall in with an unenlightened mind in your walk of life, drop a kind and glowing thought upon it from yours, and set it burning in the world with a light that shall shine in some dark place to beam on the benighted.

[ELIHU BURRITT.]

## UNITARY TENDENCIES.

From an excellent article entitled "The Christian Church and Social Reform," written by Rev. William H. Channing, which we find in the last Number of the "Nineteenth Century," we make the following extract:—

"We will draw our illustration of the position of a Prophet, in relation to *Unitary Tendencies*, from the sphere of the University. What the age seeks is, that the indistinct hope of social re-organization, which comes and vanishes like a guardian genius veiled in glory, should take shape and speak its message. We need the Science of a truly Human Life. Now, in answer to this prayer, appears simultaneously, in different lands and in various forms, a thought of the Divine Order of Society. Let it not be pretended, that the perfect method for mankind's relations—personal, communal, national—is anywhere exhibited from central principles to circumstantial details, with such clearness and completeness that no problems remain to be solved. The Prophet, in his enthusiasm may claim for his oracles an implicit trust, which in his calmer hours he knows to be exaggerated. But where would mankind now be, if sublime audacity had not in all ages prompted the few to embark in open hallops, and to sail in quest of continents at whose very existence caution scoffed? Who knows how many adventurous Northmen left their bones to whiten on the shores of Vinland, before Columbus, on his way to India, planted his standard on the very outskirts of this New World? God alone comprehends his secret of the all-controlling laws of growth, by which the grandest creatures most slowly reach perfection: the earth is not allowed to spin too fast, nor to skip its seasons: and there is a use, let us believe, in the extravagances and absurdities which invariably accompany first suggestions. The blossoms and tassels on the boughs in spring little resemble the leaves and fruit of which they are the heralds. And the future will doubtless smile at the rhapsodies of those who are to-day the harbingers of Perfect Society, while they rejoice in a more glorious reality than the boldest dare now conceive. Meanwhile, cavils, criticisms, and scruples of conscience, alike prepare the intellect of the age to receive the Idea of Collective Manhood. And is not this idea already born in the rude manger of the people's hearts? are not the wise men even now bringing their treasures of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh?

"It would be disloyalty to Truth not to assert, that she 'hath built her house, and hewn out her seven pillars.' And one who has caught but a glimpse of society organized according to Heavenly Law, has no right to withhold his word. Let an attempt be made, then, to state in a very condensed form, some fundamental principles of Social Science.

1. "The One God, Infinite and Eternal, lives in three modes: of which Love is the Principle,—Beautiful Joy the End,—and Wisdom the harmonizing Medium; and throughout creation every existence, as made in the likeness of the Being of beings, is triune also,—having an impulse of good for its motive power, a co-operative use for its ultimate destiny, and a form of order as the law of its development.

2. "The Divine Idea of Man is of Many men made One, or, in other words, of a race unfolding, through ages, around the globe, from simple, original unity into every possible variety, and thence by combination into fulfilled, composite unity. The center of this race is God in Man; its destined end, a Heaven of Humanity; and the mode of its growth, the formation of Societies, whose members may be trained to wise beneficence, and in whose confederacies, peaceful and prosperous, may be brightly imaged the Divine Blessedness.

3. The Life of Man is Love, inspired continually by God, who, from everlasting to everlasting, attracts the members of every race to Unity, and to Himself, by rational freedom,—thus governing his children by the law of liberty, while rewarding

them by the liberty of law; and the method of holy and humane existence is so to harmonize Collective and Individual good, that societies and nations may be reconciled in all interests, and become fit temples for the indwelling Divine Spirit.

4. "The form of this Unitary Life is the Law of Series, by which, throughout creation, Divine Justice graduates,—intermingles,—combines the varieties latent in every unity, and out of seeming discord evolves sublimest concord. This plan of perfect order so distributes the functions of society, that each primitive affection finds the freest play, and persons the most diverse in character and power are bound in one by mutual service, as are the organs of a living body.

5. "As Divine Goodness is manifested in the impulses which animate all creatures,—and Divine Wisdom in the law which, regulating all movement, finds expression in intelligent spirits,—so Divine Power reflects itself in the beauty of the universe, whose every particle and coacting whole symbolize the perfect peace of God; and as Nature, thus fashioned in the image of the Almighty, is designed as the mold for finite energy, the indispensable condition of human refinement is Organized Industry, and Work exalted into Art.

6. "The aim of a Community should be to form a Collective Man, wherein the inspiring principle of Love, the distributing method of Law, and the refining conditions of Beauty, may be severally developed and mutually completed, and thus, by interaction, their common end fulfilled. Property should be held in joint-stock ownership;—Labor made co-operative in groups and series of groups;—economy, refinement, and pure influences, secured by families united in a Combined Dwelling;—profits equitably distributed to partners, in proportion to Labor, Skill, and Capital;—anxiety and sorrow lightened by a system of Mutual Guarantees, extending to all the risks and responsibilities of life;—honors and trusts assigned by election according to approved Usefulness in special functions, or in general direction;—physical, mental, moral growth ensured by an Integral Education, at once spiritual, scientific, and practical, and embracing the whole of Life;—and chiefly the Divine rule of All for Each, and Each for All, embodied and actualized in Unity of Interests.

7. "In such Organized Societies alone can Individual Men be formed to Integrity;—for only there can infants be worthily welcomed at birth,—children purely and symmetrically developed,—young men and women guided to vocations appropriate to their peculiar powers,—the mature upheld in magnanimous efficiency by a consciousness that, in laboring for the commonwealth, they are ensuring the welfare of their families, and their own highest good,—the aged revered, solaced, cheered,—and every person taught by life to know the worth of a human being, and the loyalty due to a united race; and, finally, only from Societies thus constituted can States, Nations, Humanity, become One in that Fraternity of freemen which, in spirit truth, and deed, will be the Kingdom of God.

These Principles, Methods, Ends, are Christian. They are a development, in the fulness of time, of the Life of God in Man; they approve themselves to intellects most matured by past experience and discipline as divinely true; they are the future, already vital in mankind, prompting us to efforts, sacrifices, and success, compared with which the largest achievements of earlier days seem but as child's play; and though the frivolous may mock, and the faint-hearted withhold aid, they shall surely transform Christendom, and thence Heathendom, into Heaven upon Earth.

LYING is the most consummate form of cowardice. He who uses a lie for a refuge betrays a woful lack of faith in all things substantial, and places a miserable confidence in a shadow of what is not. How weak and foolish is he who can utter, or act, a falsehood!

c. w.



