

# THE UNIVERCELUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848.

NO. 14.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### THE DIVINE GIFTS IMPARTIAL AND IMMUTABLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,  
BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE impartiality and unchangeableness of the divine gifts must be assumed as the very foundation of all faith in the Divine Goodness. If God is partial in his gifts, if *he is a respecter of persons*, and acts *specially* in the operations of his spirit of grace and truth, then some partial system must be true, and the hopes of man are made dependent upon innumerable contingencies and the caprices of a changeful Deity. I can hardly deem much argument necessary to prove that "God is no respecter of persons," or that his blessings of sun-shine and shower, his moral, intellectual and spiritual bestowments, descend alike on all. The fact that these gifts are not enjoyed by all in like degree, is not an objection to the equal and unvarying love of God, but simply indicates different conditions and attainments of men. Assuming this ground as true, let us proceed to make the application of these principles to a high order of gifts.

Idolatry, we are taught, arose from neglecting to discern God in his works, and to acknowledge him as the source of all blessings. Nor am I prepared to admit that a species of this idolatry may not attach to the blessings of instruction, so that the truth of God may be changed into a lie, and the *creature* worshiped rather than the Creator. So forgetful are men of God, so engaged with that which is outward and formal, that they incline to deify the *clothing* of the divine word, and hold to the "letter which killeth," while they permit the *spirit*, which can alone give life, to utterly escape them.

It is proper, hence, to decide at once upon this simple question: Is every good and every perfect gift from above; and does it come down from a universal and unchanging Father? If you say no, you admit your idolatry, for you are worshiping some thing, or some form of truth, to the exclusion of others equally derived from Him. If yes; then through whatever channel the truth may be derived, you must acknowledge that it is from God, and regard it with the same reverent and thankful spirit. The reason, conscience and the pure aspirings of the soul, must then be made the rule by which we estimate the value of the gift; and the old ground which required so much time and talent and learning to support it, is at once superceded. "It is from God, therefore, it is truth," is changed to: "It is truth, and hence from God."

Even theologians have discovered that the rule was of very questionable application; as it gave unbounded scope to claims of the most preposterous character; and that the Bible, which made such modest claim of having emanated from God, would be superseded by the Koran, or some book of more *special* and *direct* pretensions. The theological student is required therefore to wade through some four volumes, each larger than the Bible itself, as an "introduction to the study of the Holy Scriptures," and then, with libraries of commentators, he may venture to begin the perusal of what is now claimed to be "a *special* and *sufficient* revelation" from God. But all this is far from pro-

ducing any living faith, or even from convincing his understanding, though it may silence his inquiries; and he settles down upon the common ground, which he never should have abandoned, that, inasmuch as it is *truth*, and adapted to the wants of his nature, it must be from God.

But then it has become a trade with him. Years have been spent, and it would not do to let the world know, that, as far as the object of search was concerned, they had been spent in vain; and that all his show of learning, and acquaintance with learned authors, had only served to darken his mind, and unveil how doctors disagreed. And having nothing rational to address to those dependent on his ministry, he excites their prejudices and affections, and tries to make up for conscious deficiency, by disparaging every other source of light and truth. Thus nature is represented as giving no testimony to God's existence, goodness and mercy; as indicating no immortality to man. And all the hopes of mercy, and of future life, which man may entertain, are assumed to be *specially* embodied in the sacred books it is their business to expound. Now in all this, I humbly suggest, God has been forgotten. Had our trust been in him, instead of being placed upon the claims and interpretations men have assumed for a book, this result never had ensued.

Had this subject been fully canvassed in the more liberal denominations, years ago, before they had become popular and worldly, in many respects, and while it was necessary to remonstrate against the proscription and assumptions of others, it would ere this have been well understood. But they have been so deeply engaged in wresting the character of God and his written Word, from imputations of giving sanction to the doctrines of unending sin and cruelty and woe, that it was scarcely discovered that a *craft* was growing up in their own ranks, which had little to do with imparting moral and religious instruction, or heavenly consolation; but which was simply employed in removing impressions of fear and gloom, caused by the dark traditions of men, and in *explaining away* those numerous passages of the Scriptures, which the more popular Craft had referred to the reprobation of such as were not *specially* saved by the *special* means it was their *special* calling to furnish. And hence it becomes necessary to prove that, like the other gifts and blessings of Heaven, inspiration comes down, full and free, from a God who is no respecter of persons; and that we cannot decide what is from him without bringing it to this test, "Is it good?" or admit that any good is from any other source, without disrespect to the Father of lights.

But once prepared to take this step, we can look around on all the vast wealth of the human mind, and up to our heavenly Father, with the deepest feelings of gratitude, faith and hope. Reading the ancient poets or philosophers, no blight comes over the faith as we find some things approaching the doctrines of virtue and immortality as unfolded in the New Testament. We find that Socrates asserts the Golden Rule, though not original with him; and we discover gleamings of the hope of future life in the earliest ages, which are afterward asserted with more distinctness by Xenophon and Plato; and yet feel it no disparagement to Jesus, because we believe that "all things are of God," and that it is to him our thanksgivings are due. For myself, none of these teachings are to be despised. Dear to me, because they



are beautiful and truthful and consoling, and from my Father, are the conceptions of even the wild Son of the forest,

— "Whose untutored mind

Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,"

and who possesses far more consistent notions of the great Spirit and the spirit-land, than a great portion of the so called Christian world; and so is that glorious conception of Zoroaster, of the final triumph of truth over error, and light and goodness over darkness and evil, capable of sustaining the soul under the most sad and gloomy periods.

Now on the supposition of a special revelation, how are these things to be explained? and for what kinds of truth are we to thank God, and for what shall we thank man? On the supposition, that He "gives to all men liberally, and upbraids not," and that the wisdom from above is *without partiality and without hypocrisy*; it becomes plain that he has given to all his light as they have been prepared to receive it, and have proved true to that already given. Paul was not afraid of lessening the claims of Christ's Gospel; when he quoted and endorsed as inspiration the saying of the heathen poet, that we are all the offspring of God. Nor can I conceive of any reason for contending that the days of inspiration were confined to the time of the apostles. I know it is said, that having established Christianity, it was no longer needed; but this is only the assumption of the schools, without any facts to show that it has not been as greatly needed in every age since the Gospel of St. John was written, as it was in every age before. Nor is there one passage to this purport in all the Book they profess to reverence as "the end of the Law." But on the other hand, that book exhorts us to "covet earnestly the best gifts;" among which are enumerated the gifts of prophecy, healing the sick, &c. The command is, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." Indeed the argument most difficult to be met, against inspiration altogether, has long been acknowledged to lie here.

It never has been assumed, till lately, that God had confined all his communications and instructions for his spiritual children to the letter of the Bible. Men have loved to quote poets and philosophers, both of ancient and modern time, as teaching their essential doctrines. With a large majority of professed liberal of Man" "Pope's Essay on Man," and "Combe's Constitution preachers, have been, *practically*, of higher authority, than nine tenths of the Bible; however they may have clothed their sentiments in "bible language." A quotation or two must suffice to make good these statements, as well as the fact that further revelations have been insisted on, particularly, those which speak through nature, to the pure, unbiased and loving mind. The first is from a work by Rev. Wm. S. Balch, published at Providence, 1838. "A common power pervades all creation, operating by pure and perfect laws, regulated by the Great First Cause, the Moving Principle, which guides, governs, and controls the whole. \* \* \* I cannot refuse to favor you with a quotation from that inimitable poem, Pope's Essay on Man. It is rife with sentiment of the purest and most exalted character." He does not except the sentiments of the Bible; but proceeds to give the extract, and to italicise with his own hand, these words:

— "the first Almighty Cause

Acts not by partial, [special] but by general laws."

This occurs on pages 140, 142; and again on page 146, speaking of the invariable character of the Divine government, he says: "From the height of his eternal throne, his eye pervades all his works, from the tall archangel, that 'adores and burns,' down to the very hairs of our heads, which are all numbered, his wise, benevolent and powerful supervision may be traced in legible lines, which may be seen and read of all men. And from effects, the most diminutive, may be traced back—the presence of Him, who spake and it was done; who commanded and it stood still; as the poet has it:

'Look through nature up to nature's God.'"

The following is from Rev. Henry Bacon, as found in the "Rose of Sharon," and "Ladies' Repository."

"There must be in the affections dear associations, a spiritual likeness of love and tenderness, a warm and fervent reverence of a faithful Creator, ere nature can be a revelation of holiness and love. . . . To the heart every thing is spiritual. Love goes out, and sanctifies the meanest of the growing things of earth. It robes them all in the garment of sentiment, and thought holds communion with them as the Deity did with Adam. In all the forms of beauty it enshrines a holy spirit, and like an humble worshiper, lingers with joy to receive the lesson of virtue. . . . Then there will be many revelations of the Godhead in nature. . . . The more the divine is connected with the material, the more spiritual will Nature become. . . . God is speaking out to the listening spirit, from all around us, and we may hear the whisperings if we will."

"This is the faith we need—faith in the unseen good; in beauty yet to be revealed. . . . The whole creation groaneth for the manifestation of the sons of God—for a full exhibition of what man is to become—for the development of the wondrous capacities of the soul, not in the fragments in which Mind now sends forth its scintillations of beauty, but as it shall beam in the unclouded brightness of the sun without spots. 'There's a good time coming'—the flushed skies bespeak the approach of the morning of that day, and blessed are they who are on the mountain tops to catch the first streaming of the dawning light—the new beauty of God. But we want more than a faith in undiscovered good. We want also a boldness to utter what we see as faith changes to sight, as the beauty is revealing, as the demonstration comes. We need to rebuke that timid spirit that covers its cowardice by crying 'Quackery' whenever anything new is proposed."

You must be prepared now to see why the idea of a special Revelation must conflict with the impartial and unchanging goodness of God; as well as with all ideas of progress, of growth in grace and knowledge of the truth. Here is the Book, for which men have claimed an entire and exclusive inspiration. If this claim be true, then God is exceedingly partial and changeable, and all your sophistry cannot rescue his character from these imputations. If the Bible makes any such claim, we should regard it with the utmost suspicion. But it makes no such claim. It in fact repudiates the very pretensions idolatrous man has set up for it; and directs the mind to seek spiritual communion with the spiritual Father; and that we acquaint ourselves with him and be at peace, that thereby great good may come unto us. This direction was given in the first book written, and before there was any Bible to go to; but why, if the mind may not know aught of him except from a book, and must be for ever shut up within the specialities of a creed!

But is the Bible just as it came from the hand or mouth of the Deity? Is there no inquiry to be allowed in regard to the manner of its compilation? The book of Revelation has been questioned these hundreds of years without subjecting any one to the charge of infidelity. The first two chapters of Matthew and Luke have been questioned by the Unitarians generally, without being made a test for unchristianizing them. Then, there is the book of Jude and some others of the Epistles, which were never received into the Canon, until several hundred years after they claim to have been written. About the II Epistle of Peter, II of Timothy, the Gospel of Mark, &c. many doubts and disputes have arisen. But of the Epistle to the Hebrews, it is said, by the highest authority, that "the date of it—its canonical authority—the design of the writer—or even who the writer was, or in what language he wrote, have been subjects of able and lengthened dispute." Then the books of the Old Testament are equally uncertain. The book of Esther contains not the name of the Deity, nor any sentiment from which it might be inferred that the writer was aware of his existence; much less of an inspiring influence from him. A part of the Christian world ac-



knowledge the Apocraphy, and a part reject it. For three hundred years, there was no Bible in the Church, as that term now is understood. A great number of books and letters were held sacred, among which were some *forty Gospels*. And from this material, the Bible was compiled, by the Council of Nice, after three quarters of its Bishops had been disfranchised by the Emperor. And who made him judge of qualifications for compiling the "Word of God?" And may it not turn out that *you* or myself are as good judges of what is revelation *to us*, as were they of what is revelation *for us*? I claim this right for myself; I grant it to all others.

Here are a number of books written at different intervals during a period of some fifteen or sixteen centuries; some history, some poetry, some revelations of most important truth; but not one book of it claiming exclusive inspiration or betraying any intention, or even the slightest expectation, on the part of the writer, that it would be embodied in a volume of Divine Law.

