# 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.

### A REVIEW.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY J. K. INGALLS.

"LABOR AND OTHER CAPITAL,—The rights of each secured, and the wrongs of both eradicated. Or an exposition of the cause why few are wealthy and many poor, and the delineation of a system, which, without infringing the rights of property, will give to labor its just reward. By EDWARD KELLOGG."

THIS volume was looked for with deep interest, as an exposition of existing evils, by a practical business man, as an indication that in the various professions and callings, the choicest minds are becoming aware of the social injustice that is being inflicted on the laborer, and possess the sympathy and courage to arouse the public thought to a sense of the wrong, and the measures necessary for a remedy. It fully answers our expectation as an Essay, though it by no means makes good the claim set up on the title page; a fault, by the way, in no wise peculiar to *this* book.

All truth is, in some respects relative. The immediate cause of evil may justly be regarded as the real source, until a farther reaching philosophy discovers it to be but secondary, and perhaps only one of the family of forces, which produce the result, and rest on some prior and more comprehensive error. This is illustrated in the work before us. No person can gainsay the truthfulness of the author's representations, or question that the evils are referable directly to the cause assigned. Had he pressed his inquiries a little farther, he could not have failed to see, that the cause he assigns as the origin of social evils, is itself but an effect, which it is impossible to remove, except by removing the injustice from whence it springs. Considered from this high stand point, which commands a view of the innumerable influences which govern social and individual action, and produce harmonious and antagostic conditions, the book may be regarded as an important accession to the *Reform* literature, and at the same time, as a signal failure; for, while with distinguished talent it exposes the wrongs of labor, and clearly traces them to their direct cause, it betrays on every page the "fragmentary Reformer," who has one cause for all derangements, and one remedy for all diseases. The value of the Author's contribution, however, should not be judged by the manner in which he realizes his specified object. A Columbus, in attempting to discover a western passage to the Indies, may discover a New World instead. So the theorist, especially if he be a practical man, will make us acquainted with things most important to be known though he will in all probability, be farther and farther from realizing his abstraction, if he proceed scientifically in his investigations. While therefore we feel no disposition to endorse the theory of the book, or admit that the pretensions are logically established, it may be said, that the work is one of great value, and particularly needed at this time.

The limits of this paper will not permit an extensive review of the Author's manner of treating his subject. With the general arrangement little fault can be found. At first the title appears objectionable, and unfortunate. "Labor and other Capital," has an unpleasant sound to the ear, like "Slaves and other Chattels;" yet it is true in our present social condition that labor is capital, and subject to sale and purchase, and loan and hire. Naturally, however, it is a strange enough relation of terms. To talk of "causes and other effects," of "mind and other bodies," of "God and other creatures," would sound rather singular; and yet these are the natural relations of labor and capital; the one is the creator, the other the created; the one is the cause, the other the effect.

But we are not disposed to quarrel with tastes. Neither is it possible to note many things to be approved or dissented from. This notice must be chiefly confined to the illustrations given of the influence of "interest and rent," on all useful classes, but more particularly upon the *producers;* and to an investigation of the plan offered for the removal of all existing inequalities. For the former no better method can be adopted than to give extracts from the book, to which particular attention is solicited.

"In all ages and nations, philanthropic men have endeavored to devise some means of securing to labor a better compensation. Labor saving machines have been invented; associations have been formed for the purpose of producing with less labor, the earnings to be equitably distributed according to the work performed. But these benevolent efforts have failed of any general success. The reason is this: they can not withdraw their labor or their products from the influence of the national laws which govern distribution. Every few years, there is a season of great distress, and more than usual poverty among producers. This distress is seldom occasioned by a scarcity of products. More frequently the manufacturer has goods which he can not sell; the farmer has grain for which there is no market. While this superabundance continues, the laborer can find no employment. Himself and family are destitute of food, clothing and shelter, and have no means of paying for them. If all this suffering and want be caused by *over-production*, public measures should be taken to avert the calamity, by preventing an excess of labor. When the amount of surplus products is a subject of national lamentation, the *producers* are often destitute while capitalists, who do little or nothing toward production or distribution, are supplied with all the comforts and luxuries of life, at half, or less than half, the usual price." * * * *

"Our government professes to found its laws on republican principles, which should secure to every individual a fair equivalent for his labor; yet probably one half of the wealth of the nation is accumulated in the possession of but about *two and a half per cent.* of the population, who to say the most, have not done more labor toward the production of the wealth than the average of the ninety-seven and a half per cent., among whom is distributed the other half of the wealth."—[Intro. p. 17, 19.

In the place of so much talk about giving labor an equivalent, it may be suggested, whether it be not more natural and republican, to give every man the right to labor, and consequently to own the products, than to attempt to remedy the wrong involved in the denial of this right, by arbitrary laws to secure an *equivalent* for what we allow the laborer to be plundered of? But here is an illustration which will show the result of the

legal rate of interest, or rather the natural result of the disfranchisement of labor.

A. B. and C. are young men, who have just come of age. C. is heir to $10,000, while A. and B. are mechanics without capital. C. contracts with A. and B. to build a house, which shall cost $5,000, on a lot worth $5,000. C. leases this property to A. and B., and charges them seven per cent. upon its cost, clear of insurance, taxes and repairs, payable once a quarter. This will accumulate a sum equal to the principal in ten years. In this period, then, A. and B. are compelled to buy another lot, build upon it another as good a house, and pay the lot and house to C. for the *use* of the one they occupy. In twenty years they must pay C. three houses and lots; in thirty years they must pay him seven; in forty fifteen; in fifty thirty-one; in sixty sixty-three; in seventy years, one hundred and twenty-seven houses. The one hundred and twenty-seven lots will cost $635,000, and the buildings an equal amount, making together $1,270,000, which is paid for seventy years, rent of one house and lot, worth only $10,000. At the expiration of the lease, the original house must be returned to the owner, as well as the rest. [So that A. and B., the producers of the one hundred and twenty-seven houses, and the value of the lots, will own, in old age, neither house, nor lot.] If, instead of being invested in the house and lot, the $10,000 were loaned at seven per cent., and the interest collected and re-loaned quarterly, the money would accumulate precisiely as the property."

"Take another example. At the age of twenty-one, D. leases E. a well improved farm, at seven per cent. interest, *payable in land*, as interest on money is payable in money. At the close of the year, E. pays D. seven acres, as good as that rented, and with a *pro rata*, proportion of buildings. He makes payments half yearly in land, and pays interest on the land so paid. In ten years, E. must pay one farm; in twenty years three farms; in thirty years seven farms, and in seventy years, one hundred and twenty-seven farms as good as the original one leased. These farms E. must earn by the labor of seventy years, and pay to D. for the use of one farm."

Justice requires it to be remarked, that these suppositions are hardly admissable. No one man could retain the use of the house or the farm and their "accruing rents," without reducing other laborers to similar terms; and therefore it can not be said that one man *earns* one hundred and twenty-seven farms. He could earn really no more the last ten years than the first, and does not in fact pay more. The order would stand thus:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 man, | for | one farm, | 70 years, | would pay | 7 | farms. |
| 1 " | " | " | 60 " | " | 6 | " |
| 2 men, | each | one farm, | 50 " | " | 10 | " |
| 4 " | " | " | 40 " | " | 16 | " |
| 8 " | " | " | 30 " | " | 24 | " |
| 16 " | " | " | 20 " | " | 32 | " |
| 32 " | " | " | 10 " | " | 32 | " |
| Altogether 64 men would earn the . . | | | | | 127 | farms. |

The result to the lender, however, is the same; and the effect on labor is equally depressing as the author intended to represent it; he only misstated the power of the laborer. A man might earn the one farm the first ten years; but no man could earn the sixty-three required the last term.

"The following statement shows the effect upon producers of a rate of six per cent. interest on capital. The yearly income of our most wealthy citizen, from dividends on State, Bank, and other stocks, money loaned on bonds and mortgages, and rents of property, is said to amount to $2,000,000. Supposing the gain of a farmer to be one hundred dollars, after paying all necessary expenses, and it would require the use of twenty thousand farms, and the surplus earnings of twenty thousand farmers and their families to clear $2,000,000 a year. However difficult it might be to trace the ways and means by which this income is gathered, it takes just $2,000,000, worth of the surplus products of labor to pay the legal accumulation. Allowing able bodied men to earn one dollar per day, for an average of two hundred and seventy-five days in the year, it would annually hire seven thousand two hundred and seventy-six men. Allow the receiver of this income to expend yearly, for his own support, the earnings of *seventy-three men*, and he will still receive a clear gain of $1,980,000 yearly, the entire earnings of *seven thousand two hundred and three men*. At six per cent. the interest on this gain, would make an addition, the next year of $118,800, which would pay for the labor of four hundred and thirty-two men, in addition."

"Suppose Mr. A. instead to be worth thirty-three and a third million bushels of wheat. Let him lend the wheat instead of the money at six per cent., and the interest will be precisely two millions of bushels. The borrowers must sow, reap, and thrash out this amount, transport it to New York, and put it into Mr. A's store-houses, to pay the interest for one year. What a pile of wheat is this for *one man's* use, gained too, without his sowing or harvesting a bushel!"

Of the effect of our present monetary system to accumulate the wealth of a nation in the hands of a few individuals, and by the cities, and business locations, our author has many apt illustrations. It is certainly worthy the attention of our farmers and mechanics to inquire why the property, real and personal, in city and country, has been covered with bonds and mortgages, and is yearly taxed, a tithe of its value to minister to the lust of avarice. We quote farther.

"*One dollar*, loaned at six per cent. interest, for a period of three hundred and sixty years, would accumulate more than double the assessed value of the whole State of New-York. At seven per cent. for the same time, the dollar would accumulate a greater sum than the valuation of the whole United States. In this time $100,000 borrowed of a foreign nation, would require in payment, the sum of $6,971,947,673,600.000; a much larger sum than the valuation of the property of the whole world. These calculations make it evident that six and seven per cent. can not, and ought not, to be paid by any nation."

"The Southern and the Western States depend upon the yearly products of their labor for their wealth; they are greatly impoverished by the amount of interest that they are compelled to pay to our Northern and Eastern cities for the use of money. A very large amount of the capital stocks of Western and Southern banks and State bonds are owned by capitalists in Northern cities, or by foreigners. The interest on these is constantly transferring the earnings of the people of these States to a few capitalists in the large cities or in foreign nations."

The following is a good illustration of the operations of our present system upon the manufacturer, and as a consequence upon the labor which he employs.

"A manufacturer makes a package of a hundred pieces of cloth, and sends them to market. Six months pass before the goods can be sold, and he loses three pieces as the interest on the ninety-seven which remains. At the end of the six months, the commission merchant sells them on a credit of eight months, and the manufacturer must lose four pieces more. But he is now in great need of money, and must have the note cashed. But interest having risen (by a well understood contrivance of the banks and monied men) he must sell the note in market at two per cent. a month discount, thus losing sixteen pieces instead of four. Add these to the first three, and it will make nineteen pieces paid to others out of the hundred, to enable him to keep eighty-one pieces for fourteen months. These are a total loss to the manufacturer. Besides, he has to pay cartage, storage, commission, and transportation. The proceeds of the nineteen pieces of goods go into the hands of the money lender."

