

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.

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"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."

To exhibit the inconsistency of the position that Capital is entitled to divide with Labor, which is so glaringly manifest throughout this volume, it is not necessary to travel out of the author's range of thought. Had he not started with the erroneous proposition as a basis, that "Monetary Laws are the most important subjects for legislation;" had he taken a moment's reflection to consider the importance of recognizing and guaranteeing man's natural rights, he would have arrived at results very different, and much more consistent with the very useful array of facts which he has presented to illustrate the evil working of the present system. For instance, in the case above, where is the origin of the difficulty? Certainly not in leaving N. and O. to make such bargain as they choose. If there is any wrong, it consists in the system of legislation which makes one man dependent on another for a place to labor, and not in the rate of usance which such dependence creates. It is readily conceived that the government may refuse to guarantee N. in the inheritance of a dozen farms to the exclusion from God's earth of a dozen men. But while it makes good this unnatural claim, it is not easily shown how it may interfere in the terms he shall make with the disinherited, who must have access to the soil or die. The error lies in the acknowledgment that capital may justly earn an income, and in establishing such unjust relations as compel a portion to labor and support others in luxury and idleness.

It is not true, moreover, that the rate of interest affects the rent of lands and houses: but the reverse. The amount of interest paid on capital will be found to correspond very nearly to the restriction laid on the laborer in the price at which real estate is held; for it needs no argument to prove that land is falsely assumed to be property or capital, and that every dollar charged for its occupation or cultivation, is just so much restriction on man's natural right and duty. If it is objected, that money bears a higher rate in new countries than in old, the reply is, that the aggregate amount will sustain the proportion, as much less is loaned in one case than the other. Eight or ten, or even a higher rate may be paid on a few hundreds, by the labor of one man, while he will find it more difficult to pay even three or four per cent on as many thousands. The idea of an income from property, without labor, depends chiefly now on a monopoly of the land; and without this, even the author's "one and one-tenth per cent" could not be sustained a day.

*Concluded from p. 323.

For there is no power in wealth to increase; on the contrary, it tends constantly to decay. All the accumulated surplus wealth of the past ages could not save any considerable portion of the race from starvation for one year, was the labor of the present withheld for that length of time. Besides, if man had free access to the earth, and the common advantages which the past has transmitted, there would be no need of hiring money, even under existing monetary regulations, which are admitted to be wrong. So that with all his gold, the miser would have to labor or starve; with all his bank paper and state bonds, the broker would have to yield society some equivalent for what he consumed. By keeping his property from the general use, he could not increase its amount or value, but must see it constantly diminish in both; in amount, by natural decay; in value, by the improvements and discoveries constantly going on.

To illustrate: A man has a finely constructed machine, which may be rendered very serviceable to the community, but he is not satisfied with a simple return of value for value, but proposes that society shall pay him "an income," equal, in ten or a dozen years, to the original cost, and in the succeeding periods to double, quadruple, &c. If, however, he was given no arbitrary advantage over the rest of his fellow men, they would not accede to his proposition. The same avenues being open to them, they would contrive to do without his machine, until a better could be constructed. In the meanwhile his property would be growing old, and when it was superseded by a superior invention would become almost valueless. This is true of all things, legitimately property. The precious metals are not exceptions, as would be soon proved, were it not for those arbitrary regulations, which authorize and encourage most unjust monopolies. As it is, nothing is subject to such changes as money. The uses to which gold and silver can be put and retain their present comparative value, are trifling, and any considerable increase to the general stock would depreciate their value and power. In all their forms, moreover, they are subject to actual wear and decay, small though it be.

The proposition of our author to reduce the rate from seven to one per cent, is good in itself; the same as we would regard a resolution to restrain robbery, six days out of seven, commendable in a government authorizing such barbarous transactions. If it should be contended that robbery, seven days of the week, was naturally wrong, but restricted to one was perfectly just, there would naturally arise a question of consistency. At present rates, a man, with an economical family, will be enabled to live without labor, on the income of some ten or twelve thousand dollars. This, according to our author's logic, is a great injustice to the laboring classes; but for a man who has some eighty or ninety thousand, it would not only be no injustice for him to live without labor, but the income so accruing would be his by natural right, and should be secured by law. The truth seems however to have flashed upon his mind, in his summing up the benefits of his proposed scheme, for he says, that *then*, man shall be restored to nearly his natural rights. His favorite argument, and a very forcible one it is, against the present rates of interest, is the fact that no increase of property can equal their accumulation. A section is devoted to show that in Massachusetts and New York the increase of property for a term of years has been

no more than "one and four tenths per cent." Why even all this should be given to the owner of the products of past labor, and nothing to present labor, is not readily seen. Besides it must be remembered that much capital has been brought from other places into both these states, and also that the increased value of many things is merely fictitious, as the whole value placed upon land, which has greatly increased. But allowing it to increase at one per cent per annum, any given length of time, and admitting that capital is entitled to the whole increase, even then, one per cent interest would be unjust, because it must be hired on short terms, when the interest becomes compounded, and thus increases in a duplicate geometrical ratio. The following quotation shows his conviction that two per cent would be too high.

"A rate of interest of even two per cent per annum, would put it out of the power of a people to fulfil their contracts. It would be equivalent to compelling the laboring classes to double the capital of a nation in favor of capitalists once in thirty four and a half years." His own estimation of the time money will double at different rates, fixes seventy years as the period it will double at one per cent. Substitute then seventy years, in the place of thirty four and a half, and the objection is only diminished, not obviated. In the example of Mr. A., whose income, at six per cent, equals the labor of seven thousand men and more, there would at one per cent be an income equal to the labor of twelve hundred men. No reason can be urged why the labor of twelve hundred men should be given to one, by a social arrangement, any more than why he should be allowed to appropriate the labor of seven thousand. The one is wrong by the same principle that the other is. The simple fact that no increase can be equal to the series in a duplicate geometrical ratio, proves the injustice of interest altogether. The property of the world can not be doubled in seventy years; much less could it be multiplied in one hundred and forty years, fourfold; or eight-fold in two hundred and ten. Let a calculation of the amount of one cent, for a term of six thousand years be made, at one per cent per annum, and it would exceed \$12,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, a sum many millions of times larger than the estimated wealth of the whole world. What a pity father Adam had not let out a few coppers, for the benefit of the present generation of his posterity! But then, who would have paid the interest!

When Dr. Franklin's bequest of certain sums to the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, &c., as a fund to be loaned at low rates of interest to industrious young men, was refused: the councils acted wisely, for within a given time it would have absorbed the whole capital of the places, of the nation, and of the world; but it is strange that men who had foresight enough to discover this, could not see the injustice they were doing to the mass of the people in sanctioning a system which involved the same results, in a still more objectionable form. But they found the system in existence, and had not the courage to expose its deformities. It is one of the principal errors of this book, however, which supposes the rate of interest to depend on legal enactments, regulating the charges. Money can be obtained often at a much lower than the legal rate; and it is not uncommon for treble the legal rate to be paid at times of commercial distress. The rate will depend on two things,—the necessity of having, and the ability to pay. Thus the rent of land will generally bear a close relation to the rent for money, and *vice versa*, although at times of great depression, interest will increase, and rent of houses and land diminish; because there is no longer the ability to meet the extortion, and the regulations of business render certain locations no longer desirable.

No confidence is to be placed in any scheme, which does not rest on the immutable principles of natural justice, and first removes the arbitrary wrongs from which unequal relations have flown. It would be well to reduce the pernicious results, if possible; but then it is one of the peculiarities of the system, that it "extorts consent as it operates." Could the bell once be

placed upon the cat, it would give the mice much greater security; will pass be likely to submit, however, to any such arrangement. Mr. Kellogg's plan is for government to make a currency which shall always equal the wants of business. The money is to be exchanged at any time for the safety fund notes, bearing one or more per cent interest, and secured by mortgage on real estate to twice the amount. Now were the land in the possession of the people, this might *work*, to say the least; but when it is reflected that about forty men own more than one half of many of the states; and when, according to our author's own showing, less than one in forty own more than the other thirty nine, and as we suppose, that two, out of the remaining thirty nine, own more than the other thirty seven, it will be seen that one out of more than thirteen own three quarters of all the wealth, and probably more than this proportion of all the land, while at least a dozen own no more than one quarter, a large majority of whom own nothing at all.

As the new currency therefore could not reduce the nominal value of rents, but rather increase them, inasmuch as it would give the land monopolist a monopoly of the money as well as the soil, the same unequal relations would remain, even if they did not increase. The price of real estate would increase at least six-fold, so that the man, with a hundred acres of extra land, would be able to live in luxury and idleness, while the owner of ten thousand dollars would starve, unless he labored with his own hands. This increased value of real estate would operate to just such an extent as an obstruction to the cultivation of the soil, and forever put it out of the power of the masses to become owners of what they need for homes and the purposes of husbandry. Only land monopolists could obtain the new money in considerable quantities, and though they would be required to pay but one per cent. per annum, they would be enabled to extort from the landless any rate they could agree upon among themselves, and the government could not relieve the oppressed, because it could not lend its money only on landed security. Besides it is not the landed proprietors who wish to engage in business, and as it would require five or six times the capital to do business then, that it does now, the soil, the money, and all business facilities, would be confined to land owners and those they favored, and those who found it possible to submit to their extortions. It would be vain to think of regulating this thing by law. Our usury laws are evaded now, and they would be then; and if they were not suspended, as in the case of the banks being released from their obligation to redeem their paper, their violation would be winked at, as now. The prime unjust relation which severs man from the earth, would not be changed, but strengthened; and as our author justly remarks, "the circumstances under which contracts are made, render them very unjust towards laborers. Suppose one of the contracting parties to be on land, and the other in water, where he must drown, unless he receive assistance from the first: although he might be well aware that his friend on shore was practising a grievous extortion, yet under the circumstances, he would be glad to make any possible agreement to be rescued." Now this is precisely the condition in which the landless poor stand to those who have a monopoly of the earth, from which must be evolved by human toil all the elements of life. This condition he does not propose to change, but to give those who have a monopoly of the land, a monopoly of money also.

The land, if proportioned among men according to their needs, would cease to be regarded as property, which it is not; as it can not be created or consumed by human labor, or extravagance. The price of land depends wholly upon the necessity man has for it, occasioned by monopoly. If I have as much as I can properly cultivate, no more is of the least value to me, except by possession I am unable to extort unfavorable conditions from some one who has need of it. There is in Nature no need, but treble the amount the race can occupy; consequently there is no value in the soil; and if Mr. Kellogg's plan could ever succeed in estab-

ishing equitable relations, the money would become valueless, inasmuch as the security would be of no value.