Again, men from the earliest time communed with God. Through all the times of the patriarchs, of Moses, the Judges, Kings and Prophets, even down to the death of the Apostles, inspiration was not a *special*, but a *general* thing. Besides, how is a *special* revelation to Paul or Luke, capable of such general and universal application as is assumed for it!

We shall not find the claim of *sufficiency* to be better founded. There is no intimation that the five books of Moses were *sufficient*; and that the Lord having spoken *once*, had debarred himself the privilege of ever speaking to his children more. It was not regarded blasphemy, that I know of, for Joshua to claim the gift of *inspiration*, or Samuel, or David, or Isaiah, or Malachi. I know Jesus and his disciples were persecuted by the Jews, for claiming to be inspired; and if this claim of sufficiency of revelation was ever put forth before, it was by them, for Moses and the Prophets. While the Saviour expressly declares that he had many things to say unto them, but they could not bear them, and that he would send a Comforter, who should *lead* them into all truth. Paul acknowledges that he saw "through a glass darkly," and intimated a time, when a more perfect state of knowledge would exist; and exhorts his followers to go on to perfection, and freely admits that there were things, the eye had not seen nor the ear heard, nor the heart conceived, *to be revealed and apprehended*; for he says: "I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do: forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So far from the Bible's presenting a claim of exclusive light and authority, it makes, *as a book*, no pretense to inspiration whatever: but while it gives forth the thoughts of inspired men, it teaches no contemplated diminution of Heaven's light, but insists that the pathway of the just, "shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

If we find no inspiration in compiling the Bible, neither shall we in the mere act of transferring the thoughts to paper. It was inspiration in the *mind* of the individual, and only there; and all this mysticism thrown around this subject by the learning of the schools, and which the student is not assisted to penetrate until he is biased, so as to arrive at defined results, is never withdrawn before the public mind, for otherwise, every one would claim the privilege of judging for himself. For if, as Jesus teaches, the gifts of God are as impartial and unchanging as the providence which bestows the sunshine and the showers, He does not enlighten *especially* my mind or yours, but from above, his truth and light ineffable shines forth changeless and universal. There is a beauty and propriety in this illustration. The light of the moon, and of the planets, and of many stars is variable. But not so with the Sun, the fitting emblem of the Deity. His light comes down with a flood of glory all-pervading and life infusing; dispensing its warmth and light throughout all nature. Clouds may intervene, mountains may interpose their heads and shut out his beauty from the vale, but down

flows the mellowing sheen, invariable and eternal. The earth may turn round and hide her face in the darkness of night, but he shines constant still, without the appearance of change. And when the morning breaks, to the dweller of the valley, there may be little light; humid vapors and earth-damps may have arisen and covered them as with a veil; while those who are on the mountain side, enjoy a greater or less degree of light, according to the elevation attained; and one, more aspiring than the rest, scales the rugged height, and there bathes his form in beams of liquid light, the untold radiance of a cloudless Sun; and takes in at one view the illuminated landscape, the position of his brethren below, and beholds with placid serenity all the mists, the clouds and war of elements that obstruct their view.

But in all this, there is no partiality, no changeableness. So with truth. It is from above. From the Father of lights it flows down and enlightens not one mind, but every mind whose position permits its reception. Clouds of ignorance and sin may interfere between us and holy communion with him. Men may shut up the kingdom of heaven against themselves and their fellow men; but in Him is no change at all. In reverence for the past, they may turn backwards and say, "it is sufficient," and in effect to God: "Thou hast spoken, eighteen hundred years ago, and cannot be permitted again that privilege;" and while thus idolatrously looking backward, through the dim vista of tradition, they may not be aware that there is glorious, resplendant sunshine in the sky. But God has not varied. He has been and *is*, just as near his children in one time as in another, just as ready to impart instruction, just as willing to be found of us, (if we will but *feel* after him,) as he was of Moses, Daniel, Paul, or John the Revelator.

Do not *all* admit, that different writers of the sacred volume enjoyed different degrees of light? And was this because God was partial and capricious; or because they were more or less developed in their spiritual, moral and intellectual capacity? If the latter; then he is just as ready to impart the different degrees of light to you, to me, and every human being, when we attain the same eminence, *and will do it*. I am ready to go farther, and assert my most earnest faith, that whenever the human mind, advances to the same plane of thought and action upon which Jesus stood, it will associate with the same sublime truths, and exert the same wondrous powers. You may declaim against this as blasphemous, as denying inspiration, as deistical, or what you like; but you will not attempt to show it unreasonable, or inconsistent with a single passage of the written Word; nor endeavor to show how any inspiration is possible on another ground.

The truth is, the moment inspiration was attached to the "letter," and denied to the human mind, the corruptions of Christianity began. Man lost communion with God, or only held it through mediation of a priesthood, and thus was laid the foundation of all that despotic tyranny, those monstrous special claims which arrayed the Christian world in the most degrading and corrupting superstition. If it is asked, why the Church has not been blessed with revelations, since God is so impartial and changeless; the reply is plain: She has set herself against all light and growth; and, not satisfied with claiming a special right to compile a standard of revealed truth, she asserts the same claim to exclusiveness in its interpretation. And one claim is no more an invasion of man's rights, or destructive of mental progress and freedom, than the other.

I do not object to say, as regards the germinal principles of moral and religious truth, that the Bible is a sufficient Revelation; though in no sense can I regard it *special*; believing it came from an impartial Father, and contains truths that should be made of universal application, in all time. But something more is wanted than the mere seeds of truth and righteousness. We need the constant sunshine and the moistening showers, to perfect the vegetation, adorn the earth with beauty, and replenish the garner. Like seed deposited in some foul dark



cavern, where Heaven's light and moisture never comes, *sectarian* Christianity has only put forth discolored shoots. And had it not been that reformers have arisen, and proved their inspiration by the blessings accruing from their labors and teachings, everything like the Christianity of Christ, would long since have died out among the nations. And nothing but the blindest prejudice could have prevented us from acknowledging as great necessity for, and as high inspiration of such men as Luther, Melancthon, Priestly and Swedenborg, as John the Baptist, or John the Revelator. But to come nearer home. In view of the unmerciful doctrine, so popular during the last century, who will dare say there was not a *necessity* for such a man as John Murray? And who, that has read his life, would have refused to acknowledge him an inspired man, had not this groveling superstition been uppermost in the mind? And there is Hosea Ballou, who stands boldly out from among all his contemporaries, teaching truths never before unfolded to the human mind, and placing faith in God as a universal Father, upon a basis, (the derivation of all things from, and their tendency to, God,) which no sophistry, or textual argument could shake; and upon one, which is but faintly implied, in the teachings of the Bible.

And, at this present time, will we say to Heaven we need no farther light? Jesus is worshiped as a person; and all his holy teachings and meek and devoted life are forgotten. Thousands pine in doubt; to them the Bible is a sealed book, and they can entertain no faith in the popular conception of inspiration, and consequently no hope of future life, from its teachings. Nor did the Deity ever intend that the proofs of his existence, and of man's immortality, should be closed up from his children, in the pages of a Book, which it should be the business of a profession to expound. Can he reveal himself and future things to one, and make it his especial property, while the millions of his children must starve for spiritual food; and yet say, "it is sufficient," or peril their claim to the fellowship of God's children! Whether it is better to be true to our race, or to a sect; to labor for man's instruction and well being, or to barter these to promote name and party; to obey God and let our light shine, or man, and hide it under a bushel; to follow Jesus, or succumb to the domination of this world; judge ye.

It is not objected to me that I have not a consistent faith in the Bible; nor that I fail to embody the spirit of its teachings in my example. But I believe something else, which is inconsistent with the special claim set up for the Bible, and consequently throw it aside! Throw what aside? not the Bible; but simply the claim men have made for it, and which is a mere opinion with them, for which they bring neither reason nor scripture; and such *opinion* is no authority with me; nor will I perjure my conscience by saying that it is. But *that work* says that the Bible should not be read as a Theological book! Nor is it, but in pretense, by any public teacher; for small and selected portions of it, only, are read; nor would one, in a hundred of those preferring this claim, give the Bible to a proselyte asking the loan of theological book.

Again, it says, that Christ did not bring life and immortality to light! This is meant in an *absolute* sense. It is not intended to convey the idea that Jesus did not teach life and immortality; but that it was to some extent conceived of ages before he came into the world. And yet, strange enough, this cry is raised, by those who for years have been spending their time and talents to prove that *every passage* in the Old Testament, and about *seven eighths* of all passages in the New, used by the Orthodox world to teach a future life, actually refer to things of this life! Of the other eighth, no doubt a strict interpretation would take away a good portion. It is also worthy of reflection, that all the words employed by the scripture writers to convey this idea, had long been in use in the Greek language to express similar conceptions. The resurrection was evidently held by the Pharisees.

Mr. Balfour, as is well known, wrote a book, several years ago,

to prove that the immortality of the soul was not a Bible doctrine. That book has never been satisfactorily answered, nor has any successful attempt been made to controvert his positions. Rev. T. J. Sawyer tried it, but soon left the Bible and quoted the aspirations of a "beating heart," as good authority against the elaborate array of scripture texts, brought to prove that the race sleep, from death, until a simultaneous resurrection of the material body. But it is very necessary that people regard this all as inspiration, or there were no need of learned men to explain it away. There appears to be danger, and the craft perceive it; "Othello's occupation's gone." Once tell man that it was his to compile his scriptures as well as interpret them, and though every one might have a different book; as a whole, there would evidently be more unanimity in faith and practice. For though all have the same book now, yet their variances are innumerable. To say nothing of the numerous sects, who profess equal faith in the infallibility of its teachings, no two individuals would agree in all respects as to what it does teach. One finds authority, to "take a little wine for the stomach's sake," another to "taste not, touch not." One finds justification for slavery, war, polygamy and capital punishment; another the reverse; while one is taught to *love*, and another to *hate* his enemy from its pages. To be sure, the Bible *may* harmonize when understood, but that is not inspiration to us, nor for us, which we cannot understand.

For myself, I dare not turn my back upon the light that is beaming on my pathway. And while I do not feel like *throwing* anything away, I cannot say of any degree of light, that it is sufficient. I need it all; and with a thoughtful heart would I look up to the Father of lights, not only for what I find in the Bible, but also for what is found in the whole storehouse of the human mind. In the fact, that he has not left himself *without a witness* to any of his children; but to the wild Indian, the dark Ethiopian, and the dwellers of every shore and clime, revealed himself, as they were qualified to conceive of him; and whispered into the souls of all, an assurance of another and purer life; I find a firm basis for faith in the inspirations of the Bible, and of those later revealings, in which his intelligent offspring are so deeply interested. And now, faith in a future and immortal life, is changing almost to sight. Dark have been my thoughts, and doubtful and gloomy the prospect of the grave. Misled by the denials of science, and lacking faith in the idea of special gifts, from the God of Heaven; I was forced back upon my own aspirings, and the immutable nature of moral forces. But now all science, all tradition, all experience of man, and all the upward moving universe proclaim my immortality—and what shall be for me, shall be for all.

A CURIOUS SOMNAMBULE.—The late Mr. John Holloway, of the Bank of England, brother to the engraver of that name, related of himself that being one night in bed, with his wife, and unable to sleep, he had fixed his eyes and thoughts with uncommon intensity on a beautiful star that was shining at the window, when he suddenly found his spirit released from his body and soaring into that bright sphere. But, instantly seized with anxiety for the anguish of his wife, if she discovered his body apparently dead beside her, he returned and re-entered it with difficulty (hence, perhaps, the violent convulsions with which some somnambules of the highest order are awakened.) He described that returning, was returning to darkness; and that while the spirit was free, he was alternately in the light or the dark, accordingly as his thoughts were with his wife or with the star. He said that he always avoided anything that could produce a repetition of this accident, the consequences of it being very distressing.—["The Right Side of Nature," a new work recently issued in London.]

A CLOCK is said to have the least self-esteem of any article of manufacture, as it is constantly running itself down, and holding its hands before its face, however good its works.



