

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 SPIRIT, AND ITS CULTURE.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM.

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THE harmonious development of the human mind may be properly compared to a tree—a tree of righteousness. The germ of this tree has qualities which unfold a body, and corresponding fruits. Perhaps the subjoined table will render this comparison more clear and forcible.

THE HARMONIOUS MIND.

GERM.	FORM.	FRUITS.
Self Love,	Use,	Individuality,
Conjugal Love,	Justice,	Marriage,
Parental Love,	Power,	Offspring,
Fraternal Love,	Beauty,	Socialism,
Filial Love,	Aspiration,	Elevation,
Universal Love,	Harmony,	HAPPINESS.

What will modern Theologians do with this analysis and classification of the spirit's constituents? Will they treat it with that contempt and skepticism which characterized their treatment of Geology, and of every other science and discovery that has militated against their doctrinal education? The policy of theologians, as indicated upon the pages of the past, affords a sufficient answer to these questions.

By looking into the human spirit, and analyzing its powers, I find no innate tendencies to wickedness, no elaboratory of vice and corruption, such as modern religious teachers locate there. No; but on the contrary, I discover the elements of righteousness and the kingdom of heaven—the richest soil, capable of the highest cultivation; and the richest germs, capable of immortal progression and development.

I have revealed the structure and inclinations of a perfect spirit; but now I proceed to consider the various obstructions and evils with which the spirit comes in contact in its emergence from the womb of Nature, and in its growth into an eternal individuality. I have said that there is a class constitutionally inferior, and a class constitutionally superior to surrounding influences, circumstances, and education: and that individuals develop society, and that society develops the individual. The truthfulness of this statement will more distinctly appear in the sequel.

The spiritual forces in the soul, like the natural forces in Nature, will, when properly directed and properly applied, develop harmonious and universally beneficial consequences; but these same forces will, if improperly directed and improperly applied, develop the most disastrous consequences to the interests of the individual and the interests of society. For example,—mechanical forces properly applied to a vessel will urge it safely on its course; but improperly applied, the same forces will drive it upon rocks and sand-bars and rend it into pieces. Fire, water, air, and other elements in Nature, when employed *ow* of their

proper sphere, are exceedingly dangerous and destructive—indeed they produce positive evils; but used in their proper spheres, which are prescribed by science, these elements are pregnant with immense and universal blessings to mankind. Thus it is with the passions and elements of the human spirit.

By the preceding analysis it is plain that the judwelling forces of the mind are pure and perfect in germ, and, in their proper direction and development, give birth to corresponding consequences; but when a defective organization, a defective situation, or a defective education, urges one or all of the passional-forces into an EXTREME STATE, OR STATE OF INVERSION, then are developed those numerous evils with which Reformers contend and individuals struggle. Therefore, to ascertain the origin of evil, and why every member of the human family is not harmoniously developed, these statements must be considered with more philosophical minuteness.

The primary source of evil is hereditary organization. By Progenitive influence, arising from parental transgression, the Body and Mind of the infant may be deformed, and in every way disproportioned. The cerebral structure may be inadequate to the spirit's proper growth and manifestation. Or the spirit may be enfeebled, and inclined to an angular development even from its earliest embryotic condition. Progenitive bias, or constitutional pre-disposition, has an influence upon the individual from its birth upwards, which few can perceive and few understand. The features of parents are visible in the child; and so are their mental deficiencies, peculiarities, and characteristics felt and manifested by the child through its rudimental existence. And here we find the foundation of evil—its origin. Who shall receive the blame? Who deserves it? The parents?—They were, perhaps, born with similar defects of physical organization and character. Shall the evil be imputed to previous generations? Perhaps they were no less perfect. So questions may be asked as to the proper subjects of blame or praise, until we lose ourselves in the animal kingdom—and still echo responds, Who? I ask serious attention to this point. Reformation is not merely confined to the emancipation of slaves; to the abolition of capital punishment; to the organization of labor, capital, and talent; to the distribution of the public lands to the poor; or to religion and politics,—but it extends primarily to the organization of the Soul and Body, or, if it does not extend so far and deep now, the time has arrived when it should. Reformers and Teachers should direct not only their attention, but the attention of others, to the numerous constitutional evils which flow from a transgression of the physical and moral laws which govern reproduction.

A wrong organization of the body and mind will prevent the development of wisdom; and the lower or passional-forces will flow into whatever direction surrounding influences in society may incline them: and this is the first formidable obstruction to a proper growth of the spirit. An individual thus organized will develop corresponding influences and situations in society. He will not only be the victim of these situations himself, but will so help to strengthen and establish them as to render them master of those who are born with better organizations amid them. Thus deformed minds develop deforming situations, into which hundreds are placed and correspondingly molded. From

*Concluded from p. 149.

these vitiating situations will proceed doctrines and teachers which the multitude will receive and support; and the consequence is that a wrong *education* is bestowed upon the individual. Therefore a class of *inferiorly organized* individuals will develop *inferior situations*, which give rise to *inferior systems of education*. Wisdom can not unfold in a spirit which is badly organized, and situated, and educated. And hence I say that all evils flow from these three sources.

The *extreme* action of SELF LOVE gives rise to numerous excesses and transgressions. Individual wants and desires transcend all bounds prescribed by wisdom and natural laws, and their superabundant supplies and gratifications engender disease and unhappiness. The individual manifests great sensitiveness about *MINE AND THINE*, and feels persuaded that the world and every thing was made for his personal pleasure and appropriation. An excessive gratification of the senses, of the appetites, and every desire connected with self interest, is a symptom of *extreme* self love, unguided by wisdom.

The *inverted* action of self love gives rise to many evils. It urges the individual to dishonesty, penuriousness, and covetousness, and into money-worship, even while his larder and store-houses are abundantly supplied with provisions, and his coffers are filled. To see inverted self love fully exemplified, behold the sloth that produces nothing, but hangs himself upon a tree until he absorbs its life and beauty. So inverted self love makes of man a *sponge* which draws in every available substance, and, when pressed or urged to action, gives out a muddy mixture, both repulsive and infectious. When the *passional-forces* are pressed by the single or combined influence of a *deformed organization*, a *deformed situation*, or a *deformed education*, into such a *deformity* as an *extreme* or *inverted* state of action and desire, then the individual's influence in society will be correspondingly deforming. An *extreme* state is the hot, the feverish, the exaggerated state; and the *inverted* state is the cold, the repulsive, and the miserly state of feeling and existence.

CONJUGAL LOVE pressed to an *extreme* state is productive of unhappy marriages, and of those numerous evils which result from improper sexual desires and attachments. Profligacy, debauchery, and lasciviousness, flow from this state of the conjugal love. The individual experiences no particular attraction or repulsion, so far as individuals of the opposite sex are concerned, but feels a general inclination to them all. In this respect, the individual is like many animals, which disregard every thing like perfect union, devotion, and fidelity. In other directions, the perpetual love will urge the individual to espouse new doctrines and principles; to adopt new systems, and to marry himself to almost any novel thing presented to public or private attention.

Inverted Conjugal Love is a cold, foreign, uncompanionable state of feeling and action. A hatred of the opposite sex, a general secretiveness of character, and a lonely disposition, are the consequences. In all things the individual is unsocial and grossly unkind—is sometimes beastial.

PARENTAL LOVE in an *extreme* state will manifest itself in great fondness for children, regardless of their color, fortune, or parentage. Not only for children, but for every species of invention and ingenuity, will this perverted love manifest its blind fondness and impetuosity. No restraint is felt or allowed to be exercised; and Parental love, unguided by the wisdom principle, is dangerous to the welfare of whatever administers to its gratification. *Inverted*, this love urges the individual to dislike children, and to disregard their wants and mission in the world. It will drive some persons to infanticide—and into many inventions whereby children, and every thing which comes under the head of physical or mental production, are tortured and almost constantly tormented and punished. Cruelty to animals is a symptom of inverted Parental Love.

FRATERNAL LOVE pressed into an *extreme* state, will embrace any body and any thing as a companion. Indiscriminate association and commingling are symptoms of this *passional* state. The *inverted* state of Fraternal Love engenders war, and cannibalism. It makes the individual *hate* his neighbor and his country. It causes murder and retaliation. An eye for an eye, life for life, war for war, are the indications of this *passion's* misdirection. The dislike, and jealousy, and hatred, which some individuals entertain toward their relatives, neighbors, and nation, are other symptoms of its inversion. It drives the individual involuntarily across his friend's feelings and interests; and makes him a hermit or anchorite. A disregard of personal feelings, or interests, or desires, or of existence, and a love of tyranny and despotism, are proofs that the pure and beautiful Fraternal Love of the spirit has been misdirected and turned into evil promptings.

FILIAL LOVE pressed into an *extreme* state urges the spirit into unjust estimations of the great and superior, whether in position, age, authority, or talents. It begets boundless confidence, and idolatry. It magnifies, and elevates, and adores, without reference to their intrinsic worthiness. It will run into falsehoods and misrepresentations in favor of whatever pleases its feelings. *Inverted*, this beautiful love gives rise to disrespect, and skepticism. It causes the individual to think but little of age or superiority. Coarse, uncouth manners, and a constant manifestation of dislike to any thing like deference and veneration, are this love's perverted language. An infidel to Nature's laws, to fraternal or conjugal obligations, to religious promptings, to *one's self*, and a cold indifference to any thing calculated to inform one of a Supreme Being, are still stronger indications of inverted Filial Love.

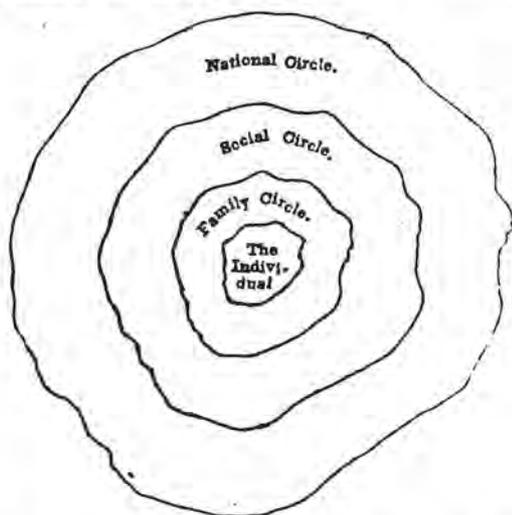
UNIVERSAL LOVE, when thrown into an *extreme* state, is anxious to embrace every thing—even the Universe. It renders the individual impatient if in any way restrained, and he is quite unwilling to view the minutiae of relations, desires, or gratification. It causes the spirit to be hasty, impetuous, precipitate, and powerful. Nothing seems too vast or great for its desires and capacity; but every thing seems removed and inaccessible. Universal Love *inverted*, causes the individual to dislike and despise himself and every body and every thing. It causes him to be skeptical, murderous, cruel, unsocial and grossly selfish. This is the greatest, and holiest, and most powerful love-force in the human spirit; but when *inverted*, it is the mightiest power and influence to evil deeds. Fortunately for the world, hereditary organization, social situation, and circumstantial education, seldom influence this powerful element into wrong directions. This is owing to the fact that but *one* or *two* of the *passional-forces* can be driven out of their proper channels, and at the same time preserve an individuality of action. But if *Universal Love* should flow back into other loves, then such loves will be empowered to accomplish mighty evils under their respective forms of manifestation.

Again, then, I affirm that all the evils in the Individual are tracable to one or all of these three things—viz., an improper organization, an improper situation, and an improper education.

