

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.

THE THEOLOGICAL CONCEPTION; ITS GROWTH, DEPENDENCIES, &C.*

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In the light of truths and principles unfolded in our last chapter, respecting the office of Jesus, and his relation to the Human Race, it will not be difficult to determine what relation his teachings embodied in the New Testament, and comprehensively designated as CHRISTIANITY, did when given, and do now, sustain to the great Family of Man. This relation must of course correspond to the position and authority which Jesus himself assumed, and the sphere of thought which he occupied, during the particular period when his teachings were being unfolded.

Measuring the extreme growth of Humanity at that particular age, and therefore being connected with the great Body of Mankind as its HEAD, BRAIN, or MIND, he commenced his career, according to the laws of Mental Association and Progression, which we have shown he recognised, by impressing and swaying those members of his Body which stood nearest to him. Even these he acted upon only in such a way as comported with their natural susceptibilities, making them progressively conform to his main design or volition, and proportionally or correspondingly using them as instruments to move others. The mind in the individual organism observes the same order in sending out nervous influence through the system. Jesus being a Jew himself, the Jews were most nearly connected with him by national and fraternal sympathies, and were naturally most accessible as the first subjects of his teachings; and among these he selected a few suitable and susceptible individuals as the receptacles of his first communications. In order not to do violence to the minds of these as standing upon their own specific planes of natural development, he at first withheld many truths, which he subsequently taught them according to their expanding capacities to receive: and in order to make the most natural and economical use of his unfolding influence, he at first circumscribed the communications of his followers entirely to the "lost sheep of the house of Israel."

Completing his sphere of teaching while in the flesh, and becoming perfect in the unity of his interior affections and faculties, and in conjunction with heaven, he ascended to the more perfect abodes of the other world, where the range of his spiritual comprehension doubtless became greatly extended. Still continuing united to Humanity as its Head (owing to the fact that the interests of the great Body of Mankind became woven with the very fibres of his spiritual constitution, and thus became as it were a part of him, while here,) he there, according to previous promise, progressively unfolded the minds of his apostles by pervading them with influences analogous in character to those which modern psychological science shows that spirits in the body, possessing strong powers of volition, may exert over

others. Of these influences as coming from the spirit world, together with their laws and modes of manifestation, we have spoken more extensively in another place.* His theological, moral and social teachings now accordingly and gradually expanded in their range, in their application to the world, and in all points of practical utility, being addressed to "all nations;" and they finally arrived at that stage of development a general representation of which is given in the New Testament. At this stage the development of his teachings was apparently arrested; and as embodied in the writings of the evangelists and apostles, they constitute all that is authoritatively known to the world as CHRISTIANITY. A general description of these teachings, together with their practical bearings and actual results as manifested in the primitive churches, we have endeavored to give in preceding chapters.

The question now comes up, in the true solution of which the world is most deeply interested,—Is Christianity, as embodied in the New Testament, a complete system, sufficiently perfect of itself to supply all the religious, spiritual, and social wants of mankind in all ages subsequent to its development, thus forever precluding the necessity of farther revelations? The laws of universal Association and Progression, which have governed the human mind in its unfolding, from the infancy of the Race to the present time, determining the gradual development of the theological and all other general ideas,—distinctly suggest the answer to this question. And as we have shown that Jesus in all his teachings kept these laws constantly in view, never casting "pearls before swine," but always adapting instruction to the recipient minds in the specific degree of progress in which he found them; and as Christianity itself was thus progressively unfolded to suit the progressive mental wants of those to whom it was addressed, it is probable that when completed as embodied in the New Testament, it was completely adapted to the wants of men at that age, but that it did not go very far beyond them.

The question, therefore, whether the Christianity of the New Testament was complete in itself, and so perfect in its adaptation to all ages and conditions, as forever to preclude the necessity of a subsequent revelation,—may be answered by first answering whether the law of progress ceased in its application to mankind, eighteen hundred years ago? For if the human mind is ever changing and unfolding, and the wisest revelators address it mainly according to its wants and capacities of reception at the time, then it is certain that it will need occasional revelations adapted to its unfolding wants, throughout all the future stages of its progress. Therefore no blind and impulsive reverence for the Christianity of the New Testament, whatever be its exalted excellencies, should close our minds against any important and consistent communications coming either from the interior or outer world, in after times, nor should we even consider such in the light of rival systems.

Though Christianity taught the truth, and we think nothing but the truth, so far as it went, it will be conceded that there are many questions of a theological, spiritual and social nature

*Continued from page 3; Vol. III.

*See the Chapter entitled "The Theology of Jesus," vol. ii. pp. 355, 356.

now continually coming up, which it does not attempt to answer. If it is the nature of Christianity to stifle inquiry on these or any other subjects, and to circumscribe thought to the sphere of its own instructions, it must in this respect be very imperfect and erroneous, having affinity for darkness and mental depression. But such can not be shown to be its nature or tendency, but the opposite is manifestly the fact. Its grand and general object was to *elevate man* from ignorance and degradation; and as it prescribes no limit to that elevation, it follows that any true light on theological, spiritual, social, or any other subjects, that may be subsequently developed in *any possible way*, as independent of its own teachings, is not disapproved, but encouraged and sanctioned, by its own spirit and fundamental objects.

That the records of the New Testament, constituting what is known as Christianity, are inadequate to convince all men who peruse them in *this age*, even of the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul, is manifest in the simple fact that in many instances they fail to do so; and that the system of teaching is not sufficiently potent in itself to harmonize and unite mankind, the present social and sectarian discord and distraction but too fully testify. To talk of human depravity as the cause of this skepticism and disunity, would not mend the matter, because the object of every theological, spiritual, and social system should be to exercise influences and establish those conditions in the world, that may *remove* this depravity; which the teachings of the New Testament, after eighteen hundred years trial, have not yet done.

According to views of Christianity taken in previous chapters, as based upon the simple records of the New Testament, it is quite evident that it was a revelation more to the *affections* than to the *reason* of mankind, which latter was then in a comparatively low stage of development. It consisted of announcements on *personal authority*, more than of expositions of *whys* and *wherefores*. God was announced as the Father of man, and as a pervading invisible Spirit; but the question *how* (this was so, involving the question as to the *mode* of his existence, and his relation to the Universe, (and consequently man's relation to the same,) was left untouched. The doctrine of a future state of existence was constantly recognized, but no exposition was ever given of the *principles* or *causes* on which the truth of this doctrine was based. The doctrine of universal brotherly love was inculcated, but no plans for outersocial arrangements were ever given rendering it possible for this principle to be generally realized to its full extent. In its social bearings, the Christianity of the New Testament simply inculcated the discharge of natural duties between man and man, leaving questions involving the great *general* interests of mankind, such as those pertaining to the arts, sciences, government, &c., entirely untouched. It would have men feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but did not give any plans or suggestions by which the *causes* of human poverty and want might be removed.

Such, then, were the main characteristics of Christianity, not only as taught in the New Testament, but as primitively carried out in practice. So far as it goes, then, it is certainly much to be admired; and not only so, but its *real* principles, aside from all sectarian interpretations, are *absolutely indispensable* to all future generations of mankind. But whilst it was *all that was needed* for the cycle of human development to which it was intended to apply, (even as the same thing may be said relative to the system of Moses,) we think it cannot be denied that many things which it does not include, are absolutely necessary to man in a subsequent cycle of development, (now evidently commencing,) in order to make him the exalted being he is capable of becoming. The Race in *some* stage of its *endless* progress, must inevitably require a revelation to the *Reason* as well as to the affections,—and such a revelation, too, as will pervade, regulate and harmonize all the unfolded human interests, pertaining to every department of individual and social life, and as may unfold principles leading to a solution of all questions, both on mundane

and spiritual subjects, that are within the natural sphere of human inquiry. Without such a revelation, (either from the invisible world, or from the unfolded human spirit in this world,) all human interests cannot be harmonized, and consequently mankind can not be united so that the Kingdom of heaven, (or the same principles of government that prevail in the celestial spheres,) may be established among them.

That it was the design and tendency of the revelation of the New Testament, to prepare the way for a subsequent revelation of this kind, may be believed, not only from the obvious nature of the case itself, but from certain reliable indications in the epistles of Paul, and in the apocalypse of St. John. We have spoken of the "Christianity of the New Testament," as though the teachings of the New Testament did not include all it would be allowable to include under the appellation of Christianity. Our reasons for this phraseology will now become more distinctly obvious. On the idea that Christ was the *Head of Humanity*, and especially of the Christian fraternity, Paul bases the rudimental principles of a splendid theory which is *yet* to be properly unfolded in scientific detail, and rendered practical, respecting social organization and unity. His idea was simply that according to their diverse gifts and qualifications, men should sustain the relations of different members or *organs* of the Body of which Christ was the Head, and should therefore act in sympathy and reciprocity as members also of each other. Rom. xii: 4, 5; 1 Cor. xii.)

In his epistle to the Ephesians, (Chap. iv.) this idea is set forth in comprehensive language. The reader will pardon a lengthened quotation, observing particularly the import of the italicized expressions. After speaking of "one body and one spirit—one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all," as the great original basis of universal unity, he says of Christ:—"When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men. . . And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers,—for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry for the edifying of the *body of Christ*; till we all come, in the *unity* of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a *perfect Man*, unto the measure of the stature of the *fulness of Christ*: that we henceforth be no more *children*, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but, speaking the truth in love, may *grow up into him in all things which is our Head*, even Christ: from whom the whole *Body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth*, according to the effectual working in the *measure of every part*, maketh increase of the *Body* unto the edifying of itself in love."

The doctrine of this passage evidently is, that mankind should form and maintain a fraternal *unity*; that this unity should not be a mere passive, subjective unity of the spirit, built upon mutual concessions and sacrifices of natural passions or affections, but a "unity of the faith" and of true "knowledge," which will bring about a "unity of the spirit" *without* the concessions and sacrifices referred to; that this unity should subsist between differently constituted and qualified individuals, as members or organs of one "*Body*," and that this Body thus constituted should be "edified" and should grow up "unto a *perfect Man*," embodying in himself the "*fulness*" of the principles existing in the individual character of Christ,—and that the whole Body thus fitly joined and compacted together by the effectual working of every individual part, should "make increase," or in other words, continually grow and progress in the understanding and application of all true and essential principles.

There are those in our day who seem to think that associative organizations established with a view to harmonize all human relations, interests, affections and passions, and to make provision for the gratification of all the individual and social wants of man, are contrary to the spirit and teachings of Christianity,

and have a manifest tendency to "infidelity." We would respectfully ask all such to consider the nature and obvious bearings of these teachings of the apostle Paul, and then to answer to themselves the question whether these teachings have any affinity for "infidelity." Certainly if the doctrine of self-sustaining, harmonious association, including provisions for the supply of all human wants, is not here taught by Paul, then the condition of harmonious association upon reciprocal principles, does not exist among the various organs of the individual human body.

