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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.

PSYCHOLOGY: ITS PRESENT STATE AND TEACHINGS.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,
BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

CLAIRVOYANCE—THE EXPERIENCE OF A. J. DAVIS.

MR. DAVIS, as we have before said, is naturally characterized by a well balanced and harmoniously organized mind. Each affection, sentiment, and intellectual faculty, seems to be developed in due proportion, and all appear to exercise a mutual guardianship over each other, to prevent excesses and supply deficiencies in their respective actions. Hence he is not inclined to attach undue importance to isolated ideas, or to regard with indifference any thing which is important; but all things are regarded by him, according, and *only* according, to their intrinsic merits. He is therefore free from enthusiastic impulse on the one hand, and lethargic indifference on the other; and the constantly smooth and even exercise of his mind is subjected to the supreme control of the moral and intellectual powers.

Besides the *natural* state of Mr. D. is the nearest to what we might suppose to be the state of a *spirit*, of that of any other person whom we have ever met. Although entirely free from all cold, stern, artificial sanctity, and sometimes even inclined to joviality, his full and free soul seems not to lean upon the supports of the outer world, but to have inexhaustible fountains of satisfaction within its own depths, and to dwell in a sphere where no adverse influence from without can disturb its equanimity. Thus removed from the conflicting interests and prejudices of mankind, and depending for his highest gratifications upon the resources of a world within, he is prepared to judge and speak of those things which affect the great interests of society, according as they actually appear to his mind, without regard to any existing social, political, philosophic, or religious theories or prejudices. These *natural* characteristics were more distinctly developed and confirmed by some peculiar early experiences to which we have already referred.† And to this we may add that having never received any education beyond the simplest rudiments which may be acquired at a common school, and being totally unacquainted with books, his mind, up to the time when he entered upon his career as a clairvoyant, remained as a sheet of paper unsoiled and unwritten upon. If all these considerations are allowed their due weight, and we add to them his peculiar susceptibility to the magnetic process, it will seem that if there can be such a thing as independent clairvoyance, we may reasonably expect to find it in him.

Mr. Davis's first introduction into the magnetic condition, (which occurred before he was 17 years old,) was a mere unpremeditated incident, the experiment being casually proposed more for amusement than for any other purpose. But even on first entering the state, he exhibited clairvoyant powers to which no one who saw him had ever witnessed a parallel. He was afterward frequently thrown into the state by the same operator, (Mr. Wm. Livingston of Poughkeepsie, where Mr. D.

then resided,) and soon became a subject of general curiosity, on account of his wonderful powers. He was tested in every possible way, and even the most skeptical of those who visited him were either convinced or totally confounded. But after submitting to such tests for some months, he peremptorily refused to submit any longer to any experiments except such as might be involved in useful applications of his powers. He then directed his operator to employ him in the examination of the sick, and the treatment of their diseases, in which employment he continued, meeting with astonishing success, from the winter of 1843-4, to the spring of 1847, being during the latter part of the time connected with Dr. S. S. Lyon as his magnetizer.

Shortly after Mr. D. commenced being magnetized, his mind, while in the abnormal state, began gradually to unfold itself in the direction of the sciences and general philosophy; and independent of books, or suggestions from scientific men, he gave forth many novel and truthful ideas. His perceptions of scientific facts, however, were at first somewhat indefinite, and his mode of expressing them was often liable to be misunderstood; but in this respect he evinced a gradual improvement up to the time when he commenced the dictation of his remarkable book. This took place about the 1st of December, 1845, and when Mr. Davis was but a little over 19 years old—the book having been announced nearly a year previously.

We would have it distinctly impressed upon the mind of the reader, that Mr. Davis, in his experience and labors as a clairvoyant, was never governed or dictated in any essential respect, by the sympathetic influence of the operator's will. On the contrary, in his moments of perfect lucidity, when he assumed the entire responsibility of his own sayings, neither the operator nor any other person in his presence, could ever have the least influence over his impressions, as has been demonstrated by frequent occurrences. Relying on his superior wisdom while in the clairvoyant state, both of his magnetizers consulted him, and implicitly followed his directions, in regard to all important plans and pursuits. It was by his direction that Mr. Livingston relinquished his former business and commenced with him, the practice of medicine; it was Mr. D. himself, (under influences from the spiritual world of which we have before spoken,) who originated the idea of the book which is now before the world, and of which he is the author. Contrary to all mental influences without him, and to all expectations of the parties concerned, he chose his own magnetizer and scribe, inducing them to relinquish their situations and remove from their locations, to assist in getting out his book; and it was by him that all arrangements and plans were proposed for the commencement and furtherance of that work. In short he was the sole governor of all affairs pertaining to the production of his book—enforcing his counsels, not by dogmatic and arbitrary commands presuming upon the authority of his superior condition, but by that benignant gentleness and calm philosophy which made every one around him *feel* his superior wisdom; and those connected with him, strictly, in all cases, followed his directions, not from a blind and superstitious reverence, but from a conviction that the knowledge and wisdom displayed in the stupendous philosophy which was being unfolded, was capable of directing things aright.

* Concluded from page 132.

† Univercelum No. 5, p. 69.

The foregoing facts, susceptible of any reasonable amount of proof when the general opposition will venture to demand it, are deemed sufficient to establish a general origin of Mr. Davis's book as independent of the suggestion, direction, or sympathetic influence, of any person or persons connected with him. Whether any important or characteristic portion of the contents of that book was derived from the minds of the persons present with the clairvoyant when it was dictated, is a question which may now be considered.

In order properly to approach this question, it is necessary to consider the peculiarities of Mr. Davis's physical and psychological state when under the influence of the magnetic power. There were several strongly marked features which distinguished his state from that of any other person whom we have ever seen under the influence of magnetism. In the first place, the ordinary manipulations produced in him a state of physical insensibility apparently much deeper than we have witnessed in the case of any other magnetic subject. After the completion of the process, (which in him was always indicated by a slight and apparently electric shock,) he would always sit motionless, speechless, and apparently insensible to all surrounding things, for a few moments. During this period, he apparently passed through a transition state between the exterior and interior sphere of thought and perception. From this condition, he would arouse by a succession of slight shocks, until the power of speech and of muscular motion was regained. Then in order to receive the impression to be given forth in his lecture, or concerning the disease of any person whom he might be examining, his body assumes a position inclined either to the right or the left, and all the forces of his system grow torpid and inactive. The pulsations grow feeble, the flesh becomes cold and clammy, the muscles become rigid, and the whole body wears an appearance nearly approaching that of death. At this moment there is an almost entire separation of the spirit from the body. The imperfect vitality of the body is sustained almost entirely by being connected with, and pervaded by, the 'sphere' of the operator, and if by any means the latter should lose connection with him while in this state, the spirit could not return. This, then, is a condition precisely corresponding to *physical death*. The exterior senses being entirely closed, the interior senses are at the same time entirely opened; and the spirit, being at liberty to forsake, for a time, its material encasement, has access to a higher world, and to the stores of knowledge in the possession of its inhabitants. The perceptions and reasoning powers are greatly quickened and enlarged, and the mind becomes a fit receptacle for that measure of truth which corresponds to its own interior refinement, whether it has ever conceived that truth in the normal state or not. As soon as a distinct impression has been received, the spirit gradually resumes the body, and employs the organs of speech to communicate it.

I have known Mr. Davis to be in the death-like state thus described for more than half an hour at a time, and I was informed that before I knew him, he was once in that state for nearly two hours, during which time his alarmed operator made every effort to arouse him, but in vain. This fact affords evidence that while in the state described, he is entirely beyond all mental and physical influences from without; and if while in this condition he receives mental impressions, he must receive them *independently* of the minds of those surrounding his mere body.

Facts almost without number might be detailed, showing the possession by Mr. Davis, while in a state in which he assumes the full responsibility of his own sayings, of a power of clairvoyance independent of the impressions and influence of those by whom he is outwardly surrounded. During the period of our connection with him, these facts were of such frequent occurrence, that they ceased to excite surprise, and note of them was seldom taken. A very few cases showing his clear vision relative to outer things, must here suffice:

The little daughter of Dr. Lyon was staying with a relative

in Newark, N. J. One day when Mr. Davis was engaged in examining patients, he voluntarily spoke of her, saying that she had been taken suddenly ill. He described her symptoms with their causes, and prescribed a remedy; and told Dr. L. that if he was not in Newark within a few hours, he would hear of his daughter by a *different process*. Dr. L. had no *external* reason to suspect the sickness of his daughter, she having been perfectly well when last heard from. He nevertheless procured the medicines prescribed, and set out for Newark with all possible dispatch. On arriving at Jersey City, he met a friend who was just coming to inform him of the illness of his daughter—verifying what Mr. D. had said of the "different process" by which he would hear of that fact. On arriving at Newark, he found his daughter precisely as Mr. Davis had described her, and a prompt application of the medicine prescribed cured her. Mr. D. of course could not have obtained his information from sympathy with surrounding minds, because no person in his presence was acquainted with the facts.

Miss T., a young lady in Newark, had been cured by Mr. Davis, of a dangerous disease. Several months afterward, Mr. D. while in his superior state, voluntarily spoke of this same young lady, and said that her system was in a condition to endanger a relapse of the same disease, which if not prevented might destroy her life. He described the symptoms which the lady then experienced, and which she would experience within a few days, and prescribed some medicines. A letter was immediately dispatched containing the diagnosis and prescription. We afterward learned that the description was in all respects correct, both of the symptoms which she then, and of those which she subsequently experienced. She had a partial relapse of her disease, but a prompt application of the medicines prescribed prevented its becoming serious. Neither Dr. Lyon nor any one in the room knew of Miss T.'s condition when Mr. D. spoke of her.

One morning while Mr. Davis was engaged in examining patients, a lady, a total stranger to me, came and requested admittance into the room. I met her in the entry, and as the room was already crowded with visitors, I requested her to call the next morning at Mr. Davis's usual hour of going into the state. She departed, no one in the room having seen her but myself. Before Mr. D. was restored to the waking state, he voluntarily spoke saying, "I see that Mrs. B—— has been here this morning, and that she came with an intention to inquire about Mr. B——," (one of her friends who was then in England.) Dr. Lyon not having seen the lady, thought that this was a mistake, until I described the lady whom I met in the entry. The next morning the same lady, who was actually the person spoken of by Mr. Davis, came to the office, when she acknowledged that her main object in coming the morning before, was to inquire concerning Mr. B. as Mr. Davis said. This perception of the presence and intention of the lady, was of course totally *independent* of the knowledge of any person in the room with Mr. Davis at the time.

Some time after I became connected with Mr. Davis as his amanuensis while dictating his book, I inquired of him while in the magnetic state, respecting the health of my family who were still in New Haven. He answered that they were well, and incidentally added that the house which I desired to vacate, was about being rented. Being anxious to know if this was really so, I wrote a day or two afterwards, to my wife, making inquiries respecting it. But before my letter could have left New York, I received one from home, stating that the house had just been rented.

The foregoing cases I have selected promiscuously from memory, not by any means as the most remarkable ones which might be presented. So far as they go, they either establish a power of clairvoyance as independent of sympathy with surrounding minds, or else a power of *guessing* which is ten fold more marvelous and inexplicable. Should statements of other

cases of this nature hereafter be called for, they can be given in almost any number. It is not, however, necessary to refer to the experience of *Mr. Davis*, for proof of the clairvoyant power with reference to *external* and *material* things, as this comparatively *inferior* stage of its development, is exhibited by many other persons.

But were not the main and characteristic portions of his remarkable book, derived, through sympathy, from the minds of those surrounding him when it was dictated? is the next question which demands notice. An attention to a few points will be sufficient to decide this question:

1. Dr. Lyon, the only person in direct communication with Mr. Davis when the lectures were delivered, though *naturally* an excellent and successful medical practitioner, is a man of humble pretensions as to science, philosophy and literature; and he considers it no unjust disparagement to have it said that he could not have produced five consecutive pages that might be selected from any portion of that book. With most of the subjects treated upon, he was totally unacquainted, and of none of them had he more than a very limited knowledge.