## FEMALE COMPENSATION.

Who can read the following, which originally appeared in one of our city papers, and not say that a radical social reform of some kind is necessary? We say a radical reform, because any palliatives that might in any isolated way, be applied to the evils complained of, could not in the nature of the case, be attended by any permanent good. We know it is customary to denounce employers for the meager compensation which they bestow upon labor, be it performed by either sex. But it should be considered that under the present system of competition, each employer is absolutely compelled to get his work done as cheaply as possible, or else entirely to suspend his business. Besides there are thousands of operatives of both sexes who are glad to get employment at any price, and many who are destitute and out of work, it is even a mercy to employ on their own terms. And after all, there are many who remain unemployed. The evil to be complained of, therefore, is not to be remedied by any appeals to employers, but by the institution of a social system in which the interests of every operative, male and female, shall be duly and equitably represented. But to the extract, which is a statement of the rates of compensation afforded to seamstresses by the best establishments in this city:

"Common cotton shirts and flannel undershirts six cents each. A good seamstress can make up two of these shirts per day; and even a swift hand by working from sunrise to midnight, can not make more than three—being less than seventy-five cents per week for the common hands, and nine shillings for the swiftest; of course allowing nothing for holidays, sickness, accidents, being out of work, &c., &c. Good cotton shirts, with linen bosoms, neatly stitched, are made for twenty-five cents apiece. A good seamstress will make one in a day, thus earning one dollar and fifty cents per week, by constant labor. Fine linen shirts with plaited bosoms, which can not be made by the very best hands short of fifteen to eighteen hours, steady work, are fifty cents each. An ordinary hand can make a garment of this kind in two days. Trowsers, overalls, drawers, &c., pay a shilling apiece to the seamstress, who can make one, and perhaps two a day. Cloth pantaloons, vests, &c., pay eighteen to fifty cents—very seldom the latter price, and a woman makes on an average, about one a day. Thus, not to prolong these details, it may be stated, in a word, that the seamstress who is fortunate enough to get steady work, earns from seventy-five cents to two dollars a week. Besides, it is necessary to state that the dress makers or at any rate a great majority of them, get absolutely nothing for their work. The way it is managed is this: The proprietors of the large dress-making establishments receive a great number of apprentices, who remain six months for nothing, boarding themselves the meantime, for the privilege of learning the trade. They can already sew swiftly and well, or they are not accepted. To them are given out the dresses, and they are at work sewing—not learning any thing new—until the very day before their apprenticeship expires. Then a few hours are spent in giving some general directions about cutting a dress, and they are discharged—there being no room for journeywomen on wages in an establishment where all work is done by apprentices for nothing. As fast as their "education" is completed, they are replaced by other apprentices, and so it goes—the dashing proprietress of the establishment growing rich and aristocratic, and the poor girls turned out upon the world to die of starvation and despair, or sell themselves to infamy!"

IMAGINATION.—A Cambridge student coming into the room of one of his fellows, observed a glass of wine standing on the table, which he immediately drank. Presently the owner coming in, and missing his liquor, observed that it was antimonial wine. The other began to retch, and soon after to vomit. Such was the power of imagination, that it had all the effects of an emetic, for the wine was not antimonial nor medicated.

## THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

WHAT is it? Change, innovation, revolution, progress? All. Who can read the history of the world for the last thousand years, and repress an inclination to dwell for a moment, on what the world may do a thousand years hence? Who can study the history of the human race for the last fifty years, and not contemplate with deep felt emotion, the condition to which man may attain in another fifty years? Who can retrospect the field of moral enterprise, mental development, mechanical improvement, and social reform for ten years, and not look forward to the end of the next ten years with high anticipations?

For many long, dark, and dreary centuries, since "earth, self-balanced on her center hung," has the human mind slept. Man knew that he was lord over all the creatures of the earth, as only physical might and superior ability to destroy, rendered him such. Like the beasts that perish, he was only mindful of momentary animal gratification; his hand was raised against every thing that had life, and continued war against his own species and God's own image, was his mistaken pursuit. Nor was this all; even woman, his helpmate, who was given to him to be loved and cherished—who was in truth, a part of himself—was made his menial, his slave, and with the ox, harnessed to the plough, and made to toil under the goading of the driver's lash.

Such was the spirit of a by-gone age. Scarcely a spot could be found on the face of the whole earth, where war, rapine, sensuality, and degrading servitude did not exist. Since then tribes and nations, and empires have passed through successive stages of innovation and improvement, to an enlightened and superior exaltation. Other people and nations are fast emerging from barbarism to light. Why is this? Because the spirit of the present age is the development of mind; and rapid, spreading, glorious in its progress. The sciences of a few years ago, have become dim legends of history. The superstitions and pophistics of yesterday, are yielding to the sunlight of the philosophy of the day. Now, over a goodly portion of man's heritage, woman walks side by side with her equal; and grave assemblies of men, even legislators, have broached the query whether woman is not entitled to equal civil and political privileges.

## THE SECRET OF WARM FEET.

MANY of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep those extremities constantly warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out from a "slight cold," and at the risk of being thought trifling, and of telling people what they know already, I beg to remind them of the following simple rules:

1. Never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit closely, press against the veins of the foot, and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they do not embrace the foot too tightly, the blood gets fair play and the spaces left between the leather and the stocking are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. Those who have handsome feet will, perhaps, be slow to adopt this dictum; but they are urgently recommended to sacrifice a little neatness to a great deal of comfort and safety, by wearing what the makers call easy shoes.

2. Never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they be positively wet, it is not necessary to change them when the feet are at rest. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted further to the foot itself by its own heat, and thus perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting the rule, and his feet will feel cold and damp after a few minutes; although, on taking off the shoe and examining it, it will appear to be perfectly dry.

Did every one follow these rules, there would be no cold feet.

# THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

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## THE PHYSICAL AND SOCIAL STRUCTURE.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

### THE HEART, ITS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

The affections have dominion over the wealth of society. Could we conceive a portion, the great majority, to be without loves or wants, we might say that the rights of the heart and stomach were better protected than all others; but as men with brains and hands have also wants, this could only apply in truth to the class who more especially represent the affections. In this restricted sense it may be said that there is no social guaranty for any rights. The head is restricted in its rights of accumulation and dispensation. It may not speak, and may scarcely think, on the most momentous questions that ever occupied the attention of our race. It is proper to speak of the just sphere of the heart, that its rights and duties may be more readily conceived. Representing the order of receptacles, the heart has the right to control the whole wealth of society, whether it be of mere animal comforts or whether it be of ideas. The treasures physical and mental are its own. But it has not merely the duty of receiving, but also of dispensing. Should the stomach glory only in its capabilities of mere reception and retention, neither the head nor hand could work to supply it with food; and it would itself wither of want if it did not congeat with surfeit. So if the heart should retain the blood, and refuse to propel it to every part of the system, the very source of its supply would ultimately fail, even though it burst not in the sordid attempt. Supposing such a thing possible, and the affective organs only yielding back a portion of what is furnished by the skill and labor of the head and hand, as a condition of more and more inordinate contributions, until the head is drooping and the limbs falling with weariness and want, and the nutritive organs swelled to bursting, all fevered with disease; and you have a feeble representation of the present antagonism of society. The healthy body, as organized by nature, presents no such enormities. What the organs received is carefully prepared, and *equitably distributed throughout the whole frame*. Each part has all that is necessary to enable it to discharge its functions for the general good. Monopoly is unknown in nature's organizations. Only perverted affections, and disastrous antagonisms, have wrought these things in human society.