## The Physician.

## EPILEPSY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,  
BY A. J. DAVIS.

A THOROUGH acquaintance with the teachings of anatomy and physiology is required before the various and subtle relations which subsist between the brain and the viscera, the muscles and nerves—between the mind and body—are rightly understood; and this perfect understanding is indispensable in order that we may avoid the multitudinous causes which disturb the equilibrium of forces, and generate disease. Spasmodic complaints are exceedingly varied and numerous; and their diversity of character and locality has led to many and useless classifications and theories. Medical science, however, in its more advanced stages, has demonstrated those theories untrue, and rendered the phenomena of disease less mysterious and complicated. Medical science will ultimately triumph over every pain to which the human organization is subject; and the perfect knowledge of the manifold influences of mind over matter, will be the foundation of its success. But its present stage of development falls far short of perfection, and hence the fact that its conflict with cerebral, mental or spasmodic affections do not more frequently terminate in victory. It is not essential that the generality of individuals composing the brotherhood of men, should become so well instructed in these principles as for those whose attraction and occupation it is to study and apply them.

In considering the disease termed epilepsy, I must refer the reader to the general causes which produce it, and leave the physiological considerations to that department of medical inquiry to which they appropriately belong.

I. THE CAUSES.—It is exceedingly difficult to detail the various causes of disease. They vary in nature, strength, number and locality, in different individuals. A treatment which cures this disease in one instance, will cause it in another; and so it is with every other physical inharmony. One grand object should, therefore, be to ascertain *what disease is* when caused, and to appropriate remedies accordingly, and not to multiply subtilized expositions and classification of producing causes; for the more this is persisted in, the more we leave the simple and natural, and become involved in the compound and superficial—wherefore we fail in combating disease.

The causes of epilepsy are either symptomatic, sympathetic or idiopathic—that is, it is a symptom of other constitutional disturbances, or it is inherited from birth, or it is an original complaint. If it is constitutional, there are local or general weaknesses; the circulation of the blood or the spiritual life may not be perfectly balanced; or there may exist a malformation of the heart, the brain, the chest, the vascular system, or of the voluntary and involuntary muscles; or some organ may have been impeded in its development, while the person was young, by an injury; or other organs may have had their growth unnaturally accelerated. In either of these cases, the patient is unacquainted with perfect health, and the fits are likely to occur at every period of life.

If the disease is a symptomatic one, then the cause may be worms, cutting of the teeth, suppression of the catamenial, urinary or excremental evacuations; accidental blows, wounds, bruises; acidities and crudities in the stomach—eating unwholesome food, or long and continued costiveness and general debility. Sometimes it is caused by a collection of cerebro-spinal or serous fluid in the brain, or by the formation of tubercles upon its coatings. It is also a symptom of excessive drinking or exercise, or study and sedentary occupations; of too frequent venery or seminal discharges, or of abnormal conditions of the system, such as too much emptiness or repletion.

This complaint attacks youth more frequently than age; men more than women. The immediate cause of its phenomenon is a loss of arterial and nervous or spiritual equilibrium; the restoring of this equilibrium, with constitutional strength to preserve and continue it permanently, is a cure—is perfect health. And, as has already been intimated, the knowledge of what con-

stitutes a diseased state of the organism, is worth more than the most learned detail of causes; for causes seem to multiply themselves indefinitely, insomuch that, after a succession of disturbances or events which are the well-ascertained causes of epilepsy, have been traced to an immediate connection with the paroxysm, even then some slight chain of subordinate causes may be overlooked, and the cure prevented by their existence. The only thing to be gained by investigating the causes of any disease, is a knowledge of what opposes and disturbs the constitutional harmony, so that we may avoid and remove it.

Among other causes, are mental or passion exercises, and violent changes of the cerebral temperature; joy, grief, fear, fright and anger. Everything that tends to develop vehement passion, and disturb the nervous circulation, will act unfavorably upon the epileptic patient.

It is unnecessary to speak farther concerning causes. The patient may have this disease, and not one of the above disturbances be its cause. But if he is subject to the frequent attacks of this malady, he is most interested in its speedy and entire cure. This, after describing the symptoms, will be the question for consideration.

II. SYMPTOMS.—The patient generally experiences a tenderness along the spine, especially over the kidneys, and a full, heavy sensation in the head. The appetite becomes quite morbid, and food is desired more frequently and in greater quantities than usual; the liver becomes enlarged and the system seemingly filled with blood; the eyes are swollen and their surfaces darkened with nebular masses; the countenance assumes the color of copper or is rendered bloodlessly pale; the lips purple, thin, white or protruding; and the entire system is shocked and startled at every unexpected sound or sensation—growing more and more tremulous and sensitive as time advances and the disease increases in power and influence. These are symptomatic sensations of epilepsy when of long standing, but are not its precedents. The concussion or spasm is intimated or preceded by a few days or hours of aching, weakness and weariness; dull, sleepy, pressing pain, and giddiness in the head; tumultuous noises in the ears, flushed complexion; momentary dimness or loss of sight; excessive and irregular palpitations of the heart, head or arteries; the patient is restless at night, and is disturbed by dreams. All sensations indicate the approaching effort which nature is about to put forth to regain her equilibrium of solids, fluids, and forces. As the period of convulsive convulsions arrives, the sleep is more disturbed; the motions of the chest, heart and brain are laborious and oppressively difficult; the evacuations are lessened or increased perceptibly; the abdomen is filled or inflated with wind, occasioning frequent eructations; the kidneys are active in their secretions and excretions of urine; and now, as the paroxysm is about to take place, the complexion is pale, the hands and feet are cold, the blood rushes to the head with a breathing noise as the blowing of wind, and the patient is deprived of consciousness. The countenance is frightfully contorted, the patient's extremities are cold and convulsively drawn up or twisted together, his teeth and lips are violently gnashed and compressed, a frothy saliva (sometimes tinged with blood,) flows from and gathers around his mouth, he utters an unusual sound, and evinces a sudden development of muscular strength.

The fit usually commences in one of the extremities; it is known to the individual by a sudden shock in the hand or wrist, foot or ankle, and is followed by a rapid succession of spasmodic motions until the action arrives at the brain, when reason is dethroned, or more properly speaking, the spiritual relations subsisting between the mind and the body are suspended; and thus the local development of previous disturbances is enabled to restore the system to peaceful relation and to re-establish the former just connections.

There are a number of other symptoms which follow frequent attacks of epilepsy or "falling sickness." They tend to destroy the relations existing between the body and mind—wherefore incapacity for concentrated thought or reflection, loss of memory, dullness of intellect, apoplexy, palsy, derangement, and ultimate dissolution ensue. The patient becomes incapable of retaining his urine or feces and at last dies on the outer, be-



cause of functional change and disconnection of the material with the spiritual essence.

This complaint is generally developed before the period of puberty; and, in females, leaves when that period is passed. In males no difference is visible; if it is located in the solids, it is seldom removed; if in the general constitution, deposited by hereditary transmission or foetal malformation, it is unremovable; if merely symptomatic of other diseases, a cure is almost certain.

In females this distressing affection shows its characteristic features more violently, and frequently about the period of menstruation; and, if of long duration, it will inevitably result in a partial or total suspension of one or more faculties or organs of the mind. A lady constitutionally weak, but seemingly in the constant enjoyment of ordinary health, was suddenly attacked with a mild species of fainting or nervous epilepsy. The fits became more and more frequent, especially at night, and at a moment quite unanticipated she was deprived of the ability to articulate or to comprehend the articulations of those around her. She lost almost all her former knowledge of words and their application, and seemed obliged to relearn the signification of the simplest expression. Her hearing was also impaired. A portion of her brain was tuberculated, and the organs of that region were inactive.

It is strange but highly instructive and interesting to witness the phenomena attending the epileptic fit or spasm. I was requested to examine a gentleman in Ulster County, New York, for a disease the nature of which was previously secreted from me. The necessary preparations being made, the patient seated himself for the examination. My attention was first directed to the stomach, which, I discovered, was greatly relaxed and distended; his food did not form good chyle or blood, his liver was hypertrophied, and my attention was especially attracted to the heart, its structure and movements. The left ventricle was unusually pressed and darkened, and the aortic orifice was convulsively acting. I saw the heart flutter—the blood mount to the brain—the muscles contract, and ere I could move, the patient caught me violently by the hair, and it was with no little exertion that I effected a disengagement. Nature was thrown out of her harmonious relations, and the efforts were hurried and violent to restore them; and as soon as the fit was broken, I recommenced an examination of the head and general system. The veins of the brain were congested, and the entire cerebrum presented one complete state of turgidity, the vessels were distended beyond their usual capacity, and the whole viscera were loaded and laboring with venous blood.

While in the convulsed condition, I observed the living principle struggling with the body for freedom, but the tenacity with which the latter cleaved unto the former prevented its emancipation. Many of the patient's faculties were seemingly lost—that is, the physical was rendered incompetent to sustain their life and perpetuate their external normal manifestation.

The symptoms accompanying epilepsy are almost invariably uniform: they consist of an unusual or unnatural contraction of the voluntary and involuntary muscles—commencing in the extremities, ascending to the neck, head and convulsing the general vascular organization. Succeeding a cessation of the fit are drowsiness, lassitude, inclination to sleep, and loss of memory as to what occurred during the paroxysm. The nature and phenomena of this complaint are sufficiently familiar to those who see it and suffer by it, to preclude the necessity of further delineation.

III. THE REGIMEN.—The principal food should be solid and nourishing, as light and watery substances tend to weaken the blood, solids or muscles. Exercise should be moderate, and early in the morning. The patient should be very careful to avoid all excesses of habits detailed as the producing or inciting causes of this disease, and should sleep with the head much elevated. Study or passionate exercises of the mind must be abandoned, and the unequal action of one class of organs or members of the body or mind must not be permitted.

IV. THE CURE.—It is seldom possible to apply remedies successfully while the spasmodic paroxysm is on, but there are some directions to follow that the patient may be relieved of the fit or have its turbulence and violence lessened. Ammonia

or hartshorn is very good if applied to the nose; or a tea-spoon full of table-salt put into the mouth; or a succession of concussive sounds addressed to the ear; or a cold affusion thrown upon the head, placing the feet immediately in warm water; or fifteen drops of the oil of amber, or the same of stramonium tincture.

If the fits are purely nervous—brought on by any nervous excitement—I would recommend the immediate use of musk, beginning with three grains morning and night; and if the fits become less frequent and severe, increase in ten days to six grains; and continue to enlarge the dose in the same proportion, and a cure may be effected. Or take of cicuta extract, ten grains; extract of opium one drachm; extract of butternut and gamboge (pulverized) one scruple each; of musk two scruples; camphor one drachm; belladonna (pulverized,) six grains; form from this combination of ingredients, one hundred and fifty pills, and take one every morning. Also take one as soon as possible after a fit, should they not occur more frequently than twice or thrice a week. The occasional administration of the nitrate of silver will be highly serviceable; the fourth of a grain succeeding a fit is sufficient. But all of these remedies may fail, inasmuch as according to the peculiarities of the organization, they will cure or aggravate the affection.

If the disease was produced by the cessation of any customary evacuation, then employ emmenagogues, diuretics, cathartics, anti-spasmodics, epispastics, demulcents, anti-acids; as each of these is necessary either singly or in a state of combination. I will furnish a prescription possessing their various qualities and tendencies. Gentian, unicorn, valerian, blood, colombo, angelica and elecampane roots, of each one ounce; rhubarb, cloves, and lavender two ounces; common salt one table spoonful; put these (finely pulverized,) into a vessel with three quarts of Lisbon wine and one pint of brandy; let the whole tincture in a cold cellar ten or twelve days. The vessel must be thoroughly shaken, at least once every day, and especially before the preparation is used. Dose: one table spoonful twice a day; increase to double the portion every two weeks. This will be highly beneficial in any case of epilepsy—in most instances it will cure.

I am prompted to suggest another valuable remedy: oil of amber, cubebs, and lavender of each one drachm; one ounce of alcohol, and four ounces of the spirits of turpentine; shake these into perfect amalgamation. Dose: quarter of a tea spoonful on going to bed. Or half an ounce of clear turpentine, with one gill of skimmed milk, once or twice a week, will cure some desperate chronic cases.

Bathe the body every morning with brandy; use cold affusions frequently; a shower bath immediately after the fit, is ever to be recommended, and a careful obedience to the regimen. If the disease is hereditary it is seldom subdued; the remedies will only relieve individual cases of this kind; but in general cases of nervous or symptomatic epilepsy, the patient may be encouraged in the persevering use of them, and may look forward for the most happy and salutary consequences.