Thus Man is a "harp of a thousand strings," which, when properly tuned and played upon, gives forth the most sweet and delightful harmony; but should the instrument be entrusted to ignorant management, and should its delicate chords be harshly or inappropriately stricken, the most frightful inharmonies will issue therefrom. An engine well constructed and well managed will do a mighty and beautiful work; but improperly managed and applied, the same engine is capable of destroying every individual on the face of the earth.

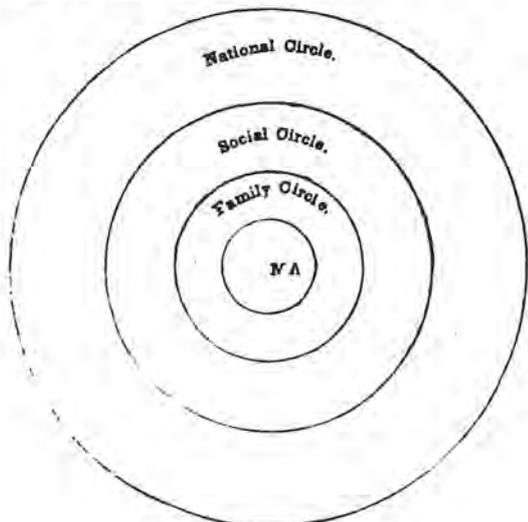
The affirmation that the individual develops society and that society develops the individual, and that one is invariably and

necessarily a likeness of the other. will more distinctly appear as truthful by the following diagram :



In this diagram the individual is represented as being born in the center. Owing to a *wrong* organization or a *wrong* situation, the spirit is incapable of symmetrical development. The *passional-forces* predominate over the attributes of Wisdom, are flowing in *wrong* channels, and developing inharmonious consequences. All the inequalities and defects of the individual are reflected and impressed upon the family circle; the family discords and inequalities are impressed upon the social circle; and the social irregularities are impressed upon the national circle. Thus it is plain that individual harmony is essential to family harmony; family harmony to social harmony; and social harmony to the harmony of nations. The national form is but the most external form of the individual spirit. The one will be characteristic of the other.

Concerning the Love elements, it is well to remark, That some individuals grow directly into a proper exercise of Self Love and Conjugal Love, while others go on to the higher forms of the vitalizing essence, but manifest great ignorance in their exercise. Thus some persons will incautiously expose themselves to imminent danger and loss of life for fraternal interests, for extreme filial love, or for universal love, when the ends of wisdom might be accomplished in a quiet and gentle manner. Generally, however, the human mind does not attain a growth beyond the circle of *Self Love* and *Use*, owing to the antagonistic interests of past and present society into which the spirit is ushered and consequently educated.



If each reader will deeply consider and fully amplify the classification and *proper* manifestation of every element of Love and of every attribute of Wisdom which I have but imperfectly set forth, and also their *improper* manifestation, and the causes thereof, I am fully persuaded that the whole will appear truthful and beneficial.

By the last diagram it will be seen that the harmonious individual—one, whose *passional-forces* are under the perpetual influence and government of Wisdom,—develops a harmonious family; that harmonious families develop harmonious societies; that harmonious societies develop harmonious nations;—and harmonious nations develop the kingdom of heaven on earth. Thus the constitutionally superior human spirit is a center around which congenial spirits congregate, condense their interests, and form a little world within themselves; and thus—

“The center moved, a *circle* straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads:
Friend, kindred, neighbor, first it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race.”

I come now to consider the principal object of this treatise, viz: THE CULTURE OF THE SPIRIT. Happiness is the object of this culture. And what I say on this subject I know from experience to be true and practicable. First let me remark, that the hereditary defects of organization can not be entirely removed by education or favorable social situations. This is true, because organization is before situation or culture. But those defects of character which grow out of vitiating situations or education can be overcome and removed by natural and spiritual agencies, even as diseases are cured in the physical system. Happiness is the end of all human desire and endeavor, and spiritual culture is the agency by which it may be attained. To these objects, then, let us direct our whole attention. The following rules are all-important.

1. *Be contented with the Past, and with all it has brought you.*
2. *Be thankful for the Present, and for all you have.*
3. *Be patient for the Future, and for all it promises to bring you.*

Draw these axioms into your soul—I know them to be the first steps towards happiness and culture. If you fail to take these properly, quietness and development are beyond your attainment. See well to this admonition. It is the language of no theory—it is the voice of Truth. The law and method of spiritual culture require also the following directions :

1. *In the morning arise, resolved to do nothing against, but every thing for, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.*
2. *Happiness being the object, let every action during the day be preceded by such well-conceived and well-developed thoughts as tend to its attainment.*
3. *At night retire—at peace with yourself—at peace with all the world.*

These rules you should study. You should not read them and carelessly pass on. I desire you to stop here and write them down in your daily register, so that your eyes may see them; and write them down on your memory, so that your spirit may see them, and *resolve now!* It may cause many conflicts, and efforts, and struggles, but *resolve that from this moment you will live harmoniously.* Every day will strengthen your resolution. And finally it will be more difficult to go counter to it than to obey its incessantly unfolding laws of culture. Live thus, and every morning the spirit will feel as new and as pure as an infant. It will feel just born. Live thus, and your companion will grow into your likeness, and discord will not enter your midst. If discord comes in, do not speak or act impetuously. *Be simple minded, willing to be taught, willing to forgive.* Fail not to record these rules of action in your journal and your memory. Do not fail to practice them from this moment. Pages might be written in exhorting you to be simple in spirit, gentle, and forgiving; but brief suggestions will not escape your attention; and may every good spirit assist you to follow out their

every manifestation. Remember, these laws lie at the foundation of all spiritual culture—to fail to obey them is failing to obtain individual happiness, and to create Universal Harmony.

THE OUTWARD MEANS OF SPIRIT-CULTURE. 1. Studying the sciences. 2. Studying the laws of the body and laws of the spirit. 3. Proper gratification of the senses. 4. Walking, playing, dancing, and various amusements. 5. Reading, writing essays, keeping journals, and associating with good and ornamentally educated minds. 6. In all things practising self-discipline and obeying the principles of Wisdom.

THE INWARD MEANS OF SPIRIT-CULTURE. 1. Self-analysis, self-discipline, self-confession of faults, and self-harmonization. 2. Studying spiritual or psychological sciences, the science of analogy, and picturesque geography. 3. Studying painting and music. 4. Occasional meditation. 5. Poetical contemplations. 6. Conversations. 7. Mutual assistance, and mutual manipulations of spirit. 8. Communion with higher spheres of spiritual life.

Concerning the *outward means* of spirit-culture, let me remark *First*, that by *studying the sciences* I mean those particular sciences which relate to the organization, viz: the science of anatomy, of physiology, chemistry, and of reproduction. *Second*, by the study of physical and mental *laws*, is intended the principles of anatomical motion, of physiological functions and measurement of power, and the principles of mental action and predisposition. These sciences and laws should be partially studied. The infant should be instructed according to their decisions, and parents should be qualified to impart this instruction. *No child should be sent to school before it has attained an age of eight years*, and generally not before its tenth year, because premature education is burdensome and paralyzing to the faculties and passions. Precocious youths are seldom strong and powerful men. They spring into life, and leave it before the natural period in which the natural mind is allowed to develop and mature. *Third*, by a proper gratification of the senses is intended whatever the preceding sciences and principles will teach and permit as essential to health and cultivation. And what is said further of the outward means is applicable to children, students, and every individual who desires harmony in body and in mind.

Concerning the *inward means* of spirit-culture, let me remark, *First*, that *self-analysis* is indispensable to spiritual progress. Let me urge this upon you—*practice it from this hour!* It will teach you how perfect and how imperfect you are—how to exercise kindness toward yourself and toward others. Self-discipline, self-confession of faults, and self-harmonization, will flow out of the *analysis*, as streams flow from the fountain. And *Second*, *studying spiritual and psychological sciences* is necessary to an extensive understanding of the human spirit, and also to inform the spirit how to meet, treat, and associate with other spirits of different constitutions and impulses. And the science of analogy, and picturesque geography, are beneficial to the spirit in the formation of ideas concerning the planets in space, and of the spirit-home to which we are individually progressing. *Third*, *studying painting and music* should not be neglected. The former systematizes the thoughts and conceptions, and the latter refines the spirit and teaches it harmony. Occasional meditation, and poetical contemplations, expand the spirit and supply it with sentiments and divine nourishment. Let the good patriarchs David and Isaiah, be your example. These contemplative spirits let the voice of Divinity speak through them. So should you henceforth, and your spirit will unfold like the boundless heavens, and your deeds will shine like stars in the firmament. You will see the Father every where, and happiness will be your portion.

Fourth, let me remark of *Conversations*, that nothing so cultivates and delights the spirit as spiritual conferences. The endowments and instincts of the soul are awakened, and the indwelling genius is made manifest. Conversation is a powerful means of spirit-culture and harmony. It touches the social

chords of sympathy, and inspires the spirit with new sentiments and language. It ennobles the feelings, and beautifies the general deportment. When two or three, or six, or twelve, meet to sympathize and confer upon subjects of Love or Wisdom, the spirit of God will be in their midst, and they will feel an invisible Presence. Conversation gives to sentiments a form, to efforts a purpose, to language a power, and to personality an influence. It calls into harmonious play all the elements of Love, all the attributes of Wisdom, and removes much supposed uncongeniality which sometimes individual absence engenders in the bosom of the passions. In conversation upon pleasurable subjects, Wisdom finds serene expression, and passion impulses run into calm channels; and the spirit feels harmonized with, and purified by, the full interconsciousness which binds soul to soul. Socrates exerted an influence wherever he went. He allowed the still small voice of Divinity, or Wisdom, to speak in the drawing room, in the work shop, in the market place, and in the sanctuary of his own soul. Subdued, fascinated, and purified by his personal impartation of truth, the multitudes followed and loved him. Every sentiment and idea sought an external expression; and Socrates incarnated much of his spirit in the deeds and institutions of the nation. Christ conversed always when he taught. He did no writing,—perhaps he could not write; but the indwelling Divinity flowed forth in the simplest language, and the congregation of spirits around him were instructed and rendered capable of spiritual perceptions. Learn self-confession from St. Augustine; and the art of conversation by the examples of Socrates, Solon, Plato, and Christ. Learn self-discipline from the good Fenelon; and harmony by the structure and manifestations of Wisdom.

Fifth, concerning *mutual assistance and mutual manipulations of the spirit* much might be said. I mean by this law of spirit-culture that three, six, nine, or twelve individuals, having truth and happiness in their souls, should come together, and converse upon any thing connected with the elements of Love and the attributes of Wisdom. In order to unfold the spiritual capacities and exalt the physical sensibilities, the little circle should adopt Wisdom's rules in relation to diet, exercise, industry, amusements, and other means of an *outward* character, and strive to become refined and harmonious. The enjoyments of this world will be greatly enhanced by cultivating the emotional organization of the mind—the nervous medium which connects it with matter and sensuous influences.*

There are two kinds of Education. One is an acquisition of Knowledge; the other is a development of Wisdom. An individual may be thoroughly versed in science, and language, and philosophy; and he may possess great knowledge; yet, notwithstanding it all, he may not be in the possession of Wisdom. Wisdom grows up from within—out of, and over the internal affections. The influences of individual presence, and conversation, and manipulations, are agencies of spiritual education. Let not these communions be mingled with unholy and vitiating thoughts and actions, though mirthfulness and healthful exercises are not to be avoided. A circle thus formed will grow into one harmonious.