2. In regard to the possibility of his having received any considerable portion of the contents of that work from my own mind, I need not speak to those who know me best. A supposition so flattering in regard to my intellectual endowments, is not entertained by my most intimate acquaintances. The *compliment* involved in attributing portions of this work to me, comes only from those who know me not, and who have an *interest* to subserve in having it so believed—and it is much the less valued on that account. Besides if I had been capable, from the resources of my own mind, of producing what several critics have truly pronounced the most remarkable book that ever has been published, I scarcely think that I could have been so unselfish and self-sacrificing as to give the credit of the production entirely to another person. The supposition that the work originated from the mind of Dr. Lyon and myself, involves the strange inconsistency of supposing us at once the most *dishonest*, and the most *unselfish* of men! As to myself, moreover, I would add, that many of the positions of Mr. Davis's book, were, *when given*, in direct contradiction to some of my most cherished articles of faith.

3. The witnesses of the lectures were *promiscuous* and *irregular* in their attendance. If the clairvoyant had depended to any extent for his impressions, upon the minds of the witnesses present at the delivery of the lectures, then the book, instead of presenting the consistent, consecutive and progressive system which it unfolds, would have presented a mere heterogeneous and contradictory jumble, each lecture embodying the opinions, prejudices and fancies of those who were present at its delivery, and being totally incoherent with the lectures delivered in the presence of other persons.

4. The clairvoyant, so far from being governed by the impressions of persons present with him, frequently corrected erroneous views and wrong intentions which, though unexpressed, he saw existing in the minds of different persons who were with him. Thus on a certain occasion, and shortly after Mr. Davis's lectures commenced, I happened to express, while in conversation with a clergyman, an opinion as to the bearing which the disclosures of Mr. D. would have upon the interests of a certain religious sect. This conversation took place *privately* and in the *absence* of Mr. D., and could not have been thought as of itself sufficiently important to refer to afterward. About two hours afterward, Mr. Davis having returned, was thrown into the magnetic sleep, when, perceiving the conversation which I had had, he proceeded to *reprove* me for some things which I had said, saying that the disclosures which he was giving forth were not to be considered as bearing any relation to any existing *ism*.

Again: In one of his lectures, Mr. Davis stated that the saliva juice was the same in principle with the gastric juice, the

latter being the saliva developed and potentialized. (See Principles of Nature, pp. 66, 67.) Dr. T. Lea Smith who was present at the lecture, *silently* doubted the truth of this assertion, and on returning to his residence, conversed with Dr. H. G. Cox respecting it. The next morning Drs. Smith and Cox were present at Mr. Davis's medical examination. Without a word being said to Mr. D. concerning Dr. Smith's doubts, the former saw what had been passing through the latter's mind, and commenced reproving him for following so closely "the charts of his profession rather than the teachings of Nature;" and then proceeded to show by a clear elucidation, that the saliva was a digestive fluid as well as the gastric juice—that indeed the mouth is a *rudimental stomach* where the first degree of digestion is performed.

One more case of this kind: After the theological principles of Mr. D.'s book had become defined, I formed in my mind the definite intention to speak of them to certain persons who in common with myself, had expected them to be different from what they are. Before I had spoken a word to any human being concerning this intention, Mr. Davis discovered it on my mind, and advised me not to carry it out, assigning as a reason that a disclosure of the theology of the work before it was completed, might tend to unsettle some minds, and subject ourselves to annoyance from some whose prejudices would be encroached upon. Do these facts, I ask, look as though Mr. D. derived his impressions, through *sympathy*, from the minds of others?

5. Certain leading ideas of Mr. Davis's book were clearly developed, before certain persons to whom they have been attributed, attended any of the lectures; and it was by hearing that those very ideas had been presented, that those persons became interested in the lectures, and were induced to attend them. Thus Prof. Bush scarcely knew of the lectures before certain fundamental principles of a philosophy similar to that of Swedenborg were clearly set forth, and he subsequently only attended two or three lectures in the *geological* part of the work—the subject being of all others treated in the book, the very one with which the Professor is least familiar. Albert Brisbane knew nothing of the lectures until their *social* philosophy had been clearly intimated, of which he saw an account published in the New York Tribune. He afterward heard only two or three lectures, and these were in the *anthropological* part of the work—involving a subject with which of all others, Mr. B. is the least familiar. Rev. S. B. Brittan, and Rev. T. L. Harris, to whom the liberalism of the theology of this book has been attributed, were neither of them present at either of the theological lectures, and I was expressly directed by Mr. Davis not to show the MSS. of them to either of these gentlemen until the book was finished.

6. Scarcely a lecture was delivered which did not contain some things totally *novel* to every person present at its delivery; and the book in its various departments even presents ideas, either in science, philosophy or theology, entirely *opposed* to the previous opinions and prejudices of each and all the persons who were present at any of the lectures. Should a specification of the previous opinions of the main witnesses hereafter be deemed necessary in order to establish this assertion, it shall be given.

7. The *intrinsic character* of the work itself is such as entirely to exclude the probability, not to say the *possibility*, that it could have been derived from any person or persons living. Surely no one mind connected with the physical body, and using the outer organs of sense as its media of perception, has powers sufficiently enlarged, and covering grounds sufficiently wide, to have produced the stupendous system of universal material, spiritual, and social philosophy embodied in the work under consideration: and the consistency and coherence of its parts, and the *oneness of purpose* displayed from beginning to end, imperatively demand explanation before any one insists that it was derived from any number of different minds in the present sphere of being. It has, strangely enough, been said that the

book contains nothing original. But if the stupendous disclosures respecting the origin and structure of the Universe; the explanation as to the existence and *modus* of the Divine Mind; the elucidation of the *cause* of the phenomenon of gravitation; the rationale of geological changes; the account of the origin of the human race; of the original settlement of the earth; of the origin of languages, hieroglyphics and mythology; the history of forgotten nations of antiquity; the account of the deluge, its causes, attending circumstances, and results; the explanation of what man is materially and spiritually, and the proof of immortality from the *nature and tendency of matter*; the simple analysis of the human faculties; the stupendous and magnificent description of the spiritual worlds, &c. &c.—if these, I say, present nothing original, then the word “originality” has lost its signification. That there are many truths presented in this book which may be found in detached and fragmentary portions in other authors, we would no more deny than we would deny that any truth had ever before been discovered: but where, we ask, in all the wide domain of literature, can be found the consistent, consecutive, harmonious arrangement and generalization of all truths and principles, new and old, that we find in this book? The general character—the *tout ensemble*—of the work, is perfectly unique; and upon the whole it may fearlessly be pronounced the most original production for one of its size and general subject, that the world has ever yet seen.

The hypothesis was some time since started by Prof. Tayler Lewis, of the New York University, that a number of different persons, actuated by sinister motives, first compiled the work of Mr. Davis from different sources, and desiring to avail themselves of the marvelousness of the age to impose their speculations upon the world, and finding Mr. Davis a convenient tool for the accomplishment of their purposes, proceeded to “teach him daily and weekly his lessons from manuscripts previously prepared,” so that he might recite them in the presence of witnesses, as his own production! The Professor *acknowledges* that the book came through Mr. Davis, and confirms the fact by stating that he had even “*heard Davis deliver a number of the lectures*” himself.*

We have a brief statement here to make, which will show to the candid mind how much confidence the learned Professor himself has in the above or any other hypothesis relative to the origin of Mr. Davis's book, contrary to the statement put forth by those who are familiar with its history. While the book was still in process of dictation, hearing that Prof. L. had taken the alarm, and was preparing to publish some statements respecting it which we knew to be exceedingly untrue and unjust, we addressed a note containing the following propositions, and requesting him to defer his attack until after the investigation they proposed had been instituted:

1. “That three men of reputation and well known to the New York community, and who are uncommitted either in favor of or against Mr. Davis's work, and who have no strong party bias either way, shall be appointed by yourself and Professor Bush.
2. “These men shall examine the MSS. already written, of Mr. Davis's work, note their most prominent developments, investigate the facts as to the manner in which this part of the work has been got up, the facts in reference to Mr. Davis's past history, education, opportunities, general character, habits, &c.
3. “I pledge myself to answer any pertinent inquiries to the best of my ability, and to furnish the committee with facilities to expose any plagiarisms or dishonesty as connected with this affair, if any should be, either by them or yourself, supposed to exist.
4. “The investigation shall be as *thorough* as it consistently can be made; and after its completion, the committee shall, without reference to party views or prejudices, draw up a con-

cise statement of the general facts unfolded, a copy of which shall be placed in your possession, and a copy of the same also given to me, and we shall be at liberty to dispose of these as our judgments respectively may dictate.”

The above propositions were presented under a full knowledge of the Professor's exceeding anxiety to put, at that early period, a quietus upon the affair to which they relate, and that he would not regard the little *trouble* that might be involved in carrying them out, if he believed that a development of the *plain facts* in the case would subserve the purpose which he had in view. But instead of seizing up this most favorable of all opportunities that could be offered, to effectually expose the imposture if it had been one, and to put the community on their guard against the “*dangerous heresy*” which it is said to involve, the Professor wrote me a note declining the proposed investigation, on the ground that “Mr. Davis, in his revelations, denies the verity of some of the most remarkable facts mentioned in the Bible,” intimating that this was sufficient, without any further investigation, to prove to him, that Mr. Davis was “either deluded or deluding!” We leave the reader to judge with what grace the imputation of conspiracy and down-right imposture comes from a man who had rejected so favorable an opportunity to expose the imposture, had it been one, on a pretence so exceedingly questionable. The only comment we have at present to make upon this affair is, that “any theory, hypothesis, sect, creed, or institution, that fears investigation, openly manifests its own error.” There are some creeds in the world which have such an exceeding affinity for *darkness*, that they will not allow their votaries to approach the clear light of investigation upon any subject of an antagonistic nature. They may be compared to the noisome fungus, which grows in the dark and fattens upon corruption, but which is wilted down by the clear beams of the meridian sun.

Considering the peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Davis and his associates were placed, while his book was being delivered, there can be nothing more preposterous than the supposition, that the *course of training* alleged in the hypothesis of Prof. Lewis, could have been pursued for one single month, without being detected. If this was the way in which Mr. Davis obtained his knowledge, how much of his time, may it be supposed, was required for the study of his lessons, during which he would constantly have been liable to surprise from promiscuous visitors, who *always* had access to his rooms when he was not actually engaged in lecturing? And how often would he have required *prompting*, and after all, how many ridiculous blunders would he have made, in his recitations? And whence his facility, which hundreds have witnessed during his medical examinations, of referring to, and giving familiar illustrations of, any portions of his lectures which were not understood? It is no exaggeration to say that thousands have seen him in states of mental exaltation which entirely precluded the necessity of any course of instruction like that supposed by Prof. Lewis.

Finally, Mr. Davis's book was not got up “in a corner,” and that its most violent assailants themselves well know. At the commencement, and several times during the progress of Mr. Davis's lectures, we invited investigation as to our claims concerning them, through the public prints; and our rooms were always open to visitors at all hours, from 7 o'clock in the morning until the time of retiring at night; and if argus-eyed orthodoxy has suffered a huge and heretical deception to be practiced upon the community, and is now entirely powerless to expose it, we can only cry shame, shame on her! If she has been slumbering at noon-day while an enemy has been encroaching upon her borders, and is now unable to rout that enemy from the fastnesses of argument, facts, and testimony in which he has quietly entrenched himself, she deserves to sleep on; and should she know no waking, the moral and spiritual interests of the world cannot suffer any great loss.

In our introduction to Mr. Davis's book, we gave a somewhat

* New York Observer, Sept. 4th, 1847.

minute account of its author, and of the facts and circumstances attending its production. If the essential facts there stated are facts, then all our claims in reference to the origin of the book, the independence of the clairvoyance, the exalted mental state of its author, &c., are established beyond dispute. If the statements are not true, names and dates and circumstances are given by which their falsity can easily be exposed; and by such exposure the book would be effectually exploded for ever, and the community would be safely protected against its alleged pernicious influence. And while we have thus laid ourselves open on every hand, and furnished our opposers with every possible facility to expose and put down our pretensions if false, we ask is it just, is it generous, is it *manly* for them to skulk behind the bulwark of popular prejudice, and there *surmise*, and denounce, and call hard names, and endeavor to crush us by the weight of arbitrary influence?