Each of these medicines is adapted to, and beneficial for, the spasmodic affection under consideration; and, after one has been reasonably tested, and it is found disagreeable or no avail, another may be employed until each has received a test; then, if no benefit is derived, search the formula, hereafter to be given, where the proper remedy may be found.

MEMORY is like a purse; if it be overfull, that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. A man will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders.—[Fuller.

AFFECTING SYMPATHY.—A very affecting instance of sympathy was exhibited, not very long ago, by a young lady, twin-born, who was suddenly seized with an unaccountable horror, followed by a strange convulsion, which the doctor, who was hastily called in, said exactly resembled the struggles and suffering of a person drowning. In process of time the news arrived that her twin brother, then abroad, had been drowned precisely at that period.—[The Right Side of Nature.



## Communications.

## EDUCATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSALUM,  
BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

I WAS once a great stickler for the poet's doctrine, that,  
"Education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Nor do I very much demur at that doctrine now, only that I have materially changed my definition of education; for whereas I then thought as many now do, that it was mainly the mental acquirements which a scholar attained during his school days, and which he drew from books; I now believe it to include whatever inclination or information, physical or mental, including spiritual, the person may ever acquire from any source: that really it is what develops the whole being.

Consequently, I formerly entertained the idea, that on public schools the future weal or woe, the future good or ill of mankind, mainly depended. Nor am I now disposed to underrate those institutions, they will probably be instrumental, if rightly conducted, in doing much, very much, toward the reformation and perfection of society. But the twig, if I may be allowed to so designate the young mind, or the child possessing the mind, often gets a bend before it enters school, which it is very difficult to counteract. It has impressions already so thoroughly engraven upon its mind, that it is almost impossible to eradicate them. And more still, the influences to which it is subjected elsewhere, are often well nigh sufficient to efface almost entirely those which it receives at school, however good they may be.

All will probably agree with me, that parental influence is and should be great with the child, superior to any other; then how important that it should be of the right stamp. Now let us seriously inquire how many of all who assume the parental responsibility, are qualified for it. And are we not driven to the painful necessity of acknowledging few, very few, indeed, scarcely any! A lamentable fact!

In consequence of the past and present condition of society, an individual of perfect mental and physical developments is rarely, if ever, seen, and physiologists have demonstrated to a mathematical certainty, that diseased parents transmit diseased constitutions to their offspring, so that few children are born without hereditary defects; thus the twig early receives a wrong tendency.

Then look at the lamentable, yea, criminal ignorance, which prevails among parents, concerning the laws of their own being, which leads to an almost daily violation of them, not only with regard to themselves but also their children; thus laying the foundation for bad habits and depraved appetites, which will ultimately prove the bane of their possessor. And thus the wrong inclination of the twig is strengthened. Add to this the example which the domestic circle sometimes presents to the child, of wrangling, bickering, immorality and deception, which we must allow, however unwillingly, is too often the case, and can we wonder that before a child ever enters any other school than the domestic, he has acquired inveterate habits, uncontrollable appetites, and questionable morals!

Nor are these schools always what they should be, and besides, many children never enter a school-house, but are exposed to all the profanity, licentiousness and vice, which float unrestrained upon the surface of society abroad, bearing every thing more or less in its current; so that every thing tends to confirm the wrong inclination.

Thus children grow to be young men and women. They are vain, proud, envious and ambitious. They read much that is unprofitable—that is detrimental to morals; they spend much time in that which engenders evil habits; they become thoughtless, sometimes reckless, and are governed by passions and appetites, instead of reason. Even religion, which should serve as a guide from such a labyrinth of error, often does little else than to increase prejudice, inflame pride, and engender bigotry and superstition. Thus the offspring of the vile become more

vile; the poor sink deeper in poverty, and the ignorant are more benighted. However fortunate the parents may have been in reaping golden favors, ten to one but the children will scatter them far sooner than they were gathered, and a more helpless, undesirable condition cannot well be imagined, than such an one. Such offspring when grown to man's estate, are often the very dregs of society, and if not, they are a great bane to social welfare; possessed as they too frequently are, of no energy, no enterprise, no moral principle.

Thus developed, young people rush thoughtlessly, passionately, into marriage; they become parents, and oh, the hopelessness of the offspring of such a union. Thus the affairs of the world seem to move on in circles, more and more contracted and sunken, instead of expanded and elevated.

Now I see no way to remedy this state of things but for each to rectify himself, and then he may attack the errors of his neighbors, of society. But it will be of little use to do battle by the wholesale, against existing ills in the masses, until we have thoroughly examined, not only the outposts, but the entire citadel of our own hearts, and driven out the enemy root and branch, after which we are prepared to do service abroad.

Till then, is it not the height of folly, yea of infamy, for one person to set himself up as a teacher and guide for his followers, prescribing rules for their actions and setting bounds to their progress.

## PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

The lovers of antique works of art have had a rare treat during the past fortnight. An exhibition of the works of Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Vandyke, Hogarth, Marietot Wilson, is a novelty and attraction which we Americans seldom have been favored with. We have no doubt that the names have contributed greatly to the pleasure of contemplating these elegant productions of the pencil: for our own part we were highly gratified with the excellencies of many of the pieces while their authors were unknown to us.

On entering the saloon we were attracted to a fine composition on the left of a scripture subject, which we at once recognized as being a design by Murillo. The works of this master are characterized by a lilach, silvery hue of color which charms the beholder having the least perception of harmony and beauty in this aspect of nature. We are inclined to the opinion that this is not a genuine picture, or if it is, those which we have seen before were greatly superior in execution. To the right of this painting is a Vandyke, doubtless genuine; we should say an inferior specimen by which to judge the artist: we think it rather leaden than silvery, and inferior to the best portraits of our own day. On the left of Murillo is a holy family, thought to be a Raphael; but no matter by whom, it is elegantly colored and finely designed, and as a work of art, we should esteem it very highly. On the opposite end of the room is a large canvass filled with obscurity, entitled Titian. It is disgraceful to injure the reputation of a great artist by attributing such dingy drawings (for it is so low in tone that no color is visible,) to him. We leave the public to esteem this picture as they please—Titian was a colorist, and this is devoid of color. To the left of this is a very fine production, the cat piece; the flesh is painted firmly, clear, and solid, while the action and expression of the cats are inimitable. To the left of this, on the side of the saloon, is a Rubens; the coloring is clear, forcible, and brilliant, and the grouping is by a master hand; but there is not much of the ideal in the figures, nor chastity in the subject. The story is from the holy scripture, and however well adapted to the pulpit, it certainly is too disgusting for the pencil.

There are numerous other works, but we have noticed the chief ones; a visit to the collection will be highly interesting to those who have the leisure to attend; it occupies the large gallery of the National Academy, corner of Broadway and Leonard streets, and will continue but a limited period. ANONYMOUS.

As a looking-glass, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.—[Erasmus.]



# THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848.

### THE THEOLOGY OF THE CHURCH. WILL IT REFORM THE WORLD?

In the wide field of physical science, man has been comparatively free. He has reared monuments of truth and wisdom that will stand for ever, bearing witness to the distant ages, of his progress and his power. But men too often enter the department of the spiritual, with doubt and irresolution. Here, many imagine that they are on forbidden ground, and every step is with fear and trembling. So long have men been taught to believe that the exercise of human reason is incompatible with the interests of religion, and dangerous to the soul, that they dare not prosecute their inquiries on rational grounds. In their judgment, it is safe to remain where they are—to live on in ignorance of what God has revealed, and to wonder at his ways, which are past finding out. With all the evidences of progress in man and the world around, they dare not venture beyond the circumscribed sphere of present acquirements. Whatever is without the limits already defined, is treated with as much caution and reserve, as though it were a magazine of curses, containing the elements of the soul's destruction. I know that some will move when truth finds an utterance from mortal lips; others wait for an angel to

"stir their stagnant souls."

Those who have been the first to submit to the authority of tradition, and the last to relinquish their confidence in the absurd and improbable speculations of visionary minds, have been most alarmed for the safety of the bold free spirit that dared to scan the Creator's works, and the record of his word. Some men impose a most effectual restraint upon their reason, while they leave the imagination to wander uncontrolled in the regions of conjecture. The religion of such persons is a species of fanaticism that serves to obscure the interior vision, and to prevent an accurate perception of things. Under this influence, they rapidly believe the wildest chimeras of heathen poets, while they reject the sublime results of reason and analogy.

If we look at the theology of the church, we shall hardly fail to observe the traces of a corrupt and speculative philosophy—of dark mysteries and unfounded superstitions, long blended with the precepts of heavenly wisdom. The increasing light and knowledge of our time is rapidly disclosing these errors to the world. A veil that has long covered a multitude of sins is torn away. Many of the church dogmas are found to be mere phantoms. One after another, like shells, they explode, and the people are alarmed when the danger is past. Men cling to their errors with a firmness and resolution only equaled by the force of their early prepossessions. Still, it must be acknowledged, there are many indications of reform. It is true that men are beginning to entertain a higher regard for whatever is consistent and reasonable, even in religion. There are some intrepid spirits who will no more be driven from this field of inquiry. They will venture to examine the doctrinal superstructure of the Church, and if it consist of "wood, hay and stubble," it will be given to the flames, and consumed with the multitude of human devices. What though the whole be cast into the fire? The truth has nothing to fear. Like the fine gold, it will only shine with a purer luster, when separated from the commingling elements of ignorance and superstition. We regard it as a part of our mission on earth, to assist in removing these errors and corruptions. The truth, long buried beneath the superincumbent mass, must be exhumed. We must

seek for it as for a hidden treasure. We desire to follow Truth, though it lead amidst cloud and flame, or through the unyielding earth. This shall be the object of our pursuit, for the experience of every day evinces that nothing but truth can pass the ordeal which is to try every man's work.

There is a power employed that is rapidly changing the faith of the church, and the opinions of the world. We live at a period in which the mere dictum of arbitrary men is not mistaken for the oracle of God. The *ipse dixit* of the priest, is not the foundation of faith. Evidence is necessary to produce conviction, and nothing short of this will command our assent.

There are many Christians who are disposed to subject the doctrines of the nominal church to the test of a rigid examination. He reasons falsely who is led to suppose that this characteristic of the age indicates a growing spirit of irreligion: on the contrary, we regard it as the surest evidence that man is beginning to feel a deep and abiding concern in the investigation of revealed truth.

Let no one imagine that we design to carry on a direct warfare against existing modes of faith. We have a higher object and aim. It may be necessary occasionally to glance at the so-called Evangelical ideas and doctrines, in order to direct the attention of our readers to their influence and results as developed in the condition of society. What, we ask, has the popular theology accomplished in the great work of removing the existing evils? What have all the old theories in morals and religion done to refine the nature and improve the condition of man? Have they been instrumental in working out a higher destiny for the race, or is the world become more debased in morals, and in the circumstances of its social condition, with each succeeding generation? It is our privilege to press this question. If you had a friend sick, you would have an undoubted right, not only to inquire into the nature of the remedial agents employed in his case, but also to witness their operation. If he continued to grow worse, or the disease to assume a more aggravated form; or if he failed to recover under the peculiar mode of treatment adopted, you would naturally conclude that the physician did not understand his case, or that his prescriptions were not adapted to the condition and wants of the patient. In such a case, you would most certainly resort to other remedies. But this mode of illustration will equally well apply to universal humanity. That there is derangement and disease in the great body will not be questioned. But that there is any proper adaptation of the treatment to the nature of the case, is not sufficiently evident. If the world is possessed of an evil spirit, will you send forth legions of like spirits to cast him out? If the involuntary motion of the great system is irregular—if the whole body is fearfully convulsed—is it likely that any galvanic process, such as the ordinary religious excitements, will restore a proper action? If some of the members are greatly inflamed, will you expose them to the action of fire to reduce the inflammation? If the patient exhibit symptoms of madness, will you persuade him out of his reason? True, this is the characteristic treatment of the Church, and thus its doctors have tried for ages to cure the world; and what is the result? Is there any improvement? Is the system generally in a better condition? Why, those who feel the patient's pulse, affirm that there is but little hope—that the world is waxing worse continually. Many think that the one true faith is in danger from the influence of a vain philosophy, that is closely allied to infidelity. Indeed, if the world be half as vile as some would have us believe, surely the poet hath described it well:

"Good men are here and there, I know; but then—

\* \* \* \* \* the world,

Like a black block of marble jagged with white,

As with a vein of lightning petrified,

Looks blacker than without such."

