

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.

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WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCŒLUM,
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Thus we have considered what may not improperly be called the second degree of inspiration from the spiritual world. The first is that which takes place by habitual conjunction with that world when we know it not; the second is by dream and vision in the hour of sleep.

And now, the third and highest degree is that of conscious communication in a wakeful state. The instances, perhaps, already produced, are of this kind in a degree. There is no doubt that Stilling, that Böhme, that the Western forrester, that Benneville, that thousands of others were and are conscious of spiritual protection and guidance.

But there are and have been, even in ordinary life, cases of distinct and clear consciousness and sight, in the wakeful hours, of communication with the heavenly world. Jacob Böhme, a German author, was an instance of this kind. He wrote in the early part of the seventeenth century. Being of a devout and philosophic turn, and given much to silent communion with Nature, he deeply desired a knowledge of the interior world. He continued in this desire till, to quote his own language, he "became surrounded by a divine light for seven days, and stood in the highest contemplation and kingdom of joys." Again, on another occasion, he was surrounded by the same "divine light," in which he was still more unfolded, and enabled even to wander forth and look into the interior essences and virtues of plants and herbs, which he applied to practical purposes. Several years after, he was again, for the third time, in similar illumination and more enlarged observation of the inner mysteries of Nature.

The case of Emanuel Swedenborg is known nearly to all. For a period of nearly thirty years, he continued in almost daily converse and communication with spirits and angels, his interiors being largely opened, and he was the instrument of an immense amount of knowledge, intermixed, to be sure, with crudities and errors, the consequence of prepossessions and prejudices, and a not fully, at all times, developed state of the interior powers.

The case of the Seeress of Prevorst, a young person of extremely fine nervous organization, born in 1801, in Wirtemberg, presents another wonderfully interesting and truthful narrative concerning the revelations of the inner life. This person lived rather in the spiritual than the corporeal life, and gave daily evidence to the truth of her absolute and visible communication with beings of the higher sphere. This she looked upon rather as a misfortune than a privilege, as it daily subjected her to the remarks, and misconceptions, and misrepresentations of the world. From her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of

which every one who saw her became sensible. She was extremely sensible to all kinds of spiritual influences, prophetic dreams, divinations, visions; and her susceptibility was at times so great, that she heard and felt what happened at a distance, and was so susceptible to magnetic influences, that even the nails in the walls annoyed her, and were obliged to be removed. But it was not only in a sleep-waking state, but in the full enjoyment of her bodily senses, that she saw and conversed with spiritual beings, and revealed much which has since been confirmed by various psychological investigations.

I would here, however, quote an excellent remark of Escheu-mayer, on the moral difference between persons in a state of sleep-waking and those in the full enjoyment and enjoyment of their bodily senses, even though they may be subject to interior impressions. "Persons in this condition (say I) have no merit. Whatever moral or religious ideas they may utter, they are no substantial possession; they are only the natural results of a soul freed from the load of intellectual life. And thence these persons, on awaking, resume their former situation as representatives of individual existence, altogether unconscious of secrets that have been disclosed by them. And here lies the difference between the sense of the beauty of virtue, and the merit of its exercise."

Such, then, are the instances, out of the sacred Scriptures, though more might be given, of what we may denominate the third and highest degree of inspiration or enlightenment from the sphere of spiritual being. It is a conscious communication in a wakeful state, of direct intercourse with that higher sphere.

Now such, precisely, is the nature of that inspiration enjoyed by many of the writers of the Old and New Testaments. We may here remark, however, that this degree of inspiration is evidenced in two ways, by conscious influx of thought and feeling, and by absolute vision in that wakeful state. The condition of the old prophets—Isaiah, David, Zeehariah, Daniel, in particular,—and Jesus, Paul, and John, &c., when not in vision, was such that they dwelt much in the contemplation of Nature and divine things, and communed with her inmost truths. But many of the Scripture writers also had visions, in mid-day, and in hours of watchfulness, of divine glories and prophetic truths. These visions were sometimes produced by an "angel of the Lord," or some approaching spirit or spirits, and sometimes may have been the result of direct and independent communication with heaven, by the expanded and opened interiors of the persons who were subject to them. God indeed is said to have talked with Moses "face to face," but we know that no personal manifestation of the divine glory was possible, as indeed it is expressly stated in this very connection, that the Lord said to Moses, "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live." (Exodus xxxiii.) We must attribute this language to the crude conceptions which those had in that day, of the Infinite Eternal Mind. It is possible, however, that an angel may have appeared to Moses in a cloud of light, as it is repeatedly affirmed that the "Lord" appeared to him in this form. It is known from much testimony, that spirits do frequently assume such an appearance.

Now, concerning those visions which take place in the waking state, whether produced by an approaching spirit, or indepen-

*Continued from p. 227.

dently, by the mind's interior expansion and opening, we may instance the case of Ezekiel, of whom it is written, (chap i: 1.) that as he was "among the captives by the river of Chebar, the heavens were opened, and he saw visions of God." In Numbers xxiv: 16, is mention made of one who "saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open." Also in Ezekiel viii: 1, the prophet writes—"And it came to pass in the sixth year, in the sixth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I sat in mine house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the Lord fell there upon me. Then I beheld, and lo, a likeness as the appearance of fire." &c. There is also an interesting record in Daniel x: 4-8. The prophet was by the side of the river, and he lifted up his eyes, and looked, and saw the vision. It is interesting to remark here what is stated in verse 7; "And I Daniel alone saw the vision; for the men that were with me saw not the vision; but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves." There is an appearance of nature in this. From what we know of the influence of the magnetic sphere, why may we not suppose the sensation here described as a "quaking," to have been the influence of the angel's approach, or his "sphere," upon those around who were not prepared for it? As by comparison, we know that when two or more persons are in a room, and one is attempted to be magnetized, there is sometimes a failure in the person tried, while another sitting by, and untried, receives the influence. I have myself seen this, and if we are disposed to be natural, and not to separate the men of the Bible from all other men, but to account for spiritual things by what we know of analogous things, we may not be at loss, perhaps, to account for the sensations which fell upon those who saw not the vision. Indeed, it is related of the Seeress of Prevorst, that so perfectly magnetic was her system, that "many persons said that they lost strength by being in close proximity to her, and that they felt a contraction in the limbs, a tremor, &c. Many persons, when near her, were sensible even to fainting." And many times, when she was knowing to the presence of spirits by actual sight, other persons would be made sensible of the same presence "by a strange uneasiness, by dreams, by faintness, and by a constriction and oppression of the nerves." Such, then, we may suppose to have been the case with the associates of Daniel. They were not in sympathy, or to use a magnetic phrase, "in rapport" with the angelic personage, as the prophet was, and so experienced contrary effects. We find that after the first appearance of the vision, Daniel found himself "in a deep sleep," with his face toward the ground. Whether the whole vision was in a state of outward unconsciousness, we will not pretend to say.

There are many other cases of a conscious and visible communication with heaven, in a wakeful state, recorded of the prophets, and among the rest may be placed Paul's account of his glimpse of the "third heaven," John's vision in the isle of Patmos, and the communion of Jesus with angels, at his baptism, on the mount of Olives, at what is called the transfiguration, and on other occasions.

Thus, then, we have presented examples of each degree of that inspiration which the sacred writers may be truly said to have possessed. The first general degree is common to all men, and is not generally allowed to be inspiration *because* of its commonness. It is simply that universal inflowing of the Divine Spirit into all beings and all things. Of course, God must be allowed to be in all spirit as in all matter, and in this sense it is that every human organization is a direct recipient of truth and goodness from the Deity. Thus, the philanthropist is inspired with the divine Love, the philosopher with the divine Wisdom, the perfect Man with both.

The second general degree is that influx from the spiritual spheres, which may be subdivided into three other degrees, viz: by habitual conjunction with the spiritual world when we know it not; by dream and vision in the hours of sleep; and by con-

scious communication with heaven in a wakeful state, in the enjoyment of all the faculties and senses. This last also, manifested in two ways,—by mere influx of thought and feeling, and by actual vision in this state.

We have found instances of each of these degrees in persons who have laid no claim to peculiar and infallible enlightenment of God, and indeed, the *infallibility* of such enlightenment is altogether out of the question. No doubt, they have been made the subjects of the revelation of many infallible truths, but they are infallible, not to us because they revealed them, but both to them and us because they commend themselves to the inner consciousness and reason. Revelations even from the spiritual world, it need not be repeated, are not *necessarily* infallible, both because the inhabitants of that world are themselves in all degrees of perfection, and because every truth is colored and qualified by the human medium through which it passes. Though this may be always stated of truths from the higher world, that coming from a much higher sphere *generally* than the plane of thought we occupy, they are much more likely to be true in the main, than the thoughts and conceptions of this mundane sphere. So with this consideration, and with the test of our own consciousness, intuitions, and reason, do we credit the inspirations with a higher or lower degree of confidence, derived from all the sources which we have enumerated.

But I say, we have found instances of each of these degrees of enlightenment, in persons who have laid no claim to peculiar and exclusive inspiration from God. And many more instances might be given. Indeed, it is a truth of high importance and great beauty and influence, that the sources of the spiritual universe are so open to mind universally, as to elevate all the race, in a degree, to communion with heaven and with Deity. Not that all are in *direct* communion with the heavenly world, but that multitudes are, and even the world of mankind, profiting first by the high and enkindling conceptions of others who have attained this elevation, and at last, by a universal resurrection of the race, by an expansion of the germ which exists in Nature, may rise to communion with immortal spheres, and be witness to the full glory of humanity.

And the beauty of the whole speculation is, that it is all within the capacities of Nature. This I conceive to be one of the grand problems of the age,—to make spiritual things natural. And surely, it is a conception fitted at once to arouse the dormant powers of our nature, and to enkindle the highest hopes for the progression of our species, to consider the most transcendental and superhuman agencies—even the inmost of the most spiritual heavens, and the multitudinous connections and instrumentalities of all spheres of being, to be *one* connected system of Nature's divinest work. Thus would we consider it; and when from out that mystic world with which we are surrounded, we are so happy as to receive impression and direction,—when the light of inspiration from thence descends like an angel to illumine our dark souls, let us be thankful that this is a gift confined necessarily to no age or people—not exclusive, not peculiar, not *beyond* Nature divine, but only one manifestation of that Divinity which *dwelleth* in Nature, which is the Soul of the Universe—the life and glory and enlightenment of all beings in all worlds.

One remark on the peculiarity of the language of the ancient Scriptures, and we pass to another division of our subject. One great obstacle to the reception of these natural views of inspiration and divine things, is the fact that in the Bible, whenever the prophets and others speak of directions and enlightenment from spiritual sources, they make use of the expression "the Lord spake"—"the Lord said," &c. "The word of the Lord came unto Abram, saying," &c. "And God said to Abraham"—and "the Lord spake unto Moses"—"thus saith the Lord," &c.