That this idea of *social corporeality*, based upon the unperturbed principles of human nature, is a true one, we think every truly benevolent and expanded mind will instantly perceive. But in order that it may be put into practical operation to any thing like its full extent, it is evidently necessary that the whole science of human nature, human resources, natural qualifications, mutual relations, individual and social wants, and governmental organization and rules, must be understood in detail. To have brought together men of necessarily different mental and physical constitutions, without regard to these principles, would manifestly have been a violation of all the laws and principles of human nature; and no abstract idea of Christian brotherly love, or of mutual concessions, could for any great length of time, have prevented fermentations and violent disruptions. There are, it is true, some associate organizations upon a low plane, possessing but little of the science of human nature, in which a considerable degree of harmony prevails; but these, in the nature of things, cannot become universal, nor can they indeed, grow to the stature of a perfect Man within themselves, without modifying, and making great additions to their principles.

But the details of this complicated science of human nature necessary to a realization of the doctrine of social corporeality and unity, Paul did not reveal,—for the obvious reasons that the science was much in advance of the age, and it was therefore probably not given him to understand it himself. Hence that thoroughly organized and "compact" unity of which he speaks, has never existed, or at least has never grown to the stature of a "perfect Man." In the nature of things it never can exist until that knowledge is unfolded by which men can be reclaimed from the perversions of their *real nature*, and arranged, in all their innumerable peculiarities, in their due relations to each other and to all outer things. It would seem therefore, that Paul simply announced the ultimate social result to which the spirit and fundamental principles of Christianity naturally tended, leaving the science, or particular *modus operandi*, by which this result could alone be attained, for a future revelation, when the world might be prepared to receive it. Unless, therefore, this revelation is made, *aside from the revelation of the New Testament*, the result manifestly, though remotely, aimed at in the latter, can never be attained; and any revelation (by which we mean simply an *unfolding of truth*), which may be made in modern days, leading to the accomplishment of this result, is obviously a part of the same system whose *germinal principles* are found in the New Testament.

Paul in another place quite distinctly intimates his expectation of a future revelation, in addition to that then being given forth by himself and his apostolic brethren, as being necessary to accomplish the complete unity of mankind. Speaking of the cycles of human change as bringing, for the time being, opposite allotments for the Jews and Gentiles, he says to the latter, "I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, (lest ye should be wise in your own conceits,) that blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved: as it is written, there shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." (Rom. xi: 25, 26.) That this "Deliverer" was expected to come in the future, seems quite obvious: for whatever was meant by the coming in of the "fulness of the

Gentiles," it is manifest that Paul did not expect that event to take place until after the lapse of a comparative long period. And the ingathering of the Jews by the Deliverer who was expected, could only be accomplished by presenting to them truths such as Christianity, (at least in its first stage of development, as presented in the New Testament,) did not unfold.

There is, we think, unmistakable evidence that Jesus himself in his spiritualized state, after he had, through influences exerted upon the minds of the apostles as already explained, done all that could consistently be done in that age by way of unfolding truths and principles practically applicable to the Race, looked forward to future disclosures that were to be made to mankind, when the principles of which he had furnished the mere rudiments, would be extended, unfolded in detail, and brought into complete and general practical application. Hence near the close of the apostolic administration, and apparently just before the destruction of Jerusalem, he sent his "angel," or as Swedenborg would say, his "subject spirit," to impress the mind of John concerning these things. (Rev. xii: 18.) John being, as he says, "in the spirit," (Rev. i. 10.) and apparently in a psychological state similar to that into which Swedenborg frequently entered, received his impressions of the future mainly through visions and correspondential imagery, frequently having two different and analogous degrees of signification. His prophetic visions were in part fulfilled in events and circumstances attending the destruction of Jerusalem and the abolition of the Mosaic formalities of the temple worship, when the rudimental form of the kingdom of Christ was finally and definitely established, and when the "hour came," when the "true worshippers worshipped the Father," not in Mount Gerizim, nor yet in Jerusalem, "but in spirit and in truth." (John iv: 21, 24.)

It is distinctly evident, however, that a portion of John's visions and prophetic instructions, related to a period long subsequent to the destruction of Jerusalem. This may be particularly said of the xx, xxi. and xxii. Chapters of the apocalypse. From the first part of the xx. Chapter, as also from other passages in the same book, we learn that the "serpent," (called also "the dragon," the "devil," and "Satan,") through whose temptation the first divergence, disunity or "death," of the Race, was caused, was not to receive the "bruise of the head," or mortal wound, at the hands of the "seed of the woman," or Christ, during the first and rudimental stage of the spiritual reign of the latter,—but that he was first simply to be humbled, and his influence curtailed. This is represented by his being bound and cast into the "bottomless pit," and shut up for a "thousand years," doubtless meaning a long though indefinite period. Then after the spiritual kingdom, in which "the souls (or spirits,) of those who were beheaded for the witness of Jesus and the word of God," were to reign with Christ, was finally established, there was to be another divergence, disunity, or "death," of those previously and fraternally united. This is called the "second death," even as the divergence of the Race from the Adamic or Eden state, as explained in our last chapter, was the first death. And the "serpent" or "devil" was not to be finally destroyed until another convergence of the Race, which John foresaw would take place after the completion of the symbolical, "thousand years," and which according to the *eternal laws* of which we spoke in our last chapter, must sooner or later, inevitably take place. Then the serpent, dragon, or Satan, is represented (figuratively of course,) as being "cast into the lake of fire and brimstone," no longer to deceive and disunite mankind. (vs. 10.)

The next vision (vs. 11.) represents the advent of a great judge and ruler, who should adjust and arrange all human relations, both in regard to those who had lived, and who might then be living, on the earth. This will be the "Deliverer" of whom Paul speaks as coming out of Zion and turning away ungodliness from Jacob. He will be a great Christ or Messiah, again organizing and harmonizing in himself all pre-

vicious human attainments, and representing the extreme point to which the Race at his particular age will have grown. Of him that great Prophet and harmoniously constituted teacher of eighteen hundred years ago, and who is now exalted to higher worlds, will be the *spiritual father*, pervading his mind with wisdom, and directing him in his measures and actions, according to psychological laws heretofore explained, and thus *living*, as it were, again in him. He will thus be the spiritual son of Jesus, even as the latter was the spiritual "son of David," David having been the first among the Jewish prophets to distinctly foretell his advent. (Ps. li: 7, 9.)

The next vision represents to John "a new heaven and a new earth,"—meaning prominently, as we conceive, a new theological and social system. The theological system was represented as one in which was recognized "no temple," the Lord God and the Lamb being the temple thereof; (vs. 22.) and the new social state was described under the figure of the "New Jerusalem"—which he saw "coming down from God out of heaven." The new social state was that in which there should be "no more death, (or disunity), neither sorrow, neither crying, neither any more pain." (Chap. xxi.) The theological and social system are represented as being inseparably connected by a marriage, (vs. 9; also Chap. xix: 7;) and that there might be no more disunity or death the "tree of life" was planted in the midst of the city, yielding twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month,—the leaves of the tree being for the healing of the nations. (xxii: 2.)

These visions and prophetic instructions of St. John, shall receive more particular attention in a future article, when we come to show what will probably be the final theological, as determining the character of the final social system. Our only object in referring to them, with other things, at present, has been to show that the Christianity of the New Testament, though perfect in its adaptation to the cycle of human progress to which it was intended particularly to apply, in its very nature and plainly intimated design, makes way for other and farther disclosures adapted to the wants of the more expanded minds of mankind at a subsequent age. It is proper therefore, to dismiss all superstitious reverence for the ancient revelation of Christ and his apostles, as meeting all the spiritual, moral, and social wants of man in all ages, and to set it down for precisely what it is worth, and what its self claims to be, and for no more: and so far from cherishing any jealousies against the innovations of modern discoveries, on spiritual or any other subjects, we should joyfully receive them, according as they commend themselves to our reason and intuitions, as the true harbingers of that peaceful reign of light, and truth, and unity, which Jesus and John themselves predicted, and for which all true lovers of Man and of the Deity, yearn with desires that cannot be uttered.

We care but little what the final system shall be called, whether Christianity or by any other name; it is sufficient for us to know that it will be a system of TRUTH, HOLINESS, and UNIVERSAL LOVE,—though our reasons are already unfolded for believing that it will be, in its most prominent characteristic, a second and vastly higher stage of the development of that system the mere germs of which were implanted in the Race by Jesus and his apostles. We believe, moreover, that when this system is established, mankind will become truly and indissolubly as one Man—that law of association being recognised which brings diversely qualified individuals together as members of one body, according to the idea which Paul originally conceived, but perhaps had neither the science nor the materials to carry out.

The foregoing chapters comprise all we have at present to say directly concerning the character and office of Christ, and the nature, uses, and bearings of Christianity. In writing these chapters, we have endeavored to isolate our thoughts from all prevailing theories concerning Christ and his teachings, and to view the whole subject *de novo*, firmly resolving to follow the

thread of natural and substantial evidence, wherever it might lead us. For ourself we have been unspeakably delighted to find, what we did not really know before, that Christianity is a system so exceedingly beautiful, and so perfectly consonant with all natural law; and we have only now to leave it to the reader to judge candidly aside from all he may have merely been taught by men or creeds, to believe, whether the views we have presented concerning Christ and his system, do not present all that any true mind need really desire to believe, concerning either.

We will next proceed to consider what has been termed the *corruptions* of Christianity and the influences and processes by which they were caused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Psychological Department.

THE INTERIOR NATURE OF MAN.

THE following is extracted from Jung Stilling's "Theory of Pneumatology," a work written perhaps forty years ago,—and is interesting as affording *undesigned* illustration and confirmation of ideas concerning the powers of the human spirit, which we have heretofore labored to set forth in our columns. There are a few things in the extract to which we might perhaps take slight exceptions, but these the reader will discover without our pointing them out, and will refer them to the fact that in Stilling's day, psychological science had not grown to the state of perfection in which it now stands. Stilling was inclined, as also was Swedenborg, to account for certain psychological phenomena upon the supposition of an interference of "evil spirits," a theory which we think may now be proved entirely unnecessary, and contrary to sound philosophy.

It is indispensably necessary, that the rational spirit of man which is immortal, and proceeded forth from God, should have an organ by which it can act upon other beings, and they in return upon it; without this, it would have no knowledge of any thing out of itself, and would be itself a pure nonentity to every other being. Now this organ is ether, which is indestructible by any natural power, and is eternal and unchangeable. The spirit, during its sensible existence upon earth, forms to itself a spiritual luminous body, with which it continues eternally united.

The magnetic facts and experiments above stated prove to a demonstration, the existence of this spiritual luminous body, or the human soul: they further prove that this human soul has need of its gross and animal body, solely with reference to its earthly life, in which man must necessarily stand in reciprocal operation with the sensible or material world, but that it is able without it to think and feel, and to act upon others, both near and at a distance, in a much more perfect manner, and is also more susceptible of suffering and enjoyment. This conclusion must unquestionably arise in the mind of the impartial observer, when he assembles all the various exhibitions which magnetism produces, and then calmly and rationally reflects upon them.