But we are not without faith in man. We are not prepared



to relinquish our confidence in God. We believe that the world is advancing—that the general tendency of things is upward. In our judgment, the past history and present condition of society indicate, at least, a gradual improvement. Whether this is to be placed to the credit of popular theological influences, or whether it is the result of other causes, we shall not stop to inquire. But if it be true, that the present tendency is downward—that the general movement is retrogressive, we desire to know who is to be held accountable for the results. How can the advocates of the received theology escape from this responsibility? They have had every opportunity to direct the course of the world, and to remove the existing causes of evil. They have opened the channel in which the current of human affairs is rolling on from age to age; they have explained the duty of man, and determined his destiny; they have fixed the standard of faith, and defined the limits, beyond which there is no hope. Around the domestic fireside, and in the schools, where the young mind receives its first and most enduring impressions—in religion and morals—in all the departments of business—indeed, in every field of thought and action, they have wielded a controlling power. For centuries they have guided the church and state. The voice from the altar has found a response in the hearts of millions, while the influence that has gone out from the throne has been felt by the remotest subject of the empire. In their hands is lodged the power which has ruled the world. Their authority is so extensive—so generally acknowledged, even now, that *Truth* itself, will only pass current when under seal of the Church; and *Virtue* to practice on her own account, must have a license!

In this country, they have had a period of two hundred years, to make an experiment in morals. They have framed the institutions, and formed the character of a great nation—they have occupied the seats of learning, and controlled the legislation. It may almost be said that they have made society what it is, and molded the minds and manners of the people at pleasure. We would not admit, even by implication, that all the master spirits of our country have entertained the popular opinions in theology. We are aware that a Washington, a Jefferson and a Franklin—that the Nation's Father—that the chief of the Apostles of Liberty, and he who took the thunderbolts from the armory of heaven—that many of the illustrious dead, have secretly cherished a better faith; a faith not so much like firmness, but closely allied to that *CHARITY* that never faileth. Give to these men all the influence they have possessed and exercised, and still it is true that the power of the church has been felt in all the departments of government, and in every walk of life. And yet, with all these means and opportunities at command, instead of performing a great work for humanity, they have, according to their own confession, accomplished nothing. If any one is disposed to question the entire correctness of this remark, let him listen to the communications from the pulpit, and read the popular religious journals. The great theme is the manifest declension in morals and the general apathy in religion. The priests apprehend that the church is in danger, and as for the world, it is about to experience a relapse, alike fatal to its present happiness and future salvation. If there is any ground for these apprehensions, we may repeat the question, on whom is this fearful responsibility to rest? If society is in a bad condition, why have they not made it better? If the standard of morals is low, it is well to raise it up. They have the power, and they have had ample time and opportunity to exercise it. A period of centuries is quite sufficient to give any system a fair trial. If their principles have been preached and practiced thus long, and still the condition of society is in no way improved, it is surely high time for the doctors to take their own nostrums, and for the world to test the efficacy of other means. There must be something intrinsically weak in a system that is productive of no better results. Is it the part of wisdom to attempt to renovate the world by means and instru-

ments so long employed in vain? An illustration in this place, will enable the reader to form an intelligent judgment.

Suppose you were ill, and in a condition to require the professional services of a physician—let it be supposed that his first prescription is *calomel*: the second day, being no better, you are directed to continue the same; the third day, finding that you are still worse, and the symptoms more alarming, he deals out double the number of grains of calomel, and orders the same prescription continued every day for one year. If you were alive at the end of that time you would doubtless think it advisable to change the treatment. Now the world has long been ill. There is a diseased moral action, that affects the whole body. The Church has applied its remedies to check the disease. With little variation it has pursued the same mode of treatment from year to year, through a long succession of ages, and what is the result? Is the world any better? Why, the doctors being judges, it is in the condition of the woman who came to Jesus:—She “had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.” We therefore submit to the judgment and common sense of the reader, whether it is not time to give up the patient. Let others try their skill—for every century of the past, give them only *ten years*, and if, in the period thus allotted, they do not effect a great and happy change in the physical, the intellectual, the social, moral and religious condition of mankind; why, let them also resign, and spend the remnant of their days in penance.

But before the people will acknowledge the justice of our claims, and apply our principles in the affairs of life and the government of the world, they must be satisfied that they are founded in truth. It is our privilege to furnish the evidence required, and it becomes our appropriate duty to show that the principles we advocate harmonize with Reason and Nature—that they correspond to the essential constitution and philosophy of all things.

We regret that the acknowledged faith and opinions have done no more to elevate the innate affections, and improve the external condition of man. They have utterly failed to correct the heart or the life. They have disturbed his present peace and darkened his prospects for the future. Thousands of the young and innocent have been induced to relinquish whatever is most beautiful in life—to give up all that renders religion attractive and divine, for a miserable superstition, which, like the Upas, fills the very atmosphere with death. We are reminded that this dark theology, like a great Idol, has been rolling its ponderous car over the world for ages—we follow its desolating track, by the wreck of noble minds—by the fearful wail of the lost spirit, and the crushed hopes and affections and bodies of those we love!

It is with no unkind feelings that we expose the errors of the world; whether they have their existence in opinion or practice, in the theories of men, or in actual life, we must be allowed to speak with all boldness, and without fear or favor. We love to tell plain truths in a plain way; they are better understood. Yet we will speak the truth in love. Others may dogmatize if they will; we shall address the rational faculties in their appropriate language. “Come now, and let us reason together.” It has been said that he who will not reason is a bigot, that he who cannot is a fool, and that he who dare not is a slave. We cherish the conviction that our readers are not wanting in the disposition, the ability or the courage. We approach all subjects with the consciousness that the mind was made to be free; that it is our high prerogative to think for ourselves, and our duty to speak and act for Humanity. The authorities of Church and State may look coldly on, but the MAN cannot be indifferent to the claims of his nature. To live like rational beings, we must be all attention and action. The true Reformer will labor with a willing and a loving spirit, to correct the errors of men and to remove the evils of the world. To live truly, we must



live in generous feelings—in holy thoughts and illustrious actions. The poet has given our idea of life:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

\* \* \* \* \* He most lives,  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—ACTS THE BEST."

S. B. B.

## REFORM.

THE great cry throughout our land and all lands, is now "Reform;" and this is no unnecessary, unmeaning cry; for Heaven knows there is need enough of Reform throughout the whole wide world. We can scarce look into a single department of the system of human organization—without being forcibly struck with the necessity for change, without witnessing the abuses which prevail therein to a most alarming extent, and the dreadful evils to which they give rise throughout community. Indeed, we not only see these abuses and evils, but we feel them in almost every movement which we make in the common affairs of life, and that most painfully too; so do all *feel* this, and it is this universally painful experience which gives rise to the no less universal call for Reform.

No organization, civil, political, social, or even religious, is exempt from the dreadful defects which paralyze its efforts, else for good and make it instead a source of immeasurable evil—consequently none are free from the great need of renovation: in fact, of a thorough examination and a thorough reformation, equivalent almost to a complete remodeling or an entire new institution.

The inequalities generated by the present human institutions, speak loudly against the internal workings and the external arrangements of those institutions. The slavery, the poverty, the ignorance; and, as a necessary consequence, the vice and crime, which stalk abroad in the land and deluge it in suffering, want, and misery, tell a terrible tale of the insufficiencies of the present organizations to work out that public good which should be their sole end and aim.

The struggles for freedom of the enslaved, both physically and mentally; the yearnings for more light and knowledge by those groping in mental darkness and ignorance; the scalding tears and heart-rending anguish of the children of penury; the bowed head and the crushed heart of the man who toils from early morn far into dim night for a mere pittance for himself and loved ones; the trembling hands and dimmed eyes and aching head of the worn out seamstress or laundress; and the stifled moans and piteous wailings of starving, sickening, dying children, are indubitable testimonials against the demon of inequality, which like an incubus, broods over our world: they form dark and unenviable items in the history of those who help to perpetuate such a state of things, which will be recorded on the marble tablets of future monuments, with a pen of iron pointed with diamond.

Indeed what are all our jails, and prisons, and dungeons, and even houses of correction, and alms-houses, and many other so called charitable houses and homes, but plague spots on the surface of our organizations, showing the foul disease which lurks and festers within?

But these are visible defects, blemishes, and stains, which mar what should be the fair face of society in each and all its phases. These are effects glaring out in broad sun-light, while the secret causes are veiled. And now where shall reform begin? To attempt to remedy the effects while the causes remain untouched, is much like trimming, and propping, and pruning a tree, while the canker worm is gnawing at its roots; for a few days or perchance weeks it may wear a pleasing exterior, but ultimate death is none the less certain. But what is worse in society, only the victims die, not the organizations which live on to seize and prey upon still other victims; while in the tree, not only its fruit but itself dies.

Now in the heart of society there is a rankling viper which luxuriates and fattens upon the physical and mental vitality of its individual members, sending out as its legitimate offspring, intemperance, disease, want, crime, and misery, instead of the life, vigor, health, and happiness which mankind so much want. Thus this monster is hydra-headed, and what is more, possesses

within himself the powers of generation, so that if you cut off one head directly another shoots forth.

Now some reformers lay hold of one these heads and some of another, upon which they do battle with all their strength. But the monster can never be thus destroyed, for were he deprived of every head, so long as his vital energies remain and he can occupy his same retreat, so long he lives, and but awaits a convenient opportunity to commence anew his work of devastation.

Long and fondly cherished opinions, however erroneous, and long continued practice, however hurtful, are clung to with an attachment amounting almost to veneration, and with a tenacity so obstinate, as to be almost unconquerable. Nor are men without excuses for their conduct, which to themselves are satisfactory.

Of this peculiarity in human character reformers are aware, and if we have little hope of changing the aged or those in middle life, we may so impress the young that a purer, truer generation will rise up to fill the places of those who now occupy the stage of life.

F. M. B.

## JENNY LIND AND THE MESMERIST.

THE following interesting account originally appeared in the Manchester (England) Courier, and has been extensively copied in the public journals of this country as entitled to unreserved credence. It presents in a high degree of perfection, a phenomenon which in its general features is constantly occurring, and which may be witnessed by any one who will take the pains to institute the proper experiments on subjects duly susceptible. The explanation of the phenomenon given by Mr. Braid, as mentioned in the two closing paragraphs of the extract, does not to us appear satisfactory. Mere mental abstraction and an exaltation of the sense of hearing in the somnambulist, seems to us wholly inadequate to account for her power of *instantaneously* producing the most delicate sounds and rapidly varying intonations originating in the volition of the person *en rapport* with her. We should rather attribute this, and all similar phenomena, to a blending of the "spheres" or spiritual emanations of the two persons, uniting them for the time being as *one*, possessing positive and negative relations. Spiritually connected in this way, with exterior senses closed and interior senses greatly quickened and expanded, the magnetised subject sympathises very intimately with the one with whom he is connected, and the feelings, tastes, sights, sounds, volitions, impulses, &c. occurring to the latter, will, in many instances, be more or less experienced by, and have their expression in, the former. To us, therefore, it appears evident that in the instance presented in the extract, the moving, spiritual forces of Jenny Lind pervaded the nerves and muscular tissues of the somnambulist, and thus while singing or speaking in a foreign tongue, her volition produced an action in the vocal organs of the latter similar to what at the same instant occurred in her own. Thus it may in one sense be said that the *somnambulist* did not sing, but it was Jenny Lind who sang *through her organs*.

W. F.

"On the 3d inst. Mad'le Jenny Lind, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe, and a few of their friends, attended a *seance* at Mr. Braid's, for the purpose of witnessing some of the extraordinary phenomena of hypnetism. There were two girls who work in a warehouse, and who had just come in in their working attire. Having thrown them into the sleep, Mr. Braid sat down to the piano, and the moment he began playing both somnambulists approached and joined him in singing a trio. Having awakened one of the girls, Mr. Braid made a most startling announcement regarding the one who was still in the sleep. He said, although ignorant of the grammar of her own language when awake, when in the sleep she could accompany any one in the room in singing songs in *any* language, giving *both notes and words correctly*—a feat which she was quite incompetent to perform in the waking condition. Mr. B. requested any one in the room to put her to the test, when Mr. Schwabe played and sang a German song, in which she accompanied him correctly, giving both note and words *simultaneously* with Mr. Schwabe.