Another favorite proposition of our Author will show that the evil of usury flows from unequal conditions, primarily, and not the unequal conditions from usury. The value of Bank notes, he claims are in the value of the bonds and mortgages, and other security which the Bank obtains of the public. But who would pay interest on property that was unproductive? Now nothing is productive except the soil and human labor; so that if labor had its rights, and the soil was justly apportioned, though one man had all the money in the world, it would not avail him any thing for purposes of oppression; because it is only a *convenience*, not a *necessity*. We might as well say that Chattel Slavery had been caused by usury, because it is to be found inseparably connected with it, as to say that wages slavery is caused, primarily, by usury, since they exist together, and react upon each other. The fact is, that the oppression of the many by the few has existed where usance for money was unknown. This is exemplified in the history of the Jewish nation, where a monopoly of "houses and lands," and other unequal social conditions, ultimately established usury in defiance of their most sacred laws. For fifteen hundred years, usury was discountenanced in the Christian Church, and the man, who would take interest for money loaned, was stigmatized as a *Jew*. Within the last Century, the nobility of Europe would have considered it an indelible stain upon their escutcheons. And yet in all these periods, *Rent* was regarded honorable and just to both Lord and tenant. Usury, therefore, is only the application to a business and commercial age, of the business which established rents for a feudal and barbarous age.

It is to be objected to the plan proposed, that the only security it adopts is prohibited by the very necessities of man's nature. No more has he the right to put his house into the hazard of a transaction, than he has the right to pledge the lives and liberties of himself, his wife and children. For by our Author's own admission, the man, born to the possession of a dozen farms, is born to live in luxury without labor, while those who are born without land, are born servants to him, and their posterity to his posterity. Now by what logic can it be shown that any man may thus tamper with the future condition of his family? And what but a Vandal Law would sanction such inhuman transactions? This is repeatedly done under our present system of land traffic, land monopoly, and bond and mortgage securities, which the new plan does not propose to obviate, but to make still more common.

The Race must be brought into equal, just and harmonious relations, ere any great advancement can be made. The first social effort must be to break down those arbitrary regulations which debar Man from his rights and duties, and place a tax upon their exercise by building up unprincipled and irresponsible monopolies. Until this ground work is done, and the foundation of the future social structure laid secure in the immutable principles of reciprocal and universal justice, neither political, financial or social *experiments*, will have any other effect than to convince man that no superstructure can stand that is not based upon the rock of eternal Truth, the prime laws of Equity, Justice, and Fraternity.

With regard to the question of a "legal tender," we do not feel inclined to speak. It is discussed ably in this book. We are not sure, however, that the wrong does not rest in the assumption of government to make any *one thing* a legal tender to the exclusion of all others, thereby making it liable to monopoly and corruption. But when farther impressed more may be written on this point.

That there are great evils attending our "Currency," none can doubt. That this book ably exposes these evils is cheerfully conceded. That there are many suggestions in the plan worthy of consideration, is also true. But it must not be admitted that he has always referred the evils to their ultimate cause, or

presented either a desirable or feasible scheme, as a whole for their removal. The world has experienced enough of the operation of "plans," schemes," and "systems," whereby the shrewd and strong have managed to realize the "lion's share," of the products of an industry in which they have not shared. It is, we trust, about ready to come back to first principles, and hereafter follow what natural right and the "common weal" dictate, rather than the plans which have emanated from man's fertile imagination, and which the unprincipled and selfish are sure to turn to account. It is now day. Society, by putting aside these arbitrary rules, will open the way for a natural arrangement. Experiments and systems are no longer needed. Empiricism can never cure. Only return to natural principles, and incontrovertible Right, and it may forever after dispense with Quacks and Schemers. Any book that has a tendency to throw light on the nature of relations and things should be prized. Any one which attempts to cover up and palliate evil, should be disregarded.

J. K. L.

AN INTELLECTUAL PRODIGY.

THE April Number of the "Ladies Repository," gives an account of the boy Safford, whose mathematical genius and general talents, have been the wonder of the learned.

The following extracts will be perused with interest by our readers generally.

"Truman Henry Safford, is the son of T. H. and Louisa Safford, and was born in the beginning of 1836, in Royalton, Vt. He was unusually frail during his infancy; the exceeding delicacy of his nervous system rendered the hope of his life quite uncertain, and it was only by the extraordinary care of an extraordinary mother, that the tender flower was reared into the present more hopeful vigor, and unexampled beauty. 'Not one mother in a thousand could have saved him,' was a common remark in the neighborhood. His acute sensibility suffered almost uncontrollably under the usual physical trials of infancy, and during much of his first year, a large portion of each night was spent in wakefulness and weeping. On entering his second year, his health underwent a visible change; his sensitive nerves took a more vigorous tone; and this fortunate change was rendered doubly cheering to the parental fondness which had, thus far, so assiduously nurtured him, by the development of not only a happy and an unusually affectionate disposition, but, also, an astonishing mental capacity. The avidity of his infant intellect, was insatiable. He incessantly inquired after the names of surrounding objects, and no sooner learned their names, than puzzling questions, respecting their natural history or scientific character, startled those who were about him. He forgot nothing. When but twenty months old, he learned the alphabet, in the space of one month, from blocks, containing each a letter, which were given him, as an amusement, during a period of sickness.

"No apprehension, however, of his singular mathematical powers, was entertained, till about his third year, when he began to reckon time, upon the clock, 'almost intuitively,' writes one of my correspondents; he also learned to enumerate, according to the Roman method, from Webster's Spelling Book. He commenced going to school when three years old; but this he did not like. His mode of study was unique. He did not pursue the common circuitous routes to the results of study. . . . When he first began to go to school, his teachers could not comprehend his ways, nor instruct his infant mind. Every branch of study he could master alone, and with ease and rapidity. He commenced Adams' New Arithmetic on Tuesday morning, and finished it completely on Friday night! And when he finishes a book it is done perfectly. He would not fully set down his sums, but cover his slate with a shower of figures, and, at once, bring out the answer. The teacher would look on with astonishment, unable to keep up with him, or to comprehend his operations, carried on in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, and then dashed on to the slate, no matter which end first.

"The ordinary mechanical routines of instruction are unsuited to the original and more rapid processes of such minds. Most men of genius have had sorry times at school. Henry soon tired of it, and entreated permission of his mother to tarry at home, where he could pursue his own course, in the household library, and, in a few days, outstrip a 'quarter's' progress of the school.

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"When not nine years old, he could multiply four figures by four figures, mentally, with as much rapidity as it could be done with slate and pencil. The maximum of Zerah Colburn's faculty of calculation was to give the product of five places of figures by five. Henry could equal this in his ninth year. He could with equal rapidity, extract the square and cube roots of nine or ten places of figures. It was a recreation to him, at that time, to survey the fields of his father's farm, which he did with precision, aided only by a younger sister. Before this time he had got an idea of logarithms from a scientific dictionary, and had actually formed an original table from 1 to 60.

"His faculty of calculating was found to be somewhat dependent upon practice. When intermitted for a considerable time, it declined. It was not, therefore, the sort of numerical intuition, which has occasionally appeared in connection even with idiocy. It was logical. There was a use of processes, and in later years an invention of new and improved processes for his solutions. This was further manifest by the superior pleasure which he took in the higher mathematical problems, and, especially, in the grateful discovery, made soon after by his parents, that his success was not merely, though chiefly, with numbers, but that all sciences within his reach were seized by his wonderful intellect. Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences was procured for him. 'This,' says my correspondent above quoted, 'was just the work he wanted; for an outline of any thing is enough—he can make the rest. It was this book that first gave him a taste for the higher mathematics. Here he found the definition of a logarithm, and, from this alone, went on and made almost an entire table of them before ever seeing one. One day he went to his father, and told him he wanted to calculate the eclipses, and make an almanac! He said he wanted some books and instruments. His father tried to put him off, but the boy followed him into the fields and whithersoever he went, begging for books and instruments with a most affecting importunity. Finally, his father promised to accompany him to Dartmouth College, and obtain for him, if possible, what he wanted. At this the boy was quite overjoyed; so much so, that when they have in sight of the College, he cried out in raptures, 'O, there is the College! there are the books! there are the instruments!' But they did not find all they wanted. At Norwich, however, they made up their complement. On coming home, the boy took Gummere's Astronomy, opened it in the middle, rolling it to and fro, and dashing through its dry and tedious formulas, went out at both ends. By the way, this is his usual mode of study. He does not begin any book at the beginning, but in the middle, and then goes with a rush both ways. I asked him if, when he opened Gummere's Astronomy in the middle, he could comprehend those complicated formulas which depended on previous demonstrations. He replied, he could generally, but sometimes he 'looked back a little.' On arriving home, he projected several eclipses, and also calculated them through all their tedious operations by figures. This, as all mathematicians know, involves a knowledge of the labyrinths of mathematics, and, also, of formulas and processes most complicated and difficult.

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"His first almanac was prepared in 1845. An almanac by a child nine and a half years old, is certainly an extraordinary fact, probably never before paralleled in the history of the human mind. The next year, he calculated four more, for Vermont, Boston, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The miscellaneous reading, appended to these publications, was compiled by another hand; but the usual calendar calculations were prepared

solely by himself. They were remarkably accurate, more so than the common almanacs of New England. Copies were submitted to the examination of Lieut. Maury, of the Washington Observatory. He wrote that 'the almanac would not do discredit to a mathematician of mature years. Young Safford is a prodigy; I have never heard of his equal.'

"His active mind could not brook the imperfections of the ordinary processes for such computations. While preparing the almanac for your city, it was noticed that he wandered away by himself, abstracted, and soliloquizing, as if absorbed in some new subject of thought. His father was curious to ascertain what it could be, and was surprised to find that the child had actually produced a new method for calculating moon risings and settings, with a table, by which the labor of such calculations is abridged, at least, one-fourth! His calculation of logarithms, from 1 to 60, from a limited idea which he obtained of them from Gregory, would hardly be credible, were it not that the marvel is exceeded by the fact, that he not only calculated eclipses in his tenth year, but, also, constructed a new rule for those elaborate computations—a rule unknown before, and which curtails the labor nearly one-third. It is said, that for several days before he found out this new process, he was so absorbed in thought, as to appear 'to be in a sort of trance.' Soon after dawn one morning, he flew down stairs in his night dress, 'poured on to his slate a stream of figures,' exclaiming, with an ecstasy of gladness, 'O, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!'

His knowledge of science, generally, is quite extraordinary for a child of his age. A friend who visited him in his tenth year wrote me as follows:

"His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas by Professor Johnson, of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. His eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process. When only four years old, he would surround himself upon the floor with Morse's, Woodbridge's, Olney's, and Malte Brun's Geographies, tracing them through, and comparing them, noting their points of difference. His memory, too, is very strong. He has pored over Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences so much, that I doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of these immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I saw the volumes, and also noticed he had left his marks on almost every page. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprung into his study, and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkin's Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies' Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, the Cambridge Mathematics, Gummere's Astronomy, and several Nautical almanacs. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had. And an examination of him for the space of three hours convinced me he had; and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. He is a pure and profound reasoner. In this he excels all other geniuses of whom I ever read. He can not only reckon figures in his mind with the rapidity of lightning, but he reasons, compares, reflects, and wades at pleasure through all the most abstruse sciences, and comprehends and reduces to his own clear and brief rules the highest mathematical knowledge."