But it is beginning to be apparent that this policy will not answer. The book of Mr. Davis is being extensively read, and converts to its principles are being multiplied daily, a large majority of which are persons of intelligence and influence. A periodical devoted to its distinctive principles, has been established under favorable auspices, and has already a considerable, and rapidly increasing, circulation. The friends of the infant cause are firmly resolved to wage an uncompromising warfare with what they regard as pernicious errors and superstitions, and to labor assiduously for the development of the eternal truths of Nature, and for the establishment of a *new social order*; and the inroads that have already been made upon old theologies, have called forth the action of ecclesiastical councils. But in this age of the world, sensible men, feeling the omnipotency of truth, laugh at the impotent proscriptions of priests and conventicles, and go on their way regardless of the frowns of sectarists. And if old creeds and systems are nevertheless true, and a weak and heaven-daring *deception* lies at the bottom of movements which are making such havoc upon their dominions, how will clergymen excuse themselves for refusing to look facts in the face, and for not grappling with these "monstrous" pretensions, and overthrowing them effectually and for ever? Yet our plain, minute and circumstantial statements and references have now been before the world for six months, and not one person has yet ventured to impeach them, except upon the authority of *guesses and surmises* originating in his own brain! These facts admit of but one explanation, and that the reader will readily conceive.

If this whole affair, then, is a heretical and baneful imposture, THE CHURCH AND CLERGY ARE RESPONSIBLE for any consequences which may grow out of it, if they do not avail themselves of the facilities which are freely offered to expose the deception, and thus stay the rising tide of supposed error which is flowing from it. Until they gird themselves to this task, and *effectually perform* it, their *surmises* and *speculations* relative to the origin of Mr. Davis's book, and the source of the clairvoyant's knowledge, can have but little influence upon candid and sensible minds.

Until the statements and considerations presented in the previous part of this article, and more particularly in the introduction to Mr. Davis's book, are met and their evidence fairly set aside, we shall feel authorized to consider the doctrine of independent clairvoyance as proved beyond doubt, and that Mr. Davis, while engaged in dictating his remarkable book, was free from the mental obstructions of his material body, and placed in a condition which gave him access to a knowledge of the structure and laws of the whole material and spiritual Universe.

But the question may arise, does not Mr. Davis sometimes make *mistakes* in his sayings while in the abnormal state? The question whether he *may* not make mistakes, especially those of a non-essential character, is sufficiently answered by the fact that he is a *man*, even though exalted to the *second sphere* of human existence; and on the same principle all teachers who have ever existed, inspired and uninspired, *may* at times have made

mistakes. I solemnly affirm, however, that I have *never known* Mr. Davis to fail in any essential particular, when he assumed the full responsibility of his own sayings. In cases submitted to his examination, designedly accompanied with *false statements*, he may in some instances rely wholly upon the good faith of the person making those statements, and *not investigate them*, and thus fail to detect their falsehood; but for a failure of this kind no candid person, of course, will hold him responsible. If a man fails to do that which he does not *try* to do, this fact of course proves nothing against his powers. But to test him *fairly*, a case must be submitted to his examination *without any statement* or even *intimation* as to the facts concerning it, and his own time must be given him to examine it; and then if his mind is fatigued by previous exercise, or any other physical cause interferes with the clearness of his vision, he will say nothing about it, until he gets into a state sufficiently lucid to describe it correctly.

Moreover I have sometimes known him to go into the independent state, (the state before described in which he becomes speechless,) and receive a distinct and correct impression as to the *general* facts pertaining to the subject of his inquiry, and then proceed to speak of the *particulars* concerning it from *inference*. In this way I have known him, in very rare instances, to make slight errors in relation to the *particulars and minutiae* of the subjects of his investigations; but it is believed that not more than two or three instances of this kind can be found in his book, and these are of *no importance* whatever as affecting any *principle*, or any *important fact of science or philosophy*.*

Let it here be *particularly* impressed upon the mind of the reader, that Mr. Davis always chose his own times for lecturing, entirely free from the promptings and solicitations of others; and if on being magnetized he found himself not in a perfectly lucid state, so that impressions would come freely and distinctly, he never proceeded with his lecture, but postponed it to a time when his psychological condition would enable him to do it justice. Moreover it should be borne in mind that the book of Mr. Davis was not all given at *one sitting*, and hurried before the public without being subsequently subjected to the careful review of the author; but that the latter entered the clairvoyant state exclusively with reference to its production, no less than one hundred and sixty times, occupying a period of fifteen months. At each of these times, he was capable of reviewing the manuscripts of all his previous lectures, and correcting their errors if they had any. This fact afforded an important guard against error which did not exist in reference to individual examinations; and if in the latter he was so successful as to sustain himself for four years, examining at an average, three persons a day, and inspecting and correctly describing, every variety of disease, surely the probability of his erring in the systematic examinations of consecutive subjects, open to constant recurrence and review from beginning to end, cannot be very great.

We would here remark, however, that there are but few of the teachings of Mr. Davis's, the credibility and authority of which depend at all upon the question, whether the author was or was not in a state of absolute and independent clairvoyance when they were given forth. These, mainly, are upon the origin and structure of the Universe, the inhabitants of the planets of our Solar System, the origin of the human race, the original settlement of nations, and the constitution, scenery social conditions, &c., of the spiritual worlds. In his accounts and descriptions of these subjects, (confirmed as they are by *analogy*,) those who are familiar with the clairvoyant, have as much confidence as they would have in a description of the city of London given by a traveler of known intelligence and veracity.

* The avidity which certain of our critical opposers have manifested in grasping at admissions of this kind, and placing exaggerated constructions upon them, induces me to request them to particularly observe what the above language actually and literally means before they attempt to use it for any purpose whatever.

who had made its localities and objects of interest a matter of study. But though these subjects are of the most *profound interest*, they do not essentially effect any general and practical *principle*; and even though the disclosures concerning them, (such as cannot be proved on independent grounds,) should be received with distrust, this would not essentially mar the value of Mr. Davis's book as a whole. The great *philosophy* and *theology* of that book, must stand or fall upon its *own merits*, and is no more affected by the question as to the author's actual psychological state, than the question whether Lord Bacon was physically blind can affect the credibility of the teachings of the *Novum Organum*. Those, therefore, who are laboring to throw discredit upon the reliability of Mr. Davis's clairvoyant powers, should reflect that even should they succeed, the great principles of his book—its philosophy, theology, and social science—would still remain to be refuted.

But the very fact of such a book, coming from an uneducated and unsophisticated boy, under circumstances which utterly preclude the *possibility* of his receiving its contents by any ordinary process of reading, or from the minds of his associates, either by conversation or magnetic sympathy, (all of which has been *proved*, and can be confirmed by *affidavits* should it become necessary,) this fact, I say, stands as of *itself* the most stupendous psychological phenomenon on record, and affords the most unequivocal proof of all that has ever been claimed as to the exalted spiritual condition of the author during its delivery. Whatever the author, therefore, utters while in his superior condition, concerning those profound mysteries of the material and spiritual Universe which are removed beyond the sphere of sensuous investigation, should at least be regarded with the utmost respect, and cannot but be perused with the deepest interest by the candid and spiritually unfolded mind.

A few words, now, by way of summary and application of the facts and principles developed in the foregoing articles:

1. From innumerable facts connected with the phenomena of dreams, visions, trances, spiritual impressions, magnetic sympathy, and clairvoyance, we have proved that man is in possession of *interior or spiritual senses*, corresponding in all respects to the outer senses of the body, with the exception of their superior state of refinement.

2. We have seen that in all ages and among all nations, there have been persons who have experienced an opening, more or less perfect, of the interior (or spiritual) senses, procured by, or attended with, diverse external conditions—and that from the remotest period of antiquity to the present day, and without regard to nation, sect or party, the unfolded interior senses of man have been the media of spiritual or angelic intercourse, and the channels through which persons have received knowledge, more or less definite and extensive, of facts, truths, and principles entirely beyond the reach of the physical senses.

3. We have seen that among the different nations of the world in the early ages, (and also to an extent in *modern times*,) these impressions were attributed to the direct influence of the Divine Spirit, but that this idea was only owing to imperfect views of the Deity, incapacity of the mind to conceive of secondary causes, and its ignorance of its own interior powers. Therefore the prefix "Thus saith the Lord," to a declaration, whether it is found in the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, the Shaster, the Bible, or in the sayings of the modern Shakers and Mormons, adds nothing to its authority, while it *may* often proceed from a consciousness on the part of the author that the *intrinsic merit* of his teachings are not of themselves sufficient to give them the force and currency which he desires.

4. We can discover no evidence, either in the declarations or former revelators, or in the nature of things, that the period of interior revelations has ceased or ever will cease; but reason, and the laws on which such revelations depend, teach quite the contrary.

5. Although Ezekiel, Daniel, Peter, St. John, Swedenborg and

many others, were frequently in that high state of spiritual unfolding which enabled them to hold intercourse with spirits from the higher world, their spirits were still connected with the body, and were thus necessarily more or less obstructed in their action, and the impressions they received were liable to be tinged by previous opinions and prejudices. A *perfect interior*, state, such as admits of restoration to the exterior, we have seen can only be effected by *magnetism*, and in very rare instances even by that. We have seen that among magnetic subjects, the case of A. J. Davis presents the most perfect example of spiritual unfolding of any case on record—that his condition when magnetized is indeed virtually that of physical death and its attendant spiritual disengagement, he being held to the body only by the presence of the operator. If therefore it is inferred from this, that the revelations of Mr. Davis, (who as we have seen never had any sectarian prejudices to subserve,) are of more importance and are more to be relied upon than those of any other person who has spoken half so extensively, either in ancient or modern times, the inference if false, would need to be put down by *argument*, and not by sneers and denunciation.

The most strenuous opposers of Mr. Davis and his teachings, are those who, by hereditary affection, are immovably attached to the teachings of an antiquated book compiled by councils of fallible men, as containing all truth which it is necessary for man to know; and as the Jews of old supposed that the law of Moses was perfect, and would not believe that any good could "come out of Nazareth," so these persons may frequently be heard to say, "The gospel is good enough for me;" and to exclaim, "how ridiculous to attach any importance to the babblings of a sleeping boy!" But whatever contemptuous epithets and expressions may be employed, it requires no long argument to prove that the *plain facts* will remain pretty much as they were before these epithets, were applied; and the fact that this is the *nineteenth* and not the *fourteenth* century, would seem pretty strongly to indicate the necessity of meeting the actual case upon its intrinsic merits, and that *argument* would do quite as much execution as *sneers*, in putting down a supposed false and heretical opinion.

Confining their observations to the intrinsic excellencies of the New Testament, the votaries of its entire completeness as a revelation, can only specify four general doctrines as reasons for the exclusive reverence with which they regard it—viz: the paternity of God; the brotherhood of man; the duty of love to the neighbor as to one's self, and the doctrine of immortality. We will not now inquire what ground there is for ascribing the exclusive credit of either of these doctrines to the New Testament. We will grant for the sake of the argument, (what is not true,) that they are *original* with that book, and proceed to ask if they are not, all and severally, equally sacred when taught in an equally reliable manner, through any other medium? Any excess of reverence, then, bestowed upon one of two mediums through which these doctrines and their natural corollaries, are taught in an equally reliable manner, is a reverence for the mere *medium*, or for the *person* or *persons* with whom it originated, and not a reverence for the truths themselves.

Now as to the doctrine of immortality, we fearlessly affirm that the very psychological phenomena presented in the experience of A. J. Davis, afford the strongest ocular and exterior demonstration that could possibly be given to man. The evidence of the phenomena does not depend upon the records of antiquated books, the history of which no one can trace, and which may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been interpolated in a thousand different ways; but the phenomena themselves may be observed, in a greater or less degree of perfection, by every man who will take the pains to institute a few experiments upon properly susceptible subjects. Moreover this doctrine is rationally and philosophically *proved* by Mr. D. from the nature and tendency of Matter, and placed upon a basis on which every philosophic mind can comprehend it. The doctrine

of the universal paternity of God is also taught—not by mere dogmatic assertion, but by a clear exposition of the *actual relation* sustained by the Deity to his intelligent offspring. So also the doctrine of the universal brotherhood, and the duty of distributive justice and mutual love between all mankind, are taught and strongly enforced—not by mere arbitrary precepts and exhortations, but by a presentation of *principles* and *reasons*. Shall we spurn and condemn these teachings, for fear of disparaging something that was said and written eighteen hundred years ago? Shall we repudiate this *rational and intelligible demonstration* of all truths and principles which professing Christians themselves consider essential, through an overweening attachment to a *venerable mystery*—to a form of teaching which does not *profess* to appeal to the human understanding? Reverence for the good and wise men who have taught in every age and nation, is indeed highly proper; but this should never be allowed to interfere with our reverence for the intrinsically good and true, WHEREVER WE MAY FIND IT.