If the human soul during its existence in the material body, from which it is not entirely detached, be capable of such wonderful things; what will its capability be when totally separated from it by death! Let the reader reflect upon this. In dying, the person loses his consciousness, he falls into a perfect trance or profound sleep. As long as the mass of blood is warm and not congealed, all the members of the body continue pliant: as long as this is the case, the soul remains in it; but as soon as the brain and nerves lose their warmth and become frigid, they can no longer attract the ethereal part of the soul, nor retain it any longer; it therefore disengages itself, divests itself of its earthly bonds, and awakes. It is now in the state of a clear-seeing magnetic sleeper, but being entirely separated from the

body, its state is much more perfect: it has a complete recollection of its earthly existence from beginning to end; it remembers those it has left behind, and can form to itself a very clear idea of the visible world, of which it is now no longer susceptible, whilst on the contrary, it is conscious of the invisible world and its objects: namely that part of it to which it belongs, or to which it has here adapted itself. The candid inquirer will easily find that all this follows logically and justly from magnetic experiments, if he be acquainted with them, and duly considers them.

The objection may, and doubtless will be made, that it is still not altogether certain that the somnambulist, in a state of clear-sightedness, makes no use whatever of the brain and nerves in the ideas he forms. The answer to this is, that he certainly does not use his eyes for the purposes of vision, and that he makes just as little use of the other organs of sense for the purpose of feeling: now, as the brain is excited merely by the impressions of the outward senses, it is impossible that this can be the case here. However, in the following pages facts will be stated which undeniably confirm my assertion.

The somnambulist has no perception of anything in the visible world, with the exception of the souls of those individuals that are brought into a corresponding connection, or into rapport with him: through these he learns what passes in the visible world. The soul after death, enters into connection with those that bear the greatest affinity to its own nature: if it enter into this kind of contact with others, it feels a pain, the extent of which corresponds with the degree of difference. Oh happy they that have approached so near to the Redeemer, as to come into connection with him, that is, attain to the felicity of beholding him; they will then be in communion also with all his saints! In this manner, also, those friends who much resemble each other in their moral character, will there abide together, in eternal connection and harmonious union. From the preceding observations, we may therefore comprehend what will be the nature of communication in the world to come. The somnambulist reads in the soul of him with whom he is placed in rapport; there is no need of language for the purpose, and such also is the case after death, that one reads in the soul of the other.

We have to thank animal magnetism, which was discovered about thirty years ago, for all these important developments; but the following are not less important and instructive.

Those persons in particular, who have very irritable nerves and a lively imagination, are very soon translated by animal magnetism, into this state of somnambulism and clearness of vision, by a regular and gentle stroking of the body. By means of this discovery, it is now ascertained, that all the hysterical fits of women, as well as hypochondriacism in men, are nothing more or less than a species of somnambulism, only that it does not arise from artificial manipulation, but from a debilitated constitution.

Therefore when a person falls in fits, either with or without convulsions, so that he loses his consciousness, and sees visions, associates with spirits, and utters the sublimest things, which far surpass his natural sphere of knowledge, it must on no account be regarded as anything divine, but as a real disease, and as an aberration of nature from her regular and prescribed path. All that he says and does must be rationally examined, according to the word of God; seasonable warnings and admonitions should be attended to, but they are never, and by no means divine revelations; not even then, when such a person predicts future things, which come to pass, for he stands in connection with the invisible world; but, as his soul is still attached to the body, the connection is not perfect; he cannot distinguish the images of his own imagination from spirits; he knows and sees much that he did not know and see in his natural state, but it is not all real, much less divine; no regard should be paid to it, but rather every suitable means used to cure him of his

disorder; for these aberrations have generally a distressing termination.

Finally—a person that is holy and devout, by long exercising himself in walking in the divine presence, may fall into this state of magnetic sleep. But the case is very different then: it is immediately evident from what source his expressions flow; and yet even here it is necessary to be extremely cautious, and not regard every thing as a divine communication or revelation. Experience teaches, that persons far advanced in piety may fall into this state of natural magnetic sleep, and enter into connection with good spirits and even angels; but even good spirits do not know every thing, particularly whilst they continue in Hades, and have merely learnt what they know from others. Vain and false spirits frequently interfere on these occasions, and seek to deceive and mislead the seer. These study his inclinations and wishes, and then arrange the communications, imagery, and ideas, in such a manner as to gratify his favorite inclinations. Now if he regards all this as a divine revelation, he will be satisfied that his wishes are agreeable to God, and thus he may fall into the most dangerous errors. The truth and importance of this observation cannot be too pressing urged; for if a man, or even a child, fall into a trance, or any other state of supernatural elevation, and then begin to preach repentance, predict future things, and speaking in a style to which he is naturally incompetent, the common spectator, especially if he is religiously inclined, regards it all as divine influence and revelation: and the poor somnambulist himself believes it also, rejoices at it, is deeply affected by it, thanks God for it, and now the thought secretly arises in his mind, that he is something-particular, and that God has some great object in view with him; he comes into connection with false spirits of light, who strengthen him in such ideas by a variety of delusive imagery, and then the arch-enthusiast is completed. The entrance to this erroneous path has not been sufficiently guarded, the reason of which is, because philosophers and divines either do not understand how to guard it at all, or else not in a proper manner.

I return to the object I had in view, which was the investigation of human nature, and its relation to the sensible world. There are a variety of diseases, which are ascribed to the nerves, and which act upon the ethereal part, or luminous body of the human soul; and when such an individual possesses a lively imagination, incomprehensible things frequently occur. It often happens that such persons do not feel themselves ill; all the vital functions pursue their course unimpeded and without pain; and yet these appearances result from a disordered organization of the body, and consequently form a disease.

These individuals see such appearances, either in a waking state, so that they are fully conscious of every object, and of themselves also, or else they are out of themselves, fall into a trance, and thus into magnetic somnambulism, in which state they see those appearances. But here arises the difficult question, where do those appearances cease, which are merely founded in the nature of man, and where do those commence which have their origin in the invisible world?

It is possible for a person in the state above mentioned to see angels and spirits; he may have intercourse even with God and Christ, and yet all this be a mere delusion of the imagination, for they are only images, which were previously formed in it, except that by disease, they are become equally as lively, as those which we receive through the outward senses. I knew a pious female, who, in a trance, was surrounded with angels, and conversed with them too. At length the angels began to sing, the pious soul sung with them, and what was it? A miserable ballad singer, and a common national air. We have instances on record, of men having traveled about the country, preached repentance, and awakened many from a sleep of sin; and yet all this was the result of a nervous disorder, and of a natural elevation, produced by magnetic sleep.

Poetry.

SCENE FROM "VIA CÆLI;
OR, THE WAY TO HEAVEN."

A Moral Drama in Five Acts.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

POLITIAN—MINISTER.

POLITIAN. But stay. Where did you bury your child?

MINISTER. In the Greenwood Cemetery. A Weeping Willow—fit emblem of our silent sorrow—bends over her grassy little grave!

POLITIAN. How old did you say she was?

MINISTER. Three years and four months.

POLITIAN. The very age of mine! But did she die on her birthday?

MINISTER. No—she died on an April morn, just as the golden sun was rising, clear and bright, over the tranquil world in Heaven.

POLITIAN. It was a blessed time to die; but my dear little child died on the very hour of the very day on which she and I were born—which was the eighteenth day of October. Was not this singular?

MINISTER. It was indeed. But are you in earnest in what you say?

POLITIAN. Before God I am! But this is not all that is singular about her. Eight years before she was born, she came down to me from Heaven in the form of an Angel. She bore a golden harp in her hand—of Heavenly Gold—on which she played most ravishingly—entrancing my soul—singing the sweetest song that I ever heard, or ever will hear, until I hear her sing it again in Heaven.

MINISTER. My dear Friend! let me advise you not to dwell too much upon her loss; I fear it will crase your mind. But the song that you spoke of, was it joyful, or full of sorrow?

POLITIAN. It was, at first, joyful—then sorrowful—with which, as it died away, she went again into Heaven.

MINISTER. Do you recollect the words of that song?

POLITIAN. I remember well the sound of them, and know, very well, from the sweetness of them, that they were the words sung up in Heaven by the Angels.

MINISTER. I know how it was—it was like the VOICE OF RECONCILIATION that comes to a Christian just after he is converted. It was altogether heavenly—you never heard any thing like it before.

POLITIAN. It was the golden melody of Heaven. I heard the Echo, or, as I may say, the Image of it, just after she had learn't the vernacular of her own land's language, after she came down from Heaven again, and was born upon the earth. This heavenly language I heard again on her death-bed, when she lifted up her dying, deep blue eyes to mine, filled with the light of Heaven which can never pass away, and said, beseechingly, "*Father, give me some water!*" Then did I hear the same sorrowful, exploring wail of the song that she sang to me when she came down to me in spirit with the golden harp in her hand. The rising, fading, falling, fainting sweetness of the song that she sang, as she went away into Heaven, was like the dying away into an echo of the song of the soul of him whose hope is full of immortality.

MINISTER. So you believe that the song she sang for you, as she appeared in the spirit, was the image of her life here upon this earth?

POLITIAN. It was antitypal of her life as it was typified to me upon the earth; for, you must recollect that it was preluded out of her lips and out of her harp in the golden radiance of pure joy; then, after it had overflowed my soul with its divine

effulgence, it died away into a dove-like, wailing echo, on whose billowy modulations her glorified spirit ascended again into Heaven. At first, her song stole upon my soul like the shining of the evening star upon the earth—coming when we know it not, although we may be looking at it all the while—it then faded away, in a soul-uplifting, melting melody, like the setting of the New Moon.

MINISTER. But was the Angel, of which you speak, in the form of your child?

POLITIAN. In the very Angel-form of my child before and after her death.

MINISTER. Had she the countenance of your child?

POLITIAN. Her face—her *very looks*—precisely as she looked when she came down from Heaven and was born upon the earth—so much so, that I recognised and knew the same Angel in my child after as before her birth.

MINISTER. Then, you believe that the spirit which you saw in the Vision with the harp, was incarnated into the body of your child here upon earth?

POLITIAN. I know that the spirit which I saw, inhabited her body in its incarnation in the same spiritual manner that it lived before it came down from Heaven upon the earth to vivify it; for, I recognized her for the *same* being, and *knew* her for the same after her birth. This taught me how I shall know her glorified spirit, when I shall meet her again, after death, in the Kingdom of Heaven.

MINISTER. Was this Vision seen in a Dream?

POLITIAN. No—in the broad open daylight—about the hour of noon.

MINISTER. The same hour in which Paul was stricken to the earth by the glory of God. Well, this is truly wonderful! But, was this truly a Vision, or was it merely in the imagination?

POLITIAN. A Vision *not* of the natural eyes, but of the eyes of the soul.

MINISTER. Think you that you were in your right mind?

POLITIAN. More so than I ever was before, or ever have been since, until this hour.