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The following are examples of arithmetical questions put to young Safford, and of the facility with which he answers almost all questions of this nature, however intricate:

"How many rails will it require to fence a circular field, so that there shall be as many acres in the field as there are rails around it—the fence being five rails high, and the rails ten feet,

long, or laying ten feet on the circumference?" "O," said he, "I guess I can't do it. O, yes I can," said he, leaping on to the floor, and hurrying about the room; and, in about two minutes after he put his mind upon it, he said, "It will take 136,849,096 rails." The mode of doing this was ingenious, and shows his power of comprehending not only the nature of a sum, but, also, the mode of performing it. On asking him to explain how he wrought it, he replied, "If five rails fence ten feet of the circumference, one rail will fence two feet; then I shall have fenced a piece of ground two feet at the circumference and 0 at the center. But by dividing this in the center, and reversing the ends, it will be one foot wide. Now how far must this strip of land extend to make an acre? Multiply 160 by 272 1-4, and it will give the square feet in an acre, which is 43,560. This is the radius of the circle. Twice this is the diameter, and the diameter multiplied by 3.1416 gives the feet in the circumference, and that product, divided by 2, gives the number of rails, and the number of acres. Or, which is the same thing, as 2 is both a multiplier and a divisor, neglect both steps, and the radius, multiplied by 3.1416, gives the answer."

"I asked him to give me the cube root of 3,723,875. He replied, quicker than I could write it, and that mentally, "155, is it not?" "Yes," Then said I, "What is the cube root of 5,177, 717?" Said he, "173," "Of 7,880,599?" He instantly said, "199." These roots he gave, calculated wholly in his mind, as quick as you could count one. I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform *mentally*. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor often to its full capacity, but were quite willing to let me try him once. Then said I, "Multiply, in your head, 365,365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365, 365,365,365 365!" He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, and then seeming to be in agony, until, in not more than one minute, said he, "133,491,850,208,566,925,016, 658,299,941,583,225!" The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and to bring out the answer from left to right, giving first, '133,491,' &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he ever did!"

This last performance was perhaps never paralleled. It is not so interesting an illustration of the logical power of the child, as others above given; but as a stupendous effort of computation it is absolutely inconceivable, and throws into comparative pettiness the largest calculations of Colburn, or any other similar genius, with which we have become acquainted. We are impressed, indeed, with a sentiment of awe when we think what must be the power and fleetness of thought in the purely spiritual state, when such a child, by the mere accident of a peculiar organization, astounds us, by such immeasurable compass and velocity of mind.

The various accounts of this singular example of genius, which found their way into the papers, and especially the one just given, (published in Zion's Herald, January, 1846,) could not fail to excite public attention. The examination by Mr. Adams has been severely condemned as endangering the child's health. It ought to be remembered, however, that it was desirable that an investigation, which should prove decisive to the public opinion, should, once for all, be made, and that the parents, who were the best judges of his health, proved it not imprudent to consent to the test. The publication of the result added much to the interest previously felt for the little mathematician. "What," wrote the Hon. Horace Mann, "what are the desires which a wise man ought to feel after reading such an account? After gratitude to God for the creation of such intellectual powers, ought he not to

wish that these powers may be preserved as a source of blessings to mankind? Here is a boy, only ten years old, who rivals, and, in one respect, surpasses the profoundest mathematicians; for he solves problems in a twinkling which they must work out by tedious and pains-taking processes. Here is a boy at the age of ten—an age when not one boy in the country can do any thing more than the simplest sums in the simplest rules—multiplying, in his head, eighteen figures by eighteen figures, and bringing out a product of thirty-six figures, correctly, in one minute of time; and not merely extracting roots and making logarithms, but measuring the superficial and the solid contents of the earth itself, as a man measures a yard of cloth or a bushel of apples, and casting eclipses of the sun and moon. Should the boy go on for sixty, forty, twenty, or even for ten years, surpassing others of his age as much as he now surpasses them, what wonders of omnipotent Wisdom might he not reveal! what unimaginable blessings might not his discoveries confer upon the race!"

STRAY THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSELUM.

INTELLECTUAL man has often sought to live from the mind alone—to repudiate the debt due to physical nature. Civilized man seeks to free his operations from natural laws: he defends himself against the wind and the rain; the lightning may not strike his dwelling, and winter and summer shall not be known in his house. He will sail against the wind, fly without wings, and make his own horse of iron. But he tries in vain to escape from the natural laws. He may put himself under the protection of one against the effects of another, but he can not free himself from their prevailing might. Weave your woolen tissue never so fine, dye it the choicest colors, till it has no seeming affinity with that rough sheep's clothing; it is animal still, and the moth claims it as its appropriate food. The lightning seizes your telegraph, and it must convey its message, though President's proclamations, and the sale of stocks be detained. The rat gnaws your books though they contain the words of Plato, and the good sword will rust, which has drunk the blood of heroes.

The student longs to live in a world of books and literary men alone. Gentle Charles Lamb and stout old Samuel Johnson, hate the country with its sweet stillness and its dear old earthliness, because it wants a literary club, and those old stalls with their worm eaten tomes. But an hour comes when both long to be with mother Nature, and at last death gives them to the earth and the earth worm. Falstaff, who has lived amidst war, and forgotten the taste of water in his devotion to sack, babbles of green fields ere he dies. There is the glory of the stars in your city streets; all civilization can not change them. Therefore do we love to see the North-east storm sweep through alleys and around corners, and unite the brick-walled town with the distant wilds. The old rough Berserker element within us claims its share and will have it, and the higher and stronger civilization fences against it, the more terrible is its rush against the barriers. Give it wise room and fair play—and it will become strength and grace—not knotted and gnarled—but branching and limber.

"If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore." Yes, but they would not adore very often. True, and therefore "every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light us with their admonishing smile," not that man may be less devout and adoring, but that he may be continually so, that his religion may not be a wild ecstasy or a momentary rapture, but silent, beautiful, constant, serene.

A DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY MRS. A. J. DAVIS.

THE following dream which I have imperfectly related, not possessing the ability to describe what was so gloriously beautiful and sublime, was dreamt by me when in the city of Washington a few years since, when the question of our aggressive war with Mexico, and other disturbances, agitated Congress, and I was often a witness to disgraceful and quarrelsome scenes in the House of Representatives. The dream made a strong impression on my mind, and I have often related it to friends; but my spirit's interpretation of it was never suggested until within the last month, when I ventured to write it down for what it is worth. If it was prophetic of the "good time coming" I heartily rejoice; for though no female politician, I love *Right*; and if General Taylor is to be the hero of a truer Republic, after having so valiantly figured in the preceding storm, I should feel honored to shake hands with him over the grave of Jefferson, and, with my feeble voice, speak to him for the oppressed, and welcome to the Capitol a Father of our Country. Or if the dream means that we have as yet heard but the distant rumbling of the approaching tempest, which is to shake our present republic to its foundation, and crush its errors to the grave, still, let us rejoice, for there is "life in death!" The scourge will only prove "the ruin of the bad;" the good will be living still; and all shall be free to write their names, or make their mark upon the spotless scroll of the future, keeping its whiteness unstained by war, unblotted by slavery—whilst from the summit of America shall gleam, to illumine earth's farthest nations, the Beacon Light of *Freedom!*—and coming to that Light, the world's united brotherhood shall with one heart lift up their voice and cry, "Father, now hath thy kingdom come, and now, thy will is done on earth as it is in heaven."

I sat within the Capitol—within the pillar'd hall,
And sounds tumultuous echo'd there, beneath that lofty wall;
Discordant voices loudly rang, uproarious grew the din:
And clouds without were gath'ring, while confusion reigned within;

Darker and darker still it grew, till blackness fill'd the hall—
It seem'd that o'er the scene was cast a dense funereal pall;
It seem'd to stifle breathing—the oppress'd lungs gasped for air:
A moment every sound was hushed, and there was stillness there—

An instant's silence which appall'd—and every lip was seal'd;
Then rock'd the stately edifice, and the loud thunder peal'd.
Crash after crash—and louder, louder still, the awful roll
Spoke terror, with a mighty power, to my appalled soul.
There came a last and fearful crash—then stillness reign'd once more,

I listen'd now to hear a voice—those tones so loud before;
Affrighted I had closed mine eyes, and hardly dared to gaze:
Peace follow'd fear, I look'd, and lo! with awe and with amaze,
I saw a wondrous change! Alone I stood—all, all were fled,
And every member of that house was number'd with the dead!
And yet there seem'd no sorrow there, no death, nor nought of gloom:

The atmosphere was full of life within that spacious room,
And the whole air was purified, as though by angel's breath,—
I felt the *Life-Immortal* there, and knew *there was no death.*
And yet they all had pass'd away, that lately clamorous crowd,
A power resistless call'd to them, and those strong spirits bow'd.
'Twas *Progress* shook the Capitol—and at her high command
All yielded, for her Power it was that rul'd o'er sea and land,—
And the spirit-presence in that hall, which calm'd the raging storm,
And fill'd the air with gentle peace, I knew to be *Reform.*

But, mark how chang'd the scene!—where seats and desks had been before,

Now there were graves, which flat grey stones did mark upon the floor:

And in the center there was one more large, and purely white,
Of dazzling marble was the slab, and without stain or blight,—
And on it, I could plainly read the name of *Jefferson*,
As though, among them all, he only had a white grave won;
It seem'd the fitting emblem of a bright and spotless fame,
In letters of untarnished gold was written out his name.
There was a light within the House, softer than sunlight beams,
And earthly lamp could ne'er give forth such pure and heav'nly gleams;

'Twas *light* which death can not put out—it was the *light of mind*,
The "light that cometh in the world" that those "who seek may find;"

Those Representatives were gone, the light they had remain'd,
And to their Father-land they left the knowledge they had gain'd.
Upon each grave I saw a living ball of shining light,—

Some larger, and some smaller were, but all were very bright;
They rose and floated through the room, and life-like sail'd around,

And pass'd each other, and repass'd, moving with graceful bound:
At last they seem'd to touch, embrace, then mingling grew more bright,

'Till, gather'd o'er that marble tomb, they form'd one globe of light.

Like a new world it shone, whose glowing atmosphere was rife
With mind, the gather'd light of ages past—their spirit life.

It was the *true Republic*, and its outbirth thus divine,
That in the heavens it might with a growing luster shine:
A bright, *progressive world*, more light, advancing higher still,
With its *increasing truth* and good, and its *decreasing ill.*

My dream was wondrous beautiful—more beautiful it grew,
It seem'd quite like a vision of the glorious and true.

And now no more I sat alone, gazing upon the scene,
For there was one divinely fair, and of majestic mien,
A God-like man—a noble representative of good.

Close by the grave of Jefferson, with quiet grace, he stood;
I saw him cast a smile around, then through the aisle unroll,
So noiselessly, no sound was heard, a white and glist'ning scroll—
The Revelation there I might not read—the *future may*,

But this I knew, it usher'd in a bright and glorious day:
The "better times" republicans demand—their "equal right;"

That so we may increase in good, in love, in truth and might,
With an administration which will not regardless be
Of mankind's true and natural laws, of Peace and Liberty.