Only a few more extracts can be given showing the general bearing of this evil:

"In new and thinly settled countries, where fertile lands are at low prices, the people do not starve, even when they are charged ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent. per annum, on borrowed

money; but these rates of interest concentrate the property rapidly in the hands of the few, and break up and keep hundreds of thousands of families poor. They can, however, generally find employment, by which they can obtain their food. But as countries grow older, the population more dense, lands higher in price, and concentrated into fewer hands, manufactories are established in which hundreds of workmen labor for their daily support. They are carried on by individuals, firms, or incorporated companies. If money become scarce, and interest increase, the prices of goods must inevitably fall, the wages of the workmen are reduced, and numbers are thrown out of employment. If the scarcity of money and high rate of interest continue, the manufacturers too must break."

"Let twelve different nations, however, fix twelve different rates of interest, maintaining the rates uniform, the first at one per cent., the second at two per cent., and so on to twelve per cent., and the concentration of wealth in few hands, in the different nations, would increase in nearly the same ratio with the rates of interest. The ratio would be exact, except for the profligacy and extravagance of many of the rich, and the benevolence of others. This general principle will hold good, whether the country be new, rich and fertile, or old and poor, because the accumulation is according to the rate per cent."

"All the per centage collected for the rent on property, or as an interest on money, must be paid by sales of the yearly productions of labor, which remain, over and above the support of the producers. If a few very rich men, in any civilized nation, should live frugally, and their children should do the same, in the course of a few generations, they would reduce to poverty nearly every other individual in the nation. Consequently, under present monetary laws, extravagance in the rich, and the frequent imbecility of their children, are great advantages to producers. The second evil is therefore necessary to modify the overwhelming power of the first."

After what has been shown, the reader will be astonished, no doubt, to learn, that our author still contends for the right of capital to divide with labor the product of toil. Another extract evincing this opinion and our general comments shall follow.

"The following illustration shows how tenants of land are affected by high rates of interest on money. N. owns a farm and cultivates it, he is therefore the rightful owner of the products. If, however, N. lets the farm to O., and O. cultivates it, then N. and O., are joint owners of the products. This principle, that labor and capital are together entitled to the products is in accordance with the laws of nations, and must continue to be so as long as the rights of property are recognized by civil authority."

Here we have the whole argument, these hundreds of pages contain, to make good one of his principal positions, that *money has justly the power to accumulate interest for an income.* The last declaration is mere assertion. Nations have flourished, and protected the rights of property, whose laws forbade the taking of usury among themselves. But if interest laws are necessary as claimed, then the law which fixes six per cent. as the rate, gives six times the security to property, as that which reduces it to one per cent.! Besides the author does not show all the reverence for the examples of the past as would seem to be implied in this paragraph; for he says, in another place, "that all nations and political parties, while professing to legislate for the protection of industry; have always supported and increased capital and depressed labor." He must quote us authority which he at least respects. He proceeds:

"The question which arises for settlement is, what proportion rightfully belongs to the capital, and what to the laborer—(strange enough, he makes no effort to solve this problem, after stating it with so much distinctness) what proportion of products N. should receive for the use of the farm, and what proportion O. should receive for his labor in cultivating it. It will be said at once that the proportion is a matter of agreement between them; and that whatever N. agrees to take and O. to pay, is the right proportion. * * * But if the rate of interest be such that O. is obliged to pay nearly the whole surplus products of the farm to N. as rent, the contract is a manifest wrong to O.; because, although he work diligently all his life, the legal standard keeps him forever poor, while N. by the action of the same standard, without labor, will constantly increase in wealth."

"We declare that all men are born free and equal; but N. may be born heir to a dozen farms, while O. may be born without property; and under present laws, by labor alone, can never acquire it. Therefore N. is actually born to live in luxury without labor, and O. is born to be his servant. Even O.'s children are born servants to N. and his posterity. * * * This method works rapidly, and securely, because it extorts consent as it operates."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## CRITICISM

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

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

BY E. E. GUILD.

NUMBER SEVEN.

If the accounts of Matthew and Luke respecting the early history of Christ are to be rejected as of no authority, to what conclusions must we arrive in regard to them? By whom were they written and when? Have they no historic basis, or are they wholly fabulous? May there not be a mingling of history and fable in them, and if so, what is the history and what is the fable? From the very nature of the case it will be seen that some of these questions at least are of very difficult solution. Probabilities are about all that can be offered in reply to them. What little information we possess in regard to these subjects, we will now very cheerfully impart to the reader.

That Matthew and Luke wrote seperate memoirs of the life, sayings and doings of Jesus Christ, is very probable. But that they were instructed to do so by their Master, or inspired to do so by the Deity, must be believed, if believed at all, without any authority whatsoever. Nor has it ever been proved that the Gospels which we now have, and which are called by the names of these Evangelists, are verbatim copies without alteration, addition, or interpolation, of the memoirs composed by them, the assertion of learned doctors of divinity to the contrary notwithstanding. In regard to the origin of the first three Gospels, called Matthew, Mark, and Luke, we can not do better than to give our opinion in the language of one of the most distinguished theologians of the present or any other age, viz: Dr. Neander of Germany. "The writing of the gospel history did not originate in any design to give a connected account of the life and public ministry of Christ as a whole, but rather grew out of a series of traditional accounts of separate scenes in his history. These accounts were partly transmitted by word of mouth, and partly laid down in written memoirs. The commission of the whole to writing naturally soon followed the spread of Christianity among the Greeks, a people much accustomed to writing. Our first three gospels resulted from the compilation of such separate materials, as Luke himself states in his introduction. Matthew's gospel in its present form, was not the production of the apostle whose name it bears, but was founded on an account written by him in the Hebrew language." (Neanders' Life of Christ, p. 6.)

According to Dr. Neander, then, (and we fully concur in that opinion,) the books called the gospels of Matthew and Luke, in

*Concluded from p. 310.

the form in which they appear in the New Testament, were not written by the Evangelists whose names they bear, but were compiled by an after writer partly from their writings and partly from traditions both written and oral. At what particular time these compilations were made can not now be ascertained, but it must have been some time after the death of the evangelical writers. Whether the accounts contained in these gospels of the early history of Christ were written by the authors to whom these gospels are inscribed, it is impossible to tell.* Neander thinks that John's gospel was written by that apostle in the precise form in which it now appears. (Life of Christ, p. 6.) If so it is then truly remarkable that it omits all mention of the marvelous circumstances connected with Christ's birth, which are related in the gospels of Matthew and Luke. It is also remarkable that of forty-eight miracles said to have been wrought by Jesus Christ in the New Testament, he should have omitted mention of all except eight, and of this number at least five will admit of an interpretation which precludes the idea of their having been miracles at all. But if Matthew and Luke were the authors of the accounts contained in their gospels, (Matthew first and second chapters, and Luke first and second) or by whomsoever they were written, they were doubtless composed by persons who had no intention to deceive, but who honestly believed in the truthfulness of the accounts. They were compiled from traditions written and oral which were common at the time they were written, and universally believed among christians. It must be borne in mind that the time Christ came upon the stage of human action, was a time of prevailing ignorance and superstition. Christ was a man endowed with extraordinary intellectual and moral powers. He was a great reformer. His religious teachings met the wants of the lower classes of the people of that age, and made a deep impression on their minds. He performed many wonderful works which by the people of that age were deemed miraculous. His admirers regarded him as a very distinguished personage. And as there existed at that time a universal expectation of the appearance of the long looked for Messiah, they came to regard him as no less a personage than the Messiah himself, whose appearance they supposed had been predicted and foretold by the ancient Jewish prophets. Hence, in their opinion, he must have had a miraculous origin. And hence every little circumstance, however trifling in itself, connected with his birth, was seized hold of, enlarged upon, exaggerated, and added to, until the traditions assumed the form in which they are presented in the gospels of Matthew and Luke. There was the more temptation to this from the fact that the principal objections against him by his Jewish enemies, were urged on the ground of his low birth and origin. Accordingly we find that among the early Christians, the most extravagant, inconsistent, foolish, and absurd stories in relation to the birth and early history of Christ, were circulated, and doubtless by a majority of them honestly believed. If the reader wants proof of this let him consult the Apocryphal New Testament. It is therein related that the most astonishing prodigies and miracles were performed by Jesus Christ, not only during his boyhood, but even when an infant, and while he was an exile in Egypt. Not only do these writers assign to Jesus a miraculous birth, but to Mary his mother also, and to the marvelous circumstances connected with Christ's birth related by Matthew and Luke, they add a great many equally wonderful and supernatural.

How much of real history, then, is in the accounts of Matthew and Luke, can not now be told except by one rule. That which borders upon the marvelous must be rejected as fabulous; that which bears the stamp of history must be received as true. Both writers agree that Jesus was born. Of this there is no doubt. There is also as little doubt that he was the natural son of Joseph and Mary. Both agree that certain marvelous circumstances were connected with his birth. That he was visited by wise men and shepherds is not very unlikely. That a luminous appearance in the heavens was witnessed by certain Jews, living in the east, about the time of Christ's birth, which they afterwards came to consider as a sign of the birth of the Messiah, is not impossible. But that these circumstances were in after times exaggerated and highly embellished, is not only possible but exceedingly probable. Both agree that Christ was born under Herod the Great. This is doubtless true. Both agree that he was born at Bethlehem. This may be so or may not. Matthew supposes him to have been born at the place where his parents usually resided. Luke, on the contrary, supposes him to have been born away from the home of his parents. That Nazareth was the place of the usual residence of Joseph and Mary is not only taught by Matthew and Luke, but it is also confirmed by other portions of the New Testament. We may, then, well suppose that Jesus was born at Nazareth, and that the legend makes him to have been born at Bethlehem, because, as the Old Testament prophecies were then understood, it was necessary that the Messiah should be born at that place.

In view of what we have written above, we shall undoubtedly be regarded by many as a skeptic, if not an infidel. In justice to ourself, then, it may be necessary to define our position. The writer is a firm believer in Christianity if by Christianity is to be understood the theoretical and practical doctrines taught by Jesus Christ. He has faith in God, in Man, in Immortality. Nor can he conceive that these doctrines stand in any need of miracles to support them, nor that they are any the less valuable because they were taught by the despised Nazarene, the humble son of Joseph and Mary.

*A number of learned theologians have been of the opinion that the first and second chapters of Matthew and first and second of Luke, were not written by these evangelists, but were interpolated into their gospels by an after writer. This opinion may be correct, although the evidence adduced in support of it appears to me not to be decisive. I would suggest whether on the part of those who have entertained this opinion it has not originated from a desire to conserve what they supposed to be an important truth, viz: the supernatural inspiration of these evangelists, which they knew could not be conserved if it was admitted that they were the authors of these chapters.