* I would have these circles of Love and Wisdom provide themselves with a fine magnetic cord. This will entertain, and amuse, and at last, perhaps, develop their mental powers.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AND USING THE MAGNETIC CORD.—Get about five yards of a three quarter inch rope; cover this rope with silk or cotton velvet; and wind around it, parallel with each other, two fine wires, one of steel and the other of silver. Have the space between the wires about one inch and a half, and let them be wound about a quarter of an inch apart. The social or family circle of friends may sit uniformly, in the form of a semi-circle, or otherwise, as attending circumstances may suggest, and let the *magnetic rope* lie on their laps, their hands upon or grasping it, and their minds composed. The one which is constitutionally most susceptible to spiritual influx of emotion and influence, will feel a throbbing in the hands; and ultimately, by repeated experiments, some one among the company may be rendered clairvoyant.

nious whole; and its influence will extend far and wide in society. A proper and perpetual concentration of their love and intellectual powers upon the subject of spirit-growth and purification, will bring them into conjunction with the internal world and the Divine Being.

Concerning *communion with higher spheres of spiritual life* pages might be written. But let me remark that this is the highest means within the grasp of man whereby to unfold his spirit like a flower, and to enjoy more of this world and the next. This communion is possible only in two ways, viz: 1. By becoming personally refined and harmonized, and turning the feelings frequently toward divine things. 2. By employing some reliable individual as a medium whose interior senses are opened, whose communications are truthful, and whose natural, normal disposition is altogether amiable, gentle, sympathetic, and generally meditative.

In conclusion I feel moved to remark, that those who are constitutionally superior in body and spirit to the masses beneath and around them, should form themselves into circles of Love and Wisdom. It is plain, that popular theology or popular education are insufficient to supply the spirit with its proper nourishment and encouragement to an easy, natural progression. Theology is inadequate to the reconstruction of society; and *popular education*, which is saturated with this theology, is inadequate to the proper direction and cultivation of the spirit. It requires but little time to learn what is *useful*, to learn what is *just*, to learn what is *power*;—and *Beauty*, *Aspiration*, and *HARMONY*, are familiarly explained in the fields of universal Nature and Humanity. To understand what harmony is, the spirit must become harmonious. A harmonious individual is a revelation of the Divine Mind. The science, the chemistry, and mechanism of Divine Creation, are represented in the human form; and the holy elements and attributes of God are incarnated in every human spirit. To be like heaven let us aspire to heaven; to be like God let us aspire to God. Harmony must begin with the individual; it will thence spread over families, societies, and nations; and then the Whole will represent the Individual, and the individual will represent the Whole; and God will be ALL IN ALL.

Choice Selections.

SILENT REVOLUTIONS.

The progress of the idea of Association is the most cheering sign of these eventful times. Men have in a hundred ways been educated to this idea. Our lodges of Odd Fellows, our benevolent societies of the various orders of Temperance; even our political clubs, our engine companies, and military organizations, have all had their part, in training men to combined efforts, instead of solitary exertions.

Society is the first condition of human happiness. A man would rather have good company in a desert, than be alone in paradise. The poorest society is felt to be better than none—the best is yet to be attained.

Even the thousands who are going to California, are banding together for economy, pleasure, protection and profit. Who thinks of paddling off alone? Who talks of the difficulty of people agreeing together? They go in companies of fifty or a hundred, and may enjoy, in this long, adventurous voyage, more of the pleasures of social intercourse than they ever knew before.

We do not mark our own progress; yet each of these California companies is forming an imperfect Fourier association. Each ship so chartered is a kind of floating phalanstery, wanting a thousand comforts and elegancies indeed, but still a great deal better than for each man to independently paddle his own

canoe round Cape Horn, and so up the Pacific coast to the bright land, where the gold sparkles in the sunlight.

But if people can get economy, and comfort, society and protection, by association in their California expeditions, what is to hinder them from doing the same at home? If a hundred men can club together to dig gold, with all the aids of mutual help, division of labor and machinery, why not associate in the same way to dig potatoes? What is to hinder mechanics forming labor associations here, in their various trades? Why not build ships as well as charter, or sail them, upon this principle; and if gold can be dug, by a hundred men combining their small capitals and their labor together for the general good, what is to hinder men forming similar groups in every branch of productive industry?

We must open our eyes to the power of these combinations. One or two protective unions have shut up every store in Nantucket, and all the people are now supplied at wholesale prices. A few such combinations would break up all business as at present conducted, in a considerable city. Ten years may witness an entire revolution in trade, and "store-keeping" will be among the things of bygone ages. If the retail dealers are broken up in this way, what is to become of the jobbers? and you, young gentlemen, who have preferred to be clerks to any productive employment, what is to become of you?

It is useless to oppose these movements. You might as well whistle against a hurricane, or try to stop an earthquake with a crow-bar. If it be satisfactorily demonstrated that men can save twenty-five per cent. of their earnings by protective unions, we should like to see who is going to prevent them from doing it. If this can be done in forty or fifty towns in New England, it may be done in every town and city in the United States, and when people get acquainted with each other, and learn to do business together in this way, they will carry out the principle in other things until all the non-producing drones of society—capitalists, bankers, traders, and all, will have their supplies cut off. Capital will be a mere bubble. What is capital? The hoarded representative of labor. Suppose that labor chose some other representative?

Thus; suppose all the workmen of a certain trade club all their labor, or productive capability, and upon that, issue stock, or notes, or due bills, representing their prospective labor. Would they want any other capital? The promise of an association of one hundred farmers, to deliver in New York, on a certain day so much wheat, corn, beef, pork, wool, etc., would buy anything. So would the promise of so many shoemakers, or hatters, or ship-builders, or men of any other trade; and so, before the gold crop of California is half gathered, it may have no value, except that which it has as an article of trade, the same as iron, lead, copper, or platina.

If these protective unions, and other associations go on, we can use all the gold we gather, to exchange for the commodities of foreign countries, for little of it will be wanted here. If a whole township joins together to buy, and sell by wholesale, there will be a mere exchange of commodities and no money will be needed. But we need not speculate, for before we can settle any thing, these changes will have been accomplished. It will be an unpleasant transition to many of us, but we must stand up to the rack, and there is no danger that there will not be a plenty of fodder. [SUNDAY DISPATCH.]

LOVE FEELS NO LOAD.—And as it is universally needed, and most needed, it is wisely ordained to be of easy possession. What if love's duties increased in heaviness as the duties themselves multiplied? How great would be our weakness in progressing toward perfection. But the yoke is easy, and the burden light. Hence, where perfect love is, its duties, instead of being burdensome, are but the alleviations of its own condition.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON IN CHOLERA.

A medical correspondent of the *London Lancet* says:

"I am desirous at the present moment of directing the attention of your numerous scientific readers to a very interesting phenomenon, more or less present in the collapse stage of Cholera, which seems to have hitherto escaped the observation of medical men—namely, animal electricity, or phosphorescence of the human body. My attention was first attracted to the subject during the former visitation of that fearful disease in the metropolis. It was indeed singular to notice the quantity of electric fluid which continually discharged itself on the approach of any conducting body to the surface of the skin of a patient laboring under the collapse stage, more particularly if the patient had been previously enveloped in blankets; streams of electricity, many averaging *one inch and a half* in length, could be readily educted by the knuckle of the hand when directed to any part of the body, and these appeared, in color, effect, crackling noise, and luminous character, similar to that which we are all accustomed to observe; when touching a charged Leyden Jar.

"We know what wonderful *decomposing* action galvanism had on alkalis, under the hands of the illustrious Humphrey Davy; but we do not know, nor have we any conception in the present state of knowledge, of the *decomposing* action of electric matter of the atmospheric air, in various conditions, on the fluids generally of the animal body. Chemistry has failed in pointing out any ponderable material as the exciting cause of epidemic diseases.

"In the treatment of cholera, all are agreed that *non-conducting* substances on the surface of the skin aid essentially in the cure; and during the disturbed state of the atmosphere, for the purpose of retaining the electricity continually eliminating in the system, we are told to wear woolen bandages, flannel, and gutta percha soles, so as to insulate as much as possible the body, to prevent the heat—the electric fluid—from passing off."

May we not suppose that the advantages of insulating the body arise rather from the fact that the crude electricity of the earth is thus prevented from passing too freely *into* the system? To us the presence in the body of the unnatural quantity of electricity which would render it possible for sparks to be emitted, would of itself seem to indicate the presence of disease; and any effectual means adopted to rid the patient of the superabundance of that element might be beneficial. *Insulation* might do this by stopping its accumulation in the system while it is being given off by induction to surrounding objects. W. F.

THE FIRST RAILWAYS--THEIR OPPONENTS.

WHEN Jacquard, the inventor of the wonderful loom that bears his name, was arrested and carried to Paris with his machine, Carnot in the presence of Napoleon, roughly said to him, "Are you the man that pretends to do that impossibility—to tie a knot in a stretched string?" His compatriots of Lyons, the impossibility being surmounted, broke his machine in 1806, and raised a statue to his memory in 1840. All those who are in advance of public opinion must bear ridicule or persecution. In 1825 the *Quarterly Review* thus ridiculed the notion of certain engineers, Telford among the number, that a railway engine could go eighteen or twenty miles an hour: "The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or, to speak English, the steam-carriage, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. . . . We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

In that year the common belief was that railways were altogether delusions and impositions. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opposed in Parliament with every form of invective. One member in 1825, declared his opinion "that a railway could not enter into successful competition with a canal. Even with the best locomotive engine, the average rate would be but about three and a half miles per hour, which was slower than the canal conveyance." Another assertion, which Mr. Huskisson was obliged to meet doubtfully and apologetically, was "that there were two or three canals, which were sufficient for every purpose of commerce in the district through which the railway was to pass." Let us be just to what we have been accustomed to deery as the dark ages. Let us be tolerant to those who imprisoned Galileo, and rewarded Columbus with chains. If there be a reality in any discovery—a true thing, and not a sham—if there be strength, or utility, or beauty in any work of the mind, it will live and fructify, whatever critics, or orators, or inquisitors, or even kings may do to crush it. And so it is with railways. On the 15th of September, 1830, the first passenger line, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was opened. The conveyance of passengers appears originally to have been an inferior consideration to the conveyance of goods; and the Directors modestly anticipated that one-half of the passengers traveling by coaches between the two towns might venture on the railway. In the first year after the opening there were conveyed four hundred and fifty thousand passengers; in the year ending 1st. July, 1845, the passengers so conveyed, amounted to eight hundred and ninety-seven thousand and three. On the 24th of April, 1847, there has been a total expended on the railways of the United Kingdom, of seventy-eight millions pounds sterling; and in the last week, the aggregate receipts upon these railways was one hundred and sixty thousand nine hundred pounds, being a total exceeding eight million pounds per annum for the conveyance of passengers and goods.

[THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

LANDHOLDERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I wish to call your attention for a moment to the present condition of Great Britain. I find from authentic memoranda, that the number of persons owning lands in England is thirty thousand; in Scotland, three thousand; and Ireland six thousand—only thirty-nine thousand in the whole—leaving more than twenty-five millions of the whole population who do not own a single foot of God's creation. In 1780, no farther back than that, the number of landed proprietors was two hundred and fifty thousand; so you may see how rapidly all the lands in Great Britain are passing into the hands of the few—into the hands of the nobles, and favorites of Church and State. Here is a specimen of the landlord and tenant system—and it is one to which perhaps a little "Anti-Rent" and "Free Soil" leaven might well be applied, without harm. And I may add in this connection, that while here, in our country, every man has a voice in the Government, and the choice of his rules—in England, only one in nineteen, is allowed the privilege of voting; in Scotland, one in thirty; and in Ireland, one in forty-three. Is it strange, then, that under such institutions, where labor is degraded, and industry deprived of its reward; where the poorly sheltered and poorly fed millions are compelled to toil for landlords, priests and aristocrats—is it strange that there should be misery and starvation, bloodshed, riots and revolutions? No—it would seem more strange if there were none. The truth is, the people cannot always remain down-trodden and oppressed. Their efforts during the year that has passed, have excited your sympathy. The great God of Battles will yet, we trust, crown their efforts with victory and we may still hope to see our light shine across the ocean, and our great example pointing ever to the polar star of Liberty and Happiness. [ZADOCK PRATT.