MINISTER. Most true; for no one ever saw such things who was not empowered to see them; and no one ever was empowered to see them who was not *sane*. Methinks if you had been insane before, that the seeing of this Vision would have made you sane.POLITIAN. I had been sick, but was now convalescent—(the Elysium of this poor life—) and was lying in the middle of my bed in the middle of the room, reading the Psalms of David, when this Vision appeared to me. I knew that God had couched my eyes to see it, for with my naked eyes I knew that I could not see a spirit; and, for fear that I was deceived, or, that it might be a *mere delusion*—I placed my hands over my eyes, but the glorious Vision still appeared to me as beautiful as before. Still doubting the truth of the Appearance—thinking, perhaps, that I *might* be deceived—I called my mother into the room, and, crying out in the ecstasy of delight, I said, "*Mother! look up there upon the wall at the beautiful Angels singing and playing upon their harps!*" At which she looked up, intently, for some time, but could discern nothing. She then said, "*My dear! you are distracted! I can see nothing!*" "*Non,*" said I, "*they are gone!*" And they went away just as I have told you. When I turned my face toward the right side of the room, I saw a fountain of crystal water running down the wall, and breaking into a beautiful, musical, cooling and purifying cascade over the looking-glass. I told my mother of the Vision of the little crystal river of beautiful water, at which she smiled just as she had done at the Vision of the Angels. I then bade her go—(to satisfy her of the truth of the Vision)—and hold her hand under the glass. She did so; and I saw the living, crystal water splash down into the palm of her hand.

MINISTER. Well, this is most wonderful, indeed! But you

said there were two Angels together. What became of the other?

POLITIAN. It is now living in the body of my little boy.

MINISTER. But did it unite with the other Angel in singing the song of gladness?

POLITIAN. Yes, he looked glad, and united with his little sister in singing the silver song of living sweetness all the while.

MINISTER. Then have you reason to smile, and not to weep?

POLITIAN. I weep because my little Florence is dead! and because I know that my little Aster can not live long! Oh God! that I could die with them, for I am a-weary of the world!*

MINISTER. Come over the river to-morrow and see me, and we will talk more about this thing. Farewell!—(Exit Minister.)
A Chorus of Angelic Spirits appear to Politian and sing:

SONG OF THE SPIRITS.

Now the Voyager has landed
From the Eternal Light-Sea deep,
While her body here lies stranded
In the grave, no more to weep!
(Voices in Heaven.)—NO MORE TO WEEP!

God-inspired, she heard the silence
Of the Angel-voices say,
In the bright EMBYRIAL ISLANDS
Of the Stars, "Love, come away!"
(Voices in Heaven.)—LOVE, COME AWAY!

To the PURE EARTH of the Angels,
Bought by Plato,† BLESSED ABODE!
Where the Sphere's Divine Evangels
Wash against the feet of God.
(Voices in Heaven.)—THE FEET OF GOD!

*This precious little boy is since dead. The Author of this Drama most solemnly avers that what is here related was an actual occurrence—a faithful record of what took place—as is every thing related in the whole Opera. Part of the Prophecy of the Vision has been, as the rest is to be, fulfilled, as he believes, before his eyes. I repeat again, that this Vision was seen by me, just as here recorded, in the serenest moments of my life.

†Plato speaks of the PURE EARTH above, the abode of Divinity, of Innocence and Life.

THE IRREVERENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,

BY GEORGE S. BURLIGH.

THEY sit—how grievously Thou knowest alone
O Highest Majesty—who, day by day,
Front the full pomp of Ocean's regal sway,
Never ashamed to walk the narrow zone
Of self's debasement,—to breathe, moan by moan,
Their petty griefs, or shriek their pettier fray,
In sound of that magnificent array
And pride of waters round his awful throne!
Nurst in the lap of Earth's almightiness,
And fed with grandeur as with dally food,
Methinks a Soul should mount care-conquerless,
Forth stepping kingly to the heights of Good,
Till men should see his common port confess
The inward power of Nature's magnitude.

Every thing great is not always good, but all good things are great.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,

BY REV. G. W. WARREN.

THE captive, bound in galling chains,
May pant for his redemptive hour,
May sigh at his accursed pains,
Yet fade, and die a blasted flower;
Each whispering breeze
That fain would ease
His heart oppress'd with woe,
But speeds away
That hoped for day,
Nor will not let him go.

The bird of cheerful note and song,
Confined within its narrow cell,
May mourn the passing hour so long,
Whilst exiled from its native dell;
And in bow'r
Full many an hour
The mate responsive sighs,
'Till grief
Fast bring relief,
And hush their mournful cries.

So pilgrims o'er this howling waste,
In sorrow bound, by sin oppress'd,
They breathe the vista hour to haste,
That passport to a sweeter rest;
Religion's ray,
But gilds the way
To captive souls set free;
And marks the road
With faith in God,
A faith, bless'd man, for thee.

TOIL ON.

A cloud may pass above the stream,
And dim its sparkling brightness;
A tempest stay the Sun's mild beam,
As it descends with lightness.

The flower may close its leaves beneath
The moon's cold light in sadness:
The sorrowing bird may cease to breathe
Its notes of joy and gladness.

And thus your hopes may sometimes be
By life's dark ills enshrouded;
But patient toil, and you shall see
Their light again unclouded.

Then brighter will your spirits glow,
When fortune's smile attends you;
Adversity, not as a foe,
But as a friend, God sends you.

For difficulties but excite
The noble soul to action;
And obstacles make glory's light
Resistless in attraction.

Then up and labor undismayed;
Success must crown endeavor;
By doubt and fear be not betrayed;
Press onward, upward, ever.

[NEAL'S GAZ.]

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

THE IRISH PATRIOTS.

WORDS OF CONSOLATION.

It is but a few weeks since our very souls were moved by the intelligence that the people of Ireland were about to make a final and resolute struggle for National Liberty; and now we hear that the master-spirits who devoted themselves so disinterestedly and daringly to the people's cause are condemned to die. What adds to the pain imparted by this information, is that they are condemned in cold blood—not condemned in the heat of battle; condemned by a jury of their own countrymen—not by some foreign enemy; condemned by the testimony of their very brothers, for whom they would have died; and sentenced after the fever of the passions had subsided, and the momentary rebellion was quelled, and the Nation clasped its chains in the torpor and the sullenness of despair. The terrible tragedy of Ninety-Eight has been re-enacted in the middle of the nineteenth century, and Tyranny resorts to the old argument of the scaffold and the sword.

These men have been condemned for their very virtues. They dared, among slaves, to aspire for freedom; they were incorruptible among the venal: they were, many of them, allied by birth and opulence and position to the oppressing classes: and while others around them bartered their consciences to the enemy for gold or place or title, these laid eloquence, learning, wealth, all the prospects of a brilliant futurity on the altar of the public good: they cast in their lot with the suffering and the oppressed, and were content to perish with them if they failed to win their freedom. They have failed in their enterprise, and must pay the penalty of failure—must submit to be called rash by the cowardly, and reckless by the irresolute—but when we calmly consider their position, when we look at the causes that conspired to move their pity and to kindle their hopes, we shall render a fairer verdict—shall own that their cause was neither reckless nor unwarranted.

How great were the causes that aroused their pity! They had just seen the Famine and the Pestilence sweep, hand in hand, over their Nation. They had gone out and beheld the dead lining the way sides, and choking up the cemeteries. They had entered hamlets once swarming with population, but now deserted save by the unburied corpses and the wild dogs ravening over their skeleton remains. Wherever they had gone, the most appalling evidences of misrule and tyranny had stared them in the face. They could not conceal the fact that a million of men, women and children had been starved to death or otherwise destroyed in less than three years; first, by the exportation of food when the people were famishing for the want of it: and second, by the refusal of the authorities to interpose effectually for their relief. He who could have traversed unhappy Ireland in the extremity of her distress, and not been melted into grief, and aroused into efforts for redress, must have been degraded below the level of Humanity.

Then, too, mighty causes combined together to foster the belief that Ireland might be redeemed, and to justify them in their undertaking. The English government stood aghast and trembling before the great outbreak on the Continent that was sweeping thrones and dynasties to one common ruin. Its finances were in a critical and embarrassed state, and seemed to hover over the abyss of bankruptcy. The Chartists, to the number of more than a million of armed men, had assumed a threatening atti-

tude. At home the peasantry every where seemed desperate, and prepared for any emergency. The saying had passed to a proverb among them, "Die we must, and why not as well by the bayonet as by starvation." Eighty thousand had organized into clubs and provided arms. Then great mass meetings, assembling all over the Island, seemed animated by one spirit, and the cry went pealing up, Liberty or Death. They were sure of men and money and arms, both from France and America, and had reason to expect that if they formed a provisional government, and succeeded in holding their own for a few months, the old and the new Republics would support them by a formal recognition. Above all, they felt that their cause was just, and that heaven's blessing was upon it.

But their enterprise has proved a failure. Denounced by the priesthood, abandoned by the peasants, betrayed by hired informers, of their own faith and their own blood, they have submitted to the alternative that they saw before them, and dared from the beginning—submitted, too, with all fortitude, courage and resignation—true to the good cause, true to each other, to the very last.

But has their enterprise proved a failure? It seems so to them, and to the world, but from our higher stand-point there breaks in upon us a prospect that is suggestive of consolation and of hope. It is a law of nature that when a true man begins a scheme for human redemption, whether physical or moral, he always in the end wins a glorious triumph. Even though he dies a martyr to his idea, even though his work appears for a time to be trodden under feet, he is certain of a final victory. The Emmets, the Fitzgeralds of the old time—ascended spirits now,—are still Ministering Angels to the land they loved. They infused their energy and endurance into the Mitchells, the Meaghers, the O'Briens of our own time, and these too, even though they die on the scaffold, shall yet see of the travail of their souls and shall be satisfied. Purified and illuminated by the divine influence of the heavens, they shall walk, invisible yet glorious, over the bloody places of their ancient conflict, till at last the work is accomplished for which they lived and bled.

Contending as we are, with a more deadly but less obvious foe to the interests of the Race: engaged in a warfare whose weapons are spiritual, and whose great end is Universal Unity: ourselves branded and opposed by misjudging brethren, who seek the ruin both of ourselves and our cause, we cannot but feel a kindred and sympathy with these heroic brothers across the sea. And while we freely express our opinion that all War, all Force, all Retaliation is evil, and therefore dissent from the method in which they sought redress, we would yet give utterance to the admiration which we feel for disinterested virtue, magnanimity, endurance, and the truest heroism.

To the unsealed vision of the spiritualist our world presents this day a glorious and wonderful sight. The great work of Redemption, which has for its final object the making of every man like Jesus Christ, and every institution a blessing, and every land a paradise, and every heart a heaven, does not depend on mere visible and human efforts for its accomplishment. The great champions of human virtue and unity from the dawn of time, the saints, the prophets, the heroes, the martyrs, the philanthropists, form one church, one host, one brotherhood. They even now are making the earth the theater of conflict and deliverance. They have one great and organized design, and that is to make Earth a second Heaven. According to human bent and capacity is the measure and the nature of their influence. Jesus, and John, and Stephen, Howard, and Oberlin, and Penn—the divine men and women of all ages—walk this earth—mingle with us—enter our homes—surround us with holy influences, and daily and hourly strive to fill us with true ideas and feelings and purposes—to bring us into inward harmony and outward usefulness—to make us intelligent and willing instruments for the accomplishment of their vast and beneficent designs.