We have before remarked, and adduced proof, that the "angel of the Lord," and "the Lord," are frequently put for the same thing—that one was accustomed to say the Lord spake, when

only some angel or spirit approached and did actually address the person, sometimes in his own native language, and sometimes by impressions, dreams, visions, &c. But this is not always the case, and it is only necessary to be remarked here, that it was the almost universal custom among the inhabitants of the East, whenever they felt themselves moved by any divine impulse, to say that the Lord moved, or the Lord spake or directed them. We shall not now enter into a more particular consideration of this, than to show by illustration, how much we are indebted to the mere style of the ancient writers for our notions of their special and exclusive inspiration. Much of what we term the *claim* of the Bible writers to such special and exclusive inspiration, arises from the mere form of speech in which they were accustomed to utter themselves. There is indeed no evidence that they *did* claim as much as is in our day attributed to them. They merely gave utterance to their thoughts in the form of speech which was then most common and natural among them. And the *claim* to such *exclusive* inspiration has been made out by us in after time, with whom language has so varied. We may be convinced of this by presenting an illustration, in both styles of language, of an account not dissimilar from many in the Old Testament Scriptures.

The following account is from Kerner's introduction to the narrative of the Seeress of Prevorst. It is told as illustrative of the hereditary tendency in the family to which the Seeress belonged. It is concerning the grandfather of the Seeress, Johann Schmidgall, who, it appears, was also subject to interior impressions, both in his sleeping and his waking hours.

"This Johann Schmidgall had for some time managed the affairs of a widow, in Lowenstein, whose circumstances, after the death of her husband, did not appear in a very prosperous condition; and having, by his disinterested advice and services, placed her in a comfortable situation, he began to think it time to look after his own advancement. He had procured a good situation at Esslingen, having provided the widow with another servant, so packing up his trunk, he took leave, and with his stick in his hand he departed from the door. Slowly he ascended the mountain; he felt afraid, and was oppressed by an anxiety he could not account for. With every step he advanced, this anxiety increased, though in spite of it he went on, every now and then, however, feeling himself forced to pause and stand still; till at length this uneasiness increased to such a degree that he turned back towards Lowenstein. Instantly all anxiety vanished. 'But,' thought he, 'it would be a most extraordinary thing to turn back, when I know of no cause for doing so;' so he determined not to mind, but to go to Esslingen, let things be as they might. He turned round, and again the anxiety recurred. Nevertheless, he went forward, till he reached a forest called the Gaisholz. Here his uneasiness was augmented to the highest degree; and instead of the well known forest and road, he beheld before him a *strange country, and an immense, large, empty field, in the midst of which stood a man, making signs to him to turn back.* There was now no help for it; he felt that he must go back; and as soon as his face was turned towards Lowenstein, the anxiety and the strange country disappeared together. Thoughtfully he returned to the lady's house, and setting his stick behind the door, and offering an excuse for his re-appearance, he gave up all thoughts of leaving her. The lady, though astonished, said nothing; neither did the other persons of the household, and every thing went on as though he had never left it. He quietly took possession of his former situation, wrote to the new servant that he need not come, and things resumed their previous train. And this was the origin of Schmidgall's fortune. He brought this lady's business into a very flourishing condition, married her daughter, and by his example, counsel, and conduct, as well as by his traffic, which grew to be very extensive, he became a real blessing to the place, and continued so to a great age."

This is a very interesting and undoubtedly truthful account.

It is one of many such. The strange country, and the immense, large, empty field which suddenly opened to the traveler's vision, was undoubtedly an appearance produced by his attendant or protecting spirit, to impress him more strongly with the fact that *going that way* was only going *away from home*, and to find emptiness and barrenness. The man that stood in the midst of the field signifying him to turn back, was this same guiding spirit.

Now let us put this account into the language of the ancient Scripture writers.

"And it came to pass, that Johann, surnamed Schmidgall, who had care of the widow of Lowenstein, and having placed her in prosperous circumstances by the will of God, was moved in his heart to journey to Esslingen, that he might eat of the fruit of his doings. So Schmidgall provided another servant for the widow of Lowenstein, and gathered all together, departed from the house, and with his staff in his hand journeyed on thither. And it came to pass, when he ascended the mountain, that he felt afraid, and was sorely oppressed, and prayed unto the Lord for help. And the Lord said, thou shalt not go thither, for I have not so appointed. But Schmidgall said in his heart, surely I may journey to Esslingen, for my flocks and my herds are there, and the desire of my heart is upon them. But the Lord said, thou mayest not at all go hence, for behold, my purpose is against thee. And Schmidgall, smitten with a great fear and trouble in his heart, set his face towards Lowenstein. And suddenly his fear vanished, and he had great peace in his thoughts. But Schmidgall reasoned with himself, why should I turn back to Lowenstein? Seeing there is no cause for so doing, and the thoughts of a man's heart doth deceive him. So he turned his face thither again, and said, I will journey towards Esslingen, and there will I tarry henceforth. But a great fear came over Schmidgall, nevertheless, he journeyed on as far as the woods called Gaisholz, and being overcome with exceeding heaviness, he looked, and behold, a great plain lay outstretched before him, and he found himself as it were in a strange country, of unfruitfulness and great barrenness. And behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto Schmidgall, and beckoned him to go back, and to set his face towards Lowenstein. And Schmidgall was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but turned and journeyed homeward. And the strange country and the fear immediately departed from him. And considering in himself what all this might mean, he set his feet to the house of the widow of Lowenstein, and resting his staff by the door, he went in, and was determined thenceforth to go no more out from the place. And the woman was astonished, but said nothing, neither did Schmidgall, neither did any that were in the house. And he took possession of all that was therein, and attended to the business, and the blessing of the Lord was in all the house, and in all the field. And it came to pass that Schmidgall found favor with the daughter of that house, and he took her to wife, and they increased greatly in goods and in all things, and were prospered of the Lord in great substance, and were a blessing in all the land. And Schmidgall died in a good old age."

Such is a true rendering of an account, according to the Eastern style of expression. I repeat, it is only necessary to remember that any deep or special impulse with which they felt themselves moved was attributed to a divine source, and was called a speaking of the Lord, (as indeed many among us do now use much the same language, as when they say the Lord moves them, or in his Providence speaks,) and then we have no difficulty in accounting for that *exclusive* claim to divine inspiration which has been set up for the sacred writers. There is no evidence that they claimed it themselves, as we accord it to them, though, of course, the Jews considered themselves in special favor with the Divine Being, and considered other nations as unclean and unworthy. But they did *not*, from all that appears, presume to deny to all but the prophets and patriarchs and seers, any communication from heaven, as we of Christian lands

have undertaken to do for them. Nay, it is expressly taught by the prophet Joel, that "it shall come to pass, in the last days, that God will pour out his spirit upon all flesh, that your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also upon the servants, and upon the handmaids, in those days, will God pour out his spirit."

But why need we continue the subject? It must be evident to every unprejudiced mind, that the nature of the inspiration of the Bible writers does not differ, even in its highest degrees, from the nature of that enlightenment which has been manifested to other men, and which, we have reason for believing, will be the common heritage of mankind in the days of the perfected organization of the race. It is the power of the spiritual nature: It is, and has been, developed in many individuals, both in and out of the church, and will, we doubt not, continue in its developments till the proximity of heaven shall be the sight and realization of heaven, and "the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the deep," and the "new Jerusalem shall come down from God out of heaven."

The facts connected with the instances which we have presented, not taken from the Bible, are the same in nature with those which are recorded in the Bible, and until their dissimilarity can be pointed out, sufficiently to justify the enormous conclusions of the advocates of the common theory of inspiration, we shall conclude that it is mainly, if not entirely, in the popular view of the Bible as a unity, as the production of one Mind, and that Divine, and in the difference of ancient and modern ideas of the source of thoughts and impressions, and a corresponding difference of speech,—we shall conclude that it is in these things that men have been led to cherish such disproportionate views of the manifestations of Deity to different ages, nations, and people. And if simply *this* difference had been preserved—that the ancients had said they were *impressed*, instead of "the Lord spake," the world would have been saved from an enormous theory of partial divine manifestations. And what does the whole prove, but that we need a fully developed, *spiritual philosophy*, which shall harmonize natural and spiritual things, and relieve this beautiful and stupendous Universe from the violations of Nature without, and the rude disorder of theology within. So in the end it will be; and man will find that it is only in singleness and simplicity of heart, that the fountains of truth are unsealed to his vision—that the heavens are opened—and the Scriptures of Divine Truth are in every living and unliving thing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.

The subject of immortality must naturally, above all others, engage the attention of the superior classes of minds, so long as there remains a doubt in regard to its truth. For what is life in this sphere, without the hope of a future state of existence? What is there that can adequately stimulate us to deeds of virtue, and nerve us to patient endurance in the cause of truth and right, if the blessings resulting from such a course are only to be enjoyed in this world? Truly it were a melancholy task for sincere minded men to endure all the scorn, persecution, and ignominy that are but too often heaped upon such, if animated and consoled by no hope, no glorious anticipation of a future and a better land, where the spirits of the good and great shall reap the reward of their labors while on this earth. There is something in our natures that recoils instinctively from such a conclusion; and however barren the prevailing philosophy may be of arguments in support of the doctrine of Immortality, still man can not let go the all-comforting, all-sustaining thought,

that this is not our resting-place—that here we but commence an existence that shall never end.

But we need some substantial argument that will convince the *understanding* of the eternal existence of the human spirit. If we were to interrogate Nature according to the old, or rather the prevailing systems of philosophy, we would in all probability arrive at the same conclusion as did the learned Spurzheim, "that there is no known law in Nature that proves to us that man is immortal." And if we follow the advice of the orthodox party in religion, who tell us to go to the Bible for proof of the soul's immortality, we shall find ourselves still in the dark; for most of the passages of scripture that are brought forward in support of that doctrine, are susceptible of a very different interpretation. And again, the fact can not be successfully denied that the Bible is the work of man, and that it is but a reflex of the minds of those who wrote, or of those who translated it—some of them being good and great, yet all having natures like unto other men, and liable to err. When we consider calmly and rationally these facts, does it not plainly appear that the intellect requires something more firm and substantial in support of the doctrine of immortality, than anything that has yet been brought generally before the world.

The people of this age are favored above all others, in the many new truths which are continually bursting upon them: and among the new ideas that have been given, none appear to me of so much importance as those in relation to the spirit preserving its identity after it has left this earthly tabernacle.

The New Philosophy presents three important propositions, as follows: "1. That the design of Nature is to develop and perfect the Body. 2. That the Body should develop the Mind or Spirit. And 3. That the Spirit, when once developed, can never lose its identity, but must continue to develop itself individually through all eternity." (Univercelum, Vol. ii: p. 258.) The first two statements afford only collateral evidence of the continued individuality of the human spirit. For we might equally say, that the design of the mineral is to produce the vegetable, and the vegetable to produce the animal; yet both lose their identity as organized forms whenever dissolution takes place. But if we look at the third proposition, and examine its character and bearing, we shall find that in it alone lies the principal argument in proof of the immortality of the soul. Only let the mind become convinced that the human spirit is so constituted that it can not be absorbed; that different spirits can not mingle together so as to lose their personal identity—and the truth of man's immortal nature will be established beyond all doubt, and that too, in strict accordance with the deductions of human reason. In this particular alone does the soul or spirit differ from all other created forms with which we are acquainted. All material forms have a local existence, and can be divided into many different parts, and each part can unite with other forms for which it has an affinity, so that the original organization is entirely destroyed—its identity is lost. So with the principles of Motion and Life: they may have an individual existence for a time in the mineral, vegetable, or animal, but that individuality can be destroyed either wholly or in part, by being brought into contact with other forms that will absorb or attract their life or animating principle. Witness the effect produced upon the sensitive plant by touching it with the hand: it immediately droops—its life has been attracted or drawn out by the contact, and the plant has lost so much of its vital principle. Numerous other illustrations might be brought forward to prove that all forms of matter, and all forms of motion, whether in the mineral, vegetable, or animal creations, preserve their identity only for a certain period, and that when dissolution takes place their individuality ceases.