From all the facts and considerations presented in the foregoing essays, it is our firm and joyous conviction that we are in the midst of an age more favored than any previous age of the world. Thousands of minds have, in their spiritual unfoldings, advanced to the very precincts of heaven, and the spirits and angels of the higher world are literally descending and ascending with their messages of love to mankind. We believe that inspiration such as never has before existed since the commencement the race, is now being enjoyed, and that by proper spiritual training and cultivation, this may be enjoyed more or less, by almost every one. And furthermore, we feel *deeply* and *powerfully* impressed that the extraordinary psychological and spiritual developments of the age, are preparatory to a peaceable revolution in the social affairs of mankind, such as the world has never yet seen, and that this will be the advent of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. This conviction nerves us to spend our best and highest efforts to hasten its fulfilment, and enables us to meet with composure the frowns and persecutions of those “to whom offenses *must* come,” regarding them still as our BRETHREN.

Here, then, we close these disquisitions for the present. The general psychological laws unfolded in these essays, are susceptible of a powerful *practical application*, which we will employ the first fitting opportunity to exhibit. Meanwhile let every one be diligent and *fearless* in his pursuit of truth, and prompt in his obedience to all its spiritual and social requirements.

Psychological Phenomena.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

FROM THE INTERIOR.

OLE BULL.

IMPETUOUS and enthusiastic.—Full of rich, beautiful and pleasing fancies—warm-hearted and spontaneous.—I should not be very calm with this person; he would excite me too much.—One to whom I should open my soul at once; should wish to take him at once to my heart. (Addressing her little niece who was striking some notes on the piano:) “Oh! Nannie, please not, *** it is torture.” He seems to me to be all soul, yet all expression. I would be breathless and listen.—I would have perfect silence about me. I cannot bear to hear my own voice, it is so discordant. Language is so stiff, and cold, and harsh! Oh! could you but hear the stars as they roll to music—the flowers as they grow—the streams, the birds. This exquisite music calls up such adoration! This man worships. At first he is absorbed in prayer; then, as he listens, sadness, deep sadness—such devotion, such devotedness. Self is lost in the INFINITE, the UNIVERSAL.

I wish I could tell you of this world's music—everything moves to music—grows to music—and there is melody, too.—In some respects it makes me think of Beethoven, though Beethoven never sends me into Nature, but into the depths of my own soul. This music of Nature has not the same effect upon me.—

This man does not send me into Nature, but brings Nature into me.—I am no longer isolated. I become harmoniously a part of the whole. The power of this music would make me harmonious, at once, with Nature and with God. Anything wrong, sinful, vile, would be terribly harsh and discordant now—all should be pure, peaceful. This is not outward harmony, it is spiritual.—With all this sadness, not of grief, but arising from deep feeling, now and then a lively strain, as if there were a bright sunny spot within the character, comes in too very harmoniously, with the darker coloring.

You know not how intimately painting and music are connected. Yet music seems the higher. It is the only one language that can express anything. This mirth is a discord, not inharmonious, but pleasing; there is something so wild and lovely in it, so grotesque. He loves contrasts. This person is good, true, mirthful, happy. An occasional discord does very well—would not do to have all discord.—Never heard so much music before.

“Is he benevolent?”

You know not how queerly that question strikes me. * * * * * He would not give as many so-called benevolent do. He will not make a merit of giving. He would not have a sharp line of distinction between mine and thine, but have all flow out freely to all.

I would send up a solemn peal of adoration—a shout of joy.—I would pour forth my soul in prayer—but now—it is bowed down with sadness—a feeling of imperfection—of deep humility. I would say what is man, that Thou art mindful of him—art mindful of all? All Nature is full of thy presence. Again, should this shout of joy ascend, the love of God should be my theme—God's love to man. All jars and discords I would blend in one universal harmony.

It is not to be pulled to pieces—to be spoken of piece-meal—this character—it is a whole.

“Is he alive or dead?”

I receive no impression of that. The person is spiritual, and death is a mere *circumstance* to him. This character is not perfectly rounded. He overlooks some parts of God's creation—some of his fellow beings—those with whom he has no sympathy. Those not so highly gifted, he would undervalue. He is generous, noble, spontaneous, frank, impulsive, proud.—You will not exactly understand my meaning.—He holds himself apart—is sufficient to himself. If others laugh and jeer, he holds himself above them.—And yet, generous, hearty, discriminating praise delights him. He loves to give pleasure. Circumstances lead him to think of himself in his relations to others, but he does it not readily.

If a friend should injure him, he would grieve more than anger. Yet he is by nature quick in all his feelings. He is loving; yet he is abstracted from this every-day world.—He does not seem to love individuals; he loves the perfect, the harmonious.—He is ever reaching after the unattainable—would dwell in the INFINITE. He might become insane; yet his joyousness might prevent it. He has the power of hate, and yet, I do not think he would exercise it.—It would be called forth by the serpent-like—I think he would crush it—he could not bear it—not because it is wicked, but because it is *discordant*. * * * The excitement has been too intense. From these disjointed sentences you may obtain an idea of my impressions: *His soul is absorbed in music*—and PERFECT MUSIC, PERFECT LOVE AND GOD ARE ONE. * * * * *

USELESS FANCIES.—Having searched into all kinds of science, we discover the folly of neglecting those things which concern human life, and involving ourselves in difficulties about questions that are but mere notions; we should confine ourselves to nature and reason. Fancies beyond the reach of understanding, and which have yet been made the objects of all the disputes, errors, and superstition that have prevailed in the world—such notional mysteries cannot be made subservient to the right uses of humanity.—[Socrates.]

RIDICULE is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind. But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.

Communications.

SPIRIT OF THE OPPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,
BY E. E. GUILD.

OF no one thing have Universalists more justly complained of their opposers, than of the spirit which they have manifested in their opposition to Universalism, and the character of that opposition. Instead of meeting us with candid and manly argument, they have dealt in misrepresentation, abuse and denunciation. Instead of acknowledging the liberty of the human mind, and allowing freedom of thought and inquiry, they have assumed that their creeds were infallibly correct, and have virtually said to the friends of untrammelled investigation, thus far shalt thou go in thy inquiries after truth, and no farther, and within those limits shall the liberty of thought and investigation be restricted and confined. Universalists have professed to be the champions of civil and religious liberty. They have been so regarded by the public. It is this circumstance which has drawn toward them the sympathy, countenance and support of many thinking and intelligent men. But according to recent developments and demonstrations, made by certain distinguished lights of the denomination, it would seem that the liberty advocated, by at least a portion of our clergy, is precisely the same as that allowed by every sect under heaven, viz: Liberty to believe what they believe, to reject what they reject, and to think as they think. Not only must we believe what they believe, but we must believe it on precisely the same grounds that they do. We are not at liberty to question the validity of their arguments, nor the authority on which they rely for proof of their doctrines. A man may believe ever so firmly in the existence of a God, in his Divine paternity, in the brotherhood of the human race, in the doctrinal and practical precepts of Jesus Christ, and in the ultimate holiness and happiness of all mankind; but if he does not believe all this on the authority of a certain book, and regard that book as infallibly correct in all its parts and sentences, he must be denounced as a heretic and an infidel, and rejected as unworthy of the fellowship of the denomination.

In regard to the correctness or incorrectness of those views which are peculiar to Mr. Davis and his friends, I am not prepared now to express an opinion. But I must confess I have been astonished, and even pained, to witness the spirit which has been manifested by those who have felt it to be their duty to oppose those views. They have pursued precisely the same course that has been adopted by their opposers, and which has been so justly complained of. Instead of endeavoring to prove those views false by sound sober argument, they have as a general thing, and with but few honorable exceptions, dealt in misrepresentation, abuse and denunciation. Now allowing that the opinions of Mr. Davis and his friends respecting the Bible are false, how much better it would have been for the cause of truth, and the honor and interest of the Christian Church, to have just said to these men, Brethren, we fear you have imbibed some opinions which are false and pernicious, you may however be correct, let us have a fair and candid investigation of the subject. If your views prove to be correct, we are ready to embrace and defend them. If, on the contrary, your notions can be proved to be false, we make no doubt you are as ready and willing to abandon them. It appears to me that such a course would have been fair, manly, charitable, and consequently Christian. Good must have resulted from the discussion. If the evidences in favor of the infallibility of the Bible are clear and conclusive, that fact would have been made to appear more conspicuous than ever, as truth always shines brighter the more it is examined. If the opinion that the Bible is an infallible book, rests on a good and sufficient foundation, not all the opposition of those who are called infidels can ever overthrow it. On the other hand, if the views of Mr. Davis are correct, it is vain to oppose them, as triumph they ultimately must in spite of all opposition. For the opponents of Mr. Davis to resort to ridicule, abuse, misrepresentation and denunciation, looks not a little suspicious. All intelligent, thinking persons know that

men are not apt to employ such weapons when they have any other and better at hand. Thinking men then will conclude that either the evidence in favor of the infallibility of the Bible is not conclusive, or, if it is, the opponents of Mr. Davis are ignorant of that fact. Do Bros. Sawyer, Whittemore and others think to frighten men out of their reason, to stifle all holy aspirations after truth, all earnest desires to throw off the bondage of error, to check the spirit of inquiry, put a stop to free investigation, and chain down the human mind to any ancient superstition, by threatening and denouncing those who advocate the liberty of the human mind? If they do, they have reckoned without their host; they have greatly mistaken the spirit of the age. I have enjoyed very good opportunities for judging, and I know there are legions of good men and true, who have made truth the lady of their love, who are ready to rally round her standard and defend her against all opposition. Their cause is the cause of truth. They rely on the God of truth for protection and support, and they depend on the simple unadorned truth to sustain their cause. They possess a spirit which no threats can terrify, no terrors alarm. Where truth leads, they are ready to follow and abide by the consequences. Whatever can be demonstrated to be true, they are ready to defend. Whatever can be proved to be false they are ready to reject. No matter how popular may be the error, nor how sacred it may be regarded by the world. For one I avow myself the friend of free toleration and untrammelled investigation. I profess to be free. I assent and will maintain my right to think for myself, and I am willing to grant the same inestimable privilege to others.

"Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?"

Now, admitting that certain brethren have departed from the faith, and imbibed error, ought they to be treated as outlaws and unworthy of the least respect? Ought we not rather strive to reclaim them by mild and gentle means? by argument and persuasion? Are we not bound in charity to regard them as honest and sincere until we have full proof to the contrary? Of what use is it to impugn their motives, and charge them with a design to deceive and impose on their fellow men? Allowing they are in error, the course pursued toward them has been well calculated to prejudice their minds against the truth and confirm them in their errors. In my judgment it is bad enough in all conscience for men to believe wrong, without being cursed and denounced for it. Nor do I think such a course very well calculated to reclaim the wanderer from the error of his ways. The course pursued against these men is unmanly, uncharitable, and unchristian. It is disgraceful to the denomination which claims the largest liberty of any sect under heaven. But who shall decide whether these men are in error or not? Have they not as good a right to judge as any body has to judge for them? If not, then where is the liberty of thought and the right of private judgment? These men profess to be the friends of truth. Does any Universalist profess to be anything more or less? I trust not. We are then bound to consider these men to be what they profess to be, until their claims are proved false. I know not what others may think nor what course they may pursue; but as for me I will maintain my own rights, and when the rights of others are invaded I will stand up in their defense. I have always advocated freedom of thought, of speech and of the press. I am an inquirer after truth. Truth I am ready to receive come from what source or quarter it may. Truth is truth whether it comes from God, angels or men, whether it is discovered by human reason, or comes by direct revelation from heaven. And I am willing to receive it from the despised Nazarene or the humble shoemaker, as from the greatest philosopher that ever lived. Not all the denunciations and bulls of the Pope of Rome, nor of lesser dignitaries, who assume his powers, shall deter me from a bold and frank expression of my honest thoughts and opinions. Of all slavery, slavery of the mind is most to be dreaded and resisted. Of all liberty, liberty of thought is most to be prized and defended.

To think rightly, is of knowledge; to speak fluently is of nature.

THE UNIVERCŒLUM AND SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848.

THE RECIPROCAL CLAIMS OF SOCIETY AND ITS INDIVIDUALS.