Poetry.

RECIPROCATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM,
BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

FLOWERS which exhale their scents grow not less sweet
By adding fragrance to the balmy gale;
Flames kindling others, do not therefore fail,
But gain by giving, with increase of heat
And blessed light; the sower's scattered wheat
Brings bounteous usury; and throughout the pale
Of Nature's empire, such is Nature's law,
That what bestoweth shall receive therefor;
So do the kindnesses of loving hearts
Expand the bosom by the love they give,
Receiving good for what their good imparts,
Living by boon of that whereon they live:
They have the more, the more that they bestow,
And into greater joy, for joy dispensed, they grow.

STARLIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCOLUM.
BY STELLA.

Daylight through the western portals
Seeks another hemisphere!
Welcome night! to weary mortals
Harbinger of rest most dear!
Now what countless gems are beaming
On the brow of dusky night!
Through the depths of ether, streaming
What soft floods of stellar light!
Through the depths of time departed,
Thus the star of memory lends
Gleams to cheer the lonely hearted,
Thoughts of former home and friends.
Fadefless as the gems of heaven,
Shine on memory's sacred beam!
If from mind thy light were driven
How like starless night 'twould seem!
Spirit-light, when worlds have faded,
Systems fallen to decay,
By the lights of time unsaided,
Thou shalt cheer the spirit's day!
Thought, "the product of the spirit,"
While the spirit lives, shall last;
Endless ages shall inherit,
When the bounds of time are past.
Mortals, then, should only cherish
Thoughts of purity and love,
Bosom plants, design'd to flourish
In the blessed spheres above.

THE POOR MAN'S DOINGS.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Oh, what were the pride of the rich man's gold,
Or the worth of each untilled rood,
Were it not for the rough, hard-handed poor
Who toil for their daily food.
Whatever of labor the rich man needs,
From the poor man's hand must come—
From the cradle rare of the new-born heir,
To the coffin and sculptured tomb.

The poor man swayeth the settler's axe,
Till the forests far retire;
And the city springs on its phoenix wings
O'er the brands of the log-house fire.

He baideth the earth with iron roads,
And the steam-fed courser guides:
And fearlessly he drives the steeds of the sea
Wherever the rich man rides.

He tills the plain till the ripened grain
Is safe in the garner stored,
And with rifle and snare he hunteth the fare
That smokes on the rich man's board.

He twineth the costly robes of pride,
And reareth the stately dome;
And cleaves from the clod the marble god
That stands in the rich man's home.

The gauds of beauty, the work of art,
Whatever your wealth hath bought—
Nay—the very gold that your coffers hold
The poor man's hand hath wrought.

Then health to the rude and thrifty poor,
And honor them evermore;
They, 'mid the turmoil, earn the wages of toil,
As your fathers did before.

And think the reward of labor is health,
That wealth is industry's friend,
That change is earth's law, and soon the see-saw
May rise at the poor man's end. [LITERARY WORLD.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
You trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and blasted fields,
And the brown hills withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the grey old trees,
Where the pleasant green came forth,
And the winds that follow wherever he goes,
Have shaken them down to earth.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes
From the frozen Labrador;
From the icy bridge of the northern seas,
Where the white bear wanders o'er;
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice,
And the luckless forms below,
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere
Into marble statues grow!

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
And the quiet lakes shall feel
The torpid touch of his grazing breath,
And ring to the skater's heel;
And the stream which danced on the broken rocks
Or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again in their winter chain,
And in mournful silence pass.

He comes, he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!
Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire
His evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round,
When the firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled fiend,
As his sounding wing goes by! [NATIONAL ERA.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1849.

NOTICES.—We have sent bills to those subscribers who have not paid. Our terms being in advance, we shall be obliged to strike from the list such as remain unpaid at the end of three months.

BELA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Boston, is the New-England Agent for the Univercælum. Subscribers to the "Rationalist," in Boston and vicinity, can remit to him.

PHILOSOPHY OF INSPIRATION.

In these days of growing liberality and expanding spiritual perception, many fine things are occasionally said respecting the inspiration of the artist, the poet, the philosopher, and the seer. It is beginning to be thought by many that the inspirations of these various classes of minds are identical as to their general character and origin, differing only as to their forms and degrees of manifestation; and that inspiration of the same general kind has existed in all ages and among all nations, preserving a record of only a few of its most conspicuous examples in the books which ecclesiastical councils have voted to connect together and call "The Bible." These thoughts are frequently uttered in the impulse of feeling or intuition, and in the absence of any well defined conception of *what constitutes* inspiration, or of what are its essential principles or modes of operation. But though they are true, and satisfactory to those in whose minds they are born, it cannot be expected that they will be generally received, or that they will exert their legitimate influence upon the world, until it is shown that they rest upon the basis of purely rational and philosophical principles. It is for the purpose of contributing in some slight degree to the establishment of this latter point, that the present article is written.

What, then, is inspiration? The word is from the Latin *in* and *spiro*, and signifies literally a breathing in. It is used primarily to signify the act of taking air into the lungs, and by figure of metonymy to signify the imbibition of any foreign influence, especially such as is elevating to the mind. In the most enlarged sense of the term, and according to the fundamental principle which it involves, it is obvious that inspiration may range through all the foreign influences which address the mind or even the body, from the grossest to the most refined—from the air that is breathed into the lungs and which gives vivacity to the physical organism, to the refined influences of Nature's beauties, or the still more refined breathings from other world's of existence. It is evident, therefore, that inspiration in some degree, and originating in the influence of some department of universal being, may be, and indeed is, the property of minds in all possible spheres of development and action, from the lowest to the highest, and that in its self considered the word is indeed very indefinite.

But let us direct our attention more particularly to the principles of inspiration, and to its mode of operation; and commencing with its lowest and simplest forms of manifestation, let us trace it progressively to its highest and most refined. It is based upon the correlation, and affinity, and sympathy of substance, being, and action. For instance, the whole terrene portion of the animal kingdom, including man, is constituted with *lungs*, which are a peculiar thoracic apparatus consisting of membranes, tubes, cells, and minute capillary vessels. Through these capillary vessels all the blood of the system flows in per-

forming its circuit through the body. At the precise stage of the blood's circulation at which it passes through the lungs, it has acquired its maximum affinity for the oxygen and electricity of the external air; and as the whole pulmonary apparatus, with other parts of the physical system, is constructed upon the principle of reciprocal relations and functions, an expansion of the thorax ensues, the external air presses into the cells of the lungs through the thin walls of which the capillary vessels are ramified, and thus the blood receives its vitalizing element and proceeds on another voyage throughout the complicated avenues of the system. Here is an *inspiration*—resulting as we see entirely from the relations existing between the internal functions, and the external air. Did not these relations exist, the inspiration could not occur.

But the whole physical system is pervaded even to its most minute parts by an interior and intangible essence which is its life, and is the main spring of all its forces and motions. The peculiar vibrations and conditions of this essence give rise to all the internal phenomena of sensation, and when occurring in that portion residing in the cerebrum, they give rise to affection, emotion, and thought. The affections, emotions, and thoughts of the mind manifest themselves through the medium of many distinct *faculties*, almost all of which have objects in the outer or spiritual world which correspond to their nature and are adapted to the gratification of their wants—on the same principle that the air corresponds to, and is adapted to the wants of, the lungs and the blood circulating through them. It is through the channels of these various faculties that man *breathes in* or is *inspired* with, the influences of their various and corresponding objects existing without themselves.

From the principle of correlation or mutual adaptation unfolded above as the basis of all inspiration, it follows that in proportion as the mind is expanded, elevated and harmonized, will be the expansiveness, loftiness, and harmony of its inspirations. The man who frequents scenes of vice and degradation, especially if he does it from internal attraction, *inspires* the influences emanating from those scenes, and for the time being incorporates them with his own spiritual system even as the air received into the lungs is incorporated with the fluids of the body. In like manner the mind which has not arisen superior to the influence of *military* scenes, receives inspiration from martial music and military evolutions, and is thus strengthened and confirmed in all tendencies to a military employment. Passing over innumerable intermediate grades of mental elevation, we will suppose a mind sufficiently expanded and harmonized to conceive of Nature in all her varied beauty and loveliness as forming one grand system of correlative and mutually dependent parts, each of which is necessary to the completion of the whole. As he contemplates the universal Machinery with its varied and harmonious movements, ranging from the most ponderous globe that rolls in the abyss of infinite space, to the rising fragrance of the most delicate flower, or the gambols of the most tiny insect that hums at his feet,—and feels that he, too, is a correlative atom in this stupendous and united Structure, the universal order, harmony, *music*, that pervade the infinitude of creation, are prolonged through the sentient elements of his own being, and all his affections, thoughts, and actions, are carried along as by the flowings of a deep and resistless tide, in the channels of Nature's laws. Here is an inspiration of a most elevated kind—one which if it could be *general*, would establish the same order, reciprocity, justice, peace, harmony, among mankind, which prevail in all other portions of the great system of things.

Nor would we have it supposed that the inspiration derivable from Nature consists simply in the succession of thoughts excited by the appearance of outer and tangible objects, according to the law of mental association as *commonly* and *grossly* understood. As the human body is pervaded by an ethereal essence which is its life or spirit, so is every form and kingdom in Nature—so is the great globe itself—so is the solar system—so is the grand,

united, universal System of things extending through the inconceivable abysses of space—pervaded by an invisible, vitalizing, energizing essence which is its Life or Spirit, and is the origin of all its forces and movements. Ascending progressively through the concentric circles of formation and movement, the inquiring and inductive mind finds no resting place until it arrives at the center of all centers—the great *cerebrum* in which is enthroned the Divine Mind, and from which emanates an influence which extends to the remotest and most inferior objects of existence, binding all things together as by a golden chain of sympathy, and forming of them one united Whole—the universal Body of which he is the Infinite Soul!

Now the human soul being, as has been elsewhere shown, an ultimate refinement of all material existences, has an affinity or correlation of nature with the vitalizing and energizing essences of all forms and creations in all Kingdoms in Nature, and finally with the great Universal Soul, which is the Deity, its Parent and Archetype. Of this affinity it will be intuitively sensible in proportion to the development of its interior powers. Mingling its interior essence with the interior essence of other forms and creations, the human soul thus comes as it were into *magnetic relation and sympathy* with the souls of other things. Thus *absolute causes* existing in outer circumstances, or in any department of Nature, but which are invisible to the outer senses, may address themselves magnetically or sympathetically to the interior essence of the soul, and give the distinct foreshadowings of their effects to be developed in the future, even against all exterior probabilities, or may produce that intuitive course of thought and action which will harmonize the individual's condition with the unseen influences, and preserve him unharmed and undisturbed in the crisis of their outer development. This position might be verified by innumerable facts, and is known to be true by those whose interiors are sufficiently expanded to appreciate it.

The effects of the same influence, though in a grosser form, are manifested, sometimes but slightly and sometimes very conspicuously, in the various species of the animal kingdom. It causes the duckling the moment it is out of its shell to make for the water; it causes many species of birds and other migratory animals to periodically change their localities for such as are more adapted to the gratification of their wants, and to the performance of their natural functions in the system of being, and it gives rise to all other phenomena of animal instinct.