But when we come to speak concerning the nature of the human spirit, we find there is no longer any resemblance between the law that governs the vital principle in lower forms, and that

which governs the spiritual principle. The former is diffused; the latter is concentrated or organized. The one can be absorbed or divided; the other is a unity that does not absorb from other spirits, nor can it be absorbed or divided by any other spirit. We may amputate a limb from our material body, and the limb is lost to us; or we may part with a portion of our vitality and suffer the weakness resulting therefrom; but we can not give a part of our spirit to another and feel the loss. There is nothing around us with which it can mingle so as to lose its individual existence. We may clothe an idea with words, and by that means impart it to the mind of another; but our spirit has not lost that idea by such operation. Nay, the very opposite is the case; for by continually presenting an idea to the minds of others, it only becomes the more indelibly impressed upon our own.

Here, then, we have conclusive evidence that it is impossible for the human spirit ever to lose its personal identity: it is indivisible, and therefore can not be destroyed. This is the grandest principle that has been developed by the New Philosophy; it is more convincing than all other arguments that have been brought forward; it is so conclusive that it sets to rest all doubts concerning this great truth, so far as the human reason is capable of judging or comprehending. There are those, probably, who have other means of being convinced of the truth of an immortal life—such for instance as have held communication with the spirits of men who lived upon this earth and have gone to the second sphere of existence; but to the abstract reasoner—to him who has to exercise his intellect in order to become convinced upon any subject—this argument is the most powerful of any that has ever yet been offered to the world. w.

CRITICISM

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

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSELUM.

BY E. E. GUILD.

NUMBER THREE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CONCEPTION AND BIRTH OF JESUS.

1. *By whom.* Matthew i: 20—"The Angel of the Lord."—Luke i: 26—"The Angel Gabriel." 2. *To whom.* Matthew i: 20; Joseph. Luke i: 26, 27; Mary. 3. *Condition of the persons at the time, to whom the Angel appeared.* According to Matthew, to Joseph in a dream; according to Luke, to Mary when awake. 4. *Time of the visit of the Angel.* Matthew says after the conception; Luke says it was before. 5. *Object of the announcement.* According to Matthew to tranquilize the mind of Joseph; according to Luke, to anticipate and prevent all offence.

STATEMENTS OF MATTHEW AND LUKE COMPARED WITH OTHER STATEMENTS CONTAINED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. Mark and John omit all mention of the miraculous conception of Jesus. 2. The Apostle John, although in the first chapter of his gospel he treats at length upon the celestial origin and exalted dignity of Jesus Christ, yet makes no appeal to his miraculous conception to prove the correctness of his views on that subject. 3. Paul, whose writings comprise a large portion of the New Testament, and who in several places expatiates on the dignity of his Master, yet makes no allusion to his supernatural origin. 4. Nor do even Matthew or Luke, in any subsequent part of their gospels, make any retrospective allusion to so extraordinary a circumstance. 5. Indeed, in no part of the New Testament, except in the first chapter of Matthew and third of Luke, is there a direct allusion to any such thing. 6. Jesus himself, in none of his sayings recorded in the New Testament, makes any appeal to his miraculous origin to prove the truth of his claims to the Messiahship. 7. Mary, the mother of Christ, who must have known whether he had a supernatural origin or

not, designated Joseph as his father, (Luke ii: 48.) 8. Luke himself speaks of Joseph and Mary as the parents of Jesus, (Luke ii: 41.) 9. All of the contemporaries of Christ spoken of in the gospels, evidently regarded him as the natural son of Joseph. And oftentimes they reproached him on account of his low birth and origin, (Matthew xiii: 55; Luke iv: 22; John vi: 42.) 10. Philip, one of his own disciples, spoke of him as the son of Joseph, (John i: 46.) 11. Paul expressly declares that Christ was "according to the flesh" a regular descendant from David and the patriarchs. (Romans i: 3; and ix: 5.) 12. Christ's own brothers did not believe in him as the Messiah, and hence the conclusion is irresistible that they had never heard of his miraculous origin. (Mark iii: 21 compared with 31, and John vii: 5.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ASSOCIATIVE MOVEMENTS IN FRANCE.

MANY of our readers will doubtless be interested in the following extract from an account given by Mr. Charles A. Dana, one of the editors of the New-York Tribune, (from which we copy) concerning associative movements that are now going on in France. Mr. Dana has just returned from Paris, where he resided for several months, having every opportunity for personal observation upon the matters concerning which he writes. After giving various statistics of associations that have been formed, and of monies appropriated to them by the government, he says:

"To one who has any hope or faith in a new social order to grow out of the present agitation in Europe, a day spent among the Laborers Associations of Paris, must be full of the intensest pleasure. A mere spectator of current events could not visit them without interest. There are already some of these establishments, with various numbers of workmen connected with each. That of the Tailors of Clichy, now removed to 25 Rue Faubourg St. Denis, has fifteen hundred members; that of the Cooks, in the Boulevard Pigale and Rue Simon Le Franc, has probably not more than fifty; the Saddler's Association, Rue Neuve Fontaine Georges, has about three hundred.

"The Tailors' Association above named, is composed of men who adopt Louis Blanc's view that all labor should be paid alike without regard to degrees of skill and efficiency. They regard it as a just application of the principle of fraternity that the strong should thus help the weak. They arrange their labor so that three men work at once on a garment; the least skilful performs the coarser part of the work; the medium workman next does his part, and the accomplished mechanic completes the job. They say, also, that by this division one really does as much as the other; the men employed on the coarse work occupying no more time for it than the fine workman would do. This association has had work ever since it was formed, and has done well, though, it is the writer's opinion, it would have done better had each man been paid by the piece in proportion to what he actually accomplished. So one-sided an application of principles as this seems to be, can not be relied on for the best results. "Louis Blanc did not, however, always insist upon the equality of wages for laborers taken out of the prevalent selfishness of the world. In the Association of Saddlers, which he also organized, every man is paid by the piece. A very exact oversight is also exercised as to the quality of each man's work, and if there are defects in it, the Superintendent requires him to make all right; if this is impossible, he has to pay for the materials spoiled.

"This Association had, in December last, two hundred and seventy-three members, about the number with which it commenced the April previous. They began with no capital, but with a contract for saddles and equipments to be furnished to Government. On this they obtained credit for the stock neces-

ary to commence with, and which the first lot of saddles delivered enabled them to pay for. They have also made work for the shops of the city. They have paid rather higher wages to the workmen than is paid in the work shops of Paris generally. Their profits above the wages and expenses, have been such that, should the remaining months of the year be as productive as those already elapsed, they will have at least 60,000 francs, or about \$12,000, to divide among themselves. In this division every man is to share equally, in proportion to the day's work he has done. A day's work is ten hours only, and no one is allowed to work more. A quarter of the profits is to be paid to the claimants on the day of the annual settlement, a second quarter is retained to form a fund of mutual succor against sickness and accidents, and the remaining half remains as the capital of the Society, represented by certificates of stock bearing a low rate of interest. Should the money not be wanted for use, it is to be invested in the public funds.

"The order and cheerfulness prevailing, not only in the workshops of this Association, but in those of all others which I have visited, is remarkable. M. Durand, the polite and gentlemanly President of the Saddlers, assured me that a man would there accomplish more work in ten hours, than in the ordinary shops in thirteen—another argument in favor of short days as well as of personal interest in the work. The Tailors of Clichy have been charged with laziness. They are not so industrious as if they were paid by the piece; but as far as my observation goes, the charge is not true. I can not say how much money they have made, but know that their results are respectable. They are also a most orderly set of men. For the purpose of supporting the absurd accusation made against Louis Blanc, of implication in the affair of June, these workmen, being known as much under his influence, were charged with having been in a mass behind the barricades. They proved that all but five, had been busy in the workshops during the whole four days. The laborers who fought that dreadful battle were those who had no work at all, or were not working for themselves.

"The Fraternal Association of Hatters, has its main place of business in the Rue des Trois-Pavillons No. 5. It has fifteen hundred members, and has been in existence about nine months. It has done well, but how well I cannot say. It is enough to cure the blackest fit of the blues to pass through its workshops, steaming as many of them are with dyes of various hue. The busy groups of men wear independent faces, and show the consciousness that they are working for themselves and for each other. They are animated by the real spirit of fraternity, which is not so often seen in this world as some day it will be. At the magazines of this Association you buy hats at from thirty to forty per cent cheaper than elsewhere. As good a tile as in New-York costs five dollars, you get there for twelve francs.

"There are different Associations carrying on the same branches of business in different parts of the city. There is one Association of *Coiffeurs* for instance, at 94 Rue St. Jacques, and another at 18 Rue des Gravilliers. Here you have your hair dressed in tasteful fashion for four cents, (the usual price is ten cents,) and are shaved for two cents. A lady who has her hair dressed pays five cents.

There is not room even for a word on the Associations of several other trades. These are in some cases composed of women as well as men; there is one of washerwomen, at 66 Rue St. Honore, and one of shirt makers at 62 Rue de l'Arbre Sec. In fine, this mode of labor is rapidly supplanting the old one at Paris; to judge from present indications it will not be a year before the bulk of mechanics and other workpeople of that city will be organized in such Associations.

"One rainy evening in December, I set out to dine at the Restaurant of the Association of Cooks, No. 18 Rue Simon Le Franc. This is any thing but a fashionable quarter of the city, but that was only another reason for going. During my residence in

Europe, I sought the society of the people, for in them, to my thinking, is the hope of the Nations. The fashionable classes are apt to be found selfish, corrupt and emasculate. After winding my way through narrow and muddy streets for about half an hour, I reached the place and went in. In so far as it was a restaurant it was evidently an improvisation. From necessity both kitchen and dining room were in the same apartment; in fact the range ran through the center of it, and the odor of steaming viands saluted my hunger agreeably. The tables were all filled, though only one person beside myself wore a black coat. There were workmen with their wives or sweethearts, Guard-Mobiles, and one or two stalwart fellows wearing the handsome uniform of the Guard Republican. All were in high good humor, as if the pouring rain without had only raised their spirits. I found a place and mingled in the conversation of the other two occupants of my table, which was turning on some measure which had just past the Assembly. Those who wished for anything, did not address the attendants with the customary 'garçon,' but the more republican appellation of 'citizen.' They in their turn used the same title instead of 'Monsieur.' One came up to me: 'What soup does the citizen desire?' I ordered my dinner, which came promptly. Every thing was served good and abundant, though of course not with the finest table furniture. It was a much better dinner than I was in the habit of taking at the 'traiteurs,' which places are generally frequented by the laboring classes. I had bread a *discretion*, soup, a dish of vegetables, one of meat, a small half-bottle of claret, and a desert of preserves, all for *thirteen* cents. Elsewhere I should have paid more than twice as much for a poorer dinner, without the satisfaction of addressing a waiter as 'citoyen.'

"Citizen," said I to the cash-keeper as I paid my seat, "how do you get on?"