These have periled human rights and happiness. There is no wrong, which they have not sanctioned by law; no crime or injustice for which they have not furnished an excuse, or justification. The sources of sustenance of human life have been monopolized; the products of labor—the legalized currency—every right to labor, to think, to exist—the earth, the air, the water,—nay, the right to self is made a subject of traffic and speculation. Heaven itself is put up for sale, and seats and passports meted out by a certain few, who are supposed to have a monopoly in the business transactions of that higher sphere. This usurpation of rights is the great source of the antagonism which all deplore. Remove this, and all disorders would in time be rectified; but continue this; recognize the principle which enables the worshippers of the past—whether it be of accumulated wealth or mental attainments—to hoard the common elements upon which existence or the mental growth of mankind depend; and no wisdom can organize a harmonious

system. This is the only reason of a political character, why men do not coalesce, so as to form a harmonious Brotherhood now. Society is not naturally disorganized, but would arrange itself into harmonious conditions, were freedom and justice first established among the members. Were the body emancipated from the wrongs which uninstructed, misplaced and diseased affection has perpetrated against the head and hands, a plan of society would naturally flow out of the more just relations, which would make possible the practice of christianity, and realize the predictions of the prophets, bringing the race into a state of reciprocal and equitable co-operation and enjoyment, which should reflect the harmony of the stellar universe, or rather, of the healthy human frame, in which every member performs its allotted duties, and receives, as a compensation, the necessary elements which enable it to repair the waste of toil and decay, to grow in strength and vigor.

Not only then, must the head be freed and enlightened, but the great heart of humanity must be cleansed of its greedy selfishness, and taught to beat with catholic impulse, and to acknowledge its duties in distribution, as well as assert its rights in accumulation. Upon the heart depends, in the greatest degree, the regeneration of society. Could that be made right in the sight of God; could all-grasping avarice be made to relax its hold upon the means of labor and education,—upon the human mind and human body, the heart would soon devise, and the hands execute, a social fabric after a model handed down from the skies.

### THE HAND; ITS RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

We are not contending for the right of the hand to slay, to torture, or forge chains, in a social sense. The only one we would imperatively demand for it here, is the right to do what all will acknowledge is its duty—to labor. It may at first be regarded as a novel position to say that this right is infringed. It is however, not only infringed, but absolutely subverted. Out of the millions of hands which are elaborating this nation's wealth, not one in twenty enjoys any such right. A third, more or less, are owned, and bought and sold. And among the other class, who are hired, there is not a small portion which might covet the condition of the slave. In Europe, indeed, the general condition of the hands is scarcely better, if as good, as the chattel bondage of the south. No government, of ancient or modern time, has guaranteed to its members the right of toil. It is therefore useless to speak of the rights, in this respect, except as they exist in Nature, for the existing laws of society know nothing of the rights of labor, denying the fundamental principle upon which the duty itself is based. Only when labor becomes capital, is it deemed worthy the protection of a system organized by Mammon.

Yet under all these embarrassments, labor does its duty and more. It has executed whatever has been realized, although the very construction should decrease the opportunities of employment. Untold wealth is all its own production; although it may be seldom a matter of reflection to the brainless fop or the purse-proud aristocrat, that all which inflates his self-esteem has been produced by the despised laborer. The dress which makes the former feel that he is a being of some consequence, has passed through the hands of the spinner and weaver, and been fashioned into its present tasteful form by the tailor. The labor of these, and many more, has been requisite to clothe this apology for a man, who, without their assistance, would be unable to cover his nakedness. The quizzing glass which he sports, with a supercilious air, the gold watch and chain, and every article of elegance, has been produced by the arduous labor of muscle and of brain.

The palace, which is the pride of the millionaire, has been designed and executed by unceasing application. Every stone and brick has been carried to its place by human toil. In short, every possession of the rich or poor has been the product of



labor. Whatever of worth you can place your eye upon; whatever is coveted by the high or low; whatever is regarded as giving character to men, in a worldly point of view, is the production of physical or mental toil. Strange it should appear, that while the creature is sought and gloried in, the author, the laborer, should be despised and outlawed, oppressed and degraded. For if the laborer is despicable on account of his work, the products should carry with them the stigma, by whomsoever possessed. But it must be remarked that while labor has been so universally beneficial, and heaped such honors and riches on its oppressors, it has not yet done itself justice, nor required a recognition of its rights. It has not done too little, in a productive point of view, but too much. Under the present relation it sustains to its own productions, (capital) it is not blameable for not having been industrious; for it is refused longer employment only because every branch of business has been *overdone*, and even Avarice itself is unable longer to store away the surplus products of labor and skill.

But what is worse than all, it pays all *rents* and *usury*, besides sustaining all waste and decay of different descriptions of wealth. Not a penny does the merchant pay for the use of his place of business or residence, or for the capital he employs, but what its value must be, in some way or other, wrested from the hand of toil. Not a Wall street broker shaves a note, but what labor must foot the bill. We have no positive data from which to judge; but from observation, somewhat limited, indeed, we are satisfied that in this city five-eighths or two-thirds of all the products of every man's labor is wrested from him by the employer, sharper, capitalist and landlord. And can any one tell why labor should be required to produce so much and realize so little? Why, its only guilt consists in having labored to produce, and in having submitted to be robbed of the means by which it is at present oppressed!

Oh, if Labor could only become emancipated from this unnatural thralldom, what a paradise it would soon make of this sin-stricken earth! The desert places would be made to blossom as the rose; and peace, plenty, and unspeakable beauty would take the place of the horrid warfare which man now carries on every where with his brother—of the degradation, wretchedness, famine, pestilence, and fell despair which now pervade all classes of the toiling, and turn to ashes every home joy of the poor. Will not Labor sometime wake to a sense of its rights and godlike dignity? Having performed so much for its oppressors, will it not ask soon, what it can do for its self and for the race? First of all it must be freed. Though it should pile up gold mountain high for its oppressors, it will only be the more degraded and despised. You can do little to exalt labor and make it respectable, until you strike off the shackles with which it is bound.

Although the hand has never been raised to a just membership in the body politic, yet it has consented in a sort to its own enslavement. It has, for gold, forged its own chains, and being its self unorganized, has warred with itself, and its parts have toiled for the subjection of each other. Only when the head shall rule, the affections possess and distribute, in accordance with principles of eternal right, and the hands become united in all good works, will a truly Godlike creation of the social structure be unfolded. And this soon must be, or the most deplorable results will follow.

We can not long pursue this antagonistic course. If the crimes of society are great, the result will be correspondingly terrible. And if we may sever the bonds of brotherhood, so as to pursue isolated and antagonistic interests, we can not sever the chain which distributes the penalty. When a Scottish City decides that a poor Irish woman is *not a sister*, and permits her to perish of want and disease in the streets, the falsehood and inhumanity is disproved and punished at the same time, by the infection which spreads from the dying one, and communicates its virus even to Scotsmen and women. When we consent to

the enslavement of an other race, denying their claims to the sympathies of brethren, we, at the same time, doom the labor of our own families and friends to a destructive competition with the manacled hand and limb.

It is the greatest folly to suppose that we can violate the very first laws of social economy and yet prosper. What God hath joined together, man can not put asunder or derange without corresponding fatalities. And the world is beginning to see this, and to appreciate the true relation of men. "Liberty, Equality, and *Fraternity*," has become the watchword of all true friends of man. The HAND has had its day of rule, of slaughter, warfare and violence. The HEART has also reigned its time and more; and by some mutual understanding, or terrible revulsion, the HEAD must assume the reins of government. Under its auspices, the love-principle in man's nature shall expand to fraternal and universal Love; and the hands organized and freed, shall move with one impulse in the labor made divine by the spirit and intelligence which prompts to toil. J. E. L.