But *instinct* in the animal is but a grosser form of what in man is called *intuition*, arising as it does from the grosser operations of the same general cause—viz: the *magnetic sympathy* of the soul or energizing principle of Nature. The superior exaltation of intuition over instinct, is owing only to the superiority of the immortal microcosm of the human soul over the fragmentary and evanescent life of the mere animal. In proportion, then, to the development and exaltation of the soul will be the expansion and exaltation of its intuitions or inspirations, until it comes into immediate magnetic sympathy with the infinite and intelligent Soul of all souls, which is the Deity.

There is another kind—rather another form of the same general kind—of inspiration, which requires attention. This may be called *personal* inspiration. As the human soul may, as shown above, come magnetically into communion with the soul or energizing essence of outer things, and thus sympathetically receive the impress of the occult causes and principles which they embody; so it may with more facility come into magnetic connection with other and corresponding human souls, and sympathetically breathe in or *inspire* their *very thoughts*. This has been demonstrated in thousands of the most unquestionable cases, by the experiments in Human Magnetism, and we need not dwell upon the fact here. We know this to be true, and this may be known by all others who will institute the proper experiments, and who will be sufficiently candid to admit their

legitimate teachings. But here, again, the inspiration will correspond to the quality and capacity of the mind, even as the inspiration of air corresponds to the nature of the lungs and correlative parts of the organism. A gross mind can come into sympathy only with gross minds in the body; a more refined mind may (who will deny it in view of the *established* principle on which it rests?) come into communion with the inferior minds *out* of the body, while the *most refined* mind may perhaps come into magnetic sympathy with, and receive or *inspire* the thoughts of the highest archangel. This is the kind of inspiration which is now likely to excite the most interest in the public mind. We would be pleased to dwell upon the interesting theme, but our limits at present forbid. It will from time to time receive attention hereafter.

We can not close, however, without repeating the statement that one's inspiration will always correspond to the quality of his soul and its degree of elevation. In view, then, of the fact that inspiration of *some kind is universal*, let each one strive for that spiritual elevation which will enable him to receive his inspirations from above, and not from beneath. * w. p.

GOD IN NATURE.

PROPOSITION I. God speaks throughout all Nature.

PROPOSITION II. In every created intelligence, exists a principle which yearns for that speech, which understands it, and which responds thereto.

Of the fear and distrust which manifestly prevail at the present time, with regard to my first proposition, I need not speak; but with regard to one of the principal objections urged against it, I feel impelled to utter a few thoughts.

The objection is this, that if the Omnipotent Being is every where seen and acknowledged in Nature, it will have a tendency to weaken confidence in, and reverence for, the *written* revelation. The question naturally suggests itself here, Which is most deserving our confidence and reverence, God himself, or a *written* revelation concerning Him? I think I may safely answer for all, the former; even allowing the latter to be perfectly truthful, which I have here no wish to deny.

But it may be said, "revelation is only preferable to Nature in so far as it is more reliable and less liable to be misunderstood or abused." Let us examine a little. Nature is an exact manifestation of the will of Deity. The scripture revelations are records of individual perception, understanding, and knowledge concerning Him. Will any one demur against these definitions? With regard to the former, the will is unchangeable, and the manifestations must consequently harmonize: they can be susceptible of but one true and reasonable interpretation, and can not be misunderstood, especially as they speak to a corresponding existence in man. But more of that hereafter. Of the second it may be said, there is a possibility at least, that the revelators themselves may not at *all times* have been divinely inspired, and even a strong probability that their records may not always awaken in us truthful emotions and ideas, from the imperfection of the medium through which they communicate with us. False impressions, consequently, are liable to be derived therefrom. Now, setting entirely aside the risk of genuineness in the one and the certainty of it in the other, one can hardly hesitate for a moment in deciding which is most reliable, the God who speaks through Nature or he who speaks through the *written record*.

In the common affairs of life we are better satisfied with seeing an individual, than with hearing of or reading about him; or if we can not see him in *propria persona*, we still had much rather see even his works, than take another's *ipse dixit* concerning him. Yea, does not another's description of a remarkable person, excite our curiosity to see either him or his works, that we may judge for ourselves of what seemed strange and incomprehensible?

Now let us look for a moment at the different effects produced upon the human mind by a realization of the All-Father through his works and through the *written* revelations.

Climb with me the mountain heights, stand upon the edge of a lofty cliff, and look into the giddy abyss which yawns beneath you; or look down from the crater's mouth into the bubbling, seething cauldron of liquid fire below; or dive into the labyrinthine mazes of earth's subterranean recesses; or go out upon the mighty watery expanse, and strive to penetrate its unfathomable depths, in search of the magnificent and gorgeous treasures which there lie concealed; or take an aerial flight far, far above the clouds or the azure dome which stretches above us, until the glittering diamonds with which it seems studded enlarge and expand into vast worlds, increasing until where seemed but one they become innumerable. Do you find among any of these, marks of Omnipotence and Omniscience?

Let us, again, follow this mighty river through its various windings. How rich the influence which it spreads through meadow and field, throughout its whole course, and how quietly it rolls on its tide, bearing bravely upon its bosom the burdens and treasures of commerce, seemingly intent only upon good. Here is a smaller branch: we will follow it through fields teeming with golden grain or waving grass, or orchards laden with fruit. Now it is a tiny streamlet, and the little knolls upon its borders are specked with grazing herds and flocks, while its shady dales are overspread with a verdant carpet, figured with fragrant flowers of every hue and form. Here we are at its source, in the midst of a rocky glen: we will seat ourselves upon this mossy stone, with a canopy of bright green over our heads, supported by pillars of Nature's own architecture. The cool breeze comes balmy and refreshing to our brows, fevered by our long walk.

Here let us rest dreamily, while watching the gambols of the squirrels, and rabbits, and deer, or listening to the sweet music of the feathered choir. We are far from the busy scenes of man, where these lower orders of creation have nothing to fear and they act in accordance with the laws of their being. How delightful the harmony which now reigns around us! The sights are beautiful, the sounds are delightful, every sense is gratified, all is in perfect concord. Ah! that our souls could always join in the universal harmony!

But see! dark clouds veil the sky: hark! the thunder roars, first muffled by the far distance, but anon louder and louder, and now it comes peal upon peal, crash upon crash, almost without cessation; while the lightning flashes dazzlingly and glides down first this century-old pillar of our canopy and then that; or darts from this or that rocky point, until it is lost in the earth, the great laboratory in which it was manufactured.

Now all the beasts run hither for shelter: so we will take our lesson from them and withdraw closely under this rocky projection, which affords a roof for protection to our defenceless heads. And now those capacious reservoirs, the clouds, which are already filled to overflowing, are beginning to empty their contents upon the earth; which, as if parched with thirst, quaffs it in great draughts. Hark! the wind roars a perfect hurricane, and the rain pours in torrents: all Nature is in commotion: the equilibrium of the elements is destroyed. Will it be again restored? will harmony again ensue?

Let us look upon the same scene a few hours later. How changed! What was before beautiful, and pleasing, and delightful to the senses, is now doubly so. Even our own souls seem renovated, and we feel as if wrapped in Elysium. Do you here discover aught of the All-Good, of the Entire Love? Oh, yes! you reply! And is it not because this God's-voice in Nature finds a corresponding echo in your own souls? And now are you afraid to listen to this voice, lest it make you infidel to another's revelation of the Deity?

Can you tell me why a candid reflecting mind finds such pure pleasure, such exalted satisfaction, in a study of the sciences,

which are only explanations of Nature in its various developments? I know not, unless even there the truthful student hears and recognizes the same voice; only there it is "still and small," more uncertain and confused than in Nature itself. To be satisfied that these studies do produce such effects upon the mind, you have but to observe the sparkling eye, and gratified, yet still inquiring countenance of the scientific learner, as one after another the truths of Nature are unfolded before him. Often and often while a witness of such things, have I thought, there is no fear that the ideas thus drawn, will be of a false or an imperfect Deity.

Now will any one contend that the impressions made by a perusal of the *written* revelations of God, will be as lively, as lasting, or even more truthful? If we except those made by Jesus, will they be even as much so? His are only impressed more effectually upon us, because within us they find their correspondence, and can be appreciated. The revelations of others might have been equally true to themselves, but many of them meet not our actual wants, are not adapted to us, and consequently not appreciated and received by us. The Divine in us naturally seeks the same in every thing else, and when it finds it, it immediately recognizes it, is attracted to it, and receives truthful impressions therefrom. Nor is it any fault in the candid, honest mind, that he can not recognize and receive the same truths which another does: it is only because he finds no correspondence in his own soul. So fast as he does will he receive truthful impressions, and no faster, because he is not prepared for them. And so with the world. All will come right, in due time.

F. M. B.

WOMAN.

Be not afraid; it is not our intention to produce an essay on the sex, than which I know not a more common, as well as more thankless task. Not that the sex do not appreciate our efforts, for alas! the trouble is, they *do* appreciate them! And yet it is strange, and again it is not strange, (for are there not two powerful sides, even to *this* subject?) that such a popularity should attend the immense swarmings of the flippant and oftentimes sickly effusions of the press on this subject. Time, common opinion, and popularity have confirmed Addison's Spectator in the public favor, notwithstanding it so often mentions the fair sex, as to have drawn upon it the ridicule of Swift. And so we think that the frequent articles in our present periodicals, headed WOMAN, are legitimate subjects of ridicule. Not because they may not be well written, but because of their evident attempts to express a true sentiment and yet suppress it. Truth it may be that woman is made for man, but truth is also, that man is made for woman. Swedenborg has hit the case exactly, in saying that woman is the love of wisdom, and man is the wisdom of love. Or still plainer, there is no such thing as a perfect being—an individual whole, without both man and woman. That a man should "leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be *one* flesh," and one spirit, expresses a profound philosophical truth. True marriage is a realization of one only existence. But yet in our imperfect notions of what the heavenly marriage is, drawing our conclusions from Earth, and not at all skilled in the divine attractions, we moralize on Woman, and on marriage, with all the effeminacy, pitiful reserve, and affectation, of novitiates in logomachy.

We need the philosophy of Nature on this subject, and some of her artless language. If the sex *did not know* that they were admired—if they needed to be *informed* of this very obscure and unsuspected fact—if the relation between the sexes was of that unnatural and dimly defined character which made it necessary to substitute half-formed phrases, and vague, conjectural terms of insinuating meaning, it might be well to continue in our present unmanliness.

One may be permitted to speak plainly here. It is unquestionable that both beauty, and goodness enter into our estimations of Woman. These are the two chief sources of her attraction. But more is comprehended in Beauty than is superficially understood by it. Swedenborg represents certain spirits in heaven, as saying of beautiful females—"We love them intensely, but we love them for their beauty and manners." What, in fact, is true beauty but the external form of the spirit? Bonaparte's remark was that a handsome woman pleased the eye, but a good woman pleased the heart. In addition we may say that a beautiful woman pleases the eye and heart too. The most beautiful woman of all antiquity is reported to have been Marimne, the wife of the first of the Herods, who is called Herod the Great. And on a time when he was summoned before Mark Antony, and was suspicious that he should be put to death; he left the care of Marianne with his sister's husband, Joseph, with strict orders that if he was put to death by Antony, that he should put Marianne to death, so that she might be with him. He seems, therefore, to have cherished the true idea, that the spirits of the deceased should recognize each other, and be united in spiritual marriage. Whether his was of that character, however, is not pretended.