## Choice Selections.

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

BY HORACE MANN.

Modern science has made nothing more certain, than that both good and ill health are direct results of causes, mainly within our own control. In other words the health of the race is dependent upon the conduct of the race. The health of the individual is determined first, by his parents; second by himself. The vigorous growth of the body, its strength and its activity, its powers of endurance, and its length of life, on the one hand; and dwarfishness, sluggishness, infirmity, and premature death, on the other, are all the subjects of unchangeable laws. These laws are ordained of God; but the knowledge of them is left to our diligence, and the observance of them to our free agency. The laws are very few; they are so simple that all can understand them, and so beautiful that the pleasure of contemplating them, even independent of their utility, is a tenfold reward for all the labor of their acquisition. The laws, I repeat, are few. The circumstances, however, under which they are to be applied, are exceedingly various and complicated. These circumstances embrace the almost infinite varieties of our daily life;—exercise and rest; sleeping and watching; eating, drinking, and abstinence; the affections and passions; exposure to vicissitude of temperature, to dryness and humidity, to the effluvia and exha-

lations of dead animal and decaying vegetable matter;—in fine, they embrace all cases where excesses, indiscretions, or exposures, may induce disease; or where exercise, temperance, cleanliness, and pure air, may avert it. Hence it would be impossible to write out any code of "Rules and Regulations," applicable to all cases. So, too, the occasions for applying the laws to new circumstances recur so continually that no man can have a Mentor at his side, in the form of a physician or physiologist, to direct his conduct in new emergencies. Even the most favored individual, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, must prescribe for himself. And hence the uncompromising necessity that all children should be instructed in these laws; and not only instructed, but that they should receive such a *training*, during the whole course of pupilage, as to enlist the mighty forces of habit on the side of obedience; and that their judgment should also be so developed and matured that they will be able to discriminate between difficult combinations of circumstances, and to adapt in each case, the regimen to the exigency. * *

Now it is beyond all question, that, with the rarest exceptions' every child in the Commonwealth may be indued with this intelligence; and what is equally important, trained to conforming personal habits. Enlightened by knowledge, and impelled by the force of early and long-continued habit, he would not only see the reasonableness of adapting his regimen to his condition in the varying circumstances of life, but he would feel a personal interest in doing so, as men now feel a personal interest in procuring the gratifications of money or of power. Habit and knowledge will coincide; they will draw in the same direction; they will not be antagonists, as is now so generally the case with those adult men who acquire sound knowledge after bad habits have been enthroned,—the blind force of the latter spurning all the arguments and warnings of the former. This work may be mainly done, during the period of non-age, or before children are emancipated from parental control. Let a child wash himself all over every morning for sixteen years, and he will as soon go without his breakfast as his bath. This is but a specimen of the effect of a long-continued observance of Nature's "Health Regulations."

Not only will a general knowledge of Human Physiology, or the Laws of Health, do much to supersede the necessity of a knowledge of Pathology, or the Laws of Disease; but the former is as much better than the latter as prevention is better than remedy;—as much better as all the comforts and securities of an unburnt dwelling are, than two thirds of its value in money from the insurance office. A general diffusion of physiological knowledge will save millions annually to the State. It will gradually revolutionize many of the absurd customs and usages of society,—conforming them more and more to the rules of reason and true enjoyment, and withdrawing them more and more from the equally vicious extremes of barbarism and of artificial life. It will restrain the caprices and follies of Fashion, in regard to dress and amusement, and subordinate its ridiculous excesses to the laws of health and decency. It will reproduce the obliterated lines that once divided day and night. It will secure cleanliness and purity, more intimate and personal than any the laundress can supply. It will teach men "to eat that they may live, instead of living that they may eat." . . .

Every intelligent man deplores the almost universal condition of our dwelling houses and public edifices, which have been built without regard to the necessities of the human system for pure air. Were Physiology universally understood, no man would think of erecting a mansion, without an apparatus for its thorough ventilation, at all times, any more than without windows for the admission of light. Apertures and flues for the ingress and egress of air, into and from sitting-rooms and sleeping-rooms are as necessary to the architectural idea of a well-finished house, as nasal orifices are to the anatomical idea of a man; and a dwelling without the means of ventilation is as incomplete and as unsightly as a man without a nose. A knowledge of this science would establish a new standard of beauty,—the classic standard of the Greeks, in which strength was a primary and indispensable element;—and it would demonstrate the unspeakable folly and guilt of those matrimonial alliances, where hereditary disease, and even insanity itself, are wedded, and the health, mind, and happiness, of a family of children are sacrificed, for the mercenary object of a dowry. . . . .

My general conclusion, then, under this head, is, that it is the duty of all governing minds in society—whether in office or out of it—to diffuse a knowledge of these beautiful and beneficent laws of health and life, throughout the length and breadth of the State;—to popularize them; to make them, in the first place, the common acquisition of all, and through education and custom, the common inheritnce of all; so that the healthful habits naturally growing out of their observance, shall be inbred in the people; exemplified in the personal regimen of each individual; incorporated into the economy of every household; observable in all private dwellings, and in all public edifices, especially in those buildings which are erected by capitalists, for the residence of their work-people, or for renting to the poorer classes; obeyed, by supplying cities with pure water; by providing public baths, public walks, and public squares; by rural cemeteries; by the drainage and sewerage of populous towns, and in whatever else may promote the general salubrity of the atmosphere;—in fine by a religious observance of all those sanitary regulations with which modern science has blessed the world. . . . . .

Let Human Physiology be introduced as an indispensable branch of study into our Public Schools; let no teacher be approved who is not master of its leading principles, and of their applications to the varying circumstances of life; let all the older classes in the schools be regularly and rightly examined upon this study by the school committees, and a speedy change will come over our personal habits, over our domestic usages, and over the public arrangements of society. Temperance and moderation would not be such strangers at the table. Fashion, like European sovereigns, if not compelled to abdicate and fly, would be forced to compromise for the continued possession of her throne, by the surrender to her subjects of many of their natural rights. A sixth order of architecture would be invented,—the Hygienic,—which without subtracting at all from the beauty of any other order, would add a new element of utility to them all. The "Health Regulations" of cities would be issued in a revised code,—a code that would bear the scrutiny of science. And, as the result and reward of all, a race of men and women, loftier in stature, firmer in structure, fairer in form, and better able to perform the duties and bear the burdens of life, would revisit the earth. The minikin specimens of the race who now go on dwindling and tapering from the parent child, will re-ascend to manhood and womanhood. Just in proportion as the laws of health and life were discovered and obeyed, would pain, disease, insanity, and untimely death, cease from among men. Consumption would remain; but it would be consumption in the active sense.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.—The North American says, "There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the Author of our being has distributed to each, with a wisdom that challenges our unbounded admiration. Man is strong: woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident: woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action: woman in suffering. Man shines abroad: woman at home. Man talks to convince; woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart: woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery: woman relieves it. Man has science: woman taste. Man has judgment: woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice: woman an angel of mercy."

## NEVER OVER-EXERT YOURSELF.

In order to attain to long life, we must have health every day. Excesses of all kinds must be avoided. The symmetry of the body, both external and internal, must be preserved. We must study the capability of each part of our system, and over-work or exhaust no part. In this country, many suffer most from over-exertion, not allowing their systems time for self-reparation. Our systems can bear much, and live on, but there is a limit to their powers of endurance, beyond which they can not pass. The amount that can be safely accomplished, differs in each, yet the weak often endeavor to emulate the strong, and crush their own systems by their excessive labors. This is strikingly exemplified in many of our schools of learning. What one there accomplishes in two years with ease, another, to do it with safety, requires four years. Yet emulation, or supposed necessity, prompts him to finish the task in two years. Now the midnight oil is consumed; now the taxed brain reels under its efforts; now the nervous system begins to falter; now, the organs of reparation, faithful friends to those who treat them rightly, lose their power to supply the waste and exhaustion of the system, and very soon the brain, the lungs, the heart, the stomach, or the bowels, one or all, cease their wonted healthy action, until the human frame, like a noble ship, that instead of resisting the elements and making them subservient to her purposes, yields to their blows, deviating from her course, and is driven madly and rapidly forward to destruction. This is the fate of millions, not only of students and scholars, but those of every occupation. Every where persons may be found, who, for a while, do two days' work in one; but in a short period the machine breaks down, and the imprudent person becomes an invalid, or is cut off in the midst of his days. I will repeat to you, tax no organ beyond its powers; preserve all, and life will roll on, in a smooth, unbroken current, until a century is marked upon the dial of our years. If any of you discredit what I say of excesses upon the human machine, go and survey all the operations of machinery of human invention, and ask the keepers how long will last a piece of machinery driven beyond its powers? And again, ask how long would the same machine endure, when only required to do a reasonable duty, when promptly repaired on discovering the slightest defect, and always judiciously preserved? The answers will fully satisfy you that what I have said of the human machine is correct. Study, as you value life and health, a just equilibrium between rest and exercise, between repose and labor, between reparation and exhaustion, and between the supplies and waste of the system, and never tax any organ that is in a state of disorder or debility. No animal can endure as much as man. The care that is bestowed upon a favorite horse, if extended to ourselves, will give us good health. [Fitch's Lectures on Consumption.

Questions well answered.—A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in a rapid succession the following questions. The philosopher replied to them all, without hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision our readers can judge for themselves.

What is the oldest of things? God—because he always existed.

What is the most beautiful?

The world—because it is the work of God.

What is the greatest of all things?

Space—because it contains all that is created.

What is the quickest of all things?

Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.

What is the strongest?

Necessity—because it makes men face all dangers of life.

What is the most difficult? To know thyself.

What is the most constant of all things? Hope—because it still remains in man after he has lost every thing else.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Sheriff! that man is your brother whom you are dragging away to a cold and loathsome den, for crimes against Society which Society compelled him to commit. Forbear! No sin or degradation into which his soul has been plunged can wholly smother the inborn humanity of him. He was a child once—that poor, shrivelled, rough, and sin-scorched man—a child with dimpled hands, and smooth cheeks, and heart as gentle as the young mother's own; but joy by joy, of innocent life, was crushed out of him; and when his features hardened into manhood, they were tinged with hopelessness, and dark with succeeding sin. He was poor, and that monstrous crime crushed him into the pit of shame. Forbear! for deep down under the rough coating of iniquity is a heart beating, better than ye wot of. He is not all devil, but a horrified and virtuous people have made life a hell for him, and he has been forced to put on the devil's coat to endure it. Now away, you thing of hands but no heart—you child of the people's power without its love, and let Humanity take back its wronged and sinful child to her bosom. He has angel wings now, all shrivelled and crisp, and close-hidden under that devil's garb, and when we can pour heaven warmth around him, it will pierce that evil and bring the bright wings of his virtue out, slowly unfolding, broad and re-strengthened, to lift him into good again. Let us throw around him the temptations of love and joy, and see how long his poor heart can resist them. Sin and sorrow are not charmers. Give us leave to match them with some virtuous delight—and we shall have a brother feeding our hearts with his benediction, instead of a felon piling the curses of a blighted being on us, from his frosty prison. All good will be our help—all that reverent souls will dare to worship shall be with us; and not till all this fails, will we yield our brother to the omnipotence of Evil. Memory, guarding the dim fires of old joy—the boyhood and the opening youth, will plead with us, for she is faithful. Hopes, that fell sick under the smiting curse of poverty and scorn, will rouse again when a voice of kindness recalls the tones of childhood's loved ones by its kindred sounds. Buffetted, outlawed, scared and sinful brother! Is there no help for him but hate! no home but the dungeon?