"Another gentleman then tried her with one in Swedish, in which she also succeeded. Next, Jenny Lind played and sang



a slow air, with Swedish words, in which the somnambulist accompanied her in the most perfect manner both as regarded words and music. Jenny now seemed resolved to test the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost by a continued strain of the most difficult *roulades* and *cadenzas*, including some of her extraordinary *sostenuto* notes, with all their inflections from *pianissimo* to *forte crescendo*, and again diminished to thread-like *pianissimo*, but in all these fantastic tricks and displays of genius by the Swedish Nightingale, even to the shake, she was so closely and accurately tracked by the somnambulist that several in the room occasionally could not have told, merely by hearing, that there were two individuals singing—so instantaneously did she catch the notes and so perfectly did their voices blend and accord.

"Next, Jenny having been told by Mr. Braid that she might be tested by some other language, commenced 'Casta Diva,' in which the fidelity of the somnambulist's performance, both in words and music, fully justified all that Mr. Braid had alleged regarding her powers. The girl has naturally a good voice, and has had a little musical instruction in some of the 'Music for the Million' classes, but is quite incompetent of doing any such feat in the waking condition, either as regards singing the notes or speaking the words with the accuracy she did when in the somnambulist state. She was also tested by Mad'llie Lind in merely imitating language, when she gave most exact imitations; and Mr. Schwabe also tried her by some difficult combinations of sound, which he said he knew no one was capable of imitating correctly without much practice, but the somnambulist imitated them correctly at once, and that whether spoken slowly or quickly.

"When the girl was aroused, she had no recollection of anything which had been done by her, or that she had afforded such a high gratification to all present. She said she merely felt somewhat out of breath, as if she had been running. Mr. Braid attributes all this merely to the extraordinary exaltation of the sense of hearing, and the muscular sense at a certain stage of the sleep, together with the abstracted state of the mind, which enables the patients to concentrate their undivided attention to the subject in hand, together with entire confidence in their own powers.

"By this means, he says, they can appreciate nice shades of difference in sound, which would wholly escape their observation in the ordinary condition, and the vocal organs are correspondingly more under control, owing to the exalted state of the muscular sense, and the concentrated attention and confidence in their own powers with which he endeavors to inspire them, enables them to turn these exalted senses to the best advantage. It is no gift of intuition, as they do not understand the meaning of the words they utter; but it is a wonderful example of the extraordinary powers of imitating sounds at a certain stage of somnambulism. And wonderful enough it most assuredly is."

### MR. DAVIS'S VISION.

In our introduction to Mr. Davis's book, as also in our articles on Psychology recently published in this paper, we incidentally alluded to a particular vision which Mr. D. once had while in an interior state, which informed him of his future mission to the world, and foreshadowed many things of interest connected therewith. As great interest has been manifested to know the nature and import of that vision, we are happy to announce that we shall probably be able to commence next week the publication of an account thereof, as written by Mr. Davis himself. The entire account will occupy several numbers of the paper, and will be introduced by a description of the experiences of the author on first going into the magnetic state. We feel warranted in promising our readers a rich treat, and the interest which has been manifested in our recent articles upon the general subject of Psychology, encourages us to hope that it will be extensively appreciated.

W. F.

If we but rightly improve our time and faculties, we shall be happy. There are springs of the most refined and elevated enjoyment ever open to those who seek wisdom.

### JOHN Q. ADAMS.

A GREAT man has finished his mortal career! The strongest and the brightest link in the chain that binds the present to the past, is broken! When the Spirit of Adams put on its resurrection garments, and went out from the halls of the American Capitol, a Star of the first magnitude, set upon the earthly vision of man.

Our brief utterance, on this occasion, is not prompted by an unquestioning faith in the articles of any political creed, but it is proper for the living to honor this MAN. His superior powers and attainments, no less than his distinguished public services and incorruptible integrity, entitle him to our profound respect.

The life of Adams, his words and thoughts and deeds, are closely identified with the history of the Republic. Long, faithfully and successfully, he has vindicated the rights of the people, and labored with an honest purpose and untiring industry, for the true dignity of Man. With a noble firmness he opposed the great evils of Slavery and War, and it is especially gratifying to us, that in this great life-battle, he has employed weapons which reason and conscience do not blush to own and approve. Thus his name is written upon the world, and his memory is enshrined in the only imperishable mausoleum—THE HEART OF HUMANITY.

S. B. B.

### THINKING AND ACTING.

WE cut the following from the last number of the Harbinger:

"THE UNIVERCELM.—This spirited paper, in a reply to us, which is marked by a very different spirit from that which characterizes the *Observers*, the *Heralds*, and the *Anti-Slavery Standards* of the day, says that it would reform theological prejudice before it expresses its notions of the organization of Labor. Well: without wishing to dictate in the slightest degree to men so abundantly able to take their own course, we must say that they seem to us to put the cart before the horse. The practice of society must come right before its faith will be right. We must teach men to do right before they will think right."

REJOINDER.—"Well: without wishing to dictate in the slightest degree to men so abundantly able to take their own course, we must say that they seem to us to put the cart before the horse." We have always supposed that the actions of men were to be regarded as the outward expression of their thoughts; hence that thought must always precede action, unless men act *thoughtlessly*, in which case they are extremely liable to act *wrong*. We think there is much wisdom in the maxim of the good Quaker, which teaches that it is best to think, *even twice*, before we speak or act, that we may speak and act twice the better for it.

S. B. B.

### TRAVELING AGENTS.

WE desire to employ in this capacity, the services of several efficient men. We shall not hesitate to offer the most liberal terms to such as possess the requisite qualifications. Application should be made immediately, to S. B. BRITTAN, Univercelum Office, 235 Broadway, N. Y.

THE RELIGION OF NATURE.—This would be sufficient, if its dictates were attentively observed and faithfully obeyed, to prevent those flagrant abuses of this principle, which mark the history of man in almost every age. God has nowhere left his creatures in total darkness. Some rays of the light Divine, penetrate the veil that is spread over the nations of the earth. The heathen sees around him glimmerings of the Eternal Spirit. The Almighty speaks to man in the voices of nature, and

—"the poor Indian sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

S. B. B.

WE thank the author of "MYRA" for the gem which he has been pleased to deposit in our casket. It is a beautiful and spiritual conception, and is characterized by a peculiar delicacy of expression. We venture to hope for other favors from the same source.—[Ed.]



## Poetry.

## TRUTH.

Oh, seek for Truth!  
 Win thou the threshold of her halls:  
 In age or youth,  
     Seek her still, whate'er befalls.  
 Rich is the feast she freely spreads;  
 And round her board time-honor'd heads,  
 Who sought her long and won her well,  
 In peace and joy for ever dwell.  
 Shrink not from toil!  
     Truth, rich and lovely, oft upsprings  
 On poorest soil;  
     O'er deserts she her perfume flings!  
 Sweet the reward by labor won:  
 And calm the sleep, when day is done,  
 Of those who toil the truth to find,  
 With ready hand and earnest mind.  
 Heed not the scorn  
     Of worldly men who dwell around;  
 But, night and morn,  
     Worship the Truth where'er 'tis found.  
 Truth-seekers ever were reviled;  
 But honest face and accent mild  
 Prevail against ignoble pride,  
 And turn the venom'd shaft aside.  
 Fear not to scan  
     The deep profound, or mountain high;  
 Heed not the man  
     Who draws old creeds to keep thee right.  
 Examine all creeds, old or new;  
 Test all with *reason*, through and through;  
 For God, in bounty, reason gave,  
 From Error's gloom our souls to save.  
 Swerve not aside!  
     Thy rule of duty sketch aright—  
 Then true abide;  
     Inquiring still, with ardor bright.  
 Like cloudlet's shadow on the stream,  
 Or passing grief in childhood's dream,  
 Shall be the ills and woes of Earth  
 To him who knows of Truth the worth.

## THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

THIS most exquisite love poem is founded on the Platonic notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to re-unite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on the earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.—(Eve. Gazette.)

Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—  
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
 Who made thy glances to my soul the link—  
 Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink?  
     My life in thine to sink?  
 As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,  
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
 So, when to life's unguarded fort I see  
 Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
     Yields not my soul to thee?  
 Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?  
 Is it because its native home thou art?  
 Or were they brothers in the days of yore?  
 Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore  
     Sigh to be bound once more?  
 Were once our beings blent and intertwining,  
 And therefore still my heart for thee is pining?  
 Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—  
 The joys remote of some bright realm undone,  
     Where once our souls were ONE?  
 Yes, it is so! And thou wert bound to me  
 In the long-vanished hours eternally!  
 In the dark troubled tablets which enroll  
 The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—  
     "One with thy love my soul?"

Oh yes, I learned in awe, when gazing there,  
 How once one bright inseparate life we were,  
 How once, one glorious essence as a god  
 Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod—  
     All Nature our abode!

Round us, in waters of delight, for ever  
 Voluptuously flowed the heavenly nectar river;  
 We were the master of the seal of things,  
 And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs  
     Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the god-like life we lost afar!—  
 Weep! thou and I its scattered fragments are;  
 And still the unconquered yearning we retain—  
 Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,  
     And grow divine again.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—  
 Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;  
 This made thy glances to my soul a link—  
 This made me burn thy very breath to drink—  
     My life in thine to sink.

And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,  
 Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,  
 So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see  
 Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
     Yieldeth my soul to thee!

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,  
*Because*, belov'd its native home thou art;  
 Because the twins recall the links they bore,  
 And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,  
     Meets and unites once more.

Thou too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,  
 And thy young blush the tender answer tells;  
 Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,  
 Both lives—tho' exiles from the homeward hill—  
     One life—all glowing still!

## THE REWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
 Sees not the specter of his misspent time;  
     And, through the shade  
 Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,  
 Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
     From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?  
 Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?  
     Who would not cast  
 Half of his future from him, but to win  
 Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin  
     Of the sealed Past?

Alas, the evil which we fain would shun,  
 We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;  
     Our strength to-day  
 Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
 Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,  
     Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
 Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
     If he hath been  
 Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
 To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
     His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
 A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;  
     If he hath lent  
 Strength to the weak; and, in an hour of need,  
 Over the suffering, mindless of his creed,  
     Or hue, hath bent—

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives  
 The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,  
     With thankful heart,  
 He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
 Knowing that from His works he never more  
     Can henceforth part.



## Miscellaneous Department.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

## CHAPTER III.

THE morning of October 5th of the year referred to in our last, broke upon the world in such bright and shadowless beauty, it might seem as if Nature were striving to atone, by her own loving-kindness, for the wrongs of her favorite, but nearly spoiled child—Man. Before the first glinting sunbeams shot their level glances across the woods of Monaton, the young chief was abroad. His majestic yet graceful form might have been seen moving rapidly along the curving shore of the East River, an ancient thoroughfare, whose elevation affording convenient sites for building, and commanding ample views of the bay, was an attractive position to the first settlers, whose whole business being that of trade with the Indians, drew them, necessarily, to the water's edge; and the old Indian path which skirted the abrupt shore, has been perpetuated, in the precise boundary of what is now Pearl-street. Along this path Mongotucksee ran, stopping at every opening to look out on the bay, as if he expected to catch some object on the distant horizon. At length he became convinced that there was a complete evacuation of the enemy—for he had come to consider their white visitors as such—nor was he satisfied, until, exploring every nook and cove within eye-reach, he convinced himself that the dread ocean-monster was not lurking there. Then he sat down, yielding to the unpleasant reflections that intruded themselves upon his thoughts.