But the devotion here manifested for Woman, in connection with her beauty, expresses a great spiritual truth. Once let it be understood that the tie of the sexes is an eternal tie—that, however misplaced we may be by the imperfections and waywardness of Earth—by "marrying and giving in marriage" for circumstances of external moment, in the heavens are bound "two kindred souls in one," by the ceremony of perfect and divine attraction;—let such be our philosophy, and made practical and familiar, and there is an end put, I am thinking, to the senseless, over-strained delicacy of expression which would say something, but is fearful or knows not what, of the qualities and attractions of the other sex. The fact is, our sickly sentimentality on this subject arises in such abundance from an *wndue* appreciation of their nature. We think it evidence of sound sense, whereas it is only evidence of a low and sensual estimate of their value. We have in general *no idea* of the true relationship—the real *oneness* of man and woman. We love and admire, but it is generally but a poor apology for that true, and natural, and intense sense of being, which the picture of one man and one woman presents to the eye of wisdom. And so we go flaunting along, or else swimming in sickly sentimentalism, or creeping in affected modesty, regaling the public with our fulsome or half-starved essayings on the angel virtues of the sex. No wonder, to the sex themselves we are the objects of intense ridicule, for we could hardly do them a greater insult than to vent our folly in this tawdry and ridiculous rhetoric.

Well—says the reader, you have perhaps escaped Scylla, if you have not struck upon Charybdis. Surely we have not aimed at an extreme, and if we have been so unfortunate as to be misunderstood, it was not for the want of *intentional* candor in reference to the kind of literature we speak of. We say, give us Nature; and if, in our attempts to embrace both worlds for the true appreciation of a subject hitherto made ridiculous by an affected fearfulness or mawkish sycophancy, we have opened the doors for any misunderstanding, sure we are that no abuse of a true idea can justify its suppression for a moment. And be it further observed, virtue always thrives best in unreserved truth and reality.

W. M. F.

A subscriber in Illinois writes:—"Wishing to extend the circulation of your valuable paper, which has done me more good than any other work I ever read, I now send for an extra subscription of six months, thinking that by their circulation in this region a few subscribers may be obtained. Your paper has made an impression on my mind which neither time or place can efface."

"ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY."

DR. J. B. DODDS, is now lecturing every evening in Clinton Hall in this city, upon a new form of Human Magnetism which he designates by the above title. He professes to have made a discovery by the application of which he can produce some of the most astonishing effects upon the minds and bodies subjecting themselves to his operations, and that, too, while said persons are in full possession of their ordinary senses. These effects he certainly does produce, taking away all independent physical power from some, and controlling them in every possible way by the volitions of his own mind, and causing the most strange illusions to pass before the minds of others with the vividness of reality. His subjects are such as choose to come forward promiscuously from the audience, and sometimes are numerous. Dr. D. is an ingenious and powerful lecturer, though we are not quite sure that he does not sometimes erect his mere hypotheses into unquestionable truths. The idea that the extraordinary phenomena which he produces are referable to any agency of *electricity* properly so called, is we think at last deserving of re-consideration. We advise all who wish to witness the strangest possible manifestations of the power of mind over matter and even over-mind itself, to attend Dr. D.'s lectures. His experiments are not only vastly amusing, but they suggest some of the most important truths respecting the nature and powers of the human soul.

W. F.

LADIES' FAIR.

THE Ladies connected with Rev. T. L. Harris' Society will hold a FAIR in the Assembly Rooms, Chinese Buildings, on Monday afternoon and evening, February 12th. One of the most popular bands of vocalists in the city have volunteered their services for the occasion. The display both of useful and fancy articles, will be very large and beautiful, and no article will be disposed of for more than a fair valuation. Tickets 25 cents, to be had of Mr. C. Patridge, No. 5 Cortlandt street; Mr. H. B. Osborn, 444 Grand street, of Mr. E. A. Price, Univercelum office, and at the door on the evening.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS: We find ourselves frequently compelled reluctantly to reject articles even when received from correspondents for whom, personally, we have the highest esteem. Especially is this the case as regards *poetical* effusions, which are necessarily the more difficult of correction. Of these rejected articles we seldom give any direct notice, unless prompted by special considerations—deeming their non-appearance a sufficient intimation to their authors of the manner in which they have been disposed of. The most frequent reasons which induce us to decline articles sent us for publication, are deficiency of *point* and *clearness*, and other imperfections of composition owing to the *inexperience* of the writers. Let not such writers be discouraged—above all let them not be offended—if their lucubrations should happen occasionally to get "laid under the table," but let them persevere in that "practice which makes perfect."

We occasionally get good and well written articles, however, which are not adapted to our columns. For instance the ingenious *philological* article (on the word ЖЕЛОВАН) by "B. H. H." would be much better received by the public if printed in some theological magazine. Shall we re-mail the Ms. to the author?

D. L. JR., will please accept our thanks for his exertions in our behalf. A few such friends would soon procure us a fine subscription list.

We would say to our subscribers that we have surplus numbers of last year on hand, which we should be happy to send wherever they think it would be beneficial to the paper.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the "Nineteenth Century."

THE IRON DOOR.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Thus, in that city of the dead, passed another day, while Nero, in his Golden Palace, sat waiting for the coming of Lucius and—Sylvia. And in those gloomy caverns, where night was eternal, the hours of the second night dragged on, while the gay Sybarite lay wrapt in drunken dreams.

The third morning dawned on Rome, and in the Cell the fire of sweet-scented wood was rebuilt, the lamp replenished, the goblet filled once more with glorious wine.

Staggering from the couch, and passing his hand over his forehead, the Young Patrician took new garments from the hands of the silent slave, and arrayed his noble form in gayer, richer attire; listening all the while, with fixed intensity. But no sound came from the cavern. The Iron Door no longer gave passage to softened echoes. That world of caverns and shadows was breathlessly still.

Lucius dared not approach the Iron Door. Seated on his couch, with his teeth set, and his hands clasped on his knees, he listened all day long, his Soul devoured by a gnawing restlessness. Did the unnatural silence fill him with terror? Did the thought of the old Slave's History come to him, and enfold his heart with a fiery Doubt, a half-formed Hope? Once he started up toward the Iron Door—his hand was on the wicket—but he sank back upon the couch, gazing upon the floor with leaden eyes.

"Curses upon the wager," he groaned, biting his lips, "and curses on these mad fanatics, who have provoked the vengeance of our Gods!"

That is, curses upon the wretches who have forsaken the Gods of the Rich for THE GOD of the Poor.

It was a sad thing to see this Young Lord so unhappy, when there was luscious wine before him, a perfumed atmosphere around, here delicious viands, and in prospect the smile of NERO. The third day and the third night dragged horribly onward. There was no sound at the wicket; not a single wretch of them all tapped at the Iron Door.

"It is the Fourth Day," cried the young Lord, bounding from his couch, and receiving new and gayer attire from the hands of his dumb slave—"At sunset Nero will be here, to learn the result of our wager. Nero will descend into the bowels of the earth, eager to glut his eyes with the disfigured corpses of these fanatics. It is many weary hours until sunset—would this infernal play was over."

Then with all his soul the Young Lord listened. He even advanced to the Iron Door; nay, he laid his cheek against its chill surface. Not a sound, not an echo; neither voice nor footstep; all as dumb and still, as though a living thing had never passed the hopeless portal.

Shuddering, Lucius, the friend of Nero, drew back the wicket and looked within. All as dark as night eternal. Hark! There is a sound—is it a moan, a curse or a prayer? It is a name.

"Sylvia, come forth!" shouted the Sybarite, with a cheek like death—"Come forth, life awaits you!"

No answer—only the murmur of a Name.

"Come forth, one and all—come forth, slave and noble! There is life and food for all, beyond the Iron Door."

Still the murmur of that Name was all the answer, which greeted the Young Lord. But the air which came through the unclosed wicket breathed of the Dead. It mingled with the per-

fumed atmosphere of the luxurious cell, and assailed the senses of the Sybarite with the odors of the grave. He closed the wicket and sank back on his couch.

For hours he sat with his blue eyes—they were dull and leaden now—fixed on the floor, and his clasped hands laid upon his knees. That terrible Doubt, that glorious Hope were fighting their silent and awful battle in his heart. A Doubt in Jupiter and Nero, the Gods of the Rich—a Hope in Christ, the Redeemer, of the Poor!

At last he rose, and as his cheek grew pale and his lips set firmly over his clenched teeth, announced a stern and immovable Resolve, he took the perfumed lamp from the hand of the marble Venus, and with all his strength threw back—not the wicket—but the Iron Door itself, and with a firm step entered the Cavern.

He held the lamp above his head, and steadily advanced toward the central rock, panting for breath as the deathly atmosphere encountered his nostrils while the cavern roof gloomed sullen and vast above him. Soon he reached the central rock and looked around.

Death in a hundred shapes was there. Wasted cheeks, skeleton forms, eyes dull and leaden—these met his eye, wherever he turned. The baby was dead, upon the dead mother's breast. The Maiden lay cold and shrunken, beside the Matron; and the Negro on his knees, with his cramped hands clasped together, seemed praying, even after Death. Pitiful it was to see the Boy, so like an image of marble, which the damps have tarnished, resting his head against the rock, with his glassy eyeballs fixed on the cavern roof. The foul atmosphere of the cavern had anticipated or hastened the slow agonies of famine; they had died almost at the same gasp; they were there, alone with each other, in that earth-hidden City of the Dead.

Erect and breathing, amid those hundred corpses, stood the Young Lord, his eyes expanding and gathering new brightness, as he surveyed the cold faces and fixed eyeballs, while the light shone on his golden beard and tinted the curls of his golden hair.

"They are dead," he exclaimed. "Sooner than deny this Felon who died upon the cross, they have met death, in this hideous form—"

"They are not dead," said a voice, which penetrated the heart of Lucius and filled him with a creeping terror—"They have only entered into life."

Before him, gaunt and withered, yet still alive, rose the AGED SLAVE, whose eyes, fired by the approach of Death, gave a supernatural glare to his face, while the cavern air slowly lifted his white locks from his forehead.

For a moment the terrible Doubt and the glorious Hope, struggled in the heart of Lucius, and his face became fearfully distorted.

"Tell me the History which you told these starving ones," he said, falling on his knees before the Aged Slave—"Tell me of this Jesus, who came in the guise of toil and suffering, and said that all men were the children of ONE GOD."

At sunset NERO the Emperor came down into the cavern city, surrounded by a crowd of laughing favorites, and, gayly appareled as he was, entered the luxurious cell, which was separated from the Charnel Vault by the Iron Door. NERO was a young man, with mild blue eyes and soft golden hair; he had lived all his life on the Rich Man's side of the Iron Door, which divides the great world; wealth without a limit and power without a bound, had converted a human being into an Incarnate Devil.

"Lucius, my friend, where art thou? Show me these Christians living,—or let me behold them, dead! Lucius! By the Body of Bacchus, if you do not appear, I shall swear that you have turned CHRISTIAN yourself!"

At this the favorites laughed merrily; they were courtiers; the jests of Emperor, Pope or President are always appreciated by courtiers.

The Iron Door opened, and Lucius the friend of Nero appeared on the threshold. The Emperor started as he beheld the pallid countenance of his friend. Great was his astonishment, when the Young Lord silently stripped the splendid garments from his form, and stood with his foot upon those folds of purple adorned with gold.

"They were purchased with the agony and blood of the Poor. Shall I dress my limbs in purple and gold, when my Master was without a place to lay his head; and even now, his brothers and sisters, the Poor, have no couch, no home but the grave! NERO, strip those robes from your limbs, for every thread is stained with the blood of a human heart. NERO, Emperor of the world, you have grown drunken on the agony of your brothers; you have built your Golden Palace upon human corpses! NERO, repent, or the Master will arise and avenge his People—the Poor!"