[Prisoner's Friend.

## A SINGULAR LAKE.

About ten miles to the Southeast of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. there is a small lake, well worthy the attention of the curious geologist. Around it, for a considerable distance, stretches a valley that shows many indications of having once been full of water, but which has been drained by the bursting of its Southern boundary towards the Mowhawk River. In the centre, deeply shaded by wood, lies the present lake, not more than a quarter of a mile in width, but about three miles in length. The shape is serpentine, and though several small streams empty into it, no outlet has ever been discovered. Very slight changes only are perceptible in the water-mark, even at the period of the spring freshets. No soundings have ever been made in it yet, although deep sea lines have been used. The shores are bold and perpendicular as a wall, descending downwards thus to an unknown depth. The mightiest ship that ever floated could touch the shore in any place with safety. Its surface is calm as a mirror, for it is seldom touched by the boisterous wind. The water, though seemingly clear, looks black, from the great depth and the shadow of the trees on the shore.

It has nothing of the dish shape usually pertaining to lakes or to seas and oceans. It seems like an immense crevice in the solid crust of the earth's surface, thrown open by a convulsion in nature, as an earthquake, long centuries ago.

When our planet was young it underwent shocks, such as would crumble the mountains that now bristles along, and to one of these awful convulsions this curious lake probably owes its origin.

## Psychological Department.

### MINISTRATION OF THE DEPARTED.

A WRITER (Mrs. H. B. Stowe,) in the "New York Evangelist," argues the possibility and probability of a communion with the spirits of the departed as follows:

"In early life, with our friends all around us—hearing their voices, cheered by their smile—death and the spiritual world are to us remote, misty and fabulous; but as we advance in our journey, and voice after voice is hushed, and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on the hill side of life, the soul by a necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this. For with every friend that dies, dies also some peculiar form of social enjoyment, whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend; till, late in the afternoon of life, the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world, in successive portions, half his own spirit; and poor indeed is he who has not familiarized himself with that *unknown*, whither, despite himself, his soul is earnestly tending. One of the deepest and most imperative cravings of the human heart, as it follows its beloved ones beyond the vail, is for some assurance that they still love and care for us. Could we firmly believe this, bereavement would lose half its bitterness. As a German writer beautifully expresses it: "Our friend is not wholly gone from us; we see across the river of death, in the blue distance, the smoke of his cottage"—hence the heart, always creating what it desires, has ever made the guardianship and ministration of departed spirits a favorite theme of poetic fiction.

"But is it, then, fiction? Does revelation, which gives so many hopes which nature had not, give none here? Is there no sober certainty, to correspond to the in-born and passionate craving of the soul? Do departed spirits, in verity, retain any knowledge of what transpires in this world, and take any part in its scenes?

"All that revelation says of a spiritual state, is more intimation than assertion—it has no distinct treatise, and teaches nothing apparently of set purpose, but gives vague glorious images, while now and then some accidental ray of intelligence looks out,

> ———like eyes of cherubs shining
> From out the vail that hid the ark.

"But out of all the different hints and assertions of the Bible, we think a better inferential argument might be constructed, to prove the ministration of departed spirits, than for many a doctrine which has passed in its day for the hight of orthodoxy.

"First, then, the Bible distinctly says that there is a class of invisible spirits who minister to the children of men. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" It is said of little children, that "their angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven." This last passage, from the words of our Savior, taken in connection with the well-known tradition of his time, fully recognizes the idea of individual guardian spirits.

"It is strangely in confirmation of this idea, that in the transfiguration scene, which seems to have been intended purposely to give the disciples a glimpse of the glorified state of their Master, we find him attended by two spirits of earth, Moses and Elias, "which appeared with him in glory, and spake of his death which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

"It appears that these so long departed ones were still mingling with deep sympathy with the tide of human affairs, not only aware of the present, but also informed as to the future.'

* * * * * * * * *

"Have we not memories which correspond to such a belief? When our soul has been cast down, has never an invisible voice whispered, 'There is lifting up?'"

### SPIRIT SEEING.

A correspondent of the "Practical Christian" writes an article upon this subject, from which we make the following extract:

"Ghost craft comes in for its share of ribaldry, and still bids fair to live in spite of contempt. In spite of all that may be urged about bewilderment, fancy and superstition, exhalted reason will yet proclaim from her throne that the inner identity of man may, and often has, become perceptible to the children of earth. When her voice is heard, let the votaries of sensual philosophy sink away among the fogs, which their own *learned* ignorance has created to cover the truth.

"Let me here refer to the interior constitution of man. We have five senses. Though they employ the agency of the body, their real seat is in the soul. Hence the body without the spirit, be its eyes and ears ever so perfect, can neither see nor hear; yet the spirit must, can and does. Our application of the terms implying sensation to the mind, is an acknowledgment of the position here laid down.

"Reflection and inquiry (says Schelling) have brought me to the conviction that Death, so far from weakening our personality, exalts it, since it frees it from so many contingencies. *Remembrance* is but a feeble expression to convey the intimate connection which exists between those who are departed and those who remain. In our innermost being we are in strict union with the dead; for in our better part we are no other than what they are—spirits. I am daily more satisfied that we might expect there is a mutual dependence betwixt things essentially personal and things immortal."

"If, indeed, there is a mutual dependence of the external and internal, there may be a possibility that some refinement of the senses may make the inner realities cognizant. We adopt both the premise and the conclusions. And there are at hand facts enough to justify us. Who knows not that smell and taste are given to repel as offensive that which is noxious? Besides, many have been enabled to hear words, when no external vibration had affected the drum of the ear. Cowper the poet used frequently to be spoken to. The writer himself, though not desirous of display in such matters, has had his life saved more than once, by these interior voices.

"A case occurred in this town (Verona, N. Y.) sometime since, right to the point. A woman died in 1837. A while after, the family were assembled in the morning at breakfast. The mother was observed to stare and turn very pale. Nor was she able to speak. The first words she uttered were, "I have seen Elizabeth."

Oberlin, the pastor of Walbach, used to be much annoyed, because of the appearances of ghosts to his parishioners, whenever any had perished beneath the avalanches. He preached, he exhorted, he wrote, to convince them that all was a delusion. But in vain. At length he was compelled to admit the evidence, and become himself a believer in ghost-seeing. A friend (probably Jung-Stilling) recommended him to read the book, "Heaven and Hell." He did so, and finding a philosophy which satisfied his mind in relation to these matters, he became a sincere disciple of Swedenborg.

"Some months before the assassination of the duke of Buckingham, the favorite of Charles I, King of England, George Williers, his father, appeared to a classmate, and directed him to go and warn his son to become more popular and agreeable, or he would lose his life. The gentleman hesitated. He could not bring himself to go to the duke on a ghost's errand. Again the spirit appeared and with a severe rebuke repeated his mandate. A third time the visit was repeated. To confirm the story, the unearthly one related some of Buckingham's secret adventures. This time he was obeyed. The duke listened attentively. But when the private story was related (supposed to be an incest which Buckingham had perpetrated) the duke changed color and exclaimed,—"Nobody but the devil told you that." His murder took place as predicted.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM
AND
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

## CONNECTION
### BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Upon the subject indicated by the above title, a few careful reflections and simple illustrations, may serve to satisfy many intelligent minds. We will begin with an illustration which the simplest capacity can comprehend: Between the two extremities of a chain, however remote from each other they may be, there is a succession of links, each being in inseparable contact with the one that precedes and the one that follows it. By virtue of this connection, a person by following the succession of links may find either end of the chain; and if one end of a tensely drawn chain is made to move forward, all other links must necessarily be drawn together along with it.

On the same principle, allowing all space to be filled with solid, fluid, æriform, and imponderable substances, as men of science will not deny that it is, it follows that any two given objects in space, however distant they may be from each other, are necessarily connected by a succession of continuous forms, particles, or substances intervening between them; and although the idea can with difficulty be appreciated by ordinary minds, it is yet mathematically certain that every particle of matter in the Universe thus acts upon and influences every other particle. Our object in this article is to show that this idea, the truth of which in this form is acknowledged by all really scientific men, is also true in an application much more simple and easy to be comprehended, but of which application mere sensuous reasoners have yet scarcely begun to conceive.

To proceed progressively however, we remark that by virtue of the universal contact, immediate or mediate, and the all pervading and eternal Action, which is the Life of the Universe whose Fountain is in the Divine Mind, relative and progressive *changes*, and specific modes of being and operation, are constantly being produced, which when fully defined establish what we know as *conditions*. And between all *conditions* of the universal Substance, from the grossest and most inert forms of matter to the most subtle and etherealized, and from the most chaotic to the most highly organized condition of materials, there is necessarily every link of graduation. The highest has been *progressively* developed from the lowest, and therefore the two extremes, with all their intermediates, reciprocally act, and are dependent, upon each other.

The highest condition developed in the great Universe of being, of which we know *by familiar experience and observation*, is that which is characterized by Intelligence—comprehended, in its lower and higher modes of manifestation, by the terms *Perception, Reflection*, and *Intuition*. But it would be extremely difficult to draw the dividing line between the lowest form of Intuition and the highest form of Reason; between the lowest form of Reason and the highest form of Perception; between the lowest form of Perception and the highest form of animal Instinct; between the lowest form of animal Instinct, and the highest form of animal Sensation; between the lowest form of Sensation (as manifest, for instance, in the Zoophites, or plant-like animals) and the highest forms of vegetative life; and between the lowest forms of vegetative life, and the highest forms of the molecular life or motion in minerals, such as give rise to what chemists know as the phenomenon of *efflorescence*, which is only a more complicated form of crystalization. Between all these various forms of internal conditions, there is indeed as intimate and inseparable a connection as there is between the various and successive links of a chain—the lower developing, progressively the higher, and the higher acting upon and controlling the lower. This shows why Man, who represents the principle of Intelligence, was last created, both as proved by geology, and as is represented in the allegorical history of creation ascribed to Moses, —and why in the latter, man is represented as being set over all inferior things to subdue and govern them.