Whenever a good man dies in his holy work, he does not leave it. He only retires from human vision into the interior and eternal world—and there, in daily contact with his former associates—even his former enemies—he labors on, calm, confident, and finally triumphant.

We can not mourn then, even if Mitchell and O'Brien, and their noble compeers, perish in their youthful and warm-hearted bravery. Rather would we welcome them to a new field of labor for the common good. For what we have said of this thing is matter of positive and fixed knowledge, and we know that the blood of Humanity's Martyrs is the seed of the Universal Church.

T. L. H.

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT writing us from Wright's Corners, Niagara County, N. Y., propounds some queries relative to certain points of psychological philosophy which have been set forth in our columns, which, as they have occurred in substance to many other minds, deserve, in this place, to be candidly considered and carefully answered. Speaking of Mr. Davis' "initiator vision" recently published in our columns, our correspondent says:

"I cannot regard it as any thing more than a somnambulist night walk and dream, and therefore entitled to no more credence, or higher rank among dreams than other somnambulist phenomena. I do not believe that he *actually* saw and conversed with Swedenborg or Galen, as he states; but that he dreamed he saw and conversed with them, I have no doubt. I have not yet been able to perceive why, or on what account, *particular* dreams, more than *all* dreams, should be thought by any persons, of good or evil portent. The admission proves too much. If the mind during sleep, at any time, is conversant with the realities of a future or higher state of being, thus proving in any sense the immortality of the soul, *all* dreams must of necessity partake of the same character.

"The common sense of mankind has long since decided against the *validity* of *all* dreams, and for the most obvious reasons, viz: the men of genius in all ages have been found best qualified to propound theories of practical utility while in a *waking* state. What results may be brought to light through the magnetic influence, I am not yet prepared to determine. I have one of Davis' books, and have read it carefully twice, but am still hesitating to decide upon its merits only as a *scientific* work. More light on the subject will be gratefully received.

Truly yours,

J. H. BENNETT.

We would request our correspondent, and all others to whom the difficulties he suggests may have occurred, to institute the question in the depths of their own interior thoughts, What is the philosophy of a "somnambulist night walk, or a dream?" It is, we think, self-evident that somnambulism and dreaming (which are but different modifications of the same phenomenon,) are produced by *causes* and governed by *laws* as absolute as those relating to any other natural occurrences. A denial of this proposition would be a virtual affirmation of the doctrine of *chance*, which if admitted in *one* instance, may as well be admitted in *all*. It is equally evident that the phenomena referred to, are, in their peculiar features, in all instances, exact *representations* of the causes (simple or complicated,) which produced them,—this remark being equally true with reference to all other natural phenomena. So far we presume our correspondent and all others will perfectly agree with us.

Now let us inquire, what is the immediate and general cause of the phenomena of dreaming, both as confined to the mind itself, and as outwardly expressed in those movements of the body characterizing somnambulism? The unavoidable answer is, *an action in the refined essence pervading the brain*. It makes but little difference whether we call this essence the nervous influ-

ence, organized galvanism or magnetism, the substance of the mind, the soul, the spirit, or by any other name, so long as we are satisfied that it is the immediate subject and vehicle of *thought*, as the more gross and tangible substance of the brain can not be. Now this action upon the interior essence, or nervous influence, must necessarily be caused by conditions existing within the body or without it, or by both combined; and the dream will always necessarily correspond in its peculiarities, to what resided within its *cause*, (simple or complicated,) and of which it is a mere *outgrowth*. If the cause is, in its elements, disunited, confused, and inconsistent, owing to an inharmonious condition of the body or outer influences, the effect—the dream—will be equally disunited and inconsistent; but if all the elements of the cause are in unison, the dream will be consecutive and consistent.

Now let it be observed that dreams, whatever be their specific character, are always operations of the *mind*, or of the same principle that engages in consecutive thought in the *waking* state. The only difference between dreams and thoughts in the waking state, consists in the difference in the *conditions* of the thinking principle with reference to the external organs of sense. When the external organs of sense are all closed, the mind is acted upon by refined and subtle agencies, consisting of imponderable substances emanating from sources not immediately included within itself, which substances, owing to their refinement, are capable of impinging upon, or commingling with, its own essence; whereas, in the waking state, the mind is only reached *indirectly*, through the medium of physical organs, such as the eye, the tympanum, the cuticle, and the lingual and nasal membranes.

Now the mind, even in the waking state of the body, only has *correct* and *reliable* thoughts, when those conditions (interior and exterior,) which constitute the *causes* of its thoughts, are consistent, united and harmonious. This is certainly self-evident. So then, we may say, that when those conditions and influences which *cause* thought when the external senses are *closed* by *sleep*, are consistent, united, and harmonious, the thought itself, which we call a dream, must be equally consistent and truthful, inasmuch as it is necessarily a precise *outgrowth* and *representation* of its producing cause.

The only reason why dreams are so frequently disconnected and inconsistent is, because the causes which produce them, being so much more subtle and *refined* than those which produce thought in the waking state, are therefore necessarily more *complicated*, and hence much more liable to be *disunited* and *inharmonious*. But when these causes are united and harmonious, as they sometimes are, they may, owing to their very refinement and subtlety, give *higher* results than can be given by the more *gross* operations of the mind, merely through the external organs of sense, while the body is in the waking state.

Our correspondent, then, may be enabled to conceive why "*particular* dreams," or thoughts of the mind while the body is in a *sleeping* state, should be thought reliable, "*more than all* dreams," on the same principle by which he would account for the fact that *particular* thoughts more than *all* thoughts of the same mind while the body is in a *waking* state, are true and reliable.

But to be more specific: Dreams, or visions, or impressions upon the mind while the external senses are closed, either wholly or in part, may be caused either by conditions in the interior organs of the body disturbing the functions of digestion and circulation, and thus oppressing or unduly exciting the nervous system; by the prolongation, and generally, heterogeneous recombination, of thoughts vividly passing through the mind during the few hours preceding slumber; by the revival and elemental recombination of past memories; by the gentle whispering of another person into the ear of the sleeper, or, as in magnetic slumber, by the direct and sympathetic infusion of the thoughts of another person, into the mind. In the latter case,

mind, through its refined and subtle essence, acts directly upon mind. In this way almost any thought may be transferred to the properly susceptible somnambulist, and almost any scene vividly imagined by the mind in communication with it, may be made to pass before it. This latter assertion is made upon the authority of innumerable and well known facts, which our correspondent, and all others, may reproduce by instituting the proper experiments. Admitting the organized existence of that interior essence which we call the mind, *after* the dissolution of the tangible body, (we have no room for proof now,) the phenomenon last referred to renders it extremely probable that the mind in that disengaged state, can, upon the same principle, act upon minds still residing in the tangible body, more or less perfectly, according to the peculiar condition and degree of refinement pertaining to such minds.

It is thus evident that impressions received in dreams, or in a state of somnambulism, may be either such as are *within*, or *beyond* the reach of the mind in its ordinary state as referable to the prolongation and recombination of sensuous impressions, to the action of outer circumstances unknown to the senses, or to the influence of *other minds*, existing either *in* or *out* of the body.

But the question now arises, how are we to determine upon the import or reliability of impressions thus coming to mind when the outer senses are closed? We answer, in precisely the same way in which we would decide upon the propriety and reliability of impressions coming in the ordinary way—by the intrinsic character of the impressions themselves. To illustrate: if we look upon a sheet of paper impressed with type promiscuously set, without regard to the formation of consecutive words or sentences, we receive no definite idea, and we know that the *cause* of the impression upon the paper, was disconnected with any intelligent design or wise direction. The type may be so arranged as to form consecutive words or sentences, such as represent to the mind distinct ideas; but those ideas nevertheless, may seem absurd and preposterous, and will be accordingly rejected. Finally the type may be so arranged as to represent ideas of the most consistent, sublime and useful character, altogether beyond the power of the mind perusing them, to originate within itself. In this case the person perusing the impressions made by the type, will receive instruction which may be highly profitable, and he will *know* that these words and sentences represented upon the paper, were originally arranged by *another mind*, and one possessing wisdom superior to his own.

Now it is precisely in this way that we may decide upon the import, reliability, or worthlessness of those types, correspondences, words or sentences, impressed upon the mind while the outer senses are closed. In the first place no reliance can be placed upon a dream or somnambulist vision, if it is *confused* and can not be *read*. In the second place, even if it is consecutive and consistent *in itself*, no reliance should be placed upon it if it is contrary to known facts and principles, and does not suggest any important and consecutive idea. But if it tells a consecutive story consistent with the highest philosophy, and gives suggestions either with reference to the present or future, which the mind intuitively decides upon as rational and important, there may, as peculiarities in the *nature* of the impression may determine, be any degree of confidence placed in it that could on similar principles be placed in any impression coming through the outer senses. We may add that *true* interior impressions generally leave an indescribable *consciousness* of their truth upon the mind.

Now there are these peculiarities in the "vision" of Mr. Davis. In the first place, it was consistent, consecutive, and *readable* throughout, and unfolded ideas, and representations of future occurrences, which no one at the time could have pronounced *untrue*, and which if true, were of great importance. In the second place, the ideas which it conveyed were greatly be-

yond the power of Mr. Davis at the time, to originate in his own mind, or to conceive without the assistance of another mind. For illustration we would refer to the admirable philosophy which Mr. D. attributes to Galen. In the third place, the general prophecy respecting Mr. D's future career presented in the vision, has met, and is meeting, with an exact fulfilment.

The conclusion, therefore, seems to be irresistible, that the vision was caused by some *intelligent influence superior* to Mr. Davis' own mind; and the question whether it was a "dream" or a "somnambulist night walk," is of little importance so long as it is *certain* that it was an exact outgrowth from the independent *cause* or *causes* which produced it. What we have said, however, relative to the principles and phenomena of magnetic somnambulism and sympathy, not only shows it to be *possible*, but renders it quite *probable*, (admitting the doctrine of a future existence,) that Galen, Swedenborg, and others, acted directly upon Mr. D's mind, and gave him a consciousness of their presence, and their thoughts, as represented in the vision.

With respect to Mr. Davis' book, we would merely say that if nearly eight hundred consecutive pages of the noblest conceivable philosophy, of which the author knew *absolutely nothing* while in his normal state, was *dreamed* into existence, then dreaming has in one instance at least, been of some importance. Our limits, at present, forbid farther remarks. w. v.

AN ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENT.