### ELEVATING INFLUENCES.

In the article entitled "DEGRADING INFLUENCES," published in our last Number, we took occasion to point out that law of sympathy little understood, the influence of which is to bring a person to a oneness with the being, feelings and actions of another. This may be understood as the general law (applicable in a greater or less degree in all departments of creation) by which like produces like. By a course of argument not now to be recapitulated, we showed that under the operation of this law, every irregularity in public morals tends to reproduce its self as by spiritual infection, throughout the whole circle of susceptible persons in the community; and that on the same principle the spirit of any existing laws or institutions of society, be they humane or cruel, will necessarily be imbibed extensively by the members of the community, and carried out in some form or other, in their personal actions. We thus showed that all such laws as capital punishment and other penal codes, and legislative enactments based on a total disregard of the lives or happiness of those to whom they are intended particularly to apply, are of a most inhumanizing, brutalizing, and demoralizing influence, and tend to diffuse, foster and sanctify in the public mind a spirit of cruelty and revenge, and all its concomitant antagonisms to the Golden Rule. Having established these points, we trust to the general satisfaction of our readers, we have deemed it proper, to offer, this week, a few additional remarks pointing out some of the various ways in which this same law of sympathy may be made powerfully instrumental in refining public sentiment, and in reforming and elevating public morals.

In the first place, then, we would allow no laws to remain on the pages of our statute books, which breathe destruction against the lives or true interests of any human being, of whatever crimes he may be guilty; and in their stead we would have laws enacted embodying in all respects the spirit of the maxim "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you," &c. We would have the legislature assume the office of a wise, just, and affectionate Parent, and considering each individual under its dominion as a *child*, we would have it deal with him in *all cases* in a manner most promotive of his physical, intellectual and moral good. Recognizing the fact that all voluntary human acts proceed from some interior quality of the *mind* which the person himself *did not create*, we would have the treatment of criminals, of whatever class, applied to the rectification of the *mind* as the source of their outward acts; and should the confinement of an offender become necessary for the protection of society, we would make the *general safety* the sole object of the imprisonment, and not the *suffering* of the offender, whom we would subject to such disciplinary treatment as, according to his peculiar temperament or mental constitution, might be most conducive to his reformation and ultimate good.

We would have prisons, from the instruments of disgrace and degradation which they now are, converted into hospitals for the cure of the morally diseased and insane, and while we would be inflexibly firm in all disciplinary measures, we would avoid all treatment that would in any case have the least tendency to destroy any one's self-respect, or remove any of his encouragements to virtue consisting in such a standing in society as he is naturally qualified to sustain. The spirit of a law establishing such treatment, would necessarily exercise a humanizing influence upon the community at large, begetting a high appreciation of human life and happiness, and correspondingly destroying the spirit of revenge and murder; and by its living examples it would teach each individual to treat his personal offenders in a Christian and brotherly spirit, seeking their reformation and not their destruction or mere punishment. Thus under the influence of such laws, the benign spirit of charity and reformation, continually accumulating warmth and force from the unrestrained sympathy of recipient souls, would spread from mind to mind, and from heart to heart, until all disposition to crime would be consumed by its genial fires. Who can for moment dispute any essential point in this reasoning, in view of the undeniable law of *sympathy* and its natural operations as we have pointed them out?

But it may be said that legislators are at present far from a general adoption of the principles here laid down, and that it may be a long time before they will duly acknowledge and act upon them. It is nevertheless useful that ideas of this nature should be more and more familiarized with the public mind, to the end that their spirit may even now be infused into receptive minds, and that the object should become more and more distinctly defined for which all true philanthropists should labor. If a healthful public sentiment can be created upon these subjects, it will lead to corresponding legislation by acting through the ballot box.

There are many other instrumentalities within the sphere of legislation that would upon the principle of *sympathy* which we have unfolded, be powerfully efficient in refining and elevating public sentiment and morals. The government, whether of the township, the city, the state, or the nation, should adopt all consistent measures to keep constantly before the people scenes and objects of beauty, taste, and general refinement. A powerful influence for good might be silently and imperceptibly exerted upon the public mind, if every city and state government would, so far as in its power, foster, and encourage the development of, the FINE ARTS. Every city and considerable town should have its gallery of the most perfect specimens of painting and statuary that could be procured, which should not only be freely accessible to artists who would thus have every facility to study and perfect themselves in the principles of their art, but which should be thrown open to the public generally, free of expense. And to keep up a constant and interesting variety, a system of exchanges might be adopted between the galleries of the different towns and cities. This is a subject which as yet has been little thought of by the American people, and doubtless many would treat it as a subject of indifference so far as public refinement and morals are concerned. We are aware that there are other subjects (such for instance, as those relating to *public education*) which are at present of paramount importance; but we are now speaking only of such elevating influences as are inspired into the soul through the law of *sympathy* which we have unfolded:—and from *experience* we can fully testify to the elevating and purifying influence upon the mind, of the creations of the pen and chisel—at once breathing forth the soul of the artist, and representing the highest perfections and beauties of Nature.

We write upon this subject while still under the vivid influence of a recent visit to the Gallery of the Old Masters, in this city—a magnificent collection of paintings, which, by the way, its proprietor Mr. Gideon Nye, offers to the government, as we

understand, upon most liberal terms, that it may be thrown open to the public, and become a general school of art.

We speak of these things at present simply as among other objects to be constantly aimed at by all lovers of their race, and by frequently speaking and writing upon which, a public sentiment may be created in their favor, which is a necessary prerequisite to their realization. The refining influences of which we have spoken, however, are *immediately* available in an *isolated* way; and if every family (which is a little nation of itself) would follow these principles, expel all grossness, vulgarity, and disorder, and cultivate, and in all domestic arrangements, administer so far as possible to the gratification of, the love of beauty, perfection and order, which is but a generalization of the love of the fine arts, the effect would be that each one of its members would more and more inspire the spirit of *moral beauty*, perfection, and order; and the children of such a family would grow up refined and spiritual, having an abhorrence of every thing gross, vulgar, and wicked. Here is a very important practical hint on which we can not farther dwell at present, but which the reader, we trust, will not fail to digest and carry out at his leisure.

Passing over many other other influences addressing man *sympathetically*, for good or for evil (and particularly the *drama*, on which a volume might be written) we will close this article by a few remarks on *public journalism*. It will be conceded on all hands that the press is in an eminent degree the index and governor of public morals. From it—particularly from our daily and weekly newspapers—people receive most of their mental food to be assimilated and incorporated with their spiritual constitutions, and which must hence, according to its specific nature, determine in a great degree, the formation of their moral and spiritual characters, whether good or evil. If scenes of crime and degradation are the most prominent pictures held up by journalists, as is often the case, they may rely upon it, that they are insensibly working a great injury to public morals. Indeed, every unnecessary public allusion to cases of crime, tends to blunt and indurate the more refined moral sensibilities of mankind, on the same principle that the sense of *touch* is rendered callous by exposure to continued violence. And who does not instinctively recognize the truth of the poet's saying,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
That to be hated, it needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft, familiar to the face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace?"

We would then so far as possible, avoid even mentioning cases of "horrid murder," or theft, or robbery, or rowdiness, on the same principle that we would avoid giving publicity to the disgusting scenes of the brothel: because by the same law of *sympathy* of which we have spoken, familiar and general contemplation upon such scenes must necessarily tend to brutalize public feeling and degrade public morals. Our readers may now understand why we never mention cases of human depravity or cruelty, except for the purpose of suggesting or seeking in some way, the rectification of the evil. We would on the other hand hold up all ennobling and refining scenes—all facts of moral beauty and excellence—all cases of justice and philanthropy, and benevolence—as proper subjects upon which the public mind may dwell, believing that such will sympathetically stamp their spirit and principles upon the characters of their contemplators, and that a genial and refining *inspiration* would thus be received by all.