"Well, Citizen, well! We are always as full as you see now, and have been ever since we first opened, a month ago. We shall soon have a more convenient place."

"But do you make any thing at such prices for things so good?"

Oh, yes we make a fair profit, I assure you. I am glad you are content with our poor accommodations."

"Yes, Citizen, I am glad to see you doing so well. I am an American and take great pleasure in seeing the laboring classes helping themselves. Success to you! Good night Citizen."

"Citizen, good night."

"—I have still in my portfolio a large stock of notes on Socialism in Europe which I propose to lay before the readers of *The Tribune*. I have not yet spoken of what is most important. In my next article I will say a word on Cabet and the Icarian Communists as they are just now occupying a share of the public attention, and giving occasion to a deal of ignorant and unfair talk."

DISCOVERY IN MISSISSIPPI.—In the south-western part of Franklin county, Miss., there is a platform or floor of hewn stone, neatly polished, some three feet under ground. It is about one hundred and eighty feet long, and eighty feet wide. It extends due north and south, and its surface is perfectly level. The masonry is said to be equal, if not superior, to any work of modern times. The land above it is cultivated, but thirty years ago it was covered with oak and pine trees, measuring from two to three feet in diameter. It is evidently of very remote antiquity, as the Indians who reside in the neighborhood had no knowledge of its existence previous to its recent discovery. Nor is there any tradition among them to form an idea of the object of the work; or the people who were its builders. There is also a canal and well connected with it, but they have never been explored. A subterranean passage may be underneath. Farther explorations may throw some light upon its origin.

[DETROIT FREE PRESS.]

TESTIMONIALS.

HOWEVER we may be gratified and encouraged by kindly expressions commendatory of our Journal, we make it a general rule to abstain from giving them publicity unless we are persuaded that some good object may be gained thereby. It has occurred to us, however, that the publication at the present time, of a few extracts from letters recently received, may have the effect of encouraging the zeal of the friends of our paper generally, and of stimulating them to all suitable exertions in its behalf. From a letter from Dr. G. G. W., of Texas, we extract the following:

"Rest assured that at no time would I have the *Univercœlum* stopped for ten times the amount. I am a poor lonely man confined to my house, and find nothing so great a solace in my diseased state as the *Univercœlum*. I have from disease and constant reflection on the subject, long believed in the doctrines taught by your Journal, and I would not be deprived of the consolation derived from it for worlds. I had long, from hereditary impressions, been doubting every thing, but I can now die happy and rejoicing at the separation of body and spirit." &c.

A lady (S. F. L.) in Shelby, Michigan, who has procured us several subscribers, writes among other things:

"To say the least, your paper has done much good in this neighborhood. We consider it worth all the other papers we have ever taken." &c.

A gentleman (W. A. L.) of Rochester, this state writes:

"It is wonderful to what extent your views have already obtained. Indeed they are so philosophical that they have only to be known to be appreciated and embraced by all sober, honest-minded seekers after truth: and I can only desire that they may be more extensively read of all men."

A philosopher who has lectured extensively and published much, upon psychological subjects, but whose name we do not feel authorized to give without first conferring with him, writes:

"I like your paper more than words could express. All I see in it is good, and some of the articles are precious beyond price."

In response to our call for assistance last week, a gentleman (S. B. B.) writing from Norwich, Ct., says:

"Enclosed, please find \$10. sent in answer to your appeal for help, contributed equally by myself and Bro. W. H. A. Our means are but limited, and hence the smallness of our contribution. Truly we feel that the cause of Humanity can not be better served than in sustaining so noble an advocate of Humanity's birthright-privileges, as in the *Univercœlum*. It *must* succeed and live, else there is no truth in things—and the unity of the Race with God, is but a feverish dream of enthusiasm. It must succeed and flourish gloriously; for is not this the nineteenth century?" &c.

[Will our friends accept our sincere thanks—especially for the substantial.]

In the overflow of her feelings, a lady in Rural, Ohio, writes a long letter, after perusing which we went to work with renewed strength and courage to meet the toils and perplexities necessarily incident to our position. Thanks to thee, kind sister, for thine encouraging words. The following among other passages in her letter, testify her high appreciation of our Journal:

"As I finished reading the *Univercœlum* this evening, I felt like offering up thanks to my Heavenly Father for my very existence. O why is it that I should be blessed with life at this eventful period, when the whole world is being made ready for the reception of the true knowledge? . . . Yes, I offer up thanks to the true and living God for so great a manifestation of

Himself as is intimated in the existence of such a paper as the *Univercœlum*." &c.

We might fill many columns with testimonials similar to the above. They are *spontaneously* called forth, not by any thing which *man* has done, but by the beauty of those eternal truths of the DIVINE MIND of which the *Univercœlum* endeavors to be a humble and devout advocate.

In addition to the foregoing, our readers will probably be interested in the following communication which we give entire, as it illustrates the influence of the New Philosophy upon the skeptically inclined, and certainly gives, by implication, a quite definite answer to those who decry our paper as "INFIDEL."

DEAR EDITORS:

A few numbers of the "*Univercœlum*" were recently put into my hands by a kind friend, of Pittsburg, which I have read with deep interest, and desiring to become more acquainted with the "*New Philosophy*," and the phenomena of Spirit and Matter, which it promises from time to time to develop, I wish you to send it to me in future.

A desire to *know the truth in all things* seems to influence its writers—a spirit enlightened by Wisdom and warmed by Love, breathes forth in its pages. Minds thus prompted, will ultimately be led out of all error and darkness, into fields of light and peace ineffable.

Years ago I ceased to have any sympathy with the prevailing popular Theology—which is so inadequate to satisfy the longings and aspirations of the earnest and thirsty soul. Its expounders and adherents generally, exhibit so little love for Humanity and Truth—crying out at every new discovery as an innovation and deception, professing one thing while they practice another—that I was led to doubt the reality of the existence of any religious sentiment, or any state of future mental existence. These views however, were never congenial to my feelings or aspirations: yet reading a number of skeptical works, and associating with those who had imbibed such sentiments, my mind remained for years unsettled and unsatisfied, as to any satisfactory knowledge concerning the great question of man's interior or spiritual nature, until about a year ago, I obtained and read "*Nature's Divine Revelations*,"—to a great portion of which my soul responded, and was made glad. The views it sets forth in relation to the laws of Mind and Matter—the progressive nature and ultimate destiny of Man through the spiritual spheres, are beautiful, rational and exalted, and the more I reflected upon them, the more lovely and attractive they seemed—and now I have arrived at a point, where I begin to realize more fully than ever, the importance of spirit-culture, and the happiness that is to flow therefrom.

And in the "*Univercœlum*" I have learned truths more precious than rubies,—compared with which, "the ermined robe, the ivory scepter, the golden throne, the jeweled diadem," are but worthless dross,—thoughts refreshing to the yearning spirit as is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." O that the world were brought into more harmonious relations, when man shall wander by the soft flowing rivers, and through the green pastures, with nought to molest or make him afraid; while the sun shall look out from the "windows of morning," upon a land where no slave shall clank his chains, nor war-horse tramp the plain; but where love shall reign from the rising to the setting day, and Peace and Beauty sit smiling on the mountain tops!

Yours for the development of all Truth.

NEW BRIGHTON, PA., FEB. 18, 1849.

M. A. T.

In view of the foregoing testimonials, we hope the friends of our paper will feel encouraged to all consistent efforts to sustain and promote the circulation of our paper. See the notice to the friends of the paper, published last week.

We intended to give one or two specimens of testimonials from the press, but our space is full.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

EDITED BY AN ASSOCIATION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1849.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

THE essential nature and constitution of MATTER, has long been a subject of deep inquiry and speculation among chemists; but from the grossness and imperfection of the processes by which this inquiry has almost exclusively been pursued, the conclusions that have thus far been obtained, have been of a very isolated, superficial, and in some respects unsatisfactory character. To some it would seem presumption on our part to attempt to throw any new and important light upon this intricate subject; but not presuming to set forth ideas for more than what they are intrinsically worth, we would beg our readers to follow us carefully through the following remarks. If the ideas to be conveyed are true, (of which every reader must be his own judge) they will certainly throw much light upon the question as to the nature of spirit, and upon that subject of all subjects, the nature and mode of the Divine Existence.

We will commence our inquiries, then, with the *tangible*, or that which addresses the outer senses, and resting upon that acknowledged basis, extend our reasonings progressively and analogically into the realms of the intangible, or what is so to us at present.—Chemists tell us that there are fifty-five different kinds of elementary matter in Nature, besides the imponderables, such as heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, which latter class, strange to say, some of them have even denied to be matter. These are claimed to be essentially distinct from each other only on the ground that they exhibit different external properties, or modes of chemical action, when certain tests are applied. They are capable of a great variety of combinations as determined by their mutual affinities for each other, thus giving rise to the outer forms in the various kingdoms in Nature, which address the senses. They are found naturally associated in forms of which the oxides, chlorides, sulphurets, carburets, acids, alkalies, and salts, are perhaps the most prominent examples.

When we have inquired of chemists *why* the various kinds of matter incline to associate with each other in these and other forms, we have been answered, "Because of their mutual chemical affinities," and when, finding ourselves still in the dark as much as ever, we have inquired, "What is chemical affinity?" we have been answered, "Why, it is—chemical affinity!" It is only from the *results* of chemical affinity that chemists judge (and judge correctly) that that affinity exists; while as to the absolute nature, causes and principles of that affinity, they are confessedly in the most profound darkness. But in the general ignorance upon this subject, which prevails among scientific men, we see no good reason why we should refrain from offering for what it is worth, a suggestion that occurred to our mind several years ago while speculating upon a course of lectures and experiments which we attended in the laboratory of Yale College.

We would premise that in philosophy it is considered perfectly safe and justifiable to adopt a well known and established principle in explanation of a phenomenon, if that principle will analogically apply to it, and in all respects meet the case. Presuming it will be admitted that natural analogies, and hence fundamentally identical principles, run through all departments of creation, we will refer, as the basis of the explanation to be offered, to a tangible fact that will be admitted by all.—Take, for instance, a vessel and fill it with small cannon balls. The

balls will all lie in contact with each other and with the sides of the vessel, and they can not be compressed into a smaller general volume. Nevertheless there are interstices between them into which a considerable quantity of *shot* may be poured, thus increasing the quantity and weight, but not the apparent extent or volume of the contents of the vessel. But there are still interstices, filled as yet only with air, and into which a considerable quantity of *water* may be poured without increasing the cubic bulk of the vessel's contents.

Now these are considered as merely *mechanical* combinations; but let us go a little further:—Into this water may be poured a certain quantity of sulphuric acid, or alcohol, or even common salt, increasing the *weight* of the contents of the vessel in proportion to the quantity of the substance added, but not in the least increasing its *bulk*. After this a small quantity of chlorine and other gases, and finally electricity, may be introduced—all without increasing the bulk of the vessel's contents, and forming of the whole a united compound. Now we would earnestly inquire by what rule of logic it is claimed that a portion of this process of intermixture is merely mechanical, and that the other is chemical—or that there is indeed any difference in the essential *principles* by which the grosser and more refined combinations take place? There is indeed an apparent difference in the outer phenomena of these combinations, consisting in the fact that the more refined substances grasp each other with greater avidity than the more gross; but this is a result which should naturally be expected from the greater refinement and mobility of their parts, by which kindred particles are enabled to find as more absolute equilibrium, which of course, as in the case of the alcohol and water, or in the still more perfect example of oxygen and calcium, is not liable to be disturbed by gross agencies.