In view of the present inequalities existing between labor and capital, and the tyranny of the latter over the former, any just and judicious efforts on the part of the down trodden to regain their natural position in society, and to secure the due reward of their honest toil, can not but be looked upon with interest by the philanthropist and reformer. To such efforts there are many obstructions, arising from the jealousies of those who are lolling in indolent ease, fattening upon the productions of the poor man's toil, and who practically regard their brothers less fortunate in a worldly sense than themselves, as mere tools or machines, created by Providence to subserve the purposes of their aristocratic ambition:

An aggravated, though by no means singular instance in point, occurred a few months since in Lowell. A number of operatives in the mills, for the purpose of economizing as much as possible, the products of their toil, conceived the project of establishing an "Associative Grocery Store," on principles which would enable them to procure their provisions at a small advance upon wholesale prices. A wealthy capitalist and extensive owner in the mills, hearing of the project, peremptorily forbade its execution, threatening to discharge every operative in his employ who might persist in efforts to carry it out,—alleging as a reason that its tendency would be to *decrease the value of real estate!*

The soul thus shrivelled, and deadened to all the noble and generous impulses of philanthropy, and circumscribed in its action to the narrow sphere of selfish ambition, is deserving of commiseration rather than indignation; and the efforts of philanthropists and reformers should be to change that *system of things* which necessarily creates such selfishness. In the efforts to accomplish this great work, there will necessarily be small beginnings and perhaps some failures; but wisdom and perseverance are omnipotent, and will finally prevail.

These remarks were suggested by noticing a recent movement on the part of a few journeymen tailors and tailoresses in this city. The nature of this movement, together with the objects and prospects its projectors have in view, will be understood by their own statement, which we find in the New-York Tribune as follows:

"MR. GREELEY: Twelve tailoresses who have, up to this time, tried hard to get a little flesh on their bones, by working from twelve to fourteen hours a day, for starving wages—four jour-

neyemen coat makers, and four journeymen pantaloons makers, twenty in all, met in a garret a little while ago and agreed to form an Association, take a small place in some by-street, and ask people who want coats, pantaloons or vests made, to allow the Association to make them at prices which, while they will enable the operatives to eat a larger allowance of bread and beef, will be as low as those now asked by what are called the "cheap shops." These tailors and tailoresses know their business, they think. If they do not, the public will find out the fact speedily. If they do, a small share of public patronage will enable them to go to market like other and more fortunate people, and become more intimate with the bakers than they now are. The stock in trade of the Association is a good cutting-board, an excellent pair of shears, and a skilful pair of hands to wield them; willingness to work and ability to work well on the part of the other operatives; and not a little hopefulness and confidence that the enterprise will receive some encouragement and support from the public. The shop of the Association is at No. 5 Liberty-court, formerly called Little Green-street, which runs from Maiden-lane to Liberty-street, a door or two above Nassau-street. A. H. Van Pelt, one of the members of the Association, is the Cutter, and will attend to the business of the establishment.⁷

This movement is small and simple, it is true, but if it succeeds, its *example* may be productive of great results. May it meet with the encouragement from the public which it deserves.

W. F.

Communication.

CAPITAL---LABOR---TALENT.

[We do not think that our friend Hine, has *entirely* succeeded in illustrating the true relations between Capital, Labor, and Talent, in the following communication: However, his remarks will serve to stimulate thought upon the subject to which they relate, and will thus do good. We thank him for his favor, and hope to hear from him frequently.]

W. F.]

EDITORS UNIVERCELM:

MANY Reformers are somewhat in the fog concerning the relation which Capital and Talent should sustain to Labor. On the one hand the right of Capital and Talent to a portion of the profits in Association, is denied; and on the other hand, this right is asserted on the apparently plausible reason that as Capital increases the facility of production, it should share in the profits. For instance, the capitalist introduces a machine which the Association employs, and thereby increases the amount of production of a certain article ten, twenty, or an hundred fold; therefore the capital invested in this machine should receive a portion of the profit.

If the precise question be fairly stated, I will proceed to throw some light upon the subject by a mathematical illustration.

There is an island containing 1,000,000 acres of excellent land, and 400,000 industrious and economical inhabitants, 200,000 of whom supply all their wants by cultivating the soil in equal portions. At the usual estimate of five persons to a family there are 40,000 families or proprietors of the land, each holding 25 acres. Suppose six hours labor per day for each able bodied person, sufficient to produce all that the whole population need,—which would be the extent to which wealth could be created there, because we suppose them to have no outlet to foreign countries for surplus produce. The remainder of the inhabitants, (200,000) are engaged in Manufacturing and Mechanical industry, and receive their food and raw material from the farmer in exchange for manufactures.

Now, suppose 10,000 of the 40,000 Agriculturists, instead of devoting the usual period to intellectual pursuits, labor on their farms nine instead of six hours per day, and gain accordingly. Suppose the surplus income of each family performing equal

portions of labor, to be \$500 per annum, making the whole aggregate product of the island \$40,000,000; but the 10,000, by laboring nine hours per day, get \$7,500,000, instead of the equal portion of \$5,000,000, which they would get by laboring six hours.

Here, then, are \$2,500,000 surplus agricultural produce thrown into competition with the \$20,000,000 produced from all the farms. How much would this amount of competition reduce the price? It is twelve and a half per cent on the \$20,000,000; suppose it reduces the price at which the whole produce will sell, six per cent; it therefore diminishes the facility with which the remaining 30,000 can supply their wants, six per cent. Now these 10,000, with their surplus capital of \$2,500,000, come before the public and claim six per cent. for the use of the capital which they have procured by diminishing the means of the rest six per cent. in one year! Justice demands of the capitalist the gratuitous expenditure of his wealth, thus obtained, for the public good, because he has acquired it at the public expense.

But it may be said that the reduction in the price of food would enable the manufacturer to sell his goods to the farmer at lower rates, and consequently, the six per cent. is not lost to the 30,000. This can not be the case; for the supposition is that the wants of all are supplied, and the only effect of the \$2,500,000 surplus food, is to reduce the price thereof so that the consumer can afford more expensive tables from the produce of his manufactures. He only consents to consume this additional amount in consideration of its being purchasable at no greater outlay of expense;—that is, \$22,500,000 worth, at the old rates, are commanded for \$20,000,000.

But to change the illustration somewhat, suppose there be one thousand of the eighty thousand responsible heads of families, who possess extraordinary talent and skill, by the use of which they obtain one thousand additional farms, and render one thousand families landless and homeless. These no longer have land on which to raise their \$500 of surplus produce; they therefore sell their labor to the one thousand who have double farms, for a surplus of \$250 per year. In this case, these men of talent make \$500 from the farm that is rightfully their own, and \$250 from the laborer who is hired to till the additional farm,—making \$750, besides all they make by the employment of their superior talent in trading with the weak or unsuspecting. They are thus enabled to add farm to farm, and increase the number of dependent laborers who come in competition with each other in the labor market, and thus wages are reduced to the exclusive advantage of the capitalist.

The consequence of this course, after a few years is, that pauperism and crime cost this community, all told, about \$2,000,000, which is five per cent. on the annual income of \$40,000,000. The effect, therefore, of the employment of great talent in selfishness, and the rewarding of talent and skill, is at the expense of the mass. The five per cent of the aggregate income that the talented have been enabled to gain, is the five per cent. that pauperism and crime, caused by their course, cost the people. It would have been better for the community to have paid their men of talent five per cent. of their earnings for no service whatever, than to repair the wrong they have done by punishing crime and feeding those they have beggared.

Herein we see the folly of paying capital and talent. The question, it seems to me, is clearly answered, and no further remarks are called for at present.

There is in this subject a wide and intricate field of thought, and it is hoped all thinkers will give it some attention. Out of its investigation are to spring some new developments of moral truth, which will more generally diffuse the means of life, and cause all wants to be supplied. The capitalist trained to abhor injustice, will employ his wealth to promote the common weal when he shall be convinced that it was earned by the sweat and privation of others, and not of himself.

Yours for Humanity,

L. A. HINE.

Miscellaneous Department.

"THE POOR MAN."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

ONE DAY a Rich Man came to a Poor Man, who stood talking by the roadside.

It was where a fountain gushing from the rocks, and half shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust, and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel; a diamond shone above his young forehead, amid the curls of his chestnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men, toiling in the harvests of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvests were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that Palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold and silver—ALL were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast, was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor Man who stood talking by the roadside, was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests, blooming in the lap of emerald vallies—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace, lifting its white dome into the sunset heaven, from amid a grove of palms—and yet the Poor Man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a Wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men, who listened to him with great earnestness, and hung upon every word, as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men; the very poorest of the poor; some clad in rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitiful with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind, looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair, covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks, touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it, with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and perfumed hair, and jeweled robes, were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power, wielded by this Poor Man, had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hand to his fair fore-

head. With all his wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from the leper's sores; the curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed, and pressed his hand to his brow, and shuddered within his robes of pride.

He was unhappy.

Quickening his footsteps, he drew near the Poor Man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear enchained by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "MASTER!"

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "MASTER" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands, and said in a tremulous voice,—

"Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

It was in these words that the burden of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death, to have a hold on Immortality!

The Poor Man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the face of the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palace, with slaves thronging before its portals,—and last of all, upon the crowd of miserable men, who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God, embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undisguised suspense, the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke:

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man, retreated backward and bowed his head, as suddenly as though some one had smote him on the forehead.

"Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor!"

It was as though he had said,—

You have a Palace, Rich Man! Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man! Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests, with the labor of hopeless bondage, and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, rich man, and flocks of sheep, upon every hill. Let the fleece of your sheep clothe these naked ones, let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones some nourishment, some life!—Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are, as much entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself!

And as the Poor Man spoke his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man recoiling from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the

hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him, and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The Rich Man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life, and Immortality in the next.

A LEGEND OF THE APOSTLE JOHN.

Suggested by a well known Anecdote in the History of Eusebius.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

[CONCLUDED.]

Again the tempter said, "Thy Epicurean philosophy is more in harmony with nature. Pleasure is the only good." Then he remembered the parting words of St. John, "Good is the only pleasure." A better influence glided into his soul, and a still small voice within him whispered, "Thou hast no need to compare philosophies and creeds, to know whether it be good to dishonor her who trusts thee, or by thy selfishness to bring a stain on the pure and persecuted faith of the Christians. Restore the maiden to her home." The tempter veiled his face and turned away, for he felt that the young man was listening to an angel.

With a calm, sad voice spoke the tempted one, as he gently and reverently removed the beloved head from his breast. Taking Miriam by the hand, he led her out from the deep shadow of the trees, to the little rill that gurgled near by, and gathering water in his hands, he offered her to drink. As she stood there in the moonlight, drinking from his hand, the shadow of the vines danced across her face, and fluttered gracefully over the folds of her white dress. At that moment, when the thought of danger was far from them both, an arrow whizzed through the air, and with a groan the maiden fell backward on the arm that was hastily extended to save her from falling.