W. F.

In Gov. Clinton's last message to the legislature of this state, given Jan. 7, 1828, more than twenty years ago, occurs the following passage: "Every man has a right to form, to cherish, and to express his own opinions, and if errors of the understanding are to be the subject of reproach and hostility, there is no man, however upright and talented, who can escape denunciation and proscription." It would be well to repeat such sentiments as this, till "wisdom is justified of her children."



## TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR PAPER.

BRETHREN—We are constrained by the pressure of circumstances, to lay before you the following statement and appeal: This paper was instituted as you are already aware, for the purpose of having a free medium for the dissemination of principles deemed true and sacred, and with no particular view to pecuniary ends. Consequently it did not from the first enlist a very large amount of capital in its favor. Its establishment, however, has necessarily been attended with much expense, and owing to an inadequacy in the funds which the Association which instituted it have been able to provide, it has been obliged to contract some debts which are now falling due, and must be paid. Many persons have by letter signified their willingness, should it become necessary, to contribute what is in their power, to free the paper from the embarrassment necessarily incident to an early stage of its existence. "Of the liberality of all such we would now gladly avail ourselves; and moreover we would earnestly solicit of all friends of the paper, such donations, great or small, as they may feel able, and, from their interest to the cause, willing, to forward to this office.

And here the friends will allow us to say that we have daily increasing evidence, from the favorable notices of the press, and from private letters coming from all quarters, that the Univercœlum is doing a noble work; and if it can be preserved, (as for a small sum it may be) from falling into individual hands, in which case it would be liable to be more or less fettered by mere personal views and objects, and perhaps in a measure lose its distinctive character—not only will its usefulness be constantly increased, but in nine months from this time it will fully sustain itself: and whatever profits may thereafter be realized, aside from just compensations for labor, will be appropriated in some way to the benefit of the cause. This appeal, therefore, is not made on the ground of any personal or pecuniary interest, but solely on the ground of an interest for the cause, in which we trust that all our friends will duly participate, and that those who find themselves able, will send us the substantial evidence thereof. We hope and believe that this is the last draft which we will find it necessary to make upon their liberality; and even this would not have been made if all our subscribers had paid us promptly. Address "Univercœlum," 235 Broadway, New-York.

In behalf of the Univercœlum Association,

WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

TO THOSE WHO HAVE NOT PAID:—We believe that very few of our subscribers who have not paid, are really indifferent to our wants, but that almost all have neglected to send us the amount due, from the consideration that so small a sum would be of little consequence to us. If they will reflect, however, they will perceive that the sum of two dollars multiplied a thousand times, would really amount to considerable after all; and it is upon the aggregate of small sums that the paper has to depend for its support. We are reluctantly compelled, therefore, to say to those to whom we enclose bills, that unless we receive returns from them within a reasonable length of time, we shall be obliged to discontinue their papers.

In the first attempts at the practice of Physic, among the Babylonians, it was the custom to expose their sick persons to the view of passengers, in order to ascertain whether they had been afflicted with the same diseases, and by what means they had been cured. From this it was afterwards pretended that physic was nothing but a conjectural and experimental science, having nothing to do with known causes of disease. And this reputed origin of the science of medicine seems worthy of its present perfection!

## THE NEW PHASE OF PSYCHOLOGY.

THE closing lecture of the course on Electrical Psychology instituted by Dr. Dods, was delivered by Mr. T. Fiske, in Clinton Hall, on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Fiske having been a pupil of Dr. Dods, performed all the various kinds of experiments that Dr. D. has been accustomed to perform, and we believe with nearly if not quite the same degree of success, showing to a demonstration that the art can be imparted. After the close of the lecture and experiments, about forty of the pupils of Dr. Dods being present, organized and passed a series of resolutions setting forth their "entire confidence in the reality of the discovery which Dr. Dods claims to have made," and stating "that its importance as an acquisition to science and the healing art, appeared upon due investigation and experiment, to be all that its discoverer claimed for it." Dr. D. in one of the resolutions was pronounced "a man of science, a clear reasoner, and an eloquent lecturer," and it was finally

"Resolved, That for the purpose of more fully realizing the benefits that may be derived from the instruction in the new science which we have received from its discoverer, we forthwith take measures to organize ourselves into a *Psychological Association*."

We have no room for a farther report of the proceedings of the meeting.

W. F.

## BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

MANY of our readers have, perhaps, already seen the following beautiful lines, written by LAIGH HUNT. We believe, however, that our readers will all join with us in the desire to preserve them in the columns of the Univercœlum. They teach a beautiful truth in a beautiful and forcible manner, and it were a happy thing for the world if the barren theologies of the day would partake of the spirit which they inculcate. [Ed.]

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like the lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "the names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said About. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the Angel. About spoke more low;  
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
It came again, with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

ABOUT twenty-five million of human beings die every year, two thousand eight hundred and fifty-three every hour, and forty-seven every minute; and at least an equal number during these same periods, are emerging from non-existence into life. So that almost every moment, a human being is ushered into life, and another is transformed to the spiritual world. The relatives and friends of these beings each have to go through the process of weeping and mourning, and in the contemplation, their little world of interests seems quite clouded. Such contemplations are at least calculated to make us reflect on the greatness of the universal theater of life, and to compose ourselves with the thought that such is existence, and we alone are not the only sufferers. It moreover points us to the next stage of existence, and to eternity, in comparison with which all this is but momentary.

W. M. F.

## Poetry.

## INVOKING THE ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY STELLA.

ANGEL father, oh! be near me,  
On my journey to the tomb!  
Let thy blessed presence cheer me  
In the hours of pain and gloom.

Angel mother, see me languish,  
Almost ready to despair!  
Thou canst calm the brow of anguish,  
Thou canst soothe the heart of care!

Angel sisters, oh! how lovely  
As in shining robes ye stand!  
Haste away, ye lingering moments,  
Let me join the blessed band!

This conviction how consoling,  
That though loud the breakers roar,  
Every wave of time in rolling  
Bears me nearer to the shore!

Fetters can not long detain me;  
Fetters form'd of crumbling clay,  
From the spirit's form relaxing,  
Link by link, shall fall away.

When the last link shall be loosen'd,  
When the last hour shall have sped,  
Angel mother, on thy bosom  
Let me lean my weary head.

Angel father, then conduct me  
To the bowers of lasting bliss!  
Sister, cast your arms around me,  
Greet me with a nectar'd kiss.

Who would pine at earthly sorrow?  
Who would sigh for bliss that eludes?  
Knowing, an eternal morrow  
Usbers in eternal joys.

## "HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY J. S. FRELIGH.

When the sunshine of gladness  
Has passed from the soul,  
And the dark clouds of sadness  
Unceasingly roll;  
When the past appears only  
A dim vale of tears,  
And the future a lonely  
And wide waste of years;  
The star of Hope streaming  
Through tempest and night,  
Is kindly left beaming  
Our pathway to light—  
Inspiring and cheering  
The lone and oppressed,  
To the weary appearing  
A haven of rest.  
Its calm light reposes  
Mid sadness and gloom,

On the lilies and roses  
That bend o'er the tomb—  
Like a seraph sweet-smiling  
Midst blight and decay;  
Through the cold world beguiling  
Our wearisome way,—  
In ill all-sustaining  
To mortals below,  
And shining and reigning  
Wherever we go,  
Forsaking us never,  
Companion and friend,  
Then "hope on, hope ever,"  
And trust to the end.