These words, pronounced in a low voice, and yet with a clear bright eye and radiant forehead, filled the Emperor of the World with a mingled sensation of laughter and terror.

"Is it Lucius that I behold?" he cried. "The Master! Of whom do you speak?"

Then answered Lucius the Roman Lord, as he stood upon the threshold of the Iron Door,—one hundred corpses at his back, and Nero before his eyes—

"I speak of Jesus of Nazareth, who took upon himself the form of suffering and toil, so that all men might indeed be brothers,—that the Poor Man might dwell in peace in this world, and have his portion of the earth and its fruits—that no one should grow rich on his brother's shame and agony—that all alike might have a hope of immortality after Death."

No wonder that Nero and his favorites shook with laughter—and terror—as they heard words like these from the lips of Lucius the Sybarite.

Not many days after this scene, the luxurious cell, stripped of its gorgeous adornments, presented a far different picture. A half-naked man, seated on a block of stone, awaited the stroke of the Executioner's sword.

The half-naked man was Lucius the Sybarite: and in the Executioner we behold a man of oriental features, whose face resembling an inverted pyramid, gradually diminishes from the broad forehead to the sharp-pointed chin, while the eyes, deep sunken in their sockets, shine with a somber and malignant luster.

"You are willing to die for this Faith," said the Executioner, as he examined the edge of the sword. "It is only one sweep of my arm, and you are clay! You cannot believe that this Faith, which derives its life from a Felon's Cross, will ever make any progress in the world? Now, it is only the creed of a few miserable outcasts, who skulk in these caverns, beneath the foundations of Rome, ashamed to meet the light. Where will your faith be, ten—eleven—twelve—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen—yes, I will say—sixteen centuries hence?"

The young Roman raised his eyes, and surveyed with an indescribable feeling this strange man, who seemed determined to taunt and jeer the victim whom he was about to slay.

"Sixteen centuries hence," said Lucius the Christian, raising his brilliant eyes as he bared his neck for the sword—"This Faith, for which I am about to die, will have encompassed the globe, and raised mankind into one great Brotherhood. At that epoch there will not be a Priest, or a King, or a Rich Man, left upon the face of the globe. The lands will not be held by the few, for the many to make fertile with their sweat and blood. Every man will dwell on his own land; or else men as brothers will live in community, like the early followers of the Lord, for whom I am about to suffer. Sixteen hundred years hence, the faith for which thousands have been rent to pieces by wild beasts; tens of thousands put to death by the cord, the cross, the sword, or by the slow pangs of famine,—this faith, baptized by

the blood of martyrs, consecrated by the heroism of women and children, who have gone to death with the name of "JESUS" on their lips—this faith will have won its last victory over tyranny and avarice in every shape, and then—"

Lucius sank back, like one in a dream, and felt no more.*

We cannot refrain from recording an incident which took place in the Catacombs about the middle of the Tenth Century

Some Roman peasants who had descended into this vast World of the Dead, inspired by reverence for the memory of the Martyrs whose bones were hidden there, discovered a nook or cell, from the main passages of the vaults, in which a marble altar appeared, with a Corpse reposing on its surface. They only gained access to this cell by removing a solid wall; and when their torch lighted up its gloomy confines, they were astonished at the even temperature of the place, which was characterized by a pleasant medium between the extremes of cold and heat.

The Corpse extended upon the altar presented every appearance of Life. It was the body of a young man, whose golden hair and beard encircled a countenance marked by the regular features of classic Rome. Around his breast and limbs clung some fragments of the ancient Roman costume, and a Medal, bearing the face of NERO, was suspended from his neck. He seemed absorbed in a pleasant slumber; a faint color was on his cheek, and a life-like hue about his smiling lips: Yet, when they touched the Body, it was still and cold as marble. The peasants, awed and affrighted by the spectacle, hurried from the vault, and carefully placed the stones again before its mouth, sealing it for ever from the light and air.

One Peasant asserted that he saw the Corpse move by the last gleam of his torch.

But the throng of his comrades went thoughtfully from the Catacombs into the upper air, remembering a strange Legend which they had heard from their grandsires—a Legend of a Roman Martyr, who had been ordained to sleep within these caverns, in a trance alike removed from life or death, for the space of sixteen hundred years or more.

Can the Body remain in a state of Trance while the Soul goes forth to inhabit, for a while, another Form?

When Lucius the Roman awoke again he was assailed at once by a three-fold sensation of cold and weariness, and hunger. He had fallen asleep with the singular face of the Executioner before his eyes; he awoke in darkness and in cold. With extreme astonishment he discovered that his attire had been stripped from his limbs. His wonder deepened into something between Memory and Awe, when he extended his hands and felt the walls of a narrow cell, whose rocky ceiling encountered his head as he passed along.

"Nero has condemned me to die of starvation," he groaned; "I am buried alive."

It seemed to him that two or three days had passed since he

*It is here proper to observe that the Tradition on which this history is founded, at this point of the narrative indulges in a wild and improbable superstition, peculiar to the early ages of Christianity, and manifested in various forms. The idea of this part of the tradition seems to be, that the power once called MAGIC, and now called MAGNETISM, can hold a human being in a state between life and death for an incredible number of years. This state (such is the supposition) may be a continued TRANCE, in which the body remains torpid while the soul is active. A very well-accredited story is told of a German Physician who secluded a criminal into a subterranean chamber, having first reduced him to unconsciousness by means of magnetism, with the determination to permit him to remain in that Trance or Torpor for a certain period of years, when he was to be restored to sensation once more. Something of this character seems to be hinted by the original tradition; leaving us to infer that LUCIUS was placed in this state of Trance by his Executioner, and that this state continued for a prolonged period. The object of the Executioner may be guessed from the sequel of the history. We will accept the improbable tradition as a matter of fact, and base the concluding scenes of this narrative upon the machinery afforded by this old Legend.

was thus entombed; and again a strange fancy came over him, that his Soul had passed through many forms and existences since the hour when he beheld the Executioner, while his body had remained cold and unconscious in that cavern vault.

This two-fold Consciousness produced a singular struggle in the mind of Lucius.

After much thought, he discovered a winding passage, which seemed to lead to the regions of the upper air. He followed the mazes of this passage for an hour or more, and at last—naked and cold as he was—emerged from the darkness into light, and stood silent and wondering, on the threshold of a miraculous spectacle.

He had passed through a trap-door, and now he stood near a lofty pillar, in the shadows of a Temple, whose dome resembled a sky. A dark robe, which lay at his feet, soon clothed his naked limbs, while its hood concealed his face. He was free to gaze in silence, upon the sublime expanse of that colossal dome, which blazed with ten thousand lamps.

The place was thronged with a countless multitude, attired in singular apparel, and they bowed with one accord, before a MAN who, dressed in flowing robes, spread forth his hands before the great Altar of the Temple. Behind this Man, appeared the golden Image of a Felon, stretched upon a golden Cross.

Lucius was dumb with wonder.

He drank in the overwhelming sublimity of the scene, and shrunk into the shadows of the pillar, gathering his hood over his face, as he gave vent to his feelings, in these words:

"It is a new mockery of the Emperor Nero," he said. "The other day he built the Golden Palace, and now,—as if by sorcery—he has raised this wondrous Temple. But the Image of the Crucified—what does it here? Ah, he means to make a jest of Christ and his poor followers; I comprehend it all. And there stands NERO himself, dressed like a Pontiff, and worshipped by the kneeling million."

At this moment, Lucius beheld a figure draw nigh, attired in a robe and hood, similar to those which he himself had assumed. "Tell me," he said, in the language of ancient Rome, "tell me, friend, what does this mean? I have been absent from Rome for a few days. Explain to me this last fancy of our Emperor Nero."

"You speak excellent Latin, my young friend," returned the dark figure, in a dialect which grated harshly on the young Roman's ear: "Excellent Latin, and therefore I can forgive your idle jest."

"Jest!" echoed Lucius—"Will you have the goodness, to inform me, how many years have elapsed since the Foundation of Rome?" "Now," he murmured to himself, "we'll see who's dreaming."

The answer of the darkly attired figure was singular:

"You must be aware, young sir, that this is the year of Christ, FIFTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE. You stand in the TEMPLE OF CHRIST, dedicated to the blessed St. Peter. These whom you behold kneeling, are Christians; and yonder is the POPE, the Representative and VICAR OF CHRIST upon earth."

And the stranger passed hurriedly onward, for he believed that the young Roman was making sport with him.

Lucius heard his words, and started as though a chasm had opened at his feet. He surveyed the sublime dome—the splendid worshippers—the Vicar of Jesus in his gorgeous robes—and a sigh escaped his bosom.

"This the Temple of that Jesus, who knew not where to lay his head!" he gasped, and walked sadly along the aisle, in the shadows of the great pillars.

Suddenly a tall figure, with eyes fired by a malignant and yet laughing luster, confronted the young Roman. LUCIUS recognized his EXECUTIONER.

"You wished to behold Christianity after the lapse of sixteen hundred years," said this Personage, while an infernal radiance

seemed to radiate around his lofty forehead: "Your wish is gratified. You wear the gear of a Monk; here is gold. Take staff in hand, and search for the Religion which you heard preached in the Catacombs in the days of Nero. When your heart grows sick of that which you behold, then come back to your cell in the cavern, and you shall fall asleep once more."

With these words the Executioner was gone. Lucius had ceased to wonder. He was possessed by a Two-fold Consciousness once more.

"My body has slept for centuries. My Soul has in the mean time passed through various forms and existences, of which I can only be dimly conscious, while I wear this grosser form. The Enemy of Mankind, who derides Christ, has been permitted to exercise a limited power over me—for a season only—in order to test my Faith, or to expand my knowledge of the Truth. Yes, I will go forth; I will traverse the world; wherever I go, I will behold neither Tyrant nor Priest, but a family of Brothers and Sisters, who cherish in their souls the JESUS OF NAZARETH. As for this temple, why, it is rich and gorgeous, but that is because there are no Poor left on the face of the earth. Come Lucius! Gird up thy loins for a pilgrimage in pleasant places."

Shall I tell you how, LUCIUS, the "Arisen Dead," went staff in hand through Italy, and shall I picture the scenes which he beheld?

Popes, Priests, and Kings, elevated into a horrible God-head, while the great mass of mankind were brutalized into Devils. For the Pope a Palace, for the Priest a Shrine, for the King a Throne; palace, shrine, and throne, all gorgeously erected upon a foundation of corpses; and for the Poor—

They still remained on the other side of the Iron Gate. For every Rich Man who feasted, there was a hundred men and women and children who starved. This was Italy in the year of Christ fifteen hundred and twenty-five.

Sick at heart, LUCIUS, the Wanderer of the dead centuries, ascended to the summit of an Alp, which divided the beautiful plains of Italy from the great forests and rivers of the German land.

"Lord," he cried, kneeling amid ice and snow, and stretching forth his hands toward the beautiful sunset Heaven: "Thou didst take upon thyself the form of an humble Mechanic, so that thy People, the Poor, might enjoy their portion of this earth and its fruits, and grasp a Hope of Immortality in the Other World. And yet, Lord, after fifteen centuries, thy Body is crucified afresh, in the form of the Poor Man, who is mocked and murdered, every day, by new Herods, and new Pharisees. Does thy Church yet exist upon the earth?"

And even as he spoke in this repining tone, it seemed as if a veil was lifted from his eyes, while he saw and heard, with the refined senses of a Better World.