They were standing near a portion of Mt. Prion, whence marble had been dug for the numerous edifices of the city. It was full of grottoes, with winding mazes blocked up with fragments of stone. The first thought of Antiorus was to retreat hastily from the moonlight that had made them visible, and the next was to conceal his senseless burden within the recesses of the grotto, here and there made luminous by fissures in the rocks. Carefully he drew the arrow from the wound, and bound it tightly with his mantle. He gathered water from the dripping cavern, and dashed it in her face. But his efforts to restore life were unavailing. Regardless of his own safety, he would have rushed back to the city and roused his friends, but he dare not thus compromise the fair fame of her who had loved him so purely, though so tenderly. Perhaps the person who aimed the arrow might have mistaken them for others; at all events, they could not have been positively known. In a state of agonized indecision, he stepped to the entrance of the grotto, and looked and listened. All was still, save the pattering of water-drops. Presently he heard a sound, as of feet descending the path from the mountains. With long strides, he bounded up to meet the advancing stranger, and with energetic brevity begged for assistance to convey a wounded maiden to some place of safety, away from the city. The stranger said he had companions, who would bring a litter from the mountains, and he turned back to summon them. The minutes seemed hours to Antiorus, till his return; for though all hope of restoring the precious life was well nigh extinct, he felt continual dread of being discovered by

the unseen foe, who had aimed the fatal arrow. At last, the promised assistance came, and they slowly ascended the mountain with their mournful burden. After pursuing a winding rugged path for some distance, they entered a spacious cavern. A lamp was burning on a table of rock, and several men were stretched on the ground sleeping. The litter was gently lowered, and Antiorus bent in agony over the senseless form so lately full of life and love. Not until every means had been tried that ingenuity could devise, would he believe that her pure and gentle spirit had passed from its beautiful earthly frame forever. But when the last ray of hope departed, he gave himself up to grief so frightfully stormy, that the rude dwellers in the cave covered their eyes, that they might not witness the terrible anguish of his sensitive and powerful soul. In his desperate grief, he heaped upon himself all manner of reproaches. Why had he sought her love, when it was almost sure to end unhappily? Why had he so selfishly availed himself of her tenderness, when the world would judge so harshly of the concessions she had made to love? Then, in the bitterness of his heart, he cursed the world for its false relations, its barriers built on selfishness and pride. But soon, in the prostration of deep humility, he forgave all men, and blamed only his own over-leaping nature. Through all his changes of mood, ran the intensely mournful strain, "Oh, my beloved, would to God I had died for thee!"

But it is kindly ordered that human nature cannot long remain under the influence of extreme anguish; its very intensity stupifies the soul. When Antiorus became calm from exhaustion, the man who had guided him to the mountain spoke in low tones of the necessity of burial. The mourner listened with a visible shudder. While he could gaze on her beautiful face, so placid in the sleep of death, it seemed as if something remained to him; but when that should be covered from his gaze forever, oh how fearfully lonely the earth would seem! By degrees, however, he was brought to admit the necessity of separation. He himself gathered green branches for the litter, and covered it with the fairest flowers. He cut a braid of her glossy hair, and his tears fell on it like the spring rain. In a green level space among the trees, they dug a deep grave, and reverently laid her within it, in her peasant robes. The doves cooed in the branches, and a pleasant sound of murmuring waters came up from the dell below. The mourner fashioned a large cross, and planted it strongly at the head of the grave. He sought for the most beautiful vines, and removing them in large sods, twined them about the cross. He sobbed himself to sleep on the mound, and when his companions brought him food, he ate as though he tasted it not.

The strong ardent nature of the young Greek, his noble beauty and majestic figure, commanded their involuntary respect, while the intensity of his sorrow moved even their slow sympathies. But when several days had elapsed, their leader began to question him concerning his future prospects and intentions. The subject thus forced upon his reluctant thoughts was a painful one. He dared not return openly to Ephesus; for whether his secret interviews with Miriam had been suspected by her family, or not, her sudden disappearance, connected with his own, must of course have given rise to the most unfavorable rumors. Of the effect on the little community of Christians, already so unpopular, he thought with exceeding pain. And these dark, suspicious-looking men, that dwelt in the caverns, who were they?

They soon resolved his doubts on this subject, for their leader said boldly, "We are robbers. You are in some way implicated in the death of this young woman, and you dare not return to Ephesus. Remain with us. We have seen your strength, and we like your temper. Stay with us, and you shall be our leader."

The proposition startled him with its strangeness, and filled his soul with loathing. He on whose fair integrity no stain had

ever rested, he become a robber! He, who had so lately sat at the feet of the holy apostle, and felt in his inmost heart the blessed influence of the words, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you"—was it proposed to him to arm himself against unoffending brethren? Concealing his abhorrence, by a strong effort, he thanked the robber for the kindness he had shown him in his great distress, and promised to repay him for it; but he told him mildly that his habits and feelings alike unfitted him for a life like theirs. He would return to Ephesus, and consult with friends concerning his future plans. The men seemed dissatisfied with their leader's courtesy to the stranger, and grumbled something about his going to guide the magistrates to their cavern in the mountains. Antiorus turned proudly toward them, and with strong convincing earnestness replied, "You cannot deem me base enough thus to recompense your kindness." His voice became lower and deeper with emotion, as he added, "Reverently and tenderly you have treated her who sleeps; and the secret that thus came to my knowledge shall never be revealed. I would die rather than divulge it." The men stood silent, awed by the dignity of his bearing and the clear truthfulness of his words. After a slight pause, their leader said, "We believe you; but there are doubtless those in Ephesus who would pay a handsome sum to gain tidings from you. You may keep your secret, if you like; but it cannot be concealed that you and the beautiful maiden were no peasants. What if we put the magistrates on your track?"

Looking him openly and fearlessly in the eye, Antiorus replied, "Because you have not so lost your manly nature. A voice within you would forbid you to persecute one already so crushed and heart-broken. You will not do it because I am in your power, and because I trust you." This appeal to the manliness that remained within them, controlled their rough natures, and the bold frankness of his eyes kindled their admiration. Clapping his hand with rough cordiality, the leader said, "We will not inform against you, and we will trust you to go to Ephesus." "Let him seal his promise by an oath to Hecate and the Furies," murmured several voices. The leader folded his arms across his breast, and answered slowly and proudly, "The simple word of such a man is more sacred to him than the most terrible oaths." The countenance of the impetuous young Greek became at once illuminated. Seizing the hand of the robber-captain, he said, "My friend, thou art worthy of a better occupation." "Perhaps so," replied the other, with a deep sigh; "at least, I thought so once."

* * * * *

Under the shadow of evening, and disguised in dress, Antiorus ventured to return to Ephesus. The first house he entered was the one adjoining the gardens, where he had so often listened to Miriam's harp. The moment he was recognised, all eyes looked coldly on him. "Why hast thou come hither?" said his once friendly host. "Already has my house been searched for thee, and I am suspected of aiding thy designs by bringing thee within hearing of the gardens. Curse on thy imprudence! Were there not women enough in the streets of Ephesus, that thou must needs dishonor one of its wealthiest families?"

In former times, the sensitive young man would have flashed fire at these insulting words; but now he meekly replied, "You judge me wrongfully. I loved her purely and reverently." His friend answered sarcastically, "Perhaps you learned this smooth hypocrisy at the meetings of the Christians; for there, I understand, to my great surprise, it has been your habit to attend. What name they give to such transactions I do not care to know. It is enough to say that you are no longer a welcome guest in my house." For a moment a deep flush went over the young man's expressive countenance, and his eye kindled; but he turned away, and silently departed; lingering a moment with fond reluctance, on the steps of the terrace he had so often mounted rapidly, buoyant with love and hope.

With a sorrowful heart, he sought the dwelling of the Christian elder, to whom St. John had so affectionately confided him, at parting. As soon as he made himself known, a severe frown clouded the face of the bishop. "What impudence has brought thee hither?" he exclaimed. "Hast thou not sufficiently disgraced the Church by thy wickedness, without presuming to disgrace it further by thy presence?" "You judge me too harshly," replied the young man, meekly. "Imprudent I have been, but not wicked." "Where hast thou hidden thy paramour?" said the bishop impatiently. The eyes of the young Greek glowed like coals of fire, his nostrils expanded, his lips quivered, his breast heaved, and his hand strongly clenched the staff on which he leaned. But he constrained himself, and answered with mournful calmness, "I have no paramour. She on whose innocent name you have breathed an epithet so undeserved, has passed from earth to heaven, pure as the angels who received her."

In answer to further inquiries, he frankly repeated the whole story, not concealing the temptation, which had so nearly conquered him. In reply, the bishop informed him that suspicion had been awakened previous to their imprudent midnight ramble. The attendance of Miriam and her nurse at the Christian meetings had been discovered; her absence on that fatal night had been detected; the nurse fled in terror; the betrothed husband of Miriam went forth madly into the streets, vowing revenge; the father believed he had traced the fugitives on board a ship bound to Athens, whither he had sent spies to discover them. Whether the Jewish lover had fired the arrow or not, it was impossible to tell; but should it be known that Miriam was dead, her death would unquestionably be charged on Antiorus, and the effect would be to renew the popular hatred against the Christians, with redoubled vigor. At present, believing her to be in Athens, it was the policy of her family to keep the affair from the public as much as possible.

Antiorus expressed the utmost contrition for his imprudence, but averred most solemnly that he had in no way violated his conscience, or his Christian obligations. He begged the bishop for credentials to some distant Christian church, where by a life of humility and prayer, he might make himself ready to rejoin his beloved Miriam.

The bishop, vexed at an affair so likely to bring discredit on his own watchfulness, listened coldly, and replied, "For the prosperity of the Church, it is very necessary to obtain and preserve a good name. We must avoid the appearance of evil. Appearances are very much against you. You are young and of fiery blood. You have been an Epicurean, whose doctrines favor unbridled pleasure. You say that your love for this maiden was pure; but what proof have we, save your own word?"

Antiorus raised his head proudly, and with a clear bold glance replied, "What more is needed? Have I ever spoken falsely to friend or foe?" "I know not," answered the bishop. "Young men do not usually decoy maidens into hidden grottoes, at midnight, for purposes as pure as the angels."

Alas, for his less noble nature! He knew not the value of the warm heart he was thus turning to gall. The young man bent upon him a most intense and searching gaze. He thought of that fearfully strong temptation in the lonely midnight hour; of his extreme reluctance to bring suspicion on the character of the Christian church; of his conquest over himself; of his reverential love for the pure maiden; of his virtuous resolutions, and his holy aspirations. He had opened his whole heart to this father of the Church, and thus it had been received! Would Christ have thus weighed the respectability of the Church against the salvation of a human soul? Were these beautiful doctrines of love and forgiveness mere idle theories? Mere texts for fine speeches and eloquent epistles? A disbelief in all principles, a distrust of all men, took possession of him. With a deep sigh, he gathered his robe about him and departed. He walked hastily, as if to run away from his own mad thoughts.

Ascending an eminence, he paused and looked back on the city, its white columns dimly visible in the starlight. "There is no one there to love me," said he. "I am an orphan; no mother or sister to comfort my aching heart. I have had great projects, great hopes, sublime aspirations; but that is all over now. No matter what becomes of me. I will go to the robbers. I have no other friends; and they at least believed me."

He was received in the mountain cavern with an uproarious burst of joy. They drank wine and caroused, and with loud acclamations proclaimed him king of their band. His heart was sick within him, but wild with desperation, he drank to their pledge. That night, when all the riotous crew were sleeping, he stole forth into the midnight, and stood alone upon the mountain side, gazing mournfully upon the stars, that looked down upon him with solemn love. Then tossing his arms wildly above his head, he threw himself on the ground with a mighty sob, exclaiming, "Oh, if *she* had but lived, her pure and gentle spirit would have saved me!"