## THE SOWER.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

I saw a Sower walking slow  
Across the Earth, from East to West;  
His hair was white as mountain snow,  
His head drooped forward on his breast.

With shrivelled hands he flung his seed,  
Nor ever turned to look behind;  
Of sight or sound he took no heed;  
It seemed he was both deaf and blind.

His dim face showed no soul beneath,  
Yet in my heart I felt a stir,  
As if I looked upon the sheath  
That once had clasped Excalibur.

I heard, as still the seed he cast,  
How, crooning to himself he sung—  
"I sow again the holy Past,  
The happy days when I was young.

"Then all was wheat without a tare,  
Then all was righteous, fair, and true;  
And I am he whose thoughtful care  
Shall plant the Old World in the New.

"The fruitful germs I scatter free,  
With busy hand, while all men sleep;  
In Europe now, from sea to sea,  
The nations bless me as they reap."

Then I looked back along his path,  
And heard the clash of steel on steel,  
When man faced man in deadly wrath,  
While clanged the tocsin's hurrying peal.

The sky with burning towns flared red,  
Nearer the noise of fighting rolled,  
And brother's blood by brothers shed,  
Crept curdling over pavements cold.

Then marked I how each germ of truth,  
Which through the dotard's fingers ran,  
Was mated with a dragon's tooth.  
Whence there sprang up an armed man.

I shouted, but he could not hear;  
Made signs, but these he could not see;  
And still, without a doubt or fear,  
Broadcast he scattered anarchy.

Long to my straining ears, the blast  
Brought faintly back the words he sung—  
"I sow again the holy Past,  
The happy days when I was young."



## Miscellaneous Department.

## LOUISA COYLSTON; OR, THE CONSPIRACY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM

BY HENRY HEATHFIELD.

In the summer of the year 1839, I was sojourning at the pretty little village of Stanwix, (*nom de plume*), in the state of Connecticut. For several years I had been engaged in a sedentary employment in the city of New-York, which had resulted in a reduction of physical strength characteristic of the young men of cities; and it was with a view to recruit something of my lost energy, that I had thrown up my city engagements and settled in a quiet village. The continual sabbath-like stillness of my new abode contributed to restore an equilibrium to my nervous system; and when I now look back upon my return to the free life of the country, from the constrained life of the city, I feel that those days are remembered as among the happiest of my existence. The woods, the fields, hills, valleys,—every created thing, I seemed to regard through an enchanted medium. The air was freighted with a perfume to which I had before been a stranger, and the melody of the birds fell upon my ear like Nature's invitation to dwell forever in her Temple of Peace.

With my mind thrown daily into such a state of harmony, enjoying the invigorating atmosphere which surrounded me, I soon experienced the delight of a return to health and strength. I could engage in some of the lighter employments of the farm; and when Towser, my host's watch-dog, and I, went down in the fields to hunt up the cows, none could run with a more buoyant step than we,—unless it were Louisa, my host's daughter, who came down the lane to meet us, returning. Louisa was, indeed, a child of Nature—a pure outgrowth of the influences to which it was her good fortune to be subjected. Nineteen summers had endowed her with all the graces natural to woman, and, among these, those of the mind were not the least conspicuous. The simplicity and vigor of her character forbade all reserve except the restraints of modesty, and I soon found that one of my principal enjoyments was the pleasure of her conversation. I frequently accompanied her in visiting the neighbors, and found by their bearing towards her that she was regarded as a personage of superior natural qualifications. She was very much petted by them, and I ascertained the young men had awarded her the title of “The Belle of the Village.” This honor could not have been conferred on her because of any predilection on her part for city fashions,—indeed, with that simplicity and harmony always characteristic of a true taste, her dress was invariably plain and neat,—but, the constant elevation of mind which she manifested, imparted to her manners the elegance of the true lady. She was very fond of reading. At the front of the house which was towards the east, there was a charming piazza, over the lattice of which the honeysuckle had thrown a mantle; this was her favorite retreat, and here with a book in her hand she would spend all her leisure hours.

Her chosen author was Sir Walter Scott, (to whom is he not a favorite?) and the peculiar spirit of his stories, *couleur de rose*, shed a healthful influence upon her mind, and served to heighten the natural enthusiasm of her character. Histories, biographies, books of travel, tales, and a few treatises upon science, composed her library. These books were the companions of her solitude. Towards a mind of such refined tastes I feel irresistibly attracted, and had not my heart been fully occupied by the object of a previous attachment, I can easily imagine what would have been the consequences. I felt no little curiosity, however, to ascertain if she were yet free, or to

whom she had plighted her love. This curiosity was destined soon to be gratified.

One evening, as I was examining a splendid cactus in the flower garden in front of the house, Miss Hunter, of one of the neighboring families, called in, and Louisa ran down the garden path to meet her. “Good morning, Louisa!” cried she, “William has come,—he arrived in last evening's stage.”

“Well,” said Louisa, “how does he look?”

“Oh, vastly improved! He has grown taller, and has all the manners of a fine gentleman. Southern society has given him quite a polish—courtesy, you know, is the first requisite at the South.”

“I am glad to hear he is well; but when is he coming to see us?”

“Of course, you are, dear—, but there, you need not change color so!—you can not be more glad than I am; for, besides having a brother return to me after so long an absence, am I not, with him, to receive a sister also? Is not Louisa Coylston, my dear friend and companion, about to become Louisa Hunter, my dear friend and sister?”

“Oh, Caddy, you should not talk so! You do not know what may have transpired to change your brother's intentions during his absence.”

“Nothing, really; be assured, I know his mind—and unless Miss Coylston should have objections——” Louisa placed her hand on her friend's mouth, as if she would indicate that such a thing was too absurd to be thought of, and continuing their lively conversation, they walked up the path, and entered the house. So, thought I, Mr. William Hunter is the gentleman who has won the affections of my friend, the Belle of the Village. He must certainly be her counterpart, and every way worthy of her.

In the evening, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Hunter. His appearance was prepossessing; he was tall, of florid complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair. His address was characterized by a pleasing suavity of manner. He had called to see the family upon his return from the south, after an absence of eight months, and the subjects discussed were mostly of his experience of southern life, and the changes which had taken place in Stanwix since he left it. I noticed that my host, Mr. Coylston, and his good lady, took a special interest in him, and that Louisa was completely absorbed with his words and looks. It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and upon the departure of Mr. Hunter and his sister, I proposed to Louisa that we should see them home, a distance of half a mile, to which she readily assented. On the way, I walked ahead in conversation with Miss Hunter, and left the lovers to themselves behind us. As we neared the old village church, I saw a dark mass lying in the shade of some bushes, which appeared to me to move as we passed it, and I fancied it to be a human being, but hearing a grunt come from it, I concluded it was a stray hog, and took no further notice of it. When we had passed the bushes about three rods, a young man on horseback came down the road, but when he arrived at this place his horse became unmanageable; he whipped him and reined him up, but the horse reared, turned around, reared again, and refused to pass the bushes. Just then a hollow laugh was heard to proceed from them, and the horse passed on, perfectly tractable. Miss Hunter caught my arm with affright. “Oh!” said she, “it is the Indian woman—the fortune-teller! She charmed the horse so that he could not pass. Where are William and Miss Coylston?”