BOONTON FALLS, N. J., APRIL, 1849.

THE INVISIBLES.

It has been imagined from the days of the dreamy Chaldean to our own, that the air is peopled with invisible spirits, who although beyond the optic nerve, exert a strong influence upon mortals. These beings may have their reality in the elements, or in their strange and unknown compounds. We know that the air is filled with myriads of animalcules which are highly organized although invisible. No condition suitable to their existence can transpire, but that they take advantage of it, and multiply in an extraordinary degree. When we examine these mites with a deep power of the microscope, we see that they are gifted with muscular systems, with nerves, with likes and dislikes; with vision, feeling, and with perceptions, yet these mites are floating about us embosomed in the impassable air, and invisibly to us seeking their enjoyment. We thus learn that invisible things can sport about us; then why not those still more refined, but as the Chaldean would little dream, verified in the impponderable elements of the air? [WESTERN QUAR. REVIEW.]

Selections.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Our country is full of them. Improved agricultural and mechanical implements and tools; improved machinery; improved steam engines; improved carriages; improved buildings; improved manufactures of all kinds; every thing is improved; and the improvements are cried in the markets, and in the streets, and on the hill tops. What of it?

Why, this of it: The poor every day grow poorer, and the rich every day richer. The poor man hears of the project of a railroad, and joins in the cry for the "improvement." It will benefit the city or the town—says the rich man. It will benefit us all, says the poor man. The road is built by the poor man. The rich man adds to his wealth; the poor man gets work, and just pay enough for his work to keep him alive—to keep his family from starvation. He get a living before; he just lives now. What's the improvement to him?

But now a hall, a school house, a meeting house, are wanted. The rich men say, we will build them; yes, and the poor may come in—may attend our schools or our meetings or our lectures. How liberal! how generous! says the poor man. He doesn't stop to think who it is, in reality, that erects these buildings. He is astonished when we tell him that *he* must work out the entire cost *without pay*; that when the rich man is taxed, he taxes the poor man to make it up. He can't see it, because it is taken, cent by cent, from each day of his scanty wages, or is added, cent by cent, to the price of each bushel of corn or gallon of molasses he buys of the rich man.

But there is a class of *real* improvements, we are told, which ought to be prized by the laboring or the poor man; which actually tend to improve his condition. These are the labor saving machines. We say nothing against them, but let us see of what real benefit they are to the man who depends upon his labor for his food. Last year twenty men got nine shillings a day for planing boards. This year, one planing machine, with four men, does all their work. Do the four men get the pay of the twenty? No. Do they get higher wages than they got before? No. Do they work a less number of hours than they did before? No. Can they buy food for their children any cheaper than they could before? No. Are they less wearied, when night comes, than they were before? No.

And just so it is, tracing the improvements through—from the telegraph wires down to the patent pitch-fork; they are improvements—but they do not benefit the pockets of the poor man. Their benefits are monopolized by the rich—the men who chance to have the capital with which to carry them into operation. The reader knows well enough that we are not opposed to any of the improvements we have mentioned, or to any others. Let them come, we say, and let them prosper. Let the rich man's money, and the poor man's labor, be joined in the effort to carry them forward. But let the laborer remember that, down to this day, capital has fished from him his share of their profits. It is his turn, now, to realize something better than hunger and rags. Let him say, that from this hour, the first effect of labor saving machines or improvements in the arts shall be to reduce the hours of labor—its second to increase his wages per day. Let him say it, and stick to it. Let him join hands with his fellow laborers, and let the word go round. Let him not refuse to vote for a railroad charter, but let him insist that a ten hour law pass on the same day. So let him see to it, that while all else improves, his own condition improves also; that he reaches nearer to independence with every stride of genius to plan or skill to execute. [PROVIDENCE HERALD.]

A sorrow that can not be shared should not be imparted, any more than the spirit of gladness ought to obtrude itself beneath the sacred pall of affliction.

M. E. B.

THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

We copy from the New-York Commercial the following excellent remarks upon the proper education of young females, in order to insure their health and vigorous action even till age approaches: [WRIGHT'S CASKET.]

"Shame on us, that we, who boast of having raised woman in this nineteenth century to the position in life which she ought to hold, so educated her that not one of her powers, physical or mental, can ever attain a full and healthy action. Better go back to the days of our great grandmothers and be content with Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Assembly's Catechism,—nay, better to far earlier days, when neither catechism nor spelling book detained the damsel from the distaff or the loom, than rear for the coming generation a race of nervous wives and sickly mothers.

"When the boy runs merrily after his ball, or chases in the race, or leaps over the bound, the girl must walk demurely in the garden, because, forsooth, running and leaping, and jumping, are ungraceful in the girl. When the boy roams freely over the hill, or through the woods in the Summer, or coasts down the hill or skates merrily over the pond in the Winter, the girl, untrusting, unbenefitted, walks pensively by the side of her teacher to the village, or takes a two mile airing in the sleigh once in the week. She never pitches the quoit, never throws the ball, never slides down the hill, never roams through the woods, because, save the mark! all these are deemed unfeminine. In fact, she never thoroughly exercises her body at all, and in consequence soon becomes unable to endure any kind of physical fatigue.

"'Fit only for boys,' said a principal of a large female institute to me, the other day, when I remonstrated with him on the importance of these and other like exercises for girls. For boys, indeed! And has not a girl a physical system to be developed, and matured, and invigorated? Has she not fatigue to bear, obstacles to encounter, hindrances to overcome, enterprises to carry out, duties to discharge? Has she not the burden of life to carry and its toilsome road to travel, for herself? In her own sphere does she not require, and will she not require through life, all the energy, and strength, and endurance of which her system shall be capable? It matters not whether she is to live in the midst of fashion, or to move quietly in the circles of country life, or to find lot upon missionary ground, or to struggle against unforseen adversity, all that can be made of her during her years of education, physically, morally, and intellectually, she will need. To every woman, in whatever situation she may occupy, life is a *fact*, stubborn, earnest, real, to be shaped and molded by her own efforts, to be borne and endured by her own fortitude. Happy is she who is prepared for it, not by her own despairing efforts in after life, but by the judicious, careful, and thorough discipline of early education."

IDLENESS.

NINE-TENTHS of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much for the want of strength, as from the ill direction of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind. [THOMAS CARLYLE.]

TALK not to me of death and defeat: if I live I can not die: if I work I can not fail to accomplish: "Death" is the springing up of the planted seed: "defeat" is the damming of a river.

THE UNIVERCELUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849.

SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.

CONSIDERING that mankind in general rely for their ideas of truth, almost wholly upon external appearances, without the ability to conceive very definitely of invisible causes and principles, it is not strange that conclusions which are announced in the more supersensuous and spiritual departments of human inquiry, should frequently be thoughtlessly set down as mere "speculations" on which no reliance can be placed. Indeed almost all important theories eluding the direct test of the senses, however firmly they have rested upon the basis of natural principles, have on their first announcement been derided by the world as fanciful and too intangible to be received by any other than weak and marvel-loving minds. Nevertheless, theories thus announced have often subsequently proved stupendous truths, and of the utmost importance to the world, as the histories of Galileo, and Harvey, and others, abundantly testify. If theories, therefore, are occasionally announced in this paper which can not be directly tested by either or all of the five senses, we may suggest that the only safe and philosophical method of deciding upon their merits is for the reader to first acquaint himself thoroughly with the interior and invisible principles on which they rest, and then to carefully examine whether the elements of the conclusions are contained in the premises. It is by this process that the prominent discovery of Galileo, viz., of the diurnal and orbicular revolutions of the earth, now stands absolutely demonstrated, though this discovery still stands in the most diametrical opposition to the plainest appearance to the senses.

That the reader may have confidence in the conclusions to which we shall arrive in the following remarks, and in the reality of the facts therein stated, we bespeak his attention to each successive link in the chain of reasoning which conducts us to them.

Let us, then, first look carefully at the ordinary process of mental communication, or of the transference of thought from one mind to another. What are the elements of the process? Perhaps if we can discover these we may find in them principles which at least render possible communications or impressions from sources quite removed beyond the reach of the outer senses.

In the first place, then, before a thought can be communicated, that thought must first be conceived in the mind of the person who would communicate. The thought when conceived is nothing more than a spiritual impression or condition of the mind which conceives it. A corresponding impulse of nervous energy ensues by the action of the volition accompanying the thought, and by this nervous energy the muscles controlling the organs of speech are put in motion, and vibrations upon the atmosphere, called *sounds*, are produced, such as men have previously agreed to associate always with certain ideas. These vibrations or sounds, striking upon the tympanum of the ear, and through that acting upon that mysterious principle which resides in the brain, produce the *same condition or impression* in the mind of the hearer which first existed in the mind of the speaker. This identity of mental conditions or impressions, is the only reason why the hearer understands what the speaker has in his mind. Such, then, is the process of mental communication by *sound*. There is nothing visionary or merely speculative in this. The

theory accounts for the facts, and the facts render the theory absolutely necessary.

Through the *eye* the mind may be still more definitely impressed than through the ear, and through the former not only may man receive communications from his fellow man, but the animals, the trees, the landscapes—all Nature may speak to him. An object exists in the outer world, silent and removed beyond the sphere of the touch. But the *light* falls upon it, all the seven prismatic rays of which it *absorbs* except those which combine to produce the specific *color* by which the object is characterized,—and these are reflected back in all directions, and a portion of them fall upon the retina of the eye. Coming as they do from every point on the surface of the object, and proceeding in straight or but slightly refracted lines, their emanations must convey with them a distinct impress of the size, shape and proportions of the object; and the whole image thus falling through the lenses of the eye upon the optic nerve, produces peculiar arrangements of the refined essences therein contained, which again extending to those portions of the brain (rather its interior essence) to which they relate, causes that disposition or recombination of the mental principle which makes the observer know that at such a distance there is precisely such an object of such a size, shape, color, &c; and if the object has any motions, the corresponding motions in his own mental principle, produced by the changing reflections of light, enable him to describe them. In *this* there is no hypothesis—no mere fancy; but although the idea is somewhat intricate, every intelligent person may know it is true.

However, then, a man may receive an impression of outer things or of interior truths, we see at the ultimate analysis, that that impression consists in some peculiar state, arrangement, disposition, or combination of that principle, essence, substance, or whatever it is, which we call the Mind, and that in the difference of the states, arrangements, or combinations of the latter, consists the difference of its thoughts or ideas. Surely this conclusion can not be successfully controverted. We proceed, then, to inquire, If any peculiar *condition or arrangement* of the mental essence corresponding to an idea, can be produced without addressing the mind through the medium of the ear, or eye, or of any other organ of sense, will not that thought or idea be awakened in the mind just the same as if the outer organs of sense had been used as the mediums of action? Who on *carefully* looking at this question will say that it is fancy—speculation—to answer it in the affirmative?