From the lowest point in the department of molecular motion in minerals, and from the highest point of human intelligence yet developed on earth, we may extend our reasonings progressively and on corresponding principles, either way, conceiving of conditions of Motion corresponding to all conditions, forms, and degrees of the Universal Substance, ranging from the infinitely gross and imperfect (speaking after the manner of men) to the infinitely refined and perfect. And as we know that matter in all its degrees of progression *beneath* our own organizations, has assumed *forms* corresponding to its internal qualities, so there is nothing to forbid the conclusion, sanctioned by all analogy and reason, that in all its degrees of progress and refinement *beyond* us, it will also assume forms adapted to its peculiar degrees of perfection. We may hypothetically suggest, without for the present arguing the point, that these forms will be etherial *worlds* with their outward adornments, which will be the scenes of action and enjoyment of that *indissoluble, organized* world of thought and emotion within us, which we call the spirit.

Having thus shown an inseparable connection and mutual dependence between all things in lower departments of existence, let us now, proceeding on corresponding principles, inquire more particularly for connections in *higher* departments. Assuming the doctrine of the indissolubility of the internal or spiritual organization, and consequently of its immortality, to be correct, let us look for a moment at the process of the transition of the spirit from this to the next sphere of existence. Its emergement from the body, however rapid, is evidently as *gradual* as would be the passage of a person from one physical location to another, by successive steps through the intervening space. From the commencement to the completion of the process of death, the spirit certainly must pass through every successive infinitesimal degree of liberation from the body. Each succeeding degree would in that case, be scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from the immediately preceding one; and the spirit preserving its absolute identity throughout the whole process, these minute degrees of liberation, would serve as inseparable links to connect the future life with the present; and immediately *after* his emergement from the body, the individual would feel that he is not essentially, or in any respect very widely, different from what he was *interiorly*, immediately *before* he left the body. Does not this reasoning prove a very intimate relation between those in the spiritual who are nearest to the natural world, and those in the natural who are nearest to the spiritual world? And inasmuch as the liberated spirits must have the most lively remembrance of their former conditions, and sympathy with friends who are still in the body, and inasmuch, moreover, as there are often many such friends who are in the intuitional, and just verging on the *spiritual*, state of mind, is there not every possible reason to suppose that spirits out of the body may communicate with *such* spirits *in* the body, by the infusion of their thoughts according to those laws of spiritual sympathy which have been indubitably exemplified in ten thousand cases, by the phenomena of human magnetism?

Again: It is very evident that the inhabitants of those portions of the spiritual world which are immediately related to this planet, were once inhabitants of this planet; and that they have passed upwards through all successive degrees, from the conditions that they occupied here, to the conditions which they now occupy. It is moreover evident that they are receiving continual accessions to their number of those who ascend from the

earth; and that the progress in heaven, by which all its inhabitants are necessarily more, or less affected, is promoted or retarded according to the perfection or imperfection of the development of those who leave the earth. Aside, therefore, from the *personal* sympathy which the spirits and angels of heaven retain for particular friends still on the earth, and the sympathy which they feel for *all* on the score of universal benevolence, they have a general and associate interest in elevating the mass of the inhabitants of the earth as fast and as high as possible, so that the earth may not be continually sending up impure materials for the formation of the heavenly societies. Hence the whole heavenly kingdom resolves itself into a sphere of attraction to the inhabitants of the earth, to elevate and perfect them; and at the close of each cycle "*aion*," "*seculum*," "age," or "dispensation," there is a special and concerted outpouring of spiritual light from on high, by which old things in human affairs are made to pass away, and all things are made new, or remodeled.

In our last number we showed that there have already been two of these great cycles of human development since man first made his appearance upon the earth, and we unfolded a few reasons for our firm and established belief, (in which we are certainly not alone) that the *third* is now drawing to a close. The outpouring of spiritual light has already commenced, and thousands and tens of thousands perceive its auroral beams! This light is Love, developing Wisdom; and these have their representatives in the outer forms of Fraternity and Association. And when the form of human society that is to be, shall have been fully developed, it will be found to be, in principle, a perfect transcript of the social organizations of heaven, with angels (or messengers) descending and ascending between the lower and higher groups of the concentric circles, distributing justice, and equity, and peace, to all according to specific capacities and natural wants. This will be the long looked for and long prayed for "kingdom of heaven on earth."

We have expressed the foregoing ideas, which for more reasons than we can now set forth, we sincerely believe, in order that they may cause thought and reflection, and that if favorably received, they may above all things cause ACTION: but we would not of course impose them upon minds who may not naturally perceive their reasonableness. W. F.

## HORRORS OF WAR.

According to Burke 35,000,000,000, and according to Dick, 18,000,000,000 of the inhabitants of the Earth, have been swept away by this tremendous scourge. The lowest estimate of which would be, that the inhabitants of *eighteen worlds* like our own, have been cut up and mangled, to satisfy the ambition, revenge, and malice of man. Or, the blood of which would fill an ocean sufficient to float the combined navies of the world!

It would have been to our poor conceptions, had we known no more, an amazing exertion of Almighty Power and Goodness, had the creation been limited only to eighteen worlds. Think of two solar systems as large as our own, *one* of which seems almost infinite. Eighteen planets, thickly peopled with beings of a high moral and intellectual nature, organized and fitted for endless perfection, happiness, and good will, *all* swept from the entire creation, leaving it utterly desolate, by the accursed ambition and malice of man!

And yet, even in the most Christian countries, and under the most democratic governments, we still engage in this work of hell! Blessing it is that man is made immortal, and overwhelming it is, to think that there are places in the universe so distant, that should the whole of these eighteen worlds be blotted from existence, in one immense conflagration, it would be utterly unknown to the inhabitants of those distant places. Great is God, and merciful as great. W. M. F.

## SOCIAL MOVEMENTS.

It is proper that all plausible plans for bettering human conditions, should at once be extensively spread before the public, to the end that they may be properly discussed, and that whatever may be deemed good in them, may be applied to practical use wherever the circumstances will permit. We shall therefore continue to give occasional accounts of the various associative movements now in progress in different parts of our land, until we can feel that our readers have had a tolerably fair representation of the present tendencies of the public mind relative to this subject. We find the following compiled in our exchanges:

### "ASSOCIATED LABOR."

"Under this caption *Cist's Cincinnati Advertiser* contains an interesting article in relation to a Labor Association, as it is entitled, of Iron molders, formed at a town recently laid out, a few miles below that place, called *Industry*. It is a practical illustration of the benefits of that plan of combining industry with capital which leaves full play to individual competition, while the factitious equality by which talents, skill, prudence, &c., are brought to the same level, is unknown. The capital is made up by subscription, the stock being in shares at twenty-five dollars each. The materials being purchased, and the buildings and ground obtained on credit, payable in installments, a foreman, manager, and workmen, being artizans of more or less skill, the distinctive feature of the scheme is that every description of labor is *paid for as piece work*. There were originally only ten workmen who were associated, but others have been induced by the success of the enterprise to unite with them. Every one is entitled to draw out at any time, the value of his earnings, but the usual average withdrawn has been about one-fifth or twenty per-cent, being for the expenses of living: the residue is suffered to accumulate, forming a fund for the purchase of additional shares or for any other purpose. The manager engages and discharges workmen, the same as at any other establishment, and no individual can claim employment from the circumstance that he is a shareholder. The products, which are said to be among the best specimens of iron work, are sold at the Society's warehouse in Cincinnati. The establishment has been in existence six months, during which time the aggregate capital has increased from two thousand to seven thousand dollars.

The Editor of the *Advertiser* says very properly that the moral results should not be lost sight of in examining this subject. Associated labor has been presented to the world under a variety of phases. Theory has been exhausted in devising plans by which the laborer could be made independent of the capitalist. An equality for which there is no basis in nature has been made the foundation of the organizations of industry. Competition has been banished. To combine what is good in the associative principle and reject what is pernicious, has never occurred to the framers of systems who looked to some new order of society to work out their plans. The true ground work is to let rivalry have its full operation, while supplying the motives to accumulate. The first secures the increase of wealth in the aggregate—the last, individual improvement. Where skill and exertion are rewarded in proportion to their fruits, the highest stimulants are unceasingly in action. The Editor of the *Advertiser* thinks that this system admits of application to all other mechanical employments, under proper development."

Although the plan of this association may work well for the present, we do not think it is without serious defects. The original object of this association, doubtless was, as it should be, to protect *Labor*, and not to advance the interests of mere stockholders or capitalists. The rule by which "the manager engages and discharges workmen the same as at any other establishment," and by which "no individual can claim employment from the circumstance that he is a shareholder," might, therefor,

we think be very properly modified so that employment may be secured to all who are originally *admitted as members*, and compensation according to the actual value of their work. Without some regulation of this kind, there is no absolute assurance that we can see, that the concern will not ultimately fall into the hands of non-producing stockholders who might control it as their own interests would prompt, regardless of the interests of the laborer. In that case the establishment would be no improvement on the thousand joint-stock associations already existing.

This calls to our mind a similar error (as we believe) in the formation of a protective association. A number of workingmen in Williamsburgh N. Y., resolved about a year ago, to establish an associative grocery store. But instead of advancing money in small sums to purchase stock, and receiving goods from the store for the same, at the lowest possible prices, as is the general rule with the flourishing Protective Unions of New England, they adopted the rule of making the stock pay a per centage in *money*. But it has been found that those having money to invest for the mere interest it would bring in *money*, have generally chosen to invest it in some other way. The consequence has been that the store has not flourished as it would probably have flourished, if the rule had been adopted of turning into an investment that which each family is compelled to pay for groceries in *any* case; and the last account we heard from the association represented that there was a prospect of its being compelled to disband.

W. F.

## WANT OF EXAMPLES.

"Christianity suffers from nothing so much as from the want of examples. The great argument which men have against it, is its impracticableness. While its advocates are unable to put their hands upon shining illustrations of its power and spirit, they want both the means of exemplifying its doctrines and precepts, and of confounding the skepticism which deems it visionary. For it was the life of Christ, that originally gave authority to his teachings, and the Gospel owed its magnificent and rapid triumphs during the first century to the self-denying, the consistent, and the holy lives of its confessors and martyrs."

[H. W. Bellows.

Nothing is more common than complaints, in the spirit and tone of the above, of the great lack of proper practical examples in the Christian Church. That these complaints are well founded, no one will deny. We are induced to ask why is it that true examples of Christ-like feeling and action, no more frequently occur, and that when they do occur, they form the exception rather than the rule, in the professedly Christian Church? This certainly can not be owing to a want of preaching, or exhortation, or praying, or even denunciation, in the Church, for of all these there is certainly an abundance. We despair, indeed of ever having the evil reformed by the latter instrumentalities, for these have been sufficiently tried to reveal their impotency.

Nor do we look for the cause of the defection referred to, to the supposed inherent depravity of man. Man in his most interior nature is *not* depraved, but is a finite representative of the Divine Being. But the whole difficulty we think, lies in the fact that men have not yet attained their proper position to develop and act out their interior qualities in *harmony* with each other, and with outer things, according to the laws governing all creations of the Divine Mind. Society is confused—unorganized, and human interests consequently conflict universally with each other. Hence every one is constantly tempted at some point; and the principle of *self protection*, renders it utterly impracticable for most of men in their present degree of wisdom, to do in all cases to others as they would have others do to them. Those lofty spirits who do attempt to triumph over every temptation to disregard the Golden Rule, most generally in *some* way, suffer a martyrdom as signal as did the great Founder of this Rule. Yet these are the world's redeemers—they die (in some sense) that others may live.