IN the human world, there is no such thing as absolute isolation or independence. Man could not live alone and enjoy the full requirements of his mental and physical powers. Even the millionaire who revels in luxury and wastes his days in idleness, would be reduced to extreme want and inconvenience, were it not for the farmer to supply him with food, the mechanic to build and furnish his house, the manufacturer to supply his clothes, and his footmen to obey his calls. Every individual, indeed, whether rich or poor, is dependent upon the products of the various branches of industry for the supply of his wants; yet no one individual is qualified to labor in them all. Hence a system of *exchange* is adopted, by which the excess of the productions of those engaged in the various industrial pursuits, are mutually transferred to each other according to specific valuations; and thus each article of produce has a consumer whose wants it helps to supply. The mutual necessities of mankind on which this system of exchange is based, constitutes the foundation and essential element in the natural organism of society, and form of the race a Body more or less united according to the wisdom displayed in the arrangement and adaptation of its different parts.

Thus society, considered as a body of men united either by mutual consent or arbitrary laws, must necessarily exist, and has existed in all ages of the world; and it may range through all degrees of perfection, from the savage clan to the harmonious Brotherhood contemplated by A. J. Davis and Charles Fourier.

Now it is obvious that the interest of society depends upon the contributions of its individuals to the general stock of human comforts and blessings, whether these be of a physical, moral, or intellectual character. This is self-evident. It follows as equally obvious, then, that so long as thousands are spending their lives in idleness, and in dissipation, and crime of which it is the almost sole cause, and so long as hundreds are immured in prisons to be supported from the public funds, and tens of thousands of dollars are spent annually in the detection and punishment of offenders, so long Society has not its just dues, and each industrious and virtuous individual is taxed for the support of those who are ever consuming but never producing.

Let us now inquire, where lies the responsibility of these existing evils? I answer it is almost wholly chargeable upon the *controlling power* of the social organism, wherever that may be found. Is not this almost self-evident to every intelligent and reflecting mind? The institutions, customs and laws which exercise a general and supreme control over society, of course must determine all social conditions of any importance as connected with the general compact. If one condition is that of idleness, crime and suffering, it is found among that class which does not control society, or even themselves; and the burden of correcting and preventing the evils rests upon those classes in whom originate those laws and customs which alone can modify and improve the general conditions of the lower classes.

Let us be a little more specific: Every individual is born into the world with certain definite characteristics which he himself had no agency in determining. Upon this basis every individual's *acquired* character, is built—consisting of education and training—the latter depending entirely upon the circumstances by which he is surrounded, the temptations which beset him, or the facilities which he enjoys for the education and development of his faculties. Neither of these latter are created by himself, but all exist in society as he finds it on becoming one of its members. Now no one can deny that a certain proportion of the present generation, were born with intellectual and moral constitu-

tions absolutely imperfect. Constituted as they are, then, they are of themselves comparatively helpless, and dependent almost entirely upon the influence of surrounding circumstances and social conditions, which they had no share in creating, for their security from crime, and direction to proper and useful employments. If they are not thus trained and directed, upon whom rests the responsibility—seeing it is certain that they could not help themselves, and that they were naturally too weak to resist the evil influences by which they were beset? Not, surely, so much upon the weak and unfortunate individual who has been the victim of *circumstances*, as upon society, which has suffered those circumstances to exist, which necessarily led him astray. The crimes of individuals, therefore, may generally be considered as the mere outbirths of imperfect conditions in society; and how horrible the idea of inflicting cruel and sanguinary punishments upon the individual, for deeds which *society itself* permitted, or provoked, by its own imperfect conditions and institutions!

The idleness, pauperism, and crime then existing among the lower classes, are mainly chargeable to society itself; and the main reason why the latter does not receive justice from the individual, is because it does not place him in a condition which would secure him from temptation, and enable him to contribute his share toward the common stock of human comforts and enjoyments.

Furthermore: Society is dependent for the supply of its members upon just such individuals as are born into the world. It has no power to select those of a certain character, and to exclude all others. Every individual, therefore, is born a *member* of society, *whatever* be his character and capacities; and by virtue of that membership he has a *natural* and *ABSOLUTE RIGHT* to all such privileges of society as he is capable of appreciating—to a sphere of action, or labor, adapted to his peculiar physical or mental powers, and to a *comfortable physical support*, so long as he remains in the world. This, we repeat, is the natural and absolute right of every human being who has ever been or ever will be, born into existence; and as we “hold this truth to be self-evident,” we insist upon its observance by society, in determining the affairs of its individuals.

Have these just and natural rights been awarded to individuals by the institutions and customs of society? This question is answered by the *horrible* fact that tens of thousands of persons of both sexes, in indigent circumstances, who are not only willing but *anxious* to work and earn for themselves the necessities and comforts of life, are entirely excluded from the privilege of doing so! Our own city affords hundreds of the most lamentable examples of this kind. The idleness which society thus *compels*, engenders *crime*; and for this, the unfortunate victim is incarcerated in a loathsome prison, or strangled to death like a vile dog! Others are compelled to tax their mental or physical powers beyond endurance, for a mere pittance scarcely sufficient to sustain the union between soul and body, and even then are constantly subjected to overbearing and insulting treatment from their employers! Thousands of poor widows, and orphan girls, friendless and thrown entirely upon the resources of their own powers, may be found in the obscure hovels of the dark alleys of this and other cities, toiling with their needles from early dawn until the depths of night, when the powers of nature are completely exhausted, and slumber involuntarily closes their eyelids, in order to eke out the recompense of a paltry shilling or eighteen pence! And failing to procure a livelihood by the utmost exertion of their powers, hundreds are driven to prostitution as the last resort, and the only alternative besides that of starvation or the alms-house! Thus often the purest affections which heaven ever breathed into the human bosom, are perverted, blasted, ruined. *Society*, by her imperfect institutions, has been the *MAIN AUTHOR* of this wreck and desolation; and yet she looks upon the unfortunate and unwilling victims, with scorn and abhorrence, and closes all doors by which they might return to the ways of virtue! Thousands of acres of land, monopolized and held at exorbitant prices, by rich drones of society, are suffered to grow up with weeds and brambles—while thousands of virtuous and industrious men, who have a *natural right* to as much air as they can breathe, as much

water as they can drink, and as much earth-room as will serve to produce the means of their subsistence, have not a place where the law gives them a right to set their foot, except the public highways!

These are evils—terrible, horrible, *increasing* evils—as all must grant: and so long as society by her institutions thus deprives individuals of their NATURAL AND INALIENABLE RIGHTS, how can she expect justice from them in return? How can she expect that idleness, crime, prostitution and pauperism will not prevail? But if all possessed their natural rights—if every one had his just and natural sphere of action; if labor were justly and impartially rewarded, and if the system of exchanges were reduced to a natural equilibrium, poverty and want would be banished from the earth. Labor would become attractive, and would be performed with as much alacrity as the movements of the bee among the flowers. The barren deserts would be converted into fruitful fields; and all would be abundantly supplied from the productions thereof. All idleness being abolished, and all temptations and provocations being removed, vice would cease to exist; and the world of mankind would represent the harmony of the spheres.

Upon the controlling influences of *society*, therefore, rests the burden of correcting existing evils, and bringing about these glorious ends. The incipient steps to be taken to insure the accomplishment of these results, should be a matter of *immediate* and *serious* inquiry to all philanthropic minds.

We shall frequently recur to this subject in future, and offer such suggestions as may seem proper. W. F.

EVIL SELF-DESTRUCTIVE.

THE arguments and illustrations which might be employed to exhibit the self-destructive nature of evil, are numerous and conclusive. The subversion of governments and the fall of empires, kingdoms and states, furnish many striking examples. The voice of History and the lessons of experience prove that the national existence can never long survive the national virtue. When the powers of government are made subservient to a corrupt and unhallowed ambition, the scepter is easily broken. When a moral poison is transfused through every vein and artery of the great heart, and corruption like an insidious disease fastens upon the vitals of the nation; then, when the evil has gained its greatest magnitude, it is invariably destroyed by the dissolution of the system. If the government be corrupt, it will—it *must*—be dissolved, and thus the corruptions of the system end with the system itself.

It must be evident, that while these evils waste the energies of a people and destroy the nation, they have also a *self-destructive* power. The national evils can exist no longer than the nation. They perish together, and are buried in a common sepulcher.

We have discovered a law which is by no means restricted to the political world. We may trace its operations in the empire of Nature. If the germ of the plant be defective, it will speedily wither and die. When the vine is no longer beautiful and fruitful by reason of the omnivorous worm at its root, it is decomposed, and enters into other and more perfect forms of vegetable life. If the mountain oak be unsound, it will fall—the progress of dissolution may be slow, but just in proportion as the evil prevails, the elements which sustain it are diminished. When the whole is resolved into its original elements, the work of decay is of necessity arrested—the pre-existing evil is at an end, and new forms of life and beauty spring up out of the dust.

If we turn our attention to the animal kingdoms, we shall find additional confirmation of the truth of our position. The proofs of the self-destructive nature of Evil, which may be drawn from this source, are if possible, more convincing than those already noticed. Let us briefly consider some of these: The want of food may occasion severe pain. This pain is an evil, but it can only exist for a very brief period. If not otherwise relieved, it will soon terminate in the dissolution of the body. Thus the evil destroys itself. Extreme heat and cold produce suffering. When pain is the result of these, or indeed of any other natural cause, it is termed *natural evil*. It is true

that pain, in itself considered, is always an evil; yet it is easy to see that in these and all similar cases, it is employed for a benevolent purpose. Man, when deprived of sufficient sustenance, exposed to the frost, the fire, and the various forms of disease to which the human system is liable, would be utterly incapable of self-preservation. But pain, like a trusty sentinel, gives the alarm at the approach of the enemy. It never ceases to warn us of the danger while there is a hope of escape. When it is no longer possible to resist the foe, it destroys the citadel, and dies amid the ruins. The pain occasioned by the ravages of disease, when not alleviated by remedial agents, is usually of short continuance. When the evil becomes intolerable, it ends in the destruction of the vital principle. When life is extinct, there can be no more pain; hence the evil is effectually destroyed. When the animal economy is injured beyond the possibility of recovery, death comes to put an end to the evil, by a dissolution of the system. Whether from accident, disease or the infirmities of age, the organic structure is rendered too imperfect to answer a benevolent design, it is reduced to its constituent elements. This is certainly a wise and merciful arrangement. The evil destroys itself, and removes the bodies that are diseased and mutilated, only to repeople the earth with forms of youth and beauty.

Not only is natural evil self-destructive; but every modification of evil of which it is possible to conceive, tends to the same ultimate. The difference between natural and moral evils is confined to the separate causes which operate in their production. In their nature and effects, they are substantially the same. S. B. B.

FIFTH UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY.

IN our notice of the religious exercises in the Fourth street Universalist Church, we made use of terms to designate the Society which we regret so say, have been the cause of some misapprehension. To guard the public mind against any further erroneous impressions, we submit the following explanation, embodying a brief statement of the reasons which prompted the use of the terms employed in the notice.

At the recent session of the New York Association of Universalists, it was decreed that no minister should receive, or be allowed to *retain*, the fellowship of that body, who would not subscribe a declaration of which the following is a part:

"I sincerely declare that I receive the Bible as containing a *special* and *sufficient* revelation from God." * * *

Rev. Z. BAKER, Pastor of the Society in Fourth street, refused to sign the declaration, and is consequently no longer in fellowship. But the Society was unwilling to withdraw its fellowship from one so generally and so justly esteemed for his many Christian virtues, and the pastoral connection, we are happy to say, remains unbroken. We, however, supposed that the Society by retaining its Pastor when he was no longer recognized as a Universalist Minister, virtually relinquished its claim to the fellowship of the New York Association, and that of necessity it assumed and occupied the same *independent* position with its Pastor. To indicate what we conceive to be its true position with reference to the "higher powers," and believing the course pursued to be truly *Christian*, we employed these distinctive terms.

The notice does not, as it appears to us, necessarily identify the Society with any *new movement*, nor was it our intention to convey the impression that it had changed its faith or even its name. We trust that this explanation will be deemed sufficient. Our friends of the Fourth street Society are entitled to our profound respect and esteem. They are eminently free and in our opinion, eminently *Christian*. We are sure that their course will be approved by every unprejudiced mind, while it must excite the admiration of all who prize the Christianity of Christ above the exclusive Spirit and contracted theology of the New York Association. S. B. B.

⌘ CIRCUMSTANCES have rendered it inconvenient for Bro. DAVIS to contribute to this number. He will resume his place soon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DAYVILLE, Wisconsin, January 15th, 1848.

Editors of The Universalist.