But the question will next arise, *can* these interior or mental conditions be produced *without* using the outer organs of sense as the mediums of reaching the mind? To show that they can, we must again depend mainly upon natural principles to a knowledge of which we are introduced by an analysis of established and well known facts. Let, for instance, a number of stringed musical instruments be attuned to accord with each other, and then let the strings of one of them be touched so as to call forth its sounds: by placing the ear near the other instruments, it will be found that they all respond to it by giving forth corresponding sounds. It is by the vibrations of the first acting through the medium of the atmosphere, that corresponding vibrations in the other are produced, though the latter to the *senses* were not perceptibly touched. Using a figure of speech which embodies a true and natural analogy, we may here say that the instrument receives a spiritual impression, or an impression by sympathy, and without the use of its peculiar organs of sense.

Now the human mind may truly be compared to a musical instrument, and its various faculties and affections are its strings. And when different minds in their various faculties are attuned to accord with each other, the motions, vibrations or conditions of one which constitute thought and affection, will be prolonged through the subtle medium with which it has next affinity, until a corresponding condition is induced,

in the other, and the thoughts and emotions of both are made to run parallel, even as they are by the more gross process of acting through the atmosphere by vibrations produced by the organs of speech, or of receiving the undulations of light reflected from an object, upon the retina of the eye.

Had we time and space to enter into the proofs that every person is surrounded by an invisible emanation of imponderable substance peculiar to himself and distinctive of his internal qualities, we might, at least in the estimation of some minds, add a degree of force to our arguments, by showing how the very life-principle of two congenial persons may commingle with each other, thus establishing a chain of the most intimate sympathy by which impressions may be freely transmitted. It is sufficient for our present purpose, however, to refer to the well known fact that caloric, magnetism and electricity pervade all things, and hence the substance or principle of Mind is not without a direct medium or communication with other minds—through which medium there is no more difficulty in conceiving that mental impressions may be transferred, than there is that they may be transferred through the vibrations of the atmosphere known as sound, or by the reflections of light upon the retina of the eye.

Thus far we have assumed nothing; and thus far we think it will be conceded that we are exempt from the charge of indulging in mere speculations or fancies. And having thus proved the possibility, and with it we think the probability, of parallel conditions, or thoughts being produced in different minds through other existing mediums than the outer organs of sense, we must finally have recourse to facts to prove the certainty of this conclusion. The foregoing principles, independently established, will prepare the minds of the previously skeptical to admit the facts; and the facts will prepare those who independently know them to exist, to admit the principles on which alone they can be intelligibly explained. Of these facts very many have been detailed in this paper, and this for the present does away with the necessity of stating any more than their general character.

The most simple and familiar of these facts are those which are developed in the common experiments of Animal Magnetism. The properly susceptible magnetic somnambulist, for instance, may, without the use of speech or ordinary vision, be impressed with the ideas or imaginings of the operator, at will, and will sometimes even read his innermost thoughts. Or with eyes thickly bandaged, he will receive truthful impressions of what is silently going on in the room, and sometimes will even have a knowledge of the existence and movements of the most distant objects! These things we know to be true from numerous experiments and observations which we have personally made; and the more simple of these facts—those relating to magnetic sympathy, for instance—are now generally admitted. In this, then, there is no mere fancy or speculation.

In such cases mind acts upon mind, or if you please, spirit acts upon spirit, directly, and independently of the outer organism. But admitting that the spirit preserves its identical existence after the dissolution of the body—a point which has been elsewhere sufficiently argued, and is generally admitted—we have here a principle which, (without the intervention of some cause which we do not now know, and the existence of which we certainly have no logical right to assume or consider in the least degree probable, without evidence) would to a certainty render it possible for spirits out of the body to transfer their thoughts or conditions of mind to correspondingly attuned spirits in the body. And this transference of thought or mental action, would only be a manifestation on a higher scale, of the same identical principle which is faintly represented in the correlative vibrations of the correspondingly attuned musical instruments of which we have spoken above.

Reader, we have thus carried you through a course of somewhat severe metaphysical reasoning. We have requested you to scrutinize each link of the chain, and see whether it is sound. For the present, then, we leave the subject with you; and hereafter when we shall have occasion to speak of the beautiful and glorious facts, of communication with spirits of the higher world, you will perhaps be enabled to judge whether our sayings deserve to be placed upon the basis of mere "FANCY." W. F.

PROPERTY.

THERE was occasionally an excellent thing said on the subject of property tenures, in an age more unprogressed than this, the citation of which may serve to enforce ideas now being urged by reformers. JOHN LOCKE, for instance, one hundred and fifty years ago, wrote the following, which we commend as a sound and ingenious piece of reasoning:

"God hath given the world to men in common, but also given them Reason to make use of it to the best advantage of life and convenience. The Earth, and all that is therein, is given men for the support and comfort of their being; and though all the fruits it naturally produces, and beasts it feeds, belong to mankind in common, as they are produced by the spontaneous hand of Nature; and nobody has originally a private dominion, exclusively of the rest of mankind, in any of them, as they are thus in their natural state; yet, being given for the use of men, there must of necessity be a means to appropriate them some way or other, before they can be of any use, or at all beneficial to any particular man. The fruit or venison which, nourishes the wild Indian, who knows no enclosure, and is still a tenant in common, must be his, and so his, i. e. a part of him, that another can no longer have any right to it, before it can do him any good for the support of his life.

"Though the earth and all the inferior creatures be common to all men, yet every man has a property in his own person. This nobody has any right to but himself. The labor of his body and the work of his hands, we may say, are properly his. Whatsoever, then, he removes out of the state that Nature hath provided and left it in, he has mixed his labor with, and joined to it something that is his own, and thereby makes it his property. It being by him removed from the common state Nature hath placed it in, it has by his labor something annexed to it, and excludes the right of other men. For his labor being the unquestionable property of the laborer, no man but he can have a right to what that is once joined to, at least where there is enough, and as good left in common for others.

"He that is nourished by the acorn he picked up under the oak, or the apples he gathered from the trees in the wood, has certainly appropriated them to himself. Nobody can deny but the nourishment is his. I ask, then, when did they begin to be his? When he digested? or when he eat? or, when he boiled? or, when he brought them home? or when he picked them up? And 'tis plain, that if the first gathering made them not his, nothing else could. That labor put a distinction between them and common. That added something to them more than Nature, the common mother of all, had done; and so they became his private right. And, will any one say, he had no right to those acorns or apples he thus appropriated, because he had not the consent of all mankind to make them his? Was it a robbery thus to assume to himself what belonged to all in common? If such a consent as that was necessary, Man had starved, notwithstanding the plenty God has given him. We see in commons, which remain in compact, that 'tis the taking any part of what is in common, and removing it out of the state Nature leaves it in, begins the property; without which the Common is of no use, And the taking of this or that part, does not depend on the express consent of all the Commoners. Thus, the grass my horse has bit, the turf my servant has cut, and the ore I have digged in any place, where I have a right to them in common with others;

become my property, without the assignation or consent of any body. The labor that was mine, removing them out of the common state they were in, has fixed my property in them.

"By making an explicit consent of every commoner necessary to any man's appropriating to himself any part of what is given in common, children and servants could not cut the meat which their father or master had provided for them in common, without assigning to every one his peculiar part. Though the water running in the fountain be every one's, yet who can doubt, but that in his pitcher is his only who drew it out? His labor has taken it out of the hands of Nature, where it was common, and belonged equally to all her children, and hath thereby appropriated it to himself.

"Thus this law of Reason makes the deer that Indian's who hath killed it; 'tis allowed to be his goods who hath bestowed his labor upon it, though before, it was the common right of every one. And amongst those who are counted the civilized part of mankind, who have made and multiplied positive laws to determine property, this original law of Nature for the beginning of property, in what was before common, still takes place, and by virtue thereof, what fish any one catches in the ocean, that great and still remaining common of mankind, or what ambergris any one takes up here, is, by the labor that removes it out of that common state Nature left it in, made his property who takes that pains about it. And even amongst us, the hare that one is hunting, is thought his who pursues her during the chase; for, being a beast that is still looked upon as common, and no man's private possession, whoever has employed so much labor about any of that kind, as to find and pursue her, has thereby removed her from the state of nature, wherein she was common, and hath begun a property."

According to this reasoning, which we hold to be entirely irrefutable, all uncultivated and unoccupied land should be considered as belonging to the human race in common, all mankind having an interest in it to the extent of what it is capable of being made to produce for the common support; and whoever, by the exercise of a privilege common to all, first takes it by cultivation, out of the state Nature placed it in, should be considered its rightful individual possessor, to precisely the extent to which he keeps it under proper cultivation, and no farther. He whose natural tastes do not lead him to cultivate the land, can not by any natural right own any more than merely enough for him to fix his residence upon, except it be in common with all mankind; while on the other hand, if one by his genius is enabled to put instrumentalities into operation that will keep a thousand acres under proper cultivation for the supply of the wants of portions of the community which are otherwise employed, should be considered as fully entitled to the thousand acres by him thus subdued, and should be protected in the possession thereof just so long as he keeps it under proper cultivation, and no longer.

These views may differ from the common free soil doctrines, but we nevertheless can not resist the conviction of their truth. We would moreover recommend that land which being under cultivation already yields a supply to the wants of the community, should be taxed very lightly if at all, whilst the immense quantities of uncultivated land now holden by mere speculators, should be taxed so as to afford some adequate compensation to the community at large who have a common right to the land by Nature, and who are now prevented from using it by individual monopoly. In this case there would be no inducement for one to be a land holder unless he were at the same time disposed to be a land cultivator. Other great advantages we conceive would arise from this system, but we can not now specify them.

W. F.

A whole man will have a word for all the men he meets, and a blessing for the wants of each.

C. W.

LANGUAGE --- PHONOTYPY.

THE Anglo-saxon Race, by its characteristic energy and enterprise, as well as its numerical strength, is evidently destined to occupy a central position among the controlling influences of the world. Already is it the boast of the British Sovereign that the sun never sets upon her dominions; and before the superior intelligence and strength of the Anglo-Saxon in America, other races are gradually losing their identity, and ultimately, no doubt, the sphere of a controlling American and English influence will widen so as to become predominant all over the vast territories of North and South America now under the dominion of the red man or the Spaniard. To the superior numbers, and power, and intelligence of this race thus scattered over the world, and united by a common origin and a common language, all other nations will probably look for the largest share of the materials and wisdom for the construction of that grand fabric of universal peace, union, fraternity, and reciprocity that is to be in the "good time coming." In that case the English language, which now extends wherever Anglo-Saxon commerce and civilization extend, will, though perhaps in an essentially modified state, be the principal medium of communication in the great body of mankind, and the medium by which, more than by any other, intelligent and progressive minds all over the earth will approach each other.

Since a physical necessity for the development of this fact in the future, seems to exist in the present predominance of our race, of course whatever tends to facilitate the acquisition of our language by other nations, or to adapt it to their tastes and capacities, must tend in the same ratio, to remove one grand cause of existing estrangements, and to bring about a community of feeling and ideas. And those who long for the banishment of the present babel confusion, and the arrival of a period when all the earth shall again be of "one language and one speech," must of course feel interested in any judicious effort to reform and simplify the language which probably must hold the general pre-dominance, and render it more easy of acquirement both by people of other nations, and by our own children, than it now is.