We are authorized by all the laws of analogy, then, to conclude that all chemical combinations of substances take place upon the same fundamental principle that is grossly manifested in the intermixture of the shot with the cannon balls, and the water with both, in the case above supposed. That is, the particles of one substance are so constituted as to penetrate and fit into, the interstices between the particles of the other, where, in the more perfect combinations, they become fixed, forming a compound manifesting properties different from each of the elements separately considered. Explanations of the more intricate phenomena of chemical affinity and attraction, will be incidentally unfolded as we proceed in the farther consideration of the constitution of matter.

If the above general explanation of the phenomenon of chemical combination is correct, of course it will follow that the *ultimate atoms* of all the substances known in chemistry, are of *different forms*. It follows, also, that the particles of no substance capable of chemically combining with another, are so formed as to lie in exact bodily contact with each other at *all points*; but that touching only at certain points, they leave interstices or pores between each other, which may be filled up by other substances the particles of which are of suitable forms.

The analogy of well known and tangible facts, also, fully authorizes the conclusion that even the infinitesimal particles of all substances are immediately surrounded by their own peculiar atmospheric emanations which are of an electric or magnetic and dia-magnetic character. Even the rays of light, which we may suppose are much more refined than any of the particles of palpable matter, are found to be magnetized and dia-magnetized, and have their positive and negative poles; and that this fact holds in reference to the particles of gross substance is farther intimated by the fact that decomposition is always accompanied with the evolution of electricity—which electricity we may rationally suppose to be the *disengaged* atmospheric emanations of the particles referred to.

We may conclude, therefore, that each particle of each substance is indeed a *magnet*, and is surrounded and pervaded by innumerable currents and counter-currents of circulating es-

sence corresponding to its own nature, the same as is the magnet of steel. This essence, being ever in *motion*, constitutes the *life* of each particle; and owing to an intercommunication of the magnetic essences of different particles the shapes and currents of which are adapted to each other, thus establishing a mutual affinity, the particles themselves are by this living motion *drama* to each other, and positive poles are united with negative; and thus the *crystal* is gradually formed. Particles thus associating according to mutual affinities, form in the aggregate, as it were *one* particle, which again is surrounded with its own peculiar magnetic atmosphere by which it is capable of acting upon, and being acted upon by, contiguous bodies. Thus all particles and established organizations of particles, from the most minute to the greatest, involve in themselves the principles of the magnet. We do not mean, of course, that they possess external properties similar to the *steel* magnet, for they all differ in their external properties and modes of action according to the difference in their internal constitutions. Thus the great globe itself is a magnet, being surrounded by its ponderable and imponderable emanations, having its positive and negative poles, and being pervaded and intersected at all points and in all directions by its magnetic and dia-magnetic currents. It is thus capable of attracting all kindred substances to itself.

The same principle also applies to the other planets, and to the solar system as a whole: and finally it pervades the whole Universe, forming one grand system of positives and negatives, attractions and repulsions, and thus establishing the equilibrium and definite relations of ALL THINGS. If this generalization is correct, it will be perceived that an atom contains the properties of the whole Universe, and that all attraction, whether corporeal, chemical, magnetic, or gravitative, are at the ultimate analysis, positively identical.

From what has been said concerning chemical affinities as owing to the adaptation of the *forms* of the atoms of one substance, to penetrate and *fit into*, the interstices between the atoms of another substance, it naturally follows that the difference between the so called elementary substances known to chemistry, consists simply in the difference of the forms of the atoms and of their corresponding magnetic emanations. The forms of the atoms of iron, for instance, have a peculiarity which admits of the penetration of the atoms of oxygen, having another form, between their interstices. But could those atoms themselves be entirely dissolved, there would be no difference between the oxygen and iron.

Without going into an intricate argument upon a point not absolutely essential, we would say there is much analogy to prove that in the beginning of creation, matter was without atoms, or infinitesimal forms; and that oxygen, hydrogen, iron, potassium, and the whole fifty-five elements now known to chemistry, were involved in one grand, undistinguishable, amorphous mass, from which, by the action of eternal Motion, forms were gradually and progressively developed, in regular series and degrees of ascension.

Now the matter known to chemistry varies in density from *platinum* which is twenty-one times heavier than water, to *hydrogen gas* which is fifteen times lighter than air. The earth taken as a whole is five times heavier than water, or two and a half times heavier than common rocks; which fact shows that the density of the earth must increase from the surface to the center. Corresponding to this fact we find that matter on the outer verge of the solar system is much lighter than it is toward the center. Thus the planet Saturn is found to be of about the density of cork, while the other planets grow denser according to their proximity to the sun—the planet Mercury being about nine times the density of water. Analogy, then, would certainly prove that matter grows denser in proportion to its proximity to the great center around which it has been ascertained the whole solar system revolves—and still denser in proportion to

its proximity to the Great Center of all centers: and tracing it inversely, it grows rarer and rarer in proportion to its remoteness from the center. Thus analogy points to the conclusion that in the center of the Universe, matter is inconceivably more dense than platinum, and on the outer verge (if we can conceive of it) it is inconceivably more rare than hydrogen, or even, perhaps, than electricity.

But throughout the Universe, so far as we can ascertain, the law holds by which matter in its constant progression as constantly tends to assume *forms and organizations*. Again: There is much that favors, not to say that demonstrates, the conclusion, that all the elementary substances known on the earth, are constantly giving off imponderable emanations to the atmosphere, corresponding to their nature. For instance iron, almost the only substance which has resisted the efforts of chemists to vaporize, has been known, in the vicinity of iron mines, to collect even on a magnet enclosed in a glass case—so exceedingly fine were the particles floating in the atmosphere! Of this fact I was recently informed by an intelligent iron manufacturer in New-Jersey, who spoke from repeated experience while searching for fruitful mines. Could magnets be so constructed as to attract and condense *other* substances, doubtless all other substances would be found in particular localities, and in greater or less quantities. So that the atmosphere is indeed the *spiritualized earth*, having in it in a high state of refinement, all the elements and properties inhering in the tangible earth on which we tread. And bearing in mind the *absolute law* by which all substances in all degrees of refinement, constantly tend to assume definite forms, we have here all the conditions that would be requisite to establish (what to us in our present state would be intangible) rocks, and soil, and trees, and flowers, and landscapes—in short a SPIRITUAL WORLD, in the upper and less moveable stratifications of the atmosphere.

We here dismiss this absorbing subject for the present, hoping to be able to resume it in future, (perhaps next week,) and to follow it out to its legitimate conclusions with reference to the nature of the human spirit, and the nature and mode of the DIVINE EXISTENCE!

W. F.

WORSHIP.

WHY do mankind worship? and what should they worship? are questions which agitate some part at least, of the public mind, in no small degree, if we may judge from the abundance which is written and said upon the subject.

Of how many a sermon, is it the subject! of how many an essay, is it the theme! The preacher selects from the *written record*, a text, as a foundation upon which to rear a superstructure, proving that as it is our privilege and duty to worship, therefore we *ought* to do so; proving that the God of his faith possesses certain attributes worthy of adoration, therefore we *ought* to adore him. The essayist descants elaborately upon different systems of worship, denounces some and approves of others; sets forth his own opinions concerning true worship, concerning our obligation to attend to it, and the advantages which will accrue to us therefrom. Both are frank to avow that much of what passes for "divine worship," is not genuine.

Among those of so many notable preachers and writers, perhaps my ideas will scarcely find a hearing or obtain a passing notice; nevertheless I am daring enough to give them to the public.

We are constituted with certain spiritual as well as physical necessities, an attention to which, or a satisfaction of which, is just as urgent and binding upon us in the one case as in the other, provided we would insure our physical and spiritual welfare. *Why* we are constituted with these necessities, or *how* their satisfaction effects us for good, is not *apropos* to my present purpose; it is sufficient that such a state of things actually exists.

It is necessary for the welfare of my body that I inhale air, and partake of food; for my eye that it receive light; for my skin that it come in contact with warmth and moisture. And this necessity being laid upon me by an All-Wise Creator, it follows as a natural consequence that all things requisite for the supply of these necessities are naturally within my reach, and that I have naturally a strong desire to obtain and appropriate them. Else it were not wise to create a being so necessitated; else were not the plan of creation a complete, a perfect one.

It is needful to my intellectual welfare that I acquire knowledge; and accordingly I have a natural craving for knowledge, and seek it and appropriate it wherever it can be found. And it is just as necessary for my spiritual welfare that I should worship and adore; and that I should *naturally* do so, at proper times and in a way to be approved. Not because some person tells me I *ought* to, or that it will be for my interest, or that I am under certain obligations to a superior Being, or that he demands it; but because it is my nature, which to be free and consistent, I must act out.

Let us for a moment ask ourselves what we understand by the act as idealized in our own minds on hearing the word *worship*. Is it to go to a place set apart for that purpose, and there with becoming decency and attention, listen to words in the form of prayer or discourse from a speaker, or sounds of harmony from a choir; even when we strive as much as possible to do the whole in "spirit and truth?" Does that constitute true worship?

Worship, and several other words of similar construction, are compounds of a root and a Saxon affix, which affix—*ship*—signifies *office or state of*. For instance: scholarship, the state of a scholar; clerkship the, office of a clerk; friendship the state of a friend; worship, a state of worth, of usefulness, of excellence, of merit. Hence it is evident that the worth is not all on the side of the worshipped as has been sometimes taught, but the worshipper himself must be worthy, else he could never worship, or be in a state of worth.

The person who has a clerkship must understand his business—have the necessary qualifications—whether his employer possesses them or not. So the person who exercises friendship, or is in that state, must possess the attributes of a friend, else his state of friend or his friendship is not genuine. So the person who worships, must be worthy, and the manifestation of his worth is his genuine worship. Now do persons manifest most that it is worthy of action in attendance upon "public," or "divine worship," as it is called? If yes, then that is their truest worship.

My readers, you must each be your own judge in this matter. Upon closely scanning your motives, and analyzing your feelings, and criticizing your own actions, do you really find that attendance upon "public worship," or listening to religious instruction, is your holiest and highest deed? Do you find that the appearance of those who assemble with you at such times and places, that the discourse pronounced by your preacher, that each and all the ceremonies there performed, beget in you the holiest impulses, prompt you to the most godlike actions? If so, persevere in such a course, for it is your true worship.

But do not be deceived. If in that way alone you perform your truest worship, do not think all others do the same, and that true worship can exist in no other form. Whoever thinks the good thought or acts the good deed, be it at whatever time or place, worships in "spirit and in truth." The man with a broad loving heart, who hails every other human being as a brother, who loves his enemies, who gives blessing for cursing, makes the golden rule his own by practice rather than by precept, who does good unto all not only as he has opportunity, but who seeks opportunity, performs a worship well pleasing in the sight of the All-Seeing One. Such an one is very near the kingdom, albeit he never stepped inside a church, or uttered an audible prayer.

Probably the Good Samaritan performed a more acceptable service, worshipped more truly during his travels between Jerusalem and Jericho, than did the Priest and Levite in their whole temple ceremony.