BRETHREN: A stranger though I am in the body, and subjected to the imperious laws of physical distance, yet in the spirit, I am with you—and even from hence, where I stand, on the very outposts of civilization, I behold your enterprise with an interest which I never felt for any other work of the kind. It is not only so excellent in itself, but so *timely*—appearing, as it seems to me, just at the very moment when it was most needed. I am chiefly moved to write this, from the fact that a few weeks since, I was passenger in one of our Lake steamboats from Buffalo to Detroit. There was quite a number of gentlemen present, who took much interest in the different Reforms of the day. Among other kindred subjects your new Philosophy came upon the tapis. There was, as may be supposed, much sharp shooting from both sides; but the Philosophy carried the day. I was much struck with a remark of one gentleman in particular; and he appeared to be a man of great candor, as he certainly was highly cultivated and intelligent. He spoke of the *UNIVERCEUM*, and said it was, altogether the most ably conducted paper in the country—that there was, indeed, but one publication that could at all compare with it—and even that wanted the beautiful variety found in yours. I had never looked into the subject before; nor had I seen the *UNIVERCEUM* or Mr. Davis's Book. I immediately procured both; and lo—here am I—a *believer*! So will it be with many. Scatter your seed by the way-side, or wherever there is the soil of Humanity to receive it; and in due season, it will spring up, and grow, and bear fruit a hundred fold.

I cannot doubt the ultimate success of your labors. Your paper came to me with a sweet promise of light, in a time of darkness, and like the matchless book, of whose principles it is the exponent, I find it luminous with Truth. I have faith to believe, and I think, also penetration to discover, that the world will not always, nor long, remain insensible to so great a blessing. Men do not naturally love darkness. The very fact that they have eyes, shows their necessary relationship with light, and all its conditions; and as in the natural, so in the moral world. Though men have been led for ages, by artificial lights, by flaring torches, and dim smoking lamps, until, like those who have been long immured in mines, they shrink with pain from the full and wholesome beams of the clear sunshine; yet does this prove that light is not their natural and genial element? By no means: and they only want a demonstration of this, to be satisfied of its truth. But they have been groping so long, blind leaders of the blind, that they have forgotten, if they ever knew, how well they might see for themselves. Then how radiantly would break forth the little spark in their bosoms, which has not been wholly extinguished, only because it is an emanation of Deity, and, in its very essence, a principle of Eternity. There are enough who would have been willing, nay glad, to do this; who would have put the extinguisher on the last ray of Humanity, had it been possible, so that they might fatten on the spoils of the spirit-slain. But, Brethren, fear not. The day of their power has gone by. The night of ages is drawing to a close; and the east is red, even now, with the dawning day.

We will not blame men for the tenacity, with which they cling to old opinions, to the dogmas which they and their fathers before have invested with all the sanctity of age—knowing not they have no other. Let us rather rejoice, and gather comfort that such is the fact. It is a beautiful principle in Human Nature, this friendship for its old altars. We learn by this that it has a heart—that it has a soul—both reaching forth in the deep dark—however vaguely—however vainly—yet still earnestly seeking for objects worthy of its veneration and its love. These great wants of the soul have never yet been fully satisfied. There has always been an undefined longing for something purer—for something higher—for something better than might be found in any creed. The Priest, the long-worshipped and time-honored Vice-gerent of the Most High, has been, hitherto, set up on a pinnacle, where he could not be approached near enough to discover what he really was. But the

Reformation that took him down from his unnatural position, placing him more nearly upon a level with his fellow-men, established the necessity of his final extinction. He can be approached now. He can be scanned and judged by the same laws that govern others. We may now stand before him, face to face, and question him of his divine authority and credentials. The burden of proof now rests upon him, to show whether he is what he professes, and what he is believed to be—more pure in faith—more holy in thought—more excellent in life—so that he may of right, claim the exalted position which he occupies, as the chosen minister of God—the expounder of Divine Truth—the pattern of Christian Grace! Does not all observations show to the contrary? Does it not show that he is an enemy to Reform—jealous of innovation—timid at the approach of any new light—and with a most especial antipathy to whatever tends to elevate the key-note of the public mind, otherwise than as it may be made subservient to his own interests? Does it not show that in his very *call* as a religious teacher, which he takes special pains to assure us was direct from Heaven, he is generally governed by avaricious motives, inasmuch as the call usually points to the largest *salary*. We find, then, that his profession has a lie on the very face of it—that is not a spiritual, not a divine mission—but a purely secular one, the ultimate object of which is not to feed any number of famishing souls with the true Bread of Life—but to secure to himself “a feast of fat things, and wine on the lees well refined.” His Christian obligation does not, by any means, require him to preach the *whole Gospel*, but only so much of it as will best please the greatest number of wealthy men belonging to his congregation, or give him the greatest reputation with the largest number of distinguished men abroad—in short, just so much as will make him popular—for to go beyond this is fanaticism or infidelity. I think that there cannot possibly be too much light thrown upon this part of your subject; and I am thankful to see that you are already dipping into it. I do believe that the exaggerated and unnatural reverence for the Christian Priesthood, has done more to retard the wheels of Progress than all other things put together.

One word more now, about your paper: Be encouraged, for you *must* succeed. There are some, even here, who understand and appreciate your efforts; and I anticipate sending you soon, quite a number of names. Go on, in the same large and generous spirit. Maintain your calm and manly boldness of speech. Let your work still have a spirit as free, and a scope as boundless, as the Universal Heavens from which it takes its name, and as glorious as it is. I have been much struck with the poems by Mr. Harris. It is a glorious and free spirit—that of his. The flight of his muse is like the soaring of a strong eagle. Bravely does it career, amid wind and storms, looking into the very eyes of the sun, unabashed. My spirit stretches forth its arms to reach and welcome it; for it is a true brother-soul.

Be assured, my brethren, that men will not always weep over their broken idols, for they will surely find that reformation is not destruction—that to use the beautiful words of Whittier:

“’Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate’er of good the old time had,
Is living still.”

And now, may your hands and your hearts, be most abundantly strengthened with the blessing that abideth with all good workers.

Yours, respectfully, MOSES W. REED.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE article from Bro. FISHBOUGH in the present number (the concluding part of his Psychology) is of great importance, as it answers many questions which are constantly arising, relative to the foundation of our Philosophy. It is hoped, therefore, that it will meet with an attentive perusal from all our readers, and that those who do not preserve their papers will circulate them among their friends. If any of our patrons have neglected to read the articles on Psychology, we hope they will begin back and go through with the series. The subject is fraught with the deepest interest, and Bro. F. has performed his task with distinguished ability.

S. B. B.

The Fine Arts.

NEW YORK GALLERY.

NOTICES CONTINUED.

No. 55. "Portrait of Mr. Macready as William Tell," (copy from the original, by H. Inman.)—T. S. CUMMINGS.

The thrilling history of Tell is almost universally familiar. We are not certain of the particular circumstance represented by this painting, as it is simply a portion of the figure, but we presume it might be the moment after the discharge of the arrow at the apple which is placed upon his child's head. The feelings of a father at such a moment may be imagined, but who can describe them? The result of the shot involves his own life, that of his child or perhaps both. Conceive for a moment an innocent youth in such a dangerous position, and an affectionate father deliberately aiming a deadly arrow at a mark upon his head. The fear of failure thrills us with horror, the child may become a sacrifice upon the altar of affection, and the inhuman authors glut upon the blood of innocence and greatness. In the face of Tell is depicted an intensity of horror, nearly equaling the life under these afflicting circumstances. As a work of art, it is well executed, and gives withal a general idea of the distinguished actor personating the character.

No. 95. "Landscape."—SALVATOR ROSA. We have nothing to say in reference to the authenticity of this painting: it is well composed with an agreeable effect of light and shade. It contains nothing striking, but the whole is invested with a subdued, serene harmony. The water is well painted, but the foreground is obscure, doubtless from age: the figures are agreeably introduced, and the sky is fairly painted; on the whole, we consider it a fine picture, though somewhat over-toned by time.

No. 52. "Pan and Midas."—GALTZIUS. This composition represents the god of the forest and his companion together with other figures in the shade of an inviting wood. The figures are rude but well drawn, with fine color and quite expressive faces; his godship appears to enjoy himself with his friends to his full satisfaction. As a work of art it possesses some fine parts, and is generally a very agreeable picture.

No. 79. "Destruction of the Innocents."—Author unknown. This painting is an embodiment of a scene awful to contemplate. In one part may be seen a mother bending over her murdered infant with an expression of deep anguish; in another is a young mother struggling with a human monster who holds her child in the air ready to dash it to the earth. A somewhat older child looks up in the face of his murderer with a countenance terrible to behold, while in an other section of the painting stands a mother who has placed herself between a wretched soldier and her infant, addressing him with an imploring countenance fraught with agony; butchered babes are lying in various quarters. The conception is strong and the occurrence is quite as vividly portrayed as we would desire to see it. Some of the drawing is decidedly bad, and generally considered, it is a subject presenting the darkest features of humanity and as such we are repulsed by the delineations.

No. 19. "Assumption of the Virgin."—ANNIBALE CARACCI. This design is deficient in sentiment and spiritual reality: it does not appear sufficiently aerial to convey a proper idea of the occurrence. As a work of art it contains some fine drawing, but the general character is heavy and gross. Its author was one of three relatives who united in establishing the celebrated school of art known as "The Caracci," each directed his efforts to the perfection of his particular department, and thus was conceived the grand idea of combining those excellencies in one perfect whole. The thought was lofty, but its accomplishment was at that time impossible: for to attain unity of result, there must be a unity existing between the minds which contemplate the object, and as far as this unity did exist so far are their works the representatives of truth.

There will be public Religious Exercises in the Universalist Church, Fourth-st., next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Poetry.

[Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.]

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THOUGH years of anguish have been wrought
In one intensely burning thought;
Though all the heart may feel, or know,
Of deepest, bitterest, deadliest woe,
Was poured by some fell blasting Power
Within the circle of an hour—
That hour that proved the treachery
Of one supremely loved by thee—
Unveiled thy heart, and showed thee all
Its deep Love-fountain turned to gall—
That heart which would have poured its blood,
In one exulting crimson flood,
To save, and bless—now, doomed to know,
The Loved—the Trusted—dealt the blow—
To feel within its deepest core
That barbed thought rankling evermore—
'Till its great sorrow seems to be
One boundless, dark eternity—
Yet hope—though crushed and prostrate long;
For Right is mightier than Wrong.
The Spell malign shall lose its power,
The chastening rod shall burst in flower;
For every dark and rankling thorn
Shall bloom to grace some fairer morn;
And all thy bitter sufferings be
Wrought in one crown of VICTORY!

[Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.]

A VOICE FROM THE MOUNT.

BY MIGNON.

YE sons of God, who wander far,
Ye know not what ye do!
Ye know not, children! what ye are,
Nor what ye seek—nor who!
Oh! go not from "the Father" thus—
List! from the hight He speaks!
Hark! for His words are unto us,
It is His own He seeks!
Say—are ye weary—broken-hearted?
Are those ye lov'd all gone?
And have cherish'd hopes departed?
Do ye weep?—do ye mourn?
For that ye've lost why seek afar?
Thro' divers paths why roam?
Your treasures all in heaven are,
Lone wanderer, come home!
Oh! heed not those who bid you seek
'Midst gloom and death for God,
Where wintry winds are cold and bleak—
There the misguided trod.
Now, none need walk in darkness more,
God says "let there be light!"
Would ye your wand'rings all were o'er?
Then learn of God aright.
List to the angel in your heart
And to no human creed—
To all, God doth Himself impart,
Who seek Him in their need.
Then, wand'ers stay—one moment stay!
What find ye where ye tread?
Seems not the earth a weary way,
A mound above the dead?
I know!—for I that path have trod—
Was misdirected there,
But stay—and list the voice of God,
For that speaks ev'ry where.

Angels will teach thee from on high;
Nature, her truths unroll—
And show thee Heav'n is very nigh,
Yea, e'en within thy soul.

'Tis no far place beyond the tomb,
Veiled with death's dismal pall,
Wrap'd in impenetrable gloom
The timid to appal.—

To startle e'en the strong and brave,
Him who would dauntless be—
(And he who fears is but a slave!
"The truth shall make you free.")

Away from Falsehoods that deceived,
From lights that have misled,
And feel yourselves no more bereaved,
Because of that which fled—

For what was true is living still,
And ye have nothing lost—
And ye may find it if ye will,
Unblighted by earth's frost.

And even here, 'tis living now
Bright with immortal bloom—
Go, seek it on the "mountain's" brow,
There death has reared no tomb.