And we think it can not be denied by candid persons that the first thing in our language which absolutely demands reform is its orthography. While the intelligent of other nations are thirsting for our literature, and desiring the ability to converse intelligibly with ourselves, they should not be discouraged from the approach, and confused by the multiplicity of sounds which now, without any rule or reason, are conventionally associated with the same characters as used in the composition of different words. There is nothing more perplexing, or trying to the patience of a foreigner, than to be told, for instance, of the difference in the sound of o-u-g-h in though, bough, trough, and enough; and the same lawlessness, which runs very generally through our orthography, produces infinite confusion in the minds of our children who are about receiving their first lessons in spelling and reading. How greatly it would simplify our language, therefore, and facilitate its acquisition by all, if we could generally agree to adopt a set of letters each having but one uniform sound wherever they occur!

The evils complained of we think would be in a great measure if not wholly removed by the general adoption of the system of Phonography and Phonotypy, or the system of writing and printing according to sounds, now being successfully practised and advocated by many persons of the progressive class. The phonetic alphabet consists of about forty letters, each having a distinct sound, so that when the properties of the letters are once familiarized with the mind, every word which they are used in forming, may be pronounced correctly with infallible certainty. It were useless to dwell any farther upon the advantages of such a system, which must be obvious to all, at first sight. And yet with our limited acquaintance with the system as now proposed, we can not say that it does not possess some essential disadvan-

tages; though we firmly believe that the system in its *general* features will ultimately prevail, however it may be modified in its present minutiae. It is to be regretted that fixed habits and acquired tastes, present insuperable obstacles to its immediate general introduction, though these will be slowly overcome. The system is already gradually gaining favor, and we perceive that several of our less *conservative* exchanges have adopted the plan of setting apart a small space to be filled with matter set in the phonetic characters. The almost incredible rapidity in writing that can be attained by the adoption of the new characters, enabling an expert penman to report verbatim a rapidly delivered speech, will probably at no distant period secure the general adoption of the system of writing by sounds, into the common schools.

W. F.

OUTER INFLUENCES.

We have heretofore urged the importance of healthy and well regulated physical conditions, both as existing in the human body and the outer arrangements of society, as affecting the proper development of the moral and religious faculties. On this important subject we are pleased to add the following pertinent testimony of that wise man Dr. Benjamin Rush, who wrote at a period when phrenological and psychological philosophy were little thought of. He says:

"The influence of ASSOCIATION upon morals opens an ample field for inquiry. It is from this principle, that we explain the reformation from theft and drunkenness in servants, which we sometimes see produced by a single draught of spirits, in which tartar emetic had been secretly dissolved. The recollection of the pain and sickness excited by the emetic, naturally associates itself with the spirits, so as to render them both equally the objects of aversion. It is by calling in this principle only, that we can account for the conduct of Moses, in grinding the golden calf into a powder, and afterwards dissolving it (probably by means of hepar sulphuris,) in water, and compelling the children of Israel to drink of it, as a punishment for their idolatry. The mixture is bitter and nauseating in the highest degree. An inclination to idolatry, therefore, could not be felt, without being associated with the remembrance of this disagreeable mixture, and of course being rejected, with equal abhorrence.

"As SENSIBILITY is the avenue to the moral faculty, every thing which tends to diminish it tends also to injure morals. The Romans owed much of their corruption to the sights of the contests of their gladiators, and of criminals, with wild beasts. For these reasons, executions should never be public. Indeed, I believe there are no public punishments of any kind, that do not harden the hearts of spectators, and thereby lessen the natural horror which all crimes at first excite in the human mind.

"CRUELTY to brute animals is another means of destroying sensibility. The ferocity of savages has been ascribed in part to their peculiar mode of subsistence. Mr. Horgarth points out, in his ingenious prints, the connection between cruelty to brute animals in youth, and murder in manhood. The emperor Domitian prepared his mind, by the amusement of killing flies, for all those bloody crimes which afterwards disgraced his reign. I am so powerfully satisfied of the truth of a connection between morals and humanity to brutes, that I shall find it difficult to restrain my idolatry for that legislature, that shall first establish a system of laws to defend them from outrage and oppression.

"In order to preserve the vigor of the moral faculty, it is of the utmost consequence to keep young people as ignorant as possible of those crimes that are generally thought most disgraceful to human nature. Suicide, I believe, is often propagated by newspapers. For this reason, I should be glad to see the

proceedings of our courts kept from the public eye, when they expose or punish monstrous vices.

"The last mechanical method of promoting morality that I shall mention, is to keep sensibility alive, by a familiarity with scenes of distress from poverty and disease. Compassion never awakens in the human bosom, without being accompanied by a train of sister virtues. Hence the wise man justly remarks, that, "By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better."

"Lastly, ATTRACTION, COMPOSITION and DECOMPOSITION, belong to the passions as well as to matter. Vices of the same species attract each other with the most force—hence the bad consequences of crowding young men (whose propensities are generally the same) under one roof, in our modern plans of education. The effects of composition and decomposition upon vices, appear in the meanness of the school boy, being often cured by the prodigality of a military life, and by the precipitation of avarice, which is often produced by ambition and love.

"If physical causes influence morals in the manner we have described, may they not also influence religious principles and opinions? I answer in the affirmative; and I have authority, from the records of physic, as well as from my own observation, to declare, that religious melancholy and madness, in all their variety of species, yield with more facility to medicine, than simply to polemical discourses, or to casuistical advice. But this subject is foreign to the business of the present inquiry.

"The extent of the moral powers and habits in man is unknown. It is not improbable, but the human mind contains principles of virtue, which have never yet been excited into action. We behold with surprise the versatility of the human body in the exploits of tumblers and rope-dancers. Even the agility of a wild beast has been demonstrated in a girl of France, and an amphibious nature has been discovered in the human species, in a young man in Spain. We listen with astonishment to the accounts of the *memories* of Mithridates, Cyrus, and Servin. We feel a veneration bordering upon divine homage, in contemplating the stupendous *understandings* of Lord Verulam and Sir Isaac Newton; and our eyes grow dim, in attempting to pursue Shakespeare and Milton in their immeasurable flights of *imagination*. And if the history of mankind does not furnish similar instances of the versatility of our species in virtue, it is because the moral faculty has been the subject of less culture and fewer experiments than the body, and the intellectual powers of the mind. From what has been said, the reason of this is obvious.

"Hitherto the cultivation of the moral faculty has been the business of parents, schoolmasters and divines. But if the principles, we have laid down, be just, the improvement and extension of this principle should be equally the business of the legislator—the natural philosopher—and the physician; and a physical regimen should as necessarily accompany a moral precept, as directions with respect to the air—exercise—and diet, generally accompany prescriptions for the consumption and the gout."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Dr. Chivers will please accept our thanks for his recent favors, and for the kindly expressions accompanying them. They shall have attention soon.

We are pleased again to hear from X. Two of her effusions appear in this number. The others shall follow soon.

By the way, we hope our friend CHARLES WORTH has not entirely forgotten us.

OUTER duties have prevented us from examining the lengthy *psychological* article from our friend in Ohio. It shall now receive immediate attention. We may say the same of the article on *death*, from our New Jersey Friend.

M. A. T. We will endeavor to obtain a copy of a constitution of a Protective Union, and forward it to you as soon as possible. We will also write you as soon as other pressing duties will permit.

W. F.

Poetry.

PATIENT WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

THE careless gazer may not know
The secrets of dear Nature's breast;
She only will her fruits bestow
On those who calmly on her rest.
Thy heart must throb with Nature's own,
Thy life must flow with her's alone.

A thousand years matures the oak;
One moment doth the rainbow shine:
Wouldst thou at once the blossom scent,
And pluck the ripe fruit from the vine?
Wait like the oak a thousand years,
A rainbow once shall crown thy brow;
Patience to wait for future good,
Brings thee a present blessing now.

Ask not the bird to sing to thee;
'Twill fall but harshly on thine ear;
Wait till his full heart overflow,
And thou a rapturous song shalt hear.
Meantime the floweret at thy feet,
Shall breathe for thee a perfume sweet.

Open not the bud with curious hand;
Thou canst not thus its sweets disclose,
Breathe a soft blessing on its head,
And wait—behold the perfect rose.
Strew o'er the cold and barren rock
A garment of fair blooming flowers—
Alas! 'tis not their chosen home;
They wither in a few short hours.

But wait—a tiny germ appears,
The winds play round it soft and free;
Pass a few patient, laboring years—
The rock in mossy garment see!
And gently blossoms it, and fair
And happy life can cluster there.

Thus linger long on Nature's breast,
Waiting for one primeval word,
And in her deep, inspiring tones,
Love, Hope, and God shall there be heard;
In fullest answer to thy prayer,
Born in the soul and living there.

* * * * *
Dear Nature, take me thus to thee;
Thus make me humble, calm and still;
From strife and error keep me free,
And bid me meekly bow my will
Till I thy holy paths have trod,
And deeply learned Hope, Love, and God. x.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

“Do good to them that hate you, if your haters
Be seven empires fenced in three-ply steel;
And ye shall be God's children, who will clothe
Your non-resisting front with lightning blast,
And to your naked virtue give your foes
As driven stubble. Revolutionise
In love, and re-construct in love; so shall
Ye saved be, and save, amid the raging storm.

[KNICKERBOCKER.

AN ELEGY.

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

BY LYMAN BLANCHARD.

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;—
If heaven be full of stars the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deem'd that love of God was best array'd
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deem'd man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He show'd how wisdom twins its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple child.

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

HOPE, brothers hope! for the happier day
That peers through the distant gloom;
Think not the sorrows that round you play,
Forever shall be your doom;
Lose not your faith in the good and the true—
In love, with its soothing strain;
But hope, brothers! hope that your homes so true,
May echo with mirth again!

Morning may rise with clouds on his brow,
And wrath in his flashing eye—
May rend in its fury the old oak bough,
And scatter its leaves on high;
But his anger abates, as time unrolls
The day from his mighty coil;
Then hope, brothers, hope! let it fill your souls,
To lighten your weary toll!

Black Error may sit on his blood-stained throne,
And rule with a despot's hand—
His kingdom may reach from the furthest zone
To our own dear native land;
But the day shall come when his broken shield
Will rank 'mong the things that were;
Then hope, brothers, hope! to despair ne'er yield—
'Tis noble to hope and to bear!

For sure as the proud careering steed
Bounds o'er the iron plain,
And vies with the whirlwind's utmost speed,
As he drags on the joyous train—
And as sure as the wire, with electric tone,
Bears peace on its trembling wing,
So sure will bright Truth ascend the throne;
Then, brothers, let's hope and sing! z. k.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the Quaker City.