“Here they are,” said I; “and see!—the woman stops them.”

They had started upon seeing her; whereupon she jumped up and repeated these lines, keeping her eyes fixed upon the lovers:

“When the bird is in the cage,  
Then the storm without will rage;  
When the wild man's slave is slain,  
Then the sun will shine again.”

Then, bending with deference towards them, she continued, in a supplicating tone;—"Good people, will you give the old Indian woman some pennies?"

"Why, Aunt Margary!" said Louisa, "how you did frighten me!"

"Oh, never mind, never fear! Aunt Margary good."

"What did you mean by the verses?"

"Oh, you remember, and you will know bye and bye."

"But I want to know now."

"Can't know now, (thank 'ee, sir,) can't know, (thankce!)" and taking the coin that William gave her, she hobbled away.

"How very strange!" said Miss Hunter; "what could she mean?"

"Oh, nothing," replied her brother; "how foolish to mind the ravings of a crazy woman!"

"But she is not crazy, William: she is a true fortune-teller; is she not, Louisa?"

"She has certainly foretold a great many events which have transpired in the neighborhood, and others, far away. You recollect Captain Foster's case—he was lost on his schooner in Chesapeake bay—the next morning after the occurrence, she reported that she saw the whole of it; that the vessel lay up in a corn-field, and that three men had frozen to death on board. Mr. Charles Foster, the Captain's brother, started immediately, by land conveyance, for the place described, and found the schooner as she had represented it, in a corn-field. She had been carried there and stranded by a very high tide, and Capt Foster and two hands were frozen to death!"\*

"And besides that," added Miss Hunter, "she has foretold sickness and funerals, and a great many unexpected events."

"I have heard of those things," said William, "but can not see how they can be true—it does not seem possible."

"Let me remark," said Louisa, "that—

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Very true, my instructive Hamlet," replied William; and the conversation taking a playful turn the Indian woman was forgotten. We continued our walk to the Hunter's garden gate, and then returned. On the way back, I learned more of the Indian fortune-teller from Louisa, and found that it was a well-authenticated case of *second-sight*. So confident had the country people become in the reliability of her fortune-telling powers, that they refused in many instances to have their "fortunes" told by her, for fear that they might hear an unpleasant account of their lives; but this the old woman corrected by refusing to tell any thing about those whose lives she saw were likely to be unfortunate. She used to visit the town mounted upon an old horse, but where she came from no one could tell; this horse she would tie somewhere in the vicinity of the village, with a long rope, and leaving him to feed on the grass by the roadside, she would come into town on foot. Almost every one had a good word for "Aunt Margary," and the children regarded her with not a little awe.

Louisa Coylston and William Hunter appeared to be the happiest couple in all Stanwix for the three weeks following his arrival. They were almost continually together. In the morning they would ride some four or five miles to visit some old acquaintance; the afternoon would be spent with a game of chess or in conversation on the pleasant piazza of the Coylston house, or in Miss Hunter's sweet little parlor; and the evenings were devoted to quiet rambles through the town. Mr. Hunter was a favorite universally—wherever he was known he was spoken of in terms of the greatest admiration. The old people liked him for the abilities he displayed, the young for his generosity.

\*An actual occurrence.

It was to be expected, therefore, that his union with the "Belle of the Village," would be hailed on all sides with unfeigned rejoicing. Such, however, was not the case. There was one whose heart-strings had received a tension, on account of a too intense longing for the angelic Louisa, which had been more than they were capable of bearing. FRANKLIN BOYD had knelt at Miss Coylston's feet. She had rejected him; but with many delicate allusions to her prior engagement, and protestations of thanks for the preference he had shown her; which, intended by her to soothe the wound which his self-love would sustain, only displayed more charmingly the graces of her heart, and fed the flame she would have allayed. The rejected suitor had never been in the habit of exercising any thing like a wholesome discipline over his passions. Impulsive and thoughtless, he came at once to the conclusion that his happiness for this life was destroyed, that the cause of his ruin was William Hunter, and that he was therefore his mortal enemy. His heaven-implanted affection, unguided by wisdom, first assumed an excessive and then an inversive action. Franklin Boyd hated his rival, and resolved to thwart his union with Louisa.

On the fourth Sunday after Mr. Hunter's arrival in Stanwix, the minister of the village church read from the pulpit the following notice:

"I am requested to publish the intentions of marriage of Mr William Hunter and Miss Louisa Coylston, both of this town."

Although this announcement was not so unexpected as to excite surprise, yet a general expression of joy illumined the countenances of the assembled town's-people upon hearing it. Besides Franklin Boyd, there were other young men present, whose hearts had been sorely tried by the lovely Miss Coylston; but these longings for unattainable happiness had in their case been very wisely repressed. The feelings of young Boyd, however, had known no restraint, and they were now flowing in subversive channels. From where I sat I could see the workings of his face, and, knowing his history, I could surmise what was the nature of his thoughts.

In four days after the above announcement, William Hunter was arrested and thrown into prison on a charge of intended *bigamy*, preferred against him by a young woman just arrived in town, who averred that she was his lawful wife, and produced a marriage certificate in evidence of the declaration. The good people of Stanwix were astounded at this event. At first, the general impression was that the woman was an imposter, that Hunter's character was above suspicion; but it was hinted about, no one knew how, that he had been a free rollicking fellow while away from Stanwix, and had kept no very select company during his stay in New-Orleans. People were in doubt, and doubt in such a case is only less ruinous to character than a sure conviction of guilt.

This turn of affairs, as might have been expected, deeply affected the two families most nearly interested in the parties. Miss Hunter was thrown into the greatest grief. Louisa was at first shocked, and disturbed by thoughts of impending evil, but her confidence in the integrity of William Hunter was never for a moment impaired. She had looked deeply into his eyes, and gauged his spirit, and she knew there was nothing in its innermost recesses that was hid from her. Their souls were united—*knit* together—and their consciousness was almost identical. But an enemy had sought their ruin; who could that enemy be! Her mind at once recurred to Boyd,—and she determined to confer with me as to the possibility of discovering the heart of the mystery.

"It must be he," said she; "I know of no other who could take pleasure in separating us."

"Do not doubt," I replied, "but that a few days will suffice to perfectly exonerate Mr. Hunter from this charge, and release him from the toils of his enemy. In the morning I will see this woman, and question her closely."



We were sitting upon the front piazza: the evening was dark and gloomy; a north-east wind was driving up the clouds in masses, and the brightest stars, glimmering faintly, had almost been lost to view. It was too dark to see the horse and wagon which was passing in the road, about sixty feet distant. Shortly after there came one on horseback. The air was chilly and very disagreeable, and we retired within doors, and to bed, oppressed somewhat with the unfortunate event of the day. My head had scarcely been at rest upon my pillow, when I heard a voice, mingling with the plaintive wind in the garden, apparently, and in unison therewith, two or three times quickly repeat the following:

"When the bird is in the cage,  
Then the storm without will rage!"