But let society (or the *Church* if you please) be so organized as to exclude all conflicts of individual interests, and consequently all real temptation, and there will no longer be any want of conformity to the Golden Rule, or to the examples of Christ. This is the way in which the first Christian Church was organized so far as it was possible to be in those times. The disciples at first "had all things in common;" and St. Paul subsequently advocated an organization of members on the same principle that mutually sympathizing and reciprocally acting members of the same individual body are associated together. As soon as this principle of organization is adopted in the modern church, or in society at large, the same practical goodness will be again revived which so admirably characterized the early Christians.

W. F.

## FROM EUROPE.

From the Tribune's telegraphic dispatch just issued, (Thursday,) we have the following important items relative to the progress of affairs on the European continent.

The Austrians and Piedmontese have recently fought a decisive battle, in which the latter were defeated, and Charles Albert their leader has abdicated his throne and fled into Spain. There is now but little doubt that Pope Pius will be reinstated, by the aid mainly of the Austrians, on the throne of temporal power. But it will be only for a season.

The Parliament at Frankfort has elected the King of Prussia emperor of Germany. It is generally believed that the acceptance of this office by the King of Prussia, will certainly involve Prussia in a war with Austria and Russia.

There is still every indication that the Russian Autocrat is disposed to take the settlement of the affairs of Europe in his own hands. Despotism will for a time undoubtedly triumph, but ultimately the discordant elements of the great confederacy of monarchial powers, will destroy the whole despotic system as existing in Europe.

## ☞ REMOVAL OF OUR OFFICE. ☜

Hereafter, until farther notice, all letters, remittances, communications &c, intended for this paper, must be addressed (post paid) 131 Nassau street, our office having just been removed to the latter place. Our City patrons who call for their papers, at the office, will according call at the latter place hereafter.

"Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate." The publishers, Messrs. D. McDonald & Co., 149 Nassau street, have just placed in our hands the April number of this valuable juvenile Monthly. E. G. Goodrich, its editor, has the faculty, by his amusing and interesting stories, of making himself exceedingly agreeable to the rising generation; and judging from the specimens we have had, the work before us is conducted in an unobjectionable spirit, free from sectarism. We commend it to patronage.

"Literary Union."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second Number. Judging from the specimen before us its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is progress;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each number containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. Newman, Syracuse, N. Y., at $2 per annum in advance.

## Poetry.

### LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,

Love is attraction. So the magnet doth
Attract the particles of finest steel,
And so in all affinities of matter,
In chemical, electric, and in all
The nice adhesion of the delicate parts
Of a most wondrous, complicated Nature—
So doth each atom to its fellow tend.
In flowret's cup, or insect's tiny brain,
Or mountain's body, or vast rolling world,
All are but parts of a stupendous whole,
Attracting and attracted. One vast law
Unites their destinies, prescribes their course.

And so with human hearts, when souls akin
By more than earthly marriage, from them send
The fine aroma of their spiritual parts,
They meet, consent, and whirl their gentle round,
Swift eddying through the currents of the soul,
And worlds of love spring into blessed birth.
Such play hath Nature in her finer powers.
Such are two souls, like heaven's double suns,
Born of one substance, wheeling but one round,
In the life orbit of their spirit spheres,
Destined from erst the matter of this earth
Received its form and motion, so to live
As to be one in being and in bliss.

Yea, such is love, which, severed from its own,
Strays whirling and erratic, seeking here,
Amid this deep of being and of sense,
Some true affinity of some true soul.
'Tis vain: for love is but attraction. It
Alone, by Nature's more material
And gross analogies, but faintly shown,
How can it live in its true state and strength,
Save where high Heaven and Nature have decreed?
So doth each atom in the sun's vast orb,
Or flowret's leaf, or diamond's crystalled form,
Tend each to each as by affection drawn;
And so do human hearts in love's vast world,
Rush each to each in Nature's fast embrace. P. M. W.

### ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O DWELLERS in the valley land,
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour—
While ye sit idle, do ye think
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
That light dare not o'erleap the brink
Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
In God's ripe fields the day is cried,
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop singing, down the mountain side:
Come up and feel what health there is
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
As, bending with a pitying kiss,
The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!

The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,
Before night comes, and says, "Too late,"
Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
The Master hungers while ye wait:
'Tis from these hights alone your eyes
The advancing spears of day can see,
Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise
To break your long captivity.

Lone watcher on the mountain-hight!
It is right precious to behold
The first long surf of climbing light
Flood all the thirsty east with gold;
But we, who in the shadow sit,
Know also when the day is nigh,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office, we have ours;
God lacks not early service here,
But what are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer;
One day for Him, is long enough,
And when He giveth work to do,
The bruised reed is amply tough
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire
Light's earlier message to preach;
Keep back no syllable of fire—
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech,
Yet God deems not thine aeried sight
More worthy than our twilight dim—
For meek obedience, too, is light,
And following that, is finding Him.

[NATIONAL ERA.

### THE TYRANT'S LAUGH.

BY C. D. STUART.

And the Tyrant laughed ha! ha!
And he sat on his blood-red throne;
And the wail of a million souls in pain,
From the sting of the gyve and the rusting chain,
Rolled up in a thunder-tone.

And the Tyront laughed, ha! ha!
At that echo of thunder-tone;
But his soul was in terror, for he well knew,
In spite of the smiles of his hell-hound crew,
There was fire underneath his throne.

And the Tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
He feigned that echo to scorn;
He was proud in his crime, like kings of all time,
And said to his lords, we will trample this slime
In the dust of which it was born.

And the Tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
And his red iron-wheel went down;
But the million souls which it trampled upon,
Like a million fen-fires united in one,
Flamed up to that tyrant's crown.

And the Tyrant laughed, ha! ha!
'Twas a terrible laugh laughed he;
'Twas a mad laugh that rose, as he writhed in pain,
O'er the wreck of his throne, and the chain,
For the millions he trampled were free!

## Miscellaneous Department.

From the Model American Courier.

# THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you ever see such a wild, frolicsome creature?"

"Never."

"I don't believe a sober thought crosses her mind from one year's end to another."

"A human butterfly."

"Just look at her, now."

"Ah, me! To see such frivolity in our young girls, is really sad. What can they be thinking about? Life is too serious a thing to be trifled with in this way."

"Indeed it is."

Such was the tenor of a conversation that passed between two ladies who had come to a ball rather as spectators than participants in the exhilerating pleasure of the evening. What business they had in such a place, it is not our business to know. We only mention the fact. The maiden who had called forth the above remarks, was named Anna Freeland. She was young, beautiful, and full of life. In company you would find her the gayest of the gay; herself the wildest spirit of them all. On the occasion at present referred to, Anna entered into the exciting pleasures of the evening with her usual heartiness. She had come for enjoyment, and she did not mean to be disappointed.

Mrs. Marrast, one of the ladies we have introduced, could not, from some cause or other, keep either her eyes or her thoughts away from Anna. To her, the light-hearted young girl was a living embodiment of frivolity. A very butterfly, as she had called her, fluttering in the sunshine of fashion.

"Poor child!" she said to the friend who sat beside her, "this can not last forever. Life is not all a fairy scene."

"What can her friends be thinking about?" remarked the other. "Do they not know that sober duties come to all? That, taken in any way, it is a serious thing to live?"

"They ought to know all this. But I am told that her father worships her, and will not permit her to do any thing useful."

"Can he consent to her running this round of folly? Can he really be a party to her destruction, both soul and body? I speak plainly."

"Not more plainly than the truth warrants," said Mrs. Marrast. "Ah, me! Mothers and fathers of the present generation will have much to answer for."

Just then Anna Freeland, who had finished dancing a set, came lightly tripping across the room, and took a seat beside Mrs. Marrast, saying, as she did so, in a light playful way—

"Why, how grave you are! Has no one asked you to dance to night? I must find you a partner."

"I don't dance," replied Mrs. Marrast. This was said with a smile. It would hardly have been good manners to have looked serious.

"You don't mean that your dancing days are over," laughed Anna.

"Yes. I think they're over with me."

"Oh, dear! I mean to dance when I am sixty."

"Sixty! You don't expect to live to that age!" And Mrs. Marrast glanced at the slender form of the young girl, which looked as if a summer breeze would almost blow her away.

"Indeed, then, I do! Why not?"

"And you expect to enjoy yourself for the whole time?"

"Oh, certainly! I always have enjoyed myself, and always expect to do so."

The ladies shook their heads.

"People don't enjoy themselves in this world half so much as they would if they only took the pleasure that is offered," said Anna. "I'm sure you'd be as happy again, to-night, as you are, if, like me, you accepted all that the occasion afforded, and danced and laughed with the merriest."

"You're a wild, thoughtless girl, Anna," replied Mrs. Marrast, half smiling, half serious.

"Oh, no," returned Anna. "Not thoughtless, by any means: though I own to being a little wild. I'm a philosopher."

"Though of the epicurian school, I would say."

"Just as you please. Live while you live, is my motto, and I mean to hold to it through life."

Before either of the ladies could reply, Anna had accepted an invitation to dance in another cotillon, and, in a little while was moving gracefully in the mazy circles that were wreathing their forms to the sound of inspiring music.

"Gay, thoughtless creature!" sighed Mrs. Marrast, as the light form of the beautiful girl moved before her.

"And you might add, heartless," murmured the companion, in a tone of severity. "What does she care for the wants and sufferings of others? She would dance through the world in search of pleasure, and let bleeding humanity die at the way side, unthought of, and uncared for."

"Without human sympathies," returned Mrs. Marrast, "I see nothing attractive or lovely in youth, wit or beauty. And here lies my whole objection to fashionable society. It is all selfishness. To gain an hour of pleasure, a girl like Anna would disregard every consideration that involved merely the comfort or happiness of another. A sick sister, a grief-stricken friend, or a lonely mother, would never keep her back from the ball room or opera."

"No, I presume not. Pleasure claims the entire devotion of her worshipers. She accepts no divided service."

"And if ever she had a faithful worshiper, that one is Anna Freeland."

"A truer word I have not heard spoken. But pleasure's day is a brief, though bright one; and Anna will, ere long, find herself encompassed by darkness and storms."

This was said with an expression, which, to the ear of a listener, would have sounded very much as if the prophecy of evil sprung from a secret wish to see clouds and darkness gather around the form of the happy girl.

An hour afterwards, and while the company were passing toward the refreshment rooms, Mrs. Marrast heard some one, near her, ask—

"Where is that lovely young creature who moved about so like a fairy?"

"Anna Freeland, you mean?"

"Yes. I've missed her during the last twenty minutes."

"So have I. Can she have left?"

"She may have been taken ill."