For even from that mountain top, he saw innumerable huts, tenanted by miserable forms, who sang a low anthem, with a chorus in these words: "We are in the Cavern still, O Lord of Nazareth; we starve, we die on the dark side of the Iron Door; but thou wilt in thine own way unbolt the Iron Door, and bring us into Peace and Home."

Lucius wept. Something so holy there was in this rude anthem, sung, at once, by a million wretches, whose voices ascended from all parts of the globe.

Lucius took his staff and wandered on. It was Germany which looked glad upon him, from its forests and hills and glorious Rhine.

"There is a great Reformer here,"—these words were told to Lucius by the wayside: "He preaches the real Gospel, as it was preached in the days of old."

Therefore, Lucius one day ascended a mountain crag, and penetrated into a cell, where sat a jocund man, with a Bible by his side, a pen in one hand, and a flask of cheerful wine in the other.

"I—," said the jocund man, whose good humored face "was al-

ways marked by a hardly earnestness—"I am Martin Luther. I preach the Gospel of the Bible. I preach against Popes and Monks, and all other delusions of Antichrist. I—"

Lucius knelt down and kissed the hem of Martin Luther's garment. But at this moment there came through the opened casement of Martin Luther's chamber, a roar like the sound of many waters.

Lucius looked forth, and beheld a vast multitude, who, clad in the veriest rags of poverty, lifted up their ten thousand hands and voices, in supplication to the great Martin Luther.

"We declare, in the name of Christ, that we will no longer be treated as the Property of our Lords."

Thus the Peasant spoke with one voice, and their wives and little children joined in their common prayer.

"We demand that our sweat and blood shall be no longer extorted from us, in the form of grievous Rents, unjust Taxes, and intolerable Tithes.

"We demand that the lands which have been stolen from us, by trick, by custom, and by law, shall be restored to us, for that land we and our fathers have bought with blood and tears, with hopeless labor and bitter slavery."

Then came a chorus, chanted like an anthem:

"All men are alike the children of God. 'Jesus, by his precious blood, has redeemed all without exception, the shepherd as well as the Emperor.' Every man hath a right to a place where he may toil, and a right to the fruits of that toil."

And last of all, men and women and children lifted up their voices to Martin Luther:

"Martin Luther, hear us! Hear us in the name of God! Thou hast preached the freedom of the soul. Now, do thou preach the freedom of the body, for the souls of millions have been lost, because their bodies were loaded with the chains of Poverty; because their hearts were pierced with the fang of Hopeless toil."

Lucius wiped the tears from his eyes, for it was exceeding pitiful to hear the humble prayer of those Peasant People swelling through the casement of Martin Luther's cell. He watched the Reformer with great earnestness.

Martin arose, unbolted his casement, and looked forth upon the multitude.

"Enough it is for you that I preach spiritual freedom," he cried in angry tones. "The body is born to suffer and die. Suffer on, my good friends; obey your lords; in the next world you may have your foot upon their necks. Suffer—suffer—suffer! But do not dare to revolt against your Lords—'Revolt has never ended well,' and if you fight against your lords, 'you will be everlastingly lost, body and soul.'"

Thus speaking, Martin Luther closed the casement, and sat him down to write a terrible Thesis against the Pope.

As for Lucius, he buried his face in his hands, and bit his lip, and endeavored to crush the writhings of his soul.

"Thou a Reformer!" he cried at last, as he stood pale and quivering, before the astonished Doctor Martin's sight. "Thou!—Thou hast attempted to leap a chasm, and instead of landing on the opposite side, thou hast settled down in its depths, amid its very filth and mire! There is no such thing as Half-Way in the Gospel of God. The whole Gospel, the very mystery of Life and Death is wound up in the simple question.—'How shall we give to Labor its proper fruits?' Thou canst attack Popes, demolish Antichrist, and prate of Real Presence in a Sacrament, but thou art a very Coward, when the Poor Man's cry comes through the casement."

"Avoid thee, Satan," gasped Martin, seizing his ink-stand.

"Thou dost talk of spiritual freedom, to Men whose bodies are hacked and lashed and chained, whose very souls are rusted away by the curse of hopeless and landless labor! Come,—Martin—be a Man—be altogether great. Pass the Iron Door which divides the Rich One from the Poor HUNDRED. Preach now—at once—the sacred rites of labor to its reward—of the

Poor Men to a Home—of all men to a just share in this world's fruits, and to Immortality in the next. Martin, I say, Arise! There is no Half-Way in the Gospel uttered by Jesus of Nazareth!"

"But there will be rebellions, revolts, seas of carnage," faltered the Great Reformer, somewhat impressed by the harsh eloquence of the Wanderer: "The Poor will rise as one man and slay the Rich" —

The answer of Lucius was full of meaning:

"As long as men, like thee, preach to the Poor the falsehood of a bestial submission to the Rich,—so long as Men, chosen of God to give voice to the Poor Man's agony, prove false to their sacred trust—so long will the efforts of the Poor, to free themselves, resemble only the struggles of a blinded giant, who rushes from his cell, and knife in hand, mangles every thing in his path."

Martin was convulsed with the throes of an anguish which almost resembled madness.

"I am fearfully tempted," he faltered.

"No—no—thou art only great enough for Half-Way," said Lucius, as his Two-fold nature imparted the gift of Prophecy: "Thou wilt die, with only half of thy work achieved, and men will wonder, oftentime, as they sit withering in the kennels of the world—whether it had not been better for Man, hadst thou never worked at all. *Until labor is rewarded, and man is encircled by circumstances worthy of his destiny, this world will only exist for superstition and bloodshed.*"

"Behold, friend Martin, some of the results of Half-Way!"

And then, gifted by his Two-fold nature with Prophecy, the Wanderer revealed unto Martin Luther certain scenes which congealed the Reformer's soul.

He showed him, first, John Calvin lighting the fagot of Servetus with one hand, while the other embodied on paper the most malignant shape of Heathenism linked with something of Christianity,—the body of a beautiful woman chained to an ulcerous corpse.

Next,—an innumerable army of men, who, clad in black, glided like shadows over the face of the globe. These shadows were connected by an invisible but adamant chain. They were joined together in the awful work; it was their task to transform human souls into "LIVING-CORPSES;" they even attempted to imprison the Divine Soul of Jesus, in a fearful statue, which crushed and mangled every one who came within its iron arms.

"And this, Martin Luther, this, will strangle thy Reformation over half the world."

Then came an incredible revelation of a time when the HUNDRED should hurl their weight against the Iron Door, and put the ONE to death, washing their mad hands in his blood.

"This is in France, Martin Luther. Before two hundred years are gone, the Cry which the Peasants sent through thy casement shall be echoed again, by the slaves of a world, and answered by twenty years of ceaseless Murder."

And Martin Luther, sick of Half-Way and its horrible results, sank back fainting in his chair, while Lucius the Wanderer returned to his cell in the Catacombs, and slept again.

In the year 1922 he again arose, his Soul having once more returned to inhabit his Entranced body. Staff in hand, and in the guise of an humble man, he went on his second pilgrimage, anxious to discover, whether, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years, the Gospel of Nazareth lived upon the face of the earth.

It was a sad journey which he made over desolated Europe. He cast one glance upon the sixty thousand skeletons of Waterloo, and then surveyed the new Nero on the throne of England, and the dead Napoleon in the grave of St. Helena. These were but a few of the results of "Half-Way." Lucius, conscious of his Two-fold Existence, left the field of Waterloo, and came to Paris, and ascended into a garret, where an unknown man was

sitting in his loneliness, encompassed by the manuscripts which he had written in a lifetime.

And the heart of the Wanderer swelled within him, as he remarked the sad stern yet loving countenance of the Hermit, who was more alone in the great city of Paris, than an anchorite of the first century, in the midst of Arabian deserts. It was a face that fixed your gaze with its forehead like a tower; its eyes full of Christ; its mouth firm yet smiling as if with a mingled Hope and Fear.

"And while the whole world, for twenty years has been busy at Murder," said Lucius, "Thou hast been waiting in silence at the tomb of Jesus, sealed for eighteen centuries, watching for the Resurrection of the Lord."

The Solitary one gazed in the face of Lucius with a mournful smile.

"In other words, for twenty years or more," resumed Lucius, "thou hast communed with thine own heart, and silently received the Truth, at the Tomb of Christ, and placed it in words upon these sheets of paper. Is it so? Thou wouldst preach once more the Gospel of Nazareth? Thou wouldst re-organize the social system? Thou wouldst win the Rich Man from his eminence of crime and lift the Poor Man from the kennel of his despair, and link Rich and Poor in one Sacrament of Brotherhood? Thou wouldst restore to earth the Communion of Saints—yea—thou wouldst take the scattered Members of the Body of Christ, and make them live again, in a divine Union? Is it thus? Who cares for thee? Who heeds thy silent work? Who looks into the dust and shadows of thy cell?"

And the Solitary veiled his face in his hands for a moment, as if subdued by the words of Lucius,—for vast and God-like as were his labors, there was scarcely a man in the great City of Paris, who knew him, or cared for him, or even glanced upon the strange things which he had written. He had no Gold to buy Reviewers. He was no courtier, to ask the smiles of Rich Men. But still the Solitary raised his forehead from his hands, and, won by the Love manifested in the eyes of Lucius, he answered with a calm glory radiating over his face.

"My work is not for a day, nor for a year, nor for a nation, or a race, but for MAN and for ETERNITY."

He then stretched forth his hands and began to tell Lucius the Thought of his life. "Labor can be so organized as to render it ATTRACTIVE. Armies of carnage have desolated the earth—Armies of Industry shall make of it the Garden of God. The HUMAN RACE is ONE. You cannot wound a single member without, at the same time, wounding the whole Body."

Upon thoughts like these the Solitary based his system of Regeneration. He did not ask the control of a nation, for the commencement of his Reform, but only a Township of land. He did not wish to reconstruct the Pyramid of Society by one magical effort, or by commencing at the top; but by adding pebble to pebble, and working from Foundation to Summit. In a word, the same Harmony, which God has established in a Universe of Worlds, (the Solitary contended,) He had also established in the great Family of Souls.

But it is in vain for me to attempt to compress in a few abrupt sentences, the sublime Gospel, which the Solitary poured into the ears of Lucius.

"This not only unbars, but completely demolishes the Iron Door," said the Wanderer, as his mind reverted to the Catacombs: "Nay—it rather converts the Chamber and the Charnel into one, making the charnel a Home, with an equal distribution of the mere luxuries of the chamber. It destroys the eternal war between the ONE and the HUNDRED; it lifts the leaden roof from the Charnel; it buries Guilty-Wealth, beneath the fallen Door, and, instead thereof, writes on the charnel walls, WEALTH FOR ALL. In a word, this Discovery unseals the tomb of JESUS. LO! The Lord is come, from the sepulcher; he has been confined too long, by a leaden theology and a Moloch civilization; he

comes, and with him, the Gospel of the Poor. Behold, children of suffering, sons of labor, behold the Arisen Christianity."

And the Wanderer went back to his cell in the Subterranean World, beneath the world of Rome, and slept again.

Yet ere he departed from the garret of the Solitary One, he had whispered in his ear, the mystery of his Two-Fold Life, concluding with these words:

"When thou art dead, HARBINGER of the Lord, I will return once more—once more inhabit this form—and look upon the results of the Arisen Christianity."

Deep within the Catacombs sleeps the ENTRANCED, motionless as death, and yet with a smile upon his marble face.

And shuddering, there stands the EXECUTIONER, fearful that the Entranced will rise again, and go forth for a third time, to behold—not an earth devoured by Kings, Priests, Rich Men—but a world new-born, kneeling as one man at the feet of the ARISEN CHRISTIANITY.

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