THE ENTRANCED;
OR THE WANDERER OF EIGHTEEN CENTURIES.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

[The following, written by George Lippard, is the sequel to the thrilling tale, published in the tenth and eleventh numbers of this paper, and entitled "THE IRON DOOR." It will be recollected by those who have read that tale, that Lucius, a nobleman of the court of Nero, became a convert to Christianity on witnessing the sufferings and patient endurance of an hundred Christians incarcerated in a dungeon closed by an iron door, by the order of Nero. For his temerity in avowing himself a Christian he was doomed to death. The executioner, however, instead of destroying his life, merely threw him into a trance, and confined him in a vault, whence at certain periods he goes forth into the world to view the progress of Christianity. The following represents the third advent of Lucius into the world after his original confinement to his gloomy cell. We can not here suppress the expression of the gratification we feel that Lippard's powerful pen is so vigorously engaged in portraying the evils which exist in church and state, and in the advocacy of those reforms that will bring relief and elevation to the now oppressed and suffering masses.

w. r.]

THE YEAR 1848.

It was in the year 1848, when the snow was white upon the meadows of the northern land, that the Entranced, sleeping in the shadows of the Catacombs, once more unclosed his eyes, and sighed like one who is disturbed in the midst of a pleasant dream.

And he arose and came forth from the vaults of the dead, and stood on a hill side, at the mouth of the Cavern World, with Rome smiling in the sunshine at his feet.

The Executioner came to his side, and the same light, which showed the face of Lucius, calm and blooming and encircled by golden hair, also revealed the visage of the Executioner, swart and haggard, with a cowl dropped over his troubled brow.

"Thou art troubled, friend," said Lucius—"Twice have I arisen, and twice been greeted by thy sneering laughter and triumphant eyes. There is sadness on thy face—I miss thy scornful words—"

And the Executioner pulled the cowl partly over his face, and said in a sullen tone—

"Go back into the cavern and sleep again. Thou hast nothing in common with the People of earth. Go back and sleep,—and let thy Soul return to the purer form, the happier being, which it has left, for this dull shape of clay and this dread world of dust."

And Lucius wondered much within his Soul, at the trouble and unrest of the Executioner.

And while the dark form stood at his side—a thing of gloom in the calm sunshine—Lucius turned his eyes towards Rome, and saw a vast multitude of People, raising their hands and their voices, to a MAN, who surveyed them from the height of a lofty balcony.

"It is the Pope," said Lucius, "and these are his worshippers! Alas! Alas! There is still a gilded canopy over his head, and a carpet of slaves beneath his feet!"

But at this moment, the cry of the vast multitude came to the lips of the Arisen:

"There is no longer in Italy, in Rome, Catholic or Heretic, Gentile or Jew!" this was the People's cry: "We are brothers; for the Christ is Risen, and the Poor have risen with the Master, and the world which was dead, stirs with life, and over all the earth, is heard the Gospel of the Lord!"

Lucius felt his heart dilate within him, while the Executioner at his side trembled within his black robe, and hid his face deeper within his cowl, and tore his flesh with his hands.

But Lucius looked once more upon Rome, and the sight which he beheld made his Soul glad, even as with the throb of an eternal joy.

He saw the Pope come down from his balcony, and tread the gilded canopy under his feet, and walk among the kneeling multitudes—even among Catholic and Heretic, Gentile and Jew,—and he said unto them all, "My Brothers!"

And the face of the Pope, smiled and glowed as with a ray from the Sepulcher of Jesus, as his voice pronounced these words: "My Brothers! Behold how pleasant it is for us to dwell in Unity."

And the Pope knelt in the midst of the People—even upon the fragments of his broken canopy—and lifted up his voice with their voices, and they all gathered round a Wooden Cup, and a crust of Bread, and partook together of the Sacrament and Brotherhood.

At the same moment, Lucius saw a vast army of men, who resembled shadows, departing from Rome, their faces bowed upon their breasts, and their black robes darkening over the glad landscape, as far as the eye could see. They walked one by one, and seemed unto Lucius, like an army of dead people, aroused into a mockery of life, by the hand of the Evil One. And as they glided sullenly along, their banners, on which were written words of sinister meaning, trailed in the dust, and a tall form, who was attired in the mingled gear of a Monk and Soldier, passed along the ranks, showing his Face unto every one, and speaking in every ear, some phrase of bitter scorn.

"My children," he said, "Ye are indeed worthy of your Founder! Know ye not that I built the Altar of your Power, even by changing a million human hearts into stone, and now what do I behold! After centuries of lordship, such as earth never saw before, ye depart from Rome! Rome! your Paradise—Rome the Heart of your Glory!"

And the army of shadows, answered in a sullen murmur—

"O Loyals our day is Past, for lo! the Christ is Risen!"

— Even before the eyes of Lucius, certain of the shadows, glided from the ranks of the sad army, and turned their steps toward Rome, and took off their gear of sorcery, and became living Men again.

"They also partook of the Sacrament of Brotherhood," murmured Lucius, "and yonder shrouding his corpse-like face in his monkish robe, and placing his hand upon his rusted sword, yonder stands LOYALA, gazing bitterly upon that Rome, which was once the seat of his Power, but which is now forever forbidden to him and his Living-Corpses!"

Then Lucius turned to look upon the EXECUTIONER, and saw him grovelling on the ground, like one whose sinews are convulsed by cramp, and his Face was fearful to behold, for the eyes, deep sunken, were encircled by streaks of livid blue, and from the black lips, started drops of blood and foam.

"Go back into thy tent and sleep again," he howled in his agony. "The Earth is not worth a single look from thee. 'Tis but a miserable world—a very, very wretched world."

And a smile played over the face of Lucius, and in the light of his blue eyes the sunshine of Another World beamed brightly.

"Nay, I will not return until I have followed the footprints of the Arisen Gospel," he said—"Thou hadst the world for thy delight a very long time. Does thy dominion pass away?"

And at the feet of Lucius there was a garment such as was worn by the peasant people of the days of Nero, very rude in outline and coarse in texture, but there was no blood upon it nor was it enriched with stolen gold, for it was the Tunic of Labor.

"If thou must journey over the world," groaned the Executioner, "then take this garment—for the frock of the Monk and the purple of the King are passing away—and this Blouse of

the Poor Man will soon be the only Royalty left upon this miserable globe."

Lucius put on the Blouse, and its mingled hues of blue and grey, looking somewhat like the dawn, gave a new charm to his smiling face with its blue eyes and sunny hair.

And Lucius left the Executioner in his agony, and passed over Italy, attired as he was in the Poor Man's Blouse, with a rough staff in his hand. Everywhere a sight wonderful beyond the power of words awaited him. Everywhere the multitudes of mankind were in motion, doing heartily the work, to which the Arisen Gospel called them.

In one place was a Poor Man knocking at the doors of Royalty, with the humble tools of his daily toil, and saying, even to the King, who sat shuddering within those golden doors—"It is Day at last, O King! wilt thou come forth and look upon this beautiful Dawn, or wilt thou continue to sit within thy palace doors, and still endeavor to delude thy soul, into the belief that it is yet night?"

And the King, frightened and pale, with fear of the New Day, unclosed his palace door, and said "This Day is indeed beautiful!" but at the same time endeavored to create Night again, with the smoke of his cannon.

But the light of the Day, fought with the darkness of the cannon, and the King—either bound like a Murderer, or forced to fly like a savage beast—confessed with curses that it was indeed Day.

Lucius did not pause to pray upon the top of the Alp, for he felt that deeds were praying over all the World, and that the prayer of mere words had passed away.

He wandered through the hills of the German land, and heard the song of the Gospel, wherever he went, and Martin Luther raised his head from the grave as he passed along, and saluted the Wanderer—

"Ho, friend Lucius, so HALF-WAY is dead at last," cried the joyous reformer—"Twas a fearful devil that HALF-WAY. He beguiled me, somewhat, when I was of earth, and sometimes spat in my ink-stand but now he is indeed dead. May his sleep be sound."

Lucius came to Paris. It was night when he drew near the gate. As he was about to enter, he met an Old Man, whose false hair could not hide the snows of eighty years, which lay thick and cold upon his brow. The Old Man was clad in the Poor Man's blouse, and he ran like one pursued by savage beasts, and as he fled, he endeavored to grasp a Rope of Sand, which fell to pieces as he clutched it.

"Old Man thou dost weep and grasp a Rope of Sand, and yet the Blouse of Labor is on thy limbs!" thus spoke Lucius—"Dost thou fear for the Poor Man? Hath the Poor Mans wrongs driven thee mad?"

And the Old Man paused, with a frightened look, and his wife and children came weeping to his side.

"An hour ago" he said, "I was King. For eighteen years I ruled France. The Poor Man had placed me on the Throne, and upon the corpses of his Brothers I swore to be faithful to the Poor Man's cause. But when I felt myself firm upon the Throne, I forgot the Poor Man, and studied night and day, the Alchemy of Kings, which transmutes the sweat and blood of the Poor, into Gold. I obtained the secret of this Alchemy on one condition. So long as I kept together this Rope of Sand, so long was this Alchemy to serve me, and fill my chests with gold. Therefore I glued the separate sands with blood—blood which I took from the jail and the scaffold, and the field—the blood of Martyrs who died in the Poor Man's Name. I set my Alchemy to work. I had Rich Men, who called me Saint! and cried Live! as they aided me, in my Alchemy. To every HUNDRED POOR, there was ONE RICH MAN; and the ONE was my agent, driving the HUNDRED into a Charnel, where they slowly died. Day after day homes were made desolate in France; day after day, I gathered a harvest of dead men; and into my Alembic poured a con-

tinual current of human blood and tears. This blood and these tears always came forth from the fire, in the shape of yellow and beautiful Gold, and in the course of eighteen years, I kept the Alembic at its work, and built the fire anew, and saw the process of Transmutation go merrily on."

He paused, and made an effort to gather the sand at his feet, then resumed in a tone of deep sadness—

"But an hour ago, this Rope of Sand, which I glued with the blood of martyrs, suddenly went to pieces; and from the Alembic, started the ghosts of the ten thousands, whose blood and tears had fed its fires; and through the casements of my palace, came the cry of a Million of the Poor, who with arms in their hands, shouted without ceasing, "It is day, it is day! The Iron Gate has fallen! The HUNDRED have arisen and the ONE turns pale, at the sound of his own funeral hymn!"

"Therefore," continued the Old Man, getting on his hands and knees, and grasping the scattered sands in his withered fingers, "Therefore I put this blouse upon me, and—alas! alas! I have no blood to glue this Rope of Sand!"

Lucius murmured, "Did I not know that Nero was indeed dead, I would think that he stood before me, with the burden of hopeless age, added to his lust of human blood."

Then he left the Old Man to gather the Rope of Sand, as he might, and came into Paris, where the blackness of the night was turned to red, by the glare of a burning throne.

Strange were the sights which greeted him, at every turn.

There came a rude tumbrel, moving slowly by the light of torches, and to the tramp of thrice ten thousand feet. Around it were mothers who wept not, and orphans who had no tear, and widows who sang to the chorus of innumerable voices. And yet the slow moving cart, was crowded with corpses—the Dead Son of the Mother, the Father of the Orphan, the Husband of the Widow. These all, and many more of the People's dead, slain by the Old Man, were in the cart, their white faces looking like red marble in the torch-light.