"Oh, no. She looked too beautiful and happy ever to be sick. I will not believe that."

Mrs. Marrast heard no more. She searched every where with her eyes, both while at the supper table and after returning to the drawing rooms, to find Anna, but nothing more was seen of the lovely girl, who while present, had indeed been the Belle of the Ball-room.

About the time when the gay company were gathering around the supper tables, which were loaded with every luxury, the family carriage of Mr. Freeland drove up to that gentleman's door, and, as the driver threw down the steps, Anna tripped lightly out. On being admitted, she said to the waiter in an earnest voice—

"How is little Eddy?"

"He isn't any worse," replied the servant.

Anna sprang along the hall, and up the stairs, almost as noiselessly as a spirit. At one of the chambers she paused for a moment, and then opening the door glided in. A dim light burned in the room, and near a crib, in which lay a sleeping child, sat the young girl's father and mother.

"Why, Anna, dear! What has brought you home so early?" said the latter, speaking almost in a whisper.

"How's Eddy?" inquired Anna, without answering her mother's question.

"He's slept all the evening. We hope he is better. But how came you to leave the ball room so early?"

"I told Thomas to be sure and come for me at eleven o'clock. And now, mother, you must go to bed. You were up nearly all of last night. I will watch with Eddy to-night.

"I don't feel in the least sleepy, dear," returned Mrs. Freeland, in an affectionate tone. "I'm sorry you deprived yourself of the pleasure you anticipated at this ball."

"It will give me greater pleasure to sit by the side of dear little Eddy, and know that you are getting the rest you need, than I would have received had I remained where I was. So, now, mother, you must go to bed; and if you are not sleepy, you soon will be. I am going up stairs to change my dress, and will be down in a moment or two."

"Dear child!" said Mr. Freeland, the moment Anna left the room. "How little of selfishness finds a place in her heart!"

"Little—very little. But we must not leave her to sit up alone with Eddy."

"You were up last night, and need rest; and I do not feel well enough to lose my sleep. Can't nurse remain with her?"

"Nurse is herself sick. She has taken a violent cold, and complains of head-ache, and a pain and tightness in her breast. I sent her to bed an hour ago."

While they were yet talking, Anna came softly in again. She had changed her ball dress for a muslin wrapper.

"I can't think of your sitting up alone, dear," said Mrs. Freeland tenderly.

"I shall not be alone. You and pa sleep in the next chamber, and Eddy will be with me here. Oh, I shall not feel at all lonesome!"

It was no use arguing with her. She was so much in earnest, that Mr. and Mrs. Freeland saw that opposition would be unavailing. So they consented to retire, and leave the sick child in her care.

Wakeful and patient from that time until the morning rays came stealing in at the window, did Anna, who a few hours before, was the light-hearted belle of the ball-room, sit by the side of her little sick brother, or hold him tenderly against her bosom when he grew restless and tossed himself about from fever and pain.

As Mrs. Marrast, the lady who saw, in Anna, only a living image of folly, was descending, after supper, to the ball room, her husband, who had been called down a short time before, met her and said—

"They have sent for us to come home—Henry is worse."

"Worse! Who says so?"

"Thomas is at the door. He says the nurse is very much frightened, and wants us to come home."

"I don't believe in his being any worse," said the lady, petulently. "I'm sure he was a great deal better when we left home. But, it's just like nurse. She's always frightened at shadows."

"We'd better go home," said Mr. Marrast, in a serious voice.

"Oh, yes, of course. If its only for appearance sake. It will be known that we were sent for."

And with a very bad grace the lady withdrew to the dressing room.

On reaching home, it was found that the child was really worse; so much so, as to fully justify, at least in Mr. Marrast's opinion, the nurse in sending for them. But Mrs. Marrast had permitted herself to get excited in her disappointment at being summoned to return earlier than she wished, and excitement always obscures the senses. She could not see that Henry was so very ill.

Twenty minutes after her return, the mother had reason to change her opinion, for the little sick boy, who was moaning when she came in, and moving his head on his pillow from one side to the other in a way that the nurse said was strange, suddenly went off into violent spasms, which continued for two hours, when they subsided, and the sufferer fell off into a quiet sleep.

For three nights the nurse had been up with the little invalid nearly the whole of each night, and she was now worn out and almost sick. Yet, when the spasms at last subsided and the child slept, Mrs. Marrast did not tell her to go to bed and get a little rest. That luxury the mother wished to enjoy herself; and after telling the nurse to call her if there was any alarming change, she sought her pillow, and was soon locked in profound slumber. Over-wearied, the nurse leaned her head back in her chair, and ere long was also in the land of dreams. Fortunately, there was no change in the sick child. He slept also, until daylight aroused his startled watcher.

It was, perhaps, a month after this occurrence, that a pale young girl, with a slender, delicate form, that was slightly bent, came into the room where Mrs. Marrast sat reading. She had a bundle in her hand.

"Ah, Fanny," said the lady, "I expected you last week."

"I hoped to get your work done several days ago," replied the girl, in a slow, feeble voice. "But the pain in my side has been so bad, that I could'nt sit half my time; and now I'm obliged to bring in two of the shirts unmade."

"Not made!" Mrs. Marrast's voice expressed surprise.

"No, ma'am; and I am sorry for it. If I could have finished them in any good time, I would have kept them. But, I'm so poorly that the doctor says I must stop work for awhile, or his medicine will do me no good."

"Stop work?" said Mrs. Marrast. "Why, what will you do?"

"I'm sure I don't know, ma'am." Fanny's voice was husky as she made this reply.

"Well, I'm sorry you didn't get them shirts all done. Mr. Marrast wants them badly," said the lady, without evincing the slightest sympathy for the girl, or even asking her to sit down, although she leaned heavily, from weakness, with her hand upon the sofa, on which Mrs. Marrast was sitting. "I think, if you were to make the effort, you could finish them for me."

But the sick girl shook her head languidly.

"You know best," remarked Mrs. Marrast, coldly. Rising, she added, "How much do I owe you?"

"Three dollars, ma'am."

"For what?"

"For the three shirts I have made."

"A dollar apiece! Is that what you charge?"

"Yes ma'am; I always receive that."

"It's higher than I generally pay. Eighty-seven and a half cents I think enough, and, in fact, too much for a shirt.

Mrs. Marrast looked sternly at the shrinking girl, who, feeling in her friendless condition, that good-will was even more to her than money, poor as she was, said—

"If you think so, ma'am, I will be satisfied."

"Well, I do think so."

Fanny said no more. Mrs. Marrast paid her two dollars and five eights, instead of three dollars, and she took the money without a word and turned away.

When the poor sewing girl left the house of Mrs. Marrast, she still had in her possession a small bundle of work. With this she called at Mrs. Freeland's. Anna was sitting by her mother when Fanny came in; and the first thing she noticed was her pale face and feeble step. With an instinctive kindness she arose and handed her a chair, saying as she did so—

"Take a seat, Fanny. Why, how poorly you look! Have you been sick?"

"I hav'nt been well for some time," replied Fanny, forcing a smile.

"Indeed, I'm sorry to hear that," said Mrs. Freeland: "I was afraid you were not so well as usual; for, when you were here last you seemed hardly able to be about. What has been the matter with you?"

"I have such a pain in my side that I can not sit and sew without becoming faint; and I seem to be growing weaker every day, I hope you won't feel hurt at me, Mrs. Freeland, but I've not been able to get your work done. I did'nt think it right to keep it any longer, and so I have brought it home. If I felt that I could do it in any reasonable time, I would not give it up; but the doctor says, that if I don't quit work, it will be of no use for him to give me medicine."

"What does he say is the matter with you?"

"He doesn't say, ma'am; but he scolds whenever he sees me at work, and tells me I will kill myself."

"It would be of service to you if you were to go to the country for a few months," remarked Mrs. Freeland.

"So the doctor says."

"Are you going?"

The poor girl smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Why not Fanny? If the doctor believes it will do you good, you ought to go."

Fanny only replied by another faint smile. A few more questions were asked and answered, and then the girl retired with a slow step, and her form slightly bent.

As soon as she was gone, Anna, who had scarcely taken her eyes from her face a moment while she remained, said, with a long drawn sigh—

"Poor girl! I wonder if she has friends in the city?"

"I'm afraid not," replied her mother. "I believe she has not a single relative here."

"What is she going to do?"

"That is more than I can tell. She ought to go into the country and spend the summer. This would do her more good than medicine. But I suppose she has no means of going."

"If she can't work, how is she to live, even in the city?"

"Dear knows!"

Mrs. Freeland was called out at the moment, and Anna went up to her room with the drooping form of the young sewing girl so distinctly before her mind, that she could neither see nor think of any thing else. All the sympathies of her kind heart were awakened, and her thoughts were busy in seeking for a plan of relief.

"I can't think of any thing but poor Fanny," said she to her mother when they again met. "What is she going to do? Wouldn't it be dreadful if they were to send her to the Alms House?"

Mrs. Freeland sighed. She too, had been unable to shut out from her mind the image of Fanny, whose meek, pale, sad face, was making to her heart a silent but strong appeal.

"I've been thinking," said Anna, "that she would be just the one to travel with Mrs. Ellis this summer. You know she always takes some one with her as a kind of waiting maid and companion."

"With Mrs. Ellis? let me see." And Mrs. Freeland looked thoughtful for some moments. "Yes, I think that might do. Fanny is very neat in her person; is a girl of good principles, good manners, and has some education. Yes, yes—I think that will do, provided she is strong enough to bear the fatigue of travel. All she will have to do can not hurt her."

"Oh, I am sure it would be just the thing." said Anna, with earnestness and enthusiasm. "The travel and change of air will be more than medicine to her; and you know that Mrs. Ellis, who is a perfect lady, will be so kind and considerate."

"No doubt of that. Still, we must not be too sanguine. Mrs. Ellis may already have some one engaged."

Anna's countenance fell as she replied—

"True, true enough. But," and she arose as she spoke, "I will soon know all about that."

"Where are you going?"

"To see Mrs. Ellis, and talk to her myself. I shall not be able to rest until something is done for Fanny. It would be inhuman to let her waste away and die, when a little effort might save her?"

"You say truly, my daughter. Providence has placed her in our way, and it is our duty to care for her. You can mention me to Mrs. Ellis, and say that I fully approve the step you have taken."

When Fanny left the house of Mrs. Freeland, it was with a drooping heart. In giving up her unfinished work, she had severed her last known claim upon the world for an independent support. The act had been one of deep necessity. Three times during the preceding week had she sunk, fainting from her chair, overcome with pain and exhaustion; and many hours of utter physical prostration had followed these attacks. When this became known to the doctor, who had been giving her medicine, occasionally, he so positively forbade her continuing her murderous employment, that she felt as if it would be wrong in the sight of Heaven any longer to go on in the old way. What she was to do, she knew not, for she had no friends to provide for her in sickness. But, with a resigned and trusting spirit, she proceeded to give up her work. And, though her heart trembled and sank in her bosom while she was doing what she believed to be right, yet a feeling of confidence in Him who is a father to the fatherless, sustained her.