I got up and looked out at the window, but it was too dark to see any thing. The voice, however, was evidently that of the Indian woman. I returned to bed; and musing upon what probable connexion there might be between the doggerel lines of the Indian and the incarceration of Hunter, I fell asleep.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Louisa asked me if I had not heard some one in the garden soon after retiring the night before. "I believe," said she, "that it was the fortune-teller, and that she repeated the lines we heard from her when we came across her so strangely in the road that night. But I can not recollect the words—I could scarcely hear them last night, the wind whistled so."

I replied that I had heard them, and repeated them to her.

She continued: "That, no doubt, has reference to Mr. Hunter's imprisonment—but there were two more lines,—do you remember them?"

"Those are all she had over last night."

"Yes; but when we met her by the church, she repeated four."

"The others have escaped my memory."

"I think I recollect that they were fortunate. 'Tis strange!—all that Aunt Margary has said to me has been fortunate. A great many of my acquaintances are so afraid of her; for my part, I love her. I believe that the gift of prophecy which she has, is the natural result of her goodness of heart and purity of mind."

"But what could have been her object last night?"

"No doubt, it was to remind us of the fulfilment of the first part of her prophecy."

"Your father says that the people are very much incensed against this pretended Mrs. Hunter."

"The storm does 'rage,' indeed, but a few days, I am sure, will see the subversion of these conspirators against our happiness."

After breakfast, I repaired to the hotel to see the strange woman—and arrived just in time to witness the closing scene of a tragedy. I found her stabbed to the heart, and dying. She stated that she came from New York; that she had been employed by Boyd to personate the wife of Hunter; that Boyd had forged the marriage certificate; that having seen Miss Coyleston, she had instantly repented of her purpose; and told Boyd, when he came to see her that morning, that she intended to confess the imposture. Boyd had done his best to get her to change her mind; but finding all his efforts fruitless, and he ready to be held up to the scorn of the town's-people, he had, in his frenzy, added assassination to his other crimes, and fled. Arousing from the swoon into which she had fallen, she alarmed the house by her cries, and attracted numbers to her room, to hear her dying words. Boyd left the town and the country, and has not since been heard from, but thus were his evil designs frustrated.

Under a weeping willow, in a quiet nook of the village burying-ground, is a marble slab, upon which is simply in-

scribed, "Jane Meadville,"—it was the name of Boyd's victim, the daughter of sorrow and misfortune.

After a month had passed away, William and Louisa were married. All hearts were rejoiced in their happiness. The wedding-party was the largest and most jovial of any in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." At three o'clock in the morning, after they had bid "good night" to the last of the party, and were returning from the garden gate, they heard a well-known voice, chaunting, in a cheerful manner, the following words:

"When the wild man's slave is slain,  
Then the sun will shine again!"

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS—NIGHTS WITHOUT DAYS.—"There is nothing," says Dr. Baird, "that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at a season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night." Dr. Baird had no conception of it before the arrival. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburg—four hundred miles distant—in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends; had not taken notice of the time, and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sun down; you could see distinctly; but all was quiet in the street; it seemed as if the inhabitants had gone away or were dead; no signs of life; stores closed. The sun in June goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole; and the reflection of its rays are such that you can see to read at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down in the horizon; you can see the whole face of it; and in five minutes it begins to rise.

MICROSCOPIC PHENOMENA.—Grains of sand appear of the same form to the naked eye, but seen through a microscope, exhibit different shapes and sizes, globular, square, and conical, and mostly irregular; and what is surprising, in their cavities have been found, by the Microscope, insects of various kinds. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibit a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits, are clearly distinguished. Some of the flowers have long white transparent stalks, and the buds before they open are little green balls which become white. The particles of dust on the wings of the butterfly, prove by the Microscope to be beautiful and well arranged little feathers. By the same instrument the surface of our skin has scales resembling those of fish; but so minute that a single grain would cover two hundred and fifty, and a single scale covers five hundred pores, whence issues the insensible perspiration necessary to health; consequently, a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand pores of the human body.

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.—Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our character; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wife's sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing any thing beautiful.

When passion enters in at the front gate, wisdom goes out at the back

## DURATION OF SLEEP.

Of the duration of sleep, the period varies in various men. John Hunter, Frederick of Prussia, Napoleon and other great men, slept but little. The Duke of Wellington is also a little sleeper. Boerhave says, that on one occasion, his mind being much engaged, he could not sleep for six weeks. He probably meant to write "not soundly." He added the case of a student, who adopted the strange theory that the natural condition of man was sleep; and to test the truth of the doctrine, slept eighteen hours of the twenty-four; and as might be expected, died of apoplexy. The elder Descartles seems to have slept two hours out of the twenty-four. However, the number of hours passed in sleep varies from six to twelve. The indolent, and those whose avocations or fortunes doom them to inert life, sleep many more hours than are necessary; but eight or nine hours would seem to be about the fair proportion which every man ought to take who values his health, or expects his intellects to be in a fit state to enjoy life.

Habit, climate, constitution, calling, age, modify, however, the duration. Infancy requires much sleep; more than is generally allotted to it in England; and manhood is the medium between the wants of youth and the necessities of age. Some old people, as we have previously remarked, sleep much—Paris slumbered away the greater part of his time, and De Moivre, when eighty-three years of age, slept twenty hours of the four and twenty. But these are exceptions of this law of nature, and Riekerand affirms that old men have short sleep, light, and broken; as, if, says Grimaud, according to Stahl's notions, children foresaw that, in the long career before them, there was time enough for the performing at leisure all the acts of life; while old men, near their end, feel the necessity of hurrying the enjoyment of good, already about to escape. Dr. Elliston writes—"Old people sleep lightly and frequently; and altogether little unless lethargic disease come upon them, which is very common. I heard Baxter, the coachmaker, declare that he never took more than three hours' sleep, during the most active period of his life. The celebrated General Elliot never slept more than four hours out of the four and twenty, and his food consisted wholly of bread, water and vegetables."

[DR. BURN'S ANATOMY OF SLEEP.]

## A CAVE.

The following account is given of a cave in a lime-stone chain not far from San Sebastian:

"In the year 1838, a Mexican, Don Juan Flores, perceived the hidden entrance to a cave. He entered, but seeing inside a council of Indian warriors sitting together in the deepest silence, he retreated and told it to his companions, who, well prepared, entered the cave together, and discovered about one thousand well preserved Indian corpses squatted together on the ground, with their hands folded below their knees; they were dressed in fine blankets, made of the fibres of lechuilla, with sandals made of a species of liano on their feet, and ornamented with colored scarfs, with beads of seeds of fruit, polished bones, &c. This is the very insufficient account of a very mysterious burying place. The Mexicans suppose that it belonged to the Libanos, an old Indian tribe which from time immemorial has roved and is roving over the Bolson de Mopinia."

A BEAUTIFUL statue slumbers in a block of marble, ready to be wrought out by the hand of genius, in whose soul the archetype is dormant. So does a beautiful and harmonious life lie in the mass of chaotic events and ideas which are constantly evolving by means of the blind force which the world is full of; and may be fashioned into artistic proportions by the sagacious and ingenious spiritual artist.

C. W.

**BUSINESS NOTICE.**—G. W. W.—A letter was mailed to you a day or two before your last was received, explaining the cause of delay. Will you please respond to inquiries therein contained?

**MARRIED.**—At Southold, L. I., on the 29th January, by the Rev. J. K. Ingalls, Mr. NATHANIEL BOISSEAU to Miss HANNAH BOOTH, daughter of the late John Booth, all of the above place.

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## FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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