And as the vast multitude moved slowly on—the cart piled with the dead, shining brightly in the midst of the black mass—this was the Song, which was sung by the voices of men and women and children:

"Behold our dead and rejoice! Look on their icy faces, but do not weep! For they died the death which our souls desire. IT IS GOOD, IT IS SWEET FOR ONE'S COUNTRY TO DIE!"

Then through a dark street, lighted by a single torch, a WHITE STATUE, (borne by a solitary man,) moved slowly on, above the heads of innumerable Outcasts, who knelt as it passed along, and said with streaming eyes—

"Uncover Brothers! It is the Master—of us all!"

It was a marble image of the Christ, taken by the Poor from the halls of a Palace, which they had ravaged, with their ten thousand arms

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMARKABLE CASE.—The Boston Traveller says that a man, who has for the last forty years been confined as a raving maniac in the poor house at Newton, has been suddenly restored to his reason. He has been regarded as incurable, and for a great part of the time during his confinement he has been so violent as to render it necessary to chain him. He appears like one awakening from a long sleep, and remembering distinctly events which occurred previous to the loss of reason, but nothing that has transpired during the long years of his confinement.

SINGULAR PROPHECY.—In the "Vestiges of Creation," published several years ago, is the following passage: "The United States might expect to make no great way in civilization till they be peopled by the Pacific; and it might not be unreasonable to expect that, when the event occurred, the greatest civilization of the territory will be found in the Peninsula of California, and the narrow strip of country beyond the Rocky Mountains."

A NIGHT STORM ON VESUVIUS.

A correspondent of the New-York Tribune, writing from Naples under the date of March 2d, gives the following account of an adventure on Mount Vesuvius, which will at least serve to amuse our readers, if not to profit them by exciting contemplations in relation to Nature's curious and stupendous workings:

"At the foot of the mountain we took some asses. While making our bargain, for one makes a bargain for everything in Naples, even for an orange, we were surrounded by a crowd of most nefarious wretches, cut-throats to a man. It was nearly night, and I stipulated that only one man should accompany us. As we crawled slowly up the hill at a donkey pace, the night came on, the moon was covered with clouds, and we met numbers of laborers returning from the vineyards. I was reminded of the evil stories I had heard of the mountain, and of the soldier who always ascends with a party to guard them. One man passed us and took a path across the hills, and no less than four times did our guide attempt to make us turn from the beaten track into the mountains, where we felt sure there could be no road; but we kept a good watch, and trusting to our knowledge of the way kept steadily on. At last it began to rain, and as our only resource we crept under a gateway and looked out on the clouds, and wondered what was coming next. But we reached the Hermitage safely—made our bargain for a night's rest on a settee—provided a bottle of *Lacryma Christi*, four eggs to roast upon the lava, and after inscribing our names on the album and drying ourselves before the fire, we laid down to rest. At 3 o'clock we set out. The first part of the walk was not a little gloomy. We picked our way through the barren region of which I spoke, over the scorix by the light of a torch and alone—now losing the path, now seeking for the tracks of donkeys and men, which the heavy shower had almost effaced. Once our torch suddenly went out, and for a moment both literally and figuratively, the prospect was gloomy enough; but we succeeded in reviving it and in regaining the path after all our errors.

"When we reached the other side of the cone, the torch began to pale before the glow of the lava, which lighted up the sky and the heavy cloud of smoke which rose and hung above it like a burning city. The whole scene was striking in the extreme. On one side was the cone, dimly defined against the black sky, its summit concealed by a heavy mass of dark clouds; on the other the companion hill, shutting us in; behind, the only object visible was the distant line of lights, along the shore, which marked the City of Naples; while before us the ruddy glare of the red hot lava lighted up the sky. Soon we stood by the side of the current, at the orifice where it first escaped from the interior of the mountain. There it flowed slowly and steadily, seeming to press up with great force in a current about ten feet wide, and, judging from the vast quantity visible below, where the stream grew wider, twenty-five or thirty feet deep. Although liquid and flowing, it was much harder than it appeared, and heavy stones thrown upon it bounded off and rolled over the surface, or remained and were borne along without sinking in. Not only, too, was the central portion the highest, but it ran several inches above the rock through which it forced its way, without flowing over it, presenting the singular spectacle of a current higher than its banks.

"Hardly were we suitably placed to enjoy the spectacle, when drops of rain began to hiss and sputter upon the lava and to strike upon our heads. There was no shelter within miles; we looked in vain for a cave, and at last seated ourselves close to each other by the side of a perpendicular rock, with no protection but a thin blouse, made as merry as we could with our own mishaps. For a time, I assure you, it was no laughing matter: the rain came down heavily; thick clouds covered the mountain above and below us; and every minute or two—for we were unfortunately on the leeward side of the lava—a strong wind blew

the heavy sulphurous smoke and steam toward us, until we were well-nigh suffocated; and I was not without a few forebodings. Only a few days before, the side of the mountain had suddenly burst open and thrown out a new current of lava, without any previous warning. Why might it not do so again? The roaring of the wind as it whistled over the rock, the hissing of the rain on the lava, seemed to me ever now and then like some noise deep in the mountain—the rumbling of an earthquake it might be—and when I looked at my watch and found that, although an hour after the hour for sunrise, no light had reached us, it occurred to me that the darkness might be produced by the heavy clouds of smoke from the crater.

The rain manifested no disposition to cease, and weary of our comfortless position, we determined to have our breakfast in spite of it. We crawled on the crust, yet hot, though tolerable to our feet, and finding a spot where the heat from below still kept the rock red, placed our eggs upon it to roast, toasted our bread, and cracked the bottle of *Lacryma Christi*. I have eaten breakfast in a more comfortable place and under brighter auspices, but I never tasted better eggs, nor ate them with a better appetite. It will be a long time before I forget that meal by the light of the burning lava on Vesuvius, of a Winter's morning, before day break and in a heavy storm of wind and rain.

At last we determined that it would be as well to die by fire as by water and attempted to place the two elements in opposition to each other and see if fire would not dry faster than rain could wet. The heat was most intolerable but our plan succeeded to perfection. We placed ourselves by the side of the fiery stream and ere long learned to laugh at the storm, for although it continued, our clothes dried rapidly. To be sure we were almost roasted, and once or twice, when the wind blew the smoke upon us, it singed our hair and eyebrows. My blouse was burnt when I laid it for a moment upon the rock where I had been standing, but it was *dried*. As the day advanced, for day did come at last, we satisfied our curiosity by examining the spot from which the lava flowed; just above it was a steep cone, yellow with sulphur, containing three craters, one choked up but too hot to remain in, although we entered it; the other emitting blasts of hot air, while from one rose the sound of the roaring furnace. Meanwhile the rain turned into snow, and while we were crawling out of an opening in the mountain too hot to hold us, and walking over a surface which nearly burnt our shoes, a heavy snow storm was whitening the rocks and falling upon our heads. But we were at last obliged, though unwillingly, to leave so many delights and set out to descend the mountains by the side of the burning river. We had become familiar with the apparent danger and ran over the crust, which sounded hollow beneath our feet, and upon which the rain hissed as it fell, stepped across the flood and picked up masses of soft lava to stamp with a coin.

The current flowed a large part of the way beneath a thin crust, occasionally appearing again and then retiring. At one point we observed a new influx from the primary source, where a new current flowed in, more liquid than the other and so brilliant that it was impossible to look at it steadily. After walking by its side some distance, now scrambling over loose scorix, now walking over the smooth level rock, we came to a portion where the stream bore with it and on its surface huge masses of stone which rolled along and jostled one another like something living. We thought of "living rock" and of the fable of Orpheus. After a moment it occurred to our minds that we too might be borne along like the lava, and stepping upon a large mass at the risk of burnt shoes and scorched garments, for four or five minutes we rode down the mountain as no Emperor had ever done; but it was not a method of conveyance for a long time, and when it grew too hot and our carriage began to threaten an overturn upon something worse than a snow-bank, we jumped off.

The scene became more and more majestic as we descended;

the current grew wider; the banks, so to speak, became higher; the descent more precipitous, till the stream of lava with which we had made so familiar was now a river twenty or even fifty feet wide, flowing between banks thirty feet high, bearing huge masses of rocks and scoræ upon its surface and sending out a heat intolerable at a distance of thirty or forty feet. The banks also were hot, and at last so much so that we were forced to leave them. At one point the spectacle was most striking. A new branch united with the one we had followed and formed at the confluence a lava cascade some twelve feet in height. The molten mass still preserved its slow and majestic motion but bent with a graceful curve over the slope. We could perceive the line of the stream marked by ascending smoke far down the mountain and into the valley, but we had seen the most interesting portion of it and were glad to relieve our burnt and weary feet by stepping upon the sand, and continuing our walk among the vineyards upon which the lava here and there intruded.

We lunched at a peasant's hut upon a cake of Indian meal seasoned with a draft of Vesuvian wine, and after a few miles more among fields green with the springing wheat were glad to terminate our excursion at the Railway Station near Pompeii. I am told that for many years no eruption of lava has occurred so extensive as this, and after my experience of its extent can well believe it.

LIGHT.

LIGHT is sent forth in all directions from every visible point of luminous bodies. If we hold a sheet of paper before a candle, or the sun, or any other source of light, we shall find that the paper is illuminated in whatever position we hold it, provided the light is not obstructed by its edge or by any other body. Hence, wherever a spectator is placed with regard to a luminous body, every point of that part of its surface which is toward him will be visible, when no intervening object intercepts the passage of the light. Hence, likewise, it follows that the sun illuminates not only an immense plane extending along the paths of the planets, from the one side of the orbit of Uranus to the other, but the whole of that sphere, or solid space, of which the distance of Uranus is the radius. The diameter of this sphere is three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and it consequently contains about 24,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or twenty-four thousand *quardillions* of cubical miles, every point of which immense space is filled with the solar beams. Not only so, but the whole cubical space which intervenes between the sun and the nearest fixed stars is more or less illuminated by his rays. For, at the distance of Sirius, or any other of the nearest stars, the sun would be visible, though only as a small, twinkling orb; and, consequently, his rays must be diffused, however faint, throughout the most distant spaces whence he is visible. The diameter of this immense sphere of light can not be less than *forty billions* of miles, and its solid contents 33,500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000, or thirty three thousand five hundred *sextillions* of cubical miles. All this immense and incomprehensible space is filled with the radiations of the solar orb; for were an eye placed in any one point of it, where no extraneous body interposed, the sun would be visible either as a large luminous orb, or as a small twinkling star. But he can be sensible only by the rays he emits, and which enter the organs of vision.

[DICK.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF MAN.—We are all prone, in adversity, and disappointments of our too sanguine expectations, to burst out in complaints against fate and her whims, against fortune and her caprices; while in cases of success and prosperity in our undertakings, however unexpected and unforeseen may be such a result, we boast of our discretion, our skill and our wisdom, forgetting that in most cases the failures arise from our own in-

discreet and precipitate actions and words, and that success emanates from Him who reigns above fate, and who in his inscrutable wisdom turns the wheel of fortune, and guides it often for our welfare, when we imagine it to be for our misfortune.

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.

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FROM THE INTERIOR STATE

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