Worship, then, is acting worthily, is performing deeds of excellence; and we praise the Creator in this, inasmuch as by manifesting our own excellence and goodness, we prove how excellent and good must have been the Being who endowed us with these qualities. And just in proportion to the perfection of these manifestations, is the truthfulness with which we praise him, since the more exalted our exhibitions of worth, the stronger the proof of perfection in our Maker: because according to all true reasoning, the created must be less perfect than the Creator. We adore and reverence all truth, and wisdom, and goodness, and love, because we appreciate their worthiness by the worth in ourselves; and just in proportion to our own worth will be this appreciation of their perfection, and of course the genuineness of our worship: which worship we can only manifest in reality by truthful, wise, good, and loving thoughts and deeds.

To tell me that I *ought* to worship a Being because he is excellent, omnipotent, omniscient, all-good, &c., &c., would do little toward drawing out the "spirit in truth." But convince me of the existence of such a Being, and you need not tell me I *ought* to worship any more than I ought to breathe or eat. The necessity of the case lies in myself, and I can no more neglect it and be well, than I can violate any other law of my nature with impunity.

It strengthens and invigorates my physical system to inhale pure air, to partake of wholesome food and drink. It effects my spiritual system in the same manner, to worship. Hence the advantage it confers upon me. The artisan, the mechanic, and the farmer, worship acceptably when they bring about a good and valuable result. If they feel an ardent desire to accomplish a good work, that desire is their holiest prayer, which prayer nerves them to that effort which ends in success; which successful work is true worship. If they experience a sense of profound gratitude to their Creator, in view of the faculties which enabled them to accomplish their good work, that is true praise. All this prayer, worship, and praise, increase the activity and strength of the faculties which produce them. Hence they promote the well-being of our spirits, and hence shall we willingly practise them, when we rightly understand them. F. M. S.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

HUMANITY weeps in contemplating the miserable results of a landed and hereditary aristocracy, over the poor and laboring classes! While British lords are giving entertainments to their friends, a single one of which costs thousands of pounds, we have accounts from Ireland such as are given in the language of a clergyman in the county of Mayo, as follows:

"The famine years of 1846, 1847 and 1848, were halcyon years when contrasted with the dismal year of 1849! The sandbanks about me are studded with the bodies of the dead! Often have I given some aid to the poor to buy coffins; with the small sums they received from me they bought some food, and then buried their dead in the sandbanks. The very graves in my churchyard have, in my presence, been assailed by the starving dogs. From morning until night I am now hourly beset by crawling skeletons begging for food!"

This is by no means an isolated case. It is but an example of the suffering that is wide spread throughout that fertile Isle of the ocean, which under equitable laws and a proper social state, would produce sufficient to support nearly twice the number of its inhabitants. When the day of humanity's deliverance arrives, as sooner or later it inevitably must, terrible must be the retribution of that nation by whose proud and selfish dominion, these evils are caused.

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

SPEAKING of things which we conceive *should* exist, as necessary to the highest physical and moral interests of all classes of society, we have argued that all *prisons* should be converted into hospitals for the treatment of the morally diseased and insane. Though the full realization of this state of things is probably as yet comparatively remote, its *principles* are constantly being developed upon a small scale, with practical results every way desirable. Experience is constantly demonstrating the propriety of treating offenders against the laws of society, in all possible cases, as *rational beings* and not as brutes. We give below an illustration from the recent report of the inspectors of prisons in this state, premising that in Dec. 1847, the Legislature passed an act prohibiting for the future all flagellation or personal violence, as an element of prison discipline, except in cases of self-defence. Concerning the operation of this law, the inspectors in their report hold the following language :

"The most disastrous consequences to the discipline and fiscal prosperity of the Prison, to arise from this discontinuance of the cherished practice of personal flagellation, was anticipated and predicted. . . . The Inspectors of State Prisons entered upon their duties with a determination to give a mild system of discipline, without the infliction of blows, a full and fair trial. To this they were not only disposed by motives of humanity, but impelled by the unequivocal voice of public opinion, and bound by the prohibitory clause of the law above referred to. Though entering upon the "experiment" with "a new set of officers" in charge of the prisons, they rejoice to be able to say, after the experience of one year, that it has proved *entirely successful*. Disobedience and disorder have not resulted from the discontinuance of the *cat*. *Lashes are not necessary to the good government of our Prisons*. It is believed that in neither of our State Prisons has the discipline been relaxed; but on the contrary exhibits an evident improvement. Men labor more cheerfully, perform a greater amount of work, less frequently violate the rules, and become more humanized rather than brutalized in their feelings, while the necessity for inflicting punishment at all, becomes greatly diminished. At Sing Sing Prison, during the months of January to November inclusive of the present year, the total number of punishments was 351. During the same months of 1847, it was 732; showing a diminution of 381—considerably over one-half. At Auburn, from Jan. 12, to Dec. 1, 1848, the total number of punishments was 282. We can find no records of previous years with which to make a comparison.

"Nor has this change been followed by those disastrous consequences to the fiscal condition and prospects of the prisons which were so feelingly and deplorably apprehended. The test to which an appeal was so confidently referred has been applied. The new contracts for the labor and services of the men have been made. If the Auburn prison has to call on the Legislature within three years for pecuniary aid to carry on its operations, it will not be in consequence of the diminished value of convict labor. All the contracts at the Auburn prison, except one, have been re-let, at an average advance on previous prices for convict labor of over 33 per cent; and five contracts at Sing Sing prison have been re-let at a considerable though less average advance. It is by no means claimed that this gratifying advance in convict wages has arisen wholly—perhaps not partially—from the change in the system of discipline. But it does show conclusively that the value of convict labor, in the estimation of contractors, has not been diminished by the disuse of the *cat* as an instrument of punishment."

☞ The tale from the French, the first part of which we publish this week, originally appeared in the "DEMOCRATIE PACIFIQUE," a socialist paper published in Paris. It will be read with deep interest, and it abounds with important suggestions relative to the evils of society.

ELECTRO-MAGNETISM.

WHAT miracles of power are enfolded in the imponderable agents, which, to the senses appear about the nearest approximation to nothing that can well be conceived. Professor Page recently brought before Congress an invention concerning which Mr. Benton, of the select committee of the Senate, charged with the duty of deciding on its merits, reports as follows :

"In pursuance to their appointment, the Committee attended the lectures now in a course of delivery in this city, by Professor Page, on Electro-magnetism, and witnessed his experiments in the application of that power as a mechanical agent, and are satisfied that his past success, with his limited means, justifies the expectation of farther success from enlarged means. The power was exhibited (among other ways) in the suspension of a mass of iron of fifty pounds, without visible support, and in the capacity of the great electro-magnet to sustain all the weight that could be crowded upon it, consisting of masses of iron and several persons, and believed capable of sustaining a weight of ten thousand pounds. Its *application* was exhibited in the propulsion of miniature engines, and in driving an engine of considerable power by which boards are planed with ease and smoothness. That the power is great, and can be applied to the purposes of navigation and locomotion, the committee can not doubt."

DEPOSITION OF THE POPE.

AMONG the items of interesting intelligence last received from the old world, is an account of the almost unanimous passage by the Roman assembly, of the following decree :

"ART. 1. The Popedom has fallen, in fact as well as in law, from the temporal Government of the Roman States.

"ART. 2. The Roman Pontiff will enjoy all the guaranties necessary to the independence of the exercise of his spiritual power.

"ART. 3. The form of Government of the Roman State will be pure democracy, and will take the glorious name of the Roman Republic.

"ART. 4. The Roman Republic will have, with the rest of Italy, the relations which a common nationality requires."

It is stated that the Roman people hailed with enthusiasm the announcement of this decree. It remains, however, to be seen whether it can be maintained, as we understand that the Pope and his cardinals have decided to demand the armed intervention of Austria, France, Spain, and Naples, for his re-installment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: "E. R. C. will please excuse the delay in the publication of her beautiful lines entitled "Presence of the Angels," which will be found in the present number. They were accidentally mislaid, and were not found until within a few days.

"Stella" is welcome, and will please accept our thanks.

The several psychological articles which we have recently received shall have attention soon.

We have received from our associate Bro. Ingalls, a lengthy review of Mr. Kellogg's book on "Labor and other capital." We will probably commence its publication next week.

W. A. L., of Rochester: Your letter containing the remittance was duly received, and you are credited to the end of the present year. The recent letter from us was directed to you through a mistake of our amanuensis. We can not really find it possible to visit Rochester at present, though we would be much pleased to do so.

☞ Once more we must apologize for the delay of a day in the mailing of our paper. Derangements have existed in our printing department which we hope soon to have remedied, when the paper will be mailed as usual.

Poetry.

THE TEMPEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY STELLA.

Come list to the sound of the tempest's rude swell,
All wildly careering o'er mountain and dell!
Hear the moan of the forest so solemn and deep,
And the crash of the thunderbolt ring from the steep!
How the tall trees in waving submissively nod,
As owning the might and the wisdom of God!
Ere long shall this strife of the elements cease,
And zephyr low breathing shall whisper of peace.
'Tis needful for Nature that storms should arise,
And a blessing is borne on the cloud through the skies.
'Tis needful for man too, that tempests should roll
Of feeling and passion through the depths of his soul,
When supinely he lingers from duty's wide field,
To the voice of her bidding reluctant to yield.
When the soul of the erring is tortured with doubt,
Encompassed with sorrows within and without,
If he yield up to Truth and to Nature his will,
They will lead him away from the pathway of ill;
They will lead him where ravenous beast never trod,
And his spirit shall bask in the daylight of God.
As without, so within, shall all turbulence cease,
And his passions shall yield to the scepter of peace.

PRESENCE OF THE ANGELS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY E. R. O.

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Hebrews 1: 14.

We are not alone, nay never alone,
Beautiful spirits wherever we roam,
In the summer sigh, in the wintry moan,
Breathe around us!

We are not alone in the dark deep shade,
Of the tall old trees in the forest made;
For beneath their spreading boughs have stray'd
Spirits of light.

Those beautiful ones are with us alway,
They shine o'er each path, they brighten each day,
With a holy light,—a glorious ray,
Of goodness divine.

And may we not deem that *loved ones* long flown
To the beautiful land, to their happy home,
Do even, sometimes, to the cold earth come,
To guide us hence?

Aye, those who have broken the bonds of earth,
Whom we meet no more in the halls of mirth,
Are hovering still round the lonely hearth,
Our spirit-guides.

They are with us yet by its saddened light,
With whisper'd thoughts of the pure and bright,
And they bring to the dreamy hours of night
Visions all beautiful.

Oh, then, let us list to the thoughts they breathe,
That when we this for a brighter sphere leave,
We may of their gathered beauties wreath
A glorious crown.

SONNET

ON READING MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM.
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

SWEET as that soul-uplifting Hydromel
Idean Ganymede did give to Jove
In the God-kingdoms of Immortal Love—
Dipt from Heaven's everlasting Golden Well—
Was thy great song, celestial ISRAFAEL!*
Like that Apollo, near the shining portals
Of Heaven, in chariot, with celestial lyre,
Sung for the thronging glorified Immortals,
Which set the souls of all the gods on fire!
So sweet my soul, entranced, seemed suddenly brought
Before the star-crowned, blazing majesty
Of those great sages of immortal thought,
And Poet-kings of deathless melody,
Who now shake Heaven with thunderous Jubilee.