On returning home, Fanny went to her little chamber, and after closing and locking the door, sunk, sobbing, on her knees beside her bed, and buried her face in a pillow. She remained thus for many minutes. When she arose her countenance wore a calm expression, and there was a light in her eyes.

It was not with a view of abandoning all efforts to sustain herself by her own labor, that Fanny took the step just mentioned. Satisfied that it was wrong to go on in the way she had been going, she paused and stood still to see if Providence would not open a new path at her feet. Doubting and trembling she thus stood—yet in her doubt and fear there was something confiding and hopeful. After remaining in her chamber for half an hour, thinking earnestly all the while, she went to the room where the woman with whom she boarded sat sewing. She held in her hand the money she had received from Mrs. Marrast. It was her little all.

"Here are two dollars and sixty-two cents, Mrs Green," said she, holding out the money. Mrs. Marrast wouldn't pay me but eighty-seven cents for making the shirts; or else I would have given you the three dollars that are due to-day."

"Is it possible that woman cheated you out of a shilling on each shirt?" exclaimed Mrs. Green, sharply.

"She said she never paid a dollar for shirts."

"Though she'd pay twice as much for satin slippers, and not think the money wasted. If these people can grind a cent out of the poor, they think it so much gained. But their day of reckoning will come, thank heaven!"

With this bitter spirit Fanny did not sympathize. After waiting a few moments until Mrs. Green's excitement could a little subside, she said—

"The doctor told me yesterday, that if I didn't give up sewing, I would not live six months. He positively forbids me making another garment."

"It is easy enough for the doctor to do all that," replied Mrs Green, coldly. "But how are you going to live without work?"

"I don't expect to do that."

"How do you think of earning a living?"

When Fanny had come down stairs, there was a feeling of confidence in her heart. But this now subsided.

"I thought," said she, hesitating, "that, perhaps, as you had no help, you would give me my board for what I could do about the house for the next six months, until I picked up a little."

"Bless you, child!" returned Mrs. Green, looking at Fanny with unfeigned surprise, "I don't want any help in the house."

Fanny choked up, and stammered—

"Well—I only thought—may be—that you might want some help."

"Oh, no, indeed. I can't afford to have help."

Mrs. Green bent over her work, and her hand moved faster. A silence followed that was oppressive to both. Without saying a word more, Fanny withdrew, and went up again to her room. As she closed the door behind her, the tears came stealing over her cheeks. Quietly she sat down, but without making any effort to compose herself; and so her tears flowed on for some time unrestrained. Then she grew calm again, and tried to look up with confidence.

"Perhaps I had better go and get back the work," she murmured at length. "I don't see any thing else that I can do."

But the thought of needle work made her conscious of a dull pain in her side, that she knew would grow too severe to be borne, if she went back to her old employment. And so, sighing, she turned her thoughts away.

While the poor girl yet remained sad and irresolute, there came a light tap at her door. On opening it, she was surprised to find that the visitor was Miss Freeland.

Her pale cheek flushed and she experienced a momentary embarrassment; but Anna spoke so kindly, and stepped in with such a familiar air, that she regained at once her self-possession.

"Fanny," said the visitor as soon as she was seated, "how would you like to travel with Miss Ellis for two or three months?"

"Oh! I should like it very much," replied Fanny. "But, I'm afraid I am not strong enough to do for her all that she might require."

"She wants some one to be with her, more than any thing else All you would have to do, would be to take charge of her clothes and assist in dressing her. You will be strong enough for that, I am sure. Besides, change of air and exercise, will increase your strength."

"If I will suit her, I will accept the place thankfully."

"I know you will. I have been to see her since you were at our house, and she says if you like to go with her, she will pay you ten dollars a month."

Fanny's lips trembled, as she replied—"You are very good, Miss Freeland. Nothing could have suited me better. Oh! but for this, I know not what I should have done!"

And, in the fervor of the moment, she took Anna's hand and kissed it.

How sweet is the reward of kindness and benevolence! Anna had never felt happier in her life. On the evening that followed the day, she attended a fashionable party, and was the gayest-hearted maiden in the assemblage. Mrs. Marrast was there, also; and, as before, wondered at the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the young girl, and kept back all true enjoyment from her own heart by indulging in censoriousness toward others. How little did she know of the pure spring from which flowed the happy spirits of the joyous girl!

Six months afterwards she met Fanny.

"Fanny! Is it possible!" she exclaimed. "How well you look! Really, I thought you were in your grave, months ago."

"And so I should have been, but for Miss Freeland."

"For Miss Freeland! Anna Freeland?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Why, what did she do?"

Fanny related all the disinterested, voluntary kindness of Anna in procuring her a place with Mrs. Ellis, where she had ever since been, and said much in favor of her goodness of heart.

"I would not have believed it," replied Mrs. Marrast, as she turned away, adding as she did so;—"Good morning, Fanny."

Mrs. Marrast found herself puzzled. She could not understand the meaning of what she had just heard. Like thousands of others, she had been so foolish as to imagine, that, because a young lady entered heartily into the pleasures of a gay assemblage, she could not, therefore, have any heart—could not possess human sympathies, nor love to do anything that was useful and benevolent. As she erred, the thousands who are like her, err. The Belle of the Ball room is not always a mere butterfly in the sun of fashion. The homes and social sphere of hundreds of our beautiful and accomplished young ladies will fully attest this; and the homes and social spheres of hundreds like Mrs. Marrast, will show, that the carping and censorious, are usually those who have the least of the milk of human kindness in their bosoms.

## ELECTRICITY DEVELOPED.

The elegant and correct experimentalist, Faraday, has shown that zinc and platinum wires, one eighteenth of an inch in diameter, and about half an inch long, dipped into dilute sulphuric acid, so weak that it is not sensibly sour to the tongue, will evolve more electricity in one-twentieth of a minute than is given by thirty turns of a large and powerful plate electrical machine in full action; a quantity of which, if passed through the head of a cat, is sufficient to kill it, as by a flash of lightning. Pursuing this interesting inquiry still further, it is found that a single grain of water contains as much electricity as could be accumulated in 800,000 Leyden jars, each requiring thirty turns of the large machine of the Royal Institution to charge it,—a quantity equal to that which is developed from a charged thunder cloud. "Yet we have it under perfect command; can evolve, direct, and employ it at pleasure; and when it has performed its full work of electrization, it has only separated the elements of a single grain of water."

## NEVER DECEIVE CHILDREN.

The importance of truth without deception in the management of children is illustrated by the anecdote narrated in the following paragraph from a New York paper:

"Two small boys met on the sidewalk, and after some minutes spent in conversation, one remarked to the other, that some little thing might be obtained if he could obtain a few cents from his parents. "But," said the other, "I don't need any money to obtain it, for my mother told me I should have it at such a time." "Poh!" said the first, "my mother has promised me so many times, and I did not get it, and I do not think you will either. "What!" said the other. "O yes," replied the first, "our mother only tells us so to get rid of us, and I think it will be so with yours." *What, my mother tell me a lie!* I would sooner believe the *Bible lies!* than *my mother!*" exclaimed the little fellow, and immediately left his companion with a countenance filled with indignation. What a lesson should this afford to all parents, guardians, and those who have the care of youth!

## POWER OF EXPANSION IN ICE.

The general law is, that all bodies are expanded by heat, and contracted by cold. If it do not, ice, as it forms, would sink to the bottom, and our streams freeze solid. A correspondent of the Montreal Herald, lately experimented on the expansive power of freezing water, with the following result:

He filled a 24 lb. shell (the diameter of which was 5-547 inches, and about 3-4 of an inch in thickness) with water, and plugging up the whole securely, exposed it to the action of the frost, during one of our keenest nights this winter. In the morning he found the mighty power had divided the iron mass into four sections, one of which, weighing 4 1-2 pounds, was thrown 20 1-2 yards, and must have passed upwards, over a wheel behind which it had been placed, the ice remaining in the section left behind, as if it had been pounded.

## THE MESMERIST.

BY MRS. MIRA ABDY.

He stands before a gathered throng, strange knowledge to unfold,
Charming the dazzled fancy like the fairy-tales of old;
Yet must he brook the idle jest, the cold and doubting sneer,
He hath no beaten path to tread, no practised course to steer.

The wondrous science that he strives to bring to life and light,
Is softly, faintly breaking from the misty shades of night,
And scoffing prejudice upbraids the pure and genial ray,
Because it doth not burst at once to bright and beaming day.

He tells the healing benefits that through this power arise,
How sweet and soothing sleep may seal the weary mourner's eyes,
How raging madness may be checked, how sufferers may obtain
The boon of deep oblivion from the keenest throbs of pain.

Anon he dwells on loftier themes, and shows how Mind may claim
An empire independent of the still and slumbering frame;
Can ye doubt the proofs, ye careless throng, submitted to your view?
Can you hold them in derision because yet untried and new?

Know that improvements ever wend a tardy course on earth,
And though Wisdom's mighty goddess gained perfection at her birth,
Her children reach by slow degrees the vigor of their prime,
For the wisdom of this lower world requires the growth of time.

None wish ye on the statements of a single voice to rest,
The marvels ye have witnessed ye are *urged* to prove and test;
Survey them in their varied forms—inquire—observe—inspect—
Watch—meditate—compare—delay—do *all* things but neglect!

If ye bear in mind the lessons that today ye have been taught,
Ye need not lack materials for intense and stirring thought,
And my simple lay can little aid an orator's discourse,
So gifted with the energy of intellectual force.

But I ask ye, if your cherished ones sharp anguish should endure,
Which the stated arts of medicine had in vain essayed to cure,
Would it not grieve you to reflect ye *might* those pangs allay,
But that jestingly and mockingly ye cast the means away?

Mistake me not—I prize not aught however great or wise,
If held not in subjection to the God who rules the skies,
To me all knowledge would be poor, all splendor would be dim,
All boons unsafe, all joys untrue, unless derived from Him.

And if eagerly this wondrous power I witness and approve,
It is because I know no bounds to Heaven's amazing love;
And I can not by the pedant rules of critic caution scan
The depth of those exhaustless gifts His mercy pours on man.

[Selected.

Let Children Sing.—All children can learn to sing, if they commence in season. In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools, all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches, singing is not confined to the choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart that can give utterance to this language from the soul.

In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked influence in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush used to say that the reason why the Germans seldom die of consumption was, that they were always *singing*. [American Magazine.

Religious Notice.—Theophilus Fiske, of Philadelphia, will preach at the Universalist Church in Fourth-street, this city, on Sunday next, April 22d, afternoon and evening. Subject for the afternoon, "Woman's worth and all-controlling influence over the destiny of our race; her high duties, privileges, and responsibilities." In the evening, "The utter impossibility of a real evil being permitted to exist under the government of a good Being, in this world, or any other."

Married—In Southington, Conn., 15th ult., by J. K. Ingalls, Oliver L. Grannies and Margaret S. Cowles.