Hark! Is that a faint whispering of music in the air? Or is it memory's echo of Miriam's psalm? Now it dies away in so sad a cadence—and now it rises, full of victory. It has passed into his heart; and spite of recklessness and sin, it will keep there a nestling place for holiness and love.

When the apostle John returned to Ephesus, his first inquiry of the bishop was, "Where is the beloved son I committed to thy charge?" The elder, looking down, replied with some embarrassment, "He is dead!" "Dead!" exclaimed the apostle, "How did he die?" The elder answered with a sigh, "He is dead in trespasses and sins. He became dissolute, was led away by evil companions, and it is said he is now captain of a band of robbers in yonder mountains." With a voice full of sorrowful reproach the apostle said, "And is it thus, my brother, thou hast cared for the precious soul that Christ and I committed to thy charge? Bring me a horse and a guide to the mountains. I will go to my erring son." "I pray you do not attempt it," said the elder. "You will be seized by the robbers and perhaps murdered." "Hinder me not," replied the venerable man. "If need be, I will gladly die to save his soul, even as Christ died for us. I will go to my son; perchance he will listen to me."

They brought him a horse, and he rode to the mountains. While searching for the cavern, one of the robbers came up and seized him rudely, exclaiming, "Who art thou, old man? Come before our captain, and declare thy business."

"For that purpose I came hither," replied the apostle. "Bring me to your captain."

Antiorus, hearing the sound of voices, stepped forth from the mouth of the cavern; but when he saw John, he covered his face and turned quickly away. The apostle ran toward him with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Why dost thou fly from me, my son? From me, an old unarmed man? Thou art dear to me, my son. I will pray for thee. If need be, I will die for thee. Oh, trust to me; for Christ has sent me to thee, to speak of hope, forgiveness, and salvation."

Antiorus stood with his face covered, and his strong frame shook in his armor. But when he heard the words forgiveness and hope, he fell on the ground, embraced the old man's knees, and wept like a child. The apostle laid his hand affectionately on that noble head, and said, with a heavenly smile, "Ah, now thou art baptized again, my dear son—baptized in thy tears. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

After speaking together for a few moments, they retired to Miriam's grave, and there the young man laid open all his sinning and suffering heart. In conclusion, he said, "There seems ever to be within me two natures; one for good, and one for evil." "It is even thus with us all," replied the apostle. "But thou, my father," rejoined Antiorus, "thou canst not imagine how I have sinned, or what I have resisted. Thy blood flows so

calmly. Thou art too pure and holy to be tempted as I have been."

"Hush, hush, I pray thee, my son," replied the apostle. "How I have struggled is known only to Him who seeth all the secrets of the heart. Because my blood has not always flowed so calmly, therefore, my son, have I been peculiarly drawn toward thee in the bonds of pity and of sympathy. Thy wild ambition, thy impetuous anger, are no strangers in my own experience; and that midnight temptation so brought back a scene of my youth, that it seemed almost like a page of my own history." "Of *thine*!" exclaimed the young man, with an accent of strong surprise. In a voice low and tender, he added, "Then thou hast loved?" The white-haired man bowed his head upon his hands, and with strong emotion answered, "Oh, how deeply, how tenderly."

There was silence for some moments, interrupted only by the quiet lullaby of the waters, rippling in the dell below. Pressing the apostle's hand, Antiorus said, in a low and reverential tone, "Does love end here, my father? Shall we know our loved ones among the angels of heaven? Do they witness our conflicts? Do they rejoice over our victories?"

Hark! Is that music in the air? Or is it a memory of the psalm? How distinctly it swells forth in joy, how sweetly it breathes of love and peace! The listener smiles; for he seems to hear a harp in the heavens.

The two beautiful ones, the young and the old, stand with clasped hands, looking upward into the sky. The countenance of the apostle was radiant with spiritual light, as he said, "Let us believe and hope." They knelt down, embracing each other, and offered a silent prayer, in the name of him who had brought immortality to light.

Antiorus bade his wild comrades farewell, with exhortations, to which the apostle added words that were blessed in their gentleness; for the former leader of their band turned from the evil of his ways, and became a zealous Christian. The young Greek went to the church in Corinth, bearing affectionate credentials from the beloved apostle. Many years after, hearing that the family of Miriam had gone to a Syrian city, he returned to Ephesus. The cross had been removed from the mountain, but he planted another on the well-remembered spot. Near by, he built a little cabin of boughs, where an opening in the thick groves gave glimpses of the marble columns of Ephesus, and the harbor of Panormous sparkling in the sun. Many came to talk with him concerning the doctrines of Plato, and the new truths taught by Jesus. He received them all with humility and love; but otherwise he mixed not with the world, except to visit the sick and suffering, or to meet with the increasing band of Christians in the plain below. He was an old man when he died. The name of Miriam had not passed his lips for many years; but when they buried him beside the mountain cross, they found a ringlet of black hair in a little ivory case—ment next his heart.

According to the ancient Romans, the goddess of flowers was *Flora*. They really believed that such a being existed, and they offered her sacrifices, paid her divine worship, built her temples, and reared statues in honor of her. The poets described her as the daughter of the West Wind, and as a blooming and beautiful female, with a wreath of flowers in her left hand. The people believed that they could actually see this lovely being at midsummer morn, floating along on some sunlit cloud, or glancing like a wreath of light over the meadows and gardens.

Now, although we know that this was a vain belief, yet we cannot deny that it was very beautiful; and to this day it is common for poets and others, in order to give life and reality to abstract ideas, to speak of *Flora*, a beautiful spirit, imagined still to preside over the roses, and lilies, and camellias, and columbines—and all the numerous sisterhood of blossoms.

EDITORIAL BANQUET.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, 1st instant, we attended the feast given to the representatives of the Press, by Moses Y. Beach, Esq., late proprietor of the New-York Sun, on occasion of his retiring from the active pursuits of life. Mr. Beach has been eminently prosperous in his business relations. Among candid men, few will be disposed to deny that he has performed an important mission, since to him, more than to any other man, belongs the honor of founding the cheap news paper press of this country, an enterprise which has been productive of the most beneficial results to thousands, while its vigorous and successful prosecution has enabled him, in the autumn of his years, to seek an honorable retirement under auspicious circumstances.

On the occasion referred to, not less than one hundred Editors and Publishers sat down to a most sumptuous entertainment, provided by the hospitality of Mr. Beach. In this company were men of almost every conceivable shade of religious and political faith, and yet a common impulse seemed to animate all present. Viewed in this phase it was a season of peculiar interest. The spirit of the Nineteenth Century was there—the spirit which promises to obliterate all party-political lines and sectarian-religious distinctions, to undermine the “partition walls” which divide the Race, so that all sects, parties, nations and tongues, may flow together, as the waters of a thousand convergent streams meet and commingle in the great OCEAN. It is not too much to anticipate a result so honorable to human nature, when the representatives and exponents of the various religious and political systems thus meet and fraternize each other. Regarded in this aspect the occasion was truly honorable to the New York Press, and especially so to Mr. Beach.

After the repast was over, the host offered the following sentiment, which was warmly responded to: “The Union of the Press, for the sake of the Union.” We like that, for whatever is valuable should be prized for its own sake, rather than for any extrinsic good which may be supposed to accompany its possession. The Press has been arrayed against itself. Great as its power has been and is, in this country, it has been neutralized in a great degree by a spirit of hostility, which has been fostered quite too long already. We rejoice in this evidence that the Spirit of the Age is even mightier than the power that moves the world.

Mr. Beach seems to have been greatly esteemed by the numerous persons employed in his establishment. The day on which he retired, a meeting was convened at the Sun office, and a series of Resolutions were adopted, expressive of the high estimation in which he is held by those who have had an opportunity to know him best. A committee was also appointed to obtain a Silver Pitcher, or Vase, to be ornamented with appropriate devices, and presented to Mr. Beach as a further testimonial of regard.

Messrs. Moses S. and Alfred E. Beach, succeed their Father in the proprietorship of the Sun. S. B. B.

IMPORTANCE OF TRUTH.—Who can tell how soon science may throw her light on that truth that is now discarded, and show its application to some useful purpose? The falling of an apple is an insignificant thing, considered in itself, yet it was the clue that led Newton to some of the grandest discoveries in Philosophy. How many ages passed away, before a Fulton conceived the utility and application of steam? Is any man prepared to say, that all that may be known of value, is already known? Let me say, truths are previous things; they are the pioneers to grand and useful discoveries; they are diamonds that are sparsely strewn along the shore of time; if we find one let us preserve it, husband it as a miser does his gold; the day may come when we can use it. Pure science is always modest. It vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, acteth not rashly, but rejoiceth in truth.

[PITTS. CH. ADVOCATE.]

CURIOUS INCIDENTS OF MEMORY.

A YOUNG MAN who, having been seized with typhus fever at one of the universities, not long before the appointed time for his examination for academical honors, found when sense and consciousness returned, that he had totally forgotten every word of Latin and Greek; and in a still more extraordinary instance, a lady born in India, and brought up till she was sixteen years old by a Hindoo nurse, during an attack of fever, when she was twenty seven, forgot entirely the English language, and for several days could speak nothing but Hindostanee, of which she had previously forgotten the very sound. Truly, we are fearfully and wonderfully made!

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

THIS Weekly Journal differs in character, in some important respects, from any periodical published in the United States, or even in the world. As interior or spiritual philosophy, comprehensively explaining the character and operations of natural laws, accounting for their exterior phenomena and results, and showing the tendencies of all things to higher spheres of existence, is the basis on which it rests. It is a bold inquirer into all truths pertaining to the relations of mankind to each other, to the external world, and to the Deity; a fearless advocate of the theology of Nature, irrespective of the sectarian dogmas of men; and its Editors design that it shall, in a charitable and philosophic, yet firm and unflinching spirit, expose and denounce wrong and oppression wherever found, and inculcate a thorough Reform and reorganization of society on the basis of NATURAL LAW.

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In the EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, a wide range of subjects will be discussed, the establishment of a universal System of Truth the Reform and reorganization of society, being the ultimate object contemplated. A. J. Davis, whose

DISCLOSURES FROM THE INTERIOR STATE have done so much for the cause of social, psychological, and spiritual science, will continue to make The Univercælum the vehicle of his highest intuitions. He is at present engaged in the publication of a series of interesting and important articles on

PHYSIOLOGY AND MEDICINE,

and will, from time to time, entertain the readers of the paper with his interior views upon other subjects of interest and practical importance.

The paper also has a department for GENERAL MISCELLANY, devoted to moral tales, items, and other light reading of general interest.

THE “UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER,” is edited by an Association, and numbers among its correspondents writers of the first order of talent. It is published every Saturday, at 235 Broadway, New-York; being neatly printed on a super-royal sheet folded into sixteen pages. Price of subscription \$2, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded. Address, post paid, “UNIVERCÆLUM,” No. 235, Broadway, New York.