*The angel Israfael, who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures—[Sale.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WERE the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude cold grasp of the rotting ground;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mold above its bursting cup;
Were it never soak'd in the rain and hail,
Or chill'd by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree:
It would not spread to the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and branches fair,
To form a bower where, in starry nights,
Young Love might dream unknown delights;
Or stand in the woods among its peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore,
Dragg'd from the depths where it slept of yore;
Were it never cast into searching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame;
Were it never molten 'mid burning brands,
Or bruised and beaten by stalwart hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth;
It would never emerge to a noble birth;
It would never be form'd into mystic rings,
To fetter Love's erratic wings;
It would never shine amid priceless gems,
Or the girth of imperial diadems;
Nor become to the world a power and a pride,
Cherish'd, adored and deified.

So, thou, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Wert thou never exposed to the blasts, forlorn—
The storm of sorrow—the sleet of scorn;
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire,
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love has its roots in woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half way to the perfect man;
Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of His ways.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE THREE MALEFACTORS.
AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.Translated for the *Universælam*, from the French of A. Constant.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRATERNITY OF OUTLAWS.

THE desert lay silent, burning, and immense; a heaven of brass, the red borders of which seemed immersed in ashes, encircled the immovable horizon, and stretched over the barren and melancholy expanse; the waves of sand recently thrown up by the simoon had obliterated the traces of the last caravan, and entombed the wide spread skeletons which had served to mark the route. An oppressive suffocation filled with lethargy this sad empire of thirst; the day grew dim in the shades of night bringing no cessation of burning, while the heavens resembled a heated oven of which the red bricks gradually grew dark in exhaling a devouring heat.

In the midst of this ocean of sand, a Jewish woman who held in her arms a little sleeping child, was sitting pale and desolate, now gazing around her with anxiety, and now alternately, casting a look of undefinable expression toward the terrible heavens, and upon her infant so beautiful and so calm. Near her crept languidly a Judean ass, which, abandoned to himself, sought, with nose in the sand, the hard and bitter roots which his lazy efforts scarcely served to tear from the ground.

A man holding in his hand an empty leather bottle slowly approached the young mother.

"Well? Joseph," said she.

Joseph showed her the leather vessel, and shook his head in token of desolation.

"No more water!" murmured the mother, "Oh my God, and my breasts are dry. When he awakes he will be thirsty."

Then she looked upon her child, and tears dropped from her eyes. The child smiled as he slept, but he was pale.

Joseph looked upon the child and mother with an expression of profound affliction. His visage browned in the sun, was traversed by the wrinkles of care, and his whole lineaments were those of a man of the people; yet his countenance indicated nobility without pride, whilst in gentleness of expression his eye almost equalled that of his companion.

"God has subjected us to trials, Miriam," said he with sad resignation, "but thou hast courage and thou canst pray."

"And he," said Miriam, raising her head with an expression of enthusiasm which rendered her smiles sublime,—"is not he with us, and is not his sweet slumber itself a prayer?"

Then the mother's eyes fell slowly again upon her child, whom she almost feared to touch lest she should disturb his slumber.

"Look," added she, in a low and mysterious voice after a moment of silence, "look, he sees God in his sleep, and smiles. We have then nothing to fear; let us hope."

Joseph then removed to a little distance, and leaning upon the fatigued animal which turned its head languidly toward its master, he became pensive and quiet, as though he expected a miracle of mercy as the reward of the maternal faith of his companion.

All at once a wave of rising dust formed, as it were, a line of foam in the ocean of sand. Something advanced rapidly toward the little group of travelers. A white mantle was seen to float in the air, and a sparkling lance gleamed in the sun. Joseph turned his head and gazed upon the spectacle with inquietude.

"Miriam," said he to his companion, "an armed horseman is speeding toward us; it is perhaps one of those robbers who depoll travelers and stain the d with blood."

"Whoever it may be," replied Miriam without turning her eyes from her infant son, "we will hope, for it is the Lord who hath sent us."

Scarcely had she finished these words when the Arab stood before her. His courser shrank back and reared upon his hind feet on seeing the mother and the child, as though he feared lest he should trample them under his feet; but the irritated cavalier, clinging more firmly to his seat, violently wrenched the bit in the foaming mouth of the noble animal.

The child awoke and commenced weeping.

"Alas!" said Miriam, "he is thirsty! Oh! whoever thou art, have pity on us! See, our vessels are exhausted, and we have no strength to proceed farther. A little water only for him!"

The Arab rolled his ferocious eyes and brandished his lance without making any reply. Joseph then resolutely advanced and placed himself before the young mother, as though he would make for her a rampart of his own body.

"It is well," murmured the cavalier in a voice of inflexible rage,—*"I did not desire to strike a woman first,"*—and he raised his lance to plunge it into the bosom of Joseph.

"What wilt thou do?" calmly demanded the man of the people. "Are we thine enemies? and dost thou not perceive that we have no possessions?"

"No one undertakes so long a journey without having more or less of gold," said the Arab.

Miriam had arisen, and, pressing her child to her bosom in which she concealed his face, she came to the help of Joseph.

"We have but one treasure," said she, "and that is our child. He is thirsty, he weeps; give him some water and leave us, for we have neither gold nor silver."

At this moment the child ceased weeping, and looked up to the Arab with great sweetness.

"Well, I am pleased with the child," said the ferocious cavalier; "I will take him and sell him to the king of Herschulaim."

Miriam shrank back, enveloped the child in her long robe, pressed him to her bosom, and cast on the brigand a look of disdain. God will prevent thee from doing that deed," said she.

"We will see," replied the Arab; and he spurred his steed up to the side of the intrepid young mother.

Quick as the lightning, Joseph leaped to the head of the animal, which trembled and shook his long mane, and rose upon his hind feet. The furious Arab unable to use his lance, cast it behind him, and drew his poniard.

"Hold, hold, or I will slay thee," cried a voice vigorous spite of its youthful accent; and the Arab felt in his side the point of his own lance. He turned back from the contemplated deed, whilst his horse fell upon his knees, and ere he perceived whence came the sudden attack, he was thrown headlong into the sand, and disarmed by a young man who bounded upon him with the impetuosity and agility of a tiger.

Joseph looked upon him as a protecting genius, and bowed his head. Miriam feared the shedding of blood, and forgetting the ferocity of the Arab, implored the mercy of the conqueror in his behalf.

"I desire not to slay him," said the young man; "he is one of our brethren; he is a son of the desert even as I am, and like me, he is an outlaw."

"Are ye, then, outlaws?" said Miriam with a lively expression, "and other outlaws, are they your brethren? Oh you will then protect my child."

"I protect no one," said the stranger with a bitter smile. "I love to subdue ferocious beasts, and to chastise base and cowardly men. I will have no tigers in the tribe of lions. Thou understandest me Oreb, and let me never again find thee making war upon women and children."

The dismounted Arab slowly arose. He dropped his head like a child surprised in the commission of a naughty deed, although he who reprimanded him so severely after having felled him to the earth, could not have been more than five and twenty years

of age. His body, almost entirely naked, although bronzed by the desert sun, still betrayed a native and delicate whiteness, whilst his thick tangled hair of a sparkling blond gleamed like fire upon his head. He would have reminded one of David the conquerer of Goliath.

"What!" said Joseph, "thou art not then an angel? How then, hast thou come hither? Has the simoon lent its wings to thy feet, even as the thunders appear to have armed thy hands with irresistible might?"

"What callest thou an angel?" said the young man with a look of pride. "I am a brigand of the desert: I have commanded my feet to outstrip those of the gazelle, and my arms to gripe like the vulture's talons. Thus I am free like the gazelle, and king of the royalty of the vulture!"

On saying these words, the young man made sign to Oreb to march before him. The Arab took his courser by the bridle, not daring to remount him without the order of his vanquisher, and they both were about to depart. The child again commenced weeping, not with cries resembling those of other children, but with silent tears and soft sad sighs.

"Oh have pity," said Miriam, and give him a little water! Thou who art familiar with this desert; wilt thou not at least direct me to the nearest fountain. I will go to it, walking, if need be, even upon my bended knees. For thou seest that it is to me that God hath confided him; and so long as I have strength to watch over him, I will not that he shall suffer. Why shouldst thou be in haste to depart? Thou art an outlaw; have pity, then, upon an outlaw. The king of Herschalaim is seeking this child to destroy him."

At these words the brigand startled.

"Is the child his son or his heir?" said he, in a voice expressing an awakened interest;—"he must then be saved, for he will be faithful to his blood. He will punish the tyrant, and will one day arouse this miserable people from their effeminacy. Who is this child? Speak, woman; thou seest that thy life depends upon thy sincerity: Is he a descendant of the royal family?"

"He is something still greater," said Miriam, with downcast though majestic eyes; "he is a child of the people. Perhaps he is the eldest son, and perhaps one day he will demand reparation of those who have usurped the throne of his father!"

"Who told thee that?" demanded the man of the desert with astonishment.

"A voice which never deceives the heart of woman," answered the mother.

"And when did that voice speak to thee?"

"When I was repelled from the rich because I was poor. When I suffered the anguish of approaching maternity and no one came to my aid; when I made my bed among the beasts of the stall, finding there a miserable asylum in which to bring forth my son."

"Stay a moment, Oreb," said the brigand.

And as he approached Miriam with an expression of countenance less somber, there was the appearance of a smile upon his lips.

"Is it thus that they have treated thee?" said he; "thou hast then good cause to hate them. Hast thou slain one of their children to revenge the birth of thine? Hast thou, my sister? And is it to punish thee for this deed, that they now desire the blood of thy son?"

"They fear us because they have done us wrong," said Miriam, "and because they know no such thing as forgiveness."

"Thou hast then done evil to them in return, or, at least thou hast shown them that thou wilt elevate thy son, that he may punish them."

"I have forgiven them, but they do not understand forgiveness. I would exalt my son for the exercise of mercy, and it is for this reason that they already detest him. If we were

cruel, even as they are, they would hate us less, for then we would resemble them more."

The brigand dropped his head, and for a few moments preserved an angry silence. The last words of the woman seemed to have cut him to the heart, if one might have judged from the disappearance of his smiles and the contraction of his lips. But now a thought occurred which caused him again to smile. He made a sign to Oreb, now his slave by right of conquest; then turning to Miriam, said,

"They would destroy thy child," said he, "but I will save him. In that, at least, I will not resemble them. In my turn, I can also say, that were I born cruel as they, I should perhaps pardon them. Be thou seated upon this horse: Oreb will take the reins and conduct him as I may direct; or rather I will conduct him myself, and Oreb will follow us. The man whom thou hast with thee, can follow us also. In my retreat thou wilt find water, food, and that repose of which thou art in need. Thou canst then return to Herschalaim and purchase of the king the ransom of thy child by informing him of the retreat of Johanan the robber."

Why thus insult us if thou desirest to save us?" said Joseph in a tone of indignation. "If thou wilt receive us as enemies, keep to thyself the secret of thy retreat."

"Can I receive you as brethren?" said Johanan, "I whose hands are crimsoned with blood, and who never show mercy?"

"God will teach thee mercy," said Miriam, "since thou lovest not injustice; for the hatred of man against man, is always unjust. But since thou hast served us, whoever thou art thou art our brother, and we will accept of thy hospitalities."