If dead the hopes you nourished here,
They were of error born—
Shed not for them a single tear,
Rejoice that they are gone!

Hark! from the Mount, God's voice proclaims
Immortal life to all!
And Wisdom, on that summit, claims
What Error held in thrall.

And "there is no more death" to him
Who seeks that mountain's hight—
He sees! whose sight, below, was dim—
For there, shines Heaven's light.

February, 1st, 1848.

VISION OF A YOUNG POET.

BY C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

HIGH on the airy hight,
Or deep in sunless Groves—
Unheeded of the night—
The youthful poet roves:
I know him by his mein,
And by his bright blue eye—
Soft as the wavy sheen,
And quiet as the sky.

High—high I see him stand,
Up in the tempest's path,
Waving his coral hand,
O'er caverns black as wrath;
And gazing higher still—
Higher yet—and higher!
Far away up the hill,
As if he saw, in fire,
His own wild image sweep
The rapid lightnings past—
Till cradled on the steep,
Or rock'd upon the blast.

Then sweet he sunk at last,
Down in the dewy dell—
And, catching, as they past,
The murmurs of a shell,
He wove a song of air,
So very, very still,
I thought it was the prayer
Of fairies in the rill.

"The vale is still—
So is the rill;
Sweet birds are here,
And angels near—
For, every where,

I hear a prayer,
Up in the air.
A little song,
The hills among,
Floats over here—
O, come—come near!
And there's a voice,
So very choice—
With little wings,
Fantastic things—
I feel them now—
They fan my brow;
O what is this?
I faint with bliss!"

The poet sung not long,
But sung himself to sleep,
With his first little song,
Among the lilies sweet;
And in a dream of bliss,
Young angel's hovered near,
Shy as a maiden's kiss,
So very, very dear,
He thought his heart had wings,
And floated in the air,
With little fairy things,
That came a wooing there;
Away it flew—away,
With all the little throng,
Far up the milky-way—
The moony clouds among;
Till, fading from his sight
Where all the stars have shown,
It woke him in a fright—
His wing-ed heart had flown!

It suits not the eternal laws of Good,
That Evil should be immortal.

Miscellaneous Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE entering upon the pleasing labor which lies before me, that of editing the memoirs that came into my possession by an incident, which I shall ever consider the most fortunate of my life, it may be proper that I should say a word of myself—for my present position, as the medium of introduction to a subject so illustrious, has invested me with an importance not my own—shedding a reflected luster over my former obscurity.

I am a young man, now but just entering my twenty-eighth year. I am studious and retiring in my habits; and, withal, possessed by nature of a power which enables me to penetrate into the true spirit and meaning of things, so that I see, not merely the external form and semblance of objects; but the inner mystery of their being—written, as it were, in fair characters, that would not be legible to other eyes—but are, nevertheless, plain to me. For instance, in a tree, I behold not merely a giant vegetable, that has increased and grown strong with the accumulated elements of centuries—bearing leaves, and flowers, and fruit, all in their due season—nor yet a mass of cells and fibres, filled with the fluids necessary to its sustenance and growth—all developed into an organic structure, and endowed with the mysterious vital principle—as the Botanist would regard it; but I look into it, and behold the story of ages written upon the fair layers of its inner bark, illuminated by great truths—sublime principles of life—in all its multiform varieties. So to me a ledge of rocks does not present itself merely as an assemblage of granite, or lime-stone—as an exhibition of certain classes of minerals; but each one becomes to me a graven tablet whereon I read divine lessons of beauty and wisdom. This in-seeing power has, indeed, rendered literal to me the beautiful and oft-quoted passage from the great Bard of Nature; for I most truly find

—“books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

I say not these things egotistically, my dear Reader—if it ever should be my good fortune to enter into that pleasing relation with any of my fellow creatures—but merely as a key to the mystery which will follow in due season. For as the Violet once said, “am I not the most modest flower in existence?” so you will ever find me, truly, a modest man—with the organ of Pride rather depressed, and so lofty a bump of Veneration, that I almost wholly lose myself, in admiration of my great subject.

I will not tire the reader, (I still take it for granted that such a relation will exist) by dwelling on my former history; for the life of a merely studious man can have little to interest, in this world of bustle and of business, where the best instruments are made of brass, and the most sonorous are most highly prized—so that whoever succeeds in making the greatest noise, and in raising his voice above the clamor and din of his neighbor, is, invariably, the most successful, and the most honorable. I pass at once to the great event which has signalized my life—and which will render my name immortal; for if Boswell shall be known to remotest ages as the Biographer of Johnson, the poet-sage—how much more—but I forbear.

I should just mention, that a short time before the point at which my narrative opens, I had become acquainted with a young man about my own age, of brilliant parts, highly fascinating manners, and an appearance of frankness that won upon my feelings, notwithstanding his habits were such as my reason could not approve: nevertheless, I regarded him as one who had, by some untoward circumstance lost his way, rather than as one who had wilfully gone wrong, and I confidently hoped to lead him back to those higher pursuits, and those more peaceful and sober ways, for which Nature had evidently designed him. Nor do I yet conceive that I was entirely mistaken in this belief; though I must confess I have been less sanguine since the event, which I shall presently reach.

This young gentleman had, for some time, made large de.

mands on my purse—considering its specific gravity was not often such as to bring it very plumply to the ground; but, on the contrary, my pocket companion was not unfrequently quite aerial in its habits and condition, performing oftener than any other the part of supernumerary, in the great Drama of Life. Hazarding the imputation of triteness, I would here say, that while he who ministers to the propensities and passions of mankind, is getting plump in the service, he who labors for the highest good of his fellow men, must run counter to their prejudices; and, in return, he has the very comfortable prospect of neglect and starvation, to reward and cheer him. It is, indeed, a truism—yet not to be rejected on that account—that he who pulls against wind and tide, must work with a strong arm, and a steady heart; and when he gets to the end of his voyage, he may be thankful if he finds even a small loaf to appease his hunger—nay, he must be content, if he get but a single crust; for society is a rigid economist, putting bread into no man's mouth, until it is well assured that he is putting money in its pocket—or, at least, into his own—which is one of its integral parts; and the way to do this is not to tell it of its faults, and try to make it better, but to speak it always smoothly—to foster its propensities, and smile upon the subversion of its higher powers.

Pardon this digression, and we will return to the period which has become to me an era. I was walking leisurely down Broadway with the young man I have mentioned, when he suddenly said to me: "You spoke of having made some additions to the valuable collection of old coins you already possessed. Pray, have you them about you?"

This he knew was touching the right spring; and I drew forth my purse—not, however, without a secret fear lest some demands should be made upon it, which center in the present, rather than in the past—saying at the same time: "They should have been placed in my cabinet, ere this." And I began to select for his examination my loved antiques.

"Don't be so careful of your coppers," said he, with a rudeness of manner which surprised and pained me; for he had always before been uniformly bland and courteous. "Just hand them over," he continued; "and let me choose for myself; I suppose it will not depreciate their value?"

"I declare," he added, as my hand somewhat reluctantly yielded to the demand, "you act as if treating with a highwayman, rather than a friend, who stands sworn to fight for you—gamble for you—get drunk for you—eat your dinners for you—in short, my dear fellow, to do any thing but work for you, or pay money for you." He bowed with the utmost suavity, as he grasped my treasure, and passed into the immediate vicinity of the light, from one of the shop windows. One after another he examined the pieces, with the greatest deliberation; and then, as if quite unconscious of my presence, or of the merits of the act, he coolly put the purse into his vest pocket, and walked away.

I felt in a moment that this was no joke; though I saw it was designed to pass off as one. The purse contained all my last month's earnings, besides some gold pieces that would sell to the intelligent collector for far more than their original value. I was not to be balked in that manner; and, springing forward, I seized a corner of the purse, which fortunately protruded; and, with the quickness of thought, it was transferred to my own pocket; when, to my utter astonishment, he turned to some passers-by, saying quickly, and with well-feigned alarm: "Gentlemen, I am robbed. Assist me to secure the thief." So saying he attempted to seize me by the collar. I broke from the throng, which it took but an instant to gather, and rushed into John street, the multitude following, with hue and cry, at my very heels. But nature had blessed me with a sound pair of legs; and constant exercise had given them great vigor. I gained upon my pursuers. I turned down William street, then ran into a dark alley, where I paused a moment to get breath, and to decide what course I had better take—whether to go back, like a man in the strength and dignity of truth and right, and, facing my pursuers, attempt to prove my innocence; or to give the mob, that was rushing down Maiden-Lane and Nassau street, as respectful a distance as possible. If a man is never blessed with a rapid flow of ideas at any other time, he is very

apt to be in such a case. My brain seemed really bursting with the thoughts that rushed through it, with overwhelming fury. I reflected that I had no means of establishing my innocence, and no power even to make myself heard, in the uproar that beset me. My first flight would be presumptive evidence of guilt—to the judge that only can look on the surface; and still stronger would be the poverty of my habiliments; for though my clothes were well repaired, and neatly kept, it was a fact too broad for concealment, that the day when they were new, had long, very long, gone by. On the other hand, my accuser was fashionably, even elegantly dressed. And here goes another truism. A coat out at the elbows can never testify against a new and fashionable one, in those summary processes at which Judge Lynch presides. There was no time for deliberation; for the mob had entered the alley, making night hideous with their yells accompanied by the barking of curs, which if they had been any wise intelligent dogs, must have been ashamed of their associates. Just as the throng rushed down Pearl street, I passed into Maiden-Lane ran round through Hanover Square, and up again into William street. But hearing them close by, I turned again down town, until I came once more into Pearl street, which was then quite vacant—the silence making an almost frightful contrast to the late din. A small and very old frame building, occupying a narrow street, attracted my attention. In a moment I saw from its lonely and desolate condition, that it had been long uninhabited—at least by human beings. I ran furiously against the door. It yielded to the force. I fell almost headlong into the midst of darkness, where the smell of mold was one of the most prominent characteristics. The unwonted intrusion was not very graciously met by those who claimed the premises by the right of possession; for there was a terrible scampering among the rats, and other citizens. I had, however, but just time to extricate myself from the splintering fragments into which I had plunged, when the mob came dashing down Pearl street, apparently close at hand. I was confident they would be in there, and began looking around for a place of shelter. There was not so much as a board to cover me. In this extremity, and with the prospect of instant seizure, I turned to the chimney. It was one of those antique stone structures but few of which remain at this day; but it looked, altogether, stable and safe: and that was more than could be said of other parts of the building; for I was admonished at every step, that it might be the wiser course to turn back, even to the arms of a mob. The apartment which I was in had been the kitchen, or one of those old fashioned general reception rooms, for the family and ordinary guests, which may be found in most houses of our own ancient gentry. The capacious fire-place, stretching nearly across the room, yawned with a cavernous expression. But there was no time for reflection, and no opportunity to consult the inclination, or taste; so I leaped into the deep black cavity, which looked any thing but inviting, and had the good fortune to reach an offset, or recess, where I found a comfortable seat. My abrupt entrance had dislodged a large quantity of soot, which fell in heavy masses to the ground, with a noise which must have attracted those without, as it certainly had quite a contrary effect on the various denizens of the spot; for there was a scampering and squealing of rats, a fluttering of bats, and a loud squeaking and chirping of the chimney swallows, into whose sanctum I had so unceremoniously thrust myself. But in a moment all relapsed again into silence; and I drew my black cloak over my head, so as to be in complete shadow, and waited the result. My pursuers had traced me to the house; and after some deliberation they entered, and the room by which I had been admitted, became quite filled, as I judged by the uproar; and indeed by the jarring of the crazy old structure. They even came to the mouth of the chimney, and within four or five feet of my quarters. I thought I was discovered; but I held my breath, and kept quite still. They then fell into an elaborate discussion of the propriety, or necessity of procuring torches, and searching the chimney. It seemed to me that every heart-beat must have been audible to them, while this was going on, for it lasted several minutes, to me all but interminable. This consultation was held on the hearth; and by the sounds and motions, I gathered that some wild-fire of a blade had made several attempts to en-

ter the chimney, from which he was restrained with much difficulty. I think he would have done so, had not one of the company pressed forward, and probably for some private reasons of his own, swore plumply that he just saw me run through a dark alley out toward Water street. I believe they might have been willing enough to think themselves misled, so as to get out of that suffocating place, into the open air; for with hideous yells and curses, they departed, leaving me once more to breathe freely; and thereupon I fell into a revery upon the strange chances and changes of human life.