The position he had chosen was a precipitous hill, long since gone, which was a little aside from the path, inland, occupying the point embraced nearly by the junction of Beekman and Pearl-streets. His eye wandered over the beauty of his native Isle, as she sat there, a fair young Queen of Ocean, in the silent majesty of Nature, with all her tributary Waters bowing, with a gentle murmur, to kiss her feet.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the forest in its autumn livery. Upon the hill-side or in the open nooks, might be seen the imperial Oak, in his mantle of deep Tyrian purple; while fast beside him stood the majestic Walnut, in his courtly robes of richest orange. The lordly Chestnut spread forth the clusters of his embrowning nuts, now twinkling in the sun, with the little frost gems that had assisted to release them, as they clung lovingly to the silvery-golden heart of the burrs, where they had been so long cherished—while every now and then they were seen falling heavily to the ground, as if they parted reluctantly from the soft unclosing bosom of their parent home. It was yet brighter in the lowlands, for there was the Maple, pranked in every shade of carmine and vermillion, sobering now to softest umber, again relieved by the bright and glossy green of portions yet unvisited, while the graceful Birch bore up lightly its silvery wand-like stem, flaunting forth its golden frost-flower, intermingled with its own silver leaves, or those of the adjacent Willow and Linden trees. The scarlet berries of the *Prinos*\* shone in vivid contrast against its own bright, green, glossy foliage, and the *Smilax*† crept from shrub to shrub, carrying its festoons of purpling fruit, and its large, shield-like leaves of glossy sea-green, from tree to tree, as if emulous to outglow the dark clusters of the fox-grape, or the brighter ones of the larger vine. Just below, in the copse, might be seen the bunches of hazel nuts, their lips apart, as if they laughed with joy at the wealth they were about revealing; and yonder, further on, was the pyramidal Horn-beam, with its small clusters of purple fruit, contrasting richly with the deep yellow foliage; while the loving Clematis wreathed thicket and brushwood with its long and profuse golden-silver fringes.

Mongotucksee was leaning against the stem of a forest aspen; and he listened to the shimmering leaves, as they touched each other with their morning salutation, responsive to the delicate murmur of the South-wind. The whole seemed one tissue of

\* *Prinos*, the generic name of the shrub familiarly known as black alder.

† The *Smilax*, of which there are several species, is a delicate creeper, known by various names, as the sheep-brier, green-brier,

woven rainbows—or rather as if the fullest urns that hold the coloring of sunset—with all their stores of carmine, and umber, and lake, and purple, and gold, had mistaken earth for heaven, pouring out all their gorgeous splendors upon the forest. Yet bright as it is, there is something most saddening in such a scene, it is so like the putting on of holiday garments to celebrate one's own approaching death-doom. Never were woods brighter; and never did a sky of deeper mellow blue, bend above them. The voice of the South-wind was like the whispering of a spirit; and the notes of yet-lingering birds and insects, were hushed to an almost impalpable murmur; while now and then could be heard the lithe step of the squirrel rustling among the leaves, as he sought along the boughs of the teeming hickory, for the fairest and fullest nuts, or the softer one of the rabbit, as she stole timidly through the ferns, starting even at the falling of a leaf, to seek her morning repast of tender bark, or yet green foliage.

Mongotucksee sat silent and absorbed. At another time he would have exulted in the beauty around and before him; for a true Indian keeps his heart ever open to the informing loveliness of Nature, and he had the finer sensibility of an ardent and impassioned soul. Suddenly he was aroused by a vibration, as of unwonted sounds upon the air. He prostrated himself quickly; and bending his ear close to the ground listened intently for a short time; then springing to his feet, he whirled his hatchet in the air, thundering out an echo to the war-cry, that now smote upon the silence, cleaving the unconscious air with its sharp and hideous din. This done, he turned hastily upon his former steps, to meet a company of young men who were fast approaching. From them he learned that nine of his countrymen had been killed by the crew of the Half-Moon; and now the arm of vengeance was not long enough to reach them.

They all appeared much excited; but the young chief seated them on the grass, while he drew from them the particulars of the event. One of the men had also found upon the beach something which they regarded with mingled feelings of curiosity and terror. This was nothing else than a folded parchment, which they had enveloped in a covering of birch bark; and placing it in a small basket, bore it on the point of a long pole, with the honors of war, a kind of military trophy.

It was now laid upon the ground, and spread open; when all present, getting on their hands and knees, surrounded it in a circle, keeping, however, at a respectful distance, while they gazed upon the mystic lettering in silent awe. At length one bolder than the rest, crept forward; and, with a grave and solemn look, placed his ear directly in contact with this innocent object of dread. So he remained for some minutes, listening earnestly, while his companions maintained an intense and solemn silence. When the prostrate Indian arose, he solemnly averred that it was a great powaw, for it had whispered to him; and he moreover expressed a firm conviction, that the Spirit of the Red Manitto, that tells him what to do, and where to go, was imprisoned there. Then another young man, with dilating nostrils and staring eye-balls, told them how he had seen the young chief, that went ever by the side of the Red Man, standing beneath the shadow of the old oak of Kapsee the evening before. He had this very charm in his hand; and he spoke to it, and asked it questions; and he heard it answer him. And furthermore he volunteered an opinion, that it was telling him how to turn the warrior's heart to ashes, so they might steal his country, and spoil his hunting grounds, and carry off his wives and daughters. Further experiments were then made upon the fearful subject of their curiosity, but very cautiously—very reverently, and with results various as the character of the experimenters themselves.

It may be supposed that the young chief took no direct part in this scene; yet he was equally, though differently, interested. With superior intelligence, and superior native penetration, he joined some scraps of desultory information, he had picked up of two old braves, who had traveled far to the south-west. There they found a people who made pictures of their thoughts, just as they delineated the forms of sensible objects; so that when they were dead, or absent, their thoughts spoke to other thoughts, and told them of the past: and he had a vague conjecture that this



must be something like that. So strong was this opinion that when, after a long and animated discussion, it was voted to kindle a fire, and put to the torture the imprisoned Spirit of the strange Manitto, he discouraged them from doing so, alleging as a reason that the Schwonnack's\* God was strong, and might avenge the insult offered to one of his divinities; whereupon they concluded to deposite it in a hollow tree, so it might be kept in safety.

From what is said of the parchment it may be supposed to have been a scrap from a kind of journal, kept by some young friend of Hudson; and, as it unfolds particulars interesting and important in their relations to this History, throwing new light on some points hitherto quite dark, I will ask no apology of the reader for its introduction here; but hasten to unfold

#### THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

September 3d, 1609. A soft, genial, summer-like day it has been. As we were ranging northward, leaving the mouth of the great river† we had discovered some leagues below, we beheld, far ahead, on the north-eastern horizon, looming up against the clear blue sky, the outline of a bold majestic shore; and directly after, in the nearer view, a beautiful and richly wooded coast, rose loftily from the clear waters that enazoned it, with their belt of liquid blue. So first appeared to us the TERRA INCOGNITA—the fair Queen of the Occident—graciously inviting our approach, as she sat there, in her virgin majesty, with her fleecy robes of soft blue mist, and her crown of richest emerald.

An uncontrollable and feverish desire to advance, and explore, took full possession of us; and we could scarcely bide the progress of the ship, though by favor of wind and tide, she was advancing to the shore with a rapid motion. At about 12 o'clock M. we made land, casting anchor off a long low sandy point,‡ where the waters were swarming with fish.

A boat was instantly manned; and, taking a good net, and accompanied by our august Commander, we set out on a little fishing excursion. We steered off in a N. N. East direction from our anchorage, and falling in with a pleasant little island,§ near the opposite shore, we there first landed; and from its coast we had a fine view of the bay, for such appears to be the body of water we have now entered. On this island we were visited by many of the natives, who called themselves Maetowacks. At first they seemed pitifully afraid of us; but they soon grew familiar, expressing by gestures their wonder at our white skins, and our ship, questioning us by signs, to know if it was a great flying fish, or a winged seal, or a big swimming house—or as they call it, wigwam. We here found many small trees, bearing a kind of wild plum, some of them being quite ripe, and very palatable. We found also great abundance of grape vines, climbing over the tallest tree tops, in the most luxuriant growth, and bearing plenty of fine fruit, which is now nearly ripe.

We have been quite successful in our fishing, to the exceeding joy of our commander, who can tolerate no failure—a quality which is, I believe, an attribute of genius, that ever seeks excellence, and expects success in all that it does, even in trifles. It was with no small exultation that Captain Hudson hailed those on board, at our return, with the pleasing fact, that we had “*caught ten great mullet, a foot and a half long, and a ray as great as four of the strongest of you, can haul into the ship.*”

This is a great and goodly land; and it holds out so many obvious advantages to the overstocked kingdoms of Europe, that it must some day, perhaps not far distant, be the home of a great people. The empire of the world, so long confined to the East, may now be traveling westward. There, all is old and time-worn, and the choicest beauties are ruins. Here, every thing is in the virgin glow and freshness of its unshorn strength and beauty. Doubtless, great events are now gradually evolving themselves from the deep horizon of the Future; and this may be one of them. Even that a little ship called the Half Moon, manned by a few Dutch, and commanded by a bold and generous Englishman, has dropped her anchor this day off a narrow point

\* When the Indians found out the murder of their people by the Dutch, they called them Schwonnacks, or salt people—a term of contempt, in allusion to their having come over the sea.

† The Delaware. ‡ Sandy Hook. § Coney Island.

of sand, may affect the destinies of a world. The fact is, apparently, an insignificant one; but, nevertheless, it may be the very link that is necessary to make whole and complete, the great chain of Human Destiny.

The natives of these shores are a simple and generous people, though completely savage; and they bide the fate of such—to disappear before a stronger and more enlightened race. They are quick-sighted, withal, and shrewd; but with little understanding of the petty frauds, which have come too nearly to be the great law of life in the more populous regions of the world; hence they will fall an easy prey to the rapacity of the crafty and the selfish. Notwithstanding the great benefit which mankind at large may reap from this change, when they come to us in such simple good faith, with signs of brotherhood in their open hands, and words upon their lips, which we know by the sound are words of peace and love, I am grieved to think of their probable fate. I am much pleased, as well as amused, at the simple wonder which is called forth by our ship, and our white skins, and the little trinkets we gave them, all of which they examined with a pleased curiosity, that indicates an ingenious people.

September 8th.—We remain still at our anchorage, where we shall be a week or more. We are daily visited by the natives who throng the shore to see us and our ship. These people call themselves Sanhickans. They received and treated us with the greatest cordiality, appearing to rejoice greatly at our coming. They brought us green tobacco, a kind of dried currants,\* and dried beans. They have sent their runners in all directions to announce our coming to the neighboring tribes. They are a goodly people to look upon, and living mostly in the open air, and being accustomed, from earliest childhood, to active and stringent exercises, their forms acquire great elasticity and vigor, as well as a very perfect outline and proportion. They mostly wear mantles of rich fur or feathers, which, in connection with their well-formed, naked limbs, gives to the whole figure a fine, old, classic effect, and sometimes almost a regal grandeur. They indeed act and speak as if every one felt himself a king.

September 9th.—We sent a boat off to-day to examine the narrow passage of waters beyond the headlands, which our good Dutchmen call the Hoofden. On our return we fell in with two canoes containing twenty-six Indians, who unexpectedly attacked us; and one of our men, a man by the name of Colman, an Englishman by birth, was killed; and two others were wounded by their arrows. I do not believe they had any deliberate intention to attack and destroy us; but, on the contrary, it was quite evident that they acted from the impulse of a momentary alarm. When they saw what they had done, they retreated precipitately and in much apparent confusion and anxiety. We brought our dead comrade to the shore, and buried him on a little point of land near by the ship.† This circumstance tended rather to damp our spirits; but the exciting interest of our position soon absorbed every other feeling. When we thought that we were the first white men who ever set foot on these romantic shores, we were filled with an inexpressible wonder, sometimes amounting to awe, and always mingled more or less with a kind of pleasing terror, to find ourselves thus cut off from the civilized world, alone in the heart of a country of savages.

September 12.—We have this day entered, as I believe, one of the finest harbors which the world affords. I was struck by a remark made by our commander this morning, as we neared a high rocky point, called by the Indians, Kapsee, and which is said to be the southern extremity of a small but very beautiful island.

“Here is a fine position for a great commercial city. It has the most eminent natural advantages. It commands the entrance into a noble harbor as we can now perceive; and, doubtless, its inland relations are equally favorable. And this spot, where we now see nothing but a promontory of black rocks, and thick forests, and dense swamps, with a few bark canoes to grace the harbor, may one day become the London of the West, with the commerce of the wide world, sitting at her feet.”

So we passed along by the shore of the great island, which the

\* Whortleberries.

† The event is preserve in the name of Coleman's Point.



Indians called Monockhong, and sometimes also Seawanhacky, or the Island of Shells;\* and casting anchor off Kapee, the headland of the small island opposite, we again came to anchor. Here also we went on shore, where we were hospitably entertained by the natives.