Johanan then gave to Miriam a gourd that was suspended from his waist, and which still contained a little water. The mother hastened to moisten the parched lips of her child, who in looking up to Johanan, smiled as though he desired to thank him.

Johanan and Joseph placed Miriam upon the horse of Oreb. Johanan himself took him by the bridle with one hand, while in the other he held his victorious lance and poniard. Oreb followed in silence, and walking by the side of Joseph, conducted in obedience to the orders of Johanan, the stubborn animal which belonged to the travelers.

CHAPTER II.

THE VULTURE'S AERIE.

Thirty years had passed away, and a lonely man wound his way along the sinuous fissures of the barren rocks upon the confines of Judea. That man was still young, but deep thought had wrinkled his brow, and emaciated his cheeks. His gait was majestic and grave, and the expression of his countenance, mild and loving as that of a little child, still indicated a profundity and sadness undefinable. His silken hair was parted in front after the manner of the Nazarenes, and fell upon his neck in thick ringlets, reflecting a golden luster. In all his features the most exquisite delicacy was united with the most commanding expression. His mouth half overshadowed by a beard a little more blond than his hair, indicated benevolence without effeminacy, and resignation without pride, whilst a pervading and inimitable purity characterized the whole expression. A brown tunic, woven together without seam, sat close to his body, and a large white robe, somewhat resembling those of the Arabs of the desert, was thrown over his shoulder and hung down to his feet. One of his hands was concealed under the folds of his garment, while the other was placed upon his breast; and his movements always regular, seemed almost aerial like the passage of a spirit.

To see him ascend without effort, the most frightful escarpments, and poise himself upon precipices that would have caused dizziness to seize upon the most hardy, one would have taken him for a genius of the desert. Viewing him at a distance perhaps one might have feared him; but his whole person was so

marked with expressions of benevolence, that no child at a nearer view, could have avoided smiling upon him, and loving him.

At length he arrived at the summit of a rock near which was a cavern hollowed out from the side of a rock still more elevated, and separated from him by an intervening abyss. Standing at this point he called out, in a voice sweet and sonorous,

"Johanan! Johanan!"

A figure dark and terrible, now appeared at the entrance of the cavern. It was a being who seemed to partake of the nature of the lion and the man. His grizzly beard and hair, half concealing his savage features, appeared like a thick mane; his only clothing consisted of a kind of wrapper woven of tiger's hair; his skin seemed hardened in the heat of the sun, and his movements were nimble as those of the wild animals of the forest.

"Who has dared to call me?" muttered he in a dull angry voice approaching to a roar; and with an eye of astonishment he surveyed the stranger wrapped in the folds of his white robe, and standing calm and resplendent upon those formidable heights where until that time, the vultures and Johanan alone had ventured.

"What dost thou want of me?" demanded he.

"I would come to thee," mildly answered the stranger; "cast a bridge over this chasm."

He re-entered his cave, and returned with a log stripped of its bark, which he slid over the precipice with surprising dexterity, and thus established a frightful communication between the point of the rock on which the stranger was standing, and the yawning mouth of his wild habitation.

The stranger did not hesitate to place his feet upon the trembling pathway. He advanced toward the brigand, with as much assurance and serenity as though he were walking among the roses in the valley of Sharon.

Johanan uttered a loud and ferocious laugh, and clenching the end of the log in his bony hands armed with nails like the talons of a vulture:

"Hold," said he, "and answer me in view of this abyss into which by the least movement I can precipitate thee! Who has sent thee to me? who art thou? and what dost thou want of me? Knowest thou who it is that holds thy life in his hands? art thou come to seek death?"

The stranger arrested his steps whilst a melancholy smile spread over his countenance.

"My days are numbered," said he, "but I shall not die by the hand of Johanan. Those who seek Johanan to destroy him, are those who would put me to death; for they have counted me among those who are called malefactors. I know Johanan because he saved my mother; and I return to him, because thirty years ago he protected me when I was proscribed in my infancy. My mother always remembered it; she has often spoken to me of the hospitality of Johanan, and I have not forgotten it."

At these words the brigand arose and extended his hand to the stranger,—but the latter did not present his, and Johanan retired knitting his brows with inquietude.

"Art thou still an outlaw?" demanded he; "and hast thou avenged thyself of those who persecuted thee in the arms of thy mother?"

I am but too deeply avenged, since I am proscribed," replied the mysterious visitor, entering the mouth of the cavern, "for those who proscribed me will not hear my word, and thus my word will not save them."

"Art thou then an enchanter, that thy words have power to save? I have only hands that can destroy: and on them I place more reliance."

"Life is better than death, and mercy is stronger than revenge."

"Where is mercy?" said Johanan with a bitter smile, "it is perhaps hidden in the lion's den, but surely it cannot be found among men."

"Let us enter thy habitation," peacefully rejoined the stranger.

They entered together the interior of the cavern, which was illuminated by a lamp of gold suspended from the roof. The rich spoils were here thrown in a heap together. A number of skulls dried in the sun and hung around the walls, were the sad ornaments which met the view. Some leathern water vessels, and some urns full of wine, stood in the dark back ground. A rolled-up mat served for a seat. The stranger, preceded by Johanan, entered without manifesting surprise, and raising his eyes to heaven:

"Father," said he, "I thank thee that here thy mercy came to the succor of my mother, and that Johanan who called himself the son of death, was sent to us thirty years ago, to save our lives!"

Then extending his hand and addressing himself to the astonished brigand:

"Just now," said he, "I refused to receive the hand of him who threatened me, and who supposed that I feared him; and now I extend mine to him."

There was in this language, and in the features of the stranger so much of true grandeur, that Johanan, subdued in spite of himself, caused him to be seated with great respect, and not daring to seat himself near him, he remained standing in his presence, pensive and with downcast countenance.

"I have not forgotten thy mother," said he after a moment of silence. She was courageous and strong like thee, and like thee she had words which sank to the heart by an influence which one could not comprehend. Has she always suffered the injustice of men, and does she still speak of forgiving them? And thy father, that man strong in his gentleness and wise discourse—does he still live? and is he happy? And the brigand pronounced this last word with an incredulous smile full of decision.

"Our Father, the Father of all, is happy," said the son of Miriam; "and for this reason his children should hope in their afflictions. Why speakest thou to me of Joseph and of Miriam? Joseph has toiled and he now reposes. Miriam pursues her journey with me, for even when I am far from her, her spirit continues united with mine. Miriam is to me as a sister: my mother is HUMANITY, and my Father is the Father which is in heaven."

"What, then, is that Humanity which thou callest thy mother?" said Johanan. "Speakest thou of that race, effeminately ferocious and basely selfish, which I am proud to hate? Art thou of that family of robbers of whom brethren despoil brethren, and by whom rapine is only condemned when it is done boldly and without deceit? Art thou of that tribe of Jackals which love the night because the light of day condemns them, and who fear the progress of life because they feed only upon the dead?"

"Speak not of the dead; there are among them some heads which might hear thee!" said the stranger, casting a sad and severe glance toward the skulls which hung upon the walls of the cavern.

On hearing these words the eye of Johanan sparkled; his thick hair rose upon his head, and in the reddish light of the lamp appeared as if all stained with gore. A harsh sigh escaped from his bosom; he rose proudly, and with nostrils choked with rage, exclaimed:

"Ha! let them hear me, if they still can; but I have no fear that they will answer me! Least of all do I fear that they will accuse me. I had done nothing to them when they desired to kill me. In a cowardly manner they attacked me, and I have slain them in risking my own life; they were more guilty than I, and I have only been stronger than they."

"Did all those whom thou hast despoiled and slain, seek thy life?" said the son of Miriam.

"They were rich," said Johanan in a melancholy voice, "and are not all the rich the murderers of the poor, for the reason

that they derive their superfluities and luxuries from the necessities of those who die of hunger? Ah the wretches! they are more cruel than if they killed them outright: they leave them to die by a tardy process."

The stranger cast down his eyes, and two large tears flowed down his cheeks.

"And thou, too," continued Johanan with a terrible violence; "thou art also a child of the people, and thou hast suffered! Thou hast doubtless been hungry, but at least thou hast not been a slave: and me, me," added the brigand, bellowing and raising his piercing and shrunken eyes, "they have forced me to become an assassin because I would not be their slave!"

A laugh mingled with sighs, succeeded this furious exclamation; then Johanan, rubbing his eyes roughly with his hands, seated himself upon the ground, folded his arms, cast upon the skulls a look of disdain, and then coldly looking upon the son of Miriam, he smiled.

The stranger looked upon him with calmness.

"Johanan," said he, "man has no arbitrary power over the will of man: there are no slaves but the weak and the wicked. In wishing to force thee into slavery, they exacted a thing of thee which was repugnant to thy nature; but is it not also contrary to nature for a man to dip his hands in the blood of his brother? They would have made thee a slave; that was their crime; but thou hast made thyself a murderer, and that is thine."

"My crime!" said Johanan, "when I have killed to defend my life! But I would have renounced my life rather than to stain these hands with blood.—No, I have not defended my life; I have fought for something more precious: I have defended my liberty!"

"That is to say thou hast defended thy soul against the tyranny of the flesh. Why hast thou not also defended it against its own passions? Thou didst desire to save it from slavery; why hast thou not also saved it from murder and robbery?"

"Because I lived among murderers and robbers."

"But it would have been better not to follow their example."

"I would have been their victim then."

"And their judge! But now they will be thine, and will have the right to condemn thee."

"In so doing they will condemn themselves!"

"Yes, without doubt; but if the world condemns itself, it confesses a justice which it does not yet exercise. It is right in condemning itself, because it is wicked."

"And thou, who seemest to be righteous, will be condemned by the world also, because thou dost not resemble it."

"It can not condemn me, because not comprehending me it can not judge me."

"It will assassinate thee, then."

"Then it will be the criminal, and I will be its judge; for I will show myself more powerful toward it than if I punished it: I will pardon it."

"Thou wilt die, nevertheless."

"And hopest thou, that thou never wilt die?"

"I will die free in cursing mankind."

"No! he who curses in dying, does not die free; he is a slave to his hatred. The free man is he who is stronger than injustice: stronger than tortures and death: stronger, in fine, than his own passions. He it is who quits the battle-field of life without a wound, and enters, a king, into the realms of immortality through a triumphal gate! Johanan, Johanan! since thou lovest liberty more dearly than life, thou shouldst feel that the soul never dies, and that it preserves through eternity the remembrance of its acts of revenge, and of its pardons."

On saying these words the majestic stranger arose. His face seemed resplendent with a divine light, and his eyes appeared to express a world of new thought. He retraced his steps over the log which served as a bridge over the chasm: Johanan followed him.

"Where art thou going?" demanded the son of Miriam.

"I go where thou goest," said Johanan, "since thou alone knowest the path which leads to liberty."

"We can not as yet walk in the same path," mildly answered the inspired traveler. "During forty days I must pray in these solitudes, and then I will go among men to love them and to do good; to suffer the evil which they will do me, and conquer them by returning them good; and to die, that I may open to them the gates of immortality. If thou canst do the same deeds, and commence now this new life, thou mayst in three years rejoice me at Henschalaim, and I will lead thee into the kingdom of liberty which I have promised thee."

"In three years, then," said Johanan; and they separated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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