The stillness of the grave was around me. I could distinctly hear my own breathings; and sometimes also a light tripping sound, as of numerous soft little feet, scampering about in all directions. I thought of rats, and cockroaches; and for a few minutes I was, I confess, rather uncomfortable; but I soon got accustomed to it, and went on with my reflections. "Here am I," I said within myself; "I who would not wrong my fellow man out of a penny—but, on the contrary, would sacrifice much, and suffer much, to do him good—here am I, pursued as a thief, and taking shelter in an old chimney, upon hardly equal terms with the bats and owls, that have long been its unmolested tenants. Alas! how changeful is human destiny!" As these thoughts were passing through my mind, I perceived a luminous appearance in what seemed to be a large flat stone, occupying a position directly in front of me. At first I thought that this light had either entered from the top of the chimney, or proceeded from some aperture in its sides; but then I reflected that there was no moon; and, as it was quite cloudy, there were few stars to be seen, and the locality was not such as to catch any reflections from the neighboring lamps. This singular circumstance could not but interest me exceedingly; and I continued to watch the light for some time, with the most intense earnestness. It was a soft translucent luster, seemingly radiated from the surface of the stone, by which its outline could just be distinctly seen, amid the deep surrounding darkness. But what was my astonishment to perceive on this luminous ground, spots still more luminous, and of regular forms, having somewhat the appearance of written characters. Upon close observation, I found that they absolutely were; and with a feeling of wonder and awe, which I can but faintly shadow forth, I perceived that the stone had all the appearance of an old Dutch manuscript, and was, in fact, covered with a transcript in the vernacular of our early fathers. In the thrilling excitement of this discovery, all thought of mobs, thieves, or even of antique coins, faded from my mind, as I proceeded to decipher what appeared before me. The subject matter seemed to be the commencement of a history, having some relation to the early settlement of the island, and city, which as it came into my hands, or was introduced to my notice, by the most wonderful and mysterious means—so, in like manner, it was of the utmost dignity and importance. But I must decline entering upon it until the next chapter.

THE LATE MOVEMENT IN ITALY, AND POPE PIUS IX.

A FEW years ago, any feeling of sympathy or interest for the Italy of to-day was almost unknown; her lot, whether of joy or sorrow, seemed altogether unheeded; and her condition, present or future, deemed unworthy any serious consideration. In the general consent of Europe, she was made, as a dead man, out of mind; already, as it were, cast into her tomb, to be remembered no more for ever. For at the Congress of Vienna, in solemn treaty, by the will of four great Potentates, the death of Italy had been decreed; and who should presume to question a proposition which was guaranteed by the edge of bayonets and the faith of kings. This act of iniquity was not palliated only, but written of in words of approval; it forced itself as a belief among the mass; and the support and continuance of it became to the minds of many as a positive duty. Thousands of tourists, it is true, poured annually their flood over that beautiful land; and innumerable volumes issued from their hands, setting forth their various prejudices, and pompously expressing the dictums of their wisdom; but of all the burden was the same. "The national life of Italy," said they, "is extinct; her mission is accom-

plished; henceforth she can have no lot or part in the proud future of progress and freedom which Providence has portioned out to us: it is impossible; we have said it." Much, indeed, was there to assist this conclusion. Silence, that might well be deemed the silence of death, hung an impenetrable veil over every Italian proceeding: terror and suspicion in the people—the basest espionage, the darkest tyranny, in the government—were sufficient to maintain it. Little likely was it that the pleasure-seeking traveler should care to pierce its darkness. A sky of gorgeous sunshine, a land fair as Eden, spread around him their dream of beauty; the ruins of a dead world, the monuments of mediæval ages, reared on every side their solemn chronicles: how could he stay to observe that the earth was wet with the blood of martyrs, or the softness of the voluptuous air broken with the groans of slaves. And yet, amid all this indifference, all this silence, there was a visible stirring in this entombed body. From time to time, a wild struggle, crushed indeed, but not extinguished—an impulse strengthening daily, spite of ceaseless opposition—seemed in Italy, unaccountably, to protest against the destiny of death awarded her by her brethren. Year by year were there led—not by units, but in scores—from among the people, noble-hearted men, to the dungeon and the scaffold; year by year increased, with wondrous rapidity, the troops of exiles who flocked from the borders of Italy into those of surrounding nations. These were not the vulgar, the ignorant, the criminal; they were invariably the most learned, the purest, the most excellent of the nation, whom their enemies could brand with no crime, but that they loved their country, and dared to show that love. They suffered and died, indeed, with marvelous secrecy: the names and stories of numbers were never heard, and yet enough was seen and known, had any heeded it, to give forth a fearful witness. All, however, failed to dispel our strange apathy, or arouse any to a conviction of the real state under which the country was groaning. The patriots of Italy were pronounced, generally, mad enthusiasts, wickedly striving to stir up commotion and bloodshed in a peaceful land dreaming chimeras of freedom and independence, long ago ended for ever. The press, too, that great voice of the people, remembering doubtless that England assisted to decree the spiritual death of Italy, declared it a crime worthy of the vilest names, that any of her sons should dare to resist that mandate. None could or would see, that these struggles, so far from emanating from a handful of designing conspirators, were rather the expression of a vast thought, deepening, year by year, day by day, through the whole soul of the people.

Sudden, wonderful, is the change, then, that we now see in public opinion as regards Italy: we might, indeed, use the words of a well-known sentence—"Nous avons change tout cela." Everywhere, in England, in America, through Europe, are all eyes fixed on Italy, everywhere all hearts wish her success. The public papers pour out article after article on the subject. The independence of Italy is no longer counted a wild dream, but a certainty, and near at hand. Where are we to look for the spring of this marvelous revulsion? Is it, that the gradual growth of philanthropic enlightenment, or the sudden development of a wider love, and a purer faith, has thus awakened the mind of mankind? This change has been worked in the space of a few months by a single individual, Pope Pius IX. The respect of Europe, the sympathy of all noble hearts, the love of his people, intense even to idolatry—these are already the possession of the new pontiff: and justly are they so. Spite of all the prejudices natural to his education and position, Pius has comprehended the call of his time, and dared to respond to it, undaunted by the menaces of Austria, or the fears of bigoted advisers. High-minded, full of moral courage, mild and winning in manners, pure as an angel in his course of life, he seems especially fitted to stand forth, as he now does, the head and representative of Italian freedom, purest and noblest among the projects that agitate humanity. The spirit of the Pope has been felt through all Italy, and imitated by the most judicious among her princes. For a detail of the various spirited acts in which his policy has displayed itself, we have only to read the interesting intelligence which appears in the daily papers. There are, however, certain important conclusions which deduce themselves

from these actions, and yet perhaps scarcely come within their province to recognize. That the emancipation and independence of Italy is not the dream of enthusiasts, or the wild scheme of blood-thirsty conspirators, but an absolute necessity arising out of the national will and state of the people. That that people, so far from being, as they have been pronounced, dead to all national and spiritual existence are, in fact, already prepared to pour out all the fulness of a new and glowing life—united, calm, leaning on nothing but an inward and holy faith in God and their right. These are now two truths, which the late events in that country render it impossible to deny, and must be apparent to every unbiassed mind. It is, blessed be God! no longer possible to set down the movements now agitating Italy as the wicked plots of a few designing individuals; it is no longer possible to stifle or deny the thrilling cry for unity, for Italian freedom, which has arisen from every corner of that peninsula. At last, opportunity has been afforded, and the whole people of Italy, the whole mighty soul of that glorious nation, has spoken before the world; has made a solemn record of their faith and of their will, and unfurled that proud standard of national freedom that shall be put down no more. The stamp of reality, the vivid outline of truth round all that was dim or dark, has now, for the first time, been placed on the idea of Italian Emancipation among neighboring nations—for the first time we are arriving at just conclusions on Italian affairs.

But from the two truths mentioned before, a third naturally appears, unconsciously already appreciated by the people of other nations, and accounting, no doubt, for the enthusiasm with which Pius has been regarded. The acts of the Pope, then, are in fact, but the echo of his people's will: he is not leading them to the desire of liberty, or to appreciate the value of moral reforms; he is rather carried on to make these reforms by a tide which he could not, happily does not desire, to resist. He has not, let it be well remembered, changed facts, but only the aspect in which they are regarded, and especially to England has that aspect been captivating. A reverence for the powers that be, a love for things of high estate, is peculiarly the characteristic of the English mind; and though we saw, with cold indifference, thousands pouring out their guiltless blood in almost hopeless struggles for the cause of a just freedom, this same cause of liberty seems now a thing to be much commended, when hallowed by the touch of a sovereign and a Pope. I do not underrate Pius IX.—on the contrary, this identifying him with his people—this considering his reforms but, as it were, a phase in the great progression of Italian freedom, which generations have been working, and have yet to work out—such a view does but give additional glory, additional value to himself and the part he acts. What, then, but a wilful perversion, or a shallowness of thought almost ridiculous, are the words of those who, writing in commendation of Pope Pius, set down such an opinion as this: "We commend," say they, "we rejoice, at the liberal acts of this Pope, and the principles he advocates; but, on the other hand, our whole soul shrinks with horror from the deeds of those patriots who, with less success indeed, but like spirit, preceded him in these labors." Not in these words, doubtless, but such is the *sense* of their observations. And how palpable a contradiction do they involve. For what but the sufferings and long struggles of such men as Confaloneri, as Ruffini, Maroncelli, the Bandiera, (and many living names might be added to the list,) have produced, in truth, this spirit, this desire in Italy for a national life, to which Pius only responds. He is indeed a ruler comprehending the needs of his age, and ready to sow the holy seeds of liberty in a fertile soil; but let it not be forgotten how that soil has been plowed with groans and struggles even to death, and watered with the tears and the blood of men. Without those patriots, without their long witness of single-hearted sufferings, the Italy of to-day, and even Pius himself, would never have been. Neither can these reforms of a Pope, were they ever so judicious, be looked upon as the ultimatum of their labors. An Italy, free, one, emancipated alike from foreign thrall and tottering despotisms, knowing no limitations but those natural boundaries which the finger of God has drawn around her, using freely, and rejoicing in, all the wondrous resources which belong to her: such an Italy it is, so glorious, so

united, to which her destinies inevitably point. This great scheme of her future has been shaped out through ages of carnage and blood; the violence of a foreign sword has reduced at last her divided states in one whole, and in the hatred of one common enemy every internal animosity has been swallowed up. And of that Italy, so free, so united, whose pure brightness already shines over the far horizon of the future, who shall tell the glory? A country in which, as in a garden, are collected all the beauties and the riches of God's earth—a people gifted with superior genius, refined, imaginative, filled with a peculiar comprehension of, and yearning for, the Beautiful and the True—who shall say for what great destiny they are not reserved? [People's Journal.]

(Written for the Univercœlum and Spiritual Philosopher.)

TO —, WITH A WATCH-GUARD.

BY FANNY GREEN.

I've wrought for thee a silken chain,
And thus I fling it round thee;
Go, now, and be as free again
As if no tie had bound thee.

May colder, heavier chain than this
Oppress thy spirit never;
But may'st thou wear, with heart-felt bliss,
LOVE'S SILKEN CHAIN for ever.

IMPORTANCE OF CHEERFULNESS IN CHILDHOOD.—I may be permitted for a moment to urge the high importance of preserving in children a cheerful and happy state of temper, by indulging them in the various pleasures and diversions suited to their years. Those who are themselves, either from age or temperament, grave and sober, will not unfrequently attempt to cultivate a similar disposition in children. Such, however, is in manifest violation of the known laws of the youthful constitution. Each period of life has its distinctive character and enjoyments, and gravity and sedateness which fond parents commonly call manliness, appear to me quite as inconsistent and unbecoming in the character of childhood, as puerile levity in that of age. The young if unwisely restrained in their appropriate amusements, or too much confined to the society of what are called serious people, may experience, in consequence, such a dejection of spirits as to occasion a sensible injury to their health. And it should furthermore be considered that the sports and gaities of happy childhood call forth those various muscular actions, as laughing, shouting, running, jumping, &c., which are, in early life so absolutely essential to the healthful development of the different bodily organs. Again, children when exposed to neglect and unkind treatment—for to such they are far more sensible than we are prone to suspect—will not unusually grow sad and spiritless, their stomach, bowels, and nervous system become enfeebled and deranged; and various other painful infirmities, and even premature decay, may sometimes owe their origin to such unhappy source.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.—If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will thereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and, above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil.

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AND

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