Sep. 13. We this morning again weighed anchor, and issuing from the mouth of the Great River, continued our course, with favorable winds.

Sep. 14. We have now entered a region where the land is very high and mountainous. In some parts the shore rises abruptly, with terrace surmounting terrace, and rock crowning rock, to the height of at least 1500 feet, with an aspect of grandeur, passing into the sublime and awful. Then again we came through palisades of perpendicular granite, their faces corresponding exactly with those of the opposite side, and we recur, in imagination, to the fearful shock that had cut them asunder, leaving them, like brothers that have been parted by the innate repulsion of their own forces, standing there, for ever frowning upon each other, though the sweet river steals between, with its soft arms embracing them, and whispering ever, on either hand, the soothing liquid murmurs of love. It is impossible to describe our emotions. Sometimes the narrowed stream is seen in the distance, as if struggling through the projecting hills, which shoot out their abrupt angles with a determined expression—and yet futile, as if they would chain the chainless. Now we glide under the projecting shadow of a broken rock, with its frowning acclivities, pile upon pile, towering high above us, standing out against the clear sky with a bold effect. Between these precipices come ever and anon, sweet glimpses of deep glens, and quiet valleys, shaded by groves so fair and silent, they might have won Academus to their beautiful repose. We pass these by, when suddenly are unfolded tremendous gorges, scooped out by some great convulsion of the elements—wild and picturesque as the classic vale of Tempe. The very coldest of us were moved to enthusiasm; and yet those scenes, magnificent as they are, heighten the awful loneliness of our position; and when the stream narrows to a point, in the back distance, we feel as if the bond that unites us with the civilized world, were about to be severed—a sensation terrible, indeed, but thrilling with pleasure, new, absorbing, and sublime.

We have this day been visited by some Indians calling themselves Wabingi, who came with apparent friendly intentions, which we took good care to cement by presents, and all the acts of kindness in our power to bestow. They told us by signs, in the use of which they are very intelligent, and even fluent, that the name of this mountainous region is Mateawan. They also gave us an account of what, by their gestures, appeared to be a fearful mammoth-beast, called *Yagesho*, their terror of which made them very eloquent; but whether it is common in the country, or not, we could not understand.

September 15th.—We have now passed the Highlands, making fifty good English miles of progression in one day; so at night we have come to anchor on a bluff point, stretching into one of the loveliest little nooks† that the wide earth hides in her bosom. We here found what our commander styles a “kind and loving people.” An old man, a chief, came to the ship in a canoe, and took a small party of us, with our captain, on shore, where we

\* Long Island so named from the abundance of the quahaug and periwinkle found on its shores. From these shells the Indians manufactured their Seawam, or money—which clearly shows the necessity of a circulating medium, since it suggests itself, even to the most savage people. Their money was of two kinds, the first made from the metahock or periwinkle shell, and called wampum, from wampi, signifying white; and the Suckahock from sucki, black, wrought from the purple spot inside the quahaug shell. This last was twice the value of the wampum. This money was also sometimes called wampumpeague, of which wampum, and peag, terms most frequently used, are contractions. These bits of shell were converted into beads; and before the introduction of thread, and awls, were bored with sharp stones, and strung together upon the sinews of quadrupeds. This money was sometimes woven into belts of from four to six inches in breadth, which were worn as badges of dignity, or royalty; and were also important in the consummation of treaties.

† Catskill Landing.

were received with great cordiality. The old chief carried us to his house, which was well made of the bark of trees, being neatly finished, both within and without. Here we saw much Indian corn, and beans drying, enough to hide three ships. They spread mats for us to sit, or recline upon, and brought us food, being a preparation of beans and a kind of sweet corn, in wooden bowls. This is a very savory dish, and is by them called suckatash. Two men were dispatched, with bows and arrows for game. They soon returned, bringing us two pigeons, and a plump bird, mostly like an English grouse. They also killed a *fat dog*, which they skinned with shells, and were about to prepare for our supper—a favor which we most respectfully declined. There were growing about the place many plums and grapes, and much tobacco. Their bean and corn fields are mostly harvested; but there are yet lying in them numerous large melons, of a deep orange yellow, which some of us desired to taste; but its flavor, though sweet, did not yield much satisfaction, and the heart was tough and fleshy. Afterward they brought us some, which they had stewed in their earthen pots, the only cooking utensil that we saw; and then it was quite a palatable sauce.

September 17.—We have been interrupted in our passage by adverse winds. We cast anchor in a convenient little harbor\* of this stream two days ago; and here we have been ever since. We are now about 100 miles from the mouth of the river. Here the mountains rise to a much greater height than we yet have found on this stream. The highest has a conical summit, and it looms up from the adjacent land, with an aspect of grandeur truly awful. We went on shore and gathered some fine chestnuts; and found also much good stone for building.

September 18.—Having made the necessary soundings in the overslaugh we reached this cove, and a small island,† where we are now anchored. We have moved thus far, not without difficulty, though our ship has but a light draught; we have several times been aground, and occasionally found some difficulty in getting off.

September 19.—We have now ascended the river six miles higher, and anchored for the present.‡ We learn that the Indians on the west side of the river are called Maquas, or Mohawks, and those on the eastern side are Mohicans. The former appear very friendly to us. They are frank and generous in a high degree, and have welcomed us with great cordiality and kindness; and we, in return, made their hearts gay with wine and aqua-vita. They have no intoxicating liquors among them; and never being used to drink any, they were sometimes affected in ways that seemed to some of us most ludicrous; though I confess it was melancholy to me; for in the ungovernable appetite they seem to have, I cannot but foresee that their acquaintance with the new beverage will occasion much wrong and mischief: so the sight of their antics, grotesque as they were, was rather sad than diverting. From their habits, as well as their strong and ardent temperament, is generated a most intense love of excitement, which is gratified in the temporary ecstasies of intoxication. Not satisfied with one round, they cried stoutly for more “hock-hack,” meaning our decanters, which they so term from their own gourd bottle.

Sep. 23.—Our commander, finding himself completely barred from the great object of his expedition, a discovery of the North-west passage, has reluctantly faced about; and we are now standing back down the river, with a strong current and a fair wind. We have “observed great store of salmon in the river and have caught some.”

Sep. 25.—We have anchored awhile in a goodly little cove,§ where, in the space of an hour, we caught two dozen of breams, mullets and basses; and afterwards came to anchor at a place they call Apokeepsing,|| meaning as we are told safe harbor, where the natives brought us a feast of their sweet and luscious corn. Here we were visited by an old chief, whom we had made drunk at our highest anchorage. He had come all this way, on foot, partly with a view of expressing his kindness and brotherly

\* The site of the present City of Hudson. † Castle Island.

‡ The highest anchorage of Hudson was the site of the City of Albany.

§ Red Hook.

|| The original name of Poughkeepsie.



regard, but more, perhaps, to gratify his love of the marvelous. He brought with him several companions, whom he had rallied upon the way, to view our wonders.

Sep. 29.—We this day arrived at the entrance of the Highlands, and were attracted to the shore by a spot\* of singular beauty, even in this highly favored region of the picturesque. As our boat drew near the land, Captain Hudson remarked that it was "a very pleasant place to build a town in"—a fact which will doubtless soon suggest itself to such as may visit these shores. Here we were again visited by some of the Wabingi.

Oct. 1st.—We are again anchored off a point of land where there is much stone, entering the mouth of a pleasant little bay. Here the natives came flocking to our ship, expressing great wonder and astonishment. One canoe lurked for some time under our stern, though they were warned off; one of the men got on board, by crawling up the rudder. He passed into the cabin and stole a pillow, with a few articles of clothing, with which booty he made his escape. The poor fellow, for this trifling offense was shot at, and killed. The ship's boat was manned, and sent to recover the articles. One of the Indians, who had leaped into the water, took hold of the boat, as we supposed with the intention of upsetting her—when one of our men drew a saber, and cut off his hand; and the poor fellow was drowned—a most deplorable punishment for so slight a crime! Returning to the ship we cast anchor and sailed six miles further, till it was quite dark, when we again anchored.†

Oct. 2nd. On this day we were attacked by the natives, who probably took offense because the Captain would not permit them to come on board. They came out in two canoes; and one of them fell back near our stern and discharged arrows. Fire-arms and cannon were then discharged upon them; and nine of their number were killed—a terrible visitation, which I cannot yet feel is either quite right, or just; but if we invade and take possession of the country belonging to these poor savages, how can we do so without blood? This thought troubles me.

Oct. 3rd. We are now anchored off Kapsee Point, at the mouth of what our Dutchmen called the Groote Riviere—or Great River; having occupied eleven days in ascending the stream, and eleven more on our return, with almost continued fair weather. To-morrow we sail for home—Home!—a pleasant sound is that; and yet sad after all we have seen, and see.

\* Newburgh.

† Stony Point and Haverstraw Bay.

FROM THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

### HOME FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE mass of the people have no homes—at least, none worthy of the name. Yet they, if any, should have homes; they, who do the world's work and produce the world's wealth, should enjoy its luxury. By what means have the possessors of wealth at the present day become so? What has made Lowell and Lowell's Lords all powerful as we see them?

#### Combination and Association.

These rich and powerful manufacturers have not become so by accident, or without complying with conditions; they have been and are long-headed and clear-sighted, and have discerned that while one individual alone is nothing, he can move worlds by combining with others.

They have therefore built up great corporations, combining the capital of many individuals, and with that capital and for the benefit of its owners, employed the associated labor and skill of many workmen. The result we see.

Now, suppose that instead of combining all this capital and all this labor, under one directing head, and in large factories with plenty of machinery, each of the individual stockholders had taken his small capital and employed with it as many individual workmen in such small workshops and with such machinery as his means would allow him to buy or hire, to make the same sort of goods that they now make at Lowell; what do you think would have been the result?

Would any busy and populous city have risen where, but a few years ago, was a small country village, and would any Law-

rences have crawled from humble and penniless shopkeepers to be powerful and famous millionaires? Would not rather free competition and wasteful management have eaten up what little capital each man had invested?

The disastrous results of disunited and uncombined effort we see in the absence of wealth and its benefits among the very ones who produce and should enjoy them. The remedy for all this is clearly within the grasp of the Working men, if they will only be true to themselves and to each other.

It is Union and Association.

The Working Men are beginning, thank God, to see this, and have determined to buy together, as the first step toward salvation—they have already saved much and gained much by this, and the next step and a very important one, is to live together.

They don't as a general rule, live at all now—they only stay, and hard enough they find it to do even that.

A little reflection will convince any one who is familiar with the advantages of Union, in the practical operation of the Protective Unions, of the immense economies, that combination would introduce into house-hold expenses.

Take for instance the one item of cooking, and suppose that only thirty families should unite their means and occupy a dwelling containing all the labor-saving conveniences of a modern hotel; the whole cooking for those thirty families could easily be done in one properly arranged kitchen by three cooks; whereas now it requires more or less of the labor of thirty persons and of the expenses of thirty fires.

The same economy would apply to the warming and lighting of the house, and in every item of expense. It seems as if it could hardly be necessary to more than hint at these facts, among so calculating a people as the Yankees.

This is no mere theory; there are abundant statistics to be obtained of the working of similar establishments in England, where they have been found absolutely indispensable to save the operative classes from being wholly deprived of all rights but that of starving, when it is no longer the interest of the capitalist to allow them to work.

That the working classes of this country may take hold of this principle of Union and Association, while they are in condition to enjoy its benefits, is the prayer of their BROTHER.

A NIGHT OF AGONY.—The Assembly suspended its sittings at two o'clock in the morning. The royal family had remained until then in the reporter's box. God alone can measure the duration of those sixteen hours in the minds of the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children. The suddenness of their fall, the protracted uncertainty, the vicissitudes of hope and fear, the contest going on at the very doors, of which they were the prizes, without even seeing the combatants—the cannonades, the musketry sounding in their hearts, the alternations of hope and fear, the looks of their enemies constantly fastened on them to detect a crime in an emotion, or to gloat on their sufferings—all conspired to render these hours, which seemed endless, one direful agony which royalty endured.

The fall from the throne to the scaffold was long, deep, appalling.—[Lamartine's History of the Girondists, published by Harper and Brothers, New York.]

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